

"Two places where you will need strong guidelines for today and tomorrow are on the questions of drugs and drinking, certainly they will come up in your private life; and most likely you'll be urged to try them. What can you do? First you can be informed. You are students — it wouldn't be hard for you to study the best information available. If you feel keenly about any public issue — especially if it concerns youth, why not get right into it? Go to public meetings where it is discussed and let the gathering know what a young person thinks."

Act on Your Good Impulses

"A great hindrance to social advancement in these times is the common unwillingness of people to get involved in anything outside their own affairs; but your generation must be one of the most outgoing in all history. One of the best guidelines I can suggest to you is not to stifle your good impulses. Act on them till it becomes a habit. Only as you do this will you know and develop your capacity for sympathy and action."

Marriage and Human Relations

"Perhaps a girl's greatest need for guidelines is in her association with boys. This usually comes at a time when you have other things to worry about. School work is getting harder; you have to decide about the work you are going to do, your career. There used to be definite social customs, guidelines if you like, — to set limits on the freedom of association of young men and women but for society in general most of these social customs have broken down. The permissive sex cult is not only taking the romance and mystery out of relations of men and women who accept it but it breaks a law founded on human good, so it has to be paid for.

"We used to have discussions about this at these conferences and some of the girls could make a very good case for going steady. I was usually the one who stood out against it; for I was afraid it might lead people to getting married mostly out of the habit of being together when they weren't ready for it.

"In Edmar Chapman's poem **Comrades**, the girl says:

'Did I say yes to your whispered plea,
Dear boy of the laughing eyes?
'Yes,' when the dusk hid the silent sea
And your heart spoke to the heart of me
I answered, but was I wise?
Life lures me ahead, a riddle unread;
Love, duty, ambition call,
And I've so many questions to answer,
But yours is the biggest of all.

I'd be your friend to the endless end,
No other pal more true;
I'd give my right hand for you
And my two eyes too.
I feel the honor you've done me . . .
I know that your heart is true;
But when you're far away, then,
Dear heart you may forget . . .
The years are long in passing . . .
Let's just be comrades yet.'

"Finally there is a guideline so shrewd that I could almost believe the author was inspired. It is, 'In choosing the person to marry, more important than attractiveness, intelligence or almost anything else is what he or she thinks about God, money and a crying baby.' Wouldn't this make a good discussion topic for a Junior Farmer's meeting? Why does it matter what a husband or wife thinks about God, money and a crying baby? But wouldn't it be still more important to talk it over with someone you might possibly marry?

"Finally, what about guidelines in the whole range of human relations? Never in history has there been so much comment on 'love' as we hear today — from youth 'to make love not war' to the new morality view that love is something physical and has little to do with the heart or the mind or the spirit. But we have a guideline from St. Paul good for today and tomorrow. Quoting from Dr. James Moffat's translation it is this.

'Love is very patient, very kind. Love knows no jealousy, makes no parade, gives itself no airs, is never rude, never selfish, never irritated, never resentful, love is never glad when others go wrong; love is gladdened by goodness, always slow to expose; always eager to believe the best, always hopeful, always patient. Love never disappears.'

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THE MIST AND ALL

I like the fall,
The mist and all.
I like the night owl's
Lonely call —
And waiting sound
Of wind around.

I like the gray
November Day
And bare, dead boughs
That coldly sway
Against my pane.
I like the rain.

I like to sit
And laugh at it
And tend
My cozy fire a bit.
I like the fall —
The mist and all.

Dixie Willson

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