

Note:

Nothing was attached to the pages of this book.
All items were loose in the front of the book.

A circular, sepia-toned photograph of a large, multi-story building with a central clock tower and arched entrance, likely a school or institutional building. The building is surrounded by a lawn and trees. A few people are visible in the foreground.

Alma Mater

2
Those days of youth which
All of us spent with thee
Form a dear history,
Fair Washington.
Could they renewed be,
We'd live our days with thee
For all eternity,
Our Washington



That Great Class of 1930



June 7, 1980
Washington University
Saint Louis, Missouri.

IS THIS WAS A GREAT CLASS

During four years of the Roaring Twenties, from 1926 to graduation, the Class of 1930 enjoyed a good Washington University education and college life on a beautiful and orderly campus. Believe it or not, those who walked on the Quadrangle grass, risked a noontime paddling. Tuition was \$250.00 a year. In those days everyone knew the words of the Alma Mater, and popular music actually had melody. Songs had more than the repetition of words like "Baby", "Mama", "Man", and "Luv ya".

Street cars and double-deck buses took us to the campus and downtown for a dime, when a big weekend included a five course dinner at the best dining places for \$2.00. There was dancing to the Big Touring Bands or Russ David's gang on the River Boats, J.S. and President. For 75 cents, one could attend a motion picture with a stage show at the Missouri, Ambassador, Fox or St. Louis Theatre, even see an entire production without any four letter profanity.

Upon graduation, the class members promptly faced the Great Depression of the 30's - jobs were scarce and finding work often meant fighting in World War II to keep our country a proud place for us to live.

With a sense of Responsibility, Loyalty, and Discipline pervading the better parts of its young life, the Class of 1930 was well prepared for testing, in a very tough future.

Today our class eagerly returns to the campus of the university that did much to mold character and inspire achievement for its graduates in many fields. It's been a good 50 years for the 1930 alumni.



JUNE 1930

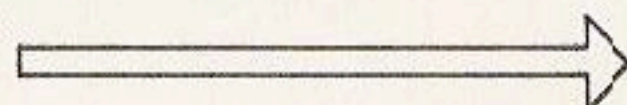
Motto: "Drive the stake deeper and lengthen the tether."

Rev. Ivan Lee Holt

THE CLASS OF 1930 Washington University

Constance Abbott	Josephine Richter Frankel	Paul Kunkel	Marian Freund Rothschild
Jackson Adams	John Frederiksen	F. Randolph Lankey	Eva Ryall Row
Newton Ames	Henry Freund	Willda Van Gieson Landon	Margaret Hamilton Rozier
Clarence Ax	Ewing Friedman	Thelma Laux	Hazel Hiamann Ryan
J. Eugene Banks	Lillian Case Froncofer	Florence Baldwin Lenkemeier	Louise Yeatman Ryan
Winthrop Bartlett	Marion Schneider Fuchs	Theodora Leon	Eugene Sappington
Mitchell Bartnick	Richard Gadow	Selma Lesser	Arthur Schellenberg
Josephine Bauer	George Gerstner	Morris Levin	Webster Schmidt
Marjorie Becker	Louise Oram Gibson	Cramplin Lindsley	Jane Levy Schmitz
Edgar Behle	Adelheid Giessow	Marjorie Seibert Lippert	Aimee Goldstone Schweig
Alfred Berger	Arnold Gihring	Richard Lodge	Willard Scrivner
Pete Berta	Carroll Gelpin	Donald Loeb	William Sensrott
Bertha Wittler Bevil	Virginia McClure Good	Thies Iohrding	Isadore Shapiro
Edmund Billingsley	Oliver Goralnik	Audre Buchanan Loomis	Frank Shelton
Agnes Booth	Morris Greenwald	Edwin Iopata	Fred Sheppard
Frank Bosse	Hadley Grimm	William Lorenz	Sol Shmookler
Heber Bowman	Elizabeth Brigham Gustafson	Dwight Ludden	Robert Short
Clare Bradley	Leah Stone Hackbarth	Philip Luedde	Janet Sieber
Alvir Breitenbach	Lester Haeckel	James Lupp	James Singer
Marie Brechnitz Bretz	Dorothy Doerges Hagedorn	Marcella Wiget MacDermott	Charles Skinner
Virginia Costley Breymann	Paul Hagenam	Jessie MacIntyre	Adele Heydt Skinner
J. Boyd Britton	Mary Fentress Hall	Melvin Maginn	Clark Smith
Henrietta Brooksmith	John Hall	Charles Mallinckrodt	Margaret Smith
Kenneth Brown	Thomas Hall	Bertram Mann	Marcella Ardeson Snider
Clinton Burnett	Harry Hamerman	Nathan Margolin	Paul Sommers
Frank Bush	Elwood Hamsher	Willis Marshall	Grace Bretsch Spear
Gerald Byron	Jane Phillippi Hanke	Mary Roach Masters	Jane Baur Spoeher
Harold Casey	Robert Harding	Nancy Brosser McCaig	Charles Spoeher
Margaret Eyrd Chafee	Hildegard Rush Barles	James McClelland	Anne Becker Stern
R. E. Gardner Christiansen	Edward Hamman	Mary Sanford McDonald	Charles Stindel
Joseph Chused	James Farnett	Janet Epstein Mendelson	Robert Stockton
Virginia Gates Cline	Marjorie Harris	Antoinette Meyer	William Straub
John Coffman	Alice Helnich	Arnold Meyer	G. Carroll Stribling
Dorothy Collins	Elizabeth Hester Hibbs	Lillian Hoagland Meyer	Charles Talbot
Melba Goldberg Com	Howard Hibbs	Helen Gast Millar	Jay Teutenberg
Harold Cowdin	Sidney Hiker	Margaret Burdette Miller	Henry Thome
John Cox	Albert Hill	Paul Miller	Gustav Thym
Marvin Cox	Virginia Weber Hoffmann	Thomas Moore	Augustus Tumbrik
Virginia Cunningham	August Honeyer	Emil Morse	John Vandover
William Deley	Elizabeth Schall Hood	Ralph Mueller	Frank Viviano
Melvin Davidson	Jeanette Nesseling Hoppe	Elizabeth Wright Murphy	Paul Wagner
Mary Cassell Davis	Frederic Horner	Lawrence Murtfeldt	Charles Walters
Martha Grocott Davis	Clifford Horstman	Richard Musser	John Weatherford
Eleanor Ross Dean	James Hoxie	Edgward Mutrux	A. Carl Weber
Ralph Dear	Helen Hughes Hoxie	Robert Mutrux	Ralph Weinrich
Irvin Dewoskin	Gertrude Stapf Hubbard	John Myers	Harold Welce
Stanley Dixon	Nellie Hock Huck	Frances Tanner Nadeau	Carl Wende
Elizabeth Sauer Doble	William Huf	Magdalen Lange Nahrwold	Charlotte Rossi Wenner
Douglas Docks	Arthur Huhn	H. Martin Niemoeller	Marie Berger Wheeler
Louise Malone Donreese	Frank Hutcheson	Orpha Kwart Overbey	Mary Wickes
Arnold Drake	Harvey Jablonsky	Susan Gottrill Paisley	Louise Diesselhorst Wiebe
Cecil Drake	Robert Jacobsmeier	Stella Diamant Perles	Francis Wielandy
Frank Drake	Joseph Janis	Frederick Pillsbury	King Wientge
Mildred Durham Duggins	Claire Weiler Johnson	John Princell	Edna Laws Wier
Margaret Gardiner Eastlick	Augustin Jones	Hadley Quade	Harold Wiese
Montague Edelen	Evelyn Koch Jones	Dorothy Rathbone	Jane Wilkins
Nettie Keiner Elliott	Ethel Weiskamp Kastrop	Ethel Atherton Ream	Ralph Willhauk
Myrtle Pope Ellis	James Ferr	Lucille Miller Reeves	Jessie Drescher Williams
Sam Elson	William Kessler	John Reilly	Wallace Wilson
Josephine Darlington Eudaily	Clarence Kettler	Oscar Iexford	Massey Wilson
Charlotte Wisghard Fahey	Clay Kirkpatrick	Marcus Reznikoff	Kenneth Wischmeyer
Charles Faust	Margarite Klipstein	Llewellyn Johnsr. Roan	Oral Phares Wobus
Echeal Feinstein	William Knaus	William Roever	Edward Wollermar
Hyman Feldman	Michael Koch	Anna Otte Rogers	Maurice Wright
Mcroe Fischer	Ruth Hafner Kooser	Virginia Goessling Rose	Arline Hilmer Wunderlich
Dorothy Brown Fisher	Merrill Kottmeier	John Rossetti	Edward Yarbrough
Dorothy Ross Ford	John Kouri	Thomas Rostrom	Paul Yates
Carrie Coryell Forsythe	Seymour Kranson	Margaret Clymer Rothenheber	Clara Barnes Zelle
John Fox	Frederick Kreft		

Let's take a look at them NOW



NEWTON W. AMOS, JR. EN 30
7300 Forest Haven Estates
Saint Louis, Missouri 63123
314-843-5449

A graduate of the Engineering School, Newton worked for the United States Engineering Corps, St. Louis District, on river maintenance and control on the Mississippi river. He was the coordinator for the flood wall which protects the low areas of the St. Louis river front. He is a Fellow (life member) of the ASCE and a Senior Member of the Engineers Club of St. Louis. He is now retired.

Newton is currently married to Ella Walker Krigge, two previous wives having died. He has one daughter, Levinia, who teaches nursing at Barnes Hospital.

Newton enjoys travel and his hobbies are bowling, bridge and golf. He remembers best from his years at Washington University his classmates and would like to see them again.



CLARENCE H. AX EN 30
6239 Rosebury Avenue
Saint Louis, Missouri 63105
314-727-5497

Clarence received his degree in Engineering. He then went to work for Woermann Construction Co. Still busy, he is a construction engineer.

In '36 he married Amy Jane Harrison, class of '31 at Washington University. Their daughter, Jane Claire, is engaged in teaching at Denison University.

Clarence reports that he "remembers most" Col. Boorstin, Lock and Chain dances, prohibition, and "Pop" var. Crum holding up his pants, since he always took off his suspenders!

Clarence is a member of the reunion committee.



J. EUGENE BANKS BU 30
880 5th Avenue
New York, New York 10021
212-734-8352

Gene Banks, after graduating from the Business School, began his career during the steep depression of the 30's as an investment analyst for Boettner's National Bank in St. Louis. After managing private investment funds, and a stint with Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Ferner and Beane in New York City as an investment analyst, he came to Brown Bros., and Harriman as an investment economist where he became a partner in the 1950's. He served in the Armed Forces as Lt. Commander. He is the author of Guides to Stock Market Policy, Institutional Investment Guides, Guides to Growth Stock Investing, and numerous articles.

Gene's main interest in business; water sports are his favorite. He is still in harness on a semi-retired basis. His most vivid memory of Washington University is cramming for examinations, and he would like to see all of his classmates. Gene is married to the former Barbara Hall Vietor and has one step-daughter.



AUDRE BUCHANAN LOOMIS BATES LA 30
302 W. 99th Terrace
Kansas City, Missouri 64114
816-942-6291

After graduation, Audre married J. M. Loomis, and moved to Kansas City. After the death of Mr. Loomis, she married Kenneth Bates. She has two daughters: Valle, a journalist for Wilton Electronics, and Gail, a Chapter coordinator for People to People International.

Audre has two claims to fame; not only did she graduate in three years, but was chosen to be in the "Daisy Chain" each year.

For thirteen years, while a widow, Audre traveled extensively - mostly to remote areas for fun and photography. She



has been, and still is, a docent at the Nelson Gallery of Art.

We are sorry you will not be with us on the 7th of June.

EDGAR H. BEHLE EN 30
1175 Warsaw Woods Drive
Saint Louis, Missouri 63122
314-965-2914

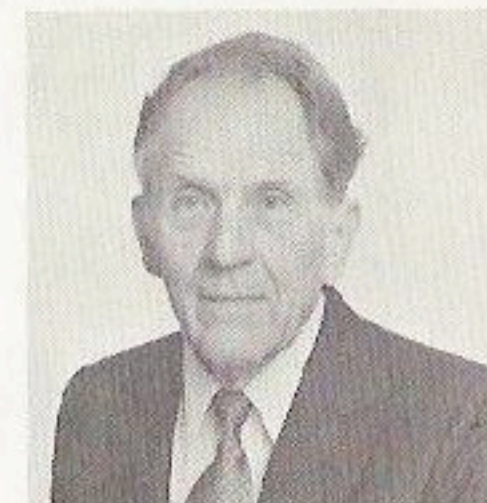
Edgar Behle graduated from the School of Engineering, and began his work as a Trainee Engineer with Emerson Electric Company.

With this good start in his career, he continued upward until he became Vice-President of Elder Manufacturing Company, a position of responsibility which he has held for many years.

On May 12, 1933 he and Helen Rosenfelt were married.

In addition to his main interests and activities as Vice-President of his company, he has also been a leader in Technical Committees, Trade Association, and his Professional Society activities. His hobbies and sports are electronics and bicycling.

He remembers most the outstanding faculty, his hard work, and the result -- an excellent education!



He looks forward particularly to seeing his fellow Mechanical Engineer classmates, as well as the other 1930 Engineers.

F. A. (AL) BERGER AR 30
6556 Mardel
Saint Louis, Missouri 63109
314-645-6323

F. A. (Al) Berger graduated from the School of Architecture and married Ida Loeffel in 1934. They have a son, Frank A. (Skip) Berger, and a granddaughter, Robin.

Al's hobbies include travel, sketching, mechanical and electrical (operating) models. He also makes exquisite miniature scale models of furniture and other objects of art.

He remembers most the football games and track meets, Garavelli's after the games, and would particularly like to see again "everybody I once knew."

With his varied Architectural background, he was also in the construction department of General American Life Insurance Company -- representing them in remodeling the old DeSoto Hotel, now the Alverne.



He is a member of the American Institute of Real Estate Appraisers, and was Administrator for their Appraisal Courses presented at both Washington University and in the Extension Division of Missouri University. Following retirement in 1972, he has served as a consultant as well as an appraisal specialist and analyst.

LILLIAN HOAGLAND MEYER IA 30

11108 Hawthorne
Galesburg, Michigan 49053
615-565-7849

Lillian and her husband, Curvis E. Meyer, (a Ph.D. in biochemistry), have had a very interesting life. After her Liberal Arts degree, she went on to major in Chemistry. She received her M.S. in 1931 and was a Chemistry instructor at Vassar College until 1935. In 1937 she received a Ph.D. at the University of Illinois.

She taught at several universities and in 1963 became Professor and Head of the Chemistry Department at Western Michigan University. She is also an author of Chemistry textbooks.

She does take time out to garden and again excels as a Garden Columnist.

We are not surprised that she has been in "Who's Who in America".



Congratulations, your 1930 classmates are proud of you!

HELEN GAST MILLAR IA 30

42 Oak Park Drive
Saint Louis, Missouri 63141
314-432-4250

Helen, member of the Reunion Committee, graduated with an L.A. degree. She worked in the Washington University Alumni Office, then with the Registrar, and for the next six years as Secretary to Assistant Chancellor McCourt.

Married in '38, she and her lawyer husband David have three children; Helene, married and living in Bethesda, Maryland; David Jr., a St. Louis attorney; and Walter a M.D. in anesthesiology with the University of California in San Diego. She is a proud grandmother of nine grandchildren.

Helen, "a homemaker", says she enjoys teaching reading in nursery school at "Kirk of the Hills", and needlework.



For "achievements," she writes that all memorable achievements belong to my wonderful husband and children. What will EPA say to that?

PAUL M. MILLER EN 30

1801 N. Desmond Lane
Tucson, Arizona 85712
602-325-3623

Paul married Marie Bischoff and they have two sons; Paul, a graduate of Washington University in Civil Engineering - now in the U.S. Forestry Service in California; and John, married and living in Santa Barbara, California.

As the best polevaulter in the history of the University and the holder of a B.S. in Chemical Engineering, Paul completed legal training and began a career as a patent attorney, became a financial advisor and today as a long resident of Arizona, enjoys retirement and travel to see his grandchildren. At our 45th Reunion, Paul, after years in the desert southwest, when driving



along Warner Road with its overhanging trees, said he felt "threatened" with all that strange green stuff.

An active Sigma Chi alumnus, Paul is looking forward to seeing his old fraternity gang from House No. 5.

THOMAS G. MOORE IA 30

123 Wesley Avenue
Ferguson, Missouri 63135
314-521-4838

Tom, a Liberal Arts graduate, taught English at the High School in Union, Missouri, for eight years following graduation. In 1938, he moved to the Ferguson-Florissant School District and continued teaching English until he retired in 1974.

In 1955-56, he and his family moved to England where they lived in Kent and he again taught English in a boy's school. He made a number of speeches for the American Embassy and was honored by a presentation to the Queen Mother by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Tom married Helen Deuser in 1938 and they have one daughter, Mary Knight, who is a teacher.



Always active in musical comedy production, Tom has had the male lead in "Ship Ahoy" and "Si, Si, Senorita", for example. He now enjoys playing Jazz on the piano and reading poetry for high school students.

Tom remembers his English course, living in the Kappa Alpha House and looks forward to seeing Jane and Charlie Spoehrer and Bud and Kay Barnett.

RALPH W. MUELLER EN 30

316 Walworth Drive
Saint Louis, Missouri 63125
314-544-5438

Ralph Mueller enrolled with the Class of '30 in Engineering. His first job after he left school was as a Surveyor and Draftsman in the Engineering Department for the City of University City. In 1941 he was a practicing engineer for the City of St. Louis. After a series of promotions, he became Superintendent of City Maintenance, while also (District Wide) Assistant to the Chief of Maintenance.

On October 24, 1926 he and Elizabeth (Betty) Sassio of Roanoke, Illinois were married. They have one son, Dr. Ralph Stephen Mueller, who is an Electronics Engineer with Emerson Electric Company. He particularly enjoys hunting, golf, Washington University Travelogues, as well as Jazz Concerts at Edison Theatre.



After his retirement at the end of 1974, he lists his main interests as "Randy-man at Home" -- a position most of us know quite well!

He particularly remembers the hazing which all Freshmen endured, tuition \$225.00 per year, that long walk to the gym, and the high leather boots we all wore.

JOHN W. MYERS EN 30

443 Centenary Drive
Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70808
504-766-5847

A graduate of the Engineering School at the start of The Great Depression, John began his career as an unemployed technician for one whole year. He then joined the United States Corps of Engineers in the New Orleans District. Married to Alta S. Hammel in 1935, they are the proud parents of a son and daughter.

John is now retired, and keeps busy managing his property and investments, and enjoying his grandchildren. One of his memorable achievements was his service in the Army during World War II, which he entered as a First Lieutenant in 1942 and was separated as a Major in 1946. He has fond memories of the campus,



the fellowship in the dormitories, the Commons cafeteria, and the street cars. He is eager to see Clarence Ax and Newton Amos.



MRS. JOHN W. MYERS
443 CENTENARY DRIVE
BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA 70808

7300 FOREST HAVEN ESTATES
ST. LOUIS, MO. 63123

Dear Alta,

We are shocked and saddened by the terrible news you sent us about John. He ^{had} such a vitality and awareness of life when we saw him. It was surely wonderful that we were able to meet you at our re-union. I called Arnold Gehring and Clarence Ax; also the Alumni Office, and sent them a note.

Ella and I each lost our spouses to cancer so we have an appreciation of your situation. It's hard to adjust to an optimistic viewpoint when you're faced with such tragedy, but I agree with you that John is in God's hands and is safe from our earthly trials and Tribulations.

I know that we were eager to see each other, and happy that John was spared to join us once more, and also to enjoy your great trip to Ohio.

(over)

We spent a month in Florida this winter; rented a 2-family condominium with friends down in Marco Island.

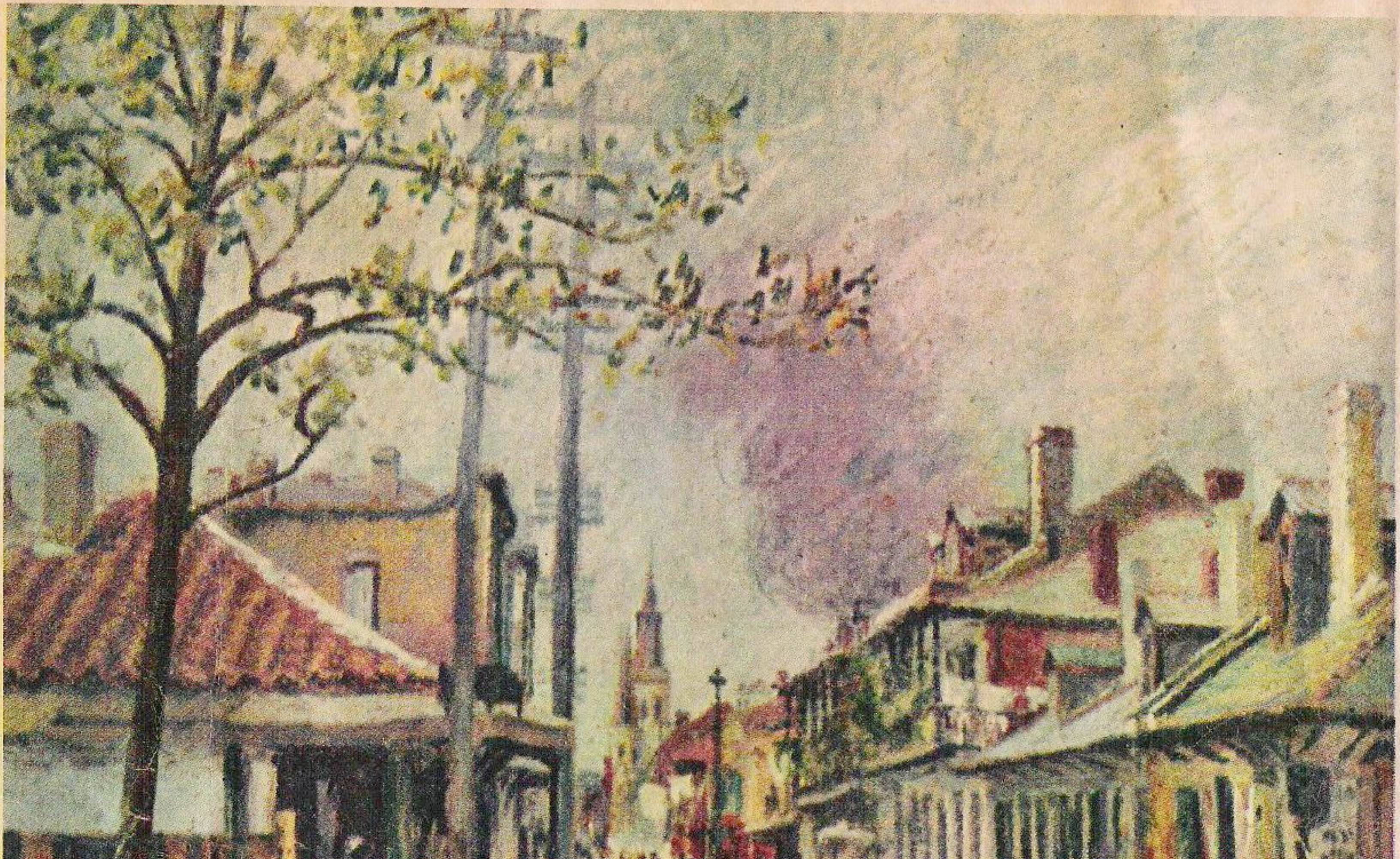
Very relaxing there, and not overly crowded yet. But a lot of construction going on. And it will be jammed in a year or two.

Hope you can get up this way again and let us see you if you do.

Our best,

Ella and Noel Amos

New Orleans is a state of mind, some say . .





VIEW UP CHARTRES STREET FROM URSULINE, by WILLIAM WOODWARD

Copyright Isaac Delgado Museum of Art, 1965

From the Woodward Collection in the Isaac Delgado Museum of Art. Reproduced from guidebook "Early Views of the Vieux Carre."

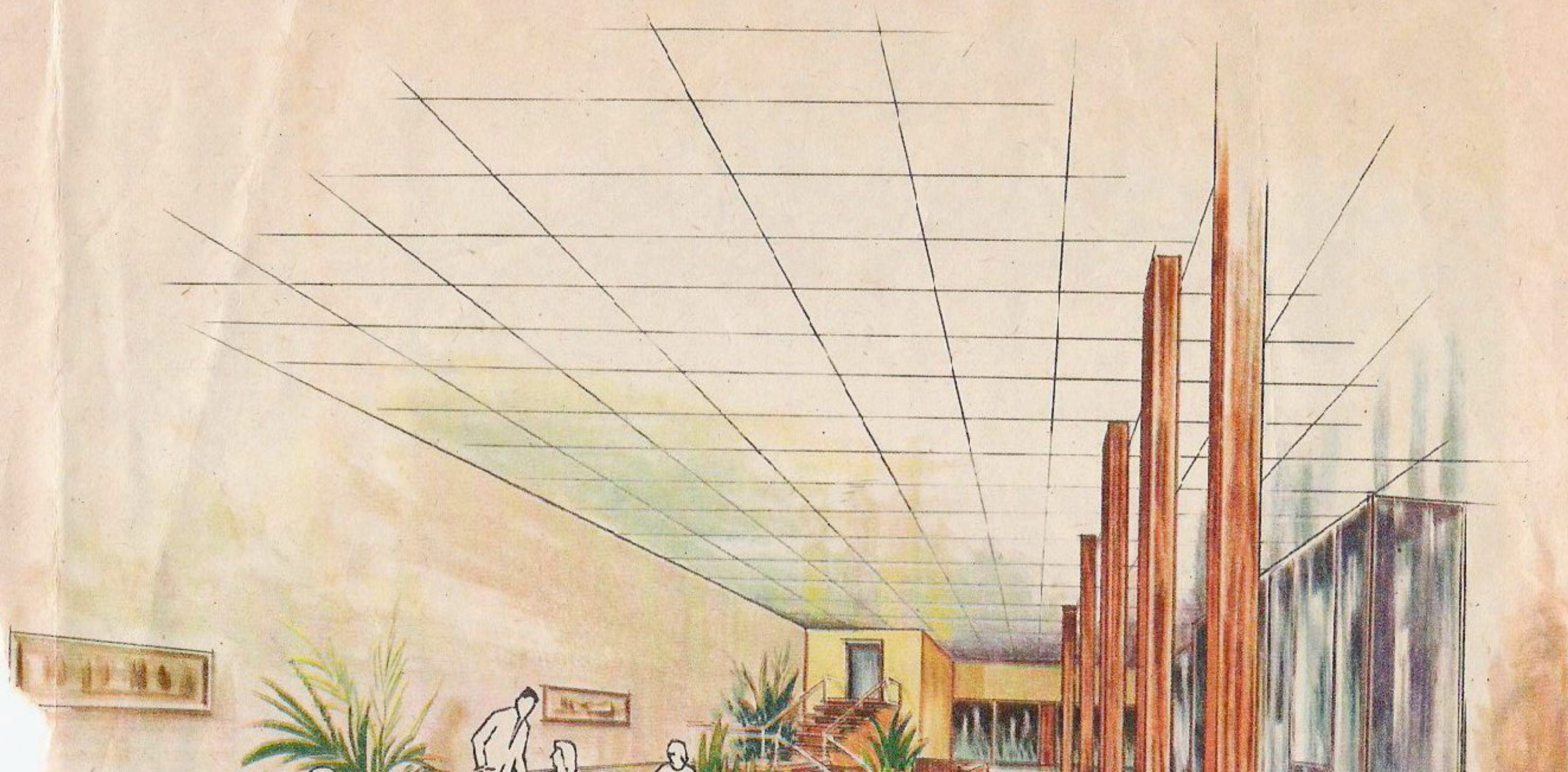
Is it a state of mind that motivates an entire city to dig deep into pocketbooks, just to bring home, where it belongs, a Degas painting that had become a world treasure . . . and then to dig deeper, still, to save its symphony orchestra? If so, we want to be part of such an attitude, and indeed we are, for in this civic-conscious and surely banner year, we open the doors of our new home at 311 Baronne. We have worked very hard to please you, in the way that we've planned this new building.

For over 78 years, which is a long time even by New Orleans' standards, there has been a strong and mutual trust between Jackson Homestead and the people of our town . . . entrusting their hard-earned savings with us, and coming to us to borrow the money they need, to buy the homes they need. We are in our new home now. Our formal dedication is next Tuesday, June 15. Won't you, please, come visit us soon?

JACKSON  **HOMESTEAD**
ASSOCIATION

311 BARONNE

DRAMATICALLY DIFFERENT BANKING ROOM. The major part of the first floor of the Jackson Homestead Association's new building is designed for your comfort, convenience and privacy when making deposits in savings accounts, purchasing savings certificates, making home loans, and making monthly home loan payments. Notice the new design of the cashiers' "windows" . . . how they give you complete privacy in handling your transactions. Handsome foliage, richly grained wood and tasteful furnishings, as well as the most modern business machines add to the beauty and efficient operation of our new home.







THE BATON ROUGE COMMUNITY MAGAZINE SPONSORED BY LNB

Christmas Eve on the Levee

Every Christmas eve, carefully prepared towers of logs and flammable materials explode into light along the Mississippi River levee as Louisianians celebrate the coming of Christmas with the cherished custom of bonfires. The tradition, present and past, is explored in story and picture.

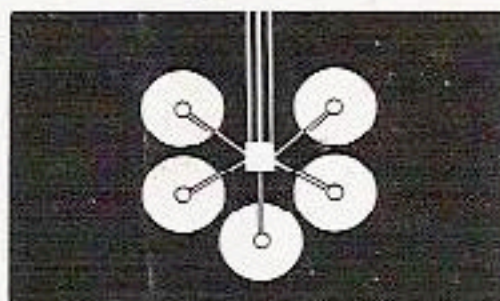
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LOOP

The world's giant supertankers will unload their cargo of crude oil at the Louisiana Off-shore Oil Port, now on the verge of construction by private enterprise in Louisiana. What impact will this mammoth facility have on the environment, the energy crisis, our community?

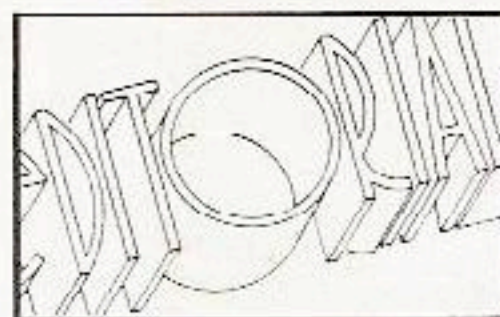
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Entree Editorial

The energy shortage, forecast in the mid 1960s, is only today recognized as real. Charles W. McCoy urges more advance planning in government rather than a "government by crisis" in "Energy The Bleak, Cold, Motionless, Jobless Outlook Ahead."

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Gifts of the Guild

A Country Fair, a Governor's Mansion restored, Christmas Tree exhibits, all are gifts of volunteers who give freely of their time and effort for the city of Baton Rouge—The Arts and Science Center Guild.

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Entree Salutes

Jules LeBlanc, III, 28-year-old master planner of Corporate Square reveals some of his dynamic principles of development, at the same time some of himself, in "Corporate Catalyst."

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Remembrance of Things Past

Andrew D. Lytle, professional photographer in Baton Rouge from 1857 to the early 1900s leaves scores of pictures in which Baton Rougeans today can glimpse vignettes from a bygone era.

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LOUISIANA'S LARGEST COMMERCIAL MAGAZINE

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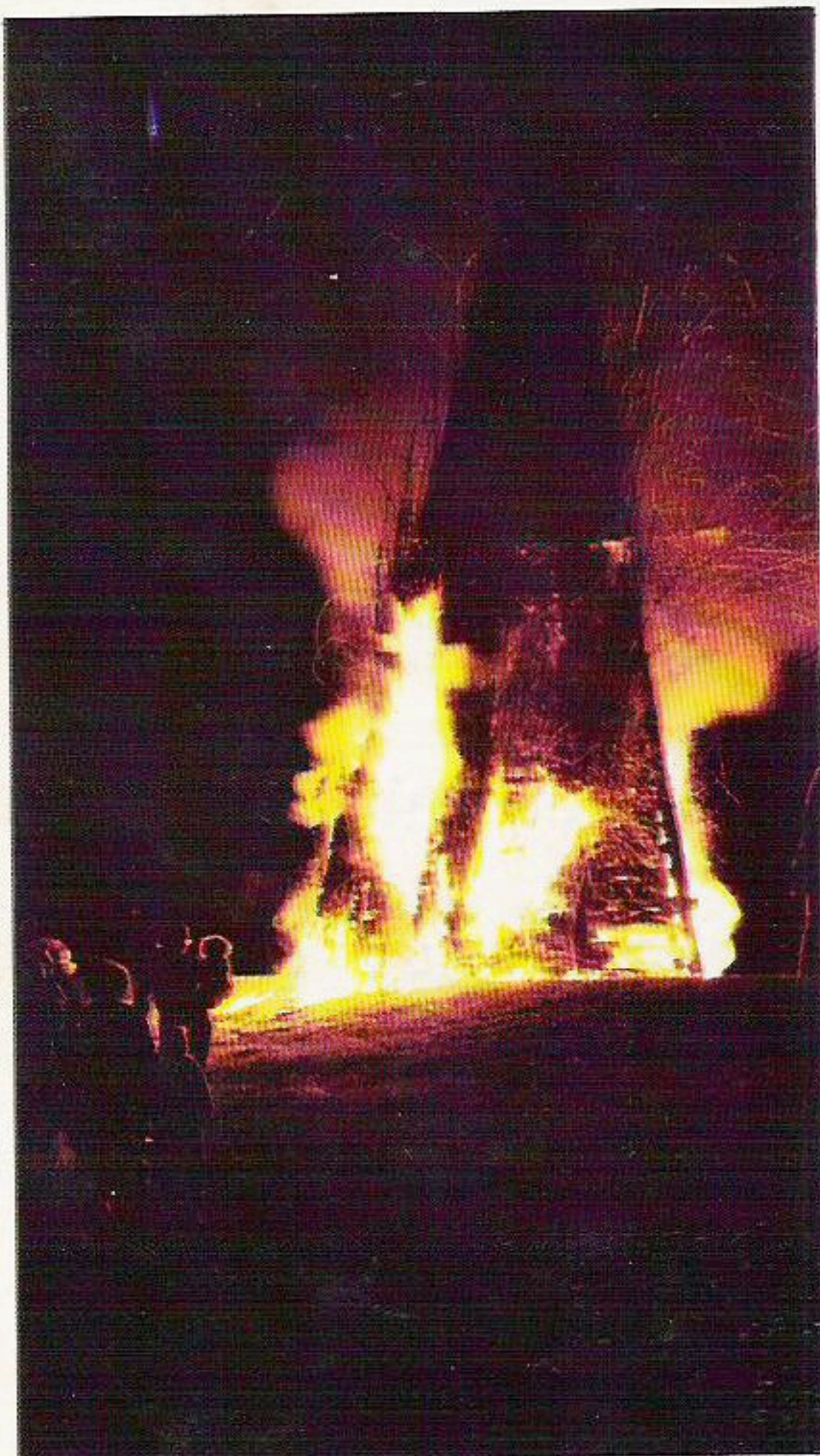
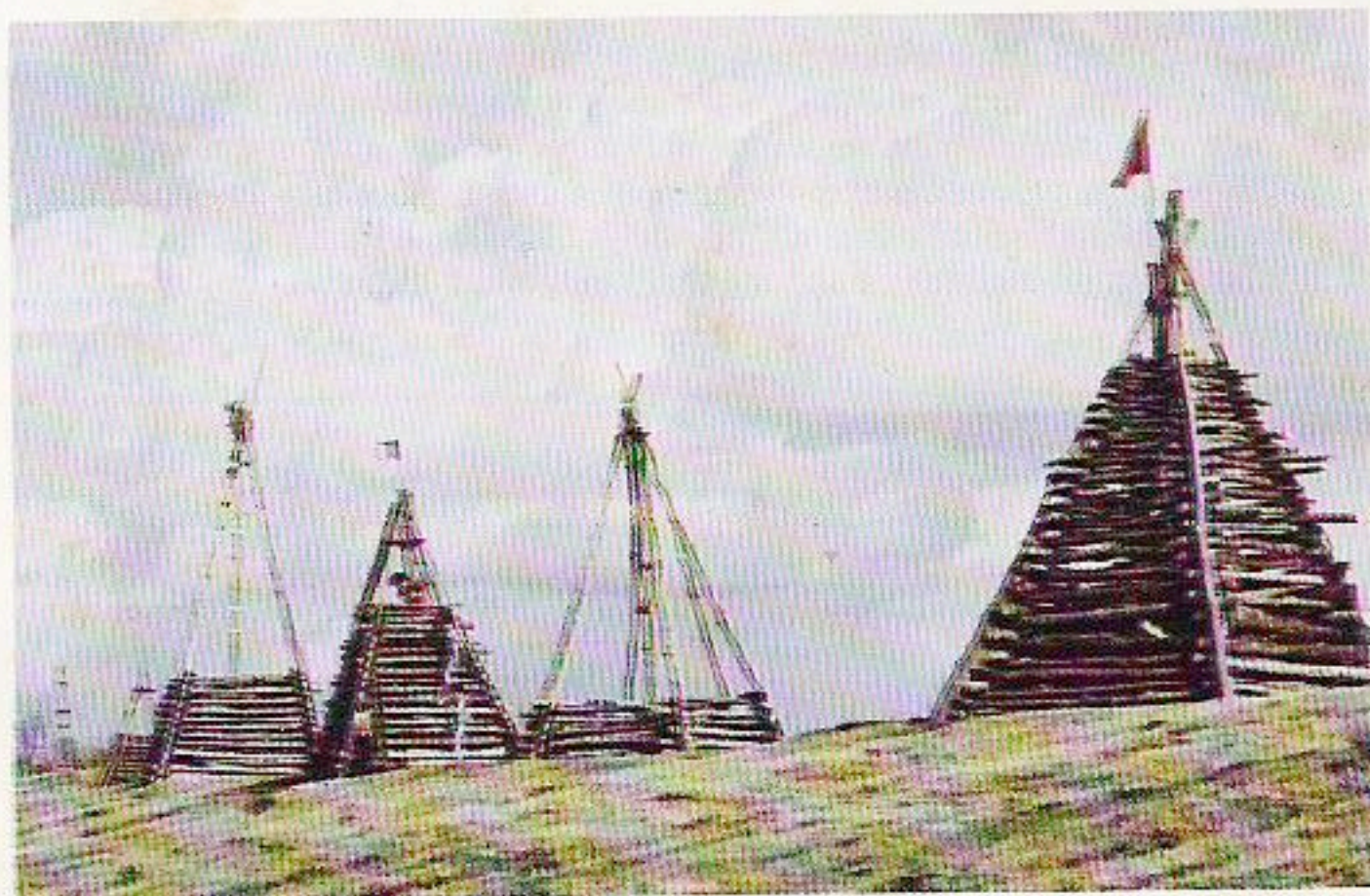
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Cover photo by Michael's Studio



Christmas Eve On The Levee

Bryce Moreland

The Mississippi River levee near Litcher flames like a phoenix each Christmas eve with towering bonfires built over the ashes of fires that streaked the river shallows red more than a century ago.

It all begins in a stillness as full as the river.

The evening darkens quietly along the levee. There is no one around. A few horses and cattle graze in small, fenced fields that stop at the blacktop River Road. The Litcher-Gramercy region is mostly Catholic and most of the families have gone to vigil mass.

You stand on the road shoulder at the foot of the levee and study the stark structure straddling the levee top. The sun has set and the December sky is a gray-black fast losing its light, like your imagination in that moment before you fall asleep.

The monolith-like tower seems all one piece in the monotone light. You climb slowly and respectfully up the levee and feel strength in that dirt wall as it takes yours from your legs.

At the top you wait 20 yards from the bonfire, still trying to size it up. The trees whose trunks are obscure in the batture darkness rise to eye level and the bonfire whose base appears about 12 feet wide stands above the trees by 30 feet. This bonfire, the biggest you could find, is at least 40 feet tall.

A car swooshes by below and then another. In the distance, you see headlights puncture the darkness. Mass is over. The people will be gathering on the levee soon so you move closer to examine the structure before teenage boys come with cans of kerosene to fire the Christmas torches.

Cane reeds mat the sides of the bonfire from base to top, like primitive thatched walls. The reeds have been worked into cracks be-

tween logs stacked horizontally, as in cabin walls, to the top of the teepee-shaped structure. Six long poles converge at the apex to form the frame and are lashed with cable and rope to a telephone post center pole bearing the weight of the whole construction. The core is filled with more logs, sticks and other inflammables.

Only a combination of youth and Christmas can account for this pyramid. Teenagers have been felling trees on the batture since Thanksgiving. After school and on weekends they laboriously haul the timbers to their site, throw up the frame and build the walls one log at a time, counter-stacking them as pioneers did.

Eventually, on the really tall bonfires, block and tackle are rigged near the top of the center pole and the logs are hoisted higher and higher above the levee.

As the walls rise, the core is filled, giving the workers an ever-deepening floor or platform on which to stand. The bonfire is usually topped-out only a day or two ahead of time. The reeds are placed around the structure on Christmas eve.

Bonfire building brings the boys into a temporary fraternity and when they sense danger from vandals, they take turns sleeping out on the levee near their communal creation. They know that each year someone's hard-built bonfire burns before completion.

One hundred or more bonfires stand atop the levee from the Sunshine Bridge south to Reserve. The heaviest and most spectacular concentration is in Litcher-Gramercy where about 30 line the levee through the towns. They range from 10 to 30 feet tall with an occasional skyscraper, like the one you are examining, 40 feet high.

You know when seven o'clock passes because River Road traffic increases. A tour bus from New Orleans goes by; the driver slows down and the levee-side windows fill with women's faces all in a row and all seeming to look toward you. The light is burning inside the bus as though trying to compensate for the unexpected darkness on the levee.

At a bonfire upriver a group gathers. A few silhouettes even farther away walk up the levee. A car stops near you and a volunteer fireman with a communications radio gets out.

Parked cars start to fill the shoulders and from the streets reaching back into the residential areas, people have begun to flow toward the river. Young children hold their mother's hands to cross the road. Teenage couples climb the levee, arms around each other, yelling unabashed to friends on the top. An old woman with a cane accompanies her son and his family to the base of the levee and waves them on as she waits below.

For more than a century folks have come down to the levee for holiday bonfires yet the origin of the custom is unknown. The people here are mostly of Acadian descent and Christmas eve fires are an ancient tradition in parts of France. Plantation slaves welcomed in the New Year with huge fires on the levee and perhaps the Christmas eve custom evolved from the antebellum one. Perhaps it is ultimately an Old World pagan rite given Christian meaning in the coming of Christ, the Light of the World.

The people on the levee do not know the source of their tradition. "It's just something we always done. My grandfather, he talks about it. Maybe he can tell you." a boy with a can of kero-



sene explains politely, pleased by a stranger's interest.

Continuity of the custom is the only certainty. Archaeologists in a thousand years may excavate the levee and find great burn spots in successive layers, indicating by their concentration, number and size a ritual observance often renewed by generations of folks who made their way along the Mississippi levee.

The boy you met douses the cane reeds with streams of kerosene. He throws it higher than his head and it runs down saturating the base. Crowds circle each bon-

fire you can see in the darkness lightened only by pale street lamps. Nearby, a gaudy Santa Claus glows from atop a river front store.

Two more boys join with more kerosene to prepare the holocaust. Like little high priests, they first pour out their libations and the crowd stays back a circumscribed distance. Two boys step away and one strikes a match, hesitates for it to catch well and flips it onto the bonfire.

The tiny match flame swells to a conflagration as the kerosene burns. The flame cuts a streak up-

ward and then spreads around the structure, drinking up the kerosene as it envelops the entire base. The reeds get hotter and first crackle and then explode like fireworks. The flame spirals, forcing off kerosene smoke, purging itself and setting the log walls afire.

The upper third is not yet burning. The fire settles down to steady destruction and methodically climbs the tower. In a half-hour the bonfire approaches its glory. Another fifteen minutes and it peaks and holds its climax in an orange cone of fire.

Up and down the levee the tongues of flame are burning praise for the holiday season, warm family reunions and, for some, the coming of Christ. They are secular-sacred lights illuminating for a few hours this part of the world, and from the river a freighter bound for Baton Rouge sounds its brute recognition of the spirit moving on the levee. You can hear the ship's great wash and through the darkness at midstream, you almost believe you see the sailors—where from? Taiwan, Britain, Russia, New York—lining the rail, looking out from their isolation and calling with their ship's brontosaurian voice to the primitive scene of fire and silhouettes on shore.

The fires burn deep into the night and as they age they suck into their vortices hot spiraling, ember-starred air that rushes up and free of the flames in a galaxy of sparks, like a strawberry Milky Way.

A family and friends usually stand beside their bonfire until it is dead. Fires that burn too long have been deserted by the time they are a patch of embers. Perhaps the boys who built them and the volunteer firemen are around when these go out. Only charred logs and ashes, a few beer cans and some paper cups catch the Christmas sunrise. The people, since this is a day of life, have gone about their holiday business and will not rekindle the fires for a year.

ME AND THE LORD

The Lord had a job for me, but I had so much to do,
I said, "You git somebody else, or wait till I git
through."

I don't know how the Lord came out -- no doubt He
got along,
But I felt kind o' sneaking, like I knew I'd done God
wrong!

One day I was in need of the Lord -- needed Him
right away;
But He never answered me at all, and I could hear
Him say, down in my accusin' heart, "Child,
I've got too much to do; you git somebody else,
Or wait till I git through!"

Now, when the Lord has a job for me, I never try
to shirk;
I drop what I have on my hand and do the good Lord's
work.

And my affairs can run along, or wait till I git
through.
Nobody else can do the work the good Lord has for
you!

Brooker T. Washington

DIRECTORY OF ALPHA OMICRON PI SORORITY
January 1964
Compiled by

A. O. Pi Mothers' Club

A.O.Pi Mothers' Club Officers, 1963-1964

Mrs. John W. Myers, President
Mrs. W. R. Perkins, Vice-President
Mrs. L. J. Hicks, Secretary-Treasurer
Mrs. Gene Stout, Alumni Advisor

The purpose of the A.O.Pi Mothers' Club is to further the general interest of Alpha Omicron Pi Chapter at L.S.U. Officers are elected in May. Dues are \$5.00 per year.

Some of the activities of the Mothers' Club in 1963 are listed below.

Assisted the alumni with teas honoring high school seniors and "rush" teas.
Gifts of eight silver dishes to A.O.Pi graduates
Donated refreshments for social functions of the chapter.
Sewed 60 white aprons for rush party for the chapter.
Held meetings to plan activities.
Served refreshments in our homes for "coke rush parties."
Provided cars for transportation for "rushees."
Gift of silver compote to chapter to celebrate 25th year on campus.
Held "Open House" for Homecoming in chapter room to honor "new" mothers, alumni, girls, and friends.
Enjoyed fellowship at Mothers' Christmas Dinner at Lakeshore Hotel.

The most satisfying result of our activity is making friends with the girls and mothers. We informed the chapter that we are always ready to help. Ours is a friendly group. Come join us! Make new friends!

A.O.Pi Mothers' Club

ALPHA OMICRON PI - Actives

Amy Allen (Corinne K.), 104 St. Charles St., Shreveport, La.
 Sandra Ballard (Dalton M.), 3711 Jackson Ave., Gulfport, Miss.
 *Diane Benton (M.G. - Melva), 9640 Riveroaks, Baton Rouge, La.
 Marilyn Blake (Major Chas. H., Jr.), West AT, Box 5515, Travis AFB, Calif.
 *Suzanne Boudreaux (Gil - Janet), 1301 Prentiss Ave., New Orleans, La.
 *Connie Button (T.B. - Jean), 409 Colony Rd., Metairie, La.
 *Sandra Casemore (V.G. - Ruby), 252 Broadmoor Ave., Baton Rouge, La.
 *Anne Deobald (H. J.), 4117 Tartan Dr., Metairie, La.
 *Vera Deville (Dallas), P. O. Box 66, Ville Platte, La.
 *Mary Scott Dimberg (P.A.), P.O. Box 5846, 1824 29th Ave.S., Birmingham, Ala.
 Coco Grantham (Troy T.), 4215 Central St., Gulfport, Miss.
 *Louise Harrell (Leonard - Louise), 812 Nelson Drive, Baton Rouge, La.
 *Cookie Hicks (L.J. - Josie), 4270 Adams Ave., Baton Rouge, La.
 Sharon Jacobi (C. H.), 332 Ridgway Dr., Metairie, La.
 *Mary Martha Johnson (C.J. - Mary), Rt. 2, Box 17, Hammond, La.
 Janice Justice (Mack C.), Box 384, Bogalusa, La.
 Carolyn Leggett (G. A.), 403 E. Ascension, Box 373, Gonzales, Louisiana
 *Suzanne Luke (W.J. - Daisy), 3736 Perkins Rd., Baton Rouge, La.
 Carole McNatt (J.B.), 1920 Stanford Ave., Baton Rouge, La.
 *Kathy McNaughton (Wm. C. - Mary Alice), 9720 E. Pamona, Baton Rouge, La.
 *Abbey Magruder (Dr.L.F.), 4322 Prescott Rd., Baton Rouge, La.
 Charlotte Marguez (J.A.), 165 Metairie Lawn Dr., Metairie, La.
 Emma Lou May (H.D.), 2169 Cherrydale, Baton Rouge, La.
 *Edna Beth Moss (Walter Jr.-Dixie), 1970 Rice Dr., Baton Rouge, La.
 *Mary Myers (John W. - Alta), 443 Centenary Dr., Baton Rouge, La.
 *Jennie Lou Perkins (W.R. - Joyce), 2624 Fairfields Ave., Baton Rouge, La.
 Elizabeth Roberts (Willard), 318 Lewisville Rd., Minden, La.
 *Cheryl Ann Smith (John - Thelma), Rt. 2, Box 43, St. James, La.
 Jane Sweetman (Homer A.), Box 3, Seree Colorado, Aruba, (Neth.) W.I.
 Eavelyn Terry (J. Y.), Dodson, La.
 Sheila Vanderbrook (W. P.), 535 Ninth St., Gretna, La.
 Betsy White (Wingate M. - Helen), 433 Linda Dr., Baton Rouge, La.
 *Janet Wiegmann (Fred H. - Doris), 325 Seyburn Dr., Baton Rouge, La.
 Prissy Williams (J.C.), 713 Haring Rd., Metairie, La.

Pledges

*Marcia Jane Arnold (W.T. - Marcia), 3538 Byron, Baton Rouge, La.
 *Marilyn Ann Bazer (Mrs. Aubrey D.), 309 Allen St., New Iberia, La.
 *Ruth Brewer (Charles H.-Alice), 5038 Sycamore, Baton Rouge, La.
 *Beverly Burch (Donald D. - Essie), 2035 Hood Ave., Baton Rouge, La.
 *Carolyn Buttross (Joe - Yvonne), 708 Franklin St., Natchez, Miss.
 *Kathleen Sheryl Coci (Joseph Jr. - Shirley), 34 Finch St., New Orleans, La.
 Kathryn Gray (Warner A.), 3020 Vincennes Pl., New Orleans, La.
 Donna Helm (H.J.), 6000 Bellaire Dr., New Orleans, La.
 *Kathy Hoerske (Paul H. - Marion), 3137 Yupon St., New Orleans, La.
 *Maryledden Hogan (Ledden V.-Bernadette), 2623 Nashville Ave., New Orleans, La.
 *Sue Holloway (Ralph B.-Nancy), 11834 Sherbrook, Baton Rouge, La.
 *Margaret Raleigh (G.P.), 3160 Amarillo, Baton Rouge, La.
 Marilyn Randall (Carl), 4362 Hollywood, Baton Rouge, La.
 Judy Sneed (R.G. Jr.), 4401 Stillbrooke, Houston, Texas

*Member Mothers' Club

WHEN did this last happen to you? It's letdown time after supper. Tired by an increasing round of duties, meetings, and entertainments, you reach at last that rare night when you can stay home. The *whole* enchanted evening! You don't have to go anywhere. You have nobody to pick up and deliver. You can relax—shoes off, feet up, popcorn bowl beside you—in the privacy of your living room. You're free to share time and possibly even quiet with your family.

And then the phone rings.

Your oldest child races to answer and then hands the telephone to you. You take it reluctantly. Lately you've noticed, through a haze of fatigue, that calls for you are calls for help, support, attendance. If the callers don't want you now—within the hour—they want you or your efforts in the too-near, already date-packed future.

"Yes?" you ask warily.

"Hi!" an acquaintance carols. "Know you're busy. Hate to ask you this. But will you . . .?"

And maybe it's "serve on a committee," "play hostess to a tea," "teach Sunday school," "canvass your block for the current fund drive," "sell tickets to a benefit," "chauffeur your son's class to the rock quarry," or "bake brownies—and please make them the kind with nuts—for tomorrow night's P.T.A."

What can you say?

You're a mature and capable individual. You feel personally responsible for your community's well-being. Statistically you're part of the 1% that meets 90% of your community's demands. You try daily to be a good citizen, to keep up culturally, and to work for important goals. Yet along with this you struggle to be a good parent and a good spouse.

The problem seems particularly ironic when you know that elsewhere in your town scores of persons suffer from loneliness and from the abrupt isolation of widowhood or retirement, and these idled potential helpers might welcome the chance to be called upon. But whose phone rings? *Yours. Ours.* The phone of the already busy parent, the member-in-too-good-standing of the rush league.

On a normal weekday evening in our Midwest town, for example, a family of five recently found themselves a dizzily going concern.

Both father and mother, community leaders, faced a choice of meetings. The father, a teacher, had an evening class, a board meeting, and a second-grade Parents' Night. Because he had to earn his living, he taught his class. The mother had both Parents' Night and church-board meeting. The eldest child, usually baby-sitter for the two younger children, had debate. The second child, baby-sitter in an emergency, had Science Club.

The couple appealed to neighbors with other children who were usually willing and able pinch hitters in a baby-sitting crisis. This same evening the mother had two meetings; the father and each of the three older children had one.

Two families, 10 persons, 12 meetings in one night! *Why do we get so involved?*

ACTIVITY HELPS EVERYONE

WE get involved simply because there seem to be so many good reasons for saying yes:

- If we're new in a community, entering into local life on an organized basis helps us to get acquainted. It's the warm, fast, and recognized approach, and success depends mostly on how much time and effort we contribute.
- If we work actively in various organizations, we see the inside tickings of our community. We achieve a sense of helping to nudge our town toward the goals we'd like to see accomplished.
- No matter what our present role—businessman or homemaker, child or adult, someone at loose ends or someone fit to be tied—whatever groups we help *also help us to grow*;

Are you run ragged

by community

enterprises? Then

you need to try the

"creative no."

Here a practicing

psychologist and a

no-longer-put-upon

wife and mother

reveal its secret

Let's

get off

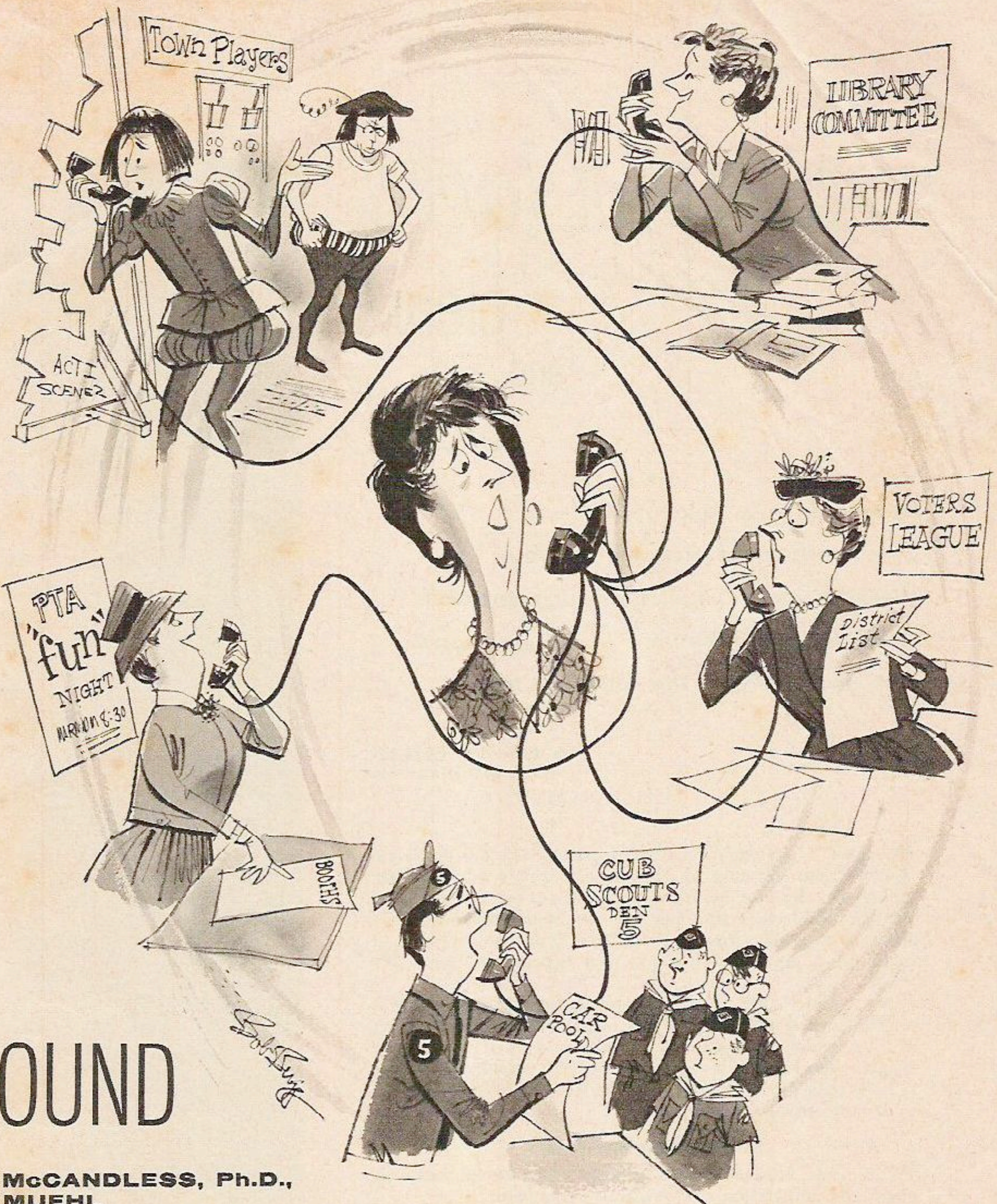
the HARRIED-

we benefit from this outside stimulation and new experience.

- Our support of community organizations sets our children a powerful service example. In addition, any group role we take gives our children a chance to see us in a new light—as other than "just parents." Such perspective-restoring opportunities are often helpful—from both generations' points of view. (Parents of infants may not yet have met this situation fully, but the need for freshened family perspective enlarges as our offspring mature; ask any parent who's grown one.)

Last but listworthy are the personal rewards for joining:

- Active service in some organizations directly helps to



GO-ROUND

By **BOYD McCANDLESS, Ph.D.,**
and **LOIS MUEHL**

develop and expand our business and professional interests.

- Seeking out cultural and social groups feeds our hunger for aesthetic enrichment and for companionship.
- To refuse to join when asked, to deny help when solicited, smacks of nonco-operation. In subtle ways no-sayers are penalized, and this puts an added value on our saying yes.

GOOD REASONS. TOO. TO SAY NO

OCCASIONALLY, however, we should say no. There are tremendously important reasons we should sometimes stand by that short bittersweet negative:

- If we participate too much, we neglect our families or our work. Most of us see clearly when we're slighting our

job. All of us recognize that the very young children in the family need us—or some adult—at home. What we don't always see is that older children (even up through adolescence) also need us at home—to feed them properly, sometimes to talk to them (especially when *they* feel like talking), but mostly just to be there, a reachable island of security in their choppy emotional sea.

- Other family members need us, too. A husband—tired, perhaps perplexed by some problem at work—needs the presence and attention of his wife. A wife, particularly in her early childbearing years, needs release in temporary ways from her mother role—and this often comes through the companionship of her husband. If the [To page 81]

The harried-go-round

From page 51

home includes a third generation, these older family members have rights to our attention and our time—and to their own time off. We can meet these needs only if our outside participation is cut to fit.

● If we don't tailor our outside activity, if we participate too much, we run the danger of exhausting ourselves. And in the harried-go-round of our crammed schedules we often leave no time for self-refreshment. This is a parental need we habitually ignore, though psychologists tell us that to maintain our sanity we need to live some self-actualizing life of our own—to have fun, to be alone occasionally, to think, to read, to fish, to putter about, to do what we want. This is one of our most important and justified excuses for not overjoining.

● When we do spread ourselves out thin among a host of organizations, we weaken both ourselves and the groups we are trying to help.

HOW TO ESTABLISH LIMITS

BUT suppose we know every last how and why of joining or not joining. What can we do to control wisely and effectively the onrush of demands? The answer involves two steps that anyone desperate enough can take:

First, we can use our understanding of the participation process to spell out the limits of our organizational activities. And next, we can master two approaches—one simple, the other more complicated—to saying no.

To take the first step, we need to settle for ourselves these questions:

● What do we really want to do? What are our primary musts, tastes, and ambitions?

How much do we want to do? What are our energy levels, family needs, and capacities?

● Which demands are legitimate? Which can be postponed or avoided? ("Is this the most helpful participation by me at this time?")

● Is this organization really helping me or the community?

● Am I really so important to this group? Or, by sitting back, can I help someone else to volunteer?

● In balancing my activities, am I duplicating pursuits that I might better drop?

Each of us will give different answers, and our decisions may change with time and place and changing circumstances. But once we have made our evaluation, we can all acquire the ability to say no.

THE SECRET OF THE "CREATIVE NO"

THE tried-and-true method—if we have the courage to make it stick—is

the flat firm refusal based equally upon our considered answers to the above questions and on our conviction that *nobody wins a rat race.*

The other method is the "creative no," a negative that produces a positive.

To make our no a creative one, we have to practice *alternative thinking.* Perhaps to our next petitioner we can suggest a lonely newcomer, a lonesome older person who could take our place. Perhaps we can supply some other need—money, food, goods—that we can give without exhausting our own time and energy. Perhaps we can suggest a totally new way to be of help.

Let's take the situation of a mother asked to run the same Fun Night concession for the third year in a row.

Now, Fun Night is a worthy if exhausting institution. Its take buys school needs; presumably it also encourages joyous family outings. But this mother was sick of Fun Night. Having donated cakes, money, time, energy, and labor and having reaped flu in previous gay festivities, she told her caller this time, "Two years of running that Spook Room were enough."

"But you do it so well! Your weird stories—"

"Thanks. Someone else will have fresher ideas."

"Then you won't help?" Censure crept over the wire.

"Oh, I'll help," the ex-spook agreed. "With the children in school, I want to."

What did she do? Succumb to the same wearying process? Switch to serving pie in the kitchen, thus ruining her arches instead of her voice? Contribute \$10 instead of her presence? Not this woman! She had begun to practice the "creative no."

"I'll help by suggestion," she said. "Last year nothing in the whole place gave parents a break. Those noisy mobs of youngsters out on a lark and up too late wore everybody down. Why don't we set aside a room for adults only, with some varied recordings in it for relaxed listening? I'll dig up the records. You find a person to play them. Fun Night should be fun for parents too."

The school, the woman, and other parents benefited from one thoughtful refusal.

LET'S "SHAPE OUR ENDS"

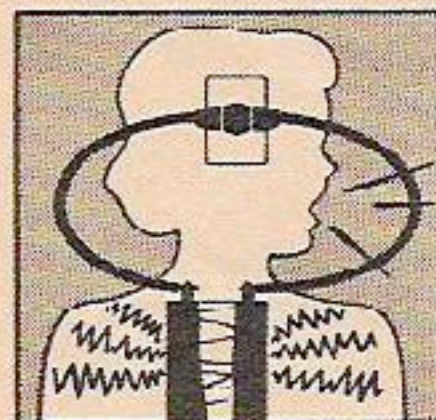
THIS kind of "no-how" is not a slack let-George-and-Georgia-do-it policy. Although we decline some invitations with reason, we accept others, fitting our needs, our aims, and our conscience.

And if we don't take some such course to "shape our ends," we'll wake up some fine, highly organized morning to find ourselves so well-rounded that there is no longer any point to us at all. ##

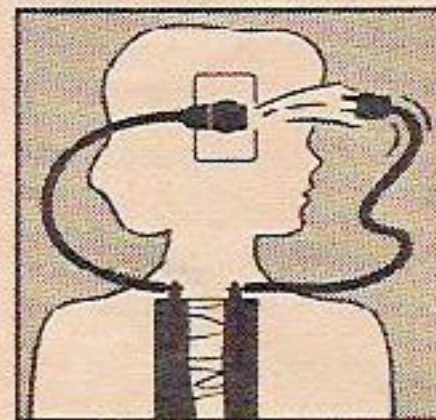
CONTROLS COUGHS

DUE TO COLDS UP TO
6 FULL HOURS

Special formula with *Supressin*^{*}
"breaks circuit" that triggers coughing



Coughing impulses are transmitted from your child's "control center" to cough nerves in throat and chest.



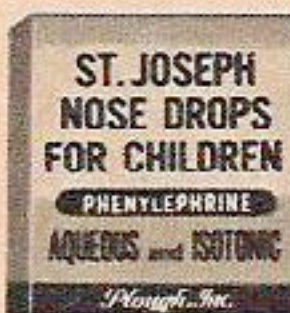
St. Joseph Cough Syrup For Children "breaks the impulse-circuit" and thus controls need less coughing.

Proved fully as effective as codeine! Yet safe, non-narcotic. St. Joseph Cough Syrup For Children with *Supressin* acts through blood stream to block cough impulses... controls coughing in a way not possible with ordinary cough syrups!



Soothes throat, helps dislodge phlegm. Helps clear breathing passages so child gets needed sleep to speed recovery. (In slightly larger doses, gives you the same grand relief). Children prefer cherry-tasting St. Joseph Cough Syrup For Children. For big saving get large size.

^{*}Plough's brand of d-Methorphan Hydrobromide



4 drops... 4 seconds

BREATHE FREELY

Open up clogged
nose-sinus passages

The super-decongestant you get in St. Joseph Nose Drops For Children is widely prescribed by doctors. It's the same one you get in many very expensive "prescription" products. You may know it as *Phenylephrine*.

These marvelous Drops act rapidly. Open stuffy nose, check sniffles and sneezes almost *instantly*. Your child breathes freer. Irritated nasal membranes are soothed for hours at a time.

St. Joseph Nose Drops For Children contain no oil... and don't sting! Pleasant to use—*remarkably effective*. Get a bottle today.

From Plough, Inc., makers of
St. Joseph Aspirin For Children



Swollen, irritated nasal, sinus tissues hinder drainage, breathing.



These nose drops soothe and shrink membranes... open nasal passages fast.

To add to the good cheer at holiday time, you may want to put your angels to work

Making Rag Angels

All of us have heard so much from our parents' generation about how *they* never had all these store-bought ornaments to hang around the house when they were kids. Here's your chance to strike back! In an afternoon you or your children can show Mom and Dad (or Grandpa and Grandma) you can make these things for yourselves, too! To make one of these attractive rag angels just follow these directions:

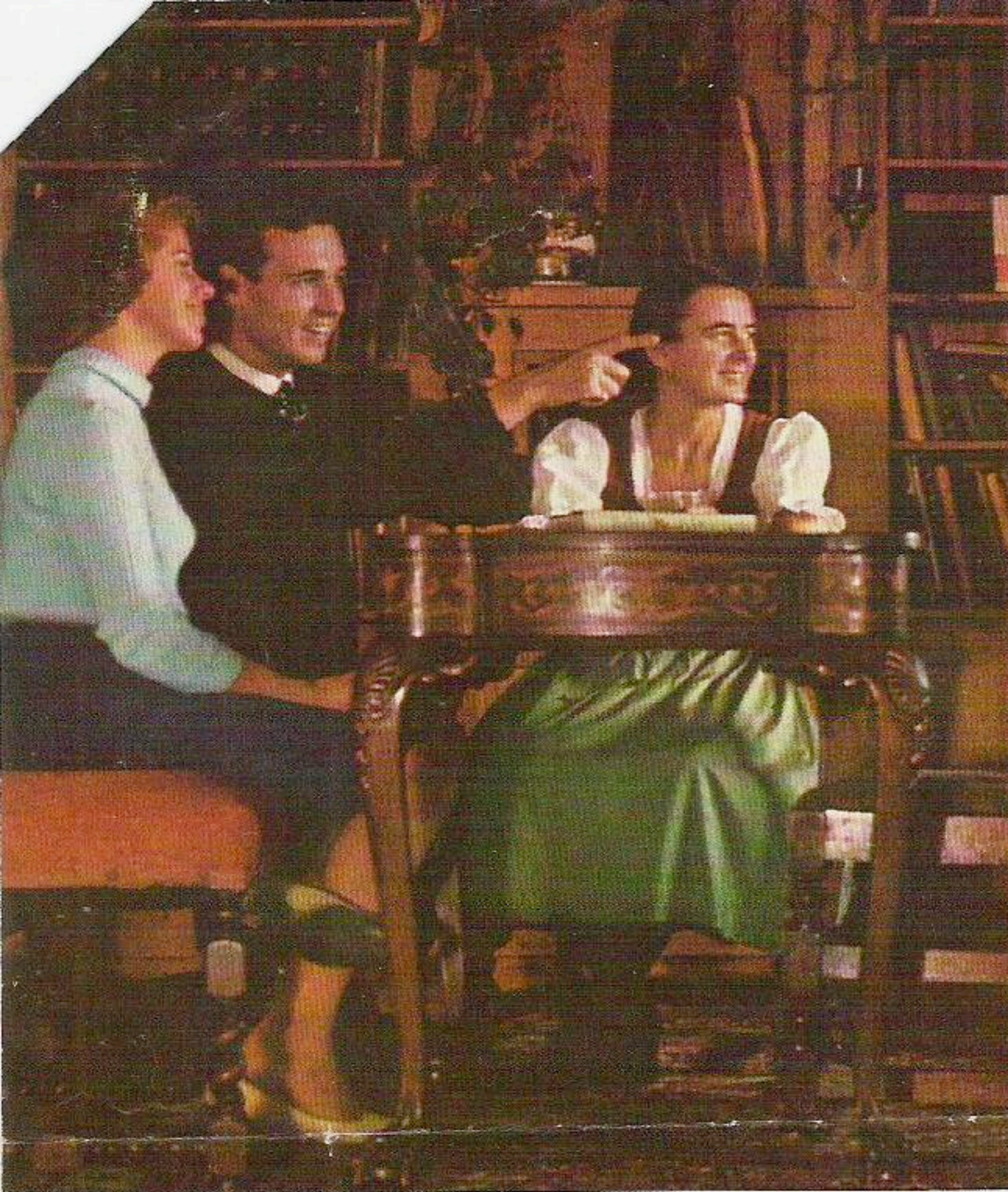


1. Start with a simple cardboard cone, with a top opening of about 1 inch in diameter. Form the armature for head, arms, shoulder, and neck out of one piece of wire. Slit the cone at each side $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from the top and slip in the wire. Use styrofoam egg for the head.

2. Mix water and wallpaper paste to the consistency of very thick soup (7 parts water to 1 part paste will do it).

3. Tear rags into strips of 1 or 2 inches. Dip them one-by-one into the paste solution and wind around the wire frame. First wind around the hands, and then the arms. The angel's mantle or cape should be made from larger pieces and dipped in the same way. Drape as desired. Trim may be added here, as desired.

4. Let the rag angel dry for 48 hours, and then spray with gold paint. Use a brush for finishing touches. If wings are desired, they should be cut from cardboard and attached before mantle is completely draped.



Christmas is a time for giving—but grown-up kids are sometimes reluctant to take. Why not send them off on a winter holiday of their choice?

Put a Vacation Under the Tree!

BY ARTHUR HALE, ROCKET
CIRCLE MEMBER-BUSINESSMAN, STAMFORD, CONN.

My son Ted got married just about six months ago. He and Barbara are spending their first Christmas together as a married couple. It's a big holiday for them, maybe the biggest. We wanted to give them a really *special* gift.

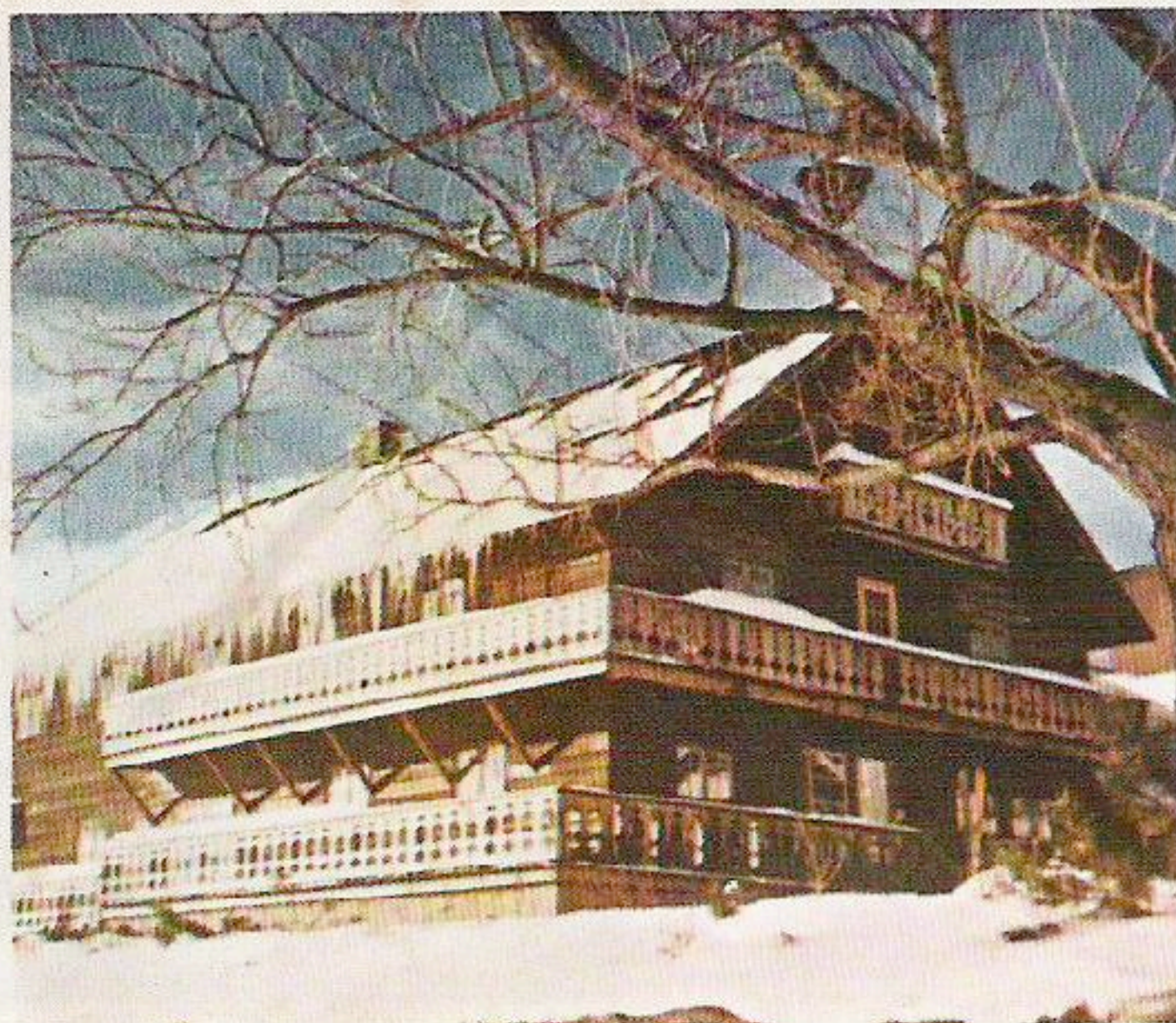
But what could it be? Most newlyweds are pretty sensitive about presents from their parents and in-laws. Give them too much, and they might resent it just a little.

My wife Dorothy and I first thought of something for their apartment. Ted and Barbara have a four-room apartment they're furnishing—one room at a time. We saw a sofa and matching easy chairs that

TED: "Hi, Dad. Sure, we're here, calling right from the Lodge. We met Maria Von Trapp yesterday in the library—*young* Maria—and she showed us some of the family songbooks. Really, it's just like being a guest in someone's home—in fact, it *is* someone's home—the Trapp Family's. Oh, yes, we love it."

BARBARA: "And they do mean it about the music here. You'll hear everything from Tyrolean yodels to Texas yodels. Last night we even did a little good, old-fashioned American square dancing. It's the first time I've done any of that in a long time. The caller, Jed Prouty, got everyone going though. We lost our inhibitions in a hurry."





we thought would finish up their living room nicely.

Dorothy argued that furniture was a *practical* gift. But I reminded her what they say on television, "Please, mother, I'd rather do it myself!" She laughed and then we put our heads together and tried to think of something they *wouldn't* do for themselves. And here's what we came up with—a week's holiday at the resort of their choice. They selected the Trapp Family Lodge in Stowe, Vermont.

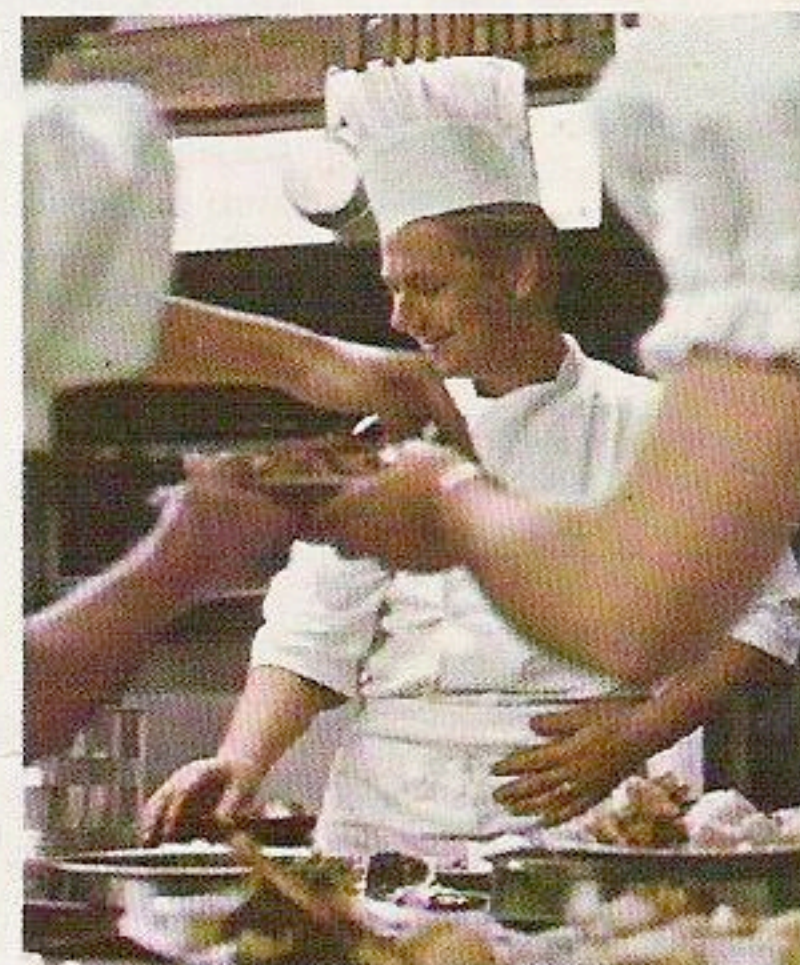
Ted had a week of vacation saved up, and Barbara was all for spending it with the Trapps. The kids had just seen "The Sound of Music," and wanted to find out if it could possibly be true. And so off they went. Did they like it? Just listen in around the page on the long distance call we got from them the other night.

TED: "They've also got a pastry cook named Max Meister who's pretty outstanding, too! I'm sure Barbara will second that, because we've both been thirding and fourthing on the *kuchen* every morning up at the Trapp Family's Viennese Coffee Shop. They mean Viennese, too! They put enough *schlag* in the coffee to make a Sundae."



TED: "You ought to see this place, Mom and Dad. It's in a little glen in the Green Mountains, beautiful in the winter. Baroness Maria Von Trapp—that's right, Maria in the movie—said that when she and the Baron brought the family here in 1941, they were reminded immediately of the hills around Salzburg—this was the place for them."

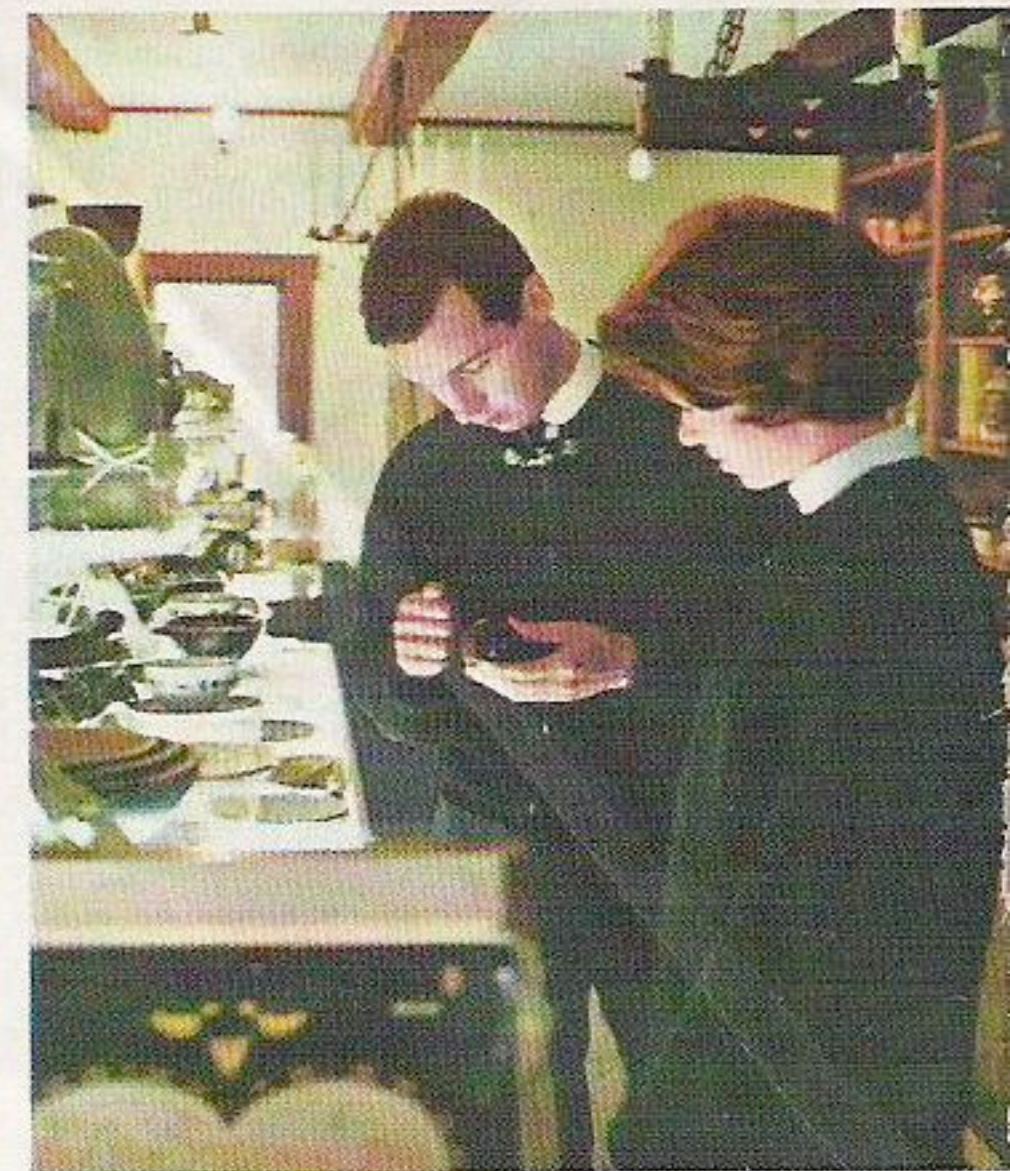
BARBARA: "The food is delicious! It's worth a trip in itself. We went back and met the cook—or chef, I should say. His name is Bruno Gloor. He's from Zurich, and he can cook in as many styles as the Swiss have languages."



(continued next page)



BARBARA: "Ted insisted on taking me riding, and frankly I was a little afraid at first, but once I got used to those terrific horses in the lodge stables and was out riding in that winter air, I wouldn't have passed up the experience for anything in the world."

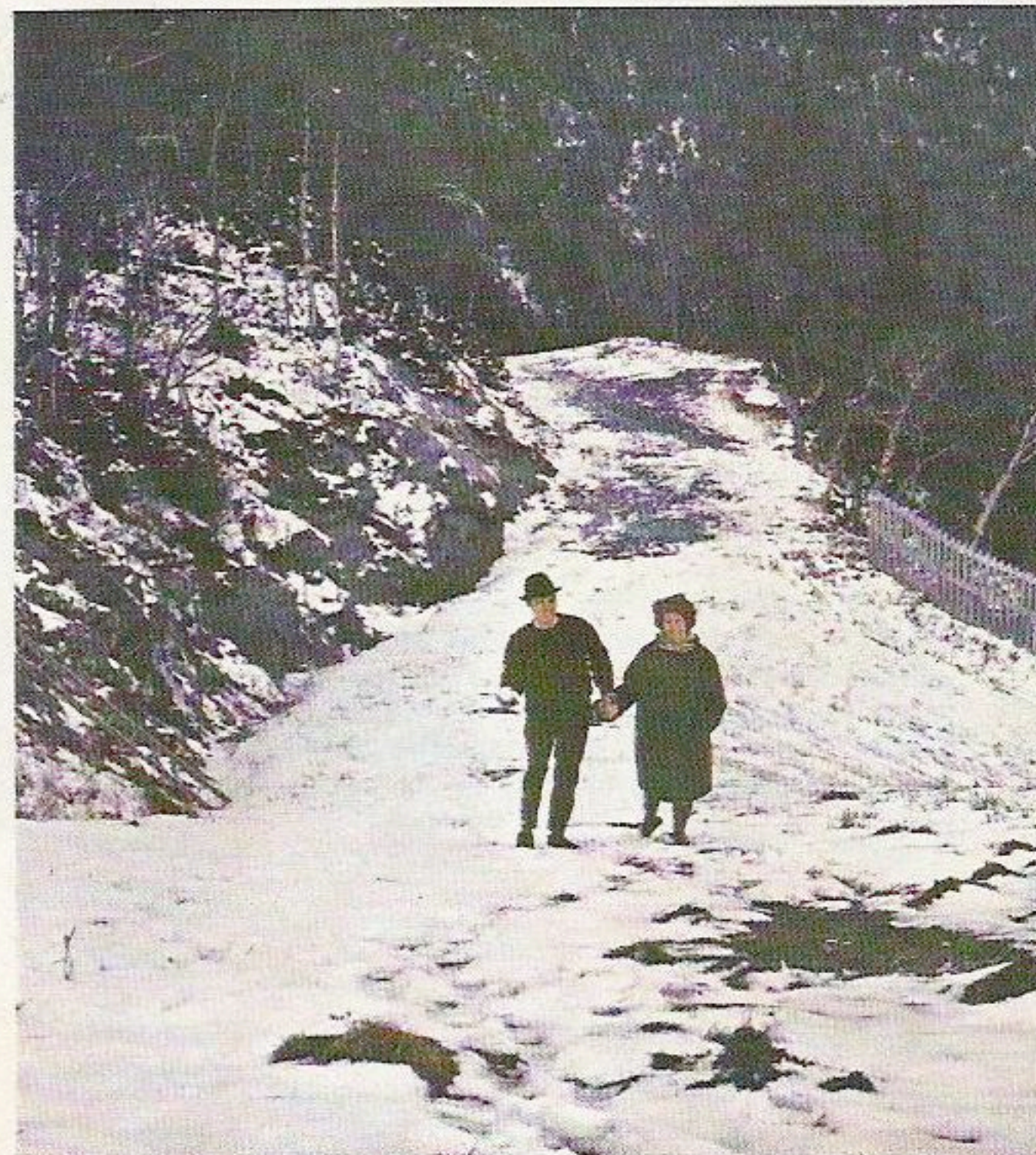


TED: "We visited the gift shop, too. It's right next to that Viennese coffee emporium, so we know our way around there pretty well by now. They have some beautiful hand-carved pieces of—well, I guess I better keep quiet about that. Barb says you'll be finding out about it soon enough."



BARBARA: "What's Austria without a *bierstube*? And they've got one right in the basement of the lodge. The people here are just wonderful. They come from all over to enjoy the Trapp Family hospitality—even from Europe, we found out. The couple across the hall are from Hamburg and say the Trapps are just as famous there as they are here."

TED: "Better hang up now, Mom and Dad. Barb and I are going to drive up to the top of Mount Mansfield and do a little exploring. It's beautiful country. It really is. But why don't you come on out and see for yourself?... What's that? No, Dad. I insist. It's our call. We'll take the charges. Well, goodbye."



—Sun

Future Ceremony *Madelene* — Heralded

Miss Hubbs

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Dawson Hubbs of May Street announce the engagement and approaching marriage of their daughter, Miss Madelene Harriett Hubbs, to Mr. Hypolite Guy Riche III, son of Dr. and Mrs. Hypolite Guy Riche Jr. of Kleinert Avenue. The wedding is planned for Aug. 17 at 4 o'clock in the afternoon at St. James Episcopal Church.

Miss Hubbs is a graduate of University High School and of Southeastern Louisiana College. She is a member of Spinsters Club for which she serves as historian. She is a teacher of first grade in Baton Rouge.

Mr. Riche, a graduate of Baton Rouge High School, attended Louisiana State University and is presently attending Southeastern Louisiana College.



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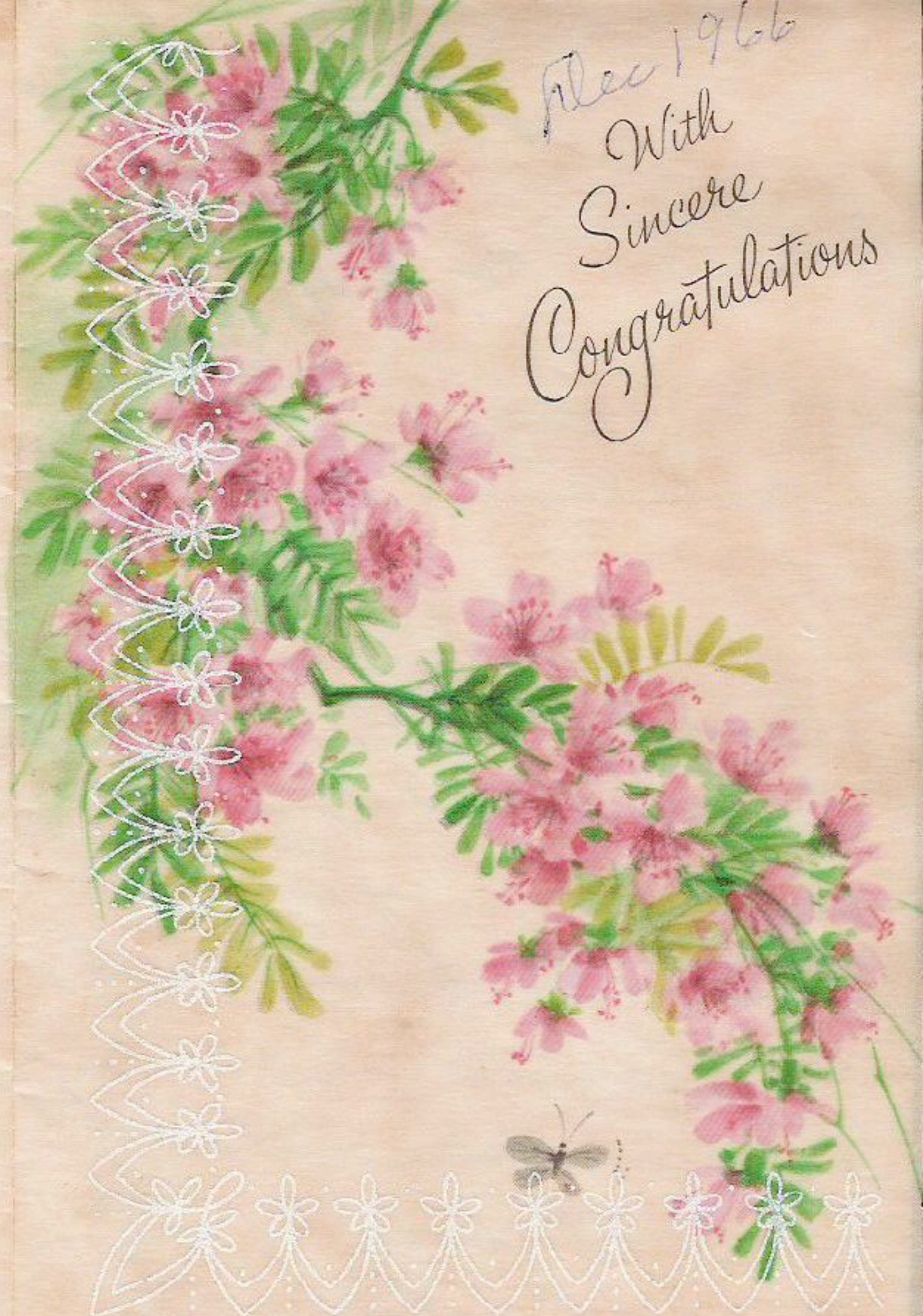
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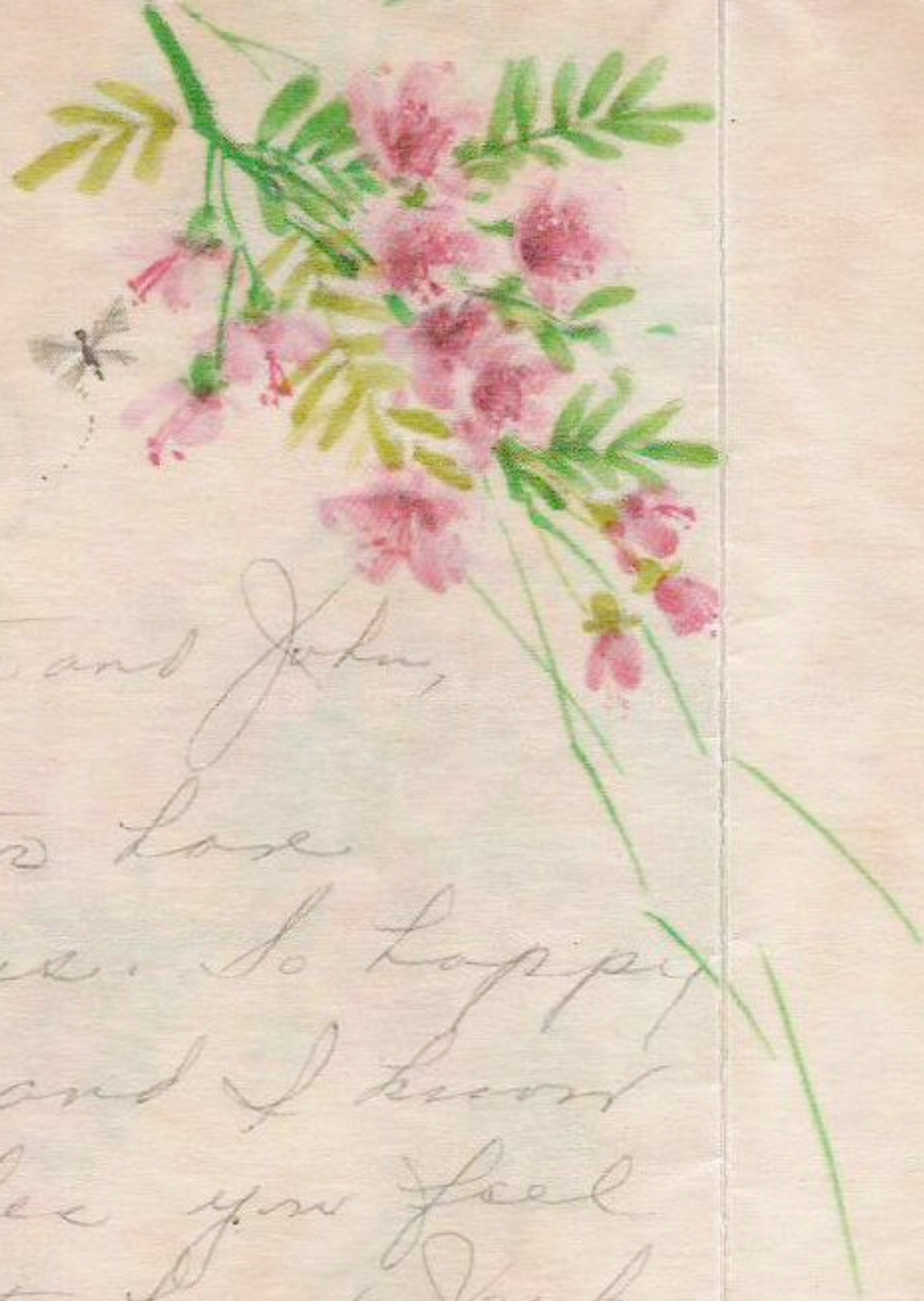
MADE IN U.S.A.

Gibson

25J2-5

*Dec 1966
With
Sincere
Congratulations*





Dear Alta and John,
So you two have
joined us. So happy
for you and I know
it makes you feel
better to know Jack
has some one always
by his side - The
best of luck with
your "new daughter".

Congratulating you
and wishing
the very best
for you
always.

Love,
Louise

Morning Coffee, Luncheon, Dinner Party Entertain *Jan 7, 1961* Miss Judy Judice

Two parties today—a morning coffee and a luncheon—and dinner party last evening have been given to honor Miss Judy Judice, fiancée of Mr. John Dale Powers. The couple will be married in a quiet ceremony on Jan. 21.

Mrs. Ben B. Graves and Mrs. Lewis Olen White were hostesses at this morning's coffee. Some 175 guests called from 10 to 12 o'clock at the White home on Rosemont.

At 1 o'clock today Mrs. John W. Myers and Mrs. W. Hillman Willis entertained at a luncheon. Guests gathered at Bob & Jake's. Last evening Mrs. Dudley B. Hile and Mrs. Arthur Wheat entertained at a dinner. The 7 o'clock party was also held at Bob & Jake's.

In the receiving line at the coffee were Miss Judice, in lavender; her mother, Mrs. D. L. Judice, in navy; Mrs. Graves, in gray silk, and Mrs. White, in white wool. Each wore a nosegay corsage of white pompon chrysanthemums surrounded by silver and white lace.

In the entrance hall were glittered white magnolia leaves surrounding a large terra cotta cupid holding trumpets. Above this hung white wedding bells tied with triple bows with the names of the couple written in silver.

The main serving table in the dining room was covered with a handmade Belgian linen and lace cloth. In the center was a decorative love bird cage holding stephanotis and white carnations.

On a marble top server at one end of the family room was a white cage with lovebirds. On a wrought iron glass top table was a silver punch bowl. Beneath the glass were green and silver magnolia leaves topped with white butterfields.

Noted in the den was a tiered fountain in which floated white alba plena camellias. During the morning Mr. Lewis Olen White played background organ music.

Mrs. Moore
Is

Serving were Mrs. E. E. Barnett, Mrs. Jewel Bates, Mrs. C. P. Brewer, Mrs. A. C. Moreau, Mrs. Arthur Wheat, Miss Mabel White, Mrs. Dudley Hile, Mrs. James Mitts Jr. Tea girls were Miss Fatie Alexander, Miss Charlie Sue Monroe, Mrs. Jack Lord, Miss Carol McCutchen and Mrs. Evans Powers. Mrs. Paul Peters presided at the guest register.

Luncheon Is Held

In the center of the table for today's luncheon was an arrangement of white gladioli and pink camellias. Places were marked with white satin ribbon and topped with white tulle rice bags tied with place cards. In front of Miss Judice's place was an inverted antique crystal goblet atop a tiny bridal pair. On the top of the goblet was a white camellia. The hostesses presented the antique goblet to Miss Judice as a gift along with an electrical appliance.

Both Miss Judice and her mother received pink camellia corsages from the two hostesses.

Attending the luncheon were Mrs. Judice, Miss Missy Powers, Miss Gay Powers, Mrs. E. B. Powers Jr., Mrs. J. C. Judice, Miss Carolyn Judice, Miss Mary Myers, the two hostesses and the guest of honor.

Dinner Party

The dining table was centered with a large white and pink nosegay from which streamers led to the individual places. The place cards also featured nosegays. Miss Judice was presented a pink and white corsage as were the mothers of the couple. The hostesses gave the honoree a gift of silver.

Attending the dinner were Miss Judice, Mrs. Judice, Mrs. Powers, Miss Gay Powers, Miss Carol Judice, Mrs. Bill Acosta, Mrs. Arthur Bagwell, Mrs. H. M. Clark, Mrs. J. E. George, Mrs. Betty Erickson, Mrs. John May, Mrs. G. O. White and the hostesses, Mrs. Hile and Mrs. Wheat.

Miss Mary Alta Myers Weds Walter A. Tessier At First Lutheran Church

The First Lutheran Church was the setting Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock for the wedding of Miss Mary Alta Myers and Mr. Walter A. Tessier. The couple were married by Rev. Willard E. Schlecht in a double ring service.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Myers, and Mr. Tessier is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis M. Tessier.

Following the wedding, the couple was entertained at a reception held in the Baptist Student Center on the LSU campus.

For the ceremony, music was provided by Miss Jenny Lou Perkins, organist, and Mr. William Loving, soloist.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore a white linen A-line gown embossed with venise lace and fashioned with an empire bodice, scoop neckline and trumpet sleeves edged with lace. Appliques of imported lace were noted on the detachable court train and at the waistline. Her short white gloves repeated the lace trim.

A crown of pearls held the fingertip veil of illusion and the bride carried a cascade of white roses and polished ivy leaves, centered with a white orchid. She carried a white lace and linen handkerchief given her by Mrs. Monroe B. Stephenson of New Orleans and in her shoe she put a sixpence brought from Jamaica by the bridegroom.

Miss Diane Benton of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., was maid of honor for the bride. Bridesmaids included Miss Janice Tessier, sister of the bridegroom, Miss Madelene Hubbs, Miss Sandra Lee Ballard of Toledo, Ohio, and Mrs. William F. Stafford of New Orleans.

Attendants were identically

Jr. Mrs. Noah S. Haynes registered guests.

The main serving table was covered with an embroidered linen and lace cloth that had been made in Korea for the bride's grandmother, the late Mrs. John W. Meyers of Williamsport, Ohio.

Pouring punch were Mrs. Michael Rudd, Mrs. Joseph L. Vancura of New Orleans, Mrs. Alvin D. Hubbs and Mrs. Claude W. Davis. Presiding at the coffee service were Mrs. Marion G. Benton and Mrs. Dennis L. Judice. Serving the bride's cake were Mrs. Lillie Bell Meyer and Mrs. William S. Smith of Zachary, aunt of the bridegroom.

Noted at a vantage point was the rice bag tree that had been decorated by Mrs. M. G. Benton.

Teagirls included Misses Sue Gros, Liz Bischoff, Carol Judice, Genell Hubbs, Peggy Benton, Jenny Lou Perkins, and Patricia Seago.

For traveling on the wedding trip, the bride donned a turquoise linen ensemble which she accented with the orchid from her bouquet.

Attendants were identically attired in floor length turquoise gowns designed with natural waistlines and sleeves to the elbow. Flowing panels from the shoulders were accented with large flat bows. Their headpieces of turquoise bows and veiling were designed and made by Mrs. Lollie Bell Meyer. They carried bouquets of yellow chrysanthemums.

Mr. Tessier served his son as best man and the groomsmen were Mr. Dickie Stallworth, Mr. Dennis Smith, Mr. Larry Hebert and Mr. Albert Addington of Lafayette, a cousin of the bridegroom. Ushering were Mr. Larry Smith and Mr. Richard McClellan.

.At Student Center

For the reception at the student center, the bride's mother received in a pink embroidered lace and matching jacket accented by antique enamel flowered buttons. Mrs. Tessier, mother of the bridegroom, chose a two piece Nile green brocade. Their corsages were of white cymbidium orchids. Mrs. Reby Tessier, grandmother of the bridegroom, wore blue with a white cymbidium orchid corsage.

Special guests were Mrs. Louis P. Orth Sr. and Mr. Emerson A. Schober, godparents of the bride, and Mr. and Mrs. John H. Hammond Jr., uncle and aunt of the bride, all of New Orleans.

Assisting with details for the event was Mrs. A. B. Singletary

—Behind—

Story Of Surrender

(AP)—The news for which the world had been waiting for days—that Germany had surrendered unconditionally and that Allied victory had come in Europe—came in an Associated Press dispatch from Reims, France, at 8:35 a. m., N. O. time, today.

Four hours later, the British Ministry of Information announced that tomorrow, Tuesday, May 8, would be treated as V-E Day with Prime Minister Churchill making an official announcement at 8 a. m., N. O. time and King George broadcasting to the empire at 2 p. m., N. O. time.

Edward Kennedy, chief of the AP staff on the western front and a veteran reporter who had covered the war from its beginning, more than five years and eight months ago, flashed the first news from the Allied side of the German capitulation.

GAVE DETAILS

"Germany surrendered unconditionally to the western Allies and Russia today," said Kennedy's dispatch from Reims, giving a detailed account of the surrender which took place there.

"The surrender took place at a little red school house which is the headquarters of Gen. Eisenhower."

Nearly an hour before, at 7:38 a. m., a broadcast on the wavelength of the Flensburg radio, used for several days for German an-
(See Behind, Page 10, Col. 3)

Luncheon Given To Compliment Brenda Leach

Miss Brenda Leach, who will become the bride of Mr. E. C. Thomas III on June 20 at the First Methodist Church, was honored at a luncheon Wednesday by Mrs. John W. Myers and her daughter, Miss Mary Myers, who entertained at their home on Centenary Drive.

The serving table was covered with a white cutwork embroidered cloth and centered with a pair of crystal baskets filled with pink roses and daisies. Bride and bridegroom figurines with a bluebird, symbol of happiness, were also noted.

In the living room roses were placed in an antique glass compote while daisies decorated the den. Miss Leach and her mother, Mrs. E. H. Leach, and Mrs. E. C. Thomas Jr. of Plaquemine, mother of the bridegroom-elect, were all given corsages of spring flowers. Miss Leach was presented with an electrical appliance.

Mrs. Myers read some interesting hints on practical house-keeping from the "Buckeye Cookery," a book which Miss

Myers' great grandmother used as a bride on a farm in Woodlyn, Ohio.

Guests at the party included Mrs. E. H. Leach Jr., Mrs. Wiley Jewel, Mrs. DeRoose Goetling, Mrs. M. K. Hardy, Mrs. Calvin P. Heath, Mrs. William D. Ourso, the mothers of the engaged pair and the bride-elect.

Births

Baton Rouge General

Mr. and Mrs. Ronnie P. Terrell announce the birth of their third child and first daughter, Wendy Mae, on May 9. Mrs. Terrell is the former Margaret Fay Romeaux of Baton Rouge.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. McManus announce the birth of their second child and second son, James Phillip, on May 9. Mrs. McManus is the former Mary Ann Thompson of California.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Beckham announce the birth of their first child, a son, Theron Norwood, on May 10. Mrs. Beckham is the former Mary Auline Crocker of Philadelphia, Miss.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Samuel Richardson announce the birth of their first child, a son, Patrick Wayne, on May 11. Mr. Richardson is the former Robert Mary Picard of Shreveport.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Ellis Jr. announce the birth of their fourth child and second daughter, Dana Elizabeth, on May 11. Mrs. Ellis is the former Louise Walker of Baton Rouge.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Clarke announce the birth of their fourth child and

Miss Knight

Mrs. Lucille Dennis Knight announces the betrothal of their daughter, Elizabeth Amy, to Lt. (j.g.) John David Rice of San Diego, Calif., son of Mr. and Mrs. John Milton Rice of Springfield, Mo. The couple will be married July 18 at 7 o'clock in the evening at the First Methodist Church.

Miss Knight, daughter of Mr. Alexander Wilkinson Knight of Shreveport, is a graduate of University High School and LSU where she was a member of Pi Beta Phi Sorority. She now teaches in San Diego.

Lt. Rice was graduated from Parkview High School in Springfield, Mo., and attended Drury College before graduating from the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, Mich. His fraternity is Sigma Nu.



University Lutheran Chapel

Madelene Harriett Hubbs Honored Today at Lunch At John W. Myers Home

Mrs. John W. Myers and her daughter, Mrs. Walter A. Tessier, were cohostesses today at a luncheon honoring Miss Madelene Harriett Hubbs, bride-elect of Mr. II. Guy Riche III.

Miss Hubbs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Dawson Hubbs, and Mr. Riche, son of the junior Riches, will exchange wedding vows at 4 o'clock Aug. 17 at St. James Episcopal Church.

The honoree, her mother and her sister, Miss Jenell Hubbs, and Mrs. Riche were presented corsages of majestic daisies. The hostesses also presented Miss Hubbs with a gift of china.

White and pink gladioli decorated the living room and den. The serving table in the dining room was covered with a white cutwork cloth and centered with an antique compote holding majestic daisies.

Guests included also Mrs. Stone Miller, Mrs. Donald D. Lawrence, Mrs. John T. Cox Jr., Miss Harriett Babin, Miss Bettie Skains, Mrs. Dubose A. Vann III and Mrs. Herbert Verberg of Hammond.

Letters From The People

This space is set aside for readers of the State-Times to afford them opportunity for discussion of questions and problems in which they are particularly interested. The State-Times is in no way responsible for the statements or opinion appearing in this column. Readers are at liberty to discuss topics at will but with courtesy. Libelous or offensive personal attacks are not permitted. Brevity must be observed. Letters should be signed by the writer for identification. The State-Times reserves the right to give the name of the writer of an unsigned letter to any person having a right to it. No letters will be returned.

Editor, State-Times:

Certain citizens continue to insist that the proposed auditorium should be located in the Bon Marche area and insist that the Downtown Airport — a much-used facility—should be sacrificed.

If there is any merit to the Bon Marche location, your attention is called to the fact that there is approximately 200 acres of vacant land between Sears Roebuck and Bon Marche, and a sizable tract of unused land between the Bon Marche Shopping Center and the Flamingo Tourist Motel.

Either of these sites would have the following advantages:

1. No homes would be displaced.
2. No business establishments would be affected.
3. No public facility would be sacrificed.

JOHN W. MYERS
443 Centenary Drive

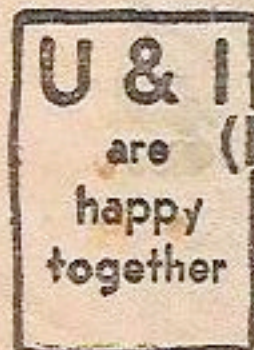


John H. Hammel, Jr.,
Vice-President-Notary

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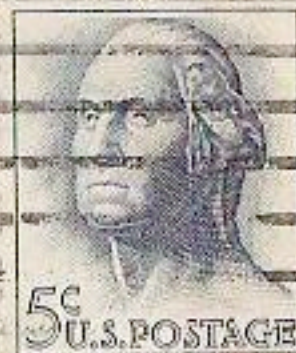


329 Baronne St. Corner Union

EX 1244

AFTER FIVE DAYS RETURN TO

Mrs. J. H. Hammel, Jr.
84 Versailles Blvd.
New Orleans
Louisiana
70125



Mrs. J. W. Myers
443 Centenary Drive
Baton Rouge
Louisiana.

70808

Tuesday
July 21st
1964.

Dear Alta,

Guess you think I'm flooding you with mail, but know you won't mind. However else can we gossip and chit-chat. When we are all together, it's jumping from one subject to another. Like little children holding up hands to get in their two cents' worth.

First of all, I'd like you to question Mary more about my relative's girl friend. Mary mentioned it casually at dinner past Friday evening. Just couldn't pursue the subject too vehemently, cause we were in a hurry and could not monopolize the conversation. Mary did say her name was Ruby and that Alvin Stumpf had recently given her a Cadillac. If you don't mind, please give me a detailed description of all this. That is, how Mary came into contact with her in first place. How name of ex-Senator Stumpf was brought into conversation, etc., etc., etc. Mamoo and I are on tenterhooks, because I told her what Mary had said. Please explain to Mary that she will not be involved in any way. It is just our own personal curiosity. Just give me the facts, ma'am - all of them and in minute detail.

Arthemise and Arthe stopped in here Sunday afternoon. Arthe looks grand. Did I tell you that Collie (Arthe's husband) had bought a deodorized skunk to bring back home to his nephew? Artemise has had that animal on her premises for about a week or 10 days. Must have been a real experience, cause she's got these crazy dachshund dogs, too. They were always trying to get at the skunk. The skunk was fed regular dog food.

I asked Arthe Sunday if it were a boy or a girl skunk. Arthe replied they didn't know, cause Collie had said only another skunk could tell! Imagine that. Seems to me could cause a lot of confusion.

Had a letter from our Bill yesterday. He is very busy with summer school, which he doesn't actually need, but is taking to "round out" his education, as he put it. Those boys have loads of fun. Know your brother was pleased to see and realize that, from our trip. Bill drove us out to their "villa", about 30 or 40 miles from St. Louis. They go there on week-ends, etc. Bill had started up a combo several months back. He plays the piano - mostly chords, with a very heavy hand. He gave us a rendition of "Money", when we were there. Really wild. John H.'s face was aghast. Mamoo and I were in stitches.

Anyhoo, Bill said in letter received yesterday that: "This Sat. nite there's a hootenanny out at villa, so naturally we'll be performing. Incidentally, the group picked up the nickname of 'Hammel's Mammals'." Such a title. Think it's unusual, to say the least. But then, I'm not in my 20's anymore. Sometimes wonder if am in 20th century! = *Do you?*

Must end now, cause want to write your son. Haven't written him a really long letter in several weeks, so am overdue.

Hope you don't mind typing. It's so much quicker and easier - even with errors due to extra long fingernails. (Which I'm not about to cut off.) Lots of love from us all.

Ethel.

Mr and Mrs. John Myers
and Mary

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Edwin Emmer
request the honour of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Patricia Ann

to

Mr. Cyron Tanner Lawson
on Saturday, the nineteenth of June
Nineteen hundred and sixty-five
at two o'clock in the afternoon
Grace Episcopal Church
New Orleans, Louisiana

Reception

immediately following the ceremony

Century Room

Monteleone Hotel



—Photo by C. Bennette Moore.

MISS PATRICIA ANN EMMER

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Edwin Emmer, is betrothed to Mr. Cyron Tanner Lawson of Atlanta, Ga., son of Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Dodge Lawson of Spartanburg, S. C. The June 19 wedding will take place at Grace Episcopal Church in New Orleans.

APRIL 8, 1965

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Edwin

Continued in Sec. 3, Page 15

SOCIETY NEWS

Continued from Sec. 3, Page 14

Emmer announce the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Patricia Ann Emmer, to Mr. Cyron Tanner Lawson of Atlanta, Ga., son of Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Dodge Lawson of Spartanburg, S. C. The wedding will be celebrated June 19 at 2 o'clock in the afternoon at Grace Episcopal Church. Immediately fol-

lowing the ceremony there will be a reception at a downtown hotel.

Miss Emmer, whose mother is the former Miss Emily Louise Gerde, will be graduated in June from Agnes Scott College in Decatur, Ga. She is an alumna of St. Martin's Protestant Episcopal School.

Mr. Lawson, whose mother was Miss Mary Virginia Tanner

of Chesnee, S. C., before her marriage, was graduated from Georgia Institute of Technology, where he is now attending the Chemical Engineering Graduate School. He is a member and former vice-president of Delta Upsilon Fraternity and is also a member of Phi Eta Sigma, Tau Beta Pi and Phi Kappa Phi honorary fraternities.

Miss Meyer

The engagement of Miss Lynn Marie Meyer to Lt. (j.g.) Charles Harry Rudd, USNR, son of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph C. Rudd of San Jose, Calif., is announced today by her mother, Mrs. Lillie Bell Kleinpeter Meyer of this city.

Nuptial rites are planned March 17 at the Willow Glen Methodist Church of San Jose.

Miss Meyer, a graduate of University High School, attended LSU and was a member there of Alpha Delta Pi sorority. She is now an airline stewardess based in San Francisco.

Her fiance finished at Willow Glen High School in San Jose and at Claremont (Calif.) Mens' College. He is stationed at Miramar Naval Air Station in Miramar, Calif.

JUNIOR DIVISION

LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY
BATON ROUGE 3, LOUISIANA

- Teaching
- Research
- Extension

LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY



Mr. John W. Myers
443 Centenary Street
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

9 rks report fresh

LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY
and
AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL COLLEGE

Junior Division
Office of the Dean

Date

November 27, 1957

grades for the first 9 weeks of the *First* semester:

Accounting		Geology		Physical Sc.	
Agronomy		Geology Lab.		Physics	
Animal Indus.		Health & Phys. Ed.		Physics Lab.	
Astronomy		Health & Phys. Ed.		Psychology	
Astronomy Lab.		History		Secretarial Sc.	
Biological Sc.		Home Econ.		Secretarial Sc.	
Books and Libr. <i>1</i>	<i>A</i>	Home Econ.		Sociology	
Botany		Mathematics <i>1 B 5</i>	<i>B</i>	Spanish	
Chemistry <i>1 B</i>	<i>B</i>	Mathematics <i>2</i>	<i>A</i>	Speech	
Chemistry Lab. <i>3</i>	<i>B</i>	Air Science <i>1</i>	<i>B</i>	Vocational Ed.	
Economics		Military Sc.		Zoology	
Engr. Drawing		Music			
English <i>1 H</i>	<i>B+</i>	Music			
Fine Arts		Music			
French		Music			
Geography <i>1</i>	<i>C</i>	Philosophy			

The grades of A, B, and C are given for satisfactory work. The grade of C indicates work of a quality acceptable for graduation. The grades of A and B are given for work of higher degrees of excellence.

Unsatisfactory work is indicated by the grades of D (poor), and F (failure). The grade of D is passing but carries no quality credits. The grade of I is given for work that is incomplete. A grade of W or WF is given if a student withdraws from a course after the first four weeks. The W is given if the work is of passing quality; the WF, if the work is unsatisfactory.

JOHN A. HUNTER
Dean of the Junior Division

He Died and Rose

FOR ME



*The Story of Lent, Easter and the Ascension
translated into the language of today*

He Died and Rose

FOR ME

*The Story of Lent, Easter and the Ascension
translated into the language of today*

Gethsemane

Jesus took His disciples, as He often had done, to the other side of the Kidron valley, and there He went with them into a garden called Gethsemane.

"Sit down here while I go over there and pray," He told them. "And you pray that you may not be tempted."

Then He took with Him Peter and Zebedee's two sons, James and John, and withdrew from the others about as far as one would throw a stone. He began to feel terror and grief, and He said to them, "*I am so full of sorrow,*¹⁷³ I am almost dying. Stay here, and keep awake with Me."

Going ahead a little, He bowed down with His face on the ground, and prayed that if it were possible, He might not have to suffer what was ahead of Him. "My Father," He said, "You can do anything. If it is possible and if You wish, take this cup from Me, but let it not be as I want it but as You want it."

An angel from heaven appeared to Him and gave Him strength. And as He began to struggle inwardly, He prayed more earnestly, and His sweat became like drops of blood falling on the ground.

After praying, He got up, went to the disciples, and found them sleeping because they were feeling sad. "Simon, are you sleeping?" He asked Peter. Then He said to them, "So you couldn't keep awake with Me one hour! Why are you sleeping? Get up, watch, and pray that you may not be tempted. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

Then He went away a second time and prayed the same as before: "My Father, if this cannot pass by Me and I must drink it, Your will be done."

He came again and found them sleeping. They couldn't keep their eyes open. And they didn't know what to say to Him.

Leaving them again, He went and prayed the same prayer a third time. Then He came to the disciples the third time.

"Are you going to sleep on now and rest?" He asked them. "It is enough. The time has come. Now the Son of Man will be betrayed into the hands of sinners. Get up, let us go. Here comes the man to betray Me!"

Judas Betrays Jesus

Judas, one of the Twelve, who was betraying Him, also knew the place, because Jesus and His disciples had often met there. Judas had taken the troop of soldiers and servants from the ruling priests, the Bible scholars, and the elders of the people. And just then, while Jesus was still speaking, they came there, a large crowd with lanterns and torches, swords and clubs. His betrayer had given them a signal. "The One I kiss is the man," he said. "Grab Him, take Him away, and don't let Him escape."

Then Jesus went out, knowing exactly what was going to happen to Him. "Whom are you looking for?" He asked them.

"Jesus of Nazareth," they answered Him.

"I am He," Jesus told them.

Judas, ready to betray Him, was standing with them. When Jesus told them, "I am He," they went backward and fell on the ground.

He asked them again, "Whom are you looking for?"

"Jesus of Nazareth," they said.

"I told you, I am He," Jesus answered. "Now if you are looking for Me, let these men go." This was to fulfill what He had said: "I have lost none of those You gave Me" *

At that moment Judas, who led them, stepped up to Jesus. "Greetings, Master," he said and he kissed Him tenderly.

"Friend, what are you here for?" Jesus asked him. "Judas, are you betraying the Son of Man with a kiss?"

John 6:39.

The ruling priests and the whole Jewish court tried to get false testimony against Jesus in order to kill Him, but they couldn't find any. While many came forward to give false testimonies against Him, their testimonies did not agree.

At last two men came forward and gave false testimonies against Him, saying: "We heard Him say: 'I can tear down the temple of God and build it in three days'; 'I will tear down this temple, made by human hands, and in three days build another that is not made by human hands.'" But not even on this point did their testimonies agree.

Then the high priest stepped forward. "Don't You have anything to say to this?" he asked Jesus. "What are these men testifying against You?"

But Jesus was silent and didn't answer.

Then the high priest said to Him: "Swear by the living God, and tell us: Are You the promised Savior, the Son of God, the Blessed One?"

"I am," Jesus answered him. "But I tell you, from now on you will all see *the Son of Man sitting at the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of heaven.*"¹⁷⁴

Then the high priest tore his robe. "He has blasphemed!" he declared. "Why do we need any more witnesses? You have just heard the blasphemy. What is your verdict?"

Then all condemned Him and said, "He must die!"

Then some of them began to spit in His face. And the men who were holding Him were making fun of Him. They covered His face and struck Him with their fists, and some slapped Him. "Prophecy, You Christ, and tell us: Who struck You?" they were asking Him. They were also speaking many other blasphemies against Him.

Then the attendants took charge of Him, and they also slapped Him.

Peter Denies Jesus

Peter was sitting outside, down in the courtyard. As he sat in the light of the fire, the doorkeeper, one of the maids of the high priest, saw him warming himself. She came to Peter. "You aren't one of this Man's disciples, are you?" she asked.

"I am not," he answered.

"You were with Jesus from Nazareth in Galilee," she said, looking straight at him. "He was with Him."

But he denied it before all of them: "I don't know Him, woman, and I don't know what you're talking about."

After a little while he went out to the entrance. Then a rooster crowed.

Another maid saw him. "He was with Jesus from Nazareth," she told the men who were standing around. "He's one of them."

Simon Peter continued to stand and warm himself. So the men asked him, "You aren't one of His disciples, are you?" One man looked at him and said, "You are one of them."

Again Peter denied, and he swore: "Man, I am not! I don't know the Man!"

About an hour later another insisted: "Certainly he was with Him. Why, he's a Galilean!" The men who stood near him came and told Peter, "Sure, you're one of them. Anyone can tell by the way you talk. You are a Galilean!" One of the slaves of the high priest, a relative of the man whose ear Peter had cut off, asked, "Didn't I see you with Him in the garden?"

Again Peter denied: "Man, I don't know what you mean," and he cursed and swore: "I don't know this Man of whom you are talking." Just then, while he was still speaking, a rooster crowed a second time.

Then the Lord turned and looked at Peter, and Peter remembered the Lord telling him: "Before the rooster crows twice today, you will deny Me three times." He went outside and started to cry bitterly.

The Second Meeting of the Jewish Court

As soon as it was morning, all the ruling priests and the elders of the people, including the Bible scholars, that is, the whole Jewish court, had a meeting. They brought Jesus before their court and said, "If You are the promised Savior, tell us."

"If I tell you, you will not believe Me," He said to them. "And if I ask you a question, you will not answer. But from now on *the Son of Man* will be sitting at the right hand¹⁷⁴ of the power of God."

"Are You, then, the Son of God?" all of them asked.

He answered them, "As you say: I am He."

"Why do we need any more testimony?" they asked. "We have heard it ourselves from His own lips."

Then the whole crowd of them decided to kill Jesus. They got up, bound Jesus, took Him from Caiaphas to the governor's palace, and handed Him over to Pilate, the governor. It was early in the morning.

The End of Judas

When Judas, who had betrayed Him, saw that Jesus was condemned, he felt sorry, and he brought the thirty shekels of silver back to the high priests and elders. "I have sinned," he said, "I have betrayed innocent blood."

"What do we care about that?" they asked. "See to that yourself."

Then he threw the money into the temple and left — he went away and hanged himself. As he fell forward, he burst in the middle, and all his bowels poured out.

The high priests took the money. "It isn't right to put this into the temple treasury," they said, "because it is blood money." So they decided to buy the potter's field with it for

the burial of strangers. That is why that field has ever since been called the Field of Blood.

Then what the prophet Jeremiah had said came true: *I took the thirty shekels of silver, the price of Him on whom some men of Israel set a price, and I gave them for the potter's field, as the Lord directed me.*¹⁷⁵

Before Pilate

The Jews themselves didn't go into the governor's palace, to keep from getting unclean, because they wanted to celebrate the Passover. So Pilate came out to them. "What accusation do you bring against this Man?" he asked.

"If He were no criminal," they answered him, "we would not have handed Him over to you."

"You take Him yourselves," Pilate told them, "and judge Him according to your law."

"We are not permitted to kill anyone," the Jews answered him. And so what Jesus had said was to come true. He had predicted how He was going to die.

Then they started to accuse Him: "We found that He leads our people astray, keeps them from paying taxes to Caesar, and says He is Christ, a king."

Pilate went back into the palace and called for Jesus. When Jesus stood before the governor, Pilate asked Him, "Are You the King of the Jews?"

"Did you think of that yourself," Jesus asked, "or did others tell you about Me?"

"Am I a Jew?" Pilate asked. "Your own people and the ruling priests handed You over to me. What did You do?"

"My kingdom is not of this world," Jesus answered. "If My kingdom were of this world, My servants would fight to keep Me from being handed over to the Jews. But now My kingdom is not of this world."

"Then You are a king?" Pilate asked Him.

"Yes, I am a king!" Jesus answered. "I was born and came into the world to testify to the truth. Everyone who lives in the truth listens to Me."

Pilate said to Him, "What is truth?" After saying that, he went out to the Jews again, and he told the ruling priests and the crowd, "I don't find this Man guilty of anything."

While the ruling priests and elders continued to accuse Jesus of many things, He said nothing.

"Don't You have anything to say to this?" Pilate asked Him again. "Don't You hear all these accusations they bring against You?"

But Jesus didn't answer him any more in regard to anything that was said, so that Pilate was very much surprised.

Before Herod

The priests and the crowd kept urging him: "He stirs up the people by teaching all over the country of the Jews, beginning in Galilee and coming here."

When Pilate heard that, he asked, "Is the Man from Galilee?" And when he found out that Jesus came from the country ruled by Herod, he sent Him to Herod, who at that time also was in Jerusalem.

Herod was very glad to see Jesus. For a long time he had wanted to see Him, because he had heard about Him, and he was hoping to see Jesus do some miracle. He asked Him a lot of questions, but Jesus didn't answer him. The ruling priests and the Bible scholars were standing there and accusing Him vehemently.

So Herod and his soldiers treated Him with contempt and made fun of Him. They put a bright garment on Him, and then sent Him back to Pilate. On that day Herod and Pilate became friends. Before this they had been enemies.

Then Pilate called the ruling priests, the other leaders, and the people together. "You brought me this Man as one who

turns the people against their government," he told them. "And now look, I have examined Him before you, but I haven't found this Man guilty of any of the things of which you accuse Him. Nor did Herod, because he sent Him back to us. You see, He has done nothing to deserve death. So I'm going to teach Him a lesson and let Him go."

Barabbas

Now at every festival the governor used to free one prisoner whom the crowd wanted and asked for. Just then there was a well-known robber by the name of Barabbas. He had been thrown in jail with the men who had revolted in the city and had committed a murder. And the crowd came up and asked Pilate to do for them as he had done before.

"You have a custom that I free someone for you at the Passover," Pilate answered them. "Whom do you want me to set free for you, Barabbas or Jesus, the King of the Jews, who is called Christ?" He knew that the ruling priests had handed Jesus over to him because they were jealous.

While Pilate was sitting on the judge's seat, his wife sent someone to tell him: "Let that righteous Man alone. I have suffered much in a dream today on account of Him."

But the ruling priests and elders stirred up the people to get them to ask Pilate to free Barabbas for them and to get them to kill Jesus.

"Which of the two," the governor asked them, "do you want me to set free for you?"

"Then the whole crowd cried out: "Not this one. Away with Him! Free Barabbas for us."

But Pilate wanted to let Jesus go, and he called to them again: "Then what should I do with Jesus, who is called Christ and whom you call the King of the Jews?"

Again all of them kept shouting: "Crucify, crucify Him!"

Going out, they found a man from Cyrene by the name of Simon, the father of Alexander and Rufus. He was coming in from the country. As he was passing by, they took hold of him, laid the cross on him, and forced him to carry it behind Jesus.

A large crowd of the people followed Him. The women in the crowd were beating their breasts and weeping over Him. Turning to them, Jesus said: "Daughters of Jerusalem, don't cry over Me, but cry over yourselves and your children, because the time is coming when people will say:

'Happy are —

The women who couldn't have children,
The wombs that didn't bear,
And the breasts that didn't nurse.'

Then people will begin to say —
To the mountains: Fall on us!
And to the hills: Cover us!

If this is done to the green tree, what will be done to the dry?"

Two others, who were criminals, also were taken away to be killed with Him.

"They Crucified Him"

They took Him to what was called the Place of a Skull, which the Jews call Golgotha.

They tried to give Him a drink of wine, mixed with myrrh and gall,¹⁷⁷ but when He tasted it, He refused to drink it.

There they crucified Him. Then they also crucified two robbers with Him, one at His right, the other at His left, and Jesus in the middle. It was 9 o'clock in the morning when they crucified Him.

Then Jesus said, "Father, forgive them; they don't know what they are doing."

When the soldiers had crucified Jesus, they took His clothes and divided them into four parts, one for each soldier, drawing lots to see what each one should take. The tunic had no seam; it was woven in one piece from top to bottom. "Let us not tear it," they said to one another, "but let us throw dice to see who gets it," so that the words of the Bible might come true: *They divided My clothes among them, and for My garment they threw dice.*¹⁷⁸ That was what the soldiers did. Then they sat down there and kept watch over Him.

Pilate had written a notice, stating the reason why Jesus was punished, and the soldiers put it above His head on the cross. He had written, "This is Jesus from Nazareth, the King of the Jews." Many Jews read this notice, because the place where Jesus was crucified was near the city, and it was written in Aramaic, Latin, and Greek.

Then the high priests of the Jews told Pilate, "Don't write, 'The King of the Jews,' but 'He said, 'I am the King of the Jews.'""

"What I have written," Pilate answered, "I have written."

The people stood there *watching*.¹⁷⁹ Those who passed by mocked Him, *shaking their heads*¹⁸⁰ and saying: "Ha! You who would tear down the temple and build it in three days, save Yourself if You are the Son of God, and come down from the cross."

In the same way the ruling priests, the Bible scholars and elders were *sneering* and making fun of Him among themselves. "He saved others," they said, "but He cannot save Himself. He should save Himself if He is the Savior whom God has chosen. He is the King of Israel. He should now come down from the cross. He should let us see that, and we'll believe in Him. *He trusts in God; let God deliver Him now if He likes Him.* Didn't He say, 'I am the Son of God?'"

The soldiers also made fun of Him by going up to Him and offering Him *sour wine*.¹⁷⁷ "If You are the King of the Jews," they said, "save Yourself."

A Robber Turns to Jesus

In the same way the robbers who were crucified with Him insulted Him. One of the criminals who had been crucified there mocked Him: "Aren't You the promised Savior? Save Yourself and us!"

But the other one warned him. "Aren't you afraid of God," he asked him, "seeing that you are condemned just as He is? Our punishment is just. We are getting what we deserve for what we have done. But This One has done nothing wrong."

Then he said, "Jesus, remember me when You come to Your kingdom."

"I tell you the truth," Jesus said to him, "today you will be with Me in Paradise."

Mary

Now His mother, His mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary from Magdala were standing by the cross of Jesus.

Jesus saw His mother and the disciple whom He loved standing near. "Woman," He said to His mother, "there is your son!"

Then He said to the disciple, "There is your mother!"

From that time on the disciple took her into his home.

Three Dark Hours

It was about noon when darkness came over the whole country, because the sun had stopped shining, and the darkness lasted until 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

About 3 o'clock Jesus called out aloud, "*Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani*?"¹⁸² which means, "My God, My God, why did You forsake Me?"

When some of the men who stood near heard this, they said, "Listen! He is calling Elijah."

After that, because He knew that everything had now been done, and in order that the words of the Bible might come true, Jesus said, "*I am thirsty*."¹⁷⁷

A jar full of *sour wine* was standing there. Immediately one of the men ran, took a sponge, and soaked it in *sour wine*. He put it on a stick of hyssop, held it to the mouth of Jesus, and *gave Him a drink*.¹⁷⁷ "Let us see," he and the others said, "if Elijah will come to save Him and take Him down."

Now when Jesus had taken the wine, He said, "It is finished!"

Jesus Dies

Again Jesus called out aloud, "Father, *into Your hands I entrust My spirit*."¹⁸³ After He said this, He bowed His head and gave up His spirit.

Just then the curtain in the temple was torn in two from top to bottom, the earth was shaken, the rocks were split, the graves were opened, and many bodies of the holy people sleeping in their graves came back to life. They came out of the graves after He had risen, went into the holy city, and showed themselves to many people.

The captain who stood facing Jesus saw how He gave up His spirit, and he praised God. "This Man certainly was righteous," he said. As he and his men were watching over Jesus, they saw the earthquake and the other things that happened, and they were very much afraid. "He certainly was the Son of God," they said.

When all the people who had come together to see this saw what happened, they beat their breasts and turned back.

All *His friends* were standing there, and many women who had followed and helped Jesus while He was in Galilee. Among them were Mary from Magdala and Mary, the mother

of James the Less and of Joseph, and Salome, the mother of Zebedee's sons. They had come up to Jerusalem with Him, and now had been watching Him *from a distance*.¹⁸⁴

No Bone Broken

Since it was Friday and the Jews didn't want the bodies to stay on the crosses on Saturday, because that Sabbath was an important day, they asked Pilate to have the legs of the men broken and the bodies taken away. So the soldiers came and broke the legs of the first man and then of the other who had been crucified with Him.

But when they came to Jesus, they saw that He was already dead. They didn't break His legs, but one of the soldiers stuck a spear into His side, and immediately blood and water came out. He who saw it has testified about it, and his testimony is true, and he knows he is telling the truth in order that you, too, may believe.

This happened so that the statement might come true, *None of His bones will be broken*.¹⁸⁵ And at another place the Bible says, *They will look at Him whom they pierced*.¹⁸⁶

Jesus Is Buried

In the evening there came a rich man by the name of Joseph from Arimathea, a town of the Jews. He was an important member of the Jewish court, a good and righteous man, who was waiting for the kingdom of God. He was a disciple of Jesus, but secretly because he was afraid of the Jews. He had not voted for their plan and action.

Since it was the day of preparation, that is, Friday, he dared to go and ask Pilate to let him take away the body of Jesus.

Pilate was surprised that He should be dead already. He called the captain and asked him, "Has He already died?"

When the captain told him, Pilate ordered that the body be given to Joseph.

Joseph bought a linen cloth and came and took down the body of Jesus. Then came also Nicodemus, who had first come to Jesus at night. He brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about seventy-five pounds. So they took the body of Jesus and wrapped and bound it with the spices in clean linen cloths, according to the Jewish custom of burying the dead.

There was a garden at the place where Jesus had been crucified, and in the garden was Joseph's new grave, which he had cut in the rock and in which no one had yet been laid. Here, then — because it was the day of preparation among the Jews, and the day of rest was just beginning, and the grave was near — they laid Jesus.

The women who had come with Him from Galilee followed them. Mary from Magdala was there and the other Mary, the mother of Joses. They sat before the grave and saw where and how His body was laid. Joseph rolled a large stone against the door of the grave and went away. The women went back and prepared spices and perfumes. But on Saturday they rested according to the commandment.

The Guard

The next day — the Saturday after the day of preparation — the ruling priests and Pharisees met with Pilate. "Sir," they said, "we remember how the deceiver, while He was still alive, said, 'On the third day I will arise.' Now, order the grave to be made secure till the third day, or His disciples may come and steal Him and then tell the people, 'He arose from the dead.' Then the last deception will be worse than the first."

"Take a guard," Pilate told them, "go and make it as secure as you know how."

So they went and secured the grave by sealing the stone and setting the guard.

on Jesus' head, not lying with the linen cloths but rolled up in a place by itself. Then the other disciple, who had come to the grave first, also went in, saw it, and believed. They had not yet understood what the Bible meant when it said that He must rise from the dead.

So the disciples went home again, and Peter wondered what had happened.

"Mary!"

After Jesus rose early on Sunday, He showed Himself first to Mary from Magdala, out of whom He had driven seven evil spirits.

Mary stood outside, facing the grave and crying. As she cried, she looked into the grave and saw two angels in white clothes, sitting where the body of Jesus had been lying, one at the head and the other at the feet. "Woman, why are you crying?" they asked her.

"They have taken my Lord away," she told them, "and I don't know where they have laid Him."

As she said this, she turned around and saw Jesus standing there, but she didn't know it was Jesus. "Woman, why are you crying?" Jesus asked her. "Whom are you looking for?"

"Sir," she said to Him, thinking He was the gardener, "if you have carried Him away, tell me where you laid Him, and I will take Him away."

"Mary!" Jesus said to her.

She turned. "Rabboni!" she said to Him in the Jewish language. (It means "my Master.")

"Don't hold on to Me," Jesus told her, "because I haven't yet gone up to the Father. But go to My brothers and tell them, 'I am going up to My Father and your Father, to My God and your God.'"

Mary from Magdala went to the disciples, who had been

with Him and who now were mourning and crying. She told them, "I have seen the Lord," and that He had said this to her.

When they heard that He was alive and had been seen by her, they didn't believe her.

The Other Women See Jesus

When the other women came back from the grave, Jesus met them. "Good morning!" He said. They went up to Him, took hold of His feet, and worshiped Him.

"Don't be afraid," Jesus said to them. "Go and tell My brothers to go to Galilee, and there they will see Me."

They reported all these things to the Eleven and to all the others. The women who told the apostles about these things were Mary from Magdala and Johanna and Mary, the mother of James, and the others.

But the apostles thought they were talking nonsense and wouldn't believe them.

The Guards

While the women were on their way, some of the guards went into the city and told the high priests all that had happened.

These met with the elders and agreed on a plan. They gave the soldiers a large sum of money and told them: "Say, 'His disciples came at night and stole Him while we were sleeping.' And if this comes to a hearing before the governor, we will persuade him and see that you have nothing to worry about."

They took the money and did as they were told. And that story has been spread among the Jews to this day.

On the Way to Emmaus

Later, on the same day, two of the followers of Jesus were going into the country, to a village called Emmaus,

about seven miles from Jerusalem. They were talking about everything that had happened.

While they were talking and discussing, Jesus Himself joined them and walked with them. But He appeared in a different form, and their eyes were kept from knowing who He was.

"What are you discussing as you walk along?" He asked them.

They stood still and looked gloomy. "Are you the only stranger living in Jerusalem," the one called Cleopas asked Him, "who doesn't know what has happened there these days?"

"What do you mean?" He asked.

"All about Jesus from Nazareth," they told Him, "who was a prophet mighty in His work and word before God and all the people, and how our high priests and rulers handed Him over to be condemned to death and how they crucified Him. But we were hoping He would be the One to free Israel. Besides all this, it is now the third day since this happened. Then some of our women also startled us. They went to the grave early this morning and didn't find His body. They came and told us they had even seen a vision of angels who said He is alive. Some of the men who are with us went to the grave and found it as the women had said, but they didn't see Him."

"How foolish you are," He told them, "and how slow to believe all the prophets have said! Didn't the promised Savior have to suffer this and so go to His glory?" Then, starting with Moses and all the prophets, He explained to them in all their writings what they had said about Him.

Meanwhile they had come near the village where they were going, and He acted as though He were going farther. "Stay with us," they urged Him. "It is getting late, and the day is almost gone." So He went in to stay with them.

While He was at the table with them, He took the bread, blessed and broke it, and gave it to them. Then their eyes

were opened, and they knew who He was. But He vanished from them.

"Didn't our hearts burn within us," one said to the other, "as He talked to us on the way and explained the Bible to us?"

That same hour they started out, went back to Jerusalem, and found the eleven and those who were with them all together. These said, "The Lord really did arise, and Simon saw Him."

Then the two men told the others what had happened on the way and how they had recognized Him while He was breaking the bread. But the others didn't believe them.

Behind Locked Doors

On that Sunday evening the doors were locked where the disciples were, because they were afraid of the Jews. He showed Himself to the eleven while they were at the table. They were talking of what had happened, when Jesus came and stood among them. "Peace to you!" He said to them.

They were startled and terrified, thinking that they were seeing a ghost.

"Why are you troubled?" He asked them. "And why do doubts come into your minds? Look at My hands and My feet: It is I Myself. Feel Me and see. A ghost doesn't have any flesh and bones such as you see Me have." As He said this, He showed them His hands and His feet and His side.

Then the disciples were delighted to see the Lord. While they were still too happy to believe and were surprised, He asked them, "Have you anything here to eat?" They gave Him a piece of broiled fish. He took it and ate it while they were watching Him.

Then He scolded them because their minds were closed and they didn't believe those who had seen Him after He had risen.

"While I was still with you," He said to them, "I told

you that everything written about Me in the Law of Moses, the Prophets, and the Psalms must come true." Then He opened their minds to understand what was written. "So it is written," He told them, "that the promised Savior should suffer, rise from the dead on the third day, and in His name you should preach to all people, beginning at Jerusalem, that they repent of their sins so they may be forgiven. You will testify of these things."

"Peace to you!" Jesus said to them again. "As the Father sent Me, so I send you." When He had said this, He breathed on them and said: "Receive the Holy Spirit. If you forgive sins, they are forgiven; if you do not forgive them, they are not forgiven."

Thomas Sees Jesus

But Thomas, one of the Twelve, who was called "Twin," was not with them when Jesus came. So the other disciples told him, "We have seen the Lord."

"Unless I see the marks of the nails in His hands," he told them, "and put my finger in the marks of the nails and put my hand in His side, I won't believe it."

A week later His disciples were again in the house, and Thomas was with them. The doors were locked, but Jesus came and stood among them. "Peace to you!" He said. Then He told Thomas: "Put your finger here, and look at My hands — and take your hand and put it in My side. And don't doubt but believe."

"My Lord and my God!" Thomas answered Him.

"Do you believe because you have seen Me?" Jesus asked him. "Blessed are those who did not see Me and still believed."

Breakfast with Jesus

After that, the eleven disciples went to Galilee, where Jesus had told them to go. There Jesus showed Himself again

to the disciples at the Lake of Galilee. He showed Himself in this way.

Simon Peter, Thomas (called Twin), Nathanael from Cana in Galilee, the sons of Zebedee, and two other disciples of Jesus were together. Simon Peter said to the others, "I'm going fishing."

"We're going with you," they told him.

They went out and got into the boat. But that night they caught nothing. When morning came, Jesus stood on the shore. But the disciples didn't know it was Jesus.

"Boys, you don't have any fish, do you?" Jesus asked them.

They answered Him, "No."

"Drop the net on the right side of the boat," He told them, "and you will find some." So they dropped the net. And then they couldn't pull it any more because there were so many fish.

The disciple whom Jesus loved said to Peter, "It is the Lord." When Simon Peter heard him say, "It is the Lord," he put on the coat that he had taken off, fastened it with his belt, and jumped into the lake. But the other disciples, who were not far from the shore, only about a hundred yards, came in the small boat, dragging the net full of fish.

As they stepped out on the shore, they saw burning coals there with fish lying on them, and bread.

"Bring some of the fish which you have just caught," Jesus told them. Simon Peter got into the small boat and pulled the net on the shore. It was filled with a hundred and fifty-three large fish. Although there were so many, the net wasn't torn.

"Come, have breakfast," Jesus told them. None of the disciples dared to ask Him, "Who are You?" They knew it was the Lord. Jesus came, took the bread, gave it to them, and also the fish.

This was the third time that Jesus showed Himself to the disciples after He had risen from the dead.

"Do You Love Me?"

When they had eaten breakfast, Jesus asked Simon Peter, "Simon, son of John, do you love Me more than these do?"

"Yes, Lord," he answered Him, "You know I love You."

"Feed My lambs," Jesus told him.

"Simon, son of John," He asked him a second time, "do you love Me?"

"Yes, Lord," he answered Him, "You know I love You."

"Be a shepherd of My sheep," Jesus told him.

"Simon, son of John," He asked him a third time, "do you love Me?"

Peter felt sad because He asked him the third time, "Do you love Me?" "Lord, You know everything," he answered Him, "You know I love You."

"Feed My sheep," Jesus told him. "I tell you the truth: When you were younger, you used to fasten your belt and go where you wanted to go. But when you are old, you will stretch out your hands, and someone else will tie you and take you where you don't want to go." He said this to show by what kind of death Peter would glorify God. After saying this, He told him, "Follow Me."

Peter turned and saw the disciple whom Jesus loved following them. He was the one who at the supper had leaned against Jesus' breast and had asked, "Lord, who is going to betray You?" When Peter saw him, he asked Jesus, "Lord, what about him?"

"If I want him to stay till I come," Jesus asked him, "what is that to you? You follow Me." And so it was said among the Christians, "That disciple will not die." Yet Jesus didn't say, "He will not die," but "If I want him to stay till I come, what is that to you?"

This is the disciple who testified about these things and who wrote this. And we know that what he testifies is true.

"Go!"

The eleven disciples went to the mountain where Jesus had told them to go. When they saw Him, they worshiped Him, but some doubted.

Coming nearer, Jesus spoke to them. "All power in heaven and on earth has been given to Me," He said. "Go everywhere in the world, and preach the good news to the whole world. He who believes and is baptized will be saved, but he who does not believe will be damned. Go and make disciples of all people: Baptize them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, and teach them to do everything that I have commanded you.

"The believers will have these proofs: In My name they will drive out devils. They will speak new languages. They will take up snakes. If they drink any deadly poison, it will not hurt them. They will lay their hands on the sick, and these will get well.

"And remember, I am with you always till the end of the world."

Jesus Goes Up to Heaven

After His suffering Jesus in many ways proved to the apostles that He was alive as He showed Himself to them during forty days and spoke about the kingdom of God.

When He met with them, He ordered them not to leave Jerusalem. "I am sending you Him whom My Father promised, as you heard Me tell you. Wait here in the city until power comes on you from above. John baptized with water, but in a few days you will be baptized with the Holy Spirit."

When they came together, He took them out to a place where Bethany lay ahead of them.

"Lord," they asked Him, "are You now going to make Israel an independent kingdom again?"

"It isn't for you to know any times or periods," He told them, "which the Father has set by His own authority. But when the Holy Spirit comes on you, you will receive power, and you will testify of Me in Jerusalem, in all Judea and Samaria, and to the end of the world."

When He had said this, He raised His hands and blessed them. While He was blessing them and they were watching Him, He was lifted up, and a cloud *took Him* away so that they couldn't see Him any more. He was taken *up to heaven*, and *He sat down at the right hand of God.*¹⁸⁷

They were gazing up to heaven as He was going away, and now there were two men in white clothes standing beside them. "Men of Galilee," they asked, "why are you standing here and looking up to heaven? This Jesus who was taken away from you to heaven will come back in the same way as you have seen Him go to heaven."

They knelt and worshiped Jesus. And then they left the Mount of Olives, as it was called. It is near Jerusalem, only a half a mile away. They were very happy as they went back to Jerusalem. And they were always in the temple praising God.

The disciples went out and preached everywhere,
and the Lord worked with them and confirmed
the Word by the wonderful proofs
that went with it.

AMEN

