

motive

THE time is now! Stirrings in the lives of most of us, disturbing ideas that will not let us rest, a feeling of time flying, and opportunity knocking and knocking. What stirrings? What time? What disturbance? What opportunity? The falling structures of our society send back the answers and the noise echoes in our ears. To whom shall we turn for help? Where shall we find the companionship and the association of kindred spirits who feel the same yearnings in their souls? Shall we find it in the fellowship of the church?

Now, more than ever before in the history of the modern world, the organized forces of religion have the chance to be the positive, constructive agencies that alone will form the foundation and undergird the structure of our emerging new world. We have a right to look to the church for leadership. Questionings come. In this crisis moment, what is the value of the leadership of the church? Where are the demonstrations of peace, of non-violence, of constructive action that are building for the world order of the future? Where is the program of organized religion for a new world in terms of action that is affecting the last remaining free countries left in the world? How much has the church in general become the pawn of the state? Are the prophetic voices in the pulpit less and less audible? Is it apparent that the leaders of the church are ceasing to cry out against the paganism of our world? Is it too late for action? Is it too late?

The time is now. There is a saving remnant! Some ministers are not preaching what their congregations wish to hear. Some are bold enough to preach the gospel of Christ in terms of contemporary living, shaming us into a realization of our devastating sins. This is the minority, the blessed minority that will be the saving remnant of Christianity.

It is to this saving remnant that the students who have a sense of mission must turn. The time is now for a real counter revolution in the church. The time is now when Christian students must gird up their loins and prepare for the new witness of Christ that must be made if the future peace is to be worth the price we are paying for it. This will be a small minority movement—but it can be the strongest, most powerful force that the world has seen. It must place its trust in a power of spirit that is more effective than any armed violence! It must send out new missionaries to the world—missionaries living a way of life that does not compromise with existing conditions. They must be witnesses of the spirit for a new life that is founded on love and understanding. They must be the emissaries of brotherhood that will be a living demonstration of what some future world order will be.

The time is now! A new sense of mission may take thousands of students out into the world—to the orient and to Illinois, to Europe and to New York. A new missionary movement may be the saving remnant of the new vitalizing force in Christianity, the new reformation for the new world. This will take vision and imagination, a new consecration and a new dedication.

It will take sacrifice and discipline! The time is now! Who feels the stirrings? Who bides his time? Who sees the opportunity?—H.A.E.

Richard Terrill Baker of New York City is guest editor of this number of motive. Mr. Baker's intimate acquaintance with world affairs, both in the orient and occident as a Pulitzer Traveling Fellow, his subsequent trip to Europe and the Amsterdam Conference, his position as assistant secretary in the Division of Education and Cultivation of the Board of Missions and Church Extension of the Methodist Church, his magazine experience as assistant editor of World Outlook, and his writing in his book, The Seed and the Soil—all of these are evidence of his qualifications to edit a number of the magazine dealing with the student and the new sense of mission.

Call to Aggression

"You will receive power when the holy Spirit comes upon you, and you will be my witnesses at Jerusalem, throughout all Judea and Samaria, and to the end of the earth."

—Acts 1: 8. Moffatt's translation.

He put another parable before them. "The Realm of heaven," he said, "is like a grain of mustard-seed which a man takes and sows in his field. It is less than any seed on earth, but when it grows up it is larger than any plant, it becomes a tree, so large that the wild birds come and roost in its branches."

—Matthew 13: 31, 32. Moffatt's translation.

True religion never denies but rather fulfills fundamental human needs and aspirations. We need to discover from what and to what we need to be saved. Adjustment to the accepted values and practices of the present is not enough. We are made to go forward, to transform the present. Because we are divine as well as human we must transform any present expression of life to approach that toward which life moves. However, we cannot build the new without the data from the past any more easily than we can make bricks without straw. The aspiration of youth needs the testimony of experience.

—Grace Loucks Elliott in *Woman's Press*, April, 1941.

To be able to see the world in a grain of sand or in the blue, ethereal sky—a planet lost among the stars—is to possess a perspective that saves us from despair. We see God at work in an ordered universe where "a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past."

But the world we live in is close to us—a disorderly complexity of human desires—and we are part of it. It is interesting to find that our word for "world" originally meant "life," and that the Chinese character for world has in it the same original meaning. One's world was one's life. Man was early grasping at a concept too big for him—the existence of other men beyond his tribe or nation, who wanted the same things he wanted and would fight to get them. Probably there was no warmth in the original term, only hostility and fear. The church gave the word warmth. It went out "into the world" with a message of love and peace.

—Carolyn Allen, "International Life Lines," in *Woman's Press*, October, 1941.

The Editor of This Number Interprets the New Sense of Mission

Richard T. Baker

THERE'S a lot of talk going around about aggression. I believe in it. And the thing I can't understand about my generation is why they do not believe in it, too. They seem to be afraid of the word. True, it has come to be a monopoly of the militarists, and the Germans have not particularly helped enhance its connotation.

But that's just the point. I still believe in it. If any force is ever going to step into the field against militarism, against totalitarianism, against cynicism and brutality, it's got to be itself an aggression.

I'm so convinced about this that I'm not going to water down my case by the usual yes-but's. Aggressors run all the risks of imperialism, of violence against the aggressed-upon. But I'm for running those risks rather than never to run at all. Frankly, I think we've been doing the latter quite long enough now.

All things in life have a will to expand within them. The opposite is death. Biology is a good analogy. There are two billion proofs walking around on the earth today who attest this expansive principle on the simplest level of human life. Think of the arrogance of a little cell. Constantly it says to the whole world, "I'm so good I ought to be two instead of one." Whereupon it becomes two. Isn't that imperialistic of a cell, now?

Or take history. Which is just a little bit broader picture of the movements of men. History is an eternity of aggressions, one upon the others. It is not a static frieze of events, one set position following another. It is not a still photograph. It is a moving of forces, in continual interplay, and the only constants are the patterns of movement among those forces. Sometimes, regrettably, those forces are military and imperialistic. At other times, the force has been that of Calvary. But they are all forces with an aggressive will within the heart of each. The aggression which I am talking about is not a military one; but it's an aggression!

* * *

Where does this lead us?

Right here. We have been flattering ourselves about a sharp new insight into the nature of the Christian household; we have discovered the world Christian community. We have spread our discovery all about. Volumes of literature have been written to prove the truth of it. And I'm worried.

Maybe it was an important discovery. I guess it was for us. But it will lose its great significance if it doesn't get another important discovery alongside it.

The world Christian community, to speak in meanings, is a formal concept. It is a structure, a noun-phrase, a thing with body, limits, parts. It just sits.

The corollary it needs to make it powerful is the concept of aggression, growth, movement. Semantically, again: these concepts are vitalistic, dynamic, moving out, expanding.

Please understand that this is no mere exercise in words. Two very important patterns of thought are evident here, patterns which register in the practical daily affairs of all of us.

To illustrate. We can all believe in a world Christian community, can praise it, can flatter ourselves about the fact it is, can make committees and study groups to examine it. Come to the question, however, of where that community came from, what nurtured it, what gave it rise, what sustains it today, what is its life blood, and what gives it promise for advance, and we are talking a new language. This is the aggressive force. This is what makes young men and women get into the bloodstream of world community, to give themselves for it, to sacrifice and die, to go!

* * *

You can see where I'm heading in. No amount of admiration for a static concept—world friendship or world fellowship or world Christian community—will reconstruct the world today. We must have again men and women who will go. The church calls them missionaries. Perhaps the word has bad connotations. The idea does not. It's the only idea for these times, or we can quit fooling ourselves about a community of Christians who can bring order to the world. (We need aggressors for Christ.)

This may mean the end of a lot of easy tolerance. There are ways to invade a man which do not violate his personality, but fulfill it. It's time we tried some of these ways, with God's help. We have long enough compromised at every turn with paganism and rationalized our behavior by calling it tolerance. I can see the danger at this point, but who's afraid?

Today's missionary must be the same old zealous spirit as ever. He has one witness, and this must be the life of him. His job is to make that witness known, to put it down among the interplaying forces which are determining history today. He must not do violence to others by mistaking his own judgments for God's will. He stands under God right alongside the pagan. The only difference is that he is telling what he knows, the One Thing, and living aggressively the kind of a life he is talking about. That's his aggression.

We don't want rice Christians, but we want convinced ones. When we threw out the rice, we seem to have thrown out conviction with it. A job of proper winnowing here will get us back to calories. And we need a few.

There will be a lot of talk at Urbana, and throughout the universities this year, about the world Christian community. When you hear that talk, remember the more important corollary: what made it, what gives it life today, what marches it into the future?

The Christian aggressors.

Until you are willing to take part in this aggression yourself, stop deluding yourself about the world Christian community.

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, with Madame Chiang and her two sisters, Madame Sun Yat-sen and Madame H. H. Kung. These are the three famous Soong sisters. Photo courtesy of *World Outlook*.



January, 1942

source

It appears that there are a number of historical parallels to this rising missionary interest in the midst of war. Our own Centenary emphasis grew up at the end of the last war. The end of the eighteenth century saw the beginnings of the ruthless march to power of Napoleon Bonaparte. But it also saw William Carey off to India. In the middle of the thirteenth century the sixth crusade was forming to cross swords with Islam. At the same time, Raymond Lull, first great missionary to the Moslems, was crossing into North Africa to bear a different kind of message to the followers of Mohammed. It is interesting to observe how the Christian conscience is frequently stirred to a passionate outburst of power at the moment our culture is engaged in demonstrating our greatest sin. We feel that there are already signs of this increasing missionary zeal in our country, and we are encouraged by it. At the same time, we are humbled by it and brought prayerfully into the presence of what may be the greatest opportunity and task of a generation.

—Report of the secretaries, Joint Division of Education and Cultivation of the Board of Missions and Church Extension of the Methodist Church, 1940-41.

It became steadily clearer to me that I had not the inward right to take as a matter of course my happy youth, my good health, and my power of work. Out of the depths of my feeling of happiness there grew up gradually within me an understanding of the saying of Jesus, that we must not treat our lives as being for ourselves alone. Whoever is spared personal pain must feel himself called to help in diminishing the pain of others. We must all carry our share of the misery which lies upon the world. The decision was made when I was twenty. In that year, while still a student, I resolved to devote my life till I was thirty to the office of preacher, to science, and to music. If by that time I should have done what I hoped in science and music, I would take a path of immediate service to my fellow men.

—Albert Schweitzer, *Memoirs of Childhood and Youth*. Macmillan.

And the answer to that prayer will, perhaps, surprise us when it comes. For I am not sure after all, whether one of the causes of our weak faith is not a secret wish that our faith should not be very strong. Is there some reservation in our minds? Some fear of what it might be like if our religion became quite real?

—*World Dominion*, September-October, 1941.

I am an American. I am of one race and of all races. I am heir to a great estate. I am free and bound to the wheel of a great responsibility. I turn. I look back across the oceans. Are they not my people, too, all of them?

I am an American. I cannot let the challenge drop. I cannot say I am not as other men and their tribulations do not concern me. I cannot say I am free—let others be slaves for all of me.

—From an article in the *New York Times* by R. L. Duffus. Reprinted in *Woman's Press*, July-August, 1941.

In going through its present trials the Christian Church in Japan is becoming truly Japanese. The inevitable early stage of foreignness, of alien patterns of life and thought and organization, is passing. With the celebration of the year 1940 as the 2,600th anniversary of the founding of the nation, the Christians have become more aware than ever before of the wealth of cultural tradition from their long past which their ancestors have bequeathed to them. While not taking their classic literature as another Old Testament, they are nevertheless finding in it rich stores of material to reinforce and illustrate the Christian revelation. The wise use of this in evangelism lies before the church.

Community *mores*, in relation to heroes and ancestors, and anniversaries and celebrations centering around the local fanes are coming to be scrutinized, judged, and some of them accepted by the church. Without relinquishing any essential Christian values the members of the churches are rooting their Christian experience in the soil of the community. . . .

With the new orientation of the Japanese Christian movement toward its own society has come a new sense of mission to serve. The national crisis has taken people's thoughts off themselves, and to a large degree the church has saved its life by losing it in service. The relief of wounded, widowed and orphaned takes much time and money. Amid the slipping moral ideals of the people at large the Christians are raising prophetic voices for temperance, purity, honesty, thrift and self-control. Their work has been so conspicuous that the moral leadership of the Christian religion has come to stand out in sharp relief against the spiritual apathy of the older faiths—even though its members are outnumbered a hundred to one. . . .

A new strength and self-respect has come to the Japanese Christian movement since those fateful days of August, 1940, when it went through the fires of suspicion as a fifth column. . . . The

Turn About Missionary

A Japanese Christian Interprets His People

Kuranosuke Sasaki

IT was one day in July, 1936, just before I left Japan for America. I was attending a Y.M.C.A. summer camp at Gotemba, a resort near Mount Fuji. I was enjoying the last few days in Japan at the cool and quiet camp, away from the penetrating heat of Tokyo. I was happy and full of expectation and enthusiasm for going to America for my further education. Just to think that I was going to the United States and to study at an American university gave me excitement and thrill.

I was proud of my special privilege of studying abroad, a privilege possible only for a few Japanese students. Therefore, I was more than glad to talk about my future plans and schedule of my trip to America when I met an old American missionary who happened to be at the camp that day. I told him how happy I was and how much fun and good time I would have in America. He told me that he was glad to meet me who was going to study in his homeland. Then, he held my hands in his and talked to me tenderly with a fatherly smile on his face:

"Sasaki—san," he said, "you are going to America as a missionary!"

"What? Missionary?" I exclaimed with surprise. "But why?" After all, I thought, I was going to the United States, a Christian country; a country of liberty, freedom, brotherhood; a country from which we welcomed many missionaries. Why should I, an insignificant student, be a missionary to America? I could not understand.

"Yes," he continued, "you must go there as a missionary. America needs missionaries, too. You will find that out when you get there."

It was a puzzling statement. I could not figure it out. It scared me and gave me a certain doubt of my seemingly bright and exciting future life in America. If the United States needed missionaries, what was the use of my going there to study Christianity?

As the time of my departure approached, however, I pushed the question aside by saying, "O well, I'll find out when I get there."

* * *

The United States of America, as I had expected, was a big country. It was so big that this little fellow from Japan often got mixed up and bewildered. It was quite different from what I had anticipated. I thought the Americans were all alike—nice and kind like the missionaries I used to know back home. But they were not. Unlike the Japanese, who all have black hair and yellow faces, some Americans were white, some black, yellow or brown. Though different in color, they were all Americans just the same. I also thought that the Americans spoke English, but they didn't. Especially the collegiate language of bull sessions was so unique and American that even "Bill" Shakespeare would not have understood. How ingenious they were, I thought.

As my adventurous days in America went by, however, I felt more and more at home among those easy-going, good-natured and happy American students. They were friendly and easy to get along with. But one thing always stuck in my mind, that remark of the old missionary: "You must go to America as a missionary. America needs missionaries. You will find that out when you get there."

Yes, I did discover in America something I did not know when I was in Japan, good as well as bad.

At the college where I was studying, we had lectures, forums, discussion meetings on national and international as well as religious problems quite frequently, but they were poorly responded to by the students. When we had a series of lectures on marriage and love, however, practically the whole student body attended with amazing enthusiasm. I suppose it was largely due to the fact, according to a campus survey by the sociology class, that nearly fifty per cent of the co-eds were either "engaged" or "understood." Therefore, they must have been more interested in the problems of marriage and love than those of uncomfortable national and international affairs, or of serious religious questions. Life was happy for them. What concerned them most was their immediate future—a good job and happy marriage. Of course you could not blame them. It was before the war in Europe.

The college was a Methodist institution. I believe it was the best Methodist college in the world! It has wonderful traditions and history. It had excellent faculty members and fine students. It produced many business men, educators, ministers, missionaries and bishops. And yet, not all the students were Christians. A certain faculty member said, "Practically all the students in our college are members of some churches, but few are true Christians. You know, there is a difference between being a member of a church and being a Christian." There surely is a difference! The church membership is a membership. It does not show our inner faith or depth of our conviction. And gradually I came to realize that what that white haired missionary had told me was true.

* * *

If a missionary is to be sent out only when his country becomes perfectly Christian, I, coming from a so-called pagan country, have no right to be a missionary. However, if we interpret the term in a broad sense, any Christian who would share his Christian faith and experience with his fellow men and work for His sake can be called a "missionary." It implies not only to give but to take. It must be a mutual experience of sharing in the spirit of love and co-operation. If love means giving only, it becomes philanthropy. Love and brotherhood must be mutual experiences of men.

When the war was started in China four years ago, some of my friends pitied me. Some despised me because of my nationality. Some told me bluntly they did not like "Japs." Some believed in Democracy rather than God. Some insisted that the true Christianity was possible *only* in a democratic country, clearly suggesting that there were no true Christians in such a country as Japan. To them I made no replies. I simply said to myself, if Christianity were not possible in non-democratic countries, we could not have Christianity today. Was the Roman empire in which Jesus lived and preached and where was laid the first cornerstone of the Christian church, a democratic country? How about all the states in which our great Christian leaders and saints lived and worked? Were they all democracies? And just what is happening within the United States, the champion of the democracies?

Recently I received a letter from a very good friend of mine. She is the wife of a young Christian minister. She and her husband are preparing themselves to be missionaries. She says in her letter:

"You said you feared the time was not far off when we in this country would know what it meant to suffer for our convictions. How true that is. The greatest feeling of despair comes . . . when you feel that a gulf of understanding yawns between sincere Christians and you find you no longer talk the same language. The circle of those with whom you can speak volumes in a few brief words grows smaller and smaller. It has seemed to me increasingly this year that everywhere I turned I felt estrangement, saw the inconsistencies of people's standards and their actions, their vain rationalizations, their approaching doom. The heart of our civilization is rotten, soured, and we who view its pollution with horror sink with it because of our own weakness, powerless to find redemption for ourselves or for our world. It is this bewildering sense of

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church and school leaders decided that . . . the price of severed ties and added financial burdens . . . must be paid if the young Christian movement was to establish itself in the confidence and respect of the nation. So, in the most sympathetic and brotherly way the steps were taken. . . .

. . . Now, under the new gravity of the national and world situation, Christian institutions have seemed suddenly to grow up. With an ease that conceals the struggle the load has been slung onto the shoulders and the Christian movement is striding forward with no loss of any work so far as we know. . . .

The most far-reaching and dramatic change was the uniting of the Protestant bodies—forty-one of them in a single Christian church. . . .

We expect great things of this new church. Its strength, its witness, and its types of work will be profoundly affected by events to come both within Japan and in the larger arena of world relationships. We believe it will prove worthy of our fullest confidence and support. It has no intention permanently of weakening relations with us either through withdrawal of missionary personnel or through the complete cutting off of financial assistance. If world affairs return to normal our bonds with the Japanese Christians should become ever closer. . . .

—Charles Wheeler Iglehart, missionary to Japan, in *Christian World Facts*, 1941. Foreign Missions Conference of North America.

Probably the most important work I was able to do in Japan consisted of certain private interviews which I had with Japanese officials, very high in their government, who were against their own military and eager to corroborate the details of their army's actions in China, as well as Chiang's attitude toward themselves. At these times, I was the one to be interviewed, to answer questions and give reports. Their own attitude sometimes astonished me. One internationally known Japanese (and he was not alone in his opinions) begged me to "return to your country and implore your people to place a complete embargo on all war materials to our government. We who are fighting our own military do not have our people behind us, for they know nothing of our crimes against China. We fight alone and in secret. A physical restriction upon our 'incident' may be the one weapon with which we could force our army out of power. Do not fear that we will wage war upon you for your act. My people are war-weary, in no mood for conflict with the United States. An

embargo would really be an act of mercy to us as well as an act of justice to China."

Most humble among my listeners were the Christians. The majority of Japan's Christians have backed their government's policies in China, partly through ignorance of the true situation there, partly through fear of persecution. They do not believe that it is a Christian's job to mix into political matters and let himself be executed for a cause which seems to him not to concern his church in the least. But there were a few—very few—who would not compromise their Christianity. They suffered private agony from the actions of their own people. They prayed for China's victory.
—Joy Homer, *Dawn Watch in China*. Houghton Mifflin, 1941.

Japan: In no country and in no Christian movement has the year 1941 marked the end of an era as clearly as it does in Japan. On January first, all foreign mission executives in Japan had to relinquish their posts, and all overseas financial aid to Japanese Christians was formally cut off—though a trickle of funds continued until America and Japan froze each other's funds in July.

In April, nine eminent Japanese Christians came to Riverside, California, for an epochal conference with sixteen leading American Christians. As the religion editor of *Time*, I was the only correspondent who attended that conference. . . . I came away convinced that Japan's Protestants can be trusted to work out their own destiny without compromising their own essential Christian witness. . . .

No churchman in either Japan or America thinks that foreign missionaries will ever again be dominant in Japan. But Japan's Christians are now supporting themselves and are also pressing a vigorous evangelistic movement headed by Kagawa. Its six aims for 1941: (1) an aggressive campaign to give the gospel to the masses; (2) a series of retreats clear across the Japanese Empire; (3) an extension of the program in North China; (4) development of the peasant gospel-school movement; (5) promotion of the Domestic Evangelistic Society; (6) evangelistic programs for youth.

But perhaps the most important development of the whole Riverside Conference was its proclamation that the Protestant churches of Japan and the United States may continue their Christian fellowship even though their countries are tragically close to war. The Japanese delegation found "an ever deepening mutual experience of the fact that we are one in Christ."

—Sam Welles, religion editor of *Time*, in *Christian World Facts*.

estrangement from the world and yet identification with it which is at once our despair and our hope."

I believe, as she does, America, too, is facing a great spiritual crisis. What we need is a spiritual revolution. And it is only possible by those of us who believe in Jesus. We are different in many ways from each other. But when we come to realize the oneness in the Lord, we can promote our fellowship. And, it is this Christian friendship that I treasure most. I learned many things, studied and gained something valuable in America. But it is not a degree or a diploma that justifies my coming to America. It is the growing friendship with my American brothers.

* * *

Today, the dark and sad cloud is gathering rapidly over the Pacific Ocean. It seems that my country and yours are being forced into an open conflict. But regardless of what happens between the two nations, our faith in God should not change. It is difficult to be a Christian nowadays. But if we are true followers of Jesus, we must pay the price for the privilege with our own lives. We must bear the cross and march on step by step.

It may sound incongruous to you to hear those words from a Japanese. But I, as a younger brother of you American Christians, am trying desperately to do my bit. I came to this country supposedly as a "missionary." But I confess with deep humiliation my inadequacy and impotency. I humbly pray on my knees, that God will give us courage and strength so that we young Christians can stand up against evils and witness the cross. And I trust that the American Christian students are also willing to bear the heavy burdens. Believe me, no matter what happens between our two nations, we also remain your brothers.

We shall continue to sing loudly, "Are Ye Able?" with all our hearts, minds and strength. Can you hear our singing, "Lord, we are able. . . ." Can you hear us sing? Can you hear our cry?

College the Hard Way

The Life of a Refugee Student in China

Yin Shan-gu

Miss Yin wrote the above address to American friends a year ago when she was a junior at Ginling College in West China. Ginling's campus is normally in the city of Nanking. Sacked and plundered, Nanking fell to the invaders, and Ginling moved inland 1,500 miles. Students, texts, equipment went along. Miss Yin gave the above message at a dedication of the student center on her new campus in Chengtu.

IN the summer of 1937, I left my native city, Hangchow—one of the most beautiful spots in China. I picked up my little bundle and looked back at my home once more, knowing that it might be greatly changed by the Japanese when I came back again. Mother told me to be careful and brave. "Above all," she said, "be cheerful always. It is the way to meet our own difficulties and those of our country." Thus I began my wandering life over half of this giant China. As the Japanese pushed farther inland, I fled with the refugees.

I wandered for one whole year, doing all kinds of work that I had never dreamed of doing before. I taught the poor refugees in the villages where I stayed, and gave them some medical aid. I joined the Red Cross work when I was in the cities. I helped the newspapers in translating news

from abroad. News came of the death of two of my family in one week. Life was very hard. At last, I succeeded in coming back to my own college to study again.

Now I have been here for almost two years. I find my comrades as cheerful as I am. Students in Chengtu have never before worn such old clothes, but we are comfortable enough. Our food is poorer than before, but we are not starved. There are few books, but we copy what we need. In the laboratory, we have no gas, no running water, little apparatus and few chemicals, but we have managed to finish all our experiments. On this campus, many war songs have been composed on worn-out baby organs, and the music students can sing as much as they wish—if they cannot find a piano to play on. We are cheerful because life is hard and we are proving to be capable of meeting it. We are too busy to lament over the personal sorrows brought by the war and the national losses that Japan has caused us. We have a great deal to do besides our lessons. We take part in the propaganda work for the farmers, sew garments for the soldiers, and visit the families of the soldiers—to look after their needs and cares. War has shown us that we have more ability than we guessed.

Most of all, we are happy because we have faith in our future. Oh, yes, China will win the war, and there will be much for us to do when it is over. We are to reconstruct China! We will laugh and sing and work hard together to fight for the final conquest.

We appreciate very much the opportunity of sharing our experiences with the people of the Western democracies. We hope you will remain our friends as you have in the past. We thank you from the bottom of our hearts.

Fellow

The Story of the Christian Colleges of China

Joy Hume

WHEN a soldier dashes forward under fire and captures an enemy outpost, he may be given a gold medal to wear, and be called a hero. But when a college professor quietly leads his students to a dugout when the siren sounds, and carries on an interrupted lecture, or when the scientist picks up the broken test tubes of two years' research from the floor of his laboratory, and laughs at his bad luck as he starts over again, nobody thinks of calling him a hero.

Today in China, the students and teachers of thirteen Christian colleges are in a very real sense struggling for China's liberation. Many of them are exposed to physical danger, especially when they work with the first aid corps and the ambulance units. Far more are exposed to the wounds of malaria, typhoid, tuberculosis and the other scourges of exposed and undernourished bodies. For rice costs so much that many cannot afford more than one or two scant meals a day. The students wear rough and insufficient clothing. They live several in a room. For desks they count themselves lucky if they can share an old table with several others; for books they stand in line, or sign up weeks in advance for a chance to read some basic text.

Sun Yat-sen once said to students, "Study, but do not neglect to serve the country; serve the country, but do not neglect to study." Students of the Christian colleges in China today are sharpening the steel of their minds,

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This year we are sponsoring an extraordinary appeal in behalf of 196 middle schools (Christian supported high schools) in China involving more than 50,000 students and at least 12,000 teachers and staff. The graduates of these middle schools are the principal source for students in our colleges and for leaders in the church in China. The entire program of Christian education will be severely handicapped without these Christian middle schools. . . .

Costs of personal living and general administration of the colleges have mounted rapidly during this year—alarmingly so. . . . There is a serious war inflation in China and some areas are threatened by famine. Prices have risen to eighteen times their pre-war average in some areas. In the meantime, the American dollar has not increased proportionately in value relative to Chinese currency. . . .

The result is that we must greatly increase our giving to China. The Christian colleges must have \$450,000 to enable them to maintain their work for the Chinese people during the year 1941-42.

—Associated Boards for Christian Colleges in China, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The war of resistance against Japanese invasion has profoundly changed the very thought life of China's millions. The old prejudice and opposition to Christianity are entirely gone in both "occupied" and "free" China. This is especially true of the student classes.

The fact that Sun Yat-sen, the father of the Republic, was an earnest Christian and that Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, at whose name all students spring to their feet, is also a Christian, has had a profound influence on the student mind. The great contribution of the church and the work of the missionaries during the war years has silenced whatever remained of former criticisms. Many of the highest government officials are Christians and former critics now have their children in Christian schools. All doors are open. The student response is unprecedented. It is almost a mass movement. The Chinese Church and foreign missions should at once prepare socially-minded evangelists, who love both Christ and youth, for the great open student field in China. One hundred such evangelists could not possibly meet the challenge. The new student response to Christianity is probably the greatest challenge to Christianity in our day and generation.

—Stanton Lautenschlager, Presbyterian mission, Chengtu, West China.

January, 1942



Ginling students take a short cut, leaving their rickshas to follow by the highway. Photos courtesy of *World Outlook*.

source

What are the problems facing Chinese students? First, there is a certain war weariness; the glamor of the trek to Free China has worn off, and students must make up their minds to stick to it. Secondly, there is some conflict between migrant students and the local people. This intermixing of provinces is one of China's growing pains. Third, a dissatisfaction at the uncertainty of China's educational policy, and a fear that freedom of thought may not always be so widespread as it is now. Fourthly, the war in China and Europe leaves people in an intellectual turmoil. Some are attracted to Hitler's methods and the more the Germans are successful the greater will be his attraction, though most Chinese stick firmly to democratic beliefs. Communism is also a problem to face. Students are perplexed whether to join the Sun Yat-sen youth corps or the communist party, or whether if they are Christians they should stay out of politics altogether. All these things, together with questions about Christianity, are being talked about, written about, made into drama. A door is open in people's minds, but it may not be open forever, and if Christianity depends on its European and American expressions it may be jeopardized by the war. Only a supra-national faith which is in fact the experience of countless Christians, can save China from the forces of oppression within and without which have so long lain at her door.

—Gilbert H. Baker, missionary in diocese of Hankow, Episcopal Church, in *Christian World Facts*.

to go forth as doctors, engineers, teachers, political leaders—masters of a special skill, but also thinking citizens, alert to vast world issues. But even during their student years, these young men and women are serving the people of their country. Many of them leave the classroom at three in the afternoon, and work until eight or nine with the first aid corps of their neighborhood. Many others give up summer vacation months to teach in the villages, to help with medical work at the front, to carry on agricultural projects.

These are the *new scholars of China!* They are no longer lounging in isolated comfort, dreaming while their brothers sweat and struggle. The potentialities of the Chinese masses are being released, writes a thoughtful professor from one of our colleges, by the intellectuals willing to give themselves in service to aid, instruct and serve them, study their needs, work with them. They are "working towards a new Chinese culture rooted deep in land and labor but also carrying in its veins the best spiritual qualities of inherited Chinese culture and transplanted Western culture."

HEROES IN PLAIN CLOTHES

To the teachers and administrators of the thirteen Christian colleges in China—special mention for heroism, heroism not only in the dugout, but in the world of ideas as well. For five years they have dodged bombs, defied the hardships of war, wrestled with budgets, and worked, all the while, to give their students a cool understanding of international events, and an insight into the Christian way of life. This fall faculty salaries will buy only one tenth of the rice and vegetables, the clothing and fuel and teaching supplies, which they bought formerly. American friends are trying to see to it that these plainclothes heroes of China get funds sufficient for their simple necessities, so that they can carry on the magnificent job which they have undertaken.

HOW MUCH IS \$450,000?

The thirteen Christian colleges of China need \$450,000 to carry on their work this year. They need this money to train nine thousand of China's finest minds for expert and far-sighted leadership. They need it to minister to the torn bodies and hungry mouths of refugees in university hospitals and social service centers. They need it so that their agriculturalists can go on helping the farmer to bring forth richer produce from his soil, and so that their engineers can design better machinery for the new co-operative industries. They also need it so that they can continue to make their campuses the strongholds of art and philosophy and religion, the sources of those spiritual values without which China's armies would ultimately falter.

How much is \$450,000? It is the cost of four heavy tanks for the American army. It is what the United States is spending *every twenty-five minutes, day and night*, for its defense production. And that same amount will sustain the work of the thirteen Christian colleges and universities of China for *an entire year!*

American students have an unusual opportunity before them to co-operate with the work of the China colleges. Even though, individually, they do not have much money to share with students abroad, there is a way in which they can join together in a significant service. They can get their college to "adopt" a fellow college in China, as Yale and Wellesley and Oberlin and other institutions have already done, and each year they can see that their alma mater sends funds to help its fellow college in the orient to keep going. This is much more than a relief job. This is a chance to do constructive work with a meaning for the future, even in the midst of world war! It is up to the thoughtful Christian student to see that his college shares in this great investment in living democracy.

(For information on the "Fellow College" idea, write to the Department of Student Work, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.—Editor.)

The Greater Challenge

Parts of a Speech by an American in Peking

Eleanor Shaw

Miss Shaw is at present a junior at Stephens College, Missouri. She came to America this year, from China, where her father is a missionary and where she has lived all her life. The following is extracted from an address which Miss Shaw, then a high school senior, gave at the annual youth service of the Union Church of Peking in June.

THOSE of us who are fortunate enough to have been brought up here in Peking have acquired a priceless international outlook, which will remain with us throughout life. We can never forget the Chinese friends we have made, nor the friends of other nationalities. Here Occidental and Oriental pull together. In sports, social life, and studies we are one united whole. If such co-operation is possible among a small group of individuals, surely large groups of individuals can do the same! Not only are we firm believers in the necessity for international good will because of our friendships, but also because we are in the midst of war. Daily we are made aware of its evils.

Several of my friends who have gone home to college from here expressed their opinion of American young people as being "so darn provincial in their outlook." That, in a country like America, where there are unlimited opportunities to learn about the world at large!

Chinese refugees begin life again by learning new trades. The Methodist Overseas Relief assists in this work.

January, 1942

source

A wartime student says:

"In my college, there is nothing that cannot be settled. In case you have an urgent need, such as no money for buying bread this noon, you may go to the Committee this morning to have a 'short loan.' If you cannot pay your dormitory fee, you may go to live in the attic and sleep on the south porch just one story below your attic if you like to sleep in the open air. . . . It is hard to feel that you are a lonely or helpless person or a stranger far from your own home.

"There is an ideal place for you to go at your leisure. You may drop in at the morning chapel or the Sunday chapel services, no matter whether you believe in God or not. You just listen to the prayer with humble heart and sing loudly and a real paradise will appear before you. The quiet, the grandeur of the chapel will refresh your soul and the feeling of goodwill towards men will help you to make up your mind to go steadily and to stand by goodness forever."

—The China Colleges, Spring, 1941. Associated Boards for Christian Colleges in China, New York City.

First of all, and above all, the church is here to evangelize the world.

—William Temple, Archbishop of York.



From an occupied city where doctors of the Nanking University hospital have stayed behind, while the rest of the institution moved west, to carry on quietly the ministry of healing, comes an earnest message. "At no time in the history of the hospital was there ever such an opportunity for Christian service: for bringing peace where there is no peace, and for bringing comfort to the tortured and dying. . . . For months each one of the foreign staff served on duty every third night in addition to carrying the burdens of each day's tragedies. . . ."

* * * *

No area of social service presents deeper needs or more compelling opportunities to the Christian colleges than that which we call "rural reconstruction"—service to the country people of China. From every campus students are radiating out into the countryside to work, to experiment, to heal, to teach. Yenching University's department of education is training leaders in rural reconstruction, and it has opened two experiment stations in nearby villages. Here are classes for both children and adults, and here also a public health program is carried on. There are two factories—one for making peanut butter, and the other for cross-stitch work. Far to the southwest, Ginning College and the University of Nanking are building up another rural experiment center in the village of Jenshow. Both colleges are attempting not only to serve the local community, but to work out techniques for experimentation which may be applied to other communities. . . . The University of Nanking is also developing a special school to train industrial co-operative leaders, and in its engineering laboratories trained scientists are working far into the night to perfect practical and simple machines for the co-operative workers.

* * * *

Service to the community! That is the keynote of the Fukien University and Hwa Nan College students who give up vacations to work in country clinics and village schools, of the Nanking students who scale mountains and tramp endless roads in carrying on their visual education projects. It is the spirit behind the Huachung students who are working with their teachers to improve the oil lamp and the age-old waterwheel of China, of the Lingnan students who raised \$20,000 to buy winter clothing for soldiers and refugees.

* * * *

The Christian colleges of China, like other institutions of higher learning which have survived the white heat of the

Youth of the totalitarian countries are well-disciplined, by harsh masters. We need discipline, too, but it must be self-inflicted discipline. The hardest fight in life is the fight against oneself. It is far easier to have someone tell you what to do than to make yourself do it.

Where are we to obtain the will-power we're going to need? We must have faith in a God of love, wisdom, justice, who will give us strength, moral, mental, or physical, as we need it; and who will always help us to be our best selves. Belief in one all-powerful God is the basis for all the other qualities of personality that we'll need to keep us from hating and fighting our fascist neighbors.

Science has made great contributions to life, but science has also made horrible contributions to death. Upon us will rest the responsibility for directing science into *constructive* and not *destructive* channels. And our best selves must do the directing.

Besides a basic, unshakable faith in the Creator, with what else will we need to arm ourselves?

We will need self-discipline, the ability to do that which we know is right for us to do, when our lazy selves say "skip it."

We will need "daring," the courage to work towards a high goal in face of discouraging opposition; the boldness to do something that hasn't been tried before.

We will need optimism, believing that ultimately all things are working for a common good, though progress may be barely perceptible.

We will need tolerance, too. See what the lack of it has done to the modern world! We can't criticize the other fellow for his imperfections when we have so many ourselves. We who have been brought up in Peking should have an especially large measure of tolerance already. We need to have friendliness, for friends are one's best insurance for happiness.

We will need wisdom in order that we may intelligently solve the numerous problems, personal and otherwise, that will surround us. The question of equal distribution of wealth is just one of the many that presses for an answer.

We will need to be honest, just and understanding. We will need a good sense of humor.

The Tides at Singapore

An Effective Missionary Suggests a New Approach to the Orient

Martha Peterson

LEE TU is a good fellow and very clever, too. Raffles College in Singapore awarded him a scholarship on the merits of his freshman grades. Everyone has great hopes for him and says he ought to go far. Will he? When we ask what he intends to take up after college, he simply shrugs his shoulders. He might become a teacher though he shows no such inclination. He is a second generation Christian, which means he never knew the joy of the initial zeal for that religion and its affiliated institutions. Once upon a time he thought of law, but it is quite clear that he lacks the slyness and cunning needed in Malaya for that profession, and he has abandoned the idea of his own accord. The Civil Services were suggested to him, but

motive

he was born in the wrong district for that. The ladder to success in that field does not reach very high. He has little talent in the field of exact sciences, which cuts out the medical profession. What will happen to Lee Tu? Very probably he will be pushed into some mediocre job where he will not find scope for his capabilities, and where there will be little chance to serve the community with his fine talents. Why? He happens to have been born with the wrong color of skin.

Lau San, a fellow twenty-four years of age, was engaged to a girl in infancy according to ancient Chinese fashion. He was educated in a mission school, came in contact with Christian people and mingled freely with them. Comparatively speaking, he became a progressive, modern young man. His fiancée had very few of his advantages. Marriage in the eyes of the Oriental requires no education for the girl; consequently no effort toward her advancement was made. Lau San soon realized that he had little in common with this developing young woman. Besides, he had met a more attractive and capable girl on the tennis court and in school activities, so naturally whenever the question of his wedding comes up, he demurs by saying that there is no hurry. What can he do? Make a clean break and go against his parents' wishes? They have done a lot for him and he has great regard for them even though they are of the conservative class of people. Also, to oppose one's parents is the cardinal sin of Chinese filial piety. Should he defy or obey? Either decision will have its evil consequences.

Ah Nee has a difficult personality and suffers from a great inferiority complex. She is fairly capable and can work well. For a while she was office clerk in a mission school. She had her ups and downs in the beginning, but as time went on she seemed to be able to fit in fairly satisfactorily. Then she had a chance to enter a government hospital as a probationary nurse. This work offers girls the chance for advancement. Ah Nee is no angel herself, but she found in her unscrupulous and unreasonable superiors even worse specimens of so-called Christians. Having every order of the day shouted at her was hard to take. After all, emergencies and late nights are a regularity in a hospital which probationers learn to take in their stride. Ah Nee reasons, Why, then, should the superiors' tempers be worn thin by them? But she bears her yoke patiently for she knows that she must keep her job. There are too many waiting to take her place should she have any shortcomings or objections of her own. At times she wonders whether this Christian religion is really what it is supposed to be. Why don't the white people, the "hundred percenters," live it better?

Eng Him had been a Christian sympathizer for a long time. He finally decided to become a real Christian, for he came to the conviction that he should take a part in the Malayan Christian program. Many a churchman rejoiced at this fine decision. He is wealthy—he has three wives, a definite proof of that wealth; what is to become of these women? It is not only a matter of religion, it is also a matter of honor. When he married the action was strictly within the law, and in his own mind and in the sight of the community it was perfectly natural. But a Christian may have only one wife; an adjustment must be made before he can join any church. The community will condemn him if he dismisses *two*. His own conscience is torn over demoting them from their rightful places in the home, though he is ready and able to support them outside his family circle. What is a man to do in the face of a great Christian principle?

* * *

The orient, like a dormant giant, is awakening. The West has imposed itself on the East suddenly and ruthlessly, and the people are confused. The shrinking world is in chaos; no one seems able to point to one cause of evil, but everyone should be aware that remedial measures are needed immediately. A few of the problems indicated may seem trite to college students in the United States. In comparison to Lee Tu, the young people here have the opportunities of a whole world before them. Race, color and nationality have practically no limiting effects in America. The result is that for many a student the college career is simply a playground, made respectable by some intellectual effort. Marriage is taken so lightly that Lau San's prob-

Far Eastern war, have greatly increased their emphasis on the applied sciences, on "practical" studies and activities for the students. But they have never allowed the noise of the turret lathe to drown out the notes of a Beethoven sonata. They have never let history, and art, and poetry be pushed into a corner of the curriculum by training courses for mechanics and technicians. And in their scientific laboratories, although the call for doctors and engineers in the field of action comes loud and often, students and professors alike have remained patiently to carry on painstaking experimental research. For the Christian colleges and universities know that their special task is to turn out, not journeymen, but leaders. And the steel of human leadership is not tempered in a day.

—*The China Colleges*, Spring, 1941.

Shanghai.—China's educational system, despite four years of warfare, has advanced, both in respect to the number of institutions and to enrollment. This startling and hopeful fact is revealed by a recently completed survey made by the Ministry of Education and published in the *China Weekly Review*.

Although many institutions have been destroyed by the Japanese, the total number of higher institutions, including universities and technical colleges, has increased. At the end of 1940 they numbered 113, with an enrollment of 44,422, whereas in 1937 there were 108 such schools with 31,188 students. The increase in the number of middle schools is even more significant. During the year 1939-40 there were 1,973 of them, with an aggregate enrollment of 531,429 students, whereas in 1937 there were 389,948 students in 1,896 schools. The report also shows that social education has made rapid strides during the war, the number of social education institutions having actually doubled since 1937. Now more than four million students attend over two hundred thousand such schools. . . .

Whereas at the beginning of the war practically all of China's universities and technical colleges were grouped in a few large sea-coast cities, now they are spread more evenly over the country, and 30 are now located in the interior, a region which before the war had little if any higher intellectual life. The redistribution of higher institutions has been paralleled by the secondary schools. Each province is now divided into middle school districts, according to the population, and the schools in each district are required to organize research committees to study the problems of educational development. The survey shows that secondary schools have increased 40 per cent since 1937.

The social educational institutions have done a tremendous job in eliminating illiteracy. Adult schools, playgrounds, reading centers, museums, schools for the blind, theaters and cinemas have been utilized, and a vast amount of money has been spent on the projects. By the end of 1940, China had succeeded in wiping out illiteracy among more than forty-six million of her people. But large as that figure may be, there still remain about one hundred and forty million illiterates in the country.

—Nofrontier News Service, November 11, 1941.

China: No one can squeeze into a handful of words all that Christianity is doing in and for war-torn China. But here are a few glorious, unforgettable facts:

(1) The invasion forced eleven of the thirteen Protestant mission colleges to move their campuses inland, sometimes hundreds, sometimes thousands of miles. Students and faculty members took away on their backs whatever stray bits of equipment they were able to salvage, started anew almost from scratch. Even so handicapped, the combined 1940-41 enrollment is a record of 7,734, up 20 per cent from peace time 1936-37.

(2) Four-fifths of all the American citizens now in Free China are church workers. So valuable does the Chinese government consider them that it not only publicly invites all missionaries forced to leave Japanese-held areas to come to the interior, but offers them free transportation. . . .

(3) The National Christian Council of China has treated over 500,000 wounded Chinese soldiers since January, 1940. The Y. M. C. A. has put 120 stations into the consciousness and gratitude of millions of Chinese. . . .

Only about 4,000,000, or one per cent, of China's 400,000,000 citizens, are Christians. But it is a one per cent which, from Methodist Chiang Kai-shek and Madame Chiang down to humble coolies, is influential out of all proportion to its numbers.

—Sam Welles in *Christian World Facts*.

Since 1937 when the Sino-Japanese war broke out, the United States has sold to Japan more than \$1,000,000,000 worth of raw materials and finished products, and the British Empire has sent to Japan about \$700,000,000 worth of supplies. The Netherlands has furnished Japan with about \$115,000,000 worth of commodities. . . . They together furnished Japan with more than 80 per cent of her war materials.

—*Contemporary China*. Chinese News Service, Inc., New York City.

lem seems superficial. We wriggle in and out of matrimony with the greatest of ease. Should the Asiatic do the same? Of course, evils never come singly, and no wonder Ah Nee has her doubts about Christianity. Eng Him cuts a rather pathetic figure in his bewilderment.

It is the college student's privilege to tackle the basic problems of the world. Bull sessions may result in keen perception, but someone on a firm foundation is the one to deal with man's concrete daily problems. The orient must be saved. Not everything there is bad, but the good of the Eastern cultures is in danger of being obliterated by the superficialities of the West. No one is urging compromises. An active, practical viewpoint calls for a lot of tact, but calls for no deviation from high abstract ideals. Wars will come and go until we have worked out a world community life that considers both the individual and the group. Straight thinking, a sense of responsibility, respect and an understanding of the trivialities of life are what the world needs today.

Moments In and Out of Peking

*Excerpts from an
Important
Letter*

Langdon B. Gilkey

This writer's comments are particularly interesting because they are the spontaneous and sincere tribute of one who is not himself professionally concerned with missions. Mr. Gilkey, who has been spending the past year in China, is a recent graduate of Harvard, where he was a philosophy honors student and tennis champion. He is the son of Dr. Charles W. Gilkey, dean of the University of Chicago chapel.

The Presbyterian Mission,
Paotingfu, Hopei, China.

Dear Family,

Here is the great experience of seeing how a mission works and, for the first time, a chance to appreciate the devotion and sacrifice of these people. I got that feeling for the first time the day after we got here when we walked for two miles across the barren, dusty and very windy plain to the old compound where the members of this mission were burned in the Boxer days. Seeing that simple memorial surrounded as it is by the foundations of the mission houses, one was hit by a feeling that here at least were contemporary martyrs, and also that with only forty years separating the present from that date the people who work here now are certainly in no different class. One suddenly becomes aware of the fact that both are pioneers, and so that, unlike our American scene, that term is not reserved for our ancestors alone. This truth is brought out fairly slowly as one learns the astounding facts about the lives of these people, facts which they take so much for granted that one has to pump and pump to get at them.

I think that in this mission, at least, the two most striking examples of the devotion and selflessness that are prerequisites for this work are two maiden ladies whom I have only just met. Undoubtedly fundamentalist in their beliefs, and certainly Victorian in their codes, they yet have the drive to spend almost all the year traveling alone through the rural areas, from town to town and from farmhouse to farmhouse, preaching the gospel, distributing pamphlets and doing what social work they can manage. They take a vacation from this sort of work only during the coldest part of winter, and so spend only about two or three weeks a year at the mission base.

Their usual scheme is to start singing in the street, somewhat as our Salvation Army friends in the Randolph Street Station do. That collects a crowd. When the crowd is collected, these missionaries start their preaching. No pulpit, no attentive congregation, just an ordinary soapbox and a lazy loitering crowd; and when that is done, the job takes one to the next town to begin all over again; and the only time one sees foreigners is during that two weeks vacation! As you can see, I was impressed!

Yesterday Bill took us around his hospital here in the compound. Equipped for about ninety patients, it has homemade laboratories, a fine X-ray outfit, operating room and apparently all the required apparatus. Wandering through the various wards, always chucked full of patients with all manner of diseases, one could not help feeling that here was *one great* contribution that missions had given. Here diseases far beyond the ken of the superstitious medicine of Asia were daily being treated and cured. One felt this even more when one saw the look of mixed wonder and gratitude on the faces of these patients and their families when Doctor Bill would walk into the room. We who take medical care for granted never have this feeling, but it certainly abounds here. If a young doctor wants to feel that he is working where he is needed and appreciated, China is the place for him to go! The demand is tremendous. Only in the few spots where missions and the like have been able to penetrate are there trained men; and the supply is almost laughably inadequate.

One also realizes how far these doctors must have progressed to have so gained the confidence of these people. An example of this confidence occurred yesterday when we were in the operating room. A fifteen-year-old boy whose leg had been crushed by a door was brought in by his frantic father, probably a worker of some sort. At first, after he had looked at the foot, Bill was afraid he would have to amputate, and so he asked the father's permission. Confused, worried, and not understanding anything about the whole thing (which included buzzing X-ray machines, lights flashing on and off) the bewildered father could only answer, "Anything you say!" over and over again. When I realized what his relative ignorance of the hospital, its machines, the anaesthetic, the reasons for amputating must have been, I saw how much of the confidence of these people he had earned to get that answer. And then that afternoon, when, an hour and a half late for our tennis game, Bill came out tired but quite thrilled saying that he had saved the boy's leg, I knew why he was out here!

Well, I guess I had better stop now. I hope to have more to say about this mission when we go back to Peking on Friday. I think perhaps that more than any of the others this letter might interest you. L. B. G.

In the present and in the immediate future only Christianity can bind broken humanity together in the fellowship of love and forgiveness. Here in China denominations that used to have nothing to do with each other have come together and co-operated with services of love. Catholics have come to work hand in hand with their Protestant brethren. Little Christian communities, situated in unknown places, have become vital centers of life. Other little groups have moved on from place to place. They are centers of light, love, sympathy in hours of deep gloom and grief, and perhaps are foundations of a real new order of society. Under persecution and oppression some of such communities are bearing witness to the power of love and forgiveness, to the grace of God that sustains the Christian faith. Under circumstances of freedom the churches plan and act to give, to enlist help, and to share the burdens of the suffering people in the world. The general calamity of mankind is revitalizing the churches.

—Professor T. C. Chao, Yenching University, Peking.

The American people can thank missionary teachers and men of science for what face they have left in China. You cannot caricature these modern Christs who remain to face alien death with their flocks, heal the wounded and help build anew out of the ruins. Some may make mistakes, some are over-zealous, but very few are not better men than their critics.

—Edgar Snow, foreign correspondent.

In the Interdenominational Student Center, U. of Porto Rico.



Student Hostel, Porto Rico. Photos courtesy of *World Outlook*.





Builders of Goodwill

A Story of the Friends Service Committee

Barbara L. Cary

source

America is a land of but one people, gathered from many countries. Some came for love of money and some for love of freedom. Whatever the lure that brought us, each has his gift. Irish lad and Scot, Englishman and Dutch, Italian, Greek, and French, Spaniard, Slav, Teuton, Norse, Negro—all have come bearing gifts and have laid them on the altar of America.

All brought their music. . . . All brought music and their instruments for the making of music, those many children of the harp lute.

All brought their poetry, winged tales of man's many passions, ballads of heroes and tunes of the sea, lilting scraps caught from sky and field, or mighty dramas that tell of primal struggles of the profoundest meaning. All brought poetry.

All brought art, fancies of the mind, woven in wood and wool, silk, stone or metal—rugs and baskets, gates of fine design and modeled gardens, houses and walls, pillars, roofs, windows, statues and paintings—all brought their art and hand craft.

Then, too, each brought some homely thing, some touch of the familiar home field or forest, kitchen or dress—a favorite tree or fruit, an accumulated flower, a style in crockery or in costume—each brought some homelike, familiar thing.

And all brought hands with which to work.

And all brought minds that could conceive.

ON April 15, 1941, newspapers in the United States carried brief notices of an extensive and severe earthquake in southwestern Mexico. As the tides of war and destruction swept on in Europe, this small item about distress in yet another quarter of the globe was soon forgotten by most casual followers of the daily news. But to a group of people in Philadelphia the reports brought a special appeal for constructive relief and help. For the third summer the Peace Section of the American Friends Service Committee was planning to continue an active experiment in international goodwill in the Laguna district of Mexico. There each summer a group of young Americans have been helping to build a co-operative cotton gin for members of twenty-four collective farms. To attempt some useful reconstruction in the earthquake-stricken regions to the south and west seemed a logical extension of the work in the Laguna area.

Accordingly, early in May, Thomas I. Potts and Ray Newton, representatives of the Service Committee, went to Mexico to explore the possibilities. Visits were made to important federal officials in Mexico City and to the representatives of the United States government to obtain information about needs and to find out whether any work could be undertaken by a group coming from the North. Everywhere they were received most cordially and were encouraged in their plans. A survey trip to the scenes of most severe damage in the state of Jalisco resulted in the decision to center the work in Tuxpan. On June 2 the first group of twenty-five volunteers started from Philadelphia for Mexico. Before three weeks had passed they were joined by nineteen others so that forty-four workers were on the job until late in August.

* * *

Tuxpan is a town of about 7,500 people situated in a healthful climate at an altitude of 4,000 feet. Eighty per cent of the inhabitants are Indians, over half of whom are participants in "ejidos," or collective farm villages. The main livelihood of the town comes from agriculture and the crops include peanuts, yams, corn, tomatoes, watermelons, beans and rice. Such small industries as there are in Tuxpan do a purely local business in making hats, pottery and serapes and in the sale of lumber.

Before the earthquake in Tuxpan there were about 1,700 houses in the town. The quake destroyed completely nearly 1,000 of these buildings, and left only ninety places in the whole town still habitable. Fortunately the loss of life was remarkably small, owing to the fact that the earthquake came at a time of day when most people were out in the fields or on the streets about their business. When the volunteers reached Tuxpan they found most of the populace housed in temporary sheds of the flimsiest sort in the plazas, patios, corrals and vacant lots around the town. Typical of such "homes" was the abode of a woman observed in the central plaza seated by a four poster bed. In place of springs and mattress she had a straw mat. Tacked onto the top of the four posts was another mat which kept off the sun or soaked up some of the rain which fell.

The villages of Tuxpan faced a very particular problem once the initial shock of the disaster had passed. The rainy season was impending in three weeks. If they were going to eat this winter it was essential that their crops

be planted before the rains came. There was no time to put up temporary shelters and do the agricultural work also. The alternative was either to starve or to get wet. Most of them preferred to get wet. Thus one of the main jobs the volunteers undertook was the erection of shelters for the homeless. The first concern was for the poorer people without means of rebuilding their destroyed houses. The poverty of these peasants cannot be grasped by a North American until it is understood that the average wage is 25 cents (American) per day and the families to be maintained on such a wage are large. The loss of a home thus presents a major and virtually insuperable problem in financing to the average Mexican peasant family.

After making themselves at home in their rather primitive and public quarters on the wide front porch of the safest of the three damaged federal school buildings, the volunteers set about their first task of cleaning the streets of debris. This was essential both from a practical and a sanitary point of view. The town supplied trucks and shovels and the North Americans furnished hard work and enthusiasm. In about a week the ground was clear enough to start building shelters. Materials, consisting of shingles and other lumber and corrugated tar-paper, were provided by the Mexican government. The construction was supervised by an active committee headed by El Presidente, the enterprising young Indian mayor and his aide, a young man teaching in one of the schools. By the middle of August when the main group of workers returned to the United States, more than thirty-five buildings had been completed. Though they did not nearly meet the need in either quality or quantity, the houses were a great help in relieving the crowding in buildings left standing after the quake. A small group of workers is still busy in Tuxpan carrying forward this work and extending it to include some necessary repairs to the old aqueduct which, previous to the earthquake, supplied water to the whole of one part of the town.

* * *

The almost overwhelming thanks of the villagers deeply impressed the boys, who had welcomed the chance which this work of construction gave them to know the people in their homes. Cooking, child education, sports and politics were discussed with equal gusto in halting Spanish, and this mingling together helped to create a real mutual understanding of each others' problems.

The boys worked on the job from seven to twelve in the morning, then took time out for lunch, a Spanish lesson and a brief siesta before resuming work again at three in the hot Mexican sun. In the early evenings a sports program soon got started. From modest beginnings, baseball played by the Americans with casual spectating by the Mexicans, it gradually became transformed into community soccer on a field called the Airport. Two teams were organized and the North Americans took great pleasure in seeing that as the games progressed more and more Mexicans entered as substitutes, until in the end they were in the majority on the field and the Americans were in the cheering section. The very rewarding work in the town was often supplemented, too, by invitations to attend fiestas.

The work project, the community life and the many social contacts were all thoroughly enjoyed by the volunteers, and it is hoped that, as a result, at least one small section of the Mexican populace knows that not all Americans are "gringos." Certainly forty-four American men have acquired a life-long interest in the understanding of the Mexican people.

source

*And all brought hearts filled with home
—stout hearts
To drive live minds, live minds to direct
willing hands.*

These were the gifts they brought.

Hatred of old-time neighbors, national prejudices and ambitions, traditional fears, set standards of living, graceless intolerance, class rights and the demand of class—these were barred at the gates.

At the altar of America we have sworn ourselves to a simple loyalty. We have bound ourselves to sacrifice and struggle, to plan and to work for this one land. We have given that we may gain, we have surrendered that we may have victory.

—Franklin K. Lane.

The best teaching of inter-American relations will stress what we can do *in co-operation with* the Latin Americans. We have much to learn from each other. They can contribute much to our culture, and we can contribute something to theirs. Neither trade nor cultural exchange can be on a one-way basis. We cannot sell unless we buy, nor have friends unless we are friends. We need to make the most of similarities of tastes, needs, and institutions, and likewise to capitalize upon our differences by making our different cultures mutually supplementary.

—*Hemisphere Solidarity*, U. S. Office of Education.

This fall 175 Latin American students have come to the U. S. upon scholarships and fellowships administered by the Institute of International Education. Last year there were 75.

Florida State College for Women has provided a scholarship for a Brazilian student who will teach a class in elementary Portuguese in return for her scholarship. This is perhaps the first undergraduate college to inaugurate the teaching of Portuguese.

[The secretary of the Latin America Division of the Institute is Edna Duge.]
—*News Bulletin*, Institute of International Education, November 1, 1941.



More foreign students are enrolled at the University of California than in any other college or university in the United States, according to the twenty-first annual report of Dr. Stephen Duggan, director of the Institute of International Education.

There are 559 foreign students enrolled at California. Columbia University is second, with 403. Others are: Michigan, 301; Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 253; Harvard, 241; Chicago, 210.

—Associated Collegiate Press.

During the past summer the Institute of International Education has been enabled to offer one fellowship to each of the other American republics for study in the United States during the present academic year. These newly established Roosevelt Fellowships have been awarded on a basis of scholarship, knowledge of English, character and adaptability as determined by competition among applicants. They cover tuition, room and board, maintenance, and travel to and from U. S.

Twenty similar Roosevelt Fellowships are available for United States students to study in the universities of the other American countries for the academic year March-December, 1942.

—*News Bulletin*, Institute of International Education, October 1, 1941.

The amusing twinkle in Anita Ortiz's black eyes is not there by accident, as a conversation of any length with her will reveal. . . .

An ardent movie fan, the Latin-American student confesses that she went to the picture show four or five times a week in Costa Rica. Errol Flynn and Vivien Leigh are her favorite actor and actress. She likes our swing music although her own Costa Rican rhythms hold first place in her heart. . . .

College courses in Costa Rica, she revealed, require as many as thirty hours of classes per week with many more courses taught. She was sent to Alabama College through the *Cociedad de la Mesa Redonda Panamericana*, of which she is a member.

Pan-American relations and the good neighbor policy often mean nothing more to us than words in the newspaper. But when we have the chance to become acquainted even in a small measure with the carefree and friendly people with whom we share this hemisphere, we can't resist that cosmopolitan urge to return their warm smiles and give 'em a good American "Hi, neighbor!"

—*The Alabamian*, Alabama College, the State College for Women.

Some Youth: Southern Exposure

A College Senior Goes to Mexico

Marjorie G. Baker

I WAS a stranger in a strange land. An anxious tourist awaiting mail at the little cage in the Wells Fargo American Express in Mexico City. After a half hour in a pressing line of tourists, all eager for the sight of the good old U. S. A.'s postmark, I arrived in good condition at the forbidding bars and presented my name neatly printed on the back of an envelope.

After undue hesitation, a suave gentleman handed me a small envelope. But there was no United States postmark in sight. I had received a letter from someone in Mexico City! I may have been a stranger, but I evidently wasn't as strange as I thought. It was a cordial note from the head of the Methodist mission in the federal district of Mexico, one J P Hauser. A Methodist, he said. That made two of us.

The cordial invitation which Mr. Hauser extended in that little note reminded me of the Ladies' Aid spirit back home when I had been sick in bed with scarlet fever and they had all brought me cakes and fruit and general joy. And as I followed up the invitation, I was more convinced than ever of the meaning of brotherhood in the church.

I lost no time in following up my first invitation in a strange city. It was a visit to the Methodist mission. After fervent sign language and the display of Mr. Hauser's card to several street vendors, I finally walked into the patio of the mission.

Everything was quiet, but it was a silence which signified busy and concentrated activity. To my left I saw a small room in which several people were in discussion. Straight ahead were glass doors which, I decided, opened into the auditorium. It was not the picture of prosperity; in fact, it was, I learned, handed down to the Methodists after the Catholics had moved out. But the place was full of life, and life with obvious motivation. Above on the balcony of the patio was a hum of activity, and timidly I ventured up the stairs.

I was greeted by Mr. Hauser's secretary, a young man who was one of the most active members of the Methodist young people's society in Mexico. He spoke beautiful English, and there is nothing so pleasant as good English among sign language and misunderstanding.

He notified Mr. Hauser that the *senorita* was here, and I was soon talking to one of the finest hosts I have ever met. He was not what we often picture as the typical missionary. He was the true missionary, a man of God, unassuming, humble, thoughtful and kind, with a confident message for a cleaner, more abundant life. And it is the cleaner and the more abundant life which the Mexican people need.

My first questions had to do with Mexican youth, Methodist youth, and youth of all denominations. What were their most vital problems? How did they feel about religion? About their government, about the United States and the American tourist? And there were many more questions to come, but I was stopped.

"See for yourself," he said. There was something more about returning that afternoon to meet a "president of the Methodist Mexican youth division who would be able more accurately to answer your questions."

I met Manuel and Vera Flores that afternoon. They were typical of the finest in Mexican youth, a young married couple who had fought for their Christian beliefs amidst opposition and discomfort on every side. Vera had been seated among parishioners listening to her young husband preach one Sunday morning when stones had come crashing through the church windows from the hands of antagonistic, anti-Protestant mobs outside. She and her husband had witnessed the homes of Protestants burning, for the pure and simple reason that they were Protestant homes. This at the hands of those who could not understand the enlightenment of Protestantism.

And yet that afternoon the vigor of Christian zeal gleamed through her small features, as she said to me, "You tell the people back in the United States that wherever one door is shut in our faces, we find another door to enter."

Many are the difficulties which face these two leaders of Methodist youth in Mexico, as well as all those who follow their leadership. Governmental vacations from school are different in all parts of the country, making it almost impossible for the young people to have any sort of national rally. The young people are faced with opposition on every side, from their families, from the atheistic influences of the public school, and from the age-old superstition of the countryside. And yet every Epworth League is full of missionary zeal. They are out to win converts to their faith, and when a convert is won, he sticks. Every member of the Methodist church in Mexico is a real member because if he were anything less than this, he would lack the courage to carry on amidst the prevalent opposition.

Mexico has about fifty-four *Ligas* (Leagues) of about one thousand young people between the ages of 18 and 30 years. Including those who belong to intermediate leagues (ages 12 to 17), the total runs beyond two thousand.

Contrary to an American youth's concern with his own personal economic security, the Mexican seldom worries over such a matter. If there is lack of work, he can always return to the land and work as a *peone*. He is not afraid

I have found in New York what I consider some peculiar American institutions, among them the Drug Store. The Drug Store is among the most characteristic peculiarities of this country. In South America, you go to the Drug Store to buy medicines. It is the natural thing to do. Perhaps in some places you will be able to get candies, but you can be absolutely sure that you will not find soup. Sometimes when I go to a "dreg-ueria" or "botica," and ask for an airplane model, the pharmacist looks at me very pitifully; perhaps he will give me an aspirin and tell me that it will be a fine thing if I go home and rest a little. But here in the United States you find everything from hair tonic to electric lamps in a Drug Store.

I don't think that a foreigner can say anything about his first impression of America without mentioning the famous "slang." . . . In Chile I was convinced that I knew English. Not very well, of course, but at least I could understand my English friends there. But when I arrived in New York I was completely disappointed. I received a very inferior feeling in respect to my English; it was the same as one gets who goes to France knowing only Japanese. The first days I passed in America were terrible ones. There are such words as "gonna" and "gotta," the meanings of which I didn't get at all until I had asked. . . . I would give up my head before letting my dictionary get out of my possession.

—Juvenal Hernandez, Chilean student at Wesleyan University (Connecticut), in *The Wesleyan Argus*.

Already more than 40,000,000 of our people who are unwilling and unable to remain under the Japanese rule in the temporarily occupied areas have migrated inland, going west, northwest and southwest. They have carried with them lock, stock and barrel, their families, their capital, their plants, tools and their talents. In our vast hinterland today, new roads are built, new lands are reclaimed, and new factories are put up. Industrial co-operatives are spread everywhere and vigorous experiments are being made in extensive farming. Above all, an advance from a traditionally regional to a national viewpoint has already been achieved. This opening of the interior and the linking of the people is one of the greatest phenomena in all history.

—Liu Yu-wan in the foreword to *The Effect of the Japanese Invasion on Higher Education in China*, China Institute of Pacific Relations, 1940.



A Mexican Market. Photo courtesy of *World Outlook*.

Do you know that ———?

The world Christian mission has brought into the church over 6,000,000 communicants with over 13,000,000 baptized and under instruction, thus forming the basis for a world fellowship of Christians.

The world Christian mission is providing healing to nearly 9,000,000 people each year in its 3,443 hospitals and dispensaries in mission lands.

In Turkey medical missionaries are continuing steadily as ambassadors of a good will that will prove more potent than treaties. In Liberia and Nigeria they are seeking new treatments for sleeping sickness. In Thailand they are experimenting with diphtheria toxoid for leprosy.

Christian missions are teaching over 3,000,000 in 56,891 schools and colleges and building intelligent and creative leadership for many lands.

The Christian missionary has been responsible for providing a written form of language for large numbers of the human race. He has made available the Scriptures while teaching how to read and write.

In Asia and in Africa it was the Christian missionary who started all modern education. In India there are seven times as many Christian teachers in government schools as the comparative number of Christians in the country would justify. More significant than numbers is the fact that the Christian communities around the world are made up largely of literate men and women of character, ability and leadership. They have had an influence in government, education and other fields out of all proportion to their numbers.

Less than 30 per cent of the Protestants in the United States and Canada are giving anything at all to the world mission of the church.

—*Christian World Facts.*

A release by Mr. Chen Li-fu, minister of education, announces losses by higher educational institutions to the end of December, 1939. He says that of 108 colleges and universities in China before the war fourteen have been completely destroyed and ninety-one either occupied or damaged by the Japanese. Losses sustained by national universities and colleges are given as \$37,000,000, by provincial universities and colleges as over \$8,000,000, and those by private and mission colleges and universities as nearly \$45,000,000.

—*The Great Migration and the Church in China.* Reports of a survey made by Bishops Robin Chen and G. Carleton Lacy. Thomas Chu and Sons, Shanghai, 1941.

to dirty his hands with the clean and fertile soil of his beautiful and beloved Mexico. With labor problems increasing day by day, however, Mexican youth leaders admit that the hour is soon approaching when Mexican youth will also be faced with worry over economic insecurity and unemployment.

* * *

And then Francisco.

I met him underneath the large statue of Juarez in the central plaza of Mexico City. He was a student at the University of Mexico, he said, and looked up from his books to converse with me. Francisco was modern, well-educated, sophisticated, and he was an atheist. He frankly admitted it, and even seemed a little proud of it. When I asked him, "Why?" he seemed a bit puzzled. That was the sort of an education he had had. There had been no mention of Christ, no mention of God, and there had been the denial of both.

I asked him if he was Catholic, as most Mexicans are. He grinned, answering the question with, "My family is Catholic." To him that was the answer.

And to me it was an answer, too. The Mexican church is pervaded with paganism. This is a perfectly natural condition when one views the history of the matter. The Spaniards in their early days of conquest built their church in the new world about the pagan shrines of the Indians of the country. The shadow of these pagan gods still casts a dark light on the church of Mexico.

With education has come enlightenment. Educated young people begin to look upon these old rituals with question, upon their superstitious parents with doubt, and when the school cannot and will not offer any better religious belief to take the place of the old, they become atheists. That is the way out. There are other ways; namely, becoming members of radical political sects (which they have often done and are doing today), or on the other hand, discovering Protestantism.

And what has Protestantism done for Mexico? Despite the fact that it works among the lowly and poor, the most important thing is that it edges upward the standard of living of the people. Vera Flores said, "The first thing we notice when someone joins the Methodist church is that the native home becomes cleaner and the natives' lives become cleaner. They seem concerned with the matter of health, which is the one thing in which they need the most help. If it were only for this external cleanliness, we would have achieved a worth-while end, but in time we can see in their faces a new happiness and a new and enlightened hope for living."

The young people in the Epworth Leagues do less talking, more acting than we do. They are busy as individual missionary societies. They are busy raising money to build churches, to send their delegates to a convention which they are praying that they may be allowed to have. They have institutes for the training of youth leaders for two-week periods, institutes which concentrate more on the inspiration of the fireside than that of the specific training, although that is present too. These institutes never train more than thirty-five students at one time, and the boys and girls never attend at the same time.

* * *

I walked down the street of Mexico City toward my hotel, and I was thinking. I was thinking about Christianity. Perhaps it is true that one never comes face to face with his own faith until he sees the faith of someone else who is standing with the early Christian martyrs, fighting the same battles. When I thought about the Mexican Methodists I had met, those were the things which came to my mind.

Fire, 1942

Creighton Lacy

Somewhere tonight
A blatant voice proclaims a toast
As empty as the heart and mind and glass
From which it comes,
While clouds of smoke from endless cigarettes
Hang thick and stale.

Somewhere tonight
A giant bird goes roaring through the sky,
Laying its deadly eggs in quiet nests;
They hatch,
And from triumphant flames
Smoke billows toward the trembling stars.

On lonely desert sands
Campfires blaze,
And soldiers talk of home,
Wishing on sparks that vanish into smoke.

For somewhere, even now,
A radio still plays a symphony,
And children sprawl before a friendly hearth
For story-time;
Above that cottage chimney
Smoke still hovers,
A testimonial of liberty and peace.

Tonight
A mother kneels before a Shinto shrine,
Watching through tears of grief and pride
A small square box
Wrapped ceremonially in white;
Two incense sticks burn fragrantly,
And on the spiral staircase of their smoke
Her prayers climb heavenward.

A lofty smokestack waves its plume
Where men wear out their lives
In drab devotion
To *Deus in machina*,
And motors chant
The "Mass Production! Mass Production!" mass.

Somewhere tonight
Cathedral chimes
Peal out their message to a waiting world,
While anguished hearts are bowed before a cross
And weaving ribbons soar into the gloom
From dying candles.

So, through history,
Mankind has worshipped fire:
Sometimes a god of fierce, destructive wrath,

source

Let all those who have ever doubted the abundant harvest which evangelical and dynamic Christianity can garner, look at the leadership of China's four hundred and fifty millions now. The saga of the Christian missionaries in war-torn China is one of the most gallant and beautiful stories of the modern world. It is a very white page in the black book in the history we have all been writing of our time.

—Clare Booth, American playwright.

The work of the missionaries has had profound effects in hastening the rehabilitation of a land which has been in one sad plight or another ever since the end of the Taiping rebellion in the 1860's. Missionaries have fought with success against the opium habit, against foot-binding and concubinage, and have aided materially in broadening public opinion. This has resulted in elevating the position of Chinese women.

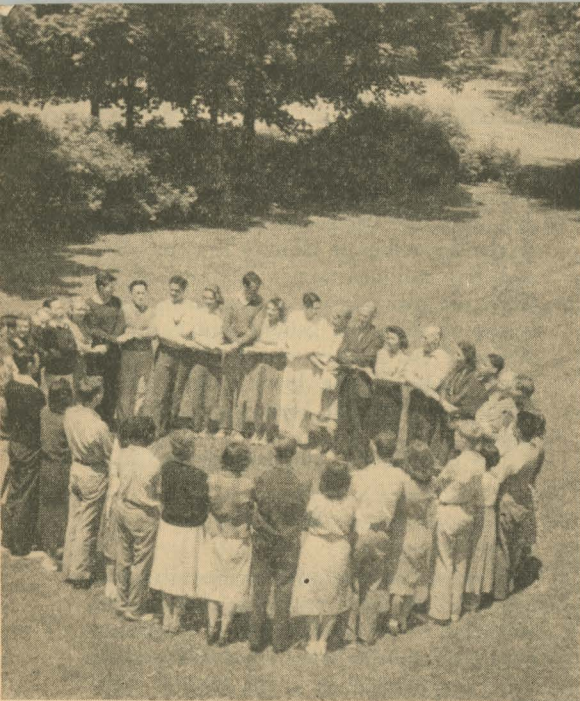
Their educational campaigns against filth and in favor of vaccination have done much to reduce smallpox, dysentery, malaria and other diseases which formerly counted hundreds of thousands of victims annually. They have also profoundly influenced the political thought of the Chinese people.

—Hallett Abend in *The New York Times Magazine*.

The attitude of the more or less irreligious layman toward the missionary is likely to reflect his resentment against persons who are professional proselytizers. Why should not the heathen be permitted to keep their own religions? In my youth I was prejudiced against missionaries and would-be missionaries, most of the latter of whom seemed to my jaundiced eye to have an excess of piety and a deficiency of personality.

As an anthropologist I have completely reversed my judgment of missionaries. These men and women have contributed more to our knowledge of peoples of the world than have the entire ruck of professional travellers and explorers. They may have done more than the anthropologists themselves. Missionaries are men and women of character and they tell the truth. Some may be bigoted, but most are not. Harvard University has a steady clientele of missionaries who are research associates in anthropology, doing splendid investigation as a side line of their regular duties. I am for missionaries.

—Professor Ernest A. Hooton, Harvard University.



The Lisle Group in fellowship circle. Photo courtesy of World Outlook.

Of pain and waste;
Sometimes a god of warmth and light,
Of creativity.

The God we know is more than these,
And when the flames have done their work
For good or ill,
He leaves a pillar reaching toward His sky
To guide our prayers—
Our prayers of penitence or gratitude,
Of supplication or of praise.

God, let our fires of passion die;
Burn from our hearts the slag and dross,
And take the last impurities
Away in smoke.
Then touch the higher end of that thin wisp,
And send Your own pure, holy flame
Down the same bridge from heaven to earth,
Rekindling in our souls, yet warm,
A new, eternal light.

source

"One Straight Look"

Robert Kronemeyer

The following church agencies are meeting the needs of distressed humanity around the world:

The Church Committee for China Relief provides food, medicine, care for children, work relief for men and women, to many who are in need.

The Central Bureau for Relief of Evangelical Churches gives prompt and welcome relief to distressed pastors and churches in war-stricken countries.

The American Committee for Christian Refugees provides hospitality, personal counseling, migration help, vocational advice, retraining and settlement.

The American Friends Service Committee feeds and looks after tens of thousands who are in unoccupied France and other European lands.

The Y. M. C. A. War Prisoners' Work carries a service including recreation, education and worship, with materials needed in each case.

The Y. W. C. A. Emergency Fund provides shelter and food, training for new work, skilled advice and wholesome entertainment to offset strain.

The International Missionary Council conveys life-giving funds to 168 missions in Africa, India, China, Japan, Netherlands Indies, Near East, Pacific Islands and South America.

The American Bible Society sends the Bible to war prisoners and refugees, to French churches, to many mission lands.

—*Christian World Facts.*

THE first day I went to the potato fields, I looked abstractly at the dirty, unkempt, small Mexicans that loitered on the field without particular enthusiasm for their work. I took off my coat and plunged into work, lifting, silently, hundred pound bags of potatoes and throwing them into the truck. The Mexicans were quiet too, and exchanged few words with each other.

Towards noon, when I was parched and hot, I turned to a Mexican and asked him if he knew where there was some water. He motioned to a little bottle standing in the shade of a tree not far away. I went over, drank, and came back to my work. That was all the intercourse I had with those people, with whom I was supposedly sharing in work and in fellowship.

That night, I felt disgusted with myself and blamed the small Mexican for his unfriendliness. I felt a complete abyss between these people and myself. I felt myself a stranger, unafraid among them, superior perhaps, but a stranger. And that night I determined at least to make some attempts to find out whether they were approachable.

The next day, towards noon, while lifting one of the sacks, I accidentally stumbled over a Mexican who was standing behind me. "Sorry," I said, "I did not see you." He looked at me and smiled.

"You have not seen me for many hours," he said. "Since you came yesterday morning you have not seen me," and he smiled good-naturedly. There was such good nature and frankness in his smile that I felt completely disarmed and looked him straight in the face. Behind the straw hat, the dirt, the grease, I saw a pleasant, warm face smiling straight at me.

Indeed, I had not seen him, although I had worked by his side for twenty-four hours! And it was not because he had not looked at me, but because I did not see him. From that day onwards, I decided that there was no man, too dirty, small, or greasy, that did not deserve at least one straight look from my eyes.

"I see you now, my friend," I said, and smiled back at him. "That is good," he replied, and together we resumed our work.

(Mr. Kronemeyer writes concerning an incident at the Sylvan Dale-Lisle Fellowship in Colorado last summer. The Lisles are work projects in Christian living and self-discovery sponsored by the Board of Missions and Church Extension of The Methodist Church.—Editor.)

E. STANLEY JONES

source

"CHRIST OF THE INDIAN ROAD," ALONE WOULD HAVE MADE E. STANLEY JONES FAMOUS, FOR OVER 600,000 COPIES HAVE BEEN SOLD. THE BOOK HAS BEEN TRANSLATED INTO OVER FIFTEEN DIFFERENT LANGUAGES. THIS MAN OF MANY TALENTS HAS BEEN CALLED THE "GREATEST EVANGELIST IN THE WORLD." CURIOSITY LEAD HIM TO A CHURCH SERVICE AT WHICH AN ENGLISH-MAN WAS TO SPEAK. SOON STANLEY FORGOT THE ODD PRONUNCIATION, WHAT THE EVANGELIST SAID LEAD STANLEY JONES TO JOIN THE CHURCH. WHILE A STUDENT AT ASBURY COLLEGE IN KENTUCKY, STANLEY FELT THAT HE WAS CALLED TO DO MISSIONARY WORK IN INDIA. HE HEEDED THAT CALL. WHILE IN THE MISTY OF HIS WORK, STANLEY JONES HAD A SERIOUS ILLNESS. HE CAME BACK TO AMERICA IN AN EFFORT TO REGAIN HIS HEALTH. NOT GREATLY IMPROVED HE RETURNED TO INDIA. AGAIN THAT INNER VOICE SPOKE TO HIM ABOUT NEW WORK, HE ACCEPTED THE CHALLENGE. STANLEY JONES' HEALTH RETURNED. THERE IS NO DOUBT IN HIS MIND ABOUT THE MIRACLE OF SPIRITUAL HEALING.



WHEN STANLEY RECEIVED HIS CALL TO INDIA, HIS MOTHER WAS DESPERATELY ILL. HE THOUGHT THAT IT WOULD BE THE LAST TIME THAT HE WOULD SEE HIS MOTHER ALIVE. NEVER THE LESS, HE WENT. HIS MOTHER RECOVERED.

BEFORE THE JAPANESE INVASION OF CHINA, E. STANLEY JONES MADE A FORCEFUL APPEAL OVER A RADIO STATION IN SHANGHAI TO THE JAPANESE PEOPLE, AGAINST THE UNDECLARED WAR. HE IS A MILITANT CHRISTIAN.



STANLEY JONES PLAYED TENNIS WITH HIGH CAST INDIANS. IT WAS THERE THAT HE WAS ASKED WHEN HIS MISSIONARY WORK WAS ONLY TO THE LOWER CLASSES. THAT QUESTION WAS THE BEGINNING OF HIS REMARKABLE SUCCESS AMONG THE HIGH CAST INDIANS.



The United States Committee of International Student Service has opened a Student Service Bureau, the address of which is 1155 Sixteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Secretary of the Bureau is Miss Molly Yard.

All over Free China today, and to some extent even behind the Japanese lines, are found the familiar signs of a red triangle containing two Chinese characters: kung ho. These signs refer to the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives, or the Indusco, a movement first launched in the fall of 1938 in Hankow under the chief sponsorship of Dr. H. H. Kung, minister of finance.

Objectives of the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives are to assist in military and economic resistance to aggression by the production of daily necessities; to help in national reconstruction by the establishment of a sound co-operative basis for small industries scattered throughout China; and to hasten the full realization of Dr. Sun Yat-sen's principle of people's livelihood. . . .

The most far-reaching significance of the Indusco lies in the belief that such a movement can do much to lay the foundation of a new industrial democracy both during and after the war, thus hastening the realization of Dr. Sun's great plans for a modern China. . . .

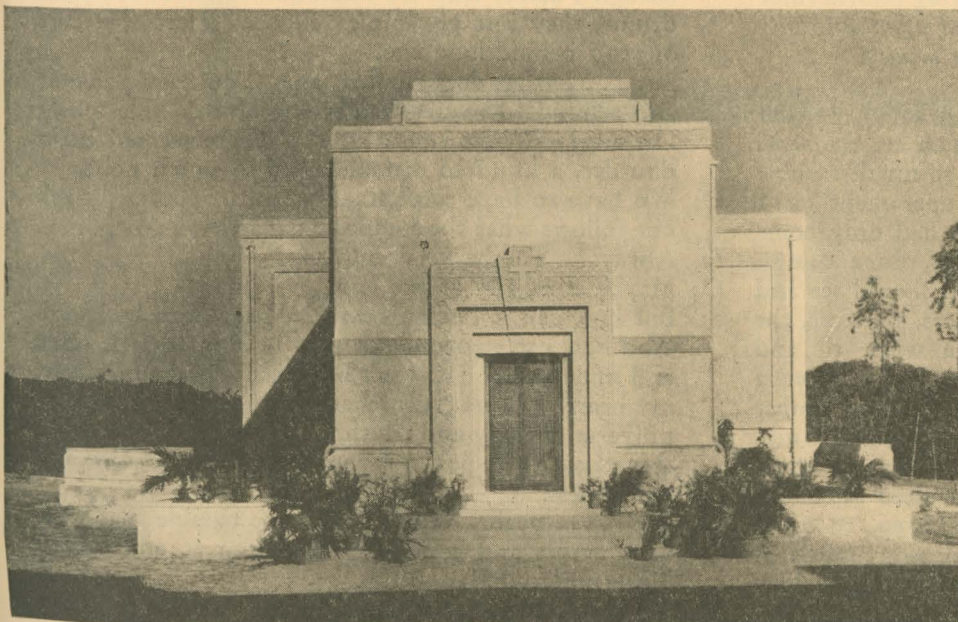
The following table shows the growth of the number of co-operatives and membership:

Period	Number of Co-operatives	Membership
1939 March	246	3,597
June	870	11,058
September	1,111	13,631
December	1,284	15,610
1940 March	1,334	16,066
May	1,688	22,740
September	1,863	27,562
1941 March	1,664	21,199

[Types of industry, in order of frequency, are: textile, chemical, sewing and clothing, mining and metallurgy, building construction, food, machinery, culture and stationery, transport.]

—Contemporary China.

Chapel at Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow, India—first college for women in all Asia.





The author ready for a concert.

A Hundred Melodies--- And So Much Noise

An Illuminating Dialogue on Indian and American Music

(Apologies, if necessary, to Walter Savage Landor)

Malcolm Slack Pitt

SARASVATI—*The Indian Goddess of Music and Learning.*

ORPHEUS—*Representing the music of the West.*

* * *

Sarasvati is sitting quietly on Himalaya, playing her bina in the evening twilight. Her peacock, with modestly trailing splendor, circles her majestically. The micro-intervals of the haunting mode of Todi delight a pair of young gazelles who rub their noses contentedly against her sari.

There is a sudden whoop, a look-who's-here adolescent greeting, and Orpheus makes a firm two-point landing. He is a lusty, restless youth. His laurel wreath is a bit askew, his short tunic (if any) flattened by the wind against his superb body. From a girdle dangle on the right the traditional lyre, on the left a saxophone. He flings to the ground a suitcase which springs open revealing dress-suit, silk hat and other paraphernalia of his trade. He stands with muscular legs wide-spread, awaiting recognition with a very pleased smile indeed.

Sarasvati slowly lifts long lashes, unveiling unbelievable depths of darkness. A smile of profound affection, bordering on the maternal, lights her fragile beauty.

S: It has been so long, Orpheus.

O: Too long, old thing. But I've been so busy—you know how it is—or do you? . . . You are the same—lovely as ever—those dolls I have so much trouble with now (do you know what “temperament” is?) can't hold a candle to you. If you had only come with me you could have gone places, done things. Bigger and better things. Gosh, you should see and hear what we are up to now—audiences, applause, the spotlight, thrills! Look! I put on white tie and tails—pretty snazzy, huh? Then I leap upon a podium. This is a podium, see? A spot of amber light plays from the floor on my long-fingered hands. I toss my hair (which fortunately I have in great golden gobs), I have the eyes of a hundred top-flight musicians upon me, and *voilà!* Listen to that, Sarasvati, old dear, listen to that gorgeous music at my finger-tips, masses and masses of sound, golden sound, piling grandeur on grandeur . . .

Carried away quite by his demonstration (he did so want to impress with the strides he had made since he and Sarasvati did almost everything together), Orpheus shouts his comments louder and louder till his exultant voice merges with the massive architecture of a symphonic climax. He turns proudly to view the result on his companion, only to discover pain on her bewildered face, her bina fallen with the shock to the ground, her delicate finger-tips doing yeoman service as ear-plugs. The music stops abruptly.

O: Why, what is it?

S: Orpheus . . . Orpheus, my dear . . . Have you left your music?

O: Left music? Whaddaya mean, left music? That was music—and what's more, *real* music.

S: I'm so confused. Those loud instruments—big brass things, little squeaks—so much . . . pardon me, Orpheus . . . so much hardware.

O: Well, you must realize you can't get any body, any real substance into those strings and flutes of yours, though I admit they are beautiful. And as for your drums, they just go “ping,” finish. I left that sort of stuff behind long ago.

S: But . . . what does it all mean? You have yourself and a hundred men—then whose idea do they play? Or sing? Whose music is it? There seemed utter disorder, a hundred melodies, and so much noise.

O: We have to have some fixed form, of course. Each one follows what the composer has written down. . . .

S: Always? To the very end?

O: Maybe especially at the end.

S: But how can it be “written”? Music is to be heard. And how can someone else play or sing what is mine and mine alone? It is my heart that speaks in music, my heart with its comprehension of my Lord and his universal melody and rhythm. If then I do not make this music, it is spoken by another with unreality and hollowness.

O: Well . . . yeah. We do have some trouble that way. Conductors and composers are often at odds about “interpretation.”

S: We have our composers, too, in our own sense. They

give outlines only, however, of melody and rhythm. The player must be one with the law of that melody and that rhythm. But he is no musician unless he can by his own spontaneous skill create variation and ornamentation. He is as free as his ability to create can make him—a creature first of order, then of freedom. You—don't think me unkind!—have sold your musical soul to a peculiar entity called a "public," and a queer cult called "critics." Which means more—the inner satisfaction of singing your soul to new insights, carrying your "sympathizers" with you, or a rave review from Olin Downes in the morning?

O: You know Olin Downes? He's really a great friend of—

in spite of the fact that we do read and interpret a score rather than actually make music. And the critics are a headache.

S: The real musician is the creator. He sings, he plays, because he must, whether anyone listens or not. You have had some like that, too. Here the musician applies himself to a mastery of the *ragas* and *raginis*. . . .

O: There's where we parted company years ago, if I remember rightly. The legends were very beautiful, the "family" relationships interesting—but you had an impossible number of what we in the West call modes. I couldn't be bothered. I kept cutting them down. We have only two left.

S: But what would I do without them? They are my



S: You would probably be surprised how much I know. I have followed your career. You have done well. But at the moment you are so "professional." Publicity . . . you yourself have become a showman, albeit an amusing and excellent one. Technical perfection is for me the means of the release of the spirit in an ease of execution which makes expression facile—to you it is the slave of the box-office, the ability to set a scientific pancake whirling on an electrical gadget at so much per disc. Music for performance without experience is its prostration.

O: Phew! I must say your vocabulary shocks me. When did you acquire my idiom? . . . I do admit you have an advantage in some ways, when you conceive composer and performer as one. It just isn't practical,

musical vocabulary. With them I express my unity with nature, I cure my diseases of spirit, mind and body. And there aren't too many. I really use only seventy-two out of the four hundred possible.

O: Well, we believe in simplifying as much as possible. We cut your twenty-two-interval octave to twelve. And then we build vertically, piling tone on tone to sound simultaneously. You can't imagine the ingenuity and the beauty of these combinations. Talk about a musical vocabulary! Give me harmony every time. I'd call anything else pretty primitive. It's really fun—we just get people used to one harmonic vocabulary, then spring a whole new dictionary on 'em. And how they howl! We are always experi-

- menting, always after something new. Variety, I say, is the musical spice of life.
- S: But this harmony—does it not obscure melody?
- O: Oh, sometimes, perhaps. If you get too interested in harmonic color, the line of the drawing is blurred
- S: And order is destroyed!
- O: Never! But there is one thing I must confess to you.
- S: Yes?
- O: We have impaired the ear of our devotees.
- S: Haven't I heard even in this retreat echoes of—what do you call it?—swing?
- O: Oh, I don't mean that. Swing's all right. There's one thing *you'd* like about it, anyhow. Improvisation is sneaking back through the jam session. No. I mean that in order to have harmony we must have keys, and be able to modulate from one to another. We cannot use natural interval. So to make the intervals *nearly* correct, we have to make them all a little wrong. Consequently, our ears give us only approximate interval. Only players of strings and possibly reeds sense correct interval—and an occasional singer. I must admit it worries me, but some of our most essential instruments are fixed in this "tempered" scale, and I don't know what I can do about it.
- S: Isn't there a bigger sacrifice there than you seem to sense? I base the whole of the emotional climate of my *ragas* on the succession of intervals in the scale. If these are tampered with, the innate, natural meaning is destroyed. They say that beautiful goddesses in paradise writhe in agony when an interval in music is not accurate.
- O: You've got me on one count, anyhow, old dear. Gee, this is like old times, isn't it? The arguments we used to have! I think, however, that the meanings of your *ragas* is nothing more than arbitrary agreement. You've *said* that's what they mean, so they do.
- S: Perhaps. They are none the less real to us. And partake of the essence of nature.
- O: We've done away with all that. Except, of course, that we do agree on certain conventions. We finish on a tonic, for instance, and everything else sounds unfinished. Swing bands sometimes end on a sixth.
- S: So *that's* why your people think I never really finish, just stop! But seriously, some *ragas* *belong* to the dawn, some to the evening, some to the depression of the noontime, some to the gaiety of midnight!
- O: I suppose you would emphasize these natural changes, for you live in the open. You see, we have taken most of our music indoors. That makes an awful difference.
- S: And an awful artificiality. Should we contest nature at midnight with a *raga* of midday, the sun may blaze in the court of the music. There is a tradition concerning Naik Gopal in the court of Akbar. . . .
- O: Superstition and nonsense. And you know it!
- S: Just a little exaggeration, shall we say. You know, I begin to suspect that in your dark holes of music you would even do a pastoral melody in the cold and sleet of a northern winter.
- O: Why not?—it makes us feel warmer.
- S: And I was coming to that point. I also suspect that you make little attempt to approach the world of Reality in your music—you prefer to be soothed—you teach your young to sleep through music with your lullabies. You always were an escapist, Orpheus.
- O: Just call me Orf—everybody does. You know—on the radio—for one's public—the homely and intimate touch!
- S: Don't get me off the track, Orpheus. When we are depressed or grieved, we use music to beautify suffering and so come to an appreciation of the spiritual qualities of emotional variation. Don't look so sheepish—I'm right, am I not?
- O: Yeah. I often turn on the radio for some jazz when I don't feel so hot. Sort o' makes you forget. And boy, those hot rhythms! Listen, Babe! (Good thing I forgot to take off these clothes!) I just add the topper a bit over one eye, circumdigitate the old gold-headed stick, conjure up the boys with the dog-house, the hot licorice, we get in the ga-roove, the gang gets hep and ZOWIE! a snaky tango a hot rhumba fox-trots of all kinds dadedada
- S: I fail to see anything so new or wonderful about these rhythms. And I can't see why it inspires you to such awful contortions. I have all these. Is this your whole bag of rhythmic tricks?
- O: All of our rhythms are in dance-forms. Except in rare instances, we multiply twos and threes. . . .
- S: That may be all right for folk music. It seems a bit adolescent to me. As for us, we also use natural rhythms. Did you ever realize the marvellous rhythms you carry about in your body, rhythms which change subtly under differing emotional stress? Try it. Your heart-beat, breathing and step. We add our twos and threes, with infinite variety. Our cleverest musicians are our drummers. The rhythmic cycle is basic—all melodic phrasing must be within its pattern. The cycle may consist of from eight to twenty-nine beats. One of my favorites has fourteen beats—a measure of three, one of two, another of three, another of two, then two measures of—
- O: I get it! Da da da, da da, da da da, da da, da and all over again. Gee, that's great! Say, if I bring Gene Krupa over will you teach him?
- S: Of course. And who, may I ask, is—
- O: Gee! I gotta go. Slam—these—things—in—the suitcase. Easier travelling. According to my new Bulova (nice, isn't it?—present from the A. S. C. A. P. on the resumption of broadcasting), I have just time to make the next concert. Sold out two weeks ago. Boy, are we a success! Nice seeing you! Say, maybe someday we can do something together. . . . So long, Sarasvati!
- He is off before the last words. Sarasvati looks after him, smiles, takes up the bina and resumes the playing of todi. The gazelles return happy to her side. In the midst of a quietly impassioned passage she lifts her head, looks in the direction of the West.*
- S: Maybe—someday we can do something together. So long—Orf!

Migrants Are People

Skills and a Philosophy of Life Are Given to These Wandering Tribes

George Avery Burcham

FIFTEEN migrant boys spent an evening recently in this way:

- 15 minutes splashing each other in mud puddles.
- 30 minutes eating grapes off a large truckload.
- 1 hour in a grape fight; you should have seen the street!
- 1 hour at the cotton gin running up and down on top of the bales hooting and hollering until the night watchman came out; did this three times.
- 30 minutes talking to the night watchman!
- 15 minutes going home or "ketch it from pappy."

These fifteen high school and college age boys live at Poplar, in the center of the San Joaquin Valley in California. They are the sons of migrants who are no longer migrants. Father and mother have bought a half acre of land and built a one room shack which has become home. These boys know where all of the liquor joints are, where all of the poker games are being played, and who the prostitutes are within a circle of three miles. Three of the boys are in high school, three on N. Y. A., the rest are either too old to go to school and so work or loaf, or have work permits which excuse them from school.

These boys are not a gang, but a group of gangs. There is none of the intense city gang loyalty. Among migrant folks the only loyalty left is to the family. This makes organizing clubs difficult.

These boys have little ambition. This characteristic is due in part to background, in part to economic insecurity and the deadening effect of the cycle of existence in which you work picking cotton to get enough to eat so that you will be able to pick more cotton so that you may get enough money to buy gas to go to some other cotton patch to get enough to buy food, to pick cotton, to buy gas, to go to lettuce, etc. This lack of ambition makes it difficult to break into the kind of an evening described above and secure participation in creative activities. But it can be done!

These fifteen boys are but a small part of a great group of folks on the move. About these folks there are some general conclusions that need to be drawn. *Migrations are not new.* Moses led a good-sized group. Columbus showed the way to a new world. And as Europe expanded into the new world, the motto "go west, young man" sent numerous folks over the mountains in search of a new life. Now we have expanded west until there are no longer new geographical frontiers. And all of these migrations were caused by economic insecurity.

Migrations are not over. The process of new land being opened and more farms being created stopped some time back. Now the process is reversed. Farmers are being dispossessed of land, and small farms become part of large ones, and the large ones are run with farm managers and machinery. In short, a whole coalition of economic and social forces has disrupted rural life to the extent that thousands have left the land and millions more will have to leave, unless the process is again reversed.

(Continued on page 30)



The author starts his day. Photo courtesy of *World Outlook*.

source

And then the dispossessed were drawn west—from Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico; from Nevada and Arkansas families, tribes, dusted out, tractored out. Carloads, caravans, homeless and hungry; twenty thousand and fifty thousand and a hundred thousand and two hundred thousand. They streamed over the mountains, hungry and restless—restless as ants, scurrying to find work to do—to lift, to push, to pull, to pick, to cut—anything, any burden to bear, for food. The kids are hungry. We got no place to live. Like ants scurrying for work, for food, and most of all for land.

We ain't foreign. Seven generations back Americans, and beyond that Irish, Scotch, English, German. One of our folks in the Revolution, an' they was lots of our folks in the Civil War—both sides. Americans.

They were hungry, and they were fierce. And they had hoped to find a home, and they found only hatred. Okies—the owners hated them because the owners knew they were soft and the Okies strong, that they were fed and the Okies hungry; and perhaps the owners had heard from their grandfathers how easy it is to steal land from a soft man if you are fierce and hungry and armed. The owners hated them. And in the towns, the storekeepers hated them because they had no money to spend. There is no shorter path to a storekeeper's contempt, and all his admirations are exactly opposite. The town men, little bankers, hated Okies because there was nothing to gain from them. They had nothing. And the laboring people hated Okies because a hungry man must work, and if he must work, if he has to work, the wage payer automatically gives him less for his work; and then no one can get more.

And the dispossessed, the migrants, flowed into California, two hundred and
(Continued on page 30)

edited by Almanac

First Month

January 1st—The month derives its name from **Janus**, the Roman deity who is represented with two faces, because he was acquainted with past and future events. The celebration of this day dates back to the year 487. ● **Feast of the Circumcision**—eight days after the birth of Jesus. **Festival of the Christening.** ●

Early in January, 1604, **King James I** ordered the "Authorized Version of the Bible." The celebrated **Hampton Court Conference** was held for the regulation of questions of religion agitated by the differences between the High Church Party and the Puritans. Among other grievances brought forward was the unsatisfactory state of the translation of the Bible. Before 1604, at least four English translations existed, differing very much from each other. It appears that the proposed translation direct from the Hebrew originated with the Puritans. King James eagerly embraced the proposal and drew up the rules for the translation. He appointed a commission of forty-seven learned men selected from two universities and from Westminster. They began their work in 1607 and completed it in three years. Then a select committee was appointed consisting of two persons from each university and two from Westminster. The Bishop of Westminster and Dr. Myles Smith finally revised the whole. The Authorized Version was printed in 1611.

International treaty restricting the sale of **opium** became effective, 1915.

January 2nd—Negotiations for the "open door" policy in China completed, 1900. ● **George A. Gordon** (1853-1929), pastor of the Old South Church in Boston.

January 3rd—**E. Stanley Jones** (1884—), missionary to India. ● **Father Damien** (1840-1889), missionary to the South Sea lepers. ● **St. Genevieve** (422-512)—saved Paris from the Huns in 451. Patron Saint of Paris.

January 4th—**St. Titus**, favorite disciple of Paul who sent him to establish the church in Crete. ● **Giovanni Battista Pergolesi** (1710-1736), composer of *Stabat Mater*.

January 5th—**Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus.** ● **St. Simeon Stylites** (c. 459), the man who lived for thirty years on a pillar 60 feet high. ● **Robert Morrison** (1782-1834), founder of Protestant missions in China. Translated the *New Testament* in Chinese. ● **Cyrus Hamlin** (1811-1900), founder of Robert College, Constantinople.

January 6th—**Epiphany**—commemorating the baptism of Christ, the marriage feast at Cana, and the coming of the Magi as the occasion of the first manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles. The word from the Greek means manifestation or self-disclosure. Close of **Advent season.** **Festival of the lights**—world-wide vision with social and missionary emphasis. ● **Twelfth Night**—Christmas trees are dismantled, Christmas holiday season comes to an end. Beginning of carnival season which continues until Shrove Tuesday. ● **Jeanne d' Arc** (1412-1431)—cf. Shaw's play.

January 7th—**St. Distaff's Day**, the first day after Twelfth Night, because the distaff is resumed by women.

January 8th—Declaration of the **Fourteen Points of Peace** by President Wilson, 1918. ● **Feast of St. Gertruda.** She had the power to pray her candle alight when it blew out!

January 9th—**Armand Jean de Rance** (1626-1700), founder of the **Order of Trappists.** Extremely severe discipline, frequent religious exercise, study, manual labor and restricted diet.

January 10th—**League of Nations Day**, founded 1920. ● **Theodore Cuyler** (1822-1909), Presbyterian preacher who regarded preaching as "spiritual gunnery." Never spared his lungs or his listeners' ears.

January 11th—**Secretary Kellogg** insists on renunciation of "all war as an instrument of national policy," 1929. ● **Alexander Hamilton** (1757-1804).

January 12th—**Plough Monday**, the first Monday after Twelfth Night—resumption of work after Christmas, festival with folk dancing. ● **The Peace Conference** opened in Paris, 1919. ● **Edmund Burke** (1729-1797). ● **Charles Perrault** (1628-1703)—*Bluebeard*, *Puss in Boots*, *Little Red Riding Hood!*

January 13th—**Festival of St. Veronica**—the woman who took the towel which had wiped Jesus' face at the Crucifixion to Rome where she performed miracles! ● **George Fox** (1624-1691), founder of the Society of Friends.

January 14th—**St. Hilary's Day.** The Hilary term is one of the four terms of the English Court of Laws, also a term at

31 Days

research by Anna Brochhausen

Cambridge and Oxford. ● **Mallard Day** at All Souls College, Oxford, in commemoration of an overgrown mallard found in a drain in 1437.

January 15th—The U. S. Senate ratified the **Briand-Kellogg Treaty** for renunciation of war. ● **Moliere** (1622-1673).

January 16th—Council of League of Nations held its first meeting in Paris, 1920. No American delegates were present.

January 17th—Feast of **St. Anthony** (251), Patron Saint of domestic animals, grave diggers and graveyards. Born a wealthy man, he took seriously the injunction to sell his goods and property and gave to the needy. Founder of monasticism. ● **Benjamin Franklin** (1706-1790). ● **Thrift Week** begins on Franklin's birthday. ● **Pedro Calderon de la Barca** (1600-1681), dramatist. ● **Anton Chekhov** (1860-1904), Russian novelist and dramatist.

January 18th—Feast of the Holy Name—second Sunday after Epiphany—love and reverence for the Name of Jesus. ● **Festival of St. Peter's Chair**. Act of gratitude for the founding of the papacy. ● **Vassar Female College** established, 1861. ● **Union Theological Seminary** organized, 1836.

January 19th—**Robert E. Lee** (1807-1870).

January 20th—**St. Agnes' Eve**—an important night for maidens desiring to know whom they should marry. Cf. Keats' *Eve of St. Agnes*. ● **St. Sebastian**, Patron Saint of soldiers.

January 21st—Feast of **St. Agnes**, Patroness of purity. Put into fire but fire refused to burn her. She returned after death with a white lamb. Usually represented with a lamb. ● **Smoking in public places by women** made illegal in New York City, 1908!! ● **Thomas Jonathan (Stonewall) Jackson** (1824-1863).

January 22nd—Feast of **St. Vincent**, Patron Saint of wine-growers. Weather prophecies for the season are made on this day. ● **President Wilson** addressed Senate (1917): **A just peace** must be a peace without victory, must recognize equality of rights among great and small nations, freedom

of seas, limitation of armaments and replacement of alliances by a concert of powers!

January 23rd—The first English missionary landed in Japan, 1869. ● **Benoit-Constant Coquelin** (1841-1909), one of the greatest French actors.

January 24th—Feast of **St. Timothy**, most trusted assistant of St. Paul.

January 25th—Conversion of St. Paul, known as **St. Paul's Day**. ● **Robert Burns** (1759-1796). ● **Robert Boyle** (1626-1691), Irish chemist, philosopher and author.

January 26th—The last Sunday in January, the Saturday preceding and the Monday following—**Child Labor Day**. ● **Nicholas Pike** (1818-1905), naturalist who brought the English sparrow to the United States.

January 27th—Feast of **St. Chrysostom** (345-407), Patron Saint of orators and speakers. Brilliant orator—gave away his money and was known as John the Almoner. ● **Lewis Carroll** (Charles L. Dodgson) (1832-1898). ● **Wolfgang Mozart** (1756-1791).

January 28th—**Henry M. Stanley** (1841-1904), explorer and author of *How I Found Livingstone*. ● **S. Baring-Gould** (1834-1924), author of *Onward Christian Soldiers*. ● **John Baskerville** (1706-1775), English printer and type-founder.

January 29th—Feast of **St. Francis de Sales**, Patron Saint of journalists and writers. ● First performance of *Beggar's Opera* at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1928. ● **William McKinley** (1843-1901). ● **Carnation Day**.

January 30th—**Adolf Hitler** became chancellor of the German Reich, 1933. ● **William Butler** (1818-1899), founder of Methodist missions in India (1856). ● **Franklin Delano Roosevelt** (1882—).

January 31st—**Thirteenth Amendment** (abolishing slavery) adopted by Congress, 1865. ● **Franz Schubert** (1797-1828). ● **Nathan Straus** (1848-1931), Jewish philanthropist and Zionist leader.

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The migrants are not all in California. In the early days of wheat, single men migrated the rounds of the wheat belt. Twenty thousand folks go up and down the East coast, from cotton in the South to cranberries on Cape Cod. Thousands of Mexicans spend the winter in sunny Mexico, then go to Colorado and then on to Michigan for the sugar beet crop. Some even can stand to go to Florida!

Migrants are needed in California. If you don't pick Elberta peaches the week that they reach just the right ripeness, you may lose your crop. So with many California crops. At the peak picking season California needs about 200,000 workers, but during the slack season only 20,000 are needed. It is hard for Californians to admit it, but much of our agricultural prosperity is dependent upon migrants, and has been ever since industrialized agriculture began.

Migrations are symptomatic. Migrations are a surface phenomenon but they indicate deep underlying social and economic maladjustments. These maladjustments reveal the total economic problem. Rural problems in Oklahoma are part of the industrial problems in Detroit. Migrants camped along a county road or in a federal camp in California are part of the problem in Wall Street. Youth must ask, "What are the causes? What can be done?"

* * *

Without trying to answer the question, it is well to mention one basic factor. Most of my generation was brought up on Horatio Alger, Jr., success stories. It was a part of the "grab philosophy." And there were unlimited lands, and resources to grab, and new industries to develop. Nearly everyone calculated the amount of profit. Even the farmer calculated the profits of his soil and so overworked it and depleted it. The farmer's son became a bank clerk, a salesman, an industrial worker, a college graduate who thought work was beneath his cultivated brain. The philosophy of life was "I'll get mine first."

The Christian conception of service within such a philosophy has merely been to help the poor, and perhaps to alleviate suffering for a few minutes on Thanksgiving. We even thought that "love your neighbor" could be encompassed by a few charitable deeds. Love of God was correspondingly watered down into an escape from realities of living.

"Each for all and all for each," a motto developed by Bishop Grundtvig of Denmark many years ago, shows us the direction. Love of neighbor is truly bound up in this conception. So is the migrant problem. These migrants are people: dispossessed, disheartened, with personalities thwarted, destroyed. The cycle of existence is misery. If we would love our neighbors, including the migrants, we will put ourselves, our very lives into the task of creating economic structures, social mores, political powers that will express in the way men earn their daily food, clothing and shelter, this basic religious and philosophical idea of "each for all and all for each."

A new philosophy requires new skills in living. Changing the goal of life from acquisition to living a life at its cultural and spiritual best means developing the skills to create beauty, rather than skills in making money. The new skills will be based on the creative urge and will include the following:

1. Learning to live close to nature and its organic power, to co-operate with God in creating our food, clothing and shelter from the soil.
2. Learning to produce for our own use, where this can be efficient and creative. This requires skill in useful crafts and art.
3. Learning to express basic interests and inner yearnings in a true folk culture.
4. Growing a social consciousness, a WE.
5. Learning how to live co-operatively within a community.

It is some of these skills and this Christian philosophy of life that we are trying to share with migrant people. The program that has been projected so far has included individual counselling, summer camp-at-home programs for boys and girls, young people's groups, adult discussions, nurseries for pre-school children, mothers' clubs, religious services and

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(Continued from page 27)

fifty thousand, and three hundred thousand. Behind them new tractors were going on the land and the tenants were being forced off. And new waves were on the way, new waves of the dispossessed and the homeless, hardened, intent, and dangerous.

And while the Californians wanted many things, accumulation, social success, amusement, luxury, and a curious banking security, the new barbarians wanted only two things—land and food; and to them the two were one. And whereas the wants of the Californians were nebulous and undefined, the wants of the Okies were beside the roads, lying there to be seen and coveted: the good fields with water to be dug for, the good green fields, earth to crumble experimentally in the hand, grass to smell, oaten stalks to chew until the sharp sweetness was in the throat. A man might look at a fallow field and know, and see in his mind that his own bending back and his own straining arms would bring the cabbages into the light, and the golden eating corn, the turnips and carrots.

And a homeless hungry man, driving the roads with his wife beside him and his thin children in the back seat, could look at the fallow fields which might produce food but not profit, and that man could know how a fallow field is a sin and the unused land a crime against the thin children. And such a man drove along the roads and knew temptation at every field, and knew the lust to take these fields and make them grow strength for his children and a little comfort for his wife. The temptation was before him always.

—John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*.
Viking, 1939.

Recently a staff member of one of our refugee colleges in West China went for a walk after an air raid. During his stroll he encountered a friend who was also a refugee, who had suffered much before re-establishing his family in a new home in Free China. Our teacher asked his friend why he was smiling.

"My home has just been destroyed by a bomb."

"Is your family safe?" the shocked teacher inquired.

"Yes. But that is not the only reason for my happiness."

"Then why are you happy?"

The answer came in the form of a quotation from the classics which may be paraphrased as follows:

"My poor palace has been laid low. Now I may build me a new and more beautiful palace."

—*The China Colleges, Spring, 1941.*

Sunday School in federal camps. A considerable portion of my time has been spent in educating churches to share the responsibility.

The largest single effort is being made in the community of Poplar where the boys we mentioned above live. A rural settlement house at these crossroads with the right ideals will actually meet the needs of these folks and lead them into a philosophy of life. While a supervisor of activities will be hired, much of the work will be done on a volunteer basis. A Methodist missionary group of young women is already at work on a craft shop for the making of Christmas gifts. Later other groups will be encouraged to help with furniture making classes, rag-rug making, weaving and other home arts; classes in dietetics, sanitation, child care, agriculture; current events groups, discussions, festival programs, etc.

Migrants are people, very human, though perhaps a little retarded in some respects, and so in need of greater help and understanding. Leo and Jack and Art are real fellows, part of the wandering fifteen. We who would be "big" farmers at the top of the pile, who would rise to fame, achieve position and riches, will in no wise inherit the Kingdom. We must be born again, to live a simple life, close to the organic power that is the essence of life—to live a life within a community that is truly a brotherhood, to live a life that gives expression to the creative urges as we produce the necessities of life.

Michigan Does It

A University Experiment in International Understanding

Margaret Faraday

TWENTY-THREE women, representing seven countries of the orient, are attending the University of Michigan this year on scholarships awarded by the Levi L. Barbour Scholarship Committee for Oriental Women. These scholarships were established by Mr. Barbour, a graduate and former regent of the University, for the purpose of increasing educational opportunities for oriental women. Since the first award was made in 1917, about two hundred women have received Barbour scholarships.

The scholarships, each yielding \$650 per annum and university fees, are awarded annually by a committee consisting of the president of the University, the dean of the Graduate School, the dean of the School of Litera-



January, 1942

source

The Christian Church in Europe is today in such straits as it has not known since the Dark Ages. . . .

(1) Soviet Russia has systematically tried to exterminate Christianity within its borders. When Russia extended itself into Poland, Lithuania, Latvia, Esthonia, Finland and Rumania after the start of World War II, it extended its anti-religious policy too. At least 700 Roman Catholic priests were killed in Russian Poland. Germans were just as brutal in their part of Poland, both to Catholics and Protestants.

(2) The nazis have in effect offered to let Christians remain Christian if they would simply substitute the swastika for the Cross and turn Christianity into nazi nationalistic doctrine. The nazis have aimed, and to some extent are succeeding, at making churches "a place for old people" by closing all church schools and training the youth in their own perverted religion. . . . More than half the Protestant pastors of Germany have been mobilized—few as chaplains. Only eight per cent of the pre-Hitler average of theological students are now allowed to prepare for the ministry, a policy that means slow but sure extermination of Christianity. . . .

(3) Christians in countries occupied by Germany are also the objects of systematic persecution. . . . The Lutheran bishops and clergy of Norway have led Norse resistance. In revenge, they have been rigidly repressed. Dutch church leaders have been thrown into concentration camps. . . .

(4) Spain has closed all but ten of its 300 Protestant churches, suppressed all Protestant schools, forbidden any distribution of the Bible. The Vichy French government is not anti-Protestant—but poverty, communication difficulties and other handicaps have seriously undermined church work. In Switzerland and Sweden Christians are "more and more pressed by encircling totalitarianism with its hatred of Christianity and opposition to all that the Church stands for in domestic and international life."

* * *

If 1941 has seen the shadows pass over vast areas of the world where the torch of Christianity once burned brightly, it has also seen scattered lights in the darkness and many proofs of the old proverbs that the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church and that Christianity never fares better than under adversity.

Any one who lived for years in England, as I did, knew that the Church of

Barbour Scholars of the University of Michigan, 1940-41.

England was all too often stuffy, short-sighted and smug. Had the spiritual leadership of the British (or the Americans, for that matter) been up to their political and economic powers, the post-Versailles world might have seen the aspirations of Christianity come closer to fulfillment than ever before. . . .

Anglicans, Free Churchmen and Roman Catholics are working together in the Sword of the Spirit movement with unprecedented fellowship [in Britain]. The Malvern Declaration last January showed clearly that Britain's Christians had come to realize what they did not seem to understand at the start of the war: that Hitler is fighting the war with an idea and that unless Christianity can show that its idea is truer than his it is done for. Malvern also resoundingly affirmed that, necessary as it is to win the war, it is even more important to win the peace.

Britain's churchmen have led the attack on the British government for not giving anti-nazis everywhere a post-war program to fight for. . . .

This practical concern for and working toward a just, durable and Christian peace marks the greatest single advance in the thinking of the Church between World War I and World War II. By no means is it confined to England. In the United States, it has led the Federal Council to set up its Commission to Study the Bases of a Just and Durable Peace. . . . Many other interdenominational agencies are working along parallel lines. . . .

It was this practical, forward-looking Christian spirit which made a mighty thing of the first North American ecumenical conference, held at Toronto in June. It is why American church support of "orphaned missions" has been so far-reaching and effective. It is why Japan's Protestants, united and prepared to face the dark days that lie ahead, may quite possibly make Japan more Christian than foreign missions ever succeeded in doing. . . . It is why China's Christians, tested through fire and adversity, have made such a miraculous comeback from their precarious status in 1927 and are now closer to the good earth of China than ever before. . . .

Most of all, it is why on the darkened continent of Europe the heroic struggle of Dutch Calvinists, French Huguenots, Eastern Orthodox, Scandinavian Lutherans, and both Protestant and Catholic Germans to preserve their faith intact gives renewed evidence that the cause of Christ, kept in the forefront of the human mind, can eventually triumph as it has never triumphed before.

—Sam Welles in *Christian World Facts*.

ture, Science and the Arts, the dean of the Medical School and the dean of women.

W. Carl Rufus, professor of astronomy at the University, is secretary of the committee. Professor Rufus is entering his twenty-fifth year as an administrator and adviser for Barbour Scholarships.

The chief factors considered by the committee in making the appointments are character, physical fitness, scholastic attainment, fitness for university work, including the ability to use the English language for study and classroom purposes; marked ability in some special field, and the candidate's desire to return to her native land for service after suitable preparation shall have been made.

Preference is given to applicants who are graduates of oriental colleges. The nominations are made by foreign advisory committees or by the faculties of selected institutions.

No race restrictions or religious requirements are imposed on appointees. Married women are not eligible, except by special action of the committee, and appointees forfeit their scholarships if married during the term of appointment. The appointee must be accepted as a student by the proper dean and must be admitted to the United States under the "Student Section" of the United States Immigration Act.

Although twenty-seven scholarships were awarded this year, only twenty-three of the recipients are at present in attendance at the University. Four of the women have not yet arrived, although three of them are known to have left their native lands recently. The fourth has been unable to secure a reservation for passage to America.

Of this year's appointees, China has the largest representation with thirteen students. Six of the women are from the Philippines, two each from Korea, Siam, and Japan, and Syria and India each has one representative. Twenty-four of the women are graduate students, and one student is enrolled in each of the Schools of Medicine, Music and Architecture. Six of the students have been awarded scholarships for the fourth time; four are Barbour scholars for the third year; five have received their second awards; and twelve are new Barbour students.

* * *

That Mr. Barbour's purpose is being achieved is seen from the remarkable careers of former Barbour scholars. Dr. Yifang Wu, in addition to being president of Ginling College for Women in China, is a member of the People's Political Council of China. This organization is the highest representative democratic body in China, corresponding to the United States Congress. Not only is she a member of the Council, but Dr. Wu is also one of the five rotating presidents of that organization. Moreover, she is chairman of the National Christian Council of China.

Dr. Lucy Wang, another former Barbour scholar, is president of Hwa Nan College, also a prominent college for women in China. Following the Japanese invasion of Foochow, original site of the college, the school was moved to Nanping, where it is carrying on on its borrowed campus despite present conditions.

Dr. Kameyo Sadakata, the first Barbour scholar, is head of the department of pediatrics at St. Luke's International Hospital in Tokyo, one of the outstanding medical centers of the orient. Although handicapped by the general disapproval of women in the medical profession, she is an active member of the Medical Association of Japan, an organization composed almost entirely of men.

In addition to winning fame for their work after graduation, Barbour students gain recognition and honors while at Michigan. Phi Beta Kappa and Phi Kappa Phi, national scholastic honor societies, list Barbour students among their members, as do many of the professional honor societies.

In spite of seriously disturbed world conditions, the work of the committee in charge of Barbour Scholarships is going on as usual. The main difficulty lies in securing reservations for the appointees and bringing them to America. The war has had virtually no effect on the number of applicants from the various countries, and there is no anti-American feeling against the women who are brought from the oriental countries to study at the University of Michigan.

Nine Steps in Campus-Stretching

The Student Secretaries of the Board of Missions Suggest a Way

DeWitt C. Baldwin and Lenore E. Porter

IS not our main task today that of creating understanding among peoples and nations the world over? Was there ever a time when we needed more to maintain unbroken lines of fellowship between races, across national barriers, and among classes?

To help students to live more world-mindedly, to help them enlarge the atmosphere of the campus, and to guide the Committee on the World Christian Community in every college, the following nine points are suggested for your consideration:

1. *Practice the philosophy of world fellowship and co-operation in your own experiences on the campus.* Make students more socially conscious in the activities of the campus community. A keen leader of students in New England has said, "It is much easier for us to get a student excited about sharecroppers out West than about a Jew who is excluded from joining a fraternity on our own campus."

2. *Point up specific phases of missionary work in your group meetings.* Many new types of missionary and reconstructive work are as yet comparatively unfamiliar. We are just beginning to appreciate how wide a variety of important works the church is carrying on around the world. Make your educational pro-

gram imaginative, clear and varied. Use ingenious means of presentation to show your fellow students how much the missionary movement is building toward a world church and achieving in the direction of a higher standard of living, justice and peace.

3. *Get behind and support projects that need your help at home and abroad.* The students who attended the National Conference of the Methodist Youth Fellowship in September selected a list of colleges abroad and projects in the United States for us to know and to investigate. See what these colleges are doing. The church is the best serving institution on earth. Its colleges, hospitals and churches around the world are making and saving life.

4. *Use all resource material available in The Student Program Packet, especially prepared by the student secretaries.* This is material which can be used in worship, in deputation work, in preparing missionary programs, and for study groups. If you do not have a packet, ask the student secretary appointed by the Woman's Society of Christian Service in the church nearest your campus to secure it for you.

5. *Participate also in interdenominational and international programs,* such as the World's Student Christian Federation and the Student Volunteer Move-

ment, in order to feel the mutual strength of working with other Christian students around the world.

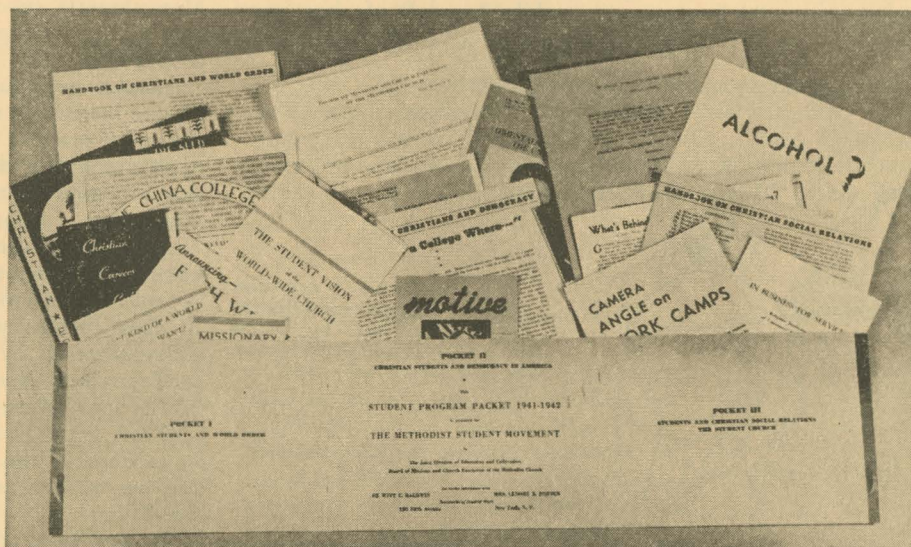
6. *Make friends with and include students from other countries who are on your campus in the program of your Wesley Foundation or Methodist student group.* Provide opportunities for them to interpret their people and the rich experiences which have been theirs in their homelands. Consider the possibility of a scholarship for a refugee or exchange student on your own campus, or elsewhere. An intelligent project would be to invite nationals from other campuses into your own group.

7. *Correlate the emphases of your committee with the general program of your group* by encouraging members of your committee to work with other committees in planning programs for the whole group. For instance, a member of your committee on the World Christian Community might work with a worship committee to create a service of worship on missions. Or one student might work with a recreation committee to prepare an international party.

8. *Each spring select carefully the chairman of your committee for the following year.* See that this person goes to one of the regional leadership training conferences of the Methodist Student Movement, and enters the Commission on the World Christian Community. In addition to this, we urge that your leaders get summer laboratory training in the Lisle Fellowship or the Youth Caravans, or attend one of the missionary training conferences.

9. Have those interested in full-time life work in the missionary program of the church write to the Personnel Department, Board of Missions and Church Extension of The Methodist Church, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

This is the students' Program Packet published this year by the Secretaries of the Methodist Board of Missions and Church Extension.



This packet spills incisive, helpful material over a wide range of interests. It costs \$1.00 and is ordered from 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

the college
consumer
kathryn blood

Consumers! Organize!



WE are not raising our prices. But we are adding a 10 per cent charge on all services.

So reads the hand-printed placard hung in each of the booths at Ye Powder Puffe Beauty Salon. If milady didn't like their brand of illogic she could, of course, go to another shop or shampoo her own hair.

Unfortunately for the consumer, however, all problems aren't so easily settled. For, when the same type of illogic, intentional or otherwise, is applied to the prices of such vital products as bread and shoes and houses, such reasoning becomes dangerous.

No one can afford to take a *laissez-faire* attitude toward either the supplies or prices of these essentials, for a lack of these things means a lower standard of living for you and over 100 million other consumers.

Many college meals ago, probably, you learned that boarding houses and cafés weren't in business for humanitarian reasons. Consequently you know from experience that the rise in the cost of food must hit either your stomach or your pocketbook.

But worse than parting company with any of the culinary delights to which

you'd like to have your palate become permanently adjusted, is the prospect of wandering about a campus full of glamorous girls and drab men. Yet by the time the spring prom rolls around, those yards from knee to floor that make up that extra swirl in a coed's formal frock, may have joined the army. For the campus athletes and rugged individualists, the clothing picture is somewhat less tragic—in fact, they may even have the pleasure of not being able to find a tuxedo.

Darker days may be ahead in colors, too, for since the shutting out of German sources of dyes, most of the textile industry of the non-Axis world has come to our factories. While no over-all lack is expected, some colors or shades may become difficult to get.

But more important than the yardage and color reduction are the increased prices which the consumer is already being forced to pay for everything from shirts to shoes. These price increases are not always obvious to the consumer, but may be hidden in the inferior quality of the goods. Brand A, of shoes, for example, may not have raised in price, but the quality of leather (or paper) may be poorer, while Brand B of shirts may

be priced higher because they are made of a sleazier material.

Of more significance than clothing to the consumer, however, is the housing situation. Next to food, consumers spend more for rent every year than for any other single item. If the consumer is paying more for rent than formerly, he knows it, for an increase in rent is not easily disguised by quality deterioration. Since such a large portion of the consumer's income goes for rent, any increase here means cutting down on other basic needs.

Your rent may or may not have been advanced, probably depending upon whether or not your college is located near defense industries or army camps. Not all landlords, however, have waited for their town to become a shipbuilding or army center before raising rents.

* * * *

There's no doubt about it. Consumers are in a dilemma.

But they're not giving up.

All over the country consumers are organizing for the purpose of protecting their living standards. By organizing a fair rent committee to investigate rent increases, the textile workers of Lawrence, Massachusetts, succeeded in getting property owners in a number of instances to reduce their rates. In Detroit organized consumers have succeeded in forestalling a price increase in milk, while in Chicago consumer pressure has brought about the appointment by the mayor of an aldermanic committee to investigate food and rent prices. Consumer action in West Virginia has resulted in a Governor's price committee being established. Following organized consumer protests, the price of sugar, which was being sold at four different prices by one of the big chains in Columbus, Ohio, was set at the lowest of the four prices.

These are only a few examples, picked at random, of the way in which consumers are working to protect their living conditions.

If you as a college student want to

motive



Line drawings made especially for *motive* by Aline Harwood Wharton.

make your consumer voice heard, why not organize a consumer council on your own campus? The Consumer Division of the Office of Price Administration, Washington, D. C., has a college and school section, directed by Dr. Maybelle Blake, which is at your service. Here is their suggested program for setting up such a council:

Suggested Program for Organizing a Consumer Council in Colleges and Universities

- I. A general consumer committee on the campus
- II. Both student and faculty representation on consumer committee
 1. One representative from various departments on committee: economics, sociology, psychology, political science, home economics, history, English
- III. Sub-committees, representing different angles of consumer problems: prices, rents, housing, standards, grades and labels, food, consumer-retailer relations, co-operatives, school lunches, work with nutrition committee, local market news, etc.
- IV. Set up information service at headquarters
 1. Bulletins
 2. Publications
- V. Meetings
 1. Subject matter presented to faculty members and students, followed by:
 2. Small group conferences
 3. Individual conferences
 4. Meeting to present definite program in light of previous discussion
- VI. Set up exhibits
 1. Section in library for charts, books, bibliographies, etc.
 2. Consumer bulletin board
 3. Visual education
 4. Style shows emphasizing types of substitutes (co-operation of retailers)
- VII. Publicity
 1. College papers
 2. Alumni bulletins
 3. Town papers
 4. Radio
- VIII. Methods
 1. Group conferences
 2. Individual conferences
 3. Forums and discussion groups
 4. Work with town groups
 5. Reporting back to groups—chapel programs, etc.
- IX. General suggestions
 1. Co-ordinate college and community programs
 2. Self-education of committee members as a nucleus to motivate college body

This Night Shall Pass. By Dorothy Clarke Wilson

A dialogue on a hilltop in the midst of a ruined city that inevitably reminds us in setting of *The Terrible Meek*. It is the conversation of a man and a girl who have survived a devastating air raid. In the midst of destruction, they talk of a new world, what it should contain. Frankly imitative, a partially successful arrangement of a situation that may but should not seem remote to many Americans. No royalty. Three or more copies must be purchased. Fee for each additional performance, \$2.50. Recommended. Walter H. Baker Company. Books, 35 cents.

January, 1942

drama

No Room in the Hotel

Dorothy Clarke Wilson

Dorothy Clarke Wilson has written as many one-act plays as Shakespeare wrote full-length. *C'est la Guerre, Peace I Give unto You, Release, The Far Country*, and her collection of plays called *Twelve Months of Drama for the Average Church* are the best of her writing. Now she has added another play that is one of the best she has done. It is a modern Christmas play that takes place in a hotel lobby in a city named Bethlehem. Into that lobby on Christmas Eve come a reporter, a traveling man, a scrub woman, a bell boy, a poetess and a senator and his wife. Two foreigners, a man and a woman, also come to get shelter. They are refused a room, but their coming changes the attitudes and lives of a few who are worth changing. The scrub woman alone offers to find them a haven. Just as she comes back, the traveling man and the reporter are talking.

REPORTER. What do you understand?

TRAVELING MAN. Why the world hasn't changed more in the last two thousand years. Why there are still wars and hatreds and oppressions and class struggles and racial bitterness twenty centuries after the Dream of a new way of love was born in the hearts of men.

REPORTER (*curiously*). Why?

TRAVELING MAN. Because—its senators and its hotel keepers and its poets are still not as wise as its scrub women.

REPORTER. And—its reporters, possibly?

TRAVELING MAN. Possibly. You know best about that.

REPORTER. And it's the senators, not the scrub women, who shape the world's destiny.

TRAVELING MAN. No. You're wrong there. There was a scrub woman in that other Bethlehem, too. There must have been. If there hadn't, the child wouldn't have had even his stable and his pile of straw. And she did far more to shape history than King Herod with his selfish, petty little nationalism ever did—or that Roman senator for whose sake the last room available was left empty. (*After a pause.*) Don't worry, my friend. As long as there are a few scrub women with simple human friendliness in their hearts, the Dream is safe. It will come surely to fulfillment. The pity is that it must come so slowly.

The traveling man tells the reporter that the two people who were there that night were just two simple people and that there was nothing supernatural. The reporter accuses him of deception but he replies that he only made them believe:

... Divinity visited this hotel tonight and was refused admittance. Which was true. Is there not divinity in every one of us, and are we not therefore all brothers? Wherever there is a human being in need, a human body oppressed, a human soul obscured, there for us is the challenge of the Divine Presence.

It may be given one performance with the purchase of ten copies of the play, and subsequent performances for \$2.50 each performance. There are six men and four women in the cast. The setting is simple. Time, 40 minutes. The books sell for thirty-five cents each and are published by Walter H. Baker Company, 178 Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and 448 South Hill Street, Los Angeles, California.

Thou Art Peter. By Maryann Manly

2 Scenes—8 men.

Peter, after the death of Jesus, is despondent over his failure. Jesus appears to him and renews his faith to "feed my sheep." Very brief—depends on physical resurrection of Jesus and miracle of fish. Not much contemporary significance. Royalty \$5.00. Book, 35 cents. Walter H. Baker Company.

And So He Doth Redeem Us. By Hazel F. Bailey

This is an Easter pageant which attempts to show the risen spirit of Christ working in men's lives. A careful production is necessary, and some imagination will be needed if the pageant is a success. The pageant scenes are enclosed in a dialogue between Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. An experience worth trying. Large cast, choir. No royalty. Books, 35 cents. Walter H. Baker Company.

Music Awakens in War-Torn China

Mary E. Kersey

IN China music is as necessary as rice, and no more adorned. Were the common people—coolies, stevedores, ricksha pullers, soldiers, barbers, professional mourners, farmers, knife grinders, guerrillas and all the others of the great masses forced to carry on their work without musical sounds, it would be an impossible and drab kind of life.

Two stevedores are unloading lumber from a barge. They dangle the heavy planks from cords attached to bamboo poles which they balance on their shoulders. "Hei-ho, hei-ho" they half-breathe, half-sing, as they scurry along. The carefully spaced, yet instinctive "hei-ho" sets the rhythm for their pace; the lumber sways rhythmically; their bodies move in smooth timing. "Hei-ho"—the load becomes much lighter.

GUERRILLAS ALSO SING

Today soldiers fighting in the fields and guerrillas taking pot shots from the rear rely on songs and chants to keep them going when faced by disheartening odds, hunger and fear. There is the "Song of the Guerrillas," which goes something like this:

*It may rain—it may snow,
But our brothers are giving them sur-
prise attacks
From north to south, from east to west,
everywhere you find
The guerrilla fighters behind the Japanese
lines,
Giving them a kick in the pants
To see what they are going to do about
it.*

In the cities the singing goes on despite air raids, lack of food, and other disconcerting elements. Clerks in clothing shops sing the quality and price of their goods and count change in periodic chants, the sound issuing forth into the alleys and streets and mingling into one great welter with the other street cries and vending songs. Orders are often sung out by waiters to the chef; owners of

portable restaurants specializing in ready-prepared "quickie" lunches for ricksha runners crouch at the side of the street with their steaming wares, singing lustily of the delicacies.

A certain melody means boiled dumplings with sauce of osmantus fragrance. It also means that it is 9:30 A.M., for this is the particular time when the boiled dumplings man approaches a certain hutung. The knife grinder is heard shouting and singing at a certain hour, followed by the cobbler an hour later, and so the sturdy procession goes throughout the day, as regular as any clock.

Chinese, except in rare academic circles, seldom go to a concert to sit in rapt attention as a lengthy orchestral work is played off. They much prefer to sit in their crowded compounds and play wildly on the hu ch'in (two-stringed violin), or pipe lustily on the ti-tzu (flute). The hu ch'in is a difficult instrument and only a few professionals play it well. But many Chinese derive deep satisfaction from scraping harsh, excited whines out of the two strings of their crude hu ch'in.

Professional musicians have been, and still are, to be found among the blind. Since a person born blind is considered a useless liability and unfit for a trade, he is apprenticed in childhood to another blind musician, and soon becomes expert at many instruments. Since music is rarely printed and is ordinarily learned by rote, it is simple for the blind to become adept musicians. These professional musicians are looked upon as anything but upper-class, or even good middle-class. They are considered interesting, picturesque, but improvident vagabonds: the closest Chinese equivalent of gypsies. Rice money for musicians is forthcoming at a funeral or wedding, for then they are in great demand to accompany white-coated professional mourners, or to play festive tunes alongside the red-bedecked sedan chair of bride and groom.

The theater is an integral part of Chinese life. Foreign and domestic movies

have done little to subtract from the theater's nightly attraction for all Chinese who can afford even a cheap stall ticket. A succession of commonplace and often vulgar one-act plays commences at 8 in the evening and improves in quality as the night wears on. The great classical tragedies are played after midnight. Throughout the evening, however, the orchestra, seated on the stage and composed of the hu ch'in (violin), the yueh-ch'in (moon-shaped guitar), the san hsien (the three-stringed guitar), the ti-tzu (flute), the pang-ku (drum), p'ai-pan (castanets) and the hsuan (ocarina), plays furiously—the louder the better.

Occasionally an orchestral concert is given in a large city. There Chinese go to hear classical music. An orchestra may be composed of two balloon-shaped guitars, one three-stringed guitar, two hu ch'ins, one small drum, one flute and one yang ch'in.

TO FREE CHINA

In Chungking, Free China, Western music is becoming more and more popular. Three orchestras, the China Philharmonic Orchestra, the Experimental Symphonic Orchestra and the Operative Orchestra of the National Experimental Theater play Western music on Western instruments for Chinese audiences. In Shanghai the Municipal Orchestra, composed of European players, gives weekly concerts of Western music for both Chinese and foreign listeners. All four orchestras are becoming increasingly popular among Chinese patrons. Western music in China is dominated by one man, Hsiao Yu-mei, now 70 years old, who studied in Europe. His influence extends over 80 per cent of Chinese musicians who have been his pupils at one time or another.

Chinese music has never completely shed its chains to poetry, drama and ritual, as in the case of Western music, simply because it could never expand within the confines of its original form. The character of Chinese music in the sense that music is spontaneous with the Chinese makes it a free and rhapsodical medium of expression and easily adaptable to the demands of the drama, poetry, ritual or choreography which it accompanies.

The post-Manchu generation is the first to become aware of the vast field of Western music and is eager to have something of the same suppleness brought into the field of Chinese music. To do this new instruments had to be found, and today there is a variety of occidental instruments among the old Chinese instruments.

[Editor's Note: This article is reprinted through the courtesy of the *New York Times*.]

Music in America---1941

music

robert lucock

LOOKING back over the twelve months that have recently become history, many things stand out as high points of musical memory. To survey a whole country over a period of a whole year is to set for oneself the impossible, for America in 1941 took in a great amount of music. But this is the season for the ten-best-this, and the All-American-that and the retrospect-on-something-else. So we offer herewith some suggestions for the notable chapters in music in America last year. Some of these are more in the nature of trends and developments than specific events to be chronicled when we write the story of that year. But all together they make up the record of one of the most exciting years of recent times in musical America.

(1) More great music was available to America, heard in America and appreciated in America last year than ever before. Record sales of the great works of music mounted in all parts of the country, and more records rolled from the presses than we had ever known. There were new record distribution schemes instituted by the great companies to promote interest and sales. A large chain of stores in New York City and elsewhere again last year distributed at low cost ten more symphonies selected from the world's masterpieces. There were many more radio programs throughout the country that featured good music on records. Not only this, but the big network stations offered many more hours of good music, of a much higher quality than in previous seasons. No figures are available, but it seems safe to say that 1941 was a banner year for concert going, radio listening and record buying.

(2) A number of significant trends emerge from the months we have so recently torn from the calendar. One is the increasing amount of American music programmed by orchestras, soloists and radio producers. The New York Philharmonic made a feature of American music, attempting to arrange some for every week of the season. Latin American music began to come into its own as we turned our thoughts to hemisphere defense. There was, alongside this trend, a turning back to the three B's; Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra are throughout the present season giving the public a chance to hear nearly everything in the repertory from these three stal-

warts. We may be thankful that as yet the American public has refrained from Wagnerphobia, and that the Metropolitan decided to revive *Die Meistersinger* this season. Another trend of some consequence was the invasion of the concert hall by Benny Goodman, the boogie-woogie artists and their numerous cohorts. We will refrain from comment on the further maltreatment of Tschai-kowsky by a musically barren Tin Pan Alley.

YOUNG ARTISTS GAIN ATTENTION

(3) We may note with interest the further participation by young men and women in our musical life. The All American Youth Orchestra was widely heard again last year under Leopold Stokowski. More and more young people are devoting their summers (allowing for the percentage affected by the national emergency) to music study in a number of music camps, chief of which is the National Music Camp at Interlochen, Michigan. The number of young singers heard in recitals, concerts, and at the Metropolitan Opera House last year was encouraging to those who bemoan (unjustifiably) the lack of American artists in our concert halls. Finally we must not fail to note the increasing part taken by choral groups, college glee clubs, choirs and oratorio societies. Two such groups at Harvard and Pennsylvania have done some very notable things with the great symphony orchestras and are adding immeasurably to the contribution our colleges are making to music life in America.

(4) The summer music festival is becoming Americanized. We have long been familiar with the Berkshire Symphonic Festival under Dr. Koussevitzky, which had its greatest year in 1941. A music school is now a permanent part of that institution. At Asheville, North Carolina, another outstanding festival was held last year featuring the works of Mozart. Likewise in Middlebury, Vermont, a festival featuring Mozart was held at the close of the summer. Outdoor music under the stars is a regular part of our national life now. The list of cities with some outdoor music program that offers more than *Poet and Peasant* and *William Tell* would take us into nearly forty-eight states.

(5) Sir Thomas Beecham and Bruno Walter—those two names shine on the horizon of music by virtue of their won-

derful performances during the past year. Beecham, honored conductor of the London Philharmonic, is here on tour during the war, conducting the Seattle Symphony and guest-conducting in several other cities. His performances with the New York Civic Orchestra last May were among the high points of the music season in Carnegie Hall. Bruno Walter is to be with us as an American citizen, and his performances last year made plain that he has no peers in the interpretation of the great symphonies and operas. Early in November he completely captured a capacity house in Carnegie Hall with a supremely revealing and deeply moving rendition of Beethoven's *Eroica*. At the Metropolitan Opera House he has brought distinction to the opera stage with his artistic direction of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* and *The Magic Flute*. These works come to life under his sure hand and gifted imagination.

THE NEW OPERA COMPANY

(6) The formation of a New Opera Company in New York found a ready response from public and critics alike. Their short season in the fall saw four works mounted on the stage, all of them done with life and cohesion. Most successful were Mozart's *Così fan Tutte* and Verdi's *Macbeth*, both of them new to our contemporary opera repertory.

(7) *Fantasia*. Certainly Walt Disney and Leopold Stokowski combined to give the music and movie public something to reckon with in their amazing picture set to music. It is significant and worthy of note, not only because it was one of the major contributions to the screen in 1941, but because it is the first time a full length symphony concert has ever been "screened." Musically speaking, it was somewhat less than soul-satisfying, but unquestionably it takes its place as 1941's most unusual innovation.

(8) Mozart's 150th Anniversary, marking his death on December 5, 1791. Throughout the year Mozart was featured on records, on concert programs and in the Opera House. The three great operas from Mozart were staged by the Metropolitan for the first time in many years. The record companies issued several resplendent versions of some of Mozart's great works, and the Philharmonic under Bruno Walter gave New York and the vast Sunday afternoon audience a beautiful performance of the *Requiem*. It was Mozart's year.

The Finer and Deeper Side

PERHAPS some of you ancient *motive* subscribers have been wondering where the column on Campus Talk has been for the last four issues. (We can dream, can't we?) Letters have been pouring into the editor's office demanding the return of the column—to the files or wastebasket. So, in order not to disappoint anyone, we have come through. . . .

And you have no idea what we have come through since the last column. It was thrilling last summer, while Caravaning, to meet people who read *motive*—that is, who read the Worth-while Portions. One sincere young man said to us about this column, after we had discussed the W.P., "Why do they have something like *that* in a good magazine like *motive*!" To have him say "*that*," and not even use the title, was the unkindest cut of all!

What, if any, are the *raisons* for the *d'être* of this column? Well, we believe that . . . ; or perhaps one would be inclined to say that. . . . But we like to think of it as representing the finer and deeper side of the American student. Doesn't it send little cold something-or-others of appreciation up and down your spine when you hear someone say, "Smith's a yak"? (listen—the spine!) Or doesn't it make your vertebrae vibrate to hear Student Smith say, "I gotta go yak my chemistry!" (the spine again; just hearken to that tintinnabulation!) "Yak," n., a person who studies to excess. "Yak," v. i., to study. This choice bit of euphonious Joe-College-iate jargon was sent in from DePauw University.

Though "yak" may be hard on the ears, there's nothing hard about a certain phrase that has been going around the S.M.U. campus for quite some time. We are quite sure that the idea is as old as extra-curricular activities, if not a couple of eons older. In fact we are convinced that it is a curricular activity, because we see so much of it in the library. "A little tender fellowship" does not mean the stuff that follows the dessert at a church banquet. "A little t.f." is another way of talking about having a date. If the fellowship was "tendab," then the date was really a success. If it was just "tender," well—oh you know, you and I have dates like that. We don't get around!

But the guys who do get around can usually be described as "wheeling and dealing." There's poetry in those lines that mean a guy is really on the ball, clicking along in fine form. Suppose a student goes through exam week in a breeze—well, he's "wheeling and dealing" in a big way.

From the two yak-contributing members of the Class of '44 at DePauw comes our final gem for January. To thank these men for giving to the student world their exquisite expressions, we shall forward to one, in appreciation, a little prize—a 1931 edition of the telephone directory from Hogwallow, Oklahoma. Nor will the other be disappointed; we know his face will writhe—excuse us, that's wreathe—in smiles when he receives the cover of a used Abnormal Psych. notebook, a nice spiral one. Oh yes, the phrase: In the men's dorm at DePauw, whenever someone is wanted on the phone, one may hear the scream, "Jones, on the horn!" And Jones hustles down to talk over the telephone!

See, friends, you can win recognition for your school and also one of those valuable prizes for yourself, if you will just send us some quaint figurative speech moulding around on your campus. A contest!—now, watch our circulation! (You watch; we want to lift up our eyes!)

The English Department of The College of the City of New York has issued a list of eighty books that "every educated person should read before he dies." The titles were selected from one thousand books that comprise the department's reading list for undergraduate honor students.

The list of the books follows:

Homer, *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; Herodotus, *Histories*; Aeschylus, *Plays*; Euripides, *Plays*; Sophocles, *Plays*.

Aristophanes, *Comedies*; Aristotle, *Ethics* and *Poetics*; Plato, *Republic*; Plutarch, *Parallel Lives*; Plautus, *Comedies*.

Terence, *Comedies*; Ovid, *Metamorphoses*; Livy, *Ten Decades*; Horace, *Odes and Satires*; Lucretius, *The Nature of Things*.

Vergil, *Aeneid*; Juvenal, *Satires*; Marcus Aurelius, *Meditations*; Saint Augustine, *Confessions*; *Niebelungenlied*.

The Romance of the Rose; *The Song of Roland*; Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*; Dante, *Divine Comedy*; Boccaccio, *Decameron*.

Petrarch, *Sonnets*; Cellini, *Autobiography*; Machiavelli, *The Prince*; Rabelais, *Gargantua and Pantagruel*; Montaigne, *Essays*.

More, *Utopia*; Shakespeare, *Plays*; *The English Bible*; Cervantes, *Don Quixote*; Corneille, *Plays*.

Racine, *Plays*; Moliere, *Plays*; Milton, *Poems*; Pepys, *Diary*; Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*.

Fielding, *Tom Jones*; Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*; Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*; Franklin, *Autobiography*; Goethe, *Faust*.

Rousseau, *Confessions*; Voltaire, *Candide*; Manzoni, *The Betrothed*; Balzac, *Eugenie Grandet*; Dostoyevski, *Crime and Punishment*.

Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*; Hugo, *Les Miserables*; Maupassant, *Short Stories*; Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*; Wordsworth, *Poems*.

Shelley, *Poems*; Lamb, *Essays*; Byron, *Poems*; Scott, *Ivanhoe*; Mill, *Of Liberty*.

Bronte, Charlotte, *Jane Eyre*; Bronte, Emily, *Wuthering Heights*; Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*; Dickens, *David Copperfield*; Carroll, *Alice's Adventures*.

Butler, *Way of All Flesh*; Browning, *Poems*; Hardy, *Return of the Native*; Poe, *Tales*; Emerson, *Essays*.

Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*; Melville, *Moby Dick*; Thoreau, *Walden*; James, *The Ambassadors*; Twain, *Huckleberry Finn*.

Whitman, *Leaves of Grass*; Wharton, *Ethan Frome*; Ibsen, *Plays*; Maugham, *Of Human Bondage*; Mann, *The Magic Mountain*.

Individuals are entitled to answer the call of the government for the support of its citizens in the army if their conscience directs. They are also entitled to respectful consideration as conscientious objectors to war, which position is a natural outgrowth of the principle of good will and of Christian teachings. The Church of Christ must respect individual Christian conscience and maintain fellowship with both groups. . . .
—From report of Committee on Youth Action Projects, National Conference of the Methodist Youth Fellowship, August 29-September 2, 1941.

More Important Than Diplomats or Dance Orchestras

IF nations of the world are ever going to understand each other and, so doing, destroy the ugly hates and prejudices that stand in the way of peace and friendship, they cannot overlook the service one great agency can perform in the cause—the motion picture. Condensed in a few metal cans, it occupies but little space in a steamship hold, yet its influence can be greater than a whole first class deck of diplomats or dance orchestras—or a fleet-full of gleaming battleships.

Sadly, though, the pictures thrown on the screens of other nations too often simply add their bit to the hates and prejudices they could ideally do so much to dispel. Take our own films—more numerous and more widely circulated than those of any other nation. Returning travelers tell of being embarrassed and handicapped in their efforts at good will by the gaudy, sex-filled movies providing the only conception many people in far-off lands have been able to obtain of everyday American life. A prominent physician from Peru marveled at the fine home life he found on his first visit to the States. American films had painted an entirely different picture for him, a picture of casual marriage, widely accepted infidelity, recreation mainly in the form of frequent sojourns in glittering night clubs. He had refused to permit his teen-age daughters to attend American movies because the standards shown were so inferior to their own. "Why don't you send us films that show us what America is *really* like?" he asked. It seems that in all too many cases our most lurid, cheapest films have been exported, probably for financial reasons, whereas most of the films coming to our shores from other lands have represented the best of those countries' output. No matter what you may think of the virtues of the Russian experiment, you cannot deny that the picture of that experiment as presented to us in the many honest, down-to-earth Soviet films which have come to us is an excellent one, one designed to gain many friends for it in this country. The popularity of Mickey Mouse throughout the world proves that excellence in American films is appreciated when it has a chance to show itself.

Our recent effort to cement Latin-American friendship through closer cultural relations has brought this whole question of films as ambassadors of good will into focus, and it would seem that Hollywood is learning a thing or two from the experience. When the Latin-American theme first became the thing to stress, the studios whipped up a number of films which they naïvely expected to fill our neighbors with love for us and our way of life. Why? Because the films had a South American setting. At least, there were interiors of gorgeous night clubs and a race track or two, and dancers performing the rhumba and gigolo-like heroes being patronized by beautiful visitors from fabulous New York. Now, would *you* love Argentina for making films with New York night-club settings, peopled with fat, money-spending Americans infatuated with beautiful visitors from Argentina? Well, neither did our Latin friends. And they said so in no uncertain terms.

Hollywood producers and actors and special good-will missionaries went on tour south of the border and returned to admit wide-eyedly that South America didn't want us to make South American-set films at all, but good, honest films about the U. S. A. An expensive way to discover an obvious truth, but if results follow it may have been worth the price.

If only the care being expended to see that the best of our film product, containing no matter patronizing or inimical to the receiving countries, goes out in these emergency times can continue into the period after the emergency—and long after, something truly worth while may have been accomplished. Since Mexico banned *The Bad Man*, we read, Mexicans are to be treated with more respect in our films (and when, may we ask, have they been so treated at any time in the past?). A special explanation was added to *In the Navy* because Latin Americans cannot understand spoofing of an established agency like the navy. It was not only the German ambassador's protest that led to the banning in Argentina of *The Great Dictator*; the fact that the film held the ruler of a state—any state—up to scorn was a device *non grata* in that temperamental land. Incidentally, a plan is afoot to popularize English-titled films from Argentina (some seventy are made annually) in the States. It is planned to supply them to houses formerly showing French films.

movies
margaret frakes

Among Current Films

All That Money Can Buy (RKO) is one of the first film inroads into American folk lore, based as it is on Stephen Vincent Benét's famous story, *The Devil and Daniel Webster*. The story is a Yankee "Faust"—how a harassed young farmer barter his soul for seven years' wealth, only to suffer tragedy and remorse when his period of prosperity is over. But he has Daniel Webster to argue for his soul with "Mr. Scratch" before a jury of famous American scoundrels which that sly adversary has summoned from the grave. The film goes a little off the deep end when it tries to picture the New Englander's years of carousing, but it does achieve a delightful blending of the historical and supernatural, especially when "Mr. Scratch" is around. It is *imaginatively conceived, effectively interpreted* (particularly by Huston as the devil) and *beautifully scored*. Edward Arnold, James Craig, Jane Darwell, Walter Huston, Anne Shirley, Simone Simon.

Burma Convoy (Univ.) is an attempt to capitalize on current interest in the Burma Road, but it turns out to be a routine little melodrama—and it could have happened anywhere else. Amateurish, *unconvincing*. Evelyn Ankers, Charles Bickford.

The Chocolate Soldier (MGM) has nice music; although the plot for the famous Straus operetta of that name could not be used because George Bernard Shaw owns the copyright to it (*Arms and the Man* it is), the lyrics and score have been used and set in the plot of Molnar's play, *The Guardsman*—a tale of marital fidelity tested by deception. Said plot gets to be rather tedious, but you have only to wait for more of the musical numbers to feel that you have more than your money's worth anyway. And Rise Stevens, Metropolitan opera star, does all right by herself in this first film appearance. *Gay, tuneful, light*. Florence Bates, Nigel Bruce, Nelson Eddy, Rise Stevens.

The Feminine Touch (MGM) is a very silly touch indeed, with about as much relation to reality and logic as a Laurel and Hardy farce. The trouble is, you're supposed to take seriously this tale of a professor of psychology who goes off to the city in a huff to market a book proving that jealousy is foolish and maybe even non-existent, while his wife goes along to awaken jealousy in him and prove his theory wrong by flirting with his inane publisher. There are occasional bright spots of comedy, but it's mostly pretty tedious and far-fetched, straining like everything to be funny and at times succeeding mostly in being a feeble attempt at the risqué. *Talkative, sophisticated*. Don Ameche, Kay Francis, Van Heflin, Rosalind Russell.

Flying Cadets (Univ.) may appeal to teen-age boys to whom any flying shots, exciting but pretty well on the road toward improbability, are thrilling. Otherwise, it tells a rather sentimental, silly story. *Awkward, overdone*. Frank Albertson, William Gargan, Edmund Lowe.

International Lady (UA) has all the ingredients of a good spy yarn, but somehow it never gets much of any place with them. You keep remembering the British gems in this line and are constantly being disappointed. There is an F. B. I. agent and another from Scotland Yard, yet both seem more at home in the scenes

All of which is to the good. We need to see more *good* films which bring with them the flavor of the lands which produce them—the everyday flavor of the everyday people of those lands. And we need to send out more films which reproduce the true spirit of our land for others to see, and to keep at home those sophisticated, fly-by-night affairs probing into such deep problems as marital infidelity with a comic twist, or the progress of drunken playboys to the harbor of true love. Such plays may merely entertain us, but to people of other lands they proclaim that here is the true life of America.

Dean Elbert Russell of Duke University tells of being in Cairo when the first film releases arrived showing the mad carousing in which many American cities indulged to celebrate the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. He can never forget, he says, the unbelief, the cold contempt of the Moslems of that land as they watched orgies for which their religion had no place. And he realized that the impression created by those few newsreels could never be dispelled.

At last winter's "Town Hall of the Air" meeting on movies and national defense, someone declared that we should send out to other lands only those movies featuring pure entertainment, that any film featuring social problems, etc., would be too controversial. To which a woman from the audience answered with the discerning comment that if people of other lands saw on the screen a representation of an American problem—even so serious a one as that in *Grapes of Wrath*—with Americans meeting that problem and solving it in a democratic manner by democratic means, no truer missionary work for democracy could be accomplished.

where they are paying court to the beautiful concert singer who is really a Nazi spy. It lacks that first essential of spy films, suspense, since you know from the very first who all the various characters are. After that it's mostly *anticlimax*, with only a few good spots to hold in your memory. George Brent, Ilona Massey, Basil Rathbone.

It Started With Eve (Univ.) has a routine enough little plot, but as in all the Deanna Durbin films, that fact matters not at all, for the whole thing is carried out in so light-hearted a manner that you go away feeling better about everything, even yourself. Charles Laughton does a surprisingly good, self-effacing job as the cantankerous old millionaire who gets well in spite of everything when he has seen the girl his son brings to his death bed to introduce as his fiancée. Once up on his feet, he sets out to see that the son forgets the real fiancée and comes to realize the virtues of the little hat-check girl he had hired to substitute. It's the same old Cinderella story, of course, but except for a regrettably out-of-key night club scene, it is so *pleasing and tuneful and warm-hearted* you wouldn't think of minding. Robert Cummings, Deanna Durbin, Charles Laughton.

Lydia (UA) has an aged spinster retelling her affairs with four old suitors who have gathered with her for a reunion, with flashbacks to each episode. There are a few imaginative touches, and the whole has a pleasantly reminiscent air, but the characterizations, particularly that of the heroine, are somehow inadequate, and plausible motives are strangely lacking for what happens in the various stories related. The musical score is effective; but the make-up is one of the poorest examples of that art to appear on the screen in a long time. *Rather tedious*. Joseph Cotten, Alan Marshall, Merle Oberon, Edna May Oliver, Hans Yary.

Married Bachelor (MGM) is another marital comedy about a husband weaned from his wife's side by the demands of the publishing business, this time by the success of a book he never even wrote. Unlike *The Feminine Touch*, however, it has enough clever situations to keep it from being inane. Those situations are not particularly ethical, we fear, but they *are* funny—particularly the interview with the professor and the department store autographing orgy. *Good for a number of laughs*. Lee Bowman, Felix Bressart, Ruth Hussey, Sheldon Leonard, Robert Young.

Navy Blues (War.), **Sailors on Leave** (Rep.) and **Swing It, Soldier** (Univ.) struggle hard to be funny about men away from military discipline, and bring in a weird assortment of sextets and twin comedians and double-talk artists, but they are all alike in being *tiresome, inane, unfunny*.

Niagara Falls (UA) doesn't take advantage of any uniform (except, perhaps, that a bell boy appears), but the *same adjectives* suffice as for the three just above. *Ditto* for **Week-end for Three** (RKO).

Skylark (Par.). Much ado about the woes of a wealthy wife whose husband is absorbed in his advertising business and who knows nothing to do about it but to encourage an affair with a chance guest. What point there was to the play has been mostly lost; it is all very deft and slick and—very occasionally—comic. There is a great deal of emphasis on the desirability of liquor as a panacea for unhappiness, etc., etc. And nothing very significant ever happens. *Deft, but with nothing inside*. Walter Abel, Brian Aherne, Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland.

Suspicion (RKO) is a Hitchcock film, which will mean a lot to fans of *The Thirty-nine Steps*, etc. For most of the footage, this is good

Hitchcock, too, with suspense piling up and up until your spine fairly creeps. The dénouement is a comedown—but it doesn't spoil the rest. It relates episodes which lead a loyal wife gradually to suspect her careless, debt-ridden husband of harboring murder in his heart. If you want chilling suspense, effectively carried out in both acting and direction, here it is. *Absorbing*. Nigel Bruce, Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant, Isabel Johns.

The Story of the Vatican (RKO; The March of Time). See this if you have a chance; it is a feature-length tour around the official palaces, the art treasures, the neighboring seminaries, the stores and shops of Vatican City, made from material left over when *The March of Time* made a previous release on this subject. It suggests the history and present extent of the influence of the Catholic Church. *Interesting, informative*.

A Yank in the R. A. F. (Fox) is content to be simply a romance, set against London in wartime, ferrying of bombers, the R. A. F. in action and the evacuation of Dunkirk. If we must have propaganda-like films on Yanks in the R. A. F., let us hope they continue to be as objective and *straightforward* as this one. Betty Grable, Tyrone Power, John Sutton.

In the Woman's College of West China, the fine arts department is bursting out of its old accommodations. Well over one hundred students are registered in regular music courses, and hundreds more have had to be turned away because of the severe limitations of staff and space. . . . One teacher of music writes, "It is hard for Westerners to realize what a place music can have among Chinese students in the development of individual lives and in the enrichment of home life and social life generally. Music is one of the most acceptable parts of our western culture to China today, and perhaps one of the most worth-while things we here can do is to try to help our students know and appreciate the best of this part of our culture." The Chinese government, this teacher says, is laying great stress on the value of musical education in schools, and there is a great need of trained teachers.

—*The China Colleges*, Spring, 1941.

For Your Record Library

Unquestionably the record release of the season is the Horowitz-Toscanini interpretation of the *B Flat Minor Concerto* of Tchaikowsky (now being served up in a sickening arrangement as a popular song—which pales into nothing when brought near to the real thing.) This concerto has few equals for brilliance and excitement (cf. *motive*, April, 1941, page 33). It is a pleasure to report that this Victor album (M-800, \$4.50) even exceeds our hopes for it. Technically it leaves nothing to be desired, and the tremendous drive of the maestro's command makes you want to hold your breath.

"Obediently Yours"

radio

David Crandell

EVERY ambitious employee should work and worry every minute of the day, so he can get to the top and work and worry days, nights, Sundays and holidays." So reads a framed motto on the wall of an office in a white bungalow within the studio walls of RKO in Culver City, California. The advice, the ambition and the sense of humor represented are all typical of the man who placed the motto there . . . ORSON WELLES.

The celebrated Orson was not "at home" when I called for a story, but his spirit was very much in evidence at the studio where they were building and filming *The Magnificent Ambersons*.

The adjoining bungalow housing MERCURY PRODUCTIONS, INC., was even more alive with the vibrant personality of the man who wasn't there. Miss Preston called my attention to the push buttons which were much in evidence, even lining the walls of the outdoor patio where story conferences are held. "He has a mania for push buttons," she said. "Each makes a different sound. You should hear them in action!" A door in the patio wall was inscribed with the words "RANCHO EN MERCURIO, Departamento Los Magicos" and led to pen after pen of white rabbits and pigeons, for Orson Welles is a magician of merit. The "laboratory" was overflowing with model settings, rough sketches and finished designs and ground plans for various Mercury productions. Everywhere were reminders of Welles' successes of yesterday and previews of his triumphs of tomorrow. Here was MERCURY PRODUCTIONS, INC., a vital functioning organization, in full swing of operations on motion pictures, stage productions, Shakespearian recordings, lectures and publications, *et cetera ad infinitum*, all bearing the name of ORSON WELLES who was at that moment engaged in yet another of his enterprises . . . the production of his radio program for LADY ESTHER . . . a project that in itself would merit the full-time activities of any normal human being.

* * *

Backstage at CBS in Hollywood, I sensed electricity in the air and knew that I was in the presence of the dynamic Mr. Welles. I stepped through the wings to find him completely absorbed in rehearsing music cues with his orchestra. His private secretary, Miss Haran, passed me with a cup of tea. "Now it's HOT tea," she said. "It used to be ICED tea.

Before that it was PINEAPPLE JUICE. We wonder what will be next." "Does he drink much?" I asked. "MUCH!" she replied. "We're afraid he'll poison himself . . . so we make it weak . . . barely color the water."

The great stage of the broadcasting studio was divided in half by a portable wooden wall that was especially built for Mr. Welles so that the orchestra might be seen and not heard . . . seen only through a window between the conductor on one side and Mr. Welles on the other, and heard only as prescribed through the volume controls of the engineer. This Welles innovation in radio technique removed the responsibility of music fades from the orchestra itself, and put a variable factor under absolute control.

Orson Welles is famous in each of the three fields he has conquered, stage, motion pictures and radio, as a four-fold artist in producing, directing, writing and acting. Having participated in a few network broadcasts myself, I was interested in seeing just how Mr. Welles ALONE managed the responsibilities generally assumed by an entire staff. I have been impressed with Orson Welles in the theatre. I have been impressed with Orson Welles in motion pictures. I was impressed beyond words with Orson Welles in RADIO. He is a master of every man's job and can do *four* equally well . . . SIMULTANEOUSLY.

The front of the stage is set with a square platform to one side, so placed as to command the entire scene from the high stool in the spotlight. There sits Orson Welles with his script stand, his microphone, his earphones and his pedestal of push buttons. His sound effects men are on his right, his view of the orchestra conductor ahead at center stage; to his left are his actors and their microphone, and behind them the control room where sits his engineer. All of these elements of his broadcast are fused in unity of production by hand signals and the system of push buttons . . . one for sound effects, one for music and one for the attention of the engineer.

With the red light signalling ON THE AIR, Orson Welles opens his program pleasantly and intimately. He presses the button for music and controls what he hears through the earphones by hand signals to the engineer. He cues in LADY ESTHER seated at the commercial table before him. He pushes a button for sound effects and controls it with his right hand while his left hand "floats"

the microphone to fade his own voice in or out; at the same time he cues each of the actors with a hand signal, turns the page of his own manuscript, cues more music—perhaps blended with sound effects, and all this while reads his own role which frequently requires tense emotional playing. In spite of countless cues per page to the orchestra, the sound table, the Mercury Players, his own role and that ever-present radio gadget, the studio clock . . . Orson Welles has never been known to miss a single cue or fail to achieve the effect which he wants.

It is little wonder that Mr. Welles does not permit a studio audience to complicate his concentration. He is a showman *in production*, not on exhibition. Only nine of us were permitted to watch the broadcast, Dolores del Rio, her mother, six members of the Mercury "family" and your correspondent.

I respect Orson Welles not just because of his accomplishments. I respect his being ever genial with a humorous quip for anyone at any moment, yet having a dynamic force that makes him complete master of any situation with complete control at all times over a score of actors, musicians and technicians . . . all with their share of temperament. Orson Welles has innovated a new type of radio program for LADY ESTHER. His every program introduces something new in radio production technique that bids the industry take note. And with all this, he reads and answers his own fan mail, eager for suggestion, appreciative of response, for Orson Welles is of all things genuinely and sincerely . . . OBEDIENTLY YOURS.



Orson Welles. Photo courtesy of CBS.

January, 1942

Behind the Cameras at WNBT

ALEX scanned the properties list for the last time just to be sure: "For Miss Wicker: desk, arm chair, settee, platform, lantern, wash tub, 3 real eggs, apple, feather duster (small), coat hanger, coat (Sir Walter Raleigh), tea kettle, revolver, handkerchief, ash tray, cigar, ashes, five prints of birds, orchestra leader's baton, maps of present Russian drive, four books with titles that are readable including an almanac, non-commissioned officer's insignia for both army and navy."

In every kind of undertaking there seems to be a key man for a key job that becomes a sort of clearing house for everything to be done, a centering of the bulk of responsibility on the shoulders of one man . . . a man capable of assuming the responsibility and with ability for co-ordination and the knack of getting things done. Such a job is that of STUDIO OPERATIONS MANAGER at NBC's WNBT in New York, and such a man is ALEX, known formally, if not commonly, as Clarence G. Alexander . . . a young man of vitality, enthusiasm and ambition, with all the "drive" his job requires.

When the director has completed his properties list, it is Alex who sees to it that the prop man gets each article as specified, which means that of the many things required of Alex one of the more important is a photographic memory. Driving to a mobile unit telecast at Atlantic Beach one afternoon, we passed

through the old section of lower Manhattan where the streets are lined with buildings of another age, picturesque in their antiquity. One structure boasted an antiquated sign that was definitely "period" in age, lettering and wording. Alex looked a second time as we sped by. "Must remember that," he said. "We may need that sign sometime." Ray Forrest, the announcer, chuckled. "You will never find it," he said. "Oh yes I will! It's my business to remember things like that. In this game you may need ANYTHING ANYTIME and you've got to remember it and where you saw it. New York is a wonderful place for props. Anything you want is right here . . . some place . . . all you have to do is find it. If it isn't in Manhattan they'll send you to Brooklyn. There's one of everything in Brooklyn." From that moment I kept an eye on Alex and watched him as he mentally catalogued a piece of garden statuary, an antique chair of a particular period and size, a suit for a character in a future script, an old saddle with silver trim in the window of a shop on a little side street near the foot of the Brooklyn bridge. I had the feeling that I could ask Alex where to find any one of those items six months hence and be taken right to the spot.

But properties is really a small part of the big job that Alex holds down. He must work with the scene designer, the scene painters, the stage hands, the elec-

tricians, the cameramen, the costumer, the make-up artist. Everyone's job is a part of his job, and he knows those jobs because he has done them all.

Having checked on the props for Miss Wicker's television quiz program, Alex took a last check of the set which was a drawing room executed with great care and in minute detail, done in shades of grey, as are all television sets, with highlights and shadows painted as mathematically perfect as an architect's rendering. He checked the flowered print draperies at the window to make sure the colors in the pattern were of the right shades of yellow and green to televise as a pattern rather than as a solid color.

Lights were at that moment being placed behind the window to produce a sunlight effect, and overhead Walter O'Hara was adding another 1800 watts to the already brilliantly lighted set. Every light unit on the ceiling of the spacious studio was controlled by a pulley system worked out by Walter and Alex, with colored cords designating the direction of movement, since television lights are almost continually moving to keep with the actors and the cameras as they change from set to set. The colored rigging interested me and I learned that right and left were represented by red and green cords. Why? Because they mean "port" and "starboard" and Walter was a sailor with a mate's license. "Easier to remember," he said. So, because of a sailor's memory, that system will undoubtedly always stick with that particular type of lighting in television.

It was approaching time to take to the ether and the cast was assembling on the set. They had rehearsed all afternoon with Warren Wade, head of production for WNBT. Dancers had been cautioned on space limitations and Alex had marked the grey floor with black chalk to keep them within the camera range. The three cameramen had been rehearsed in the sequence of the show from shot to shot, scene to scene, and act to act, so that each camera would be in its position to catch the planned angle at the right time. Mr. Wade, one of the finest directors in television, gave his final instructions to actors and cameramen as Alex and the cameramen, with earphones, prepared to carry on the program as directed by Mr. Wade in the enclosed control room overlooking the entire studio. Ray Forrest took his position before camera Number 1 and, with the flashing of the green light on that camera, WNBT was on the air. Alex swung into full action of studio operations, determined to make it the smoothest running show of his career. It is an exciting business but not an easy job being the man behind the cameras at WNBT.

Lighting and camera setup at WNBT. Photo courtesy NBC.

Write Your

Own Ballad Opera

THE hit show of the 1728 season in London was *The Beggar's Opera* by John Gay. Even at that early date the players interrupted their spoken lines to sing their sentiments in important situations (and some not so important). But rather than relying on a Sigmund Romberg or a Jerome Kern to collaborate with the author in turning out the songs, John Gay used a simpler and cheaper way. He wrote his rhymes to fit tried and accepted tunes—folk tunes, favorite bits of opera, and the like.

If you have been looking for something simple, cheap, and effective to fill your leisure hours creatively in these days of priorities unemployment and conscription, why don't you take a tip from John Gay? Write your own ballad opera!

You may want to work it out carefully in a drama society. Or you may want to adapt it to an evening of informal group fun in place of the more usual games and stunts.

Suppose we consider this second proposal in some detail. If you think it won't frighten people away, you can suggest the nature of the enterprise by asking in your invitation: "Are you a Gilbert without a Sullivan, an Ira Gershwin without a George? Come and help us write the words for a ballad opera. We already have the tunes."

When all the authors have gathered, the most pressing need obviously will be a plot. There are several possible answers to this problem. One would be to take a generally known story—a folk tale like "Little Red Riding Hood," an episode from classical mythology (which might be modernized), or a familiar short story. Another would be to develop and jot down a plot on the spot (just thinking about this is bringing out the Cole Porter in me); a set of characters, conventional or otherwise, should lead without much difficulty to a plot, also conventional or otherwise.

STANDARD OPERATIC MOMENTS

Next step is to decide what kind of songs you need where. Keep in mind some of the standard musical moments. There is usually singing when the hero first sees the heroine, when the heroine begins to wonder if this strange feeling could be love, when the rival learns that

his chances of winning the hand of the heroine are slipping, when the hero's comic companion tries to bribe the heroine's maid into helping arrange a secret meeting of the lovers, when the heroine discusses with her mother how to break the news to her father, when the villagers gather to celebrate the happy wedding day. In *The Beggar's Opera* there is a long soliloquy sung by the hero imprisoned in the death house. (In the introduction the Beggar explains, "I have a prison scene, which the ladies always reckon charmingly pathetic.")

When you have decided on the songs you want, you can divide the job of writing the words among several small groups and perhaps set a time limit in order that the more meticulous poetasters will not delay the production. For unity of spirit you may want to decide on one particular type of music—folk songs of the United States or some other single country, Sullivan tunes, present-day popular songs, music from opera. Especially if you are going to narrow the field this way, it would be helpful to have a stack of music on hand to work from. A rhyming dictionary would not be out of place, either. One hint from *The Beggar's Opera* is to keep each musical number short; John Gay usually has only one stanza for each tune, unless two characters are singing to each other. Under this plan it will be possible to introduce more different songs and still not slow down the action too much. You will probably find it a good idea to have some of the songs used several times, particularly those associated with the key characters; and then it is customary to have the love duet, followed by the gayest group number, repeated for the grand finale.

Now it is time for the performance. After solo parts are assigned, everyone else can be in the chorus; of course, you will have foreseen the desirability of having plenty of choral opportunities. Since everyone already knows the story, the real fun will come when the unrehearsed actors begin to follow the relentless plot straight through to the inevitable conclusion, making up their spoken lines as they go and keeping in mind all the while the necessity for working the action gracefully around to the musical numbers. (Let's hope there is at least one

fairly legible writer in each group of authors, for the singers will have to perform without advance practice from the manuscripts assembled in the order of their place in the plot.)

If your creative evening has been a success, and I see no reason why it should not be, you may want to polish up your ballad opera a bit and present it to a larger audience.

A "SUBURBANITE'S OPERA"

Allow me to emphasize that the ballad opera plan is within the capacities of almost any group. In a week at a summer camp I once worked with some high school students from a Chicago suburb. Having a background of familiarity with several Gilbert and Sullivan operas, they decided to produce a musical satire on the life of the average suburban family. Each member of the family introduced himself as he entered the dining room for breakfast. Mother was on the stage when the curtain rose and sang to the rhythmic accompaniment of her toast scraping. The boy-struck older daughter came in to lament a run in her second best stockings. The high school age son complained about unfinished homework. To the tune of "I'm Called Little Buttercup" the youngest child entered singing "I'm Called Little Five-eighths," since the authors recalled that the average suburban family consisted of something like four and five-eighths persons. And then father dashed in, drank a cup of coffee, read the headlines of the morning paper, and rushed out to make the 8:08 commuters' special, forgetting his overshoes. You can see the possibilities for other scenes. The children come home from school, discovering that their mother is entertaining the missionary society or the bridge club. After supper comes the debate over who gets to use the car, a fine chance for a musical episode akin to the sextet from *Lucia*. Older daughter receives her boy friend in the living room.

This not too difficult combination of familiar elements—plot, rhyme, and tunes—results in something entertainingly different. So, I say again, write your own ballad opera!

The task of Christianity conscious of its calling is to bring religion down from heaven to earth . . . the real adversary of Christ is the Godlessness of pious formalism.

—Pierre Van Paassen in *That Day Alone*.

leisure

j. alcutt sanders

The War in Books

Raymond P. Morris

IT has been said of Ravel's choreographic poem *La Valse* that while outwardly it presents a "sensuous glow and glint of neurotic rapture—'Dance that ye may not know and feel,'" yet below and "grating rude and grim" against the surface there is an ominous undercurrent filled with "stress and turbulence, despair and angers equally ugly, and, maybe, nigh to bursting." A troubled "apotheosis," then, is this world of ours—"We dance on a volcano." Interfused with any harmony we may play are minor and discordant notes. We are troubled. We sleep to toss with unpleasant dreams. We are acutely aware that we have set out upon a way the end of which we cannot see, that we have accepted commitments the price of which is unknown.

This troubled "apotheosis" is plainly discernible in current literature. It could not be otherwise for literature mirrors life. The creative minds, of all minds, love life most. They register the rhythmic pulse of the living. In the November issue of *Harper's Magazine* twenty reviewers cast their vote on the best books, fiction and otherwise, which were published during the late summer and early fall. Commenting upon this selection the *New York Times* remarks that it is "a curious feature . . . that only one of the works of fiction listed has a war setting, while more than half the non-fiction books listed deal with the war directly." Without doing too great violence to truth we could almost divide the list into escape literature and war literature. This tendency doubtlessly will increase as the crisis becomes more intense.

This is not to disparage "escapist" literature. The human being cannot withstand prolonged stretches of tautness and crises. It turns from them to prevent numbness and paralysis, to regain poise. But the fact of crisis remains, deep buried though it may be, in our subconscious.

* * * *

The great problem which is pressing upon the college generation of today is the fact of war. As the nation's mind slowly and, perhaps, unwillingly is crystallizing itself in regard to open war, we give pause to those issues which are before us. Make up our minds we shall, consciously or otherwise. It is better to make them up with deliberation. The titles listed below may assist us to clarify our thinking and to probe at fundamentals. If some are not brand new, it has been thought better to allow the ink to dry on their pages and their substance to stand the test of re-readings. Further, they are relatively freer of the war psychosis which is rampant in current pamphleteering.

One of the ablest analyses of the problem of war and peace, and almost classic, is Norman Angell's *The Great Illusion*. First published as a political pamphlet in 1908 and since summarized and revised (1933), it presents as its thesis, "that men should fight is perhaps part of their *nature*; but what they fight about is part of their *nurture*, habit, training, tradition, ways of thought." The argument has been accused of oversimplification. It is worthy of reading.

Anne Morrow Lindbergh's brochure, *The Wave of the Future*, presents in a very readable form the cause of American isolationism. She has been answered by Reuben H. Markham in *The Wave of the Past* and in *A Letter to the American People* by Lawrence Hunt. A more substantial, mature and weighted plea for neutrality and isolation is Borchard and Lage's *Neutrality for the United States* which, in turn, may be balanced in viewpoint and quality by Raymond Leslie Buell's *Isolated America*. Christian pacifism and isolationism are combined in the editorials of *The Christian Century*. Interventionism and the ethical issues of the present war are discussed in *Christianity and Crisis*, a bi-weekly, edited by Reinhold Niebuhr.

Storm by George R. Stewart is one of the most novel and ingenious works of fiction which has appeared recently. At least it is different. It combines meteorology with human interest in a downright good story of a hurricane dubbed Maria which sweeps down upon the Pacific coast. The account is concerned with the vicissitudes of the birth, life and death of Maria, and with intimate glimpses of the disruptions she brings.

In *Windswept*, Mary Ellen Chase has given us a slow moving story of the down east coast of Maine. Miss Chase writes well. Perhaps she is "too precise in every part" to have a wide appeal—she is a bit precious. Nevertheless, here is a story of unusual merit.

Edna Ferber's *Saratoga Trunk* has been gaudily blurred by the publishers. It includes a dash of glamorous old New Orleans, of lush Saratoga in the '80's, all served up *a la* Wurlitzer and Co., but then there are times when one doesn't mind Wurlitzer music.

"Invitation to Learning" Guide

Another *Listener's Guide* for use in conjunction with INVITATION TO LEARNING (CBS, Sunday, 11:30 EST), has been prepared by Mark Van Doren, who presides over this weekly discussion of the world's classics. The guide devotes a page to each of the books listed for discussion, briefly summarizing each and telling something about the author. The booklet is printed by Columbia University and is offered to listeners at a nominal price.

Additions to Last Month's Radio Schedule

(Eastern Standard Time)

- MUSIC AND AMERICAN YOUTH
NBC, Sunday, 11:30
THE WORLD IS YOURS (science, history invention and art; presented with co-operation of Smithsonian Institution and U. S. Office of Education) NBC, Sunday, 1:30.
GREAT PLAYS NBC, Sunday, 3:00
SPOTLIGHT ON ASIA
CBS, Monday, 3:45
METROPOLITAN OPERA
NBC, Saturday, 2:00
FREEDOM'S PEOPLE (dramatizing Negro contributions to American life; sponsored by U. S. Office of Education) NBC, once a month through February.

There are many statements of Christian pacifism. A position which is widely assumed in England has been ably discussed by Charles E. Raven in **War and the Christian**, while A. J. Muste's **Non-violence in an Aggressive World** is an extremely well stated exposition of the pacifism prevalent in America. A useful little volume which does exactly what its title implies is **The New Testament Basis of Pacifism**. An opposite viewpoint from Raven and Muste is Robert Corkey's **War, Pacifism and Peace**.

The conditions of a just and durable peace have been treated from the standpoint of international organization or a revised League of Nations by Benes, Feiter and Coulburne in **International Security**. An argument for a league of the democracies is presented by Clarence Streit in **Union Now**, a position since revised in favor of a hegemony of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, as **Union Now With Britain**. Perhaps as useful a discussion for a working structure of international order which conforms to the Christian principle of mutual responsibility, is **A Christian Imperative** by Roswell Barnes. The latter can serve as an excellent study book for group discussions. For general backgrounds and orientation, **War, Peace and Change** by John Foster Dulles is important. Briefly his thesis is that war has been tolerated because there has been no method of settling international disputes without resort to force. The problem is both ethical and political. International relations reflect the ever-present struggle between dynamic and static forces. As this problem has in a measure been solved within the state by ethical influences and political devices, we should now consider how these can be extended to greater universality. The thinking of the churches has been summarized in a pamphlet issued by the Federal Council of Churches and entitled **A Just and Durable Peace**. This pamphlet and the books mentioned above have been thrown into perspective by Liston Pope in **Religious Proposals for a World Order**. It is a concise analysis of some forty peace proposals, their methods and the types of world governments suggested, and the gaps to be found in these proposals. The discussion is purely analytical.

A treatment, somewhat pro-Chinese, of the Far Eastern question is Edgar Snow's **Battle Over Asia**. American relations with South America are considered by Hubert Herring's **Good Neighbors**. Finally, no one should conclude a serious study of the problems of world peace without a knowledge of the events of the past two decades as interpreted in **The Quest for Peace Since the World War** by William Rappard.

source

"Americans have no time for poetry."

These were the words of Gerald Tien, graduate student, and a former member of the faculty at Yenching University in Peiping, in a lecture here.

Tien's reference to Americans served as an introduction to his discussion of why poetry is so much a part of the Chinese people. Calling attention to the fact that the Chinese are never too busy to read or write poetry, he remarked that a little cultivation of this spirit would add immensely to the already material greatness of our country.

Referring to the modern American system of "dating" as used extensively on this campus, he said that it left very little room for any poetry of love. "If a boy wants to see a girl, he merely calls her on the phone and makes a date." This of course eliminates the old method of writing a poem.

Tien was asked if he thought the Japanese war would affect Chinese poetry badly. "Never," was the emphatic reply. He pointed out that poetry is too deeply imbedded in the Chinese people for one war to change it. Because of the fact that it is so widely spread in private collections, rather than in libraries, it would be virtually impossible to destroy.

—*The Michigan Daily*.

A Statement and a Demand

peace action
herman will, jr.

THE following is a digest of the ideas presented by Professor Harry Rudin, associate professor of history in Yale University, at a meeting of the Wesley Foundation of the First Methodist Church, New Haven, Connecticut, held on November 2, 1941. The statement was adopted by members of the Wesley Foundation at Yale by a vote of 47 to 4.

The facts are:

1. We live in a world where each state must bear the entire responsibility for achieving its own military and economic security.

2. History shows that in such a world the military and economic security of one state is, sooner or later, incompatible with the security of other states. Not one of the great states in the world today can be given a feeling of security without inspiring fear in others.

3. At a time when there are many strong states seeking to maintain their security, a premium is put on power, political and military, as the only possible way of getting any security. In such times, there is a complete subordination of all other considerations to the single cause of self-defense.

4. When the emphasis is placed on power, as in our own day and in the years prior to 1815 in Europe, these are the results: centralized governments, the subordination of the individual to the state, state control and supervision of all the activities of its citizens, intolerance, persecution, disregard for treaties, aggression, war. Contrariwise, when people in Europe were freed from the paralyzing fear of war during the years 1815-1914, there was an emphasis on the rights of the individual. It was then that the world made some of its greatest cultural

gains: democracy through the extension of the franchise, the emancipation of serfs and slaves, tolerance, wider education, the expansion of the Christian missionary movement, a phenomenal development in science and letters.

We believe:

1. Peace is the essential condition for the preservation and development of the best in our culture.

2. The time is past when any national or racial minority, German or Anglo-Saxon, can dominate the world. Such programs leave out all other peoples: China, Japan, India, Latin America, Russia, as well as the group that is defeated. So great is the distribution of power in our contemporary world that from those omitted from consideration in whatever "new order" is to come most serious opposition will result, leaving the world

in complete chaos. The Anglo-Saxon domination envisaged in the Churchill-Roosevelt-Knox future world order will impose on Englishmen and Americans a costly military program that will make our present efforts seem very insignificant. England and America will never have peace or security or economic advantage from such an outmoded policy.

3. Isolationism is likewise utterly futile. The Chinese wall that the United States will have to build about the country will be so great and so costly as to prove impossible. We simply cannot afford it; no nation can afford today the cost of its own security. Isolationism would destroy the very best America has produced. It would impose on Americans the same intolerable burdens as those inherent in a program for world-domination.

4. The only possible hope for America and for the world must be in a system of collective security that frees nations from the suicidal burden imposed by strictly national effort to feel secure. It must be a system based on justice and equality for all members. It is something the world has refused to try. It is Utopian, but less Utopian than proposed schemes that have proved to be failures many times in the past. It will cost a great deal; but if we are prepared to spend billions for policies that cannot succeed, we should be willing to make great sacrifices for a program that must succeed. Only when nations are freed from the fear of aggression will it be possible for us to be free to be as civilized as we were in the nineteenth century.

5. The longer the world waits before it is ready to adopt such a program, the more difficult will it be to achieve it. A prolonged war will destroy the calm and intelligence necessary to work out such a system as that proposed. An early commitment to such a program may hasten the end of the war by assuring Hitler's enemies in Germany that efforts to overthrow him will not expose Germany to invasion and occupation and partition.

We demand:

1. That our government renounce *now* its intention to establish an Anglo-Saxon world-hegemony,

2. That it declare *now* its adherence to a policy of unqualified collective security,

3. That it give *now* an earnest of sincere intention in this respect by taking definite steps in that direction with countries of Latin America with whom we are at peace,

4. That it offer *now* to European states the opportunity to participate in that system and to share in its advantages as soon as they bring their war to an end,

5. That our government offer *now* its

friendly services to end the war for the purpose of achieving a system of collective security without which all sacrifices, present and future, will be made in vain.

The Figures Speak for Themselves

Four to one, American college and university students are opposed to sending U. S. air force planes and pilots to Europe to help Britain, a national poll conducted by Student Opinion Surveys of America in November showed.

19.8 per cent said "Yes," 80.2 per cent "No" to the question: "Do you think the United States should at this time send part of her air force, with American pilots, to Europe to help Britain?" This parallels strikingly the showing made in another poll in which 79 per cent answered "No" to the question, "Should the United States declare war on Germany now?"

"Interventionism has not made much inroad on the college campus; the sourness left by World War I has not completely disappeared," Student Opinion Surveys concluded.

"Nofrontier Newsletter" Reports

Indications are that a showdown between nazi organizations in South America and the governments of the countries concerned is not far away. Rapidly widening public knowledge of the extent and thoroughness of nazi organizations in Chile and Argentina is causing great popular pressure upon the governments to follow up the investigations and arrests already made with vigorous action to eliminate the entire nazi network.

For more than a month a group of Colombian women in Bogota have been conducting a regular radio program, the principal purpose of which is to work for peace. It is the first time that Colombia has had a radio program written and directed entirely by women.

Conscientious objectors in Australia will now be able to render service in works of national importance, but of civilian nature and under civilian control. This has been made possible by a regulation promulgated by the government, and brings Australian treatment of C. O.'s in line with current regulations in the United States and Great Britain. Commenting on the new regulations, the *Peacemaker*, published by a group of Melbourne pacifists, points out that the "vic-

tory" is not a victory for the pacifists of Australia, but rather a victory of the government and people "over fear, narrow nationalism, and 'the total war complex.'" They have taken what must be recognized as a daring step at the height of a totalitarian war."

* * *

Thanks to a bit of initiative, a belief in the constructive force of education, and a fifty-foot, ten-ton boat propelled by oars, no less than 113,000 Chinese along the Yangtze River between Chungking and Luhsien have already received the rudiments of an education, hitherto practically unknown in the region, and many more will benefit similarly in the future. Credit for the project, a job of no mean proportions in wartime, goes to the Chungking Y.M.C.A. and The Methodist Church. These two institutions built the boat, decorated it, staffed it, and started out on their mission of enlightenment.

* * *

Two British conscientious objectors have been decorated, one with the George Medal and one with the Medal of the Order of the British Empire, for acts of bravery. Henry Frank Finch, 35 years old, was awarded the George Medal for effecting a daring rescue while acting as an air raid warden. Three days after the rescue for which he was decorated he was killed by a direct hit while on duty. The other case was that of Auxiliary Fireman T. Black, awarded the Medal of the Empire Order for effecting a rescue while himself suffering from the results of an explosion.

On the other side of the picture is the fact that a constantly growing number of C. O.'s are being given 12 months in jail for refusing to submit themselves to medical examinations for the army. Frequently these men, upon expiration of their sentence, are recommitted for again refusing to be examined.

Among corresponding leaders in all of the "Christian nations" of Europe and America, there is not more than one, or at most two or three, persons of Christian conviction and devotion to match five or six of China's foremost officials. What nation is there on the face of the earth in whose government the head, whether he be President or Prince, the Commander-in-Chief, the Prime Minister and Finance Minister, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, two of the three ranking members of the diplomatic corps and the nation's leading financier are devout Christians?

—Henry P. Van Dusen, Union Theological Seminary.

Ecumenical and Theism

Ecumenical I remember as a small boy, when told about the Russian-Japanese war, hearing my elders say, "Such a war is so far away; it has no concern for us in the United States, especially in midwest Iowa." That was 1904! Today in 1942 the world has vastly changed! What happens *now* in the Russian-nazi conflict affects the entire populace on this planet! It is a combat of world ideologies. In such an age, when most great secular problems are world problems, there is a tremendous necessity that some *ideal* way or institution be big enough to deal with such problems. The Church with her world-consciousness is today attempting to assume that role!

The movement related to the Church's world consciousness is called *the ecumenical movement*. It attempts through its world councils, where theologians come together from almost every nation and denomination, to see social, theological and ecclesiastical problems in some sort of common agreement. While individual denominations and cultures will always have some peculiar differences, these councils hope to emphasize the points of constructive agreement. In this way there can be united strength within the World Church for Christian action against the world's united evils.

World Church Councils have been held at Oxford, Edinburgh, Utrecht, Madras. The hopes of such councils right now seem to be notes of encouragement in a sinful world. Like Augustine's *City of God*, they remind us of the possibility of a new sacred culture at a time when the *City of Man* has broken into pieces.

The Church must have bi-focal vision in this chaotic age: (1) The problems of every small community must in themselves be solved. Sometimes it is so easy to wish for world brotherhood, yet fail to live in a brotherly fashion on our campus or in our fraternity house. The church in every community must help her members through worship and social stimulus to be integrated personalities, willing to live Christian ideals with the people they see every day. (2) But the larger vision of a World Church meeting world problems must also be envisioned. The ecumenical movement stresses the latter, yet encourages us not to forget the former smaller vision. The ecumeni-

cal movement will remain but a *theoretical hope* unless Christian ideals are *practiced* in the smaller community.

Russia and nazi Germany today represent a combat between two powerful ideologies: fascism (symbolized by the swastika) and communism (symbolized by the sickle and the hammer). Both are totalitarian movements. The ecumenical movement reminds the 625,000,000 Christians that *Christianity* (symbolized by the Cross) *is also a totalitarian movement*—yet the *one movement which can bring God into history and thus avert future wars of hell on earth!* Our loyalty to such a world missionary movement is imperative if we claim the name of Christian!

Theism "The world is a universe—a unity; God is the Life or Energy of the universe," say the theists. They look upon man's mind and body as a good analogy to God's relation to His universe—God's Spirit resides in the universe and is related to the natural world we grasp with our senses, just as man's mind or spirit is related to his physical body. Every personality is thus in relationship to this Life of the Universe, all personalities consequently becoming related to each other through relationship to this Common Spirit (thus ethics—*how man ought to live with his fellows*—becomes a necessary aspect of religion).

I particularly like Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin's contemporary view of a theistic deity: "God is to me that creative Force, behind and in the universe, who manifests himself as energy, as order, as beauty, as thought, as conscience, as love, and who is self-revealed supremely in the creative Person of Jesus of Nazareth, and operative in all Jesus-like movements in the world today."

Some theists say that God is the Personal Spirit of the Universe; others think of God as *even more* than a Personal Spirit ("Superpersonal," says H. N. Wierman). All theists agree, however, that man and God have *personal relations* with one another. They further agree that man has real freedom, so that man thus in his "less-than-divine nature" (*he sins by misusing freedom*) is related to God, rather than being a *part* of God

(which would become pantheism, making evil an illusion). God for the theist is out where "the morning stars sing together" (transcendent); but God is also as near as the breath we breathe (immanent).

Theism finds no conflict with scientific discovery; thus it gives man an intelligent view of God in an age scientifically inclined. Says a geologist, Dr. Kirtley F. Mather, "In a scientific age the search for God leads to a new answer to the ancient question (about God). The answer is theism. God is a power, immanent in the universe. He is involved in the hazard of his creation. He is striving mightily to produce a perfect display, in the world of sense-perception of his own true nature."

Jesus has vital meaning for a theist, because the theist sees Jesus as one who found perfect harmony with God (the Life of the Universe), and thus as one who shows us ideally how to find communion with God. "To develop the spirit of Jesus Christ in one's life is to evolve a mystical feeling of real unity with God. . . . Where individuals have made decisions akin to those Jesus made, they have felt a new kinship with God," I wrote elsewhere, and repeat here, because I feel such statements to be basic in a description of Christian theism.

Theism offers a good foundation for our thinking about God, because (1) it stands philosophic criticism; (2) it does not conflict with science; (3) it portrays an awe-inspiring, tremendous God to worship; (4) it is ethical in its stress; (5) it is always constructively "modern"; (6) it makes room for Christian values.

Could any religious philosophy present more ample reasons for its existence?

Next to the sheer necessities of life, education is perhaps the thing which the Chinese are struggling hardest to keep from deteriorating. Books are eagerly sought at the missions to replace those destroyed by air raids. Books and even old copies of magazines sell for high prices in the shops and are scarce, and Chinese friends look hungrily at the remaining books in the mission libraries, murmuring something about the library left behind in Nanking or somewhere.

—Nofrontier News Service, October 14, 1941.

Is God Personal?

SKEPTIC: Here, *Taurus*, is a letter from Betty Ann Taylor of Florida State College for Women: "I heard this religious problem raised; maybe *Taurus* can deal with it: How can I believe that an all powerful God would be interested in me? I believe that science will eventually solve all the problems of the universe. There is no such thing, in my opinion, as a personal God; therefore, what good is prayer?"

TAURUS: Did I understand you to say "this problem," singular? At least three problems are tangled there—science, prayer and God. Two depend upon the third, as indeed all things depend upon the nature of God. Let's focus on the question, Is God personal?

"Unto what will ye liken Me? saith the Lord"

SKEPTIC: Right away I want to ask, How can we know? How can we know anything about God? It appears that we reason only by analogy. The best we can do is to say what God is like—what there is in our daily experience which God can be said to resemble. Nothing distinctive can we say about God,—nothing, that is, which we do not either affirm or deny about other workaday affairs. We have no special ideas, no unique vocabulary, for God alone. So, all that we do in talking about God is to say that He is like this and this, and not like that and that—just analogies drawn from ordinary affairs. Now, if God is really different from human, worldly affairs, just where is all this talk getting us?

TAURUS: That is a penetrating insight, *Skeptic*. We do reason by analogy. All that you said is true. Do you recall how Victor Hugo lists the names given to God in Biblical and other ancient writings: Almighty, Creator, Liberty, Immensity, Wisdom, Light, Lord, Providence, Holiness, Justice, Father, Compassion? We could add countless others from later days: Friend, Comfortor, First Mover, Power, Integrating Process, Worker, Living Mind, Companion—every one of them precisely what you said, a word taken from daily experience,

a word with earthly and human meaning, applied then to God.

SKEPTIC: And now the last of these is "Person" or "Personal." That means that "Person" is just one more on the list, no more exhaustive, surely no more final, than any other. Will we someday outgrow this idea of God just as we have found other names to be inadequate?

TAURUS: Hold that question while we probe a little into the meaning of calling God personal. What does that mean in the popular mind, *Skeptic*?

SKEPTIC: Well, you might say it is a pretty vague idea in most people's minds; but on second thought, it is not vague at all; it's too blamed definite. They think of a personal God as a bearded Uncle Sam who is an infinitely busy telephone operator plugging in private lines of communication with each person who wants to talk with Him. Then, some soft-minded people think of God as the slap-on-the-back-cheer-up-Rotarian type of good fellow. Don't laugh. The popular notion of a personal God is very primitive.

TAURUS: I don't doubt it. Let's try to get at a more intelligent idea of what a personal God would be. Here is one author writing on this problem who says, "Personality is that invisible quality of life that loves and thinks and wills and feels responsibility for truth and goodness and beauty; that takes other lives into its own by sympathy, and embraces the past by memory and reaches into the future with imagination. There is something boundless—infinite, if you will—about this quality of life."¹ And here a serious theological book says, "The belief that God is a person is the belief that 'God is a spirit,' a being whose *esse* is to be conscious, to experience, to think, to will, to love, and to control the ongoing of the universe by rational purpose."²

¹ R. R. Wicks: *The Reason for Living*, pp. 89-90. A fine book for the kind of subjects this column treats.

² E. S. Brightman: *A Philosophy of Religion*, p. 226. A thorough treatment of the problem of a personal God.

Is God Interested in Me?

YOUNG-MINDED: But all that isn't what I mean by a personal God. I mean one who speaks directly to me, personally. A really personal God must be interested in me.

SKEPTIC: What you want is a private God, a God who individualizes His benefits for you and gives you special protection and solitary attention. Sorry, but no intelligent person can believe in that today. God doesn't interrupt the natural order to save you from disaster. Would you have Him set aside the cosmos to accommodate your pleasure?

TAURUS: I wonder if we cannot be intelligent and yet speak of God being "interested in me." Suppose I am sick. The resources of nature, man's scientific medicine, the innate animal craving to live—these all work together to heal, to heal what? Disease in general? No! My disease. The whole universe is interested in me, not just in mankind in general. True, no more interested in me than in my neighbor, but very much interested in me specifically. Or, suppose I am tempted to do a wrong. Then again, everything rallies around to persuade me against it—the moral law that rewards heroes but scoffs at cowards, the human psychological make-up that disallows a twisted conscience to rest easy. My temptation is the concern of the whole universe; the stars in their courses fight for me to win. Whether I am sick or tempted or in any other need, it seems that the universe directly benefits me as a person; that is why it seems personal—it treats me as a person.

SKEPTIC: That sounds more sensible than talking about a God who does special tricks.

TAURUS: Exactly. The universe seems personal, why? Not because it does things out of the ordinary, unpredictable. But rather, because it cares for the things which I as a person care for; it cares about health, it cares about justice, and about love and beauty. That is why the universe, and God, deserve to be called personal.

What Are the Marks of Personality?

SKEPTIC: Another stumbling block in this problem is that "personality" suggests too much "glamour." Let's get back to those quotations you read about personality. What is personality?

TAURUS: From those, I would say that human personality includes several distinct marks. First, a person has conscious self-experience; he is the organizing center of a growing cloud of events which compose his life. Second, he can think, lay plans, solve problems; he can reason. Third, a person has free choice among alternatives of action; he is a responsible decider. Fourth, a person is

able to strive, to formulate and seek after ideal purposes. And fifth, a person has give-and-take communication with other persons. These five, I suggest, are the marks of what it means to be a person. Whoever, whatever, experiences these five activities deserves to be called a person, or personal.

SKEPTIC: You infer, I take it, that those same marks apply to the Living Ruler of the universe, Who therefore deserves to be called a personal God. Will you please give some evidence for that?

TAURUS: That calls for a statement of faith, I suppose. It is faith, remember, and not absolute proof. Point by point, I would go down the line and say that God appears to have all those five activities within His nature. The first point is the hardest for me, to believe that God is self-conscious; but I do feel that the events that happen in the universe are the self-expression of God just as daily events are my self-expression. Second, it seems clear that the Living Mind in this universe can think; something did a lot of thinking to make it all so intelligible. Then, I believe that God is able to decide between alternatives of action—whether to create or not to create, for instance, and what to create. Fourth, God's world appears surely to be striving for ideal purposes; it shows progress toward increasing order, justice, understanding and co-operation. Lastly, God communicates with other (human) persons, through various means, such as the moral law, the insights of great men, the intelligibility of the world itself. Yes, I would conclude that God deserves to be called personal because He behaves in all essential ways that are required of a person.

How Does Divine Personality Differ from Human?

SKEPTIC: God begins again to sound like a big overgrown human, which is a primitive idea. I see some mighty large differences between man's personality and God, which you have totally overlooked. God has none of the physical limitations that we humans have, such as being tied down to one spot, and being ignorant, or fatigued. God would not be limited in those ways. He must be different in many other ways, too.

TAURUS: Yours are mighty good suggestions. I would add these: First, that God surely is not subject to human prejudices, He is not revengeful or deceitful. God is unable, I would say incapable, of doing evil, of choosing wrong, or making mistakes. Being the kind of person He is, it is contrary to His nature to inflict injustice or to do evil. That is one difference. Second, I would suggest that God has types of experience which we cannot even imagine. Infra-red and ultraviolet rays are a hint as to one of

the areas of knowledge and energy which God may have full control over, which are yet largely or totally denied to us. Then, there is the obvious difference that human persons are created, whereas the person of God is supposed to have no beginning and no end. Surely, there are profound differences.

SKEPTIC: Then where does all this lead to?

The Core of the Matter

TAURUS: It would lead us a long way out of the woods if we could see simply this much: Person, or personality, is the term we use to mean the highest, noblest experiences of mankind, the ability to have conscious experience, to think, to choose, to strive for purposes, to love and have friendships with other persons. Whoever, whatever, has such experiences we call a person. Nothing less than a person has such experiences. In that sense, God deserves to be called personal because He seems to have all those experiences. When we speak of God as a person we must avoid two common mistakes, the idea that a personal God means a private, specially-for-me kind of being, and the idea that God has also the limitations of a human person. Get rid of those two notions in the concept of personality, and the purified remainder includes all that is high and noble in human experience; and that, after all, is the best we are able to say about God, because we are limited, as you said earlier, to analogies from human affairs.

SKEPTIC: You contend, then, that God is a personal God, while putting into that concept new meaning that is very different from the soft-minded popular notions of a personal God.

TAURUS: Here is a story worth hearing. It is told of a rabbi, who felt that the terms, "the great, mighty, and fearful God," which occur in the daily synagogue prayer, were not adequate to express the fullness of God's character. Thus, he added other terms of praise. "What!" exclaimed another rabbi, "imaginest thou to be able to exhaust the praise of God? Thy praise is blasphemy. Thou hadst better keep quiet." Whenever a man speaks of great thoughts, he uses words much as a musician uses strings; the greater his thoughts, the deeper he sighs for an instrument that is better. And, finding no words adequate to convey our thoughts about God, we often keep silent, and our silence is our noblest speech. Our words may point toward God, but they cannot make Him known. God makes himself known to us, in a thousand forms. He comes to us so that we have to call Him Thou, and never It; that also is why we say He is a Person. Only to those who have come to feel themselves confronted by God

in the rise and fall of their own living can our words have any great meaning. Words come after our knowledge of God, not before. God is everything that Hugo said He was; He is also personal in every fine, noble sense of that word. But He is also more than anything we have yet imagined, greatly more, beyond our thinking, beyond even our desiring. We speak our words about Him as best we can, and know when we are done that silence is better.

Now, for the first time in China's long history, her armies were fighting side by side with her people. The soldier, no longer the gangster, was the defender of the nation. These boys passing me on the street, with their incongruous straw sandals and ragged puttees, their baggy faded uniforms and too tight belts and the cotton visored caps set straight and stern upon their shaven heads—they were no bought renegades; they were the farmer's son, the merchant and the craftsman, the tough, smiling young coolie, the citizens of China. Most of these would die yet for their country.

But would they become the new, the latest heroes? Was China to follow the wondrous example of more civilized nations who put their soldiers and sailors upon pedestals and every few years send them out to slay each other in the cause of righteousness or fascism or democracy? China's civil wars had not troubled to whitewash themselves with a single ideal; they were frankly contests between acquisitive war lords for personal power and fat fortunes. The people cared little who won. They hated the whole miserable business. The concept of a war with ideals attached was something very new. And what if China won her war? The possibility was there. Would she then, in her glory, become a military race? Old China—the one truly pacifistic nation left in her world?

"They are not so bad," the young merchant had said of his country's soldiers. That, in brief, is the answer that Free China gave me: a grudging admiration for the army, an admiration that lagged behind the people's own willingness to sacrifice and work for their united government. Not yet were the people conscious of heroism or of glory. Not yet! They still fought only to be left alone. And the war was two years old. China's love of peace was instinctive and would die hard. Perhaps she could, alone of the nations, weather a victory without becoming a world power. Perhaps she could set a strange example to the Christian peoples of the West.

—Joy Homer, *Dawn Watch in China*.
Houghton Mifflin, 1941.

First Steps in a Fellowship Group

source

We may then expect that the way of extricating humanity from its social and political impasse may come from a new growth in religion. This may seem claiming too much. It may therefore be wise to point out in some detail how education, on which the democracies depend to preserve themselves, has reached such a crisis that only a drastic change, a mutation in teaching, will prevent education from collapsing, and with it the free way of living which education was supposed to make possible.

To start with the surface difficulties and symptoms, three findings are now obvious to all who are interested in education: (1) The discovery that in a changing world education must be lifelong: we all have to re-educate ourselves every decade, every year. Therefore a system which only educates the younger age-groups is utterly inadequate. (2) The discovery of the subconscious mind: we see that a system which still attempts to stock the mind and to mold and mobilize the will solely through the surface areas of the will and mind is utterly inefficient. (3) The discovery that the individual is an arbitrary division of humanity and that we can only live and learn appositely if we do so in an organic social unit. If, when thinking of education's future, we recall these facts, which are commonplaces today, we see that what is called for is a change far more profound than any specific college experiment already undertaken.

—Gerald Heard, *A Quaker Mutation*.
Pendle Hill Pamphlet Number 7.

The sin of personal anxiety for the morrow is forced into retreat by several aspects of the group life. Not only does each member become too engrossed in creative Christian revolution to have energy to spare for worry, but the mutual love and essential communism of the group itself affords a basic answer to even the question of material security. Sharing is not limited to confidence, time, books, advice; it may in critical junctures extend directly to money needs. The fellowship is a living, permanent body, engaged in vital work; the maintenance of the body is the maintenance of

THE disciplines of a mature group can be divided generally into four emphases: *spiritual, study, work, financial*. And to a certain extent these represent a chronology of progress in the group itself. For a real virtue of small group work is that it is possible to take one problem area at a time, and digest thoroughly the information available from experience and study. The group should progress along the path toward more effective Christian service. The truth is that one of our great weaknesses in fellowship groups is that they bog down at that level, and never express the great potentialities of Kingdom building which are the rightful expectancy of a deepened spiritual experience. Probably four out of five groups throughout the country also fade rapidly after an early flush of enthusiasm, because life continues in the midst of only those who are learning to be selfless in their outreach toward others. We ought to concentrate on bettering our spiritual armor not for our own sakes, but that we may be better ambassadors of Christ.

Study, disciplined, intensive and planned, is indispensable. One of the marks of the time is a curious anti-intellectualism, which unites fraternally "business unionism" in the labor movement, "race and soil" in romantic notions of political action, and worship of spontaneity in the religious life. Of course, among sensitive people there is a valid reaction against the formalism and institutionalism of much worship and against the stiff traditionalism of congregations deserted by the Spirit. But the musician does not become a master by loafing, and we do not learn to pray except as patient and faithful practitioners; neither do we gain a solid understanding of the crisis, and the relation of the Christian community to it, except through thorough study of the great books of the Hebrew-Christian tradition.

Study will begin, of course, with the use of devotional materials—*The Bible, Journals* of great Christian spirits such as John Wesley and John Woolman, Kirby Page's several books, Wade C. Barclay's *Challenge and Power*. . . . But it is rather difficult for lay people to gain a wide working knowledge of the elements of Christian decision, and of the lives of our greatest leaders. A plan which some have adopted is very rewarding: that of taking the name of some "great" and systematically studying his life, reading his writings, studying biographies if they are available. It can be truthfully said, since Christianity is best understood through the lives of its stalwarts, that a thorough understanding of the lives of such men as St. Francis, John Wesley, Keir Hardie, Stanley Jones, Kagawa (to name only a few) would lay before one all the basic issues of the Christian life. To avoid an organizational emphasis and yet preserve identity, the group will do well to be known by the name of the person whom they are studying: i.e., "the Muriel Lester Ten," "the Albert Schweitzer Circle," "the Kirby Page Fellowship." . . .

One of the serious dangers of our time is the lack of understanding concerning the position of the church in society, of the church through the centuries and of the growth of the Kingdom among men. T. S. Eliot's little book on *The Idea of a Christian Society* raises some of the elemental questions. Henrik Kremer's *The Christian Message in a Non-Christian World* is both thorough and profound. *Peace Action* in *motive* often refers, and rightly, to the monumental exploratory work being done through our own World Peace Commission on the bases of a just and durable peace and the character of a more just society of the future. None of us who has taken up this bond of fellowship can avoid the responsibility for thorough intellectual as well as spiritual grounding.

Work Disciplines

Richard Gregg, in presenting his argumentation for work disciplines in *A Discipline for Non-Violence* (Pendle Hill Pamphlet Number 11), has pointed out from the findings of scientists that two-thirds of all the "lines" in the brain go from the cerebrum (thinking center) to the cerebellum (action center). In other words, by the ordering of God's creation, approximately two-thirds of our mental processes are to be linked directly with muscular controls. And if one is to avoid the cumulative frustration of personality inherent in inactivity and indecision, one must remember always that conscientious decision implies action.

One of the perennial and tragic figures of contemporary life is the intellectual who sees both sides of the matter so clearly that he is worthless to others and to himself. If we have the faith to live by, we will act by it, remembering that now all things are somewhat dark and fated to remain that way throughout our lives; only in the hand of God is all made clear. And even though we hesitate, or refuse to act, we are in fact making a decision and casting our weight on one side of the struggle. For inactivity is also decision, and may spell the issue of the battle. It is not unfair to trace the romantic and crusading spirit of the universities in this present war crisis to the years of frustration, to the torture of the homiletic mind . . . which, having never believed or acted on anything before, now finds an emotional outlet through a religion called "Union Now" and belief in a personal devil called "Hitler." It is only through the day-to-day labor and conscientious perseverance in the life of the Spirit that one grows through work. Therefore, in the life of every intense Christian community, there should be *work disciplines*.

Work undertaken should be planned, and should be undertaken systematically and experimentally. This is too late an age for mere spontaneous goodness, as though "sweetness and light" were going to dull the sharp edges of social injustice, or alter the basic structure of society. But the precise character of a socially conscious Christianity in this age is not yet defined; therefore every fellowship group should approach the matter with the spirit of experimentation, and should continually share with other groups its findings.

* * * *

For practical purposes, the following suggestions are made:

1. Study the work of the Lisle Fellowship, both in the seminar and in the neighborhoods served. For information, write DeWitt Baldwin, Board of Missions and Church Extension, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
2. Study the program of the work camps. Write Elmore Jackson, American Friends Service Committee, 20 South 12th Street, Philadelphia; and Owen M. Geer, 5144 Horger, Dearborn, Michigan (this work at Mt. Olivet Community Church, beginning in two summers, has become a year-'round *asbram*). *Work Camps for America*, under the International Student Service, has also an extensive program of correlation and promotion; but several of the leaders are identified with a proposal for compulsory labor camps in this country, and one of them helped lay the foundations for *Reichsarbeitsdienst* in Germany. Work camps without a religious foundation are, because of this danger of perversion of purpose, suspect.
3. Write Dan Wilson, also of the Friends Service Committee, for a mimeographed summary of various week-end work camps and service projects. This recently issued bulletin presents the background to work among the underprivileged, and summarizes experimental projects at Colgate, Yale, Philadelphia, Albany, Chicago, the Twin Cities, etc. There are also three pages of suggested helps.
4. Write the Emergency Christian Service Committee, 23 East Adams, Detroit, for reports on different lay missionary projects. Richard T. Baker (150 Fifth Avenue, New York City) and George Houser (5757 University, Chicago) have recently mimeographed proposals for Christian reconstruction work through lay missionary teams. And the Student Peace Service of the Friends (write Harold Chance, 20 South 12th Street, Philadelphia) held a seminar this summer at which thirty-two people considered various types of volunteer service, especially reconstruction work after the war. Needless to say, many of the specific projects can be adapted to the needs of fellowship groups.
5. Write John Swomley, 2929 Broadway, New York City, for a mimeographed sheet called "Action Projects" which lists some twenty service projects which can be carried on by teams and fellowships.

* * * *

These suggestions will help your group start its work disciplines. It seems clear, however, that most fellowship groups—even those that have attained the stage of maintaining work disciplines—have not yet developed a coherent and active relationship with regard to the basic reconstruction of society; i.e., in the promotion of social legislation, in the development of a self-conscious labor movement, in supporting a program of expansion of social ownership. We cannot afford, as a movement, to have most of our activities at the level of "acts of mercy" or amelioration. There are vast tides sweeping toward the basic re-alignment of economic controls in society, and the extent to which we attain the Good Society in the next age will depend upon the influence which Christian cells and Christian leadership have in these powerful forces. *We need more experimentation by local groups in this area.*

the hand or eye. Fully aware of the philosophy of what it is doing, the group accepts the energies of the one as God-given for the benefit of all, and the energies of all for the benefit of one. Thus precisely in the Christian microcosm, the fellowship of believers, is best re-learned the age-old and ageless truth that in this world security is never built on the environment (where Heraclitus' flux still rules) but on a network of human relationships informed by the principle of love.

—Richard W. Tims, *The Christian Community and Security*.

Read: C. A. Anderson Scott's "What Happened at Pentecost," in *The Spirit* (Macmillan, 1921), edited by Canon B. H. Streeter.

The fact that we are now few and that the self-styled realists do not think that they need to take us into political consideration is not at all decisive. In the nature of the case, the revolutionary element remains small, little noticed unless it be to visit persecution upon it, so long as men still hope that the world can go on much as it has done or that they can wake up presently as from a nightmare and find themselves safe in the old bed. For the majority of people, to turn to those who say boldly that the old order must go and that men must build on new and divine foundations, would mean to admit utter inadequacy and to accept blame for apostasy and insensitiveness. They may not come to that until the bankruptcy of the forces of the old order can no longer be hid.

—A. J. Muste, *The World Task of Pacifism*. Pendle Hill Pamphlet Number 13.

We rose at 5 o'clock in the morning, had one hour's meditation, an hour and a half discussion beginning at 9:30, another hour and a half's discussion in the afternoon, with an hour of meditation at noon and another hour of meditation in the evening. No formal sessions were held after supper. Breakfast and dinner were silent except for a reader and we maintained a Benedictine silence from 9:00 at night until 8:00 the next morning. Also, there was no talking from Saturday night until Monday morning except as one left the grounds to meet speaking engagements, or went for a walk and visited with some member of the Seminar.

—Harold Chance; from a description of Laverne Seminar.

Science and Religion

John H. Sechrist

Farmers will know how to manage their land with better effect when findings of the United States Regional Pasture Laboratory, State College, Pennsylvania, have been revealed. By means of a "climate maker"—which is simply an air-conditioning plant with fluorescent lighting—pasture plants are tested in made-to-order climates to discover which grasses and legumes grow best in different parts of the earth.

Dandelion rubber is now being used in the Soviet Union. Ten years ago a young Soviet student, touring the Tien-Shan Mountains, found at an altitude of over 6,000 feet above sea level a variety of dandelion which proved to be rubber-bearing. Seeds of the "kok-sagyz" have since been disseminated throughout the Soviet Union, and in 1940 an area ten times as large as in 1937 was planted. Whereas a commercial crop of Brazilian hevea can be gathered only in the fifth year after planting, kok-sagyz can be utilized in the first year.

A battery of "mechanical men" is keeping the office of the Quartermaster General in Washington informed with amazing facility of the supplies required by any unit of the army, from a twelve-man squad to a field army of over 50,000, which is being shifted from one part of the country to another. All they have to do is to plug in a cord, arrange punched cards in the proper way, and they can tell in a trice how many cartridge belts or trucks or pounds of beef will be needed. The machines do the work of 105 living clerks—thinking, tabulating and printing—and what's more, flash a red light if a mistake is made, which no flesh-and-blood clerk has ever been known to do.

The psychologists have been measuring bad temper and have come up with some rather interesting conclusions. Twenty boys played a game in which, like professional gambling, it was impossible for them to win. By studying the emotional and muscular reactions of the boys when they were angered by their failures, the observers decided "that when temper is shown internal stability is recovered sooner than if outward calm is maintained; that if the attention is focused on the problem inward recovery is more rapid than if outward calm is preserved; that in a tense situation an excitable boy 'cools off' more slowly than one who reacts moderately." In other words, "bad" tempers are often better than "good" ones, but a medium temper is the best of all.

I DO not profess to be a preacher in any sense of the word. I have never even been a Sunday School teacher. I have never even taught in the kindergarten department. But I do have a few convictions of my own regarding religion which I believe you might be willing to listen to. And since I cannot be unfaithful to my profession as a scientist, I am going to approach this whole thing from the scientific viewpoint and simply as a layman try to bring you my opinions of what some writers astonishingly call "the conflict between science and religion," whatever that may mean.

Since it is proper in most religious circles to have a text, I am going to choose a most appropriate one, I think, for what I have to say. It is found in the Old Testament in the 23rd chapter of Numbers and reads, "What hath God wrought!" Perhaps these words do not mean anything to you. But if you had ever been a telegrapher, those words would be very significant to you. For it would remind you of the story of the first telegraph line, constructed in 1844, almost a century ago now, between Washington and Baltimore. While senators and bigwigs of Tyler's administration sat breathlessly in Washington around a queer looking instrument which was destined to become one of the world's greatest scientific triumphs, there came the first faint tapping of the sounder and the words of Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor, at Baltimore: "What hath God wrought!" That, to me, was evidence enough to stamp Morse as the real—the ideal—scientist. Did you ever stop to think what Morse might have said? The world was at his feet. He was the man of the hour. What would you have said under the same circumstances? He might have said, like Caesar: "I came, I saw, I conquered." He might have said: "I have overcome space and time." He might have said, boastfully: "With man, nothing is impossible." Instead, he preferred to say: "What hath God wrought!" I have little respect for the man whose religious beliefs are so strong, so unbalanced, that he refuses to believe in such things as evolution or other scientific facts. But I have less respect for the man whose scientific knowledge has so unbalanced him that he has no use for religion. Unfortunately, there are such "half-baked" scientists in existence.

I would like to ask your indulgence while I give you a bit of my own past history.

* * * * *

Being brought up as a strict Lutheran, I developed some very fixed ideas about religion and God during my youth. Not that the church taught it, but I got to picturing God as a terribly powerful man with a long white beard who had his eyes on me all the time. A little later on, I changed my ideas somewhat. God had lost his beard now, but was still a terrifying spectacle up there in the heavens.

I finally went to college to study science. By this time, I had become quite dubious about certain things but still clung to some of my beliefs because I had been taught to do so. It didn't take me long to realize that the more I learned of science, the more my whole past religious philosophy became undermined. I began to wonder if the whole idea of religion was not just one more hoax, like the Easter rabbit and Santa Claus. I became an atheist for a couple of years. I wouldn't admit it then, but that's really what I was. The whole idea of God was a myth as far as I was concerned. I wouldn't tell my parents, but that's what I believed all the same.

However, I kept on going to church—I suppose because I had become accustomed to it and enjoyed singing in the choir. After a while I got to thinking. Out there in the audience every Sunday were my professors—men of high intelligence—certainly with more brains than I had—or the average person had—and with more experience, too. And they weren't only history and social science and Biblical literature teachers either. They were scientists, men with whom I had become intimately acquainted—men whom I had learned to admire not only for their ability, but for the sincerity of their beliefs; men who most certainly would not attend church if they didn't believe in its teachings, and realize that it did them some good. I finally became convinced that they were right—that there is after all no conflict between science and religion, but rather that the one supplements and illuminates the other, if we are willing to look at both rationally.

Let us mention an example.

When the theory of evolution first became convincing to scientists, some people

threw up their hands in horror. To think that the race of man was not always on the comparatively high plane that it is now did not fit in with the ideas some people had of man and the creation of the world. They were not willing to try to adjust their views of both so that they would explain and co-ordinate with each other. "Half-baked" religious fanatics threw away science. "Half-baked" scientists threw away religion. And yet, how can one look at history through the ages, the slow but steady growth of more and more flexible beings,—more and more capable beings—more and more intelligent beings,—always progressing, never retarding;—always improving, never retrograding;—without being convinced of the presence of a superhuman Plan, a superhuman Mind, constantly at work? Certainly the laws of chance do not work that way. Is man so high that he is able to say: "I am the highest form of life possible"—"I am capable of understanding all things"? Not if you understand your laws of evolution properly. And yet some boasters, some pretending scientists say: "There is no God!"

There are some critics who say scoffingly: "All right. You are a scientist. Let's see you take your God and do something with Him. Let's see you take Him into the laboratory and analyze Him. You do that with everything else. You base your claims upon exact experimental evidence. Why not put your God to the same test? You say He is a supreme Force. You have highly sensitive apparatus to measure all sorts of forces: mechanical forces, electrical forces, gravitational forces. If God is a supreme Force, why can't you find Him in the laboratory?"

To which the true scientist will reply: "Before I answer that, let me ask you something. Let's take the case of man. Why is man the highest of all beings? Why is he so superior to animals, plants and every living thing, even in his worst form? Because, you say, he has common sense. He has judgment. What is common sense? What is judgment? Can you take it into the laboratory and analyze it? Can a surgeon operate on a man's brain and take it out? Of course not. Shall we therefore say there is no such thing as common sense—no such thing as judgment? We say man has a conscience—that he is able to sort out and classify things according to their relative merits. He is able to choose between what is good and what is bad. No one denies that even the worst of us have a spark of conscience. Are we to pooh-pooh this fact just because we cannot analyze it in the laboratory? Of course not. That's silly. You talk about man's ability to measure all kinds of forces in existence. What about the greatest force given to man—will-power? Volumes have been written about what men have accomplished through sheer force of will. And yet, with all our sensitive instruments we cannot hope to measure will-power. It is what we call intangible. Still, are we going to deny it because we have no mechanical means of detecting its presence? Certainly not. Then is it not foolish to deny the existence of an all-wise Power which we call God, just because, as man, a race probably only part-way along the path of evolution, fortunate that we are endowed with a few sparks of wisdom, we are unable to detect His presence with a lot of feeble instruments?" And yet some boasters, some pretending scientists, say: "There is no God!"

Fortunately, there are enough true scientists in the world—men of high wisdom and lofty vision—to compensate for the witless fools who scoff at religion, who make light of the church, who sit in chapel services with sneers on their faces. Show me a would-be scientist who says there is no God, and I will show you a man like Millikan, who knows probably as much about the secrets of atoms as any man who has ever lived, and who is as devout as he is brilliant. Show me a fake scholar who laughs at divine forces, and I will show you a scientist like Compton, who knows as much about cosmic rays and the forces of the universe as any man living or dead and who is one of the most religious of men.

A would-be scientist, on discovering some new law, or the solution of some new problem, may throw out his chest, pound it soundly, and say to the world: "Look what I have done." But a true scientist, upon unraveling some mystery of the universe, after the first few thrills of victory have coursed up and down his spine, is apt to reflect awhile, then bow his head thoughtfully and say with Morse: "What hath God wrought!"

He who goes without his vitamin A for even one day is inviting night blindness, it has been proven by Dr. C. W. Brown, associate professor of psychology in the University of California. It has been known for some time that adaptation of the pupil of the eye to dark is a matter of vitamin A, that the eye takes too long to adapt itself when there is a lack of the vitamin. Dr. Brown tested ten students, putting half of them on a high vitamin diet for twelve days while the rest left vitamin A out of their diet altogether. At the end of the twelve days Dr. Brown tested both groups of students for night blindness by flashing a light into the eyes, then measuring the period of recovery in a dark room. It was discovered that the students who had had vitamin A recovered 4.67 seconds faster than those who had been deprived of it.

By wearing a special harness, dancers can now costume themselves like a peacock and elevate and spread the tail in a manner similar to a living peacock, thanks to George E. Golden of New York City, who was awarded patent No. 2,255,111 the other day for thinking this up. Other recent patents of more, or less, moment have been for:

A high-speed camera which can take pictures at the rate of 7,200,000 per minute. The camera is intended especially for the study of phenomena accompanied by brilliant light discharges, and which last but tiny fractions of a second.

A form-fitting, non-sinkable bathing suit. A Brazilian weed, which is said to be six times as buoyant as cork, is stuffed in long, narrow pockets in the suit, which will thus keep the bather afloat.

A fishing float which whistles to warn the fisherman that a fish is biting on his line.

A "backbone support" designed to keep the strain off the backbone while sitting in an auto.

[Editor's Note: The above information is taken from the department "Science in the News" in the New York Sunday Times.]

The vicar and congregation of Changsha, Hunan (Episcopal Church of China), sent \$10 as an expression of their sympathy with the congregations of bombed churches in London. Changsha was completely burned two years ago and the people lost everything and have never been able to raise money to replace the

windows in their own church or to do more than first-aid repairs.

The Reverend Newton Liu, the Chinese vicar, wrote: "We can sympathize because we also are suffering. Changsha now is an evacuated city and our congregation are all poor people, small traders and work-people with little education and no other knowledge of international af-

fairs except that which comes from the fellowship of the church."

The money is worth only a dollar or so at present exchange rates, but it would feed a family of four people in China for a month. It was given to the dean of St. Paul's, who has passed it on to a hard-hit parish in South London.

—Christian World Facts.

Latourette on Missions

The very magnitude of the missionary enterprise is impressive. At its height, in the decade before the world-wide financial depression of 1929, it numbered roughly thirty thousand Protestant missionaries supported by contributions of not far from sixty million dollars a year, and about the same number of Roman Catholic missionaries supported by contributions of perhaps thirty million dollars a year. These missionaries have scattered themselves on every continent and on almost every group of islands, from Arctic wastes and ice to blazing deserts and the steaming heat of the tropics. The money which supports them has come primarily not from men of wealth although these have contributed, but from millions of givers, most of them of limited means. Never has the world seen anything quite to equal it. Not only has the record never been approached by any religion, . . . but never before in the history of the race has any group of ideas, religious, social, economic, or political, been propagated over so wide an area or among so many people by so many who have given their lives to the task. Never, moreover, has any movement of any kind, political, religious, or otherwise, been supported by the voluntary gifts of so many individuals scattered in so many different lands. . . . These missionaries . . . have in the course of a century given a written form to more languages than had previously been reduced to writing in all the history of the race. They have preached the Christian gospel as they have understood it in more tongues than have ever before been used to give voice to any one set of ideas. They have translated the Bible, in whole or in part, into more languages than any one book has ever before been put since books were first written, and they have distributed it by the millions of copies. They have been the schoolmasters of whole races and nations. They have introduced modern medicine to more peoples than have ever before known any one system of medical practice. They have fought opium, prostitution, poverty, famine, superstition, poor labor conditions, polygamy, concubinage, and low concepts of life and have helped whole peoples to new paths. Best of all, through them hundreds of thousands have found in Christian faith and experience the beginnings of a new life with God, and Christian communities have been brought into existence and are perpetuating that faith and experience among their own people. . . . The missionary movements of the past century have been the most notable outpouring of life, in the main unselfish, in the service of alien peoples which the world has ever seen.

—*Missions Tomorrow*. Harper.

Communications in China

The immense amount of industrial development in lines of communication in China may be indicated by figures recently released by the Ministry of Communications. Without recording the amount of losses suffered in occupied areas they show something of the developments that have been taking place in other parts of the country. Roadways before the war in all China measured 110,000 kilometers; now in "free China" there are 80,000 kilometers in use. Telephone lines before the war measured 53,000 kilometers; now in government controlled areas there are 52,000 kilometers. Telegraph lines which measured 95,000 kilometers now within government controlled areas are 83,000 with 13,000 more under construction. New radio stations have been constructed at

Chungking, Chengtu, Kweiyang, Lanchow and are being erected in Sikang, Kwangsi and Kwangtung. Before the war the government operated 584,000 kilometers of postal roads, and 72,000 post offices, now 528,000 kilometers of postal roads and 66,000 post offices (in the southwestern provinces alone during the year July 1938 to June 1939 the mail routes were extended by 17,600 kilometers, 108 new post offices were opened and 1,450 substations and postal agents were established). Since the war began 9,900 kilometers of new air lines have been put into operation, making a present total of 12,000 kilometers as compared with the 13,000 kilometers at the beginning of hostilities. Fourteen thousand nine hundred kilometers more have been projected.

—*The Great Migration and the Church in China*.

Calendar for Methodists

State and Regional Student Conferences

State	Place	Date
Alabama	Montevallo	October 24-26, 1941
*Arkansas		
*Arizona		
*California		
Florida	Gainesville	March 20-22, 1942
Georgia	Wesleyan College, Macon	January 30-February 1, 1942
Iowa		April 10-12, 1942
Indiana-Illinois	Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomington	April 24-26, 1942
Kansas	Lawrence	March 20-21, 1942
*Kentucky		
Louisiana	Camp Brewer	September 1-3, 1941**
Mississippi	University of Mississippi, Oxford	February 13-15, 1942
Missouri	Pin Oak Camp	April 17-19, 1942
Michigan	Mount Pleasant	March 13-14, 1942
Montana	Butte	October 24-26, 1941
New England	Boston	March 21-22, 1942
North Carolina	University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill	February 6-8, 1942
*New Mexico		
Nebraska	Nebraska Wesleyan University, Lincoln	January 30-31, 1942**
Oklahoma	Stillwater	February 6-7, 1942
Ohio		April 17-19, 1942
Pacific Northwest	Willamette University, Salem, Oregon	October 17-19, 1941
St. Paul Area	St. Cloud, Minnesota	October 31-November 2, 1941
South Carolina	Charleston	February 20-22, 1942
*Southern California		
Tennessee	Nashville	February 20-22, 1942
Texas	Fort Worth	November 21-23, 1941
Virginia	Madison College, Harrisonburg	February 13-15, 1942
West Virginia		Early February
Wisconsin		May 1-2, 1942**

*Arrangements not completed
**State retreats

Student Leadership Training Conferences

Lake Junaluska, N. C.—June 8-13
Baker University, Baldwin, Kansas—June 8-13
Epworth Forest (Leesburg), Indiana—June 15-20
San Anselmo, California—June 30-July 5