

What is Man?

The student asks: What is Man?—this weird creature who more than any other lives for the future and habitually tries to wipe his kind off the earth—

—the only creature who can break treaties and pledges because he is the only one who can make them—

—at Christmas time in 1942—the student asks—What is Man?

The ancient epic poet replies: Of all creatures that creep and breathe on earth, there is none more wretched than man.—Homer.

The ancient dramatic poet replies: There are many wonderful things in nature, but the most wonderful is man.—Sophocles.

The cynic replies: Man That is a worm!—Job.

The Hebrew Psalmist replies:

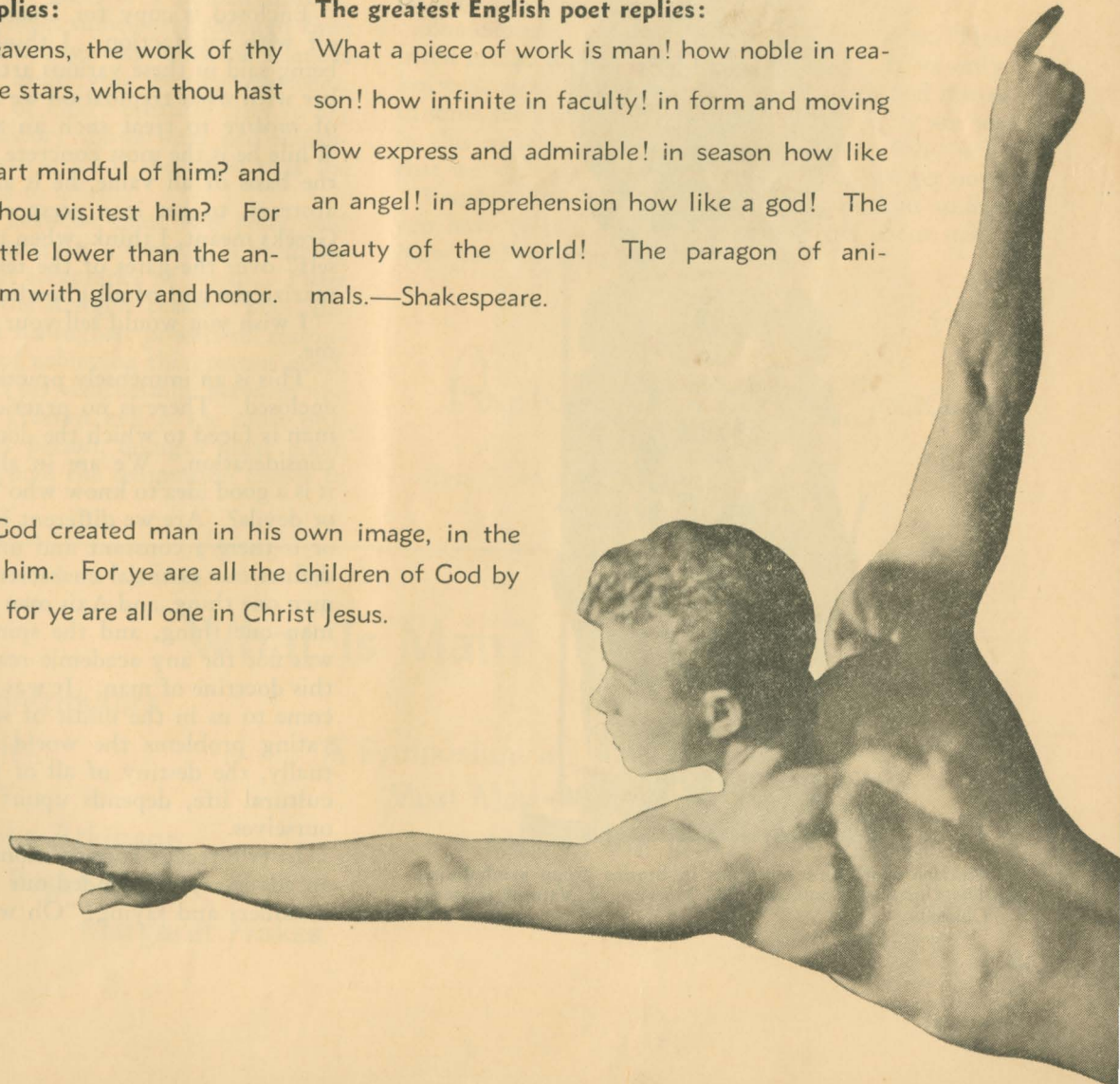
When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained:

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

The greatest English poet replies:

What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in season how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals.—Shakespeare.

The Christian Answer: God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him. For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus for ye are all one in Christ Jesus. Behold the man!



A Note on a Number

Inter-office memorandum to Richard Baker—re:
motive

I'M GLAD we have had the trip in the Vermont mountains where you and Marjorie have been building. Somehow the earth seemed good there, creative and green—defiant almost at man's stupidity and blundering. No wonder we talked of man and what he is. Everything seemed so right in nature we just naturally wondered about man and what he had made of himself and his society. Out of that conversation came my conviction that you must be the guest editor of the December number. You will agree with me that at Christmas time the proper study of mankind is man—for we celebrate then the birth of man as he ought to be—the man-in-God and God-in-man that was Jesus.

I know you will want to beg off from this job. You will tell me that you must devote all of your writing time to your new book with that Ode to the West

Wind title—The Trumpet of a Prophecy. *I'm not sure, by the way, I like it as much as The Seed and the Soil which I now see listed in all sorts of places. You are young for two books, so slow up for a while, and give motive even more attention than you have as editorial board member and editor of our special missions number last year. But young or not, having been around the world, having become an assistant editor of World Outlook, having written in general on all sorts of things for the Board of Missions, and having achieved distinction of Pulitzer fellowship dimensions in journalism—all of these things make you the ideal person to help us in a number to deal with the question, What Is Man?*

I need not remind you that your appearance as leading speaker at several of our state student conferences, at both Urbana and Oxford as a discussion leader, and at many colleges for chapel and religious emphasis week, make you well known to our readers. You are, in their words, "a natural."

HAE

Nashville, Tennessee.



Malvina Hoffman's sculpture in bronze group symbolizing The Unity of Mankind, Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago.

Memo to HAE:

Enclosed is copy for December. I am sending it off with satisfaction. I think important things are being said in these various articles. You will remember with what trepidation we first talked over an issue of *motive* to treat such an abstract theme as Man. While he is the most concrete being in the world, and the basis of all value, he is also the most difficult to abstract, to get into perspective. This is what the Greeks meant, I think, when they carved "Know thyself" over the gates of the temple of Apollo to summarize the end of all knowledge.

I wish you would tell your readers some things for me.

This is an immensely practical treatment, this copy enclosed. There is no practical problem with which man is faced to which the doctrine of man is an alien consideration. We are in the problems, and hence it is a good idea to know who "we" are. Are we gods, or devils? Are we different individual by individual, or is there a constant and universal man-ness which defines our essential character? Are United Nations men one thing, and Axis men another? Is the natural man one thing, and the spiritual man another? It was not for any academic reason that we rooted into this doctrine of man. It was for the light that might come to us in the midst of some of the most aggravating problems the world has ever known. Actually, the destiny of all of us, our institutions, our cultural life, depends upon what we believe about ourselves.

In two recent conversations I have contended with an adversary who ended our debate by shrugging his shoulders and saying, "Oh well, it's human nature."

That, to him, was the end of the argument. If so (and I am inclined to believe with him that it *was* the end of the argument), we had better define our terms and find out what human nature is. He meant to draw a pessimistic conclusion. "You can't do anything about racial prejudice; it's human nature. You can't do anything about economic planning; it's human nature"—you know the type. But is he right that men are congenitally perverse, selfish, and evil throughout?

Yes, and no. God knows there is plenty of racial animosity and selfishness. Anybody who didn't see a deep strain of evil-potentiality in man would certainly be lying about himself. But look: How do you explain the John Browns and the A. Lincolns and the fellows who gave their lives to get rid of racial animosity and build a democracy which could include all races, classes, creeds and colors? You see, there's a deep strain of good-potentiality in man, too.

There's another line of argument we're hearing these days (a good bit in student conferences and the like) which is just the opposite. It takes the view that man is good, that the evils of our time are unreal, that certain educational processes and manipulations and conversions and quick establishment of New Testament ethical absolutes will bring in the Reign of Good. This is too optimistic a view concerning man.

In my opinion, the truth is that we are both good and bad. The fact that there *is* a human history, and a culture which coheres sufficiently through time and space to give it meaning, convinces me there is a stream of goodness underlying human existence. This is what the story of God's creation tries to affirm. But the same history shows wars and selfishness and pride and death—this is the truth that the story of man's fall tries to affirm.

Our lives are hung between these two poles, and that is why life is a struggle, a tension, a realizing of values rather than an acceptance of forms. There is never a time when the struggle ceases. Man, developing to the highest his highest powers of reasoning, stands in the way of achieving the greatest good, or the greatest evil. This relationship between the greatest good and the greatest evil is the most precarious relationship. A person, doing a great good, is the very person to whom the temptation comes to

use that goodness as a self-glorifier or a weapon against the baseness of others. Man is always very close to approaching God, but almost invariably when he enters the Presence he begins to claim that he is God and thereby ruins the gain he has made. What I am trying to say is this: we are possible of great good and, at the same time and place, great evil.

This, I believe, is true of all men. The universality of our doctrine of man is the chief point I want this December *motive* to make clear. We do not believe one thing about Nazi men and another about our own. We are threatened by the same depravity as that which prompted the annihilation of Lidice. And the German people are salvageable for great good in the world of the future. Understand, I am not unmindful of sociological and educational conditioning which makes the Nazi quite a different end-product from the American democrat. But the stuff of human nature is the same, the potentialities are the same.

This universality of our doctrine of man is of the most serious import as we begin to think of friend-and-foe relationships beyond the war. A world order approaching stability depends upon what we believe about ourselves. If we are holier-than-thou, we invite the destruction of whatever order we obtain through our victory. If we bring ourselves under the same moral imperatives as we bring our enemies, we invite the kind of righteousness which exalts an orderly and honorable regime.

But enough. I think I have made my point. This is not meant to be doctrinal nor abstract. If we only knew it, most of our day-to-day problems boil down to some such series of questions as these: Why are we in this mess? How did we get into it? Why is it that we wish we weren't in it? How do we get out?

Frankly, you can't answer those questions unless you have certain convictions and beliefs about man. Now read the magazine.

Richard Terrill Baker.

New York City.

What Is Man?

Contributors

Albert C. Outler

Rollo May

Brooks Atkinson

Roger Shinn

Margaret Frakes

A Symposium on

Must Men Hate?

Man in the World's Religions

Man According to Philosophers
and Writers

This Old Problem of Human Nature

SOME OF THE MOST SIGNIFICANT CHRISTIAN AFFIRMATIONS ABOUT MAN

PROBABLY the liveliest issue in religious thought today is the problem of human nature. A steady stream of books and articles by men of various viewpoints and varying degrees of wisdom reflects the ferment and turmoil of the mind of modern man about himself. Everywhere there is a downward revision of the older humanistic optimism about the sufficiency and perfectibility of man. Thoughtful and sensitive people are taking with a new seriousness the ineluctable fact that frustration, contradiction and tragedy are staple ingredients of human experience, mingling with and tempering man's cleverness, diligence and nobility.

All this is another of the signs of our times. In a stable or expanding culture, only the prophet is moved to uneasy queries; the rest of us take for granted that we are doing all right, or would be if—! It is when society itself falters and men are thrust out of their routines and securities that one feels the urgent need to get his bearings. And, obviously, the first point of orientation is man himself. A profound and moving illustration of this is to be found in the concluding chapters of St. Exupery's *Flight to Arras*.*

Almost more than other people, college students will have to puzzle themselves about this enigma, will have to re-examine the optimistic assumptions they were taught about the character of man, the quality of human goodness and, above all, the terms of human transformation. What we say and what we seek to do in the war and beyond it will make sense and be valid only insofar as we rightly comprehend the human stuff we are and with which we have to deal. No amount of amiability, idealism, utopian faith, intensity of will and effort, or even fortitude and self-sacrifice will make unnecessary the hard task of the adequate understanding of the nature and destiny of man. Blindness and delusion about the human situation, however well-intentioned, will wreak havoc with our dreams of a better world. This article does not pretend to afford such an adequate understanding. It may be, however, that it will be an aid to reflection and a provocative summary. For more than that, you must go to men like Calhoun (*What Is Man?*), Aubrey (*Man's Search for Himself*), Niebuhr (*The Nature and Destiny of Man*), and Sherrington (*Man on His Nature*). Here our job is to list some of the most significant Christian affirmations about man and the human situation. Both in the Bible and the literature of classical Christianity there is a wide diversity of both statement and emphasis on this perennial puzzle. Yet it is possible to discern a fairly clear picture of the human person to whom the Gospel is addressed.

*See *Philosophy for "Man Alive"* in this issue.

I

As an absolutely first premise, Christianity has affirmed that *man is a creature*. Man is an artifact of God like the rest of creation, a contingent, derived being, dependent for every aspect of his being upon God, who is alone the creator and sustainer of all existing things. "It is *He* that hath made us and not we ourselves; we are *His* people and the sheep of *His* pasture." Man's creativeness, significant as it is, is quite secondary; he does not create himself nor the world in which he lives. Man, at best, is God's *junior* partner.

The *Creator-creature relation* is the ground of the *sacred* worth of human personality; man is God's trustee, steward even of his own soul. This doctrine of creaturehood rejects any and all forms of self-sufficiency and self-righteousness. In the interplay of challenge-and-response which is life, God has and keeps the initiative. Man's joyous acceptance of his creaturehood is the hall-mark of Christian faith; ignoring or rebelling against it is the straight way to frustration.

II

This first premise is balanced with a second in the Christian affirmations about man: *man is the crown of creation, the creature bearing God's image within himself*. This means that man *reflects* God's creative purpose and can respond to it; that man is capable of critical thought and moral judgments which enable him to *achieve* insights and *receive* revelations. The doctrine of the "image of God" does not mean that man *is* God or a demi-god or even that we all have a little unmounted gem of divinity lodged beneath our breastbone. But it does affirm man's freedom and dignity, his unique status in nature and the grandeur of his hope and vision. Here is the norm for the "four freedoms" and for any authentic democracy. For this affirmation denies that a man can rightly be regarded or used as a thing or a means, a tool of other men in the economic order, the state or even the church. It affirms that personal relations are primary, that "all real life is meeting." It denies the claims of the new collectivism, with their barbaric notions of the mass-man or the herd-man.

III

Man is an amphibian, a creature who can live in two environments. *He is a part of nature but he transcends nature*. And just here lies his dilemma: he is neither proper animal nor angel but an unstable mixture of both. Any account of the whole man must be, therefore, a paradox. Science can describe man

source

RIDDLE

Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
Still of himself abused or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.
—Alexander Pope.

LIGHT AND POISON

A man weighing 150 pounds approximately contains 3500 cubic feet of gas, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen in his constitution, which at 70 cents per 1000 cubic feet would be worth \$2.45 for illuminating purposes. He also contains the necessary fats to make a 15 pound candle, and thus, with his 3500 cubic feet of gases, he possesses great illuminating possibilities. His system contains 22 pounds and 10 ounces of carbon, or enough to make 780 dozen, or 9360 lead pencils. There are about 50 grains of iron in his blood and the rest of the body would supply enough to make one spike large enough to hold his weight. A healthy man contains 54 ounces of phosphorus. This deadly poison would make 800,000 matches or enough poison to kill 500 persons.

FINDING LIFE

Man must escape himself in adoration and service of God if he is to find life worth the living.
—Bernard Iddings Bell in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

Restoration of a Chellean Scene, Northern France.

The two Chellean hunters seen squatting beside the fire in this group represent the earliest type of man in western Europe whose existence has been confirmed by the finding of skeletal evidence, notably the famous Piltdown skull and the Mauer jaw. Other fragmentary evidence consists of stone implements, such as the flint hand-ax one of the hunters in the group is chipping, which have been found in numerous river gravels. The scene here symbolizes the dimness of our knowledge of the period, estimated at about 250,000 years ago. The animals represented include extinct species of elephants, rhinoceros, and Irish elk, testifying to the mildness of the climate in Chellean times. Group by Frederick Blaschke. Background by C. A. Corwin.

as a complicated animal but the human spirit will always elude the net with which the scientist tries to catch it. The abstract "human" which is the datum of the "social sciences" is as much of a corpse as the luna moth in the specimen case. By the same token the utopian versions of man as angel lead to even more puzzling frustrations and disillusionment, whose bitter fruit many in our time are eating.

IV

The Christian faith affirms that *man is a responsible self*. He is not God's, nor nature's puppet, for the very essence of his self-consciousness is the experience of obligations which claim but cannot force his loyalty. Whatever the case for determinism (and it is dubious in philosophy and ethics), no man rids himself of the feeling that his acts are *his* acts nor (and this is equally significant) is he ever quite willing to be treated by others as though they were wholly absolved from responsibility. Here is the ground for self-respect; the valid basis for "reverence for personality." The affirmation of moral freedom and dignity denies the pretensions of the super-State or any other collectivism; with equal force, it denies the cult of self-expressionism. Man is truly free only as he responds to the claims of moral obligations which transcend both himself and his "society." All this is said grandly in the opening phrases of an ancient Christian collect: "Almighty God, in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life; *whose service is our perfect freedom*."

V

The Bible and the Christian tradition know little of solitary religion. Man, they affirm, *is a creature designed for life in community*; man's highest or perfect destiny is that ultimate community, the Kingdom of God. The primary thing in Christianity is not its ethical or theological ideals or ideas but its communal life which began with Jesus Christ and which has been the carrier of the Gospel. No interpretation of Christianity which neglects to take history seriously can understand or reproduce the Christian ethos. This means that the Christian Church is the constant nucleus of the Christian life. Ethical ideals, codes, "philosophies of life" are in themselves abstractions and bloodless; they acquire muscle and bone only in the organic stream of group work and worship. The *Christian community* differs from all other communities in its constitutive power, the Risen Christ and His Living Spirit. This means rejection of the communities of blood and soil and class.

VI

Christianity has affirmed that man is *a creature with eternity in his heart*. Christian faith meets and matches the elemental human desire for assurance





Restoration of a Neanderthal Family, Devil's Tower rock shelter, Gibraltar, Southern Europe.

The Neanderthal race, represented by this family group, inhabited western Europe about 50,000 years ago. It is the earliest race of which complete skeletons have been found. Predominant characteristics of these people were the large size of the head in proportion to the body, the prominent brow-ridges, the round eye sockets, the low sloping forehead, and the powerful shoulders and chest. The mild climate of the period fostered an abundant supply of shellfish and small mammals, which constituted the principal food of these Neanderthals.

Group by Frederick Blaschke. Background by C. A. Corwin.

that life does not end with death. Our earthly lives are never more than fragments; when life is being lived significantly, death always comes as an interruption. The theories of immortality are many, some are naive, some are subtle. But deeper than our theory is our "soul's invincible surmise" that the universe does not throw us on its junk heap, but our lives are planned to be a whole, completed in God's time and pleasure and, our faith declares, in His presence. No such creature as this is utterly mean or worthless; no such creature can justify his own nor any other's animalism. To be human is to bear a sacred trust.

VII

Thus far we have spoken well of man. Now we must add the somber note of tragedy which is always in the authentic Christian voice. *Man is a creature who turns away from his own highest good; man is a sinner.* Explain it as you can, the real fact seems to be that man, regularly and with an awful self-deception, frustrates himself, wounds himself in his inmost depths, and drifts or rushes toward tragedy and hell the while his gaze is fixed on the paradise he can see but cannot enter. The root of man's sin is his pride, his self-enchancement, the thrust of his will toward self-sufficiency. Man is the one creature who can rebel at his creaturehood; he is the one creature capable of tragedy. Sin is the testimony of his grandeur and of his misery. Stubborn or sentimental refusals to see and comprehend the universality and subtilty of human sin makes shipwreck of our loveliest dreams. Man cannot be saved by imagining that he does not need to be saved.

VIII

Man is a creature who can desire but cannot achieve his own salvation. Neither increase of knowledge nor striving for virtue (man's favorite substitutes for God's grace) enables men to escape from the trap of self-defeat. The earnest and impenitent moralist is in at least as great danger of sterility in life as the sensualist. The sinner's case is desperate but not hopeless; the self-savior's case is hopeless but not desperate. Masked in a thousand ways, by manners, modesty, morality and neurosis, there is in us the fierce hunger to be masters of our fate and that of others. I want to be captain of my soul. I had rather trust myself than risk an uncalculated commitment to or trust in God. And this is man's rebellion and unbelief—and this is his self-exclusion from paradise, on earth or anywhere else.

IX

But the Gospel is just the "good news" that *man, who cannot save himself can find "all this and heaven too" in the free gift of God's grace and love.* The crucial promise and pledge of this was an act of God in history: the life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. "If a man be *in Christ*, he is a *new creature*; the old things are passed away." "God so loved the

source

FORGOTTEN SON

Man is, presumably, the only animal that thinks; hence the dilemma in which Man, collectively and individually, finds himself today. If he did not think, he would eat and drink and continue to beget his kind, and let it go at that, without worrying about his spiritual state, or what we used to call his soul, a word that has not been very much in vogue of late; a word, too, that has had its connotation in a faith in God. The human dilemma today, as Professor Hocking sees it—and he is by no means the first man to see it—is that Man in his obsession with science, an obsession which has lasted through the past 400 years, styled by him the Modern Age, has forgotten his soul, has forgotten God.

—From a review of *What Man Can Make of Man* by William E. Hocking in *The New York Times*.

COMMON GOOD

Our Christian democracy—not, be it noted, our Gentile democracy, as certain people have misinterpreted that sacred phrase—rightly shying from control by the state, is shifting its emphasis from rugged individualism to the common good, from the rights of the successful to the needs of the poor. More and more it is being prepared to say in the words of the noble leader of a party which it has rejected: "While there is a lower class, I am in it; while there is a criminal element, I am of it; while there is a soul in prison, I am not free."

On the happy marriage of democracy and Christianity the bare existence and the ultimate worth of our country depend.

—From *The Two Sources of Our Strength* by Ambrose White Vernon in *The New York Times*.

source

RECOVERING IN CHAOS

Historical catastrophe seems to be nothing but chaos, which drives men to despair without the profundities of the Christian faith. And Christian faith becomes vapid and sentimental in periods of stability and peace. It recovers its own profoundest insights precisely in those periods of social chaos when all simple interpretations of life break down and force men to seek for a profounder interpretation of existence.

—Reinhold Niebuhr in *Fortune*.

PURPOSE OF MAN

The foundation of the argument is the assertion that in love (*agape*) as revealed in Jesus Christ the highest ideal for human life has been given. Therefore Christianity has the one insight which gathers together and illuminates all human experience. Christianity is "a God-centered, God-given freedom and faithfulness in fellowship based on the kind of love first fully revealed and made effective as light and life in Jesus Christ" (p. 31). As Ferré interprets the meaning of the ideal it is no bloodless category. Faith asserts that in God the real and the ideal are one. Here Ferré distinguishes between the real and the actual. The actual, which appears to mean all that exists in time, is only partially in harmony with the ideal. Therefore the man of faith must work with God for the realization of the fellowship of *agape* in human life.

—From review of *The Christian Faith* by Nels Ferré in *The Christian Century*.

world that he gave His Son, that whosoever trusts in Him shall have life eternal." The Christian offer of "salvation" is not just a call to moral strenuousness (the modern notions of "the imitation of Christ" are often feeble legalisms) but to gladness and new life because of God's goodness guaranteed to us in Christ.

X

Man is God's creature whose chief end is "to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever." However startling this Calvinist phrase may sound to Methodist ears, it has the authentic Christian ring. Man is the crown but not the end of creation. He was created to find his joy and blessedness in his creaturehood, through God's grace. The finest contemporary statement I know of this ancient truth is Alfred Noyes' magnificent article in the October *Fortune*, "The Edge of the Abyss."

In a small room in Riverside Church in New York City, there hangs the original of Hoffman's famous "Christ in Gethsemane." I make a pilgrimage of love to that room whenever I can, for it never fails to recreate for me the supreme moment of Jesus' career, the prelude to the cross and the presage of the resurrection. One can almost hear the final cry of that climactic moment: "Nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done." Here and on the cross we see man fulfilling his chief end, and God making His supreme revelation. And Augustine spoke for all men who would discern their own true destiny: "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O God, and our souls are restless (*inquietam*) until they find their rest (*quietam*) in Thee."

Albert C. Outler does not need an introduction to readers of motive. His lectures before many student bodies and his addresses before conferences have made him one of the most sought after speakers for college students. He graduated from Wofford College, then went to Emory for his B.D. degree and finally ended at Yale where he received his Ph.D. He became instructor in English Bible and historical theology at Duke University in 1938. He is an associate member of American Schools of Oriental Research, a member of Pi Gamma Mu, the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, the National Association of Biblical Instructors, Sigma Pi and the American Church History Society.

Restoration of an Aurignacian Cave, France. (Gargas, France.)

Despite the cold of the Aurignacian period in Europe, which began some 35,000 years ago, an abundance of food made man's struggle for existence less severe than in previous periods. Conditions thus favored release of his esthetic aspirations, as exemplified by such cave paintings as appear in this scene. The method employed is illustrated by the early artist who is seen blowing powdered red ochre through a bone tube, outlining his left hand pressed against the wall. Many of the fingers outlined on the walls of this cave show evidence of mutilation, a custom still practiced by various aborigines as a sign of mourning. Group by Frederick Blaschke. Background by C. A. Corwin.



December, 1942

Toward the Understanding of Man

A PSYCHOLOGIST ANSWERS THE QUESTION, WHAT IS PERSONALITY?

MAN is such an intricate creature that he can be described in many ways. That is why there are so many varieties in the young science of psychology. Experimental psychology, behaviorism, physiological psychology, Gestalt, psycho-analysis—all are different routes toward the discovery of man, and all help us in our understanding of ourselves. The danger arises when one approach is dogmatically assumed to be the only true one. This is the fatal error of breaking personality up into parts, and then forgetting that neither is the part the whole nor the sum of the parts the whole. On American campuses this has been the error into which experimental psychology has often fallen, namely, the assumption that only that aspect of man which could be reduced to controlled experimentation and measurement was part of the science of man. And a similar mistake has often been exhibited in religious dogmatism which, from other partial assumptions, attacked the psychological analysis of man without understanding its field or purposes.

Fortunately the realization has grown of late that personality is always broader than any description of it. The trend has been toward a dynamic, functional understanding of persons, accompanied by the realization that the scientific spirit is fulfilled not by laying personality upon a Procrustean bed of measurements and forcing it to fit, but rather by a consecrated endeavor to see deeply and thoroughly into the truth of personality *without individual bias*. The value of the scientific approach is not that it gives a "truer" picture of man—in fact, you must go to poetry or drama if you wish a fairly "true" in the sense of complete picture of man. The great contribution of the scientific enterprise, however, is that by its methods we can build on each other's work year after year to make gains which are impossible through other approaches. Artistically speaking, the best of our age can do no better than Plato or Aeschylus in presenting the inner meaning of man's life; scientifically, however, thanks to arduous and patient work by many persons, we have arrived at a psychology greatly superior to that of

source

SCIENCE OF MEN

The environment born of our intelligence and our inventions is adjusted neither to our stature nor to our shape. We are unhappy. We degenerate morally and mentally. . . .

Since the natural conditions of existence have been destroyed by modern civilization, the science of man has become the most necessary of all sciences. The science of men will be the task of the future.

—From *Man, The Unknown* by Alexis Carrel.

MAN AND UNIVERSE

Yet no conception of life is complete, no conception of man's spiritual life is adequate, unless we bring ourselves into a satisfactory and harmonious relation with the life of the universe around us. Man is important enough; he is the most important topic of our studies: that is the essence of humanism. Yet man lives in a magnificent universe, quite as wonderful as the man himself, and he who ignores the greater world around him, its origin and its destiny, cannot be said to have a truly satisfying life.

—Lin Yutang in *The Importance of Living*.



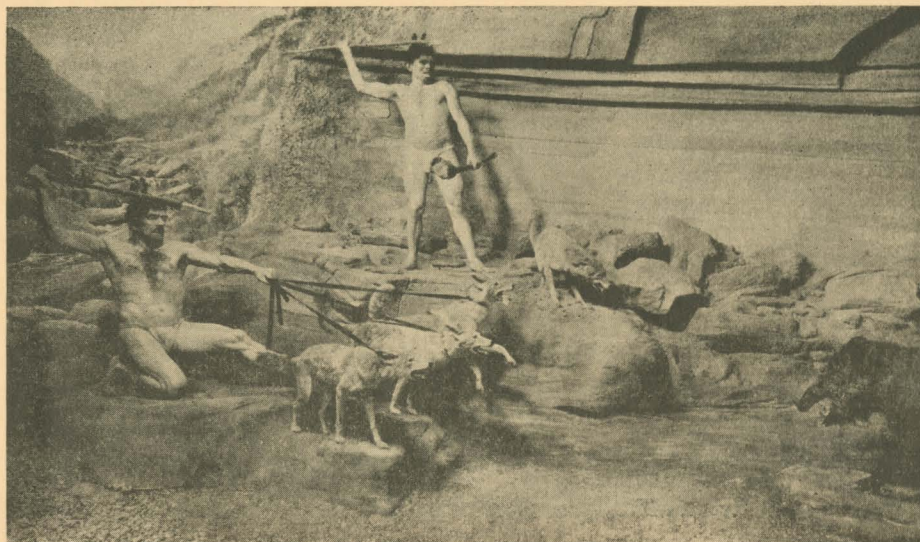
Solutrean Sculptor, Le Roc, Charente, France.

In the Solutrean period the climate was cold. The horse and reindeer were the chief sources of food supply. The Solutrean hunter-artists invaded Europe from Asia some 22,000 years ago. In appearance they were almost identical with the modern Eskimo, to whom they may be related. Their flint-flaking technique was the most advanced of the entire prehistoric period.

This scene shows a reproduction of the frieze of animals found at Le Roc by Henri Martin, with a Solutrean sculptor carving a horse on a limestone block. Group by Frederick Blaschke, sculptor. Background by C. A. Corwin, artist.

An Azilian Boar Hunt, Mas D'Azil, Ariège, France.

During this transition period between the old and new stone ages, about 12,000 years ago, the last of the hunting races inhabited Europe. They are called Azilians after the type station reproduced here. The art of these people was degenerate compared with that of their predecessors, the Cro-Magnons, whose realism they replaced by conventional designs. Their painting was limited to simple designs in red ochre on flat pebbles. During this period the dog was tamed and finally domesticated. Presented by Frederick H. Rawson. Group by Frederick Blaschke, sculptor. Painted background by C. A. Corwin, artist.



source

IMMORTAL SPIRIT OF MAN

But the great fact that makes us feel we are bound to win (this war) is the immortality of the spirit of man. The spirit of man never dies. The soul of man is immuned from death dealing weapons that kill the body. Despots in times past and now have not faced this fact. Men die, but their souls never die. Memory cannot be blotted out from the consciousness of men. No bomb can kill the spirit of man. You cannot draw blood out of memory by the cut of the keenest sword. The Nazi hoped to blot out of existence the town of Lidice by killing the males, transporting the women and placing the children in orphan homes. How utterly foolish a procedure. For since the massacre a town in America has been changed to Lidice and before long there will be a dozen towns of the same name as monuments to this unspeakable savagery of the Nazi. The enemies of freedom have not destroyed Lidice, they have actually immortalized it. When men do such dastardly deeds as a motive for revenge for what they call a "crime" it acts as a boomerang.

After this war the world will learn (and we hope it will learn before it is over) that great revolutions, great systems of government, great liberties for mankind, great periods of social reconstruction, come not from the world outside. They find their birth in the unfathomable depth of the souls of men. Ideas linked with a constructive idealism still rule the world. In a community of men endowed with reason force is still self-defeating. We whom men call mortal are truly immortal.

—Alexander Hynd-Lindsay in *The Churchman*.

Plato, and are even now working out techniques of aiding personalities in sickness and in health which can scarcely be compared to those known by the ancient Greeks. Many of us continually go back to Plato and the Greek dramatists for *insight* into the personality of man, but we feel at the same time the need to work day after day, painstakingly and patiently, in clinical therapy with individuals with one of our purposes the broadening of the knowledge and techniques of helping persons through objective, scientific methods.

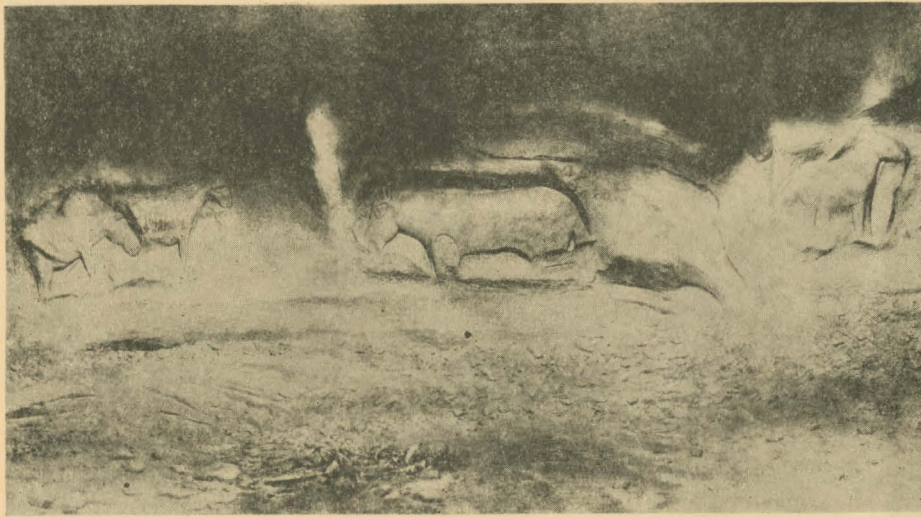
WHAT IS PERSONALITY?

The answer to the question, what is man? (or better stated, what is personality?) will be approached in this article frankly from the viewpoint of clinical psychological work with living persons amid their human relationships. Let me state a definition at the outset: "*Personality is that expression of the life process which has the form of a body, moves with freedom, by means of individuality, in terms of social relations, toward infinal integrity and health.*" And now to consider the five aspects one by one.

I

Personality has the *form of a body*. Modern psychology has rediscovered an old Hebrew truth, namely that the human self is not *in* a body but, in one aspect, *is* a body. The Hebrews believed in "psycho-physical unitarism," which simply means that you cannot separate the mind or self from the body. (Therefore, interestingly enough, they believed in resurrection rather than immortality.) The Christian tradition has always held that the body was created good; the influx of later Greek condemnation of the body into parts of the New Testament, with the accompanying ideas that the body is the enemy of the mind and soul, is false both to the Hebrew-Christian tradition and to the findings of modern psychology.

The reason that systems of personality development based merely on "training" or "controlling" the body do not work is that the body is part of the personality and can no more be "mastered" or used as an instrument than can a member of a family. *Unity* of the whole self is the desired goal. Just as much evil occurs by persons' endeavoring to set "will" against "body" as by letting "body" run away with "will." The common source of each of these errors is the breaking of personality into parts. *Christian teachings and the new psychological insights agree that personality ill-health comes from false pride—which simply means that the individual endeavors to "will" against the structure of himself, his fellowmen or God.* This may be expressed in bodily terms in either libertinism or false asceticism. The healthy state, on the other hand, is the acceptance and affirmation of the body as the form of personality.



Magdalenian Frieze, Cap-Blanc Rock-Shelter, France.

During the Magdalenian period, about 20,000 years ago, the climate was cold in Europe, and the mammoth, woolly rhinoceros, reindeer, musk-ox, bison and wild horses wandered across the plains. At Cap-Blanc a frieze of horses was carved in high relief on the wall by Magdalenian artists. The life-size central figure is the work of an eminent sculptor. This was discovered in 1910 associated with a Magdalenian culture and the complete skeleton of a young girl of the period. Reproduction of the original by Frederick Blaschke.

II

Personality moves with freedom. The error of religion and psychology two decades ago in endeavoring to separate personality into discrete parts is again vividly shown in the debates over freedom. Some religious protagonists claimed man was free because he could decide whatever he wished in a situation, and psychologists pointed out that innumerable factors influence every person at every moment and that you could go through a person with a fine-toothed comb and never find any organ called a "free will." Both forms of dogmatism had some truth, but both were essentially mistaken. Man does not have "free will"—Augustine and Luther and the other great religious leaders have been astute enough to see that. But man does have freedom as a quality of his unified personality. This is really freedom to create. It means that all healthy and genuine human actions will have an element of newness and individuality. The psychologist's work in the laboratory or clinic presupposes this freedom, as does all human work, thinking or art. Freedom is a quality of the whole self; it is lost as the personality breaks up in neurosis, and it increases as the personality moves toward health and "wholeness."

III

Individuality. Every personality is unique. Many persons fall ill because of their inability to accept this uniqueness and "be themselves" in the profound and genuine sense. For various reasons—perhaps exploitation of the child by his parents, or suppression by inhibitory culture, or what not—many children grow up with chameleon strategies, taking on the colors of their environment in opinions, action-patterns, and beliefs. But such is the genius of the human being he cannot run away from himself. Sooner or later each of us must come to terms with what he genuinely is; the chameleon strategy leads us into vicious circles of not knowing what we want, not being able sincerely to love, and being the while desperately unhappy. The gradual, courageous discovery of one's self, through affirming individuality, is a central part of the development of the self as a person.

Some persons, rediscovering their individuality, affirm it defiantly, Nietzsche-fashion—and this brings us to the next point.

IV

Personality exists in terms of social relations. Individuality is not opposed to fellowship. In the long run, the healthy personality develops beyond the defiant stage of individuality to the stage of affirming others as he affirms himself. Being one's self actually implies not less meaningful communion with others but more. Only the person who has integrated or is moving toward integration of the various aspects of his own unique self can give himself in love. And the reverse is also true—only in love can we find our own true selves.

source

IN GREEN PASTURES

God—No, suh. No, suh. Man is a kind of pet of mine an' it ain't right fo' me to give up tryin' to do somethin' wid him. Doggone, mankin' mus' be all right at de core or else why did I ever bother wid him in de firs' place?

Gabriel—It's jest dat I hates to see yo' worryin' about it, Lawd.

God—Gabe, dere ain' anythin' worth while anywheres dat didn' cause somebody some worryin'. I ain' never tol' you de trouble I had gittin' things started up yere. Dat's a story in itself. No, suh, de more I keep on bein' de Lawd de more I know I got to keep improvin' things. And dat takes time and worry. De main trouble wid mankin' is he takes up so much of my time. He ought to be able to help hisself a little.

Why, doggone it, de good man is de man what keeps busy. I mean, I been goin' along on de principle dat he was somethin' like you angels—dat you ought to be able to give him somethin' and den jest let him sit back an' enjoy it. Dat ain't so. Now dat I recolle' I put de first one down dere to take keer o' dat garden and den I let him go ahead an' do nothin' but git into mischief. (He rises.) Sure, dat's it. He ain't built jest to fool 'round and not do nothin'.

—From *Green Pastures* by Marc Connelly.

MAN UNDERSTANDING

Man is the being who understands himself and in this self-understanding decides or determines what he will do and be. This is true, whether this understanding is right or wrong, superficial or profound. Differences of view about the nature of man create different ways

source

of living, different civilizations and cultures, different political, economic, and social systems. Every form of culture, every civilization, every legal system, every form of economic order, every style of art, every kind of constitution of a state—whatever else it may be, is also a product of a definite view of man.
—Emil Brunner in *The Christian Understanding of Man*.

MEMBERS OF ONE BODY

"God, who in a wonderful manner has created and ennobled human nature, and still more wonderfully renewed it, grant that through these sacramental elements we may be made partakers of His divinity, who vouchsafed to become partaker of our humanity." It is only as member of this mystical Body, the *Civitas Dei*, that we can reintegrate the life of the world, or rediscover the unity, the hope, and the true end of human life, here and hereafter. Outside that City, there is only the night.

—Alfred Noyes in *The Edge of the Abyss*.
Fortune for October.

MAN IN HIS PLACE

Man has to be "put in his place," and he is always put in his place against nature's background. That is why Chinese paintings always paint human figures so small in a landscape. In the Chinese landscape called *Looking at a Mountain After Snow*, it is very difficult to find the human figure supposed to be looking at the mountain after snow. After a careful search, he will be discovered perching beneath a pine tree—his squatting body about an inch high in a painting fifteen feet high, and done in no more than a few rapid strokes.
—Lin Yutang in *The Importance of Living*.

Sun-Worship at Carnac Alignment, Brittany, France.

The people of the neolithic period, who probably came into Europe from regions east of the Caspian Sea, brought with them the new culture upon which our civilization rests. Among their contributions were the practice of agriculture, the domestication of animals, which involves breeding in captivity, the manufacture of pottery, and tool-making by grinding and polishing. This scene shows a priest of the neolithic period, about 10,000 years ago, standing in the great alignment of monoliths. He is welcoming the birth of a new day. Group by Frederick Blaschke, sculptor. Background by C. A. Corwin, artist.

This is a circuitous way of pointing out the truth that since human beings live in social relations, love is part and parcel of personality. It is not something added: *love is the outward expression of the healthy personality making relations with other persons*. Jesus had an insight of great importance when he made love the basic criterion of religion, and modern psychologists are agreed that the most certain mark of ill-health in personality is the inability to love and the surest sign of growing ill health is learning to love. It is well to remember, however, that love is not a simple "merging" of one's self with others. It is not a giving up of one's own values; in fact, it thrives only to the extent that one stands up for his values. Love does not wipe out the capacity for aggressive action. Clearly, the prophets, Jesus, Paul and others of our religious leaders were capable of the most energetic aggressive action. Love is not the opposite to hate; *indifference* is. Often in psychotherapy the client must learn courageously to express his hostility before he can love.

V

Personality moves *toward infinal integrity and health*. This is a way of saying that personality is always becoming, never static or arrived. Psychologically, this means that the human being in all his pilgrimage through life is developing in creativity and integrity. Psycho-analysis and other forms of counseling may help, but they never obviate the central *raison d'être* of life, this development in creativity and integrity. Religiously this truth is stated in somewhat similar terms: the person always holds within himself a tension between what he is and what he ought to be. Conversions and experiences of sanctification may open up broad insights, change directions, give one "boosts" upon one's way, but they never obviate the central problem.

It is in this final aspect of personality that psychology moves into the field of religion. We rightly use the word "infinal," for this direction of personality moves beyond the realm which can be described by science, and into the realm of theology.

Rollo May graduated from Oberlin College and has completed graduate work at Union Theological Seminary and Columbia University. He studied with Dr. Alfred Adler in Vienna and traveled in Europe. On his return to America he became director of men students in religious work and secretary of the student Y. M. C. A. at Michigan State College. He has also been director of the Student Christian Association of New York University. He was pastor of the First Congregational Church of Verona, New Jersey, until last summer when he joined the faculty of Garrett Biblical Institute. His two books are "The Art of Counseling" and "The Springs of Creative Living." Well known as a writer for numerous periodicals, he is one of the practicing pioneers in the field of religion and mental health.



Toward a Philosophy for "Man Alive"

The Significance of Man

A CIVILIZATION, like a religion, accuses itself when it complains of the tepid faith of its members. Its duty is to induce them with fervor. It accuses itself when it complains of the hatred of other men not its members. Its duty is to convert those other men. . .

. . . So with my civilization, for it, too, springs from energy contained within a seed. If what I wish to preserve on earth is a given type of man, and the particular energy that radiates from him, I must begin by salvaging the principles that animate that kind of man.

. . . I see now that in my civilization it is Man who holds the power to bind into unity all the individual diversities. There is in Man, as in all beings, something more than the mere sum of the materials that went to his making. A cathedral is a good deal more than the sum of its stones. . .

. . . THE significance of Man, in whom my civilization is summed up, is not self-evident: It is a thing to be taught. There is in mankind no natural predisposition to acknowledge the existence of Man, for Man is not made evident by the mere existence of men. It is because Man exists that we are men, not the other way round. My civilization is founded upon the reverence for Man present in all men, in each individual. My civilization has sought through the ages to reveal Man to men. . . This has been the text of its sermon—that Man is higher than the individual.

My civilization sought to found human relationships upon the belief in Man above and beyond the individual, in order that the attitude of each person toward himself and toward others should not be one of blind conformity to the habits of the ant hill, but the free expression of love. . . My civilization sought to make every man the ambassador of their common prince. It looked upon the individual as the path or the message of a thing greater than himself. . .

For centuries my civilization contemplated God in the person of man. Man was created in the image of God. God was revered in Man. Men are brothers in God. It was this reflection of God that conferred an inalienable dignity upon every man. The duties of each toward himself and toward his kind were evident from the fact of the relations between God and man. . .

It was the contemplation of God that created men who were equal, for it was in God that they were equal. . .

This equality in the rights of God—rights that are inherent in the individual—forbade the putting of obstacles in the way of the ascension of the individual. . . God had chosen to adopt the individual as His path. . . As the manifestation of God, they were equal in their rights. As the servants of God, they were also equal in their duties.

As the inheritor of God, my civilization made men equal in Man. . .

The scientist owed respect to the stoker, for what he respected in the stoker was God; and the stoker, no less than the scientist, was an ambassador of God. However great one man may be, however insignificant another, no man may claim the power to enslave another. One does not humble an ambassador. . . What was honored was not the individual himself but his status as ambassador of God. Thus the love of God founded relations of dignity between men, relations between ambassadors and not between mere individuals.

As the inheritor of God, my civilization founded the respect for Man present in every individual. . .

AS the inheritor of God, my civilization made men to be brothers in Man.

I understand, finally, why the love of God created men responsible for one another and gave them hope as a virtue. Since it made each of them an ambassador of the same God, in the hands of each rested the salvation of all. No man has the right to despair, since each was the messenger of a thing greater than himself. Despair was the rejection of God within oneself. . .

As the inheritor of God, my civilization made each responsible for all, and all responsible for each.

I understand by this light the meaning of liberty. It is liberty to grow as the tree grows in the field of energy in the seed. It is the climate permitting the ascension of Man. . .

WE must be born before we can exist.

I believe in the primacy of Man above the individual and of the universal above the particular.

I believe that the cult of the universal exalts and heightens our particular riches, and founds the sole veritable order, which is the order of life.

I believe that primacy of Man founds the only equality and the only liberty that possess significance. I believe in the equality of the rights of Man inherent in every man. I believe that liberty signifies the ascension of Man. Equality is not identity. Liberty is not the exaltation of the individual against Man. I shall fight against all those who seek to subject the liberty of Man either to an individual or to the mass of individuals.

Taken from the book

Flight to Arras

By

Antoine de Saint Exupery

Published by

Raynal and Hitchcock, New York
(Used by permission of the publishers)

The Day of Faith

THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS GIVES DIGNITY AND BEAUTY TO MAN

ON the first Christmas morning the good tidings of great joy were to all people. "Glory to God in the highest," the heavenly host said to the frightened shepherds, "and on earth peace, good will toward men." They are simple words; they are understood and they have not been forgotten. But what a strange sound they oppose to the shriek and roar of guns and armies! Should we be saying, peace, peace, when there is no peace in the hideous world of today? For the sound of battle is heard the world around. Men and machines are locked in a monstrous death struggle on the battered earth; the sea entombs men whose ships are stricken at night, and death streams through the air on metal wings. The three Wise Men rejoiced with exceeding great joy when they saw the bright star in the east. But no wise man in any nation rejoices today when he sees the red flame of battle leap into the sky.

If logic governed the affairs of men there would be no ringing of bells or exchange of cheerful sentiments on December 25. But we all know that the first Christmas greeting will be spoken again this year in America and Britain and in all Christian countries—even in Germany, where Christmas has always been a great festival. It will be spoken, moreover, by men who believe it. For the radiant and generous greeting to all mankind on the first rude Christmas has become the drama of all people. It has lived through 19 bloodshot centuries because it expresses something that men hold sacred. When the old carols are sung on Christmas Eve in English, French, Spanish, Italian and German men and women will cherish them, perhaps more fondly or desperately than ever. Amid the pain of contemporary living they will rejoice that the heavenly host spoke so kindly to the wondering shepherds who were keeping watch over their flock by night.

Even in the wrack of a wide-flung war, Christmas is a magnificent occasion. On one day of the year men try to live as they wish they could live always. Once a year they aspire to a good society. For it is the genius of Christmas to be not an individual feast but a community and social festival. It embraces all people. The evergreen trees in the public squares and churchyards and the garlands strung across the streets are for every one to enjoy. The warm-colored lights hung in the windows are for people who are passing in the cold streets. The chimes at midnight beat out the old songs for the whole neighborhood. The carols are sung out of doors or in churches, schools and community halls where people can congregate. On Christmas Day families celebrate privately at home in individual groups, but the good cheer and joyousness of Christmas Eve irradiate the neighborhood. Christmas is the time when people live on terms of mutual

forgiveness and understanding and with faith in the ultimate ideals of the race. There is hope for a society that does not let Christmas pass unnoticed.

NO doubt about it, the realities are appalling today. At no time since the morning of Christ's nativity has the world strayed so far from the promise of Bethlehem. All around us the whole structure of civilization is toppling and settling as though at last the foundations had given way; millions of people have been crushed under the wreckage. But before we abandon the heritage of the first Christmas let us ask ourselves what motive is driving us to battle. Is it to overrun foreign lands? Is it to exploit defenseless nations? Is it to exterminate other races? Is it to enslave our people and the people of other nations and to establish by force a tyranny of murderers and thieves?

Fortunately we all know that that is not true. Every one understands why our ships are steaming thousands of miles from home, why we face a harsh, violent, clangorous future, why some American families will celebrate Christmas in sorrow, why many American homes will be desolate. Peace on earth cannot exist apart from the spiritual ideals of justice and freedom that we have staked our national life to defend. At the risk of war we have stood for principles that mankind has evoked out of hope and love for centuries.

The stand we have taken is a powerful one, for the creed it represents is universal and creative and fulfills the needs of human beings. Even our enemies give it lip service to beguile their credulous people. Since the creed marks the doom of plunderers and despots, war has broken out on that basis. And we are fighting now in good heart, not for conquest, but for peace on earth, peace in the minds and souls of men and women—even, perhaps, for peace in heaven, where the heavenly host must be troubled by the awful rancor of battle.

Are the Christmas expressions of good will to be limited this year to men who deserve them or are they to be general, as usual? It would be logical to confine them to men who deserve them; and despite the sweeping generosity of the King James greeting, there is scholarly authority for applying reason to salutes of good will. "Glory to God in the highest," says the Douay version of the Bible; "and on earth peace to men of good will." The American revised version is also selective: "Glory to God in the highest," it says, "and on earth peace among men in whom He is well pleased." Those versions express a reasonable point of view.

But by some blessed gift the human race conjures out of itself a folk wisdom that is wider and deeper than the knowledge of scholars. Out of hunger, perhaps, it

seizes on the bountiful aspect of things, and especially on Christmas it is overflowing with humanity. And through some expression of folk genius the exultant greeting of the King James version—altered a little to “Peace on earth, good will toward men”—has become a part of the English tongue.

Correct or not, logical or not, it has fired the imagination of ordinary people, for a world of universal brotherhood is still the dream of mankind. On land

and sea people will be dying for it on Christmas. It is a dream that cannot be destroyed as long as one free man lives. It endows the human spirit with nobility and beauty. Nothing more glorious has ever been spoken than the good tidings of great joy to all people on Christmas Day.

[Editor's Note: This article was printed originally in *The New York Times Magazine*. It has been changed slightly by the author for our use.]

Men Are Greater and Worse Than They Seem

Roger Shinn

JOHN STEINBECK SEES THE WAR THROUGH A TELESCOPIC SIGHT

JOHN STEINBECK, in *The Moon Is Down*, has thrown some live ammunition into America's war fires. It has exploded in many directions. Dorothy Thompson says it is “superb propaganda,” and Clifton Fadiman calls it “the bunk.” Of course, no one denies that Steinbeck tells a good story. The argument is whether it is good propaganda.

You may say it is bad to judge a book, or a play, or a movie (*The Moon Is Down* will soon be all three) by its propaganda value. But I disagree. Obviously Goebbels does it ridiculously and terribly, and Hollywood is sometimes pretty bad too. But propaganda, at its best, is telling the *truth* so convincingly and so well that people believe it and live by it.

That makes the argument more than a matter of taste. It is something that smacks us straight in the face: Is this book telling the truth? Is it the sort of thing that will make it harder or easier to win the war and get the world back on its feet?

Read *The Moon Is Down*, and decide for yourself. Get hold of the book, not just the digest. You can finish it in the time you would take to go to a movie. It is not a great book. But it throws two great questions at us—questions that we had better make up our minds about. *In this war, what do we think about our enemies? And what do we think about ourselves?*

Steinbeck takes aim on the war through a telescopic sight. The big scene isn't included. He looks at one spot and tries to bring it under perfect observation. So we don't see Hitler ranting his hymns of hate, or ruthless von Bock hurling his millions into the cauldrons of the Caucasus. We don't see the fierce, cruel, fanatical exaltation of a “master race,” or the depravity of the pogroms against the Jews. All we see is a single village (Norway is never named, but that's where it is), and a few of the leaders of the battalion who have taken it. This is the setting, and Steinbeck aims to show us what happens when free men face tyrants.

THE war strikes. The invaders act swiftly and efficiently, and seize control before resistance can organize. The people are bewildered. They “have lived at peace so long that they do not quite believe in war.” Simple, small-town Mayor Orden feels helpless, nervous, and along with the rest of the town makes up his mind slowly. He is one of the people, but doesn't know what they will do. But now and then he stands up to the invader with decisiveness, unpretentious and resolute.

Confusion of the people changes to sullenness, then to hatred and anger. They mine their coal for the invader, but there is constant sabo-

source

The theme here is that the will to live without a master cannot be extinguished among free men—but the elevation of the dramatist's mind and intention and the nobility of his approach do much to reinforce our conviction toward this thesis he offers regarding men's souls; so that the play, though it is not the proof, is at least the evidence of the truth of its faith and belief.

—Stark Young reviewing the play.

People believe in American democracy if they believe in the ability of American people to absorb information and act on it wisely in a crisis, and they do not believe in American democracy if they are afraid.

—Brooks Atkinson in *The New York Times*.

German officers, in fact, may question Hitler's racial or social theories, but they ruthlessly carry out his policy. No one who has seen them at work, as I have, can doubt it. . . . (they) are exterminating European culture, lives, and property, with equal zeal; and individual differences between them are just as important as those between members of a gang.

—A Polish Refugee.

To me . . . the best proof of Steinbeck's thesis is the contrast between the utter moral collapse of militant France and the open defiance of the peace-loving, democratic people of Norway under the occupation.

—Frank G. Nelson (*Guest professor at University of Oslo*).



Representatives of some of the races of mankind. Sculpture in bronze by Malvina Hoffman in the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago. An Hawaiian, Chinese and African are represented in these three figures.

source

Were the play better than it is, we should simply believe it; were it worse than it is, the effect would not matter at all. Just as it is, it seems to me to prove nothing either about its own characters, whom I do not believe, or about Norway in 1942, which it leaves hypothetical and remote.

—Mark Van Doren in *The Nation*.

The cuts used in this number from the work of Malvina Hoffman as well as those from the restoration of scenes from the Stone Age of the Old World are lent to motive by the Field Museum of Natural History of Chicago, through the courtesy of Orr Goodson, the Acting Director. The Malvina Hoffman figures are in the Chauncey Keep Memorial Hall and the dioramas showing the Stone Age are in Hall C of the Museum. No visit to Chicago is complete without some time at the Field Museum. But time's a factor there—it is so vast and so fascinating that return visits will be necessary.

tage. Firing squads do no good. The pretty widow of a murdered miner welcomes the lieutenant who comes to make love to her—and kills him. Everywhere the invader meets stony silence, sullen resentment, secret hate. Underground movements grow. Still the firing squads do no good.

The invader operates according to pattern. When executions fail he takes hostages. Soon the mayor must decide. He must stop resistance, or die. He is afraid, but he feels a kind of exultation. So he faces the firing squad, knowing he is "not a very brave man," but "will have made them a little braver." This is the spirit of the "conquered." It convinces Steinbeck that "it is always the herd men who win battles and the free men who win wars."

It is when he writes of the herd men that many people think Steinbeck misses the boat. The faith of free men is utterly beyond the ken of the invaders. But these Germans are not invincible warriors and ruthless tyrants. Their leader is Colonel Lanser, who is almost a wise man. Twice, for brief significant moments, he understands his protagonist, Mayor Orden. He is a man with memories, sick memories of another war, but he tries to lose his memories. There is none of the ferocity of the Nazi in him. Feeling often unsure and frustrated, he cannot let doubts affect his policy. "So it starts again. We will shoot this man and make twenty new enemies. It's the only thing we know, the only thing we know." Futile. But he is the disciplined soldier, who obeys and commands.

His subordinates are less wise. They are confident, sure of their methods. But they crack. Gradually there comes a nervousness, a restlessness, a longing for love, a fear. Doubts break into hysteria. "I dreamed the Leader was crazy," shrieks a young lieutenant. *As inexorably as the conqueror's firing squads kill the people, the people's spirit breaks the conqueror. That is the faith of this book.*

BUT is it true? How about our first question, what do we think about our enemies? I don't agree with those who think it treason for Steinbeck to show an enemy with human emotions. I think he knows men

better than they do when he reveals a conqueror who can be haunted by doubts and fears. But still he does not hit the nail on the head. He misses the truth—and so do most of his critics—because people, including our enemies, are more than we see. The German people are human beings, with all the feelings, good and bad, of human beings; but they are strung taut by a terrible movement. This makes them both greater and worse than we give them credit for being. They are greater because they are done with the luke-warmness of the democracies; they have found a religious enthusiasm and devotion whose intensity shames us. They are worse, because tyranny and race-hatred and the pride of the conqueror are far more terrible than Steinbeck shows, or than we, with all our new anger, are able to realize. Men never fit into pigeon-holes—not even enemies.

NOW our second question. What do we think about ourselves? Steinbeck's picture of a man who is not very brave, but who loves bravery, who is confused and uncertain, but able to become resolute in a way that the tyrant cannot understand—this is not phony.

The portrait of a democratic people is stirring. But can it be what Waldo Frank abruptly calls it—"a poster flattering to our false complacency"? Yes. Steinbeck does not hit the nail on the head here either. For we, the men of democracy, are both greater and worse than we realize. We are greater, because we are of the blood and spirit of our national heroes like Lincoln, and of our Christian forefathers like St. Paul. We can know the truth and the truth can make us free. Our easy-going lives and little faiths have stifled our courage, but time and events can again make courage real. We are greater than we realize.

We are worse than we realize, too. We are worse because we have been muddled and undecided. We were confused by tyranny, because we chose not to look at it until it hammered on our door. We were confused by it because it had a resemblance to ourselves. Pride, racial hate, condescension to inferiors, lives that grow rich on the suppression of others—these are true of us, too. Yes, we were confused because we were ignorant. But we were ignorant because we were sinful.

It is tremendously important that we realize this. It is a matter of life and death for the war and the peace. We cannot regard our enemies as utter devils who must be annihilated. Neither are they simply good people misled. To win the war we must recognize this same evil in ourselves. Then we can fight it, and can have sympathy—the sympathy of wise men and not of fools—for its victims among our enemies. That is the hope for a sunrise when the moon is down.

FOR A SEASON

Elinor Lennen

Astronomers have named a thousand stars
 Since that Star punctuated dark with light,
 And choristers have phrased uncounted bars
 Since sky-born music echoed through the night.

But, for a season, science with its skill,
 And art, with all the beauty it has learned,
 Are humble, while the mind and heart stand still,
 To hear the Song, to see the Light that burned.

source

He (Steinbeck) wanted to bring out the moral and spiritual effects of enslavement upon a people who have always been free; he wanted to generalize his story so that it would be true wherever it happened.

—Upton Sinclair in *The New Republic*.

I cannot recall another novel of comparable size that has achieved so much of the sense of vital suspense, so strong a feeling of reality; Steinbeck's images are strong and closely knit. Except for one or two slips, he comes as close as any author to making himself unobtrusive and leaving you free to lose yourself in the story. Which you do!

—Norman Cousins in *The Saturday Review of Literature*.

I suspect that if a writer conceives of a war story in terms of a title like *The Moon Is Down* he is likely to get himself into soft and dreaming trouble. Maybe a title like *Guts in the Mud* would have produced a more convincing reality. Anyway, this little book needs more guts and less moon.

—James Thurber in *The New Republic*.

Luckily Steinbeck knows, better than the parlor intellectuals, the kind of ammunition that we need; and the people are with Steinbeck rather than Thurber.

—Marshall Best's reply to James Thurber.

"Simple, small town, Mayor Orden feels helpless, nervous. . . ." Scene from John Steinbeck's *The Moon Is Down*.—Photo by Vandamm Studio.



Must Men Hate?

A Question for the Christian in the Crisis

A Symposium

by

A Soldier in the United States Army.

The writer of this statement must remain anonymous for military reasons.

R. B. Moreland—*an Ensign in the United States Navy.*

Graduating in 1940 from Southern Methodist University where he was a leader in all campus activities, "R. B." as he is familiarly known to his friends, worked for the Cokesbury Book Store in Dallas and with an advertising agency. He entered the Navy in June, 1941, in a public relations capacity and was stationed at San Diego, California. He received his commission as Ensign in June, 1942, and was sent to Honolulu. He is now in the Naval Hospital at Mare Island, California, from which he writes.

Theodore C. Mayer—*minister of the Rocky River (Ohio) Methodist Church.*

Theodore Mayer graduated from Ohio Wesleyan and Garrett Biblical Institute. He has concentrated his work in the Cleveland District where as a Methodist minister he has held important positions with the Ministerial Association of that city and with the Council of Churches. He is a leader in young people's work and is one of the most popular of the younger ministers of Northern Ohio.

Albion Roy King—*Dean of Men at Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa.*

Dean King is also professor of religion and philosophy at Cornell, and is this year giving a course in military tactics. His background for the course comes from actual experience in World War I. He is well known for his writings on the effects of beverage alcohol.

Richard W. Tims—*Professor at Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut.*

Dr. Tims is now on special assignment for the government in Washington, D. C. He is a graduate of Cornell College and Columbia University from which he received his Ph.D. His book, *Germanizing Prussian Poland*, is an authentic analysis in the tangle of peoples and cultures in that part of the world.

Betty Scott of London.

Describing herself, Miss Betty Scott writes: "I was born in Bobbing, Kent, 4.7.17, French mother, Scots father, edu-

cated secondary school, took English Honours degree at Aberdeen, went to Cambridge on a grant, studied English, Russian, a little economics there, took Honours Degree, entered Ministry of Supply, sick of doing nothing there, became factory inspector." What she does not tell is that her Scottish father, a brilliant doctor and member of the British Ministry of Health, was killed in an air-raid during the blitz, a point which brings special meaning to what she writes.

A Young Man from Holland

Reading the *New York Times* one day several months ago the author of this statement noticed an inch long story headed "500 Hostages Taken in ———." He tore the clipping out and put it away in his billfold. It was his home town. Later events proved that his own father had been one of the hostages and had subsequently been killed.

Joseph Paul Bartak of Czechoslovakia.

Joseph Paul Bartak, a native of Bohemia and a naturalized American citizen, was repatriated to the United States on the diplomatic ship *Drottningholm* last June 1. As head of the Czechoslovak Methodist Church, he lived through the darkest days of that young republic: the incident of the Sudetenland, the protectorate, the Heydrich affair and the executions and reprisals. Since December, 1941, Dr. Bartak has been imprisoned by the Germans as an enemy alien at Laufen, Germany. He is now living at Shiner, Texas. At the age of 19 Bartak left his native land to seek his fortune in America. A deeply religious man, with roots in the Bohemian Free Church tradition, he spent his spare time as a young member of the Bohemian community in Chicago selling tracts on the streets. Later he attended Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas, the Vanderbilt School of Religion and the University of Chicago. After several preaching stations in Bohemian communities in this country, he returned to Czechoslovakia when that republic was formed in 1919. He has served there ever since. He was a member of the Methodist Uniting Conference in 1939, and a heroic figure in the all-European Methodist congress in Copenhagen a few days before the war began in the summer of the same year. His modest statement to that congress of the devotion and courage of the Bohemian Christians brought forth a standing salute from the entire body, not the least significant of whom were some 60 German Methodists. He writes for our symposium out of firsthand experience and with authority.

A SOLDIER IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY

I don't think an army can possibly fight a war without hating the enemy, and I doubt that an individual can. The old statements, in arguing with pacifists, that it was possible to love an enemy while you killed him, always sounded a little unreal to me, though I may have used them myself. I think the real problem is *humility and repentance*. This may sound as though I'm trying to buy my indulgence before I start fighting, but I can't see it in any other terms.

So far I don't think I've fallen prey to any hatreds. I've become enraged sometimes. (Though I believe the greatest anger I ever feel in connection with this war is whenever I think of our relations with the Spanish Loyalists or our economic support of Japan's early years in China.) The Jewish pogroms almost make my blood boil. But I don't think I'd call it hate. Part of the reason, I suppose, is a pretty firm religious conviction that is responsible for my being here and for some of my attitudes. But I doubt that I could help hating if I were actually fighting. I doubt that anyone could go through much of a bayonet battle without hate. And

I suppose that when someone goes through several battles, this becomes more than just a flash of emotion.

The tripe we get over the radio and read is thoroughly disgusting, and these messages of excitement and hate repel me completely. But some of those who talk about not hating aren't so hot. It involves the whole difference between rationalism and vitalism. Dialectic Christianity sees the good and the sin in both. The Russian peasant in the Caucasus, who with a deep attachment to his soil and homeland, finds the power in hatred of the invader to rush against Hitler's tanks with his improvised weapons, is a vitalist. The educators who from their studies warn us not to hate are rationalists. Between the two, I'll take the vitalist. In this country we have another breed—the journalists and broadcasters who try to drum up our hate against the Hun and the Jap (I'm afraid MacLeish and some others who ought to know better have been getting in this crowd). This sort of thing is the worst of all—the sophisticated hate of a Goebbels or the sentimental hate of a Kate Smith, both of them getting common enough. That's something I'd condemn completely.

The only answer we have to these three attitudes—rationalism, vitalism and the bastard breed of hate—is the answer of dialectical Christianity. That's the one that ought to be preached now, but isn't. I've heard almost nothing about how a Christian ought to fight, except for some of the liberal illusions. But though dialectical Christianity gives us our doctrine and basic conviction, I don't think we could live it thoroughly through a war any more than we can live it thoroughly any other time.

Men hate those to whom they have to lie.

—Victor Hugo—*Toilers of the Sea*.

We must hate—hatred is the basis of Communism. Children must be taught to hate their parents if they are not Communists.

—Nikolai Lenin—*Speech to the Commissars of Education, Moscow, 1923*.

ENSIGN R. B. MORELAND

Obviously, self-preservation is one of the first conscious reactions of man to the world. He must be excited with fear in order to struggle for his existence. What else prompts this fear reveals his inner drives to struggle with any element threatening his existence.

Man fears starvation, exposure, humiliation, physical pain and finally death itself. America offers him security from these basic fears and he is spurred to defend them at all costs. Therefore, any power threatening his security becomes an enemy. To defeat this enemy he has learned that he cannot simply disarm him, starve him, humiliate him, but he must destroy him utterly and finally. There is only one way to do this . . . it cannot be done half-heartedly or with any reservations—but completely.

So we learn to fear and simultaneously to hate. We hate the germs of disease which sicken and cripple us; we hate murderers and thieves as they threaten our se-

curity; we hate alcohol as it destroys our homes and families . . . and so with this hate we are enveloped with a desire to exterminate our enemies. We cannot do it rationally any other way.

As long as individuals act like human beings we can love them—as we should love our fellow man—whenever individuals become a menace to society or generally threaten the common good, we hate sufficiently to destroy them.

We cannot rationalize, we cannot moralize ourselves out of this position . . . this fear which has led me to hate a power which threatens my security does not compromise my profession for Christianity . . . but rather strengthens my courage to fight to the death for convictions I feel to be right.

I happen to dislike the Nazis intensely. I disliked them at a time when some of our loudest haters were still running across to Nuremberg and accepting the hospitality of those murderers. I have as much hatred for the devilish Nazi's system as it is possible for me to manufacture. But hate seems to me to make an uneasy and treacherous foundation for public morale.

To begin with, men filled with hate and not much else are not, in my view, in a sound psychological condition to make a great co-operative effort. They may begin hating each other. And their minds are not cool and unclouded. Fighting men especially should not be turned into screaming, slaving fanatics, for they will need their wits about them.

Then, again, in order to produce this hatred you have to give the enemy a gigantic build-up. Hitler becomes Lucifer, his fellow-gangsters so many giant demons. This is apt to play just the kind of tricks in the unconscious mind that the Nazis like. You are giving them the sort of magical prestige that cool common sense would instantly deny them. It is, in fact, playing their game. It is better to play our own game which they do not know how to play and so keep our heads to use our common sense and laugh sometimes.

We cannot destroy Nazism by creating a Nazi atmosphere on our side. If we are all going to stamp and scream and hate, then even if Hitler does not win, Hitlerism will have won. What Fascists hate and fear in democracy is its cool, critical and humorous common sense, and so if we say good-bye to that, we immediately begin to weaken ourselves. A Britain and a United States engaged in a huge, solemn hate campaign are no longer the hope of the world.

—J. B. Priestly, *English Novelist and Essayist in The New York Times*.

THEODORE C. MAYER, A MINISTER

To hate or not to hate, that is the question which sincere people are facing. We find ourselves being pulled by our Christianity toward love; and being pushed by what seems to be our patriotic duty toward hate. I am convinced that hatred is both a cause and a consequence of war; but if we have any dreams, any ideals, any goals beyond this war, then we must recognize that hatred will destroy them.

No one justifies war as an end in itself, only as a means to an end. Said President Roosevelt in his broadcast on October 12th, "It is useless to win battles if the

cause for which we fought these battles is lost." Hatred may help to win battles, but it most certainly will lose the peace.

But the attitudes of Christians should not be dependent upon what "typewriter strategists" deem necessary in war, but rather on what the New Testament deems essential in Christian living. The New Testament and Jesus are nowhere more specific than in this matter of hate. Hate and Christianity are absolutely incompatible. If we wish to be Christian, if we wish to be worthy of and thus have the chance of winning a better world, we must not hate.

College students were urged by Newbold Morris, president of the City Council and Acting Mayor in the absence of Mayor La Guardia, to "inject some wickedness into their thinking, because it takes wickedness to beat the enemy."

The Pioneers, the children's Communist organization has adopted a new initiation oath, pledging undying hatred of Nazis and constant preparedness for the defense of Russia.

"With all my heart, I will hate the Fascist occupants and will tirelessly prepare myself for the defense of the Fatherland," the children's oath said.

"I swear in the name of the warriors who sacrificed their lives for our happiness. I will eternally remember that their blood is burning on my Pioneer badge and on our red banner."

The Pioneers number more than 15,000,000 between the ages of 10 and 13.

Recently Lieutenant-General Sir Bernard C. Paget, commander-in-chief of Britain's home forces, ordered the abolition of "hate schools" even for the Commando troops that have been accomplishing hair-raising exploits in German-held France.

ALBION ROY KING, DEAN OF MEN

To fight without hate is theoretically possible, but not practically probable in actual battle. It is possible to prepare for war and even to wage war effectively without bitterness toward the enemy, although many of the older generation seem to have had their souls permanently seared by the violent emotional experience through which they passed in the last war.

But why assume that war should be fought without hate? Must we imply that hate is evil under all circumstances? An ancient philosopher said, "There is a time to love and a time to hate" (Eccles. 3:8). It is a biological value in mortal combat, stimulating the flow of vital endocrine fluids which lift the strength of man to super-normal feats.

The real problem is what hate may do to the abiding spirit of man. Preserving life in the emergency is one thing, but the permanent destruction of life by leading men into unnecessary conflict is another matter. An abiding hate unseats the reason.

"Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer" said the writer of the First Epistle of John. Jesus did not put it so strong as that. He said, "Everyone who is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the judgment." Whenever we come into a war situation, we stand not

only in danger of judgment, but in the very presence of it. War itself is a judgment upon us. It faces us, not with the alternative of choosing between right and wrong, but a choice between relative evils. When the alternative is to kill or be killed, to speak of murder is idle talk.

"Love your enemies" is excellent tactical procedure in nearly every normal situation in life, not just interim ethics! It should be religiously practiced by all statesmen, legislators, preachers, and common citizens when they are making foreign policy, or building those common attitudes toward other races and strange peoples that determine interracial and international affairs much more effectively than legislative documents. To hate and kill is the interim ethic for those soldiers who must face mortal combat in these tragic periods of judgment that have fallen upon the race.

THERE is much consternation in some quarters because the American people refuse to hate. The public must be indifferent, because they don't hate the enemy. Looking back wistfully at the orgies of hate during the last World War, some weeks ago a prominent radio writer shocked and delighted an audience of radio folks by calling for "a campaign of hate." But when an English radio man got up and quietly said: "To hate is to make sure that you lose the war," the bubble collapsed.

We hate whom we fight, when we don't quite know what we are fighting for or when we feel dogmatically sure of what we are fighting for. The fanatic hates because he looks upon his enemy as subhuman. That's why civil wars have been so bloody in history. And the drifter hates because he has been disturbed in his sloth and wants to get back to it as quickly as possible.

But the man who is civilized, firm in his purpose, yet without self-glorification—the man who knows he is doing a job—does not hate. The farmer who kills weeds does not hate the weeds. He roots them out because they crowd the corn. The judge who condemns the criminal does not hate the murderer; he sends him to the gallows because he disturbs the living community. The weed may have just as much of a right to grow as the corn; the farmer does not deny such absolutes. The criminal may have many good reasons for being a murderer; the judge does not pretend to assume the role of God.

From all this it follows that hate is a sign of weakness. The reason the British do not hate is that they are deeply certain of their cause. They are fighting upon different ground than the last time. It is a defeatist in disguise who preaches hate. For what he really says is this: We do not know whether what we are fighting for is right; therefore we must hate our enemies.

All in all, it seems very clear that you gain little, if anything, by turning the radio over to the hate-mongers, and you are certain to lose a great deal. There are so many constructive jobs to be done, both in relation to the war and the peace to follow, that we might just as well concentrate on those tasks. Where are the radio people who have begun to tackle the job of spelling out what we are fighting for, anyway?

—Dr. C. J. Frederich in *Case Against Hate*—New York Times.

DR. RICHARD W. TIMS, A PROFESSOR

Must we hate?

Unfortunately, it isn't all in our hands.

Once we go to war, we *shall* hate, sometime, on some field—even if we are Christian soldiers. For hate is a seizure, a bodily state. Being a product of the deep-seated egotistic impulses born in all of us, it can break out with elemental, almost involuntary violence in situations where fear is the catalyst. This is one of the costs we let ourselves in for when we decide to settle an issue by physical force.

A Christian's personal discipline, if it has been the real thing, will have conditioned him against more than momentary seizure by this demon. If hate nevertheless overtakes him on the battlefield, he won't be too surprised. Previous experience and the articles of his own faith will long since have acquainted him with the old Adam inside him. But *furor pugnae* will always be for him a sore spiritual peril which the pacifist Christian is spared.

Any other hate is without excuse. To have one's body forget, in the craze of battle, that the enemy, too, is a child of God, is terrible enough. But to let or make one's mind forget it is spiritual death. No war is worth that cost. Far from enhancing war-industrial efficiency and army morale, inculcated hatred breeds psychoses that can slow the war effort and jeopardize the reasonable peace for which we struggle. The only safe motive is a burning desire for a more just world, seasoned with an unyielding enmity toward the conditions, not the men, which made war unavoidable.

Thou shalt not hate thy brothers in thy heart.

—Leviticus 19:17.

He that hateth his brother is in darkness, and walketh in the darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because that darkness hath blinded his eyes.

—I John 2:11.

These two sins, hatred and pride, deck and trim themselves out, as the Devil clothed himself in the God-head. Hatred will be godlike; pride will be truth. These two are right deadly sins; hatred is killing; pride is lying.

—Martin Luther—*Table Talk*.

BETTY SCOTT OF LONDON

I think that most people want to be happy; that is, to develop and express in living the best that is in them. And to do this, two conditions are necessary—a sufficiency of material goods, food, shelter, clothing and so forth, to free the mind from the preoccupation of the struggle for existence; and then enough freedom in social life that no one stops individuals from doing anything not actively harmful to society at large, for people differ. It's no good trying to force the same kind of activities and occupations and enthusiasms on them all.

When the conditions for that happiness for ourselves and our offspring are threatened we must needs hate and fear the threatener. Without the incentive given by that strong emotion of hate, how can the normal human

being, who is naturally averse to killing, effectually meet and overcome such threats to existence and happiness? How can he steel himself to kill his enemies, when that alone is the way of overcoming them? I think we must be able to hate and hate strongly if we are to be able to kill the enemy in the field. I think we must hate, just because we are normal people who do not often feel so violent an emotion, if we are to stir ourselves to the incredible violence and strength that a total war demands. I think it is not till we do hate with full understanding the threat to our existence and happiness that fascism means that we will be able to wage the war effectively.

Don't mistake me and think I mean we should hate individuals or a people as a whole; nothing less. We should hate cruelty and ignorant bestiality wherever we find it, in our enemies or among ourselves, as long as it constitutes a threat to our happiness. I think the Russians have it right when they command their soldiers to hate the fascist hordes who torture the innocent and helpless and stoop to anything in order to overcome anyone who has possessions they covet; and yet those same Russians, once these enemies surrender and become prisoners, treat them gently and try to educate them into better ways of thought. That is proper hate, disciplined into the right channels. It is no good hating violently, indiscriminately and without understanding. It is no good trying the eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth sort of stuff; I think the English make themselves ridiculous by chaining their German prisoners because the Germans have chained theirs. That is not the hate of the understanding mind but petty rancour and spite. I endorse the Russian attitude both now and for the future.

Well, enough of hate; I don't feel it myself because I haven't yet seen the Germans hurting helpless people. And as for air-raid casualties, I find it hard to blame individuals or feel hatred for the blind bombers. But when I read of the atrocities in Poland and Russia and elsewhere, I do feel stirrings of that hatred that would make me able if I had to, to kill such people.

You can't go back to the past. And hate's the most expensive commodity in the world.

—Stephen Vincent Benet's *Tales Before Midnight*.

Jesus Christ knew and practiced the ideal way. He regarded men not as they were but as they might be. By compassion and tender understanding, by recognizing their limitations both of body and of mind, He was able to love the sinner while bitterly condemning the sin. . . . His mission was to heal them in body and soul, and get them back to a life of usefulness.

—From *Happiness Road* by Alice H. Rice.

There was never a man big enough to hate and reason at the same time. There is a whole Bible in that statement.

Ninety-five per cent of men, regardless of whether they wear broadcloth or overalls, want to play the game square. Lack of contact means lack of understanding. Those engaged in practically all disputes are absolutely sincere, but lack of friendly association breeds suspicion, which in turn breeds both fear and hate; and it is impossible under those circumstances to have a rule of reason.

—Sherman Rogers' article, *Personal Contact and Labor*, August 1923 *Reader's Digest*.

A DUTCH SUBJECT NOW IN NEW YORK

"He that loveth not his brother abideth in death."

Although the world is at present in a state of great chaos and confusion, that does not mean we as individuals should forget the simple principles of Christ's teachings, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." If we will regard this war as a criminal and insane action on the part of those leaders who have instigated it, then we will not be blinded by hatred for those unfortunate people who are bound and forced to follow in the path of destruction. True, we in the democracies must fight now to preserve our way of life but we should not have hatred in our hearts for a single human being.

As the great Dutch philosopher Spinoza said: "Hatred can only be overcome by love." The world is half destroyed today; we will not improve conditions by hating people. It is quite natural to feel resentment, to be indignant at the atrocities that have been committed, yet we must remember that hatred cannot be the foundation for a better world.

In a recent speech Marshal Jan Christiaan Smuts said: "This, at bottom, is a war of the spirit." Even though our enemies are inhumane, unjust and cruel, we must not make the mistake of imitating them. We cannot forget that we are fighting for the freedom of the human spirit and for the triumph of democracy.

JOSEPH PAUL BARTAK OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA

According to the Scriptures hatred of sin (Heb. 12:4 and Jude 23) is just as imperative as love of neighbors (Mark 12:31) and even of enemies (Matt. 5:44).

There was manhood and capacity for moral indignation in our Master (Matt. 18:6, John 2:15 and Luke 22:36). Our capacity for moral indignation in the presence of injustice, wrong, and disregard of moral law seems to be the measure of our character. If there is ferocious strength in hate, we may, we must utilize its full measure against sin, against the sinful theory that might is right and the sinful disregard of principles of justice and law and order.

While hating sin and systems which are the product of sin, we may, we must love not only our neighbors but even our enemies. We may learn from physicians to fight a disease in order to save the patient. We may learn from parents who discipline their children without losing their love for them. Pending the organization of a world order based on justice and good will it may be our duty to restore international law and order by disciplining recalcitrant members of the family of nations according to Prov. 23:14.

National hatred is something peculiar. You will always find it strongest and most violent where there is the lowest degree of culture.

—J. W. Goethe—*Conversations with Eckermann.*

BASIC THINGS ABOUT MAN

The important things about a man, we know, are not his looks, his clothes, his mannerisms. When these are used for forming a judgment of him (as they frequently are) they are read (whether correctly or incorrectly) as indications of the inside truths about him. The important things about a man, the basic things, are his ways of thinking and feeling about himself and other people, about the world and this affair called living; his fidelities and infidelities; his core of conviction, faith, devotion, reverence and affirmation, or of doubt, rebellion, bitterness, fear and irreverence; the half-conscious assumptions and habitual principles which underlie and shape his deeds and responses.

It is the same with a people or a culture. Every society finds and orders its life within, upon and according to, certain commonly held ideas and beliefs about the nature and meaning of human destiny, about the character of the universe in which that destiny is framed, about what constitute truth and falsity, good and bad, right and wrong. These inside truths, these mental, emotional, moral and spiritual elements, to which we usually give the name "religion," are the key to every society or civilization. —From *No Sign Shall Be Given*, by Hugh Stevenson Tigner.

THE DOCTRINE OF MAN

In different ages the Church is preoccupied with different aspects of the truth. In the early days, for instance, the burning issues were the doctrines of the Person of Christ and of the Holy Trinity; Justification was the battle-cry at the time of the Reformation. These doctrines have not lost any of their importance today, but for the presentation of the Gospel to the modern world it is another doctrine which must stand in the forefront for us. "In our own day it is more and more coming to appear that the central area of conflict is in the doctrine of man." It is here that the Church takes issue with the world of Secularism, Communism, Fascism.

The twentieth century opened with eager hopes in the hearts of men; modern science pointed the way to illimitable control of natural powers by man; the concept of Evolution, rashly applied, suggested an uninterrupted progress for the human race, and even the grim experience of the last war did not at first shatter man's optimism, for many succumbed to the new millenarianism of the League of Nations. But the optimism of those days is now departed; indeed, one of the most serious symptoms of our time is the disillusionment, the deep pessimism, the despair of so many of the younger generation who ought to

be buoyant and full of hope. The Utopianism of the Communists is as insecurely based as the millenarianism of the League of Nations. Only the Christians have a sober, reasoned, unquenched hope. Yet the disillusionment of the age is a better "preparation for the Gospel" than the extravagant optimism that preceded it. Our Lord came to call them that labour and are heavy laden. The present depressed mood "does bring men's minds nearer to the truth of the human situation, and furnishes a soil in many ways more suitable for the reception of a Gospel, the main burden of which is that our hope is not in ourselves, but in God, and that the salvation which we can never achieve by our own powers has already been achieved for us by divine redemptive action."

—From Ilico's Column in *The British Weekly*.

UNFINISHED MASTER

It is true that we see not yet all things put under man's feet. . . . He is imperfect and blundering, and even in the realm of religion he falters by the way. At best he is the unfinished master of an unfinished world. "But now we see not yet all things put under him, but we see Jesus"—symbol of what we are, prophecy of what we shall be.

—Hugh Black in *The Adventure of Being Man*.

WHAT IS MAN?

The Philosophers and Writers Answer



Man—is a worm.

—Job

An earthly animal, but worthy of Heaven.

—St. Augustine



Man is a tame, a domesticated animal.

—Plato

Established is the man whose standard is righteousness, who walketh according to its way.

—Grand Vizier Ptahkotep, 27th Century B.C.

At his best man is the noblest of all animals; separated from law and justice, he is the worst.

—Aristotle

Man . . . is an animal which can develop into an individual only in society.

—Karl Marx

Know then thyself, presume not God to scorn;

The proper study of mankind is man.

—Alexander Pope

Nature never intended man to be a low, groveling creature. From the moment of his birth she implants in him an unextinguishable love of the noble and the good.

—Longinus, *G.*



Half dust, half diety.

—Lord Byron

There wanted yet the master work, the end

Of all yet done: a creature who, not prone

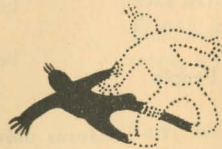
And brute as other creatures, but endued

With sanctity of reason, might erect

His stature, and upright with front serene

Govern the rest.

—John Milton



Man is a shadow and a dream.

—Pindar *G.*



Plato having defined man to be a two-legged animal without feathers, Diogenes plucked a cock and brought it into the academy, and said, "This is Plato's man."



Man originates in muck, wades a while in muck, makes muck, and in the end returns to muck.

—Schiller, *Ger.*

I am an acme of things accomplished, and I am an encloser of things to be.

—Whitman

We are such stuff as dreams are made on.

—Shakespeare

Man is a burlesque of what he should be.

—Schopenhauer *Ger.*

We have altogether a confounded, corrupt, and poisoned nature, both in body and soul; throughout the whole of man is nothing that is good.

—Martin Luther

It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man and the security of a God.

—Seneca



Man, with all his noble qualities, with sympathy which feels for the moment debased, with benevolence which extends not only to other men but to the humblest living creature, with his god-like intellect which has penetrated into the movements and constitution of the solar system—with all these exalted powers—man still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly origin.

—Darwin

Man is the only animal that blushes. Or needs to.

—Mark Twain

(The drawings on this page were made for motive by Charles O. Bissell, of Nashville, Tennessee)

MAN—THROUGH WHOM GOD WORKS

*Life's perfect Mosaic contains all the hues,
Absorbs all the shadings of gentiles and Jews,
Combines all the colors in one perfect plan,
To filter the light of Heaven through man!*

—L. C. M. Beimefroh.

When men love one another as brothers, and treat each other reciprocally as such; when each one, seeking his own good in the good of all, shall identify his own life with the life of all, his own interests with the interests of all, and shall be always ready to sacrifice himself for all the members of the common family—then most of the ills which weigh upon the human race will vanish as thick mists gathered upon the horizon vanish with the rising of the sun.

—Robert de Lamennais, in *The Book of the People*

*Again today, Lord,
Let me write
In characters of sweat and tears
Words that will bring
Thy children to the light.
And faith and hope and love
Will be*

*The warp and woof
Of fabric gay
That I will weave for thee today.*

—Utako Hayashi

What we commonly call man, the eating, drinking, planting, counting man, does not, as we know him, represent himself, but misrepresents himself. Him we do not respect, but the soul, whose organ he is, would he let it appear through his actions, would make our knees bend. When it breathes through his intellect, it is genius; when it breathes through his will, it is virtue; when it flows through his affections, it is love. And the blindness of the intellect begins when it would be something of itself. The weakness of the will begins when it would be something of itself. All reform aims in some one particular to let the soul have its way through us; in other words, to engage us to obey.

—From Emerson's *The Over-Soul*

Questions: How much time am I spending in thinking through and meditating on the great possibilities I have as an instrument through which God works? How much am I making this exalted responsibility the major concern of my life—in my daily living, in the care of my body, in the relationships I have?

Read: The Gospel according to St. Matthew—Chapters 5, 6, 7. *Man, The Master*, by Gerald Heard.

Action Project: I shall make my education the education for the great purpose which I see for all life. Even if I knew I were to die tomorrow, I would make the stream of God's consciousness full and vigorous just for today. The shorter my time—and all life in time is short and therefore precious—the more will I endeavor to live rightly and deeply. I will resolve to try not to do anything that will harm my body, my thinking and my action as an evidence of God in human nature.

MAN—AND HIS BROTHERS

The true security is to be found in social solidarity rather than in isolated individual effort.

—The Brothers Karamazov

A day will surely come when man, having grown tired of walking alone, will turn to his brother. On the day when we shall have learned to feel the sorrows and the joys, the suffering and the hope of others, as our very own, that world order of love and justice for which the universe yearns and of which the planets in the stillest night are the splendid but imperfect symbol, shall have come nearer.

On that day alone the brotherhood of man will have become a reality.

—Pierre Van Paassen's *That Day Alone*

Jesus universalized religion. He conceived human society as based neither on the blood-relationships of natural affinity, nor on the organized relationships of political or ecclesiastical groupings, but simply on the practical sharing of life between any two individuals on a basis of their common humanity. The Kingdom of Heaven becomes the universal community of mankind based on the sense of unity between man and man, and expressing itself in the sharing of the means of life to meet human needs.

—John MacMurray in *Creative Society*

*"O America, because you build for mankind, I build for you!
And such a confidence, he thinks, will beget confidence, even
in the cynical and disillusioned nations of Europe.*

*This moment yearning and thoughtful sitting alone,
It seems to me there are other men in other lands yearning
and thoughtful. . . .*

*And it seems to me if I could know these men I should be
come attached to them as I do to men in my own lands,*

*O I know we should be brethren and lovers,
I know I should be happy with them.*

—Walt Whitman

Questions: What am I doing on the campus to witness to the brotherhood of man? How much am I actually "falling for" popular prejudices as far as other races and religions are concerned? Does my group, club, fraternity, believe in the brotherhood of man—do we practice it in our membership?

Read: The Magazines *Common Ground*, *World Outlook*. Use *The World at One in Prayer*. Edited by Daniel J. Fleming.

Action Project: I will make my sphere of living a real center of brotherhood. I will seek out, understand, and associate with at least one person of another race. I will attempt to read as widely as possible in books that deal with the bases for the brotherhood of man, and I will encourage my group to take this up as a definite study. I will ally myself and contribute to some fund such as the *Methodist Youth Fund* or the *World Student Service Fund*.

MAN—HIS WAY WITH MEN

*I am unjust, but I can strive for justice—
My life's unkind, but I can vote for kindness,
I, the unloving, say life should be lovely,
I that am blind, cry out against my blindness.*
—Vachel Lindsay in *Collected Poems*

All that is needed to remedy the evil of our time is to do justice and give freedom.

—Henry George

Gitche Manito, the mighty,
He the Master of Life, descending,
On the red crags of the quarry
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.
* * * * *

*"I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and dissensions;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.*
* * * * *

—From *Hiawatha*, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Nothing that lacks justice can be morally right.

—Cicero

There is a moral order of the world which we humans do not create but only discover, usually by going against it and getting hurt. This moral order of the world is not an impersonal order; it is willed and maintained by God. It is, indeed, an eternal expression of the justice and love of God; and it is such that no good or permanent structure can be built on the basis of pride and selfishness. On that basis a home breaks up. On that basis an economic system breaks down. On that basis human society is as a house built on sand. The ultimate reality of the world is such that a happy and enduring home, a well-ordered and progressive society, a humane and lasting civilization can be built only on the basis of justice and intelligent cooperation for the good of all. "God is love."

—From *The Lord's Prayer* by E. F. Tittle

Questions: How much does justice and fair play control action on the campus? In the relationship of faculty and students, is there a real chance for new understanding? Have I considered my campus as the world in miniature—and the habits and conceptions of life found there the possible ones that I shall practice all my life?

Read: *A Basis for the Peace to Come* (Abingdon-Cokesbury).

Action Project: I shall attempt to see that student government becomes a reality on my campus with the administration and faculty cooperating to the end that justice and right will prevail in all the activities of the school.

MAN—HIS LAWS FOR LIVING

*New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
We must upward still, and onward,
Who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires;
We ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly
Through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal
With the Past's blood-rusted key.*

—James Russell Lowell

The law of God, which we call the moral law, must alone be the scope, and rule, and end, of all laws.

—John Calvin

Laws only bind when they are in accordance with right reason, and hence with the eternal law of God.

—Pope Leo XIII

There is but one law for all, namely, that law which governs all law, the law of our Creator, the law of humanity, justice, equity—the law of nature and of nations.

—Edmund Burke

What we seek is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind.

—Woodrow Wilson

*Your daily life is your temple and your religion.
Whenever you enter into it take with you your all.
Take the plough and the forge and the mallet and the lute,
The things you have fashioned in necessity or for delight.
For in revery you cannot rise above your achievements nor
fall lower than your failures.
And take with you all men:
For in adoration you cannot fly higher than their hopes nor
humble yourself lower than their despair.*

—Gibran, *The Prophet*

Questions: How much do the rules of the university cause you to "gripe"?

How much have you studied the best interests of all concerned in obeying the laws of the school as well as the community?

Have you constructed a few basic laws which you live by?

Read: *A Time for Greatness* by Herbert Agar

Action Project: I will promise myself not to break laws that I know are made for the common good of all—even if these laws seem trivial and unimportant—(traffic laws, rationing, noise, etc.). I shall try to understand the purpose of laws by studying them in relation to their social effects, and I will endeavor to be law-abiding on the campus as well as in the community. There are no small or unimportant laws—if they are worthy of being laws.

In the World's Religions - WHAT IS MAN? - Research Chart by WYATT JONES

Religion	Where Did Man Come from?	What Is His Predicament?	What Is His Destiny?
HINDUISM	I. Emanation or temporary manifestation of the impersonal Supreme Being, Brahma, but not responsible to him.	II. Not inherently or permanently worthwhile, his body is corrupt but not subject to real sin—only philosophic ignorance and violation of caste rules are defects which entail continued reincarnation.	III. By pantheistic knowledge and rapture, by emotional religious devotion, or by ceremonial works he may immerse himself in the non-moral Brahma. A cosmic power of justice, named Karma, assigns him in his next reincarnation to a higher or lower social status as retribution for deeds done.
JUDAISM	I. Created in the image of God, with soul, personality, and moral judgment.	II. Corrupted by sin, obstinate and recalcitrant, with consequences in social injustices and separation from God.	III. Salvation to a high spiritual destiny by good works (tending towards legalism in a conception of sin as chiefly ceremonial). Promise of messianic deliverance.
BUDDHISM	I. No answer offered—man is a worthless, temporary conglomerate, his soul unreal and his body a miserable hindrance.	II. All existence is evil, and man's desires, activities, and individuality are insatiable, utterly evil, and ultimately to be overcome.	III. Life with its suffering is hardly worth living; but by self-negation and suppression of all desires, man may escape individuality, activity and the necessity of reincarnation, this is the "passive peace" of Nirvana.
CONFUCIANISM	I. The Supreme Ruler made all living things, and certainly gave man his moral sense and uprightness.	II. Man is in need of education and instruction in morality and ethics. The fundamental evil in man is social impropriety.	III. Reciprocal social propriety, example and government are a self-saving scheme of salvation which will assure every man a proper ancestral veneration regardless of his earthly conduct.
ISLAM	I. Allah has created everything, therefore man is a part of his work.	II. An individual human being may be insubordinate and fail to forcibly propagandize for Islam and thus be assigned to hell.	III. No social program of salvation; but by complete submission (<i>islam</i>) to Allah and his prophet Mohammed, and making Islam genuinely dominate any individual may attain a paradise of sensuous pleasure.
CHRISTIANITY	I. The child of a loving Father endowed with freedom of will and a capacity for love and sacrificial service.	II. All individuals are liable to evil and actually do sin against God, against other persons, and also, against their own higher selves.	III. By the individual's loving wholeheartedly, by society's organizing servicefully, and by God's helping graciously, man may, by the example of Jesus, attain the Kingdom of God.

Cardboard Heroes

MOVIES REPEAT TYPES AND CUT MAN TO AN UNREAL PATTERN

DURING the past summer a German radio station was heard expounding on the difference between German and American film heroes, taking its cue from an article by Propaganda Chief Goebbels. The German type were *real* heroes, said the broadcast, whereas those created by the democracies were "negative," with "the dunce considered to be a hero and the coward considered to be a man of honor . . . better to be a salve three times over and be alive than to be free and dead once." This statement is just one more evidence of the importance attached to the presentation of personality by the motion picture aside from its oft-reiterated function as entertainment.

Perhaps the charge sounded good to German worshippers of the hero as Superman, but to our way of thinking the Hollywood films which have made the hero a long-suffering soul who later turns around to confound his fascist-like superiors and impress them with his own methods as a man of good will, have provided some of the best contribution of the films to a picture of man as an individual. The list is long: Mr. Deeds, Dr. Ehrlich, the myriad Chaplin portraits—even long-suffering Dumbo.

For all too commonly the screen character is a type, cut to a single cardboard pattern. He acts in a predestined manner according to predestined motives—manners and motives predestined by the countless other copies of the same pattern which through the years have preceded him on the screen. If he is the hero, he is over-heroic, with no otherwise qualities to temper our adoration; if he is the villain, he is over-villainous. His actions spring from the fact he is a certain type, not that he is an individual. In this he partakes of the evils which must characterize the "heroic" characters of which the German broadcast spoke; one can picture the monotony of a long series of Nazi-type heroes: dauntless, unfeeling, unquestioning, courageous. If films are to present an interpretation of the spirit of the democracies in which they are made, it is precisely here they must start—in the delineation of the *heroes as individuals, thinking for themselves, acting nevertheless in co-operation with others yet preserving an integrity of purpose, deciding according to conviction from within rather than from a sense of what is expected, solving problems by their own effort rather than having a miracle come along in the final reel through which right is made to triumph.*

Strangely enough, the movies themselves make occasional remarks about this phenomenon of repetition of type. "Here we are," says a flyer in *Eagle Squadron*, "talking and acting just like heroes in a movie." And he and his comrades continue doing just that. "Just like

in a movie," the characters say as they go into another cliché. But they don't stop going.

Then, as to motivation. What is the purpose of most of the action? To bring about a happy termination to a romance, in nine cases out of 10. There may be minor reasons along the way for what happens, but no film is *really* complete—or satisfying to the audience, so the movie-makers say—unless the hero is romantically united with a heroine at the end. Unethical ventures, disregard of others, of common sense or decency even, may go by the boards so long as the hero repents in the end and wins the love of a *good* woman. And the heroine, if she is the chief focus of interest? Well, she may be permitted in a career for a while, or an interest outside herself, but in the final reel she sees her mistake, goes feminine with a vengeance, and succumbs to what the movies would indicate is her only real function, pursuit of a desirable male or succumbing to his importunations. There may be nothing against this conception; it is, however, just another instance of surrender to type.

The same surrender mars the portrayal of any number of characters rich in possibilities. Shall we put a negro in this film? All right, make him a valet or an elevator operator, make her a maid. He will be illiterate, comic relief for the serious scenes in the play; she will be sentimental, often humorously so. . . . Or you would have an English gentleman. Very well, bring in the "stout heart," the warm heart fearful of revealing itself. . . . Or a Latin American. He will be a gigolo, perhaps, or a wily promoter—suave, sly, emotional, gesticulating; she will be a dancer—voluptuous, exaggerated as to dress and gesture, fiery in temperament. . . . Or a Nazi: brutal, cruel, yet at heart cowardly. . . . Or a Japanese: tricky, gloating over cruelties, deceitful, crying out over anything brought against him. More cardboard pat conceptions, more disregard of the individual.

A SIMILAR pattern-following frequently carries over into the drawing up of situations. You can name countless instances (again the phrase "just like in a movie" is eloquent), but here are some of those frequently to be observed:

1. Someone meets with disillusionment or unhappiness. What to do? Why, go on a drinking spree, of course, and almost always he will feel the better for it—often even finding the solution for his problem while in an uninhabited state. Remember the editor in *Meet John Doe*, the friend of *Johnny Eager*, the musician in *Our Wife?* And dozens of others?

2. The hero makes a mistake, perhaps a costly one.

(Continued on page 46)

motive Man-of-the-Month

Kenneth Rathbun, University of Virginia, '42

To Help Explain the Opposite Page

If Superman has a flesh and blood double Kenneth Rathbun is it. Not even the originators of the famous cartoon strip could feature their hero as being as versatile as the pictures on the opposite page show this University of Virginia graduate to be.

In this mosaic-panorama we first see Kenneth talking informally with laughing Ruth Hussey, well known screen actress. Following the protruding fist we run smack into the National Amateur boxing champion in the 165 pound class—poised and ready for action.

Just nudging our hero's left elbow is Dean Ivey Lewis getting ready to present the Scholar-Athlete award as a grand climax to Ken's colorful college career.

Below the award are two pictures taken from Kenneth's album of Lisle Fellowship pictures. Top, the group watches while some of their number depart for Christian work in a near-by community. Just under, he sings with others of various races and creeds in a fellowship service.

Then there is a typical conference snapshot of the Virginia delegation at Lake Junaluska, North Carolina, 1941. Behind the big V in the middle is Kenneth.

Pictures across the bottom of the page show him in a number of informal poses. First, hitch-hiking in South Carolina—the sign boards tell where. Second, as a nature lover. In the middle Ken tries to study in a typical college room while the picture of his bride-elect keeps drawing his attention. The last two shots show him at a picnic and swimming at Lake Junaluska.

With his landing gear half-way between Lake City and Kingstree, S. C., Kenneth warms up his plane during CAA pilot training. He is now a licensed pilot.

Continuing clockwise around the page comes a picture taken on a Hollywood studio set. Fred MacMurray, for whom Kenneth played stand-in, is guzzling the soda pop.

Next we see him with a group of foreign young people, including a Japanese boy and a Chinese girl, at Lake Junaluska, and finally, a posed shot from Scott Stadium where Kenneth earned his letter in football. Track, his third letter sport, is not shown.

A FAMOUS character in *The Mikado*, you remember, boasts again and again of the number of offices he holds. He usually ends his recital by announcing that he is *Lord High Everything Else*. Kenneth Rathbun, Virginia, '42, with much less bravado and with magnificent accomplishment, deserves the *motive man-of-the-month* honor and also the title of winner of about everything the University of Virginia could bestow on one of its students. He is an excellent example of the man who achieves athletic distinction without sacrificing scholastic standing and community and social interests.

By birth a Marylander, by adoption a Virginian, Kenneth came to the University with an alumni scholarship, prepared to play football, to box and to go out for track. The expectation was more than fulfilled, for before he graduated, Kenneth Rathbun had become a three-letter man, had participated in the AA V Decathlon, the 2nd NCAA Tournament, and ended by becoming the NCAA 165 lb. boxing champion.

All this—and other interests, too! He entered the University to become an engineer. His second year he made the *Engineering News*, and the last two years was on the *Virginia Engineering Review*. He was a long-time member of the Aviation Club, taking the Civilian Pilot Training Course in his third year.

His relationship to the Wesley Club gave him the leadership of the Colored Boys Club which was sponsored by the Methodists. For three years he worked with the Christian Association on the campus. He became a member of the Lisle Fellowship one summer and credits it with giving him a true insight into what religion can mean. "As far as religion is concerned," Kenneth writes, "I don't care much about theology as such. I am chiefly a follower of that Man of Ideals, Jesus, and I'll stand by Him in spite of hell and high water. I dislike all the magic and gloss spread over His life. I dislike old-time religious songs and terminology, but I like *Dear Lord and Father of Mankind*, *O Young and Fearless Prophet*, and *That Cause Can Neither Be Lost Nor Stayed*."

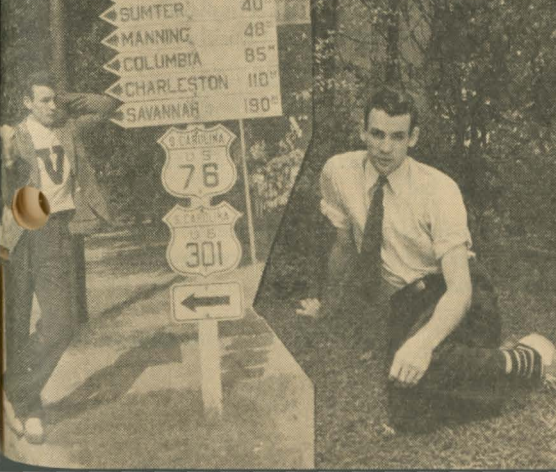
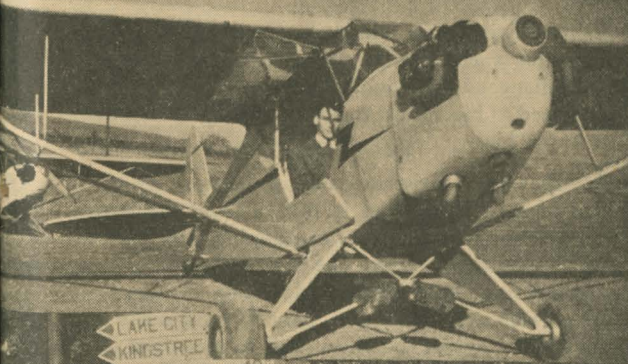
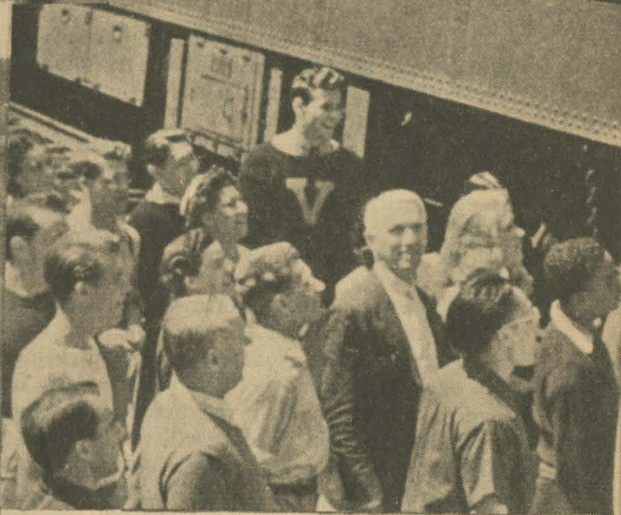
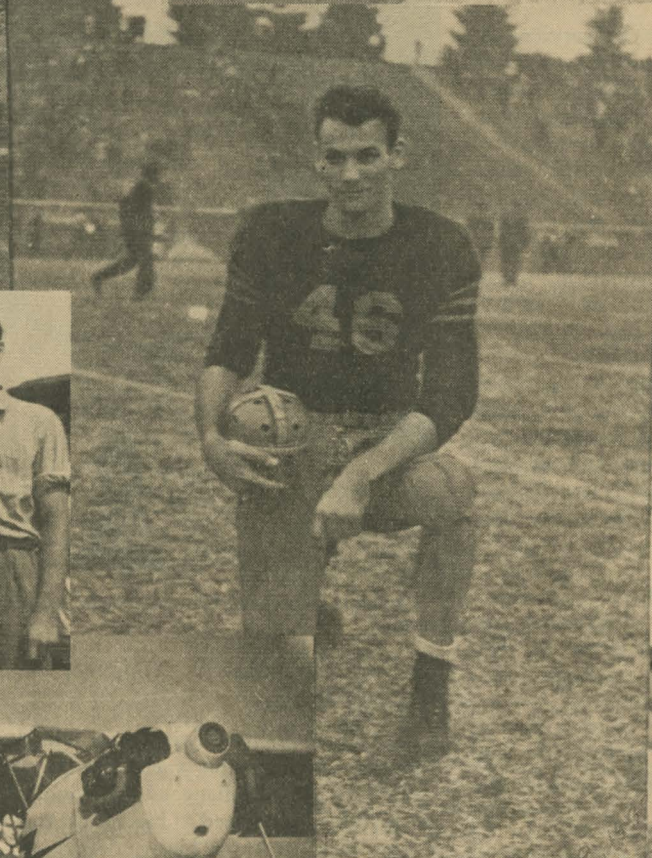
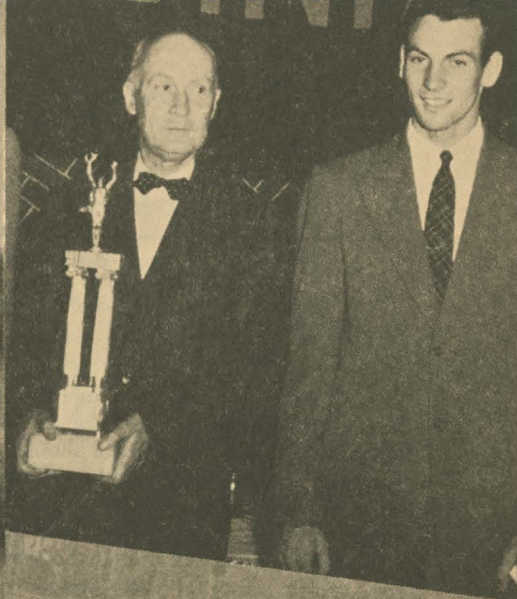
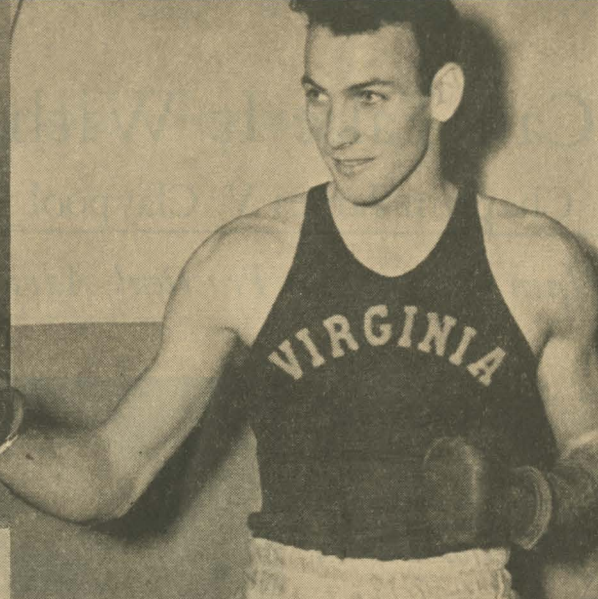
After coming back from the Lisle summer, Kenneth had his only experience in the movies. He was chosen to be a

local yokel watching the train come into the station in the picture, *Virginia*. Because one might think this was type casting, we hasten to add that he was also a stand-in for Fred MacMurray—which takes him out of the "yokel" class! And we also refer you to any of the pictures on the opposite page.

KEN'S admiration for the University of Virginia is boundless. He admits that he carried too many activities, because "by nature" he is interested in everything under the sun. He was elected vice-president of his senior class and served also as secretary of the engineering school. He was given the Spectator Award, the Raven Award, made president of Tau Beta Pi, elected to ODK, the 13 Society, the Washington Society, and the Engineering Council as well as the 3-3-3 Athletic Council. His social fraternity is Theta Tau. He was on the Dean's List from 1938-42, which is no mean accomplishment with all these activities. To supplement scholarships which amounted to \$2,300.00 during his four years, Ken was a calculus instructor for two years, assisted in a U. S. Geological survey from 1938-40, was manager of a boarding house as well as a jewelry salesman his last year, and to fill in the time, solicited for a laundry during his junior and senior years.

After reciting this array of achievements, Ken writes, "you can see that I'm just a normal person with only a few ideals, with the will-power to make me different, and with plenty of faults to work on for self-improvement. If you paint me up as a super-man, I'll not subscribe to *motive* next year! Or if you paint me as leading a simple school life, with all my activities mere sidelines, I'll still be a non-subscriber, because I worked like the deuce all through the last four years."

We have not "painted" Ken Rathbun, but just recently we know his whole life has been highly colored. For in his sophomore year he began "courtin'" as a regular activity, and on the 24th of October of this year he married Katherine Harris. He is now making medicinal chemicals and vitamins, a job that is sufficiently creative and constructive for the present. He is registered for reconstruction work as soon as the war is over.



You Can Take It With You

Chaplain James V. Claypool

A Navy Chaplain Offers Some Practical Advice to Students

COLLEGE students live in a world of their own which is vastly different from the normal life of the rest of the population. This experience should make it possible for them to adjust to military or naval service better than any other youth in the land, because being in service is also an entrance into a world which is utterly foreign to accustomed civilian pursuits.

If you are about to be called to the colors and don a uniform for the first time, try these helps.

1. Attempt to enter a general branch of the service for which you have an aptitude. The service is different from the "outside" in that a person is always expected to qualify himself for advancement. For instance, in peace times an officer who is found not to be proficient enough to be advanced to the next higher rank when his time for promotion comes is eventually separated from the service. You will not be doing your share if you are content to remain at the bottom of the heap.

2. The period of adjustment on entering a life which is totally different from the one you have been used to may at first cause a surge of resentment at being ordered around. No one expects that you will be hilariously happy at becoming a mere cog in a mighty war machine but every tooth in every gear must be filed until it will mesh. Here is where you are prone to become sullen and discouraged. Some tough sergeant will swear to "make you or break you." Don't let the old-timers deaden you, nor your disappointments discourage you. Say again and again, "This too shall pass."

3. The self-restraint and discipline ingrained by your service should be of life-long value. Our religious educational emphasis on self-expression may well be tempered by severe self-disciplines, inner-disciplines, social disciplines, and outer-disciplines.

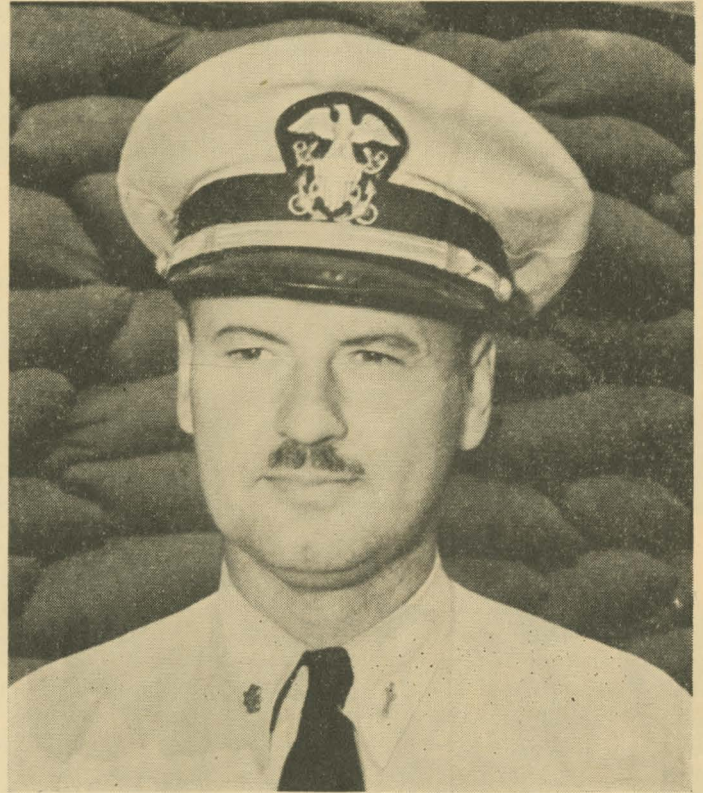
4. You may be sanctified, have gifts of the Holy Spirit, and be judged a 100 per cent Christian, but that won't excuse disdain, insolence, laziness, or independability.

5. Guard against falling a prey to neurotic evasion. It is possible to contract a cold or a headache or a stomachache in order to crawl out of a fearsome responsibility, but that is unworthy if only because it is insincere. Stand on your two feet and never whine.

6. Watch who your chance associates are. They may drift into being constant companions. Pal around with those whose ideals are like unto your own.

7. You will probably return home in better health than you left. To break the tension and get a change of pace get away from camp or ship when there is opportunity.

8. Your service will be highly educational even though no college credits are to be gained. I enlisted in 1918 between my junior and senior years in college, and saw foreign duty as a private in the Marine Corps. That experience did more for me than I believe I rendered back to the country. For one thing, when the war ended, a chaplain started me off on my



Chaplain James V. Claypool outlines helps for students going into service.

call into the ministry. You, too, should find yourself during the days ahead.

9. Get acquainted with your chaplain (or chaplains) even though you may not spend much time with him. He is a counsellor par excellence, but cannot always take the initiative in getting acquainted. He needs to know you just as much as you need to know him.

10. Recognize that the Christian cause right now probably demands faithful laymen more than it suffers from inadequate ministers. Even a very few volunteers can double the effectiveness of a "padre." Someone from the ranks to lead a song service, a prayer meeting, hold small Bible study groups, sing in the choir, assist with arranging the chancel, judiciously distribute Upper Rooms, gospel portions and tracts, and lend a hand in the library, is the answer to this chaplain's prayer. And—send some money back to your home churches.

11. Absence of denominational lines will offer wider opportunity to advance the church universal. The basic goodness of men will be revealed as you have not known it. The religious foundations common to believers of all faiths will be limned clearer than ever before.

12. Allow these months in service to advance your personality and improve your character. Come home with a steadier,
(Continued on page 40)

I See by the Papers

Right to Fight, Right to Vote

Harold Moskovitz, president of the Affiliated Young Democrats, Inc., of New York State, has decided that if youth in the 18-20 year group are drafted for military service, they should also be given the right to vote. He is interested in heading up a "right to fight; right to vote" fight, and it should be interesting.

Peace Course

Bard College, the residential unit of Columbia University, is offering two unique courses this semester. The first half of the year course will deal with the history of peace making and the general principles which have governed it, as well as the techniques and machinery of peace conferences. The second half will deal with economic reconstruction after the present war, followed by discussion devoted to political reconstruction.

Advance!

Antioch College is the second college in the United States to have students in its governing body. Two undergraduates will serve on its administrative council. Black Mountain College in North Carolina is the other college which gives students a voice in the hiring and firing of professors and the administration of the budget.

A Thousand for Fifteen Minutes

The Cleveland Orchestra announces that in celebration of its 25th anniversary season it is offering a prize of \$1,000 for a new unpublished and unperformed orchestral work not to exceed fifteen minutes in playing time. The scores must be sent to the orchestra by January first.

Germans!

Dr. Eduard Lindeman says that, "Recent tests given young German prisoners in Canada show that, while they have high mechanical skill, they have little knowledge of cultural subjects and the social sciences. Furthermore, these young Germans have little or no initiative. They have to be told how to think, how to make their moral choices. Most of them never heard of Wagner. They have almost no knowledge of art, music, and the many things which add to the finer side of living."

We wonder about judgments such as these. How would the average American soldier stack up?

University of America

Plans for a "University of America"—to be founded on the premise that hemisphere solidarity can never be realized without cultural ties—have been drawn up by Mexico's Education Ministry. The Mexican plan suggests that each year the site of the University would be shifted from one to another of the twenty-one American Republics, the first session to be held in 1943 in Mexico.

Farm Closes

The Delta Co-operative Farm is closing out in Rochdale, Miss., as soon as it can sell the land. The personnel will move to a cattle and diversified crop farm south of Greenwood, Miss., to be called the Providence Co-operative Farm. A. E. Cox, manager of the Delta farm, ascribes its failure to the poor quality of the land and to the fact that it began with too many families.

Legion on the Job!

The American Legion post in Lancaster county, Pa., a county from which more than 100 conscientious objectors have already been sent to Civilian Public Service Camps, has announced its intention to start a movement to have all conscientious objectors drafted for non-combatant duty with the troops at home and abroad.

Russell on India

Nehru is a believer in democracy, but thinks the parliamentary form in capitalist countries outworn. What he would substitute is not clear; still less is it clear how, after establishing communism, he would prevent the growth of a bureaucratic tyranny. All this, I think he would say, is a problem for the future; the first thing is to free Asia from foreign imperialist rule.

I am convinced that only harm can come of attempts to prolong white supremacy in Asia, and that not only Europe, but America also, will have to learn to regard Asiatics as equals. This country might do something to reassure Oriental nations in this respect by amending the unjustifiable immigration laws which restrict the Indian and Chinese quotas to 100 annually and inhospitably prohibit Oriental immigrants bringing their wives and children with them.

—Bertrand Russell.

motive Prophecy

About a year ago Jay McCormick of the University of Michigan wrote an article for *motive* which caused some concern. In our contributors' column we predicted that Jay McCormick would be heard from. We have been reading his writing in *The Michigan Daily* for over a year. We are glad to announce that Jay is the recipient of the Hopewood award of \$750 for his novel, *November Storm*. It will be published soon.

Out to get the dragon.

John Parsons of the New York City police department has entered N. Y. U. to study for the Methodist ministry. His study is being financed by the St. George Society, an organization of protestant policemen.

Et tu, Columbia!

Columbia University has decided that it must have a department of religion. The question, according to university officials, is whether it is better to centralize religion in one department or leave it diffused among other departments. (Editor's note: *diffused* is a good word as far as the other departments are concerned. But will somebody please page Union Theological Seminary!)

Hallelujah shouters

Paul Robeson, Negro baritone, says he is through with Hollywood until film producers find some other way to portray the Negro besides the usual "plantation hallelujah shouters."

Mr. Robeson in an interview said he was particularly despondent over his recent return to Hollywood to play a share-cropper sequence in "Tales of Manhattan." The picture deals with a dress coat which goes through the hands of various wearers. In the final sequence the coat, stuffed with stolen money, is thrown from an airplane. It falls into a destitute Negro community, where the money is divided among the devout by a singing parson while Mr. Robeson sings of new days coming.

"I thought I could change the picture as we went along," Mr. Robeson said, "and I did make some headway, but in the end it turned out to be the same old thing—the Negro solving his problem by singing his way to glory."

"This is very offensive to my people. It makes the Negro child-like and innocent and is in the old plantation tradition. But Hollywood says you can't make the Negro in any other role because it won't be box office in the South."

Yale boys get a purpose.

"These are times when every day is precious for each one of us; we have an obligation to our country and to ourselves not to waste it," said President Seymour of Yale to 1,000 freshmen, "your time is consecrated." Count this as a good from the war—the Yale boys have found something to make their days precious, to give them a sense of obligation, and to bring them consecration. When will religious living have the same immediacy?

On the First Anniversary of the U. S. Entry Into War, *motive* Brings You

1944 Dole St.,
Honolulu, T. H.,
May 5, 1942.

Dear Margaret,

Time flies by with magic wings! Here it is—May time. Even Lei Day is past history now. Did you recall the May Day at Konawaena High School? Ruby Spencer (she's married now) was May Queen and Alice and you and others were attendants holding the long, long flower chain of plumarias! I'm so sad—sorta homesick for Kealakekua, Kona—May Day this year we had no May-pole dancing, no fairs, no ice-cream and hot dogs. Well, this is war—but I miss the celebration.

I can picture you going about flushed and excited during air-raid practices! You'd hurry to your shelters and pretend Jap planes were above. Well, on the seventh, here, we didn't and couldn't pretend for it was the "real McCoy"! We had no shelters—no gas masks! But now! It's a different story! We're prepared!! Blackouts and everything.

We were taking an exam one Saturday when—Wheeee—Whoooo—the AIR RAID ALARM! No one stood up! Professor said, "We'll have to leave for the trenches." And, then we stamped, or rather *sank* into the trenches! The day was a dreary one—it had rained—MUD—2" thick glued on to our shoes. It was cold. But everything was exciting—no need to say our hearts were beating fast and hard (not with love!). Poor Connie (she's a Filipino student) her new suede shoes—*Mud!* Poor Muk San (she's Chinese—*Brainy!*) her nice clean white shoes! *Mud!* But we survived and nothing happened then. ALL CLEAR! What a relief that was! And lucky for me—we had an easier, different exam from Prof.

Things aren't really bad at all except we coeds miss our boys! "Hardly a man (nice ones) is now alive" on

our campus. Yes, it's a lonely life after being used to being with noisy men. Oh, well, it isn't really bad. Oh yes, I miss the Hawaiian golden moon! It's blackout you see, and we must be home at 10:00.

Honolulu has not the beautiful days you knew so well. Many things are different. Everywhere are Victory gardens. The big yard in Central Union (your church) is now transformed into many gardens! (The trees are still there, I noticed.) Can you imagine Hawaii like this? Did you ever dream about it?

Yes, school life still goes on! Studies, homework, reading, writing, exams, term papers, finals, and lectures. The University has a reduced faculty and a greatly dropped attendance, but education still goes on. Now, the year is almost up and summer sessions start soon. Froshies who attend summer session can graduate a year earlier! I won't be attending it. I wanted to work with the Haw'n Pine Co. during the summer, and perhaps—I wish and wish—get a plane ride to the best place in the world—Kona. (There are no passenger boats now—planes only.) There are many defense courses, besides First Aid (I have my two certificates for the beginning and advanced courses), Home Nursing, and others. The faculty and students are preparing for the use of the college buildings (four of them) as an evacuation center! They're working very hard! (I'll be helping gladly with the Church of the Crossroads. So are my brothers and sister, Emi, Sam, and Tom.) Everyday, defense stamps are bought, Red Cross knitting by busy hands (I'm almost through with my socks and sis with her sweater) is done, contributions of blood for the Blood Plasma Bank are given.

After the attack last year, Americans of Japanese ancestry formed the V. V. V. battalion. All of these boys are now "somewhere on Oahu" working for the defense of America! They didn't want to just stay in school or at a job. So they volunteered and formed the Varsity Victory Volunteers.

Yes, this is war here in Hawaii. Poor, dear, beautiful Aloha Land. War was as far away to me as the sky, or the deepest ocean, or the highest mountain. I never dreamed I would see the destruction of the 20 or more homes across the street from where we used to live—destruction caused by the treacherous attack of Japan. It was frightful. The fire just burned and burned on! It was so warm. BUT,

now it's different—we are ready! Ready with strong defense and loyal people! And they're scared to come back! They'll be mowed down like ants! Yes, this is war! I hope it will be the last war ever on earth!

The war with Japan has put me, and others like me in an awkward place. I'm sorry, but I'm glad, too—glad because *now* we can show our complete loyalty as any other American of other ancestry. Marg, you've been with us, among us! You know what we are! We're for Uncle Sam and all he represents—liberty, happiness, and *life*, real living. If others feel what you don't, try to help them to understand us! Thank you. I'm sure they will! They will, just as our old friends do—the Chinese, Hawaiians, Filipinos, Portuguese, Koreans, and caucasians of Hawaii who have lived so long with us.

Aloha nui loa,

Makiko

1944 Dole St.
Honolulu, T. H.
Sept. 10, 1942.

Dear Marg,

If you're wondering whether I'm still alive or whether I've disappeared into thin air, don't wonder any more. I'm alive and kicking about the warm weather in the city as usual, and as visible as the full moon on a beautiful night (without a lover—otherwise you wouldn't notice the moon—everything would be all HIM!)

Now, I'm wondering if I'm as grown up as you look, and grown up as beautifully and radiantly as you have in the picture you sent me. I very much doubt it even if I wear long stockings and high heels to church, etc. I still feel like a small kid inside although I try to act grown up when I'm outside of my own home. I wish I were back in high school and there were no war! But wishing is silly, now!

The University of Hawaii is opening on the 23rd and I'll be going back to homework and studies once more. Am I glad? I don't know! I'll be a sophomore and I hope not a "suffer more." I can't decide whether to take up business and economics or social work.

Our living room has blackout curtains so we are comfortable now. We don't huddle in the kitchen (thereby eat less), but roll out over the couch and rugs, etc. It's very warm, however. Pretty soon, I hope, dim-out bulbs will be on sale and we'll be having dimouts instead of blackouts!

How did your inter-racial conference turn out? It must have been a

Makiko Mukaida is 19 years of age and a sophomore at the University of Hawaii. Her parents came to Hawaii from Japan as Christians, settling at Kealakekua on the "Big Island" of Hawaii to grow coffee in the well-known "Kona coffee" region. Makiko has led a life much as that of any American girl.

The letters were received by Margaret Killam, a sophomore at Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Georgia. Margaret was born in Honolulu and lived in the Islands until five years ago.

very interesting one. There are a lot of negro soldier boys out here, now. I think they're (Here, about 40 words were censored)* were left back far behind, but it still exists, doesn't it? I guess "we'll" be facing the same trouble sooner or later in a milder form. I've read that when volunteer evacuees from the coast left for the inner states they would find "No Japs wanted," etc. I wonder how they must have felt. I guess they faced what the "Oakies" in Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath" faced as they traveled and left their homes and lands they loved. We, in Hawaii, are more fortunate. There is no such bitter feeling and hard luck as to be asked to leave all our land and home. Some new-comers to Hawaii—there are many, now—don't know and understand situations, yet, and write and talk about us, but it's the kamaaina's who know us and trust us. There are many soldiers—Japanese ancestry—in Wisconsin, now, and I'm certainly proud of them. Do you remember a Larry Yogi Hirokawa (Mary's brother)? Or Tadanajo Fukuda? Well, they're only two of the many there and Larry writes they are being treated wonderfully. I'm so glad. They are the ones who will directly show our loyalty, and wherever they go they'll fight and win!

Someday, after war feelings are gone, I hope to go to Georgia, Iowa, New York, California, Utah, Texas and every state! Maybe Hawaii will be the forty-ninth state then! I'll be waiting for that day! She certainly will deserve to be one of the states instead of a possession, only—perhaps, Alaska will also be a state, too.

Politicians are getting busy kissing babies and passing out sweets and talking to every worker, business-man, etc. There aren't as many of Japanese ancestry as there used to be in former years. I guess that can be understood, although it shouldn't make any difference.

Margaret, if you believe the bosh about that Jap pilot with a University of Hawaii ring on his finger, you're dumb and since you don't seem dumb to me, you don't believe that bosh. But all who do are dumb. Rumor helps the Axis and we don't want that!

Are you having a nice time in New York? I hope so—Thumbs up! Chin up! And think of me sometimes!

Aloha—

Makiko

*Obviously the writer is speaking of racial discrimination.

Pearl Harbor, T. H.,
September 9, 1942.

Dear Virginia,

Yesterday while meandering through a slum district on the outskirts of Honolulu, I noticed a small Chinese boy with his head, round and shaven, crammed through a wire fence. He eyed me with an air of curiosity, yet he was not above showing his fear of the sailor. After talking to him for quite awhile, his fear lost its edge.

Becoming accustomed to my low tone of voice, he partially forgot his curiosity and showed signs of being friendly, even to the point that he permitted me to assist him in freeing his head from the "hog wire."

There must be some way to clinch his newly begotten confidence! In my mind I searched my pockets, and as luck would have it I found three packages of gum. Against the rules in Emilie's "Blue Book," I took the first stick and chewed it myself. With the speed of light, his small stubby hand accepted my offering. His mouth that outsped his hand quickly snapped the first quarter stick. His actions then slowed to a snail's pace. Herman, as I later found his name to be, mechanically licked the powdered sugar and finally spoke to me. He then smiled clear from the back of his head as I was told in a voice of wisdom I had "nigger gum."

At this apparent joke, a multitude of dwarf-like laughs crept from the bushes. Indeed, we were not alone, for I was the newest toy for an oriental kindergarten. This new batch of "Pucks" (they did look at first like Shakespeare's "Midsummer Nite's" dwarfs) were much easier to convert to my good intentions. They all accepted gum, and laughed and joked in as many as three different languages as they clustered about me. An elderly woman, about *eighteen*, then asked me to be a formal guest. I accepted only on the condition that I be told the total number of children in this fascinating museum of racial characteristics.

With enough gum (21 packs) for all, I cleared the high fence into the playground. I played jig-saw puzzles with Chinese "boy blues," fed rabbits, played patty-cakes, ring-around-the-rosies, and was finally revived by a pint of milk as I ate with the slant-eyed group. They were a perfect audience. I could see each pair of black eyes as they followed me in my play. So I made faces, sounds, and grotesque motions. What-

ever I did was a great joy, but for myself the catch was yet to come.

The group took a mass nap on the deck after drinking their milk, but today, because I was there, no one thought that he should go to bed. So I took a mat and lay in the middle of the deck, assuming the outward appearance of sleep. My friends, even the three young Chinese teachers, were happy. They all brought out small sacks of overall material, climbed in, and started to play. From the position of rest, hairs were pulled, and arms twisted and jerked.

The only quiet one was a small Chinese girl that became very attached to me, and I to her. Shenetsoo took the place of "honor" flanking me. She was the only one with a woven mat, an old Chinese custom. After watching me for a minute, she dropped to sleep.

When the group was finally asleep in its entirety, I quietly got up, told the teachers goodbye, and left only after I had put a silver dollar and some gum in my tiny Chinese girl friend's pocket. As I closed the heavy gate, the house burst with shouts. My pals had noticed my absence and were after me. Hurriedly I walked to the corner and disappeared.

I only wish that you could have been with me. I know you would gladly trade your white children for my bare-foot, bald-headed, slant-eyed dwarfs. Each was immaculately clean and a picture of his mother's work and pride.

As ever,

Jim

James Ray Gunderson, G. M. 3/c, enlisted in the navy a year ago last May, and was stationed at a base in California where he led his fellows in navy activities such as shooting, swimming and boxing. He was selected along with men from all parts of the nation, and grouped on one of the first convoys to leave for Pearl Harbor after the war broke out to serve in the new experimental outfit of sea-going engineers. A graduate of Carbon High School in Price, Utah, Jim is planning to further his education at Dartmouth when and if circumstances permit.

This letter was written to Virginia Stevenson, a freshman at Los Angeles City College in California. In addition to being advertising manager of *The Collegian* and president of Northeast Sub-district Methodist Youth Fellowship, she is a member of *motive's* student editorial board.

Notes on Current Books

Raymond P. Morris

Best Sellers and Others That Ought to Be

RACHEL FIELD'S *And Now Tomorrow* (Macmillan, \$2.75) has led the list of the national best sellers as reported by *The Publishers' Weekly*. This is one instance when popular demand coincides with critical estimates among current fiction. *And Now Tomorrow* deserves high rating and wide reading among what is otherwise very commonplace efforts. Doubtlessly Miss Field's already well established reputation accounts for much of the popularity of her last venture. Also, it may be, that the public is fed up with the virtual flood of war stories and novels. I should like to add the book's popularity may be due to the fact it is a story with a lift. Taking Van Wyck Brooks' criterion for a good novel as breadth, depth and elevation, the stress is upon elevation. Put in terms of motivation it may be described as a study of the effect of pain and frustration in a manner which does not result in defeat or resignation, but in a glorious transcending of imposed limitations leading to a new and a thrilling grasp on life.

The scene of *And Now Tomorrow* is a New England industrial town, a paternalistic community which is built around and is controlled by the Blair mills. Emily Blair is one of the family of the mill owners. The story is an account of a transition in her life extending over a period of years. Fraught with a severe illness, which brings on acute deafness, Emily is determined to regain her hearing. In this she succeeds. All this is accompanied by

the vicissitudes of a none too happy love affair and great mental and physical anguish. As a result of intense suffering, she is led to re-examine and to extend her social horizons to meet the problems of the new day. At the end the transition is complete and she is led to say: "Once I might have faltered. . . . But that was yesterday. Now I am ready for tomorrow." With this the reader is inclined to agree.

In her delineation of character Miss Field has done a commendable job. Emily is a warmly loveable creature, strong in will and responsive to life. Also one should commend the author's wide grasp of social and industrial problems as these may be measured in human terms and values. The great weakness of Miss Field's story is, however, the basic framework is unnecessarily forced and artificial. Her didactic intention becomes so obvious that it very nearly spoils what otherwise is a good story. With all of its merit we shall remember *And Now Tomorrow* as one of the author's interim novels, well worth reading, but not of the quality and merit of *Time Out of Mind* or her subsequent *All This, and Heaven Too*.

Franz Werfel's *The Song of Bernadette* (Viking Press, \$3.00) has continued to sell well ever since it was first published early last May. Its distribution has been enhanced by the Book-of-the-month Club and, apparently, the book supplies what

people want. In matters religious there is a strong trend towards the irrational and the mystical. Add to that a beautiful and choice prose, a sensitive, tender, warm and appreciative spirit, and high aesthetic taste, and we have the explanation of Werfel's success.

Personally I am among those who cannot join in the enthusiasm by which *The Song of Bernadette* has been acclaimed. For me Werfel has not done a strictly first class piece of writing since *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh*—a book which gave me some great moments in literature. Compared to that masterpiece, his study of Jeremiah and *The Song of Bernadette* seem anticlimactic. I am affronted by doctrinal presuppositions, by what appears to me as naivete in matters of great importance, by the author's peculiar attraction to his subject—an attraction which contains more sentiment than sense.

The story of Bernadette Soubirous is one of certain fascination. Bernadette was a young, poverty stricken girl of ill health, who as a child had a vision, which subsequently was declared by the Roman Church to be an evocation of the Virgin Mary. The place of her vision, Lourdes, has become a shrine. It was during the Fall of France that Werfel as a refugee paused in Lourdes and gave a vow that he would produce the story of this French girl. This he has done. Werfel is a Jew who seems to have an understanding of Catholic piety and he shows strong affinities with Catholic mysticism. His story is ennobling if non-critical. Its appeal is a matter of taste.

The Seed Beneath the Snow (Harper, \$2.75) by Ignazio Silone should be mentioned in passing as a really good story of peasant life under Fascism. It looks promising and important. The fall months have seen its steady climb in popularity.

In the Years of Our Lord by Manuel Komroff, New York, Harper, 1942.

The character and life of Jesus are most difficult to write about. The Gospel narratives are sketchy at best. Legends, of course, are many, but they are still legends based on questionable fact. Possibly it is because of the many gaps in the New Testament that so many novelists and scholars are tempted to write a plausible explanation of the phenomenon: *the divine-in-human* as seen in Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth.

However, the APPROACH to the problem well-nigh determines the success or failure of the novelist. Among others Renan, Papini, Ludwig and more recently Asch have tried their hands at it. None of the novels about the life of Christ has actually been altogether successful. Either the approach is sentimental, metaphysical, or downright pessimistic and derisive. Komroff has been wise. He has been honest with himself, his subject and his sources. Never once throughout the novel does he question the divinity of the Nazarene. And never once does he put the humanness of Jesus down too low.

In an epilogue the author tells frankly that he has had to supplement the Gospels with legends and with the works of such historians as Josephus, Edersheim, Halevy and others. But he remains true to the chronology of the Gospels. His Oriental imagery, the characters of the Magi, Xado the oracle, the parents of Lazarus, the names of the Two Thieves and their experiences simply and plausibly make the life of Jesus a continuous whole. But he does add a moving, living, breathing panoramic background against which this Prophet from the Desert lived, taught and finally died.

Komroff's imagination and poetic license never violate the truths of Jesus' life and teachings. For example, he tells the parable of the Prodigal Son as an actual experience that Jesus had with that boy. He skillfully and reasonably broadens the story of Levi, the tax collector. The experience of the ten lepers is etched intelligently. The temptations in the wilderness are forcefully painted. Pilate receives a much kinder treatment than he has been accustomed to. The novelist has a spirit of reverence and judicious imagination.

Paul Nagy, Jr.

Men and Women Merely Players

THE history of drama is the unfolding answer to *What is Man?* The drama which deals with the crises and climaxes of men's lives has attempted to answer the question. For the ancient Greek dramatist man was a creation worthy to fight against the gods. Man's fate, the gods, the forces of nature, and man himself were all the central characters of a struggle that still makes the dramas of Greece the most sublime and universal of all dramatic history.

When Christianity became the dominant religion of Rome, the drama turned to the eternal struggle of good and evil within the person of man himself. The secular, debauched theater of the later Roman Empire was condemned. Tertullian, one of the earliest of the Church fathers, wrote in his *De Spectaculis*, "If the literature of the stage delight you—we have literature in abundance of our own. Would you have also fightings and wrestlings? Well, of these, there is no lacking, and they are not of slight account. Behold unchastity overcome by chastity, perfidy slain by faithfulness, cruelty stricken by compassion, impudence thrown into the shade by modesty; these are the contests we have among us, and in these we win our crowns. But would you have something of blood too? You have Christ's!"

Medieval writers found their drama in the materials of the Christian religion. Man was a corrupt being trying to struggle against the very nature that was his. Or they painted man in his universal characteristics, with wrong and right fighting against each other. But man was



William Prince as Private West, hero in Maxwell Anderson's newest play, "The Eve of St. Mark." This picture is taken from one of the scenes on a small island near the Philippines. —Photo by Vandamm Studio.

Below: Tallulah Bankhead, Florence Eldredge, Fredric March, Frances Heflin and Montgomery Clift as they appear in Michael Myerberg's production of "The Skin of Our Teeth," latest Thornton Wilder play which opened at the Plymouth Theater in New York City on November 18.—Photo by Marcus Blechman.

a spectacular creation, chained for a while in the mystery of life and faced always with eventual death. The morality, mystery and miracle plays with the later more secular plays are all in this category. Shakespeare and the Elizabethans exclaimed over what a work was man, "how noble in season, how infinite in faculty, in form and moving how express and admirable." The glory of the stage was never more exciting than in the picture that Shakespeare and his contemporaries gave of this god-like "paragon of animals."

Ibsen swept away all the artificiality of the 18th Century and the romantic nonsense of the 19th Century to find again in man a subject worthy of great drama. His realism is the realism of the writer who finds in man's will the power to overcome himself and to rise again into the likeness of his creator.

The contemporary dramatist at his best shows man against his background, his environment, his nature and his fellow-men. He is seeking again to answer the question about man by making him come alive at crisis moments that reveal both his smallness and his greatness. That this drama is essentially and deeply religious goes without saying. As we create a serious theater, we shall furnish the place for the imaginative clarification of the meaning of man and his purpose set against the background of his high destiny.

Man in Two Current Broadway Plays

The Eve of St. Mark

Maxwell Anderson's "The Eve of St. Mark" has been called the most human



and most moving of war dramas to date. This is the story of an American farm boy who got to Bataan. It is a warm, human play without too much heroics and with some real, believable scenes. The story is the simple tale of what is happening to millions of Americans. At the end of the play the boy is reported missing in action. On thousands of American farms and towns, mothers and sweethearts will go on believing that the Japs took him and their own lads, and that they will all be coming back when war is over.

The play has been released for many National Theater Conference College showings concurrently with its New York Production.

It is published by Dodd, Mead and Company, New York, \$2.50.

The Skin of Our Teeth

The theme of "The Skin of Our Teeth" by Thornton Wilder is the power of humanity to survive and triumph over disaster. Written as a fantasy, with much of the method of "Our Town," and taking the audience into its actors' confidence at intervals during the play, it presents us with a Mr. and Mrs. Antrobus, who are a sort of Adam and Eve, or Mr. and Mrs. Everyman, their son and daughter (the son being Cain, Hitler and the symbol of human violence), and their maidservant, Sabina, who is the eternal feminine. The three acts cover the Ice Age, the Flood and the period immediately following the present war. It is written in terms of lyric and fantastic comedy, making wide use of the anachronism for the purpose of humor, and has charm, invention and a considerable inspirational force.

Guide Posts Into Radio

David Miller Crandell

RADIO has always been a "young man's profession." Radio itself is so new that no one has had a chance to "grow old in it," but more than that, it has always appealed to youth (and you can take that both ways). But in a world at war, radio is fast becoming a "young woman's profession," as the industry turns to the fairer of the sexes for personnel in every conceivable capacity.

There have always been radio actresses, of course, and women writers. There have been a few production women, and many female executives in the business in charge of script, programming, program analysis, continuity acceptance, music, casting, personnel, educational programs and commercials and the like. But until recently women have rarely held such posts as announcing, producing, engineering, and maintenance. A sound effects woman has been unheard of until now. But all this is changing with the "new order" in radio, and the opportunities for available men and all women are varied and abundant.

Last February the government sponsored a coast-to-coast training program for men and women in technical radio. Today graduates from that course and from courses undertaken elsewhere, are replacing engineers in control rooms all over the country as those men undertake more important work in the service. Women are learning to cut recordings, to repair intricate transmitting equipment, to manipulate the dials that send programs on the air, and many a woman is to be found these days at a table making rain, marching feet and squeaky doors with all of the ease and skill as she, at another table, might make apple dumpplings and strawberry jam.

Radio has always been a glamorous profession with many more knocking at the gates than there was room for inside. Even now, in spite of the many openings and the shortage of personnel, the competition is keen. But there are ways into radio. True, advice is cheap, but experience has value. It is an accepted truth that no two people have "crashed" big-time radio in the same way. There are no set rules. The route taken by one person rarely works for another. It is an "every man for himself" game. However, we have found one man well up on the radio ladder who has sound ideas based on experience and knowledge, ideas that are well worth passing on. That man is George Brengel of

the Compton Advertising Agency of New York.

An Ohio Wesleyan graduate in Speech and Drama, George Brengel broadened his theater experience in Stock and Summer Theater work. He spent a season with the Tatterman Marionettes, which is excellent voice training for radio. He became an apprentice at NBC in New York for a time to learn how the networks function. From NBC he went to WSOC in Charlotte, North Carolina, as an announcer and production man. After two years of work there he had learned everything he needed to know about radio to qualify him for a "big time" job and was quickly taken on as Head of Casting for the big New York Agency. It is a success story that covers a very brief span of time, and definitely led to the desired end. We pass on his advice to the aspiring radio person because of all the routes open and of all the routes taken, his is perhaps the soundest.

THE first decision to be made, of course, is the particular phase of radio you most want. The second step is acquiring the prerequisites of that phase of radio before going near a broadcasting station. If you want to be an announcer, you must have voice training for quality and diction. If your interest is radio act-

ing, you must have not only the voice training but as much and as varied acting experience as you can get. If you want to be an engineer you must have some knowledge of physics and math. If you are interested in sound effects, you need a course in physics and practice in "seeing with your ears." Suppose you want to write for radio. Study radio style, the growing tendency to do away with long speeches in favor of economy of words. Learn how radio uses sound and music in establishing mood and locale, for passage of time and change of place. If your interest is production, then you must know acting and actors, good speech and good English, a thorough knowledge of music and sound, that important quality of good showmanship, and that unique quality of being able to paint sound pictures for the ear alone.

There are many opportunities of all sorts in the business side of radio. These differ but slightly from any other business enterprise and involve knowledge of business law, economics, and salesmanship. But radio also requires knowledge of sociology and psychology, knowledge of public tastes and how to best cater to those tastes. It is a business of selling *time*, and what is done with that time.

These are but a few of the major jobs to be had in radio, and the suggested qualifications are not at all complete, but they suggest that there must be a base for the spring-board.

GIVEN suitable qualifications for work in radio, the next thing is landing that first job. The ambition and the impatience of youth tend to take

"Radio is fast becoming a young women's profession as the industry turns to the fairer of the sexes for personnel in every conceivable capacity."

Here, a young woman works in the maintenance department of a large radio station.—CBS photo.



the beginner to the top of the ladder first . . . to the networks in the three radio centers, New York, Chicago, and Hollywood. In that, some have succeeded, but too many more have not. There is the Page-Guide Staff for men at network headquarters that is a good route and a good foundation, but it requires at least two years of uniformed service. Those two years can most profitably be spent in the local station where you are. There you will learn radio by doing radio. You will learn what radio is, how it works, and how to do everyone's job along with your own. Thorough knowledge of the structure and the processes of radio mastered in the small station is the best background you can have for a professional career in big-time radio. If that local station is a regional station, or one with network affiliations, the gain is that much the greater because you become a part of a national communications machine. Radio isn't a thing you learn from books, or acquire overnight. It is a thing you grow up in, and grow along with.

Having served your period of training in the local station, and with a yen for the big stakes in the bigger cities, you are faced with the problem of marketing your wares. An experienced local announcer should not send records to the networks unless there is no other alternative. It is more advisable to go to the network and deliver a "live" audition. Your chances are infinitely greater. But you must be prepared for many auditions before landing a job, and a good six months of invested time and money.

An experienced actor or actress can count on a good two years of constant pavement pounding before becoming established in radio, regardless of talent. There is a union which both announcers and artists must join called AFRA, which is expensive, but which in return makes radio acting an extremely lucrative profession.

Executive positions in all departments are often won by the route from secretary to assistant to head. When NBC became two individual networks every position had to be duplicated and nearly all assistants became heads of their departments for the Blue Network.

If you are a writer or a producer, take your wares to the market place in the form of script and recordings; air checks of programs produced elsewhere on the air are extremely valuable in selling you. Many writers are hired for the so-called "Soap Operas," or serialized dramas that fill the mornings and early afternoons of the week days. The advertising agencies that control these shows have large staffs of writers. You are given a half-page of plot from which you write a 12 minute script of dialogue, as one assignment.

Just a Million Years

J. Olcott Sanders

The Author Outlines a Weather Party

DO you think it will rain?" "The wind's from the west, and you know what that means?" "I'd better get some anti-freeze."

"I guess a rain would help the farmers now."

"Not a fit night out for man nor beast."

The weather certainly gives us something to talk about. Even in Texas, where it is said only fools and strangers predict the weather, the favorite indoor sport is—predicting the weather. And it has merits as a topic of conversation: It is controversial, impersonal, and has universal significance.

As much as we talk about weather, most of us know surprisingly little about it. Some knowledge or pseudo-lore has been handed down by the folk for many generations in little rhymes—like "Rain before seven, sun before eleven."—(Which, if it is true, is now revised by government interference to the non-poetical, "Rain before six, sun before ten.") "Red at night is the shepherd's delight," begins another, and the list could go on.

Then, we cannot ignore the clouds, and by long, hardly conscious observation we can often identify a cloud as a rain cloud, even if we do not know that it is called nimbus. Some of us have even come to the point of being able to point out cirrus, cumulus, and stratus and the

several combinations. The barometer, showing changes in air pressure, is a handy device for the somewhat more scientifically minded. Certainly it has more to recommend it than a patent medicine almanac with its predictions based on the weather of past years. Such almanac as a prognosticator is scientifically almost in a class with astrology and alchemy.

After we have exhausted our other resources, we turn to the specialists, the meteorologists at the weather bureau. Through the newspaper and radio they tell us daily what the probabilities are for the next 24 hours. Of course, we want it in one word, and we tend to remember the mistakes and forget the larger percentage of successful predictions.

This keeping track of the vagaries of the weather is so important that the United States Weather Bureau has for many years maintained some 200 observing stations manned by professional meteorologists, and for supplementary information relies on about 5,000 volunteer observers who contribute the equivalent of 75,000 8-hour days of work each year. The agricultural value of their predictions and long-term records (for instance, earliest and latest frosts for a particular county) meant the Weather Bureau was until 1941 in the Department of Agriculture, but aviation

(Continued on next page)

SUPPOSE you want to market a radio program idea. A synopsis of the whole idea should be drawn up in an attractive presentation form with all of the details concerning the idea. This doesn't necessarily require script. If the idea is good enough to sell as an idea, script will be written for it and recordings made by the agency willing to market it. The surer way is to sell the idea to a local station, have it on the air for a period of time, build up an audience for the show, have recordings and fan mail and script to show, and the battle is half won. The highly successful "Truth and Consequences" was sold in exactly that way.

There are three ways to sell a program. It can be sold to the Sales Promotion Department of the networks. They will buy the idea and hire you to write it at a stated salary, if you so desire. You can

sell it to a "package producer" who represents you and sells you and your program as one commodity to the agency that represents a suitable sponsor. The third possibility is to sell it direct to the advertising agency, which will audition it, sell it, and produce it *for you*.

Radio is an exciting business, an important business, and highly profitable business. It has worked itself into the pattern of society in such a way that it is almost indispensable to modern living. But radio has yet a long way to go to fully realize its potentialities as a communications medium. It needs new ideas and new blood constantly. You may or may not be one to do something about it for the future. If you are, may these guide posts prove helpful. If not, may they at least make you a more intelligent, more understanding and more appreciative radio listener.

depends on weather information, too, and largely for that reason the Bureau was transferred to the Department of Commerce.

THOUGH meteorology may sound a bit forbidding, we amateurs can learn at least enough to read the simplified weather maps published in the newspapers. (An excellent starter would be *What Makes the Weather* by Wolfgang Langewiesche in the October, 1942, *Harpers Magazine*. Also very helpful is *Climate and Man*, the 1941 Yearbook of Agriculture published by the Department of Agriculture.) Forecasting is based on the concept of the "polar front," the conflict of cold masses of air emanating from the poles with hot masses from the equatorial regions. With information about speed and direction of the movement of these air masses, it is thus possible to predict when the front will reach a given locality. So many variable factors enter, however, that predictions can be made with a real degree of certainty for only 24 or 36 hours in advance, though experimental long-range forecasts now cover a five-day period. This is all the more understandable when one considers how delicate the balance of heat and cold is; if the temperature of the earth could be raised only two degrees, the ice in the polar seas would melt.

For that matter, the earth is gradually getting warmer, but take a look at what gradually means. First, we must realize we are living in an ice age, and ice ages have been rare in the history of the world, though this ice age is all that human beings have known say the scientists. Assuming the earth is approximately a billion and a half years old, let us condense its weather history into the more manageable terms of one 365-day year. From the beginning (January 1) to the end of April the weather for the whole earth was summery; then came a cold snap lasting for a few hours; other cold snaps came the latter part of August; the middle of November; the middle of December (somewhat less se-

vere); and finally a severe one beginning toward this evening, December 31. Man appeared on earth about six hours ago and began keeping historical records about 1 minute and 12 seconds before midnight (which represents the present moment). Thus, though man has known only ice age climate, all the ice ages together lasted only three days of the year in our time scale. But do not work up too much immediate hope about the earth's getting warmer, for it is probably only a temporary retreat to be followed by another colder period in this fifth ice age.

By immediate we mean a span of a million years, more or less. In the really short range, the warming up will have its important effects. Clarence A. Mills in *Climate Makes the Man* (Harpers, 1942) declares it "will diminish the energy of western nations and thus bring us nearer to the Japanese and Chinese level," at the same time benefiting Russia, "which is too cold." So climate affects man directly—as well as indirectly through the patterns of vegetation, soil, and crops which it sets or influences strongly. To raise a supplicating hand or shake an angry fist at the sky will do no good, but we can understand the weather and live in harmony with it.

BESIDES the natural and social scientists, others have noticed the phenomena of weather. Poetry and song are full of it. And if you are interested in sharing weather fact and fancy with others, you might plan a party with a weather theme. It would take too much of the fun out of party-planning for me to lay the whole thing out, but here is the beginning of a list of raw materials from which you should be able to cook up a social.

Decorations: Weathervanes. Each corner of the room fixed to represent the kind of weather brought by the wind from that direction. Signs with typical weather forecasts. Weather maps.

Active games: Balloon bursting contest. Opposing teams fan tissue paper balls

or inflated paper bags across center line. Blindfolded, blow out candles (maybe floating on discs in a pan). Suitcase relay, each runner putting on and taking off raincoats, galoshes, and so forth. Adapt others; for instance, "Streets and Alleys" could be renamed "Weathervane" with instructions of "north," "west," etc.

Quiet games: Guess temperatures of liquid in different containers. Fill in the blanks in weather rhymes and other sayings (like "Rain before seven, sun . . ."); see Boy Scout *Handbook* for rhymes.

Singing games: "O Susanna" (rained all night the day I left); "Skating Away" (the ice was thin); "Jolly Miller" (raining, hailing, cold, stormy weather); "Down the River" (the wind is steady and strong). (All in *Kit P—Play Party Games*, Cooperative Recreation Service, Delaware, Ohio.)

Songs: "Home on the Range," "Old Smoky," "Wind in the Willows," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," "My Old Kentucky Home," many sailor chanties. In the field of more formal music, you could play a recording of some or all of Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* with its storm section.

Poetry: "Ode to the West Wind" by Shelley, many of the songs from Shakespeare plays, "The West Wind" by Masfield. Besides the prose of Conrad and other older writers, you might consider having somebody read aloud a passage from *Storm*, George Stewart's novel (Random House, 1942) with a storm as the heroine, or the thrilling chapter called "The Elements" from *Wind, Sand and Stars* by Antoine de Saint Exupery (Reynal & Hitchcock, 1939). And remember the old "Fable of Sun and Wind" for telling or dramatizing.

Bull session: Invite your local weatherman or an aviator to talk about weather. Maybe the aviator could bring a diagram of an airplane instrument board and explain it.

Closing worship: Recall those noble passages in Psalms 147 and 148 and Job 37 and 38.

You Can Take It With You

(Continued from page 32)

sunnier, pleasanter disposition than you entered. Establish firmly for all time a reputation for integrity, unselfishness, honesty, purity. Just as a docked ship has lines reaching aft and fore, so you have lifelines reaching backward and forward—both important, each balancing or compensating the pull of the other.

13. Remember that example is the great evangel. Your shadow should shine for Christ. How can World Service funds accomplish their purpose if you misbehave in an unfamiliar land and thus tear down what missionaries would build up?

14. Though you cannot take with you your loved ones, your gang, your books, your auto, your hobbies, or your church

companions; though you may be tempted to feel self-pity because you gave up a good job, a promising future, some personal freedom, and the environment with which you are familiar; you can take your religion with you everywhere you go. Use your copy of the New Testament and Psalms. Your Heavenly Father is with you and may be closer than ever before. This is His world. His Spirit is evident and accessible. His Christ is being tested by your personal use of the living Jesus.

15. In case some junior officers do not impress you favorably, know that the senior, ranking, top-notch officers of the Navy (which is what I know firsthand) have an abiding faith in a just and triumphant God. A high-ranking officer who is not devout and deeply religious is the exception. Such is the type that seems to get sifted on top. They are forth-right, resourceful, and have vision.

"Merry Christmas" in Pictures

Henry Koestline

Definite Suggestions for Yuletide Greetings

CHRISTMAS greetings that are distinctive and individual need be no problem to you amateur photographers who will use a little ingenuity.

In the beginning comes the picture. Look through your supply of snapshots right now and see if you have any suitable to make into Christmas cards. Pick your snapshot to fit the occasion, to express something specific. Many of you have excellent pictures of worship centers and services which could be used as a basis for a distinctly religious greeting.

Then church steeples taken from a sharp angle always make attractive displays. And there are many other suggestions which have been used successfully: a store window full of toys, Santa Claus with or without his reindeer, a decorated Christmas tree, a holly wreath hung on the door. For variety, a large candle could be placed with a holly wreath in a window and a snap taken from the outside. Family groups and campfire scenes are interesting, too.

Then, if you're real ambitious try some "table-top" photography. You may find a miniature manger scene set up in some home, or with a little trouble make one yourself. By arranging your subjects on the table and using a time exposure, you can reproduce pictorially the nativity scene.

But let us assume now you are going to use a different snapshot for each person on your Christmas card mailing list. Uncle George loves to go bird hunting. You have a swell picture of a bird dog so you feature that on his card. For Joe, the boy you met at summer conference, use one of the best and most representative snaps you took while both of you were having such a good time together. He'll prize it more than a present!

There's Virginia, too, a very good friend at State Teacher's College. Her interest in scouting fits in just fine with the picture you have of that last camping trip. If you can match pictures in this way with people's interests, you'll have the most highly individualized Christmas greetings possible.

But perhaps your supply of snapshots isn't large enough or doesn't contain enough variety to help in this way. There's always another type of picture which will hit the spot, and luckily, it's one most of us already have—a picture of oneself. If possible pick one in

which you are doing something (unless you have a small portrait you wish to use) and for best results "tie" it into the verse or saying which you make on the card. That is, make the picture fit the words or vice versa.

If you don't have the pictures you want to use on your cards, go out and take them right now. You haven't time to waste. Keep close watch for subjects you know will interest the persons who are to receive your greetings.

Your card can be as simple or elaborate as you want it. Taking a single, blank card you can paste your selected snapshot in the middle near the top, write or print "Merry Christmas" below it and sign your name. More artistic effects are made by arranging the material in different ways.

Or perhaps you have a folding card with a number of leaves in it. You can take a number of pictures, more or less related, and by arranging them in chronological order actually make a story out of it. If, for example, you are featuring yourself, you could arrange a number of snaps of you doing different things in album fashion. Just be careful, your "greeting" doesn't look like a picture magazine when you get through with it—or maybe you want it to look like a picture magazine!

SOMEWHERE between these extremes lies the illustration on this page. The card is of the folding variety and only two of the four pages are used. The blank

pages put more emphasis, of course, on the two which are filled and help set them off.

The snapshots selected here are two common pictures—an informal one of the girl who is sending it (this picture was taken on the infirmary steps but no one need know that) and the other of the dormitory in which she lives. They tell in two glances of a girl in college. The words give the greetings and a drawing of holly is added to give a distinct Christmas flavor. The pictures were first trimmed to remove the white borders. Then in the case of the one on the front, part of the building which was just "extra baggage" was cut off.

Then you will notice they were placed in relation to each other even though they are on different pages. Too, the pictures are "bled," that is, placed on the very edge of the page, to give the overall appearance a streamlined, modernistic effect. Here, the simplest greetings were used and no attempt made to relate the pictures directly to them. However, the impression is still pleasing. Rubber cement was used on the pictures to prevent them from curling at the edges.

Now start on your own. Once you make a beginning you'll have more ideas than you will have time to develop.

One thing about making the greetings yourself. The genuine pleasure you'll get from sending something of your own creation will more than double the enjoyment of Christmas and will help you share *yourself* with the receiver.



Illustrating a simple, yet attractive Christmas card which can be made from photographs taken by yourself. Left, the front of the card includes a snapshot of the sender (a senior at Texas State College for Women, Denton), a drawing of holly and appropriate lettering. Right, inside of card, showing a snapshot of the student's dormitory.— *motive photos.*

From Old Martyn to Ton-Y-Botel

Karl P. Harrington

Studies in the Music of the Methodist Hymnal

THE changes which have taken place in taste in hymn tunes during the last three quarters of a century are notable. In my boyhood Lowell Mason's compositions or arrangements dominated our singing. The recent celebration of the sesquicentennial of his birth emphasized the appreciation still felt for his relatively simple tunes. We have not stopped singing Boylston, Dennis, Azmon, Olivet, Laban, Bethany, Sabbath, Mendebras, Missionary Hymn, and perhaps some others. But while these are set to half a hundred hymns in the hymnal of 1905, they appear only about half as often in that of 1935. Old "Martyn" still stands with "Jesus, lover of my soul" as its first setting, but two less tiresome and more inspiring tunes are set to it on the two following pages.

Nobody thinks of singing "Rock of Ages" to anything but "Toplady," but the hymn is not sung as often as it was in the older days. In my boyhood I heard "There is a fountain filled with blood" sung to "Cleansing Fountain" at practically every midweek prayer meeting; now such meetings are relatively rare, and I don't know when last I heard the hymn and tune sung—maybe a quarter of a century ago; its use is probably more common in some other parts of the country.

Several others of the early simple American melodies are in the present book, for the sake of those who hold them dear, if such there be. We used to sing "Campmeeting," though in simpler harmonic form, at camp meetings and elsewhere; so with "Duane St.," but I can hardly remember ever hearing them given out in church, and probably haven't heard them sung in any kind of service for 50 years. Of course there are perennial favorites of solid worth, like "Duke St.," "Dundee," and "Webb," which are still "going strong."

Nevertheless most of these old favorites have gradually been forced into the background of popularity by the avalanches of new tunes which swept over us in the two hymnal revisions of 1905 and 1935. Moreover, the drastic reduction in the amount of material offered in these hymnals necessarily crowded out many tunes that might otherwise have survived until the present. We have today not much more than half as many hymns and tunes as we had in the hymnal of 1878. In the final revision of the pres-

ent hymnal, we suffered a sad loss of many of our valuable and popular tunes. Soon after the publication of the 1905 hymnal I prepared for the Book Concern, to help congregations to an appreciation of the new book, a sample service of song, in which were listed 18 tunes, illustrating the following classes: 1. Tunes from early Protestantism. 2. Tunes from the great classical composers. 3. Tunes from the great English cathedral composers of the 19th century. 4. Tunes by living composers and some written especially for the Methodist Hymnal. Of these outstanding examples of beautiful and inspiring tunes exactly one-half were omitted in the present book, not because they are intrinsically ephemeral, but for various other reasons, largely for lack of room. I could mention other tunes which are really a definite loss to our church; but, for the present at least, they are gone from us, and it were better to speak of those which are now available.

THE use of several early American melodies has already been mentioned. Among them may be listed "Fillmore" (229), set to a hymn of Charles Wesley's, which, like the tune, was more characteristic of an earlier period. A number of the so-called "Gospel Songs," whose vogue was at its climax in the latter part of the 19th century, are grouped under the heading, "Songs of Salvation." Several of these seem likely to remain popular for years yet. Among the best of them are two, "Friend" (241) and "Holiness" (251), by the veteran singer and composer George C. Stebbins who is still enjoying life at the advanced age of 96.

From other hymnals we have borrowed several excellent tunes of the popular type, such as "Kremser" (20), "Terra Beata" (72), "Cushman" (113), "St. Christopher" (144), and "Beacon Hill" (268). Beautiful tunes like "Cushman" and "St. Christopher," set to such choice hymns, make a combination as effective as any type of tune in the book.

As in the hymnal of 1905 there was a large influx of fine tunes by the English master musicians of the 19th century, so the trend towards tunes of Welsh origin should be noted in the hymnal of 1935. Such names as "Hyfrydol" (11), "Ar Hyd Y Nos" (43), "Trefaenan" (160), "Cwm Rhonda" (165), "Meiri-

onydd" (194), "Aberystwyth" (338), "Ffigysbren" (406), "Llangoedmor" (418), and "Llangloffan" (467), betray at once their source; and anybody who has seen and heard the movie "How Green Was My Valley" can easily imagine the wholesale enthusiasm with which they are sung by the tuneful people of their native land. They have as a rule a dignity and vigor that make their singable melodies infectious. It is said when the Wesleyans of the British Isles sing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" to "Aberystwyth," the effect is most inspiring in kindling a genuine Christian emotion.

A number of old English tunes, hitherto less familiar in America have found their way into this hymnal of ours. These include the 15th century carols "This Endris Night" (115), "St. Michel's" (118), "Stella" (124), "St. Flavian" (413), and "Royal Oak" (447). Also worthy of study is an interesting group of early Protestant chorales from the Continent, including such numbers as 52, 71, 310, 355, 425, and the ringing "Lasst Uns Erfreuen," used twice (6 and 65), which is evidently closely related to "Old 113th" (513), as can be easily seen by comparing the two tunes. Even older is the French "Orientis Partibus" (405), attributed to Pierre de Corbeil, Archbishop of Sens in the 13th century. No. 221 is Danish.

THE use of familiar secular tunes for religious purposes is an ancient practice, and may be well justified by noted examples. In this hymnal the appealing "O Danny Boy" is set to Thomas Toplady's hymn "Above the Hills of Time the Cross Is Gleaming," in spite of protests of one or two members of the Hymnal Commission in whose minds the original words were ever uppermost. Similar cases are Nos. 311 and 492.

The section of Christmas hymns and tunes was especially enriched in this book. Besides the many familiar numbers, we have also the fine old plain song "Veni Immanuel" (83), Horatio Parker's "Stella" (91), Professor Hamilton's "Wallace" (101), the sweet and dainty "Cranham" (104) set to Christina Rossetti's beautiful hymn, the Polish carol "Infant Holy, Infant Lowly" (105), the joyous French carol "Gloria" (108), and the historic "In Dulce Jubilo" (110).

Among modern tunes may be mentioned the rousing "De Pauw" of Dean McCutchan (82), editor of this hymnal; "The Morning Watch" (34), by Carl Price, a leading Methodist authority on hymnody, and "Laufer" (468), by Emily Perkins, founder of the Hymn Society.

Some tunes which notably speak the special mood of their hymns are "Stabat Mater" (138), and "Percival-Smith"

(Continued on next page)

For Status and Rights

Harvey Seifert

The Story of American Labor

WHAT is man?" is answered differently in a democracy than in a dictatorship. We believe every man has a right to participate in the decisions that affect his welfare. Moved by this faith working men have increasingly sought means for participating in the decisions determining the conditions under which they work. Since individual request of powerful employers has not usually given them an effective voice, they have banded together for collective bargaining to secure social status and economic rights by the power of the group. The popular song of the picket line expresses this social philosophy:

When the union's inspiration through the
worker's blood shall run,
There can be no power greater anywhere
beneath the sun.
Yet what force on earth is weaker than
the feeble strength of one?
But the union makes us strong.

Before the Revolutionary War there were no trade unions in the modern sense. But later, as business became national, labor organizations as we think of them today were forced to cover the country. When railroads began sending the products of any one community across the entire nation, lower standards of wages, hours, or working conditions in one spot endangered the entire trade. Business leaders were also developing employers associations, and a merely local union was powerless against their agreements to help each other with blacklists or strike-breakers. As would therefore be expected, national unions appeared on the American scene, the first permanent ones about 1850. A few of these, like the Typographical Union, have had a more or less continuous existence to the present time.

During the Civil War unions grew rapidly, but the following years brought hard times to labor organizations as well as to the general population. Employers associations engaged in bitter anti-union activity with emphasis on the lockout and the blacklist. To seek relief a number of unions imitated the weavers of Rochdale in setting up their own businesses. During a brief excursion into the field of producers co-operation, the International Molders union established 11 co-operative founders, while the Order of the Knights of St. Crispin set up 15 co-op shoe-

making shops in New York state alone, in addition to some consumers co-operatives. Others developed the idea of one big union to include all workers regardless of industry or skill. During this period several important strands in our present fabric of labor organization began to appear. In approximately the last quarter of the century were organized the "Big Four" railway brotherhoods—Locomotive Engineers, Firemen and Enginemen, Trainmen, and Railway Conductors. Numerically and financially powerful—at least to the extent of 280,000 members and a million dollar Cleveland skyscraper plus assorted coal mines—they are considered by many people to be model unions. They have been soundly managed and have relied chiefly on arbitration or changes in law to secure their ends. Consistently rejecting the wooing of any other labor body, they have maintained their independence of both the AFL and the CIO.

A SECOND important modern development was the 1886 organization of the American Federation of Labor by cigar maker Samuel Gompers. Summoned by a preliminary meeting (held interestingly enough in Philadelphia again), there came to Chicago, according to the official claim, "the delegates of 25 organizations representing a membership of 316,469 members in good standing." They formed a permanent federation of national and international (locals in Canada) unions which has grown to a membership of approximately three million, and which until recently held an unchallenged dominance in the American labor movement. Most prominent in the AFL have always been the craft unions, such as the carpenters or bricklayers, composed of all those working at a single occupation regardless of the industry in which they were employed. These were the higher paid aristocracy of labor, which until recently

showed little concern about organizing the masses of unskilled laborers.

An interesting interlude in American labor history is the story of the Industrial Workers of the World. Entirely distinct from the AFL, the IWW was organized in 1905 on both an industrial and territorial basis. Its first base was the Western Federation of Miners, but when that collapsed it turned to the casual and migratory workers of the West. The "wobblies" held out a red union card to homeless men in the hobo jungles, shouting syndicalism in the face of capitalism, and promising deliverance from religion and bunkhouse bedbugs. The hostile IWW caricature of religion is expressed in that well known ditty about "long haired preachers" who "come out every night to tell us what's wrong and what's right" and whose only reply to poverty is "there'll be pie in the sky when you die." During World War I the apparently revolutionary tactics of the Industrial Workers of the World were suppressed under the criminal syndicalist laws, and this colorful, though misguided, movement expired.

To return to the main current of our history, a new idea in labor organization had for some time been stirring restlessly beneath the surface in the American Federation of Labor. To haunt its easy craft consciousness appeared new and powerful industrial unions. Their leaders argued that mass production, assembly lines and minute specialization required that all those employed in a single industry, like ladies garments or automobiles, belong to one union regardless of their craft, be it cutting or carpentering. An iron foundry, for example, includes some 15 crafts plus additional unskilled labor. To bargain efficiently with an industrial giant such as the steel industry, the industrial unionists maintain that all of these craftsmen plus the unskilled workers must be organized vertically into a

(Continued on next page)

(130), by the late Dr. Laufer, the noble rhythm and full harmony of which admirably express the march of the Master and the Palm Sunday throng to the temple. Another grand march for the same occasion is the "Finnish Cavalry March" (131). And, speaking of marches, we may not forget that of

Adam Geibel (283), which puts the abundant life of youth into the favorite hymn "Stand Up, Stand Up For Jesus."

If I may add one more paragraph, it will be to express great satisfaction at the enthusiastic way in which the young people of the present day have welcomed and made their own such great religious

music as "Ton-Y-Botel" (263), a tune truly worthy of the magnificent hymn of James Russell Lowell, and the chorale from the "Finlandia" of Sibelius (73). We should be much encouraged concerning the future of Methodist song when our youth choose to sing lustily such hymns and tunes as these.

Is Prayer Real?

Robert H. Hamill

SKEPTIC: It seems that everyone is talking about prayer. What's the idea? Why this sudden return to religion? The churches have special days for prayer, they hand out pamphlets on "How to Pray," and sell the *Upper Room* for private prayer. We have a national day of prayer. People send prayerbooks to the boys in service. A few fellows at the house have a prayer circle every night. ^{at the house} Even *motive* carries dope for what it politely calls a "devotional diary"—a camouflage for good old prayer. I don't know how many people really pray, but it's a hot subject nowadays.

TAURUS: The war accounts for it. Everything is adrift, everyone is upset, nothing seems anchored down. That makes people wonder what is permanent and they need to fasten onto something unshaken. They know they have to be stronger than usual to face the world these days, and they try prayer.

SKEPTIC: That's OK. We need morale. Prayer is a good way to get it, I suppose. But people go too far with it. They get to asking for things. They want all the marines in the Solomons to be saved. They want Hitler to get shot. They want a severe winter in Russia and clear weather for bombing over Germany. They want good health, good grades, and the right job. That's going too far. Prayer is good for a person, good for anyone. It helps him to think through his problems. It gives him a calm spirit. It points out his mistakes. Prayer is a way of putting yourself straight and getting in line with the main currents of the universe. That's good for anyone.

EXPLORER: But that isn't prayer. You are talking about meditation, self-adjustment, quiet thinking, self-searching. That may be your definition, but

it's playing fast and loose with the word "prayer." Prayer, genuine prayer in the religious sense, always expects to get an answer from the Outside. It's a two-way affair. Whoever prays assumes there is some Objective Source that will respond to his prayer. Anything short of that is not prayer.

SKEPTIC: Surely now you wouldn't say that prayer has to assume that a personal God answers each individual request?

EXPLORER: I would argue that "prayer is the heart of religion, and petition is the heart of prayer."^{*}

Is Prayer an Insult to God?

SKEPTIC: Absurd! Asking for things in prayer is the heart of religion? That's ridiculous. When you ask for things you are in effect telling God what you need, or what you think would be good for the world. Who are you to tell God anything? When you resort to begging, you insult God. It assumes that He doesn't know what's needed. That's silly.

EXPLORER: On the contrary, I'll defend the point that petition is the heart of true prayer. Prayer assumes that God is personal, that God is a Will, a purposive Agent living and working. Now, an essential mark of a personal

^{*}H. H. Farmer: *The World and God*, p. 129; from which Explorer gets some of his ammunition. The argument of Explorer does not assume that petition exhausts the content of prayer; in fact, it knows that unless petition is checked by praise, counter-balanced by submission to the Divine Will, and always purified by good will for others, it soon is perverted into selfish bull-dozing of God, into manipulation of the divine for human purposes. Explorer maintains only that petition is the rightful climax to the interplay of two creative wills, one human, the other divine; in it alone does this fellowship of two free personalities come into complete expression.

will is that, whenever it meets another will, it acts differently from what it otherwise would; it changes its behavior because of a second will that comes into the picture. Likewise God, if He is a personal Will, must be responsive to us when we come into His sphere of activity. If God didn't respond to us, He would be sheer mechanical force. But prayer always assumes God is a personal Will, and is therefore responsive to a human will. If so, then a man can and must express to that Will his own desires and wisest requests.

SCIENTIST: That is contradictory to good science. You are riding roughshod over natural laws. You can't have a God interfering with the natural order to answer personal prayers. Shall one man's convenience outweigh the customs of the universe?

EXPLORER: I didn't say that laws will be broken. Cause-and-effect still holds. I'm only saying the will of God is one of the active causes that produce the effects we observe. As a scientist you know we humans use the natural processes, control them, direct and change them, and get results—such as flood control, and health through medicine and surgery—results different from what would have happened had not our wills guided the activity. In the same way the will of God can control and direct the natural processes, and get results different from what would have happened had not His will been active. The only difference is that God acts from the inside, so to speak, by inner rapport and not by outer manipulation such as we humans use. My point is that God can change what happens without interfering with natural laws just as we humans change what happens without obstructing the orderly course of nature.^{**}

^{**}Buttrick, in *Prayer*—a superb book, soundly intelligent, and by all odds the most readable on this subject—argues that the constancies, the regularities in the world are proof not of God's absence, but are "assurances of His unwearied care," and that the "variabilities of earth are God's play of impromptu act."

single steel workers union, instead of being split up into horizontal craft groupings.

This issue precipitated many a stormy session in AFL circles, culminating in fisticuffs between John L. Lewis and William L. Hutchison at the 1935 convention. Shortly afterward Lewis called together a group of industrial union leaders to form the Committee for Industrial Organization. As the breach widened the unions belonging to the CIO were suspended, the insurgent group became a "Congress" instead of a "Committee," and the American labor movement was

effectively split. The younger organization, spurred by the industrial union idea and with a strong enthusiasm for mass organization, mushroomed rapidly and won both the enthusiasm and the damnation that is associated in the popular mind with the letters "CIO." Jurisdictional disputes and the loss of united power have led to peace negotiations which are still proceeding sporadically between the two brothers in the labor family.

Aided by the famous section seven of the NIRA and later by the Wagner Act, both AFL and CIO have made spectacu-

lar gains. So great is the present power of organized labor that many maintain it will be one of the hinges upon which we turn to the right or to the left, and that the future of American history will be written in large part by the future of the American labor movement.

This is the story of American labor. It has its sordid chapters for neither workers nor employers have been constant saints. It also has its thrilling moments for it records the constant climb by the spirit of man from confining circumstances to fuller freedom and larger democracy.

And God's will directs natural events partly in response to human prayers.

What May We Ask For in Prayer?

SKEPTIC: But when you ask for changes in the weather, and recovery from fatal diseases, and safety in face of danger, you are primitive and superstitious. Prayer ought to confine itself to asking for changed attitudes, and not indulge in cosmic sleight-of-hand magic by asking for things and material changes.

TAURUS: Explain a little more what you mean, will you?

SKEPTIC: I maintain that intelligent prayer must not ask for specific things like weather, business prosperity, physical health, or escape from bombs. Prayer has legitimate use only in the immaterial realm; it can ask for peace of mind, for wisdom, for courage to face either rain or drought, health or sickness.

EXPLORER: But that is asking for just as much a miracle as asking for material things. When a timid, cowardly fellow who never faced up to anything hard, who always ran away from work and from himself, suddenly prays for courage, he's asking for the impossible. Courage doesn't come from heaven alone; it comes from self-discipline, just as truly as rain comes from clouds; and you can't ask for courage apart from self-discipline any more sensibly than you can expect rain without clouds. You may restrict your praying to immaterial things, and still be asking for miracles.

TAURUS: That is good criticism, but you seem to contradict yourself. You said that true prayer consists of asking the divine Will to grant certain requests. Now you infer that prayer ought not ask even for immaterial things.

EXPLORER: I can clear that up. We may ask God for things when we have proper respect for God as not only the Giver of all things but as Demander of total obedience. We must never think of God as the heavenly Santa Claus, but must know that He is at the same time both Giver of all help and the final, absolute Claim upon us. We must ask God to give us only, but all, those things which will equip us to fulfill His demands upon us. If we need continued life in order to respond to His demand that we love our neighbors, and if we intend to use our extended life to help and not to hurt our neighbors, then we should ask that we might escape from bullets and bombs and have continued life. If we need rain for our crops, that we may ship food to Europe's starving peoples, then we should pray for rain; that is as unselfish a prayer as I can imagine. I would say, pray for anything and everything which you think is necessary to your co-working with God in response to His demands upon you.

Are You Normal?

Dr. D. L. Adler

A DEFINITION of the "normal" anything is as elusive as a forgotten name. To one it means "average," to another "not queer," to a third "the usual." The term "normal" is no less confusing when we apply it to the men and women about us. If some enterprising college student were to conduct a poll, inquiring "what are the characteristics of the normal man (or woman)" a host of different answers would appear. Probably high on the list of answers, however, would be this one: "The normal man is the one who resembles those around him." In other words, one of our main criteria for distinguishing the normal man seems to be that he cannot be distinguished, that "he's like the others." It is this kind of definition which focuses attention upon individuals who are not "like the others." Looking about us on the campus it is easy to pick out one or two whom we have labelled as "queer" or "odd." Why are they so labelled? Because they are atypical; because their day to day behavior seems different from ours.

A scientist is rarely content with a definition until he's tested it. Since the tests for this definition of "normal" are simple, let's try them. First of all, is the normal person (remember, he's "like the others") like the others in all respects? Do *all* "normal" men prefer x toothpaste, y shaving cream, and blondes? Do *all* normal women prefer z lipstick, n stockings, and Clark Gable? Too obviously the answer is, "no." Some might counter this argument by saying that our test was unfair. After all, being "like the others" does not refer to tastes and preferences, but more often to actions and social relationships. In other words, does the person *do* as the others do? Again the answer is in the negative. Surely "normal" men don't greet their friends by rubbing noses, though any Eskimo would say it was the normal thing to do.

It is in this last example that our definition breaks down. A brief study of different cultures will demonstrate clearly that what is "normal" in one is

"queer" in the other. Normalcy, then, doesn't depend upon "doing what others do," unless by "others" we refer, perhaps, to those in a specific culture. Normalcy is, therefore, no characteristic of a person, but is rather some relationship between a person and his social milieu. We do not really classify an individual as "queer" because of his personal characteristics. Our label comes, instead, from the variance between his action and what we, as a cultural group, expect his behavior to be.

Is this then sufficient? Shall we say that a "normal" person is one who conforms with the behavior standards and expectations of his cultural group? Suppose, however, that James Jones is a shy, introverted person who won't associate with others. By our definition he is not "normal." We talk with him, however, and discover that he *can't* conform to his group's standards. Most of the men in his class have money to spend, can afford cars, and entertain lavishly. He has no money, cannot reciprocate, and keeps out of things to avoid embarrassment. His shyness is not normal, but the reasons for it are perfectly normal. Again, it would seem, our definition will not hold.

PERHAPS we are pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp. Perhaps conformity, similarity, and the like are not the ingredients of normalcy. Perhaps our "normal" man is a figment of wishful imagination, or an excuse for poor insight. What then shall we hold? We need not give up the idea that a person's behavior is seen from the perspective of his own social groups. But we must realize at the same time that each person is motivated by personal needs stemming from his own individual experience, from his own life-history. Each of us has his unique as well as common drives based on individual frustrations, pleasures, and aspirations. Perhaps all men are "normal" insofar as they act according to their own particular needs and knowledge, and so long as they do not trespass the safety of themselves and others.

SKEPTIC: Then you might ask for success for your armies, and the enemy asks for success for his, and you thereby ask for contradictory and impossible things. How can God answer both those prayers?

EXPLORER: That is no new problem

for God. There is conflict in our lives, God has to deal with that; why should there not be conflict in our prayers? That may be the lesser of the two problems for God, for at least in prayer we are humbly willing to admit God into our thinking, and in that there is some

hope we shall reconcile our opposing lives. "Even a blind and foolish prayer honors Him more than the alleged wisdom that buries Him in His 'laws.'" (Buttrick) A bad prayer can be corrected, but unless prayer opens up our lives to God's intentions, God cannot do much with us.

Dangers in Prayer

SKEPTIC: You run some mighty big risks, though, in that kind of prayer. It's liable to make a fellow weak if he can rely upon God to do things for him. He's tempted to let down on the job. A fellow should never pray for anything he can possibly do for himself, and there's no use praying for the things he cannot do.

TAURUS: "If wishes were horses, beggars would ride. . ."

EXPLORER: But I wonder. Really, now, Skeptic, do you know anyone who prays vigorously and courageously, and who uses that prayer as an escape from doing his own part to make that prayer come true? Do you know of anyone who hides out from life in his prayers?

SKEPTIC: I can't say that I do, particularly. But it's possible, though.

EXPLORER: Suppose you did know such a person. The cure for that abuse of prayer is not to stop praying altogether, but to emancipate that praying from selfishness. When Jesus prayed, "Let this cup pass from me . . ." it didn't make him a weakling, even though he asked to be released from a task too big for him to face, he thought. Rather, it made him stronger, because he wasn't trying to escape, he was trying to be loyal to something bigger and better than himself. By asking God for things,

we don't have to be selfish, or lazy. Prayer must keep its place within the daily life of thought and work. Prayer is not a substitute for study, for work, for training. A fellow needs to study and pray, work and pray, train and pray.

SKEPTIC: Prayer, you say, is a tremendous power; it actually changes what God will do. That is a terrific weapon to put in the hands of selfish, ignorant men. How can you trust men to use this power to good purpose?

EXPLORER: If you waited for men to have perfect motives, they would never pray. The point is that precisely through the praying itself a man's motives are cleansed. We become better men by the use of prayer, not before its use. Prayer teaches us how to pray. It makes us more worthy for the next prayer.

What Are the Limits Upon Prayer?

SKEPTIC: From what you've said, there are no limits upon what a man may pray for. Just so long as he thinks it is for his own good as a workman with God, he may ask for it, and it will be granted. Anything goes.

TAURUS: Hardly. Some limits are obvious, instinctive. "If a friend lost his hand in an accident we would not pray for a new hand to grow, but if he were sick with typhoid fever we would pray for his recovery. Where is the boundary? We would not pray for the sun to rise in the west, but if we were caught in the track of a forest fire we might pray for the wind to change. We would not pray for a youth to return to babyhood for a new start, but we would pray for good motives to kindle in him new power. Where do the limits run?" (Buttrick, p. 114.)

There are limits beyond which we cannot stretch reasonable hopes.

SCIENTIST: There are logical and scientific limits upon prayer. Even the noblest prayer cannot take the square root of a negative number, nor do away with friction.

TAURUS: And the nature of God Himself would set limits upon our prayers. God could not go contrary to his own nature, even for a saint. He would never take revenge, never deceive by trickery, nor override a man's freedom, even to save him from hurt.

EXPLORER: Exactly. Yet in every situation there are some "live possibilities" and the trained religious man of prayer learns to know what those possibilities are. They far surpass what we usually imagine. Within those limits we naturally confine our requests, but that scope is broad enough in most cases to provide God ample room for spontaneous, creative work once we have made the request and have asked not alone with words on our lips but asked as a committed intention of our whole life. And the point to remember is this: that religion, and not science, must say what those limits are upon prayer and God's response to prayer. Science cannot talk about future possibilities; it records only past experience and generalizes from specific observations. As for the vast range of possibilities spreading out ahead, science knows nothing and must keep silent. Only the cultivated religious man can see truly into the scope of God's possible activity. Prayer is his means of opening up those possibilities. He opens new possibilities for God, and that in turn multiplies the possibilities before his own life.

Cardboard Heroes

(Continued from page 29)

The solution? Seldom a realistic, conscientious one, but invariably a foolhardy, spectacular exploit—the opportunity for which comes miraculously to his rescue just when he has to pay the penalty for his mistake.

3. The hero just makes a mess of his life. And we are led to sympathize, but not to understand and to analyze. Usually it is some outer influence that is made responsible for the failure, not the nature of the man himself or his injudicious action. And his regeneration, too, always comes from the outside. The tendency to lay the blame elsewhere, to excuse the character from responsibility for what he is or has done, is due no doubt to kindly intent, but it does not make for the kind of development one can respect.

4. The hero—or heroine—is inhibited, unable to take his or her place as an admired and accepted member of the desired group. The solution: again, as in (1.) the liquor bottle. And presto! She is human, delightful, in the end winning all that she had desired all along in

her inmost heart. *The Philadelphia Story, The Two-Faced Woman, Woman of the Year, They All Kissed the Bride* and the current *Now Voyager* are cases in point.

And so on. You can name your types without end, and your situations—all cut to one pattern, all recognizable by that recurring phrase, "Just like in a movie."

BUT there is hope. It lies in the fact that differentiation in character and situation *has* been made in many notable films. Real men and women, acting from inner motivation and according to the dictates of reality, *have* been presented. Witness the men on *Wake Island* who remained to the end *men* who chanced to be marines, not *marines* of movie tradition who never were men in reality, and who, incidentally, were not saved at the 59th second by a timely destroyer or an act of reckless bravery. All you need to do to record an example of what we are getting at is to contrast the way this movie presented its people with the way they were sentimentally and heroically set forth in *Eagle Squadron*. And there is *The Pied Piper*, with recognizable, unsteretyped traits in the
(Continued on next page)

God Revealed in Man

Thomas S. Kepler

Incarnation A HINDU converted to Christianity was reported to say, "God is too great an idea for me to grasp. But when I think about Jesus, he seems to hold my universe steady." God is too great a concept for most of us to fathom; we need something tangible and known from which we can attempt to understand the intangible and the unknown. The tangible and the known for the early Christians was Jesus, and from their knowledge of him they believed they understood what God was like. They looked at the life and spirit of Jesus and said, "We believe that we who have seen the spirit in the Son have seen the spirit in the Father." "This gesture of belief was the basis for the incarnation. Logically we might put it this way: If the Creator of the universe can make room in His creation for a person like Jesus, the Creator (*the Cause*) must be as good and as gracious as Jesus (*the effect or an object of God's creation*); hence the belief in Jesus' incarnation of God's spirit, since human imagination could not conceive a more satisfying character for God than that lived by Jesus.

Jesus never argued about the character of God: he accepted the traits for God as taught by the great Hebrew prophets. Amos interpreted God as possessing social justice and demanding it of His worshippers; Hosea described God as a Father who showed mercy and forgiveness to repentant people; Isaiah felt God to be holy (see November, 1942, *motive*), a being whose majesty could guide the destiny of faithful devotees; Jeremiah taught that the individual worships God within the shrine of the individual's spirit; Second Isaiah viewed God as the God of the Jewish people, but *also* the God of all humanity. Jesus, in his teaching about God, included all these prophetic concepts. Just as he taught his followers what the God was like, who should reign in history, Jesus' friends believed the reign of God's spirit had been alive in Jesus; his obedient will had allowed God's will to work harmoniously through him.

I think of God as the overspirit of all things, who is never detached from man's spirit, even though there are times when we may not be aware of the intimacy of God's spirit (see February and September, 1942, *motive*). Prayer is "practising the presence" of God's spirit. All of us in different degrees "practise

the presence" of God's spirit: *the more we practise the presence of God's spirit, the more is God incarnate in us*. Christians believe Jesus has shown them *the way or the key* by which they can allow God's spirit to incarnate itself in them. We sometimes err in saying, "Let us follow Jesus and make the world the kingdom of God." That is *not* Christianity! The reign (kingdom) of God is composed of those people whose wills allow God's grace to give them the kingdom: where God's grace can reign (in those who practise the presence of God), God's reign has already come into the world. The test that God has let His spirit become incarnate in them is relative to the grace they show toward their fellowmen. Of Jesus they said, "He is full of grace and truth": that was the test of Jesus' incarnation!

WHEN we say God's spirit was incarnate in Jesus Christ, we do not mean to say that *all* of God's spirit was incarnate in him; only that part of God's spirit which relates itself to the religious-social-moral relations of men with God and men with men. What God is like as One who rules out where distant galaxies exist, Jesus did not say; what God is like as the Creator of mathematical axioms and radio-active rays, Jesus did not teach: God as *a being of primordial nature* (Whitehead) or *a Great Mathematician* (Jeans) were not concerns of Jesus. Jesus mainly taught regarding the way God's reign could come spiritually and morally into the hearts of men living here on this planet; he believed God's reign was here in their midst, whether they recognized it or not (that is, whether they practised God's presence), and God's reign would come fully into history at some future time. His own life showed what all lives would be like when God's reign had arrived: he had allowed such a reign to become incarnate in him.

Today we speak about the *microcosm* (little world or a person) and the *macrocosm* (big world or the universe), in which language we mean that God's spirit is related to the visible world of nature as your spirit is related to your

physical body: the universe is a unity, an organism, in which all parts affect all other parts (they are inter-related as the members of my body, which make up my self, are inter-related). In this modern description of the universe, utilizing modern terms like "microcosm" and "macrocosm," I have tried to put the idea of the incarnation in modern terminology, "Jesus belongs organically to the universe in a manner we all do; it is his *degree* of relationship which causes his difference from us. Each of us (as a person) is a distorted impression of the macrocosm (which is God's spirit as related to the visible world); Jesus, on the other hand, is the *cosmic* event wherein the eternal values of God are momentarily envisaged in a spatio-temporal world. To develop the spirit of Jesus Christ in one's life is to evolve a mystical feeling of real unity with God."

IPARTICULARLY like the way Dean Hough has expressed the idea of the incarnation, "God could not become incarnate in a stone because its nature could not be the vehicle for the expression of the defining characteristics of the divine life. God could not become incarnate in a tree because its impersonal vitality could not express the essential glory of the divine life. God could not become incarnate in an animal because the richness of its organic functioning could not express the purposive will of love which is at the very center of the divine nature and the divine character. God could become incarnate only in man because man alone is made in the divine image. Man can think God's thoughts after Him. Therefore, God can think His own thoughts in human life. Man's free intelligence alone offers an organ for the expression of the free intelligence of God. . . . The human was created with such subtle kinships with that above the human that only the Divine could reveal humanity to itself . . . humanity itself came to full flower in the coming of Jesus Christ. . . . You never understand man until you see Jesus Christ walking the earth."

Piper and in his charges, yes, and in the gestapo chief who could marvel at the tolerance and generosity of his foes, who was concerned about the safety of his part-Jewish niece. The young doctor in *King's Row* whose return to practise in his home town was motivated not by the accepted romantic purpose but for the sake of old friendship and a desire to render real service; the

motives apparent in the *Boy's Town* films; the penetrating comment which *Citizen Kane* becomes—all these are signs that movie characters and situations do not need to be stereotypes. The fact that non-patterned examples stand out as they do in our film memories, plus the thrill we get when we finally recognize them on the screen—this points to a hope for the future.

LETTERS

Shadow Boxing

Sirs:

People jump into war in order to escape the agony of overcoming their enemies inside. The outside conflict is shadow-boxing compared to this titanic inner struggle that confronts every person every minute,—and that probably keeps on for a long time after death.

Allan Hunter

Los Angeles, California

Art in Religion and Vice Versa

Sirs:

Drama is being used more and more in religious programs. Wesley Players is doing great work toward that end. To my notion, a good painting can be used as effectively as a good play in religious programs. Art has not been called upon to play the part that it can play most effectively in our lives. It has grown to be something outside the church. Modern art is seldom really spiritually inspired. I'm a disciple of more religion in art and more art in religion. Each can be and should be a definite aid to the other. I'd like to see something along this line in *motive* . Something devoted not so much to the interpretation of art as to bringing about a better and more effective relationship between art and religion.

Bob Hodgell

University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wisconsin

Mouse-caught-in-the-trap

Sirs:

The October *motive* is fascinating! The first article, "Our Calling," is moving, but such a mixture of sacrifice and mouse-caught-in-a-trap attitude as to be dismaying. It shows a basic non-understanding of causes and forces which have brought our tragedy, and therefore ends in a noble "there is nothing else to do" but go to war. The horrifying waste of the fine caliber of such young men is stagger-

ing! Don't the young people know that we are not fighting nations, or governments or races? But that we are victims of an "idea" legalized into an institution which caused exploitive nations, governments and races? And ideas can no more be slain with tanks than can earthquakes or the tide!

The "idea" which seems to many of us to be at the root of the State (which now bears down on us with such weight the world around) is the wrong concept of land—legalized and protected by law—in some cases, laws made by the people themselves. Praise be, the Archbishop of Canterbury has raised his voice against our present land use! (Oct. 7, *Christian Century*). Maybe the weight of such authority will cause our churches to look in that direction and bring light to our youth that they might stand against this awful thing and lead out into the new day.

Mildred Jensen Loomis

Lane's End Homestead
Brookville, Ohio

Thanksgiving

Sirs:

Another Thanksgiving Day is just around the corner. For what can I be thankful in the midst of confusion of today? Of course, when we think of Thanksgiving, it is quite natural to think of the material goods. But that is immaterial.

During this Thanksgiving I have much to be thankful to my God and Church. First, I must explain my position. Mine is unusual because I am a Nisei, a second generation Japanese, and a native of Colorado. When I had graduated from the high school in my home town, Alamosa, Colorado, in 1937, my future was somewhat gloomy. I wanted to go to a college but I was financially unable. The farming was not as promising as it should have been to get me started and therefore my parents could not do much toward helping me. The long laborious hours of summer work in

the fields helping my folks seemed only what I could do just then. My high school life was none too exciting or enjoyable because work, work, work after school on the farm. Outside of the school, my friends were very few. I did not go to any church because on the farm the only thing seemed work. I had goals but efforts even to strive for them were futile.

In the spring of the following year, my younger brother and I timidly went to a Good Friday service at the Methodist Church. At the conclusion of the service, the wife of the pastor had kindly asked us to come back to the church. She invited us with a smile. And we accepted.

Today as I look back to those few years since I became interested in the Church of which I am proud to be a member, I can see myself greatly changed in my thinking, actions, and personality. The participation in the activities in the former Epworth League, Methodist Youth Fellowship, Wesley Foundation, and Church itself, have done wonders to me and become part of me. The Christian way of living, love and teachings of Christ, new and richer meaning of life, and personal happiness are the few of the major contributions to my life. The serving on the executive council of the Wesley Foundation at the Colorado State College of A. and M. Arts, Fort Collins, since the freshman years has converted my shyness and bashfulness to the liking of meeting people. These three and a half years on this campus have been the happiest years of my "know nothing but work" life. The fellowship and comradeship which I have been enjoying here and elsewhere at the gatherings of Christian young people are just grand and unforgettable. I refer especially to the time that I spent at Urbana-Champaign, Illinois, during the Second National Methodist Student Conference.

The Church has helped me otherwise. Although I am working my way through, I have been graciously assisted by the Church through the Student Aid Loan and am greatly responsible to Church and its affiliated organizations when I get my degree in horticulture in April.

I am not the only one in the family who has received the manifold blessings from the Church. My parents are happy because they know that we children have found a new meaning in the art of living, and many friends who are helping us in this hour of need. This Thanksgiving Day will be a great and happy one to a Nisei.

George I. Oba

Fort Collins, Colorado

THE World Student Service Fund, co-sponsored by the World's Student Christian Federation, is greatly expanding its work as the effects of the war spread. In August a ship sailed across the Pacific carrying recreational equipment, musical instruments, camp libraries and study materials for several units of United States soldiers, sailors and marines held as prisoners by Japan. Part of these things were contributed by American students who gave last year to the WSSF. If any of the men on your campus have not been concerned about student war relief, we recommend that you call to their attention that they may some day be on the receiving end of it. That'll fetch 'em.

Have you laid plans for your WSSF campaign? The new Handbook is bristling with good ideas. Write for a copy to the World Student Service Fund, 8 West 40th Street, New York City. You should also get a copy of the new folder, available in quantity, the attractive colored poster, and the report of last year's work. And are you on the mailing list for the monthly Newsletter? It's one of the most interesting items that crosses our desk. Don't miss it.

If you need a speaker, write Wilmina Rowland at the address above. She will find one for you.

The cut on page three is from a picture by John W. Barry of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The original picture appeared in the Cornell College (Iowa) Year Book.

THE DESIRES OF A RELIGIOUS MAN

"Man is the sum total of all his dominant desires," says Donald H. Tippet in his new book *The Desires of a Religious Man*. (Revell, New York.) The desires as taken from the Lord's Prayer are treated in separate chapters, and the book becomes for *motive* readers this month one of a series of volumes that helps answer the question, *What is Man?*

Personals

If you have a problem, are interested in correspondence, have some particular hobby in which you need help, make a "personal" of it and send to motive. You must be a student in college, or a person of college age in the service, in war industries, or in a CPS camp. Your "personal" must be accompanied by a statement of who you are. Only box numbers in the motive office will be used, unless otherwise requested, and all correspondence is confidential.

DISTURBED—I am disturbed over the Saturday Review "personal" which quoted Rilke as follows, "Going into oneself and for hours meeting no-one—this one must be able to attain." Now, I ask you, what does this mean? I'd like to correspond with the person who can answer. Box 29, *motive* .

A "Just-So" Stories club is forming. If you grew up on *Just So Stories* and still like them, let's correspond, and if you like Winnie-the-Pooh—well, that will make it perfect. Box 45, *motive* .

I'D LIKE TO write to a fellow who would like to remain in a postal Shangri-La. Only persons understanding this and willing to comply need answer. Box 30, *motive* .

I SAW A personal from "an attractive young woman" which ran as follows, "If you are in service—a private or a general, if you are interested in receiving letters from (see above) write and see what happens." Now, I'm just a sergeant. Where oh where do I come in? Box 47, *motive* .

I'M IN HALF-WAY house and I'd like to correspond with someone just starting up the path. Perhaps I can throw some light and help you personally. Box 62, *motive* .

WHAT DO YOU DO at parties? I'd give a great deal to know how to make an evening worthwhile and still keep my intelligence and act like an adult. Must parties always bore me? What say? Unhappy. Box 49, *motive* .

WHAT PLAYS have you taken part in recently or seen that you think others might enjoy? I'm lonely for some good ones. Do you have any to suggest? Box 19, *motive* .

SKEPTICS' CORNER would like to know some of the religious problems

which are bothering you. Address Skeptics' Corner, *motive* .

WANTED TO FORM—club for the prevention of giving belt buckles without belts for Christmas presents. I *still* haven't found a belt to fit the buckle I received last year. Do I have any sympathizers? Box 6, *motive* .

Barter

Have you books, records, play scripts, or other articles in good condition you would like to trade to students for other things you want? Make a note of it and send your item to motive with your name and address. Request a box number if you want to keep your identity secret.

WAGNER'S Tannhauser, in German, on three 12-inch records, both sides. Will trade for anthology of verse, book of quotes, Don Blandings' latest, or records—classical, light classical, or otherwise. Or what have you? Bob Miller, Box 102, *motive* .

AS I AM headed toward a C. P. S. Camp in the very near future I'll have a lot more use for Brightman's *Introduction to Philosophy* than I will a red necktie.

What will you have? A conservative red or one that requires the user to wear colored glasses? I have both. I'll even throw in the dark glasses.

Or would you like some Tannhauser recordings? Also have some light, classical stuff, Victor Herbert, etc. Take your choice. Maybe a combination. Bob Miller, Box 102, *motive* .

ATTENTION NUTCRACKERS! I am nutty over classical records. I'll swap my genuine (?) silver nutcrackers for Tschiaowsky's "Nutcracker's Suite." Box 31, *motive* .

WORSHIP LEADERS. On the more serious side, I have some good worship programs planned from Methodist Youth Caravan experiences and about two months as worship chairman of Wesley Foundation at Women's College of the University of North Carolina, Greensboro. I will gladly exchange some materials. I need to change—I mean exchange—well, both. What can you do about helping me out? Box 31, *motive* .

NO FOOLING. I want to trade goods or cash for elite, portable typewriter. If you have one write me immediately for offer. Bob Ramm, 5315 Drexel Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Honor to Whom Honor Is Due

motive Representatives on the Campus

motive published the pictures and gave space to tell you about the students who had been selected for the editorial board. They are the eyes and ears of the magazine on the campus. What we have not done is give you the names of the representatives who secure subscriptions for the magazine and who guarantee the continuance of the magazine by their work. This is the valiant band who become for us the hands and feet on the

campus. For they bring you the paper and they take from you the modest price of the subscription.

We could wax over enthusiastic about their work. The fact that *motive* had a very sizable subscription list before the magazine even appeared is due to the remarkable devotion and confidence of the adult leaders who have guided the student work. Their concern is still one of the greatest single achievements of this experiment. With the consecrated aid of

the student representatives they have made the magazine possible.

This month, therefore, we are paying tribute not only to the adults who have worked for us but also to the students who have gone with us on this venture. We salute them and nominate them for *motive* financial hall of fame. If your name as *motive* representative does not appear, or if your school is not here, see that we get the name of your agent. More will be published later.

Douglas Fisk North Dakota Agricultural College	Alpharetta Leeper Florida State College	Walter C. Cowart, Jr. Alabama Polytechnic Institute	Barbara Grisham Louisiana State Normal College
Ruth Tenwick Ohio Wesleyan	A. R. Buhrman University of Florida	Nancy Cowart Alabama College	Norma Stewart Centenary College
Ruth Clifford Ohio State	Beth McKee LaGrange College (Ga.)	Margaret Graham Huntington College	Bob Graves Southwestern Louisiana Institute
Marjorie J. Evans Miami University	Joe Wilder University of Georgia	Ruth Hill University of Alabama	Joseph P. Geary Western Maryland College
Pat Patterson University of Oklahoma	Junior Board of Stewards Glenn Memorial Church Emory University	Ruth Lavik Arizona State Teachers College	Newton Fritchley Rembert S. Stokes Boston University
J. A. Marvel Northwestern State Teachers College (Okla.)	Catherine Foster Georgia State Woman's College	Art Warner University of Arizona	Barbara Wallace Adrian College
Joyce Lee Francis Southwestern State Teachers	Marjorie Merideth University of Idaho, So. Br.	Marie Stapleton Hendrix College	Leona Lantz Central State Teachers College (Mich.)
Winston Taylor Willamette University	Jean Beadles University of Idaho	Lucile Adams Arkansas State College	Elsie Purchase Michigan State Normal
Chester A. Schanbacher State Teachers College, Mansfield, Pa.	Betty Meller Illinois Wesleyan University	Harry Serex Long Beach (Cal.) Junior College	John H. Moe Macalester College
Frances C. McMullen State Teachers College, Slippery Rock, Pa.	Max V. Kemling Chicago Medical Center	Ethel Ristine Univ. of California at Los Angeles, Calif.	Carol Cort University of Minnesota
Jean Ogden State College, Pa.	Gene Durham Northwestern Univ.	Ada Joe Shaw Univ. of Southern California	Norma Hanson Hamline University
Helen Switzer Lander College	Larry Eisenberg Garrett Biblical Institute	Nancy Watenpugh San Diego (Cal.) State College	Ina Lee Mason Jones Junior College (Miss.)
Antoinette Jones Winthrop College	Cyrintha Terry Evansville College	Ralph Fellersen College of Pacific	Harvey Fitzpatrick Copiah-Lincoln Junior College
Charles Blackmon Spartanburg Junior College	Otto Steele DePauw University	Ralph Nichols Whittier College	Reid Bingham Polly Stroud Millsaps College
Haley Thomas Wofford College	Virginia Boyd Ball State Teachers College (Ind.)	Margaret Avina Colorado State College of Education	Malcolm G. Pittman, Jr. Central College (Missouri)
Grace Grosvenor South Dakota State School of Mines	Mabel Duryea Purdue University	William Hilmes University of Colorado	Ruth Marie Dyer Central Missouri State Teachers Col- lege
B. A. Davis University of South Dakota	Jane Rogers Simpson College	Pat Witherspoon University of Denver (Col.)	Betty Chandler Montana State University
Godfrey Tietze University of Chattanooga	Sigrid Stark Iowa Wesleyan	Oraellen Andrews Colorado State College	Margaret W. Arnold University of Nebraska
Frances Yaw Searritt College	Keith Irvin Cornell College (Iowa)	Glenn Massengale Yale University	Arthur Motott Brothers College Drew University
Jewell Posey McMurry College	Mrs. Kay M. Crabb Morningside College	Dorothy Tobias Texas College of Arts and Industries	Robert B. Appleyard Union Seminary (N. Y. C.)
Virginia Oglesby Marvin Clark University of Texas	Jim Hadley and John Sinclair Baker University	Bill Rollwage Texas Technological College	Richard Hudson Syracuse University
Kathleen McWhirter East Texas State Teachers College	Wilbur Brown Emporia Teachers College (Kan.)	George J. Steinman Stephen F. Austin College	Joe Lasley Brevard College
Howard Williams Southern Methodist University	Bob Mingle Kansas State College	Laura Lucas Virginia Polytechnic Institute	Harris Proctor Duke University
Jane Hooks North Texas State Teachers College Texas State College for Women	Wm. Hall Kansas Wesleyan	Jane Hand Madison College (Va.)	Ella Mae Norman Woman's College (N. C.)
Ruth Young Texas Wesleyan College	Joyce Resler Southwestern College	Pauline Walker College of William and Mary	Kitty Wilson Greensboro College (N. C.)
Milton Winkler Southwestern University	Paul Cox Western Kentucky State Teachers College	Jerry Dunlap University of Washington	Annie Audrey Stephenson E. C. T. C., Greenville, N. C.
Betty Kennett University of Wisconsin	Jean Watson Kentucky Wesleyan College	T. J. Hopson West Virginia University	Enos Winfrey State College, Raleigh, N. C.
	Anne Dorman Louisiana State University	Melvin Risinger West Virginia Wesleyan	