

THIS is the time of strange necessity. For half of us there is no future in time sense. Our calling is a call to service that in itself builds no new life. Yet for most of us it is necessity. We face compulsions, not choices, since our choices now are bound within the narrow confines of a system which has been established but for one purpose. This is to rid the world by violent methods of the plague which has been spread over half its sick surface. We go because we must do the job. We would hasten the doing, that our younger brothers may not face the same dismal prospect of a future.

This is a time of the temptation to short sightedness, for we fear to look beyond the moment to the inevitable engagement we must meet. Yet courage to go on, and strength to see us through—this is a matter of far distant goals. It is a matter of the spirit, not of the body. We have seen well-nourished boys, plump and tanned, wilt in the ordeal of modern war because they saw only the routine of daily tasks and the nearest snare that caught them in the blissful escape when they were free from discipline. In this strange time we must keep our eyes on ends to achieve, or means will blot out all sense from our living. We can go on if only we believe that return to life and living is to be nobler and more beautiful.

For us on the campus this is a time of preparation and of immediate existence. We must work today as if we expected to answer our calling tomorrow. We must live to be doctors, lawyers, merchants, all of these. Our "calling" must be our compulsion to do the thing in life that we alone can do. This is the meaning of vocation. We must prepare! We must live!

Girls no less than boys are caught in this odd necessity. Girls are the unbroken soul that has creation in itself. They are creation! Their spirit, too, must soar beyond the anguish of the hour and the fleeting moments caught in ecstasy before farewell. They are the ones to carry on perpetuity and give to men the sense of life for which they die. They, too, must answer this high calling and make **life** their vocation.

We live in this instant of our lives close to the rim of necessity. We must live deeply to find the common denominator of our lives. Even in these days we crave community. And in the certainty that life will go on, that the good earth is not polluted by man's disease and will yield again, that birth and growth and death are all part of the larger picture of the scheme of things, that spirit does not die—these are the sure foundations which will make our prayers for security and inward peace have recognition from the God who is the spirit of all the things for which we live and die.

THIS, OUR CALLING

A Letter from a Student in Service

LAST week I visited you on the campus, my home no longer. It is changed, marked with a new seriousness, a sense that the good time is running out. The red-headed chap who had the room down the hall isn't back this year; neither is the young professor in the English department who used to read us Auden and Jeffers. I know the life they lead; call it not poetry.

We walked along the brick path from Old Main to the library. The leaves were sifting down from the elm trees. We turned into the library, both saw the list of names on the tablet in the library corridor. You took my arm and hurried me past, but we both saw. Did you think it would hurt to look on the names of comrades, my friend? It does not hurt; we know our calling. The next time you are in the library, after your physics class, perhaps, stop and look at the names. The list is short; it will be longer before the year is out. Do you find it painful, a sorry story, that all is finished with these men, that they will never again kick a football in North Meadow, laugh over a coke in the student grill? Such a short time ago we were alive together, pummeling each other in the showers, cribbing at Friday afternoon quizzes. Life was good to us; no need to look beyond the campus gates. Death is a strange finality. . . .

YOU find it indecent, in bad taste, that I should speak of death? I do not need to hide the thought; war is death. Why not tell the truth? It is better that way. It's no good bringing out the gilded words when you're living with a thing. We hate war. We hate the blind stupidity, the years of fumbling egotism that led to this one. We hate war; but we're in it, and it's no good backing out. We know what we're

about; death is our calling. This isn't what we wanted, but we'll do a good job of it until you tell us to stop. We don't believe in death; we believe in life. We believe in life, and we've done some living, too.

Do you remember another September when we walked by the lake, and the water was violet and stabbing gold under an orange moon? The wind blew the hair back from our eyes, and we wanted to dive shouting into the wind and the water and the quivering color. There was another evening, and we were trudging in the snow after the dress rehearsal of *The Cherry Orchard*. The white flakes were themselves cherry blossoms, melting on our coat collars, and the luminous dusk was like the dimness just before the final curtain of the play. Do you remember the night last fall after the Minnesota game? A thousand of us laughing and singing, all mixed up with confetti and serpentine. Yes, we believe in life. . . .

A life is a little thing, isn't it? It doesn't mean much, but it's all any of us have—all of our laughter, our intelligence, our love, our hope are in it. We don't believe in death, yet that's what we're about, and we're ready for it; but before we die, we have a right to speak.

IT isn't death we're fighting for; it isn't war. It's life and peace. *We're fighting so that you will have a chance for another calling, a chance to undo our mistakes.* War and death can never right the world. They can only give you a place to begin. You've got to start where we are finished. After enough of us have died, you, the peacemakers, the world builders, must tell us to stop—the world will need you then. Call on us no more to build your bridges, plough your soil, dream your dreams. We will have finished the thing you asked, my friend. Our swearing,

sweating, blood and tears smeared on our dirty faces will be over. Ask us to give no more; our brains, our hands, will be no longer ours to give. It is for you who live to build a world for life, and your task will not be easy—for you must build from the ruins of the libraries and cathedrals you sent us to bomb.

WHAT is your task, my friend who lives for a peaceful world? Listen. Do you think we die with hate? We do not hate. Should you then hate? Hate is the beginning of death. Only love can heal the raw wounds of the world. Do you think we die that any man may be the slave of any other man. We die that men may be free. Peace can only be in a world of freedom, freedom for the Indian and the negro, our allies, and freedom for the German and the Japanese, for you must no longer call them foe. Your hands and brain must be the hands and brain we can no longer use. Yours must be the kind of life which sows no seeds of future wars.

YOU will be in school this year, and you do not want to wait. You want to seek your calling now. You are ready to begin, alone, and now. That is wisdom; you can begin. The first thing you must do is to learn, to understand, to know. Let your mind reach out, unhindered by tradition and prejudice. Do not attempt the clever speech, but be certain you think well. Hold your torch high and pierce the night of prejudice, stupidity. This is the treasure offered by the Greeks. If you have a faith, let it be the seeking of the truth whatever that shall be. Cherish the truth you discover, never betraying it, using it for the service of your fellow men. Beware the myth of racial superiority—when you face death it quick becomes a myth. Do not be deceived

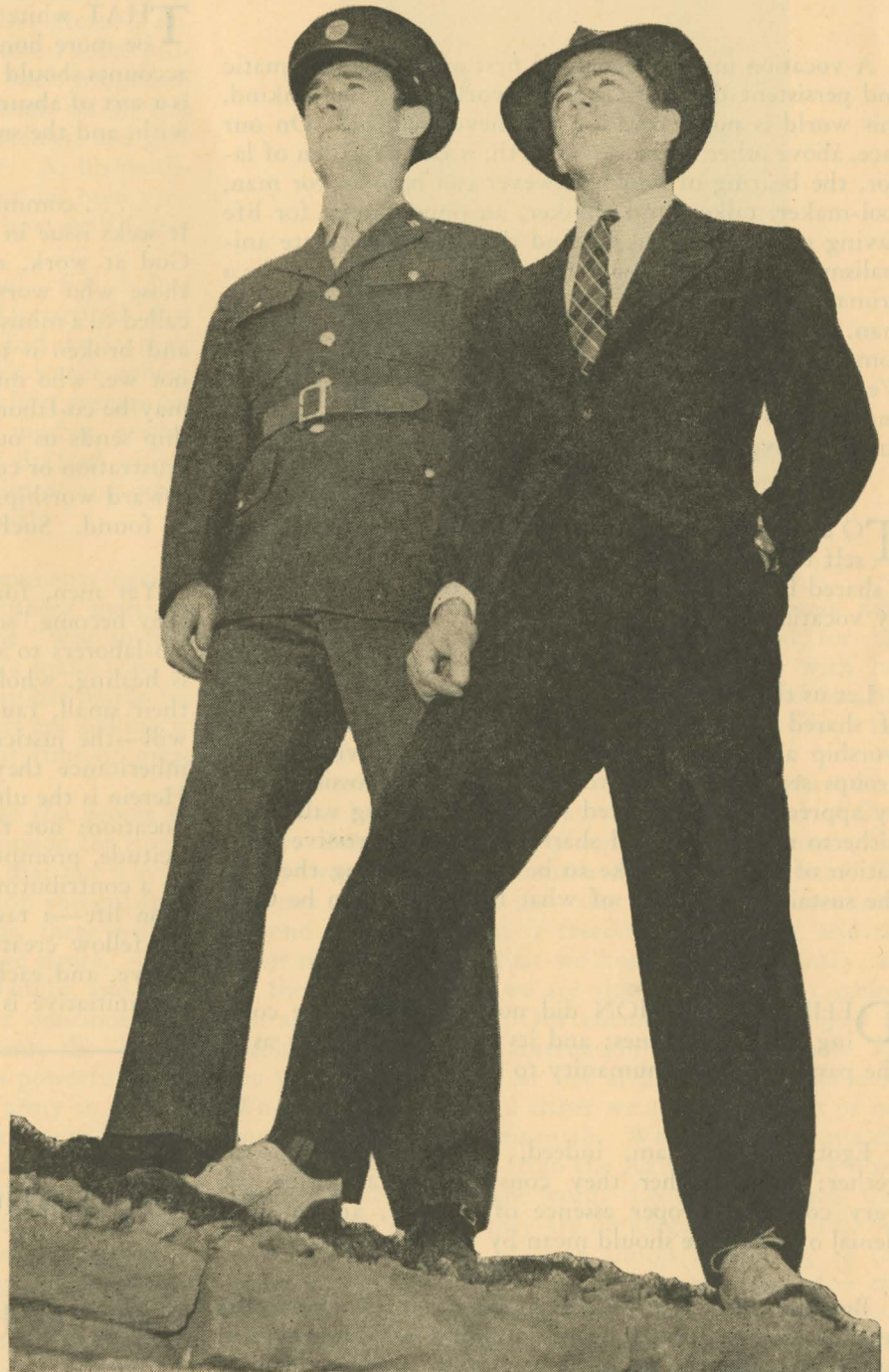
by the empty hymn of nationalism. The countries of men are inextricably bound together. The disease of one is the blight of the others. Do not hesitate to disown an inadequate theology, but do not fail to seek an admirable social code. The books, the big books, are a path to freedom, but the books are not enough. You must seek the laboratory foretold by Francis Bacon, lay bare the skeleton of the world, observe the quivering flesh. A peaceful world can not persist if you cling to false ideas; you must expose them, even if the crowd denies you—but beware the prejudice within yourself. It is a barrier to your calling. Books and observation will give you power, power to understand the connection between the sun and growing grass, power to change dancing atoms from heat to light; but power is not enough. We have had power, and our ineptness in its use has cost you two generations in a quarter century. We die and kill because we, all of us, have failed to master the problem of men living together. We kill because we have not become brothers; we die because we have not learned to love. The first thing you must seek is knowledge, but knowledge without goodness is the suicide of man. Knowledge is instrumental; goodness is an end in itself. If you find it, you must find it in your life. Unless you learn to use your power with goodness, we will have died fruitlessly and your sons will die after us; the houses you build will be leveled to the ground.

WHAT shall we say to you, we who are called to death? Only this: seek truth. Be good. . . . So simple, you think. Inadequate. You want to make a living tomorrow. You want to rebuild the world. You want a radical group with a faith. Raoul de Sales tells you that there are only three great dynamic faiths in the world today,—fascism, communism, and pacifism. Should you then become a communist or a pacifist? Do you think a frozen faith, a congealed loyalty, can give you what you want? Life is fluid and beyond words. It does not

matter what you call yourself. It is important only that your life, the little things you do today and tomorrow, should be done with love and goodness. Why should you join a group in a quest for power? The need of the world is the quality of goodness, not a new regime.

LAST week we left the library, our feet disturbing the patterns of the yellow leaves. We shook hands at the railroad station; said a proper goodbye; you

were swallowed in the billowing clouds of steam. We left each other to meet our callings. I go to kill or be killed—mistake it not, that is the reality beyond the clever words. Goodbye, my friend. Live as you will with gentleness, with goodness, and with love shining through your life. Knowledge will not suffice. Power is inadequate. Only men of good will, living to serve their fellow men, can change our destiny from death to life, stop the earth's bleeding. Let that be your calling.



—Photo by Virginia Doss, courtesy Highroad

Toward a Philosophy for "Man Alive"

A GAINST the regnant monastic ideal of the mediaeval Church, which held up the lives of celibate clergy and religious as more pleasing to God than the lives of ordinary folk engaged in doing the ordinary work of the world, Luther and Calvin followed and overpassed the lead of certain mystics and mediaeval preachers in applying to these common pursuits the impressive term *vocatio*, that meant "divine calling."

A vocation must be regarded first of all as a systematic and persistent doing of needful work. For humankind, this world is not a paradise and never will be. On our race, above other creatures of earth, is laid a burden of labor, the bearing of which however can become for man, tool-maker, talker, and thinker, an opportunity for life having new dimensions beyond those of inarticulate animalism. Labor then, manual and mental, appears to be a primary and universal condition of man's survival as man, and of his chance for good human living. To this common task and promise all men, in principle, are called. We are all called to become fully human selves, and as men and women to work in a world unfinished, urgent, and full of unexplored resources and demands.

TO do needful work, then; to lose oneself and find oneself therein; to participate thus in a common task and a shared life: this, and the summons to it, we shall mean by vocation.

Let us think of religion from the human side as a mode of shared living which takes the form, essentially, of worship and co-operative work. In it, individuals and groups seek to participate in the greatest possible good by appreciating recognized values, discovering values not hitherto recognized, and sharing in the progressive realization of what they take to be the best among these, in the sustaining presence of what they believe to be God.

DEHUMANIZATION did not begin with the coming of the machines; and its chief source, now as in the past, is man's inhumanity to man.

Egotism and sham, indeed, almost always go together; and together they constitute what seems the very core and proper essence of impiety, and a gross denial of what one should mean by vocation.

But one who has any claim to the title of workman has learned at least something of integrity, self-control, and self-transcendence, whether he has words for them or not.

When workmanlike competence and conscious responsibility reaches the level of technical mastership and intense love for one's work, the workman becomes an artist, in the fine basic sense of that word. . . . He [the artist] is one who loves what he is doing, and still more what he is trying to do; not with the indiscriminate gush of the sentimentalist, nor the submissive acceptance of the fatalist, but with the exacting and impatient, long-suffering but never-resting love of one who is slave to a good beyond all that he is or has or can be or do, and whose work is a struggle to open ways by which envisaged goods and, beyond them, goods yet unimagined, may become incarnate, within reach of human hands and eyes.

THAT white collars, black hats, or gold braid should be more honorable than leather aprons, or that bank accounts should rate above competence of hand and brain, is a sort of absurdity which soon or late we shall have done with, and the sooner the better.

. commitment does not stop with contemplation. It seeks issue in work. For the God discovered thus is a God at work, reconciling the world to Himself. And those who worship in spirit and truth find themselves called to a ministry of reconciliation. A world unfinished and broken is to be made whole. Ultimately it is God, not we, who must heal it, but in our small measure, we may be co-laborers with God. That is our calling. Worship sends us out to work. But work in turn, through frustration or consummation, may continually tend again toward worship, wherein illumination and renewal are to be found. Such, in part, is man's way toward God.

Yet men, for Christian faith, are likewise such that they become "sons of God" and "co-laborers with God." Co-laborers to share in the task of reconciliation, which is healing, whole-making; and sons of God to reflect in their small, faulty, but germinal lives something of the will—the justice and the mercy—of their Father. Such inheritance they are at once free and bound to claim. Herein is the ultimate ground and meaning of each man's vocation: not that he is an isolated object of divine solicitude, prompting, and salvage, but that he is called to be a contributing participant in a shared task and a common life—a task shared and a life in communion with his fellow creatures and with God. The call is not coercive, and each man's response must be his own. But the initiative is first and forever from God's side.

Excerpts from the book

God and the Common Life

By

Robert Lowry Calhoun

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WE'RE IN THE ARMY NOW!

Chaplain Arthur Hopkinson, Jr.

After some months of experience, a chaplain tells his reactions

PASTOR, my son has to go into the army next week.

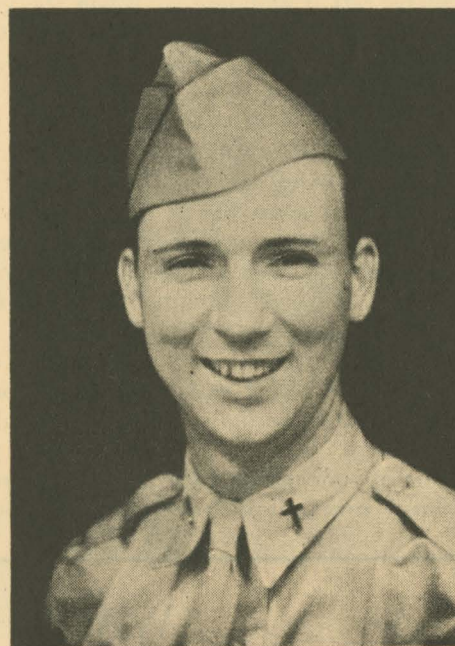
He doesn't seem to be ready for such an experience. What can I do to help him prepare for his experiences in the army so that he will be a credit to his family and his country? I have always taught him that it was wrong to fight and that war is the world's greatest sin. He has been to college and there he has studied peace programs and he has even been a part of such programs. Now his country asks him to turn his back on all this teaching of his home, his church and his college, and give his life if need be to fight for his country. As his mother I ask you who represent the church that has been very strong in its denouncements of war, just how shall I prepare my boy for military life?"

This true American mother had me! For I had preached many sermons on peace. I had presented ideas that this young man and many others had made their own. I had been a leader in student work at the college where her son had studied. I had helped him prepare his speeches condemning war. Now, this mother needed help for this son of hers that is being drafted into a citizens army. Just what can I do for him or any other college student with a similar background?

I FIND myself going over all the arguments against war that we discussed so freely at student meetings and in student groups as to just why the "War to End War" was not a success. I know it didn't make wars to cease. Yet here is a trusting mother asking her pastor for advice. She is not alone, for many mothers are looking to their pastors and saying, "Help us in our time of great need!"

You see this is very important because the people of this country of ours feel they are on a crusade for righteousness, justice and honesty. They feel that our way of life is in jeopardy, and that unless we stop this madness that has seized Germany and her friends, there will be no place for us to live the type of lives we desire. Freedom will be no more, justice will be for laughs, and honesty just for fools. The world cannot continue half slave and half free. It cannot be divided into the "haves" and the "have nots." The nation with a powerful army should not force a nation with a smaller army to give up its natural resources. Business between nations as between individuals should be honest. Religion should be a personal matter rather than a national policy. Men and women ought to have the right to choose their leaders and to have a voice in the policies of their government.

We have tried the way of love and up to the present time it has failed. And it will continue to fail until it is lived as well as preached. We have sent missionaries to Japan, but we did not send enough. We have sent our brilliant students to Germany to learn from her great



Chaplain Arthur Hopkinson, Jr.
Camp Campbell, Kentucky

teachers, but we failed to send her her greatest need of raw materials for her factories and food for her growing children. So this nation, together with her followers, are out to destroy us and all we stand for, because, to their way of thinking, our way of life is not worthy of being continued.

The world has proved to be so small that we have been unable to keep out of the way of the submarines of Germany. Finally, after long planning by the Japanese, our Navy was attacked without a declaration of war. We did not ask for it, but now that we are in it, we know beyond any doubt that if freedom of worship, and the other many freedoms that we know in this country, are on the way out unless we are victors in our fight against the aggressor nations. Our enemies have developed an ideology that plans the destruction of all opposition. We are to think their way or not at all if we are defeated. We are in this war until either we are triumphant or our enemies blast us from this earth. We know we cannot expect mercy and justice from the Axis, because they don't know the meaning of the word. Look at Denmark, they didn't resist, and yet they are no longer free. And Norway,—can we think of such things happening to this country? If we are to have mercy and justice after this war we must be in a position to bring it to the peace table. That is possible only by our being the victors. I still think war is sin, that it can never solve the troubles of this world. But while we are warred upon by aggress-

sive nations we cannot begin to bring these virtues into the world. Finish the war and plan the peace is our only way out.

AFTER I had presented these arguments to my good parishioner, she said, "I only hope that the church will follow my son into the army."

I answered without much thought, "The Church will be right there helping your son adjust himself to the military life and presenting spiritual food as regularly or more so than he gets it at home." When the good lady left I began to see the articles written in *The Christian Advocate*, *Zion's Herald* and other religious periodicals stating the fact that many more volunteers were needed to fill the quota of Methodist chaplains.

Before many days my application was in for a commission as an Army chaplain, and I was in uniform and off to school where I soon found out the ways of the army. It is not easy to change from civilian life to military life, but it can be done and without too much distress if a person is willing to take orders without question, and to do his work with a right good will.

IF I were asked today if I would advise a mother any differently now after being in the army several months I would have to say, "no." I might add a few practical suggestions for anyone going into any government job. Be sure you know everything there is to know about your

job. Be prepared to do your share of the work, for modern war can be won only by teamwork. You must be physically fit, of a mind to take orders without question, and above all you must have faith in yourself and faith in your God.

To you who have been strong in your desire for peace in the world, to you who want to do big things for the church, to you who are trained in Christian leadership, I beg of you to keep your concerns of these things, and when you find yourself in the army or any other branch of your country's service, look up your chaplain and offer him your services. He will be very glad to see you and greatly pleased to have you working with him.

At a young people's institute in Massachusetts this summer, I had an interesting conversation with a young fellow who was volunteering for the Marines. In our chat he told me that he was going into the Marines with the hope that he would be able to be of assistance to the chaplain in his company, and that by example the men would see in him a Christian. Yes, that is the right spirit, for after this war we are going to have to build a new world. As soon as this business of war is over we can begin to build in a way that has never yet been seen by this world. We won't hold back mercy and justice. We'll send our missionaries in large enough numbers next time, and we will bring about "peace on earth and good will to men."

WANTED! HOMEMAKERS

MILDRED JENSEN LOOMIS

MAN'S AS WELL AS WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME

WHEN and where will you establish your family?" "What skills do you have for making your family—and home-life—creative and independent?"

"List five people who would recommend you as a good parent."

What if college vocational and aptitude tests included such questions? It would imply, wouldn't it, that education agreed with such declarations as came from the famous Malvern church conference, i.e., "The *family* is the most significant and should be the best guarded unit of society."

How much of modern life actually gives the home this top ranking? Do the schools? Do they give their major time to teaching the arts of living, or ways of "getting a job"? Do they emphasize the insights needed in parenthood, or how to satisfy an employer?

When a visitor comes to your town, what is shown with the most pride—the homes, or the air-port, factories and office buildings?

Does modern industry say, "The homes are so important that we will not take women and girls from them, nor will we set up a schedule for men that interrupts the families' evenings"?

Does the serious decline in birth-rate indicate that the family is being well guarded?

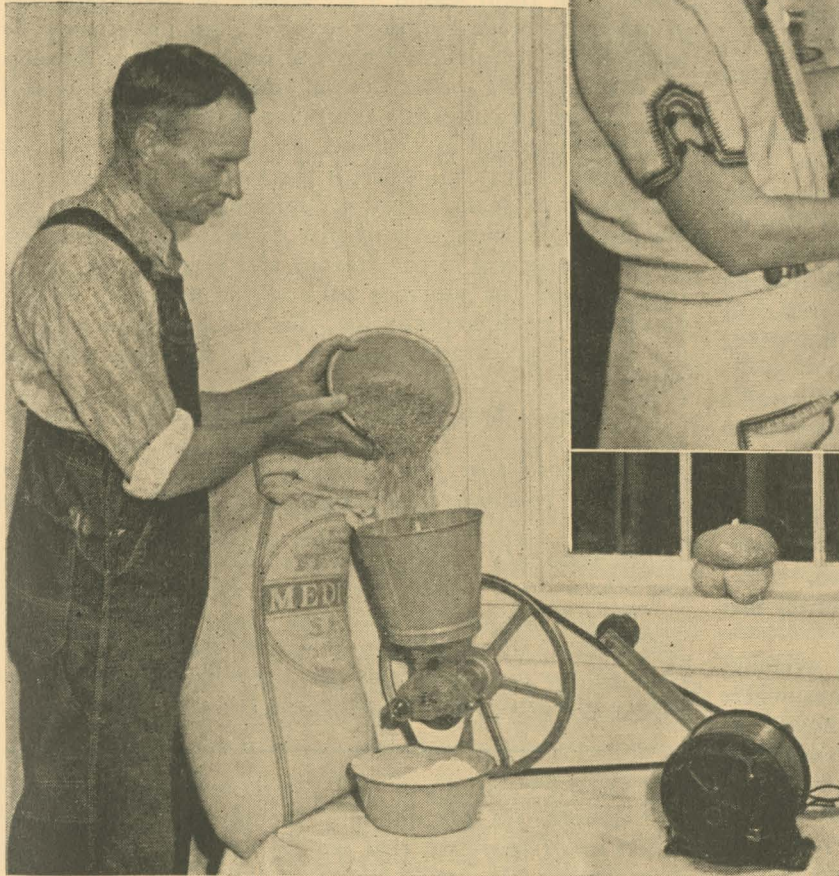
Do our laws—especially our tax laws—insist that the homes are of special importance? When a family has completed their home do we not send an authority who says in effect, "Now I must fine you for having indulged in home-building"?

Do women and girls today look upon the home and motherhood as more desirable than educational, social-work or business careers?

"But who wants to sit around and be taken care of all one's life?" I hear some energetic, resourceful girl object. "Look at the modern housewife—apartment-housed, radio-entertained, can-openers! Is that what you want us to be?"

Which is exactly the way I protested when leaving college more than a generation ago. My parents had fled from a drudging farm, and the sterile, urban home was all I knew. I chose a career of teaching, adult education and group work, all concerned with reform movements, discussions, and the new world. But after 15 years of it a kind of weariness encompassed me. Not only a weariness with the endless arguments of whether communists, socialists, or fascists should administer the new society which was aborning, but a real weariness with my own experience. Life was small and drab. There must

"What skills do you have for making your family—and home life—creative and independent?" Right, Mrs. Loomis making butter from a heavy duty kitchen mixer which does all her bread kneading, food processing, etc.



"The more we looked the clearer it came to me that this kind of country living . . . holds the answer to most of man's deepest needs." Left, Mr. Loomis grinding wheat in an electric kitchen mill to make whole-grain flour. The wheat was grown on his own land.

be more to it than I was getting. I was aware of energies and capacities unfulfilled.

IN this frame of mind I read of the School of Living, Suffern, N. Y. "Education," said their brochure, "arises out of and must deal with the actual affairs of life." I went to spend a summer and stayed on to work in it. For first among its significant tents is that a good living pattern is the primary need and logical aim of every individual. It believes that the very *nature* of our society (not only its administration) must be changed, in order that every capacity of human beings be developed. It has therefore turned away from much of the urbanized, specialized and industrialized mode of today, and is a model productive family-sized living plant in its natural community, where faculty and students together garden, weave, care for cows and poultry and all that goes with directly producing all of one's own food

and clothing. At the same time, hours on end are spent analyzing and experiencing the deeper meaning of this type of *integral* living.

The more we looked the clearer it came to me that this kind of country living (different from both the old and modern type of farming) holds the answer to most of man's deepest need. Here I was brought face up, for the first time in my "career," to the basic implications and challenge in the family and a home. For here the home flowers into its best, the *homestead*, where the family, maintaining its natural bonds of unity, lives and works for the satisfaction and development of all its vital capacities and needs. The physical, biological, emotional, mental, social, artistic and religious forces within individuals come into play in the interesting and simplified (but not simple) business of producing one's food and clothing. The normal functioning of the human being

is the goal, and normal human functioning means happiness. Here Life itself—not wages, money, fame—is the object of living.

Having seen this light, nothing less seemed desirable, and as proof of how Life opens up to us when we are ready, there came the fortunate chance to shape the rest of my future in this pattern. Now I am in the third year of sharing and helping develop Lane's End Homestead, an average 30 acres in Ohio with a modest white cottage at its center. We—that is to say, my husband, his 17 year old son and myself—care for a large garden, the orchard, a dozen sheep, two cows and two pigs with their young, one horse, and a small flock of chickens and turkeys. This blessed base, with a moderate amount of healthy exercise, brings us shelves and bins full of vegetables, a steady supply of milk, cheese, meat, butter and eggs and the appearance of the family's meals without the daily trek to the grocery.

Nor is drudgery required. We have adapted machines and fluid power (electricity) to home production. We see no need for a seven-story mill. Good whole-grain flour, from our own wheat, we grind as we need it in an inexpensive electric kitchen mill. Churning, the preparation of tomato juice, kneading of bread, and cooking are all done electrically. Some of our wool is sold, but much of it is spun in a nearby mill and we dye and weave it at home into blankets, drapes, and garments.

All this is economical too. In spite of what the radio says it *does* pay to do it at home. Careful records show that my efforts in the garden and kitchen—both pleasant and creative—have cut our cash expenditures by \$450 in an ordinary year. That figure is about equal to what I saved each year from my former school teacher's salary. So I don't feel that I'm "just being taken care of," and I most decidedly don't just "open cans" (store ones, that is).

Yes, you've guessed it. I now believe that woman's place is in the home—that is, a *productive* home, where she can have the self-respect of being an economic asset, a contributing member in line with her normal function of mother and homemaker. And for those who might otherwise miss this point, may I hasten to add that I believe that in a society which regarded the family of primary significance, man's place is in the home too.

OTHER intangibles of this way of living are numerous. Now I know something of the completion and renewal which comes from the utilization of the whole of me. Now my neglected body and hands are active. How stupid to have once rated those "professions" devoid of manual labor, as superior. How foolish to sit at a desk all day and let body and health suffer—or be only fitfully cared for in some disintegrated play or "exercise"—as if we had bodies just to carry our minds around on.

Intellectual demands have increased rather than lessened as compared with an urban, professional life. It is the button-pushing, machine-tending existence that now seems to me simple as against understanding the myriads of cause and effect relationships in modern homesteading.

Now I am discovering in myself—what I believe is in everyone—artistic expression. It is working itself out in designing and weaving of textiles, in the growing and using of flowers in profusion, in planning and serving meals, and a hundred other functional ways.

The true meaning of home and family comes to the fore in co-operating in securing our basic needs. We now know that producing is enjoyable, and far more dignified than to be forever getting pleasure merely from consuming. Now, my earlier social-work concern for "creative leisure" falls far short of the truly human goal of creative work, which latter is almost inescapable in this type of country living.

EMOTIONAL life is richer because of participation in the birth, growth and death cycle of growing things. I am convinced that one can never really sense the reality and nature of the life forces in the universe until he works with them season after season, in the productive process. Some hard work is involved, but one is rewarded by his own quickened powers, which in turn develop an ever growing understanding and an interest which robs routine of its terrors and makes hard work a joy.

Lewis Mumford in *Technics and Civilization* envisions a biotechnic culture—wherein the machine is adapted to the nature of man instead of deforming him to fit the machine. We think part of that is loosening the machine from its moorings in the factory and spreading it again, retaining all the advance of engineering skill, to the homes and small communities, that our people may again live in the "green and pleasant land," of which we now only sing.

I wonder if that is what Kahlil Gibran saw when he said, "*In fear our forefathers gathered us too near together. Shall that fear continue to endure? Shall the city walls continue to separate your hearth from your fields?*"

"*Would that I could gather your houses into my hands, and like a sower scatter them in forest and meadow.*"

"*Would the valleys were your streets, and the green paths your alleys, that you might seek one another through the vineyards, and come together with the fragrance of the earth in your garments.*"

NEEDLESS drudgery and competitive sport, for example, are not enough; though often we say of others or of ourselves that we are working, when blind drudging or strenuous playing would be the fitter term. The work that makes full-grown men and women is intelligent and persistent effort to meet the needs of living things, with due regard to their relative urgency and worth, by coping with the exactions of an enviroing world at least partly ordered and intelligible. . . .

Whatever we might wish or hope, the world we are in does not in the long run tolerate irresponsible self-seeking, by groups any more than by individuals. The required minimum of co-operation in a machine-equipped culture is not obviously different in kind from what it is in a simpler one, and in extent it is far greater. If we desire, then, to live with full advantage of our newer resources of knowledge and equipment, we must develop once more, in our new and wider context, a "contributive society" in which every one who will may work wholeheartedly, with assurance that his work, great or small, is needed and valued as a contribution to the common life. . . .

—from *God and the Common Life*, Robert Calhoun.

BUSINESS AS UNUSUAL

ROBERT W. MOON

THE "CALLING" OF THE CHRISTIAN IN THE BUSINESS WORLD

YOU who have decided to work in a non-religious field have made an important decision. You have an obligation to prove that you can there make a contribution to the Christian community; you must keep your own character spotless in an occupational field that may be filled with men and women who hold no brief for Christian concepts; and you must remain in constant contact with the activities of your church, especially in the social reconstruction fields. If you, as a layman, make a substantial contribution to the Christian movement, you will, in all probability, not achieve the progress in your job that some of your colleagues will—it takes a superman to keep his fingers on the vital movements within the church and at the same time develop the knowledge and proficiency essential to progress in a different field. Yours is a far-reaching decision, and you may never be sure that you have made the right choice.

It is challenging to recognize that Christianity is really the only vocation. The job that feeds, clothes, and houses our bodies is incidental to that of being a Christian. An active belief in Christ and His way and the encouraging of others to get in that way is the only vocation. It is a job that can be done by one who works full time in a religious field; or it can be done by one who feels the same, strong call to follow Christ, yet because of his talents and personality characteristics, feels that his calling is to another job.

It is not reasonable to assume that every organization or business outside the religious field is un-Christian. It is also unreasonable to assume that every leader of big business lacks the characteristics that we associate with Christians. I admit being surprised on several instances at the quickness with which some of our industrial leaders see the power and purpose in some of our Christian concepts. There is more respect for the human personality in some of these places than one would expect.

Nevertheless there is still great work to be done by Christians in non-religious occupations. The majority of one's associates in these fields are not church-goers, and most of those who do go to church seem to miss (or be missed by) the moving spirit of Christ. There are many situations and conditions that can be made more productive of goodwill, happiness and respect for individuals and there are many practices that can be improved by the influence of one who has the larger insight of a Christian.

For example, I know of several companies where the employees plan a Christmas party every year. This turns out to be an occasion for dirty stories and cheap entertainment. Most of the "cheer" comes out of a bottle instead of from gladdened hearts. A few employees let it be known that this was not their idea of how to celebrate Christmas and declined invitations to participate in the parties. This thought was strangely new to some of the others and seemed to affect some quite deeply. The

"... great work to be done by Christians in non-religious occupations," says Robert W. Moon, prominent New England business man.



result has been a great improvement in the quality of the entertainment and a pleasanter evening (and morning after) for everyone.

One of my neighbors became manager of a small business organization in Boston. One of the first emergencies that faced him was how to meet some particularly unfair tactics of a competitor. Being of the Quaker conviction, our manager friend called his salesmen into his office and suggested that they sit quietly, Quaker-fashion, for a few minutes and meditate upon the proper policy for them to follow. At the end of several minutes of quiet they all agreed on a program that was characterized by fairness, honesty, and respect for those in the competing organization. As a result of his humble and quiet methods, our friend gained the confidence of his employees, developed a respect for better business methods and has been able to serve his associates more effectively.

I have a friend who, because of pacifist convictions, repeatedly refused to do developmental work on equipment for the war effort. This naturally brought him into conflict with the ideas of his superiors and he was transferred to another department where he is now doing much needed engineering on post-war products. He has sacrificed overtime bonuses he could have earned on war work and has received much unfair and loud criticism by others. He now has a surer hold on his own faith and has gained a real respect from some of his fellow workers. His is a constructive witness for the Christian faith.

A small company I occasionally visit on business for one of the owners has been in the habit of paying as little as possible in wages. (A policy to pay as *much* as possible is a more wholesome habit.) One of the employees was getting help towards his grocery bill from the city welfare department. Another was getting more money than he had ever earned before and was still getting \$400 a year less than our low national average! A quiet suggestion made to the right person resulted in wage increases that were gratefully received.

There is a technique involved in the above illustrations that it is important for us to notice. In the first place, there must be no "preaching" and no coercion other than the compulsion of truth and fairness. We who be-

lieve so strongly in democratic methods must believe in the power in a person who is convinced because he saw the truth himself. People do not like to be told what to do, and they are more apt to follow a better way if they are led to it by example and not by precept alone.

In the second place, there must be a willingness to sacrifice one's position, prestige, and personal profit for the good of others. The cause we are all working for—a more Christ-like community—is worth more than any of us will ever be able to give.

Finally, there must be a willingness to try methods and policies that are not usually found in business organizations. Our philosophy is still a revolutionary one. I believe it is constructive as well, and as such we should apply its concepts in every field.

There is a job to be done by Christians in the business field. We cannot stay outside and make uninformed criticisms of business, the profit motive, etc.; nor can we ignore the existence of its un-Christian manifestations. Rather must we take the third alternative of helping to build a healthier economic structure, adding our influence where we can to the trend toward economic co-operation and better working conditions.

We have no time but now to work for Christ. We cannot wait until we've made our pile, or until the war is over, or until we have achieved a responsible, respectable position. If we wait 'till then, we will have forgotten how to live a Christian life and we will lack the courage to go the full way for Christ. Go to work now, where you are, for a better world of bigger communities.

HOLLYWOOD---FROM INSIDE THE LOT

BARBARA BRITTON

A MOTION PICTURE ACTRESS TELLS OF HER VOCATION

THE story of my motion picture career unfolds like a fairy-tale, as the events which preceded my signing with Paramount Pictures Inc., took place seemingly with very little effort on my part. Not that I was unprepared for such a profession. I had studied dramatics and the fine arts for years, but everything unfolded with an amazing alacrity, and I was well on my way to a career before I knew it.

I hope this will not build up any false hopes among my friends who may have the same inclinations along this line, because I consider my experience a rare exception. The story of the "young hopeful," walking the streets of Hollywood or New York for years with a great talent, but with an empty purse and empty stomach is trite, but too true.

I believe that I was, and still am being led. And I feel that the same thing is true of anyone in his profession or vocation, if it is the one for which he is meant.

The signing of the contract, contrary to the belief of many, is actually, "only the beginning!" The player should realize that even then, the odds are pretty much against him. The theater is a "fickle wench" and one to be taken lightly, but with extreme sincerity. For it is now up to the player to make himself as valuable as possible. He must study continuously, both by watching the stars whose work he is allowed to observe, and by working with the talent director, as well as alone. He must be continually conscious of his appearance, he must be almost aggressively friendly, and he must be open to all advice and criticisms, gleaning the good from the bad. And though his head is sometimes in the clouds, his feet must at all times be firmly planted on the ground! In other words, it is a business with a thousand angles—it is exciting and at times extremely boring, but *to us who have been blessed with the talent and feel that there is a need fulfilled by it for the alleviation of humanity, there is nothing that can be substituted for it.*

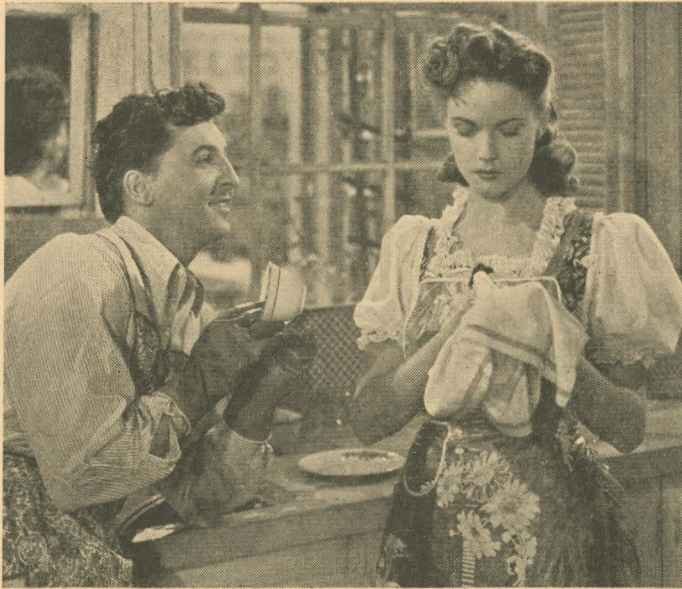
ADVICE ON A CAREER

My advice to those who are seeking a theatrical career, is to prepare themselves as thoroughly as possible before entering the field. A college education is valuable in any profession, and no one can get too much training in his own line of work. Stage experience means almost more than anything else to the motion picture aspirant. The more he has of it, the better. And from then on, personal contacts can be very important and useful.

It is my belief that *morality is up to the individual*, that anyone with ideals can keep them or abandon them, and that is a question of personal philosophy whether one lives according to ideals or not. I have come to Hollywood in

"When one visits the lot and the sets with Barbara, one feels everywhere the genuine interest she has in all her fellow workers, in whatever department they may be. She was as interested in people at an Institute where we worked with her several years ago as she is now on the lot at Paramount. She was as interested in all her fellow students when she was President of our Long Beach Wesley Club as she is now in all the people she meets. It is a genuine interest she feels."

Elsie Mae and Herman Beimfohr were talking about Barbara Britton. We had remembered the article about her in the May, 1942, number of *motive*, and we had seen the full page picture of her on *Look* and later on the cover of *This Week*. But it was not until we saw the August cover of the *Ladies' Home Journal* that we felt a photograph had caught the real Barbara Britton as we had seen her on the Paramount lot last June. Here, at last, was a movie star in the making who lived a life that seemed intelligent and understandable. Here was a person whose life read like an *American Magazine* success story, and yet who was as genuine and as sincere as any one could be. Here was a girl who was making a career in Hollywood something more than the flash-in-the-pan that it might be. And it was for this reason that we stopped just as we were leaving the gates of the studio. "College students ought to know your ideas about your job," we said. "Would you mind writing them down for us?" To which Barbara Britton replied, "Why no, if you think they are worth anything." When the manuscript arrived it had a note on it which told us that the story which we print is her own writing, and it is what she wants to say to students about her vocation. *motive* herewith nominates Barbara Britton as the students' movie star!—Editor.



"I believe I was and still am being led. . . ." Barbara Britton in a scene with Eddie Bracken from her latest picture, "Young and Willing."

the firm belief that I was meant to come—that it was the will of God. Consequently, with that attitude in mind and with the Christian background which I owe with much gratitude to my parents, I have looked for the finer side, and I have found it.

We find what we look for. This statement might apply to Hollywood, to the business world, to the armed forces, to anything. Consequently, if one looks for immorality in Hollywood—or anywhere, he will find it.

THE PEOPLE OF HOLLYWOOD

Among my new friends, co-workers, and employers, I have found some of the finest people whom I ever hope to meet. I am not only speaking of Mr. Y. Frank Freeman, who is the vice-president in charge of studio operations (and a Methodist, incidentally), and Mr. DeMille, and Mr. Meiklejohn of our front offices, and the actors and actresses, but of Mickey and "Pelican" and Leo—the man behind the camera—and the baby-spot—and 50 feet up in the air behind the arcs. Then, there is Maryann and Jo and Doris and Paul and Wally—in make-up, and Jimmie and Lou and Johnnie and Gabe, with brushes and paint and clay, and Murph and Bernie and everybody in publicity, and the gardeners, the machinists, the carpenters—the little people—the 7000 who go to make up the pictures where we see the names and faces of perhaps 50. These are the people we never hear about, but without whom the industry would be dead. They are my friends, and I am proud to be considered among theirs. They are the ones whose admiration we actors seek when we feel we have done a good job. And their morals are those of the common American who is working and making an honest living for himself and his family—though I sometimes think their attitude is above the average, for it is a rare occasion indeed when one hears bickering and quarreling—unless it is among the players!

This is my vocation. It isn't the easiest or the happiest of jobs sometimes, but I like it and I feel that I am a very fortunate girl—and I am proud of my Hollywood.

To Work Is To Live

"The sense of a divine vocation must be restored to man's daily work"

LET us for a moment consider a group of workers who have never—in spite of much incidental corruption—altogether abandoned the divine conception of what work ought to be. They are people whose way of life is, in essentials, so sharply distinguished from that of the ordinary worker that the designers of economic utopias can find no place for them, and will scarcely allow them to be workers at all.

This odd, alien community is that of the men and women who live by and for the works of the creative imagination—the people whom we lump together under the general name of "artists."

THE great primary contrast between the artist and the ordinary worker is this: the worker works to make money, so that he may enjoy those things in life which are not his work and which his work can purchase for him; but the artist makes money by his work in order that he may go on working. The artist does not say: "I must work in order to live," but "I must contrive to make money so that I may live to work."

For the artist, there is no distinction between work and living; his work is his life, and the whole of his life—not merely the material world about him, or the colors and sounds and events that he perceives, but also all his own personality and emotions, the whole of his life—is the actual material of his work.

CONSIDER the great barrier that this forges between himself and the economic workers, in quite practical and mundane ways. For example, it would be preposterous for a genuine artist to submit himself to strict trade union rules. How could he agitate for an eight-hour day or keep to it if he got it? There is no moment in the twenty-four hours when he can truthfully say he is not working. The emotions, the memories, the sufferings, the dreams even of the periods when he is not actually at his desk or his easel—these are his stuff and his tools; and his periods of leisure are the periods when his creative imagination may be most actively at work.

He cannot say: "Here work stops and leisure begins"; he cannot stop work unless he stops living. Or how could he, in his own financial interests or those of his fellows, adopt the policy of keeping his work, in speed or quality, down to the level of the slowest or stupidest of his colleagues?

—Dorothy L. Sayer in *British Information Services Bulletin*.

Vocations for Men of Good Will

Charles F. Boss, Jr.

Doctor, Lawyer, Merchant, Chief!--but with a Difference

source

"DIFFICULT TO TALK . . ."

It is difficult to talk to a young man about his career and about the preparation that he should make to fit into a glorious life of usefulness and successful achievement, while at the same time some draft board is placing his name on the list of those to be called for war and a radio announcer is commenting on the fact that terrific and crucial battles are in progress. It is difficult to instruct a young man, we imagine, in the arts and skills of peacetime living, when every news story suggests that there is no peace. It is difficult to convince a young man that he has a good life ahead of him in business, the professions, or industry when he knows that soon he may be one identified by number only in some army camp.

Many are going to give up the effort with the words, "What's the use?" Some feel that the lamps of civilization are going out, and that all our efforts are in vain. It is logical that this be so, but it is not logical that all of us should follow such pessimistic ones. While there are many who are always quick victims of defeatism, there are many others who will never give up confidence that we shall soon emerge from this terrible chaotic world condition with new and better social and spiritual idealism. . . .

—*Daily Texan.*

DIPLOMAT, STATESMAN, . . .

Recently three college men met on the street and fell to discussing the diplomat, the statesman and the prophet. "A diplomat," said the student of assemblies with fine oratorical powers, "is a man who understands the mixed motives of men and knows how to please, how not to pledge his support unduly, and how to win certain goals precious to himself."

"But the statesman," said the man of governmental affairs, whose maturity lends caution to his aspiration, "is my ideal. He, too, knows men and is wise enough to promise sparingly, keep away from the uncured movements, but always appear just in the nick of time with a winning enterprise to satisfy the people and secure the verdict of today as well as the approval of history."

"The prophet," said the third, "is a

IF you were completely free to choose, what vocation in the post-war world appears to be thrilling and absorbing? Are you technically equipped for it? Do you possess the good will and are you able and willing to make the necessary sacrifices?

Vocations for men of good will will be available in the post-war world. They will require new motivations, follow new patterns, and require new training. Hundreds of young people seeking constructive lines of service to meet new demands are asking how they can equip themselves for this future. Christian ideals as well as Christian forces need organization around specific needs and vocations. But we must ask whether the church will provide for the growing number of youth who are seeking creative and constructive service. The church at the present time is not adequately equipped to care for them. The weakness, the rottenness, and the decay in modern civilization are being exposed in a thousand ways. Healing power lies in the way enunciated by Christ. The question now arises as to how it shall be translated into vocational practice.

The need for specialized vocational service should be considered from the point of view of individual vocational work and from the new social needs themselves and the new social patterns.

The motivation for both general and specialized vocational training has been in the process of changing, and, from a Christian point of view, rightly so. Motivations for work for private gain, personal achievement, prestige and power at the expense of the common welfare, are insufficient driving forces for the vocational techniques and patterns imperative in post-war reorganization. New problems create new needs: the status of low income groups must be improved; the unsolved problems of unemployment must be faced; racial discrimination must be met with equality of opportunity for all races. Men of good will must work to overcome selfish ends that in the past have too often been the motivation for all work.

CHRISTIAN youth facing the new day! Here is the story:

A young medical student comes into the office to express his inability to lend his medical skill to the organized destruction of human life. He tells us of his conviction that God wants his talent, experience, and ability applied to constructive and creative enterprises. What social and personal health-needs may be served by a Christian medical graduate intent upon devoting his life (at little income) as a contribution to the growth of the Kingdom of God on earth?

The answer is at once obvious. There are crying public health needs growing out of ignorance, poverty, and neglect. Think of the unnecessary pain and frustration caused by hookworm and tuberculosis. Consider the neglect of needed medical service on the part of lower and middle class people whose incomes scarcely allow the necessary medical fees. Venereal diseases are spreading. Bodies and minds as well as spirits will need rehabilitation following the tragedy and shock of war. Medical needs, both individual and public, abound. New patterns of Christian vocational service in this field are needed.

A young accountant with his doctorate in this field asks a question: "How best can I make socially significant the talents which I have acquired? How can they be contributed to mean more than mere individual financial advancement?" Some accountants, to be sure, are serving under church auspices in various offices. Others have found a place in organized social movements; some are in Civilian Public Service; others

will need to find vocational situations which harmonize with their newly consecrated motives and ambitions.

An architect writes that he cannot lend his architectural skill to the instruments of destruction, but he does say that he is willing to serve in any non-profit, low-income project where his talents may aid constructively the needs of the poor in any land. How can we relate this vocational skill to the problems of beautiful, yet substantial, low-cost housing?

A graduate of law enters desiring something more than selling his talent to clients best able financially to pay for his services. He begins to think of possible specialized training to fit himself for arbitration in labor fields, for the co-operative movement, for technical services to conscientious objectors who may or may not be able to pay him, and to the growing demand for highly skilled leaders of social vision in the field of international law. Here is a new and enlarged field of service.

A candidate for a doctor's degree in education asks where his educational experience and training may be used at some socially difficult points in the current scene. He considers as a future vocation worker-education, and by this he does not mean merely the enlightenment of men in the trades, but the specialized education needed by leaders who themselves are workers.

THESE are only a few of the actual cases that men of good will have presented. The social needs are enormous: the housing problems; the development of co-operative medicine for vocational and trade groups through clinics; missionary service to underprivileged people in our own country and in the foreign field;—these are only the vocations that are readily apparent. An increasing number of skilled persons in salesmanship, bookkeeping, managerial enterprise and specialized education need to turn their vocational interest into the co-operative movement. Producers, consumers, retailers, wholesalers, national and international organizational men and women are needed in this newest of all social experiments.

Opportunities are arising for civilians skilled and experienced in conserving soil, forests, and minerals. Many of these services and vocations for persons of good will will be administered under state and government auspices; others under independently organized social enterprises; some will be under religious agencies. There is a growing need for creative persons who will carry their Christian conception of co-operation for the common good and for a creative society to replace an exploiting one, into government departments and projects. Many government men now working in technical bureaus—soil engineering, forestry, park service, public health, and the like—serve on relatively small salaries while they contribute to the nation and to the world by their long professional training and experience.

Especially should Christian youth, technically trained, enter politics, trade, commerce, diplomacy, and foreign service. Some of the crucial social and political struggles of post-war reconstruction will be fought out in these fields. The self-disciplines of Christian living are essential—faith in God and in the spirit of Christ are not "elective."

Recently there was a call for youth to devote a year of special training in the vocation of foreign relief administrators. The post-war world will need these men, and the demand for them now offered no small challenge. Increasingly there will be more calls. No field is so ripe now, and none needs so critically the men of good will who will help build the new world.

Do I hear some one say, "What about ministers, missionaries, religious educators and teachers?" Will the world need them? The answer is obvious. The men of good will who go into any vocation to make it Christian will form the missionaries and educators of the future. Together they will build the new world of peace and brotherhood—if it ever is to be built.

source

romantic and prodigal man compared to the diplomat and is very unwise compared to the statesman." Then he observed, "However, at his best he is sacrificial and willing to stake all on what ought to be, regardless of consequences. He has usually been there ten years ahead of the statesman and a quarter of a century before the diplomat, but the cemetery alone carries the record of his deeds. Or perhaps they are alive deep in the culture."

—*The Michigan Daily*.

GREATNESS

The greatest man is the man who comes nearest to "executing the will of the people. He is "servant of all." If he is a poet, he utters the word they dumbly feel. If he is an artist, he bodies forth their impotent fancy. If he is a statesman, he materializes their political convictions. If he is an orator or a writer, he says what they all would say. Always behind him is the mass, from which he draws his force. It is the power of submerging one's self in the current of others' feeling that is the gift of greatness.

—Crane.

WE ARE CAPABLE

As the writer pursued his duties welding he was confronted with many problems. One group of men jeered whenever passing him. "There's the rah-rah boy," they would say. "Look at Joe over on the assembly line," one observed. "He went to Stanford and got a degree, and look at him now. . . ."

It is not right that these people should despise college students. Now, in the present crisis when all workers are at a premium, is the hour to show that we are worthy of toiling side by side with any and all workers with equal ability—that we are also capable of utilizing the same brain power in an executive capacity.—B.R.

—*Southern California Daily Trojan*.

AND THE BIBLE SAYS:

Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called. I Cor. 1:20.

I, therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation where with ye are called. Eph. 1:18.

And he gave some apostles; and some prophets; and some evangelists; and some pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ. Eph. 4:11.

They profess that they know God; but in works they deny him. Tit. 1:16.

Come Over and Help

Board of Missions and Church Extension
Department of Missionary Personnel
150 Fifth Ave., New York City.

DEAR Margaret and George:

Your question about your future work is still unanswered. You asked me definitely about Christian work. Any work that is helping in the building of a better world and is done in a Christian spirit is Christian work. I have seen some of the finest Christians doing work that, because of its simplicity and because it is not a white collar job, has not been thought of by some as Christian work. However, I know that you are interested in full time work within some Christian organization such as our church.

By the time the War is over you will both be through college and ready for the important work that the church must continue to do. Ever since our church was organized we have been doing work in reconstruction and rehabilitation. Here at home there is, and will be, great need for Christian workers who can live and share their experiences with families and communities both in city and rural areas. These needs will not be alone for the preacher and the teacher, much as we shall need them, but we shall be looking for experts in agriculture, home and family life, nutrition, public health, industrial relations—persons who will live and work with the people of the community, discovering with them the better way of life.

Our church has many schools. This war is taking a large number of teachers. If we maintain and improve the standards of our church schools, we must have Christian teachers to take the places of leadership of those who must leave.

Probably if I were asked to name the needs in the order of their importance, I would mention nurses first, followed closely by teachers and social workers. Young couples who are willing to go into rural and city areas on almost a subsistence basis and make themselves a part of the community, sharing their experiences with those who have drifted away or never knew the Christian way of life, are sorely needed.

And what is true of the needs here is just as true in other countries. The only difference is that here there are many agencies working on these problems while in some localities, the Christian church is working alone. I know of your interest in world Christian community. Did you ever stop to think that it was started, developed and sustained by the overseas work of our church?

One thing more. You will not be a success in any work unless you are sure that you are serving in the right place. Many folks talk of a "call." I like that term. There are so many different interpretations given to it that I want to explain what I mean when I use it. *I think a "call" is a realization of a need that one has some possibility of meeting which becomes so deep and vivid that one is willing to discipline and prepare oneself to fill that need.*

It encourages and delights me that our Church through the Board of Missions and Church Extension is working definitely to choose young people for these tasks even though all cannot be filled immediately. One group of young men and women has been fully accepted. Others are being accepted now so each individual may continue his necessary training. Those who desire to work in America are being placed as soon as they fulfill the requirements for acceptance. Others are getting their final experience and training so that they can go as soon as sailings and passports are available.

The booklet* enclosed tells you of the standards set for our workers. Do you like the name, "Christian Careers Calling Youth?" I think it is suggestive, especially at this time. Some people tell me the qualifications are too high. Read them over and then write me your own opinions. I think the workers in our Church should be better prepared than workers in the secular fields—at least they should be as well prepared. So I am glad our Church insists on high standards of experience and education, along with a real desire to be of service, no matter what the cost.

Forgive me for this long letter. You know I am enthusiastic about this question. Do consider work within our Church along with the many other calls that may come to you for service.

Sincerely,

Ruth Ransom

*This booklet may be obtained upon request from the Personnel Department, Board of Missions and Church Extension, of the Methodist Church, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Be An Opener of Doors

Bertha L. Stiefel

Advice for Those Who Believe the Universe Is Not a Blind Alley

A LETTER in this morning's mail says: "We need one more teacher in our high school. We would like to have a man for this position. Do you have any man between the ages of thirty and fifty who might be interested? We would pay between fourteen hundred and sixteen hundred dollars." Not a word about the subject to be taught. Not a question about personal qualifications. Only, "Do you have a man who might be interested?"

The telephone rings. Speaking is a young alumnus who looked a long time for a job when he graduated a few years ago. Now he has been made superintendent of construction of a new plant to be built by one of the leading manufacturers of defense materials. He wants a personnel manager; preferably a man who has had ten or twelve years of industrial experience and would know how to pick men for the positions open at the new plant site. He will pay the "right man" \$100 a week.

Twenty-five positions open for teachers and administrators in schools and colleges supported by a leading denomination were listed in a single letter received recently.

Open doors! By the dozen!

In the 1700's unemployment was a crime punishable by public flogging. "He who does not work, shall not eat." In 1933 there were fifteen million unemployed in the United States. In 1937, three out of five young people between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five in our country who wanted work could not get work.

"Life is a series of accommodations." Changing economic conditions, habits of work and modes of living have brought about great changes in the problems confronting young people in their choice of occupation. Modern inventions, increasing the use of machine power, have shortened working hours and have, at the same time, made a lot of work much less interesting than it used to be when one man had to have many skills. Our educational institutions have not kept pace with the rapid changes in the world of work with the result "that we are training people for better and better things and sending them out to seek employment in a system that requires less and less of that which the schools can accomplish."

How does this affect the college student of today? What are his problems and his prospects? Can he make any plans at all in the face of war and all its implications? Young people today face many "unknowns." There are, however, elements of certainty by which you may be guided in your vocational choices.

The present chaos and confusion in the world cannot continue indefinitely. There will come a time of peace with countless opportunities for Christian workers dedicated to a Christian world order. You want to be prepared for that time. You need to prepare for it now, during these dark years when little apparent progress can be made, but when hearts and minds can be disciplined and skills can be acquired which will enable you to do the work you can do best. You must believe your life is important before you can make it so.

October, 1942

source

LIKE POISON

Avoid! Vocational Counselors who rely on a single index of vocational aptitude; who promise to get you a job if you'll pay them a fee for vocational counseling; who try to do vocational guidance by mail; who give lectures ostensibly for purposes of vocational guidance, but in reality in order to recruit students for a questionable school; who promise to tell you what occupations you were "cut out for."

—Harry D. Kitson, Editor of "Occupations" in *Youth Leader's Digest*.

SOCIAL WELFARE SCHOOL

University authorities announced last week that a one-year school of social welfare had been established at L. S. U. "to meet urgent needs foreseen in the present war emergency and the even greater needs of the postwar era."

Earl E. Klein, native of New Orleans and a graduate of the University of Chicago, Washington university, and Elmhurst, will come to L. S. U. to head the school. Ferdinand V. Grayson and Marie Wilson, members of the present graduate school of public welfare administration, will round out the full-time staff while three part-time staff members will be named later.

—Louisiana State University Reville.

LIFE AND WORK

The happiness of men consists in life and life is in labor. . . .

The vocation of every man and woman is to serve other people.

—*My Religion*, Tolstoi.

QUESTIONS ASKED

Mr. Jacob L. Jones, head of the co-ordination and Placement Department at Technical High School in Indianapolis, said his chief work was to keep in contact with all industries and business to see the changes and the tendencies toward future changes so as to keep the curriculum up to date. That is what is meant by co-ordination.

I asked him to talk to me as if he were a prospective employer. He said one of the first questions asked is whether the student has a *purpose*. Does he know what he wants to do? Is he willing to

start at the bottom and work up?

Then employers ask about the reputation. Has he received demerits for misconduct? Has the student good habits, strong moral character? Honesty is especially stressed. Will he be apt to talk too much at home or elsewhere about what goes on in the place he works? They also check on the pupil's promptness and attendance.

Then they note personality, especially cleanliness. "The day of a man applying for a job in a machine shop with his tools in his hand is over. It is well," said Mr. Jones, "to make a good first impression."

All these questions are asked before specific questions about scholastic standing and specific training. When the employer comes to these he wants to know how the student ranks in the group.

—Anna Brochhausen.

USEFUL SLOT MACHINES

When you think of slot machines, you generally think of subways and gambling. Nevertheless, there are dozens of other uses for them. Everyone has seen the boom in juke boxes. A company is starting to put out nickel movies. Handkerchiefs, perfume, towels, ink, pencils, soft drinks, cigarettes, cigars, candies, gum and ice are just a few of the different types of slot machines you find today. In time there probably will be thousands of others. Men are needed to install them, maintain them and sell them. If you have had any selling or mechanical experience, get on the band wagon now.

—*Better Jobs.*

PLACE OF THE LAWYER

In American jurisprudence, too often we have found the law to be the device to hinder democracy and progress, that our lawyers have been educated to use the law not in the service of the nation but in the interests of those groups with the economic power to make law a rationalization of their power and a protection of it. "Due process," for example, has not meant a protection of the rights of the "small man," the people, but rather a dodge behind which the great corporations could maintain their unjustifiable power. We have produced countless Sutherlands, Van Devanters and McReynolds, but very few Brandeises. And in the same way that the engineers do not see that they must use their technical training in the interests of society, so too the lawyers do not use their knowledge of the law to further democracy rather than obstruct it.

—Lawrence Mascott in *The Michigan Daily.*

The 1930 United States census listed 20,000 different kinds of work by which people in this country earn a living. Many have been added to the list in the last twelve years; others have been dropped. *It is possible for you to discover while you are in college the general field of work for which you are best suited by ability, temperament, and personality. You can do that by analyzing your subject matter interests; by participating in varied extra-curricular activities; by cultivating friendship with faculty and fellow students of differing interest and philosophies of life; by counseling with faculty, friends, and family about your work interests; by reading as much as possible about opportunities and requirements in the fields of your vocational interests; by taking advantage of the vocational testing program your college offers; by consulting workers in the fields of your interests about "what it takes" to be an acceptable worker there; by getting actual experience during summer vacations or other holidays in the occupation you consider choosing.*

Work changes and people change. It is wise, therefore, to choose your work for a *field* of endeavor rather than for a *special* job. You may decide upon teaching. As an undergraduate, you will do well to prepare for a major and at least two minor subjects for teaching, and, in addition, participate in extra-curricular activities which will enable you to sponsor the school paper, dramatic club, athletics, Hi-Y, or a combination of two or three of them. It's what Walter Pitkin calls the "mathematics of versatility." If you have abilities A, B, and C, you can work A, or B or C or combinations of them, thus making yourself indispensable to your employer or your community.

Statistics as to occupational supply and demand change rapidly. No one can safely predict what will be true at this time next year, but right now it looks as though anyone interested in teaching would be sure of a position when he is ready to take it. That goes for almost every subject in the curriculum, but especially for mathematics, the natural and physical sciences, industrial arts, home economics, music, physical education, and elementary teaching. . . . There is an increasing demand for teachers in home mission schools, and eleemosynary institutions. . . . Social agencies are stressing the need for family welfare workers. . . . Ministers with adequate training are being sought by several denominations. . . . Personnel and public relations opportunities are frequent and promise an excellent future. . . . The length, expense, and scholarship requirements of preparation in the medical field keeps the demand for doctors constantly ahead of the supply. . . . graduate nurses . . . recreation leaders for cities, YMCA, YWCA, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts . . . directors of consumer education . . . intelligent and informed leadership for farmers' co-operatives . . . research workers, especially in scientific fields, but also in the field of human relationships . . . civil service. . . . foreign service (your modern languages are needed for this) . . . hundreds of opportunities in the construction field . . . in transportation and communication . . . in politics . . . in labor unions. . . . Any of these fields could use you. When the war is over, there will be scarcely a corner of the earth but will need workers who can build and build well. For those willing to do the work that needs to be done, there will be no dearth of opportunity.

It takes courage to choose your life work today; it takes courage and confidence—confidence in yourself, confidence in those who teach you, confidence in God and faith in His ultimate purpose for the world. "Be an opener of doors for such as come after thee," says Emerson, "be an opener of doors and do not try to make the universe a blind alley."

Streamlined Strategy

Herman N. Beimfohr

A Christian Concept of Vocations

HOW many times have you heard the remark: "We've had Christianity for 2000 years and yet look at the world of today!" But—have we really had Christianity put into practice? And more specific,—and perhaps more embarrassing,—What have *you* been doing to make Christianity *real* in the world today?

Certainly there have been many general good wishes for Christianity, endless church activities, unnumbered "good" sermons preached, countless committee meetings, and yet the Kingdom lags. Why is this true and what can we do about it?

Take, for example, the stubborn problem of war and peace. The vast majority of American youth, and the youth of the world for that matter, prefer peace to war, yet the forces that make for war were not stopped, the forces for peace were not sufficiently in operation to make war impossible. Now what would have made the difference? Certainly diplomats, representatives and senators, business men, newspaper editors and others made the difference! If our diplomats, politicians, business men, editors, and others had considered that their jobs, their vocations, were the places to put Christianity into practice, conditions today would be far different!

Or consider the professions such as medicine, the ministry, teaching, law, etc. Have we ever asked and answered the question: What does it mean to be a Christian doctor, minister, teacher, lawyer?

Why not think of *your* job, *your* vocation, *your* profession as the strategic point to get down to the business of making Christianity vital and effective?

What shall be our strategy and technique? Let's call together the students of this generation, the potential politicians, diplomats, business men, editors, doctors, lawyers, ministers, teachers, by vocational groups, to determine their own purposes and procedures as they seek to make Christianity become real in the vocation of their choice. For example, government is playing an increasingly influential role in our modern life, and the Christian students now planning to make this their life work should be called together in a conference to discuss the problems they are now facing in their academic preparation and anticipate some of the problems they will be called upon to solve as they take over the responsibilities of government. In order to make this more realistic and hence more effective, leaders now in the various branches of the government should be invited to the conference as resource people. Naturally, the leaders invited should be at least slightly interested in the main purpose of such a conference which should be to discover purposes, techniques, and strategy for making the Christian ideal effective through government.

One of the possible results of such a conference might be the sense of professional fellowship born of common purpose and sense of destiny. Between periodical meetings of the group, the discussion and sense of destiny might be fostered by a news sheet. Plans should be laid for a life-time, and the students of at least the entire nation should be brought into the movement to begin with. Later on it should be enlarged to include the nations of the world. This same idea should be applied to all the major and strategic vocations, as, for example, teaching, medicine, ministry, business, etc.

This plan calls for complete life-time loyalty. Plans and procedures must be drawn up continually, tried out, reshaped and attempted anew, but always with the entire life-time in view. The state is now asking and demanding the lives of youth. It is largely a compulsion from without. The church asks you to give *your* lives to a life-time of adventure and pioneering through your vocation. Your answer must come as a compulsion from within.

source

SOMETHING WRONG

..... Nobody can doubt that a catastrophe, such as the present one, never could have happened in an integrated social system; nobody should attribute our period of world wars and world revolutions to the accident of a special national character, for instance of the Russian or the German or the Japanese character, or to even more accidental rise of dictatorial types in persons like Stalin or Hitler. It should be granted by all those who are able to judge that something was fundamentally wrong in the system of life and thought in the immediate past and that a return to it is neither desirable nor possible. The World War is a part of a world revolution. . . . Nothing spiritual can be given to the human spirit for which it is not prepared. —Paul Tillish, *Spiritual Problems of Post-War Reconstruction*.

EFFECTIVE GUIDANCE

The duty of the community to provide effective guidance for youth is well established though it may not be fully understood in all its present-day implications. On the other hand, guidance alone will not solve the problem of unemployment. Extravagant statements have been made that public employment for youth would be unnecessary if adequate vocational guidance and vocational education were provided. It seems clear, on the contrary, that while millions of mature workers are unemployed, no program confined to advice and training will greatly increase the number of youth in paid jobs. —American Youth Commission, the *Occupational Adjustment of Youth*.

AVIATION FOR WOMEN

As a part of the expanding vocational guidance program at Stephens College a finding course in occupations within the aviation industry has been recently added to the curriculum. "Vocational Orientation In Aviation" is a co-operative course in which four commercial aviation companies—Transcontinental and Western, Chicago and Southern, Braniff, and Mid-Continent Airlines—are participating in order that air-minded Stephens girls will have an opportunity to explore the field of commercial aviation.

—Stephens (College) *Life*.

The Builders

A Dramatic Service of Worship

Frances Dyer Eckardt

... "I hardly know how it all came back to me; possibly it was the scent-laden breeze that came in from the woods through the half-open church window, perhaps it was a line in one of the old songs, perhaps it was the droning voice of the Scotch preacher—somehow, and suddenly, I was a boy again...."

—David Grayson: "A Boy and a Preacher," in *Adventures in Contentment*.

ORDER OF WORSHIP

Prelude.

Introit: "O Worship the Lord."

Singing Choir

"The Church," by Charles Rann Kennedy

Versespeaking Choir

The Play.

Hymn: "We Would Be Building."

The Congregation

Benediction: Psalm 90, verses 16 and 17.

Versespeaking Choir

Choral Amen.

Singing Choir

Postlude.

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

The Boy	Mama	Sylvia
The Man	The Son	Miss Patterson
Mr. Higgins	John	Fred

SINGING CHOIR

Introit. Methodist Hymnal, Number 595.

*O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Serve Him with gladness, all the earth.*

VERSESPEAKING CHOIR

"The Church," from the play *The Servant in the House*, by Charles Rann Kennedy. Choral arrangement from *Poetry Arranged for the Versespeaking Choir*, by Robinson and Thurston, published by the Expression Company, Boston, 1936.

ALL. This (church) is no dead pile of stones and unmeaning timber. It is a living thing. . . .

When you enter it you hear a sound—a sound as of some mighty poem chanted. Listen long enough, and you will learn that it is made up of the beating of human hearts, of the nameless music of men's souls—that is, if you have ears. If you have eyes, you will presently see the church itself—a looming mystery of many shapes and shadows, leaping sheer from floor to dome. The work of no ordinary builder!

The pillars of it go up like the brawny trunks of heroes:

HM. the sweet human flesh of men and women is moulded about its bulwarks, strong, impregnable:

LW. the faces of little children laugh out from every corner-stone:

LM. the terrible spans and arches of it are the joined hands of comrades:

HW. and up in the heights and spaces there are inscribed the numberless musings of all the dreamers of the world.

ALL. It is yet building—building and built upon.
LM. Sometimes the work goes forward in deep darkness:
HW. Sometimes in blinding light:
LW. now beneath the burden of unutterable anguish:
HM. now to the tune of a great laughter and heroic shoutings like the cry of thunder.
ALL. Sometimes, in the silence of the night-time, one may hear the tiny hammerings of the comrades at work up in the dome—the comrades that have climbed ahead. . . .

(As the Versespeaking Choir concludes, the organ may take up softly the strains of the Prelude, modulating to the hymn, "There is a Land of Pure Delight," number 528 in the Methodist Hymnal. During the playing of the hymn, the BOY quietly takes his place on the stage. As the music dies away, the MAN enters, walking down the aisle of the church to the stage. The play begins.)

THE PLAY

The scene is a little country church. The arrangement of the stage may vary with the sanctuary in which the play is represented. We are facing the pulpit, perhaps, in which case it should be stage center and back, with two rows of pews to either side and at right angles to the altar, as one often sees them placed in old-fashioned country churches. Or the pulpit may be to one side—say, to the players' right—and facing directly across the stage, with two rows of pews across from it, placed straight up and down stage. With this setting, there may be a small table with one or two straight chairs at back center, between the pulpit and the pews. The pulpit should be on a slightly raised level. Directly beneath it is placed a basket of flowers. And somewhere, there is a window. We may not see it, but the sun is shining through, to throw a soft beam of light across the scene.

Through an outer door of the church auditorium, to the rear, there enters a man in his middle years. He is a man of poise and authority—one who evidently fills a responsible position in some community—but there is about him at this moment an air of hesitancy, of unsureness, which makes him appear quite humble. He is like a man who comes home to a familiar place, glad at being there, yet fearing the impact of the past. Slowly he walks to the front of the church, to the stage, and the altar. There he pauses and gazes about him, finally lifting his face to the light of the window. He speaks softly.

MAN. I'd forgotten about that window, with the sun shining through (He looks about him, slowly.) Nothing's changed. . . . By George, I've never been away! I'm just a little kid named Rusty, and I've slipped in here to take a nap where it's cool! (He shakes his head with a smile.) That's one thing the old church was good for—

The BOY has been asleep, curled up in a corner of the front pew, L. Now he stretches, yawns, and sits up, looking at the MAN. He speaks naturally, as if he were simply continuing a conversation.

BOY. Gee, it's funny how tired a fella can get sometimes, just fooling around!

MAN. (He turns quickly, to face the BOY.) Good heavens, Boy, you startled me! I didn't see you there.

BOY. (sitting up straight.) I'm sorry I scared you, Mister. I thought you was talking to me.

MAN. That's all right.—What makes you so sleepy this afternoon?

BOY. Well, I got up at four, 'cause the perch are biting pretty good right now, and that's the time to catch 'em. But it sure gets a fella yawnin,' time he's through dinner.

MAN. Yes, I remember (After a moment, he looks more closely at the BOY, as if puzzled by some faint recognition.) Whose youngster are you, anyhow? I'd swear I've seen you before.

BOY. (He rises, and goes toward the MAN, his voice wistful.) Gee, don't you know me, Mister? I thought you'd always remember me.

A Play on the New Sense of Vocation in the Rural Church

MAN. Remember you? (He gazes at the BOY, who nods hopefully back at him.) But I've been away for years!

BOY. (Very simply.) I know. I've been waiting for you to come back.

MAN. Waiting? (The BOY nods. For a moment the MAN looks at him in silence. When he speaks again, there is a note of beginning realization in his voice.) You look the way I used to look.

BOY. (Softly.) You do remember, don't you?

MAN. (Slowly, looking into the BOY'S eyes.) Yes I remember,—Rusty.

BOY. That's me, Mister. I thought for a minute you'd forgotten all about me.

MAN. (He turns away, speaking a little sadly.) One forgets so many things.

BOY. (Following him.) But I think about you an awful lot.

MAN. (Facing him, with a smile.) Do you, Rusty?

BOY. Sure. That's why I'm glad you're here.—Did you come back all alone?

MAN. (He crosses in front of the BOY, to the Left. There is a hint of constraint in his manner.) No, my son is with me. I'm waiting for him now. We're driving through on a long trip, and he wanted to stop. He'd never seen my old home.

BOY. Gee, Mister, what's he like?

MAN. He's a handsome young man, Rusty. Just graduated from college.

BOY. What's he going to be?

MAN. (His constraint grows.) He wants to be a preacher.

BOY. Does he?—I always thought that's what you'd be. It's sort of an honor, having a preacher in the family!

MAN. (And now the constraint changes to bitterness.) My son has strange ideas about that. He wants to shut himself away in the country—in a little church like this—where no one will ever see or hear of him again.

BOY. I like it out here.

MAN. My son's a brilliant fellow. It's no work for him. A useless sacrifice!

BOY. Maybe he'll change his mind.

MAN. (Tonelessly.) Maybe he will. (He sits in the front pew, L., his head bowed.)

BOY. All the preachers that come here, seems like they want to go somewhere else. 'Cept Mr. Higgins. I think he'd like to stay, only he's afraid people don't like him.

MAN. Mr. Higgins (He has forgotten the BOY, and speaks as if he were alone.) How clearly the past comes back! As if life had changed as little as the sun still shining through the windows of this old church. As if Mr. Higgins himself were standing in the pulpit there, reading the Scripture I loved to listen to. . . .

(MR. HIGGINS comes to the altar from the L. He is an elderly man, with bowed, defeated shoulders, ill at ease, withdrawn, stiff in manner. Only when he reads the prophetic passages from the Scripture does he seem to attain full power and confidence.—As he crosses the stage toward the pulpit, the BOY faces him.)

BOY. (With a touch of awe.) G-good afternoon, Mr. Higgins.

HIGGINS. (Pausing.) Good afternoon, my boy. I am glad to see you enjoying the quiet of this beautiful sanctuary. Are you meditating, perhaps, on the Sunday school lesson for tomorrow?

BOY. We-ll, not exactly

HIGGINS. I see. Just being quiet. . . . (He continues, as he talks, toward the pulpit.) Well, it is a good place to come

. . . . in the proper spirit. But this is a holy place, not to be desecrated by frivolous dissipation.

BOY. N-no, sir. (Eagerly, as HIGGINS opens the big Bible on the pulpit.) Please, sir, are you going to read something?

HIGGINS. I am marking the Scripture for tomorrow's service.

BOY. Why don't you practice it? Don't you think you might do better if you practiced it?

HIGGINS. Do you find my reading very unsatisfactory?

BOY. Gee, no, Mr. Higgins! I-I think it's bully! I-I just thought maybe you'd let me listen—

HIGGINS. (With mild reproof.) You must watch your language, my boy. It is sometimes a little careless.

BOY. (Sitting R. if pulpit is back C., or, if pulpit is R., sitting at the table C., in one of the chairs.) Y-yes, sir.

HIGGINS. (He reads, after a pause, from Ecclesiastes, gradually losing himself in the poetry and beauty of the words, his voice full and resonant.)

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. . . .

(For a moment Mr. HIGGINS stands in silence, his face lifted to the sunlight. Then the BOY speaks breathlessly, as if breaking a spell.)

BOY. Gee, Mr. Higgins—I mean—I never thought about that before, Mr. Higgins—that a bird has a voice—That it talks with, I mean—not just a song. . . .

HIGGINS. I am glad to find you listening to the language of the Scriptures. It will reveal much to you that is new and beautiful.

BOY. (Impulsively.) I wish I could read it like you do—I wish I could be a preacher like you, Mr. Higgins!

HIGGINS. (Touched, and sad.) Like me? (He shakes his head.) I am a very poor preacher, my boy. My days have been long, and I have failed. (He speaks from the depths of his longing.) There is work to be done, if only I knew how; but I am weak, and it was not given me to reach men's hearts. . . . (He lays his hand in silence a moment on the Bible, then closes it, and slowly leaves the pulpit, crossing L. He speaks to himself, the BOY forgotten.)

Some day, I pray, a better man may come. (He goes, with bowed head. The BOY, behind him, puts out his hand, and calls softly.)

BOY. Mr. Higgins Mr. Higgins—(But MR. HIGGINS does not hear. The BOY runs sobbing to the MAN, who rises, and touches him gently.) He's gone, and I didn't tell him! I didn't tell him I love him!

MAN. Words aren't always needed, Rusty. I think perhaps he understood without your telling him. (He leaves the BOY seated L., and walks C., thoughtfully, as he continues speaking.) Love, with him, was a matter of deeds, not something to be spoken of. . . . (He sits quietly R., or back C., his

(Continued on page 41)

motive Man-of-the-Month

The Career of Robert Hodgell, Wisconsin, '44

BOB HODGELL'S mother tells tales of his art triumphs from the time he was a baby, but it was not until he executed Santa Claus to the delight of his first grade teacher, and the admiration of all the children that he knew down deep inside himself that art was likely to stay with him. In the third grade he sold water colors at two cents each. In the small town in North-Central Kansas where Bob got his start, his father was county superintendent of schools.

When the family moved to Topeka his first real chance came to develop his interests in the classes at Washburn College where Professor James Gilbert took an interest in him. About this time he began collecting blue ribbons at the Kansas State fair —(he has over 50 now.)

In high school he entered the competition sponsored by *Scholastic* magazine. In his senior year he was given a trip to New York City where he spoke on a nation-wide broadcast. As a side-line he became interested in athletics and journalism. He became the Associate editor and editor of the Topeka high school yearbook in '39 and '40—both books receiving the all-American rating from N.S.P.A.

When he was returning from his New York trip in 1940, he stopped in Pittsburgh to see some of his work which had been hung in the high school art exhibit in the Carnegie Galleries. But let Bob tell his own story:

"I was asked by a reporter what artist of our time I thought to be the best. I named, of course, John Stewart Curry—a fellow Kansan who was rated at the top in the world of art. It was only a few months later that I actually met Mr. Curry. He was working at the time on a series of murals in the Kansas State Capitol building. I met him, and that same day—though I know not how nor why—he took me on as an apprentice. I've been with him as a student and assistant since that day. [In our picture Bob is standing on the top shelf of a scaffold with Mr. Curry in the Kansas Capitol beside the underpainting of the head of John Brown, which has since developed into one of the most heroic and controversial figures in modern art.]

"When I left high school I had a scholarship to the Art Institute of Chicago and De Pauw University. I planned, instead, to enter the University of Kansas, but the possibility of continuing work with Mr. Curry overwhelmed me. I couldn't afford it, but I packed up and came to Madison. Besides going to school, I've helped Mr. Curry on five major mural projects and many smaller jobs.

"I was a complete stranger when I first came to Madison, but I had heard of the Wesley Foundation. I looked it up, it took me in; I've been there most of the time since. I've always been interested in church work. What Wesley offered me was what I wanted most in a strange place—a home away from home." (Our picture shows Bob in a typical song fest group after a fellowship meeting. He has been teaching his brother's church school class this summer. His sister is at the piano and his brother is at the extreme left in the picture.)

Bob has also been art director, managing editor, and is now assistant editor of the *Badger*, Wisconsin's annual.

Another interest of Bob's has been athletics. In grade school he achieved moderate success, winning the city-wide high-jump record. But it was not until he got to Wisconsin that he became a "star" of first magnitude in this field. He is now Big Ten high jump champion, clearing the bar at 6 feet 4 inches.

At the Wesley Foundation he has been chairman of many of the departments. One of his hobbies is acting and he is a member of Wesley Players. In one of the pictures he is a charming girl in *Six Cups of Chocolate* and in the other one he is in a less embarrassing role in *Pay Check*. He has had a hand, foot or nose in most of the things that happen around Wesley!

Bob is 6 feet, 2 inches tall,

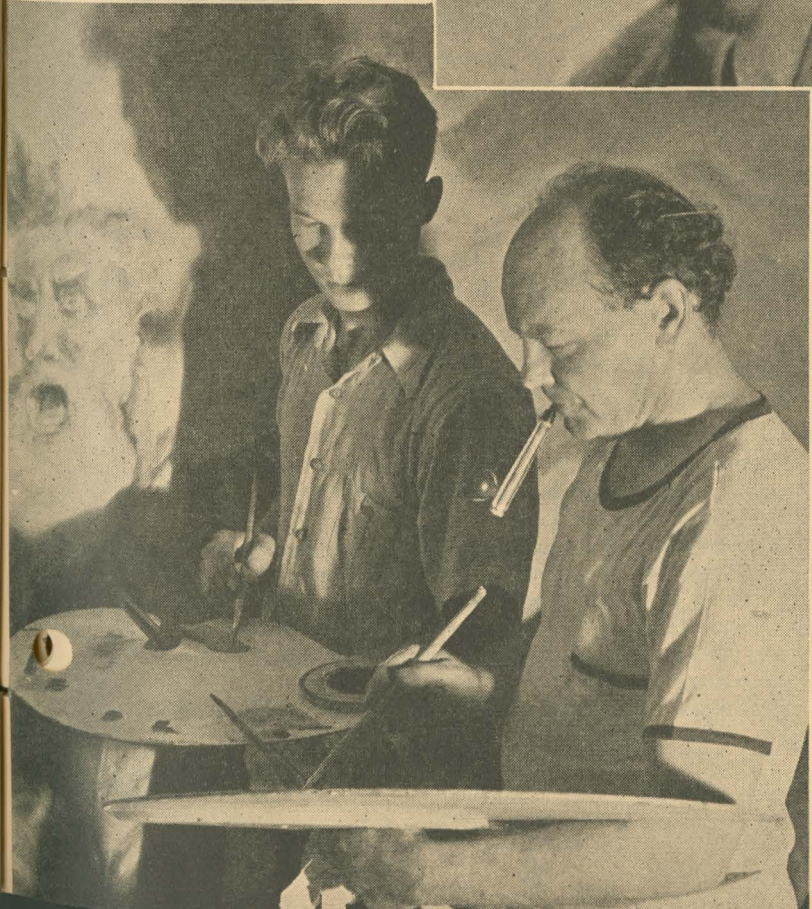
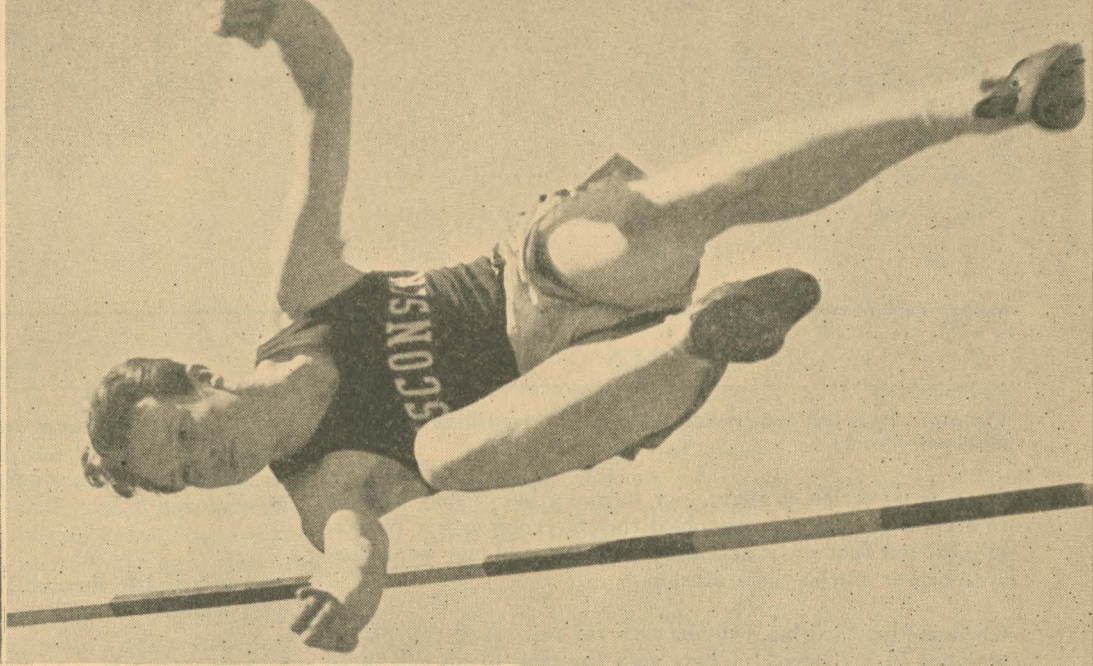
weighs 175, he has blue eyes and red or blond or brown hair. (no one is sure, he claims, and *he* doesn't care.)

"Most of my ideas, ideals, concepts and hopes," Bob says, "are closely allied to my art. I'm thoroughly steeped in the regional idea of art, believing that the artist must paint what he knows and feels, that through the life he knows and his interpretation of it he may capture that spark of immortality on canvass that is great art. I firmly believe that art has a place in religion and religion has a place in art. The lack of religious art or even a strong healthy trend toward it at the present time makes me feel that my place is cut out for me. I'm ready and willing—if only I can reach the point that I'm able!

"I'm a rebel who hates conformity to worthless trifles and fleeting fads. I'm a firm believer in the 'do it yourself' idea and am both alarmed and disgusted by the fast growing dependence of individuals upon others to do things for them. In the belief that a person should do as much for himself as possible, I cut my own hair and walk wherever and whenever I can. Futile demonstration, perhaps, but I save money and get lots of exercise!

"My studio is always cluttered with old and new drawings and paintings. I mix all my own paints from powdered pigments—which is messy at best." (Our picture shows him in the midst of this mess and clutter!)

The Oscar Adams, directors of the Wesley Foundation at Wisconsin, are proud of Bob. So, too, is Bill Quiver of *Target* who "discovered" Bob. So, too, is *motive* for which Bob has done the insignia on the back cover of the September issue. So, too, we suspect, are Robert Hodgell's father and mother, brother and sister—and a lot of others who just call Bob, "friend!"



GOALS

The man who is just and resolute will not be moved from his settled purpose.—Horace.

There is no action so slight, nor so mean, but it may be done to a great purpose, and ennobled therefore; nor is any purpose so great but that slight actions may help it, and may be so done as to help it much.—John Ruskin.

I believe that God has a divine plan for me. And this plan is wrapped in my being. I have seen the plan of an oak in an acorn and the spontaneous response of all nature to God's purpose. I have seen His perfection and I believe His plan is permanent and perfect. I am a part of His plan—then I, too, must be potential perfect. I must relax myself completely to it, and it will manifest completely and perfectly through me. I have discovered when I am relaxed to the divine plan by the inner peace that comes to me. It is a strength that leads me into activity that unfolds the plan, or it brings a patience and a stillness that allows others to unfold the plan to me.

Glenn Clark—*The Thought Farthest Out.*

Halford Luccock tells this story as coming from ancient Jewish Literature, probably the Mishnah, he says: A man was the proud possessor of a very precious lamb. Everyone coveted the lamb, and finally some bandits decided to take it from him. To protect his lamb, the man fled to a valley and barricaded himself and his lamb inside a small cabin. He had plenty of ammunition. He would shoot first out of one window and then cross to the other to shoot. He was doing well, and was beating back the bandits. But every time he crossed the room he stumbled over the lamb. At last, he opened the door, shoved the lamb outside, and went on fighting.

Be always displeased at what thou art, if thou desire to attain to what thou art not; for where thou hast pleased thyself, there thou abidest.

—Francis Quarles, 1592-1644.

Questions: *Have I found what I want to do in a life program? What am I doing to make my search for goals intelligent? Am I looking beyond the immediate point to see the total picture of my life? In this emergency, am I losing my head as far as the future is concerned?*

Read: Stuart Chase's *The Road We Are Traveling*—New York, Twentieth Century Fund, 1942.

Action Project: I will list two or three definite goals for myself this year. These may be to acquire certain habits of study, certain controls, certain socially valuable growth that I need. I shall select these carefully as the ones most needful to my progress and stick with them until I have made a definite advance toward them. I shall select one goal of a social nature that will be definitely difficult for me to do.

DUTY

*How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little.*

—Tennyson's *Ulysses.*

And to love life through labour is to be intimate with life's inmost secret.

And all knowledge is vain save where there is work,
And all work is empty save where there is love;
And when you work with love you bind yourself to yourself,
and to one another, and to God.
And what is it to work with love?
It is to charge all things you fashion with the breath of your own spirit.

—From *The Prophet* by Kahlil Gibran.

*When Duty whispered low, "Thou must,"
The Youth replied, "I can."*

—Emerson's *Voluntaries.*

If you rightly bear your cross, it will bear you.

—Thomas a Kempis.

*If thou indeed derive thy light from heaven,
Then, to the measure of thy heavenborn light
Shine, Poet, in thy place, and be content.*

—Wordsworth, *To the Poet.*

The Secret of happiness is not doing what one wants but liking what one has to do.

—J. M. Barrie.

Grow by taking on a task beyond your powers!

—E. Stanley Jones.

Do the Duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a Duty. The second Duty will already have become clearer.

—Carlyle, *Sartor Resartus.*

Questions: *Do I have a sense of duty that makes me responsible in everything I do? Is my duty something artificial, put on from without, or is it an inner compulsion? Am I considered a responsible person? Do I usually know my duty?*

Read: Robert Lowry Calhoun's *God and the Common Life*, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1935.

Action Project: I am going to select one project of social significance and give a certain amount of time to it. But more than this, I shall consider it my duty to work in it systematically until I am certain that I have made all the contribution I can make. I shall make study this year a duty—and put first things first.

COURAGE

Valour is still value. The first duty of a man is still that of subduing Fear. We must get rid of Fear; we cannot act at all till then. . . . A man shall and must be valiant; he must march forward, and quit himself like a man—trusting imperturbably in the appointment and choice of the upper Power; and on the whole, not fear at all. Now and always, the completeness of his victory over Fear will determine how much of a man he is.

—From *Heroes and Hero Worship* by Thomas Carlyle.

Welcome, O Life! I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the un-created conscience of my race.

—From *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* by James Joyce.

*Courage is the price that life exacts for granting peace.
The soul that knows it not, knows not release
From little things.*

—*Courage*, by Amelia Earhart.

Helen Keller's *The Story of My Life* presents an unforgettable picture of courage. From the wild unmanageable creature Anne Sullivan taught as a child, Helen Keller with the help of this constant companion-teacher develops into a woman who can say: "Everything has its wonders, even darkness and silence, and I learn, whatever state I may be in, therein to be content." True sometimes she feels rebellion at the isolation which seems hers, but "I try to make the light in other's eyes my sun, the music in other's ears my symphony, the smile on other's lips my happiness." We with all our faculties—can we not seek to do likewise?

"Discouragement is Emotional Atheism!"

Courage leads starward, fear toward death.—Seneca.

I will be with you all the time, to the very end of the world.

—Matthew 28:20. (Moffatt.)

Questions: *Have I the courage of my convictions? Do I maintain certain standards with people of like standards but fail to have courage to maintain them when I am with those who have no such standards?
Am I good when it is easy?
Am I strong enough to live so that others seeing me will be concerned about maintaining my standards?*

Read: Bernard Shaw's play *Saint Joan*.

Action Project: I shall select some action that takes courage. For instance, I shall face a person who disagrees with me, and I shall be courageous in talking, honest in my convictions, and understanding and considerate of the other point of view. I shall maintain my standards in the face of scorn and opposition—in my sorority, my fraternity, my house or my dorm—in matters of morals, or in any other field where I know I am right.

PRaise

*And only the Master shall praise us, and
only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no
one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and
each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it,
for the God of Things as They are!*

—Rudyard Kipling's *L'Envoi*.

If a man has good corn, or wood, or boards, or pigs to sell, or can make better chairs or knives, crucibles, or church organs, than anybody else, you will find a broad, hard beaten road to his door, though it be in the woods.

—Emerson.

*It is a crime to fence with life. . . . I tell you,
There comes one moment, once. . . . and God help those
Who pass that moment by! . . . when Beauty stands
Looking into the soul with grave sweet eyes
That sicken at pretty words!*

—Rostand (Brian Hooker translation) *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

Count on God knocking on the doors of time. God is the Seeker, and not we alone; He is anxious to swell out our time-nows into an Eternal Now by filling them with a sense of Presence. I am persuaded that religious people do not with sufficient seriousness count on God as an active factor in the affairs of the world. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," but too many well-intentioned people are so preoccupied with the clatter of effort to do something for God that they don't hear Him asking that He might do something through them.

—Thomas R. Kelly, *A Testament of Devotion*

Questions: *What is the motivation for my work for which I do not get grades?*

Am I willing to work for a "cause" with no credit or reward in the way of praise?

Am I willing to be anonymous?

Am I sincere in my praise of others? Do I gush?

Do others depend on my judgment and approval?

Have I made my "praise" so meaningful that others respect it?

Do I praise unimportant people?

Read: Emerson's Essay, *Compensation*.

Roy E. Dickerson's *Understanding Myself*, New York, Association Press, 1942.

Action Project: I will do one thing today for which I know that I will not get any credit—any praise. And I will seek to find something that other people are getting credit for doing. I will do it for the love of it—for itself—and not for any reward or any praise. I shall try to continue this until it becomes a method of work for me.

Let Refugees and Prisoners Speak

Robert C. Mackie

A Dramatic Story of Needs and A Way to Help

IT would be a wonderful thing if every American student could be transported suddenly to spend an hour with a Chinese student on trek through the enemy lines from Shanghai to Free China, with a French prisoner of war still held in Germany, with a Jewish refugee half starving in Morocco, with an American or German prisoner pursuing his studies in a camp in the Philippines or Canada. It would do more than anything else to help those of us who are still in college to realize the greatness of our opportunities, and the true meaning of our vocation as students. Since, alas, such flying visits are impossible some pictures passing on the screen might help us.

And still the students work

Not long ago M. André de Blonay, secretary of the European Student Relief Fund wrote after a visit to a British Prisoner of War camp in Germany: "And still the students work, they work with unbroken energy for they know that only if their minds keep fit will they be able to overcome the trial of prolonged captivity. For them study, . . . is a bridge between the two worlds of pre- and post-war. *By his studies the prisoner is linked both to his past, of which they are a continuation, and to his future, for which they prepare him.* Study is the very form of life behind barbed wire, the life of the spirit which, independently of place and time, affirms its unity and continuity."

From a Chinese university in Kweichow comes this sketch of a library: "In a room 10x14 feet are put shelves of old magazines and racks of newspapers several days old, and also files of library cards where both faculty and students try very hard to satisfy their intellectual needs. Yet, one may hear a pin dropped in that crowded room. This ability to adapt to all sorts of environment and circumstances and this perseverance to struggle on in spite

of great difficulties and handicaps are bound to bring a valuable outcome."

In spite of great difficulties

There are no people, and no students in the world whose suffering surpasses that of the Chinese. The story of flight, and starvation, of air raids and disease is becoming so familiar that we can scarcely realize it. Here is what Kiang Wen-Han, one of the secretaries of the National Student Relief Committee writes: "Students have to come out (from Shanghai and Hongkong) in small groups and travel in careful disguise. . . . It is a risky business trying to get through the Japanese lines into free territory. If you save your skin, you may be robbed and stripped clean by the Japanese or puppet soldiers. *Still, students keep on trickling in. . . . Medical aid is a very serious problem. . . . Malaria is so common here. I wish a large quantity of quinine were available. It costs \$2.50 a tablet (15 cents U. S.)*"

One of the earliest universities was in Athens where scholars walked and talked, and today in Athens classes have been closed due to "general unfavorable conditions in the country"; but 15,000 students remain enrolled for any knowledge they can pick up, any reading they can do, and they are starving. Their daily ration is 5 oz. of dried raisins or figs, to which the ESRF has lately been able to add a token gift of sardines.

To live in a confined space with no possible chance of being alone is not conducive to study. One refugee in France wrote of his camp: "In the evenings there was a faint reminder of civilized life, because at that time there were a few electric lights. This was really the only way by which it was possible to tell it was the 20th century!"

With help from the outside

The students of the world have once again rallied to help one another,

as they did in the years following 1919. Money has been raised in countries where neither enemy occupation, nor actual warfare has destroyed university life, and it has been spent with skill and patience by committees in China and Europe. Recently there came by air mail from Chungking a detailed chart showing where Chinese universities were now situated, how many students they had, how they could be helped to study, and the money expended last year and budgeted for this year. Attached to the document were some notes. Here is one of them: "The relief is given to refugee students irrespective of sex, religion, or political affiliation. All investigation is done on a case-work basis. . . . The local committees are also responsible in raising part of the fund . . . According to our chart we will find that the local committees have only been able to give relief to one-seventh of the needy students. This small percentage is due partly to our limited funds and partly to our limited personnel."

One of the most beneficent rulings in this disorderly world is that parcels to prisoners of war travel free. The post office must be astonished at the bundles of books that come out of offices in Geneva, Toronto, Oxford, and New York. A Serbian prisoner writes: "As I have just received the lot of 15 parcels which you sent to the Serbian prisoners in this camp, I must thank you right away, in the name of all my comrades, for this help to the intellectuals here. At the same time I should apologize for the many requests we send you." Why should he apologize? "We would be very grateful, comes a request from Spain, "if you could send us books. . . . These may be in any language, German, French, Polish, Dutch, Serb, English—things which are impossible for us to find here."

In Russia the Kharkov Medical In-

stitute has migrated to Chlakov in Southern Siberia; a trek like the Chinese has begun. Already a gift of books and equipment is on its way. Perhaps the forerunner of many others.

Toward a new tradition of living peaceably

At a students' home at Chambon-sur-Lignon in France recently opened by ESRF, a student said on the opening evening, "We are assembled here from different countries, and from various backgrounds. All of us have been hit by the events of the past four or five years; we have been torn from our homes and families, interned or prisoners for some time. . . . I hope that each of you will be able to carry on the short tradition that has already been formed in this house, and demonstrate that when most of the world is fighting and suffering a few students of different nationalities are able to live peaceably together."

The following radiogram from China in July, 1942, is equally arresting. "The last few years both the American and the Chinese students have played an important part and showed their astonishing strength in this world wide struggle. Though in separate fields we are fighting in fact toward the same goal of building a new world order on the basis of freedom, equality and mutual prosperity. *Never indeed have we felt so close to each other as we do today.* And also we have rarely felt Jesus commandment that ye love one another and Paul's teaching unity of the spirit so real as we are feeling today. We are indeed very grateful for your material and spiritual help to our country, especially to our Chinese students in the past few years. We believe that you will go on contributing to the cause."

As we think about our own future, we must remember those who have no future unless we help. Indeed we may stumble upon our own vocation as Christians as we help others to find theirs. It is still as true today that "he that loseth his life shall find it." If you wish to know more about student refugees and prisoners of war and how American students' are helping them, write to the World Student Service Fund, South 40th Street, New York City, which is raising \$300,000 this winter and relies upon your help.

Significance of the Biscuit

John F. Matthews

An Advertising Man Looks at Himself and Grumbles

TOMORROW'S world will probably be hell on earth. That's what I expect, anyhow, and probably you do too, if you've been thinking about it lately. But until the gentlemen with the tyrannical ambitions put a slim bullet through my skull, I'm willing to hope. That is a concession I will make to my own dreams, and perhaps to some of your's. And now, from the depths of yesterday, I should like to babble for a moment about tomorrow.

The new world order. . . . a DECENT world order, if you please, would involve a great many important, complicated and wonderful changes. Other men, wiser than I, have probably pointed out to you what a lot of these changes are, or ought to be. But I should like to

point out one little vice which runs rampant in our contemporary society which might very well get a bit of your Utopian attention.

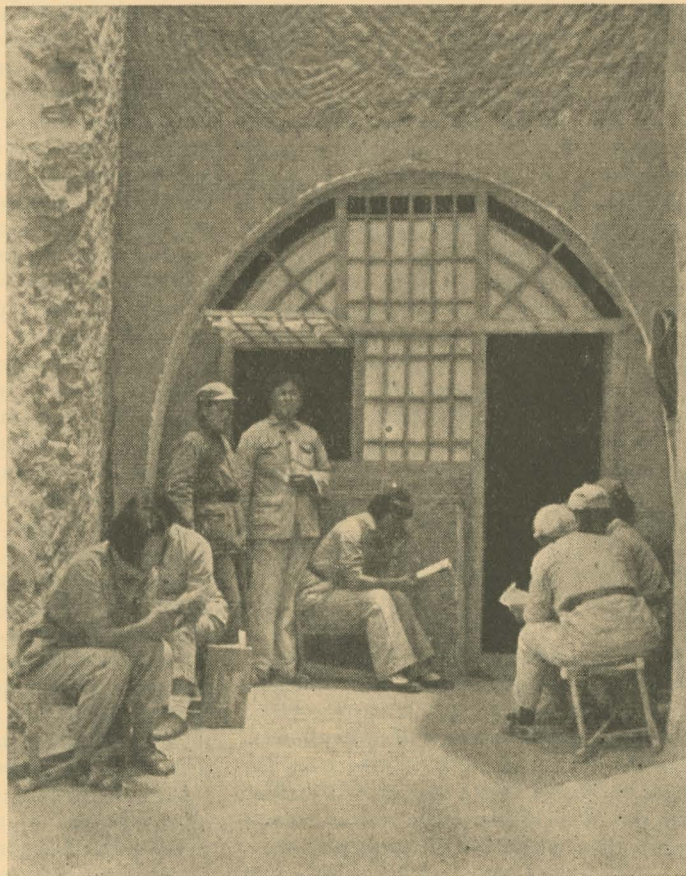
I mean waste!

Not the waste of land, or food-stuffs, or machinery, not the waste of minerals and forests and tumbling streams, but the miserable and petty waste of men's good talents. I'm not even referring to the ordinary waste of men's lives, not mere poverty or vile disease, but only the incalculable wastage of intelligence and human ingenuity which is part and parcel of our divinely competitive society.

I'm an advertising man. (No apologies. I have to eat.) A few weeks ago I sat in a meeting with some other agency men, and the ad-

(Continued on page 44)

"... grateful for books." Women students of Yenching University after migration to west China where their new college is in a cave.



Radio Goes to War

David Miller Crandell

A Story of What Happened to Radio in Washington

A SURPRISINGLY few years ago, RADIO was little more than a toy, an electrical contraption that cluttered up the living room with strange shaped pieces of apparatus, wet batteries that spilled acid on the parlor rug, and headphones that permitted only one set of ears at a time. The privilege of listening intently for an occasional bar of music or fragment of a sentence that managed somehow to get through the shrill whistles and crackling disturbances of static, alone rewarded one's efforts to pull something out of the void we call the "ether."

In the early days, a radio manufacturer put up a broadcasting station for the benefit of those who bought his sets, thereby giving them something to listen to and making the whole investment somewhat worth-while. Such a one was New York's first broadcasting station mounted on top of a bathtub in a metropolitan hotel room. How different is the situation of today, with the passage of a brief twenty years, years that have made radio one of America's biggest, most important public services. There are sixty million radio receivers in thirty and a half million American homes. There are nine hundred broadcasting stations dotting American soil from coast to coast. This adds up to one half the receiving sets in the world, and one third of the broadcasting stations in the world . . . ALL IN AMERICA!

And what does all this in America mean? It means that we Americans are blessed with the most phenomenal and effective means of communication the world has ever known. It means that our government has the channel of communication that can contact instantly practically every home in the United States at any time of day or night. We know what this means in times of PEACE, but we are just beginning to find out what this means in times of WAR.

RADIO is too young to have known war service, for indeed it was born out of the last war, but it has grown to serve in this. It served well as a rudimentary form of communication between the lines of World War I, but in World War II, the War of Survival, it has become more than a channel of communication. . . . Radio has become a WEAPON, and

a dangerous and effective one! Radio at war is used in many ways. The United Nations use it to inform, instruct, and enlighten its peoples whereas the Axis uses it to spread propaganda and give orders that mean life or death in the heeding. It is a force that can work for or against those who control it. Why else does the Axis seize the broadcasting stations FIRST on invading conquered territory? Why else are printed cards mounted on the dials of all receiving sets warning listeners of the penalty for listening to any but the approved programs and reports? This is radio and war . . . and a very different thing from radio and peace. It's psychological use has been one of the biggest factors in the Nazi's rise to power, and its rightful use is becoming a bigger and bigger factor in America's rise to victory.

American radio has "gone to war" to the full extent of its endless facilities. After Pearl Harbor, scores of government agencies appealed to radio for the broadcasting of all types of information and requests to the nation. There were spot announcements, one-minute announcements, transcribed programs, script programs, program ideas and program suggestions. It was not uncommon for one station to get as many as 122 requests per week, each from a different government agency which considered its message of greatest importance. Ninety per cent of the government agencies wanted air time, and often overlapped each other in making the identical requests from two or more sources. In Washington today there is a small monument to this period of confusion in the form of a stack of script accumulated in one week by one local broadcasting station. The "monument," minus recordings, measures 20 inches in height and weighs 16 pounds.

Quite naturally, all of this was a bit confusing to the radio industry, as confused as war-plunged Washington was after Pearl Harbor. At that time, each government agency had its own radio division, all competing for air time. Naturally, the one with the largest radio division got the greatest amount of time. The Treasury Department, with a large radio staff, was getting more air time than all of the rest of the departments combined. Furthermore, there was no indication for the broadcaster as to which

of the requests was the more important or the more urgent. A full month after Pearl Harbor some broadcasting stations were still airing a government announcement on how to distinguish trumpeter swans from Canadian wild geese! Material such as this continued because no one had stopped it. All this can be understood in the light of a peaceful nation suddenly plunged into war and creating overnight countless agencies, departments and bureaus that never before needed to exist. Among these was the OFFICE of WAR INFORMATION, known as the OWI, headed by capable Elmer Davis. This office was set up to undertake the huge task of serving as a clearing house for information and news based on a democratic censorship, designed to inform the American people but not inform the enemy.

TO handle the entire radio problem, a RADIO BUREAU was set up under the OWI in Washington, and representatives of the radio industry and the governmental agencies met to thrash out the whole problem of getting radio geared for war, operating efficiently and smoothly in its service to the people and the nation, and yet not in any way assisting the enemy. By mutual agreement of government and industry, definite rules were set up restricting radio along certain lines. Of prime importance was the restricting of certain news items, news that would be of value to the listening enemy. The rules providing for a suppression of certain news items, namely: the movement of troops, national casualty lists, coastal weather reports, spontaneous interviews with the man on the street, and so on. This news censorship is clearly stated by Elmer Davis:

"The Federal Government will issue as promptly as possible all news and background information essential to a clear understanding of this nation's war effort. The what, why, when, and how will be told. The impact of the war on all phases of American life will be reported. So will the co-operative efforts of the United Nations. Only information which would give aid and comfort to the enemy will be withheld."

It is not the intent to curtail the truth. Radio must tell the truth and tell it to all. Truth is the cornerstone of the national

morale. But truths that may collect their toll in lives must be withheld until the value of that news to the enemy has expired.

It was agreed that there would be an enforced guard against unauthorized persons gaining access to the microphones of the nation, and that the citizenship of all persons working in radio be established. Until very recently, a German baron was working as a news analyst on a local station in Maryland. It was further agreed that radio should stress *good taste* in combining the war items with the commercials. All tie-ups between commercials and the news was decreed strictly taboo. By "good taste" we mean no repetition of the occasion when Winston Churchill's speech was preceded by a toothpaste ad, or the cut-rate clothing commercial that followed a military catastrophe report. Announcers have been admonished not to shout, dramatize, or otherwise incite audiences to undue excitement in delivering the news, but to read it calmly and intelligently.



"... not uncommon for one station to get as many as 122 requests per week, each from a different government agency..." A scene from the Department of Interior Radio Studios at Washington, D. C.—O. E. M. Photo by Liberman.

YET with all these self-imposed restrictions in the common good, radio must still maintain its full program schedule, the faith and trust of its public, its tremendous listening audience, and its commercial sponsorship from which it derives its life blood. Only by retaining all this and in functioning normally, can radio be a valuable war aid to the United Nations and an effective war weapon against the Axis.

But what was to be done with the announcements, the speeches, the special program requests, and vague program ideas that the government agencies were requesting in such abundance and confusion? A **RADIO BUREAU** was set up under the OWI to supervise radio programming. The Radio Bureau undertook this by an orderly **ALLOCATION PLAN** designed to eliminate all conflicting requests, the lack of indication of importance in requests, the issuing of poorly prepared material, duplications of material submitted by different agencies, and the repetition of one announcement countless times without variation of statement which tends to produce "war fatigue" on the part of the listener. It became the task of the Radio Bureau to see to it that radio fulfill three important war functions: **INSPIRATION, INSTRUCTION, AND SALESMANSHIP.**

The Allocation Plan of the Radio Bureau places great emphasis on both quality and quantity. In quality, there is an earnest attempt to raise the standard of radio programming far beyond its present level which is that of playing "down" to almost moronic intellect, doing everything on the nine-year-old level. Government programs give the American people credit for their true level of

intelligence, which can do much to revolutionize American radio of the future. In quantity, the Radio Bureau serves as a clearing house for *all* governmental agencies, assigning some specific message every week to each of more than 100 outstanding programs on the four major networks. In this way the proper stress is put on the most important issues at the most urgent time. The results are staggering in their effect.

Allocation is simply arranged with the networks. With the local stations that have no network affiliation there exists a different problem. They represent one-third of the nation's stations and must be dealt with individually. Their programs are never scheduled at the same times, and their available free time varies. To take care of this situation, the Radio Bureau has undertaken the publishing of a "**RADIO WAR GUIDE**" which represents a generalized allocation of war information needs based on the requirements of the agencies, and rated according to the existing need or urgency, and its relative importance to the war effort.

AS a supplement to the War Guide, to prevent mis-interpretation of governmental requests, such as the case of the broadcaster who encouraged his listeners to turn in old rubber so that in a short time all civilians might have new tires, a series of booklets called "**RADIO BACKGROUND MATERIAL**" is published and circulated to cover factual material concerning all major issues with suggestions for its best use on the air.

To insure the efficient functioning of the Radio Bureau, it has set up for itself a **RADIO LIST BOOK** which is a

complete listing of every program on the air, at any time of day, over any station of the four major networks, the format of the show, the names of the producers, the writers and the regular actors, the kind of material it can or cannot use, and whether the program is commercial or sustaining.

Lastly, the Radio Bureau prepares and distributes in connection with the Allocation Plan, a series of "**FACT SHEETS**" which in a few pages cover the government needs in a resume telling why the need exists, why it is pressing, what the public should be told, what the public is expected to do.

You have heard the programs titled "**BILL OF RIGHTS**," "**THE VICTORY PARADE**," "**THE VICTORY THEATER**," "**THIS IS WAR**," "**THREE THIRDS OF A NATION**," and others of a similar nature. These programs, both one-time and regular weekly features, are the work of the Radio Bureau in association with the radio networks in producing the finest of entertainment, the greatest of artists, and the fullest facilities of the medium, all working together in one great war effort building toward victory. Through these programs, and because of the efficient functioning of the Radio Bureau of the OWI, the basic issues of the war have been made clear to thousands of Americans who might otherwise have remained in bewilderment and confusion at the complexity of war. Through the wedding of government and radio by mutual consent, a great step has been taken. One needs little imagination to appreciate its worth as a tool and a weapon as radio goes to war!

"Socials" with Social Significance

J. Olcott Sanders

Parties Take On Meaning and Yet Are Fun

SING Me a Song With Social Significance" was the theme of that rollicking labor revue *Pins and Needles*. Leisure can be a part of living and not just escape from reality. Why not use socials now and then to underscore your interest in human welfare . . . tie your sympathies and loyalties to causes that count . . . "educate your subconscious" (to use Gerald Heard's phrase) . . . overcome the "disease of the drab" (as Percy MacKaye calls it).

Long faces do not win advances on the social frontier. Worry will only give you circles under your eyes and stomach ulcers. The Army has time to put on a Broadway hit *This Is the Army*, and Civilian Public Service campers are willing occasionally to sing a song like "Peace It's Wonderful, and So Is Love." Broken down liberals and tired radicals get that way by burning out inside, by failing to keep the perspective that comes from rounded living.

Admittedly, the treatment of a serious theme at a party requires judgment and imagination. The level of laughter and social pleasure must be kept high. Some of the most enjoyable experiences, however, are based on interest-absorbing activities which are not at all what is considered funny. We can remember, too, that we have based parties on some of the most sacred days of the church year.

The easiest situations will be the celebration of victories which are in large part already won, or at least causes on which there is almost full unity of outlook in the group. Controversy is difficult to handle at a social. When there is a unified approval of the cause, burlesque and satire can be used freely. Again, the party planners should keep in mind always these socials are not intended to take the place of a study program but are to breathe the life of emotional interest into intellectual consideration.

THIS is not to propose that we forsake the observance of traditional days. But look at the possibilities for occasional variation from the old pattern of New Year's, Valentine, March hare, April fool, May baskets, and on through the calendar. For a starter here are a dozen days which could be suggestive of socially significant socials:

Last Sunday in January—Child Labor Day. A social on Saturday or Monday

could contrast the deadening life of the newsboy and the child mill-worker with the deserved opportunity for play and school. Do you remember Countee Cullen's poem beginning, "The golf links lie so near the mill . . .?"

Sunday nearest Lincoln's birthday (February 12)—Race Relations Sunday. You could base a party on cultural contributions of the various racial elements in America, especially the most prevalent minority in your neighborhood. To keep from being escapist, you would have to include a touch of barbed wire when you turned your attention to Americans of Japanese ancestry.

March 18—First inoculation against smallpox (1718). A "public health party" might include a real blood test or something similar. Stress on hygiene and cleanliness will throw in relief the problems in your own community. See Paul de Kruif's dramatic *Microbe Hunters* for background.

April 14—Pan American Day (creation of Pan American Union, 1890). Not quite as likely to touch on local sore spots, this day should nonetheless be more than a time for waving 21 flags. Single out a few countries to appreciate their cultural and political differences. Mexico, our nearest Latin neighbor, deserves particularly close attention.

May 18—Goodwill Day (first universal peace conference, 1899). "In time of war, prepare for peace." Beyond sentimentality, challenge yourself with trying to understand and appreciate "enemies" as well as "allies." The social might take the form of a peace conference or of a reception for delegates to a peace conference with guests coming to represent different nations.

June 15—Signing of Magna Charta (1215). A "civil rights social" could glorify the political freedoms we enjoy—with soap box speeches, production of a mock newspaper, and the like.

July 17—Birthday of Isaac Watts (1674). A "full steam ahead party" would recall the problems as well as advantages of steam power (symbolic of the Industrial Revolution).

August 14—Signing of Social Security Act (1935). Here is a landmark in the

development of economic democracy which deserves as much attention as Independence Day.

September 6—Birthday of Jane Addams (1860-1935), founder of Hull House. The varied interests and contributions of this remarkable woman should provide an abundance of suggestions for a social.

October 23—Stock market crash (1929). A "panic party" could reenact the crash, touch on some factors that caused it, and suggest the foundations of faith and confidence that make for personal and social stability.

Monday after the first Tuesday in November—General Election Day. Surely one of the most precious privileges of a political democracy is the right to cast a vote. As you celebrate this day, remember those in this country who are disfranchised by poll tax and other limitations.

December 3—Birthday of Cleveland Abbe (1838-1916), father of weather bureau. For the social significance of climate, if it does not seem obvious enough, see the 1941 Yearbook of Agriculture called *Climate and Man*.

THE list could go on. May Day is observed by workers internationally. Labor Day is the first Monday in September. Other possibilities for themes are consumers co-operatives, the union label, sharecroppers and migrants, conservation of natural resources, housing, the machine and the production line, and refugees.

An expansion of the idea of building social pleasure around social problems would be to include your party in a weekend work camp. Instead of a house party which is held for the purpose of "getting away from it all," you might discover a socially significant work project which you could tackle. Then you would be getting away from the sometimes stuffy atmosphere of the theoretical classroom into the field of first hand experience. A party as part of this kind of undertaking would have special value if the guest list included those with whom you were working as well as those who were doing the work.

Browsing in the Record Shop

Robert Luccock

An inventory of some of the good records of the year

SINCE one rarely finds the Cesar-Franck Symphony or the Brahms Double Concerto in the juke box down at the campus hang-out, Petrillo and Co. have not yet put the quietus on great recorded music. Musical masterpieces are still being turned out. Much more serious is the shortage of materials, particularly shelac, a substance vital to war production. Hence we don't have as many records to choose from each month; nor is there such a variety of offerings on the shelves. How long we will continue to have records at all, at least in quantities comparable with recent years, remains uncertain.

None the less, one of the musts for every record collector in October is the annual pilgrimage to the record shop, there to take stock of what has arrived since May. The inventory this year is good, unusually good! Spring and summer have put some great records within our reach. As long as there continues even this flow of music for the duration we will not be impoverished. Let's look along the shelf. There is something here for every taste, something to re-inforce every library. As we go along, you may well note some of the great sets of records that need no replacement.

DO YOU WANT A SYMPHONY?

Beethoven: Symphony No. 8 in F Major. Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony (Victor) \$3.68.

Here is Beethoven in one of his jauntiest moods, a symphony of irresistible rhythms and delightful melodies, combining much that is Mozartian with the sure hand of the master who had already given us the towering C Minor, and who had already completed the A Major Seventh. Toscanini has given the work a revealing performance on these records, one that may perhaps startle you into "discovering" a new symphony for your own appreciation. There will be no better buy in the record shop this year. In listening to the set, take particular note of the Second movement Scherzando. It is a perfect musical joy.

Brahms: Symphony No. 2 in D Major. Felix Weingartner and the London Philharmonic (Columbia) \$5.78.

It is perhaps fitting that the last symphony to be released by Columbia under Weingartner's baton before the 78 year

old conductor died should have been the Brahms Second. For Weingartner has long been known for his great performances of Brahms on Columbia records. This set takes precedence over any other of the same symphony. There are few passages of music that sing so triumphantly as the great climax of the finale of this symphony. Perhaps the least known of Brahms four symphonies, it is for that reason a good investment.

Brahms: Symphony No. 1 in C Minor. Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra. (Victor) \$5.78.

Though released in April, this album is still news. One has only to hear the opening measures on the first record to realize that once again Toscanini has done it! This album was released as a Seventy-Fifth Anniversary tribute to the great conductor. Never in all his years has he made one that was more inspired, more definitive or revealing of the music itself. Strangely enough the thing Toscanini succeeds in above all else is making us less aware of Toscanini and more conscious of the heart and soul of Brahms than any other conductor in our generation. This of course has been said before; this set of records merely underlines it.

Mozart: Symphony No. 38 in D Major "Prague." Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra (Columbia) \$3.68.

If you're looking for a Mozart symphony why not try this one? It is infrequently played (preference always goes to the more famous 39th, 40th and 41st) and therefore one that we now have the privilege of learning through Beecham's splendid performance. He has now recorded Mozart's last four symphonies which occupy a distinguished place by themselves in musical history. No record collection is really adequate without at least one of these albums.

Haydn: Symphony No. 96 in D Major—Bruno Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. (Victor) \$3.68.

A recording made in the pre-war musical capital of Europe that combines a great conductor with a great orchestra playing one of Haydn's finest symphonies. This symphony has never been recorded

before; it is very rarely played in concert. Withal it stands out as a most distinguished piece of music. One is almost able to guarantee satisfaction with this album. It is one of the happiest choices Victor has made this season from many points of view, giving us another new performance by the now defunct Vienna Orchestra, and giving us what to all intents and purposes is a new Haydn symphony. If the record companies would make more of these sets and fewer repetitions of works already brilliantly recorded (e.g. Nutcracker Suite, Beethoven Fifth) it would be a far better expenditure of limited materials.

Sibelius: Symphony No. 1 in E Minor. Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. (Victor) \$4.73.

A new recording with a different orchestra of a work already done by Ormandy, that makes several improvements both as to interpretation and also technical details. A sure fire hit with Sibelius fans. For one who may be trying Sibelius for the first time, however, there is still that great performance of the Second Symphony (possibly his greatest) by the Boston Symphony Orchestra that should have an even priority on your attention. Its finale is stirring music for these days, particularly the striking shift from a minor to a major tonality and the final Amen. Hear both of these for your own enlightenment.

Tschaikowsky: Symphony No. 4 in F Minor. Leopold Stokowski and the NBC Symphony Orchestra (Victor) \$5.78.

Somehow, Stokowski can't let Tschaikowsky alone. More is the pity because the latter almost always gets out of hand when they are turned loose in a concert hall. Fortunately this time the combination has worked more successfully than ever before, and we have a fine interpretation surpassing anything else on records, and thus replacing a very old set in the Victor Catalogue. Of course this symphony has been interpreted to mean everything from Tschaikowsky's struggle with fate to Larry MacPhail's trials and vicissitudes through a season with the irrepressible Brooklyn Dodgers. Whatever it means, this is probably the best recorded performance of it, Stokowski's first with the NBC Orchestra.

CHAMBER MUSIC

There are several splendid performances of chamber music from which to make selection. As we have pointed out here before, most people are weak in this department of music, and without knowing much about the music, hesitate to invest in the albums of chamber music. There are two recent issues that should tempt us to go further into this field.

Brahms: Trio No. 1 in B Minor Opus 8. Jascha Heifetz, Artur Rubinstein, Emanuel Feuermann. (Victor) \$4.73.

One of the loveliest of Brahms smaller works, played by three of the outstanding artists of this day. The work will stand as a lasting memorial to Feuermann, cellist who was peer to any in the world. In June he died at the age of thirty-nine. His music however remains for us immortal. There is nothing more pure than the noble tones of his cello as they sing the lyrical passages of this Brahms trio.

In passing, one notes again that other great album which Feuermann and Heifetz made together last year, Brahms Double Concerto. You owe it to yourself to hear this performance.

Schubert: Quintet in C Major Opus 163. Budapest Quartet (with Benar Heifetz, second cello). (Victor) \$6.83.

Here is one of Schubert's finest creations. It is one of the last things Schubert ever wrote and indicates that in his full maturity the shy song writer of Vienna had attained the highest stature in the halls of music. There are no other quintets in music to set ahead of this or Schubert's earlier "Trout." The Budapest Quartet turn in an amazing performance, quite up to the high standard they set for themselves when they recorded the great Beethoven C Sharp Minor Quartet two years ago. This performance of Schubert is the best ever made of the C Major Quintet. This is the kind of music one comes back to year after year for repeated experiences of refreshment and re-creation of spirit, after the other more exciting works have begun to fade a bit and lose some of their impact. Every record shelf needs something like this Schubert Quintet on it—a constant companion, one that never shouts its way out into the noisy gatherings, but one that is filled always with never ending depths of pure music.

OTHER ITEMS ON THE SHELVES

Grieg: Concerto in A Minor. Artur Rubinstein, with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, conductor. (Victor) \$3.68.

This is unquestionably Rubinstein's finest performance to date on records. Backed up by the Philadelphia Orchestra

in top form, he gives us *the* Piano recording of the summer. It is exciting in its bursts of melody, wonderfully conveyed by Rubinstein who encompasses the full sweep of Grieg's music. Yet there is the fragile music in the second movement, suggesting almost the return of Norwegian springtime. Here Rubinstein brings out all of the poetic overtones. Our nomination for the most attractive record set of the season!

Gershwin: Concerto in F. Oscar Levant, with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Andre Kostelanetz, conductor. (Columbia) \$4.73.

The star of *Information Please* is quite at home behind a keyboard. Being an intimate friend of Gershwin, Levant brings a keen understanding of this concerto to its performance. His accompaniment under Kostelanetz is excellent.

Kern: Showboat Scenario for Orchestra. Artur Rodzinski and the Cleveland Orchestra (Columbia) \$3.68.

Rodzinski is proving to be one of the greatest assets to Columbia's recently expanded recording program. I believe the Cleveland Orchestra has turned out as many superlative albums as any other aggregation in the country in the last two years. Rodzinski likewise distinguished himself and his orchestra by producing as fine a series of concerts as were heard anywhere last year in his late afternoon broadcasts from Cleveland every Saturday. We ought to hear more and more from this corner of the country as time goes on, for no better music is being produced anywhere. This Jerome Kern set is exceedingly light stuff, but worthy of a hearing for its splendid arrangement. Melody is abundant.

DO YOU LIKE JOHANN STRAUSS?

Three Delightful Waltzes: (Songs Of Love, Morning Papers, You and You) Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Clemens Kraus, Erich Kleiber, conductor (Victor) \$3.68.

It is a real art to play Strauss in the true Viennese style, an art that is not possessed by many American conductors. However these men of Vienna seem to bring all the spirit of Strauss to their work. The result is music that is all but irresistible. This Vienna of which this music sings is now unhappily bowed down in blood and tears. There are overtones of tragedy in the playing of the Vienna Philharmonic. But one thing is sure—this is not the Strauss of the 35 cent swing arrangement, or the village band concert. This is the real Strauss of the Vienna Woods. While you're looking at Strauss, make a note also of these top-notch records:

Two Waltzes; Two Overtures Victor M-805. By Viennese conductors and orchestras. (*The very best in recorded Johann Strauss.*) \$4.73.

Vienna Blood. Fritz Reiner and the Pittsburgh Orchestra. Columbia 11597.

THE BIBLE AND SHAKESPEARE

Mendelssohn: Midsummer Night's Dream Music. Artur Rodzinski with the Cleveland Orchestra. (Columbia) \$4.73.

There has been no complete recording of these thoroughly delightful excerpts from Mendelssohn's accompaniment to Shakespeare's comedy. The Cleveland orchestra has made a fine album that should be a prize on your shelf. We welcome this splendid version of music that has long suffered under poor recorded performances.

Great Songs Of Faith. Excerpts from Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn. Sung by Marian Anderson with the Philadelphia Orchestra. (Victor) \$3.68.

Selecting the great arias from *St. Paul, Elijah, The Messiah*, and the *St. John Passion* Marian Anderson has sung for us here an album that will be treasured by every person who finds sustenance and comfort and courage in this music of faith. She sings magnificently with simplicity (faithful to the music in every detail) and at the same time real feeling for the spirit of the music. These are among the finest of her records. The Orchestral background is very good, not too heavy for the voice.

One or two things might be said about the records of the season. On the whole they are of unusually high quality. Technically records are improving all the time; few poor sets are offered to the public. I believe also that a greater number of excellent performances have found their way onto the record shelves this year. There have been other records not discussed in this review that were of secondary values and distinctly not up to these standards. But on the whole, with a reduced output, the standard of performance has gone up. The one big criticism that can be made at the present time is that instead of giving us new recordings of works that badly need replacement, or have never been recorded at all (as the Haydn symphony mentioned above), the record companies still insist on using up thousands and thousands of records issuing works that are already definitely recorded. However, you have a lot in store for you when you take off an hour or so to visit your record shop. There are great treasures waiting to be opened.

When the Movie Night Is Filled with Music

Margaret Frakes

The Use of Music in Movies Is a New Art

ONE of the most important elements in a really good motion picture is one we often fail to notice, except perhaps subconsciously: excellence of the musical score. Not that in a "musical," in which orchestration or solos are the main part of the plot and hence focus attention upon themselves, but the background music which helps set the mood and pace of the action, interpreting and coloring all that passes before our eyes.

"The best score," says Constantin Bakaleinikoff, music director at RKO studios, "is that which does not intrude, of which you are not particularly conscious, yet which helps you enjoy the film as a whole. Someone says, 'How was the movie?' and you answer, 'I enjoyed it perfectly.' Then 'And the music?' 'Why, I didn't notice. But it must have been right—*something* put the mood over exactly.' That was good film music!"

Mr. Bakaleinikoff has been working at "music for movies" for some twenty years. He graduated from the Moscow Conservatory of Music as a cellist and composer. In 1920, after serving in the World War and spending some time touring the orient with a musical trio, he ended up in Los Angeles with his cello and obtained a post with that city's philharmonic orchestra. A year later he found himself musical director for a chain of motion picture theatres.

For the silent films of those days, music had to be fitted on the spot. At hand was a library of possible music. The director looked at a film, chose from the library the piano parts he felt would go with it, and had the librarian assemble the other parts of the orchestration. Occasionally a suggested guide would be sent out with the film, but it frequently happened that parts of the film would have been cut before being sent out so that the suggested score would not fit, and it was usually easier for the director to work out his own score. This training in fitting music to film served Mr. Bakaleinikoff well when he went to work for the motion picture studios with the

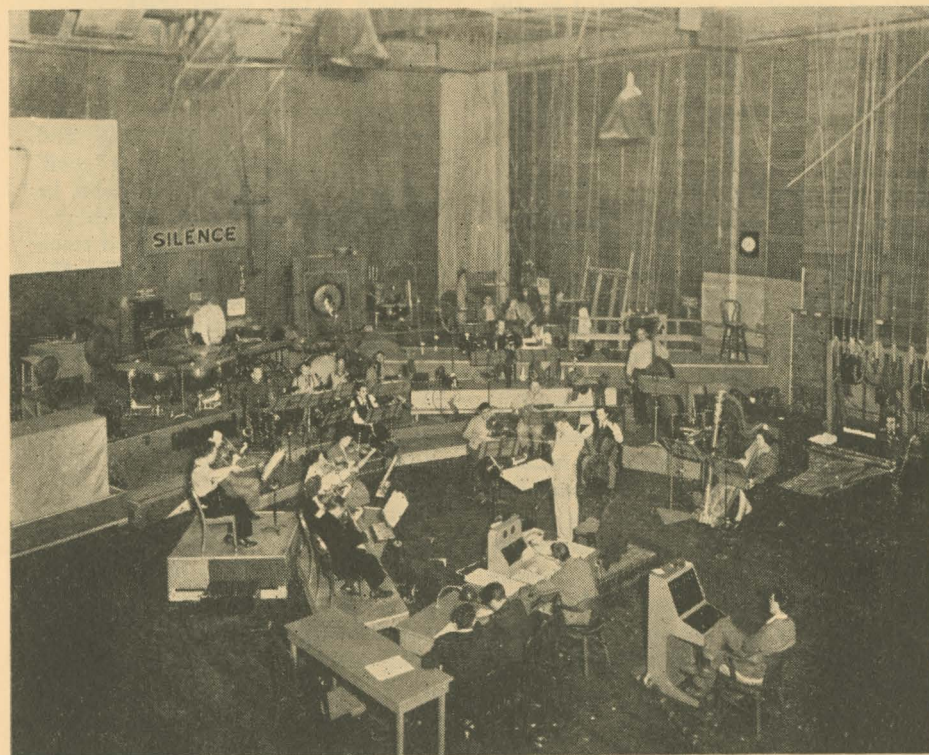
coming of sound films. In those days, more passages were chosen from already-written music than today. But soon audiences had so often heard the same music for certain situations that the effect became ludicrous, and, besides, there was the ever-present problem of copyright. Today, music is for the most part composed especially for each film.

Making the Musical Score

The musical score is the final element of production. Time is usually limited, for the studio, now that the action is finished, is eager to get the film to the exchanges. The usual period is about two weeks—sometimes even less. The equivalent of an entire symphony, covering about thirty-five minutes playing time, must be produced for the average film. The director and his staff work unceasingly during the scoring period; Mr. Bakaleinikoff recalls working one time for fifty hours without rest. As the film is run off on a "movieola," the director and his assistants work out a piano score which they feel will suit the mood of the action, color it, emphasize its varied nuances. Then the arrangers work out the complete orchestration.

The final recording is but a small part of the whole. An outside orchestra, usually—or trio or whatever unit is required—comes in for that purpose. Recording is done on a sound-proof stage, and is usually completed within a very few days. In the early talkies, recording was done along with the action. This necessitated a great waste of time, for the orchestra had to be at hand for all the days of shooting, spending much time waiting while sets were changed and action was shot again and again. Now the recorded music, on its own sound track, is simply fitted in the editing process to the various other sound tracks containing dialogue, noises, special musical inserts, etc.

Most producers leave it up to the musical staff to score a film as they see fit—for they realize that no one man can know all the phases of motion picture making. There are conferences, of course, and suggestions until both groups are sure they understand all the implications of every scene. Sometimes the musical staff is called back after a film is ready for release. For instance, preview audiences sat stolid during final sequences of a Kay Kyser musical comedy that were



"... the best score," says Mr. Bakaleinikoff RKO music director, "... does not intrude." Orchestra recording background music after film shooting is complete—RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

supposed to be very funny. It was too late to reshoot those scenes, so Mr. Bakaleinikoff and his staff were summoned. They rewrote the final portions of the musical score. And the next preview audience howled with laughter, as required!

"We can really do something with a film whose director has been wise enough to leave pregnant spaces between parts of the dialogue," Mr. Bakaleinikoff points out. "American sound films have for the most part made little use of this method; they are usually packed tight with dialogue, as if they were breathlessly eager to reach the end of the film. But they are improving in this respect. They can learn much from many foreign films, which are more likely to rely on other elements than mere talk for desired effects."

"Stunt" music—the drums coming in with a "wham" on the blows of a fight or the clarinets running up the scale when the heroine runs upstairs—is, Mr. Bakaleinikoff feels, all right in comedy, but it produces only a ludicrous effect in serious drama. Sometimes, you will notice, characters or places are "themed," with a musical motif recurring whenever they appear. "After all," the director says, "Wagner did it effectively; so why shouldn't we?" But he feels the practice should not be carried too far. The main thing to achieve is the suiting of the music to the type of person and place appearing on the screen, to underline the action, to bring out its hidden meaning and emotion. Often music can tell the audience something not indicated by the action; and in almost every case it makes that action more vivid, leads the spectator to identify himself more completely with the persons and places portrayed.

Composing and Arranging

Composing and arranging film music provides an interesting and challenging field to young musicians, but an obscure one. There is little chance of your work becoming widely noticed. Seldom is film music published—largely because it cannot be written straight through as a complete composition, but must be varied, interrupted by changes in theme and pace as new scenes appear upon the screen. This fact keeps most "serious" composers from being interested in working in the studios. Besides, they are not used to the speed-up; the two weeks required for the finished symphonic background for a film could easily be used by them for simply "thinking" about what might be done. And they are accustomed to considering their work as an end in itself, thus finding it hard to have to govern their com-

position by the pictures which are to go with it, to fit their part into another and larger whole. Mr. Bakaleinikoff gives in illustration the case of a famous composer who came out to do a score for a film with an alpine setting. He saw the pictures with their magnificent background, and planned at once to write a score suggesting the towering heights, the grandeur of the Alps. But those used to the work knew that what was required was gay, lilting music suited to the *action* in the valley below, with which the film was after all primarily concerned.

Many of the staff members are musicians who are simply marking time until they have opportunity to make their mark as composers in the musical field outside the studios. But more and more young men are coming into the business who plan to make a career of composing music for films alone, who see in that a challenge to develop an art which because of its wide circulation has unlimited possibilities for influencing the musical taste and appreciation of millions of people. It means they are willing to leave any hopes of winning personal acclaim by the wayside, but it also means a service whose value no one can deny—particularly when we read statements like this from a longer one quoted in a recent article in the *Atlantic Monthly*:

"Every week in the year 60,000,000 persons hear an excellent symphony orchestra playing a fairly good new orchestral score . . . the motion picture sound track. . . . Mr. Average Listener may not know that he is unconsciously being 'emotionally conditioned' for better music, but one thing he knows for certain—when he comes home and stumbles accidentally upon a 'good' symphonic program on his radio, he likes it better *after* the movie theater than before. Hollywood sound track has symphonically been teaching the world how to understand music with one head and one heart. . . . Unbeknownst to you, you have been permeated with fine music which you didn't even know was playing; and meanwhile the picture was teaching you the vocabulary of it all—the vocabulary of orchestral music."

The National Federation of Music Clubs, 6162 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif., publishes a monthly bulletin dealing with the music in current films. For an annual fee, copies will be sent regularly to anyone interested in developing an appreciation of the music in films.

Among Current Films

Choice

The Pride of the Yankees (RKO) has the qualities which make a "great" film biography. Telling in simple, unforgettable terms the story of Lou Gehrig, famous member of the Yankee baseball club, it emerges as a picture of an everyday American who loved his job and who faced life—and death—courageously and with conviction. Avoiding heroics, it honors the virtues of modesty, sincerity and love for family and home. It is *honest, unspectacular, heartwarming*. Walter Brennan, Gary Cooper, Elsa Janssen, Babe Ruth, Ludwig Stossel, Teresa Wright.

Good

Iceland (Fox) needs but one recommendation: it contains liberal footage of Sonja Henie and her troupe performing beautifully on skates. And that alone is more than worth the price of admission. The story, as customary in these films, is trite and contrived, but that makes no difference; briefly, it has to do with a marine, a "lady killer" who goes to Iceland with the American troops only to find himself prey to an unsophisticated little lady who, with her family helping, is determined to marry him. What matters is the wealth of skating ensembles which the routine story can do nothing to mar. *Graceful, gay*. Felix Bressart, Sonja Henie, Jack Oakie, John Payne.

Men of Texas (Univ.) relates the adventures of a "yankee" reporter who goes into Texas just after the Civil War to investigate rumors of a re-rebellion. Motivation gets a bit vague, what with Sam Houston appearing in the clouds with messages that somehow have no definite connection with the plot, but as a western it is *successful*. Leo Corillo, Broderick Crawford, Jackie Cooper, Anne Gwynne, Robert Stack.

Mokey (MGM) is something of an achievement: a sentimental domestic tale that avoids temptations to go maudlin, and becomes an honest, appealing picture of what might really happen to an inarticulate little boy faced with a new stepmother and an unavoidable habit of always doing the wrong thing and being unable to square himself for it. It is *slow-moving, convincing, restrained*. Bobby Blake, Dan Dailey, Cordell Hickman, Donna Reed.

Take a Letter, Darling (Par.) is another of those frothy, sophisticated comedies in which the heroine is a career woman until she meets just the right man, whereupon she goes feminine with a vengeance. Which seems to be the only reason the movies can devise for any woman taking part in any endeavor except romance. (Incidentally, for a discerning article on this tendency, look at the movie section in *New Masses* for July 14, and the rejoinder in the issue of July 28.) This film, at least, has grace and many *delightfully comic* scenes. . . . Such is not the case with *They All Kissed the Bride* (MGM), which treats much the same theme but does so with about as much bad taste and unpleasant suggestiveness as has been seen on the screen for many a day. More, it uses again the unpalatable device of having the bride hard and despicable until she gets drunk, after which, and from then on, she is delightfully human and understanding. *Regrettable*.

Tales of Manhattan (Fox) is most pretentious; a long, long list of famous stars people its separate episodes, which tell of the adventures of groups of persons as successive owners take over the possession of a certain dress suit. There are some good spots, produced with interesting techniques, and the over-all idea is an exciting one. It is marred, however, by some falls from

Among Current Films

good taste—or even good sense—that leave you embarrassed for it rather than impressed; notably the scene in which Charles Laughton, acting superbly the part of a down-on-his-luck composer who eventually gets a chance to conduct his symphony, stands before the great orchestra hall and the dress suit, fresh from the pawnbrokers and too small for him, rips in the back. Whereupon that audience—it is a symphony orchestra program, remember—titters, then breaks into loud laughter that drowns out the music. The conductor finally sits down on the podium and weeps, and we have the spectacle of the shamed orchestra rising in a body to remove its collective dress suit. Then the final episode—concerning negro share croppers—goes overboard as no previous film treating the negro race has done. The negroes are painted as ignorant, credulous, guileful, or stupid. The fact that "Rochester" plays the local minister is a key to the tone of the entire episode. To the credit of the producer and writers, however, it must be said that the fault for the "overboardness" seems to lie with the interpretation by actors and director rather than with the original conception of the scenes. The film was a *grand idea that somehow fails in its unevenness to come through*. Chas. Boyer, Rita Hayworth, Thos. Mitchell, Henry Fonda, Ginger Rogers, Elsa Lanchester, Chas. Laughton, James Gleason, E. G. Robinson, J. Carroll Naish, Paul Robeson, "Rochester," Ethel Waters.

The Postman Didn't Ring (Fox) is an entertaining little film based on the finding last year of an undelivered mail sack of years gone by, recounting a romance that develops when a

girl philatelist calls on the recipient of one of the letters. It would have been better if the plot had not been concocted; there would have been drama aplenty if a simple presentation of what really happened had been attempted. As it is, it makes a *routine, fairly entertaining movie*. Brenda Joyce, Richard Travis.

Wings for the Eagle (War.) is worth while for its picturization of activity in one of the big plants making airplanes for the army; as such, it is convincing, managing to convey the feeling of that activity and to honor the men and women who take part in it. The story is commonplace, failing to generate much real interest. Notable also is the fact that in the film we encounter the first "crack" at the conscientious objector. *Interesting*. Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan, Ann Sheridan, George Tobias.

Routine

Beyond the Blue Horizon (Par.) has gorgeous technicolored jungle scenes, plus Dorothy Lamour and Richard Denning, sarong clad, and some of the grandest animal performances yet to be filmed. For something as far removed from reality as possible, and pleasant besides, this fills the bill excellently. So, too, in the same way, does **Tarzan's New York Adventure** (MGM) and **Pardon My Sarong** (Univ.) in which Abbot and Costello's undeniably funny gags have to compete with a raft of sarong-clad natives, villainous head hunters and erupting temple-volcanoes.

There is the usual crop of tawdry melodramas relying heavily on the current war and war prep-

aration to help out their trite and ineffectual plots. Recent ones include **Atlantic Convoy**, **Flight Lieutenant**, **Pacific Rendezvous**, **Prisoner of Japan** and **A Yank in Libya**. Their existence alone wouldn't be so regrettable if it weren't for the fact that audiences will be so used to being cheated by their titles that they will be immune when really effective and honest films on the war appear—films like recent reports indicate **Wake Island** will be. (Recent headlines inspired one studio to reissue the old **Real Glory as A Yank in the Philippines**. The venture backfired, however, when a critic pointed out that the villains of the piece, the Morros, painted in the film as cruel, bloodthirsty, recalcitrant opponents of the benevolent whites after the Spanish American War, were now our loyal and faithful allies, responsible in large part for the magnificent defense of Bataan against the Japanese. All of which goes to show that screen villains do not necessarily stay villains, and that it takes something more than a timely title to insure a film's fitness.)

Somewhere I'll Find You is about as *unconvincing and contrived* as a film can possibly be; it was evidently cooked up as a vehicle to present the Gable-Turner combination, with such things as logic and convincingness forgotten in the process. . . . **Little Tokyo, U. S. A.** is a *regrettable venture*; it treats as facts all the "Dirty Jap" rumors and prejudices and despite making *one* Japanese loyal it implies that except in very minor instances all citizens of Japanese ancestry in California were traitors—and bloody, ruthless ones at that. *Unfortunate*.

For Your Information

Organizational Sources for Vocations

American Vocational Association
1010 Vermont Ave.
Washington, D. C.

American Youth Commission of the
American Council on Education
744 Jackson Place
Washington, D. C.

National Occupational Conference
551 Fifth Ave.
New York City

National Youth Administration, Division
of Guidance and Placements
1734 New York Ave., N. W.
Washington, D. C.

U. S. Office of Education
Department of the Interior
Washington, D. C.

Science Research Association
1700 Prairie Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

National Vocational Guidance Association
425 West 123rd St.
New York City

Magazines on Vocation

Vocational Trends, a monthly magazine especially designed for young people. Occupational opportunities and qualifications. Published by Science Research Associates, 1700 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Occupations, published by the National Vocational Guidance Association, 425 W. 123rd St., New York City.

Occupational Index, published by National Occupational Conference, 551 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Books

Books About Jobs, by Willard E. Parker, American Library Association, Chicago, Ill.—Contains 8000 references and more than 600 job classifications.

Occupations and Vocational Guidance, by Wilma Bennett. H. W. Wilson Co., New York City.

Guidance for College Students, Margaret E. McCaul, Part III. Its purpose is to "acquaint the student with conditions in the working world and to assist him in making a wise choice of vocation." International Textbook Co., Scranton, Pa.

States at Work series, giving job op-

portunities in Southern states. Book for each state: *Alabama at Work*, *Florida at Work*, etc. Science Research Associates, 441 West Peachtree St., N. W. Atlanta, Ga.

American Job Series, 27 booklets on different types of jobs. Science Research Associates, 441 West Peachtree St. N. W., Atlanta, Ga., or 1700 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Choosing Your Life Work, William Rosengarten. Contains 43 different vocations and bibliography. McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc.

Students and Occupations, E. G. Williamson. Discussions of 17 vocations. Henry Holt and Co.

Careers for Women, Catherine Filene. Discussions of 165 vocations for women. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Careers for Men, Edward L. Bernays. 38 major vocations written by outstanding authorities in each field. Garden City Publishing Co.

Choosing a career, George Bijur. 28 vocations and suggestions on how to get a job. Farrar and Rinehart, Inc.

The Choice of an Occupation, A. B. Crawford and S. H. Clement. Yale University Press.

" . . . this was Oxford "

I GUESS I'll just have to call a cab to take my suitcases. Uh—do you know where Wells Hall is?"

The first statement was addressed to no one in particular, but I happened to be the only boy in sight.

The implication was obvious.

"I know where Wells is," I said politely, wondering why she had waited until 11 o'clock at night to arrive. But I carried the two heavy suitcases, showed her to the dormitory, and trudged back to my own dorm—which seemed more like a palatial hotel than anything else—happy with the feeling of Christian fellowship. The whole air seemed to be charged with the feeling of expectancy. Here was the eve of the first national convocation of Methodist youth in history. Great things could happen. Great things *would* happen I felt as I climbed under the welcome blanket that Tuesday night.

Then Harold Metzner, pastor from Providence, R. I., addressed the young people on "Resources of Our Christian Faith." The "Protestant Rosary" was the one thing which stuck in my mind. Dr. Metzner believes we can concentrate on God better in our personal devotions if we hold on to something with our hand—just a pencil, perhaps, but it could do for us what the crucifix does for Catholics.

There were many great speeches: Dr. Outler's historical analysis of the church in wartime; Dean Faulkner's gripping talks each morning, Van Kirk's factual presentation of the world situation and its relation to youth of the church; Harold Case's challenge to be *different* young people for the days which lie ahead.

The long sittings in the morning and at night, the rush to commissions and creative interest groups, the mid-night committee meetings—this was Oxford, too.

THEN there was the night after the address we—Laurie and I—didn't go into recreation. We had been sitting together during the talk,

First National Convocation of Methodist Youth, Sept. 1-5, Oxford, Ohio

and the atmosphere and the words of Dr. Outler had made such an impression on us we didn't feel like playing games. . . . We held hands as we walked down the dimly lighted concrete walk toward Harrison Hall—away from the blaring folk music coming from McGuffey. We could hear it faintly as we sat down on the steps of the building. . . . There we shared our thoughts on Christian Living.

We talked about many things, about our place in this New World Order, what WE could do to help bring in this order where Christianity permeates our total life of work, and study, and play.

We talked about the wonderful spirit of the convocation. Laurie contradicted the old geometry axiom, the whole is the sum of all its parts. "Here the whole is more than the sum of all the young people from the different parts of the world. Each spirit tends to share with the other and all are much greater, more powerful for it. What an inspiration to see a thousand young people all interested in a better world!"

I nodded hearty approval, she laughed, and we started toward her dorm; for it was late now and much had to be done in the morning.

ADMINISTRATION of the convocation had counted on 800 attending. By the end of the first day over 1000 had registered. By the end of the conference over 1200 had enrolled. Extra food orders had to be placed, more blankets sought, more *Classmates*, the daily paper, printed.

Then there was glorious Thursday night. Walter Van Kirk, religious news commentator, delivered the evening address. He had just returned from Europe three weeks before and burned with the fire of a zealot.

"If you don't have something to

say now about the peace, you'll be sending your children to another war 25 years from now," his strong words thundered through the auditorium. "It is no alibi to say 'it's the president's responsibility for peace.' . . . We actually have no such thing as a 'United Nations.' . . . Hitler is just a boil, Mussolini, a pimple . . . the real poison in the economic system cannot be fought with swords and guns . . . a minister can easily say Britain should give Africa to the Africans, but he doesn't treat with Christian courtesy the African in his own community."

The young people clapped. They stood. They sang, "Serving Thee Whom we adore" as little goose bumps traveled down my spine and into the tips of my toes. The thrill of "1200 young people on fire for Christ" ran through the crowd.

OVER \$450 taken in one offering for 500 Japanese youth who, behind the wires of a camp, could not attend the convocation. . . . Coca-colas . . . folk games . . . the fountain in the middle of the campus . . . the spirit of a living God challenging Christian young people to build a new world, NOW . . . this was Oxford.

That was a month ago . . . I can still see the community in which I live through different eyes. The demands still press on my conscience for more truth, more justice, more love in my college group. My candle has not blown out, but rather has become a torch, burning brighter . . . this was Oxford, too.—H. K.



For the Facing of this Hour

One of the four linoleum block etchings used for daily devotional themes at Oxford. Etchings were done by Libby Anderson, *motive* correspondent at De Pauw University.

I See By the Papers---

Get Thee Behind Me, Hartzell Spence's life as a preacher's son, will be good for the numerous P. K.'s in college. Spence, the author of *One Foot in Heaven*, is now editing *Yank*, the army paper.

The Art of Living in Wartime is to say the least a timely title for a book. The publisher's blurb about the book says that it tells how to live at top efficiency and to make leisure produce the greatest possible return in pleasure and recreation. (To be published in October.)

Haddin Craftsmen, one of the largest book manufacturing plants in the United States, has been discontinued. It was called a "20,000 volume a day" plant, which would mean a production capacity of some 500,000 books a month or 6,000,000 for a year—which is a large number in any man's country.

I Bought Books

Customers buying leather bound books at Stern's Department Store in New York very often ask the clerk for "three yards of leather bound books," or "eight inches of books to fill a knick knack in the corner, preferably red bound books."

Random House is publishing *30 Days Hath September* on the 27th of October—By that time they ought to know!

We are looking forward to December 1st. Lin Yutang's *The Wisdom of China and India* will be published. It is a "treasury" of the ideas and ideals that have guided the thinking and living of millions in Asia.

Duke students, Notice! The life story of James Buchanan Duke—called *Tobacco Tycoon* will be published in October. Duke was the man who changed the smoking habits of a nation. Well, that's something!

28 Per Cent Less Nicotine

And speaking of smoking—Americans like to believe in advertising, and if they do, they believe that Philip Morris cigarettes cause no throat or nose irritation, that this fact is recognized by eminent medical authorities, and that competing brands are three times as irritating. But the Federal Trade Commission has just brought charges against Philip Morris to show that so-called medical surveys are not impartial, and that the persons who made them are not accurate or scientific. The surveys were made and paid for by Philip Morris. Americans believe that Camels aid digestion, fortify good health, restore body energy and are helpful to

athletes, that Camels are also made of the choicest tobacco and burn 25 per cent more slowly than most cigarettes and contain 28 per cent less nicotine. To which the Federal Trade Commission says "baloney!" And just to top it off, some of the signed testimonials for Camels are by people who don't smoke, and many are false and merely bought and paid for. Cools, likewise, (and it pains us to tell you this) are not a safeguard against colds, and they do not clear the head or soothe the throat and mouth. All of which reminds us that advertising has such high ethical standards!—and remember, too, that the advertisements appeared in all the good papers and magazines which print only the truth (depending on the price).

The Darkest Hours

The New Republic says these are the darkest days our nation has seen since the Civil War. "In this dark hour of America," says the paper, "we have need of the spirit of our revolutionary fathers. The American tradition is great enough and strong enough to see us through this crisis of our nation, if we reach, not for the complacency of a people that believes itself the inheritors of the world, but to the radical spirit of American daring and leadership."

Aims in College

Each autumn the college student is faced with a dilemma. He must choose his studies with one or two aims primarily in view—either to make a living or to make a life. The first aim is basic and cannot be ignored; the second aim ministers to many varied needs, which, if they remain unsatisfied, leave life meager and unbalanced. But there is not time enough at college adequately to accomplish both.—Howard H. Brinton in the *Pendle Hill Bulletin*.

One of the best books on South America is *Good Neighbors* by Hubert Herring (Yale University Press). Covers Argentina, Brazil and Chile excellently.

Free America, the decentralist magazine, on which Herbert Agar and Ralph Borsodi serve, has been discontinued as a monthly magazine and has become a quarterly with the September issue.

Farewell Fraternities

A prediction that fraternities, Winter carnivals and other college trivia would

be written out of American education for good as a result of the war was made by Irwin Edman, Columbia professor and guest lecturer at Hamilton College.

Dr. Edman declared that "the war was a good thing for the colleges," adding that "they may even become educational institutions."

"There is a priority on time these days just as on everything else, and while the American people are willing to let serious-minded, potential leaders stay in college, they will not put up with youngsters who have no intellectual interests and who are just in college because they have the money and are 'nice boys.'"

He predicted increased government aid to keep the best students in college, indicating that admission to college might become more a matter of strict civil service than economic accident.

Dr. Edman also asserted that college curriculums were undoubtedly in for some overhauling to the end that students would not be able to obtain a degree without knowing more about what is needed to keep a democracy running than they know now.—*The New York Times*.

Roosevelt Distinguished Service medals for 1942 have been awarded to Booth Tarkington, the Hoosier novelist; Henry L. Stimson, the Secretary of War, and Dr. Rufus M. Jones, founder of the American Friends Service Committee. Dr. Jones was called "the leading spokesman of the Quaker way of life" leading the Friends' Committee "on new ventures in practical altruism on a world scale."

"If in the time ahead we do not have co-operation, this civilization will have to go down and out and will be replaced by other civilizations," the Hon. Hubert Stains, Saskatchewan Minister of Education, said recently. "Our problem is to get people to recognize the need for brotherhood and to make co-operation regnant throughout the world in all our relationships. While men are defending their country, it is the duty of those at home to use their time, talents and treasures to further those ideals for which they are laying down their lives."

Fortune is publishing a series of reports entitled *The United States in a New World*. The August report is on Pacific Relations. These are put forward as proposals only. The editors hope to stimulate intelligent, democratic discussion. They are something to read!

SKEPTIC: Hello, Taurus. Are you still up at this hour? Can you chew the rag a while?

TAURUS: Sure, come in. I just lit up a few logs in the fire place. . . . Have an apple. They're Grimes Golden.

SKEPTIC: Thanks. There isn't much I want to talk about especially. It got noisy around the house, and I wasn't in any mood to join in or to quiet them down, so I had to get out.

TAURUS: What was the noise about? Pep session for the game?

SKEPTIC: Not exactly. Sort of a defense mechanism for the party down at the railroad station this morning. We saw Mac and Harry off for camp, you know. It breaks up our house a lot.

TAURUS: I heard the band. Lot's of cheering and speeches, I suppose.

SKEPTIC: Yeah. Lot's of tears, too. Even some of the dads broke down.

TAURUS: Do you expect to go soon?

Why Stay in School?

SKEPTIC: No. I'm deferred, to finish school. But what's the use, if I'll get in later anyhow? You don't need English Lit and a Sosh major in the army. I can't get excited about studying, when that's ahead of me.

TAURUS: But after the war those studies will do you a lot of good.

SKEPTIC: I'm not so sure. The world won't want me then. It won't need a crop of B. A.'s. It'll need a few tough leaders to keep everyone in line to prevent a general collapse.

TAURUS: You're not very hopeful. Don't you think the world will fairly cry out for trained, educated men to take over the civilian leadership?

SKEPTIC: Humpf! You remember what happened last time. College men went for a dime a dozen. There'll be too many of us—too many of everybody. Too many to feed. Too many to work. I can't see anything ahead for us college fellows.

TAURUS: But take all those millions of people who will have to be fed, as you rightly say. That will require a gigantic labor effort just in itself. Farmers to plant every square inch—truckers, railroad men, shippers, seamen, and probably aviators, to transport the food everywhere around the globe—engineers and administrators to distribute it—*ad infinitum*. That feeding job alone ought to create enough work to give you a place to pitch in.

Talent for Sale—Cheap!

SKEPTIC: But there'll be a mad scramble for every job. The draft board thinks I'm more useful in college than in

Why Stick to Your Studies?

Robert H. Hamill

the army. But I don't imagine they're saving any particular place for me where I can put my education to work when I get it. I'm too realistic to think that.

TAURUS: You're not the first, of course, to have talents that no one seemed to care about. No one wanted what Columbus had to give, until he proved himself. The most useful men often find that to be true. I remember that Bruno was burned at the stake—over a hotter fire than this one here—because people wouldn't accept his new scientific discoveries, and then centuries later they put a monument on the spot which said, "Erected to Giordano Bruno, by the Generation which He Foresaw." And for a supreme illustration of this, it always consoles me to remember that the Emperor Caesar never went to interview Jesus and ask him to come to Rome to administer the religious life of the empire. The world doesn't reach out for its talent. It resists talent.

SKEPTIC: That's exactly what I mean. Wasn't it a poet or somebody who said something about flowers growing unseen, to waste their sweetness on the desert air? I'm not sentimental about my own powers, but I don't see how all this effort to equip myself intellectually and spiritually here in college is going to do me or anybody else any good. It's sheer waste and silliness.

TAURUS: The facts are tough, I grant. A fellow has to develop himself and then convince the world that he has something. You have to prove yourself indispensable. I do believe, though, that quality will win out. If you have solid abilities, the world will make way for you, sooner or later. The world will receive a creative personality, and make use of him. Nothing of true value gets lost, but is picked up, absorbed into the total stream of human life. But meanwhile a fellow dare not whimper. Self-pity will paralyze him for heroic living. When a fellow feels sorry for himself, he's doomed.

SKEPTIC: I'm not that kind of a sissy. But I just don't see why you should force yourself on a world that doesn't want you. Why does a university, for example, work itself into a fever to get good students to come, then work up a hot pressure to get them to study, and then get desperate in persuading society to make wise use of those students? It seems such

a futile and frantic around-the-circle business.

The Inner Drive Toward Self-Expression

TAURUS: Come back to yourself. What is your alternative? It's simple. Either you can plunge in to your present task of equipping yourself, or you can shrivel up inside and rot. If you don't work at your job, you lie down and die. Your work is to develop your latent capacities. Every person has some talents. They are his only lasting possessions. He has to express them. He has to keep going, whether the world wants him or not, just to express what's inside of him. He has to walk, regardless of whether the world likes his gait, just to release his animal energies. He has to fall in love, with someone or something, just because he's made that way; if he doesn't love, he's a stunted person. He has to express his own possibilities. That is his only true joy. In some sense you have to let the public be damned, and say, "This is my inner self crying out for expression. I'll say what's in me to say, regardless, and do what I've got to do!" You have to be a genuine person, through and through, or else a dwarfed and shrinking animal. "To thine own self be true." I don't see any escape from that basic human drive within me: I've got to grow and develop my powers! I don't live unless I do.

SKEPTIC: But I don't see what . . .

TAURUS: What I mean is this. You have some buried talents. Only you can discover what they are. A few of them are obvious: your ability to comprehend the best human wisdom about sociology, your ability to express yourself in good English, to meet people and enjoy them, to develop a rich and informed mentality, and a balanced personality. Those are some of your potential measurements. You must grow toward them, or else be infantile. College training will stretch you in those directions if you take it seriously.

SKEPTIC: It sounds grand and glorious. I can't see, though, how all this bears upon the obvious insanity of a world which makes no room for developed personalities.

TAURUS: For the moment I don't care, and don't want you to care, about how the world reacts. . . . Here, have another apple.

SKEPTIC: Don't care if I do.

TAURUS: The only lasting joy you will ever find is in doing what you are able to do, in expressing your own self. Too many people stop living too soon. I have always liked a silly little saying which Dean Wicks quotes from a small girl who fell out of bed in her sleep, and explained it this way: "I guess I went to sleep too near the place where I got in."* I know students around here who went to sleep too near the place and the time they came in. College can be a deadening place. It has a stifling sense of conformity. You all work for grades—you indulge in activities for space in the *Daily* and the yearbook—you dance the latest steps in order to be seen of men, or, more accurately, of women. Yet, the real student with distinctive personality and hunger for knowledge and self-knowledge you laugh at and judge him an applepolisher. College is a dangerous place for a creative spirit. Nevertheless, you will get no kick out of life until you are creative, until you dare to express your own inherent nature, and exhaust the capacities within you. You can't let the indifference of the world nor the rigidities of the campus, stunt your own growth—for if you do, you'll shrivel up and decay the rest of your life.

SKEPTIC: But when some people let themselves go, regardless of public opinion, they get drunk, or bankrupt, or married. They indulge in so-called pleasures, and never discipline themselves. That's no way to get a decent job.

The Outer Pull from Something Greater

TAURUS: That's a good point. The good life is not mere self-indulgence, nor even self-expression. It must be thought of as response to a cosmic demand. Just yesterday I came across a saying of Jesus I had never noticed before. He said, "To this end was I born, that I should bear witness to the truth." Then Pilate sneered, "What is truth?" Anyhow, that remark of Jesus reminded me of a line in Maxwell Anderson's play about the boyhood of Jesus. Ishmael, a wild desert wanderer who keeps looking for the Messiah to come, finds Jesus, who does not yet realize his calling in life. Ishmael declares to Jesus: "It is your mission to torment the earth, and exalt it."** That appeals to me. Often a great man has to torment before he can exalt. He has to disturb, tear down, destroy, even while he builds up. Of course the world does not welcome that kind of man with open arms. But if he is called to do it—if "to this end he was born"—then he must see it through regardless of cost. It burns within him.

*R. R. Wicks: *The Reason for Living*. See especially chapter 1.

** *Journey to Jerusalem*.

SKEPTIC: Sometimes I feel a stirring like that. It comes once in a while when I listen to a good symphony, or meet some big shot who comes to the house for dinner. But it passes away, and leaves me discontent with what I am, but undirected. Then I feel worse than before.

TAURUS: You'll have to point it up for yourself. I think you begin to find your true mission in the world when you can specify some cause that you are qualified to serve. The average man defines his success by saying, "This, and this, and this all belong to me." For satisfying success, you must turn that around, and say, "I belong to that." When you can describe some cause greater than you are, to which you can give your talents, you have found "to what end you were born." The greater the cause is, the more likely that it will demand some upheavals in human affairs, and the more likely therefore that the world will not rise up to greet you when you come with that mission.

What Makes a Man Great?

SKEPTIC: Some men acquire a strange ability to amount to something. I have met a few of them, scattered in different fields. They have a creative touch which sets fire to everything they handle. They revive other men's faith in them, and in themselves.

TAURUS: What do you think is the magic of such creative men?

SKEPTIC: Well, it's hard to say. They just seem to be the real McCoy. They're good stuff.

TAURUS: Exactly so. They are genuine. The creative person represents something real, he unmask the camouflage of things, and plunges straight to the heart of what is true. He helps something better to come into existence.

SKEPTIC: He seems to be made for his job and the job just fits him. That is a rare coincidence, though. It ought to happen more often. I can't count on any such good luck for myself.

TAURUS: This magic of creative, useful living is, I think, a combination of doing what I want to do, and doing what is wanted of me. It is self-expression, yet it is also response to a demand outside of me. A fellow is not responsible for what the world does to him, but only for what he does to the world in response to the cosmic demands upon him.

SKEPTIC: There are times—like this last hour—when I feel good inside and want to do better. Life seems to surge within me, and a strange energy and passion torment me. I feel it when the stars are extra clear late at night, or when some friend gets into trouble and tells me about it, or when I escape from an accident by a narrow margin, or I have a swell time on a date, or get a 92 on an

exam—there are a lot of those surprises, and they keep me going.

TAURUS: There is a kind of animal faith within us that refuses to be discouraged. Don't rush off now. It is always good to chat with you, although this tonight was a little out of our usual line.

SKEPTIC: Thanks for the apples, too. But I ate too many.

Working Together on the Campus

(Statement adopted by the regional and national staff representatives of the National Intercollegiate Council (the YMCA and YWCA) and the national staff representatives of the University Commission (the churches nationally organized in student work). Lake Forest, Ill., Sept. 10, 1942.)

Met here in this crisis moment, we see no hope for the world except in the truth and power which comes to us from God in Jesus Christ. We are conscious of the valid and significant contributions of the various churches and Christian Associations in the student world. We are all parts of the body of Christ which is the church and essential to one another. We see more clearly than ever before that as citizens of the kingdom of God, we must avoid even the appearance of serving a lesser loyalty and must effectively bring together the total Christian resources of the campus.

We are united in our concern to face with students the tragedy and the challenge of our time, to find the Christian solution and the power to carry on, to exert a United Christian influence, and to work together in areas of practical service.

In our work we shall serve a common purpose by consistently stressing: co-operative study of the Bible and the Christian faith; working together in campus Christian councils; special efforts through united religious emphasis weeks; student relief through the World Student Service Fund; the joint employment of local Christian leadership, wherever practicable; preparation for the 1943 continental student conference on the Christian world mission of the Christian church.

In these other ways we shall express our participation and solidarity in the World Student Christian Federation.

What Is a "Calling"?

Thomas S. Kepler

Calling AS I sit in my office this gorgeous afternoon and look out on Lawrence College's beautiful campus, I begin to anticipate the arrival of 700 students in a few weeks. All of them are coming here for the purpose of discovering where they can "fit" into the pattern of the universe. No two of them will be alike; their major talents will be very varied; yet they all aspire to a "calling" or a "vocation." The task of the faculty, administrators, laboratories, gymnasiums, and quadrangles is to influence these students to become integrated citizens who will fit coherently and joyfully into a scheme of living for the next fifty years. All these factors will help them find their "calling." What their parents and friends, high school teachers and pastors have done for them in their home communities will greatly influence what Lawrence College can do for them to find the right "calling" or "vocation."

This afternoon, however, I am thinking of "calling" in a deeper sense. I believe God has much to say about what each of us is to do. I am thinking of God as the Spirit or Life of the universe, whose Spirit is always touching my Spirit (*at least* in the realm of the subconscious). I am thinking of God as One possessing *grace*; that is, God is always trying to help me even more than I am trying to find His help. Just as my spirit integrates me and allows my hands, feet, eyes, and ears to have different functions, so I believe God's Spirit is integrating the universe and is trying to find different, purposive expression through all men and women living on this little planet.

My hand works better as a *hand* than as an *eye*, because it is made for a certain purpose; yet my spirit works through both the *hand* and the *eye*. Similarly, God's Spirit will work better through some of these 700 students as musicians than as doctors or ministers or engineers; through others, as His Spirit of grace amplifies their traits, will His Spirit find more creative activity as they become teachers, actors, or bankers. In this sense are we all "called" by God to the particular groove for which we are intended.

But how can we find our particular "calling"? I offer several suggestions: (1) What do we like to do best? And is it an "honorable" profession? We must analyze ourselves; and then labor to improve ourselves along this line of endeavor.

(2) We should consult teachers and friends who are helpful in vocational guidance, for in this way can we obtain an *objective* analysis of our abilities. (I have occasionally advised students to change their vocational interests, because I saw traits in them which might be stronger in other lines of work than the ones they first conceived.) (3) God's grace can do a great deal to help us find our particular "calling," as in meditation it brings us poise to think clearly, wisdom to have perspective, strength to pursue our work, and joy to be alive in the universe. In this way is God *active* in each person's calling. (4) Will I in my "calling" be able to make the world more Christian?

A detour sign gave this warning to motorists, "This is a rough road; choose your rut carefully, as you will be in it for 17 miles!" Might this be re-translated for us to say, "Life is not an easy experience (but, oh! how interesting it can be!); with God's help choose your 'calling' carefully, for you are going to live with yourself *always!*"

Heretic SEVERAL years ago a friend of mine came to me in a half-amused, half-serious manner with this utterance, "I hear that I am a new kind of heretic—I am heralded as a Communist!" On further inquiry from me he told me that, since he did not hold to the literal infallibility of scripture (that is, he did not believe every word in the Bible was *literally* true), he was being labelled an atheist; and since he was an atheist, therefore he was a Communist! That seemed to me very rapid logic upon the part of the accusers of my friend! And yet this friend of mine had spent seven years in theological seminaries in this country and abroad, not to earn the title of "heretic" but rather to study in order that he might help men and women understand the books of the Bible in their proper light and meaning, as well as to help them know the fundamental doctrines of Christianity as related to the past and the present.

Why was this learned scholar called a "heretic"? Merely because he did not agree with the *status quo*, most of whom were not skilled as Bible students. A *heretic* is always a person who is ahead of the masses in his religious thinking. Roman Catholics look upon Protestants as heretics; Fundamentalists call Modern-

ists heretics. "A heretic" is a relative term given by conservative religious thinkers to those who are more liberal. Harry Emerson Fosdick was labelled "heretic" several decades ago by the Presbyterian Church because he did not believe in the virgin birth as a fact; yet Dr. Fosdick today is looked upon by Walter Lippmann as a conservative theologian (see Lippmann, PREFACE TO MORALS). Most of us, who are trying to think creatively and constructively, are at some time called "heretic" by the more conservative thinkers who disagree with us; and unless we are open-minded and sympathetically tolerant of those who "outthink" us, we are ever in danger of calling them "heretic"!

The "heretic" has been a less explicit problem in the Protestant church, because there have been so many relative types of Protestant thinking. In the Roman Catholic Church the "heretic" is carefully defined as one who disagrees with the dogmas of the Church.

Heretics are liberal thinkers within the Christian fold; *infidels* are the liberal thinkers who denounce Christianity. Because the religion of Jesus leaps across the changing centuries as it speaks to the unchanging needs of men and women, there is no rational virtue in a person ever becoming an infidel; in fact, no person should strive to earn the title of "heretic." But we all should think as honestly and creatively to make Christianity alert to the twentieth century as Paul and John and Augustine and Luther and Wesley made it alive to their centuries. Paul, Luther, and Wesley were "heretics" in their times; yet we believe they were right as religious reformers and interpreters in their particular ages. Often it is true that yesterday's *heretics* are the *saints* of tomorrow! But *only* if their ethical-spiritual lives are centered in a Christlike standard.

In whatever vocation or profession we may be "called" to, we want to make the atmosphere about us Christlike. Let's be tolerant of those with whom we disagree. Let's think as deeply and courageously as we can to make Christianity meaningful to the world in this chaotic moment in history! The only type of heretic we should willfully criticize is the person whose life is selfish and unchristlike, because that kind of heretic has become ethically an infidel. Let's not forget above all that we are called to be saints—and on the road to "sainthood" let's think honestly, creatively, courageously!

The Builders

(Continued from page 21)

head resting on his hand. After a moment, a young HUSBAND and WIFE enter together L., and come hand in hand to the altar, facing it in silence.)

WIFE. Here's just where we stood. . . . (She smiles.) I feel as if I were being married all over again!

HUSBAND. Would it be worth doing?

WIFE. I think so—on the whole. (Then suddenly clinging to him, and crying out) Oh John—I don't want to go away! We belong here. This church is part of us!

HUSBAND. We're not really leaving it, Sylvia. Wherever we go, we'll take it with us.

WIFE. (Softly.) A church not built with hands. . . .

HUSBAND. That's it, my dear. A *fellowsbip*. . . . of which we'll always be a part. That we can help to build, no matter where we are! (He takes her in his arms, and the BOY, L., clears his throat warningly. They turn toward him, startled.)

WIFE. Oh!

BOY. It's only me.

HUSBAND. Well, Rusty!

WIFE. Hello there, little boy.

BOY. Are you going away somewhere?

HUSBAND. Yes, we're going to the city, Rusty.

WIFE. Shall we take you with us?

BOY. I don't think I'd like it.

HUSBAND. You have to go where your work takes you.

BOY. I'm going to get a job right here, where I can go fishing, and have a horse, 'n lots of fresh air.

HUSBAND. I hope you can!

WIFE. And think of us, Rusty, Sunday mornings—

BOY. I'll think about you while Mr. Higgins says the prayer.

HUSBAND. (Laughing.) That will give you plenty of time!

WIFE. Dearest, it's almost time.

HUSBAND. Yes. . . . Goodbye, Rusty.

WIFE. Be a good boy, Rusty—

BOY. Oh, sure. G'bye. (They go off L., and the BOY watches them leave, then lies on his back on pew L., picking up some Sunday school leaflets lying there loose, from which he makes darts.) I wish they wouldn't go away.

MAN. (Meditatively, still seated.) What did John and Sylvia find in this little church? A sense of human fellowship, I suppose—of friendliness. . . .

BOY. (Throwing darts.) I bet I can hit the ceiling with this, I bet I can, I can. (He throws. MISS PATTERSON, a busy, wiry, shabby little woman, bustles in L.) Aw, gee, there must be a draught!

PATTERSON. My goodness, Russell Burley, what are you doing? You just let Mr. Higgins catch you, throwing paper darts! (She sees the material with which he is making another dart.) With my lesson leaflets! You naughty boy! (She puts down on table, or corner of pew, a pile of printed material which she carries.)

BOY. (Sitting up.) It's all right, Miss Patterson. They're for last Sunday.

PATTERSON. Well, be sure you pick them up.

BOY. Yes, Miss Patterson. (He does so.)

PATTERSON. (Busily, at work on her papers.) These new quarterlies are *such* a job. I like to get everything sorted out before Sunday morning. Here—help me get them into piles. That's a good child.

BOY. (Examining one of the books, with interest.) Does our class get this one, with the picture of the picnic?

PATTERSON. The picnic? Oh. That's the loaves and fishes story. . . . Yes, that's yours.

BOY. I'll keep one out to look at. (He is kneeling on the floor, with a pile of the books.)

PATTERSON. (Sitting.) Seems like I'm always finding you in here, child. Such a funny little boy. Why do you come?

BOY. Oh, I don't know. I just like it here. It feels cool, and quiet—like putting your face down into the grass. And you can think about things. . . .

PATTERSON. Well, fancy a youngster talking like that! But that's all right. I like it here, too.

BOY. Why do you like it here?

PATTERSON. Why do I like it here? (She shakes her head.) I doubt I can tell you, child. . . . (She lays aside her papers, and folds her hands in her lap, sitting still a moment before she quietly speaks.) This is the place where I can be myself.

Where it don't matter how old I am, or what I look like, or where I live. . . . Where I can come and have a job to do, along with other people, and they take me for what I am, and no questions asked. . . . where I can hold my head up, and know I'm of some use in the world. . . . (She is quiet again for a little while, and then she briskly piles up her papers, with a little laugh.) There, child, you see it wasn't much use asking! But you'll understand, some day.

BOY. (Slowly.) I guess I just need to think about it a little.

PATTERSON. Boys your age shouldn't think too much. You get out and play, and forget such things for a while; and come around to my house sometime when you're hungry, and we'll see what's in the cookie jar! (She rises as she speaks, and crosses R.)

BOY. Gee, I will, Miss Patterson!

MAN. (Rising to face MISS PATTERSON, as she comes R., and speaking softly.) I do understand, old friend! . . . (She walks past him, unseeing. The BOY calls to the MAN, as he looks after her.)

BOY. Look, Mister. (He is trying to stand on his hands.) Look Mister, can you do this? Look! Like this.

MAN. (Laughing.) You always liked to show off, didn't you? (He crosses, to L., and sits.)

BOY. (Continuing his efforts.) It's not hard, once you get in practice.

(The JANITOR enters from R., with mop and cleaning rag.)

JANITOR. Hey there, youngster—watch out for them flowers! You want to behave that way, you git outside!

BOY. I won't hurt anything. I'm an expert. See?

JANITOR. (Gruffly.) Come on, now. Clear. I need the room.

BOY. No. . . . Let me help you, Fred—please!

JANITOR. You! Never held a broom in your life, I'll wager.

BOY. I have so! I help Mama every Saturday. Here, I'll mop. (He seizes the mop.)

JANITOR. Well, go to it. I've no objection. Plenty of chores to home, fur's that goes. (He busies himself with dusting.)

BOY. (Mopping vigorously.) Have you got your new little calf yet?

JANITOR. Oh, sure. Come two days ago.

BOY. Gee, did it? Is it a he or a she?

JANITOR. It's a she, thank the good Lord.

BOY. What's the good Lord got to do with it?

JANITOR. (Sternly.) Boy, don't you git flip! All blessings is the Lord's. The increase of the fields is His; He owns the cattle on a thousand hills!

BOY. Do you s'pose maybe God is a kind of farmer? (He leans on the mop to consider this idea.)

JANITOR. (Pausing in his work to answer.) Well, now, not meanin' anything disrespectful, I sometimes think He is. Certain it is, a person finds Him easier out among the trees and meadows, and where there's animals that's kind to one another. . . . Set a little church like this down in the open places, and God walks in the door, no matter whether the paint is on and the choir can sing and the preacher preach, or not. . . .

Seems like where you got Nature, you jes' natur'ly got the best start toward heaven!

BOY. (*Thinking it over.*) Do you s'pose, Fred, if God likes it so well out in the country—outdoors, 'n everything—He'd really care if I went fishing on Sunday sometimes—real early in the morning, you know? Or swimming?

JANITOR. That's as may be. You ask Mr. Higgins that.

BOY. I know what *he'd* say.

JANITOR. Well, you do as he says, and you won't come to no harm. (*He puts out his hand for the mop.*) Here, I'll take the mop now, and thank ye kindly, lad. Don't stay inside too long, here,—gittin' queer ideas.

BOY. I won't. Can I help you again, sometime?

JANITOR. You can, that, and welcome! (*He goes off, L.*)

MAN. (*Coming to the BOY, and smiling down on him.*) You're a strange little fellow, Rusty. It rather brings me up short, meeting you here. Tell me, now that you've seen me, are you terribly disappointed?

BOY. Well, you're different, Mister—from what I expected, you know. Only I don't worry about that so much, 'cause we're friends.

MAN. Yes, Rusty. We're friends. And friends don't let each other down, do they? (*He turns away, walking slowly L.*)

BOY. Are you thinking, Mister?

MAN. Yes, Rusty, I'm thinking.

BOY. 'Bout something awful important?

MAN. About you . . . and about my son.

BOY. That wants to be a preacher?

MAN. Yes . . . (*Again a tinge of bitterness in his voice.*)

A country preacher. (*He sits, lost in silence.*)

BOY. (*Sitting beside him.*) I'll think, too. I'll think about fishing on Sunday . . .

(*After a pause, MAMA enters from the R., carrying flowers. She is a woman of spiritual poise, and power, graceful and calm. She goes to the basket of flowers beneath the pulpit.*)

BOY. (*Softly, to the MAN.*) Look! There's my Mama! (*He runs over to her.*) Hello, Mama!

MAMA. (*Startled.*) Why, Rusty! I thought you were playing baseball!

BOY. I was, but we finished.

MAMA. And did you win?

BOY. Well, almost. Only they got ahead the last inning.

MAMA. (*Comfortingly.*) It must have been a close game. (*She turns again to the flowers, speaking rather absently.*) Here, darling, hold these a minute, will you? (*She hands him some of the blossoms, and kneels to arrange the basket.*) I want Mr. Higgins to find an especially nice bouquet at the altar tomorrow. He's so very fond of flowers. . . .

BOY. (*Standing behind her. Troubled.*) Mama. . . .

MAMA. (*Without turning.*) Yes, dear?

BOY. Mama—why is Mr. Higgins a failure?

MAMA. (*Stopping her work, and looking at him in surprise.*) A failure, dear? Why do you call him that?

BOY. That's what he said. When he came to look up the Scripture. He said, "My days have been long, and I have failed." . . . Do you s'pose it's 'cause people go to sleep sometimes, when he's preaching?

MAMA. (*Smiling.*) No, dear, I don't believe so. (*She pauses, considering.*) It's just that some people call him a failure, and so he's come to think he is one.

BOY. (*Impatiently.*) But why do they, if he isn't?

MAMA. They have a queer way of measuring success, Rusty . . . They think it grows out of what a church has to give a minister: money . . . position . . . a talented congregation . . . (*She speaks very simply, with sadness.*) We can't give Mr. Higgins very much. We just need him.

BOY. (*Shaking his head thoughtfully.*) I don't think Mr. Higgins cares about money.

MAMA. (*Choosing her words carefully.*) No, I think he wants only to serve, and sometimes feels unhappy because he doesn't quite know how. You see . . . he didn't plan, perhaps, to be a country preacher, and he isn't a farmer, so it's hard for him to understand the things that are problems to people like us. . . . But that doesn't make him a failure; it just means that we must work harder than ever to help him, doesn't it?

BOY. Yes, Mama.

MAMA. (*Her face is lifted to the sunlight, her eyes on the distance.*) Perhaps if we do that, if we all work together, we can build something new out of what we have. Perhaps we can take the friendliness, and beauty, and strength of the country, and make them into a church a minister will be proud to serve! . . . (*She blinks a mist of tears from her eyes, and reaches out with a little smile to take the BOY'S hand in hers.*) Well! . . . That's quite a lecture for my little boy, isn't it? (*And then, gaily.*) I tell you what we'll do! We'll have Mr. Higgins over for dinner tomorrow, and we'll just let him see how much we like him, shall we?

BOY. Yes, Mama! Will we have fried chicken?

MAMA. I think we might. And speaking of meals—it's almost supper time right now. You come home with me, and wash off that mud behind your ears!

BOY. Aw, gee, it doesn't show!

MAMA. Come along, dear . . . (*She pushes him ahead of her, and they go off R.*)

MAN. (*Standing, and putting out his hand to them.*) Don't go! . . . (*He looks after them a moment, then turns toward the altar, with bowed head. For a moment he stands there in silence, and then a young man comes briskly and happily down the aisle from the rear of the church. He is whistling, but breaks off to call.*)

SON. Hello, Dad! I've been looking for you. (*He comes to stage from L.*) (*The MAN turns slowly, to face his SON.*)

MAN. (*Almost as if he were waking from a dream.*) Hello, Son. I'm afraid I lost all track of time.

SON. Doesn't matter. I've been wandering around outside here, looking things over.

MAN. How do you like the church?

SON. (*Laughing.*) Well, not having your sophisticated tastes, I think it's about perfect! (*He walks R., looking about him.*) Give me a little room like this, with the sun shining in and you can have your old cathedrals!

MAN. (*Smiling.*) Just a country boy at heart, eh?

SON. You know it, Dad. Call me silly if you like, but I'm sold on the idea.

MAN. You'd really be satisfied to settle down—in a little place like this.

SON. (*With all the vigor and enthusiasm of youth in his voice.*) Satisfied? I can't imagine a more exciting life! This is where things are happening, Dad. It's just as if all the little churches in America had been building . . . building . . . slowly, patiently, and now, suddenly, a new church was rising out of the earth shining, and glorious . . . I don't know how to make you see what I mean, but if I could—it's all I'd need to go ahead!

MAN. (*Quietly.*) It's strange you should speak that way of building. . . . I once heard your grandmother use the same words. . . .

SON. She was one of the builders.

MAN. I've been remembering others who were . . . (*He speaks slowly, with a new light in his voice.*) I think I understand for the first time something of what they were building.

SON. (*A little wistfully.*) And of what I'd like to build, too, Dad?

MAN. Yes, Son. . . . Your old Dad's ready to admit you've

(Continued on page 46)

LETTERS

We make no trouble—

Sirs:

The Army put me in 4F where I now reside. . . . I am forced to admit that many of us here, no matter what our previous persuasions, have felt the vast temptations to succumb to escapism. . . . Writing for instance, keeping at the tasks one sets oneself, studying and going about one's business, and trying not to let the disaster which has engulfed the world destroy one completely,—these are the things we do. We make no speeches any more, except in Union meetings (I'm a member of the American Federation of Radio Artists) where our speeches and actions deal only with the little specific problems of administration. We do not talk a great deal about the war, and when we do, it is only about the present course of events, the possibilities in Russia, the incompetence of the British government, and the sheer horror of all that now transpires in Europe. We read our liberal organs religiously, but mostly we try to get what little satisfaction we can out of our writing, our reading, and our discussion. We study history as though this were any time, we delve into architecture and try to trace the new techniques and aesthetic problems growing out of construction, and we have a weekly seminar on the Philosophy of Law. But all of us feel useless and helpless and a little futile in the face of our modern Armageddon. We are bold enough to continue in our peacetime habits and interests, but we make no trouble for anybody.

M. J.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Circus

Sirs:

The college has the whirl of a three-ring circus, running 24 hours a day, six days a week. The variety of bells, books and human beings

make one dizzy. To date I have discovered "Day"—"Pre-Engineering"—"ESMDT"—"U. S. Army Reserves"—"C. P. T."—"U. S. Navy Ground School"—"Night College" and "Special" students, under the big top.

Really, the building bulges with concentrated college knowledge and streamlined courses, free and otherwise. All the side shows have been drawn in or forcibly pushed through the gate. The roof is likely to cave in if the center pole is shoved too far out of line and the guy wires weakened. Then Uncle Sam might become the Ringling Brothers-Barnum-Bailey of church colleges. However, if the center pole has been sunk deep enough it will stand the strain and the roof will shelter the builders of a new world.

The daily bus ride to the "circus" opens a door upon the rapidly changing and the established patterns of this Mason and Dixon line community. Aircraft, ordinance and shipyard day shifts with photograph badges and dirty clothes; night shifts carrying paper bag lunches; negro girls in faded cottons, the cooks and cleaners in the oriental rug homes—these and the new crop of tire-savers pack the busses.

We are working with inward reservations—as are countless thousands. Hope some day there will be an opportunity to give without limit to a task that will extract all there is in the life juices.

T. C.

Evansville, Indiana.

Status with myself

Sirs:

In my experience in church work, conferences, assemblies, etc., the idea of being a missionary has always come up. But I never felt a call; in fact, I have never felt a call about anything—something I don't particularly regret. Though

now and then, I did wish for something equivalent to a call. I didn't feel a call to go into student work. It just seemed to be a job that needed to be done—so why not I do it!! You may remember that I was once at ———. I thought I wanted to teach drama and speech in a small college. In the spring of the year—we heard rumors of a conscription bill. Several times I felt the desire to drop out of school, and start working about the country to try to "keep America out of war." But people advised against it, urging me to finish my degree. . . . As I saw it, it was rather superfluous to be teaching kids how to act, and paint scenery when in another part of town there were people starving to death. . . .

Now it seems that more is being demanded of the soldier as well as of the pacifist. Being a "preacher" or "student worker" in the last war, W. W. II, isn't going to command much respect from students in future years. I know that I am not now making any sacrifices—close to home, friends, a familiar environment—nothing is demanded of me. Of course there are the moments all the time when I have to defend my position—tho, it doesn't bother me at all. . . .

Still, I have no call—the same reasons that moved me to go into student work, are urging me to become a missionary. There is a job to be done here and there. Here, it seems rather difficult—what with fighting the problems of indifference, and preoccupation among students. Defense talk is not conducive to motivating people to take an active part in religious activities. I feel that I want to go where people will be a little more anxious to receive what we have to offer them.

Most important—such an experience will give me some status with myself. In other words, I will be qualified to speak with authority for having undertaken such a mission. I have done nothing in my life to convince me that I am a Christian in the sense of becoming Christlike—such a step will give me a little more confidence, and make me feel that I have undertaken a significant Christian venter.

C. J.

San Antonio, Texas.

On the feet of little children

Sirs:

Will you write something about the idea that even though some

may not be finding complete fulfillment and satisfaction of expression through their present vocation but feel they cannot change it at the moment—it would be well to remember that it is in our avocation sometimes we can express ourselves in the highest and most satisfactory way? What has been done in the margin of time, leisure hours, in avocation activities, has contributed much to the welfare of mankind.

Some may not be able to choose at the moment what their vocation will be, but all can choose what they will do with this time which is really their own. This is where we can really express our own selves and may make our greatest contribution!

This thought may be helpful to those who are doing things they had no choice in doing at the moment and yet seem caught in the process. I realize we all have at least some choice in the matter, but many do feel frustrated because they cannot do the things they would like to be doing!

I wish I could say to all our adults in the church that the world goes forth on the feet of little children, but the direction in which it goes will largely be determined by its leaders of tomorrow who are students today! Students are our teachers, students are our preachers, students are our doctors and our missionaries, too! And the direction in which they go will be far more important than mere movements in the world today! Therefore, their choice of vocation and their motivation in choosing the one they do is all important to the future of all of us.

Do you suppose a page in *motive* on an exchange of ideas and projects in student work and suggestions would be valuable? If a student could conduct it and encourage others to write in to each other it seems to me that would meet a need.

Elsie Mae Beimfohr.

Los Angeles, California.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE BISCUIT

(Continued from page 27)

vertising department of a large Eastern corporation.

This corporation makes biscuits. They make other things, too, but we were interested in the biscuit angle.

Have you ever been interested in biscuits? I do not mean, have you ever eaten any, or tried to pop one off a plate and into your mouth. I mean have you ever given any serious and wholehearted consideration to the significance of the biscuit?

We did, for six hours on that particular afternoon, and for many days before and since. We take the biscuit quite seriously.

Our job is to find some remarkable and imaginary characteristic hidden in those little pellets of indigestible dough which will make you feel that without our biscuit, your life will be a series of unpleasant frustrations.

We solved our problem, rather cynically, I will admit, but we solved it. After going at it from every angle, starting scientific investigations of the nature and conduct of the biscuit, after wracking our brains for pregnant phrases and publicity schemes, we finally solved our problem. Today our biscuit is enjoying a much better sale than it did last year, so of course all our efforts were worth while.

But I don't really believe they were worth while. I don't believe, either, any society which wastes good brains on such tasks is a very good society. In fact, I think such a society is fatally and dangerously profligate.

The men at that biscuit meeting were all smart fellows, the real bright boys,—fellows with imagination which could have been turned to really useful purposes. But instead we worried about the biscuit. The problem was not even how to get biscuits into the mouths of those who need them, but merely how to make an inferior biscuit sell as though it were a hotcake.

IF I use advertising men as my symbols, forgive me my professional limitations. A man talks best of what he knows himself. But beyond all that, there is something rather significant about a career in advertising, significant for you who would make a better world.

Once there were three major professions open to young men with a liberal education: the military, the political, and the clerical. Those days are gone, perhaps forever. A liberal education is no proper introduction

to modern military science; the so-called "intellectual" is useful only as cannon-fodder. Today's army demands specialization; like today's business, it needs few, if any, of that class who share what used to be called the "broad tradition of the world's learning."

What then can such men do, men who have been trained to use their minds in critical thinking, and whose background is that of ordinary mental skill? How can they live while they write their books, and make their music, and think their sometimes rather profound thoughts? Well, they can always go into advertising. In fact, hundreds of them do just that. It's the only career left that offers any material profit for men of imagination and intellect. And every day spent at it is a day wasted, except for the money involved.

Yes, dear ones, we in advertising are rather brutally wasted, and you will be too, when you get there. Our good minds are given over into the venal service of unscrupulous clients, and our skill is turned to the most embarrassing uses. Our imagination is wasted on biscuits, and we become only machines to grind out copy. Drop in a dollar, and take out a commercial. But that is not the point, really. The point is that most of us could do more significant things than this, in a world that had a place for us in its organization.

That's not an advertising "exclusive" kind reader. Every trade has its wanton waste, and the skill of men is spilled over in a mad and futile waste and tumble. Our scientists, our learned men, we are all servants of the same brazen Baal, and much of our potential worth is wasted.

In the world you would like to make, if you ever get around to making it, think kindly of the wasted ones. Think of the minds who might serve, but who are forced to practice the most wasteful of arts by the simple necessity to eat and live in moderate comfort. We are weak, certainly, and perhaps we should be starving in our garrets with the romantic ones. But in either case, think of us as wasted, for we are surely lost. Give us a thought who sing for our supper, and remember that we might have composed you a symphony.

Personals

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

COLLEGE MAN, denuded of ties by roommate, wishes to swap with young man who has been robbed of socks by his roommate. P. S. I have the other stinker's socks, all shades, including Tyrian purple. 11870 Ohio, Detroit. Box 16, *motive*.

EAR RINGS. I'm crazy about 'em, are you? Will take unwanted Christmas and birthday gifts,—and just gifts,—off your hands for nominal fee. Miss X, 5152 Hyde Park, Chicago. Box 61, *motive*.

JOB. For young man, below 18, and with wooden leg. Uncle Sam doesn't need you, but we do. Must be fast on his feet and ready for advancement. Western Union.

WILL EXCHANGE wedding dress, slightly used, for egg-beater, kitchen apron, and Ma Brown's 100 Best Recipes. Answer quick. Margie, 825 Simpson, Evanston, Ill. Box 89, *motive*.

RESEARCH ASSISTANT in econ, tired of research assistance, wants to form recreational party of four or more for off-hours. Suggested activities—ping pong, or what have you? Scotty, Box 49, *motive*.

BEWILDERINGLY CAPABLE GENT, now quite profitably employed, would accept smaller salary for more congenial post permitting completion of two novels. Box 41, *motive*.

IMPIOUS DOGMATIST might correspond rarely with persons having sufficient intelligence to discuss critically and wittily. Interests range widely, but ballet or opera lovers, or ponderous people please save postage. Box 41, *motive*.

CAN YOU give me a suggestion for a new name? I am a writer of some note but feel my success is being hampered by my long, cumbersome name. Karl Fingledraff. Box 11, *motive*.

Personals

STUDENTS wanted. Preferably male, and IV-F. Apply, any university or college.

WOULD LIKE to rent cottage by the sea to right person. Right person must be bachelor. Cottage is near Clearwater, Florida, and has all modern conveniences except electric lights, running water, garage, and screen porch. C. D. Box 4, *motive*.

LOST—one fountain pen which writes well—by blond, blue eyes, height five feet, weight 112 pounds, age 20, very good dancer. Reward if returned. Box 6, *motive*.

CO-OP HOUSING deal. Wanted, young man to fill vacancy in co-op house by the several assorted queer people now sharing large 15-room house. Already have doctor, mesmerist, plumber, and baseball player. So none of those need apply. Concord House, Chicago. Box 16, *motive*.

BOOGIE-WOOGIE fan. Wishes to correspond with any number of boogie-woogie fans, trade records and ideas. Holders of station house rhythm discs particularly in demand. Box 42, *motive*.

Personals

YOUNG MAN who gets paid on Monday and is broke by Thursday would like to co-operate with young man who gets paid on Thursday and is broke by Monday. Box 406, *motive*.

THE MATERNAL ANCESTRY of Alexander Pope. Term paper, slightly used. Worth an A in any English course; will trade for term paper on The Malthusian Theory. So What? Answer, this column. Box 18, *motive*.

NOT RESPONSIBLE for debts other than my own. Alice.

THAT'S ALL you ever were responsible for, wasn't it? Clyde.

THIS SPACE RESERVED

for your personal in the next issue. Personals for November should be sent to our office immediately.

Barter

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

WILL trade one of three copies of *Cycling Manual* London: Temple Press Limited, 18th edition, 1942, as down payment on a pair of dural toe-clips, Super Champion four-speed derailleur (prefer 14-16-18-20 teeth); and Road racing Pirelli or Pye tubulars (tires). Leonard Archer, Box 22, *motive*.

WANTED—will exchange original manuscript on how to win a war for heavy drapes to be used as a light screen. Color and pattern are unimportant. Table and bridge lamps are needed, too. Jack Magraw, Box 14, *motive*.

FURTHER athletics now impossible. I'll swap my ski's for Sandburg's *Life of Lincoln*. Box 78, *motive*.

BIGGER and better pictures is my aim. Will trade Kodak Vigilante 620,

Kalart micromatic flash unit, and cash for used camera in good condition. Must have pack film, take approx. 3x4 inch picture, 4.5 lens, and 1/200 shutter speed. Box 60, *motive*.

ONLY 71 SHOPPING DAYS UNTIL CHRISTMAS. If the proceeds from the sale of your Christmas Cards go into the European Refugee Relief Fund the greeting will carry a double message. Order now from FOR, 2210 Highland Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

WILL swap Edgar Brightman's *Introduction to Philosophy* for any good classical record or red necktie. Box 55, *motive*.

HAVE already made good in college so will trade *How to Make Good in College* by Randall B. Hamrick for a book on military tactics. K. H. Box 23, *motive*.

I NEED a men's wristwatch which will keep good time. Could barter camera, flashlight, and 12-gauge shotgun for right watch. State make, number of jewels, and condition. Jean Anderson, Box 38, *motive*.

Hollow Cheeks and Souls Need Filling

Floyd Shacklock

MEN in the prison camps of Europe are suffering from hunger," said Dr. J. P. Bartak, Methodist missionary to Czechoslovakia, as he returned to the United States after five months in a German internment camp. "They are physically hungry. We all lost weight, even in our internment camp where conditions were better than in prisoner-of-war or concentration camps. Later the International Red Cross sent food packages to us from Geneva, and the canned meats and the ration of sugar were a welcome supplement to our prison fare." Dr. Bartak's hollow cheeks still show the effects of these months of hunger. As an American citizen, he was among the prisoners and refugees exchanged under diplomatic arrangements with the Axis powers.

But men in the camps, mostly young men, continued Dr. Bartak, were hungry in mind and in spirit, as well as in body. A treasure which he brought back with him was a diploma of appreciation for his work as director of "The Department of Culture and Education" of the

prison camp. This was the plan whereby prisoner-professors taught classes for the younger men, in a great variety of subjects. The diploma is a water-color sketch of the old feudal castle at Laufen, Germany, which housed the prison, and bears the seal and the signature of the German captain in charge. It was painted by one of the prisoners, and on the reverse, several hundreds of the grateful young students signed their names.

In addition to directing the educational work, Dr. Bartak also acted as chaplain to the prisoners, conducting daily and Sunday services. Thus he illustrates the type of work which is being carried on in many prisoner-of-war camps, on both sides of the lines. Methodist youth are joining in this work by their gifts to the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, which sends a share of its money for young refugees. To Chinese students, too, goes a share of Methodist overseas relief—food, medical supplies, and, much more important, the knowledge that American young people know, and understand, and care.

Of course suffering is not limited to the student group, and younger and older refugees are not forgotten. Often refugee camps will care for several thousand homeless people who must be sheltered, fed, and given some kind of industrial or agricultural work in order to hasten their rehabilitation. For a time, a squad of men were paid to do street cleaning under police supervision and were thus kept out of the pauper class, while their sanitation work aided public health.

Methodist Overseas Relief stretches out friendly hands, all around this troubled world. Your gift, joined by many others, may support an orphan, or feed a fainting teacher or nurse, or house a homeless family in China. It may keep a stranded Christian missionary at his post in Africa.

In ways like these American students can begin now to build the peace; for the peace in a score of countries will require the best efforts of these young men and women who are suffering today. Food must go to keep their bodies alive, help must be given to keep hope alive. Methodist youth can do much to keep these kindred spirits in other lands physically, mentally and spiritually prepared to help to build a better world after the war.

(Continued from page 42)

got something. You go on to school, and study to be a country preacher if you want to. I think he'll back you.

SON. (*His voice joyful.*) Dad, with you talking like that, I can do anything!

MAN. We'll build together, Son.

SON. Together! (*They clasp hands. Very softly, the organ has begun the tune of the congregational hymn: Finlandia. Now, as the play ends, and the MAN and SON walk together down the aisle of the church, the music increases in volume.*)

MAN. Now, suppose we walk down for a look at the Common. I want to show you where that baseball diamond used to be. . . .

THE HYMN

At a sign from the minister, or by previous preparation, the congregation rises to sing the hymn "We Would Be Building," by Purd E. Deitz. Tune—Finlandia.

VERSESPEAKING CHOIR

BENEDICTION: Psalm 90, verses 16 and 17.

(Lord), let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

SINGING CHOIR

CHORAL AMEN.

[Permission to produce this dramatic service of worship must be secured from Mrs. Rockwell C. Smith, Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Illinois. The royalty fee for the first performance is \$2.50, and there is a fee of \$1.00 for each performance after that up to five performances. To arrange for additional performances, write the author.]

Student Editorial Board (Additions)



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