

JANUARY 24, 1961

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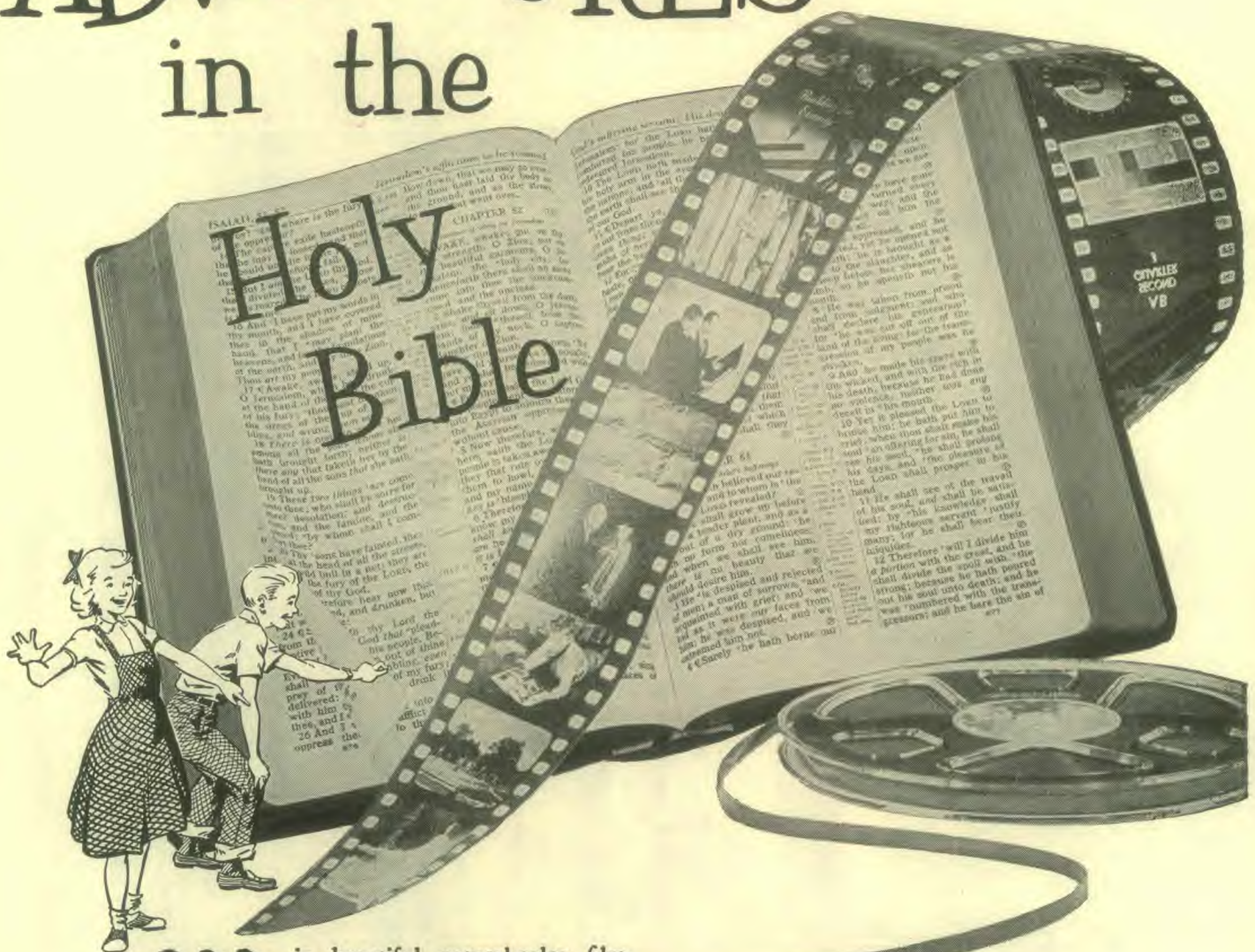
Nuts, Bolts, and Winged Words

[Sabbath School Lesson for February 4]

the Youth's instructor



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to an Unknown Nurse

by ROGER W. COON

ACTUALLY, I know very little about her, this nurse of whom I'm so proud. She served in the Army Nurse Corps in the Pacific Theater during World War II. She was a Seventh-day Adventist. Probably she was never officially decorated, but she served with distinction both her nation and her God. Here's how I happened to hear about her:

I was standing off-camera on the darkened fringe of the stage in one of the studios of television station KFI-TV in Los Angeles when from behind I heard a voice speaking to me: "Care to watch the show from the booth?"

Turning, I met Kelly Anthony, son of station-owner Earle C. Anthony, and producer of "The Joy of Living," which was scheduled to go out live to southern California's TV viewers in less than thirty minutes.

I had escorted a dozen freshmen student nurses from the Glendale Sanitarium and Hospital. They were to appear on this program, each to tell in simple

words why and how she found joy in a life of dedicated service to those in need. Quickly noting that one of the directors already had the group well in hand, I nodded my acceptance, and followed the producer up a flight of dimly lighted stairs to the studio control booth, from which vantage point I would watch the next half-hour's proceedings.

There were two chairs on the producer's dais; my host took one, and motioned me into the other. Glancing around, I noticed four small monitor TV receivers clustered directly in front of us, and one large monitor screen at either end of the row.

Technicians were quietly gliding about in the semidarkness, busying themselves with the electronic equipment of the control room. Everyone—in the booth and down on the studio floor—wore a set of headphones into which the producer's orders intermittently crackled. The terseness of his whispered commands betrayed something of the tension under which they all worked.

"Dissolve one into four! . . . Two, dolly in nearer for a close-up! . . . Four, slowly pan to the announcer on the right!"

Kelly Anthony, casually at ease, shuffled through the continuity script for the upcoming "Joy of Living" program while his fellow producer was standing at the far end of the room, sweating out the last few moments of "a word from the sponsor" of the program about to sign off.

Relaxing a few moments before his own program would begin, he pulled out a crumpled, near-empty pack of cigarettes from which he extracted one with an almost automatic motion. Then he leaned over and offered me one.

Smiling, I said, "Thanks, but I don't use them."

"Oh, I forgot," he replied. "You Seventh-day Adventists don't smoke, do you." It was more a statement than a question.

"You know," he reflected, "during the war in the South Pacific I was an officer on one of the islands. We had some Army nurses there. One of them was a member of your church.

"I'll never forget her. She was certainly different," he mused. "She dressed differently from the other girls, when she was off duty, that is. She ate differently. She didn't drink and she didn't smoke. Her conversation was different. She even looked different, walking around the wards.

"We kidded the daylights out of her. Really gave her a bad time. But you know," he said slowly, "in and through it all, we really respected her."

"Twenty seconds," interrupted a voice out of nowhere. My host snapped out of his reverie and started calling the shots to the four cameramen.

I sat quietly for a moment in that darkened room while the words of this sophisticated man of the world kept repeating themselves in the echo chamber of my mind. "We really respected her."

Looking down on our dozen student nurses, brilliantly illuminated now by the blinding lights as they were being interviewed before the swiftly shuttling cameras, I prayed:

"O God, may *these* young nurses follow in the footsteps of their most illustrious predecessor who knew only the ridicule, the sarcasm, the taunts of her unbelieving fellow officers, but nothing of their esteem and respect.

"Lord, give us more of these spiritual giants who are 'not ashamed of the gospel of Christ,' who are not afraid to let their light 'shine before men.'"

Well, that's the story of my unknown heroine.

I don't know her identity, but God does, and that's what's important. I'd like to meet her someday and tell her of the far-reaching extent of her simple, unaffected witness for Christ.

the Youth's instructor

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

A continually changing world is reflected in its pages as it has expanded from 1852 to 1961. Then it was essentially a medium for providing youth Sabbath school lessons. Now it also supplies many added services meaningful to twentieth-century Christians.

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1960 Youth's Instructor

Photo Mart Summary

PHOTOGRAPHER	ENTRIES	TITLE	CLASS	AWARD	
Axford, Mrs. Glen	6	Ice Caves _____	D	2d	
		Red-tailed Hawk _____	C	2d	
Beeler, Charles	3	On Duty _____	A	2d	
Byard, Luellen	4	Going Through the Locks _____	F	2d	
Cott, A. W.	4	California Great Horned Owl (purchase)	C		
Dasher, Bill	18	The Canoe _____	A	2d	
		Campcraft _____	A	2d	
		Harris Beach State Park _____	D	2d	
		Camping _____	D	2d	
		North Head Lighthouse _____	D	2d	
		On Top of Mount Lassen _____	D	2d	
		Canoeing on Sparks Lake _____	D	2d	
		Rough Surf _____	D	2d	
Davenport, Betty	2	Wide Open Spaces _____	A	2d	
Drogemuller, Guido	4	Almost _____	A	2d	
Fillman, Harold	6	Girl With Horse _____	F	2d	
Fisher, Garth	2	Polar Bears in Grotto _____	C	2d	
Glasgow, Olive	5	Monarch of the Northwoods _____	C	2d	
		Feeding a Squirrel (purchase) _____	C		
Hagenson, Ardith M.	12	One—Two—Three—Sing _____	F	2d	
Hansen, Harvey	10	Many Happy Returns _____	A	GA	
		Cuttin' Up _____	A	2d	
		Before I Jump _____	A	2d	
		Timberrrr! _____	A	2d	
		Feathered Fanfare _____	C	2d	
		Reflection on Influence _____	F	1st	
Hassenpflug, Jean	2	Eiffel Tower _____	D	2d	
Kendall,* Bob	1	Winter Wonderland _____	D	1st	
McCall, Clark	16	Herald of the Morning _____	C	1st	
		Modern Israel Encamped _____	E	2d	
		Tranquil Moment for a Young Mother _____	F	2d	
Mookerjee, N. G.	2	Baptism in Shadow of Taj Mahal _____	E	1st	
		Entrance to SDA Meeting Hall, Calcutta _____	E	2d	
Morgan, J. N.	11	Philadelphia Skid Row _____	B	2d	
Peters, Hazel Howard	7	On the Road to Malacca, Malaya _____	A	2d	
Reeder, Ronald	2	Chemistry Lab _____	A	1st	
Rick, Rowena	10	Indian Mother and Baby _____	A	2d	
Rottmann, Russell	5	Desert Artist _____	A	2d	
		Snatching Hoppy's Breakfast _____	C	2d	
		Desert Story _____	C	2d	
		Chukar Partridges _____	D	2d	
Schrawder, Eleanor	3	Passion Flower _____	F	2d	
Sibley, Carolyn	5	A Campa Indian Woman _____	A	2d	
		Aymara Indian Girl _____	A	2d	
		The Inca _____	A	2d	
Wickward, Roger	2	Cautious Squirrel Meets Curious Girl _____	A	2d	
Williams, Ralph C.	1	Crevasse in Columbia Ice Fields _____	D	2d	
Class A	Entries: 54	Grand: 1	First: 1	Second: 14	Purchases: —
Class B	7	—	—	1	—
Class C	54	—	1	8	2
Class D	126	—	1	9	—
Class E	13	—	1	2	—
Class F	34	—	1	5	—
	<hr/> 288	<hr/> 1	<hr/> 5	<hr/> 39	<hr/> 2

Photographers: 77

No. Pix Entered: 288

Awards and Purchases: 47

The Youth's Instructor, January 24, 1961

"Timberrr" The practicality of shouting "Timber" in felling trees is often neutralized by the whine of the chain saw, according to Harvey Hansen. His second-award Photo Mart pix is on the cover. Richard Tweedale holds the saw.

Poetess Four Grace Notes columns would be inadequate to record the poetic accomplishments of the author of "Nuts, Bolts, and Winged Words." Mrs. Murton's most recent publication interestingly enough carries the title *Grace Notes*. It is gift-book size with eight sections, the first of which gives title to this new collection of her poems.

Eighteen Mrs. Murton was eighteen when her first poem was published. Since that first she has contributed to hundreds of markets throughout the country—general, juvenile, religious, women's, trade, and poetry periodicals, and newspapers ranging from metropolitan dailies to country weeklies.

Collections Her poems have appeared in collections by Ted Malone, Dr. James Morrison's *Masterpieces of Religious Verse*, and in public school readers published by Scott, Foresman and Company. A number have been set to music.

Honors Among the many honors that have come to her was a gold medal for the best poem from Michigan at the World of Tomorrow Exposition in New York City during National Poetry Week in 1940; and a citation from Freedom's Foundation of Valley Forge for an epic type poem, "Spirit of America."

Published "By a very conservative estimate," she writes, "I have written at least 1,500 poems, with published poems amounting to around 1,100." These are exclusive of greeting-card verse.

Versatile She has been head proof-reader at the Southern Publishing Association and a medical secretary in the old Battle Creek Sanitarium. For one who claims she knew nothing of technique when she began writing "by ear," we think Jessie Wilmore Murton has done quite all right. Quite.

Talents "If we do but one third of that which we have entrusted talents to do, the other two thirds are working against Christ."—6T 439.

God is not impatient

You can grow a pumpkin in a summer and eat pumpkin pie from it at Thanksgiving time of the same year. But you cannot grow an oak in a summer. God created both pumpkin and oak. He also created man. When He drew a parallel between man's life and that of a plant, He used the tree. "As the days of a tree are the days of my people," He wrote through Isaiah.¹

You don't have to achieve perfection in a day, or a summer. God gave you a lifetime in which to reach it. Maybe someone has led you to believe that if you aren't perfect "all at once" there is no hope of your ever reaching perfection. You must keep working toward Godlikeness of character, of course, but He does not require nor does He expect that you will reach His likeness in a day or a year.

On January 5, 1893, this magazine printed this encouragement from the messenger of the Lord: "Do not become overwhelmed with the great amount of work you must do in your lifetime, for you are not required to do it all at once."² God meant just what He had His messenger write. What did He mean? He meant that you don't have to gain the victory over every single besetment of evil in one day! You must work every day to overcome the evil in you, but He gives you a lifetime for this ultimate accomplishment.

That same reference continues: "Remember that you are to live but one day at a time, that God has given you one day, and heavenly records will show how you have valued its privileges and opportunities."

Suppose you have trouble with falsehoods. Set your will to tell the truth today, no matter what the immediate consequences. This enlisting of the will is the first step in changing a habit. Set your will to a change. "Pure religion has to do with the will. . . . The will is not the taste or the inclination, but it is the deciding power which works in the children of men unto obedience to God or unto disobedience."³

If you really want to stop telling or acting untruths, say to yourself, "With God's help, this day I will tell the truth, every time." If the habit is deep seated, you may not recognize that you're failing until you look back on the event or action. When you discover the slip, ask God's forgiveness, then ask Him to give you an alertness to forewarn of temptation. Work with God as your partner. Keep at it.

Jesus told His disciples that if a man sinned against one of them seven times in a day, and seven times that same day the man repented, he was to be forgiven.⁴ This goes far beyond Peter's interpretation of patience. Referring to the limits of forgiveness Jesus told Peter, "I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven."⁵

The seventy times seven was but a symbol. And if man is to be willing to forgive his fellow as many times as his fellowman is truly repentant, can God do less? He cannot and He won't. He will help you today, and then tomorrow, and then the next, while life lasts. And each day you may grow stronger to resist, readier to acquire His likeness.

Walter Croudale

¹ Isaiah 65:22. ² MYP 46. ³ 5T 513. ⁴ Luke 17:4. ⁵ Matthew 18:22.

coming next week

- "SABBATH AFTERNOON ADVENTURE"—Two teen-agers demonstrate that youth can share their faith. By Sharon Alida Ulloth.
- "BATTLE-SEASONED FRIENDSHIP"—One who reads with an open heart can discover the beauty of Jonathan's loyalty to David, who might have been considered a rival in the kingdom. By Paul T. Gibbs.

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Sixty-two people came to the first meeting of Jim Londis and Ronnie Halversen.

Faith for Today—*and Jim*

by VIRGINIA M. FAGAL

A SYMPOSIUM was in progress in our little church on Long Island. Two senior ministerial students from Atlantic Union College, having traveled 200 miles on a blustery winter day to be with us for Sabbath services, were the speakers. One of them was urging all of us to share Christ's love with others. To prove the benefits of loving and sharing, the speaker gave himself as a prime example, saying simply, "If Jim hadn't loved me, I wouldn't be here."

My heart gave just an extra beat or two as I sat in church listening to these

two young men. Recalling the early days of Faith for Today, the realization came to me then that in all probability, if it had not been for God's providences working through Faith for Today, neither of these young men would have been standing before us witnessing at that moment.

The story really began ten years ago. Jim Londis' grandparents, turning the dial of their TV set for something worth while, brought Faith for Today into their home. Greatly interested in the messages they heard, they wrote in for some of the materials offered over the

air, and of course their names were kept on file.

A few months later, as Elder R. Allan Anderson was about to begin a series of meetings for the public in Carnegie Hall, Faith for Today files supplied part of the mailing list. Jim had already become interested in the telecast and his grandparents and he attended some of the Carnegie Hall meetings. His grandparents felt he needed all the help he could get, growing up with little or no religious training in the Coney Island area of Brooklyn.

In such surroundings things are pretty

It was Week of Prayer and Elder Charles Keymer was the speaker. His message, both in sermon and song, made

This was a new idea, but it was worth exploring. Right across the street from Jim's home the boys found a small store that was not being used, and they made arrangements for Thursday night meetings. Together they swept and scrubbed the place until it shone. The first night, sixty-two people were there. They used the little View-Master for pictures and took turns giving the message. The fourth week eighty people came, many of them non-Adventists. The Faith for Today quartet came down to help out with the music.

"And," finished mother, smiling, "when you are not ready, you don't want it ever to come. And that," she couldn't resist adding, "is just the way it is when you are waiting for Jesus. If you are ready, you can hardly wait, but if you are not, you wish He would never come."

It was the father's turn to say, "If Ronnie hadn't loved me, I wouldn't be here."

MARIA and Peter grew into the habit of reading a portion from the Bible every morning before they started their work. The holy words seemed to stay with them throughout the day and make their tasks lighter.

Maria marveled at the way everything they did was mentioned in some way in the Scriptures. Breaking the soil, sowing the seed, watering and training the plants in her garden, sweeping and washing and the care of her beloved household objects, the cooking and even the baking—it was all there if you knew where to find it. And that she learned quickly. In the beginning it was like exploring a strange country with no map to guide her. But after a while she became familiar with the various stories and sayings and words of wisdom. They were to her like the paths and roads of her own village, where she could walk sure footed and glad.

But Peter's parents, as well as Maria's, had their misgivings. With much nodding of heads and shaking of fingers they voiced their skepticism. "The old ways are the best ways."

"But," Maria would point out, "the Bible is older than any of your ways. It is the 'old way'!"

"Ah, a young wife should not seem overmuch wise! And to be wiser than one's husband is to beg for trouble!"

"No one knows better than I how much wiser Peter is. Why, he worked out the whole plan, and you should have been there when he bargained with the shopkeeper!"

"Still, you should be on your guard, daughter. It is not always good to be different, to pick up too many new ideas, to be the first one to do something that has never been done before. People get jealous. They say that you and Peter think too highly of yourselves."

"But everyone in Troyana is welcome to come and read our Bible. Some evenings we have had as many as twelve or fourteen people come and sit by our *jamal* and listen as one of us reads aloud. They do not go away jealous. There is healing in the Book. It makes us love one another."

Maria's mother usually finished by taking her side, shaking her head in consent. She knew that a new grace and dignity had come to her daughter—a

new kindness and mellow sympathy rare in one so young. Maria was much in demand when a family felt the heavy hand of misfortune or illness. Not only did her hands have a knack of dealing capably with the household tasks but she could quote a word of Scripture that would remain with the afflicted ones as a benediction, giving them a source of strength for days to come:

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases. . . . For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him."

"Commit thy way unto the Lord;

Book." Especially was this true of the families who liked to slip over to Peter's home of an evening and listen to the Bible reading for themselves. But there were others who watched with suspicion.

The first whispers began when someone visited Maria and found the icon missing from its place on the wall. Nothing was said that first time, but later the question came up. For an answer Maria went to the Book and read from Exodus: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image. . . . Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them."

"It is as simple as that," she said, her

The Book and the Quest

by MARGIT STROM HEPPENSTALL

trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass. . . . Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him." "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand."

"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Thus the majority of the villagers, although they might not sanction the revolutionary conduct of Peter and Maria in procuring a Bible of their own, quietly came to accept the fact and secretly admire "the house of the

brown eyes wide and clear. "We ought to obey what God says in His Word. Anyway, the more we read the Bible, the more we find about God and Christ, and less and less about the saints. Do you know that some of the saints we have been praying to are not even mentioned in the Bible at all? Peter and I feel that the Lord has blessed us very much since we have been praying to Him directly."

Such a reply left the visitor speechless, but her tongue was loosened by the time she reached the nearest neighbor, and breathlessly spilled her story. Soon the village was buzzing. Someone thought they ought to call on Father

Michael, but the old priest was failing rapidly, both in body and mind. They might as well save this problem for his successor, the mayor pointed out, for it was well known that Father Michael had been partial to Maria ever since the time she kept house for him before her marriage.

Time slipped from an ecstatic mountain spring into the calm, hot days of June and July, filled with the many tasks of farm and home. Peter and Maria, absorbed in each other and in their work, hardly noticed the cool looks and turned backs of some of the villagers as they came and went. And there were others who continued coming for Bible readings in the evenings, after the heat of the day had melted into a purple dusk.

WHEN the wheat harvest was over and its golden yield safely sheltered, Peter's storehouse held bulging sacks of flour ground at the mill from his own grain. There were festoons of red peppers and brown onions, and in the field pyramids of tomato vines, woven cleverly with the tomatoes inside to be insulated later by the snow and kept fresh through the winter, safe from frost.

Peter surveyed his little kingdom—his flock of sheep, the goats, the cow, the chickens, and the ducks—and smiled with satisfaction. Maria, carding the wool from the spring shearing in preparation for dyeing and for winter-time weaving, smiled back at him. He bent to kiss her.

"Dear one, we have enough food for

the whole winter, and all from our own land. God has been good to us. We have plenty for ourselves, and for—"

"One more." She finished the sentence for him. Her dark eyes were as sparkling as ever, but with a deeper happiness than in her girlhood days. He hugged her closer. There was a day coming in late spring to which they were both looking forward with unspeakable joy.

But while their thoughts were full of peace and contentment the trumpets of war were being blown throughout the Balkan nations. For centuries under the domination of the Turks, the Slavs of Southeastern Europe were seething with a new nationalism and a desire for liberty. Some had already been won. Bulgaria, for instance, had proclaimed its independence in 1908. Two years later Albania had revolted.

Now, in 1912, voices were clamoring, "The Balkans for the Balkans!" Forgetting their differences, the Balkan nations forged an alliance in the fall of that year and declared war on Turkey.

October was the month of great serenity, when the mountains would rest in somber majesty against the clear sky, and the poplars, birches, and lindens lighted their flaming torches amid the dark evergreens of the hillside forests. October was the month in which to be happy after the harvest, to have engagement feasts and welcome the gypsies to the mountain villages.

Now all this was forgotten. In Troyana as in hundreds of other villages women with tearstained faces saw their men take rifles from the wall and stride to the market place to join their country's army. Fierce old songs of war and heroism rolled down the streets and echoed from the brick houses. Every steel-sinewed mountain man looked strong enough to put a whole regiment of the enemy to flight. There was excitement in the air, but it was mingled with confusion and sadness.

Maria and Peter had a long talk the last evening before he was to leave. He had to tell her how to manage while he was gone. He was thankful for such a capable wife. Although she was young, she could be counted on to take good care of the farm. Above all, she must promise to take good care of herself, for the sake of the little one to be born in the spring.

She shook her head and promised everything, smiling through her tears.

"You'll be back soon," she assured him—or even more so, herself. "It will soon be all over. God will take care of you. See what I found in the Bible

today!" She gave the Bible to Peter.

Together they read the ninety-first psalm: "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day. . . . A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee."

Peter read the words again and again.

"Dear one, I know I'll be safe. But there is something else." He paused as if not knowing how to express himself. "Maria, how can I go as a soldier in the army and kill people, even though they are enemies, after reading in the Book 'Thou shalt not kill'? We believe in keeping all the other commandments. Why do I have to be forced into breaking that one? Maria, I won't do it!"

"But, Peter, how can you get out of it? Will you just stay home and not go?" The thought of it made her hopeful and at the same time apprehensive.

"No, I'll have to go. Everybody has to. But I will not carry a gun. I will not deliberately kill somebody. Maria, I cannot do it, after hearing the voice of God say, 'Thou shalt not kill.'"

He buried his face in his toil-hardened hands. She stroked his hair, saying nothing for a while. Her thoughts were in a turmoil. What had happened to Peter? This was something unheard of, and yet she could see his point. But what would they do to him in the army if he refused to carry a gun? Was there anything else a soldier could do to help his country, as she knew Peter wanted to do? Would they send him home again, and if so, in disgrace? She felt a cold fear take hold of her.

"Peter, darling, God will help you. We must pray. We will find a way out. There will be something in the Book to give you wisdom and strength. Let us look!"

She turned to the book of Isaiah, which she had already learned to love even more than some of the others, and read, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

"You see, Peter, that is what God tells you, especially now that you may have trouble because you want to obey His commandment. The road may be rough, but surely if you do God's will, He will take care of you."

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

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but when a mother saw her nine-year-old son pouring himself a glass of whisky, she felt it was just too much. She didn't mind her husband beating her up, she could take that, but she was not prepared to live with a man who urged his son to drink whisky.

When she asked her son why he was pouring himself a glass of whisky, he replied, "Daddy says it's good for me, that it will make a man of me." She won a divorce and \$25 a week support for the boy. The court banned her husband, a bus driver, from her home.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

The Beginning of Something

by ROY SHIGLEY

He made man.

Did He take a chance that He would die for?
Watch the Creator waiting under a newly
Trained arbor in the cool evening breeze.
He's pleasantly considering what He's
Just made. Man—calls him Adam.
And because of man He will die.

It's a pleasant evening in the Garden with the
Crickets singing their first songs, the
Bees trying to find a place for a hive,
And the aroma of newness—leaves,
Damp soil, and dew.

The Creator is resting against a tree trunk and
Is looking at man—His crowning creation.
Paradoxical—man is going to murder Him.
Evening is enclosing created and Creator now, and He
Gazes at the Friday sun melting into His mountains.
Finally He breaks the long silence gently,
“Adam, ‘behold it is very good.’”

THE TINY slip of blue paper oscillated in my trembling hand, and the scrawly handwriting of the one I held so dear blurred before my eyes.

So typical of Bob, I thought. Just three hours ago—before I left for class—we had said our good-bys. During my absence he had left for our home, but his last thoughts before departing were of me and of how all alone I would feel when I returned to my empty apartment. Hoping to lighten my heavy heart, he had left this note on the table.

Mistily I read: "I love you, Bonnie. Just thought you'd like to know! I'm all ready to leave for Ohio, but wanted to tell you again what a joy this past weekend with you has been. You're the sweetest, best wife in all the world, and a real inspiration to me. I thank God for you. Bob."

A softness brushed my leg, and Tootie, our vivacious cocker pup, looked up sympathetically. "Those aren't exactly tears of sadness, Tootie," I explained. "Of course, being away from Bob for summer school is far from a happy experience, but I was thinking what a wonderful fellow your master is," I added as I stooped to stroke the silken ears of our pet.

Bob's selfless sacrificing made summer school sessions and my teaching during the winter a reality, I recalled. Not every husband would agree to having his wife leave a lucrative secretarial position and travel one thousand miles from home to fill a desperate call for a church school teacher,* let alone encourage her and almost insist that she accept.

"Since I lack the necessary education to teach with you, you must go to

* This temporary separation ended when Bob accepted work in Florida and found opportunity to assist with the physical education and manual arts programs at the church school. Both Bob and Bonnie plan to enroll for further training at Southern Missionary College.




Jacksonville alone, Bonnie, and do the Lord's work. I can be with you for a few months during the winter, but that will be my sacrifice for God." This was Bob's reasoning.

Sacrifice? Yes, for both of us. Yet, should we call it that? Under the circumstances, wouldn't *service of love and gratitude* more fitly express what we feel we're doing for the One dearest to us? The One who through shattered dreams and down lonely, obscure pathways, has so unerringly brought us the desires of our hearts—and in double portion! How satisfying is the happiness that has emerged from the disappointment of leaving Laurelbrook.

UTTER confusion reigned in my usually peaceful and tidy living quarters at Laurelbrook Academy. Suitcases and boxes were placed in strategic positions amid a tangled mass of clothes, bedding, and many little contrivances.

Why was God asking me to leave my work? I had given my very lifeblood, figuratively, to help build this swiftly growing baby school; its problems and victories were part of me. Why, I had even voted on the name. All other plans and dreams had become secondary as I hurled my whole being into my tasks, for I felt that here, where there was no salary and few of the ex-

Bonnie could discern no reason for the disruption of her life pattern or for the grief that had come to her family. A return to Laurelbrook and the classroom she loved so well seemed to be out of the question.



The Double Knot

by BONNIE N. EVANS

pected comforts of life, I was giving all I could give, doing all I could do, for God. Now I must leave.

Florence Barrett, my best buddy on the faculty, came bursting through the door, decelerating my whirlpool of mental agitation. "I just heard the news," she puffed, quite out of breath from her flying trip across the campus. Quickly summarizing the scene before her, she collapsed into the little oak rocker. "But you can't go—not just up and go!" she blurted. "What'll we do without you?" A look of incredulity swept over her face.

"With mother scheduled for major surgery day after tomorrow I have no

alternative. Though my heart will ache for the freedom and happiness—the thrill of service I've known here, still it will be a pleasure to be able to do something for mother and dad. You know they have kept me in spending money and clothes during these three years at Laurelbrook," I reasoned, almost apathetically. The mental conflict of the past few hours had left me feeling as lively as a rain-soaked rag doll, and I sank wearily to the cluttered bed.

"I know your dad hasn't been able to work for years—bad heart, isn't it? And someone must help; but why does it have to be you?" questioned Florence

plaintively but with regained composure.

I pondered the question a moment, looking for an escape as a prisoner searches for loose stones in the wall of his cell. Then with a sigh of resignation, I answered, "My brothers and sisters are all married—all but Dale. He's in the Air Force, though, and that leaves me." Forcing myself from the bed, I continued to pack. "It will be only for a month or two, pal. Mother is indomitable. She'll be up and around in no time, and I'll be back before you even miss me," I added, attempting false lightheartedness to lift the dejected shadow on the face of my friend.

Finally on the bus, homeward bound, I was almost oblivious to the passing of time and terrain. I set about to condition my mind to this abrupt change in my life. I was exchanging the pure, clean mountain air of Tennessee for the dust-filled atmosphere surrounding my home town in northern Ohio; an abundance of Christian associates for the too-few periods of fellowship at church functions; the soul-satisfying thrill of teaching for I knew not what.

Thankfulness and relief registered on mother's pain-pinched face as I entered her room. "I'm sorry you had to come, honey," she managed, before tears welled up in her voice. I could not answer as I noticed how much her paleness rivaled the whiteness of the hospital linen, but I squeezed her hand tightly. After swallowing hard, she continued in a mock scolding tone. "You must go back in just a few weeks. Why, those grade-school children of yours won't be able to get along without you."

"No one's indispensable, Mom," I offered, repeating a well-worn saying of mine. "I hated to leave the school with only five faculty members, but you're worth it."

"Such nonsense," snorted mother, and then added with a lift of her chin, "I'll be well in a week or two; then you must get right back to your work. That's where dad and I want you to be."

The first day after my arrival at home an old friend for whom I had worked during vacations offered me a job in her large Bendix laundry only two blocks from home. Long work hours were needed to offset hospital bills, doctor bills, and other family financial obligations. Heartily and thankfully I accepted.

Though she valiantly tried to recover her former "zim and zip," mother didn't get well. The weeks and months plodded by meaninglessly. "Seems as if I'm standing still, getting nowhere," I wrote to Florence. "My church duties, my job, and managing affairs at home keep me more than busy, but in comparison with what I was accomplishing there, they all seem so trivial."

MOTHER'S brief will left all her earthly possessions to me, and that "all" included brokenhearted dad plus seventeen hundred dollars' worth of debts. Again I wrote to Florence. "Since mother's death life seems more futile than ever; and, of course, plans to return to

Laurelbrook are impossible now. Life has dealt me a terrific blow. First Laurelbrook; now, even my plans for a home and a husband have been crushed, for I certainly can't and won't permit any young man to share my burdens! I've decided not to date anyone again. The future is dark for me, and I struggle constantly with bitterness of heart. Oh, Florence, what does the Lord have in His plan for me? Just this?"

From a true friend (and Florence was that) came the answer I needed. "Chin up. The darkest night has a morning. Surely you haven't forgotten your favorite text: 'Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.' * You've been doing what He has asked of you for twenty-four years. Don't fail Him now."

God was my strength; and prayer, my life line. Though I could not understand why He would lead me thus, I could rise from my knees willing to trust His wisdom and able to wear a smile.

The lack of men friends in my life was a joke to my family and to many of my closest friends. "You'll be an old maid for sure," they taunted. "What do you want, a saint? You're too particular," cautioned a friend.

Too particular? Oh, no. I did have high ideals for a life companion, but the standards had been set by God. Had not I watched many of my young friends marry unwisely? Few were the homes and married relationships I could wish my own.

"Bonnie's afraid one of those fellows will kiss her on the cheek," jeered my brother-in-law. But all their teasing fell on determinedly deaf ears. There was a job to be done; and distrusting my own wisdom, I had early decided to leave the desires of my heart to God.

Working in a laundry never was the most glamorous job in the world, and compared to teaching, it was deadly. Rushing from machine to machine, pressing buttons, turning knobs, and handling the limp clothing day in and day out was not my idea of "living." But thankful for the work, I did my best to please my employer. And, fortunately, every day there were interesting people to meet.

As the autumn leaves fell and winter snows came, friendships with some of our regular customers grew. Kenny Evans was one such patron. During his weekly visits we would often chat a minute.

One afternoon early in the spring Kenny came striding down the steps. "How about a date?" he called. Noticing my shocked expression, he quickly added, "Not with me! You know I've a wife, but I have free tickets for the Musical Festival in Toledo. The whole family is going, and I want you to meet my brother Bob."

"No, thanks, Kenny, I——"

"What's this?" interrupted my boss and dear friend, Clara Mae White, coming across the room. After Kenny repeated his request, Clara spoke, "Of course she'll go! She hasn't gone anywhere or done anything with anybody for more than a year." Pointing a finger at my nose, she questioned, "You will go, won't you?"

My brain became a tabulating machine. "He's not an Adventist; Clara's known the Evanses since childhood and says they are lovely people; it will be just a group; the whole family is going; it's not really a date; I do need the relaxation." It clicked in a matter of seconds and I made my decision. "Yes, I'd like to go," I admitted rather hesitantly, "but——"; and Kenny smilingly left with a cheery "See you Tuesday night at seven o'clock, Bonnie."

I was uncertain. My pencil shook when I wrote laundry tickets, and I periodically wished I had never said Yes to Kenny's request. However, since

wit sharpeners

Bible Titles

by HELEN PETTIGREW

Match the numbered titles with the lettered people below.

1. John the
2. Matthew the
3. Nimrod the
4. Herod the
5. James the
6. Nebuchadnezzar the
7. Alexander the
8. Ezra the
9. Zenas the
10. Bildad the
11. Luke the
12. Elijah the
- a. coppersmith
- b. mighty hunter
- c. king
- d. scribe
- e. Baptist
- f. Tishbite
- g. tetrarch
- h. Shuhite
- i. beloved physician
- j. less
- k. publican
- l. lawyer

Key on page 18

The Youth's Instructor, January 24, 1961

the Evanses were strangers, this would be an excellent opportunity to witness for the truth, I assured myself.

"You look great!" Lunetta, my younger sister, exclaimed, bounding into the trailer that was home to dad and me. "New suit, huh? Real smart, I'd say," she affirmed as she circled me in an affected manner.

"I'd say she'd better quit twisting those gloves," counseled Jim, her husband. Then grabbing Netta by the wrist in mock haste, he ventured teasingly, "Don't want to be here when the prince comes riding, do we, honey?" And they were gone.

Just minutes later Kenny stood in the door and I was saying "How do you do" to a short, stocky Robert Evans. A shadow of disappointment flitted across my mind. If I had been tempted to have any romantic ideas about Bob, they were immediately erased. This fellow was no Romeo.

The evening was a delightful one. Clara was right—the Evanses were lovely people. During the performance I took cognizance of Bob's dark wavy hair, his intensely blue eyes, and his pleasing manners. "A true gentleman," I thought, but reminded myself that I wasn't much impressed.

"Ever been to the Glass Bar?" he questioned while we were riding along. "No," I answered. So Bob drank! But the clean smell of his clothes said he didn't smoke.

Further questions about recreational spots followed with more negative answers. "Well, what do you do for fun?" he asked in desperation. I told of sewing, piano lessons, church duties, and many other activities that I called recreation. In answer to his question as to what church I replied, "Seventh-day Adventist."

Bob repeated the words slowly, as if tasting them, then spoke of a young friend with whom he had once worked who belonged to the same church. "Fine kid," he admitted, "but strange too. Never swore or stayed around while the other fellows joked. Always bowed his head when he hit a difficult electrical problem, and never failed to come up with the right answer, even when we more experienced men were stumped. He tried once to tell me about his beliefs, but I let him know that I wasn't at all interested; so he never mentioned them again. I really would like to know now, though. Tell me, what do you believe?"

"I'd be ever so happy to tell you," I answered. But noticing that we were nearly home, I added, "It'll take more

than the few minutes we have this evening."

"You do eat, don't you?" Bob interrogated jestingly. "Would you go to dinner with me Thursday night? We could talk then."

Silently I prayed for wisdom. Did I dare refuse to tell this young man of the truth? "Yes, I'll go."

After dinner at a quiet restaurant we drove to the lake front. The abundant activity on the water was only a fraction of the turmoil in my mind. I had asked God for the strength and wisdom to tell Bob of my precious faith, but how to begin was the question. My thoughts were interrupted by his meditative words: "Bonnie, what makes you so different from other people?" I offered a silent Thank You to God. Could anyone have given me a better lead?

During the evening I learned from some of Bob's pointed remarks that he had no interest in women at all except as casual friends for an evening of fun, and that he never intended to marry. This put our relationship on an easy basis.

Since there was not time in one evening to more than scratch the surface of all Bob's questions, he asked to come to the house the following week to further our discussion. Thus began a series of what some would call dates, but because of their nature, I chose to term them Bible studies. Netta and Jim were occasional visitors at our Bible sessions and often helped with the lessons.

Bob, a faithful member of his own church, but also a man of the world, was thoroughly impressed with the Bible answers to all his questions. Each time he left our home I doubted that he would return, for he would leave in a state of mental confusion and weariness from discussing religion. ("A man can be shown that he is wrong only so many times in one evening and keep his sanity," he told us later while we were reviewing his experience.)

How I prayed! Life had a new face—a new purpose. I needed help to win Bob to Christ, and Bob needed help to believe. Like a miracle before my eyes I saw him change. Step by step he accepted the truths we studied. Six weeks after we met, Bob kept the Sabbath with us.

Not since leaving Laurelbrook had I been able to see any shimmer of wisdom in God's plan for me. Now I wondered. Had God called me here to the thrill of winning a soul for Him?

More and more during the weeks that followed I admired the strong character of this young man. Occasionally I ad-

mitted to myself that here was a man who filled God's specifications and my own ideals for a life companion. Though the ties of friendship between us grew stronger with each step Bob took toward God, the subjects of love and marriage were not discussed because each was remembering the implied feelings expressed during that evening at the waterfront.

Money meant a great deal to Bob; and since his job required that he work on Friday night, I doubted that he would become a Sabbathkeeper; but I prayed the harder. When Bob frequently discussed his asking for the Sabbath off, I tried not to urge him, because I wanted the decision to be his own. Down in my heart I knew that if he took that step, he had really given himself to God, and would go all the way. The next week he stopped by the house after work and told dad and me that he had asked for Sabbaths off and that his boss had granted his request.

Bob slowly but securely wrapped himself around our hearts. He became a favorite everywhere he went. He played dominoes with dad, romped with the children at church picnics (hardly paying any attention to me at all!), and entered wholeheartedly into every church activity.

Shortly after his baptism Lunetta said what I had been thinking. "He's everything you want and need, Bonnie. Who knows? Perhaps God brought you here just for Bob's sake."

THE September evening was oppressively warm, but I hardly noticed as we greeted the myriad of friends after our wedding ceremony. "It's a double knot I tied tonight," said our beloved Pastor Vaughn as he stood by our side.

"Double knot?" I queried.

"Yes, Bonnie. One knot for the love you and Bob hold for each other and one for your mutual love for God that brought you together. That double knot will make for a doubly happy marriage, too," he added with smiling confidence. "I know!" he nodded emphatically, disappearing into the crowd.

The note of blue paper slipping from my fingers startled me, and I stooped to pick it up. Gratitude and praise to God for all He had done for us filled my heart to bursting. I walked across the room, took a piece of stationery from a box, unclipped my pen from the notebook on the table, and began:

"MY DEAREST BOB, . . .

* Psalm 37:4, 5.

NUTS and bolts in this industrial-scientific age appear to be such an important goal; and poetry doesn't seem to rate that high in human achievement. But in spite of the interest in the mechanical, scientific, and business life, poetry has its place, and love of it is found widespread."

So says John Ciardi, poetry editor of *The Saturday Review*, professor of English at Rutgers University, and a popular lecturer and writer. He feels that everyone should have a knowledge of poetry, and tells a story of a student pharmacist who questioned why he was required to read Hamlet.

"My answer to him," Mr. Ciardi explains, "was to tell him how important it is to keep the arsenic out of the aspirin; that his profession is an honorable one, and to be respected; but that to make for himself a full, well-rounded life he must know poetry, be able to choose the right pictures for his house, and good music and good books with which to surround himself and family. He must acquire much of his culture through vicarious experience."

"He must know poetry," declares this poetry editor of a nationally known literary journal. But how is "he" to get this knowledge as long as poetry continues to be regarded more or less as a stepchild of the fine arts? The question has not yet been satisfactorily answered.

On a poetry panel recently at a nearby college I tried to emphasize the importance of elementary and high schools fostering an interest in poetry before the student reaches college level. My fellow panelists—mostly university professors—felt we could not "make poets" that way. No one expects to, any more than we expect to make Einsteins by teaching mathematics or Paderewskis by teaching music. We do expect, however, to give the student a working knowledge of mathematics that he can use to advantage, to acquaint him with basic mathematical principles so that he may be able to pursue the subject further—even specialize in it—if he chooses. We hope to acquaint him with music to widen his cultural horizon, to enable him to use it for his pleasure and that of others, and to enjoy the work of the masters.

In a discussion period, an English teacher, formerly of Canada, declared that such progressive teaching of poetry was the practice in that country; and she spoke enthusiastically of the place the schools fill in fostering a love for it. Having looked forward eagerly to teaching the subject in the United

States, she said she was keenly disappointed to find that her American students knew little, and cared less, about poetry.

Thus we find some striking paradoxes when considering this subject. Mr. Ciardi declares the love of poetry to be widespread; and hundreds of thousands of poems are submitted to editors each year. But only a minor portion of such offerings are accepted for publication. In addition to the thousands of persons writing verse, other thousands like poetry well enough to clip it for scrapbooks, quote it in sermons, lectures, and articles; share it with friends and relatives; and pass it on to following generations. Yet we find many college students coldly indifferent.

Consider the magnitude of the greeting-card business, and the number of customers required to support such a market. Poetry broadcasts—what few there are—enjoy considerable popularity. One example is the program of Ted Malone, for more than two decades one of the most popular on a national hookup. Poems read on his program enjoyed a wide sale; five volumes of them were published.

Why then do such an overwhelming majority of periodicals use no poetry at all?

To get some answers I approached fifteen editors by way of questionnaires, with brief notes attached stating that the information obtained was to be used for the benefit of student poets. The editors queried represented four non-Adventist religious magazines, three literary periodicals, two women's journals, one "slick" weekly, the organ of an international professional men's organization, a teen-age magazine, a parents' magazine, an agricultural periodical, and a metropolitan daily newspaper. Two editors did not reply; another

Tastes in poetry differ, even as do tastes in clothing, houses, and foods; yet even simple verse should be well written.

Poor work is without excuse.

had discontinued verse; a fourth used it only rarely; but the remaining eleven filled out the questionnaires either wholly or in part.

In spite of the fact that figures given were approximate, it is possible to arrive at some interesting conclusions. Slightly less than 200,000 poetry submissions were received last year by these eleven editors; of these 1,727 were accepted—about one out of every 115. What set apart those 1,727 acceptances? Why so many rejections? The principal reason given was "poor quality." Contributing factors were "lack of space" and "unsuitability."

The editors were invited to check qualifications considered important to a good poem, and to make remarks if they wished. A number did. We are sorry permission to quote was not granted by some. With regard to "clarity, gauged to the average intelligent reader," Peter Henniker-Heaton, poetry editor of *The Christian Science Monitor*, said: "Can the word 'average' ever be applied to any reader? And is 'intelligent' the right word? Surely we owe our readers the compliment of regarding each as an individual, as different, uniquely himself. An 'intelligent reader' may be lazy. Poetry requires a certain committal of energy by the reader, otherwise the simplest poetry will seem obscure. We certainly don't care about obscurity, but sometimes what reactionaries call obscure is really a new approach to which they are not accustomed."

Mr. Henniker-Heaton disapproves of a common practice of using verse merely as fillers: "Poetry should under no circumstances be used as filler material; it is an insult to poetry and downgrades the art." Light verse might be so used, he feels, but he considers that another matter.

A brief personal note from the edi-

Nuts, Bolts, and Winged Words

by

JESSIE

WILMORE

MURTON

torial offices of *The Atlantic Monthly* said, "Good luck to you in your most worthy enterprise, which is the most heartening news from the poetry front to reach this office for years." These gracious words were well worth the effort of preparing, mailing, and evaluating the questionnaires.

Three conclusions are obvious from Mr. Ciardi's lecture, the college poetry panel, and the editorial survey: (1) "Love of poetry is widespread," and for a well-rounded life, a person "must know poetry." (2) There is an astonishing lack of interest in poetry among college students; and some colleges are concerned about it. (3) Hundreds of thousands of poems are being submitted to editors yearly, comparatively few of which are accepted.

Why is it important to "know poetry"? Principally because poetry is a means of communication. Much of the world's best literature is written in this form. Without some knowledge of the concentration, imagery, and nuances of poetic language a person is robbed of the enjoyment and information such literature affords; he is culturally handicapped and embarrassed.

Furthermore, large portions of the Old Testament are pure poetry. The ancient Hebrew is rich in symbolism, imagery, contrast, comparison, and other poetic qualities, and it can become a word tapestry of strange and surpassing loveliness. And that is exactly what the poetry of the Bible is. A language profuse in imagery and symbolism, combined with a literary form in which these characteristics are highly concentrated, imposes a double handicap on a person who does not understand and appreciate poetry. So handicapped, how shall the Bible student appreciate to the fullest the truths revealed in the poetry of the Word?

Why the lack of interest in poetry among college students? I believe it is due to the scant attention paid to a progressive study of poetry through elementary grades and high school. Most young children love nursery and kindergarten rhymes; simple poetry gauged to their age and intelligence level. Small truths and courtesies are often taught through such rhymes: "Politeness is to do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way." But after this brief introduction there is usually a dearth of attention to poetry until advanced English is reached. Not having progressed by easy steps, the student is understandably frustrated when confronted by assignments in Browning and Milton. It is not surprising that he does not clearly comprehend this concentrated symbolic language, and may even take a violent dislike to it. It is as though he were jumped from the multiplication table to algebra; or introduced to the intricacies of Wagner and Beethoven from simple scales and melodies, without intermediate study.

In a related area, the method of teaching the writing of poetry—where it is taught—may have some relation to the student's reaction. Undue stress on the mechanics of structure, to the neglect of an esthetic and emotional appeal, may cause him to view his instructor in the role of a pathologist who dissects his brain child for the sole purpose of determining its mechanical imperfections, without regard for the beauty and truth that may be mutilated in the process. This is, admittedly, an unwise approach. Some poems, like some humans, are beautiful and graceful, and possess loveliness of spirit as well; others may have beauty and grace, but may lack such spirit; still others may be plain of feature and raiment, even physically handicapped, and yet possess sterling qualities of character and a charming personality.

There are, however, certain things necessary to humans and poems alike. There must be a skeleton for support and grace of movement and flesh to cover the bones. These are essential. If the skeleton is not properly built, the poem will stumble or halt in reading; it will be crippled; and if the flesh is not properly distributed, the poem may be overweight in places, undernourished in others. After the body come the materials to clothe and beautify it—appropriate imagery, fresh expression, attractive sound patterns. Even so, a perfect, beautifully clothed body—minus the vital spark—is but a cold form.

I have not found that the teaching of technique dampens the ardor of the student. But the teaching must recognize the place and importance of the spark of life that conceives the poem, brings it to birth, and is its sole excuse for being.

An editor confronted with a choice between mechanical perfection and "freshness and originality" may choose the latter in preference to the former; but this is no excuse for neglecting or avoiding the study of mechanical structure. A knowledge of technique is essential to the production of good verse. Although experiment is recognized as the road to progress, no one is entitled to experiment until he has first learned the fundamentals of his craft or science. Tastes in poetry differ, even as do tastes in clothing, houses, and foods; yet the simple, homely poem should be as well constructed as the more beautiful and intellectual one. There is no excuse for poor workmanship no matter how simple the product.

Capable writers and lovers of poetry must be trained, just as others are trained in the writing and appreciation of good prose, the painting of attractive pictures, the production of inspiring music. All of these arts are important to the spreading of the gospel message. The picture tells a story to the savage who cannot read. The printed page enters where preachers may be barred. A poem, song, or musical selection may melt a heart that is cold to the most eloquent sermon.

God expects Christians to use the talents He has given them for His glory and the good of their fellow men. This requires a proper training.

Even if such training has been lacking in his formal education, there are ways to obtain it—if the student has patience and perseverance. There are many well-written books on both appreciation and technique.¹ *The Author and Journalist*, *The Writer*, and *The Writer's Digest* are reputable magazines usually found at good newsstands and in local libraries. Such journals are devoted chiefly to prose; but occasionally carry helpful articles on poetry, and the market information they provide is a must for one who aspires to publication.

There are many poetry and so-called little magazines² that include verse and often news of the poetry field. Since some operate on a more or less shaky financial foundation, the list fluctuates in both quality and quantity. When only subscribers are eligible to contribute, competition may be limited, and

puppy problem

by LEE AVERY

Two toys at a time?
It cannot be done.
(If one is delightful,
Two would be more fun!)

But the squeaking frog drops
As you pick up the ball,
And the ball rolls away,
When you grab for the doll.

You look at me, puzzled,
Then try with new zeal.
(I laugh at you, pup,
But I know how you feel!)

selections may not always be chosen purely on the basis of merit. Sometimes, however, it is considered a higher literary honor to appear in some of the small journals than in many higher-priced markets. Most of these poetry and "little" magazines do not pay, except perhaps in prizes and contributors' copies.

Most States have State poetry societies. Of the national societies the oldest and most highly esteemed is the Poetry Society of America, with headquarters in New York City. Monthly meetings are held there, and a news bulletin is published by the group. Another national group is the Catholic Poetry Society of America, which also accepts non-Catholic members; it publishes the poetry magazine *Spirit* (to which members only are eligible to contribute), and a small payment is made for verse used.

New Orleans supports a colorful annual Outdoor Poetry Show, which is attended by hundreds of tourists from the United States and abroad each year. It is held in the old French Quarter and includes poems decorated with cut-out pictures and hung in every available space—on the high iron fence of Jackson Park in the center of the Quarter, on the lacy iron balconies of ancient buildings around the square, and in the famous Pirates' Alley. Anyone may send poems for display.³

But with all these helps and encouragements, success depends basically on individual effort. Pegasus, the mythical winged steed of poets, is a creature not easily tamed. Some few seem able to teach him to come at call, eat docilely

from hand, and allow them to mount and take off at pleasure; but this only seems to be true. Back of such lyric flight is much grubbing in the stable of technique, much grooming to give his coat the sheen and texture dependent on patient revising and rewriting, much painstaking effort to teach the "feet" of the winged one to step smoothly and lightly to the measures and sound patterns of singing lines.

In spite of the fast and furious pace at which we accomplish many things today, production-line methods cannot be applied to learning now any more than in the past. There still is no royal road. In fact, as knowledge increases, courses in the arts, sciences, and professions of today become even longer and more difficult.

The voluminous amount of verse written that cannot be marketed is, of course, largely the end result of the failure to "know poetry." Another reason no doubt is the result of failure of aspiring poets to study markets.

Once upon a time I took a check from an envelope and stared at it unbelievably. Twenty-five dollars was a sizable sum then. Furthermore, the check bore the imprint of one of the most coveted of literary markets, the Curtis Publishing Company. But hundreds of published poems and perhaps thousands of rejection slips later I would be many times as thrilled to receive such a check today. Why? Because the first was merely "beginner's luck." I had written the bit of verse "by ear" and chosen the market at random. I knew little about technique; less about marketing. Evidently the human-interest angle of "My Dog" outweighed its literary and technical shortcomings in the eyes of an editor.

A tall, shabby-looking man stood at my door one frosty morning when I answered the bell. Without preliminaries he demanded, "You Mrs. Murton?"

Receiving the affirmative reply, he shoved the large package he carried toward me and continued just as abruptly. "They told me at the newspaper you would tell me where to sell my poems."

Having no poetry editor, the local

key

wit sharpeners

1. e (Matt. 16:14), 2. h (Matt. 10:3), 3. b (Gen. 10:9), 4. g (Luke 3:19), 5. j (Mark 15:40), 6. c (Dan. 3:1), 7. a (2 Tim. 4:14), 8. d (Neh. 8:4), 9. l (Titus 3:13), 10. b (Job 8:1), 11. i (Col. 4:14), 12. f (1 Kings 17:1).

What You See

by ROBERT L. SHELDON

OVER there! Look! Something is splashing."

"I don't see it."

"Come up this way and you can see it better."

"Oh, there it goes again."

George Haley and I were hunting shells along the west coast of Korea as the tide was going out. We had climbed some big rocks in pursuit of large water bugs when suddenly there occurred this commotion about a quarter of a mile out from shore.

"I'm going to climb higher for a better look," George called back.

As I started to climb the steep bank a hermit crab from my collection went tumbling down the hill. That no longer mattered, for there now seemed to be two objects splashing in the ocean.

"Come around to this point, Bob. There is a good view from here."

As we sat on a protruding point we speculated as to what was thrashing around down there.

"Could it be there are sharks here?" George wondered. "I don't think I want to swim here again. They must be fighting over some food."

We sat silently watching for perhaps five minutes. Then George spoke up. "Bob, they aren't splashing so much now. And they aren't moving any more."

The setting sun and receding water had played tricks on us. We had been watching two stones!

The old proverb had again proved true: "Believe nothing of what you hear and half of what you see."

paper occasionally referred poetry questions to me. But no writer relishes this sort of assignment. A casual glimpse made it painfully evident that the material was not ready for marketing. As kindly as possible I tried to explain the need for more study, and suggested the local library for books and magazines.

The words had no effect. He kept repeating, "But they told me you would tell me where to sell them; and I need the money."

It was a pitiful situation, but there was nothing I could do. I truly believe he thought I was unwilling to share any market information with him. He went away still muttering, "But they told me—"

No one can tell another precisely where to sell his poems; too many considerations are involved. A competent friend of mine, whose poems have been widely published, believes that marketing poetry is like marketing any other commodity—breakfast food for instance—and that certain steps must precede it:

1. There must be a product to market.
2. The product must be the best you can produce in order to meet competition with others of its kind.
3. The markets must be carefully studied to ascertain which use such products.
4. Such markets, when isolated, must be studied again to determine specific needs. Even markets using similar types of verse may have a fine line of discrimination; familiarity with these saves

a writer's time, postage, and stationery.

5. The poet must persevere in keeping his product before prospective customers. Regular submission of good work will eventually bring some acceptances.

The offer of a product presupposes the producer has the necessary training and know-how to create it. Assuming such knowledge, the next step is to perfect it. No art, profession, or science stands still.

It has been said more than once that there is no "good writing," only "good rewriting." The piece you just "dash off"—perhaps for some church or social occasion—is not marketable material. Most such poems are too long and their appeal is too limited. Every writer of verse has piles of pieces good only for the event for which they were written. Unless a poem has universal appeal, its chance of acceptance is small. And it takes more to make a poem than the ability to make words rhyme.

Be tolerant of friendly criticism. It is usually given in a spirit of helpfulness. You are not obligated to accept or act upon it. But if by so doing your poem is enhanced in either literary or cash value, the honor and profit are wholly yours. The critic has nothing to gain. And never resent editorial criticism; it is often superior to some you might get from a professional critic whose fee would cost you money.

The "boiling down" process is vital to good writing, especially poetry; employment of appropriate imagery contributes immeasurably to such condensation. Consider the twenty-third psalm;

prose would require many more words to present the same ideas. Yet one familiar with Oriental shepherds has no difficulty in interpreting the spiritual implications inherent in this beautiful song.

A common question is "Where do you get ideas for poems?" They are everywhere. No one could ever exhaust them all. Although there is "no new thing under the sun," there are new forms of old things and new uses for them. Atoms are not new, but only recently have we begun to realize their possibilities. By way of the television in our living room we look into the far corners of the world, observe lands and customs of strange peoples, and hear these people speak. Dim are the eyes, dull the minds, that cannot see and sense new ideas bursting forth. Poets have been accused in our day of neglecting the greatest spectacle of the ages. Material for the most stupendous epic of all time is at our finger tips. What are they—we—doing with it?

We agree with Mr. Ciardi that it is important to "know poetry," if for no other reason than that poetry is its own reward. It is a satisfying hobby that can be indulged with minimum expenditure for material.

And it is a maker of friends. Often I have come to know friends made through this "language of the spirit" even better than those with whom I associate daily. A letter expressing thanks for some bit of spiritual help, some intellectual enjoyment, or even a moment's pleasant entertainment is ample reward for time and effort spent in producing a few lines of verse. It matters not where the correspondent found the poem—whether in the original publication, through reprint, or by way of radio or television. What does matter is that it has brightened a few moments of his life.

¹ Four books on verse writing are *Wood's Unabridged Rhyming Dictionary* (which includes a section on writing poetry); *First Principles of Verse*, by Robert Hillyer; *Writing Light Verse*, by Richard Armour; and *Writing and Selling Greeting Card Verse*, by June Barr. These are available from *Writer's Digest*, 22 East Twelfth Street, Cincinnati 10, Ohio.

Other valuable books available elsewhere are *Understanding Poetry*, by Cleanth Brooks, Jr., and Robert Penn Warren (New York: Henry Holt and Company); *Sound and Sense*, by Laurence Perrine (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company); *An Editor Looks at Poetry*, by Stanton Coblenz (Mill Valley, California: The Wings Press); and *The Forms of Poetry*, by Louis Untermeyer (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company).

A list of excellent one-dollar booklets on verse writing is available from The Kaleidograph Press, 624 N. Vernon, Dallas 8, Texas.

² Poetry magazines include *Wings* (Mill Valley, California); *Kaleidograph* (624 N. Vernon, Dallas 8, Texas); *The Wisconsin Poetry Magazine* (1764 North 83d Street, Wauwatosa 13, Wisconsin); *Spirit* (386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, New York); *Scimitar and Song* (Jonesboro Heights Station, R.F.D. 7, Sanford, North Carolina); and *Quicksilver* (4429 Foard Street, Fort Worth 19, Texas).

A market list including these and similar poetry journals may be obtained from *The Author and Journalist*, 1313 National Bank of Topeka Building, Topeka, Kansas.

³ Details on the Outdoor Poetry Show may be obtained from its founder and director, Lucyle J. B. Flores, 1637 Erato Street, New Orleans 13, Louisiana.

DON'T cry, Douglas," said the teacher soothingly to the little fellow sitting next to me. The more she tried to comfort him the louder and longer he wailed.

"I want my mamma," he whimpered miserably. "I want to go home."

I sat perfectly still in my little chair. I scornfully peered at the rest of the kindergarten class. Mother had warned me about this. It was my first day of school. All the rest of the class looked as if they would soon be in tears, for they too wanted their mothers. I looked at the teacher, thinking to myself, "I'm glad my mother is the teacher."

This was my introduction to teaching. I can still remember mother receiving lovely Christmas presents, and in my child's mind I made the connection between teaching and gifts.

But me become a teacher? Never! I would never be that. I did not like crying children and I had no patience to deal with them. I wasn't going to follow in mother's footsteps, for I intended to be a nurse. I was going to wear a nicely starched white uniform and a little white cap on my head. All day long I would go about taking people's temperatures.

I stuck thermometers expertly into my dollies' mouths while pretending to examine them with my stethoscope. I clumsily bandaged their arms, legs, and heads, pretending they had been in serious accidents. To be a nurse was the ambition of my life.

It wasn't until I reached my freshman year in the academy that I became quite dubious about my choice. I wasn't at all sure that I was choosing wisely, but I was definitely sure that science was the field I preferred. Chemistry fascinated me. All the colorful solutions, salts, and powders intrigued me. Right then and there I made up my mind to be a chemist. This lasted until I labored hours on end over one stubborn chemistry problem in my junior year. Discouraged, I knew that chemistry wasn't for me either.

Just about then the Alice Boyd Chapter of the Teachers of Tomorrow Club was organizing. I was urged to attend these meetings. "Teaching, my enemy," I muttered to myself.

Since all my friends were enthusiastically joining the club ranks, I decided I'd tolerate one meeting and make it the last one. Imagine my consternation



Children, with minds eager to learn, are willing and waiting to be taught.

Gifts of God

by WALETA LEIALOHA

when I emerged from the meeting as secretary-treasurer. The nomination took me with such surprise that I seemed powerless to stop the procedure.

Clasping a pen in one hand and with a receipt book in the other, I plunged head-on into the challenge, giving of my utmost to the cause. It wasn't at all what I had anticipated. I enjoyed gathering old Christmas cards for foreign missions, skimming magazines for scrapbook pictures, organizing program teams, and planning banquets.

Then one day I heard a startling announcement. The Teachers of Tomorrow Club would spend a day at Hawaiian Mission Academy elementary school and teach all classes for half a day. I recalled my first day in kindergarten and my vow that I would never be a teacher. What was I, an officer of the TOT Club, sup-

posed to do? I would certainly be expected to participate. Building up all the courage I could summon, I met the challenge head-on, choosing the sixth grade.

With full confidence in myself, I defiantly strode to the door of the classroom. I had studied the lessons I was to teach; no student could jar my composure. Then all strength deserted me. I was scared. All the confidence and faith I had in myself vanished. I was petrified beyond words. I wanted to do as Douglas had done years ago in kindergarten.

But I learned some lessons that day. I learned that children are not all little monsters. I learned that children possess minds eager to learn. I saw that they were willing and waiting to be taught. I still connect teaching with presents. But the presents are the children themselves, gifts from God.

Sabbath School

Lesson

Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

V—Signs in the Social Life

(February 4, 1961)

Daily Study Record:

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MEMORY GEM: "As it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man" (Luke 17:26).

OUTSIDE READING: *Patriarchs and Prophets*, chapters 7, 14.

Introduction

"Before the flood, God sent Noah to warn the world, that the people might be led to repentance, and thus escape the threatened destruction. As the time of Christ's second appearing draws near, the Lord sends His servants with a warning to the world to prepare for that great event. Multitudes have been living in transgression of God's law, and now He in mercy calls them to obey its sacred precepts. All who will put away their sins by repentance toward God and faith in Christ, are offered pardon."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 102.

1 Signs in the Social World of the Ancients

1. What went wrong in the antediluvian world?

"They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and the flood came, and destroyed them all" (Luke 17:27).

NOTE.—How were things in the days of Noah? They were pretty bad. So bad, indeed, that "God saw that human wickedness was growing out of bounds on earth; that the intention of all human thinking produced nothing but evil all day" (Gen. 6:5, Berkeley). One of the evidences of this breakdown was in the matter of marriage; they were "marrying and being given in marriage until the very day that Noah went into the Ark" (Matt. 24:38, Phillips).

"Half the girls buying bridal veils are 20 or younger—an all-time record—and hundreds of thousands are only 16 and 17," writes Rosalind Russell in *This Week* (quoted in *Reader's Digest*, February, 1959, p. 75).

Dr. Harold Shryock adds this startling word in the *Youth's Instructor*, June 30, 1959, "One out of eight 17-year-old girls is now married and by age 18 the ratio is one out of four." He says, too, "More than one fourth of the male college students in the United States are married." Rosalind Russell asks, "Why on earth are they in such a hurry?"

Jesus' "days of Noah" text answers the question. Now, what is wrong with getting married? Did not God Himself institute the ordinance and officiate at the marriage of our first parents?

There is nothing wrong with marriage, of course, as an institution. The only thing the matter with it is the people. Marriage is for adults, not children. When adults who love God first and best of all, and each other second, contract the sacred vows of matrimony, God seals their union with His blessing, and a new home is founded in His order to His glory.

When children marry, His order is perverted. They fly in the face of God's will, their parents' counsel, and their own self-respect. Anything can happen. And usually does.

Before the Flood, "men chose to follow their own sinful desires; and as the result, crime and wretchedness rapidly increased. Neither the marriage relation nor the rights of property were respected. Whoever coveted the wives or the possessions of his neighbor, took them by force, and men exulted in their deeds of violence."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 92.

"How was it in Noah's day? 'God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually,' Gen. 6:5. The inhabitants of the antediluvian world turned from Jehovah, refusing to do His holy will. They followed their own unholy imagination and perverted ideas. It was because of their wickedness that they were destroyed; and today the world is following the same way. It presents no flattering signs of millennial glory. The transgressors of God's law are filling the earth with wickedness. Their betting, their horse racing, their gambling, their dissipation, their lustful practices, their untamable passions, are fast filling the world with violence."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 633.

2. What conditions prevailed in Sodom and Gomorrah?

"This was the iniquity of . . . Sodom, pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness . . . neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy. And they were haughty, and committed abomination before me" (Eze. 16:49, 50).

NOTE.—"In Sodom there was mirth and revelry, feasting and drunkenness. The vilest and most brutal passions were unrestrained. The people openly defied God and His law, and delighted in deeds of violence. Though they had before them the example of the antediluvian world, and knew how the wrath of God had been manifested in their destruction, yet they followed the same course of wickedness."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 157.

2 History Repeats Itself

3. What conditions did Paul predict for the last days?

"In the last days perilous times shall come" (2 Tim. 3:1).

NOTE.—We are living in perilous times, indeed. In recent years millions have been tortured and killed in concentration camps. The *FBI Uniform Crime Reports* reveals that a violent crime—murder, manslaughter, rape, assault to kill—is committed every four minutes in the U.S.A. Nearly forty persons are murdered every day. As violence filled the antediluvian world, so it fills our world today.

4. What will be the attitude of young people?

"Disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection" (2 Tim. 3:2, 3).

NOTE.—What does it take to be disobedient to parents? Does this mean some defiant, overt act of insolence and disrespect, a display of intense anger, the smashing of windows or furniture, a violent breaking away from home restraint?

A good place to go for the answer to this question is the fifth commandment. Disobedience to parents would be the opposite of honoring parents. Try to remember what you did, how you felt inside, what you were thinking, the last time mom or dad said No when you wanted the word to be Yes.

In that instant you honored or you disobeyed your parents. Now, project yourself into your future role as mom or dad. You say No to little Willie when he wants the answer to be Yes. Will he gnash his teeth in anger and strike out at you? In all likelihood he will if that is the way you have been treating your parents.

Or will he say, "O.K., Mom, you know best; thanks just the same"? That all depends on how you are getting ready for that important moment.

Juvenile delinquency begins with disobedience to parents. Again referring to the *FBI Uniform Crime Reports*, more than a quarter of a million youth under 18 were arrested in 1958. Juvenile delinquency is a worldwide problem—England has its Teddy boys and Japan its street gangs.

5. What will be the all-consuming interest of young people?

"Lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God" (2 Tim. 3:4).

6. What will be the characteristic viewpoint on religion?

"They will maintain a façade of 'religion,' but their conduct will deny its validity" (2 Tim. 3:5, Phillips).

7. Will these conditions get better or worse as the end approaches?

"Evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving, and being deceived" (2 Tim. 3:13).

NOTE.—In one short sentence Paul destroys the theory of a temporal millennium before Christ comes. And sin is certainly waxing "worse and worse." Take for instance the one evil of alcoholism. The amount spent for alcoholic beverages in the United States in one year is more than the combined total of money paid for all books, magazines, and newspapers and contributed to all religious bodies and welfare activities.

"The real cost of alcoholism cannot be measured because no one can put a price tag on a broken home, a brilliant career down the drain, a human life that turns into a nightmare of hangovers, blackouts, broken promises and uncontrollable cravings.

"But a minor part of the cost can be estimated. Wage losses attributed to alcoholism amount to \$432 million a year. When you add in higher crime and accident rates, law enforcement and medical expenses, authorities consider one billion dollars a year a conservative figure for the direct countable cost of alcoholism."—LOUIS CASSELLS, *The Washington Post and Times Herald*, Washington, D.C., July 19, 1957.

3 God Meets Wickedness With Destruction

8. When the antediluvians filled up their cup of iniquity what did God do?

"God . . . spared not the old world, . . . bringing in the flood upon the world of the ungodly" (2 Peter 2:4, 5).

"The flood came, and destroyed them all" (Luke 17:27).

"The same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened. And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights. . . . And the waters increased, and bare up the ark, and it was lift up above the earth. And the waters prevailed, and were increased greatly upon the earth; and the ark went upon the face of the waters. And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth; and all the high hills, that were under the whole heaven, were covered. Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail; and the mountains were covered. And all flesh died" (Gen. 7:11, 12, 17-21).

NOTE.—"From the highest peaks, men looked abroad upon a shoreless ocean. The solemn warnings of God's servant no longer seemed a subject for ridicule and scolding. How those doomed sinners longed for the opportunities which they had slighted! How they pleaded for one hour's probation, one more privilege of mercy, one call from the lips of Noah! But the sweet voice of mercy was no more to be heard by them. . . . The avenging waters swept over the last retreat, and the despisers of God perished in the black depths."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 100, 101.

9. What fate befell Sodom and Gomorrah?

"Turning the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah into ashes" (2 Peter 2:6).

NOTE.—"The fair vale of Siddim became a desolation, a place never to be built up or inhabited,—a witness to all generations of the certainty of God's judgments upon transgression."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 162.

10. What is to be the fate of our present world?

"The elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up" (2 Peter 3:10).

NOTE.—"When the reasoning of philosophy has banished the fear of God's judgments; when religious teachers are pointing for-

ward to long ages of peace and prosperity, and the world are absorbed in their rounds of business and pleasure, planting and building, feasting and merry-making, rejecting God's warnings and mocking His messengers,—then it is that sudden destruction cometh upon them, and they shall not escape."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 104.

11. What should these things mean to us who are about to see the climax of history?

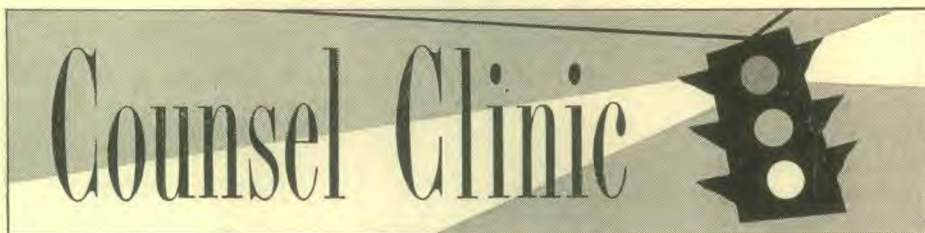
"Since all these things are thus to be dissolved, how consecrated and reverent your behavior should be, as you are expecting and hastening on the coming day of God, on whose account the blazing heavens will be dissolved and the burning elements melted. . . . Accordingly, dear friends, as you have these expectations, do your utmost to be found at peace with Him—spotless and blameless" (2 Peter 3:11, 12, 14, Berkeley).

NOTE.—The proposition is simply this: Do you call yourself a Christian? Then act like one. Do you want to be known as a Christian? Then bear that name proudly and without compromise.

Quizangles

1. How extensive did the flood waters cover the earth? (1)
2. How extensive was the destruction of the Flood? (1)
3. What is the matter with marriage? (1)
4. What kind of times are we living in now? (2)
5. How are your relations with your parents? (2)
6. Which do you love most, God or pleasure? (2)
7. Are things going to get better before they get worse, or worse before they get better? (2)
8. What kind of world was it that was punished with the Flood? (3)
9. Does your behavior have to be "reverent" all the time? (3)

NEXT WEEK, February 11, 1961—Lesson title: "The Spread of Spiritism." Outside reading: *The Great Controversy*, chapters 31-34, 36. Memory gem: Revelation 16:13, 14.



Question What are the prospects for denominational employment in the next four years in the fields of accounting, administration, business? I am 30 years old, married, and have a daughter seven years old. For the past eight years I have worked in a shipyard. Prior to that I went to the Bentley School of Accounting and Finance in Boston, and graduated; then I worked as a bookkeeper for one year. Do you think it feasible for me to go to a Seventh-day Adventist college with the purpose of preparing for denominational service? I have heard that the denomination does not hire people after 35 years of age.

Counsel If we can judge by present-day conditions, the prospects are very bright for employment within the denomination. True, one who is past 35 years of age who has never been em-

ployed by the denomination is not so likely to be considered. However, quality always counts. A good worker is always in demand.

But your first consideration should be the welfare of your family. If you should give up your present job and go to school, would you have time to be a husband to your wife and a father to your daughter? Would your attending school necessitate your wife's working? Would this keep her from being a mother to her daughter? If so, then this call is not from God.

"The father . . . should understand how to train his children for usefulness and duty. This is his special work, above every other. . . . If he is engaged in business which almost wholly closes the door of usefulness to his family, he should seek other employment which will not prevent him from devoting

some time to his children. If he neglects them, he is unfaithful to the trust committed to him of God."—*The Adventist Home*, p. 221.

No father is justified in earning money or acquiring an education at the expense of his own children.

Noah preached for 120 years and had very little success apparently, but he did save his children, and God called him a "preacher of righteousness." If you never rise to the pinnacle of fame in this life but are a true father to your daughter, you are doing God's service.

On the other hand, if you can give the proper amount of time and encouragement to your wife and child, and at the same time improve your talents and increase your learning, that is ideal.

The services of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR Counsel Clinic are provided for those for whom this magazine is published, young people in their teens and twenties. Any reader, however, is welcome to submit a question to the Counsel Clinic. The answer will represent the considered judgment of the counselor, but is not to be taken as either an official church pronouncement or, necessarily, the opinion of the editors. Every question will be acknowledged. Problems and answers of general interest will be selected for publication, and will appear without identification of either questioner or counselor.

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



Key to source abbreviations published January 3, 1961.

► Total personal income in the U.S. in 1959 amounted to \$380.3 billion. Of this, wages and salaries amounted to 68.3 per cent, or \$295.5 billion. Some 12.2 per cent, or \$46.3 billion, was received as payment for work by the self-employed—shop owners, individual contractors, physicians, attorneys, architects, farmers, et cetera. The remaining 19.5 per cent of the total, or 74 billion, was received in the form of rent, interest, dividends, pensions, and social-insurance payments—shared by wage and salary earners as well as by the self-employed. NAM

► A mite small enough to hide under the head of a pin is the central figure in a \$5,000 Wyoming University research project that could mean a new concept in fly control. The little mite—native to some parts of the east—feeds on flies and fly eggs. Insect control researchers hope to "seed" mites in the fly's favorite breeding places and kill most flies before they mature.

Dairy Digest

► Without a birth certificate no one can get married in Yugoslavia. So Vebi Beciri must prove before the district court that he is alive. The twin brother of Vebi died several days after their birth, and by mistake the dead son was recorded in the books as alive. NOW

► The world consumption of heroin decreased from 1,558 kg. in 1934 to 74 kg. in 1959. WHO's Expert Committee on Addiction Producing Drugs has declared that other less dangerous drugs can replace it as a painkiller. WHO

► The Tower of London always keeps at least one raven. The tradition stems from Charles II, who predicted that England would fall if ravens ever left the Tower. NGS

► Contributions to the 1960 Heart Fund totaled \$26,663,224, a new all-time high for the campaign. AHA

► Mexico City's lowest street is more than a mile higher in altitude than the topmost points of New York skyscrapers. NGS

► The tin can, the world's most popular package, is the fifth largest consumer of steel: 4,944,817 tons of tin mill products made more than 43 billion cans last year. Steelways

► Convictions for drunk driving have risen from 30 per cent to 85 per cent in New York City since Drunkometer tests were initiated six years ago. About 2,000 people took the test in 1959. ITA

► Man set new records in 1960 for airplane speed, 1,525.9 miles per hour, and for height, 103,389 feet. A record parachute drop of more than 18½ miles was made from a balloon by Capt. Joseph W. Kittinger, Jr., of the U.S. Air Force. NGS

► Some 200 privately supported associations concerned with higher education will soon receive from the U.S. Office of Education's Division of Higher Education questionnaires concerning the nature and extent of higher education placement services offered. Science

► Borrowing a technique now common with American housewives, the military services have adopted the "supermarket" concept for expendable supply items. Self-service supply centers are saving thousands of military man-hours and have contributed to a three-year reduction of \$10 billion in warehouse inventories. USDI

► A new top-hat-shaped device that gives instantaneous and continuous data on satellite tumbling was recently unveiled. This data is essential for design of systems to counteract tumbling, an aspect of space travel that could spell tragedy for astronauts. In manned space vehicles and capsules this violent punishment could cause blackout, sickness, and consequent loss of control. Raytheon

► A medical thesis written 157 years ago by an obscure undergraduate contained the first evidence pointing to the action of acid in the digestive process. The study, submitted in 1803 by John R. Young, of "Hager's Town," Maryland, candidate for a medical degree at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine, presents findings that were buried for more than a century and did not become part of medical knowledge until they were rediscovered by other investigators. Scope

► Virtually noiseless drums have been perfected. Two manufacturers have developed practice drum equipment of a sound-deadening material covered with a polyester film, a plastic widely used as the skin on professional percussion instruments. The tough, abrasion-resistant material provides a crisp striking surface that is almost identical to that of the "live" instrument. Because of the unique pad construction, however, even the most energetic beating produces only a whisper of sound. This will prove a boon to student drummers perfecting their technique. Du Pont

► Prehistoric inhabitants of the Ohio River Valley built "tombs" for their distinguished dead. These ancient Indians, who appear to have occupied the area from about 800 B.C. to A.D. 800 are known generally as the Adena people. The tombs at Moundville, West Virginia, known as the Grave Creek Mound, and the Miamisburg Mound in Ohio are the most notable. Smithsonian

► Experiments with the toxin of the sea cucumber by the Navy show the possibility of increased safety for skin divers, survivors of shipwrecks and aircraft accidents, rescue parties, and marine salvage workers who may come in contact with sharks. The toxin acts as a repellent to sharks and other carnivorous and noxious marine animals. Naval Research Reviews

► At 6:00 P.M. Paris time on October 14, during the eleventh General Conference on Weights and Measures, the world adopted a new international standard of length—a wave-length of light—replacing the meter bar that has served as the standard for more than 70 years. Science

► New Yorkers often experience winters more severe than those in Reykjavik, Iceland's capital. A current extending from the warm Gulf Stream contributes to Reykjavik's 35-degree average in January, as compared to 30 degrees in New York. NGS

► It is estimated that today's college student enrollment of 3,242,000 will reach a staggering 7 million by 1970. By 1965, 43 per cent of the United States population between the ages of 18 and 21 will be enrolled in colleges and universities. Pak-Facts

► The technical manuals required for the operation and maintenance of a supersonic bomber make a stack 13½ feet high. Aerospace



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