

motive

*F*OR most of us religion has been completely unimportant. Religion, that is, of any real significance. We have given lip service to creeds and prayers, we have sung hymns when it was not too embarrassing, and on occasion we have found the church a useful institution for marriages, funerals and for those Sunday conscience-saving outlets which release our energies in basket giving at Thanksgiving and Christmas time.

But where is the creed of Christ finding a living witness on our campus? Where are the men and women who are going the second mile, who turn the other cheek, who love their enemies, who do good to them that spitefully use them? Where are these foolish ones who take seriously the impossible idealism of Jesus?

Where are the disciplined ones—those who through practice have made a way of life so real in their experience that others seeing them know that the miracle of a transformed life is still possible? Where are those who show that God has "toured through their hearts" and made their faces his "gay resorts and summer places"? Where are the students whose contagion is such that others knowing them will be affected and in turn converted?

Where are the Christian students whose sincerity and honest zeal is such that they have the enthusiasm of communist youth, or the fire of fascist youth, or the power of the nazi youth? Where are the believers in the Kingdom of God as something actual among us who are intelligent enough and sound enough emotionally to convince the best students on the campus that religion is chief and uppermost in importance in all our lives? Where are the consecrated few who can stand up and say to all the world that this way—through the ethics, morality and way of life of Jesus, taken seriously and lived in reality—is the only way, and that alone will it have anything to offer as a substitute for the ideologies and the methods of living exemplified in all countries?

For we believe that not through communism, socialism, fascism, nazism, or democracy will the world be saved—not through imperialism or benevolent empire will the way be found. We believe, and we are willing to stake our lives on it, that only through a Christian way of life, a life built fundamentally on Christ's teachings, will any certain future be found for mankind. For this we are willing to live and for this we are willing to give everything. This is the religion that must be demonstrated on the campus, for it must find an impetus there and an abiding possibility that can spread to all spheres of life. To believe it possible and to live to make it reality is the exciting adventure of the Christian student. In this dark hour he must come to shed abroad the radiance of an illuminated life and to demonstrate by living the actuality of the ideal that cries out now for embodiment in flesh and blood.

The Muriel Lester Co-operative House grew out of the earnest desire on the part of many girls to live, as well as believe, in "the brotherhood of man." The girls felt that this could best be done by living co-operatively with members of other races and other faiths. This idea crystallized after the winter discussion series. . . .

Theirs is a mixed group, both in the background of faith and of race. By living co-operatively they hope to learn tolerance and understanding of each other, as well as to appreciate the value of living the Christian doctrine.

Through the difficulties of setting up the house the group has been bound together in greater understanding. . . .

—Michigan Wesleyan, University of Michigan.

Child of the depression is the Ellis Housing Co-operative. Born out of the necessity of procuring an education on a minimum of funds, Midway student co-ops have been a source of substantial savings for many, have kept many a penniless seeker of knowledge on the Quadrangles. . . .

On the Midway the co-operative movement actually consists of six units; Ellis, Kimbark and Woodlawn eating co-ops, Ellis and University Housing organizations and a still-struggling, embryonic Services Club.

The student who must always think along lines of economy is inevitably relieved by the small \$4.50 charge for his 21 meals a week. And he can live at the Ellis Co-op for a base rate of \$9 a month. If Ellis is filled to its capacity of 26 men, he may find his room at the University Housing Co-op where another 17 are accommodated. The Services Club will purchase his books at a discount, minimize his laundry and cleaning worries, will obtain a shoe repair discount for him.

The history of Ellis housing and eating co-operative with 170 members, \$20,000 a year business, is the recording of a whole movement at the University of Chicago. The ASU was responsible for the conception of the Ellis Co-op as a venture to hold down eating bills. . . .

—Pulse, University of Chicago.

"It's Tops" is the exclamation of the eighteen Aggie coeds who are living at the co-operative house which is sponsored by the A. A. U. W.

The house, often spoken of as the "co-op" or "H-Aggie Hall," was furnished by members of Associated University Women and much of the work was done by their husbands and teachers

Five Hundred Can't Be Wrong

Education the Co-op Way

William H. Moore

IF a student wants to attend college, but is short of money, what can be done? The answer once was this: Borrow money if you can—otherwise stay out and work to earn money. The answer now is: Find a college with a co-op dorm, and go ahead.

At one pioneer co-op house, for instance, it was discovered that of the first 1,000 members, 95 per cent could not have attended college anywhere if it had not been for this co-op. Therein lies a clue to the beginning of most campus co-ops: a group of students decide to pool their resources, rent an old house, do their own work, and thus keep expenses low. They may go so far as to bring food from home. Canned food, fruit and vegetables have been commonest, but one man took his flock of chickens along, and still another took his milk cow to college to pay for his education. The point is that by one device or another the co-ops were started to help students stay in school.

And they did it. The early ones succeeded, grew, multiplied, and became focal centers for the establishment of new organizations. The co-op first referred to above, at Texas A & M, beginning with 12 students at mid-year, opened the following fall with 120, doubled the next year, and re-doubled the next. Then it added a couple of hundred more members the following year, and as many the next. Meanwhile with others started at Seattle and Berkeley, it was emulated elsewhere. These still stand among the largest in the United States, with hundreds of members each, but now they are by no means alone. Indeed there are now about 500 co-op units, counting 100,000 members and doing a business reckoned in the millions. Of these, growth has been most spectacular among the housing and eating co-ops.

Now comes the unexpected part of the story—unexpected, that is, by those who first lived in such houses. It quickly became obvious that the advantages of membership go far beyond the direct money savings (which are typically about 40 per cent). Of course there have been indirect savings, too, such as those which result when the Student Co-op Association at Seattle buys out the house for a theater performance, or the Wolverine at Michigan throws the best cheap dances on campus. But these indirect savings by no means tell the story.

EDUCATION IN THE PROCESS

Education itself is improved in the process. Education is improved in so many ways that we cannot here list all of them, but we can pick out a few typical enrichments.

Suppose you were president of an organization which had 30 members for whom a work schedule had to be prepared, food bought, tasks super-

vised, a cook hired, meetings called and led, an education program conducted, a social program maintained—and those activities merely began the list. Wouldn't your education be broadened? What of the accounting student who is called upon to devise a set of records adequate to keep track of all funds, but not too cumbersome? What of the treasurer who handles perhaps \$200 a year from every member in the organization? What of the officers who have to "sell" the school's administration on the wisdom of a projected expansion? What of the men who get their best public speaking training before the group, and those who get their first taste of leading public discussion away from disagreement and toward democratic agreement? What of the student who comes out a dietitian as a result of planning meals? What of the social chairman charged with the responsibility for a program as entertaining to the mousy wall-flower as to the handsome class president? Then, too, there is the work-organizer, who must produce an efficient organization, though he may have only half an hour a day from each member, at whatever time those members can work most conveniently. And this list could be considerably extended.

All these positions become vastly more demanding (and rewarding) as the co-op increases in size, which it usually does. Co-ops reporting an annual business of an eighth of a million dollars are by no means rare, and all executive positions become correspondingly increased in responsibility.

The educational effects, too, are apparent in the lives of each ordinary member, as well as in the activities of their chosen officers. Each member, for example, learns the discipline of working with others for a common goal. Have you ever stood waiting in a crowd for a chime to sound, telling that "soup's on"? Those who have don't need to be told that active, impatient students don't want to be kept waiting even one short minute when meal-time has arrived. Consider, then, the task placed on those who must do their work well enough to produce the hot food, ready for serving at the exact minute scheduled. None of your typical student's procrastination will do. Tomorrow isn't soon enough. Today's assignment must be done today—not only today, but at the appointed hour and minute. If you can't do your assignment, it's still your responsibility to see that some substitute does your work on time. Moreover, slipshod work won't pass muster. If your roommate suffers because you left a dust-pan on the stairs, you soon hear about it.

Really good work-schedulers go far beyond the mere building of an effective, efficient organization. They plan their assignments to give valuable "in-service" training along special lines. It's obviously common sense, for example, to call on accounting students to handle the records, and thus to get valuable experience as well as to promote the co-op's welfare. To assign a "slow-poke" to work with a sloppy speed-demon may not be quite as obvious, but it's often done. Out of the combination may come better performance by each. Or sometimes it works better to give each a dose of his own medicine. Thus a man who never cleans up after working can be assigned a job just after another person who has the same tendency. He then becomes the victim of his predecessor's carelessness, and soon learns that someone has to pick up the loose ends. At least he learns that lesson if the work-organizer is as adroit and alert as he needs to be.

TOWARD NEW UNDERSTANDING

Then there is the broadening effect of the refusal by the co-operative movement to be bound by prejudices of race, religion, or politics. For example, one university now has so many co-op organizations that it has set up an All-University Co-op Council; the latter has taken for one of its functions the assignment of new members in such a way as to widen the associations in each. Thus foreign students are assigned to co-ops who have previously had only American members, Catholics may be assigned to Protestant groups, Chinese students may be distributed as widely as possible, and so on

on the campus. Prof. H. H. Durham says he spent most of his vacation painting and doing other odd jobs to get the house in readiness. Some of the girls also turned painters and fixed up the furniture. . . .

All the work is done by the girls who arrange schedules for periods of two weeks. Two girls have to be the early risers and get breakfast ready by 6:30. The dishwashing job, which sometimes takes only ten minutes (if done in a hurry) falls to the lot of four more girls. Other girls get lunch, dinner, and clean house. One girl is responsible for the furnace and some of the girls have been seen cutting the lawn.

Besides school work and keeping house, all the girls take part in activities on the campus. . . .

—*Rocky Mountain Collegian*, Colorado College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN—With the addition of three new houses and the expansion of one of the existing houses, well over three hundred students are living in eleven co-op houses at the University of Michigan. Two of the new houses are for men, the Abe Lincoln Co-op House and the Gabriel Richard Co-op House, and the third, the Muriel Lester House, is for women. . . .

The Inter-Co-operative Council has aided this expansion through personnel and central buying activities. The Inter-Co-op Personnel Committee interviewed over 200 applicants for board and room, and placed as many as could be accommodated. Applicants are allocated first according to financial ability, the prices for room and board varying from \$2.00 to \$5.00. Competition among the houses for the "best" man is eliminated through having the placement of students handled by the Inter-Co-op Personnel Committee, which tries to place students in the house for which they seem best suited.

Co-operative buying is expanding this year, covering more commodities and handling greater quantities than ever before, due to the increased number of co-op members. Special contracts have been made for the purchase of canned goods and milk, cutting the costs of foodstuffs and supplies, and contracts are now being negotiated for meats and vegetables by the Inter-Co-operative Buying Committee.

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STATE COLLEGE, PENNSYLVANIA—In the fall of 1938 some industrious students at the Pennsylvania State College organized a College Co-op Society. This experiment in student housing and cooking started when some socially minded students returned from a trip to New York where they had seen some of the

Co-operative Housing Projects in operation. Members of the faculty serve on the Advisory Board. Stock is \$10 per share and in accord with the Rochdale principles, which are carried out; one member has one vote. The present program includes two houses and approximately 100 students. About twenty girls in each house hire a cook and pay a small fee to a general manager. The remainder of the work of housekeeping and preparing meals is done by the members. About thirty boys come in for meals and help with the social activities. Another important part of a co-operative program is not overlooked. An educational committee plans for speakers and group discussions to study social and economic problems. This plan is saving student members up to \$4 a week besides providing them with a lot of good times.

—*Campus Co-ops.*

For the purpose of reducing living expenses of student organizations on the campus, a co-operative wholesale house is being planned by the Inter-Co-op Council.

This movement, which has been discussed on the campus for the last three years, received the necessary impetus for completion at a meeting of the Consumers Co-operative Association at Kansas City, Mo., last week. . . .

Tentative plans call for the establishment of a wholesale house at some focal point in the University district to serve co-operative units, sororities, fraternities, and other organized groups on the campus. Initial outlay for the project, computed at \$2,500, will be raised by the sale of shares. Both common and preferred stock will be offered.

The Rochdale Plan will serve as the basis for operation. This calls for open membership, democratic control, assured by limiting each member to one vote, limited interest on all capital invested, and savings returned in proportion to purchases.

The store will be controlled by a board of directors. . . .

—*Daily Texan.*

ATHENS, GA.—A new co-operative dormitory, the fourth in three years, was opened last fall at the University of Georgia.

Last year students in the boys' dormitory were able to obtain room, board, and laundry for \$35 per quarter and thus make it possible to get through an entire year of college for approximately \$250. Those students in the dormitory receiving NYA help were able to cut costs to a bare \$170 and several will complete four years of undergraduate work on a total cash output of less than \$700!

—all in an effort to broaden the educational contacts of each member of each co-op. Out of such sharing of experiences come new understandings and firm friendships, cutting across artificial barriers of religion, color, and belief.

It has been said that civilization is now dependent on the outcome of a race between education and chaos. Unless education can do its job quickly enough, we face a new Dark Age. Certainly many wide-awake college students are only too aware of the shortcomings of our present economic and political devices, and are looking eagerly for more hopeful forms. It seems to be no accident that those who join co-ops convince themselves rather quickly that they have joined a movement rich in promise for bringing a smoother-working, more just and more hopeful economy. That conviction of being on the right trail, at a time when so many are confused and restless—that conviction itself is worth a lot to those who achieve it.

In education's efforts to do its job, campus co-ops are offering vigorous help. Not only do they enable poorer men and women to attend college, but also they are providing a better education for those who come. This better education must be understood in terms of democratic sharing of common goals, of socializing experiences in group living, of rewarding results of applied Christianity. For it has been found that a "co-operative" without the co-operative spirit simply doesn't work. It flops every time, whereas the campus co-op *with* the co-operative spirit almost invariably succeeds if there is any need for the services it can render.

So among co-op members it becomes essential to develop *co-operators*. In the difference between those two terms lies a gulf which too many modern men fail to bridge. A campus co-op almost forces its members to make the jump, and become "co-operators." This is necessary for self-preservation. If we were to try to define "co-operative spirit," perhaps the best among many inadequate definitions would be this: *willingness to do your share, and a little bit more.* In a co-op made up of people like that, no one actually has to do more than his share regularly, but the mere fact that each is willing keeps operations smooth and successful. As a result of such training, the co-operators whom the co-op turns out should become key individuals in building a better world for us all. They should do so, and there is every indication that they will.

Co-op members are no run-of-the-mine mediocrities. Co-ops attract able men far out of proportion to their membership. After several years of operation during depression years, one large co-op was able to report that every graduate had stepped into a job at graduation time, despite total lack of "pull." At other schools it is no longer a question whether a co-op house will lead the honor-roll for organizations; the only question is *which* co-op will lead. Ohio State University uses the space under its stadium to house a co-op whose members are chosen from the very ablest students among the high schools throughout the state. Phi Beta Kappas and athletes and student officials belong in large numbers throughout the country. Apparently co-ops attract good men and graduate better ones.

Campus co-ops of course cannot do the whole job of making this a better world, but co-operators are doing their share—and more. If your campus needs such a co-op, you are cordially invited to write to the National Committee on Student Co-operatives, Hanover, Indiana. Co-ops throughout the country have collaborated to furnish material designed to help establish new organizations. It sells for 5 cents to 10 cents, but if that seems to be more money than you can invest, write anyway. Five hundred organizations have proved it can be done, and they are waiting for your group to join their list.

[Editor's Note: For additional articles and news notes concerning co-operatives on the campus, see the department on "Co-operatives," edited by Gerald L. Fiedler, in the first four issues of *motive*. In the March issue the Rochdale principles were listed and discussed; the May issue included information regarding the Rochdale Institute.]

A Mighty Hard to Believe Yarn

Homer T. Fort, Jr.

THIS is the story of something that couldn't have happened, shouldn't have happened, and would not have happened—by all the rules governing man and the things he does. But when the impossible is done, and a \$35,000 communal living center is built on a shoe-string by a "bunch of college kids," then the word for it is what university officials call it—"marvelous."

Many of the officials at the University of Texas are co-op minded, and the announcement of Campus Guild's intent to build themselves a house pleases them mightily. They have reason to be pleased. But it hasn't been the first time they've watched the Guild, a co-operative rooming house on the U. T. campus, become a *first* in accomplishment.

As a matter of fact, the idea of the Campus Guild sprang full blown from the brain of Carroll Moon, then Director of Student Activities in the Wesley Foundation at Austin. The story is told that Moon and two of his friends were strolling down one of Austin's streets one night when a rather ramshackle building was noticed on the other side of the avenue. Mindful of financial difficulties involving students, Moon said thoughtfully, "Say, why don't we rent that old place, get up a gang, and live there? Might save something on rent."

In February, 1937, thirteen boys moved into the house with a determination to give co-op living a try; up to that time it had met with no great success at Texas U., the opening of the Guild making that co-op the second one on the campus.

It wasn't long until the Guild was being christened the "Wesley Guild." Practically the entire membership was drawn from Wesley Foundation members; since 1937 three of the Foundation presidents have been Guild members, and every year from one to six Foundation Council members have also had Guild membership. Although there is no official connection between the organizations, one of the boys termed the Foundation "a sort of god-father," and that might be the best term for it. Certainly there's plenty of friendship between the two.

The Guild not long afterwards moved into another house and allowed some of the backlog on her application list to be used up. The living capacity of the new house was forty—and there were forty members ready to move in. Soon another house was rented, and the membership was upped to seventy-five.

YARN INTO LEGEND

That's the setting for a very, very true yarn that's turning into legend on the Texas campus.

It began over a "short coffee session" back in February of 1941. Two of the boys were discussing a question of administration—only their name for Guild administration is a "rough old democracy." The Guild houses were being criticized as being anything but convenient either for study or pleasure, and in this particular co-op democracy, criticism is neither mild nor short-lived. So when Powell Compere, one of the Guild's leaders, heard the other boy suggest "building ourselves a house" he pricked up his ears.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Well, look," said the other. "I've got an architect friend who's interested in students and in the Guild. He's anything but orthodox—maybe he can give us the dope on building a house for ourselves."

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MINNEAPOLIS—The largest private rooming house on the University of Minnesota campus is co-operatively-owned by the students.

The house is centrally located and has facilities for an eating club which serves meals to students at \$4.50 per week on the co-op plan. Board and room are offered at \$84 a quarter.

Capital is raised by requiring each student who lives at the house to purchase one share of non-interest bearing stock at \$2.50 during each quarter he lives in the house. A student staying four years will thus accumulate \$30 in shares. The common stock is converted to 5% preferred stock when the student completes his education and the preferred stock will be redeemed three to five years after the member leaves the University. The conversion of the common stock into preferred stock keeps the control of the co-op in the hands of active consumers, and inactive shareholders assume the role of investors.

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WEST LAFAYETTE, IND.—For all practical purposes, student co-operatives on the Purdue campus started in 1935. Four fellows to whom the financial problem was acute, decided to pool their resources and live together. They had been inspired by Miss Helen Topping, Kagawa's secretary. They started out in the second story of the Methodist Church's Wesley Foundation house. The church encouraged the co-operative then as now.

Since 1935 the student co-operatives have grown steadily and in 1940 more than 300 students were members of 16 co-op houses. The co-op members elect a president, vice president, secretary, treasurer, house (work) manager, purchasing agent and social and educational chairmen. They pay from \$19 to \$23 a month, which includes all living expenses that come under the general heading of "board and room." All of the houses have housemothers and faculty advisers. All work is divided equally and nobody can work less by paying more. The students average about one hour per day working in and about the house to keep it functioning smoothly. Each house elects two delegates to the Student Co-operative Association board. This board correlates and integrates the activities of the separate houses.

—*Campus Co-ops.*

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Tunbridge, Vt., April 19.—Twenty members of Camp and Council, Inc., a public, non-profit corporation for the continuance of Camp William James, the voluntary work-service and rural-rehabilitation project started at Sharon, Vt., in January, have been living co-operatively in Tunbridge since the end of February, and next week will move to their own

230-acre farm that will become the center of what they now call the "Tunbridge Movement."

Camp William James, named for the Harvard philosopher who urged a program of productive community service that would be "a moral equivalent for war," was started experimentally in the back-hill region of Sharon on January 7 under the supervision of the United States Department of Agriculture. Over the protest of local supporters, the camp was transferred to the Civilian Conservation Corps on February 21, whereupon its forty-two enrollees petitioned for discharges, and Camp and Council, Inc., was formed.

The new co-operative organization, including a number of recent graduates of Harvard University and Dartmouth College, has established a common treasury with funds earned by members working as farmhands and woodsmen, and has received a gift of \$1,000 from Mr. and Mrs. Henry Copley Greene, of Cambridge, Mass., and a grant from the Goodwill Fund, Inc., established by the late E. A. Filene, of Boston, to assist in the formation of co-operatives. . . .

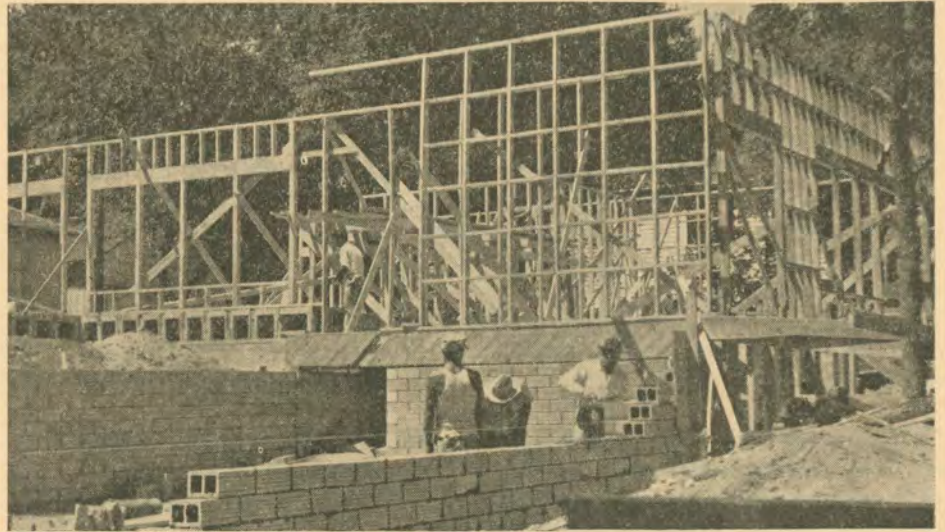
Designed as an experimental group open to youths from all walks of life and all parts of the country, the original camp's community program differed from the C.C.C. in that the personnel was conceived as a labor reserve for farmers who were unable to afford or to obtain hired hands, and that the enrollees were to co-operate directly with local communities to revive run-down and abandoned farming areas in the back hills. Their long-range projects of rehabilitation and resettlement were planned to check economic decline prevalent in large sections of Vermont.

Seventeen of the original forty-two moved to this new location after receiving honorable discharges from the C.C.C., and soon were joined by three others. The remainder, needing to support their families, facing the draft, or continuing studies, left the camp.

Since March 6 the camp members, eleven of whom are college graduates, have been working out the problems of their new life. They elected Robert O'Brien, Dartmouth '40, their group leader, and selected two youths as cooks, Alvin Eisenman, Dartmouth '40, and Daniel Goldsmith, Juilliard School of Music, both of New York City. A treasurer was appointed and a daily list of kitchen police posted.

The members are aiming at self-sufficiency and plan experiments with new crops in Vermont on the new farm they will occupy next week. . . .

. . . . O'Brien . . . pointed out that the camp recently completed a lumbering job which brought money into the treasury. "Cutting to halves" with a local



University of Texas men who moved into the Campus Guild's new house this fall know how it feels to live in a house built with their own hands. This is how it's done.



Accordingly the architect came forth with suggestions. What he had in mind was something new—something that struck the fancy of the Guild's group-minded members. He wanted them to build a house. He wanted that house to be made up of living units in which groups of boys would sleep and work together in huge rooms with the co-operative spirit to make it work. And he wanted that house to be worth living in.

Morris Hassell, Guild president, put the question: "Shall we do it?" The answer he got was a resounding "Aye!" *Finance* was the word from then on. For the Campus Guild was starting out to build a \$35,000 house on a treasury of practically nothing. As with all co-ops, the original idea had been to keep expenses down, and the result had been an almost non-existent profit margin. That meant money was going to have to come from somewhere, and it was going to have to come soon if the Guild was to move into new quarters by the opening of the fall semester of 1941.

They first talked to an Austin lumber company.

"Sure," the board of directors finally said, "we like what you're doing. We'll actually finance the house if you can get somebody to underwrite the cost of the land."

\$4,500—they had still to raise that much money, and it seemed to be as impossible as the original sum. A "council of war" was called. Powell Compere was given charge of the campaign. "We'll pitch in and do everything we can," the others said, and the result of the meeting was a thorough ransacking of all Texas, searching for some philanthropist or financier who would be the "good angel" for the \$4,500. Home town bankers and merchants were besieged for aid—with no result.

"I'd be a fool," said one, "to lend money to a non-profit-making outfit like that. How'd I get it back?"

In vain Guild members pointed out that they had an A-1 credit rating, and that the University of Texas was unofficially very proud of the co-ops in the way they had met obligations. But still they didn't have the \$4,500.

TRIP TO THE EAST

It was then that Ed Hamilton, one of Austin's Guild friends, suggested they go to Washington and see if any of the government agencies would lend a hand. Three hours later he and Compere were setting out on a nightmare quest for funds in the East, bolstered only by a letter of recommendation from U. T.'s President Homer P. Rainey and much faith and courage.

Time was running by, and the house should have been in construction before. Compere says mildly, "We didn't take much time getting there"—something of an understatement if scared pedestrians along the route are to be believed.

Washington was discouraging. RFC and FHA turned thumbs down on the pleas of Hamilton and Compere. They began making a circuit of the friends they knew, and from a number of sources they collected about \$600—encouragement but just not enough. One night they telephoned Austin to get a report on money-raising activities since they had left.

"How much has come in?" they asked.

"Twenty-five dollars," was groaned over the wire.

The next day they tried to see Mrs. Roosevelt, who, they knew, was interested in such projects and had long been a firm friend to youth everywhere. They could not reach her. "Mrs. Roosevelt is out of town," or "Mrs. Roosevelt is extremely busy," were the answers to requests for interviews they asked for every day. Despairing of further aid in Washington, they went to New York, hopeful of getting consideration from the Century and Filene funds and other foundations that were known to have been of aid in other cases. This idea was speedily killed even as others had been.

Then to Philadelphia—and a break, for the first time. A professor of economics at the University of Pennsylvania grinned at their story and promised \$1,000. Then they heard that Arthur Sanders, former Wesley Foundationite and also a Guild friend, was in town briefly; they met him by accident. Yes, he thought he could give a little help, but the thing to do was to write a certain New York philanthropist that he knew; the address was accordingly given and a letter dispatched. From Texas they heard

farmer, they sold fifty cords of hardwood to the owner of the Tunbridge Creamery. Wind and snowdrifts have delayed work on another lumbering job. But by next week they will have completed sugaring operations on an orchard of 1,200 maple trees. . . .

Nine of the group have hired themselves out at a dollar a day, and the cash earned has been turned back into the treasury for the camp's mutual projects. Some have to send money home, and these get sufficient amounts over the regular weekly wage of \$2 a man.

"The best thing about being here and working in Tunbridge," O'Brien said, "is that we're part of a community. You can't distinguish between our group and the townspeople. Some of us have been here almost a year now. We go to them for advice, and they come to us for help. They are behind us."

. . . . Eager to support the camp, now that the youths have established their routine once more, this group [Council of Nine Townships] that helped sponsor the original camp is anxious to organize community projects, such as flood control and land-erosion checks.

—*New York Herald Tribune.*

We, at the old Chris Gruber farm, are not "men of the soil." I'm from Boston. Someone else lives in San Francisco. Two more in New York. Living on a farm is different for most of us. Now we get up with the sun, and we go to bed with the sun. We notice how beautiful the sunset is. Sunsets aren't much to look at in the city.

Most of us have visited at Chris Gruber's farm. The big farm with the white barn. I spent the other day haying there. I had never done haying before. To tell the truth, I didn't know much about it. But I went to it with a will. I climbed all over the hay rack, and got my fork in the wrong places, and almost fell off the edge when the hay got higher. Mr. Gruber asked me if I was trying to "kill the hay." It was a good joke; but I soon found out there was an art about haying. The art of relaxed muscles, of letting the machinery do the work, of knowing where to place the long strands of hay and how to handle the pitch fork. And "mowing" hay up in the hayloft is an art, too. The big chunk of hay lumbers and swings across the roof along the ridge pole. A mountain of hay to be sorted and leveled, hay dropped at your feet, hay that smells of the countryside, of the soil.

It was hot work up there in the high, white barn, right close to the roof. And I talked the long afternoon with Rod, the hired man. We worked together; and then we talked while a new load was coming in from the fields. We told what

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we believe in. Beliefs about life, about city and country, about war and peace. Peace to build the soil. Peace to raise a family in, peace to give to children. . . .

It was my first real stay at a farm. The barnyard with the cattle; and the tractors and the hay loaders and trucks and cultivators and planters. Farming is pretty scientific. A real business investment; a business investment that needs a stable market. Perhaps this scheme about co-operatives will work. I've heard some talk about it since I've been here. Talk about stable markets and set prices and crop insurance. Talk about saving the soil and helping to build the soil. Markets these days aren't very stable. After the last war there weren't any markets for a lot of folks. I hope it won't happen after this war. Perhaps America ought to stay out. . . .

The soil on our farm is pretty well depleted. Mr. Chris Gruber told me that you have to put back into the soil what you take from it. Nitrates, and phosphates, and organic matter. He said it wasn't fair to profit from something and pay nothing in return. To seize the soil and take from it and not build it again. God didn't make things work that way. Perhaps that's why wars don't work.

—Charles P. Edwards, Bowdoin '41, Peace Caravaner with Student Peace Service of American Friends Service Committee, in *The Sauk County News*, Prairie du Sac, Wisconsin, July 17.

A campus survey recently revealed 70 campus activities, exclusive of athletics, in which Albion students can participate. This list is only tentative, and completion of the survey is expected to show an increase in the number of activities.

With class work supposedly the primary objective of college, does this number of activities seem too large, so that participation interferes with class work?

A few of the activities included in the list of seventy would in no way interfere with class work. There is another small group listed, of which a student can participate in only one. This still leaves, however, the great majority of activities. And with work and recreation, in addition to study and class work, does participation in even a few of them put too great a load on the student?

According to the survey, a large group of students participating in one or more activities was found to have less than the required point average for such participation. Would it seem, therefore, that enforcement of the requirements for participation in activities might encourage a rise in point average among the members of this group?

The better student, too, may possibly be producing work below his actual capacity because of the number of extra-curricular activities in which he engages.

that Fred Schmidt, ex-Guild president, was sending \$500. Soon the New Yorker's air-mail letter was in their hands—\$1,500 was promised. Back in Washington with \$3,500 raised and only \$1,000 to go, they decided to call Mrs. Roosevelt again, and again she could not be seen. Trusting that Texas would yield the rest of the money, they left. Three hours later the White House called and said the wife of the President would like to talk to them for about forty-five minutes. "Heartbreak" was the word for it when they heard.

They could not raise the rest of the money—it couldn't be done; there was only one thing left to do. They went to the lumber company and said: "We've got \$3,500. You've got to let us have the rest or it's just no go." They got it.

DREAM INTO ACTUALITY

Plans were completed, and work began on July 7. But—they were building a co-op house. "Why don't we do the actual construction work?" they said. So they invited in members of other co-ops, and under the eyes of a professional foreman they began to build their house. For some Dallasites and Houstonians hammer wielding was a mystery, but amateur pride turned their work into a professional job, and the house grew and grew amazingly fast. September 20 is still deadline time, and the boys say, "We'll have her up by then."

They'll have something when they get through. The Campus Guild's new home will have four "living units" of twenty boys each, the idea being to carry the co-op plan through to a maximum in efficiency. Huge sleeping porches will save space. Reception rooms will await visitors. Fluorescent lighting is being placed in the large study-halls where individual desks will permit mass "cramming," and places for group study are already planned—"bull session rooms" is the Guild's name for them. To give typists a chance to bang out words to their heart's content, separate rooms are being provided away from the study-halls.

A few blocks away the Wesley Foundation is proud of its five-year-old protégé. Well it might be. What the Guild has done is sometimes called in Texas "a mighty hard to believe yarn," but Guild members shrug and say, "Well, look for yourself—it's there." And so it is!

Experiment in Roxbury

J. A. Leatherman

IT was the "eleventh hour" of the first semester and the stress of exams was upon us when the eight* of us students at Boston University School of Theology knew definitely that we were to live in the slums of Roxbury the following semester. We had come together in several "bull sessions" because of our like-mindedness at several points. We were dissatisfied with our own wasteful mode of living. We wanted the opportunity for fellowship which the school dormitories denied. We desired a deeper spiritual life. Moreover, there had been a growing conviction in the mind of each of us that the Church had lost touch with the intolerable conditions as they exist in the lives of innumerable unfortunate men and women. Living in a school of theology, in a well-to-do section of a large metropolis, enjoying all the advantages of student life, how much did we know of the needs about which

* James Laird, Ernest Troutner, John Magee, Jr., Kenneth Metcalf, John Seay, Tom Maurer, Arthur Thurman, J. A. Leatherman.

we talked—what were we sacrificing for the advancement of the Kingdom of God? Some of us had recently finished reading the life of St. Francis and we knew that the throb of eternal love within a man's breast might move him to a more radical following of Jesus' way of life, especially in this time of world crisis. Hence, we left the halls of our school dormitory for a small four-room house in Roxbury—the worst that Ken and Ernie could find.

Later we drew up a statement of the forces which had moved us to experiment in community living and that which we hoped to achieve. This is the statement of motive and purpose.

AMIDST THE DISINTEGRATION OF SOCIAL LIFE, THE WORLD IS SEEKING COMMUNITY, AND WE BELIEVE THAT THERE IS NO SOLUTION OF THE WORLD'S NEEDS SHORT OF THOSE RADIANT CONCEPTIONS OF GOD, MAN, AND SOCIETY WHICH JESUS TAUGHT. WE BELIEVE THAT WHENEVER ANY GROUP OF PEOPLE, HOWEVER SMALL, CEASE TO LIVE UNTO THEMSELVES, THERE PEACE IS BORN, POSITIVE AND DYNAMIC. WE BELIEVE THAT THE CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY IS THE ANSWER TO THE WORLD'S DEEPEST NEEDS.

*"What life have you, if you have not life together?
There is no life that is not in community,
And no community not lived in praise of God."*

—T. S. Eliot

WE SEEK AN ANSWER TO JESUS' PRAYER "THAT ALL MIGHT BE ONE," NOT IN IMPERSONAL AND VIOLENT COLLECTIVISMS, BUT IN VOLUNTARY, CO-OPERATIVE FELLOWSHIP. IN A DAY WHEN MEN ARE BEING MOBILIZED FOR PURPOSES OF DESTRUCTION, WE FEEL THE CALL OF GOD TO AN ALTERNATIVE WITNESS OF RECONCILIATION, BINDING UP OF WOUNDS, AND CREATIVE RECONSTRUCTION. THIS WE PURPOSE TO EFFECT BY:

1. Economic simplicity—limiting group and personal expenditures.
2. Strict group and personal discipline.
3. Self-disarmament and living the way of non-violence.
4. Pledging the vow of truth.
5. Giving the witness of redemptive love in every phase of life.
6. Sharing our deepest experiences through worship and meditation.
7. Living in constant communion with God, and acting as though the Kingdom of God were here now.

WE PURPOSE TO EXPOSE OURSELVES TO A DEEPENING AWARENESS OF THE SOCIAL CONDITIONS OF THE LESS FORTUNATE MEMBERS OF OUR WORLD SOCIETY, AND SEEK AS FAR AS POSSIBLE TO BRIDGE THE GAP WHICH HAS COME BETWEEN THEM AND THE CHURCH. THIS WE PURPOSE TO EFFECT BY:

1. Direct service to our brother man.
2. Using the technique not of revolution but of regeneration.
3. Visiting the poor.
4. Preaching on the highways and byways the news of the Kingdom.
5. Seeking for youth a new type of recreation to supplant the enervating dissipation of our profit-seeking society.
6. Meeting men everywhere on the level of their own religious needs.
7. Praying that the social implications of Jesus' teaching might be revealed to us and to His church.

DAYS IN ROXBURY

Fortunately for us, the Dean looked upon our experiment with favor, and many persons in the Churches which we served were generous with their help—from sewing the straw ticks for our cots to donating chairs and plates. The greatest criticism came from those of our fellow students who looked upon us as impractical idealists and accused us of being "ascetic," saying that we were withdrawing from the realities of life (as though any situation could be more completely divorced from life than a men's dormitory on Beacon Hill!). And, of course, we had to face the argument that we were sacrificing scholarship for experience.

John Seay, one of the pioneers, tells something of the earlier experiences at the house. "I have never lived on a farm, but it is impossible for me to imagine a traditional pig pen in as filthy a condition as was 50 on good old Chadwick Street, Roxbury. When John Magee, Art Thurman, and I started, one cold February morning, to remove the accumulated litter, the consensus

It may be that the direction of activities is left to the better student because of his capabilities, with the resultant load reducing his ability to produce the excellent class work of which he is capable.

Would it seem advisable, then, to enforce the regulations concerning point average with the hope that such enforcement would stimulate the poorer student who desires to participate in activities to obtaining higher marks? And would it be a help to have a definite limit to the number of activities in which students and faculty members can take part, with the hope here that participation in such activities will not be detrimental to other work?

—*Pleiad*, Albion College (Michigan).

At its weekly meeting Monday, CAC granted two more weeks to the probationary period of J Club, junior men's honorary, in which time the president must present a written constitution, list of officers, and a program for next year before the club is recognized or disbanded.

J Club was put on probation last year when it failed to justify itself as a purposeful and active organization.

—*Ohio University Post*.

Last week this department presented an appraisal of the Extra-Curricular Activities System. We discussed the inequalities wrought by the out-of-proportion time hours and value points feature in the light of administrative efficiency and accomplishment of purpose. Concluding, we promised a solution to this vexing problem would be forthcoming.

Our solution coincides with that formulated by the Student Senate after a thorough study and discussion. The proposal is this:

1. That a complete list of all extra-curricular activities be compiled;
2. That all time hour and value points be entirely eliminated;
3. That each member of the three upper classes be required to participate in at least one activity per college year;
4. That a maximum limit of two or three activities be set for students having a scholastic average less than 70.

5. That freshmen be required only to complete the course in physical education, all further freshmen activities being regulated by the Board of Deans as in the present system.

This system would do away with involved problems of administration. Moreover, it would accomplish the purposes of the Extra-Curricular Activities System in a very satisfactory manner. All activities would be given recognition in an unbiased fashion. All students would participate in activities, still there would be positive checks to prevent the hapless individual from submerging himself in

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a sea of activities, dragging his scholastic average with him. Finally, freshmen would be carefully and gradually guided in entering activities. All in all, this would make for a well-rounded and efficient Extra-Curricular Activities System.

—*Dickinsonian*, Dickinson College (Pennsylvania).

Too few people hold too many offices. This observation is doubly true on a small campus such as ours. We feel that a small minority practically run the campus while the great majority sit back and contribute nothing, partly because they do not have the opportunity. Nor do they receive the benefits in leadership training to be derived from the management of extra-curricular activities.

We suggest as a remedy for this situation, a point system whereby each important campus office be allotted a value of a certain number of points and every student be limited to a maximum point total. . . .

The complaint that Mount Union has too many activities would be groundless if the same people didn't help to run all of them. . . .

—*Dynamo*, Mount Union College (Ohio).

Some statistician recently estimated that with some three hundred clubs and organizations and committees and so forth, the University has the worst case of "meetingitis" of any similar community in the nation.

This lucky fellow had only to estimate or to calculate, as it were, the number. It's the persons here on the spot that have to contend with the conglomeration. And one never realizes the significance of those three hundred groups until he tries to set a meeting date for the 301st group. . . .

For one thing, you can't get together any weekday afternoon because of labs and classes. Somebody is always in one or the other, and he's usually the head of the important committee.

Then, you might as well count out Tuesday nights, because fraternities and sororities long since monopolized that night. Of course, that makes it a field day for independent organizations—until they begin to overlap.

Third, you definitely can't convene Saturday nights and chances are that Friday night sessions won't draw a quorum, if any attention.

Fourth, Sundays are generally dangerous times, particularly on football and lovely fall week-ends, cold and rainy winter week-ends, and picnic spring week-ends.

Fifth, by this time all Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights are taken up.

of opinion was that we would be lucky if we moved into the place in two weeks, much less one. There was a definite note of mustiness in the ozone, and the upstairs was considerably improved when we shut the cellar door, thereby cutting off the basement contribution to the general disagreeable odor. John and Art immediately began to cart out junk from the first floor. Because I have always loved moving into a different house, and because I have always hoped that I would find something, I volunteered to clean the upstairs—secretly vowing to look in every cranny for anything that might be interesting. The other two fellows were in the back yard when I emitted the most fiendish howl within my repertoire. In my hands I held some green pieces of paper, and upon close examination discovered that I had found the unbelievable sum of \$45. That was the financial bonanza that saw us through considerable education in the beginning of a household. I must candidly confess that married life never looked so expensive a problem until we started barely to furnish our little home. Though we had scrubbed the floors, walls, and windows numerous times, they still seemed fairly to exude dirt. We had no heat in the house the first day with the exception of a little coal-oil stove. Each of us declared at the close of the day that we had been brought closer to death by fumes than we dared believe. Immediately we decided to purchase a stove. Upon consideration we investigated oil-



The house at 50 Chadwick Street

range units. On the morrow, a hardware man installed a two-unit burner in an old kitchen coal stove, and we never again suffered from the cold. Bless that \$45! This was only one of the many household worries that beset us, but which by no means detracted from the sense of fellowship or thorough joy of the experiment. In fact, we found that as a group it stimulated considerable joviality, as we were from time to time called to speculate upon our collective plight."

The daily schedule which we attempted to follow called for rising time at 6:00, silent meditation from 6:15 to 6:45, breakfast from 7:00 to 7:30, work at the house from 7:30 to 7:45 at which time we left for school. In the evening we left school at 5:00, ate at 6:30, held quiet hours for study from 7:00 to 10:00, devotions until 10:15, and retired at 10:30. We were soon to discover that our heavy schedules of study and work would permit very little activity in the neighborhood. For that reason, the value of our project cannot be measured in terms of service rendered the people about us. However, all of us experienced a new sense of "common brotherhood" with those of any station, and with less regard for dirty faces or shabby clothes.

The greatest values in our project came from the growth of fellowship itself, and the deepening of spiritual community. There were times in the morning meditation, in the evening devotions while kneeling for prayer, in

singing hymns by candlelight, or in extended discussions when the promise of Jesus to "two or three" gathered in His name found fulfillment.

WHAT WE LEARNED

Finally, let me outline the suggestions that we would follow in beginning another such experiment or that we would pass on to any like group.

1. Those concerned should spend at least two months defining the purpose of the group, making sure that they are like-minded, spiritual persons, thoroughly committed to Jesus' way of life.
2. The combination of voluntary poverty, study, and group labor needs to be definitely defined. This includes motives, schedules, disciplines, and even diets.
3. The enthusiasm of busy students, working their way through school, should not be crushed by planning too many community activities. It takes time to prepare meals and tidy a house, and a summer project might be better for students. The greatest stress of the program should be on the disciplined practice of the Presence of God.
4. The group should be small. Four is ideal.
5. Have a truth session at least once a week *without* fail. Aside from this, one member should never criticize another, even in jest.
6. The project must not be an end in itself. It should be the center of further activity, always working that others might have the blessing of a similar experience.

Where Two or More Are Gathered Together

An Organization Results

George Beach

WHEN two of us Americans meet on the street, according to Will Rogers, one sneaks out a gavel and bangs the other to order. This hyperparliamentarianism, the natural carry-over from many tedious hours spent in committee meetings, panel discussions, assemblies, conventions, and banquets, is bearable if it indicates the will of a people to discuss issues and freely to decide between them. But too many college organizations do not buoy the freedom of the republic quite so much as that of the roll-caller, and are not only a bad drag on time, but a sort of solvent, disintegrating the disciplines of individual distinctive effort. Mass thought and mass action, on the comfortable plane of the lowest common denominator acceptable to all, displace clear-cut personal reactions. The frequent assemblies of our countless galaxies of college clubs with no other purpose in view than taking the political temperature and reading fresh members in and exhausted members out, are as pointedly inane as the laborious risings and goings to bed of Louis Fourteenth. At least the cautious Bourbon refrained from reading the minutes and altering the constitution at each session, thus holding the candle to many U. S. college clubs, which do.

Are our colleges organization-ridden today? Do they allow too many overlapping clubs and societies to flourish at the expense of honest research and the intensive individual effort which can alone provide the facts for living so desperately needed today? Or is the organization problem purely

Sixth, also, most of the patience of the people in your group is taken up.

On top of that, during political season most weekday nights are chock full of 11 o'clock, 12 o'clock, and 1 o'clock confabs over coffee, cokes, or what have you. Of course, there still remain breakfast sessions to be exploited, but they usually turn out to "bed" ideas.

Moral: You just can't make both ends meet at the same time.

—Daily Texan.

Significant is the day-to-day work being done at U.C.L.A. by the 29 campus fraternities working together for their common good under a fraternity advisory system. Under this system, each fraternity contributes to the establishment of the adviser's position, and the adviser acts as a co-ordinator of fraternity activities on campus.

The co-operative fraternity program already has effected changes in the rushing system, aided the scholarship program of each house, and assisted and advised in financial matters. The big problem now facing the program is to establish some sort of co-operative buying system, with resulting economies to each house.

The experiment of the 29 co-operating fraternities is being watched up and down the coast. The program is just beginning to bear fruit. If it lives up to expectations, other universities will no doubt follow in U.C.L.A.'s footsteps.

—California Daily Bruin, U.C.L.A.

According to Arthur R. Warnock, dean of men at Penn State, the prospective fraternity pledge is no longer so vitally interested in the social prestige of a house as he was in the '20's. The advantages to him in getting an education that will lead to employment and getting and holding a job after graduation are now of prime importance.

Dean Warnock's recommendations to fraternities to meet this new demand include aids for study, for personality development, for broadening opportunities through the use of library facilities, and for vocational guidance and placement of seniors after graduation through fathers and alumni.

"If fraternity chapters could get a reputation for doing these things in an outstanding way, in addition to providing the normal advantages of fraternity membership," Dean Warnock commented, "they would create a situation in which their customers, the prospective pledges and their parents, would no longer consider fraternity membership a luxury to be enjoyed if it could be afforded, but rather almost a necessity to be had even at the cost of sacrifices."

—Cornell Daily Sun.

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About four months ago, a boy and a girl on the Forty Acres started going with each other, just like about three thousand other boys and girls around here go with each other. But this particular boy and girl were different somehow. After a couple of weeks, they discovered they were in love. . . .

They were completely happy. Each walked around in a sort of daze and nothing else mattered much. There were just two hitches—the girl belonged to one of the self-styled “better” sororities and the boy was a Jew.

The girl's Dear Sweet Sisters watched her growing happiness with alarm. (When one belongs to one of the better sororities, you know, one's happiness is of necessity subjugated to the far more important demands of one's social position.) So, one night the Dear Sweet Sisters had a heart-to-heart talk with the girl.

They didn't care, they lied, whom she went with. It was really none of their business, they said quite truthfully.

But, they said—aye, here's the rub—did she think it was fair to the Sorority for her to be making a spectacle of herself with a common Jew? . . .

The Dear Sweet Sisters weren't even ladies enough to put it bluntly. They didn't need to be. The girl understood perfectly. She told the boy it was all off. Worse, she told him why. He spent many a weary hour trying to dissuade her, but she was True to the Dear Sweet Sisters. . . .

The most amazing thing about this story is that it could have happened at all at a University which inscribes across its main building, “Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.”

Most of the blame could probably justly be laid on the immaculate tile steps of the sorority. . . .

From the start of her freshman year when a girl doesn't make the sorority of her choice until the end of her senior year when she can't even choose her own husband, the Dear Sweet Sisters run her college career.

A few girls are strong-minded enough to pull through. Most of them aren't.

—From a letter to the editor in a university newspaper.

Undergraduate interfraternity councils throughout the United States and Canada will compete this year for the initial award of a handsome four-foot bronze statue which will go to that council which, in the estimation of the executive committee of the National Interfraternity Conference, has been outstanding in the formation and execution of a program to make the fraternities on its campus contribute to the educational and social program of its institution. . . .

—Maine Campus.

a student matter to be decided by oneself without outside interference, even when the student's college work suffers disastrously? Certainly organizations of various kinds, social, athletic, honorary, literary, enrich the personalities of their members. Well-rounded education is a possibility today as never before, because formerly only book education was considered of value. Organizations are productive of tolerance, leadership, fair play and relaxation. They do have many accomplishments to their credit!

* * * * *

Yet many students become so involved in organizations that they hardly have time to eat or sleep, much less think. Some students, those particularly in demand, must parcel out their time in fifteen-minute jerks. Their changes from page one of Pinero to the Junior Prom committee and then to Packages for Peru and the Pineapple Peeks Revue must come every quarter hour with monotonous regularity. Small wonder is it that many students who live always thinking what the next ten minutes will bring have so many “empty feelings” or feelings of lack of accomplishment. And up and down the land, many are the students who will not, or cannot, take themselves in hand and control the incessant demands made on their time.

To prevent failures and to lessen ill effects in general, some colleges demand that students limit themselves to a fixed quota of organizations, at least during their freshman and sophomore years. This plan may be wisest, for often the student, left to his own devices, glibly rationalizes his misgivings away and plunges, untried but as yet unspent, into more work than he can possibly manage. Of course the judgments made in limiting students in organizational activity must be affected by their age, intelligence, range of general abilities, and allied considerations. But the quota plan often spares the indifferent student the mild embarrassment of being sent home after his first exams, and saves him for the adding machine if not for the ages.

Perhaps the organization craze of many colleges can be traced to their lack of interesting classroom time and the complete disparity of interests between professor and student, to inertia in administrations failing to control the use of student time, and to general haziness in the student's mind concerning himself and why he is in college.

* * * * *

Some American colleges are dimming the brightest hope of an intelligent American political leadership. They are doing so by sacrificing many sound methods of educational approach to a devils' dance of endless meetings and forums under the guise of education for democracy or some other sort of half-education. Values such as understanding the past, command of language, and appreciation of the high tides of Western thought succumb to a diffuse hodge-podge of unrelated campaigns and drives. The world of our tomorrow is to be a world of disillusionment and despair. The vapid gymnastics of a little program of any sort will expire in its heat. For centuries true liberal education, a term perhaps indefinable in terms of anything but the leaders it produced, has been a bulwark against blindness, intolerance and stark fear. Liberal education may need re-definition and re-interpretation to suit the needs of these times, but certainly many college organizations need re-alignment to the larger purposes of the institutions whose ends they are trying to serve.

“Nothing secular is enough to civilize men. There must always be an agency that makes us look beyond the days of our years and the place of our work; that keeps men mindful that they are born and that they die. Without the counsel of compassion influencing us we harden into the brutality of egotism and inveterate intolerance. To be civilized is to be civic, to treat each other kindly. That does not come of itself. If everything human is learned, being humane is one of our chief lessons and always there will be need for those who teach it.

“I like to think of your work as making provision for these things, as safeguarding them. And in a day of desperation, which ours at least comes very near being, those who are indeed discerning cannot be thankful enough that cultivators of the human heart such as you are, are still active among us.”—Ernest Carroll Moore (in a letter from the former U.C.L.A. Provost to The University Religious Conference).

Toward a Philosophy for "Man Alive"

From *Manhood of Humanity*, by Alfred Korzybski

WHAT is to be our definition of Man? . . . Human beings possess a most remarkable capacity which is entirely peculiar to them—I mean the capacity to summarize, digest and appropriate the labors and experiences of the past; I mean the capacity to use the fruits of past labors and experiences as intellectual or spiritual capital for developments in the present; I mean the capacity to employ as instruments of increasing power the accumulated achievements of the all-precious lives of the past generations spent in trial and error, trial and success; I mean the capacity of human beings to conduct their lives in the ever increasing light of inherited wisdom; I mean the capacity in virtue of which man is at once the inheritor of the by-gone ages and the trustee of posterity. And because humanity is just this magnificent natural agency by which the past lives in the present and the present for the future, I define HUMANITY . . . to be the TIME-BINDING CLASS OF LIFE.

.....

THIS fact, of supreme ethical importance, applies to all of us; none of us may speak or act as if the material or spiritual wealth we have were produced by us; for, if we be not stupid, we must see that what we call our wealth, our civilization, everything we use or enjoy, is in the main the product of the labor of men now dead, some of them slaves, some of them "owners" of slaves. The metal spoon or the knife which we use daily is a product of the work of many generations, including those who discovered the metal and the use of it, and the utility of the spoon.

And here arises a most important question: Since the wealth of the world is in the main the free gift of the past—the fruit of the labor of the dead—to whom does it of right belong? The question cannot be evaded. Is the existing monopoly of the great inherited treasures produced by dead men's toil a normal and natural evolution?

Or is it an artificial status imposed by the few upon the many? Such is the crux of the modern controversy.

.....

SURVIVAL of the fittest" in the commonly used animal sense is not a theory or principle for a "time-binding" being. This theory is only for the physical bodies of animals; its effect upon humanity is sinister and degrading. We see the principle at work all about us in criminal exploitation and profiteering. As a matter of fact, the age-long application of this animal principle to human affairs has degraded the whole human morale in an unconceivably far reaching way. Personal greed and selfishness are brazenly owned as principles of conduct. We shrug our shoulders in acquiescence and proclaim greed and selfishness to be the very core of human nature, take it all for granted, and let it pass at that. . . . Human nature, this time-binding power, not only has the peculiar capacity for perpetual progress, but it has, over and above all animal propensities, certain qualities constituting it a distinctive dimension or type of life. Not only our whole collective life proves a love for higher ideals, but even our dead give us the rich heritage, material and spiritual, of all their toils.

.....

THE tendency of the masses to let others think for them is not really a natural characteristic—quite the opposite. The habit of not thinking for one's self is the result of thousands of years of subjection. . . . The thinking few knew the power there is in "thinking"; they wanted to have it and to keep the advantage of it for themselves. . . . Belief in the inferiority of the masses became the unwritten law of the "privileged classes"; it was forced upon, rubbed into, the subconscious mind of the masses by church and state alike, and was humbly and dumbly accepted by the "lower orders" as their "destiny." Ignorance was proclaimed as a bliss. . . . Human beings will live naturally and, therefore, in freedom, when they are not prevented from thus living by ignorance of what human nature is and by artificial social systems established, maintained, and protected by such ignorance.

.....

IN the ethics of humanity's manhood survival of the fittest will mean survival of the best in competitions for excellence, and excellence will mean time-binding excellence—excellence in the production and right use of material and spiritual wealth—excellence in science, in art, in wisdom, in justice, in promoting the weal and protecting the rights both of the living and of the unborn. . . . In Humanity's manhood, patriotism—the love of country—will not perish—far from it—it will grow to embrace the world, for your country and mine will be the world. Your "state" and mine will be the Human State—a Co-operative Commonwealth of Man—a democracy in fact and not merely in name.

—From *Manhood of Humanity, the Art and Science of Human Engineering*, by Alfred Korzybski. Copyright, 1921. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Used by permission.

There are contributions made by the fraternity, yes. But they are far outweighed by the problems they create.

The fraternity shoulders no outside responsibility . . . the orientation which it performs is done after the freshmen are pledged.

The social life, which is such an integral part of the fraternity system, is available only to the various brotherhoods. However, if fraternities were abolished these exclusive privileges would be common rights.

Fraternities bid men whom they consider to be good material. Generally, this means that the incoming freshman must be able to show his personality in its best light. Therefore, those who are completely thunderstruck by the novelty of the situation find themselves left out when bids are issued. But it stands to reason that those men who are oriented easily do not need the advantages of friendship, help, and social life so much as the bewildered who are left out. Then, too, some are bid out of courtesy, whether or not they come up to fraternity standard, simply because they are "legacies."

Fraternities are not, and do not profess to be democratic. They operate on the premise that some men are better than others, which is entirely unjust in view of the time they give these men to show their stuff. This works in reverse, too. There are several members in each fraternity who were able to erect such an imposing facade as to fool the brothers during rush period. After the axe has fallen, they let their hair down and hence arises the question of misfits in fraternities.

As a result of not being bid it is only natural for those omitted to feel an intense moral stigma placed upon them. Though such is not the case, these men think that because they have been left out they are not so good as the others in the eyes of the fraternity men. . . .

—From a letter to the editor in *Swarthmore Phoenix*.

Just this side of the picture is a balcony belonging to the Alpha Gamma Delta house at Nebraska Wesleyan. These are Delta Omega Phi's. It's an old fraternity custom



Photos courtesy Nebraska Wesleyan Publicity Bureau

To Be Or Not to Be . . .

A Fraternity Man

Tom Manning

I'VE been thinking a lot about fraternities since I came to college last year. Thinking about what they stand for, about their purpose, about what they can do for me and I for them . . . adding it all up in a search for the right answers. It wasn't that I didn't get more than my share of rushing, nor that I didn't have the yen to pledge along with the rest of the fellows. I just decided that it would be smarter to find out what it was all about before I jumped in, that's all.

My Dad joined a fraternity when he was in school because he wanted the social life it offered him. That was why fraternities existed and it was a good thing, but since his time a fraternity has come to mean a whole lot more than it did in his day . . . at least the fraternity I'm interested in has. I don't mean that the social side isn't important . . . it is! Social life is as essential in college as a stack of textbooks because one complements the other. On most campuses, social life stems from the organized houses and to go there for it is as logical as going to the butcher for a side of bacon.

I've heard fraternities condemned because they shun the outsider and form cliques within themselves. To a certain extent I suppose that's true, but it is also natural for a brotherhood with a common bond to stick together. That's a part of fraternalism. Man is communal by nature anyway and will ally himself with some group whether it be a fraternity, the gang at the theater workshop, or the late afternoon crowd at the campus restaurant. I have never been shunned by any group, fraternal or not, that really had something to offer me that I could return . . . people of my type with my interests and all that. I think everyone conforms to a type and consciously or subconsciously seeks out that type for association. That's one of the things I expect of a fraternity. I've taken my time largely to make sure of that very point. I want to be sure that I *like* the fellows that are to be my brothers, that they stand for what I stand for, that they are interested in the things I'm interested in. I couldn't have known that during rush week . . . but I know it now and I know that it is going to make a fraternity count for something for me.



Both men and women belong to Bleu Thonge, Barb organization at Nebraska Wesleyan, which goes in for picnics in the fall

When Dad went to school fraternities were new. They hadn't the glamour that they have now based on great men from great chapters, high national ratings, high campus ratings, and all that. I had to be pretty careful to avoid being bitten by that glamour and might have made a very unhappy mistake. Glamour isn't enough. It wears pretty thin if it isn't backed up by the real thing. They didn't have opportunities for leadership when Dad was in school, either. They got together for bull sessions, had meetings of minds, intellectual competition and that kind of thing that was darned important . . . and still is, believe me . . . but fraternities weren't as important a part of the school then as they are now. They didn't carry out certain college functions as they do now in getting behind athletics, the raising of funds, the running of the school. They weren't functioning organizations in themselves that required efficient running on a business-like basis and hence an opportunity to take over and handle responsibility. All that is good and I want some of it. I'm the scion of my family and it's going to do me a lot of good to mix with, live with, work with and compete with some 50-odd scions from other families away on their own to prove their worth.

* * * * *

Some fraternities on the campus have never gone beyond Dad's fraternity where individuals concentrated on being a group. The fraternity I'm looking for is a group that concentrates on making an individual. I like one that is interested in the individual to the extent of offering him personal criticism in the right way at the right time so that he grows in the right direction. I like a fraternity that is interested not in my pocketbook, or my campus positions, or my sense of humor, but in my intellect and the development of that intellect. I want my grades to be everyone's business, and theirs mine. A fraternity can do a lot of damage to a perfectly good student and bring a lot of condemnation on all fraternities by ignoring the fact that college students are there to be educated, to learn all they can, and to make a record that speaks for that acquired knowledge.

A fraternity can do a lot for me . . . for anyone. It can teach a great lesson in the fine art of living with people. I've missed an awful lot by not having been a fraternity man all last year; no one knows that better than I. But I still have three of the biggest years of my life ahead of me . . . life in a fraternity that I know I can make count for something because I know what I'm going after and where I can get it. I've taken my time because I've been looking for *values* that I know can be there. My problem has been to find them.

October, 1941

For me, the fraternity is merely a concrete expression of a boy's basic desire for companionship, and should be nothing more. The fraternity house should be the means of accommodating this camaraderie, and nothing else. . . .

It is to a misconception of the fraternity's place in college life that most of the evils of the system may be traced. Boys come to college; they enter the serious business of being a good pledge to a group with great zeal. Too often, before proper orientation in the program of the campus as a whole, they center their activities in the narrowed cubbyhole of the fraternity. They slant their very attitude on campus questions by their view from the front porch of the house, and place their first loyalty with the smaller group rather than with the institution.

We wear our pins around the campus, sporting images of ancient deities, we pique the curiosity of the uninitiated with our knowledge of the mystery wrapped in the first letters of our fraternity names. Yet this phase of Greek life is so unimportant. . . . The good I have received from the fraternity has come not from the pleasure of being a member of this great network of impersonal brotherhood; it has come from the more intimate friendships which my own local chapter has made possible. . . .

—“A frat man” in Birmingham-Southern Quad.

Politically-toughened skeptics suffered a setback to their forecasting pride this week as their predictions for the usual Inter-Fraternity Council election farce went haywire and the cleanest election in years was held by the group. . . .

The representatives of the 16 campus fraternities each signed an oath before the election that they had discussed the election with no one else and that they would vote for the candidates on the basis of merit. Surprisingly enough, they did.

. . . Major changes in the rushing system were voted by the council to go into effect in September. Under the new system, the old “hot-boxing” methods will have little chance to survive. Prospective pledges will be given official University date cards and will not be allowed more than one date per day with an individual fraternity during the three-day rush period. All cards must be signed by an official of the fraternity visited by the prospect. Failure to abide the rushing rules will result in heavy fines, both for the fraternity and the pledge. Any pledge prospect violating the rules will not be allowed to pledge a fraternity during that quarter.

These strict regulations represent a big step forward from the haphazard, pledge-as-you-can methods of the past. . . .

—Red and Black, University of Georgia.

Another Lost Generation?

Sarita Henderson

A TURNING point in the lifetime of thousands of graduating seniors coincides this year with a crisis in the life span of the nation. Throughout the last year, this college generation has been dogged by the spectre of war. There is now every indication that the class of '41 will be the last for years to come which will graduate in a period of at least undeclared warfare.

The transition experienced during the year has demanded of students a deep-rooted change in the philosophy of a lifetime. We have been schooled to distrust force, appeals to emotion, and the catchwords of easy patriotism. We have been impregnated with the knowledge that war is the greatest enemy of democracy. With stunning suddenness, the signals have been switched. Within a year, gunpowder and shells are urged upon us as the panacea for the ills of mankind. The state above the individual, national unity above personal liberty, the means and ends reversed, but the same goal—democracy.

The result has been confusion and a conspicuous lack of enthusiasm for war. Skepticism for the "just" cause, for the process of war to end war, for the rationality of fighting to defend democracy has been burned into the minds of this year's seniors. The irony of Versailles and the disaster of the League of Nations has bred a deep distrust in the humanity and rationality of men who drain the bitter dregs of blood and fury. Small wonder that when the same prospect is urged upon us, youth asks for some tangible assurance of its results.

With singular blindness, our elders remonstrate with us for our "cynicism," or "moral irresponsibility," our lack of idealism.

The truth is that our college generation has been fighting a losing battle for its ideals. Throughout these four years, we have been schooled in the precepts of democracy. We have been taught to make the fine distinction between the individualism which in the eighteenth century was the watchword of liberty, and that which now

has been perverted into the bulwark of the powerful and the selfish. We have been stirred at the contact with social and economic knowledge and awakened to the structure of the political bottleneck through which it must be channeled into action. We have felt the enormous advances of scientific progress dwarfed by the lag in opportunities for social cultural progress, a lag which lies not in knowledge, but in its application.

The inevitability of war is presented to us as the conclusion of the cold logic of self-preservation. The majority of youth has acceded to the reasoning and accepts the prospect of war with dull resignation and a sense of futility. We know that in this case reason leads to mass irrationalism and that this logic will work through to its conclusion only through quivering hatreds and the suffocation of reason. We cannot now turn back from this course although we know that the outcome may be disaster.

Our one slim hope remains in the possibility of bludgeoning order out of the present chaos. The possibilities of an outcome which will plunge a world into militarism and regimentation, no matter who the victor is, cannot with realism be overlooked. The great probability of losing in the process of war all that we have achieved in democracy cannot be minimized.

But the one straw which should keep idealism afire is the hope of rebuilding a better world. It is our task and it lies in rejection of the treachery and duplicity of a world which has made war inevitable. It must be rooted in a solid basis of social and economic justice and a transformation of knowledge into action. A determination to carry this task into completion may yet preserve us from becoming another lost generation.

[Editor's Note: This was the final editorial last spring by the editor of *The Daily Californian*. We feel it states briefly but excellently the dilemma and the hope for the college student today.]

A Letter to "Eighteen"

who is packing his trunk for his Freshman
Year in College

Kenneth Irving Brown

Dear "Eighteen,"

Put dreams in that trunk. Hide them, if you must, under the high school emblems and the best girl's picture, but be sure you put them in.

Going off to college for the first time ought not to be a commonplace, routine Wednesday morning happening. It ought to be the experience of stepping into the Promised Land, and one enters that country with high hopes and a prayer for worthiness. It ought to partake of the thrilling adventures of the medieval tournaments where men joust and tested their strength and skill in combat. It ought to be like unto the experience of Christian baptism where, with a clean heart and a renewed spirit, man steps forward into a brighter day.

College is a new world; it can be a brave new world.

Perhaps because I am a teacher, I urge you to include with those dreams, the dream of academic success. By that I mean not high grades alone—although they are not to be despised—but the success of mental achievement, of mighty ideas mastered and made your own, of daily assignments faithfully and regularly fulfilled. (The mind of a man grows with day-by-day effort, not with exam-by-exam cramming.)

There is freedom to be gained in education. Be mindful of this in days when we hear much of freedom won by the sword. I think the freedom which education can bestow is not so much freedom *from* something, as freedom *of* something. Education offers us the freedom of wise insight, the freedom of tolerant understanding, the freedom of daring aspirations.

The Corn is Green is a very beautiful play in which Ethel Barrymore has had a star role as school teacher. An ignorant, self-satisfied Welsh miner-boy is brought under the schooling of a spinster teacher with light in her eyes. His ability proves such that the teacher dreams that someday he shall go up to Oxford and have the best that English education can offer. Morgan Evans goes to Oxford to try his scholarship examination. It is his first view of the world outside his Welsh mining hills. When he comes back, he pours his delight into the ears of his proud teacher:

I have *been* to Oxford, and come back, I have come back—from the world!

Since the day I was born, I have been a prisoner behind a stone wall, and now somebody has given me a leg-up to have a look at the other side. . . . They can't drag me back again, they cannot. They *must* give me a push and send me over!

Through the centuries we have come ever so slowly to understand how great was Jesus' insight when He said, "The truth shall make you free."

Put in dreams of many new acquaintances and a few choice friendships. Not all the assignments will be made in the classroom. Both in and out of the classroom there will be lessons demanded of you in human relationships. Getting along with people isn't a skill acquired at birth, although some are more apt than others; it is an art which comes for most of us only with careful cultivation. It means a tolerance for the other fellow and a continuously critical appraisal of ourselves and our attitudes.

This past summer I visited Randolph Field, sometimes called the West Point of the air. It is a magnificent training camp for our flyers and it houses a magnificent body of men, both cadets who are training to be officers and the group of enlisted men who

must keep the planes in perfect flying condition. One of the latter drove with me into San Antonio. He was outspoken in his praise of the cadet corps even though he was not in that group. One of his sentences stuck in my mind: "Our Randolph cadets are college men, you know, and because they are college men they have learned better than the rest of us how to get on with people." This is one of those statements that one hopes may be true.

Campus life is likely to be less carefree this year than it has been. There's a world at war. There will, of course, be hours for recreation and good fun, but more persistently than in other years, you will have to ask yourself, Of these two demands on my time which is the more important? What values lie for me in this experience? This thing called democracy—wherein can I take my part? The world and I, and I and the world—what and who are we? Where does God come in the life of our day?

They will be crowded days, those college days of which you dream: new loyalties, bullfests wherein all shades of wisdom and nonsense will be on display, dormitory fellowship, moonlight and dates, instructors who can make truth glow, cokes, budding acquaintances, football and country hikes, fraternity and sorority rushing, and pledging, and initiation, student-faculty friendships which come normally on a college campus and bring mutual joy, grade reports, the birth of new understanding and finer appreciations.

College at its best is a place where fine dreams become fine realities. When you pack, Eighteen, be sure you include your dreams.

—At Denison—Published by Denison College, Granville, Ohio.

Leaves from a Student Journal

Thoughts on Religion. When I grew up I lost a world. I don't mean the comfortable security of Sunday morning in the stone church on north main street. I lost that, too, but that loss was small, and I know it for what it was—the end of an illusion. The world I lost was a real world; it was a world I knew and felt, a world of sounds and colors and shapes. It was a world full of experience which I would call religious. The word doesn't really matter; the experience was real.

There is a little circle of emptiness down by my grandmother's gate where only a few summers ago a maple tree sang in the tremendous chorus of the Kansas prairie. The tree was a challenge to a spindly legged, spindly armed young animal of ten. Many times I resolutely determined to meet it. Shinnying up the scaly trunk was not too difficult, even if one did have to stop for a few breathless minutes in the first crotch. Below were the one-by-one points of green repeating themselves across to the whitewashed rocks, marking the forbidden boundaries of Aunt Mary's rose bed. Beyond the clumps of red and white and pink there, the pattern of green went on, smooth like water in the rock quarry now, and the same dark color.

Breath came back, the animal in the tree began the increasingly precarious task of stretching, twisting and pulling itself up through the tangle of slender branches, intricate like the railroad tracks in the yards west of town, railroad tracks turned on end and melted in the July sun.

For a long time the sixth branch stopped me, but one day the way to it seemed shorter; almost without breathing I balanced myself and was up in a new world of trembling leaves, and the gray shingled roof on the little house across the street peeking through. I was filled with a strange kind of urgent necessity to go on and up, like a sailor up a main mast with the whole thing shuddering in the wind, and waves flinging themselves up threateningly, shouting an unceasing warning to come down. I climbed to the very top of the maple tree. Not now below were blades of grass, but billows of green, reaching to the place where the sky came down to the earth, interrupted only by the steeple of the Catholic church, the yellow brick column of the Broadview Hotel, and the white pillars of the college on the hill. Around and down on the other side was the smoother stretch of the prairie; the Katy tracks, twisting like a snake; and,

over beyond, the Santa Fe, smoothly dividing the land like Moses divided the waters of the Red Sea.

The important thing was me in relation to all of this. I didn't only see it; I was in it; I was part of it. I knew it, and I felt it. The meaning of life was to be in life, poised in space, above the grass, below the sky; free like the birds wheeling around the distant church steeple; free like the railroad track stretching clear to Topeka and Kansas City; free like the leaves, every minute proclaiming their freedom; free like the bark of the tree, and the white wood underneath the bark, and the sweet sap filling the wood. All of these things together free and part of me, and me part of these things. For I was beyond the tree and into everything I could see or hear, or feel or know—and I could know a long way.

This was the world I lost when I grew up. It is the kind of direct experience of living reality which I would like to call religious. It has become important to me again because I have begun to believe that I am, perhaps, beginning to find it again. Why? Why are any of us seeking now, jolted out of complacent indifference to our own stupidity? Why are we beginning to stir, to see the needless cruelty in an essentially beautiful world? The war? Most of us have not known war yet. Why are we finding our desire to be loved forever filled with bitterness? Why are we finding living for ourselves and our own little groups a living emptiness? Why are we distracted, desperate, knowing one way, feeling another, unable in the reality of our living to associate knowing and feeling in a one directional striving? I think only religion, an intuitive comprehension of the nature of man and his world, can show us the answer. I am not identifying religion with an institution, although, perhaps, religious men will be found in institutions. I would not want to take religion away from life, but into living. I believe the experience of religion must be first an individual experience; group action of meaning can only arise out of the individual experience. Perhaps any formalization of religion is the beginning of the end of religion. Nevertheless, we must find the means to felt and lived religion. *Show me the way quickly, oh, my soul, for a late awakening will be a bitter one!*

* * * * *

Thoughts On Decentralization. The America we knew yesterday is gone, and the war economy of today can have no permanent stability. America is in the process of revolutionary change; this is a fact we hesitate to accept, for the human organism is naturally resistant to change. But, if we are to be intelligent, accept it we must. It is our responsibility to help shape the direction of this change, to help build a more democratic America. I believe that the realization of the American dream of a good life of dignity for the individual depends on decentralization: decentralization of the control and use of productive power and property; decentralization of the political control of people; decentralization of the living activities of people. What does decentralization mean? It means the gradual extinction of both the Joads and the Insulls. It means a new respect for wise stewardship of property, on which man must depend for his existence. It means a standard of living based on individual ability to produce, given freedom to produce. It

means a new dignity for labor. It means a renewal of the values of life in the family, the country, and the small community. It means regional planning. It means the banishment of idolatrous worship of the state as supreme. It means diversified rather than specialized living. It means man as the center of a world brotherhood of men. It means a return to the life of religion.

Our mechanistic-materialistic world, with production for profit at its center, has piled people higher and higher in the cities. The concentrated power of the steam engine and the factory have helped produce Chicago, Detroit, New York, and the empty stores on the main street of Boone, Iowa. I lived in Boone for nineteen years and I've noticed that the men and women with "something on the ball" left and didn't come back. If a girl could type more than forty-five words a minute she didn't stay in Boone.

After the nineteen years in the city of twelve thousand, I came to the city of three million to live. I've seen what happened to the girls who could type more than forty-five words a minute. They have the security of good jobs with insurance companies, the home offices of the red-fronted chain store that we came to know in Boone, and the corporations that sprawl like inhuman giants across the nation. It isn't the security that I want.

The offices are run efficiently. The efficiency shows in the records at the end of the day and the year. Time and motion studies, financial statements, aren't to be denied. Any one of the companies can tell you how much it costs to sort the mail, or how much it costs to service the customer when he makes his premium payment. Some things they won't show you. Once in a while one of the girls will take too long to get the job done. She leaves at five o'clock and the rest of the girls realize that she won't be back in the morning. They work with a new quickness and a new tenseness, for they realize that it can happen to them—that it inevitably will happen to them. They look around and they see few gray hairs at the machines.

And it seems that the office is about the only thing they have. In the little flat, at dinner time, conversation inevitably turns to the things that happened on the fifth floor and in the back office. There is fretting about the errors that tie the company in knots until they are located. The cashier's cage can't close until the five cent shortage or excess is located. The nickel can't come out of the purse of the employee whose dinner is getting cold an hour's "L" ride away.

That hour ride twice each day is a ride of individuals. Occasionally two people will know each other, but, you know, it's almost impossible to catch the Loyola Express and meet anyone. They laugh at the gossip of the hometown in Iowa that comes in through the letters. They too insistently tell each other how glad they are that you don't have to worry about what people will say in Chicago. But they wish the *News* would mention some familiar names. They are excited for days when Mike Enich of Boone makes the All-Star Football Poll. They devour items that include an address in their neighborhood. They are unaccountably interested when an apart-

ment in the next block south is broken into and robbed. They would be happy if they knew the name of the boy who dips their ice cream cone at the big dipper as they knew the boys back at the Peerless Dairy. They would be flushed for days if the boy would remember what they always bought and dip the right flavor without asking.

But there are no typewriters that need operators in Boone. Electricity would probably have to take a Swift's plant to Boone to take the girls back there. Even then they probably wouldn't be interested in the bother of a little piece of land in order that the office manager, even out there, wouldn't bargain on the basis of the choice between the job or starvation. The girls have trod the monotonous path between flat and office for too many years to easily change. Most of them have had their horizons forever narrowed.

The contemporary scene indicates an increasing maladjustment between man and his environment. The girls and men who have "something on the ball" do not have time or money to have children—and the birth-rate falls. They find an increasing need for distractions—a "party"

on Saturday night, a dubious fur jacket, maybe, by going without a vacation this year, a second hand Plymouth roadster. The result is an increasing emphasis on "things" rather than on people—life becomes a race between death and looking at oneself. The culmination of maladjustment is a world at war with itself.

No imposed pattern of living can guarantee a good life. The good life will only be achieved through valued living now. Man can only realize his values if he can understand the consequences of his activities. Production and consumption cannot be separated beyond the limits of human comprehension without disastrous results. The man who would practice Christian living must find a way to begin now. He must, in his own activity, strive to change a social pattern which is predominantly ugly and un-Christian. He cannot separate himself completely from this society, nor would he want to. He will have to make some compromises; if his compromises are not to defeat his ends I think he will have to proceed in the direction of decentralization.

[Editor's Note: Readers who are curious to know more about the decentralist point of view are referred by this student writer to *This Ugly Civilization*, by Ralph Borsodi; *Who Owns America?*, edited by Herbert Agar and Allen Tate; *Agriculture in Modern Life*, by O. E. Baker, Ralph Borsodi and M. L. Wilson; and *Too Big*, by Morris L. Ernst.]

If I Were Beginning College Again!

By a Graduate of Not Too Long Standing

If I were beginning college again!

I would know my school—its history, its affiliations, outstanding graduates and leaders, its present faculty and its president. I would find out what the president and deans stood for in educational theory and in what I should call now a "philosophy of life." I would ask them to tell me and all of my classmates what they considered of most value in life and in the period of life I am now entering. I would ask them about values and about the meaning of personality. I would expect them to give me an idea of their fundamental religious beliefs and the practical techniques with which they carry out their beliefs.

I would seek to know something of the financial background of the school, where its money comes from and how it is spent, for I would consider myself a very real part of the school, a *co-operating member*, and I would feel justified in knowing all these facts in order to make me a more intelligent, *co-operating* individual in the society of the school.

I would find out the basis for the selection of the faculty—what qualities are deciding factors in the selections, so that I would be more sensible in my judgment of what I might expect of the faculty.

I would also seek to know how the students of the school are selected (by asking the students) and what standards of judgment are maintained in the selection. I would find out the type of student desired, where he comes from and what led him to come to this particular school. I would beware of and condemn any school that baits students for any reason—money or athletics. I would be glad for the school where the entering standard is sufficiently high to make the selection of students an accomplishment.

I would know as much about my fellow students as possible. I would know a few of my fellows well. I would

be slow in choosing these few, but I would make the selection one of the definite aims of my first year in school. I would select both upperclassmen and freshmen in this group, and I should try to include students from all classes and economic levels. I would look upon this experience as a definite part of my understanding of people and the reasons why they got the way they are. This knowledge of people I should feel would be a fundamental part of my total education. I should insist upon knowing well people of different races and of different color of skin.

- I would try to have experience in some form of group living. My wife and I are both convinced now that I made a mistake in living too much to myself. I should discipline myself to live with other people—to get along with them and work with them. I should rebel against any artificial social behavior—"being a good fellow," or any kind of hypocritical social pose that would make me act a friend and resent being one. I would seek a "group," but only after I was sure the group stood for and maintained the kind of life I felt was best.
- I would observe a discipline for my life, both personally and socially. I would try to be sensible and intelligent about eating and sleeping, and I would seek to be master in all matters of habit and indulgence.
- I would compel myself to have some quiet time for meditation at least once each day. I would discipline myself to put the observance of this time first, and let nothing interfere. I would work out a routine for this time so that I did not waste it. I should consider a thorough inventory of myself an essential part of this routine.
- I would know one person of my own age-group well enough to be sufficiently intimate so that I could expect and receive criticism of all kinds. This person need not be my "best" friend in the sense of companionship or affection, but he should be the one who is bound to me with the closest ties.
- I would select certain projects on the campus with which I would ally myself, giving my time, interest, and support to these causes. I would select carefully. I would hope that the church would be one of these "causes," for I see in it the institution that ought to stand for the good life on the campus. I would seek to be constructive in my relationship to the church, and I would try to work through it to make religion become a way of life in the school.
- I would understand the community in which the school is situated—not merely as a place to help me earn a living, but as a community of souls living together, similar at least to a group such as I hope someday to join with a family and a home. I would endeavor to participate in at least one activity which would connect me with the community. I would begin to "belong" as soon as I could.
- I would ally myself with national organizations and movements which represented the most advanced and sound ideas. I would try to see that students knew something about these organizations, and wherever possible, I would try to bring them through local organizations onto the campus. I would not indulge or waste time on local campus politics. But I would give time and thought to student government and to all attempts made by the administration to take the student into active co-operation with the school. I believe this can be the training ground for my participation in democratic government in the future.
- I would make it my business to keep aware of the world outside of college—the political world, international affairs, labor, the co-operative movements, world peace movements, etc. I would read regularly one news magazine, one liberal weekly and one monthly magazine in the field of social, religious, and cultural life.
- I would try to spend my summers, at least, and as much time as possible in the winter, in work projects that would take me out of my "class," and that would give me the opportunity to express in action the ideals that I have formulated for my life.
- I would seek professors who seemed honest, who did not bluff, and who demonstrated the joy of their work in their teaching. With these I would co-operate 100 per cent, making myself give to them only my best in terms of interest and work. I would seek to know one or two well, so that I could develop a friendly natural relationship that would be devoid of the artificial relationship that usually exists between faculty and students.
- I would cultivate the friendship of one older person either in the college or outside. This person would be for me a counselor and friend. I would want to know him or her well enough to discuss my most intimate problems.
- I would develop and keep alive interest in art as a medium of life through which I could express myself. I would try to become efficient in the techniques of at least one art. I would cultivate my hands and learn to work with them.
- I would budget both my time and my money—I would enjoy spending both for the things I felt worth while.
- I would write regularly to my parents, and my letters would be something more than a recital of events. I would tell them my thoughts and how they are changing so that I would not surprise them when I announced decisions that might be contrary to their way of thinking. I would respect their honest beliefs and ideas, and guarantee to them their right to think and feel as they do, expecting in return that they would allow me that same respect.

- I would consider college as a part of life—not something segregated and shut off, but something real to be lived. I would make the experience as much a part of my total life as possible, and I would expect to fit it into my total living pattern.
- I would weigh every allegiance, for we are betrayed by our attachments. I would “belong,” first of all, to a way of life that gave me the fullest, richest and noblest opportunity to live the things I believe.
- I would remember the advice of this writer when he assures the freshmen that worth-while relationships with people are not guaranteed by any society or organization. My experience has been that I must keep my friendships “in repair,” and that I must meet people and form new relationships constantly. I abhor the older man who has no other distinction than his alumni relationship, and no other cause for recommendation than that he is a member of this or that society. The man who keeps only his college friends stops growing. I have learned that the world chooses men for what they *are* and not for what they belong to—that being a graduate of any school is of little value (and I happen to be a graduate of one of the most distinguished schools) unless the graduate has character in his own right. A school should help him form that character, but graduating from it does not mean a man has it.
- I would try to develop a sense of humor that grows out of my sense of perspective on the world and my fellow man. I would seek to learn from my elders and my fellow students what a real sense of humor was and how it can be developed, for I have found it to be a main spring to happiness and to the perspective on myself and my generation that makes me a bigger man. I would be sure of the quality of my humor. I know now that humor can be one of the most effective methods of change and its darts damaging and devastating.
- I would be slow to scoff at religion and the church, not because I want to be uncritical, but because I want to be sure in this confused and muddled world that I have something better to propose. I would try to help the church become the medium through which the good life is found, and I would seek to make religion real in my own life by showing that my living is purposeful and that I am sincerely trying to become the instrument through which the harmony and power of the universe finds an outlet in human personality.

I'd Go Through It Again

With a Sense of Humor on the Summer

Clifford Zirkel

ARE there at least seventeen little children reading over your shoulder? One will do, but he must make you think that there are seventeen of his kind.

At this moment are you uncomfortably seated in a little wash tub taking—for want of a better word, we'll call it a bath? Be sure that the water is cold!

Now are you hungry? If so, hie yourself down to the best eatery in town, and read this story along with a seven-course dinner.

If you have had to adjust yourself to the above conditions, you will be sympathetic toward what follows. If you were a Caravaner this summer, you will have become impervious (almost) to such tribulations. This is probably the *n*th time since August that you have flinched when thinking of that treacherous little boy in the home where you stayed the fifth week; that you have happily and hungrily reflected about one of the many expansive meals you ate on a farm; the double-*n*th time that you

have brooded over that technique that you never developed for bathing in a wash basin.

Statistics showing that there are more bath tubs than radios in American homes have ceased to be cold figures, and have become shivering dramatic realities. “The Caravan fits into your program” was the phrase used all summer by every Caravan, even if it meant fitting into a twenty-inch-square tub, or a little round wash basin. Fitting into a tub—at least once a week! Why, some of those tubs were so small that toes had to be curled up so that one might stand in the water. Ah, the water! It came from the most interesting hydrants: hydrants that had handles which one had to move up and down for eight minutes before water would flow—into a tea kettle that had to be placed on a stove, for many more minutes. This warm little kettle of water was then mixed with two big buckets of cold rain water from the cistern—that was the solution for a bath. The heating process was

usually wasted time, because the bath water was always too cold, no matter how accurately we mixed hot and cold! And the bath itself—getting the middle of one's back moist without water dripping off the elbows onto the floor was a most trying experience. Men were made on the Caravan this summer: boys who had to face the ordeal of switching from a hot bath (lukewarm at least) to a cold rinse without a gradual change became men—with a sense of humor. Without it how could one stand in a li'l tub with his feet in hot water, and pour a pan of cold water down his back? It was a funny sensation when the water covered all your back, or missed your anatomy entirely and covered all the floor.

After two weeks of living in homes having all the "modern" conveniences within at least a hundred yards of the house, moving into a small town mansion that had everything really modern (all inside) was a new experience. Especially when we were told: "You will always find the keys in at least one of the cars." We didn't use the cars except for a few times, because there was too much to do downstairs in the game room—one was almost inclined to endorse the capitalistic system.

THANKS! DON'T MENTION IT

There was just one system, however, of which we couldn't approve. That system is as old as circuit-riding ministers, if not older. To see it violated was indeed an inspiration. The biggest thrill for some Caravaners was to eat in a home where neither the preacher Caravaner nor "mama" (short and sweet for counselor) was requested to ask the blessing. If ever one wanted to shout "Amen," it was after the little boy in one home had mumbled the family thanks, when either the preacher or one of the Caravan might have been called upon for the blessing.

Of course there were little boys, and little boys and girls, and imps and saints that one met during the summer. There's nothing funny about a saint—unless the saint is aware of his status. Therefore, we'll talk about the imps. Preparing a talk on war and peace with an inquiring little girl draped around the typewriter and the shoulders—there's a challenge to one's Christianity! (That night we talked on "Faith" instead of "War—and Peace.")

Then there was Phoebe, a phenomenon and a fever. Phoebe had ears and a memory, and a knack for interrupting. When the Caravaners began to dispense their stock jokes before the local young people and adults, Phoebe, having heard them all upon our arrival at the parsonage, would come through at the proper time with the punch line for each gag. But the Caravaners endeavoring to "fit into the local program" would smile, and start to talk about the crops, the weather, and the crops, and the weather, and infanticide. Phoebe was made of snips and snails and little dogs' tails—the kind of child boy Caravaners wanted to give their old razor blades—or even tie to the clapper of the church bell and ring for an hour or so. Not to mention breaking the top off a milk bottle and grinding the jagged edges in the sweet face.

This latter form of torture would have been next to impossible in some cases, because there weren't any milk bottles available. The only milk containers were milk

(Continued on page 36)



edited by Almanacus

Tenth Month

October 1st—The eighth month in the old Roman calendar. Our Saxon ancestors called it "Weinmonat" or the wine month. The "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" for those of us who live in season-changing climate. ● **Leland Stanford University** founded (1891) and the **University of Chicago** opened (1892)—mere children in the educational world! ● **Jewish Day of Atonement** (Yom Kippur).

October 2nd—1889—**First Pan-American Conference** (Washington) to consider measures for "preserving the peace." ● **Hannah Adams** (1755-1831), author, first woman in America to make writing her profession. *History of the Jews*, *History of New England* among her books. Question for *Information Please*.

October 3rd—1863—**President Lincoln** set apart the last Thursday in November for what he thought was to be a permanent national **Thanksgiving** festival. How little he knew! ● **Charles Camille Saint-Saens** (1835-1921). Name two of his operas. **Eleonora Duse** was also born on this day (1859). **St. Therese of Lisieux**, Patron Saint of aviators and missions.

October 4th—The football season is now getting into its major stride. ● **St. Francis of Assisi** (1182-1226), founder of the Franciscan Order—and one of the most beloved figures in religious history—the man who talked to the birds and flowers—and who knew men as well. He is the Patron Saint of merchants and Catholic action.

October 5th—**Church School Rally Day**—**Religious Education Week** begins. ● **Thomas Greatorex** (1758-1831), composer of hymns and organist at Westminster Abbey. **Jonathan Edwards** (1703-1758), theologian, preacher and president of what was later called Princeton University.

October 6th—Celebration of the **Feast of the Tabernacles**—also known as the **Feast of the Ingathering** and as the **Feast of Kings**. The harvest celebration in England is called **The Harvest Home**. ● On this day in 1890, the **Mormon Church** forbade polygamy. ● **William B. Bradbury** (1816-1868), composer and manufacturer, author of *Just As I Am, He Leadeth Me*. ● **South American missions** began, 1823.

October 7th—**James Whitcomb Riley** (1853-1916), Hoosier poet. **Riley Day** in Indiana (and Almanacus confesses to being a Hoosier and to having lived just two blocks from Riley. Many a time he visited Riley's house and his famous birthday parties.) ● **Hans Holbein** (1497-1543), painter.

October 8th—On this day in 1781, a famous cow kicked over a lantern and started the **great Chicago fire**. It burned for 24 hours and destroyed an area of 2,100 acres with prop-

erty valued at \$200,000,000. As you drive up Michigan Boulevard, you will see the water tower—one of the few landmarks to withstand the fire.

October 9th—**Fire Prevention Day**. A natural consequence! ● **St. Denis** (272), one of the Patron Saints of France. ● **Motion picture plays** were first presented in New York on this day in 1894. ● **Cervantes** (1547-1616)—*Don Quixote*. **Edward Bok** (1863-1930), editor *Ladies' Home Journal*—world peace plan—bird sanctuary and tower (Florida).

October 10th—**Chinese Independence Day**. The tenth day of the tenth month observed as a holiday to commemorate the rise of the Chinese Republic. ● Traditional birth of **Mohammed** (571 (?) - 634 (?)), founder of Islamism. **Giuseppe Verdi** (1813-1901), the Alpha and Omega of Italian opera!

October 11th—**Daughters of the American Revolution** organized in 1890. They are still carrying on. Cf. the **Marian Anderson** episode! ● **Pulaski Day**, celebrating the death of **Count Casimir Pulaski**—Polish hero and our helper in American Revolution. ● **George Williams** (1821-1905), founder of the Y.M.C.A.

October 12th—**Columbus Day**—Columbus sighted land which he named **San Salvador**, 1492. ● **First trans-Atlantic speech by radio** (1915) from Arlington, Virginia, to Paris.

October 13th—**Alexander Mackay** (1849-1890), missionary to Africa. ● More than twenty churches in England still dedicate this day to the memory of **Edward, the Confessor**, who was Patron Saint of England until the 13th Century when **St. George** took his place.

October 14th—**Fraternal Day in Alabama**, established by act as day when "all religions, creeds, and beliefs could unite in good will"—to which we add that every day should be Fraternal Day if we were Christian! ● **John and Charles Wesley** sailed for Georgia (1736). ● **William Penn** (1644-1718).

October 15th—1928—**Graf Zeppelin** landed at Lakehurst from Germany—111 hours, 35 minutes, 23 passengers. ● **Dr. Charles Jackson** administered **ether** to patient in Massachusetts General Hospital. Because of patient's insensibility to pain, **Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes** called it **anaesthesia**.

October 16th—**Saint Teresa** (1515-1582), Patron Saint of Spain. Founder of the Barefooted Carmelite Order of Nuns. Her autobiography is notable. ● **First newspaper in New York City**, *The Gazette*, a weekly, was also the first newspaper in the colonies (1725). ● **Napoleon** reached

St. Helena, 1815—an exile for life! The way of the dictator—*eventually*—why not *now*? ● Noah Webster (1758-1843), lexicographer—enough said!

October 17th—President Roosevelt entertained Booker T. Washington at dinner at the White House (1901).

October 18th—The Feast of St. Luke, Evangelist. Patron Saint of artists and the fine arts, doctors, brewers(!), butchers, glass workers, notaries and painters.

October 19th—These mid-October days—something of the nature of spring about them—with all the maturity of autumn!
● Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682)—*Religio Medici*—ought to be required reading for medical students.

October 20th—Sir Christopher Wren (1632-1723), designer of St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

October 21st—Feast of St. Ursula (5th Century). Patron Saint of schoolgirls and educational institutions. ● "Apple Tuesday"—fruit growers take the day off to honor apples—while we are harangued to eat "an apple a day." Doctors do not join the chorus. ● Samuel F. Smith (1808-1895), Baptist clergyman—wrote words of *America* and other hymns.

October 22nd—This day in 1844 was predicted for the end of the world by William Miller, founder of the "Adventists" or "Millerites." Ascension robes had been made and secular business was stopped. ● Bill ordered (1746) to raise money by lottery to begin a college afterward known as Columbia. Shame!

October 23rd—The great stock market crash of 1929—"gone but not forgotten." ● Sarah Bernhardt (1845-1923). Almanacs saw her and what's more, heard her, in Boston. There were giants in those days. ● Chinese Exclusion Bill, 1888.

October 24th—Feast of St. Raphael, the Archangel, known as "the guardian angel"—one of the three archangels venerated by the church. He is one of the seven angels who stand before the throne of God.

October 25th—Thomas Davidson (1840-1900), philosopher. One of America's learned men. Established a wage-earners' college in New York. ● St. Crispin (3rd Century), Patron Saint of shoemakers. He worked with his hands in imitation of St. Paul in making shoes during the night to support himself. Shakespeare has Henry V harangue his troops with a speech beginning, "This Day is called the feast of Crispin."

October 26th—Feast of Christ the King—the consecration of the world to Christ. ● Domineco Scarlatti (1685-1755), Italian musician—music for the harpsichord. Father of modern piano playing. Introduced the crossing of hands in playing. ● Erie Canal opened—1825.

October 27th—Today is Navy Day. How much we should like to have a navy that is used for the business of keeping order in the free seas of the world—where in the vast pathways of the waters commerce is regulated for the benefit of all, and where men come and go under the protection of a world navy.
● Theodore Roosevelt (1858-1919)—26th President.
● Isaac Singer (1811-1875), inventor of the sewing machine. Originated the system of buying on the installment plan—a plan recently discounted!!!

October 28th—Feast of St. Jude Thaddeus, brother of St. James, Patron Saint of hospitals. ● Desiderius Erasmus (1467-1536), Dutch scholar and reformer. Though clad in rags, he wrote a friend, "As soon as I get money, I will buy first great books, and then clothes." In 1510 he became professor of divinity and Greek at Cambridge. Here he wrote his *Praise of Folly*. Translated *New Testament* into Latin from the Greek.

October 29th—First International Labor Conference—Washington (1919). Some of its purposes are the establishment of a maximum working day; the provision of an adequate living wage; the protection of the worker against sickness, disease and injury arising out of his employment; the protection of children, young people and women. United States became a member in 1934. By 1936, 36 nations were members. Blessed past! ● John Keats (1795-1821).

October 30th—1768—Dedication by Philip Embury of John Street Methodist Episcopal Church in New York, first in America. ● In 1683, the New York Assembly adopted the Charter of Liberties—"the supreme legislative authority shall forever be and reside in a governor, council, and the people met in general assembly." ● John Adams (1735-1826)—2nd President.

October 31st—Vigil of All Saints' Day—Hallowe'en—hallowed or holy evening—the eve of All Saints' Day. Probably also a relic of pagan times—an autumn festival. Ancient Druids had festival which began at midnight on this date. They believed that all the wicked souls that had been condemned during the past year were released to inhabit bodies of animals—therefore, they built huge bonfires for a vigil. From this source we devise the idea of witches and ghosts on this night. Romans also had an autumn festival and roasted nuts and apples before great bonfires. ● 1517—Martin Luther nailed his 95 theses to the door of the church in Wittenberg—Reformation Day. Let's reform and stop this almanac until next month.

On What Makes for Greatness on the Screen

LIVES of coal miners impress most of us as pretty drab affairs, but we have not thought seriously about why they are that way. And the question of ownership of the mines in which they work has been for us a something to be considered dully under the head of "natural resources," fast between the covers of an economics textbook.

When, however, you have seen the latest film made from an A. J. Cronin novel, *THE STARS LOOK DOWN* (British film distributed by MGM), you have gained a new conception, a new appreciation of how a large section of today's industrial workers live and labor, a new insight into what "ownership of natural resources" can mean, a new enthusiasm for brave spirits who are working there toward a better way.

And that is what a great movie should do. You come away feeling that here at last is a movie set in real life, an exciting glimpse into humanity working toward a goal. You sense anew, also, the tragedy that lies in the rarity of films like this—in the tremendous waste represented in the plethora of films of the past summer which have been concerned with nothing more important than how the wealthy man-about-town is going to win back his beautiful wife from the philandering playboy with whom she is most latterly infatuated—all in a setting of private swimming pools, glittering

night clubs and even more glittering wardrobes: *AFFECTIONATELY YOURS*, *LOVE CRAZY*, *MY LIFE WITH CAROLINE*, *KISSES FOR BREAKFAST*, etc., etc.

This is not a plea for "serious" films alone. There will always be a place for certain movies which exist for no other purpose than to make us laugh—a place for the Marx Brothers, Bob Hope and Abbott and Costello. And we have nothing against romance as a theme. It is against movies which pretend to be dealing with a serious problem but carry it out by picturing a never-never way of living with characters like no one on earth except their own shadows on the screen that we would protest. When such themes are presented, let us have them translated through characters whose relationships are such as we know are likely to exist, in stories whose events are the natural results of what has gone before. We would not object, even, to occasional films treating the best way of holding one's wife—but let us not have this theme to the exclusion of almost anything else.

Because of their broad scope and the intimacy with which they can reveal attitudes and reactions, movies have a unique ability to convey impressions. What an opportunity to present truth about life and relationships, to show a way through our tangled wonderings, to spread understanding and appreciation

and enjoyment! And how seldom is it seized!

The Warner biographies (*ZOLA*, *PASTEUR*, *ROCKNE*, *EHRlich*, etc.) succeeded in the endeavor. The film which accomplishes this need not be a "serious" one; we would surely not call the Hardy films nor *THE DEVIL AND MISS JONES* "serious," yet they concern themselves effectively with real-life relationships. And in no place are truths about life set forth more tangibly than in many of the Disney cartoons. A film which contains a bit of the stuff of truth, even though incidental to the story, cannot be a total loss. How much more worthy is the film which sets forth the "realness" of life so effectively that you leave the theater with new enthusiasm and understanding, with a new conception of your relation to people and events.

China on the Screen

For some reason—partly censorship, no doubt, partly the difficulties in the way of travel—few really revealing films have come out of the present conflict. The best one we have seen so far is concerned with "China the unconquerable," with an effort to set forth the spirit of a people which has led them to persist unbroken in the face of horrible disaster. Rey Scott went up the Burma Road and into the borders of Tibet where the Rus-

Outstanding among the excellent features of *The Stars Look Down* is the "realness" of even the most minor players and extras



sian supplies come down from the mountain passes. *KU KAN* (literally, "Let's Go!") tells in colored film what he saw. There are remarkable shots of road workers, of guerillas in action, of trucks laboring on unbelievably broken roads, of young people going quietly about the task of making a "new" China. Included is the most complete picture yet shown of an air raid: the "all out" bombing of Chungking. The pictures are not so good technically; they have probably been "blown up" from small film. But their subject matter is so thrilling as to overcome this fault. Some who know the work being done by missions in China today may miss any mention of it, but they cannot help agreeing that here is a magnificent picture of a people and the spirit which guides them.

That's Just the Point

A news note in the movie trade press tells us that producers are not really worried about the outcome of the investigation going on in Congress as the result of the charge of war propaganda in films by Senators Wheeler and Nye. They point out that even President Roosevelt has praised them for their all-out support of the government's program of defense and support of Great Britain. Besides, they predict that by the time the matter comes to a head the country will be solidly for war as it was after the campaign in 1918, when the movies also did yeoman service.

Film on Work Camps

Life in youth work camps is portrayed in a series of 16-millimeter, one and two-reel motion pictures produced by the Harmon Foundation.

One film, *Studentenweg*, deals with a European camp conducted by the National Union of Swiss Students in 1933 at Ausserberg, Switzerland, where student volunteers from fifteen nations built a road to help isolated villagers. Friends' work camps in the United States which are shown include: Cooperstown, New York, where low-income dairy farmers were helped; Delta, in the Mississippi sharecropper country, where campers cleared swampland and worked for a co-operative farm; Macedonia, an isolated co-operative community in the highlands of Georgia; Flint, Michigan, scene of automobile strikes, where campers built a recreational area for Negroes; Penn-Craft, in the Pennsylvania soft coal region, with unemployed miners being aided; and a TVA camp where campers constructed a fish-rearing pool.

Program suggestions accompany the films. Groups interested can write to: Division of Visual Experiment, Harmon Foundation, Inc., 140 Nassau Street, New York City.

Among Current Movies

Charley's Aunt (Fox) has Jack Benny as the perennial Oxford student who masquerades as the "aunt from Brazil" to chaperone his room-mates, thus launching a whole film-full of ludicrous encounters which are just as funny now as they were when your grandparents roared at the play some fifty years ago. One purpose—to create howls of laughter; and it is admirably realized. Jack Benny, Kay Francis, Edmund Gwenn.

Dance Hall (Fox). All about an entertainer who abhors the ethics of the manager of the dance "palace" where she works but doesn't let that interfere with her loving him just the same. *A dreary tale.* Carole Landis, Cesar Romero.

Hello, Sucker (Univ.). Two babes in the wood are tricked into buying a tottering vaudeville agency. *The title describes the departing audience.* Tom Brown, Hugh Herbert.

Hold Back the Dawn (Par.). A Roumanian playboy, seeking entry to the United States, marries a young school teacher from California who has come to Mexico on a holiday. It is only a scheme to make his entry legal, so that he may join a former confederate in fleeing wealthy Americans—but the school teacher comes to visit him and his values undergo a sudden change, climaxed by a near tragedy. There are some good sequences, but for the most part it seems a trumped-up affair, with much of the interpretation overdone. *Elaborate but somehow over-ambitious and unconvincing.* Walter Abel, Charles Boyer, Olivia DeHavilland.

Hold That Ghost (Univ.). Abbott and Costello in a haunted house. The slapstick is spread thick. *Fun, if you enjoy these comedians.*

Life Begins for Andy Hardy (MGM). More serious, perhaps, than others in this series, but, like them, filled with spots of real value: humor, pathos, great common sense. The theme is the same as in those others: Andy's unquenchable ego in the process of deflation. Here, he goes to the city, thinking it possible to win immediate success in the business world and thus obviate the necessity of college. The scenes in which, half-starved from stretching his small nest-egg, he flounders about at his first job as office boy are by far the best in the movie. He returns home, of course, sadder but wiser for his revealing experiences. The remarkable success of these films undoubtedly lies in the fact that they are concerned with real people in situations most of their audiences recognize. *Wholesome, entertaining.* Judy Garland, Fay Holden, Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone.

My Life with Caroline (RKO). A wealthy husband sets forth for us the many occasions upon which he has had to step in and persuade his wife that the latest object of her infatuation is not the one with whom she should run away. The way the film is unfolded has about it a bit of freshness, but the tediousness of the theme and the triviality of the whole thing make it mostly a bore. Ronald Colman, Anna Lee, Charles Winninger.

Peace: by Hitler (The March of Time). A documentation which reshapes Hitler's broken promises, with LaGuardia, Willkie and others warning against any forthcoming peace offers. It depends mostly upon the voice of the commentator, with previous news shots merely as il-

lustration. Disregarding the validity or possibility of any other than a "Hitler" peace offer, it deplores the "propaganda" of the isolationists. *Partisan, inconclusive, incomplete.*

The Reluctant Dragon (RKO). A tour of the Disney studios with Robert Benchley, during which processes in cartoon making are revealed and a number of new cartoon features are shown. Now that Mr. Disney has agreed to bargain with his technicians about their retail-clerk-level wages, labor groups are no longer picketing this film. The tour is an interesting one—if you don't mind learning that Mickey and his friends are not real flesh and blood. The features shown in the course of the film are quite good—particularly the one about the little train—but it is disappointing that the dragon reluctant to fight has to be made quite such a "panty waist." Since the lightness and spirit of previous Disney full-length features are for the most part lacking here, the chief value for older audiences is the information contained; younger ones will find it entertaining.

Shining Victory (War.). A psychiatrist, embittered through unfair treatment by his superiors, devotes himself to cold-hearted research, uninterested in the "human" element in relations with his patients and associates. Then, through the love and selfless sacrifice of the girl who works as his assistant, he learns compassion and social insight. This is a closely-knit story, beautifully photographed, directed with smoothness, restraint and understanding so that it becomes a live, human document. *Honest, effective, inspiring.* Donald Crisp, Geraldine Fitzgerald, James Stephenson.

The Stars Look Down (British film, distributed by MGM). A young miner seeks an education so that he may discover the evils that make possible the conditions among the miners in his home village. Deflected for a time by the machinations of an ambitious friend and an unworthy wife, he finds a new reason for endeavor when a disaster shakes the village to its foundations. More essential than the story, however, is the picture presented of the work of the mine itself, and the tragedy of the lives which are blighted by its existence. (Comment above.) *Inspiring, real.* Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Emyln Williams, plus dozens of excellent unfeatured players.

Tom, Dick and Harry (RKO). A working girl, with three offers of marriage to confuse her pretty but rather empty head, dreams of the probable life with each. As the dreams are worked out for us, they become almost cartoon fantasies. The film succeeds admirably in combining the absurdity of the dreams with everyday bits of realism. There is a freshness and spontaneity about the humor and its presentation. If viewed for the fantasy, it is *delightful*. Alan Marshall, Burgess Meredith, George Murphy, Ginger Rogers.

Wild Geese Flying (Fox). A lumberjack with a yen to follow "wild geese" succumbs at length and painfully to the demands of domesticity. The wild geese flying make as magnificent nature shots as we have seen on the screen, but they are the only reason for seeing the film. Its story is contrived, wooden, *unconvincing*. Joan Bennett, Henry Fonda, Warren William.

radio
david crandell

A Market for Young Ideas



RADIO is often referred to as "a young man's profession," but there is a very interesting tendency of late which is well worth mentioning . . . that being that those "young men" are turning to "younger men" for NEW IDEAS.

It all started about five years ago when a young chap by the name of Irving Reis became dissatisfied with the fare in radio drama as it passed through his fingertips into the ether. Reis was an engineer at CBS in New York, a young man with an idea . . . that radio plays should be created or adapted specifically to the medium, making SOUND the star, and taking full advantage of the lightning transitions that only radio can accomplish. At his suggestion, the COLUMBIA WORKSHOP was established, and as its first director, Reis started the ball rolling on a series of experimental radio dramas.

One of the first things the Workshop set out to do was to develop a new crop of young writers who would turn out original material specifically created for the medium of radio, and to encourage

established writers to try their hands at the new medium and to realize that it was worthy of their best literary efforts. Orson Welles did adaptations of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* which set a new mark for adapters of Shakespeare.

With SOUND as the star in Workshop productions, sound effects and music became of prime importance. Believing that the REAL sound is superior to the manufactured sound, Reis and his followers set about the highly complicated task of creating original sounds such as the human heart-beat used in Poe's *Tell-tale Heart*. For this a combination of stethoscope and microphone was used on a live actor resulting in a terrifying dramatic effect. On another occasion real prizefighters were brought in to spar with each other for background effects. Then 24 natives were brought from the West coast of Africa to supply drums and tonal effects for another radio drama. All of the facilities of the Columbia Broadcasting System were made available to the

Workshop for the achievement of their desired ends. They produced sounds that one never thinks of as sound, like a FOG, eerie fingers of mist creeping over the fields, the rolling of a ship at sea, the thickening of voices on a sultry day, the sensation of an approaching storm. Reis developed what he calls "key sound effects" which are noises so powerful that when heard they immediately conjure up a whole scene and eliminate all other subordinate sound effects. Music has been developed and used in much the same way to contribute to atmosphere, transitions and imagery of production—representing the slither of a slowly melting iceberg, for example, or the effect of a man being turned into a tree.

The Columbia Workshop, as its name implies, has been devoted to laboratory experiments with drama ON THE AIR, to the development of new techniques and new ideas to raise the standards of all radio programs. Of course not all of the productions turned out by the Workshop during the past five years have been successful, but they have all been milestones in creative thinking and writing in radio . . . each done for an honest reason and resulting in concrete do's or don'ts for radio drama.

But recently the Workshop idea has gone a step farther in the encouragement of YOUNG IDEAS for radio betterment. Both CBS and NBC have encouraged members of their organizations, regardless of capacity, to try their hands at experimental radio drama. At CBS in Hollywood and at NBC in New York, page boys, janitors, mail clerks, stenographers, and apprentices have banded together to write, act, produce and record or broadcast, their own programs. The group at CBS in Hollywood did so well during their year of broadcasting over

Producing and performing in the show YOUNG IDEAS may give these young artists their "break." Photo courtesy CBS



motive

a low wattage station that CBS gave them network time this past summer coast-to-coast and called their program "YOUNG IDEAS." Some of the scripts used were by established professionals, others by writers from the Junior Workshop group . . . such as *One Way to Glory*, written by a CBS Negro porter. All productions were completely in the hands of non-professionals except for the advisory help of staff members. In this way, everyone with a talent or an interest in a particular phase of radio production is given his chance to prove his worth or to try his ideas and perhaps make a substantial contribution to the art of radio production.

At NBC in New York, a similar organization has been set up and called the PROGRAM PRODUCTION GROUP. All of the facilities of NBC are turned

over to the ambitious employees who each week cast, rehearse and record a new radio drama. Most of their scripts are originals, and with original music. The young director selects his cast from anyone on the company payroll interested in acting; the announcing class competes for the announcing job each week; sound-effects are done by a young apprentice under the supervision of a staff man; a library of original music is being created. As yet, NBC has not given air time to the Production Group. They are still learning from their recordings. But it all points to a very healthy situation in a great industry, an industry that gives a chance to the untried way . . . to the fresh approach . . . to the YOUNG IDEA.

From the studio we crossed to the drafting room, which was flanked with maps and charts of the Chicago area. One large map displayed concentric circles emanating from W9XBK which were marked with figures giving the signal strength or image reception of the station within a ten-mile radius of the Loop. Other maps told other stories, each an example of thorough investigation and research on the part of W9XBK's executives and engineers. One of these in particular was most interesting in that it displayed graphically the possible interference to the television signal that could be expected from tall buildings in the Loop area.

Beyond the drafting room was the control room housing a low wattage transmitter, control panels, turntables, and so on. There the images picked up by both cameras in the studio were checked by the director and the engineers, and one of them released to the air. Adjoining was a laboratory where five young engineers were busily engaged in the assembly of equipment.

Following a beckoning finger, I stepped into the hall and crossed to a large door leading to the studios of tomorrow . . . two large auditoriums awaiting conversion into huge television studios. They had been lodge halls in their time, but are destined to become part of the march of science in the development of the new electronics art and will house "floating studios" of what I am convinced will be one of the truly important pioneer television stations in America. Today a tiny acorn . . . tomorrow a mighty oak.

"From Tiny Acorns"

TO my mind, there is nothing so exciting as very small beginnings of very big things . . . and one of these is W9XBK of Chicago.

I had heard of the experimental activities of this eight-month-old studio before beginning my cross-country tour in quest of *what's doing in television*. I was not disappointed in my first stop. In fact, I was more impressed with four small rooms on the top floor of a tall building in the Chicago Loop than I might have been by an imposing edifice with TELEVISION in shouting neon.

I was greeted on the top floor of the State and Lake Building by a young man of vitality, personality, and intelligence—Reinald Werrenrath by name, by capacity assistant to William C. Eddy, Director of Television for W9XBK, another young man with vision for television. Their offices were at the end of a reception room that was a bee-hive of activity, with people coming and going, arranging this and that for the afternoon telecast. The focus of activity was of course the studio adjoining, a room not much larger than the average living room. The far end of the studio was hung with sets of drapes that could be used at will for various changes of background. In the center of the room, on either side, stood two cameras, each with its complement of light banks, both focused on an image test chart in the center of the stage. My host pointed out that the equipment was completely portable and could be taken anywhere for remote telecasting.

One thing in particular they were learning . . . what kind of program is best adaptable to the medium of television. "What kinds of program do you

present?" I asked. "EVERYTHING!" he replied. "Tea parties, lectures, interviews, demonstrations, vaudeville acts, crafts, auditions, everything that the public might find interesting and that we find good visual programing. We don't use film because we know what can be done with film. We don't do dramatic things because we haven't the facilities as yet, but we do everything else conceivable in an attempt to solve the current riddle as to what the public wants most and what television can do best. We use a minimum of script . . . practically none at all. If we were to have all of our dialogue written it would require a staff of writers triple the number of actors, and besides, there is too little time to learn it. So, we do our things informally with ad-libbing and with personalities rather than with rehearsed talent and memorized lines."

Reinald Werrenrath, right, constructing a model seaport city while with NBC television in New York. Photo courtesy NBC



Crafts to Carry

IF you have waited long minutes while the librarian has searched the stacks for a needed book, or have had to make streetcar rides all the way across town twice a day, or have hitch-hiked home over a less traveled road every other week-end, or have had occasion to ride the train or bus (or airplane, though in this case I cannot speak with the weight of much experience), or have waited in the outer room while another student finished his music lesson, or—in short—have regularly or irregularly been possessed with odd chunks of unfilled time, this article is addressed to you. It is the beginning of a list of suggestions for portable crafts to be worked on in spare moments in either public or private places.

I must confess that I was driven to considering the subject by jealousy. You will perhaps not think too harshly of me if you recall the words of the sage: "Jealousy is one form of admiration." Frankly, I was jealous of knitters—girls who "knit one, purl one" while they sit under hair dryers at the beauty parlor, in the third row in anthropology class, and even in darkened movie houses. Despite the fact that the Duke of Windsor is reported to be a knitter, most of us men folks do not seem to work up the courage or foolishness (as you will) to push forth in public with a ball of yarn in the right hand coat pocket and a pair of needles projecting alongside our fountain pen. And I have found that many women are not temperamentally inclined to knitting.

Anyway, I should perhaps to this day be content with (or, at least, resigned to) frittering away these spare moments if the knitting clan had not challenged me. Here is the beginning of my list, and I should be happy to have your suggestions for additions. The activities fall roughly under three heads: "knitting and weaving," "whittling and carving," and "other."

TO KNIT OR NOT TO KNIT

From the utilitarian point of view, knitting is certainly the best thing I have to offer. I know people who have actually been able to wear what they made, and the other articles can always be given to friends on birthdays. Crocheting and tatting are not quite as fashion-

able this season but are also to be considered. Piecing quilts and other needlework projects fall pretty much in the feminine province, too, though I know a fellow who undertook to make a cut-work towel (you haven't heard of cut-work?) in the privacy of his room and actually completed the project during long winter evenings in time to bestow it upon his mother for Christmas, but the glamour of the work had worn off and he returned to thumb-twiddling without further excursions in the handicraft field.

However, there is one portable textile project which recommends itself to both sexes, and that is the weaving on a little frame known as a "weavit" or some similar name, depending on the manufacturer. With a long and not too tedious needle you actually weave small squares of cloth, which can be sewed together as ties, scarfs, afghans, sweaters, and the like. Richard Gregg in his recent pamphlet *A Discipline for Non-Violence* (published by Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pa., 10 cents) sets forth many reasons for encouraging weavits together with other textile processes as an important element in building a non-violent mass movement in this country. I think it is fallacious to suggest such activity as a satisfactory parallel to the spinning movement fostered by Gandhi in India, since our way of life and our clothing demands are so much more complex technologically than India's. Nonetheless, weavits are fun and in a limited way practical.

WHITTLE AWAY!

My second heading, that of whittling and carving, belongs almost as exclusively to men as knitting and weaving do to women, though women seem to hesitate less about taking over men's pursuits than the other way 'round. A knife, preferably with two or three types of blades, is the only tool required for most whittling (this does not include the more elaborate types of carving, which require special tools and are outside the range of this article). Further, there are only two simple rules—keep your knife sharp (no exceptions recognized) and always cut away from yourself (few exceptions recognized).

A variety of materials are available. I think the materials that you can pick up

around you are in many ways the most challenging and interesting; there are peach-stones and other fruit stones, coconuts and other smaller nuts, ivory, bone, horn, and stray pieces of wood. In addition, there are such processed materials as plastics, celluloid, and soap. Possible projects, some more and some less useful, are toys, puzzles, chains (several links from one piece of wood) and other trick pieces like nested spheres and ball-in-a-cage, fans, model ships and airplanes, caricatures of birds, animals, and people, chessmen, silhouettes, buttons, and buckles.

MISCELLANEOUS

Finally, I might mention a few other miscellaneous suggestions. Once you get started plaiting (leather, horsehair, etc.) you will probably discover that there are really more things to plait than might be imagined—the list just beginning with the obvious things like belts and lanyards. Square knotting (requiring only balls of cord in addition to patience) can get pretty intricate when you start making such articles as handbags. A bead-work loom is fairly cumbersome, but you might try smaller projects like beading rabbits' feet for watch charms.

With a pad and a pencil you can have a lot of fun sketching people and things, rough sketches that catch with a few simple lines the humor or the movement or other significance of a situation. I feel that we are now straying somewhat from the handicraft idea. I had not intended to make a complete catalog of all types of spare moment possibilities—reading, memorizing poetry, photography, and writing soliloquies (this last proposed by a hitch-hiking friend who as he stands beside the road often makes observations on life and the world which he thinks should be preserved).

But with these crafts to choose from, you no longer need to gaze vacantly out of the window or polish your fingernails on your cuff.

[Footnote: The needlework departments of most stores teach you how to knit, etc., without any cost beyond the actual materials used. For further guidance in projects in the whittling section see E. J. Tangerman's *Whittling and Woodcarving* (New York, Whittlesey House, 1936) or visit the whittlers' bench down by the courthouse. Don't shy away from the crafts in the third section by mention of the fact that the Boy Scouts publish inexpensive "how to do it" pamphlets on most of them.]

So You're Collecting

Records!

IN a world of crashing bombs and violent turmoil, the genteel pastime of collecting phonograph records may seem hopelessly out of date. In a country recently become "priorities conscious," phonograph records may indeed become rare luxuries, too "non-essential" to bother with. What justification could there be for time and money devoted to such an art as this? Well, the music justifies itself: Beethoven's *Sixth Symphony* has been great music for 130 years; it's still great music. Time will never tarnish the "*Pastoral*" *Symphony*. "Priorities" cannot replace it, nor diminish its magnitude. Beyond the question of the greatness of the art in itself is the further need for this music in a time of disturbed faiths. It may be that music means only enjoyment to you. If so, let's hang on to it for that. For many others, great music is a source of strength and perspective on life; it is something ever creative, renewing itself. In days when the tides of destruction and frustration are heavy, music brought close to everyday life can indeed be more than enjoyment. It may be an artery of life.

And then, any record collector will tell you: record collecting is a lot of fun! Not only do you become the possessor of the world's greatest music preserved on discs—you soon find yourself wrapped up in the sport of collecting. Building a record library has in it all the elements that make any collecting interesting, whether it be books, pictures, flowers, stones, or what-not. Your interest mounts as your collection grows. Each new acquisition adds a new pillar in one great hall of music, or opens up some new "wing" into which your interest begins to flood. It's expensive, it's slow, but with good judgment and thoughtfulness both in buying and taking care of the records, it should be a life-time investment.

Thousands of people have become record conscious within recent years—music stores are flourishing wherever there is a music-conscious market. College communities nearly all boast of a nearby record shop, perhaps limited in stock but well patronized. With this immense public in the business of buying records, a few "tips" may prove suggestive.

How to Make Record Buying More Enjoyable and Profitable

(1) Always hear a piece of music carefully before you buy it. Record shops provide good instruments on which you may listen to records. Radio stations in many parts of the country feature symphonic record programs. Very often several hearings on a number of occasions will repay you and allow you to compare it with similar works. For example if it's Schubert's "*Unfinished*" *Symphony* you are after, listen also to the *C Major* and the *Fifth Symphonies* of Schubert. Compare them and see what sort of symphonies come to us from Schubert's pen. This widens your appreciation, insures getting the music you really want, brings new things into your mind for further opening the field.

(2) Never buy a record because of the label or the name of the artist. Generally speaking, there is little to choose between Victor and Columbia records as far as quality goes. Both companies are turning out performances of high standards; each has made poor records. When there is a choice between Victor and Columbia, hear them both if possible. Great names do not always mean that a record will be good. Leopold Stokowski's records of Bach are inspired; his album of Tchaikowsky's *Fifth Symphony* is poor and greatly overdramatized. The same is true of nearly every artist in the catalogue. Listen to a selection, interpreted by more than one artist wherever possible, and notice the individual interpretation, the fidelity to the spirit of the music, as the music seems to you. Listen for clean playing, good tonal balance, unsentimental reading.

(3) Be sure the record is technically good. Are the surfaces free from excess noise (unfortunately present in many of the older albums); is there the right amount of resonance in the tone without its actually becoming bombastic with echo (some of Toscanini's best performances are ruined by a dead studio); is the volume evenly recorded? Some records suffer in places because the volume is so heavily recorded it breaks down the walls of the record grooves, making the music sound fuzzy. With vocal music, listen

for the accompaniment; in instrumental music, the clarity of the solo instrument. Above all, get some *good* advice on needles. It's a big subject, and very important.

(4) Try to keep in touch with recent releases and critical comment on records. Many newspapers have columns devoted to new records. There are some good magazines that are very helpful in appraising records, as well as music itself:

Listen—published by Terminal Radio, West 45th Street, New York City.

Musical Facts—10 South LaSalle Street, Chicago.

Gramophone Shop Record Supplement—18 West 48th Street, New York City.

Steinway Review—Steinway Hall, New York City.

All of these are good. David Hall's *Record Book* is a wonderful source book for the present library—though new things are constantly making the book more and more inadequate.

(5) To specialize, to buy at random, or to build a "well-rounded library"—that is the question every record buyer faces. Answer it to suit your own interests. You'll probably find it a lot of fun to have some specialty. You'll enjoy knowing some composer's works extremely well. I've added quite consistently to my own Mozart shelf; it has become an increasing source of pleasure. Others have specialized in one type of music—the piano concerto from Bach to Gershwin, for example. On the other hand, as time goes on you will naturally want your library to be fully expressive of your love for music, and if you're too heavily stocked in Johann Strauss and Tchaikowsky, you will some day regret the lack of balance. Try to put together a program of music that will make your collection attractive to people with whom you may share it.

(6) What to buy? The following suggestions may prove stimulating to your further interest. No one can command the tastes of another; it is one of the easiest temptations for the "seasoned" music lover (concert-goer or record-buyer) to try to tell others what they should or should not like. I submit these selections not as a judgment of what I feel to be the greatest music on records, but as a first introduction to what is unquestionably great art. If you don't like Brahms' *Violin Concerto*, for heaven's sake don't buy it! If you enjoy Tchaikowsky's *Capriccio Italian*, put it in your collection. In record buying, however, it is well to think

music

robert lucock

of the future. *Is this music something I'll want to hear over and over again, to live with?* I always ask myself that question when one hand is on the pocket-book and the other on the album. There are some things that the radio brings us with ample frequency. Inevitably, if you're buying records on a limited budget, your library will grow slowly. Your tastes will grow and change as you build. After a year or so, it will resemble a geological stratification of your progression through the halls of music. Try buying in various fields in succession. If your last set was *The Nutcracker Suite*, try a Haydn symphony next time, or a Wagnerian sequence.

So, here's one list of fine music. Another, equally fine, could be made up without duplication. If it leads to further exploring of the treasures of the record shop—the time spent reading it will be rewarded.

A Beginning Collector's List

From J. S. Bach:

1. Some of the music from the *Mass in B Minor* London Philharmonic with soloists (Victor)
2. *Suite No. 3 in D Major* (or any of the other four Suites)
All played by the Busch Chamber Players (Victor)
3. Program of Bach transcriptions for orchestra Stokowski, Philadelphia Orchestra (Victor)
There is much other good Bach to choose from on records; these three suggestions offer some idea of the way Bach could be fairly represented in your library. Begin above all with the thing that appeals to you now.

From Beethoven:

- Like the boy in the penny candy store with five cents to spend, the record buyer confronts Beethoven with a sigh and a longing glance along the shelf. A symphony and a concerto belong in every collection.
1. "*Pastoral*" Symphony
Toscanini, B. B. C. Orchestra (Victor)
 2. "*Eroica*" Symphony
Walter, New York Philharmonic (Columbia)
These top the list of splendid Beethoven recordings. Hear them; then try some others, preferably the less familiar even-numbered symphonies.
 3. "*Emperor*" Concerto
Gieseking, Walter, Vienna Philharmonic (Columbia)
Moisevitch, London Symphony (Victor)
 4. *Leonora Overture No. 3*
Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic (Victor)
This is Beethoven's greatest overture. Don't miss hearing it.
 5. *String Quartet Op. 131 in C Flat Minor*
Budapest String Quarter (Columbia)
The Beethoven *Quartets* mark a mountain peak of music. One may prefer *Op. 127* or *Op. 135*. At any rate, this is a great field into which you will venture with rich reward.

From Brahms:

1. *Symphony No. 4*
Boston Symphony (Victor)
2. *Symphony No. 1*
Weingartner, London Symphony (Columbia)
Two great sets of records, revealing Brahms as the symphonic master of the orchestra. First choices for your Brahms shelf.
3. *Piano Concerto No. 2 in B Flat*
Schnabel, Boult, B. B. C. Orchestra (Victor)
4. *Alto Rhapsody Op. 53*
Marian Anderson, Chorus, Philadelphia Orchestra (Victor)
A choral work of great feeling and emotion. Sung superbly by Marian Anderson. An unusual set of records which the lover of Brahms will treasure.

From Mozart:

- Recommending Mozart is easy! The music is nearly all of first rate quality, and the poor recordings are relatively few. These few command lasting appreciation:
1. *Symphonies 39, 40, 41*
Beecham, London Philharmonic (Columbia)
All of these are Mozart in his moments of greatest inspiration. No library should be without at least one of this incomparable trio.
 2. *Piano Concerto in D Minor* (K 466)
Walter, Vienna Orchestra (Victor)
 3. *Piano Concerto in C Major* (K 467)
Schnabel, London Symphony (Victor)
 4. *Violin Concerto in D Major* (K 218)
Szigeti, Beecham, London Philharmonic (Columbia)

Here are three more Mozart sets that will tempt you to expand your collection. There is no lovelier Mozart than the *Violin Concerto*, superbly recorded in this Columbia set.

5. "*Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*"
Walter, Vienna Orchestra (Victor)
A delightful two-record set, capturing the brilliance of both Mozart and the old Vienna string sections.

From Schubert:

1. *C Major Symphony*
Boult and B. B. C. Orchestra (Victor)
2. *Quintet in A Major ("Trout")*
Schnabel, Pro Arte Quartet (Victor)
The loveliness of the melody here will never fade.
3. *Quartet No. 14 in D Minor ("Death and the Maiden")*
Busch Quartet (Victor)
4. And by all means, hear Lotte Lehmann and Elizabeth Schumann sing some of Schubert's songs which surpass all else of the sort in the whole field of music.

From Wagner:

- Preludes:
- Flying Dutchman*, Beecham (Columbia)
 - Lohengrin*, Toscanini (Victor)
 - Tristan*, Stokowski (Victor)
 - Die Meistersinger*, Beecham (Columbia)
- Records from Act I, *Die Walkure*
Lotte Lehmann, Lauritz Melchior, Bruno Walter (Victor)
- "Love Duet" from *Tristan*
Kirsten Flagstad, Lauritz Melchior (Victor)
This is enough to lead you into the tremendous field of Wagner. These records are among the truly great. Discover for yourself also what Friedrich Schorr, Bruno Walter, and others have done with Wagner on records.

From Tchaikowsky:

1. Try the symphonies:
Sixth—Furtwangler, Berlin Philharmonic (Victor)
Fifth—Rodzinski, Cleveland Orchestra (Columbia)

- Fourth*—Koussevitzky, Boston Orchestra (Victor)
2. *Piano Concerto*
Egon Petri, London (Columbia)
 3. *Violin Concerto*
Heifetz, London (Victor)
Either concerto marks a high point in music.
 4. *Romeo and Juliet Overture*
Mengelberg, Amsterdam (Columbia)

"Modern" Music:

1. Sibelius—*Symphony No. 2*
Boston Symphony (Victor)
A great set of records, the power of which grows with familiarity.
2. Stravinsky—*Rite of Spring*
New York Philharmonic—Stravinsky conducting (Columbia)
3. Rachmaninoff—*Symphony No. 3*
Philadelphia Orchestra (Victor)
4. Debussy
La Mer, Boston (Victor)
Sunken Cathedral, Philadelphia (Victor)
Clair de Lune, Philadelphia (Victor)
Après-midi d'un Faune, London Philharmonic (Columbia)
5. American Music
Copeland—*El Salon Mexico*
Boston (Victor)
Harris—*3rd Symphony*
Boston (Victor)
Any one of these great sets ought to lead you into the field of modern music.

Worth Looking Into

Projects for Support

The Christian Medical Council for Overseas Work is an interdenominational agency that seeks to maintain effective contact with the doctors and nurses who are the outposts of the Christian medical witness. The Council issues a Bulletin, the July number of which we have just seen. It is a very live little four-page paper giving all sorts of news and suggestions about medical missions and missionaries. The work of the Council is worth knowing, and groups interested in such a project will want to write to the Council office at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

* * *

During the past three years, the American Advisory Committee of the United China Relief has administered almost \$2,000,000 worth of relief through five regional committees and 150 local committees throughout China. Distribution of the funds is carried out by 700 missionaries of all faiths who volunteer their services. Dr. Robert T. Henry of Nashville, Methodist mission leader, has just left for China to be the field director of the Church Committee for China Relief in Shanghai. United China Relief has offices at 1790 Broadway, New York City.

Parting at Imsdorf

N. Richard Nusbaum

Winner of Maxwell Anderson Verse Drama Award. First prize winner in contest sponsored by Religious Drama Council of the Greater New York Federation of Churches.

Parting at Imsdorf is a highly emotional and melodramatic sketch which might be called *The Valiant* of war plays. It is the first effective short play to come from the experience of the present war. It concerns an English Jew, a former rabbi, who strays from his line and who finds himself in the little village of Imsdorf where he seeks refuge in the home of a simple pastor and his daughter. The experience in the Christian home where he is given food and a brief haven of rest, finally gives him fleeting love and a sense of God that he had lost. The closing scene shows something of the beauty and the dramatic quality of the play. Lavy, the Jew, is facing the prospect of being discovered by the German searching party. He stands at the critical moment with the German pastor's daughter who has advised him to go to the cellar. Lavy answers:

I'm bored with cellar windows!
I've a dark and misty window
In the cellar that's my soul!
I'm bored with that one too!

There is a knocking at the door. Anna, the daughter, cries out to the Jew as he goes to the door to let in his killers.

No, wait! Please wait! I beg of you
Please wait!
A lovely dream to share, you said—

Lavy.
In better times, I said.
It was a fantasy. Forget it.

Anna.
I'll not forget it!
I'm just as good at fantasy as you!
In better times—that's what you said!
The times are good! Oh, don't you feel it?
All the world's at peace again!
Nothing of these years remains
Except a few calumnious pages
In a history book.
This universe is young once more and green
And we're two people standing on a hill,
A hill somewhere in England, if you like,
Or Galilee. You choose the place.
Some place that's dear to you.
A place where there are hawthorns and a stream
And we're two people standing there alone.
You and I—Oh, look at me—
Don't turn your face away—

Lavy.
Sweet words—kind words—

Anna.
The words a lover speaks
In England somewhere—

October, 1941

Just Out

Fred Eastman has a new play in the September, 1941, issue of *The International Journal of Religious Education*. It is also just published by Samuel French. What happens to spiritual values and faith when bombs from an alien enemy are dropping on you, is the subject of the play. 2 men, 3 women and a twelve-year-old boy make up the cast.

Sound Effects

Could you use some nice harpy cries? Would you be interested in a gibbering gibbon or a gibbon jabbering? Do you need the roar of traffic at 43rd and Times Square, or the pounding of the surf (light, heavy, or medium) at Virginia Beach? Or how about "man walking on gravel road, wearing squeaky shoes and corduroy trousers, incidental bird calls"? In between "Adding Machine" and "Wolves Howling," almost any sound effect that a dramatic group might want is likely to be listed in the catalogue of Gennett electrical transcriptions. The records—"all from life"—were originally used in major New York stage productions. They are authorized for radio broadcasting or public performance and do not require additional permission or royalty payment.

Detailed descriptions of each recording, with playing time of each individual cut, are given in the catalog, which can be ordered from: Thomas J. Valentino, 1600 Broadway, New York City. The records are priced at \$2.00 each.

A Current Problem

Tenant Farmers. By Elliot Field

One woman, one girl (8-10 years), three men. This play depicts the hopeless situation which faces the Holt family as it watches its crops dry up and the dust come. Their farm is to be taken over by the company unless Jasper Holt can raise two hundred dollars. A sick daughter, near starvation and impending doom for the family are factors in the play's plot. A worth-while neighbor adds a touch of brightness to the play. The play offers little hope as far as the situation is concerned. It merely presents a case, and a bad one at that --which is, perhaps, the honest and right thing to do.

Books, 35 cents. No royalty. Baker's Plays, 178 Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

New Plays for Christmas

The Songs of Christmas. By Martha Bayly Shannon

Cast indefinite. Simple, natural group method for introducing history and significance of best-known Christmas songs, using tableaux and choir. Designed for intermediates, it may be adapted to older groups. No royalty. Baker's Plays. 35 cents.

The Christmas Lamb. By Agnes Emelie Peterson

2 men, 2 women, boys and girls. The story of the lamb offered on Christmas Eve in Provence—how it was stolen and returned again. The processional and the giving of the lamb furnish the pageant-like close of the play. Nice feeling, and dramatically effective.

No royalty. Baker's Plays. 35 cents.

The Alien Star. By Frances and Rockwell Smith

Three scenes. 6 men, 3 women, extras. The story of the Wise Men and their search for the Star of Bethlehem and the promised King. The babe is discovered by the men and finally by a lame boy, Kerman, without knowing it. Through him the fourth Wise Man meets Mary and Joseph on their way to escape the decree of Herod. As they pass out of the scene the star is discovered above the babe and the searchers know that he is the King.

Books, 35 cents. Royalty, \$2.50 without admission, \$5.00 with admission. Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago.

Many who knew by word of mouth that Roosevelt and Churchill were meeting had expected an American declaration of war as a result. At the height of that rosy expectation came the one vote escape of President Roosevelt from defeat—not on the question of going to war, but only on the matter of extending by 18 months the term of the American draft army. England was done. I don't think I have spoken to anyone here who has not mentioned it and asked, in bewilderment, how it could have happened.

—Raymond Clapper, writing from London.

I'd Go Through It Again

(Continued from page 25)

pails. It is quite probable that every Caravaner stayed in at least one home where the dairy was out in the barn, in the back yard. Milking a cow was the first lab session in animal husbandry for some Caravaners. Judging from the cow's attitude and facial expressions, the milker's grade (for his efforts) would have been quite different from the grade product the cow was putting out—or trying to put out! But thanks to the cow-coaxing talent of the children in the home and the hired hands, there was always plenty of milk to drink—it was that way in every place, always plenty to eat. When it wasn't chicken, mashed potatoes, and gravy, it was pimento cheese sandwiches, potato salad and veal loaf. Once we had fried chicken for seven consecutive meals!

Probably the most interesting church basement was the one where the Caravaners and the preacher and his

Lavy.

You'd really have me save myself?

Anna.

Please! I beg of you—

Lavy.

I dreamed a dream once. Shall I tell you?

Anna.

Another time—we'll share it.

Lavy.

There never will be other times.

Anna.

Don't say that! Go and never say it.

Lavy does go to the cellar, but he reappears when the pastor is about to swear that no one is in his cellar. The officer shoots him, and he dies with Anna's hand in his.

Lavy.

If you've a hand to lend me—

Lend it now—for this fleet moment—

I'll give it back again—quite soon—

Quite soon—

Anna.

My hand—oh, take it—

And in the taking of my hand

You crowd the whole tomorrow.

All—all tomorrows—that we shall not see together—

You crowd them all into the taking of my hand—

Lavy.

My love—my love—

The play is one which student groups will want to present. It is published by Samuel French, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. Copies may be bought for thirty-five cents. Amateurs may give the play upon payment of the royalty fee of five dollars for each performance. The passages quoted here are printed by special permission of the publishers.

wife sat until two o'clock in the morning (after a week's program) relaxing around a piano for a solid E-flat session of ancient and modern jive.

Saturday afternoon was always open for travel from one town to another. Saturday night was the time for new introductions and meetings. Most of the time we met the council of the young people's department—even though the council might consist of just one girl. At one place, however, the Saturday meeting was held on the town square. The Caravan, unmusical as the team was, was asked to gather around a microphone upon a platform and help the choir. The choir was a trio, and with the Caravan became a double octet. It's doubtful that many souls were saved that night! No matter if the worship program was a street meeting or held in a church where the piano player wore a sun suit, the Caravan always "fitted into the local program."

The foregoing incidents are a few of the actual experiences—on the lighter side—that happened to Caravaners.

Browsing in a Book Store

books

As far as we are concerned, the book of this month and many months to come, must be **When Hostilities Cease**. It is the report of the Exploratory Conference on the Bases of a Just and Enduring Peace, held in Chicago in May. This one hundred and twenty-eight page book sells for only 35 cents. It is published by the Commission on World Peace, but will be handled by the Methodist Publishing House. Definitely a must. . . . Gerald Heard has been increasingly important for us since a dramatist friend of ours in Hollywood sent us an advance copy of **Pain, Sex and Time**. At first we laughed at the name, but before we had read twenty-five pages we knew we had encountered one of the most fertile minds of our generation. We don't indulge in hero worship very often, yet we don't mind admitting that meeting Gerald Heard will be a big moment for us. We are traveling these days, and with us we have Heard's two latest books, **The Creed of Christ** and **The Code of Christ** (both Harper). The fruit of real study and the evidence of insights that make him one of the prophetic minds of the day, these two books are destined to be increasingly important. They seek a religious background for the kind of life we should call good, and they do it so that any intellectually respectable person will sanction their findings. . . . Along with Gerald Heard we are shouting the praises of Allan Hunter's **Secretly Armed** (Harper). Both of these men come from the West coast and both have been spirits of the new day. **Secretly Armed** is a book that tells how we may be "secretly armed against all death's endeavor." It is a book against fear and force, and it is scientific and sound. . . . We are greatly amused and pleased that Appleton-Century is publishing another novel by the author of **Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch**. Alice Hegan Rice's new book will be called **Happiness Road**. . . . Pearl Buck's new novel on China, **Dragon Seed**, will be published serially in *Asia* and in book form by John Day in January. . . . We wanted this column in the magazine to discover the new and unusual in books—books that we might not find in an ordinary daily routine. . . . We read the *Saturday Review of Literature*, that proper and distinguished sheet. Occasionally we find a statement in it which makes us glad we can call ourselves a charter subscriber. In a preview of the new edition of his book, **Free Speech in America** (an M book—which means that it is a "must"), Mr. Zechariah Chafee, Jr., says: "These gigantic problems (to rebuild civilization) will remain unsolved unless we insist on surrounding our busy factories and navy yards and camps with a steady atmosphere of free, temperate and enlightened discussion, which shall gradually shape the terms of a lasting peace, without which victory will be only a little better than defeat." To which we say Amen! and Amen! . . . This last month saw the publication of **Brazil, Land of the Future**, by Stefan Zweig. A notable addition to the books on South America. . . . September likewise brought forth **The Democratic Spirit**, a compilation of great essays, poems, sketches, and orations that have been inspired by the American ideal. Of all the whoop-it-up books, this is most sensible. Here, at least, is source material. What we need now is the book that will tell us what democracy means in terms of actual life experiences. We have had enough of the theory, and in spite of being considered trite, we must say it—we need something of the deed. We would like to know about successful democratic living! . . . William Rose Benét's semi-autobiographical novel is to be called **The Dust Which Is God**. By the time this magazine reaches you it will be out. . . . Another notable book of September is **The Oxford Companion to American Literature**—896 pages, \$5.00 (Oxford University Press—naturally!). 893 summaries and descriptions of novels, short stories, essays, poems and plays, including complete summaries of 134 plays, 181 poems, and 332 novels, and biographies, bibliographies, literary movements, magazines, newspapers, motion pictures, etc. . . . We cannot close this Browsing without a mention of the death of **George Lyman Kittredge**. Distinguished scholar and teacher at Harvard from 1894 to 1936, he was known to generations of students as "Kitty." He used to come into his famous Shakespeare course dressed as only an English gentleman might dress, glasses on a black ribbon and a cane which he swung threateningly over the heads of his students as he lectured. His editions of Shakespeare will probably be standard for many years to come. He never took the Ph.D. degree, but Harvard, Yale, Brown, Chicago, McGill, Oxford and Johns Hopkins awarded him honorary degrees. From our scene goes one of the great teachers of this last generation—urbane, human and erudite. His like is not produced today.

A "Must" Book

Indispensable to anyone interested in what kind of a peace will come out of the war is a 128-page book called *When Hostilities Cease*, which consists of the addresses and findings of the Exploratory Conference on the Bases of a Just and Enduring Peace. This significant meeting was held in Chicago in May under the sponsorship of the Methodist Commission on World Peace.

The addresses reprinted are by such men as E. Stanley Jones (see September *motive*, pages 8-10, for excerpts from his address), Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, Toyohiko Kagawa, Paul Hutchinson, Walter W. Van Kirk, and a half-dozen other authorities on labor, agriculture, the Orient, and international diplomacy.

The reports adopted by the Conference deal with the economic, political and agricultural steps toward a just and enduring peace, the implications of the Christian faith for such a peace, the contribution of missions toward it, and a program for the Church which would help to pave the way for it.

The book, edited by Dr. Charles F. Boss, Jr., executive secretary of the Commission on World Peace, and published by the Commission, is being handled by the Methodist Publishing House. It sells for only 35 cents and we think you should buy it.

Conscription and Liberty is the title of a pamphlet just issued by the Committee against the Extension of Conscription whose membership includes Charles F. Boss, Jr., Allen Knight Chalmers, Richard Gregg, A. J. Muste, Norman Thomas and others. The pamphlet discusses how conscription has worked in the past year and what it is doing to the U. S. A. It seeks to tell why democracy and conscription cannot exist together. Copies may be obtained at 5 cents each or 25 for \$1.00 from the Keep America Out of War Congress, 22 East 17th Street, New York City.

Senator Truman, head of the special committee investigating "national defense," introduced into his committee's record a report proving that seven corporations, holding \$2,882,000,000 in arms contracts, have former employees or representation in the Office of Production Management.

Little Stories in the Daily Life of a Social Worker

IN ten minutes the whistle on the shoe factory down the street will signal five o'clock. Time to go home. For the life of me I can't remember what "STJSSD" stands for! Please, Miss Clark, why ever did you make me scribble that hieroglyph on my calendar?

Every day I am more convinced a code book is needed for this game of social case work. Archeologists, several thousand years from now, would have a gay time with the Sanskrit on this Thursday's page. "NYA sup" stares up from the center of the page, at the top is "9 ann dnka 7594." Here's a boxed-in square of scribbling completely indecipherable; a doodle that could, by a great stretch of the imagination, look like a streetcar; over there, a cryptic "pick up onions for picnic"; and those mysterious letters, "STJSSD" still leering up at me.

But unfortunately, I can't leave it for the archeologists. I'll have to do it myself. Everything must be translated properly for the record before these ten minutes are up and the whistle lets loose its blast.

* * * *

Might as well begin at the beginning. Now what did I mean by that top "9 ann dnka 7594"? It's a little clearer than some of the others and I recall now it meant that at nine o'clock Ann Russo should have come in but she "did not keep appointment." She phoned instead to ask if I would call her at noon at number 7594. Actually, it was much more than a casual "dnka." This was Ann's big day. When I called at noon, the excitement in her voice was unmistakable. "I have a new job," she wanted me to know.

"That's great news," I told her, and it really was. I remember those desperate days last spring when Ann came home from her factory job each evening with a splitting headache. At first she blamed it on her eyes. Finally she began to realize it came because she hated her job so much and wanted to give it up. She resented having to do factory work. But, even more, she resented all the troubles at home that had forced her to take the first job she could get. For a time she

couldn't even like the girls who worked alongside of her. She became so much more nervous and tense as each day wore on that it was no wonder her head was splitting. After she knew she could give up the job rather than have it make her sick, she stuck to it. Every Thursday she told me how hard she tried to be objective about it, to remember it was how she felt about it and not really the job itself that bothered her so much.

Looking for a different kind of job in her spare time wasn't easy either. Ann has gone through so much trouble she isn't at all sure of herself. After she'd been turned down a few times, she began to think she could never make a good impression on anyone. We talked a lot then on Thursdays about Ann's trouble in developing confidence in herself. I had to remind her over and over that she really has ability. Now she has her chance to show it.

* * * *

Oh, oh! Here they are—"STJSSD" and Miss Clark. Maybe splitting them up a little will help them make sense. Now I remember! It's that phone call from Miss Clark of St. James Hospital's social service department. She called yesterday afternoon asking me to see a man she'd talked with in the clinic. Mr. Kraus, she explained, was having financial troubles and his wife was sick, and would I please see him? I remember asking if he couldn't wait until next Wednesday when I'd be seeing new people again. He sounded so worried and distressed from her description, though, that I agreed he could come this morning at 10:30. I'm glad I saw him.

"It ain't living to get only \$18.50 a week," he told me. I agree. It "ain't"—not for a family of five, Mr. Kraus's or any other. Right now Mr. Kraus is on "vacation" for a week without pay. To top it all, yesterday the doctor said Mrs. Kraus will have to have a special diet.

Mr. Kraus is in his regular trade and has been right along, even through the years of the depression. He is what I consider a good, steady worker. He was getting more money up until last year

when his boss switched him to a lower paid job. Although I know I won't do it, right now I feel strongly like paying a visit to his boss and asking how he thinks a man can support his family on \$18.50 a week. How can he give them any security at all, let alone the extras that make life pleasant?

What Mr. Kraus wanted of me was this week's rent. He lives in the federal housing project and if he gets behind he won't be able to make it up out of his own wages. I gave it to him, and then I asked him to come back to see me again. I want to talk with him about what he can do to earn more money or stretch what he has as far as possible. Maybe he can get federal food stamps to help take care of that special diet.

* * * *

No, Mr. Archeologist, "NYA sup" has nothing to do with alphabet soup. It simply means that I promised Jim Wilson I'd call the NYA supervisor at his high school about a job. The supervisor was encouraging about it, too, and I'm glad because I know Jim will make good use of it. Being on the honors list last spring has given him a lot of encouragement about that engineering course and eventually getting into the city college. I think I'll make a note to ask Jim to come to see me again before the end of the term. He may need some help with those college ideas. His mother will keep me posted as she comes often, but she's been so upset and nervous since Jim's father's death that she can't help Jim much with his plans.

* * * *

That streetcar down at the bottom belongs to the box of scribbling. I don't think I'll need to figure out the writing to remember what it's all about. That's the call from Miss Gleason of the Children's Hospital about Georgie Murphy and his streetcar ride to the clinic today. She's been seeing him recently much more than I have but I can usually remember anything about Georgie without notes. He's really been out of my care since he went to the foster home, but I want to keep track of him. I knew him so well through all that heartbreaking time after

his mother deserted him, when his teacher vowed she wouldn't keep him another day in her class, while he was seeing the psychiatrist, and even during those months he was so sick and scared and lonely in the hospital. But any doubts I had about Georgie go out the window today, after what Miss Gleason told me.

While Georgie was on his way to the clinic today on the streetcar, he met another youngster, about his own age. In his friendly, talkative way, Georgie struck up a conversation. Soon the other boy was confiding that he was just setting out to run away from home. No money, but he'd made some plans, and he would never go back home again to put up with the way his family treated him. Georgie was immediately all sympathy. Then he looked very grave. "You'd better come with me and talk to a social worker about this first," he announced.

Soon Georgie appeared before Miss Gleason with his new friend, Tommy, in tow. Before telling her the story, Georgie solemnly exacted her promise that she'd not tell a soul. Miss Gleason told me that in spite of her concern for Tommy's apparently serious troubles, she couldn't help being amused and delighted at Georgie. With great aplomb, he had assumed responsibility for his young friend and was efficiently directing his plans. After consulting earnestly about the wisest course, he agreed to Miss Gleason's suggestions and advised Tommy to agree too. After everything had been arranged, Tommy suddenly turned to Georgie and in an awed tone, asked, "Say, how did you know so much about social workers?"

Georgie cocked his head airily and looked a trifle superior as he replied, "Oh, I've been around!"

* * * *

With the streetcar on its way, most of the major puzzles on the calendar are solved. If the whistle will hold off for a few seconds more I'll jot down what's left and call it a day.

There it goes, right on the dot. And I'm off for the onions and the picnic.

[This has been taken from the work-a-day diary of a case worker in a family welfare agency in a large city. Names and situations, of course, have been disguised to preserve the confidence in which they were given.]

New Line

Propaganda scouts are beginning to detect the first signs of a new line. Extension of the draft was deemed necessary because the men were inadequately trained. The new thought will be: "The boys are getting stale and restless. Let 'em fight."
—Uncensored.

Soul and Sin

UNLESS words employed in religion have contemporary meaning, religion itself is likely to become a curiosity. Words are but symbols of ideas; but unless the speaker and his audience read alike into the symbols employed in words, there is no communication. Thus a speaking acquaintanceship is ruined. Too frequently this tragedy has happened in teacher-student or preacher-laity relations. In this column let's try to grasp a common vehicle of speech!

Soul

"What am I?" queries the modern college sophomore. One day a chapel speaker says, "You are not merely 67 cents worth of chemicals. You are a soul!" That noon at the fraternity table the sophomore asks an upperclassman, "What in the world did Dr. X mean this morning when he called each of us a soul? I don't get the big idea!"

Had we listened to Bishop Augustine speak at Hippo in the fifth century, he would have described the soul as an immaterial entity, spiritual in qualities, not existing in space. Had we listened to some of the jester-theologians in the middle ages, we might have heard them arguing regarding the number of souls which could sit on the head of a pin. Had we sat at the feet of Descartes in Holland in the seventeenth century we should have heard him say, "Your concept of the word *soul* needs to be re-interpreted. The soul *does* have contact with man's body in the pineal gland!" (Interesting philosophic speculation; bad biology!)

Soul is better understood by us today as *personality* or *mind*; the three words are synonyms. "An integrated personality" is "a healthy soul." Common sense tells you that you have a *mind* and a *body*. Some psychologists tell us that our minds are merely the result of our bodies reacting to environment. One writer, poking intellectual fun at such thinkers, said, "Those psychologists made up their glands that they really had no minds!" . . . Other individuals view man's physical body as the vehicle on which man's mind takes the present jour-

ney of experience. When the vehicle is depleted, the mind continues the adventurous journey into the Land of Eternity—because God conserves values. . . . Briefly your soul is *your personality in action* . . . it is affected by your physical health, your environment, your religious outlook. . . . Your soul is *you*, affected as you are by your football coach, your course in English 12, your loss of sleep the night of the Junior Prom, your daily chapel, your God!

Sin

On a recent automobile trip I noticed a sign by the road, "Are you saved from sin?" As I read the sign I thought of my grandfather, a horse-and-buggy doctor of another generation, a leader of the Methodist class meeting for years. What a different meaning he would have read into the words of that sign in comparison with his theologically trained grandson!

Sin, in my grandfather's set of beliefs, was an inheritance we were born with, due to Adam's "fall" and our biological relation to Adam. This blemish of sin was usually eradicated at a revival meeting when an individual "felt the call" to respond to the evangelist's plea. I have heard my grandfather tell of certain figures in the community who "let the old Adam get them again" after their altar pilgrimage, finding it necessary in successive years to answer the altar call. . . . Sin for my grandfather was something tremendously real which only the gospel could cure; and the cure was usually begun at a revival meeting.

My grandfather's theology worked for him; he became a saintly figure in his community. But the word *sin* did have different meaning for him as compared to its meaning for us. . . . You remember the story of Adam's "fall," coming when Adam tried to live by his own knowledge (recall the tree and the serpent—and a woman), instead of living by God's wisdom? I agree with my grandfather that the myth about Adam and Eve expresses an eternal truth: *Man sins when he lives contrary to God's wisdom* (God's laws). . . . A sinner today is a person who cannot get along with himself; he lets the little evils—jealousy, suspicion,

Is Conscience a Crime?

anxiety, lust, hate—waste away his life; he has an unharmonious life within himself . . . a sinner has a disintegrated relation with his fellowmen; he puts self-interest before group-interest; he is more concerned with personal stardom than teamplay . . . a sinner has a feeling of disunity with the life or the laws of his universe (commonly called *God*) . . . a sinner usually wants to be in the headlines, because he is basically interested in *himself*; his self-interest causes him to choose the immediate, enticing pleasures rather than the more distant, but more enduring, values. Usually a *sin* (wrong choice) does not seem wrong until after the deed is completed. . . . Sin is any act or thought which spoils your wholesome thrill in living a courageous, vigorous, unselfish, throbbing life for the finest ideals you know. . . . As Christians we commit sin when we violate the law of love as contained in the gospel story. This means that we must love those who are not even deserving of our love. *Why*? Because God's love (*agape*) is like that toward us. . . . We possess sin, not because we are biologically related to Adam, but because we don't let God's love direct us in every action. . . .

Discuss *sin* from this angle tonight in your college forum; have the students try the above formula for eradicating sin; then you will have a college campus which might rate the name "Christian"!

Aluminum Profits

Last week, *Uncensored* reported that smelters would make a net profit of \$700,000 less cost of compressing and smelting on the 20,000,000 pounds of scrap aluminum donated by defense-conscious U. S. housewives. The profit aspect of this ostensibly non-profit transaction goes further. The manufacturers who will buy the aluminum ingots from the smelters will use it in manufactured products which they will sell for a profit. By the OPM's own estimate, about 25 per cent of these ingots will go to manufacturers who have nothing at all to do with defense.

Metal trades circles are talking about another unpublicized result of the "Aluminum Shower." The aluminum collected all at once would have been collected during the year by scrap metal dealers who would have paid housewives for it. Many scrap metal collectors are now seeking other jobs because their tiny weekly profits have been wiped out by the withdrawal of a large quantity of aluminum from the scrap market. These men collected not only aluminum but also all other scrap metals. The net result will be a reduction in the total collections of scrap metal which might have been used for national defense.

—*Uncensored.*

FRESHMAN: Campus life is making it hard for me to live up to my ideals. I was brought up differently, I guess, and all this free and easy life makes my head swim. The fellows stay out late, no one knows where they are. One of them had two dates last night. On Saturday night they carouse around, then sleep until Sunday noon and miss church. They haven't begun to study yet this semester. It must cost a lot, too. I bet their folks don't know it.

SOPHOMORE: 'Smatter, kid? Conscience hurt? Don't be shocked, youngster. You'll get used to it. I came here with "nice" ideas, but I grew up. What's the matter with some beer and some friends, anyhow?

SKEPTIC: You see, *Freshman*, his conscience has gotten comfortable, like an old shoe. That happens here.

FRESHMAN: What good is a conscience if it won't stand up in time of testing? I thought a conscience would always say what is right, and never lie. *Taurus*, you know about such things. What good is a conscience?

TAURUS: You remember Pinocchio? His guardian angel gave him Jiminy Cricket to be his conscience, and she dubbed Jiminy the "Lord High Keeper of the Knowledge of Right and Wrong." That's the accepted idea of conscience—an inborn sense of duty, a stubborn voice that says, "You ought."

Which Comes First, Conscience or Custom?

SKEPTIC: But conscience is pretty much the result of social pressure, isn't it? A man gets his conscience from what his society thinks. Right and wrong become matters of what is and what is not done in society, and conscience changes when custom changes. That's why *Freshman* and *Sophomore* disagree so sharply. At home, we were told it was wrong to date more than one girl at a time, and we looked down on the two-timer. But here at college we know it is good sense not to limit yourself to just one; we need broader experiences. So, our consciences change, and say "O.K."

TAURUS: You're dead right—consciences do change.

SKEPTIC: It means that our consciences don't tell us what's right and wrong so much as what is acceptable to society. Here on the campus a fellow dates several girls at a time because society has fixed the custom, but his adult society is monogamous, so he wants only

one wife—he is taught to want only one—whatever he says about his "conscience" on the subject. His conscience is only the silent expression of the desires his society allows him to have. You know how a drunken man will swear he is sober and in control of his own mind. But he is kidding himself, for everyone else can see that he is under the influence of liquor. So a conscientious man is under the influence of social custom, even while he may deny it. Somerset Maugham somewhere said that "Conscience is the guardian in the individual of the rules which the community has evolved for its own preservation." That's what I believe.

NON-CONFORMIST: Let me in on this, will you? Here's an opposite quotation, by James Joyce. We had him, too, in English Lit. "I go to encounter experience, and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of the race." Rather poetic, eh? The private conscience shapes social custom, not vice versa—that's the idea. Private conscience really tells what is right and wrong. Men used to have slaves, and it didn't hurt anyone's conscience—not even Plato's nor St. Paul's—until someone like William Lloyd Garrison saw that it was wrong. Then other consciences responded and demanded change, until new social custom had to emerge to satisfy the consciences of individual men. Private conscience comes first. Society must always change to fit the demands of conscientious individuals.

SKEPTIC: Hold on. That's political heresy. That would lead to all kinds of disorder. Government would have to obey every radical that came along.

TAURUS: Let's all hold up a minute. *Non-conformist* here maintains that the private conscience puts pressure upon society, rather than the reverse. Let me ask you, *Skeptic*, if society shapes the private conscience, why do some consciences revolt against society?

SKEPTIC: Well, some consciences are contrary to society, that is clear. It must mean that social pressure is not the only factor in making up a conscience.

NON-CONFORMIST: That's exactly the value of conscience. It is above the social custom. Law jells a solid bottom to our morality, but conscience exposes the higher duties which custom has not yet reached.

Does Conscience Lead to Anarchy?

SKEPTIC: But are you going to allow every radical to obey his own conscience?

In society, you must have order, and conscience must operate inside the limits of the law.

NON-CONFORMIST: Except that sometimes conscience must be illegal. The American Revolution was an illegal rebellion, just as illegal as the Russian revolution in 1917. Those early Americans illegally destroyed property in the Boston Tea Party, and refused to pay legal taxes. The taxes were unjust, you say. Quite so, but they were legal, and that's just the point. For conscience's sake, men oppose what is unjust, even though to do so they must do illegal acts.

SKEPTIC: Then would you go so far as to defend the pacifist, who says that his conscience forbids him to fight for those very liberties which the early Americans said their consciences compelled them to fight for?

NON-CONFORMIST: That is a peculiar twist in history, isn't it? It's a clear sample of how conscience changes over a period of time. Let me ask you a question. Do you drink?

SKEPTIC: No, I don't. But it's not because of my conscience. It's just good sense not to.

NON-CONFORMIST: You oppose the liquor business, and try to rid this nation of that evil?

SKEPTIC: Sure. What's the joke?

NON-CONFORMIST: No joke, just this. Suppose the government should now pass a law forbidding you to protest against this alcoholic evil, and compelling you to drink a pint of hard liquor every day. What would you do?

SKEPTIC: Hmm. That's hard to say.

NON-CONFORMIST: No, it isn't. You'd protest. Your conscience would demand that you not conform to such a law. So long as you are free to agitate against evil, and are not required by law to participate in it, you conform to the law. But when the law compels you to do what you think is evil, and does not allow you to resist by legal means, then your conscience says, "Do not conform." That, as I see it, is precisely the case of the pacifist. He conforms to all law as far as he is free to work for change and is not himself required to participate in warfare; but where the law demands that he engage in active warfare, his conscience tells him not to conform in this specific situation. In that way, his conscience helps to shape new social custom, just as Garrison influenced the conscience of America against slavery.

SKEPTIC: Meanwhile, government breaks down because of the disobedience of pacifists.

NON-CONFORMIST: But the pacifist is not disobedient, nor is he an anarchist. He believes in government. He does not deny the government's right to punish him for his non-conformity;

indeed he accepts the legal punishment. He only insists that his conscience cannot obey the social custom in this specific case. The conscientious man, in every situation, puts one question to himself: "Can I, in word and deed, express my loyalty to the best that I see?" If he can, he conforms to custom; if he cannot, he refuses to conform.

SKEPTIC: But sincere, honest consciences conflict and oppose each other. How do you get away from that tangle? One man's conscience demands that he go to war, another forbids him to go. They cancel out, and do no good.

Checks Against Conscience

TAURUS: This has been a swell give-and-take. You have walked squarely up to this question, as I see it: How can we tell when a conscience is good? Obviously, a drunken man has no conscience worth talking about. No one would ask a criminal what his conscience says about right and wrong. Who, then, has a good conscience? What are the tests of a reliable conscience? I see several people fidgeting to get at that question. Go ahead.

CHURCHMAN: A man's conscience must be checked against the teaching of the church. For instance, a man's conscience is not valid which inclines him to put away his wife merely because of incompatibility. The church allows divorce only for infidelity. Any claim for relaxation of that rule is a perversion of conscience, however sincere the believer.

HISTORIAN: A man's conscience needs always to be checked by the accumulated experience of the human race. To avoid divorce, to carry on the example just used, and to avoid unhappy marriages, there is no further need for young people to experiment with casual, indiscriminate sexual laxity. It won't work. It never has. Conscience must learn to obey the experienced conclusions of previous generations.

THEOLOGIAN: And the conscience of man must bring itself into the light of God's will as we find it in the character of Jesus. A conscience cannot claim to be the still small voice of God unless it lines up with the moral teachings of Jesus. God is found absolutely and most distinctly in the life of the Master. Anything which runs counter to His Way, even though it be the holy instrument of conscience, is not from God, and is a false guide to human life. To be specific: If a man's conscience tells him to starve his neighbors, even though he can use military strategy as a camouflage for his conscience, as Americans now do in their refusal to sell food to the starving people in occupied Europe, that inner voice is not God's voice, and it does not dis-

tinguish what is right from what is wrong. For Jesus fed people, even his enemies, and conscience must not go counter to the mind of Christ.

TAURUS: Everyone is prepared to put checks on conscience. That argues clearly that the conscience needs to be disciplined, as the mind does. Will no one defend the absolute authority of conscience against all comers?

NON-CONFORMIST: Not even I. These last speeches are all to the point. Conscience does need to be trained, and checked. When that is done, conscience does give us our most accurate insight into what is right and wrong, and it serves in turn to uplift the conscience of mankind.

SKEPTIC: Things still puzzle me. Even the trained consciences disagree; historians and Christian thinkers fight among themselves, each one following his own "conscience." That doesn't make sense. And what are these checks you have agreed upon but the accepted, prevailing customs of thought used by religious or history-minded people? Each of us is drunk with his own situation. How can we escape, and find the real truth, the real right and wrong?

TAURUS: I am glad that our inadequate answers do not satisfy you. That's a good sign.

It is time that our generation of college students asked the writers and teachers of the preceding generation one very serious question. In its simplest form, the question is this: What are we to believe? . . .

After the last great war, you told us how unreasonable and unprofitable was this business of killing our fellow men. Today, before our very eyes, you have changed your tune. You tell us that war has become glorious and necessary and manly again. . . .

At any rate, we reserve to ourselves the right to do our own thinking from now on. If youth is ever to decide with clarity and certainty about such vital things as war and democracy and tolerance and the worthiness of human life, the decision must be made by youth itself, for our present "leaders of thought" have failed dismally as a consistent formative influence.

—Duke Chronicle.

First Steps in a Fellowship Group

TWO questions are of immediate importance: (1) *How large is the initial group to be?* (2) *What are the foundations of the group?*

(1) The most effective group numbers between four and twelve members. When it expands beyond this, it should subdivide as the growing cell does in the living body. There are several strong reasons for keeping it small:

- a. So that each member becomes conscious of the World Christian Community, in a way which is impossible in the larger and departmentalized church groupings.
- b. So that personal problems may be faced frankly, with "mutual admonition and exhortation." Many of the most effective fellowships have what early Methodists called "true sessions."
- c. So that each member may participate fully in discussions and decisions, growing in spiritual strength and insight with the rest, and equally responsible for the outcome of any accepted policies.
- d. So that all major decisions are reached by consent, and not by parliamentary methods.
- e. So that the foundations of true democracy are built into all; death to democracy comes with *mass* formations, in which the individual conscience becomes less and less significant.

* * *

(2) John Wesley answered the second question for the "Holy Clubs" and Societies:

"There is only one condition previously required of those who desire admission into these Societies—a desire to flee from the wrath to come, and to be saved from their sins." ("The General Rules," §104, *The Discipline*, 1940).

In other words, there was no doctrinal or dogmatic requirement, but rather a *spiritual condition*. This condition is as important today as ever, and is compounded of several parts: an uneasiness as to "career," personally and socially; a strong conviction of personal responsibility as regards personal and social guilt; an eagerness to learn to practice Brotherhood Love in a small community of ear-

nest and seeking spirits. Without these, no permanently vital group can exist.

"SUCCESS" AND THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

One of the greatest curses in America is the apparent identity of what we call "Success" and the Christian life. It is popularly assumed that certain prudential principles—thrift, honesty, temperance, etc.—are the clue to the Good Life and also to social standing. Thus it happens that the life of Commitment to the Way of the Cross—which in the words of Paul is "an offense to the wisdom of this world"—becomes buried in materialistic considerations. Thus it is that the college student rarely realizes that when he chooses between "Joe College" activities (fraternity and sorority "rating," campus politics, Mortar Board and pink teas) and a more serious path of religious-intellectual-physical development, he is also choosing between his own pagan and enthusiastic desire to "rate" and the "offense" which is the Cross of Jesus Christ. Thus it is that too often there is little difference between the Witness of the Christian congregations on a great ethical issue, and the position of any other social institution. In those countries where the Church is now visibly under the Cross, there is no false alloy of desire for success as the world knows it and Christian Commitment. In those countries where Evangelicals are faced with the combined hostility of the Roman Establishment and political anticlericalism (as in most Spanish-speaking areas), our brethren are not permitted to confuse "the things of this world" with the things which are Christ's. And so we, aware of a crisis in our own lives and therefore joining in mutual aid and encouragement, must draw the lines sharply as we lay another foundation of the Kingdom.

Again, one who is determined to be a self-assertive individualist cannot (by definition) experience Christian fellowship. The community which Paul called "the Body of Christ," which is carrying on His work in the world, is composed of those who have surrendered the claims of personal egotism and who are trying through constant disciplines to give their lives to Him. That which is "I" must learn to realize that I never truly exist at all

except in Jesus Christ, and that at no time am "I" as important as the continuing work of the Blessed Community. Just as it is impossible for me to escape guilt in a society founded on exploitation and racial discrimination, and just as it is impossible for me to deny the amount which personal imperialism plays in my activities, so it is impossible for me to find a way out except through living and working in terms of a believing community. This is the true humility, to realize that "we" and not "I" is being called in His Name. And in another sense this divides us from the usual grouping principles. It is significant that leaders in the different denominational youth groups are turning to this question. And in almost every case the reason given is the same: that after some years of "program Christianity," years in which "Christian Youth Building a New World" was the enthusiastic watchword, we are learning that not heroic response but humility is the foundation on which a sturdy and effective Witness can be built.

THE EVIDENCE OF HISTORY

In every period of disintegration, when the habitual moorings of a social order are being washed away, it is the calling of a minority of faith-founded people to reassert the primal earnestness of the Gospel and to develop patterns of Kingdom-living for the New Age. As E. Stanley Jones said in a recent article, a very few strongly disciplined men brought to pass the Protestant Reformation, the Russian Revolution, the fascist "New Order." As Wade Crawford Barclay pointed out in keynoting the recent *Conference on Disciplined Life and Service* (see below):

"The Holy Club at Oxford grew slowly and was small. When John Wesley joined it there were three members: Charles Wesley and two friends. At the end of another year there were only four, and in the next year only two more joined. . . . At its deepest level, religious experience is the fellowship of a small number of people who make contact with each other in a common awareness of God."

It cannot in our situation be repeated too often that "every great revolution is the work of a disciplined minority." This is the Doctrine of the Remnant, the

spiritual method whereby the impact of the Jewish-Christian tradition has again and again since the days of Deutero-Isaiah been brought re-vitalized through periods of confusion.

Of course, much of the fellowship work done today is by groups with pacifism as a pre-requisite. And the question of the types and directions of the warfare of the Christian Community

must be considered in a later column. Certainly the fellowship group must face the issue squarely and at the beginning as to whether any such doctrinal requirement is to be made. For my own part, I believe that the surest foundation is the spiritual, as stated above. But, as was concluded of "the Societies":

" wherever this is really fixed in the soul it will be shown by its fruits."

The Conference on Disciplined Life and Service

Franklin H. Littell

Believing that the various efforts toward more intense Christian Community call for correlation, and that local groups will benefit by sensing themselves part of a larger brotherhood movement, the National Council of Methodist Youth called a delegated meeting August 3-10 at Circle Pines Center, Michigan. The program was developed on the ground to fit the needs of those attending—the week being generally divided between "informational" (led by one individual of experience) and "sharing" (group-led) sessions. There was also ample opportunity for unplanned small meetings with various resource people, and for appreciating the beauty and facilities of the Co-op Camp.

It can certainly be said that one of the most vivid parts of the experience, especially to the younger members attending, was the Fellowship Group. For the Conference was planned to provide such groups of eight to ten, meeting together morning and evening to begin and close the day's work, and also working on the same team in duties about the camp. Several affirmed that the week was the highest peak in their pilgrimages to date.

To the leaders especially, this week meant the culmination of over two years of preparatory writing and organizing toward a disciplined Christian Brotherhood. The first prolonged discussion in our denominational quarters had been at the National Council of Methodist Youth, Warrenton, Missouri, in 1939, with George Houser and Amber Van taking a leading part in the preparation. With George Houser in Danbury Federal Prison for conscientious non-registration, and Amber Van working in bombed Chungking, China, the group was supremely conscious of the opportunities and dangers of the moment.

Several important decisions were made

early. With several denominations participating, the effort was never made to keep the development on any narrowly sectarian basis—although all agreed that responsible relationship to some local church was implicit in our purpose. It was also agreed that we should rest the question of central organization with future experience, constituting for working purposes three standing committees:

- a. A committee on the Conference, to plan for each annual gathering and such regional meetings as may seem desirable.
- b. A committee on publications, to put out a *Newsletter*, a report, and to issue such other educational materials as may be helpful.
- c. A committee on research, to study similar developments in other locales (notably Europe and the Orient), to compile a bibliography of help to local fellowships, and to study different efforts at developing systems of mutual guarantees.

Harvey Seifert, newly elected executive secretary of the National Conference of the Methodist Youth Fellowship, is chairman of the first committee; the Rev. Owen M. Geer and Jay Leatherman were also elected. Richard T. Baker of the Board of Missions is chairman of the second committee, to which Miss Ellen Hilton and John M. Swomley, Jr., were also elected. Frank Littell was elected chairman of the research committee, with Neil Swanson and Harold Ehrensperger assisting. In each case, three were elected on the spot, with two more to be elected by mail ballot; results will be reported later. The report can be purchased through Dick Baker at 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City; it will come automatically to those subscribing to the *Newsletter* at fifty cents a year. An Advisory Committee was also constituted,

Doves

John F. Matthews

Doves
Are birds
With early morning
Insomnia.

They fly around
Transporting olive branches
From one place
To another.
This means
Peace.

Nowadays doves
Have given up
The olive business.
Too many doves
Have been shot
By mistake
By people
Who think they are
Enemy bombers.

Since his business
Has been shot
To pieces,
The average dove
Sits on his olive branch
Instead of
Carrying it in his mouth.

Congress
Is preparing
To pass a bill
Drafting all doves
Into defense industry,
So that olive branches
Will not only
Not be carried—
They will not even
Be sat upon.

composed of such veterans as Douglas Steere, Muriel Lester, Allan Hunter, Wade Crawford Barclay, J. L. Adams, Charles Brashares, and others.

The *Conference on Disciplined Life and Service* thus conceives of its function as a continuing effort, giving coherence and hearing to the various efforts of which we are speaking. In another year it is expected that many *asbrams*, fellowships, centers, work camps, and caravans hitherto unrelated to each other will find fellowship and improvement of work through this channel.

Youth Plans a College

The Lecture System Yields to Democratic Fellowship in Learning As Dr. Buell Gallagher Dreams His Way Into the College of the Future

Miron A. Morrill

HOW would you like to attend a college in which the lecture system was definitely out?

A college that had come down out of its ivory tower?

A college that recognized administration, and the life of the campus as contributing to the educative process?

Well, perhaps the college of the future does not quite exist, as yet, but it is a very real thing in the mind and heart of one of America's significant young men, Buell Gallagher, Ph.D., president of Talladega College, Talladega, Alabama, a Congregational school for Negroes.

Dr. Gallagher took a week late this summer to explain his blueprint of the ideal college to seventy men and women—college presidents, deans of men and of women, personnel directors, advisers, counselors, and just plain teachers—at the third Mid-West Hazen Conference on Student Guidance and Counseling held at College Camp, Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.

"The functional college," is Dr. Gallagher's phrase for it. In curricula, in teaching and teaching methods, in administration, it all means very definite things for the college that aspires to meet the challenge of the times. Buell Gallagher is a young man, still well under forty, a graduate of Carleton College at Northfield, Minn. He started out in life following the path blazed by his father in the Congregational ministry.

"There is a hierarchy of educational aims for a functional college," said Dr. Gallagher. "Attitudes are primary. The classicists found that the classical culture did not function as living. The vocational institutions found that mere technical training did not lead to creative living. And so both types of institution have come back to attitudes, the attitudes of youth both as students and as graduates.

"But attitudes must be equipped with skills and techniques that will make them work. Otherwise, the world will do vio-

lence both to ideals and students. Then—for we are discussing curriculum—we will select out of subject-matter, content chosen in the light of these objectives. We will build a functional curriculum, dedicated to the proposition that life is one and recognizing no cleavage between the curricular and the extra-curricular.

"We shall concede at once the total inadequacy of the lecture method. Of course, there are times and occasions that justify a lecture—when the professor has a bit of extra knowledge not available in the books, or when the class has come to a real stalemate and must be helped out of it. But the lecture system as we now have it is mostly a case of: Find out what the prof wants, take the notes, and give it back to him in the examination.

"There is, again, a hierarchy of teaching methods. The lowliest and least adequate is the simple recitation. Above this, in ascending order of desirability, we shall recognize the lecture, group discussion, conference and counseling with the individual, and projects of genuine interest to the student.

"The administration of a college, too, must be willing to experiment in democratic living. It must give equality of consideration to every individual. The individual cannot be subordinated to the social, though his greatest values are realized when he becomes a socialized being. The new college president will welcome ideas from the greenest freshman.

"In the functional college, the administration will recognize both freedom and responsibility, seated in the individual—the more freedom, the more responsibility. Everybody today wants freedom without responsibility. We are not getting very good results from this unhappy combination.

"Then the administration will seek that consensus which can be gotten in a small group. That is the difference between political democracy and the democracy of the Christian religion. Political democracy seeks only a majority

—like the majority of one vote by which military service was recently extended 18 months. Christian democracy seeks consensus—agreement. Of course, a certain amount of compromise is involved in consensus. The Christian college will teach the art of the inevitable compromise—how to compromise at the greatest possible price and with the most chance of furthering the success of the enterprise.

"All this costs in time, energy, and money. But in the long run it's more efficient. Those who learn to obey at the call of the push button learn—only to obey.

"Will the functional college fit the student for life? It is the job of the college to unfit the student for easy conformity. First we work hard to transform conditions as they are; then we seek to transcend those conditions which cannot, as yet, be transformed. Can it be done? Can the functional college of the future be created? I don't know; but we're working hard at it at Talladega."

The Hazen Conference, made possible through the Edward W. Hazen Foundation, considered many other items in the current college scene. There was much talk of standardized tests, aptitudes, abilities, home-life, interviewing, cumulative records and all the paraphernalia of modern personnel work.

Dr. C. B. Congdon, a medical man and psychiatrist of the University of Chicago, contributed sparkle and information to the occasion. He made us aware of the "thalami," and the "thalamic arch," and thalamic behavior. Now I shall have to leave the exact definition of this matter to the experts. In general, the thalami are primitive brain centers which co-ordinate conduct on the level of emotion and primitive drive. They are definitely non-linguistic. But they enter into a strange two-way commerce with the linguistic cortex; so that what the thalamus tells us we want to do we surround with approving formulas of words from the cortex. The problem of normal behavior is to put the cortex in command of the thalamus. Here lies a world to be explored by religious thinkers, the physiological background of such things as religious symbolism.

Paul Braisted, program director of the Hazen Foundation, was with us for the week. The whole conference was organized by Dr. Donald Typer, vice-president of the Chicago George Williams College and chairman of the conference committee. Other George Williams men were omnipresent and helpful. To name names is invidious; there were too many distinguished men and women in the company. The Methodist colleges of the Mid-West were represented with fair unanimity.

Tomorrow's World

peace action
herman will, jr.

WHILE President Roosevelt and the administration are assuming great responsibility by increasing the degree of American participation in the war, all of us should, among other things, consider carefully the unparalleled responsibility for shaping the post-war world that will be ours regardless of the extent of American belligerency.

If the war should be won by Britain and her allies, will the peace again be lost through short-sighted, selfish statesmanship? Are the nations of the world, and especially our own country, ready to relinquish their claim to absolute national sovereignty, i.e., the right to do as they please regardless of the interests of other peoples? If so, how far should they go to insure best the future maintenance of world peace? What adequate and effective procedures can be established to guarantee opportunity for peaceful change in the direction of greater justice for all peoples?

These are some of the most crucial questions which our generation must answer. Our failure to answer them correctly as a nation may well mean a third world war. Are we willing to spend time in study, discussion, and action now and in the months just ahead to help assure a just and lasting peace?

To stimulate interest in this subject, we invite you to write out and send in your ideas. We will try to publish part or all

of what you write, judging it by the significance of its contribution to the discussion.

The following materials will be helpful in studying the problems involved in an enduring peace:

When Hostilities Cease. Report of the Methodist Exploratory Conference on the Bases of a Just and Enduring Peace, May 27-30, 1941. 35 cents.

A Just and Durable Peace. Data material and discussion questions, published by the Federal Council Commission to Study the Bases of a Just and Durable Peace. 10 cents.

Memorandum on the Bases of a Just and Durable Peace. The initial discussions of the Federal Council Commission.

Report of the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace. Summary of the Shotwell Commission's work. 5 cents plus postage.

Union Now with Britain. Clarence K. Streit. \$1.75; Methodist Publishing House.

A Christian Imperative. Roswell P. Barnes. \$1.00 (cloth), 60 cents (paper); Methodist Publishing House.

War, Peace and Change. John Foster Dulles. \$1.75; Methodist Publishing House.

America and a New World Order. Graeme K. Howard. \$2.00; Methodist Publishing House.

Essential Facts About the League of Nations. 5 cents.

The Churches and the International Crisis. Report of an international conference convened by the World Council of Churches at Geneva in July, 1939. 10 cents.

Books listed above may be obtained from the Methodist Publishing House, as noted. * May be obtained from the Federal Council of Churches, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York City. All other material may be ordered from the Methodist Commission on World Peace, 740 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois.

The F. O. R. Conference

In a world torn by war, the annual conference of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, held at Lakeside, Ohio, September 5-7, stands out in bold relief. To feel the deep spiritual unity of hundreds of convinced religious pacifists—to see the emergence of a practical program of realistic action—is to know that new and powerful forces are at work in our midst.

* * *

Numbers may not always be significant, but they are encouraging to the members of a minority group. Well over 1,000 persons attended the Friday evening session at which Norman Thomas and E. Stanley Jones spoke. The actual number of registered conference attendants was in the vicinity of 800.

* * *

A striking fact about the Conference was the great predominance of youth. While there were many older members present (nearly three-fourths of the entire F.O.R. membership is over 30),

young people were numerous, and vigorous in their participation.

* * *

More than 150 members of the youth section ate co-operatively, providing their own cooks, buying their own food, washing their own dishes, etc. The money saved thereby was in part to be shared with others who had wished to participate but who were prevented by size limitation of the group, and in part to finance inter-racial work.

* * *

News that Muriel Lester, returning from her South American trip, had been removed from her steamer at Trinidad and indefinitely detained by the British authorities was reported to the Conference. It quickly evoked a pointed telegram from the gathering to the British embassy.

* * *

Great interest was displayed in the possibilities of non-violent action techniques in conflict situations. Plans were discussed, particularly in the youth section, for the use of such methods in specific

instances of racial discrimination and industrial strife.

* * *

With an annual budget of more than \$60,000, with seven full-time field secretaries and fourteen part-time youth workers, with a steadily growing membership and a more significant program, the Fellowship of Reconciliation is a force to be reckoned with on the American scene.

Conference on C. P. S. Camps

On September 1-3, a unique and significant group counseled together at Winona Lake, Indiana, regarding "work of national importance under civilian direction." The members and staff of the National Service Board for Religious Objectors, representatives from 20 different denominations, virtually all of the directors of the score of Civilian Public Service Camps now open, and a few officials of the Selective Service System assembled to consider the status of alternate service for conscientious objectors.

The group (save for the Selective Service representatives, who were present only in an advisory capacity) decided to request the continuance of substantially the same arrangement for at least four months beyond September 15, 1941, the expiration date of the present arrangement. It is expected that this will receive the approval of the responsible government officials.

Christian Youth Stand Fast

The Christian Youth Council of North America, meeting at Estes Park, Colorado, June 23-28, 1941, stated their conviction that Christian youth

"... must be convinced that the church should stand firm in times of war or threatened war, and refuse to be swayed by pressure from within or from without to compromise its ideal for peace. While allowing its individual members to act according to the dictates of conscience with regard to participation in war, the church as an institution must not endorse war nor support or participate in it.

(Continued on page 50)

October, 1941

A Service of Worship for Armistice Day

[Editor's Note: This service was written by Dr. Ross Snyder of Chicago Theological Seminary and first presented at the Seminary as an Armistice Day service of worship. It was also used as the opening service of worship at the Conference on Disciplined Life and Service at Circle Pines Camp, Michigan, in August.

We are indebted to Dr. Snyder for permission to reprint the service in *motive*.

This service was led by two readers and the worship leader. The latter took the portions starred. The rest was given in alternate paragraphs by the readers.

The factual material depends upon *Only Yesterday and Since Yesterday*, by Frederick Allen.]

I

"Armistice Day, 1919"

Processional Hymn: "God of Our Fathers," verses 1, 2, 5.

* For 22 years it has been the custom of the American people, on November 11, to pause—in a *moment of recollection* of the dyings and crucifixions of young manhood in the World War . . . a *moment of realization* of our bondage, through them, to the world dream for which they were sacrificed; a *moment of renewal* of the joy which swept over the common people at the close of the war, in the opportunity for a world of justice and brotherly living.

We summon you to stand in that moment of silence at this time.

* Early on the morning of November 11, 1918, Woodrow Wilson wrote this note to the American people . . .

"My Fellow Countrymen:

"The Armistice was signed this morning. Everything for which America fought has been accomplished. It will now be our fortunate duty to assist by example, by sober friendly counsel, and by material aid in the establishment of just democracy throughout the world."

Shortly thereafter, in Times Square, New York City, a girl mounted the platform of Liberty Hall, and sang the doxology before a hushed crowd.

A delirium of happiness swept over the people of our country. The horror of war was over, the era of peace begun.

We shall join in singing a verse of a hymn that expresses what might have been the prayer of the Christian Church at this time.

Hymn: "Lest We Forget," verse 2.

II

"They had learned to strike down the thing they hated"

* And so the era of peace began. Even as this glorious peace began to be a reality, and not a dream, the nation went on thinking with the mind of people at war. They had learned during the preceding 19 months to *strike down the thing they hated*. . . .

January 1, 1920 . . . Throughout the United States on this day 6,000 men were arrested and held without filing of charges, for an average of a week, on suspicion that they belonged to the Communist party or had attended a Communist meeting.

Strikes of steel workers and coal miners were broken by declaration of Attorney General Palmer that wartime food and fuel act was still in force.

1920 . . . A 23-year-old Neapolitan opened up an office in Chicago and had a set of business cards printed—

ALPHONSE CAPONE

SECOND HAND FURNITURE DEALER 2220 S. Wabash Avenue

By 1930, there were over 500 gang killings in Chicago and Al Capone had amassed a fortune of 20 millions. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

By 1929, there were 91 rackets in Chicago, operating at an estimated cost to the citizenry of 136 million a year. In the previous 15 months, no less than 157 bombs had been exploded in the Chicago district. . . .

One sultry afternoon in the summer of 1919, a 17-year-old colored boy, swimming in Lake Michigan, crossed over into the bathing area reserved for whites. . . . A partial inventory a week later revealed 15 whites and 23 Negroes dead, 537 people injured, and a thousand left homeless and destitute. . . .

I

"Armistice Day, 1919"

Hymn of Exultation

The horror of war was over,
The era of peace begun.

"Lest We Forget" (verse two)

II

"They had learned to strike down the thing they hated."

"The tooth of the dog,
and the talon of the cat."

Have you a better technique to offer?

III

"A senseless cog in a senselessly whirling machine."

Have they found a faith that life and man
can have meaning? Will they find peace?

IV

"Against . . . a world on fire
Now burned a sudden hill."

Hymn of Faith

"Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our refuge from the stormy blast
And our eternal home."

Come into our experiences, cleanse them, and direct them
until we walk once more in the ways of peace!

1923 . . . Henry Ford had discovered the menace of the international Jew and in the *Dearborn Independent* accuses the race of plotting the subjugation of the whole world, and of being the source of American affliction. . . . Between 1921-24, the Ku Klux Klan rose to four and one-half million membership. . . . According to its constitution, its purposes were "to unite white male persons, native-born Gentile citizens . . . to shield the sanctity of the home and the chastity of womanhood, to maintain forever white supremacy . . . and to conserve, protect, and maintain the distinctive institutions and ideals of a pure Americanism." The 1930's . . . Father Coughlin publishes *Social Justice* and broadcasts—"In the name of the Lord Jesus. Amen."

* * *

Memorial Day, 1937 . . . Some students of the Chicago Theological Seminary spend a tense day witnessing the massacre of steel workers in South Chicago. The total bag of the police was 10 strikers dead, 90 wounded.

March, 1937 . . . Myron C. Taylor, chairman of U. S. Steel Corporation, and John L. Lewis of the C. I. O., agree through conference to the unionization of workers.

I yield to no one in my loyalty to democracy, to freedom of speech and of the press, but . . . I believe in fairness to labor, but . . .

Any man who is willing to work hard, and be thrifty, and improve his spare time, can get to the top. That's the American way. You can't make the world all planned and soft. The strongest and best survive. That's the law of nature, after all. It has always been so, and always will be. . . . "The Lord helps him who helps himself."

*"Men! polish your teeth on rising and retiring!

Women! polish your fingernails!

You polish the tooth of the dog, and the talon of the cat."¹

Have you never, by physical or other force, struck down those whom you hate? Have you a better technique to offer the world?

Musical phrase by the organ

III

"A senseless cog within a senselessly whirling machine"

* War, prosperity, depression . . . alike showed man as a senseless cog in a senselessly whirling machine which was beyond human understanding, and

had ceased to serve any purpose but its own. Behold the era of disillusionment—of loss of faith that life or man could have meaning. Spring, 1920 . . . Warren Gamaliel Harding declares that "America's present need is not heroics, but healing; not nostrums, but normalcy."

* * *

1923 . . . Armistice Day . . . five years after the triumphant close of the war . . . Ex-President Wilson, supported by friends, spoke briefly from the steps of his home. . . .

"I am not one of those that have the least anxiety about the triumph of the principles I have stood for. I have seen fools resist Providence before and I have seen their destruction, as will come upon these again—utter destruction and contempt. That we shall prevail is as sure as that God reigns."

* * *

1920 . . . Sinclair Lewis publishes *Main Street*. Two years later he repeats with *Babbitt*.

Rupert Hughes discovers (as do other writers for similar characters) that the important facts about George Washington are that he was a great card player, a champion curser, and once danced with another man's wife for three hours without stopping.

1921 . . . the tabloids are plugging American life as a three-ring circus of sport, crime, sex. . . . They help the public feel that it ought to enjoy itself more than it has, to go in for the new fads, to savor the amusing scandals and trivialities of life . . . for after all, life was futile and nothing mattered much.

By 1926, Rudolph Valentino, the sheik, had set the standard for masculine sex appeal. . . . When he died, the line of people in front of the undertaker's establishment, waiting to see him, filled 11 blocks in the city of Brotherly Love known as Philadelphia. . . .

In 1927, 18,000 firms and individuals engaged in the beauty culture business paid income tax. Ten years previous there had been two. If all the lipstick sold that year were placed end to end, it would have reached from New York City to Reno. . . . In effect, the woman of the post-war decade said to man, "You are tired and disillusioned, you do not want the cares of a family or the companionship of mature wisdom. You want exciting play, you want the thrills of sex without their function, and I will give them to you. . . ."

Movies of the 1920's were advertising "Beautiful jazz babies, champagne baths, midnight revels, petting parties in the purple dawn, all ending in one terrific smashing climax that makes you gasp . . . neckers, petters, white hot kisses, pleasure-mad daughters, sensation-craving mothers."

It was estimated that 70% of the American Army in France patronized houses of prostitution during their stay in that country.

The intelligentsia in school and out were spreading the popular misunderstanding that the first requirement to mental health, according to Freud, was to have an uninhibited sex life. If you would be well and happy, you must obey your libido, express that repressed desire! . . . Other psychologists were assuring their classes that sins or good deeds were only chemical and mechanical conditionings over which they had no control. Purpose, conscience, standards, were mere illusions; man's progress depended upon leaving them rapidly behind. Religious faith, particularly, was the bar to all progress. . . .

* * *

* Behold the enthusiasms and fads—the fever chart of the 1920's and 30's. 1921—Coulé—"Every day in every way, I am getting better and better." 1922—Mah Jong.

1923—"Yes, We Have No Bananas."

1923-29: The prosperity band wagon rolls down the Main Street of the New York financial district. The great god business is supreme; Calvin Coolidge its demi-god, the banker and the advertising specialist its architects.

1924—Crossword puzzles.

1925-26—For two successive years Bruce Barton's *The Man Nobody Knows* is the best selling non-fiction book.

"Jesus picked up 12 men from the bottom ranks of business and forged them into an organization that conquered the world. . . . Nowhere is there such a startling example of executive success. . . . His parables were the most powerful ads of all time. . . . He would be a national advertiser today. . . . In fact, Jesus was the founder of modern business . . . for he was the author of the ideal of service."

1927—All records up to date for mass excitement and mass enthusiasm are broken at the reception for Lindbergh in New York City. The next day, street cleaners gather up 1,800 tons of paper thrown from offices to make a shower of greeting . . . as against 155 tons after the first armistice news.

December 2, 1927—One million people try to get into Ford headquarters in New York City to catch a glimpse of the new Model A. In 1919, 6¼ million automobiles in U. S.; by 1929—23 million.

1928—Advertisers are beginning to pay high sums for the privilege of introducing Beethoven with a few well-chosen words about toothpaste. Since 1922, when it was 60 million, the sale of radio sets has increased 1,400%.

The big enthusiasm is the bull market in the New York Stock Exchange. One million Americans held stock on margin in the summer of 1929. . . . In a feature article in the *Ladies' Home Journal*,

John K. Raskob declared that this was the way to wealth for every man.

* October 29, 1929—An era in American history ended.

"In the darkness with a great bundle of grief, the people march . . .

In the night, the people march . . . where to? What next?"

1931—*Oh Yeah?* a small book in which was collected the glib prophecies made by bankers and statesmen at the onset of the depression, was creating great interest.

1933—Technocracy! The outstanding feature at the Chicago "Century of Progress" is the Sally Rand fan dance.

1934-35—The chain letter. Enclose a dime, and you will get rich.

1937—Bank Nite!

January 20, 1937—The President of the United States declares in a striking broadcast, "I see one-third of a nation ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-nourished. We are determined to make every American citizen the subject of his country's interest and concern."

1937-38—Hot jazz, known also as swing. When Benny Goodman started the Carnival of Swing, a concert became a bedlam.

October 30—Orson Welles creates a national hysteria through a broadcast of "Invasion from Mars."

1938—Bingo!

1939—The numbers racket. The perpetual juvenile of Charlie McCarthy and Walt Disney productions.

An observer visiting the Church, Middletown, U. S. A., 1935, reports:

"The earnest minister employing the familiar symbolic phrases, the prevailing grey heads tilted slightly to one side in respectful attentiveness. The minister prays, 'O Lord, care for the 3,000 unemployed in this city.' Then the closing hymn, sung doggedly and rather raggedly by the people who do not seem to enjoy hearing themselves sing—'O Jesus, I have promised to serve thee to the end.' And the final subdued neighborliness of the greetings as the congregation files out. . . . The minister reports . . . 'In the old day, people went to preachers for consolation, information, and inspiration. People still come to us for consolation.'"

February 8, 1939—John Bennett closes an article in the *Christian Century* with this statement:

"One of the hardest facts to face is that the success of the most promising political forces in American life must be in spite of the opposition of the majority of the members of the Protestant churches. . . ."

* * *

"I am an agitator.
They call me 'Red'—
The color of blood
And Bolshevick.
Do you believe these things about me—
You croppers, factory hands,
Negroes,
Poor whites, and you youth
Who look
Into a dark future?"

I want bread
And homes
And clothes
And beauty
For all the hollow-eyed babies—
I want songs
On the lips, and joy in the eyes
Of you anxious mothers
Who scrub, and hoe, or weave
In a factory.

And so I am THE AGITATOR
. . . the restless soul of the toiling millions
Stirring, stumbling, groping
Toward a new world!"²

* * *

Listen Chicago! . . .
"I've seen
The wind in December come from the bitter lake
To rip your people up the back, and women
With a few papers crouched by cellar windows
Where the thin heat stuck its head out, nigger kids
Crying at the white knife on their black skin,
Your soup kitchens crowded with men who lost
Their job, their decent clothes, their self-respect
And soon will lose their patience—these are not
Beasts, peasants, serfs—but American men. . . ."³

* * *

Sunday morning, April 30, 1939, the gates of the New York World's Fair were thrown open.

"Here in this fantastic paradise, man could briefly feel himself, if not a king, at least the citizen of a gay and friendly country, the beneficiary of a spotless industrial engineering . . . no civil feuds, no social classes, no international hates, no hints of grimy days in dreary slums, no depression waves. Here was a dream of wealth, luxury, and lively beauty, with coca-cola at every corner, and the horns of the busses jauntily play-

ing 'The Sidewalks of New York.' Here all about one was the embodiment of the American dream, 1939 model." The theme of the fair was announced as "The World of Tomorrow." The opening ceremonies were held in a vast enclosure called "The Court of Peace."

*"You will not be saved by General Motors or the prefabricated house. You will not be saved by dialectic materialism or the Edinburgh Conference. You will not be saved by Vitamin D or the expanding universe. In fact, you will not be saved. . . ."⁴

"We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Leaning together
Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!
Our dried voices,
When we whisper together
Are quiet and meaningless
As wind in dry grass
Or rats' feet over broken glass. . . .
*This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a whimper!*"⁵

"I have measured out my life with coffee spoons!"

At a party of intelligentsia in 1925, the main remarks would have been to the effect that:

There ought to be more freedom, especially sex freedom.
Reformers are an abomination. There are too many laws.
Main Street dwellers are hopelessly stupid . . . the mass of American citizens are 13-year-old dots.
The heroes of the historical tradition, especially Victorian and early American, are vastly overrated and need debunking.
America is such a standardized, machine-ridden, convention-filled place that people with brains and taste naturally prefer the free atmosphere of Europe.

* * *

* They could revolt against stupidity and mediocrity
They could derive a meagre pleasure from regarding themselves with pity as members of a lost generation
They could see, with Hemingway, that "The things that were glorious had no glory, and the sacrifices were like to stockyards at Chicago. . . ." But they could find no peace at heart!

At a party of intelligentsia in 1935, the main remarks would be to the effect that:

Reform is badly needed. More laws should be passed to implement the new social evangelism.
The common people are the people who really matter; and the sole source of authentic art.
America is worth working loyally to save, though perhaps it is beyond saving, and is going to collapse along with the rest of civilization.

* * *

* Have they found a faith that life and man can have meaning? Will they find peace? Have you?
Musical phrase by organ

IV

"Against a world on fire
Now burned a sudden hill."

*"Christ but this earth goes over to the squall of time! . . ."

She luffs in the wind and she logs in the seaway rolling:
The earth's no ship to board for any land—
Even for death's. . . ."⁶

"In the name of God and of Italy I swear that I will follow the orders of Il Duce and will serve the cause of the Fascist Revolution with all my strength, if necessary with my blood."

"I solemnly promise that I will firmly support the cause of the working class in the struggle for the liberation of the workers of the whole world, and that I will honestly and faithfully follow the precepts of Lenin."

"We believe in this world solely in Adolf Hitler. . . . We believe that God has sent us Adolf Hitler so that Germany may receive a foundation for its existence through all eternity."

1930—U. S. lays new bricks on its tariff walls, and thus further sides with economic nationalism.

1931—Japan invades Manchuria—the first great breach of the post-war territorial arrangements.

1936—Hitler's armies march unopposed into the Rhineland.
—Mussolini conquers Ethiopia. U. S.'s Neutrality Law, forbidding sale of munitions to either side, first put into effect.
—Civil war breaks out in Spain.

1937—Japan attacks China.
July, 1937, Oxford, England—The World Conference of Churches calls the Christian Churches of the world "to repentance and re-consecration that there shall be plainly manifested to mankind in its chaos and division something of that peace and order of brotherly love which come only from God and from Jesus Christ, his Son, our Lord."

March, 1938—Germany marches into Austria.

September 30, 1938—
An irresistible force meets a conciliatory body, and four nations meet to sign and seal the destruction of Czechoslovakia. Returning to London, Neville Chamberlain is greeted hysterically, when he claims: "It is peace for our time"

January, 1939—War in Spain over. France wins through open help of Hitler and Mussolini.

March, 1939—Germany overruns the rest of Czechoslovakia.

April, 1939—Mussolini seizes Albania.

August 24, 1939—Germany and Russia sign a 10-year non-aggression pact, binding each other not to aid an opponent in war. France and Britain mobilize.

September 1, 1939—German forces march into Poland.

September 3, 1939—Neville Chamberlain, speaking in tones low and tired and sad . . . "This morning the British Ambassador in Berlin handed to the German government a final note stating that unless we heard from them by 11 o'clock that they were preparing at once to withdraw their troops from Poland, a state of war would exist between us. I have to tell you that no such undertaking has been received and in consequence this country is at war with Germany." . . .

*"And hear above your heads destruction dance
On the curved roof of the universe as a drum. . . ."

*"Between me and the sunset, like a dome
Against the glory of a world on fire,
Now burned a sudden hill. . . ."⁷

*"I see my dead, lying in the slopes of the gutter
I see my dead, driven from the doors of the shelter
I see my dead, harried to the holes of the shambles
I see my dead, saith the Lord.

He sees his dead, say the dead,
clinging to the ghost of his alter."⁸

Let us pray—

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit. . . .
In Thy will is our peace.

Choir: "Lord's Prayer"

* Little religions give up and die when disaster comes. Little men stop trying when catastrophe looks them in the eye. But we are the heirs of a faith that has outlived and outloved the rise and fall of empires; the dawn and the sunset of civilizations.

"Now, even now, once more from earth to sky
Peals forth in joy man's old undaunted cry—
Earth shall be fair, and all her folk be one."

Hymn: "Turn back, O man, forswear thy foolish ways"

Benediction: Our God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come, our shelter from the stormy blast and our eternal home, come into our experiences, cleanse them and direct them until we walk once more in the ways of peace.

Choral Amen
Postlude

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

- 1 From *The People, Yes* by Carl Sandburg, copyright, 1936, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc. Used by permission.
- 2 West, "I Am An Agitator."
- 3 From *Break the Heart's Anger* by Paul Engle, copyright, 1935, 1936, by Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc. Used by permission.
- 4 From "Nightmare, with Angels" from *Burning City* by Stephen Vincent Benet, published by Farrar and Rinehart. Used by permission.
- 5 From the poem entitled "The Hollow Men" by T. S. Eliot. Used by permission of Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.
- 6 From "The Sunset Piece" from *Public Speech* by Archibald MacLeish, copyright, 1936. Reprinted by permission of Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., publishers.
- 7 From "The Man Against the Sky" from *Collected Poems* by Edwin Arlington Robinson. Used by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.
- 8 Charlotte Wilder, "Sanctuary."

War Aims

and the Christian Student's Religion

Senator Josh Lee of Oklahoma in the U. S. Senate, August 4, 1941:

"I should like to say that, in my opinion, the only thing that was the matter with the Versailles Treaty was that it was too ladylike. If we made a mistake then it was because we did not go far enough. If we made a mistake then it was because we did not follow the advice of Gen. Jack Pershing and take the war into the country and into the territory of the enemy. Germany has always been able to fight her wars on the other fellow's territory; and I say to the members of the Senate that whenever this war is over if the spawning ground of war, Germany, is left intact, there will be a recurrence sometime in the future. If Germany, the very incubator of war, is left intact, there will be another war later; because somehow or other the Germans—the Nazis—have a congenital feeling that they are born to dominate."

Senator Claude Pepper of Florida in the U. S. Senate, August 6, 1941:

"The World War is just beginning, if there is any hope for human liberty. Imagine how long it is going to take to shackle Hitler, to bind his arms and his legs with the chains of society's retribution, to throw him back into the impotency of the Teutonic forest, where he may find companionship with the pagan gods of an earlier day, before whom he kneels!"

—*Uncensored.*

In the whole world all the ideologists of the "war against fascism" school accepted the idea of war as the sole means to fight fascist encroachments, as if war, whether "democratic" or "totalitarian" in the present state of perfection of the instruments of destruction, would not impose on every belligerent a Frankenstein which nobody could control and of which the inevitable consequence must be everywhere hatred, brutality and contempt of men. War today will impartially distribute among victors and vanquished nothing but ruin, human degradation and slavery.

—Pierre van Paassen, in *Days of Our Years.*

To Be Read

Mildred Binns Young, "Functional Poverty" and "A Standard of Living," Pendle Hill Pamphlets.

October, 1941

The Student in Christian World Reconstruction

National Methodist Student Conference Theme Announced

National conferences require national planning, and national planning in a country as large as America is a problem of transportation and time. From every state in the Union students and adults came to Baker University at Baldwin, Kansas, to participate in the meetings of the formation of the new Methodist Youth Fellowship. At this meeting students and adults also considered the plans for the National Methodist Student Conference to be held at the University of Illinois, December 29, 1941, to January 2, 1942. Three months remain before the meeting that should make history in the Methodist Student Movement. Several unique things about the meeting will give it significance aside from its program.

First Conference

Even though this national gathering is called the second National Methodist Student Conference, it is in reality the first of the united Church. Four years ago at St. Louis, the Student Departments of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Protestant Church combined forces to hold a meeting. To all intents and purposes it was a unified group, and it worked through to a conclusion which helped build the program of these last four years. The fact remains, however, that the Conference next December will actually mark the first national gathering under the auspices of the united Church.

A Fellowship Is Founded

Another unique feature of this meeting will be a service on New Year's eve which will be celebrated throughout the country to mark the founding of the Methodist Youth Fellowship throughout the nation, the new young people's organization of the Church. It is significant that students should be meeting at the time set aside by the Board of Bishops for young people themselves to mark the initiation of this new Fellowship.

Theme of the Conference

The Student in Christian World Reconstruction is to be the theme of the Conference. Around this subject the

program will develop from the person of Jesus himself, to the person of the student, to social relationships, world reconstruction, and finally to the loyalty to Jesus which this demands.

Leadership

While the entire roster of leaders is far from complete, the main speakers of the Conference have been secured. In the first morning session, Georgia Harkness, who is already known to students all over the country, will discuss *Jesus, the Norm of Reconstruction*. This will be followed by a forum discussion. The second morning session will have an address by Dr. Albert Edward Day, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Pasadena, California, and vice-president of the Federal Council of Churches in America, who will talk on *Reconstruction in Personality*. On that same evening President Mordecai Johnson of Howard University will speak on *The Reconstruction of Relationships*, while the next evening Muriel Lester will give the address. For the final speech of the Conference, the committee has secured Ernest Fremont Tittle, minister of First Methodist Church of Evanston, Illinois, whose subject will be *Supreme Loyalty*.

Commissions

The Conference is to be divided into commissions where the topics discussed in the speeches will be fully elaborated. All commissions will discuss the same subjects. There will be resource leaders as well as discussion group leaders, and for these the committee is attempting to find the finest leadership in the country.

Creative Interest Hours

The late afternoons will be given over to recreation and to creative interest hours—a new idea as far as Methodist Student Conferences are concerned. An attempt is being made to bring to the Conference leaders in all fields of arts. These people are to be "available" for consultation, conversations and discussions. There will also be demonstrations as well as concerts and phonograph record hours. Students will be given an opportunity to participate in these creative interest hours, to discuss their own in-

terests, or to work in some field under the guidance of one of the artists.

Expenses

In spite of the increasing cost, the planning committee is attempting to keep the expenses of the Conference at a minimum. There will be a registration fee of \$5.00. The University of Illinois is promising to house students for \$1.00 per night, while meals, which will be served in the Union Cafeteria, can be had for \$1.10 per day. If these expenses are compared to other major student conferences, it will be apparent at once that they are unusually low.

The headquarters of the Conference will be at the Wesley Foundation building at Urbana, Illinois, where Dr. Paul Burt is minister-director. Students will be housed at fraternity and sorority houses and in private houses in Urbana and Champaign, Illinois. The Union building at the University has been completed only a year and is one of the finest in the country. Its lounges and all facilities will be available for the members of the Conference and meals will be served in its Cafeteria.

Many other unusual features are being planned for this Conference to make it one of the outstanding meetings of its kind in this student generation. The student secretaries of the Board of Missions and Church Extension, including the Woman's Work, and the Student Department of the Board of Education are co-operating with the students in planning for the meeting.

Further information and registration blanks may be secured from the Department of Student Work, 810 Broadway, Nashville, Tennessee.

Christian Youth Stand Fast

(Continued from page 45)

"The position taken at Lakeside, Ohio, in 1936, and at Columbus, Ohio, in 1938, is here reaffirmed: 'That war is a complete repudiation of every Christian principle; and that we are furthermore convinced that the drift of our country toward war has now become an alarming drive toward war.' Christians, however, must be more than passive in opposition toward war; they must engage actively in peace-making in the social and economic relationships of their own communities as well as of the world. Wars will continue until the idea of national sovereignty is replaced by a co-operative responsibility for the welfare of all nations and peoples. The Christian acknowledges God as the ultimate authority."

The National Conference of the Methodist Youth Fellowship, in its first meeting at Baldwin, Kansas, in September, approved the following statements:

"We oppose the sending of military forces out of this hemisphere either for occupation duty or actual combat. Instead, we call for an end to the economic exploitation of any and all peoples and the establishment of policies consistent with the world Christian community."

"We protest the present huge expenditure for military purposes. We feel rather that our national resources should be used to improve our domestic life and for purposes of reconstruction in war torn countries and regions."

"We favor the withdrawal of the support of the United States from all forms of international military and economic aggression. We approve the plan of the government insofar as it provides for non-partisan distribution

of food and relief of human suffering. We heartily approve present efforts of the United States and British governments toward abolition of trade barriers in a future peacetime world, and toward equal opportunities for all peoples to acquire raw materials."

The National Council of Methodist Youth at its last sessions before merging into the new National Conference of the Methodist Youth Fellowship, reiterated the famous stand contained in its 1938 open letter to the President: "Mr. President: . . . If you lead us into war, we will not support your administration in that war. It will not be our war; we cannot fight in it."

Anti-War Rally

In its first meeting the Methodist Youth Fellowship officially recommended "that November 11, 1941, be set aside as the time when the Methodist Youth Fellowship shall rally throughout the nation to keep the United States out of war."



Proudly We Add

Additions to the Student Editorial Board

ROBERT APPELYARD—Union Theological Seminary. Second year. From Jamestown, New York. Graduated in 1940 from Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennsylvania, where he kept busy as president of the Christian Movement, 1938-40; Phi Beta Kappa; member Student Council; Phi Delta Theta; president, freshman class, vice-president, juniors; varsity letterman in track, soccer. Representative to National Council of Methodist Youth, 1939-40. At Union, is secretary of the Student Cabinet, student assistant in young people's work at Christ Church. Just spent sixth summer on staff of Camp Dudley for boys, on Lake Champlain, where he has been in charge of religious work for past three years.

ROY HENDRICKS—Yale Divinity School. Senior. Assistant in Speech Department. "Born quietly at Farmersville, Illinois." Graduated from U. of Illinois, 1939, Phi Beta Kappa and highest tutorial honors. Student assistant, Illinois Wesley Foundation, 1936-39; president, Illinois Youth Council; graduate International Council of Religious Education Youth Camp. Taught rural school in Illinois. Won Downes Award for Public Speaking at Yale last year. Director young people's work, New Haven Church, 1939-40. Faculty Methodist Student Training Conferences past two summers. Faculty member and director of music, Lake Geneva Youth Camp, 1937-39.

HELEN HILL—Mississippi State College for Women, Columbus, Mississippi. Senior. Chairman of Social Action on Wesley Foundation Council. Caravanned this summer. Wrote "Creed of a Christian Student" in September *motive*. Has also proved her interest in *motive* by acting as campus representative last year and selling more subscriptions than anybody; and by finding the magazine helpful while on Caravan.

ROLLIN W. QUIMBY—Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio. Junior. Born in Kansas, went to school in Pennsylvania. Interested—not necessarily in this order—in writing, music, dramatics, public speaking. Associate editor, *Owl*, Ohio Wesleyan literary magazine. Wesleyan Players. Varsity debate. English Writers' Club. Father is Chester Warren Quimby, well-known to readers of Methodist publications.

JAMES L. WHITFIELD—East Carolina Teachers College, Greenville, North Carolina. Senior. Has paid his way through college by writing—and we don't see how he has found time for anything else, including sleeping and eating. Now news editor and head writer on Greenville daily, correspondent for Raleigh and Norfolk papers and United Press. Assistant director college news bureau two years. Edited college newspaper. Student radio program director. Vice-president Y. M. C. A. last year. On board of editors of *Cavalier*, new national college magazine. Founder and first president of campus Young Democratic Club, with over 500 members, largest college organization of its kind in country; President Roosevelt wrote him a nice letter about that. Active in Methodist student affairs. Active!