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THIS is still the year of our Lord. The time of the year is our time to use as we will. In this year must our freedom be cherished; it is the last some of us will know. This is the precious time that we would seek to hold, but cannot. This is the time of the whirlwind, of slow sure movements in the earth. Our campus, our world, is changing forever.

This is still the year of our Lord. It may be that on our campus. We have a job to do. We must make our campus a proving ground for a truly Christian society.

Can we justify college life this year? Can we live a sheltered, smug existence when the world is shaking around us? Dare we shut ourselves in a blind utopia? Is that our high purpose?

In this year of our Lord, who dares to say that our life is sheltered, that we are smug, that we are living in utopia? For the Christian student, this must not be. In this year, we must live realizing that every moment is a moment of destiny. Determined men remake the world. Christian students cannot sit idly by. Our task is to make our campus a Christian democracy in miniature. We must add our campus to a thousand places throughout the world where both Christianity and democracy are alive. With the help of God we may be determined men, and we may shape the remaking of our world.

In this year of our Lord, above everything else our lives must be devoted to work—for we must be workers.

Our work will be useless marking of time unless it is dedicated to some purpose, unless it is directed to some great good—work without direction is so much busyness.

We must master time and make it serve our purpose—in our small as in our larger activities. We must make time serve us—it is our chance.

Thinking and meditation are the hardest kind of work. We must take time for these things. We must learn the discipline of silent waiting. We must not confuse overt activity and work. Work may be physically active—much of it should be. Yet we must be sure we are not merely whirling purposelessly through a world without meaning.

We must learn the fine balance of life—know what it means to live creatively in a mechanized world—be masters of ourselves first and then masters of the things we use. We must cultivate thinking—try to master the fine art of reflection, and seek constantly to measure our lives by the highest and noblest life we know anything about. This year we must live with absolute integrity, we must believe in what we do—be honest and courageous in our every moment of living.

This is not the year of the Fascist's, the Communist's, or any other ideology. This is the year of our Lord. Let us resolve in our lives to give it back to Him.

"Seek Ye First--"

Allan A. Hunter

Where Is the Real Security?

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH US?

WE are part of a disintegrated social personality, hysterical, and off balance. A fear psychosis has us by the neck; external enemies have become an obsession. Our most systematic effort is the destruction of the security of vast numbers of other people. A friend of mine who used to write brilliant, cynical books about brave new worlds put it as brutally as this: *we won't get the machines running, we won't even be able to feed the starving or stop the slashed arteries of mankind bleeding, until at least a few of us seek first the Kingdom of God. After we do that, these other things will be added.* In other words, the most practical thing that any of us can do is to get our major premise straight. Our major premise has been crooked. We have sub-consciously assumed that a thing isn't real unless it can be measured. We have acted on the unspoken assumption that God is a rainbow in the subjective air, artificially created by our power to predict and manipulate. Turn on the faucet when the sun is at a certain angle and the orange-purple effect is "inspiring." Turn it off, and it doesn't exist. There is no hope if we continue to act on that basis. We have lost our faith, our sense of inner security. Our job is not to worry about security outside—there is no such thing. Our job is to regain security inside.

THE REAL SOURCE OF POWER

WE must rely on something at our center that will not let us down. Kagawa had this reliance. He had written an open letter to the Chinese: "Though a million times I should ask pardon, it would not be enough to cover the sins of Japan. I beg you to forgive us, especially because we Christians are not strong enough to restrain the militarists." The militarists replied by throwing him into a nine foot square military cell. The prison was alive with mosquitoes. His country was marching to its doom. Kagawa needed focus. For forty-eight hours he sat on the floor with his back to the wall, his body almost motionless. At first he felt disappointed: civilization itself seemed to be permitting hari-kari. Then from deep within him an amazing sureness took hold of him. The outer world might be disintegrating. Even so, he was utterly at home, as if he were "in the womb of God."

Escapism? Anything but! During the remaining two weeks in the army prison he found himself working on all sorts of socially useful insights, including the invention of a chess game aiming to suggest that life need not be blindly mechanical. There was something alive inside, terribly alive and real, that he could hazard everything upon. This something connected him with the whole of life.

TAPPING THE SOURCE

HOW can we become connected with what is most vital and thus confident? There is no easy panacea, like persuading everybody to drink carrot juice, or getting somebody else into the White House, or having one's teeth out and one's dreams interpreted. We have no right to tackle any solution less than the complete reorganization of our lives.

The question boils down to how much time and attention we would give to becoming "secretly armed against all death's endeavor." If a student in-

source

It (Mystical Experience) is not confined in its milder forms to an unusual genius type. It is not an affair of a few rare souls, who possess a miraculous gift or endowment. It is the way rather of health and normality. . . . I find such persons everywhere I go. They are in every church and in no church at all. They are in towns and cities, on country farms, in CCC camps and in the Army. They are laboratory professors and they are college students. . . . But they have, one and all, learned that they do not live by bread alone, but have recourses from the World beyond the world of space and time, and their "best moments of life" are times of spiritual fecundity, infused by contact with a Beyond.
—Rufus M. Jones in *The Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1942.

To face death, to face sacrifice, to face killing we must have faith—faith in an Almighty Intelligence, in the fundamental rightness of our cause.

To face war we must have spirit—spirit to throw ourselves into the job at hand, that of being trained for what might come.

And to face war we must have boundless and unconquerable energy—energy to drive into campus defense work, into physical training, into mental protection of the pain, death and suffering we may be forced to see.

Life is no longer easy. There is no status quo. We must believe and work and fight. We must think war but we must smile. We must live war and yet accomplish immediate aims here at school. We may be called upon sooner than we think to face war in its modern horror. Dangerously located—we must be on the alert. If war comes to us here, know how to face it!

—*The Daily Reveille*, Louisiana State University.

Thrown back upon our own resources, we are finding that our moral fiber is still sound. True, there are whiners among us, and complainers with loud voices. There are cowards and opportunists and those who have fattened on self-interest. But it is good to find them out. It is particularly good to find

that there are also men among us, and courage, and determination and a fighting heart. These are fundamentals in which we can take an everlasting pride.

It takes courage of a high order to throw all one's possessions in the scales and to believe that one still has within one all the things that matter. But that is what we are doing. We are saying, "Take what is needed. We still have our strength, and here within us are the wellsprings of our freedom and our way of life. A day will come when we shall rebuild, from that source alone, even more than can now be taken away."

—Hal Borland in *The New York Times Magazine*.

When everything else crashes around our heads and when we lose our faith in material things, we instinctively turn to religion. It has provided comfort and succor to man for hundreds of years and undoubtedly will provide these same things for hundreds of years to come.

With the peoples of the world clawing at each other's throats, there is a strong probability that formerly accepted standards and values with regard to material things will no longer prevail. There is a possibility that our moral codes, our social customs, and our national habits will deteriorate unless there is some strong, everlasting spiritual force to provide the necessary strength and unification.

Religion is that force—the force that never fails. . . .

Religion in normal times is sometimes under-emphasized. Religion in periods of danger, of nearness to death, and of great stress provides an omnipotent spiritual staff which mere man, in his infinite weakness, recognizes and seeks for support.

—*The Daily Trojan*, University of Southern California.

I think it is clear that I am talking about a revolutionary way of living. Religion isn't something to be added to our other duties, and thus make our lives yet more complex. The life with God is the center of life, and all else is remodelled and integrated by it. It gives the singleness of eye. The most important thing is not to be perpetually passing out cups of cold water to a thirsty world. We can get so fearfully busy trying to carry out the second great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," that we are underdeveloped in our devoted love to God. But we must love God as well as neighbor. These things ye ought to have done and not to have left the other only partially done.

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

sists on letting himself be mesmerized twenty minutes a day by the head lines and *Time* magazine so that his adrenal glands gush and he forgets to ration the amount of sugar in his blood, if he closes his nervous system to any of the vitamins of the *Sermon on the Mount*, if, on the alibi that he is too busy, he doesn't bother to open himself to the high voltage irradiation of what comes through the life and death of Jesus, then he is substituting rationalizations for real reasons. One real reason most of us don't sit still five, fifteen, or forty-five minutes in the persistent struggle to relax the body, face the light and let it burn out some of the infection, is that we are just too blamed lazy—or vain. Another real reason is our sneaking suspicion that if we stop running our heads off long enough to put ourselves deliberately in the presence of "the peace that passes all human ingenuity," we would see ourselves as we actually are, and that *would* be hell. Until we go through that kind of humiliation we aren't likely to have the integration inside that will spread cohesion outside.

I have a friend who puts in several hours a day at this discipline. The work he does for society is beyond measurement. Persons coming into the magnetic field which is set up through him go out refreshed and dedicated to difficult social work. He is an eminently good man. But against the light of the love of God he sees himself "as a black spider." So must we see ourselves. That is the negative side of the job. The positive side is this: we are to see through the injustice, the sadism, the greed, the anxiety, the inertia, the self-righteousness, the darkness of the work that is largely a projection of our own egos into what a high school student called "the electric mystery that bombards us all the time, the awareness that holds us."

PRACTICES OF FELLOWSHIP

TO keep at it most of us need to be part of a small intimate group, three or four trusted friends with whom we can be frank, and with whom we do not have too much tension are enough to begin with; more than a dozen seems to stop or slow down the circulation.

The group won't have much impact unless each member practices this openness to reality regularly every day with at least as much singlemindedness as that needed by track athletes to increase their wind. Nobody in advance can blueprint the rules, but here are some suggestions for the hour the group is together:

Someone can open with a few paragraphs, read out loud, from Muriel Lester's *Training* or Gerald Heard's *Training for the Life of the Spirit, I and II* or Bede Frost's *The Art of Mental Prayer*. Brother Lawrence can also be taken in small doses and Thomas Kelley in large ones. Howard Thurman once read the whole of *Mark*, Moffatt's translation, to a group.

But insights should not only be borrowed from the communion of saints. They are to be hammered and shared out of the group's experience. When you a freshman discover to your surprise that the senior you had put up on a pedestal has the same distractions, the irritations, the same failures and lusts, the same wild secret desire to be pure in heart, you are strangely reassured. No group meeting can fulfill the conditions of sensitiveness and responsiveness and not find something creative coming out of the experiment.

Since nothing is more deadly than to become ingrowing, there is the responsibility of probing into the collective guilt each member shares and doing something about it. Questions like these are there to be faced: If everybody were as smug and greedy for special privilege as I am what would be the chances of a just not to mention an unarmed peace? If American citizenship is rotting in the Japanese assembly centers on the west coast, is it sufficient for me to blame it all on the Associated Farmers? Wouldn't it be more to the point if before eating, I thought of the Nisei and Issei standing in line waiting their turn in the mess halls? Isn't there a relationship between the group egocentricity called totalitarianism and my own fears and cravings? Social action doesn't have to be an escape from inner purification.

tion. The group can work out a plan that attacks causes and not only symptoms.

A verbal or even an engineering reaction to such perplexities is inadequate. Before the evening is over it is best to turn off the lights and then to have everyone remain quiet with the lips and the muscles for at least a few minutes. Then, if anyone is authentically moved to do so there can be an attempt in words to express the will to follow through with an appropriate dedicated program. Meanwhile it would be surprising if there were no sense of wonder and gratitude. After all it is something to be here, to have the loan for a few hundred months more of this slowed down lightning called the body. And is it nothing that we are given the power to be conscious and to decide?

Such a group is a sort of cyclotron. Through it can be released extra energy, clarity of purpose and a growing interest in the fundamental welfare of others. But if the group experience is unavailable these two things one can do: feed the deeper side of one's nature by reading the experts; practice being aware with increasing frequency. Just to recall this as often as possible will help: "God is; we are in His presence now."

Fulfill these conditions for six months and you will be more able to live in terms of your own integrity. This is a higher service to your country than the betrayal of what you know in your bones is right.

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In introducing the first in a series of articles on the religions formally represented on campus, *The Daily Orange* could calmly note that now, of all times, students need a faith in and an understanding of a power greater than themselves, a creator upon whom they can rely for inspiration, guidance, and healing.

That, however, would be slightly misleading. Religion is not of the moment. It is a peacetime anchor as well as a wartime fortress, not a shell into which men retreat from worries and fears, but living truth which enables men of all races and creeds to change such attitudes and thus to lead constructive, prosperous lives. . . .

—*The Daily Orange*, Syracuse University.

HOW TO KEEP COOL IN THE CRISIS

IRVING J. LEE

THE following advice is an adaptation of some good sense developed in helping students overcome the disrupting effects of worry. You might try explaining it to the next unduly fearful person you meet.

1. Dissipating your energy *worrying about* a situation cannot help the situation. What happens inside-your-head cannot stop the bombs from falling. Your worry merely makes you worry more, sapping your efficiency for the things that must be done.

2. Keep to the task-at-hand, the work that must be done, and begin searching for new ways of helping to deal with the crisis situation. The local agencies are ready to tell you where you can help.

3. Don't feel that the whole burden rests on you, that you must do everything. Your responsibility is to do something, no matter how small. That will mount up when each does a bit.

4. In any time of crisis there will be a million rumors. A rumor is a quick way of easing someone's worry, but it helps to increase the worrying of others. The next time you hear someone come through with any startling "news," just stop and ask him, "How do you know that? Who said so?"

5. You must, in the midst of confusion, accept and depend upon the advice and orders of those to whom authority has been delegated. We have elected our public officials, and we must trust in them. If you can let them know you rely on them, their responsibility to you will be increased. Remember they are the only ones who have verifiable information about what is happening.

6. In any crucial undertaking you must not expect too much. We must want and hope and work for victory with all our energies, but we must be ready for reverses. It isn't the pain, but the *surprise coming* of the pain that hurts. You will be protected from disorganizing shock if you expect difficult days ahead. Do not expect that things will be easy. They never are. Always remember that the anticipation of danger has a protective effect.

7. Be especially careful about worrying around youngsters. They pick up your attitudes immediately and then communicate them back to you.

[*Dr. Irving J. Lee, Chairman of the Public Speaking Department of Northwestern University's School of Speech, and author of this article which is adapted from *Masque and Gavel*, is also the author of an outstanding new book which should have real value in helping college students find an intelligent perspective in a troubled world. It is called "Language Habits in Human Affairs" and it is published by Harper and Brothers. Its field is General Semantics, explaining the differences between the world of words and the world of "things" and demonstrating the disorder which results when we confuse words about people, events, etc., with the people and events themselves. If you read this book and begin to observe the simple orientational principles it describes you will never be quite the same! No college student has really finished his education until he has an understanding of semantic principles. "Language Habits in Human Affairs" is an excellent introduction to the field.*]

Powered in a Unique Way

Richard T. Baker

The Author of "The Seed and the Soil" Discusses Depth Christianity

source

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?—1 Cor. 3:16.

* * *

There is no power but from God.—Romans 13:1.

* * *

Your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.—1 Cor. 2:5.

* * *

Meister Eckhart wrote: "There are plenty to follow our Lord half-way, but not the other half. They will give up possessions, friends and honors, but it touches them too closely to disown themselves." It is just this astonishing life which is willing to follow Him the other half, sincerely to disown itself, this life which intends *complete* obedience, without *any* reservations, that I would propose to you in all humility, in all boldness, in all seriousness. I mean this literally, utterly, completely, and I mean it for you and for me—commit your lives in unreserved obedience to Him.

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

To get a better perspective on life for the coming day, a small group of interested Cornell students meet together outdoors every morning except Sunday from 6:45 to 7:10. These morning devotional services consist usually of silent individual meditation, but sometimes one of the group will read to the others or a thoughtful discussion on such topics as war and peace or making Christianity practical will take place. Sometimes the worship service closes with a fellowship circle. But it is always spontaneous, never planned, and only those come who are making a sincere attempt to find how to put living Christianity into daily practice.

These students do not profess to be noticeably better Christians than their fellows, but seek through their fellowship to get hold of the prime values of life and chart the course of action they think best to follow. . . .

—*The Cornellian*, Cornell College (Iowa).

September, 1942

THERE is a passage in the New Testament in which a young man comes to Jesus, and after some conversation, asks somewhat wistfully, "What can a man do?" That's the situation I think we're in. Only our wistfulness is rapidly turning over into sheer desperation. We are up against it for a moral decision to match these times.

I have sensed this wistfulness-going-toward-desperation, and it seems to me that I live in the midst of it all the time. It's essentially the dilemma in which my generation finds itself. We were trained in the moralizing school. There was no citadel that pure will-power could not overcome. If there is any gland in the human body which controls the will, I am sure it is overgrown in us.

The result of this over-moralizing, to a great extent, is our moral dilemma today. Sounds paradoxical, doesn't it? Let me explain. During the happier years of our lives the general culture responded somewhat easily to our decisions. We seemed to be able to guide our destiny by our own wills. This was a clever way of putting man at the center of history, making it subject to him. Thus it was a means of robbing God, inasmuch as He represents the essential framework of the universe. Man is a part of this universe and not the whole. His moral judgments must be made within the framework of God. It is God who controls the destiny of the world, and no amount of over-assertion of our humanistic, activist wills can prevail against Him. When we try, and sink back into the complacent presumption that the human will is the controller of history, we invite the kind of dilemma in which we are today, where the world obviously shows itself not subject to our wills, but subject to a much broader pattern of divine laws, causes and effects. We tried to order all of life around the man-center, rather than ordering men around life. Since this breaks the law of the universe (even when done for good moral purposes), it can lead us nowhere but to a dilemma.

A corollary result of our over-moralizing has been the tendency to exaggerate the importance of the motor activity of men as they seek to carry out their moral, willed decisions. Thus, religion came completely to the surface in man. It was the observable phenomena: how he acted. Religion had no depth, and it became synonymous with a code of morals.

THIS, as I analyze it, is the situation in which most of us find ourselves today. And now we are asking once again, "What can a man do?"

Like the young man who came to Jesus, we have kept to a more or less rigorous code of ethics from our youth up. We have known what was right and have thought we did it. But now the final fulfillment of the Christian life—the "eternity" of it—seems to escape us, and we want help.

Also, we are profoundly disturbed by the fact that something outside our wills is pulling us into behavior which we do not want to do. We are finding all kinds of behavior within the Christian family. And this confuses us, because we think that Christianity is defined by behavior.

Let me suggest that the place for us to turn is not primarily to the problem of behavior (which I do not believe is the decisive element in Christianity), but to the depth aspects of behavior in the whole of a Christian's relation to reality. The reason we are loathe to take this step is that it seems to leave us without moral judgment and without a code by which to act. But, precisely because we are not going to get a satisfactory code of ethics by our own will-power, I believe we must now look elsewhere for the power to face these days.

Specifically, this means God. With some analogies, I think I can show how foolish we have been in our emphasis. We have said—many of us—that we didn't care whether a person was a Christian or not, providing he acted like one. I should like to know how we thought surface, motor activities fitting a Christian standard could proceed from non-Christian being. If we have a cold, we don't beat our nose to a pulp. We go to the source of the trouble and remove the problem *in depth*. Jesus makes this point very clear in his story of the hypocrite's prayer. It isn't prayer—the outward, observable fact—that is decisive for a Christian. It is what lies behind that prayer, the depth-Christianity out of which the prayer comes. In language, one of the basic words to any structure of thought in any tongue is the verb *to be*. *Being* precedes all other verbs in the language. It is the basic structure. What we must concern ourselves for is that we *are* Christians. We shall never act as Christians until we *are* that.

Jesus came that men might *be* like him. He didn't stipulate that they act in precise ways (remember the hypocrite's prayer), but that they should be powered in a unique way by God through him. If he had been only an ethical teacher, there would have been no excuse for him. Confucius covered that subject quite well before him. Jesus was concerned for men's relationship to God, and from that Source of power came the ethical structure of their lives, their relationships among themselves. In his own life, he modeled what that relationship should be, but he left no code of behavior good for all time, all-inclusive.

The necessary thing for us to do these days, in our dilemma, is to put ourselves in the way of the Power of God. This standing-under the will of our heavenly Father is the decisive thing in the life of a Christian. This is the depth alignment of our lives with the structure of reality. It means throwing off our arrogant self-judgments. It means an end of beating the other fellow over the head with our decisions. It means an end of using our judgments to exploit (spiritually, that is) another person. Following Jesus takes us into the presence of God. Prayer, meditation, repentance are the best suggestions I know for getting there.

Now, of course, the danger with this argument is that it may obscure all moral activity. We may get oceans of sincerity, but it may be tied to nazi behavior. How by repentance only are we given any moral discrimination to know that creating value is better than destroying it? The answer to this question and the safeguard against moral obscurantism is that from the life of Jesus and the ethical development of Christians through two thousand years of history we have some objective criteria of good and evil for our lives.

If repentance is the decisive act for a Christian, we are caught in pure subjectivism. Repentance must be attended by certain objective results to give any kind of validity to Christianity in time and space.

Pinning down these objective criteria is hard. We all have the habit of calling our rationalized prejudices the objective norms for behavior of everyone. No doubt I tend to make absolute my relative judgments. But as I see it, justice is the objective standard which determines the good act from the bad. That is good which establishes a finer justice between persons and between groups of persons who are in tension in our society. That is evil which disturbs the balance of justice, either to permit one faction to hold another in subjection to it, or to prohibit the oppressed faction from seeking a level with his oppressor.

For example, here is the fact of tension between Negroes and whites. Justice would demand a balance of forces between these two groups. Anything which moves toward that balance is good: Negro education, anti-lynching legislation, protection of civil rights, appreciation of minorities within the majority group, etc. Anything which moves toward unbalance is an evil. This illustration out of the struggle between races can be duplicated in the tension between nations, between sexes, families, classes, age-groups, between college and non-college groups, and in all the other areas where the seeds of war are being sown.

source

There is nothing that makes men rich and strong but that which they carry inside them.

—Milton.

It seems to me that the first rule of an Art of Living ought to be: *Decorate and furnish with love and care that inner sanctuary of yours*. We take a lot of trouble buying the right armchairs, the right tables and the right pictures; certainly we should take even more trouble to adorn the invisible walls of our mind. We take a lot of trouble filling our library shelves with the best books, and we are right, but we should take even more trouble to fill our invisible shelves with the best thoughts and the best poetry, because we can lose our pictures, and our books (I have lost mine), but we cannot lose our culture; especially that part of it we acquired in youth. Memory, with old age, or disease, or wars, may fade. What was acquired first is last to be forgotten. Store your mind, when you are young, with beautiful poetry, with noble thoughts. You cannot imagine how helpful, and comforting, and soothing, and exalting, you will find them all, if ever comes for you, as it did for so many of us, a time of despair and solitude.

Nothing in life is ever truly possessed, save a steady faith, a clear conscience, and a well-stored mind. The rest is frailty. When, as a child, I used to read the warnings of philosophers to kings on the vanity of human possessions, they did not impress me very much. They sounded like fine and empty words, meant to be translated from the Latin or the Greek, but not connected with real life. I now realize that the philosophers were right, that for each of us comes a time when he believes himself king of a small kingdom, and that each of us can be dethroned in one day.

—Andre Maurois in *Tomorrow*.

There is a way of ordering our mental life on more than one level at once. On one level we may be thinking, discussing, seeing, calculating, meeting all the demands of external affairs. But deep within, behind the scenes, at a profounder level, we may also be in prayer and adoration, song and worship and a gentle receptiveness to divine breathings.

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

Yes, the world may crack up—but I must not crack up. It has cracked up many times before, yet there have always been individuals who created within themselves something impregnable, souls that could take it.—Dilworth Lupton in *Religion Says You Can*.

At first it was only of the Kingdom of God that Jesus talked. Later, he told the people other things, but in Galilee he taught them daily of the Kingdom, and healed many of their sick. He had the gift of bestowing more life, though he used none of the ways of the wandering magicians who also healed disease. He drew no circles and recited no incantations, nor did he burn incense, or give the sick charms to eat against demons, but he put his hands on those who suffered, and the simple people said that a virtue went out from him, so that their pains and aches left them, and peace and ease came back. His hands were strong and well-balanced, and comforted all whom they touched. I, too, have felt that virtue, for if by chance in walking, he laid a hand on my shoulder, I felt more alive. I marked, too, that when he came amongst us, ordinary things seemed noteworthy, and common events had more of rarity. The field flowers were more beautiful, and the sky of a deeper blue when he was near. Life, when we saw it through his eyes, was full of divinity, and held nothing meaningless or dull.

—From: *By An Unknown Disciple.*

We were scurrying through drifts of snow (the Swansdown presifted variety) recently, when a thought hit us just like a shot of something aged in wood. It was nothing more than a whimsical little refrain from Winnie-the-Pooh that runs something like this: "How cold my toes is tiddly pom, the more it snows oh tiddly pom." We couldn't resist humming it ever so softly and rather guiltily as we trudged along. Our thoughts raced back to our long forgotten youth, and the shiver of excitement that the mere reading of Christopher Robin could prompt. Somehow it seems to us that we of the age of mechanized warfare could take a lesson from the pages of Milne in real courage. We would like to see the end of Kate Smith, V for victory, and Warner Brothers, and a return to the Tiddly-pom bravado of Pooh as he went out to meet the Heffalump. We can visualize it now. . . . American youth marching along as one man to meet the aggressor, hand in hand, singing the songs of a boy, a bear, and a very small piglet.

—*The Purple Parrot*, Northwestern University humor magazine.

There seems to be an ascending scale of values in life, and somewhere in this scale there is a line—probably a blurred one—below which one more or less "exists," and above which one more or less "lives."—Stuart Chase in *Are You Alive?*

Given a repentant spirit whose behavior is measured by the objective standard of justice, you can see that there is still a wide range of possible actions for the Christian. One person may choose to correct an injustice in society by an heroic stroke of his own self-negation (for example, Calvary). It is moral insofar as it is sincere, conscientiously chosen under God's guidance, and productive of a finer balance of justice at the point where the action is relevant. Another person may choose to join a union to help strengthen the force of the working class against the force of the employing class. His behavior, while different from the former in all observable aspects, is nevertheless moral if it is sincere, conscientious, and productive of objective results which are just.

By a similar comparison, the pacifist who eyes a better society, choosing his course of action in pacifist terms, and the soldier who fights repentantly with the hope of a more moral order to come from his struggle are both seeking moral ends. It is not the machinery of action—the pacifist's behavior or the soldier's—which is definitive for Christianity. It is the moral purpose and framework of good within which that behavior is set.

I should not want to maintain that there are not differences between types of moral behavior. But they are differences of degree, rather than quality. And none of us should feel that he is slipping from Christian grace because there are evil results of the action which seems to be forced upon him. Nor should any of us read another out of the Christian community because of disagreement over the surfaces of behavior. The actions of all of us (this means pacifists as well as conscientious soldiers) are partly evil. But at the same time they are also capable of good results, if we stand by and see them through.

THE CHRISTIAN IN THE CRISIS

These are the days of crisis. It is a crisis that tries the souls of men. In all walks and areas of life we are asked to respond with an all-out faith to the end that the world may be made better.

The military task is fairly well defined. The machinery and the mechanism of our country and of the allied nations is in motion and the destiny of fate and of nations is in the balance.

It is the duty of the Christian in the crisis to think straight and clearly concerning the future. It is the duty of the Christian to help men find the Way. It is the duty of the Christian to keep faith clear and clean. It is the duty of the Christian to be the interpreter of values. It is the imperative duty of the Christian to be aggressively Christ-like in individual conduct and in social procedure.

How will this be done? The answer ought to come from Christians on the campus this year. This is the time when Christian college students must dig deeper into the Christian faith. This is the time when we must practice disciplines of Christian conduct never practiced before. This is the hour when we must engage in daring projects for the relief of human suffering, the upbuilding of individual faith and the reconstruction of society according to the pattern of Christ.

Is it too much to dare to believe that a great Christian offensive would start from the campus this year? Would it be too much to ask that all Christian agencies and forces of the campus would be united for an all-out crusade for the living Christ? Could the pattern of a better future be moulded now and hammered into action? Let self-sacrificing Christians of the campus give the answer this year!

H. D. BOLLINGER.

After Many a Summer

Life for the College Student Takes on New Meaning; motive gets reports on vacation activities

THE LISLE FELLOWSHIP

"Hanskaleve, hanskaleve, hanskaleve, hoy hoorah!" Through the dusty pane of a train window a smiling girl waves to a group of young people who are lustily singing to her the Danish toast. It is July 15th, and one by one the members of the 1942 Lisle Fellowship in Lisle, New York, are leaving Happy Valley. Each has spent six weeks in a unique program of study, work, and recreation whose total meaning he has only begun to realize.

A casual observer might well ask whether the experience of these young people at Lisle is of any tangible or permanent value. It seems to be peculiarly true of the Fellowship that only those who have spent some time in it can fully appreciate the significance of the thing that DeWitt and Edna Baldwin, its founders, are trying to do. Under certain circumstances a weekly program consisting of three days at the center in Lisle and four days on deputations to surrounding communities might be a pleasant but relatively sterile experience. Only by sharing intimately in the Lisle experience itself can one realize its fundamental realism and creativity. The Fellowship has been called "a laboratory school in human relations," and that it certainly is. Through the co-operative volunteer method of accomplishing the household tasks at Happy Valley, through the working out of programs by each deputation group, and through contact with people of different backgrounds and viewpoints, the most fundamental problems in human relationships are met and solved in one way or another. Slowly from such experiences each person evolves for himself an understanding of what Jesus meant by love as a *way of life*. Brought down from the realms of sentimental idealism and dreaming to the concrete facing of personality conflicts, love is seen to be not only an end, but a means also—the only means to its own end. This method of love grows out of an essentially religious conviction of the inherent worth and dignity of every human being. No one of us, be he Catholic, Protestant, or Jew, Buddhist, Hindu, or Moslem, has the whole truth; but each has something infinitely rich to contribute to the whole fabric of human living. That is why the Lisle Fellowship includes persons of other religions than the Christian, other cultures than the American, other races than the Caucasian. Love is a process of sharing; and in sharing we take as well as give. Herein is a whole new concept of missions; herein is a dynamic philosophy of education; herein is a unique method of leadership. The Lisle student who catches a glimpse of this conception of Love—and the majority of them do—may not have found the complete and final answer to life's problems, but little by little that seed develops into a full-blown comprehension of the spirit and method of the religious person.

I believe that Lisle has a message for the world; I find very significant the words of a young girl in a prayer

group at an institute where a Lisle team was working; "Dear Father, I pray that after the war the whole world will be like the Lisle Fellowship."—VALERIE SAIVING.

CONSTRUCTIVE GOOD WILL

American Friends Service Committee Peace Service Seminar

"That cause can never be lost nor stayed. . . ." With this song resounding in their hearts, thirty-two young people left picturesque Camp Indianola in Ohio late in June bound for the Peace Service Seminar locations. This group of American Friends Service Committee volunteers came from twenty-four colleges and represented ten different denominations.

Behind these students were ten fruitful days of intensive study of international, local, and individual prob-

The AFSC Peace Service Seminar works with a neighbor near Snow Camp, North Carolina





The Dakota Conference team charts its course at the Caravan training camp at Sioux City. Photo by George Ahn, Jr.

lems; before them were seven weeks of work in six different communities scattered over the nation. Various motives had prompted them to spend the summer in this manner, yet all wished to be engaged in accomplishing constructive good will, a task which seemed difficult but all the more necessary in this time of crisis.

The destination for the three boys and four girls who made up our group was Snow Camp, North Carolina, a rural crossroads community consisting of a filling station and two stores, with farm houses sprinkled about the surrounding country. This historical landmark is so thoroughly Quaker that it refused to go on *war* time, and remained on Eastern Standard Time. Here we found a true example of friendliness and neighborliness; scarcely a day passed that someone did not pay us a visit and bring some fruits and vegetables.

The seven of us, known later as Snow Camp and the Seven Dwarfs, came from such widely separated regions as California and Ohio, Minnesota and Texas; yet with all our different ideas and backgrounds, we made one big family, resolved to work harmoniously with the community during the following weeks.

Our group lived co-operatively in the high school teacherage with each member taking a share of the duties and expenses. Our daily schedule was arranged to give a balance between work, meditation, study, and community service. Four hours a day were spent on work projects which included rebuilding a tennis court for the Snow Camp school, helping landscape and construct the new Friends meeting house in the community, and setting in flower beds and sidewalks around the school. We devoted two hours a day to study, followed by an hour and one-half of discussion.

Discussions ranged from varied phases of world and race problems to individual problems in daily living, such as "how one may know the will of God." Out of these discussions most of us felt we received the greatest personal growth, for we were able to discuss those problems that one would discuss in less like-minded groups. The two meditation periods of a half hour each, one in the morning and one in the evening, taught us not only to look introspectively but to learn to listen to God.

September, 1942

Evenings were spent visiting neighboring farmers, and attending community gatherings. One night each week we held public discussions open to all our neighbors, and another we conducted community recreation at the school house.

Our main purpose was to build constructive good will, and to put into practice the beliefs and ideals that we hold. We attempted to become a part of the community, to earn our right to speak by assuming community responsibilities, and to demonstrate that Christian principles could be, and were practical. In evaluating the summer's work, one would find it difficult to determine our success by charts and measures. Perhaps the greatest value was the strengthening of the faith within our group and among our neighbors—faith in the irresistible power of constructive good will; the realization that as we try to live by Christian principles we help bring about the new order in which all men can live peaceably together as neighbors and friends.—COURTNEY SICELOFF.

"... THAT YE MIGHT HAVE LIFE"

METHODIST YOUTH CARAVANS

There's something quite nervy about the courage of four college-aged young people's launching into a week of teaching utter strangers how they may become more effective and more sincere Christians. A glance at the odds against any team is enough to discourage strong men and saints: lethargy, the toughest enemy any preacher bucks; ignorance of the Methodist Youth Fellowship and the possibility of working in its interest fields; discouragement; church factions and opposition; narrow-mindedness and disapproval; the wise-crackers who scoff; the scorners who sit by and look on. . . .

So it might be, if it weren't that the Methodist Youth Caravaner has everything else in the world on his side: four other staunch caravaners; several weeks of intense

The Methodist Caravan teams learn songs for group singing at the Fort Worth Camp. Photo by George Ahn, Jr.





From the dock at Eastport, Maine. The group of students from Campobello, New Brunswick, Canada, with Mrs. Roosevelt

study about his job and all it includes; the knowledge that he is part of a great surge of vitality sweeping through the youth of the Fellowship; and the sureness that accompanies Christ's teachings wherever they are being striven toward.

Each of us is the leader in a particular area of the Fellowship work, and each of us has to bear up his part of the work that caravaning involves. But more than that, each of us knows that the others are all helping him in his work, with him in his discouragements and in his joy. Hardly could there be a more solid and unified group than the five team members, bound together by their high purpose, conscious that they are part of something far bigger than their individual abilities. . . .

And the reward for all our time and energy spent, you ask? That comes in "laughter and kind faces," in firm handshakes of appreciation and in tears of happiness. Our reward comes when we hear that because of his participation in caravan week, one young fellow has definitely decided to spend the energies of his lifetime in the ministry. We hear from last week that the worship center we all built together has transformed their meeting room into a beautiful sanctuary, and their group worship is taking on new meaning. The gang we worked with two weeks ago came over last night and reported—all talking and laughing at once—that the weedy plot opposite the church is slowly taking the form of the Leisure Lot, to be dedicated Labor Day, with the roasting of the first wiener at the new barbecue pit. The girl who indifferently murmured that there was nothing wrong with their community is one of the most determined workers in the rehabilitation of the Negro Church. That is our reward.

Watching the faces of an eager group just last night, as they moved from the hilarity of "Choo-choo" to the solemn, ringing beauty of that Indian prayer chant, "God of the Mountain," I felt a thankfulness too deep for me to express. The fact never ceases to enthral me, that in a world twisted by turmoil and bewilderment, fellows and

girls can come together after study and discussion and play, to be still, and know that God is among them. . . .

Caravaning is its own reward; in work accomplished in the renewal of a right spirit within us, in added courage and faith in ourselves and our purposes—in the living of the life of love—caravaning is indeed the fulfillment of Jesus' words: ". . . that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly."—LIBBY ANDERSON.

TOWARD AN INTERNATIONAL MIND

INTERNATIONAL STUDENT SERVICE INSTITUTE

In the midst of a war-torn world, 27 college students from 26 colleges and three continents were gathered on a little island in the sub-infested Atlantic to discuss "Democratic Strategy for War and Peace." For the second straight year the International Student Service had selected 27 student leaders to gather with a host of American experts to discuss the vital issues confronting the nation and the world.

For the occasion the President and Mrs. Roosevelt had loaned their summer cottage on Campobello Island in New Brunswick, Canada. Up and down the coast, and conceivably around the island, Axis submarines cruised, but on that tiny island democracy was proving its strength with each passing day. The real strength of America was not to be found in the sleek destroyers and sub chasers which cruised a few miles off in the Atlantic. It was in the spirit that had brought this group together in the faith that free people can solve their problems by a conscientious search for truth, in the example of white, Negro and Chinese students living together in comradeship. It was in a Negro and white Southerner meeting as equals and as friends, in Jewish students getting up to do "K.P." duty so that Catholic students would be on time for mass. It was in the group of young and happy people laughing at a two-inch maximum water decree for baths, and then forgetting their fun as they sailed into serious discussions of democratic techniques for winning the war and the peace.

The Institute program was divided into four main divisions: the morning sessions which were built around "The Strategy of Democracy"; special lectures on "Problems of War and Peace"; the cultural series designed to emphasize artistic values remaining "Above the Battle"; and the final series, dealing with problems found on college campuses, with model plans drawn up for organizing war councils, and with student governments and campus publications.

The five-week session, which ran from June 28 to August 1, was directed by Dr. Robert MacIver, Lieber Professor of Political Science at Columbia University. A canny Scot with dancing eyes and a mischievous smile, Dr. MacIver scored an immediate "hit" with the students when they discovered that his two hobbies were reading detective stories and nibbling mushrooms.

Assistant director of the Institute was Molly Yard, long a leader in the American youth movement. Director of the Washington office of ISS, her past experience included a college career at Swarthmore during which

time she led the movement culminating in coeds banning national sororities from the campus. After graduating from college, she was active in the ASU, finally resigning from the organization in protest against communist domination. Earlier she represented the United States in a world tour sponsored by the United Student Peace Committee.

The students were intelligent, socially conscious, and leaders on their college campuses. From California to Boston, from Seattle to Louisiana, students came for the Institute. The president of the Student Council at Hunter College, largest woman's school in the world, exchanged ideas with the student body president of smaller Ripon College in Wisconsin. In this interchange of ideas, the students learned that democracy was not only idealistic but practical.

ISS, which sponsored the Institute, is committed to no political program save a sincere belief in democracy. It is not concerned with *what* students think but only that they *do* think. On its Executive Board are included prominent liberal Americans like Mrs. Roosevelt, Reinhold Niebuhr, A. Roland Elliott, and Max Lerner. Through its offices come all the business of the National Student Federation of America, which is a branch of ISS. All of the facilities of ISS are used to furnish 60 students with the finest possible experience at two Institutes, the one in Campobello and the newer Southern Institute at Asheville, N. C.

The unique feature of the Campobello Institute was that the students not only *learned* democracy but *lived* it. The Institute was an example of *democracy in action*. There was no ranting about equality on the one hand while prejudices were harbored on the other.

The way in which we lived was a good example. Four boys shared our large room. One was a Chinese student attending Haverford, a Quaker school. Another was a Negro boy from New York who attended St. John's, a Catholic institution. The third was a red-headed Methodist from California. The fourth was a Southern Jewish student from Vanderbilt.

Democracy was no empty profession in this room; it was real, dynamic, and vital. The student from the west coast saw the stupidity of oriental-baiting as he lived for five weeks with this likeable Chinese lad. I, a Southerner by birth and rearing, could not harbor blanket prejudices against the Negro when I saw this fine and intelligent boy from St. John's. At night we would sit up after taps in bull session exchanging views, frankly facing points of difference, finding the validity of handed down prejudices, discovering how similar all of us were in our hopes for the future kind of world we want to live in. The world we wanted to build was just an enlargement of this room, where white and Negro, occidental and oriental, Protestant and Jew lived together in friendship and happiness.

Two events stand out most vividly from the five-week's experience. One was a bull session with Dr. Harlow Shapley, director of the Harvard Observatory and president of the American Academy of Science. His talk completely captivated us. Brilliant, witty, scintillating, he did what many of us had believed impossible—held a group of social science students spellbound with a talk on natural science. With breathless speed we travelled

from galaxy to galaxy; conceptions of time evaporated as light years rolled into infinity. How infinitesimal we felt compared to this universe he was describing!

Then overnight the inevitable question came to mind: what was *our* relation to this vast universe? What did the discoverer of the planet Pluto think of God and immortality and similar questions? Dr. Shapley was scheduled to make no more talks, but the students, foregoing their recreation period the next afternoon, cornered the eminent scientist, invited him to come up to one of the rooms, and the bull session was underway. "I do not know a single non-religious astronomer," he began. "The atheist is equally as dogmatic as the fundamentalist." But this did not mean that he was going into lavish praise of organized religion. He criticized the hypocrisy he saw—factionalism in place of brotherhood, haughtiness in place of humbleness, and the worship of wealth instead of a God of justness. He dismissed personal immortality as highly improbable and quite selfish, and saw instead some sort of racial or cellular biological immortality which was sufficient to the unselfish man. It was quenching to discuss religion with a man, who, like us, had been schooled in a scientific background, whose religion did not conflict with science and intelligence.

The second highlight was the few days spent with Mrs. Roosevelt. Her deep understanding, her high ideals, her broad vision were an inspiration to all of us. Not a student left without unbounded admiration for her. Knowing the First Lady was the most lasting, inspiring experience of the five weeks.

The inspiration that comes from "bull sessions" with some of the fine liberal minds of America is a great experience; the satisfaction that comes from five weeks' living with a group of alert students is deep and sincere; and the opportunity to know the natives of another country—to play softball with them and attend their weekly barn dances—is conducive to the development of an international mind.—HAROLD KATZ.

The ISS group listens to Mrs. Roosevelt as she discusses opportunities for youth work in the labor movement



RELIGION AND PSYCHIATRY

Mr. C and I were seated on a bench along side the summer house. Mr. J stood in the doorway.

"Where does that road lead to?" Mr. J asked, pointing to a narrow gravel road which led down the slope from the house.

"Towson," I answered frankly. We were told always to answer patients frankly.

"Well, here I go!" he exclaimed, and before I could speak he was gone.

In my three weeks' work at Sheppard Pratt I had met no situation like this. No rule came to my aid. Intuitively, I turned to my other patient. "Do you think he is serious?" Patients often tease attendants about getting away from this "nut house" as they call the hospital. In college jargon, Mr. J was "crazy." Legally he was "insane." At the hospital he was "mentally sick."

To chase him was my next thought. But what about Mr. C? He was mentally sick, too. In simple trust and desperation I asked, "Will you stay here until I get back?"

"Sure," he answered in a drawly, southern accent. Then I ran.

Mr. J was out of sight by now, but as I turned a bend in the road I saw him picking his way through a weedy field about a hundred yards away. He had left the road and gone through a barbed wire fence. I yelled for him to stop, but he paid no attention.

Presently he came to a creek and in his hurry to cross landed in the middle. Then, soaked to the waist, he clambered out on the other side as I came up to him.

"Please let me go. I must get home—see my wife. It's my only chance. Koestline, I can't go back. They'll never let me out again for the rest of my life," he pleaded excitedly.

Calmly and firmly I tried to show him his only chance of getting well was to stay at the hospital. He had no money. It was two miles to Towson. He would be caught anyway and sent back.

"All right. I'll go. You can stop holding me now," he answered finally. Skeptically, I let go.

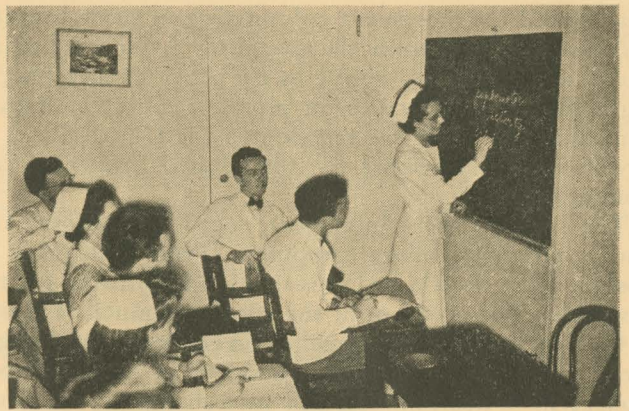
His attitude changed to one of apology. "I don't know what made me do it. All of a sudden my mind—something snapped. I couldn't help it. I don't know why I did it!"

When we arrived at the summer house, Mr. C was waiting and smiling. Mr. J apologized for trying to escape and we started back to the ward.

Later I asked Mr. C what he had thought at the time. "Nothing in particular," he answered smiling. "I just thought after you left that J was bigger than you and you might have trouble catching him!" It was my turn to smile.

Most of our work was not as dramatic as this attempted break. In fact, these patients were what we called "convalescent patients." They were not wild, they spoke to us much as a normal person would, and were quite aware of their environment. Their main trouble was a depression which they couldn't seem to throw off.

There were eight of us theology students working at Sheppard and Enoch Pratt mental hospital, near Baltimore this past summer for three months. While we had



Theological students study at Sheppard Pratt Hospital under doctors and nurses. *motive* photo

exactly the same work as the regular attendants, we took an additional nursing course and once a week had a conference lasting over two hours with Dr. L. F. Wooley, clinical director of the hospital and professor of psychiatry at the University of Maryland.

Our study, in the main, centered around behavior problems. Patients were brought into these conferences and we were allowed to ask any questions which might lead us to the causes of their illness. In each case history we found a series of circumstances which brought on tremendous conflicts in the individual. We learned as future ministers how to understand such people no matter what their problems were. Most surprising to me was the close tie-up between psychiatry and religion.

Such training for ministerial students is new. It began at Sheppard Pratt in the summer of 1941 when four theology students took the course. Both summers students have come from Emory and Vanderbilt universities on the recommendation of religious leaders on the respective campuses.

Working with "insane" people six days a week for three months has taken the ghosts out of insanity for me. Insanity is simply a disease to me now and is to be treated as any disease is treated. To be sure the treatment is different!

I have come away from Sheppard Pratt with a deeper, sympathetic feeling for people in trouble, with more tolerance toward differences in behavior, and a determination to help other people keep mentally healthy. As I look back on the summer's work, the same feeling comes to me as came to John Wesley when he saw a man hanged in the streets of London. "But for the grace of God, there stand I!"—HENRY KOESTLINE.

RELIGIOUS WORLD LIVING

THE LISLE FELLOWSHIP

The World has become a unity . . . and for that high destiny mankind is not yet fit.—Romain Rolland.

All of us today know the reality of this quotation. But what are we doing about it? This War sees an intricate and complex division of the nations of the world

into two armed camps. We hardly comprehend the meaning of this, and pray that we may have the solvent, peace, before these two warring parties breed hatred and treachery into the hearts of their young.

Since December 8th, Washington has been telling us that we must not only win the war, but the peace as well. One of the chief executives has been set to the task of planning for the international bickerings which will break out simultaneously with cessation of battle; Our President and Vice-President are setting objectives for which to strive; our Churches are carrying on vast study projects concerning "A Just and Durable Peace."

There is something more to peace than objectives and study, however, and that is what the Lisle Fellowship stands for in fact and deed. This something more is **WORLD BROTHERHOOD**. At Lisle this is gained through the sharing of the experiences of our little Christian Community with fellow students from all over the world. As we go about through the churches of the surrounding countryside, one or more of our "nationals" accompanies us, not as exhibit A or B, but as an integral part of the team. Each deputation is composed not only for the specific task at hand, but also for the growth of the individuals concerned. A team has failed unless it has found that sense of unity from mutual understanding and appreciation which will prevent any one person from standing out, or being left out. And so it must be with the nations of the world—each one must feel a part, must be given a chance and urged to make its contribution, and must be willing to swallow its own pride for the sake of the total group. The West should consider it imperative that it gain a more sympathetic understanding of the East; the United States, of South America; the German, of the Jew; and the Nippon, of the Chinese. Unless this understanding is reached, a lasting peace will be impossible.

This concept of brotherhood has also significance for the religious world. We must have the same understanding between the various world religions as well as between nations and races. To this end Lisle encourages students of different faiths to come and contribute to our total Fellowship. Experience has shown such members to be among the richest contributors to our religious insights and growth. Together through work, play, and discussion we grow to a realization of the importance of Christian love in all our relationships. In so doing we have discovered what "love" really is. The work of the Church throughout the world should be carried on in this same spirit.

It has been my experience that Lisle is shooting for reality itself. Its broad horizons have pointed out to me the *all inclusive* nature of our religion, a view that will never cause embarrassment because of smallness. Christianity is big enough to include everybody in its world family, and the world is too small to get along without its potential cohesive powers. Lisle Fellowship is a truly ecumenical experiment in religious world living, preparing leaders for all fields of endeavor where they may become influential in making the world the "unity" it already is.—BRUCE WHITEMORE.

EMOTION RECOLLECTED IN TRANQUILLITY

FOREST FIRE FIGHTING

From the whirlpool of campus life at a large University to the serenity of the Oregon fir forests is an extreme change which I think should be included in the curriculum of all college students. College life clutters our consciousness with countless false values. It forces us into a world of convention, satisfying the expectations of our professors and fellow students; therefore, it seems to me necessary to get out where God's world is all around and man's world but incidental. It is only in such an atmosphere that the mind, steeped in serenity and released of its tensions, can see values in true perspective.

I am lucky this summer in having a "job" in such a place—fire fighting in the West. I feel proud to do something for my country that isn't destructive. There are eight of us, six are college fellows, stationed at the Sweet Home Guard Station, Oregon. We keep busy at various jobs in the woods, improving trails, felling snags (dead trees), moving phone lines, and other miscellaneous work.

Most of us found a college education of little help in this work and we were "babes in the woods" for some time. Everyone is by now in the "club" to which membership is automatic upon committing a *faux pas* in the ethics of the woods or slipping into some "citified" blunder. One of the fellows was shown some marks in the trail and told they were "cat" tracks (referring to a caterpillar tractor, of course). He excitedly said he thought he heard a meow awhile back. He's now the club president. At least none of us have asked to see a fire bug.

"You don't appreciate what you have until you haven't got it." How much truth we've all found in this bit of philosophy! One of the fellows said, one evening, "You know my mother and home mean more to me now than they ever did." That's very much so with all of us. There seems to be a warmer glow about friendships recollected in loneliness. It is only after we have left friends that we most fully realize the value of sincere friendship, and that we didn't explore our friendships enough to realize these values.

Knowing the tingle of excitement that accompanies mail from friends, I have a new sympathy for service men and have silently vowed to write all of them I know.

This work has given me time to read and meditate and I try to do both regularly. I've also been memorizing poetry at work. I find this is a good way to make work both less monotonous and of value other than as exercise.

In the evening I often look off into the hazy hills and try to realize that somewhere out there beyond, men are killing each other—the thought is quite beyond my imagination. At such times it seems that no intellectual argument can justify war. It is such a blaring discord in the harmony of the universe that human nature must revolt against it unconditionally. One reflects in almost intolerable disgust on what man has made of man.

The greatest benefit of the summer is in preparing me to go back to the thing I left in the spring. It will no longer be the same, for the old will appear in a new, more challenging scope, and my mind will be clear, eager to meet it.—STANFORD SUMMERS.

TIME

What the College Student Should Do With It

A. Plan your day around your time for study. Regardless of any vague feeling to the contrary, your college years are years for learning. There are valuable means of learning other than study, such as conversation, observation, and fellowship, but your college career is undertaken for the purpose of developing your intellectual powers.

B. Adhere to a schedule for at least certain portions of the day. This is essential to the success of the student of average ability. After you make your time chart and begin to follow it, you will be surprised how easily you will fall into regular habits. You will be further astonished at the amount of excess time that you will have as compared with your former careless daily regime. No more necessity for mad rushes to prepare, no more "sinking" feelings at the thought of a class hour or an examination.

C. First take out your time for sleeping and eating. Eight hours of sleep are essential for nearly all students, and nine for some. Take out at least an hour for dressing and breakfast, an hour for lunch, and from an hour to an hour and a half for dinner.

D. Spend at least 25 to 30 hours a week in study. Any student who gives less time to study is probably slicing off a part of the value of his college life. An additional 20 hours will go to class and laboratory work. A good average would be five to six hours of study a day, exclusive of recitation or laboratory work, at least two of these at night, with the rest at varying definite periods of the day, depending upon your class hours.

E. The hours from 8:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. are the hardest to schedule. These are the hours when you waste time. Assign them carefully to classes, study, and recreation.

F. Plan your play hours as carefully as your study hours. The late afternoon is a good time to "let up." The hour after dinner may well be spent in conversation. These hours of recreation can be used to good advantage in developing your personality. Talk with other students, study them, be-

come broader in your own outlook. Employers of college graduates expect them to have a knowledge of people as well as a fund of book and technical information, though not at the expense of these two.

G. Study just before or just after class; most subjects can then be studied to best advantage. But this will not work out for all classes, by any means; do not be afraid to study Monday's physics on the preceding Friday, giving yourself a few minutes just before class to run over the material again. Try to distribute your load so as to have about the same number of study hours daily. You will then have time each day for play.

H. Employ the principle of incentives on yourself. Promise to give yourself a reward when you finish your work on time. One freshman gave himself one extra "night off" a week if he had kept up his schedule to that day in the week; this gave him recreation in the middle of the week when he needed it, but only if he deserved it.

I. Plan to stop work at one o'clock on Saturday afternoon and to resume it at eight o'clock Monday morning. You can do this if your hours of study during the week are scheduled. Some students may require an hour of review late Sunday afternoon or early Monday morning.

J. Plan your day, every day. Your schedule may need to be broken, of course. Interruptions will occur, although not every day. You will find your work much easier generally, however, if you know in the morning what is planned for that day. Plan your schedule for work and play as though you were organizing a business. Be reasonable with yourself, but stick to plans nine times out of ten. In a business or a profession you will work certain hours by schedule. In college it is your task to take the responsibility for enforcing your own time schedule so that your 50 working hours per week are controlled to your own best advantage.—Reprinted from *Practical Study Aids*, by C. Gilbert Wrenn, Stanford University Press, Stanford University, California.



Carl H. Adam

Torpedoed!

Carl H. Adam

An American Field Service Ambulance Driver Reports

white ruffles as the wind tickled the waves. We were looking for the tell-tale "feather" the wake of a traveling periscope—that would tell us submarines were near.

Our Swedish captain had told us it was necessary to post these watches until we were about 300 miles from the coast of the United States. For within that belt was the submarine danger zone. About 3 o'clock that afternoon of April 20, with one more hour to go, the lieutenant in charge of our unit ordered my watch-partner and me to discontinue our vigilance. We were far enough out to dispense with the watch, he said. From then on we could enjoy ourselves on the boat.

My watch-partner, Pete, was a medical student, tall, dark, and from Boston. We probably formed a startling contrast as I am a journalism student, short, and from the middle-west. But we had one thing in common. We liked to play chess.

So we set up our board on the starboard (right) side of the ship on the second deck to play chess until dinner at 7 P.M. To add competition we set the stakes at a thousand dollars a game. I was two games behind, but winning then.

Because the sun was sinking and the wind increasing, we were both fully dressed and wearing trench coats. The rest of our unit was in the dining salon. They had their ties off and their shirt sleeves rolled up. They weren't playing anything taught in Sunday school.

BLAM!

A torpedo hit our boat amidships on the port side at 5:30. It was just two and a half hours after the watch had been cancelled. We had no warning of any kind. The explosion sounded like someone had struck an

overturned tin dish-pan once with a bass drum stick. There was no shock to the ship. Just a nightmarish thud we would never forget.

From where Pete and I sat we had a grand-stand view of a beautiful orange-red wall of flame fingering its way a hundred feet up a curtain of blue sky. For a moment I watched stupefied. It was unreal. It couldn't happen. It was too much like being in the sixth row center of a news-reel theater. But it was real. And it had happened.

I remember shouting to Pete, "Come on, let's go." It was unnecessary. Pete was three yards ahead of me. Our life-jackets, previously constant companions, were in our state-rooms. "We are out of the sub belt," we had been told. And we had relaxed our vigilance and preparedness. I ran across the deck to the inside companionway, down the stairs to my state-room, scrambled into my "Mae West" (they were rather bunched up in funny places), grabbed a precaution-packed musette bag containing clothing, diary, and flashlight, and ran for the life-boat. As I went through the door, I thought of my press-camera and typewriter. I left them.

Our ship had two life-boats of about 22 feet to accommodate 20 men each. Both were on davits ready to drop from amidships, one to starboard and one to port. My boat was on the port side above the jagged hole punched in the side of the ship. I ran across the first deck toward the stern of the ship, climbed up an iron-rung ladder with other men in an orderly, almost polite manner. We waded through flames and smoke of burning fuel oil and benzene that was part of our cargo. As I threw myself horizontally over the side of the ship, the life-boat was cast off.

APRIL 20, 1942, was one of those welcome, bright, sunny days with clear skies and a brisk wind that so often characterizes spring.

Seven fellows, including myself, were aboard a small Swedish Diesel motor ship in the Atlantic Ocean about 300 miles north of Bermuda. We were bound for Cairo to serve without pay as volunteer ambulance drivers for a year with the British Near East armies operating in the Libyan desert.

Early in the morning the day before we had left Philadelphia with a crew of 33. Without guns aboard, except two .32 automatics to shoot at fish, and without a convoy, we were attempting to make 16,000 mile journey around Africa to Cairo to save lives.

None of us had outwardly expressed any fear at what might happen on that trip, but we took the only precaution we could: to stand watch on the bridge of the ship two hours at a time during the daylight hours. We were constantly scanning the deep blue Atlantic, constantly being interrupted with frilly

We hit the water and were sucked toward the hole of the "tin-fish." A 10 foot oar was shoved at me and with all the energy and speed my 120 pounds could exert, I rowed like a steam engine. Others were rowing too—rowing for their lives. We cleared the ship. Then as I looked up, the bow of the ship was standing straight up in the air and surrounded with burning oil, it slid peacefully into the sea.

In three and a half minutes after being hit, our boat had sunk.

The submarine that had done its duty was on the surface and its commander wanted to know just who and what he had inconvenienced. As soon as he was within hailing distance, he inquired in perfect English about the ship's name, tonnage, port of embarkation, and registry. A deck gun was forward, a machine gun aft, and gunners were lolling on the decks of the sub in an indifferent, yet anxious manner. Our third mate answered all questions without hesitation and with alacrity. The sub crew was identified as Italian. When all information was given, the sub commander said he would radio our position, told us to pick up our comrades in the water, and in a saluting gesture of goodbye, sailed off.

Our life-boat was the only one to be launched. The list of the ship to port caused the starboard boat to swing into the ship. Those assigned to it had to jump. Two of three life-rafts were floating clear. The third was afire. After an hour and a half all of the men in the water we could see had been pulled out. We set in for the night with 26 men in the life-boat and seven on a raft. Five sailors and our captain were missing.

Danger and possibility of death must affect people in different ways. In the life-boat that night with intermittent rain squalls and the wind blowing the tops off 15 foot waves down on us, I remember that people in such straits usually have visions of their whole life flitting before their eyes. But somehow I couldn't get over the feeling that our whole experience was mere routine. I never once thought that we might not be rescued. Perhaps that is why as I rowed the life-boat with the others to keep it headed into the wind, that all I could think of were the different kinds of beds I had ever slept in.

We didn't know exactly where we were. In the life-boat the crew and officers of the ship spoke in their native Swedish. If they were trying to get us some place, we didn't know it. Or if they were discussing our slim chances of being saved, it wasn't for us to find out. We were on our own. Not knowing, but, for myself at least, feeling that everything was going to come out all right.

From the time I had entered the service I had felt an undefinable urge that it was the right work to go into. We would be non-combatants, serving without remuneration, paying for our own equipment—but doing a humanitarian service and still helping the war effort.

I think perhaps I felt as Corp. Joe Louis Barrow, the prize-fighter, put it: "We are on God's side" and you can't lose when you feel that way.

When I was relieved at the oars for several hours, I tried to sleep. It was impossible. Cold chills and the cramped space didn't allow the luxury of sleep of which I am so fond. So it was that I thought of the beds. And occasionally I realized the beauty of the stormy ocean that night. The wind caused the living organisms of the sea to be exposed to the air where they gave off a phosphorescent glow. Every time an oar dipped into the water a glowing halo marked the spot.

Several times that night I prayed. Always I was positive we would be saved. But the prospect of an overturned life-boat and days or weeks on the open ocean was not pleasant. Consequently my prayers were that whatever was going to happen to us would happen quickly. The impatience of American youth, perhaps.

Then there was the experience of the wind. It was blowing us eastward. I found a few square inches of deck toward the bow of the boat where I could lie partially flat. It was on the starboard side. One of my prayers was for the wind to change. Not only to blow us homeward, but to keep the sea from being blown against my neck. In desperation at my plight, I finally crawled to the port side. For a while I was in the lee of the wind. Then I was getting soaked again. The wind had changed—it was coming from the east, but I didn't mind it.

At 5:30 in the cloudy dawn of

April 21, our third mate fired a single and seemingly futile and insignificant flare skyward. Not high, and not long burning, it dropped to the sea much too soon.

Doubtless no one of us expected any results for no one seemed to notice that flare. But two hours later the chief officer on the raft sighted a ship. Three more flares were fired. We waited. In anticipation of rescue, our supplies of food and water (that could have lasted three weeks) were broken out and distributed. Few were hungry.

Gradually the ship we had sighted drew near. Then fifteen and a half hours after we had been torpedoed, we were aboard a ship once again; rescued and bound for Bermuda. Except for another sub alarm that only disgusted us—we had just gotten settled and could think of nothing more boring or anti-climactic than taking to the life-boats again—we reached Bermuda without further experience.

After a five-day wait on "Honeymoon Isle," we were flown to New York. Now we are ready to leave again.

The question has often been asked of me: "Why go back under such circumstances?" Answering it is easy. I still have to finish that chess game with Pete, and besides, what can happen when you feel you are on God's side?

Our Tilton student is becoming a shade more serious. He has watched the course of the war in the last few weeks—the loss of the Philippines, the surrender of Singapore, the over-running of the Dutch Indies, the submarines along our Atlantic Coast. Gradually, he begins to suspect that remarks like "It will be a long war," "We will need trained and educated men," and "Students should complete as much of their education as possible before being called into the armed forces," aren't just a lot of empty firecrackers, but real phrases with meanings that apply to him. It may occur to him that life in these days is real and earnest, and that there will be only a little longer a place in society for the pampered child.

—*The Tiltonian*, Tilton Junior College (New Hampshire).

So You Are Going to College!

College Editors Speak to New and Old Students

EACH of us believes in something. Rock-bottom belief in something will hold the college generation steady through the war. The fact that you are going to college admits either an extraordinary awareness or a desire to sharpen what awareness you have. Thus the war stands out against your sensibilities with steel engraved sharpness. Whatever you think or feel about the war is going to alter your effectiveness as a student and as a human being.

From a premise like that, how does one keep steady in wartime? My method consists of living one day at a time and of planning the future at the same time. Queer combination, but it works!

It immunizes me from the world's jitters; it gives me a reason for what, with any other attitude, would be bitter mockery—what the college catalogues call "preparing for life." One cannot ignore the world, but he *can* live above its hysteria. Hysteria is an animal emotion; I am a human being. Man is above anything else in God's creation. The world may forget it and wallow, but as long as I do not forget it, I can live and work.

That is my poise; I have no other.—JOHN D. MCKEE, Editor, *Wesleyan Advance*, Kansas Wesleyan University, Salina, Kansas.

What then are you here for? Why do you come to Amherst when the world is at war? What is a college for in such a world? And what is your responsibility?

Obviously you have a responsibility. Society, in offering you the opportunities of a college education instead of calling you to the armed forces or enlisting you in the production of war material, does not do so for your personal pleasure and enjoyment. It does not single out a few young men for a pleasant holiday while it is enlisting your brothers for war work. Colleges must take their full share of responsibility in the emergency and you as college men must each do your part. You are here to train and develop your minds, to acquire so much of the common heritage of our Western civilization as you can assimilate, to keep your bodies fit, and to develop those traits of character and of intellectual integrity on which can be built a better social organism. This is a serious and a difficult program. It is a program which will enlist the best you have.

—President Stanley King, Amherst College.

WITH DETERMINATION AND HOPE

THOUSANDS of young persons will enter universities and colleges of the nation this problem-posing wartime year and will get nothing at all out of the time they spend at "education."

Why is this so?

It is so because these thousands of young persons will either let themselves become confounded by the perplexity of the situation and the apparent hopelessness of effort, or they will use the general confusion as a screen with which to hide their laziness.

September, 1942

The lazy person cannot be helped except by violent exhortations upon the part of friends and advisers. The "rattled" person can be aided with a suggestion or two.

For the person who is able to continue school in these times—and the various military service with their "deferment" plans are allowing thousands to stay in school who would otherwise be drafted or be called in duty in some way—there is golden opportunity to study a world in rapid transition and to contribute to the settlement of conditions, both now and in peacetime.

But he must have a *PLAN* of some sort, or else he is liable to be sidetracked by day-to-day happenings. He must fit the work and study that he is doing or wants to do into the prosecution of the war or the development of the peace. He must attribute some real usefulness to his activity, so that the ragings of the war will not draw his attention away from that activity but rather concentrate his attention more upon it, with an eye to increasing his contribution to our part in the conflict.

It takes a certain amount of determination and a certain amount of hope, but these are both qualities that are more needed in America today.—JACK HOWARD, Editor, *The Daily Texan*, Austin, Texas.

TRAINING FOR RECONSTRUCTION

SO you're going back to college in the fall! Your sweetheart is somewhere in the Pacific, your father with a coast artillery unit in Maine, or your brother at Camp Sill awaiting his orders to move on. To you the thought of resuming your studies seems especially dull and unexciting just now. And yet you find yourself turning once more toward college doors.

It is going to be hard to turn your attention again to books and laboratory experiments. It will be still more difficult to keep it there. More than ever you as an individual will realize that it is important for you, first, to decide what you want and need from your college education; and second, earnestly to strive for that goal *day by day* by careful organization of your time in order to take full advantage of the opportunities offered you.

More than ever there will be no room within college walls for self-pity, for self-indulgence, for waste in time and energy. Each of us shall meet the greatest challenge we have known—to serve by training ourselves to the best of our ability for reconstruction of the world which will follow this war.

And through the trying months which lie ahead of us, we must hold to the inner conviction that we *are* fighting for the right, and that we shall see the sun shine once again on a world in which right will prevail more widely than ever heretofore.—PEGGY LINCOLN, Editor, *The Carolinian*, Woman's College, University of North Carolina, Greensboro, North Carolina.

A certain high school senior went down from Hometown to Western Maryland, and fell among Sophomores, which stripped him of his cockiness, and belittled him, and departed, leaving him a Freshman.

And by chance there came down a certain biology course his way; but when it saw him, it passed out the other ear.

And likewise an English grammar course, when it was at the place, came and cluttered up his desk, and stuffed his bookshelf with dusty books.

But a certain kind-hearted Sophomore, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him, he had compassion on him.

And went to him, and sympathized with his D's, pouring in bullsessions and the art of cramming, and brought him to Christmas vacation, and sent him home to astound his relatives.

And at the end of May when the Sophomore departed, he took out several initiation traditions, and gave them to the Freshman, and said unto him, Take care of these; and whatsoever grudge thou hast stored up, when, as a Sophomore, thou comest again, thou canst repay it.

Which thing of all thy Freshman year, thinkest thou, was of the most benefit to him that fell among the D's?

And the Freshman said, The Sophomores that showed initiation to him. Then said the Sophomore unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

—*The Gold Bug*, Western Maryland College.

TOWARD THE GOALS OF MAN

IF I am correct, this is the final physical goal of the majority of all mankind: the attaining of an adequate amount of food, clothing, shelter. If I am correct, this is the final psychic goal: to seek and attain, free from fear of others, as extensive and intensive and personal a religious, intellectual, emotional life as is possible in terms of native endowment.

We are fighting now, as I see it, against a threat to these goals. We fight against a savage idea which maintains that the prosperity and happiness of a part of mankind are to be based on the unhappiness and subservience of yet another portion of humanity.

We have given this idea the name of "Nazi-ism" as it applies to the German belief, "totalitarianism" as it applies to the philosophy of all three Axis nations.

Now, if in the murdering (any other name for it is a propaganda in which it is softness to indulge) of a large number of Japanese, Italian, and German men, women, and children, we take the first step toward destroying this savage idea which they envisage, this war has been worth while.

Unfortunately, the desire to exist in plenty on the blood of others is not limited to the people of Japan, Italy, and Germany. We must fight, when and if this war is won, the selfishness and short-sighted greed of those individuals in our own United Nations who, in reality, agree to the totalitarian philosophy: we must fight those persons who disagree with the Axis nations only on the characters of the master nations and the servant nations.

I can hold steady, then, because I must. Realizing that this war is only a step on a trail of many hard steps which may lead to great physical and psychic goals, all persons believing in these goals embodied in the precepts of *The Sermon on the Mount*, will hold steady. They, and I, will hold steady, not because we are strong and tough and brave, but for the simple reason that there is no other way than fighting hard, now and later, to gain our goals: the goals of Man.—DON GEIGER, *Daily Northwestern, Evanston, Illinois*.

ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER

AVOID the pitfall of trying to impress people with your sophistication. Don't be so afraid of being yourself. Those who try to coerce you into following the crowd aren't the people to pick for friends. Discouragement will hit you, often and hard. Sometimes, because you don't seem to be making progress in a particular course. Remember: we learn more from our mistakes than our successes. Hard knocks in college toughen you for life. Get enough sleep and exercise. There's a direct ratio between your ability to think creatively and your health. Often you'll ask yourself "Why study? It isn't going to help in solving the war problem!" Oh, yes it is. Remember: no good, be it ever so small, is completely lost. Just winning the war isn't enough. What comes after will depend on you. Knowledge *must* come before effective action. Look back through history. The world has made progress, but it's been awfully slow. I believe that everything works for an ultimate good. Without that faith, I believe I would commit suicide. Therefore, I try to live in such a way as to further it. Observing mankind's frailties, how else can you believe?—ELEANOR SHAW, *Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri*.

The only tolerable "school spirit" is the critical spirit. If we wish to maintain some self-respect, we can have enthusiasm for an institution only when we desire to make it, and to participate in making it, come always closer to fulfilling its potentialities, doing and being what it should do and be. . . .

The only rational "spirit" is the desire to be among the best: and the only way to discern the best is a sharp and constant and uncompromising exercise of the critical faculty. The individual really devoted to his university is he who can pick out its faults and who insists on bringing them into the open and dealing with them. He is not misled by the intellectually and morally jittery who befuddle the issue with the ancient but irrelevant dirty-linen plea. He is alert to discover faults—second-rateness in teaching and standards, goodfellowship in place of discipline, confusion of the university with social or political or athletic aspects of life—and to know the source of remedies: the practice of the best universities. With the development of such alertness and knowledge he achieves something like sophistication.

In other words: the critic, who is sometimes taken for a public enemy, is a much better patriot than the "booster." Of course no one mistakes for a critic the casual complainer publicizing petty annoyances and personal discomforts but quite ignorant of the principles in which real criticism deals. The critic wants the best; the booster, who is what the believer in school spirit customarily turns out to be, will take anything. So he is likely to be a rather dangerous person. He invariably stresses the wrong things: size, enrollment, material equipment, recreative facilities, athletic publicity, all of which a "university" may have and still be no university at all. He is bound always to do this because he cannot "boost" the real, the only distinctions: the kind of program and discipline that produce graduates of intellectual and moral quality. . . .

. . . . Criticism is the first ingredient in patriotism.
—Professor Robert B. Heilman, Louisiana State University, in *The Daily Reveille*.

SCIENTIFIC PATIENCE AND CRUSADING ZEAL

VICTORY for the cause of human freedom will be won—or lost—not merely on the field of battle or at the peace conference, but in the years and decades follow-

ing the war when men turn once again to the job of world reconstruction.

If victory in any lasting sense is to be won—if humanity is to attain mastery of the social forces that give rise to poverty, exploitation, and wars—men must begin as never before to think about the social and technological processes of the modern world. In the years after peace is made, there must be men and women capable of understanding these processes, of bringing them under conscious control for the construction of an intelligently-ordered society.

They must come from the colleges and universities and all the centers of learning to focus the wisdom of the past and the intelligence of the present on the task of building the social order of the future. They must have faith in the infinite possibilities of an intelligently-ordered society and a religious sense of being engaged in a great common enterprise. They must add to the patience of the scientist, the zeal of the crusader.

They will be the pioneers of the twentieth century, the master builders of the modern age.

Seen as preparation for this heroic task, education in these times takes on a new and splendid significance. The work of pursuing a significant field of study becomes a mission transcending the individual. It constitutes a partnership with men of all nations and races in a great common effort to use the new instruments of modern technology in the building of a just and free society.

It constitutes a solemn obligation to the fighting men on the battlefields, on the seas, and in the air—a sacred promise to the suffering millions across the earth—that their sacrifices will not be in vain, that from their blood and pain will come a new and better world.

In the strength of that promise lie the hopes of humanity.—**HAL GILLIAM**. *University of California, Los Angeles, California.*

We hope to reorganize within the framework of the liberal arts, maintaining the fabric of this institution, for the fabric is of fundamental importance. We hope to establish courses which will give you the sense that you are moving in the direction to exploit your individuality most effectively. As plans mature and are announced to you, study them and think of them with great care, realizing what they mean in terms of readjustments that the members of the faculty must make and how they must re-orient their own thinking and their lines of activity and work, that it means changing the pattern and technique of instruction and a dozen other things almost overnight; then take advantage of those things.

We shall be in as close touch with what is demanded as any college in the country. When anything is known that can be done and can be organized, it will be known here; our organization is flexible and alert enough to make the most of it.

Now what is the word to give you? It is simply this, that a change in activity may provide a momentary relief from the sense of strain, it may give you the illusion of achieving something, but its after effects may be profoundly disillusioning. Because if you do something impulsive in order to start doing something, you may find yourself caught in deadly routine where none of your individuality, where none of your personal power, where none of your gifts may count. . . .

I am not looking at the "interest of the college," so-called, nor am I looking at your immediate interest, whatever that may appear to be, but I am looking at the basic, the fundamental, the enduring interest of you and your country in saying that you will never be faced with a greater crisis than that which you now face. For to sit still and do one's daily work with these shattering things about us is a very hard thing. If you can maintain a calm and an effectiveness under these circumstances, you will maintain a like calm and effectiveness when you come to the post of fire.

—President Henry M. Wriston, in *Brown Alumni Monthly*.

AND THE EDITOR FROM HIS DESK SAYS

If I were going to college this fall I would:

REMEMBER that college is a place to train for and live the good life—that is my first duty—and the business of the school. Anything else is a snare and a delusion!

Realize that knowledge is merely knowing about relationships, and that there is a difference between knowing and being. Knowledge of facts and techniques are of no value unless they are used in directed living. I would believe that the value of my life will be determined by what I do with the facts and the skills I learn.

Know that direction comes not from without but from within. I would therefore condition my inner life—keep faith with myself so that I could respect myself at all times.

Understand that direction of my life must be motivated by my highest principles—and that only as I hold my life up to these principles would I be happy.

Be sure that I tried to line up my life toward a high goal and to center my thoughts, activities and habits in this goal.

Therefore seek out the companions and institutions that would help me to live on a high plane—which means that I would be slow to pick my intimate friends and seek relationship only with the institutions which strive to express my goal and my high values. These, not popular campus opinion, would be my guide.

Recognize that in this year we face one of the greatest emergencies that any country ever faced, and I would govern my life accordingly. But I would be sure that I will best serve the higher interests of mankind by keeping my head, avoiding the hysteria, the unthinking, and the loose talk which will sweep the crowd. As a Christian, I would resolve to keep my life free of hatred and revenge. I would seek to make my life an example of what life in a Christian democracy should be. I should live to the full, as vigorously and as intelligently as I could.

I would reserve some time each day for quiet and meditation because I realize that Christian character is built through insight. I would re-examine myself daily, confess my sins, put my thoughts and actions into the white light of the best thinking and living I know, and then resolve to seek achievement nearer the goal I had set. I should be penitent at all times for the great sins rampant in the world today, for the injustices that men are suffering, and for the sacrifices that are constantly made so that my life can have the possibility of being nobler and happier.

I would resolve each day that my life would be devoted to seeing that this tragedy of man's selfishness shall not again curse the world in my generation. I would resolve to live in the way which makes war impossible.

I would know that such tasks are too high and too great for me alone, but that with the power of God, I can become a channel through which great forces work; and with the example of Jesus, I can become an instrument through which God works.

I Cannot Do Less

John O. Gross

What Should Be Our Attitude Toward College This Year?

ACROSS the threshold of every college this fall might hang a banner with this statement: "When you enter—pause, and ask: *Why Am I Here?*" When the president delivers his welcome address and says, "It is an unusual privilege to be here in 1942-43," he will not be indulging in mere pleasantries. If one recognizes that millions of the world's youth of college age are now fighting in history's most destructive war or feverishly preparing to get ready to enter it, college in 1942-43 indeed becomes a privilege. Such an atmosphere is not conducive to a four-year loaf!

This year much of the traditional glamor of college will be missing. During the war some of the generous, tolerant attitude previously manifested toward students may be lost. Parents of youth of college age who could not send their children to college this fall because of financial or military reasons may be magnanimous in their own disappointment. The fact that some college students have already enlisted and are in deferred service will not save most students from criticism. A tense atmosphere is inevitable, and casualty lists and curtailed freedoms will increase the tensions.

A college student, however, need not apologize for being in college in 1942-43. America would be shortsighted if it did not urge its youth to enroll in higher educational institutions. What Woodrow Wilson said in 1918 is appropriate now: "So long as the war continues there will be constant need of very large numbers of men and women of the highest and most thorough training for war service in many lines. After the war there will be urgent need not only for trained leadership in all lines of industrial, commercial, official and civic life, but for a very high average of intelligence on the part of all the people. I would, therefore, urge that the people continue to give generous support to their schools of all grades, and that the schools adjust themselves as wisely as possible to the conditions, to the end that no boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education because of the war and that the nation may be strong, as it can be only through the right education of all its people."

Lewis Mumford has wisely pointed out that our valued culture will be destroyed if the seed needed for next spring's planting is consumed. He believes that the continuity of our culture depends upon the work youth does during the years between 16 and 24. These years, he says, furnish the foundation for the highest kind of achievement in the arts, humanities, and the sciences. Under consummate difficulties China has kept her institutions of higher learning open because her present leaders believe that what they are fighting to preserve can be lost during future times of peace unless the nation has trained persons capable of moral and intelligent leadership.

If youth with the intellectual capacity for college work develop their mentality to the maximum, they will perform a patriotic duty. President Roosevelt points out that persons who possess a broad understanding and special aptitudes for leadership will manage the post-war period. If such leadership is to be furnished, the colleges must be kept open. At present there are not sufficient college trained men ready for officers' training camps; college men make up only 12 per cent of the selectees, but of the men chosen for officers' training schools, 80 per cent are college trained.

If college students are guilty of shirking their duty, they must take the blame. To avoid censure students must not have less enthusiasm for their work than do men in military camps, air fields, or naval bases. They must meet the pace set by war time effort, allowing intensive study and self-discipline to be uppermost. The meaningless frivolity often associated with happy-go-lucky college days will have to be cut. This does not mean that all social life and recreation will be taboo, but they should exist only to furnish needed diversion and relaxation. There will be a priority on time. To justify themselves during this world crisis colleges must be serious, purposeful institutions.

Students who possess this serious purposeful mood must get at the roots of the deep-lying causes that brought about the tragic catastrophe. Their first and toughest assignment has been put by Madame Chiang Kai-shek in her question-challenge: "Cannot we, in the new day whose dawn is nearing, strive together to gain supremacy in the peaceful arts of government and administration that will secure lasting happiness for the people of all races and thus create a world vitalized by new hopes and worshipping a more Christ-like ideal?" The answer to this is the right kind of education. It must be the kind of education that gives spiritual values their proper place and undergirds scientific excellence with a deep understanding of what Frederick Schuman calls "the things worth fighting for."

How can one justify his attending college in 1942-43? In an editorial in the *Daily Iowan* headed "Take Us Back to Solid Ground," the student editor offers indirectly some inescapable answers:

By getting your teeth into something vibrant and alive, something permanent, something which ties the present to the truths of a glorious past.

By seeking training in the constant things of life, the physical, mental, and spiritual things which have been the foundations of humanity since the civilization of ancient China.

Do You Believe in Four Leaf Clovers?

Earle E. Emme

Superstitions and College Students

SOME psychologists maintain that college students have quite a mixture of superstitious beliefs related to redheads, blondes, and brunettes, rod-divining, physiognomy, and clairvoyance. People may believe in mild superstitions without much injury to themselves or to others. One athlete desires the number thirteen on his sweat shirt while others vainly try to shun it. Some enjoy walking under a ladder, while they carry four leaf clovers or a rabbit's foot on their person.

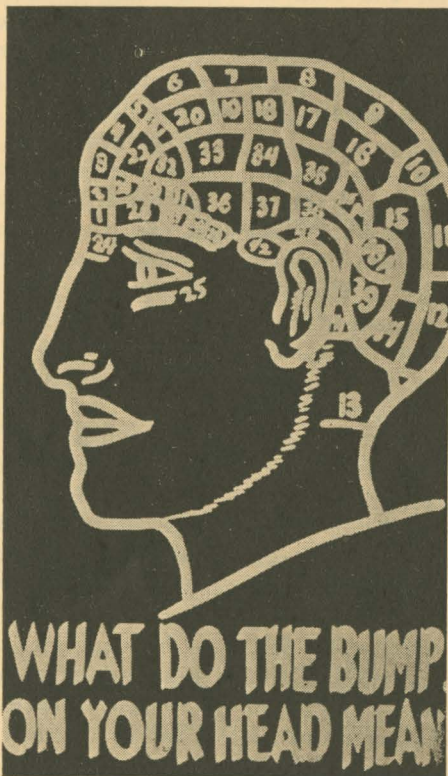
But when more deep-seated superstitions are followed which change the course of students' lives, some straight student thinking might well be done. Frank K., for example, had a superstitious idea that a fortune-teller could give him accurate vocational advice concerning his future. Frank had always said he wanted to become a medical doctor. During his freshman year of college he flunked chemistry and did poorly in physics. So when the dean of the college recommended that Frank drop college, he went to a fortune-teller. And what did she say? She predicted that Frank would some day be a noted doctor. Frank's father, inspired by the son's determination and the fortune-teller's prediction, sought out some so-called medical college and paid the tuition for one year. Frank registered and started study in this medical school. But he was very much discouraged before the year was over and returned home. When he met one of his best friends he said: "Well, I don't understand because the fortune-teller told me I would be a successful doctor."

Ninety-eight college students anxious to discover the true status of their superstitious beliefs entered into an experiment in two general psychology classes. Some thirty different superstitions were included in a forty-seven item test which included

such well-known subjects as rod-divining for wells and metals, birth marks, cattle seeing red, physiognomy, phrenology, redheads, four leaf clovers, etc. This test was given to all students before the study, three weeks after the study, and at the end of the semester. Previously these students had taken an intelligence and an emotion test. (This same study was repeated one year later yielding substantially the same results.)

The findings of some thirty-five other researches and the two above are presented briefly for student consideration. In summarizing these findings, the thinking student will discover that in most cases something can be done about superstitious belief.

1. *People become less superstitious as they grow older.* Age does not always take on dignity or intelligence. But in this case



adults do come upon ideas that have been exploded or foolish notions that cannot stand the test of experience.

2. *People become less superstitious as they advance in educational attainment.* The vast majority of attitude studies in psychological research reveal that students become more liberal as they progress from the freshman to the senior year. New information and facts are certain to produce this result.

3. *Women are more superstitious than men.* This is the most conclusive finding discovered from the thirty-five researches investigated in this field. Naturally there would be some variation.

4. *Specific instruction reduces superstitious belief.* The two research studies at Morningside College as well as other investigations reveal that where scientific data concerning the superstition is presented in the classroom, such belief is very definitely reduced. It should be noted that several of the studies show that mere mention of data does little good. The instruction must be very specific and definite.

5. *How college students become superstitious is not so easy to answer.* Our two studies show that the parents are the primary source. Parents, at least some of them, are strongly in favor of superstitions and so indoctrinate their children with them. Other parents favorable to superstitious beliefs consider them so favorably that they assume their validity so that they do not feel the need for emphasis in their home training.

Thus parents give favorable emphasis to superstitious beliefs by these two methods. It was found that the same two methods were used in prejudicing students against superstitious beliefs.

Some youths got their beliefs from chums. The classrooms in junior and senior high school naturally were strong influences, but against rather than in favor of superstitious beliefs. Science courses, books, newspapers, and in a few cases the church, are the most wholesome influences.

6. *Emotion is not related to superstitious belief.* One is not superstitious because he is emotional, nor is he not superstitious simply because he is non-emotional. Both researches confirm this strongly.

7. *How is intelligence related to superstitious belief?* Both researches are very positive in indicating that those who are low on intelligence are more likely to have

superstitious belief. In other words, statistically put, there was a very strong negative correlation between intelligence and superstitious belief. The individual who cannot think clearly is not likely to balance facts against former superstitious beliefs.

8. *Mild superstitious belief.* Many students seem to enjoy mild superstitious beliefs even though they do not believe in them. If too much effort was required to believe in them, the student discarded them. More believed in omens for good than for evil. One student reported that religion had been the factor in his life that had eliminated superstitious beliefs. Little scientific information, how-

ever, can be found on this point. Some desire a thrill, some are too lazy to think, some want a surprise. For example, some expect company when silverware is dropped. The person may keep busy, but the expectancy, "I wonder who is going to come?" fascinates some. The element of surprise also appeals to others.

The thinking college student can have plenty of thrills as well as deep-seated appreciations without depending upon superstitious beliefs. Facts, (and plenty of them abound) which are related to great experiences of life, can bring order and precision which accentuate appreciations as well as enthusiasm for life.

Entertainment As Education

Edgar Dale

RADIO, movies, and the press are educators. Radio stations boast about this (it helps them get their licenses renewed). Newspapers blow hot and cold on this question. Spokesmen for the motion-picture industry deny it, saying: "Our only job is to entertain." And many discussions, round tables, and articles dealing with this question prove quite inconclusive, usually because of confusion of terms.

Some writers equate *entertainment* with enjoyment, liveliness, interest; and *education* with dullness, drabness, boredom. To do so not only begs the question but evades the whole issue. It was once said of William Rainey Harper, former president of the University of Chicago, that he taught Greek as though it were a series of hair-breadth escapes. And if some teachers unfortunately teach hair-breadth escapes as though they were Greek, that is pedantry, not good pedagogy. Indeed, the lively, witty, and enjoyable teacher is more likely to be educationally effective than one who lacks such qualities.

The basic differentiation between entertainment and education is not in the materials themselves, but in the attitude of the educator or the entertainer. Frederick Stock, noted conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, once received the suggestion that his audience didn't like Brahms and that he ought not to play him so frequently. Stock's reply was: "They do not like Brahms? Very well, then I shall play him again." The point, of course, is not that Stock was indifferent to the preferences of his listeners, but that he recognized the

long-term values and the sometimes gradual appeal of great music. The modern entertainer, told that his audience doesn't like Brahms, would say: "Very well, then I shall play boogie-woogie."

The entertainer asks: Will it bring applause? The educator asks: Is it worth applauding? The entertainer is a failure if he doesn't get his applause at the end of his performance. The educator may have to wait twenty years for *his* applause. Indeed the job of the educator is "to wind people up so that they'll never run down." If an experience can bring transient pleasure, momentary diversion from serious and responsible problems, then the person who provided that experience is a good entertainer. The educator, however, is concerned less with the immediate experience and far more with its consequences, many of which will be remote.

Entertainment, of course, is a slippery word. Experiences which are labeled entertaining vary all the way from watching a strong man in the circus to seeing Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in *There Shall Be No Night*. It is true that watching a strong man might have certain educational residues—we might sadly reflect that *our* bulges are in the wrong places. But one can hardly deny that already significant residues of increased sensitivity to international problems have followed the viewing by thousands of people of *There Shall Be No Night*.

When, therefore, we counsel the radio, movies, and press to consider more seriously their educational role and function, we do not ask anything unreasonable, diffi-

cult, or impossible. Rather, it is the only counsel which will keep them from committing moral and economic suicide. The essence of morality is a basic concern for the consequences of one's action. When newspapers, radio, and movies disclaim any harmful consequences resulting from reading, viewing, or listening to them, they are talking fiction, not fact. For if desirable consequences can flow from these media (as they all three so frequently claim), then harmful ones can come, too.

Another reason which may provide strong motivation for increased emphasis upon the educational role of radio, movies, and the press, is found in the fact that heavier entertainment taxes are undoubtedly in the offing. Movie admissions are already taxed, and state legislatures are looking longingly at motion-picture income as a source of further tax income. Remember, too, that in three legal decisions on movies and their constitutional right of freedom of speech, the court "has grouped the motion picture business with the theater, the circus, and other types of spectacles, and its quality as a medium of thought viewed as but incidental to its quality as a mode of entertainment." If newspapers and radio think that their job is primarily that of putting on a circus, what is there to stop the courts from making similar decisions concerning them?

There is another serious objection to the entertainment philosophy which some spokesmen for these three closely allied media of communication have enunciated. When the aim is only to give momentary pleasure, rather than to give long-time satisfactions, then thrill must be piled on thrill in order to entertain increasingly blasé audiences. The acrobat, who gave us momentary pleasure by making a double somersault from the ground, must next make a triple somersault from the diving board, then go through a hoop of fire, and finally land in an overstuffed chair precariously balanced by a fellow performer.

Similarly, one "entertainment" movie alone now doesn't give enough pleasure. So gifts of pottery are added. Later, jaded appetites must be further stimulated by participation in the financial gains of a bank night. And if one feature isn't enough, pretty soon we have two, and in some cities we already have three features. Indeed, the time may not be far distant when seats in motion-picture theatres will be equipped with reclining backs. The picture will be thrown on the ceiling, so that it may be viewed from this recumbent position, and from time to time a steam-table will be pushed along the aisles to serve tempting foods.*

This necessity for cumulative stimulation of audiences is also encountered by the newspaper and the radio. When comics and adventure strips are not strong enough to thrill, then the *New York Daily News* titillates its avid readers by having a photographer surreptitiously take a photograph of Mrs. Ruth Snyder in the electric chair, a stunt which won the photographer a hundred-dollar bonus and a trip to Havana. And when "Gang Busters" palls on the radio audience, we give them an opportunity

* The millennium is already here. A Columbus movie theater recently served hamburgers and coffee at one of its performances. This has interesting possibilities. Will the motion-picture theater of the future be known for the quality of its cooking?

to participate in some ingenious games of chance, with prizes ranging from a dollar and a pack of cigarettes to a thousand-dollar "Pot o' Gold."

Furthermore, if movies, radio, and the press are only entertainment, then they are going to find that their competition will become increasingly keener. Bridge, bingo, baseball, and bowling are all entertainers *par excellence*, and they cut into the revenue of other entertainers. The comics in the newspaper are popular entertainers, but the increasing sale of comic books may in the future offer a satisfying substitute for newspaper comics.

We have also failed to see that another basic danger in this entertainment philosophy is the harm it does to the people who must produce the newspapers, who plan and air broadcasts, who write the scripts and produce the movies. The attitude fostered by the philosophy back of these media is one of self-depreciation, of abdication from responsibility, and it cannot help but stifle honest work. Indeed, there is nowhere a more thwarted, frustrated group of creative workers than those found in Hollywood today. Not because they think they are Miltons muted by Hollywood Gold, but rather because they truly sense the futility of the material with which they work. Here is what Robert Montgomery, movie star, recently said about creativeness in Hollywood:

No one will disagree with the statement that the medium of the motion picture is an art, and a great number of people, a large majority of whom are employed in the motion-picture industry, will subscribe to the statement that the industry control stifles and thwarts the creative elements which it employs in producing mass entertainment. I believe we can go so far as to say that any resemblance between the motion-picture industry and creative art is purely coincidental.

This criticism applies not alone to the movies. How could a really creative writer sit down and turn out certain radio advertising copy without first deadening in some fashion the acuity of his olfactory nerves? People who feel that they are unimportant in the scheme of things aren't going to write or do anything important.

The *Sun* boards, like every Cornellian, every American, every person alive, are aware that the past year has been a great time to be alive, and kicking. Our history lessons yield no tales of times past when the process of living was so intense—when it was possible to live so much in so little time, when one could do so much good or so much bad in the space of so few moments.

What greater joy could a student or any group of students ask than the opportunity of living, of having a job to do, in times like these?

—*The Daily Sun*, Cornell University.

Perhaps it is fortunate that the crisis has come, for it is bringing a reevaluation of the very things this country has stood for since its founding. Some of our well-sounding phrases and beliefs have become outworn with age, and new ones are needed if ideologies are that which inspire men to greater deeds. Certainly the world situation has been responsible for a crisis in education, and the coming years will be ones of new experiments in social living. Whether these experiments will succeed or not depends on the new generation. The test is aimed directly at us, as students. The university is our aide and guide, but the decisions are ours.

—Russ Kohr in *The Daily Northwestern*.

FOR THE FACING OF THIS HOUR

If our vocabulary did not have in it such words as "trouble," "adversity," "grief," our vocabulary by no possibility could have in it such words as "bravery," "fortitude," "patience," "self-sacrifice." He who knows no hardships will know no hardihood. He who faces no calamities will need no courage. The characteristics which we love best grow in a soil with a strong admixture of trouble. We can make trouble bring out our best. Trouble is one of the supreme teachers of the soul.—Harry Emerson Fosdick.

A faith that is able to transcend the catastrophes of history must therefore be able to define both the possibilities of human creativity in history and the limits of human possibilities . . . historical catastrophe seems to be nothing but chaos, which drives men to despair without the profundities of the Christian faith. And Christian faith becomes vapid and sentimental in periods of stability and peace. It recovers its own profoundest insights precisely in those periods of social chaos when all simpler interpretations of life break down and force men to seek for a profounder interpretation of existence.—Reinhold Niebuhr in *Fortune* for July, 1942.

These youngsters crave community of aspiration and purpose, they fear to be alone and outcast. A church forgetting its devitalized patter and meaningless incantations could tell them simply there is no unity except the unity of brotherhood, no brotherhood without a common father. Philosophical conceptions—the Trinity, the atonement, the fall, the redemption—cannot save their generation, for they speak a beautiful dead language, when what we need is live words, tender with meaning and assurance. Without them the young drift through the world, aimless, alone, unemployed, with no certainties in their heart to give them anchorage or peace.—William Alexander Percy in *Lanterns on the Levee*.

Questions: Am I trying to be intelligent in the understanding of this war?
Am I reading magazine articles that will help me to a better understanding?
Am I thinking through my relation to the war and to the world order after the war?
Am I achieving a long view, a wide perspective to make me see through the present to a realistic future?

Read: *Pattern for Living* by Basil Mathews. Philadelphia, 1942. The Westminster Press.

Action Project: I will devote some time each week to reading and study on "this hour" and how best I can face it. I will keep that time inviolate. I will also seek a "group" or "cell" where in the relationship with others I may gain power to be effective in my living. I will *live*—not merely exist.

THE SPRINGS OF POWER

There is no power but from God. Romans 13:1

Truly I am full of power of the spirit of the Lord. Micah 3:8

I have felt His hand upon me in great trials, and have submitted to His guidance.—Abraham Lincoln.

Don't pray for tasks equal to your power. Pray for power equal to your task.—Phillips Brooks.

Do you want to find God? That is a serious question. Because if you do find him it will make a change in your life. He is not a cloak of righteousness to be put on at convenient seasons. He is an all-pervading inner passion, a driving force. I never saw a man who seemed God-filled who had an easy life from the standpoint of world-seeking comfort. You get a sense of urgency, a disregard of personal comfort as a marking characteristic of those whom time has stamped as the God-illuminated of the world.—Allen Knight Chalmers in *The Commonplace Prodigal*.

O God, thou art holy, like snow upon Mt. Everest that climbers never reach—I can begin to reflect thy shining purity.

O God, thou art strong, like a mountain river moving irresistibly to the sea—I can let some of thy strength flow through me.

O God, thou art lovely, like clouds at sunset transfiguring the sky with unspeakable glory—I can be irradiated with color, too.

O God, thou art true, like the stars that never waver from their course—I can hold firm and unyielding to what is real.

O God, thou art friendly, like the sun that ever warms the green and singing earth—I can be friendly to the soul of man.

O God, thou art compassionate, like the blood within our veins always removing poison, always healing cruel wounds—I also can bring reconciliation into the world. Amen.

Allan Hunter.

Questions: Have I taken time—any time—for meditation?
Have I disciplined myself to be quiet—even for a little while?
Have I learned how to relax—and then concentrate my thoughts in one idea?

Read: Psalm 46

Read: *Testament of Devotion* by Thomas Kelly
New York, 1942. Harper and Brothers

Action Project: I will take time for meditation, at least I will try to meditate—either at a stated time or in the odd periods when I have just let my mind wander. I will find the best method of meditation for myself after I have read Kelly's *Testament of Devotion*. I will find companionship with a group for the cultivation of my devotional life. (Cf. *motive's* department on *Disciplined Living* in back copies.)

rap book

Evolutional Diary

AND THE VOICE SAID: "GO!"

And he trembling and astonished said, Lord, what wilt thou have me do? And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do.—Acts 9:6.

"A missionary does not necessarily go outside of his country, his state, or even his own community. A true missionary needs only to go outside himself."

Before you go—

Find a cause bigger than yourself to which you can dedicate yourself, and thus find yourself.—Harry Emerson Fosdick.

A reason for going—

All the varied experiences of intercourse with the many races, those who are expressive and those who are not, and who wait upon others for a formulation of what is deep within their racial tradition or religious promises—such experience points to the inevitable; that people rise and fall together, that no one group or nation dare be an economic or a social law unto itself.—Lillian D. Wald in *Windows on Henry Street*.

Go down when you are ready—

The fundamental mistake of the humanists was that they wished to teach the people from the heights of their idealism, instead of going down among the masses and endeavoring to understand them and to learn from them. . . . Thus Erasmus never lived among the peoples whose lands he traveled through, never shared in their life and activities; he dwelt above them in the clear, still ether, in the ivory tower of the artist and academician.—Stefan Zweig in *Erasmus of Rotterdam*.

Questions:

I once thought that I would give my whole life in full time service for some great cause.

Do I still intend to do this? Why not? Am I rationalizing? How can I live my mission more effectively in my every day life—in my work? In school?

Have I identified myself through work or giving to spreading the way of life that I call Christian?

Read: *The Seed and the Soil* by Richard T. Baker. New York, 1941. The Friendship Press.

A Dialogue in the Desert by Gerald Heard. New York, 1942. Harper and Brothers.

Action Project: I will contribute money for the *World Christian Student Fund* by fasting one meal each week or by doing without a movie, candy or drinks.

I will adopt one mission project which I shall attempt to understand and for which I shall make some contribution. I shall seek also to enlist the interest and support of others in this project.

TO LIVE IS TO SERVE

By their fruits—

Sympathy without works is like eyes without light.—Helen Keller.

Finding life—

Anyone is happier who does not live for himself alone. He who would save his life must first find it—Pearl S. Buck in *Of Men and Women*.

You can't depend on the kind of folks people think they are—you've got to go by what they do.—Johnny Pye in Stephen Vincent Bénéet's *Tales Before Midnight*.

Work out your own salvation, . . . for it is God that worketh in you.—Phil. 2:12f.

The test of belonging to the world community—

If I accept responsibility, I affirm my strength as a man. . . . I declare myself a constituent part of the community of mankind.—Antoine de Saint Exupéry in *Flight to Arras*.

To live—

Be no longer a chaos, but a World, or even Worldkin! Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce it in God's name. 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee; out with it, then. Up, up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called Today; for the Night cometh, wherein no man can work.—Thomas Carlyle in *Sartor Resartus*.

A Warning—

We have been so intent on creating the kind of world in which God will feel "at home," that we have not asked ourselves whether we are at home in the world in which He is acting.—From *The Student Movement*, April-May, 1942.

Ahead of us the world was taking shape for a new day. I could hear the shovels and the hammers. I could hear the people singing. Upon an anvil somewhere the guns were being beaten into plowshares. I could hear the church bells ringing, and a mighty host of voices enveloping the world with . . . "deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom." I could see a line of strong shoulders where young men stood waiting for their task. I could see a Chinese mother turn away from a pile of ashes and light her candle in the night. I could see a stone rolled away from a musty cave on a hillside outside the Damascus gate.—From *The Seed and the Soil* by Richard T. Baker. New York, 1941. Friendship Press.

"Service, rather than services, is the real test of any religion."

Read: *The World We Want to Live In*—A Discussion edited by Everett Ross Clinchy. New York, 1942. Doubleday, Doran and Company.

Project for Action: I will identify myself with some service project—not with lip service or merely by giving money. I will give thought, time and work to this project. I will try to enlist others in the work so that together we can create a community of souls working for a single purpose.

Report on the War Novel

Raymond P. Morris

ONE of the interesting developments in the publication of books is the changing character of the war novel. Since its outbreak the war has been the subject of novelists, but the early efforts were weak, lacking in integrity and wanting in craftsmanship. When viewed against the novels of the pre-war era, as for instance Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*, these early efforts were clearly second and third rate endeavors.

Eric Knight's dramatic and sensitive narrative of the blitz on England in the Fall of 1940, which was issued under the title *This Above All*, was the first sign of genius in the stories of World War II. But the real shift in the character of the war novel is concerned with the clarity through which it speaks the common mind and reveals the common attitudes and reactions of people. The important distinction lies in its fidelity to common experience. The early novels were pre-war in thinking. They were anachronistic. To the extent that they possessed a purpose beyond entertainment they expressed a philosophy which had been conditioned by the threat of war rather than the actual catastrophe of war. Read today they seem unreal and remote. Their philosophy may be right. But right or wrong they do not speak for the common mind at the present time. They no longer persuade.

To illustrate: one of the better of the early war stories was *The Fort*, by Storm Jameson (Mrs. Guy Chapman). The story of *The Fort* is a fleeting moment snatched from the confusion incidental to the fall of France. Its action, which burns with intensity, occupies but a number of hours. It is concerned with a British and two French soldiers who are trapped in a cellar behind the advancing German lines. They take as prisoner a German soldier who was engaging in a reconnoitering assignment. This situation is used as an occasion for an astute analysis of human minds caught in impossible circumstances. We are shown how men are caught up in war to do things which they cannot do as individuals, how national hatreds cannot be maintained when put in personal terms, how war is futile and stupid, how it could have been avoided had men acted differently. In doing this a skillful delineation of character disguises the purpose. Nevertheless it is there. In substance it

is pre-war thought and reveals pre-war conditioning. It is war thinking that would have been expressed in the Spring of 1939.

To compare *The Fort*, which was written in the late Summer of 1941, with John Steinbeck's *The Moon Is Down*, which appeared in the Spring of 1942, is to illustrate a marked transition from pre-war thinking to existential war thinking. *The Fort* was congenial to popular thought while war was yet a theoretical thing. Steinbeck speaks for a war mind. Mrs. Chapman would convince us of the folly of war, of the common desire for peace, of the belief that war is avoidable. Whether the war could have been avoided is a remote question for Steinbeck. The fact is we must begin with a state of war. He speaks of peace, but more eloquently of ends greater than peace, of the impossibility of peace without recognition of inherent and natural human rights. He upholds and dramatizes human freedom, the cause of free endeavor, the qualities of democracy. He leaves no doubt but that power and force must be employed to re-establish and maintain freedom and democracy.

The story of *The Moon Is Down*, long since familiar to you either in its original form or in the condensation in *The Reader's Digest*, is of the Nazi rule in Norway. It is masterful writing in the

almost inimitable Steinbeck style. It is cruel and unpleasant, but with all of its cruelty the story is surcharged with a sense of the nobility of human nature, with the undying quality of freedom, with the conviction that in the long run human rights will triumph and tyranny be downed. This belief Steinbeck holds with the passion of Gamaliel: if this "work be of men, it will be overthrown; but if it is of God, ye will not be able to overthrow them!" And in this, reviewers and critics to the contrary, perhaps one finds an unwarranted optimism. Whether *The Moon Is Down* leads the reader to appreciate the tenacious quality of force and tyranny as well as it does of the qualities of human heroism is open to disagreement. Steinbeck speaks with great persuasiveness partly because he is so contemporary. It may be that he has underestimated the staying qualities of an institution, the poisoning power of propaganda, and has overestimated the resiliency of justice and freedom in his idealization of human nature. People are quick to believe what they want to believe and part of Steinbeck's popularity is due to the parallelisms in his thought with prevailing popular thought.

Likewise with Louis Bromfield's *Until the Day Break*. Bromfield's presentation is inferior to either Jameson or Steinbeck. His present volume is intended to show the effect of Nazi rule among a conquered

TWENTY-FIVE BEST BOOKS OF ALL TIME

How Many of Them Have You Read?

THE 25 best books of all time, selected by 100 judges made up of fifty literary critics and fifty persons distinguished in various fields of knowledge, were announced by the Eastern Psychological Association. No books published since 1900 were allowed to be included. The books are listed in order according to the number of votes received.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--|
| 1. Numerous authors, the Bible | 14. Newton, Principia Mathematica |
| 2. Shakespeare, Hamlet | 15. Kant, Critique of Pure Reason |
| 3. Aristotle, Works | 16. Virgil, Aeneid |
| 4. Homer, Iliad | 17. Tolstoy, War and Peace |
| 5. Darwin, Origin of Species | 18. Marx, Das Kapital |
| 6. Dante, the Divine Comedy | 19. Homer, Odyssey |
| 7. Plato, Republic | 20. Bunyan, Pilgrim's Progress |
| 8. Goethe, Faust | 21. Gibbon, The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire |
| 9. Confucius, Confucian Classics | 22. Bacon, Novum Organum |
| 10. Milton, Paradise Lost | 23. Sophocles, Oedipus Rex |
| 11. Cervantes, Don Quixote | 24. Buddha, Buddhist Suttas |
| 12. Mohammed, Koran | 25. Smith, The Wealth of Nations |
| 13. Chaucer, Canterbury Tales | |

people, for France, unlike Norway, Czechoslovakia or Holland, is a conquered nation. His story deals with the restiveness among the French people. It is filled with the connivance of espionage and the shrewdness of a people on verge of a revolt against their masters. Whether Bromfield has overdrawn his picture may be questioned. Richard Krebs (Jan Valtin) in a recent issue of *The Reader's Digest* has allayed any expectation of the possibilities of an early and successful revolt in France. If Krebs is right then Bromfield has introduced wishful thinking. It is dangerous to be caught up too completely with the contemporary mind and mood.

The Foreigners is Preston Shoyer's first novel. Shoyer was associated with Yale-in-China and he writes of the tragedy of the Japanese invasion of China. From the standpoint of writing, his book leaves much to be desired. From the viewpoint of conveying an impression of the effects of the war on people, we are told that his book deserves high praise, in some respects surpassing Pearl Buck. It is rough and unpleasant, unbelievably inhuman, filled

with characters whom one admires only with many qualifications. It has all of the marks of realism and honesty in description.

Along with the development of the war novel there is now appearing the exciting war story. Of these human documents none is better written or more exciting than *Flight to Arras*, by Antoine de Saint Exupery. It is the author's first hand account of his experience, narrated in a very detached and oft times eloquent manner, and filled with one fighting man's philosophy of life, of death and of war, as seen in the last days of May, 1940.

In *North Atlantic Patrol*, Commander Griffith Baily has packed more excitement and tense moments within a slight volume than will be found in many of the current war stories. It is life reduced to the desperate game of hide and seek beneath the dull gray skies of the sub-arctic circle on board a man-of-war guarding a convoy. The leaden skies are matched with sparse laconic descriptions and the bitter coldness by spartan severity. It is sixty minutes of tremendously exciting reading.

"Cash in on your customers' appetite for top-notch escape reading today."—the publishers blurb about Osa Johnson's *I Married Adventure*.

Most exciting book of the month: Edgar Mowrer and Martha Roychman's *Global War*; an atlas of world strategy—published by Morrow for \$1.00. Seventy maps and charts.

Read this and weep! The men in service buying Pocket Books read detective stories. But aside from these, the books most popular with the men are: *Pocket Dictionary and Vocabulary Builder*; *Nana* by Emile Zola; *Believe It Or Not* by Ripley; *Pocket Book of Boners*; *Pocket Quiz Book*; *The Pocket Book of Verse*; *Pocket Book of Short Stories*; *How to Win Friends and Influence People* by Dale Carnegie; *Lost Horizon* by James Hilton; *The Art of Thinking* by Ernest Dimmet; and *Wuthering Heights* by Emily Bronte.

Stockholm, (By wireless to American-Swedish News Exchange)—Despite wartime restrictions, including scarcity of imports and extensive rationing of essentials, the Swedish Co-operative Union (KF) during 1941 grew in membership and the number of new stores, it was revealed here June 1st, at the opening of the 43rd annual convention.

There are now 736,500 members, an increase of 36,500 since the 1941 convention, while the stores now number 5,431, an increase of 130. Approximately one-third of Sweden's families hold memberships in the co-operative societies. Total turnover during the past year increased by 6.9% to a total of 755,000,000 kronor (about \$188,750,000 at par).

Dr. J. Henry Carpenter, chairman of the executive board of *Indusco*, the American Committee in Aid of Chinese Co-operatives, and also the organizer and director of tours for The Co-operative League of the USA, is on his way to China to inspect the 2,400 industrial co-operatives now functioning there and to determine what America can do to make them more effective in producing goods to aid China in its present emergency. Carpenter's mission is in answer to a special invitation from H. H. Kung, China's Finance Minister, and chairman of the Chinese Industrial Co-ops.

Carpenter's trip was planned in close co-operation with government officials in Washington. He will make reports to the Lend-Lease Administrators who have

been impressed that the co-operatives offer the greatest opportunity to increase production in China. The almost unbelievable reports of the achievements of the co-operatives and of the morale they have established among the harassed Chinese inspired the immediate interest which caused Carpenter to be rushed away on this special mission.

The Chinese co-operatives, now only four years old, are producing about \$12,000,000 of blankets, drugs, rifles, bullets, hand grenades, uniforms, surgical gauze, soap, candles and other goods each year. They are operating under terrific physical handicaps, often within range of enemy guns. One of Carpenter's jobs will be to confer with Chinese officials relative to getting American technical skill for production of drugs, gauze, and medical supplies which were imported, formerly, and for which the Chinese need is now dire.

Included in a recent loan of \$500,000,000 to China by the American government was \$200,000,000 for the co-operatives. This loan will be repaid to America from future co-operative income. The loan cannot be used to pay training personnel. There are now about 400 leaders on the co-operative training staffs. They are paid about \$10.00 a month, not enough to feed themselves and their families. Recently United China Relief sent \$30,000 to China to buy rice for these workers.

Carpenter took with him as gifts to China copies of American co-operative films from the Harmon Foundation;

gifts of literature from the Co-operative League; a typewriter for Mme. Sun Yatsen; 2,500 vitamin tablets for the Chinese YMCA; and medicine for *Indusco*. He will visit in India also, and confer with Indian and British officials about priorities for essential supplies and transport facilities.

The testimony from the War Production Board was that of more than \$36,000,000,000 in war contracts, more than 75 percent had gone to 100 companies, more than 60 percent had gone to 25 companies, and the 10 largest companies in the United States had received more than 35 percent of the \$36,000,000,000 in war contracts. Little business all over the United States is dying, and yet we talk about subsidizing industry to sustain production.—**Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney** of Wyoming.

For the first time, a negro poet, Margaret Walker, has been chosen in the Yale Series of Younger Poets. Her book *For My People* will be published this fall. She is professor of English at Livingston College in North Carolina.

The office of Facts and Figures is distributing 750,000 mimeographed copies of Vice President Wallace's Free World Speech. 400,000 go to farmers and 100,000 to local defense councils.

Believe It Or Not Department: Lawrence Thompson's book on the poet, Robert Frost, is called *Fire and Ice*.

Among Current Films

Choice

Crossroads (MGM) is a melodrama that accomplishes what many films of its type try to no avail—it maintains suspense right up to the finish. You aren't sure who the hero is, who he thinks he is, or who the villains think he is. And that is a real triumph. Said hero is a high French official who since an accident thirteen years before has been unable to remember his early life. Now he is confronted by blackmailers who try to convince him he is really a thief who committed a murder just before the accident. *Expertly written and executed.* Felix Bressart, Hedy Lamarr, Wm. Powell, Basil Rathbone.

Mr. Kipps (British film released by Fox). It's not the plot of this one that makes it outstanding, but the excellent presentation of details that make character and situation come through with clarity and humor. Based on an H. G. Wells novel of 1905, it tells the story of a conscientious, unimaginative clerk who inherits a fortune, is taken advantage of by fair-weather friends until he revolts and finds his own level. Costumes, settings, mannerisms vividly present the period. It is hard to realize that a leisurely, good humored film like this could have been made with bombs falling near the studio—but such was the case. *Unhurried, pleasant, real.* Patricia Calvert, Michael Redgrave, Albert Riscoe, Diana Wynyard.

Mrs. Miniver (MGM). You cannot fail to have read the words of high praise heaped on this film since it opened some weeks ago. Lacking any actual picture of war, it succeeds in conveying a feeling of how that war affects one upper middle class family in a London suburb. And it does that quietly, unobtrusively, with sincere performances by an excellent cast and well-timed, sympathetic direction. While the community it shows is probably not typical of those which have suffered most on the civilian front, it does well what it sets out to do—despite what you may think of the implication of having the vicar close the film by appealing from the pulpit for all-out participation in the fighting. Sentimental, but not sticky. *A moving portrayal.* Greer Garson, Richard Ney, Walter Pidgeon, May Whitty, Teresa Wright.

The Pied Piper (Fox) relates the surprising adventures of an irascible old Englishman who, caught in the south of France when the Germans break through, finds himself shepherding a group of youngsters through nazi-occupied territory to a channel port where he seeks to find passage to England for the entire group. It is honestly and simply done, maintains suspense throughout, and is filled with revealing little details that are as important as the over-all plot. *An entertaining film.* Anne Baxter, Roddy McDowall, Monty Woolley.

Good

This Above All (Fox). Eric Knight's novel about the dilemma of the British soldier from the working class who ponders the desirability of continuing to fight for the "exploiting classes"

UNLESS you are one of those rare persons who somehow do not run true to type, chances are that the movies occupy a large part of the time you have to spare on recreation. What do you make of it? Do you go to just any movie that chances to be showing; do you select one which, judging from reviews, will add something worth while to your experience, either because it has something to say about life and its living or because it has been made with conscious new effort to utilize the possibilities of this latest of the arts; or do you consider the wider implications of movies and the tremendous influence they wield on American life, watching trends and developments in the field as potential aids or deterrents in the formation of the new world in which you hope to have a part?

Whatever your angle, here are some "movie areas" in which we as consumers need just now to have our interest challenged:

1. *Movies and the war.* Shall the movies try to say something about the war, or shall they devote their energies to technical contributions requested by the government, providing for the public the light, entertaining "escape" film some producers think the time calls for? If the first alternative is to prevail, then *how*? With hate-building fare like World War I's **BEAST OF BERLIN**? With fun-poking satires like **TO BE OR NOT TO BE**? With routine melodramas which simply utilize the war as a convenient exciting background, like **REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR**? With extravagant paens to the undoubted courage and daring of branches of the service, like **FLIGHT COMMAND**? With sincere attempts to show the impact of the war on certain groups, like **Mrs. MINIVER**? Or with as yet unattempted films which will point a way through the confusion of the present to a picture of what may come from the conflict? Opinion on the subject—both in Hollywood and among the public which views the product—as yet seems uncertain.

2. *Movies and the current economic prosperity.* Now that money in workers' pockets which means that almost any film is sure of financial success, shall producers strike out and produce experimental, artistic films heretofore soft-pedaled because of uncertainty as to how they will fare at the box office? Or will they lean on their oars, seizing this chance to pile up financial returns with the least possible expenditure of effort and money? (The dismissal of the Orson Welles and Pare Lorentz units, both eager to try new and challenging techniques, at RKO is a portent that, regrettably, the last-mentioned trend may prevail.) Will the insured box-office return mark the end of the double feature?

3. *Movies and international friendship.* Louder and louder grows the demand that more care be exerted in the choice of films to be exported, more and more is heard a desire that films which go abroad depict American life as it really is—not as the glamorized, frivolous affair Hollywood so often paints it. A roving reporter's story of rotten vegetables thrown at the screen when **DOWN ARGENTINE WAY** showed in Buenos Aires, of catcalls greeting **WEEKEND IN HAVANA**, suggests the futility of Hollywood's well-intentioned but misguided effort to show Latin America to Latin Americans. And recently in London high British, American, and other United Nations officials held a serious conference to determine what might be done to encourage American movie makers to show a more realistic picture of what Americans really are like. "An American is a weird and fantastic creature to the average Englishman," the report of the conference pointed out, "for the latter's only idea as to what an American is like is gained from the films."

4. *Movies as an art.* If advance is to be made in the American film from an artistic standpoint, wider appreciation of what lies beneath the surface is essential. How can this be developed? Shall efforts in this direction be shelved for the duration? Or shall the movies, along with other arts, strive to develop even further their ability to devise more effective methods of conveying an appreciation of life and truth, so that the values for which we are sacrificing so much may be even more alive when the conflict is over? How can we develop an effective understanding of what lies beneath the surface story told on the screen?

5. *Movies and morals.* Columnists have noted recently an increase in the number of suggestive lines and scenes in current films. Repeated rumors have it that

Mae West is to return to the screen in her well known type of role. Are the movies to lead the way in a letting-down of moral restraints so often characteristic of war-time? Or are they to set an example of restraint, dignity, good taste?

6. *Movies and morale.* Are the movies to follow the excitement of the moment, feeling their duty done when they have rushed into production a new but formula-following melodrama with each headline? Or are their themes to go behind the surface of everyday events, showing American ideals for what they are, pointing the way to an enduring conception of what "the American way" may be?

7. *Movies and liquor.* More protests over the unrealistic use of liquor in films appear in letters to church periodicals which carry film estimates. Drinking has a logical place in films when it is a part of the plot, and when it is treated honestly. This is not true when it is used casually, incidentally, and is made to appear a natural part of accepted social life, with no ill consequences indicated. It would appear from casual survey of current films that the latter emphasis is increasing. What can be done to encourage a more realistic treatment?

8. *Movies as educators.* Great strides have been made by the documentary film as a means of spreading information and encouraging attitudes in Great Britain and Canada—and of course in Russia—particularly since the coming of war. The potentialities of the screen for this purpose are just being realized in this country. What do they portend for the future?

9. *Movies as a part of the church program.* The recent formation of the Religious Film Association, whereby local church groups may obtain films for showing in their 16 mm. projectors from their denominational bookstores, opens up a whole new field of possibilities. How can such really good material as is now available for such use be increased? How can the new technique best be utilized by local groups?

10. *Movies as vocation.* The developments mentioned in 9 and 10 present heretofore unavailable opportunities for those interested in motion pictures as a field of real and unlimited service. How may these opportunities be taken advantage of? What chances are there for training and for learning where one's talents may best be utilized?

This is at best but a sketchy introduction to what lies before those who see in movies something more than a device for whiling away a few hours or as the easiest method of entertaining a "date." Some of them we shall explore on this page in the months to come even as we also look at the current film list simply to choose material for everyday recreation. And there is room, too, for ideas from readers—reactions to what you see on the screen or thoughts on the implications of this whole matter of movie-influence.

The Way Opens for Documentaries

Enthusiasts for documentary films—small in number but making up for it in their consecrated devotion to an art form they feel is particularly suited to demonstrating social truths and techniques—are beginning to feel that the way is opening for successful development in the future.

For the first time, the interest of the government in the production of films of this type for the war emergency has put sufficient funds at the disposal of the makers. Trained personnel formerly occupied only with commercial films has been made available. Many of the documentaries being produced just now are mainly for consumption by the armed forces, but gradually others will be made for general showing. The public, observers point out, will become accustomed to the type, and will be more receptive to its continuation after the emergency is over.

Routine Fare

Grand Central Murder (MGM), Night in New Orleans (Par.), Pacific Rendezvous (MGM)—detective films like dozens you've seen before; Lady in a Jam (Univ.), with a good cast but dreadfully inept as to plot and direction; The Mexican Spitfire Sees a Ghost (RKO)

—Leon Errol and Lupe Velez in a repeat performance; Parachute Nurse (Col.), Rubber Racketeers (Mono.), Remember Pearl Harbor (Rep.)—melodramas that show the results of hasty and careless assembly to take advantage of late headlines; The Big Shot (War.), a maudlin tale of the ruthless gangster whose only side we are shown is that unbelievable heart of gold.

Among Current Films

after Dunkirk is given rather an inconclusive treatment here, with the dilemma subordinated to the love story—which has been legitimized for screen purposes. We are made to believe that the problem can be entirely solved by the girl's example of starry-eyed patriotism and the vicar's advice to "stop thinking and let your emotions decide." Somehow that seems a bit inconclusive even for a movie. Performances throughout are sensitive and sincere, however, resulting in a film of deep human appeal. Joan Fontaine, Philip Merivale, Thos. Mitchell, Tyrone Power.

It Happened in Flatbush (Fox). As a simple, straightforward comedy, this is excellent; only in those portions which wax mystical about the phenomenon of the Brooklyn baseball fan does it seem unconvincing. Excellent performances and swift direction make unusually entertaining a story of a disgraced Brooklyn ballplayer who is brought back after eight years to manage his old team, to find himself faced by erratic fans, sportswriters who recall his old error and a young lady who has inherited the club and has absolutely no interest in the game. Sara Allgood, Scotty Beckett, Wm. Frawley, Lloyd Nolan, Carole Landis.

The Magnificent Ambersons (RKO) has many of the delightful technical innovations which made Orson Welles' previous film, "Citizen Kane" a new movie experience: unusual lighting effects, set construction to key in with the somberness of the story and period, introduction of characters by montage and commentary, etc. Unlike that film, however, the film does not manage to maintain an interest in the characters or what happens to them. We get the "feeling" of the period—the days when the automobile was making its first appearance in a stuffy mid-west town—and of the gradual decline of a proud family, but the people just do not come alive. And what should have been dramatic points simply fade away. *Interesting technically but rather tedious as to plot and people.* Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, Agnes Moorehead.

The Magnificent Dope (Fox) is another "Mr. Deeds" but much less successful than that famous film. A country boy who has won a "success" school's contest to find the laziest man, comes to the city, is persuaded to enroll in the school, and ends up by converting the staff to his philosophy and winning the girl. Some spots are *delightfully funny*, but in over-all effect the film is *a bit lagging*. Don Ameche, Lynn Bari, Henry Fonda, E. E. Horton.

Red Tanks (Artkino) has as its heroes huge Russian tanks which seem able to do all manner of apparently impossible feats, with the crew of one small unit of the corps taking part in maneuvers for added human interest. *It is tense, impressive, straightforward.*

Latest addition to libraries of books: *The New Home Library of Garden City Publishing Company* will be something to watch. Forty titles will be ready in September to sell for 69 cents each book.

I See By the Papers---

Campus Eds Lauded

LOS ANGELES—Praise for their fight against racial discrimination in collegiate sports was extended editors of *The Daily Bruin*, campus publication of the University of California at Los Angeles, by the Los Angeles Newspaper Guild.

Sinclair Lewis, Minnesota-born author, and Robert Penn Warren, until recently editor of "The Southern Review," have been added to the faculty of the University of Minnesota's department of English for the coming college year, according to Joseph Warren Beach, department head.

Athlone Feels Peace, Too, Must Be Revolutionary

TORONTO—The Earl of Athlone, governor general of Canada, told the thirty-third annual convention of Rotary International today that "this is a revolutionary war and a revolutionary peace will be by no means incompatible."

"This war is not a mere struggle between contending nations," he said. "It is a phase in a world revolution. The war of 1914-18 was the first phase. It accomplished nothing, and so this second war was inevitable."

A third upheaval is likely unless the peace is revolutionary, he continued.

"We must place greater emphasis on the things of the spirit and less on material wealth. We must see that our economic system is adjusted to the requirements of the consumer rather than of the producer and we must see that our social services produce an increasingly high minimum standard of living throughout the world."—A.P.

Drop "White Clause"

NEW YORK CITY—According to recent newspaper reports, Phi Beta Kappa, national scholastic honorary fraternity, in a nation-wide referendum, has voted to drop the constitutional clause restricting membership in the organization to white men only, it is announced by George D. Weeks, chairman of Beta Chapter at Teachers' College here.

Decrying the practice of colleges and universities to publicize their social and athletic activities rather than their academic enterprises, Stewart Harral, press relations director of the University of Oklahoma and a former newspaper man, has written "Public Relations for Higher Education." The book has just been released by the University of Oklahoma Press.

Class of 1942

A check for \$500, to be added to the university's war memorial fund, was the gift of the graduating class of 1942 to the University of Wisconsin. The gift was presented to Pres. C. A. Dykstra by Burleigh Jacobs, Wauwatosa, president of the senior class, at the university's 89th commencement exercises.

In presenting the gift to the university, Jacobs declared:

"The senior class of 1942 feels privileged to present to the university war memorial fund this check for \$500. This war memorial is to be established after the war for the study and promotion of peace and security throughout the world. This class gift differs from the usual physical monument, but we, the class of 1942, who will actively participate in this struggle, are of the feeling that this memorial will be lasting and of greater significance."

Evacuation Disturbing

The nation must decide and Congress must gravely consider, as a matter of national policy, the extent to which citizenship, in and of itself, is a guarantee of equal rights and privileges during time of war. Unless a clarification is forthcoming, the evacuation of the Japanese population will serve as an incident sufficiently disturbing to lower seriously the morale of vast groups of foreign-born among our people. . . . If the Japanese evacuation creates serious questions, it is because an entire group out of our population is being bodily removed, family by family. This is in the nature of an exodus of a people. The numbers involved are large, but they are by no means as large, for the whole country, as those who will be involved if we generalize the treatment of the Japanese to apply to all Axis aliens and their immediate families. Indeed, this committee is prepared to say that any such proposal is out of the question if we intend to win this war.—From the report of the Tolan Committee of Congress Investigating National Defense Migration.

Yogi

CALCUTTA, India (U.P.)—A Benares yogi has made a world record by living in a state of suspended animation for six months in a grave, without food or drink.

When he emerged his clothes were said to have been worn away and his body covered with white ants. But, by rigid body discipline, he was said to have forced his beard to stop growing, and his whiskers were no longer than when he was interred.

The claims were advanced by Dr. B. L. Atreya, Professor of Philosophy in the Benares Hindu University and general secretary of the Indian Society for Physical Research.

Radio to Relax Ban

NEW YORK CITY—According to recent press reports, both CBS and NBC radio chains have promised to add Negro musicians to their orchestra personnel. The colored musicians will play as individual groups and as members of the regular staff orchestras on sustaining programs. Negro discrimination on the networks began with radio

broadcasting in this country and has not only barred Negroes from staff orchestras, but with few exceptions has kept them off commercial programs.

Imperishable Ideal—MacArthur

Following is the message received by Pres. C. A. Dykstra of the University of Wisconsin from Gen. Douglas MacArthur in Australia, in response to the citation for the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws which the university conferred upon him at its 89th commencement June 1:

"No honor could move me to deeper emotion than to enter into the aristocracy of learning you today confer upon me. In the environs of this great Commonwealth I first ventured upon those academic paths which a lifetime of study has translated into a culture of interrogation. I feel the warmth of a wanderer returning in the twilight of his days from scenes of struggle and agony and death to the still cloistered halls of youth and peace. You have for one thrilling moment transplanted me from the arbitrament of the destructive mechanics of force to the constructive ennoblement of a seat of learning, of a school in search for the right way of life. And in the end through the long ages of our quest for light it will be found that truth is still mightier than a sword. For out of the welter of human carnage and human sorrow and human weal the indestructible thing that will always live is a sound idea and none is more immutable than the university idea. You have honored me today but you have done for me much more than that. You have rededicated me to an imperishable ideal and you have refreshed the battle-worn spirit of an old soldier with the fragrance which clusters around the sacred memories of that magic word home."

Greek government-in-exile reports the University of Athens has been closed for an indefinite period because of serious student disturbances.

Peace Problem Survey

WASHINGTON (A.P.)—Collaborating with some members of Congress, a staff working under the direction of Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles has begun an exhaustive survey of the problems the world will face when the war ends.

One influential legislator, who asked not to be quoted by name, said it was his understanding that an attempt was being made to prepare a thorough-going analysis that would put detailed information on world conditions at the fingertips of American officials when they sit down at the peace table.

Play Co-op

Robin Myers

PLAY CO-OP started small, and grew because it met a need. (Any recreational co-operative should start with eight or a dozen, so that there is friendship and equality in the development of leadership from the first night.) The idea behind the group was to make and to share one's own fun, to use the principles of co-operation in the recreation field, and to make recreation inexpensive and accessible to all.

Now the Co-op meets at least two nights a week at its own hall on Bleeker Street in New York City, and carries on a dozen different kinds of activities. It issues a regular monthly mimeographed newspaper, sends its leaders to co-ops and other groups throughout a wide metropolitan area, and helps develop an annual Recreation Workshop with a 16 week course in recreation leadership.

Play Co-op is a consumer co-operative, though not strictly Rochdale. We make and we sell recreation to ourselves, and we include people of all races, all political opinions, all income levels. We are financed by a 25 cent contribution for each evening, not an admission at the door, and membership dues are 50 cents a year, to pay for the *Play Co-op News*. Special interest groups finance themselves according to need. We don't pay patronage dividends and it could be said that we consider our surplus as social capital because we spend it for scholarships and other improvements for the Co-op.

Kinds of recreation are varied. The most people now participate in folk dancing, to which half of each evening is given—perhaps because dancing is the most social thing we do. Folk dances involve the whole group, and in those like square, country dances and singing games, everyone's fun is dependent on the help of someone else to keep the pattern. We teach nearly every dance before it is done, although occasionally there is a free polka, or similar well-known step, which we "just dance."

BUT that's only half an evening. Before dancing, on different nights we do singing, crafts, rhythm band, games, dramatics. Beside the two general recreation evenings other activities include a hiking group, a dramatics group, the dozen who put out *Play*

Co-op News, and a photography group which-never-quite-gets-together.

Dramatics are interesting because we use a creative and group approach. One favorite method is to divide into several groups, giving each the same theme to develop. For example: "You are a group of people who have known each other for some time. Something totally unexpected happens which changes all your relationships with each other." That is all any group knows, and in half an hour they present to each other ten-minute-acts. To everyone's delight, one group turns out an Amazon expedition which discovers the leading explorer from the Smithsonian Institute has been insane for some time. Another group is a men's club in a small Connecticut town which faces a Martian invasion. A third is the snootiest sorority on a big campus, which discovers it has "rushed" a male co-ed. The fun of this is that practically everybody concerned thinks it completely impossible to work out the situation with action and dialogue—until they start, and then you can't stop them. We have one rule for informal dramatics: don't talk out the scene. As soon as you get the first idea, get on your feet and act! It works!

PLAY CO-OP is distinguished from other recreation, and is a living experiment in co-operation, because it takes group responsibility for the project.

1) *Play Co-op* leadership is a part of the group. We have no paid leaders, so the opportunity is given for anyone to develop into leadership. Evenings are planned by a co-ordinator, and activities are led by various others, not by the co-ordinator himself. Monthly, an open leadership meeting is held, at which planning and execution of programs is discussed, leaders who have gained sufficient experience become co-ordinators, and so on. A person who teaches the first dance is part of the group in the second. A person who comes for the first time in January may be co-ordinating in June. Leadership and group are the same.

2) *Play Co-op* members take responsibility for management of the group. Twenty to 60 attend average evenings and at times there are double that. There is a monthly business meeting, where every subject is brought up from lack of leadership for group singing to why no

one swept the floor last Tuesday night. The group does its own cleaning and maintenance; makes financial plans to pay its bills; regularly gives a surplus to scholarships for members at co-op recreation schools; makes its own curtains and decides to devote craft-evenings to murals for the walls. *Play Co-op* business requires unanimity in the group before action is taken. When we can't get it, we break up into groups of four to eight for fuller discussion and report back to the whole group, which has shown a consistent ability to arrive at decisions. There is skepticism as well as applause in *Play Co-op* for this business method. Some think it undemocratic because it doesn't give the majority the chance to apply the test of action to its ideas. Some think it more democratic because it shows a higher degree of respect for the individual.

Naturally, days dawn when the floor is not swept, and evenings are known when the co-ordinator teaches too many dances because leaders aren't there. But *Play Co-op* has been going for four years now, constantly appealing to new people, and we have many relatives:

1) The recreational end of the co-operative movement. A good many *Play Co-op* members are active in other kinds of co-operatives too, and *Play Co-op* owes its development in part to people who are economic co-operators. *Play Co-op* leaders have had opportunity to participate in setting up recreation evenings and programs for neighborhood co-operatives in the metropolitan area. A good bit of the leadership of *Play Co-op* comes back to us from other co-ops.

2) Social and civic groups in the metropolitan area. One of the *Play Co-op* relatives is an "outside dates" group composed of *Play Co-op* and other recreational co-op leaders, who will go to new groups to lead folk dancing and other recreation. These vary from the Eastern Star Barn Dance to the USO of Podunk finance drive. One never knows what will happen until one arrives, and occasionally nothing does but an unhappy group of people who don't know why some top committee thought folk dancing would be good for them. (Please don't cram co-operation down people's throats—please!) But more often we are asked to come back. A few people then come to *Play Co-op*, and the

first thing you know another group is liking co-operative instead of competitive recreation.

3) Other Play Co-ops. How well we can name them, we're not sure, but there are friends, ex-Play-Co-ops, and fellow graduates from the National School working with many similar Co-ops. In addition to specific recreation co-ops, of course, any number of grocery and other co-ops have full recreation programs.

WE who are the *Play Co-op* think that we have found, through the help of others and of the co-operative movement, an extension of co-operation where it has a creative function. Recre-

ation can be an escape from everyday living, and its easy enough to want to run away. Recreation can be mystery movies or contract bridge (personally, we think that's more akin to higher mathematics). But that doesn't create or recreate new zest in tired people. It doesn't give the added strength to go on which one gains from being a part of a group. It doesn't make one a more social being through participation in enjoyable patterns to which a whole group contributes.

Our games, our dances, our music, are taken from the world community, and many people have given them to us. That doesn't mean we enjoy *Play Co-op* with

our historic sense! It does mean that activities which travelled over time and space to reach us are alive with the experiences and the joys of many people, and they make our living fuller. We are encouraged that these forms of recreation which are living on are co-operative—adult and child, boy and girl, black and white, playing not against each other but with each other.

And those of us who are working toward the total co-operative community find one of its expressions in the opportunity of the recreational co-op for the creation of group comradeship and group responsibility through group play. Here are roots for democracy.

GIVE

TO THE WORLD STUDENT SERVICE FUND

[*motive* will carry announcements and news regularly about the fund. Next month Robert Mackie will tell in greater detail of its importance]

The World Student Service Fund, no longer an emergency fund as it was five years ago, is recognizing that student war relief is a job we must see to "for the duration." The campaign now being launched for this academic year is challenging American students to greater giving than ever before. Why? Because the *scope* of student war relief is wider than ever. Work is going on in Canada, Great Britain, unoccupied France, Spain, Germany, Switzerland, Greece, North Africa, Australia, India and Ceylon, China, the United States. It will probably spread to American boys held prisoner in the Far East and to Russia. Second, because the *types* of student need are greater than ever before. There are students dispossessed from their old universities, as in China and in the United States among Japanese-American students evacuated from West Coast colleges. There are refugees in the camps in southern France and in colleges in our own country. There are interned students, such as the Poles in Switzerland. There are the prisoners of war by the thousands and millions, immobilized for the duration, and yearning for the help that the World Student Service Fund can bring.

The readers of *motive* have a special responsibility toward student war relief because (a) the Methodist Student Movement is a co-sponsor of the World Stu-

dent Service Fund through its connection with the University Commission of the Council of Church Boards of Education (b) *all* American students need to help, because it is chiefly they who are now in a position to help keep education alive

in a world at war. For information:

Write Wilmina Rowland, World Student Service Fund, 8 West 40th Street, New York City, for a campaign handbook and other new literature. Get a campaign going on your campus!

Italian prisoners at Jamaica camp at mess. Most of these men are interned civilians



Why Discuss Peace Now?

The phrase "a just and lasting peace" has become a familiar expression in thousands of organizations during recent months. The interest of literally millions of people has centered around the question: "How can we prevent a third world war?" Is the discussion of this subject realistic or is it a foolish waste of time?

I

In dealing with this matter much can be learned by noticing carefully those persons and groups which oppose the continuance of this discussion. Roughly speaking, one can say that the opposition falls into two categories. The first includes proponents of a new American imperialism, of Anglo-American domination of the world. In October, 1941, speaking before the American Bar Association, Secretary of the Navy Frank L. Knox called for British-American naval control of the world for at least the next century. President Roosevelt later expressed his approval of this speech. Again, on December 11, the *Chicago Daily News* (of which Secretary Knox is Editor-on-leave) editorially condemned a mass meeting on post-war problems held in that city on December 8, as a "criminal waste of time." Many others in places of prominence throughout the country have echoed these sentiments and have called for all attention to be devoted to the war effort. Whatever the motives of these people, it is certain that their proposals hold little hope for the future, and smack strongly of more "white imperialism."

The second category includes all varieties of reactionary isolationists. During the fight against American intervention prior to December 7th, these people posed as friends of peace. Now they are appearing in their true colors, and we see that they were really concerned over who would be in power during the war, how it would be run, and what would happen to their economic interests. Today many of them are attacking the recommendations of religious and other agencies studying the problems of a just and lasting peace. Their platform is to return to the system of "free private enterprise" at the close of the war and not to try the basic reforms urged by religious groups.

The very existence of interests which would push us into new imperialist adventures or prevent needed social change is a challenge to all persons who seek justice and brotherhood in domestic and international relations. Were such groups to succeed in gaining control of our national government, the prospects for the

future would indeed be dark. Diligent study and alert action on our part are needed to avoid these dangerous possibilities.

II

The government of the United States apparently is convinced that post-war planning is in order. A recent bulletin of the Federal Council of Churches lists the following agencies as among those engaged in this work: Department of Agriculture, Department of Commerce, Economic Welfare Board, Federal Works Agency, Bureau of Labor Statistics of the Department of Labor, and the National Resources Planning Board.

It is important that public opinion, and especially informed Christian opinion, make its influence felt on these governmental agencies. If the future is to be determined by democratic processes, they must operate now. If Christian principles are to be embodied in national policy, the convictions of people who are seeking to build the Kingdom must help to shape national policy.

There are many day-to-day decisions of government which affect the course of future events. The way the United States handles lease-lend, international feeding, race discrimination, and a multitude of other matters will play a large part in both current and post-war history. Here is another area where Christians need to think and speak and act.

III

War brings with it grave danger to civil liberties. Freedom of speech is often the first casualty, and the Bill of Rights is conveniently forgotten.

One of the best ways to maintain a right is to exercise it—vigorously. A controversial subject raised persistently for public discussion can help to preserve free speech. Could there be a more appropriate subject for this purpose than peace itself? The question of how to achieve a just and lasting peace is one which quickly captures the interest of people who find themselves caught in the hopeless tragedy of war.

IV

One of the terrible things about war is that it sows the seeds of hate and vengeance which give birth to future struggle. Anything we can do to stem the rising tide of self-righteous wrath and blind prejudice will mean a better chance for a peaceful world tomorrow.

Let us direct the public mind to the

calm examination of past mistakes, present problems, and future possibilities. Let us trace our own guilty role in the unfolding world drama. Let us press for a repentant spirit for our national sins, both of omission and commission.

The objective consideration of what we can and must do to achieve world order will serve to calm inflamed minds and turn them in sane directions. It can wipe out the desire to withdraw from the world after peace is reached. It can sweep away old cobwebs of selfish isolation which clutter up so much of our thinking. It can prepare the American people for the sacrifice which they must make for peace, for the responsible part they must play in world affairs.

No one knows when peace will come. The war may last for years—or only a few months. Peace may "break out" and catch us by surprise at a stage of the conflict when we least expect it.

Should this happen, we could easily be unprepared, without the resources or plans to meet the demands of peace. But constant study by professionals and amateurs, by persons expert and inexperienced, will create a reserve of trained leadership and public understanding which may determine the course of history.

V

Cynicism and despair are among our worst enemies. If we become enslaved by these two demons, we lose our chance to salvage what is left and worth saving of the past, and to realize the still glorious possibilities of the future. Devoted to the creation of a dynamic peace characterized by justice and tempered by mercy, we can rise above the tragedy of today and weave into this human fabric the pattern of a better tomorrow.

Among the private agencies engaged in the study of a just and lasting peace and from which materials may be obtained are the following:

Federal Council of Churches, Commission to Study the Bases of a Just and Durable Peace, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Methodist Commission on World Peace, 740 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Fellowship of Reconciliation, 2929 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Commission to Study the Organization of Peace, 8 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches, 70 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Campaign for World Government, 166 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Illinois.

What May We Pray For?

SKEPTIC: Mark Twain was right. You can't pray in wartime. This is what he said we would have to pray if we were honest:

"O Lord our God, help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds; help us to drown the thunder of guns with the wailing of the wounded, writhing in pain; help us to lay waste their homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to turn them out roofless with their little ones to wander unfriended in rags and hunger and thirst—for our sakes, who adore Thee, Lord, blast their hopes, blight their lives, protract their pilgrimage, make heavy their steps! We ask of One who is the spirit of love and who is the ever faithful refuge and friend of all who are sore beset, and we seek His way with humble and contrite hearts. Grant our prayer, O Lord, and Thine shall be the honor and glory, forever. Amen." (Abridged) Now, I think we have to win this war, but I can't call that a Christian prayer. It's hypocrisy.

TAURUS: Welcome back, *Skeptic*. You didn't bring any peace offering, though. The summer didn't tame you a bit. You picked up about the toughest problem imaginable. I'll gamble you can't get any two of your friends to agree on the answer to this whole problem. It does surprise me, the way you put the problem. I would expect you to say, "Can we pray at all—at any time—for any thing?"

SKEPTIC: I still hold that back as heavy artillery, and I may have to fire it yet. I really think that prayer is at least a fellow's conscious effort to have fellowship with whatever gods there be. I want to get at prayer in the concrete, not in the abstract. I can't see the elaborate reasons why men pray, and I haven't ever been much for it myself, but it must be worth something—so many great men say so. If I could see some specific values in it, I wouldn't have to condemn the whole business just because I couldn't explain it.

TAURUS: That's good sense.

SKEPTIC: But if Mark Twain is right, then prayer is a fake during wartime, and I sign off of it for the duration.

Prayer for Victory?

NATIONALIST: But don't you agree that "prayer is the soul's sincere desire" and that what we really want is our real prayer?

SKEPTIC: That's about the size of it.

NATIONALIST: And you said that we have to win this war; that is your sincere desire. So, that is your real prayer, and you have to say so. I agree that Mark Twain's prayer makes it sound pretty crude, but if we really want to win, we're bound to express it in our prayers.

SKEPTIC: I insist that such prayer makes us hypocrites. You can't pray for death and destruction, and call it Christian prayer. Jesus didn't ask that his enemies be killed, but that they be forgiven. And Lincoln said we should pray that we might be on God's side, not that God should be on our side; and he spoke his famous words, "with charity toward all, with malice toward none," about his enemies in the civil war. I say you can't pray any other way and call it Christian.

NATIONALIST: Then prayer is a total farce, if you can't bring into it the intense desires of your own life.

WORLD CITIZEN: I would say that it is a farce if you use your prayers as cosmic leverage against your enemies. Prayer should align you with God, and not try to align God with you. You have to remember that sincere Christian people live in enemy countries, and they pray to the same God. Now, do you want them praying Mark Twain's prayer, and have God answer such a prayer for them? One test of good prayer in wartime is this: Can a Christian in enemy country use the same prayer? If he can, then it is good prayer for you to use. If not, then you should not use it either.

Prayer for Enemies?

NATIONALIST: I suppose you would pray for the enemy's success? You would pray that Hitler may rule the world, and all free people become slaves! Let God stop the war with the Axis on top! You call that Christian prayer?

WORLD CITIZEN: I do not pray for anyone's victory. I pray for peace, that it may speedily come. I pray for wisdom, that all men may have humility enough to bring some good out of the war. I pray that we may establish a decent standard of living, and security, and freedom, for the Germans exactly as for fellow Americans.

NATIONALIST: Then to keep on fighting is silly. Why do we keep up the war, if that is your prayer?

WORLD CITIZEN: I don't know. Why do we? Some people keep on fighting because they believe that military vic-

tory is the only means of creating a new world, or even the possibility of it. I can pray for the new world, while not asking God to endorse the particular method I have chosen to secure that new world. Surely God approves of the new world, but I can hardly believe that He approves of the means we use to secure it. Therefore I can pray only for what I am sure God would approve, and do not ask Him to approve of my military methods.

NATIONALIST: But surely it is my business in wartime to pray for my own country, not for the enemy who threatens to destroy everything I love.

Prayer for My Own Country

TAURUS: Clear that up a bit. What, precisely, would you pray for, when you pray for your own country?

NATIONALIST: I pray that our forces may be victorious, that we survive and have freedom to practice our way of life.

WORLD CITIZEN: I pray for my country, too, but not in that way. I pray that my nation's democratic ideals may be realized, that her traditions of freedom and equal opportunity may be achieved more fully—in this country first, and then extended abroad. I pray that my country may be purified in its internal life, and all its people become wise. I always have to conclude my prayer with the qualification that I truly want this prayer to be fulfilled "if it is Thy will."

SKEPTIC: Hold on. That last phrase is a blanket excuse for sloppy thinking. I agree that Christians ought to pray that God's will, not their own will, be done, but they need first to understand what is God's will and then ask only for things that are in line with it.

Prayer of Repentance

WORLD CITIZEN: You may be mistaken, though, in your understanding. Who can be sure he knows God's will? Beyond that, you have to confess that you have done very definite things that are clearly contrary to God's will. All of our national plans are insufficient; most of them are tinged with selfishness—some of them saturated with it. We have to confess that we are not following a perfect course, and that in war we hurt and destroy other people. Prayer must include repentance.

SKEPTIC: But we go right on causing damage and death. There's no use to re-

pent of your sins if you continue to do them. That is hypocrisy. Jesus lit in hard on that kind of prayer. He said that repentance is useless unless you turn away from your sin. All this talk today about confession is sheer nonsense. Everybody confesses—that is, he admits—his sin, but nobody turns away from it. Jesus didn't say confess. He said, repent, turn away! Unless we do that, it's stupid and dishonest to pray about our sins.

WORLD CITIZEN: That is a painful argument. I don't see any real answer to it. I confess that I'm doing wrong in waging war, even while I do it. But war is wrong whether I recognize it or not; therefore it is better for me to admit it. That is the first step toward abolishing it: to recognize it is evil even while I am engaged in it. I haven't the strength, and as a nation we haven't the wisdom, to turn away from it, but we do know that we *ought* to turn away from it. That is a gain.

SKEPTIC: I wonder if it is a gain. In the first world war, we didn't repent much, but neither did we believe that war was so evil after all. But this time we know it is a rotten business, and therefore we are repenting much about it; but at the same time that we repent we keep right on doing what we know is evil. I'm not sure that we're any better off. The first time we were blind; but this time we are hypocritical.

WORLD CITIZEN: I'm not so discouraged. We have to begin by seeing the evil, and then we shall develop courage to abolish it. We are making headway in our attitudes. Very commonly we pray to be kept free from hatreds, and we try to keep alive the qualities of mercy and friendship.

SKEPTIC: Too much headway for the good of the war, I'm afraid. You can't run an effective war without hatred. If you pray to be kept free from hatred you are in effect praying that you shall not be able to enter heartily into the war effort. I insist that you've got to quit praying for the duration. Prayer and war don't mix.

Prayer for Safety of Soldiers?

TAURUS: Let me ask, Can we not pray for the safety of our own soldiers? Surely one of our "soul's sincere desires" is that our friends may return to us sound in body and mind. Can we not express that hope in the presence of God, who cares for human life even more than we care?

SKEPTIC: You mean to ask special privilege for your own men? Is that the Christian God—One who gives safety to your men and allows others to suffer? Some people still think so, and they are not on the enemy side alone. A little

over a year ago, the London *Daily Mail* carried a front page editorial, under the headline, "Prayer and Answer." It said, "On March 23 the British people joined in a national day of prayer. In the seven days following. . . .

1. Yugoslavia rose against the politicians who tried to sell her into nazi slavery. . . .

2. The German bombers were kept home by bad weather. . . .

3. In east Africa, key towns of the Italians were captured by our troops. . . .

4. The weather in the channel was entirely unsuitable for enemy attempts at invasion.

5. Mussolini's navy was caught and battered by the British fleet in the Mediterranean.

It will be remembered that the national day of prayer last summer was followed by the miracle of Dunkirk. . . ."

So, prayer is a cosmic insurance. Just admit there is a God and ask Him to protect us, and, Hocus, Pocus! we are safe. I can't take that. If we send men into battlefields we can't honestly ask that they escape unharmed. Again I insist that we cannot pray for the duration.

WORLD CITIZEN: You're right; we don't want any miracles. I don't ask that God should intervene for special protection. Yet the least I can do is to express my deepest hopes. I want to acknowledge that my friends are out of my reach, where I cannot help them, and I commit them and their welfare into the hands of God.

TAURUS: I warned you, Skeptic, that we would agree on hardly anything. You began with a prayer by Mark Twain; let me finish off with a prayer written in Elizabethan times.

"Most merciful and loving Father,
We beseech Thee most humbly, ever
with all our hearts,

To pour out upon our enemies with
bountiful hands whatsoever things
thou knowest may do them good,
And chiefly a sound and uncorrupt

mind,
Where-through they may know Thee
and love Thee in true charity and
with their whole heart,

And love us Thy children for Thy
sake.

Let not their first hating of us turn
to their harm,

Seeing that we cannot do them good
for lack of ability.

Lord, we desire their amendment and
our own.

Separate them not from us by punish-
ing them,

But join and knit them to us by Thy
favorable dealing with them

And, seeing that we be all ordained to
be citizens of the one everlasting
city,

Let us begin to enter into that way
here already by mutual love.

Through Jesus Christ our Lord,
Amen."

SKEPTIC: That's a vast improvement
over Mark Twain. If I could pray at
all, I think I could use that.

I believe in maintaining a sane and sensible attitude toward the emergency at all times.

I believe in getting as much education as possible so that I may better serve my country now and in the future.

I believe in doing my part in serving my country without complaint or resentment.

I will treasure those precious rights granted to us by makers of our Constitution, and will give thanks every day that I live in a country in which they may be practiced.

I shall remember at all times that we are not fighting a certain group of people, but that we are fighting the doctrine of totalitarianism.

I shall accept governmental restrictions without a deep sense of injury to my rights, recognizing that the welfare of the group is more important than that of the individual.

I believe in a greater dependence upon God, which will consist of a more humble and penitent attitude and a more habitual attendance at church.

I believe in the necessity of a few well-chosen recreational facilities to relieve the tenseness precipitated by the emergency.

I believe that while we are planning to serve our country in war we must also plan for peace.

I believe that the ideals of democracy shall continue to triumph over totalitarianism only so long as we are each willing to defend them.

—"A Student's Creed for Wartime," by Mary Cruickshank, in *The Collegian Reporter*, Morningside College (Iowa).

**Your Doubts
Your Questions?**

Send them to *motive's Skeptics' Corner* for intelligent discussion and honest probing.

When You Use the Word "Christ"

Christ A MINISTER friend of mine was approached by a college student one Sunday morning after the worship service with these words, "In your sermons you always speak of *Jesus*. I wish you would more frequently refer to him as *Jesus Christ*. The word *Christ* somehow stimulates a deep religious response in me when it is mentioned." The reflection of this student was accurate, because the term *Christ* as originally employed denoted a rich reaction of Jesus' followers to him; they saw in his personality all the qualities which magnetized their devotion to call him "the Christ." They believed that his spirit incarnated or reflected God's Spirit.

The title "Christ" is derived from the Greek word "*Christos*"; the name "Messiah" comes from the Hebrew word "*māshīakh*"; both terms mean "the anointed one." In the Old Testament there persisted the hope that some king would rule the Jews in the future who would not only be externally anointed with oil by a priest, but who would also possess internally a spirit of harmony with God's Spirit. He would be God's earthly representative, hopefully of the lineage of King David. No king of either Israel or Judah measured up to the spiritual expectancies of the people; most kings were very mediocre, some degenerate. Jesus, however, satisfied his closest friends that his spirit possessed a sense of unity with the Spirit of God. They believed that *Jesus not only taught what God was like, but that he also lived what God was like*; hence they called him "the anointed one," for they were sure that Jesus had shown them a living portrait of God's Spirit. This belief was deepened by their faith in the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

The New Testament writings are not interpretations about a person who was just a Galilean carpenter or a wandering rabbi or a Jewish prophet; rather they concern themselves with "*the gospel of Jesus Christ*." None of the 27 books in the New Testament are about just *Jesus*; they are all about *Jesus Christ* in whom Jesus' followers believed God's Spirit had resided. The early church adored Jesus with other titles—*Son of God, Son of Man, Lamb of God, Divine Logos*—but none possessed deeper religious significance than that of "Christ."

Mystic A FEW years ago I heard a prominent English clergyman preach in a Boston church. As I left the church at the close of the service I heard a woman remark, "They say he is a mystic!" I rather felt by the tone of her voice, sympathetic as it was, that his being a "mystic" made him something of a spiritual oddity.

Very frequently we have associated the term "mystic" with its eastern interpretations, especially those of Hinduism. The Hindu mystic believes that his senses deceive him; therefore he attempts in his austere mystical attitudes to annihilate his senses in order that he may find a feeling of oneness with Reality or Atman. He may sit quietly on crossed legs, arms folded, looking at his nose, uttering the word "Om" to himself (which means, "I am Atman"); such actions are attempts to yoke himself to the World Spirit as he escapes the illusory world of sense experience. Sometimes he may look constantly at the sun in his hope to blind his eyes; he may hold his arm periodically in the air until it becomes withered; he may walk on glass and sharp stones to become "senseless" to physical pain, because he believes evil and pain are illusions caused by sense experience. This kind of mysticism has no ethical drive, because it intrigues a person away from the world. It invites its followers to escape finally into a feeling of absolute oneness with the World Spirit; when a person finally finds Nirvana or ecstatic oneness with Atman, he has negated his social value for bettering the world. Surely this kind of mysticism is an oddity to the more activist western thinker living in these virile times in America!

Mysticism, however, has a different meaning for the western mind. The western thinker looks at the social problems in history as *real* problems which must be met and solved if possible; evil is thus real but purposive. Man's role is not that of escaping the world's tragedy nor is it his task to meet civilization's dilemmas with merely human effort. The western mystic believes that there is an *Over-Spirit* (if I may borrow this term from Rufus Jones) which is *always* related to man's spirit below the plane of consciousness (may we call it the sub-conscious level?). There are various ways by which man may "practice the presence of God" who is ever spiritually

united to man, thus bringing man's relationship to God to the plane of awareness. Music, poetry, dutiful acts, rational reflection, merciful attitudes to humanity are all "mystical" means by which man becomes more spiritually aware that his spirit has a close attachment to God's Spirit. However, if man wishes to scale the heights in his feeling of close communion with the Spirit of God which constantly hovers about him, he can discipline his intuition (or feeling) to appreciate these high experiences. The more his feelings are schooled to emerge from the lower planes of appreciating God, the more he feels his sense of mystical unity with the Infinite Spirit from Whom man is never detached.

The western mystic is deeply aware that all men are spiritually related to God (all *at least* below the plane of consciousness); therefore he feels his social relatedness to all humanity, since all are commonly related through God's *Over-Spirit*; and the *test* of his "mystical" experience is that he will try to treat his fellowmen as God has treated him. Instead of mysticism being an *oddity*, is it not really the basis of the most hopeful evangelical religion the world knows? . . . I am certain the English clergyman I heard that Sunday morning in Boston was a mystic of this latter type; both his words and his life ascertained my surety!

No one is in closer touch with the universities than Dr. Temple. He has recently visited Cambridge, where a remarkable response was given to him. He finds a decline in that detached sort of speculation which is sometimes called "ideology." In its place there is a readiness, even an eagerness, to consider what can be done fairly soon to make some real advance towards a more just social and international order. In student thinking upon religion Dr. Temple finds more concern to deal with evils than to account for evil, a concern to extend the Christian way of life rather than to discuss abstract questions of Christian ethics, and above all a concern to make prayer more vital and intimate and Christian.

—The Christian Century.

News Notes

On Brotherhood Movements

IN Holland there has been for several years a "left work community," under the leadership of Dr. G. Horreus de Haas, composed of about fifty very influential religious leaders. They are social democrats and adherents of the inquiring approach of nineteenth century liberalism. Their paper is *Tradition and Truth* (tradition being that of the liberal movement), and they have published many pamphlets. One of their most influential was an attack on the *Weltanschauung* of A. Rosenberg's racial theories.

In a previous issue (February, 1942) we outlined the approach of the *Berneuchener* movement, in Germany; another smaller group called themselves "Christian Troopers." They specialize in ministerial and lay missionary work among laborers and poor people, often estranged from the institutional church. Manual labor is a strong part of their discipline. They specialize in offering a "simple gospel" to the people, based on biblical understanding and with a strong criticism of ecclesiastical deadness.

Under the *Modern Churchman's* movement in Scotland "cells" are being organized in numerous churches, with a liberal religious and social foundation. Their organ is *The Modern Churchman* (quarterly), and they are strongly opposed to the Anglo-Catholics. With an emphasis on meeting specific problems, they have developed two notable techniques of relating their brotherhood to the parish problems:

(1) Eight or ten ministers in a given area will take a certain problem of Christian living, and each will write a paper on some practical aspect of it. After mutual criticism, meetings are called in each of the parishes concerned and discussions on the reading of the papers follow which enable the pastor to solidly educate his lay people in the issue of the faith, and also to learn which problems of ideology loom most large in their thinking. These meetings continue until each parish has met with every minister.

(2) In this plan the emphasis is on visitation. Meetings of ministers are held in a given church in the district; the meeting occupies a whole day and evening. First the guest minister gives an address in which he describes the state of the parish. Then he leaves, and the visiting ministers meet and talk with the laymen of the church. Following luncheon, the ministers again meet and give their insights into the situation to the host minister; this criticism, based on their clear concern for his effectiveness in the ministry, is both favorable and unfavorable. After a recess, there is a gathering for a professional paper (on some Biblical interpretation, or an issue of Christian faith or doctrine). A parish supper ("love-feast") concludes the day's program.

On Study Clubs

The work of St. Francis Xavier University at Antigonish, in Nova Scotia, has been for several years a leading light in the field of co-operatives and lay education. It is chiefly in the latter field that we are at this point interested in the more than 1,400 small groups which have been founded there, involving more than 15,000 people in self-help and collective responsibility.

An article by Miss Helen Dingman of Berea College, in the April, 1938, *Mountain Life and Work*, tells this story of the regeneration of a people. For years the economic situation there had been extremely difficult, and it had been made more acute by the draining off of the youth from ages fifteen to thirty to the States, "youth who were educated in Nova Scotia and who, when they were most vigorous and enterprising, deserted their homes because they could not make a living." It was in 1929 that the first study club bore fruit in a co-operative lobster business. *Study and organization* have throughout been the key words of this movement, and the most common people have given outstanding leadership. For it is in the intimate give-and-take of a small fellowship that true insight and leadership develops. And it is here that the character of the Kingdom is discovered. As one of the fishermen described it in a public meeting:

"The story of how I fought the depression is not my story alone. It is the story of hundreds of fishermen along the coast who have fought through as I did and it is the story of those other fishermen who fought through with me. *For I did not fight as an individual.* All my life I had been fighting as an individual. But hard times drove home the fact that that was the wrong way. So we fishermen got together and through organization, study and co-operation have fought

September, 1942

*the disciplined
life*

franklin h. littell

You Should Read

Inward Light—this "quarterly publication for the exchange of experiences and insights gained from the exploration of the inner life" is edited by Dr. Erminie Huntress at Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pennsylvania.

It "began as an outgrowth of the Friends' World Conference at Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, in September, 1937. A small group including Howard Brinton of Pendle Hill, Elined Kotschnig of Northampton, Massachusetts, Frederick J. Tritton of London, Blanche Weber of Geneva, Dorothy Johnson of New Zealand, and others, met to discuss and explore the methods of prayer, worship, meditation and contemplation. In order to keep in touch afterward, they decided to contribute to and circulate among themselves and their friends a mimeographed paper. . . ."

At the end of the summer of 1938 "it was decided to continue the paper under the name *Inward Light* and to seek a wider circulation. . . ." The paper "attempts to meet a need not met by any of the various other religious publications now in existence. Our purpose is specifically to exchange experiences and the insights gained from experience in the exploration of the inner life. Our common interest is in working out our relation to that inner world which our over-extended and would-be practical civilization has neglected. We feel that the discovery of and surrender to God within is the most promising direction in which to seek light on our many problems social and personal. . . . This paper can succeed only as a co-operative undertaking. There are a number of persons who believe that silent prayer, worship, meditation or contemplation, whatever word we may use to designate this inward exercise of spirit, is one way to gain power and insight for the difficult tasks created by our troubled times. Some would go further and hold that in some mysterious way this exercise in itself releases creative forces which can work toward healing the wounds of the world. Such persons can gain enormously by fellowship. . . ." (Quoted from the June, 1940, issue; subscription is from \$1.00 a year.)

The Community Broadsheet (periodical) and *Community in Britain* (booklet)—these are published by the Community Service Committee, Chancton, Dartnell Park, West Byfleet, Surrey, England. The booklet includes in its revised (1940) edition the details on a large number of fellowship groups and residence communities which have sprung up during the war emergency, and is the most complete single booklet in this field of the disciplined life and service. *The Broadsheet* comes out regularly, reporting on these various communities and groups, and is of first importance.

The Christian Newsletter—edited by J. H. Oldham, great Christian leader in England and of the ecumenical movement, this fortnightly publication reports also on residence and fellowship groups, and on other brotherhood movements in England and on the Continent. (Subscribe through *Christianity and Crisis*, 601 West 122d Street, New York City; \$2.50 a year.)

- By meditation and study prepare to
- Start a prayer group or Kingdom of God Fellowship
 - Which becomes a study group on the co-operatives
 - Which becomes a co-operative buying club
 - Which becomes a consumers' co-operative or helps to start one in co-operation with other groups
 - Which continues to study and help to start other forms of the co-operatives, seven in all
 - And studies and federates with regional and national co-operative organizations for both education and business
 - And through them with the worldwide International Co-operative Alliance
 - And continues to study and educate a growing constituency in the implications and applications of the co-operative movement as the basic factor in

1. THE SOLUTION OF INDUSTRIAL PROBLEMS including UNEMPLOYMENT

Twenty-five per cent of the population at most are laborers at any one time. Laborers are always a minority. Consumers are a hundred per cent at all times. Through

our way through. At least we're part way through. We've a long way to go yet. But we're going, and we know now that we're much better off than we were six years ago. . . .

"Ladies and gentlemen, there is something else attached to organization and co-operation. It doesn't only give us dollars and cents. *It teaches us to trust one another; it teaches us to transact business with one another, and, best of all, it teaches us to live in peace and harmony with one another.*" (Italics mine.)

Through the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers (headquarters at Berea College), and its stimulating little paper—*We Will*—this same pattern of meeting life problems is being developed in the southern highlands. Through these small groups of five to ten people "recognizing that they have common and real problems," there are developed plans of action which no individual would be capable of planning or carrying out. And best of all there is developed that sense of common effort, of "unlimited liability," which is the human side of the Kingdom relationships. At the present time there are about thirty-five such study and self-help clubs functioning in the southern highlands around Berea.

On Patience and Persistence

Some of us who feel dismayed that the world doesn't turn upside down over night may learn something from the experience of the people of Novia Scotia. They plan first to "have a dynamic speaker to go to a community, a person able to speak in parables, and inoculate the people with the necessity of study." And then, as they teach it, "the period of incubation before this study idea hatches may be two, three, or five years, but, in Father Coady's words, 'if ideas are sound, they will hatch.' If, after repeated visits over a period of years, there are even a few ready to study, then form one or more study clubs. . . . The ideal size is anywhere from five to ten."

educating and organizing the consumers for economic brotherhood, and through this means alone, can labor problems be solved.

When society itself is thus organized for the benefit of labor, the labor union can become a good producers' co-operative working in a spirit of co-ordinated service in integration with the other six forms of the co-operatives, all in one federation.

2. THE SOLUTION OF CHURCH PROBLEMS

Debts will be paid, budgets raised, church unity realized, when church members have regained the control of social forces through the co-operatives. There will be a strong Christian youth movement, and a world-wide revival of loving-kindness, when religion and economics reinforce instead of fight one another.

3. THE SOLUTION OF WORLD PROBLEMS

Permanent world peace will be secured through developing international co-operative trade and credit. The latter will furnish control to restrain recalcitrant nations.

The consummation of the Christian world mission, and constantly growing horizons. We need to re-study our Bibles from the proletarian point of view, understanding the New Testament to be the

CHRISTIAN MANIFESTO, containing in itself sufficient dynamic or dynamite for world reconstruction.

—Toyohiko Kagawa, in a pamphlet published by the National Kagawa Co-ordinating Advisory Committee, called after his poem "Discovery."

This crazy world of ours lacks stability. We look into every corner and cranny for a little stability, a little security. We seek something material, yet something idealistic—something with a principle—to wrap ourselves around. Some students find this stability—in the co-operative movement.

The co-operatives strive to provide security for their members—security in having a circle of friends with the same interests—security in having something to work for, and working toward this common end together with eighteen or nineteen other students.

More than ever, during this war, women will need stability. Their brothers, their sweethearts, too, will be fighting for the survival of decency. Democracy is in danger and it can be preserved only through the preservation of our democratic institutions. The co-operative movement here on campus is a pillar of democratic living. Whether it will soon crumble is up to the University students and the University authorities.

—*The Michigan Daily*.

I Bring to Thee

A SERVICE OF PERSONAL DEDICATION FOR THE OPENING SUNDAY OF THE COLLEGE YEAR

PREPARED BY THE WESLEY FOUNDATION OF DENTON, TEXAS

The opening Sunday of the school year offers a real opportunity as the student group welcomes to its fellowship a large number of new participants. Likewise it offers extreme problems. Its creative possibilities may become lost in the clanking of machinery or in the confusion of faulty planning. There are so many things to do: greeting of friends, seeking out of new people, registration, securing of pledges, forming of committees and explanation of activities. Quite often there is not adequate information about new registrants to enlist them properly, nor have they received guidance to direct them to activities that serve their interests and needs. The following service of dedication was prepared to weave into a complete worship unit all these mechanics, a presentation of plans, and a method of discovering the interests and abilities of individual students.

The worship center for this service should be carefully arranged. A window is particularly effective. One can be made of paper enameled and rubbed with linseed oil. Neon lights behind it give a smooth, lovely lighting. The design might include symbols for talents, time and money. Under the window on the altar might be a brass chalice with wheat and grapes arranged in and around it. A speaking choir should sit on one side of the altar, and the singing choir on the other. The persons who kneel at the altar and say the prayers of dedication should come from the congregation.

The choirs come in during the prelude. The first congregational hymn may be "Take My Life" or "Give of Your Best to the Master." The director of the Methodist Student Movement, the pastor or the student president, or all three, should make statements about the meaning of the movement and the scope of its activities. They refer to the fact that it is nation-wide and its constituency includes 200,000 Methodist students. They also accentuate the fact that the movement is a part of the church and clarify its relation to the total church program. A boy's voice reads Romans XII. Orchestra or organ begins before he is finished and plays a few moments after he is finished.

The student who has the most poise and who is most naturally the leader of the group speaks next from the speaking choir:

The Leader of the Group: You have heard the explanation of the relation of the Wesley Foundation to the Church. As Methodist students and Methodist young people in a college community, you are very welcome in all activities and fellowship of the Foundation. The purpose of the Foundation, let us remember, is not to maintain a program of activities, but to be a laboratory of Christian living so that the meaning of following Jesus may become clearer. You will find significance in these experiments in Christian living only as you participate in them. Though there are many of us, there is something each of us can do. Of course you can come to Sunday school and to church. But you also can help create such thrilling experiences as clinics and work projects and worship services and dramas and music. Your talents, your time and your nickels will make these activities more significant for you and for other students.

Will you bring your talents to the altar? They may be used through the Wesley Foundation but always in the service of the Kingdom of God. His is a Kingdom of freedom and opportunity for all. In its friendly and understanding atmosphere the spirit of man may become more like the spirit of God. The deepest longings and highest aspirations, the most disciplined and most spontaneous areas of life are our offerings at the altar of our Father-God, author of life, creator of truth and beauty. One student will come to the altar to represent each of you after you have decided what talents you will dedicate to God. The ushers will pass out cards for you to study and sign. (Pause while ushers pass cards as the orchestra plays.) Please look at the first section of the card. After you have signed your name, check the talents, abilities, capabilities you wish to offer for use in building better campuses, a better community and a better world society. Please check one you will actually take the time and effort to do: or double

check your first choice and single check others. (Pause until checking is finished.)

A girl comes from the congregation, walks to the altar and then kneels:

The Girl: "I bring my talents and my skills to thee, O Father. Use them in Thy service. Amen."

Choral prayer: We bring Thee our talents
We bring Thee all our talents
We bring our singing and speaking
We bring the music of instruments
And the fresh vigor of young voice.
(Pause)

We bring Thee our talents, O God
We bring Thee all our talents
We bring the skill of our fingers
We bring the strength of our youth
And the sharpness of our keen senses.
We thank thee, O Father,
That Thou hast given Thy creatures
The glorious, terrible gift of freedom:
Freedom to make or to mar
Not our own lives alone, but the lives
of others.

Give us understanding, O God,
To use our talents wisely and intelligently.
Give us grace to subject them to discipline;
The discipline of Thy Kingdom;
We bring thee our talents, O God,
We bring Thee all our talents.
We bring the whole of our little selves
For use in Thy Kingdom. (Pause)

Be in our eyes and in our seeing
Be in our ears and in our hearing
Be in our speech and in our talking
Be in our minds and in our thinking
Be in our hearts and in our feeling.
We pray in the name of Jesus Christ,
thy Son.

Singing choir: Five-fold or seven-fold
Amen.

Leader: The second section of your check sheet gives you an opportunity to offer some of your time for specific work on creative projects. The ability

to work differentiates man from other animals. It is in doing a job that a man becomes most a man and therefore most like God. The Foundation offers you the fellowship of labor, with fingers and brain, with strength and muscle. Some of our most real fun is the fun of working together. Please check the projects on which you would like to work. (*Pause until checking is finished.*)

A boy comes forward and kneels at the altar:

The Boy: The time I spent in making my mind more pliable and my skills more accurate is in Thy service, O Father. But I offer some of my time for specific work on projects or for the service of persons. Use me and my time to make love real in a world of hatred, O Father. Amen.

Choral prayer: "Give us work to do, O Captain,
Work such as thou hast delight in,
Work humble and hard,
Work amongst those who are bound
and in grievous need,

Give us work to do, O God."

Solo: "Thank thee, Lord, for the gift of a vigorous mind,
For the rapture of energized thought;
By thy Grace, I leap clear of the trivial
Give me power to work great works."

Chorus: Give us work to do, O Captain:
Give us work with young people of less privilege
Give us minds to see their needs
And energy to help them find fulfillment of those needs.
Give us eyes to see loneliness and fear,
and give us love to show them,
Give us ears to hear horror with,
And gentleness to speak to it;
Give us work to do, O Captain;
Work together, work for each other,
The fun of work, the joy of work,
The man-stature of hard work we want, O Lord.
Give us work to do.
Let us never be tired, O Father.
Let us never be too tired to dream
Let us never be too tired to work.
Let us work for the day when all men

May love to live because they live freely.

Let us work and never tire, O giver of power,
Until all the sons of men know they are the Sons of God.

Singing choir: Five-fold or seven-fold Amen.

A clear explanation of pledge envelopes follows. They are checked. The offertory is played by a violin and continues through the benediction. The plates are brought to the treasurer and he puts them on the altar.

Treasurer: We bring some of our money to thy altar, O Father, along with our talents and time. We dedicate our lives to build Thy kingdom on earth. Use us and all that we have to build it.

Speaking choir leads the congregation in the Lord's Prayer.

Choir sings the three-fold amen before the benediction is said, and then the seven-fold amen.

There is a law in man's being, sacred, inviolable, revealed in his sense of what he ought to be and do.

This higher law—the law above all laws—rests not on our consent. It is here commanding us whether we consent or not.

It is not imposed from without but given in the very nature of man.

Man is made for the good; starting imperfect he is called to be perfect.

We are here to lift ourselves to the measure of perfect goodness.

Life is not for living merely, but for a perfect life that each may live here as the citizen of an ideal kingdom.

The higher law is that which commands us to seek the universal good.

Not food nor raiment nor shelter; not comfort nor ease; not science nor art are the ends of existence, but the "kingdom of God."

Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

When man obeys the inner command he feels the freshness of an eternal day in his heart.

When a man says, "I ought"; when love warms him; when he chooses, warned from on high, the good and great deed,

Then deep melodies wander through his soul from Supreme Wisdom.

He who does a good deed is instantly ennobled.

If a man is at heart just, then in so far as he God; the safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty of God, do enter into that man with justice.

The stars in heaven are not so grand as a man living in obedience to the higher law, or dying when it is better not to live.

We belong to peace; we belong to love; we belong to all that is covered by the sacred name of Good.

O let us count for good, for purity, for unselfishness, for all that makes human life strong and stable on the earth.

—Unitarian Church Service.

I learned what physical labor is and does—and I wish now that I had worked twice as hard for the community's sake. I do not feel that one can ever earn the right to help a community solve its problems—but I think I know what it means to work hard in order to deserve the wisdom and example in solving one's own problems.

As a student of social science, and, like most young liberals, I thought I knew all the answers and could solve any social problem with the snap of my fingers. The community was a startling experience to me—and a good one—for I learned how one must take into account the human factor in every social situation, and I discovered that absolutes cannot always be rigidly adhered to. I became less sure of a possible panacea for the troubles of the place, but I became more hopeful for the future because of the strength and courage of its people.

I don't believe that any of us expected when he came to work camp that its greatest effect would be on the life of the members of the camp. We came with ideals of service to the community and with a desire to forget ourselves in such transforming service. Certainly our motives would have been far from worthy had we consciously come to camp seeking a changed self. Rather did we find in our service the truth of the greatest contribution of Christianity to the ordering of society—"He that loseth his life shall find it."

—From a letter in the *AFSERC News*, American Friends Service Committee.

Reflections On War and Death--1918

Sigmund Freud

[*Editor's Note: We feel students should read the reflections of the notable German psychologist on war and death written during the last year of the first World War. Many of us are facing both war and possible death. We propose to publish several discussions on death. For most of us this will be the first time we have thought seriously on this subject. We should like to have your reactions and your thoughts as you face war and possible death or as those close and dear to you face them.*]

Caught in the whirlwind of these war times, without any real information or any perspective upon the great changes that have already occurred or are about to be enacted, lacking all premonition of the future, it is small wonder that we ourselves become confused as to the meaning of impressions which crowd in upon us or of the value of the judgments we are forming.

Even science has lost her dispassionate impartiality. Her deeply embittered votaries are intent upon seizing her weapons to do their share in the battle against the enemy.

The individual who is not himself a combatant and therefore has not become a cog in the gigantic war machinery, feels confused in his bearings and hampered in his activities. I think any little suggestion that will make it easier for him to see his way more clearly will be welcome. Among the factors which cause the stay-at-home so much spiritual misery and are so hard to endure there are two in particular which I should like to emphasize and discuss. I mean the disappointment that this war has called forth and the altered attitude towards death to which it, in common with other wars, forces us.

When I speak of disappointment everybody knows at once what I mean. One need not be a sentimentalist, one may realize the biological and physiological necessity of suffering in the economy of human life, and yet one may condemn the methods and the aims of war and long for its termination.

We expect that the great ruling nations of the white race, the leaders of mankind, who had cultivated world wide interests, and to whom we owe the technical progress in the control

of nature as well as the creation of artistic and scientific cultural standards—we expect that these nations would find some other way of settling their differences and conflicting interests.

Each of these nations had set a high moral standard to which the individual had to conform if he wished to be a member of the civilized community.

But the war in which we did not want to believe broke out and brought—disappointment. It is not only bloodier and more destructive than any foregoing war, as a result of the tremendous development of weapons of attack and defense, but it is at least as cruel, bitter, and merciless as any earlier war. It hurls down in blind rage whatever bars its way, as though there were to be no future and no peace after it is over. It tears asunder all community bonds among the struggling peoples and threatens to leave a bitterness which will make impossible any re-establishment of these ties for a long time to come.

Indeed one of these great civilized nations has become so universally disliked that it is even attempted to cast it out from the civilized community as though it were barbaric, although this very nation has long proved its eligibility through contribution after contribution of brilliant achievements.

It remains for us to consider the second factor of which I have already spoken which accounts for our feeling of strangeness in a world which used to seem so beautiful and familiar to us. I refer to the disturbance in our former attitude towards death.

Our attitude had not been a sincere one. To listen to us we were, of course, prepared to maintain that death is the necessary termination of life, that everyone of us owes nature his death and must be prepared to pay his debt; in short, that death was natural, undeniable, and inevitable. In practice we were accustomed to act as if matters were quite different. We have shown an unmistakable tendency to put death aside, to eliminate it from life. We attempted to hush it up. We cannot, indeed, imagine our own death; whenever we try to do so we find that we survive ourselves as spec-

tators. As far as the death of another person is concerned every man of culture will studiously avoid mentioning this possibility in the presence of the person in question.

It is obvious that the war must brush aside this conventional treatment of death. Death is no longer to be denied; we are compelled to believe in it. People really die and no longer one by one, but in large numbers, often ten thousand in one day. Of course, it still seems accidental whether a particular bullet strikes this man or that but the survivor may easily be struck down by a second bullet, and the accumulation of deaths ends the impression of accident. Life has indeed become interesting again; it has once more received its full significance.

War strips off the later deposits of civilization and allows the primitive man in us to reappear. It forces us again to be heroes who cannot believe in their own death, it stamps all strangers as enemies whose death we ought to cause or wish.

We remember the old saying: If you wish peace, prepare for war. The times call for a paraphrase: If you wish life, prepare for death.

If you prefer fighting your way into active participation in World War II to being drafted, you might try the American Field Service whose first contingent of ambulances and drivers recently left for service in the Near East.

Not only must those who wish to become ambulance drivers for this organization pay initial expenses of about \$200, but they must furnish four letters of recommendation and pass stringent physical tests, explained J. Clifford Hanna, district representative of the organization.

Mr. Hanna added that such requirements were necessary because of the very nature of the American Field Service which requires that it be kept free not only from foreign agents, but from those who might cause friction when working in close contact with British troops. . . .

The current project of the Service is to place 400 ambulances with about 1,000 drivers in the British campaigns in the Near East. The headquarters for this unit is to be in Cairo, and the drivers will probably see action either in Northern Africa or in India and Persia with General Wavell.

. . . Those who are accepted will receive draft deferments from their local boards, and must sign for at least one year of service.

—*The Michigan Daily.*

From College Newspapers

I took a trip home last week end. Looking out the window of the bus I saw a panorama—a panorama of the State of Georgia . . . hundreds of Georgia farm houses, most of which were rickety wooden shacks . . . a man in faded blue overalls plowing . . . a crowd of Negroes in a wagon drawn by a team of mangy gray mules . . . a deserted house standing as a silent sentinel over acres and acres of barren land . . . a Negro woman in a torn red dress bending over a washtub . . . dirty barefoot children playing in the yard of a ramshackely schoolhouse . . . freshly plowed earth ready to be planted with cotton. These little things about my trip home have stuck in my mind. And these little things multiplied and then multiplied again make up the area on the map which we call the State of Georgia.

A student, surrounded by ivy-covered walls and tall white columns, lives a cloistered life. The emphasis on studies, the constant association with people who are above average intelligence, the cultural and intellectual environment, whether we admit it or not, change our sense of values. Living in this artificial atmosphere, we forget much about the outside world. We too often forget about the mountains and think only of the molehills.

We, the future citizens of Georgia, can make our state what we will. We can allow the panorama to move on as it is moving now, or we can change it. We can advance, or we can deteriorate.

We are faced by a tremendous sociological problem. Let's meet it. Let's not bury our heads in textbooks; let's also not pickle our minds in alcohol. Instead, let's estimate the situation, from analysis find what should be done, prepare ourselves to do it, and then, act!

Frequently we have heard it said, "It grates to be a Georgian." It is our responsibility to make it "great to be a Georgian."

We students at the University of Georgia must not sleep while termites gnaw at the foundation of the house which we shall some day occupy. Let us now remember that there is a vast state stretching beyond the ivy-covered walls, beyond the tall white columns.

—Morris Macey in the *Red and Black*, University of Georgia.

The President of the United States recently requested more parades, more band music, more flag-waving. Such show of patriotism seems strangely out of place in our generation. There is, instead, a

grim determination to fulfill a task which has been set before us by a generation which has failed miserably to understand and control the forces for good and for evil within man.

The coming of spring has lost its natural savor. It is no longer a fit subject for the nature-loving poet. It now means the melting of the snow in Russia, the opening of ports and trade routes to the North, the steady tread of marching men on firm ground, the increased and intense heat of desert and jungle, the clear moonlight nights for air raids. For those for us who for now are relatively safe and comfortable, it must mean a renewed determination, one which is so deep seated within that it does not need a superficial show of patriotism. . . .

. . . . We ask only for the hope that our joint efforts, common dangers, sufferings and ultimate success will not result again in the chaos which comes with the spring of 1942.

—Ted Eddy in *The Cornell (University) Daily Sun*.

College-girl farm brigades are the best news yet. It proves that American women will volunteer for non-glamorous war jobs voluntarily, without the bludgeoning tactics used in Axis countries.

The same opportunity presents itself to college men. Farmers are requesting more young men to return to the farms. State organizations, aiding the "back to the land" drive, are offering jobs to all college graduates. . . .

War has . . . awakened Americans to the realization that shortages will exist in our own produce. Farmers are especially affected by shortages. Exporting of food to foreign countries in huge amounts has drained their resources to the utmost. The apathy of Americans has given the farmer something to worry about. Without manual labor farmers will be forced to decrease the supply of food which has been something taken for granted by most people.

College students, while they are at school, have the opportunity to aid the farmers. Both coeds and men students can get out to the farms now, take up the hoe, and get to work. This is the type of employment that can be done while students are still at school and it is work that must be performed if this country is to win the war.

The benefits to the student make the effort worth whatever sacrifices seem necessary now. Working week ends as a farm laborer not only aids national de-

fense but also can aid the student pocket-book, besides revitalizing dormant muscles. . . .

—*Boston University News*.

No post-war political reorganization of Europe will work until the normal way of civilian life is restored, Dr. Rufus Jones, Quaker theologian and famed war relief worker, declared in a lecture yesterday.

. . . . Dr. Jones insisted that a great humanitarian effort on the part of this country was the prerequisite to any lasting political readjustment.

"You can't reorganize until life is restored," he said. "We must rise up and meet the situation of a world catastrophe."

Dr. Jones pointed out that the problem the Allies must face after the war would be almost incomprehensible. Order will be difficult to maintain in the now-occupied countries. Millions of dollars will have to be expended in food shipments and in the provisioning of other supplies to the suffering European peoples.

"A spirit of love and creative service must be transferred to the peoples of the continent," Dr. Jones explained. The most pressing problem, naturally, will be the relieving of hunger. Already millions of people are starving, Dr. Jones reported.

Of all European countries, the plight of the Greeks is the worst. Poland and Belgium are the next hardest hit by the food shortage. In China more than thirty millions of war refugees are in dire need of assistance.

The only continental nations where any improvement has been noted with regard to the food situation are Spain and Portugal, Dr. Jones revealed. The British blockade has not been extended completely to both countries because the Allies hope thus to keep them from aligning with the Axis.

Referring to present Quaker war relief projects, Dr. Jones noted that units are operating in Vichy, Shanghai and on the Burma Road. The station in Unoccupied France is charged with feeding 85,000 parentless French children. The children receive one good meal a day.

No American foodstuffs are permitted to reach stricken France although recently one shipload of clothing supplies from the United States arrived there. Vegetables are obtained by the Quakers from North Africa while rice is secured from Egypt and powdered milk from Switzerland.

—*The Michigan Daily*.

LETTERS

"Who Walk Alone"

Sirs:

Who Walk Alone by Perry Burgess is a story that has been praised by the press both in England and in this country as "a true epic of great courage and a beautiful life." We will be pleased to send any of your readers a special autographed edition of this book, without any obligation except that each asks at least ten of his friends to read it, as we hope that by this method thousands of readers will learn that the universal horror of the leper is without reason and that their interest may be sufficiently aroused to help us prosecute our scientific efforts to eradicate this disease. Through the generosity of the publishers and the author this edition of the book is printed without profit to anyone.

H. L. Elias.

*Leonard Wood Memorial,
Metropolitan Tower, New York.*

Destroy the Seed Corn

Sirs:

I regret that I must withdraw my permission to publish the article, *Save the Seed Corn*, in *motive*.

This article was based on the premise, which seemed sound in December, 1941, that the American people and their leaders were prepared to give their utmost to the prosecution of the war during the critical three quarters of a year that loomed ahead.

That premise was unsound. To publish *Save the Seed Corn* again would be to encourage the illusion that it will be possible to hold anything back if we are to prevent our enemies from conquering the world. What was a sound possibility eight months ago is no longer a possibility, thanks to our inertia, our moral irresponsibility, our lack of intellectual grasp, our failure to face realities.

Ever since 1935, our situation can be described only by the myth of the Sybilline books. By now, I fear, only one book is left.

Due to my heavy preoccupations with my own work, I forgot the promise I had made you about this article, and I regret I did not announce this decision to you sooner. For that I apologize.

Lewis Mumford.

Amenia, New York.

* * *

On India

Sirs:

The Congress (Nationalist) Party was meeting in Bombay at the time we sailed from that city. We since learned that Gandhi again took the leadership and plans were laid for a non-violent civil-disobedience movement against the Government. One of the really great international figures of the world, Jawaharlal Nehru, probable successor to Gandhi, was at that time given four years of rigorous imprisonment. This act is said to have aroused a chorus of disapproval from the people in England. Many thought that England would grant India's freedom within the dominion very soon. It would have been the wisest of acts. She now holds India by a weakened pack-thread when she could have bound that nation to her with a thousand cords of affection and regard. But England today has as little of the statesmanship of Burke as in days long ago when he so eloquently pleaded for conciliation with America. The result is certain and but a question of time.

India's stand against war was more in the British interest than her blind support of war could have been. Is there yet a chance that England will rise to this height of moral grandeur and reclaim her lost moral leadership? *After two hundred years and in the face of threatening foes which ring her about India is still maintained as a completely unarmed people.* For one year she abandoned her non-violent role to offer full military support to England asking only that she be given sufficient self-government at the center with which to arm herself. This was refused. Again she

has made the same request and again been refused. Would England rather lose the war, to say nothing of losing India, than to have a strong, free and armed India as her partner in the struggle? It is a fair question and it is the question that India's national congress asked during the first year of the war and has now again raised. In her resistance to western domination, she is pointing the way toward a better world order in which peace and justice may be secured for all. England's surrender in this struggle at any time, could have struck the death blow to Hitler and to fascism in all the world.

We believe there is no people in the world better prepared for self-government. It is to the credit of England that this is true. Her work has been well done in this regard. Two great groups of intellectuals have been raised up, either of which alone would be both qualitatively and quantitatively fit to govern the land. One, the great government employee group, already carries most of the actual burden of government. The other, superior probably in both numbers and quality, the group of national leaders, stands separated from the other group today only by the fact of England's presence in the land.

Ralph Templin.

*School of Living,
Suffern, New York.*

* * *

Te Solum Deum Verum

Sirs:

I am a Catholic. As such, there are some rather major points of divergence between *motive* and me. But reserving those points—and speaking from a quite varied experience at Catholic student conferences (which, as you may or may not know, are held regionally in New England where I went to college; sectionally at Fordham and Georgetown Universities; and nationally at various so-called "Summer Schools of Catholic Action"—the regional get-togethers occurring once monthly, the sectional about three times during the academic year and the national over a four or five weeks period in various cities across the country), as prefect of my college religious organization, and as participant in a somewhat novel scheme of what one might call "Chain-letter College Catholicism"—I can only keep reiterating my conviction that we Christian college people do live more practically in common than we seem to realize. As far as we Catholics are concerned, it goes without saying almost, our long-range objective individually is quite the same as is yours

—the construction of a profound and inspired sense of personal importance and personal responsibility in the schemata of world living, the notion—to cite the obvious instance—that the worker has a certain inalienable dignity—not merely an abstract and orated-over thing, but a real, healthy, daily recognition of his individual significance in things by the State, the employer, and his fellows; and so, too, nationally, we both—it would seem—champion a harmonious, orchestrated, as it were, integration of all classes in the common effort under God. Internationally, too, our final energies are oriented toward a building, shared by all nations, belonging peculiarly to no one or group, girded with understanding and justice, and facing into a sun of reason and belief. Our respective dogmas? Admittedly they differ, and I do not mean for the slightest second to deflect emphasis from what we Catholics must and always will regard as the utter importance of those dogmas. But what I am trying to say in this too brief space is that—and I may be strolling way out on a very thin limb here—you as well as I can subscribe to the sublime periods and the still sublimer thought embodied in, say, Pope Pius' XII Encyclical "Summi Pontificatus"—and I, for my part, can most probably subscribe as well as you to a good many socio-political pronouncements of the Methodist hierarchy in this country.

All of which should prelude some manner of collaboration between ourselves, speaking generally of Catholic and Methodist student movements. Whether such collaboration should entail at the outset reciprocal attendance at respective student conventions I do not know—but I do wish I had more time and space to sketch out my ideas about that co-operation. Of one thing, however, I am certain—out of the searching and volcanic "scepticism of foundations" with which epithet Mr. Harold Laski has so boldly titled the present era in world thought—we are both agreed that the old "laissez-faire" democracy, that hodge-podge of desperate and warring selfishness, can never again, must never again rise—but rather that there must come something more secure and more Godward in the nature of social equalization and industrial inspiration if the Cross toward which we both march is to triumph. . . .

For, I like to think, across the masthead of my life as well as across the masthead of *motive* are written the words which stand engraved in the noble stone of our library, back at Holy Cross—*Ut Cognoscant Te Solum*.

Deum Vernum Et Quem Misisti Jesum Christum.

Robert G. Howes,
Holy Cross '41.

Washington, D. C.

* * *

Righteousness in self-sacrifice

Sirs:

For the past year I have seen sailors with determined minds embark for battle to all parts of the world. They carry a cause that has been endeared within their souls and they face any eventuality with great courage. Many are making a sacrifice so great it cannot be measured except in blood, sweat, and tears. And for the first time in my generation I have begun to feel and realize what men with a purpose in their hearts can accomplish. It becomes clear that it is not a selfish motive that prompts the desire to save something heretofore intangible to them . . . for now it is very tangible.

In the heart of the Pacific I daily encounter men from the far-flung battle fronts who believe that through their efforts of giving a share of their lives they are buying a share of the future. They are preserving the country to live on with or without them—but for Americans who want to live and prize freedom above everything else.

It has become plain to me that America has discovered stimulus which has released all the potential power stored for generations, and new strength has been observed in the immediate resultant action. I think I have caught this spirit; for at the outset of the draft I was more than slightly reluctant to involve myself in any war which I thought was sponsored by "capitalistic elements" and fostered by propaganda so recently exposed from the first World War.

Once I happened to be on a team of student speakers who traveled the plains speaking for peace in our time. Along with other college students I extolled the horrors of war—the folly of destroying life and property. Then suddenly I found myself in the midst of the front battle line. My position seemed rather ironic. Yet I had to face realities.

I pushed prejudices and antiquated mores aside and began to open my mind to broader principles. Perhaps I began to modernize my conception of previously accepted beliefs. And as I undertook to learn what this war was all about I broadened my perspective. Then I began to visualize what I really believed rather than to ponder on what I should like to believe.

American Youth had caught a spirit—they rallied to a flag to defend the very homes in which they lived. They became inspired by something stronger than Hitler's Youth Movements or Japan's desire to conquer. I saw in this spirit a new America. For here she converged into a unified power that was bent on victory.

These men in the armed forces today represent merely a cross section of those we knew in civilian occupations. They are no better, no worse than the neighbors and fellows with whom we toiled side by side yesterday. But one thing has changed the majority of them. While becoming more serious they also have become aware of a stronger force at work in the world than physical power. There are some things which man alone cannot control. And with this realization they have turned to some sort of God. Nearly every one has a sort of private or personal religion of his own. I don't think it has taken this crisis to awaken a spirit of worship among them. There must have always been emotional humility dormant within their souls, excited recently by a spark summoning them to work together for a common goal.

The utter disregard for personal safety or well being of these fighting men indicate that it is not self-preservation that inspires them. Now they realize that something is dearer to them than life itself. They are embarking on a new experience towards a goal of the brotherhood of man . . . for out of the experiences of these men, who are finding righteousness in self-sacrifice, will evolve a new spirit to build the kingdom in America—it is this power of youth that can create a stronger faith for our American New Order.

R. B. Moreland,
S. M. U. '40.

Somewhere in the Pacific.

Write!

You read the letters in *Time*? Most people do! *motive* proposed to print letters that the editors think will interest you. Your reactions to the magazine, the articles, affairs of college, the present crisis, or life in general—these are some of the subjects we hope to see covered in your letters. Write! It may be your introduction into print.

A Letter from an Immigrant Missionary

To leave Shanghai and go to a South Kiangsi village by steamer, by launch, by rowboat, by foot, by bus, by rice truck, gas truck, salt truck, empty truck—to a village where not only no foreigners but not even any educated Chinese had ever before been seen—and were we a curiosity!

To live 250 miles from the front in a war-torn region, twelve miles from a city, five miles from a bus, and two and a half miles from a market—and market held only nine days each month even in hot weather with ice unheard of, nothing obtainable at other times.

To sit on saw-horses all the day and to learn to use doors for beds at night.

To hold classes in a temple—dirt floors, crude desks, pigs, ducks, chickens, rabbits, dogs wandering around in classroom, bedroom, and dining room alike.

To live in a sand and plaster house—window frames but oiled paper instead of glass (called by the owner his "Hollywood house," but Hollywood would rise in horror could they see it!).

To struggle (without floors) with the rats above, below, and all around—as plentiful as air.

To bathe in a wooden tub nine inches high and four feet in circumference (a real feat for a long-legged creature such as I for my legs never can get in!). . . .

To go without the customary forms of diet—lack of milk, butter, fruit, bread, eggs (duck eggs are plentiful), and no meat but chicken and pork—until we have learned to sympathize with the Israelites when in the wilderness they longed for the "fleshpots of Egypt." . . .

To see so many young people now unable to continue school because the "times" have left their families penniless, when at the present rate of exchange \$5 U. S. money would put a girl through one semester of middle (high) school, and \$10 through a whole year. . . .

To sit and listen night after night to parents calling the spirits as we might

call a pet—some child ill and this their only hope for recovery. . . .

To worry over students ill from unclean living conditions in refugee quarters and from undernourishment—in government school, from 80 to 90 per cent have scabies, in ours about 331-3 per cent.

To hear protests against opening windows in the temples we used—lest the riches blow out!

To see little children run to nursing mothers and hold out their finger for a little milk to rub on bites to stop the itching!

To hurdle snakes in the stretch of land between us and the street! . . .

To see students, teachers and villagers every day suddenly take sick and shake—malaria, for window screening cannot be purchased, standing water fills all rice fields round about, and a five grain quinine tablet costs 40 cents local money.

BUT—

To have heard not one word of complaint or discouragement on the part of anyone since we came.

To see the countryside filled with industrial co-operative camps with factories, large and small—not improving machinery but improving native methods and using man-labor.

To work with teachers who have fled, leaving behind them all worldly possessions—fled hundreds of miles with the din of warfare in their ears.

To have a God who can be worshipped irrespective of place and to worship Him daily in an ancestral hall or temple. . . .

AND—

. . . . To realize anew in the absence of human friends (no foreigners nearer than four hours, no American nearer than a day's trip and none of our mission family nearer than six days) in loneliness and in the presence of danger what a very present help He really is and to entertain such joy in serving Him as easier circumstances never brought. . . .

—From a letter from an immigrant missionary in *The Migration and the Church in China*.

KAPPA PHI'S "ONE-TENTH"

"And you tithe?" has been the question often asked. Indeed, yes, Kappa Phi girls tithe; they look forward each year to deciding the appropriation of their tenth to some field in need.

This last year brings to a close Kappa Phi's twenty-fifth year of existence. The beginning of that "silver anniversary" year was celebrated a year ago last June during their National Council at Sylvan Lake, South Dakota. When those present looked back through the years to see what services their tithe had included, they were humbly and joyfully grateful for the privilege that had been theirs in reaching so many.

"More things are wrought by prayer than are dreamed of"—and just as surprising is the generous reach of the dime that is paid by each girl as part of her national dues. From such a little, valuable accomplishments have resulted. And the joy of those who have received does not exceed that of the girls who have given.

Yes, Kappa Phi tithes—not only that those who need may receive but that Kappa Phi girls everywhere may come to an appreciation of tithing as a principle to extend into their own lives. Out of the abundance given by the Lord, one-tenth to His Service should be an aim to achieve among all Methodist and all Christian people.

(For the information of those who do not have a Kappa Phi Chapter on their campus—Kappa Phi is an organization open to Methodist college girls; there are twenty-five chapters established at universities from Baltimore to Berkeley, with a slogan "Every Methodist college woman of today a leader in the church of tomorrow.")

—Ethlyn Whitney, Past President, Present Program Chairman.

The question, "Will a better world result even if we win?" is one which we should be foolish to ignore, in this moment in which we take up our arms. This most terrible struggle humanity has ever seen will bring forth something new and different. Whether those values for which our forefathers worked, which have slowly evolved in England and America and many other countries, will

constitute the framework for the world of tomorrow, is something which today we do not know.

But whether the world of tomorrow will be a better one is a question which will be answered by our actions—the actions of our government, of groups within our nation, of every last citizen of this our country—from this moment on until tomorrow's world is a *fait ac-*

compli. What we think and what we do—these are the factors out of which tomorrow's world will grow. Right now, at this moment, and in succeeding moments, do we determine our future. At this dark moment, we are but starting on a task. Our children will be the judges of how truly we loved our democratic way of life.

—The Cornell (University) Daily Sun.



Henry Koestline

THE EDITORIAL COUNCIL OF MOTIVE IS HAPPY TO ANNOUNCE THE APPOINTMENT OF HENRY KOESTLINE AS ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR, TAKING THE PLACE OF ROBERT ROWLEY WHO SERVED FROM THE BEGINNING OF MOTIVE UNTIL HE WAS CALLED INTO SERVICE LAST JUNE.

THE NEW MEMBER OF THE MOTIVE STAFF GRADUATED FROM EMORY UNIVERSITY, ATLANTA, GEORGIA, IN JUNE, RECEIVING HIS A.B. DEGREE WITH A MAJOR IN JOURNALISM. HIS FIRST TWO YEARS OF COLLEGE WERE SPENT AT FLORIDA SOUTHERN WHERE HE BEGAN WRITING AS SOON AS HE REACHED THE CAMPUS. AFTER THREE MONTHS HE WAS APPOINTED SPORTS EDITOR OF THE COL-

LEGE PAPER AND LATER BECAME NEWS EDITOR. HE ALSO WROTE SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS FOR THE LAKELAND LEDGER, A LOCAL DAILY NEWSPAPER. AT EMORY HE BEGAN HIS WRITING BY CONTRIBUTING TO THE EMORY PHOENIX AND WAS MADE EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE IN HIS SENIOR YEAR. HE HAS CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES TO VARIOUS OTHER PAPERS INCLUDING THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE AND THE HIGHROAD. HE IS A MEMBER OF THE SIGMA DELTA CHI, PROFESSIONAL JOURNALISM FRATERNITY.

HE HAS HAD AN INTERESTING RELATIONSHIP TO THE YOUTH PROGRAM OF THE CHURCH. THE SON OF A METHODIST MINISTER, HE HAS SPENT TWO SUMMERS AT THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONFERENCE AT LAKE JUNALUSKA, NORTH CAROLINA, AND TWO MORE AS A MEMBER OF THE METHODIST YOUTH CARAVANS IN TEXAS AND IN PENNSYLVANIA.

HIS MAIN HOBBY IS PHOTOGRAPHY WHICH HE HAS USED TO GOOD ADVANTAGE IN ILLUSTRATING ARTICLES THAT HE HAS WRITTEN. IN THIS NUMBER OF THE MAGAZINE HE HAS WRITTEN ABOUT HIS SUMMER EXPERIENCES IN BALTIMORE WHERE HE HAS BEEN WORKING AT SHEPHERD-PRATT HOSPITAL. HE IS FOND OF SPORTS, PARTICULARLY SWIMMING AND BOATING.

HE COMES TO THE MAGAZINE WITH A GENUINE STUDENT'S OUTLOOK. HIS MAIN DUTIES WILL CONSIST OF EDITING AND MARKING COPY FOR THE PRINTER AND CONSULTING WITH AND PLANNING FOR THE FUTURE ISSUES OF THE MAGAZINE. HE WILL READ THE COLLEGE NEWSPAPERS FROM ABOUT FORTY INSTITUTIONS AND REPRESENT IN THE OFFICE THE STUDENTS' REACTIONS TO THE POLICY PROGRAM OF THE PAPER.

PERSONALS

PERSONALS

Magazine a real help. Our School Bureau will gladly aid you to locate that school or college you seek. Address School Bureau, Harpers Magazine, 49 E. 34th St., New York City.

HAVING LOST GOD, two Saddened Searchers seek a Substitute. Box 280-E.

THREE OF FURNISHED ROOMS. Business girl, 27, seeks partner to establish modest apartment, willing to share existing one. Box 246-E.

REPUATE MENTRIAN, magazine work, wishes additional copies.

Do you read the *Saturday Review of Literature*? You should if you don't! It's not as forbidding as its name sounds. And what's more, it contains a feature that has made it exciting each week. The next time you are in the library, look up the *Saturday Review*. Look all the way through, and then see if you notice especially the *Personals* department. It's true that many people look forward to this sober and correct publication just to read the *personals*. The *personal* printed here was taken from this magazine. It was answered by *motive's skeptic*! We have felt the need of such a department in *motive* for college students, and in the October number we hope to start it. If you have a problem, are interested in correspondence, have some particular hobby in which you need help, if it comes

under the head of *Personal*, we'll open one page of *motive* for your requests. The only qualification is that you must be a student in college, or a person of college age in service, or in war industries, or in a C. O. Camp. Your "*personal*" must be accompanied by a statement of who you are. If your name does not appear in any college catalogue, you must give a reference to some faculty person or student religious worker or minister who can verify your name. We shall not write to your reference unless we need to, and we shall never give away your secret. We shall keep all correspondence absolutely confidential. All *personals* will be published with numbers of mail boxes in the office of *motive*—real names will not be printed, but your real name must accompany your "*personal*."

In Memoriam

ROBERT WOODRUFF ROWLEY

October 9, 1917 - June 30, 1942

Editorial Assistant, *motive*

February, 1941 - May, 1942

An Announcement

motive welcomes to its Editorial Council Dr. Alfred Moore and Dr. Samuel Hilburn. Dr. Moore is one of Methodism's best known and ablest editors. He has guided the destinies of *The Classmate* until it has become one of the church publications that is read and respected by discriminating young people. Dr. Hilburn was formerly a teacher in Japan, and is now in charge of the Methodist Youth Fund. Our other Council members are well known to all college students. Both Dr. Bollinger and Dr. Brown give a major portion of their time to the organization and program aspects of The Methodist Student Movement. But they serve in many places and always well! Boyd McKeown of the Public Relations Department of the Board of Education has been our friend and counsellor from the beginning. Enlarging our Council has been for us a real benefit, for we have had quality added to ability.

September, 1942



WILLIAM K. ANDERSEN, II. Vanderbilt University. Sophomore. Cabinet Student Christian Association. Campus Church Religious Council. Delegate Oxford, Ohio, Conference. Kappa Alpha.



ELIZABETH ANDERSON. DePauw University. Senior. Active in all branches religious work on campus including deputation teams, recreation. Worship Chairman. Summer camp experience.



ROBERT APPELYARD. Continuing member of board. Now president student body Union Theological Seminary, New York City. (Married this summer.)



WILLIAM C. BAUGHMAN. Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio. Junior, School of Journalism. Associated with *Sundial*, *Ohio State Lantern* and various other publications. Member Alpha Tau Omega.



CHARLES E. BROWN. Wiley College. Junior. President Y. M. C. A. Interested in dramatics. Texas born and reared.



ROBERT W. CLARKE. Oberlin College. Junior. President Religious Council. Cleveland background. Committee chairman Y. M. C. A.



MORRIS J. DANIELS. University of Texas. Working on Ph.D. Has M.A. in Economics. President Wesley Foundation '42-'43. Debating. Oratory.



CAROL EMBREE. University of Southern California. Continuing member board. Transfer Occidental College. Leader Christian student work California.



ANNA FAKE. Woman's College, University of North Carolina, Greensboro. Head of publicity Inter-Faith Council. Charge of Dorm devotions. Intercollegiate Book Co-operative. Intercollegiate Commission on Race Relations.



RALPH FELLERON. College of the Pacific. Senior. Product of Chico State College and Stockton Junior College. Student minister Riverbrook, California.



J. PAUL FOUNTAIN. Southeast Missouri State Teachers College. Began preaching at 10. Experience in manual labor. Returned to college. Editor *The Capaha Arrow*. President Student Council Religious Activities. Writing and journalism.



SAM GARDNER, JR. Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. Continuing member of board. Transfer Emory University.



ELIZABETH HARRISON. Adrian College. Sophomore. Business experience. Secretary freshman class. Assistant to business manager of the college. Kappa Kappa Gamma.



GREGOR HILEMAN. University of Michigan. Officer student religious association. Vice president MSM of Michigan. Enjoys browsing through bookstores, biking, photography, and fishing.



RICHARD HUDSON. Syracuse University. Co-chairman worship committee Hendricks Chapel. English Major. Walking, reading, "accumulating," gardens, folk lore, music, books and people.



JOHN F. IRWIN. North Dakota State College. Senior. History and English major. Vice president Fargo Interfaith Youth Council. First president Wesley Players Chapter. Night work Weather Bureau at Fargo airport. Hobby—photography.



NATALIE HELENE JACOBS. Bennett College. Senior. President student government. Awarded the Thomas Holgate prize, Alpha Epsilon Honor Society. Home in Bridgeport, Connecticut.



CECELIA NABRIT. Fisk University. Senior. History major. Staff member *Fisk Herald*. Member Stage Crafters. Student assistant University Library. Sigma Delta Chi. Eta Sigma Psi. Eagles Club.



PAUL OUSLEY. Swarthmore College. Continuing member of the board. Has become increasingly interested in dramatics and has played in many of the college plays.



RICHARD PERDUE. Hendrix College. Assistant editor *College Profile*. Vice president Delta Alpha. Enrolled in V-7 Naval Reserve.



ROBERT L. PLUNKETT. Randolph-Macon College. Senior. Math major. Business manager *Yellow Jacket*. Student library assistant. Walter Hines Page International Relations Club. Chi Beta Phi, Vice president Pi Delta Epsilon. Treasurer Omicron Delta Kappa.



HARRIS PROCTOR. Duke University. Sophomore. Greek major. President North Carolina Methodist Youth Fellowship. Phi Eta Sigma. Beta Omega Sigma. Pi Kappa Phi. Chief interest Greek thought and culture.



FRANCIS REAMER. Hamline University. Junior. Student minister. Delegate Urbana Conference.



COURTNEY SICELOFF. Southwestern University. Senior. Political Science and Economics major. President S. C. R. A. Vice president Texas Methodist Student Movement. Methodist Caravans summer, 1941. See article for present summer work.



VIRGINIA STEVENSON. Los Angeles City College. Freshman. Advertising manager *The Collegian*. President Northeast Sub-District Methodist Youth Fellowship. Chief interest Japanese problem. Council Underprivileged Children's Camp.



WINSTON TAYLOR. Willamette University, Salem, Oregon. Continuing member of the board. Senior.



RUTH TENWICK. Ohio Wesleyan University. Junior. English major. Member Y. W. cabinet.



KENNETH UNDERWOOD. Yale Divinity School. Masters in Journalism University of Wisconsin. Tau Kappa Alpha. Sigma Nu. Traveling this summer. Federal Council, writing article on migrant labor.



CATHERINE WILSON. Simpson College. Senior. Editor *Simpsonian*. Home Economics major. Vice president student body. Social chairman Y. W. C. A.

*Student
Editorial
Board
1942-43*



KENNETH JOHNSON. University of Wisconsin. Junior. Chemistry major. Active in eating co-operative Wesley Foundation. Council member for social action. Editor *Wesley News*. Mops floors for his meals.



DOROTHY KETCHAM. Allegheny College. Senior. President Associated Woman Students. In Norway, 1938, experiment in International Living. Alpha Xi Delta.



NORMA KOFAHL. Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa. Senior. Journalism major. Working on college, weekly and daily papers. Pet hobbies: athletics, photography, reading and dancing.



CHARLES A. McEOWEN. Central Missouri State Teachers College. Senior. Economics major. Editor college paper *The Student*. President Methodist Student Movement Missouri. President Missouri College Newspaper Association. Student minister.



MARY RUTH MONTGOMERY. University of Arizona. Transfer Whittier College. Daughter of a U. S. licensed Indian trader. Cabinet Wesley Foundation. In A. F. S. C. work camp California this summer.