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For This Year---

This is the autumn of total war. This is no time for fine words or elegant phrases. On the seven seas and on every continent action alone becomes compelling and dynamic.

This is a time of broken dreams, of life put aside for the duration. This is the day when boys are saying "There is no time for thinking." Man in the midst of war dares not think of the future.

This is indeed an interim of destruction, but it is also a beginning. It may be the beginning of total eclipse of everything for which Christianity has stood, or it may be the beginning of the day when more certainly than ever the Christian life is practiced. Perhaps now more than at any other time must come a call to aggression which, following the holocaust of war, will guarantee the kind of a world for which men are dying. Who shall guarantee this world? Who shall make certain its coming? The seed planted in the Christian life of millions of young people must find growth and maturity in spite of all destruction. Christian young people must now "call their companions and launch their vessels." Christian young people alone can save the world from larger and more vicious fascism, from more pernicious imperialism, and from greater and more devastating paganism.

To the Christian student comes a high calling. His life being spared let him dedicate it to the making of a better world and to the building of a finer and nobler living in the future. This is a call to aggression. This means specifically that—

(1) The Christian student must be concerned with what is happening now—and make no mistake about it—what is happening now is shaping the future. No intensification of hatred, no inhuman act, goes unrecorded in the makeup of future world civilization.

(2) The Christian student must be concerned about the tragedy of tragedies, the starving of children, the systematic killing of the Jews, the atrocities that even in the midst of barbaric war stun the mind and shock the imagination. We must call loudly for justice.

(3) The Christian student must be conscious that the postwar world is now in the making. The rise of the fear of social change, the growing conservatism, and the mounting hatred must not pass unnoticed. Our representatives in Congress must be aware of our Christian principles and of our convictions. We cannot be silent at a moment when humanity cries out for charity.

(4) The Christian student must be aware of the need for change at home. It is for youth to speak out now and be bold—for youth is the living generation. Youth shall inherit the earth.

(5) The Christian student must write for himself a new Magna Charta that has in it the compulsion of something as near as tomorrow and as immediate as today. This Magna Charta must be built upon the fundamental principles of the Christian religion. It must be written now by this generation, and it must be the new plan for the Kingdom of God. It must be no far off dream, no utopia, no romantic illusion.

To this high calling **motive** dedicates itself this year. It hopes to be a voice through which the Christian student will find expression and a medium through which a Magna Charta can be written. This is the time of aggression. Let us sound the call everywhere throughout the world.

To the inheritors of a world without Hitler

John Mason Brown

DO not blame yourselves for this dark present of which you are an inescapable part. If you are as wise as I trust you are, do not permit yourselves to consider it wholly dark. This present—this fateful, challenging, and appalling present—is wicked enough to lead a double life. For once even a moralist would have to admit that this is fortunate. This present is both an epilogue and a prologue. It is an epilogue to faults long uncorrected; to abuses winked at; to fatigues unresisted; to old disorders left uncured by those who had neither the will nor the strength to cure them. In short, this present has come justly upon us who are older, and unjustly upon those who are young, as a penalty for twenty years of ostracism in the golden sands of a peace which had postponed a war rather than removed its causes.

Let the older ones berate themselves for what, with vision, they could have avoided. Do not waste your time berating them. You have other things to do, and few of them will get done by gathering at the Wailing Wall. It is for you to look upon these days which will ask so much of you, and which at first thought seem to offer you so little, not as an epilogue to the lives of addled elders, but as the prologue to your own living. What will come after depends not only upon what you do in the present but upon what you will demand of the future. God willing, you will continue to be Men—and Women—of Good Will. Don't despair too much because of what faces you in the coming relentless months. Cruel as the tests will be which fall upon you, do not forget that on a lesser scale, but to no smaller a degree in terms of personal choices and sacrifices, each generation has been forced to look upon the awful head of the Medusa. There has never been any escaping it. Your having been a part of those actions which will determine the future is something which you will neither resent nor regret. Unless in some way you are a part of this present, you cannot expect to be fully included in the future.

The world has changed almost beyond recognition in the last two decades. Furthermore, it will continue to change vastly and swiftly. And this leads me to my first deliberate platitude. Avoid as if it were the plague, which it truly is, that ossification of the mind which doctors do not count among the diseases but which is one of the commonest disorders of the lot. And one of the most fatal, too. It means death. Not death in the accepted sense; not the death which by its coming closes a life; and not that other fate, far worse than death, which in the old melodramas used to be an exclusively feminine pre-

rogative. No. The death I am thinking of is the death which so often occurs long before life has been completed. I mean the death which can conquer a man's spirit before it has touched his body. I mean that rigor mortis which can overtake a mind supported by feet that still move, and turn the owner of this mind, without his knowing it, into a zombie. I mean, in short, that hardening of the interests and opinions to which so many mortals are subject.

Make no mistake about it, most people die their saddest deaths not when they are ready for the mortician but when they permit their times to pass beyond them.

IT was such a death, in my own profession of criticism, that England's Clement Scott and our own William Winter died when, in the November of their days, Ibsen burst suddenly upon the scene, overthrowing the theater as they had known it, heralding a new day, and threatening all their cherished orthodoxies. Although they fought him, and everything he stood for, and everyone who stood for him, with the zeal of gruff warriors, they could no more kill him than King Canute could command the waves to stand still. Ibsen's coming only exposed them to that cruel test to which most people sooner or later are exposed. They attacked his "Ghosts" and by so doing they were turned into ghosts themselves.

Don't think for a moment that it is only dramatic critics who can be discovered going about their jobs unburied at some moment of unsuspected testing, when they are confident that they are still very much alive. The same fate has overtaken doctors, lawyers, merchants, thieves; statesmen and politicians, too; educators, also. All of us must be on guard against this bloodless harakiri.

You will meet, if you have not already encountered, many of the worshipers of *what was*, who shrink from participating in *what is*, and are afraid to contemplate *what is to be*. They spend their hours sighing over the good old days. Don't let them contaminate you. They are the people who feel short-changed if they are asked to face change of any sort. They are the status quo-ers; the foolish folk who waste the present and jeopardize the future by prattling on about the good old days, without having the sense to realize that the good old days are always those days which are safely beyond recall. They forget that the good days—the really good days—are the days of the present, when the blood runs warmly in the veins.

You may wonder how I have the audacity to speak of these horrendous times as the good days, when all of us are pinched and harrowed, and when the toll they exact from us all, and you in particular, is at once so immediate and so heavy. Darker times have never fallen on us as a people. Nor has anguish on so huge a scale ever been suffered by the world.

Surely these times through which we are passing, and which not all of us will survive, will be good only if good comes of them. In that sense alone can they in their full horror and brutality, their tragic waste, their calloused sympathies and their manifest inhumanity be counted good. One virtue they have, these days of stress appalling, aside from the deeds of heroism they have produced, spectacular or anonymous, active or passive. They have clarified the issues of our living. They have distinguished as clearly as between night and day between what is good and evil in the world. They have forced those of us who have enjoyed freedom to place new and proper value on it and to realize that its benefits cannot be taken for granted. They have made us larger by inflating us with interests greater than ourselves, by making us conscious of responsibilities we had ignored, by quickening and defining our hopes for what will follow.

VICE-PRESIDENT Wallace has spoken of the coming century as the century of the common man. Happily, everything points to his having been right and Vice-President at the same time.

What is more to the point, however, than old grievances, is what we trust will be *common* to all men in the years that lie ahead. For who knows but that, after the pain and stress of these cruel times, we may *at last* have the courage to catch up with our audacious forebears and live—actually live, not merely repeat as cant phrases for a Fourth of July oration or electioneering purposes—those principles of freedom and equality which they enunciated one hundred and sixty-seven years ago.

Look into your hearts to see how much space is there occupied by your actual belief in what those Signers said, and make immediate room for more and yet more belief, and be sure it is the kind of belief which will lead to practice. This is your only chance, and the only guarantee we have that the days at hand will have been worth the pain they cost. One of the troubles with our country, and one of our national shames, has been that we have lived a lie; saying publicly we believe one thing to be true, and behaving privately as if we didn't. My hope is that we will stop excusing ourselves by insisting that the principles which our forebears enunciated were ideals—hence incapable of realization—and look upon their statements as ideas to direct and inform our living. Permit me to be somewhat clearer about that common man to whom we trust the century will belong. When I speak of the common man, I promise you I do not have in mind the Jeeter Lesters, the Joad families, or the John L. Lewises of this earth. God forbid that the common man should ever stay in such a tribe, just as God forbid that he should take Cafe Society as his goal. Rather, I am thinking of the proud, simple people of America; the people who have enough but not too much; the people as unnarrowed by actual want as they are unspoiled by excessive properties; the people who have Faith; the people

John Mason Brown began his literary career on the Louisville Courier Journal twenty-six years ago. In 1923 he was graduated from Harvard with his A.B. degree and the next year became associate editor of Theater Arts Monthly, a position he held until 1928. That year he began work as dramatic critic for the New York Evening Post and stayed with it until 1941 when he moved over to the New York World Telegram.

One of America's outstanding drama critics of today, Mr. Brown has taught summer courses on the theater at the University of Montana and Harvard University. He is a frequent lecturer and has written a number of books in the field of drama, Letters from Green Room Ghosts, The Art of Playgoing, Two on the Aisle, and Broadway in Review.

to whom character is the most important of possessions; the people to whom a mind is something capable of independent use; the men and women who have known the joys of work, and its dignity; the productive people whose increment is earned; the self-reliant men and women to whom government relief is a last thought, not a first one; the mortals who still remain bipeds and individualists, and who face the inevitable vicissitudes of all living with fortitude and have not lost that blessed endowment, the American sense of humor.

DO not forget you are already in possession of something which is not yet common to all men and which thus sets you aside among the privileged. And this is a college education. It places graver responsibilities upon you than some of you, who are just freed from its restraints, would be inclined to admit. I do not blame you just now, with the last examination behind you, or you behind in it, if you are inclined to take your education lightly.

Unfortunately, on all sides you can encounter your elders who take their education even more lightly. This provokes me to another platitude. Do not think because you have been handed the skin of a dead sheep today that this will keep your minds alive tomorrow. Or that the process of learning can ever be eased save by an iron resolve to know, and then to understand. Or that education ever stops. Like democracy itself, to which it should have contributed far more than it has, education requires ceaseless caring, and is never done. This is one of the troubles with the world just now. This is one of the reasons why you find yourselves walking forth tomorrow into so ugly a present.

Your elders have not lived what they have learned. Theirs has been the fatal error of deeming culture to be a thing for the idle hour rather than a principle of life. They have brought different values to their reading and their living. They have segregated the wisdom of the past from the problems of the present. Just as many of them have put the tenets of their Christianity on a One-Day Week, so more, in a life centered only on their own advancement, have been tempted to follow Dr. Eliot's

disastrous advice and put culture on a Half-Hour Day, if that. We must learn to place a higher value on it than this. We must learn to make it more common among the privileged, and a privilege common to all men. We must learn to respect our knowledge, such as it may be, and have it function in our living, not as a pale adjective, but as an active verb.

THE fear of literacy has in this country all too frequently taken the place which in early New England was occupied by the fear of God. See what the average man—the average college graduate—does with his spare time. Observe how lost he is when he is unsustained by the routine offered to him by his office. Look at the book he carries with him on a train. Note with what contentment his adult mind dwells on the adventures of Little Abner, Mandrake the Magician, or Superman. Listen to him as he expresses his admiration for "Information, Please," with its emphasis only upon facts rather than upon their significance, as the end-all and be-all of culture rather than as a stimulating memory game played by experts whose memories are extraordinary. Eavesdrop on him when he is negotiating a conversation in terms of a vocabulary which he is afraid to admit includes more than six hundred words.

See how unnaturalized a citizen he is in the great world of the classics—if, indeed, he is willing to be known even as a transient there. Notice how, in pleasure's name and from a foolish fear, he avoids the toughening paths leading to those peaks, with their views, which are the masterpieces, and prefers instead to laze in the lowlands of the easy, the mediocre, and the topical, like a trained mountain climber who refuses to walk except in the valleys.

Hear him as he fumbles when he is rash enough to leave the particular for the general. And you cannot help sensing how maleducated we are as a people, in spite of all the brick and mortar of our endless spread of educational institutions with their many fine teachers and unfailingly fine janitors.

I mention education, not to attack it, but only because of what it could mean to us all in the coming years. I mention it especially because (and here's another platitude) there is only one property the title to which any of us can be certain of keeping in the decades ahead. And this is what lies within ourselves—that capital of information and curiosity, of understanding and enlightenment, of hunger and sharing, which, if once hoarded there, can never fail to pay a compound interest.

IF the future belongs to the common man, as I for one trust and believe it does, let those of us see to it who have had the privilege of education that the levelling process will be up, not down. Let us despise mediocrity as much as we challenge privilege. Let us stop judging the world by monetary standards alone, and be guided by some standards of distinction. Let us hope for an aristocracy of worth, and in it give our respect to each man who does well whatever job he may be asked to do. It is not by penalizing the few but by improving the many that the future will justify the present. Do not allow the materialism of a materialistic age to persuade you that the "haves" and the "have nots" are divided,

like sheep from the goats, merely on the basis of their bank accounts.

This double life which lies ahead will be no new experience for those of us who survive these war years. We are accustomed just now both to living doubly and to hearing doubly. We are the only generation challenged—or if you prefer, fated—to live at a moment in history when the *double-entendre* has lost all connection whatsoever with laughter. I presume there is not one of us who in these days is not aware of the duality of those forces which rage hourly within us all. There is not one of us, I venture to say, who has not felt deep within himself the conflict between that vast, far-flung, and impersonal thing known as "it" and what remains of him as an individual. There is also the conflict between what is our knowledge of this melancholy present and what are our hopes for a better world. Then, there is the incessant inner opposition of those few things which remain to us in the way of private pleasures.

There are, of course, other conflicts, other inner dualities. And they are countless. But among all of them there is one which just now is most frequently forgotten, and which seems to me to be one of the most important of the lot. This is the conflict which rages within us all between the values born of the urgencies of this emergency moment and those values which we know speak for what is abidingly decent.

Let no one tell you that the arts are effete. If you would find, as each man must, a point for life, you will find it in them. Don't forget, in this world where man's best talents of invention have had to be squandered on the weapons of annihilation, that his spirit is sustained by values which lie beyond the wounds his body may bear. Forget that embarrassment in the presence of beauty which we for so many years have had to number among our national shortcomings. Let us hope that in the future we will likewise—all of us—be able to bury that sense of Calvinistic shame which, again as a people, we have so frequently felt in pleasure. This changing world will not have changed in vain if, in addition to bettering man's economic life, it enriches all men with those joys which cannot be budgeted, and which lie beyond the blood, sweat, and tears of even the most peaceful living.

As a person who has written and talked about the theater without shame and only with pride in these black days, may I confess to you what has given me the temerity to do so? The theater, may I quickly add, is merely symptomatic of the other arts. I have cared passionately, even in a war-torn world, about the productions, good, bad, and indifferent, on Broadway. I have cared about them and dared to continue discussing them, not because what any one of them represents seems to me to be important, but because the values represented by them all are among the most mobilizing reasons we now have for being, as a free people, grimly engaged in this war.

AS the slaughter and sacrifices have risen, I have become increasingly convinced that the death march they play must be only an overture to the better days to follow; that joy is civilized man's privilege, and that tragic ecstasy finds him for once sharing in the sublime. We have been told again and again of recent years that we are the arsenal for democracy. May I remind you that we

are the arsenal for much more than merely the arms of democracy, though of them we cannot just now get enough? We are also the arsenal for the values of democracy; paramount among which is the right of free men to express and enjoy themselves freely. We are the last great repository of the arts, and all of the decent aspirations for which they stand known to this melancholy world. We as a nation have gone through, and come out of, that anguishing period of *The Everlasting Nay* and *The Everlasting Yea* which was faced and triumphed over by the hero of Thomas Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus." And, like Carlyle's hero, I think we must say

daily to ourselves just now—

"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."

[This article was adapted by the author from his Commencement Address at Montana State University, at Missoula, Montana. It is printed here through the courtesy of *The Saturday Review of Literature*.]

To you finishing high school

The President of Denison University Makes Ten Suggestions

Kenneth Irving Brown

YOU and your classmates deserve hearty congratulations. You are leaving high school at a moment of world crisis wherein you are faced with an experience that the high school seniors of a decade ago wholly lacked. You, every one of you, are sorely needed in the life of your country; there is a place for every boy and girl finishing school this year. You are indeed fortunate.

For some of you the place is an assignment in the armed forces; for others, a bench or a machine in a war factory; for still others, work on the farm; for a few, continued study in college or technical school, preparing yourself for larger responsibility. But no one of you is in the class of the "Unwanted," as were your older brothers; and for that you should have profound gratitude.

Some have said that this is a difficult year to make a commencement address. I do not agree. Because of the urgency of the times and because of the demands and also opportunities laid on us as human beings, there is much to say on the gala occasion of a high school commencement. Indeed, if I were speaking to you on such an occasion, I should like to say ten things.

1. Face honestly the facts of a difficult world. There is no real escape from these facts. Some persons try to go through life closing their eyes to difficulties; others try to change the labels and call evil good. Neither succeeds. Better far to know hardship for hardship and call it by its given name.

2. You will do well to recognize that 1943 demands of you and your classmates a larger measure of maturity than has been demanded of high school students since the last war. You may not like this demand but you can't avoid it; the demand is there. Once it was suggested that "boys must be boys" and Peter Pan with his prolonged adolescence was a national ideal. Now the cry is: "Be men."

3. No longer can your own private future be your exclusive concern. True, that future is there for you to carve, but, also, there is your share in the nation's future likewise for you to carve; and that last will come first until the war is over. If the two can be fitted together, surely no one will object, and in many cases the largest contribution you can make to your country is the contribution of professional or vocational service wherein lies your own career.

4. You can't let the past down—no, nor the future either. The past with its weight of tradition puts an obligation on society and the individual: the obligation is not one of endlessly and uncritically repeating the past. It is the obligation of salvaging the best of that past, cherishing and preserving the finest elements which have come through sacrifice. That is true of the past of a school or a college, of a community, of a nation.

But the future brings its demands too—the cry for a better world, with more of justice and equity and righteousness. You dare not bury yourself in the present, for the present is short-lived. The past is behind you and the future ahead; you can't let the past down—no, nor the future either.

5. In all the haste and feverish activity that the years ahead are certain to bring, strive for an inner content, a serenity, an assurance which is beyond the reach of disaster and world cataclysm. Easy to say—so hard to achieve! And yet, so tremendously important—that light within that burns on with brightness whether the skies be lit with sunlight or be black with gloom.

6. Understand as fully as you are able the scene of the country of which you are a citizen. America is an unfinished democracy; many of the criticisms hurled at us by our enemies have a portion of truth because our de-

mocracy is still unfinished. The best way to refute the charges is to complete the work of democracy. That means intelligent, loyal democratically-minded citizens.

7. Because you are a person with all the rights and privileges and responsibilities (as we say in the commencement service) of personality, in spite of war, so far as in you lies, be your best real person-self. War is no excuse for shoddy personality or mediocre living; there is no need to let war be the measuring rod of your personal success.

8. One of the things by which men live is love. Seek it, test it, follow it, be true to it when you find it. Even in war times men and women marry and build their families. That is as it should be, but the tragedy comes when war is made the excuse for ill-considered marriages and momentary heartburn is mistaken for abiding love.

9. In all probability suffering lies ahead, either for you yourself or for those you love most. You can accept suffering bitterly, but your bitterness will not make it easier to bear. You can accept suffering with a weak resignation, but that will not make you strong. You can, however, accept suffering creatively, using it for your own growth. Learning to accept suffering is a lesson in every American textbook today.



10. The tenth counsel comes from Kirby Page and is a rephrasing of a very old commandment: "Practice the presence of God, and practice fellowship with man, if you would find life abundant."

If Only--

A Chapel Talk by Clyde Tull, Head of the English Department at Cornell College in Iowa

TWO very discerning remarks from students came from one class in the fall of 1941. One day a girl said sneeringly, "Of course we are not patriotic." Presumably she was characterizing the attitude of her generation, and I gathered from her tone that she was not suggesting Edith Cavell's conviction that "Patriotism is not enough." She was not expounding Edwin Markham's rather over-quoted figure of the circle and was not including all nations within the bound of her love and understanding. The kindest interpretation would be that she was, perhaps, expressing a very common and tiresome repetition of the reaction against "flagwaving" and "propaganda."

The other remark was uttered more seriously by a young man. He said, "We have been taught to believe that there is nothing worth dying for." That is a very interesting statement worth consideration not possible at this time. It is a commentary on the philosophy and religion of the twenties when he was born

and of the thirties when he probably became conscious of deprivations which were pretty general then. Incidentally, I may say during the some twenty-five years of my incumbence here, the student morale at Cornell hit its lowest point at about that time; I suppose one might say the same for the whole country. Negative attitudes, bickering, organized and unorganized griping, cynicism, were found all over the place. I heard Frank Smithers, a Chicago *Daily News* correspondent, tell about his observations of our marines, navy, and army men in and around Iceland, enduring great physical hardships, dangers, and loneliness. He said their morale was magnificent. At just that time our major problem causing untold and told bitterness and sickness of heart was "cold toast."

Came the Pearl Harbor incident. "Sounds fishy to me," said Senator Nye when he was told the news. It is one of the strange ironies of life and character that a good man, impelled by good mo-

tives, may do great harm. Charity has poisoned the giver and recipient. So-called brotherhood is sometimes based on hatred of the outsider. Nothing needs such constant care and revision as the practice of the virtues. Before one realizes it, as Emerson pointed out in *Uriel*, goods become evils, just as pacifism has become one of the chief abettors of brutal aggression in the present world. Germany and Japan thought we were not only weak, but that we wouldn't fight. And so they attacked us. Note the difference between a peace-maker and an appeaser. All of which, however, is really preamble to what I am going to suggest, just a bit of background.

I HAVE been much interested in talking with the men in the service who have returned to the campus. Physically, they are in the pink. They wear their uniforms with pride. There is a light in their eyes. Asked how they like the life, they say "swell!" Dave Fish said last

Saturday he was glad he got his bars the hard way; he was a private for a considerable time. Henry Klousia grinned when he reported that he was a dentist's technician working in the oral cavities of soldiers. It was not exactly the career he had planned when he "majored" in social sciences, but it would do. He seemed happy. Letters from men in the service communicate the same spirit of aliveness, of satisfaction, of well-being. Bob Reideler reported with humor the fact that he was reading Lin Yutang's "Importance of Living" as his ship was nearing the danger zone. We read *They Were Expendable* and *The Raft*, the story of Eddie Rickenbacker, and the daily newspaper stories of seemingly ordinary officers and unknown men, enduring almost unbelievable hardships, performing deeds of heroism that almost stop the breath. When one considers what Homer did with a neighborhood brawl like the Trojan War, he wonders what the poet might do with this one. I have asked several students what they thought of the action of the men in the play, *The Eve of St. Mark's*, in the crisis of voting whether or not they should retreat to a safer place or stay and fight with the practical certainty that they would be killed. The commanding officer had left the choice to them. With each one having a good reason for wanting to live, they voted to stay. Is the situation a romantic build-up by Maxwell Anderson? Were they suckers? Did they have something? What would you do?

Anderson has pondered over a similar situation in *Key Largo*; Hemingway in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. The radio broadcasts from army, navy, marine, coast-guard camps indicate health, high spirits, a sound morale. Civilians are doing a customary bit of American grumbling over little irritations, but in the main are showing a fine spirit. Fidelity, cohesiveness, tenacity, heroism, education, inventiveness, self-forgetfulness, physical health and vigor seem to develop when war is on. The English are healthier with their strict rationing. It is true, as William James says, "these virtues are virtues anyhow, superiorities that count in peaceful as well as in military competition; but the strain on them being infinitely intenser in the latter case, makes war infinitely more searching as a trial. No ordeal is comparable to its winnowings. Its dread hammer is the welder of men into cohesive states, and nowhere but in such states can human nature adequately develop its capacity." James states one cannot fight the war spirit by counter-insistency on its expansiveness and horror. The horror makes the thrill. I remember that the *Des Moines Register*, after World War I, printed pictures of the horribly mangled victims of that conflict, scarcely human,

pictures to make you sick at your stomach. It was determined that the effect was not the one desired and publication was discontinued. The militarists deny neither the bestiality, nor the horror, nor the expense of war. So long as anti-militarists propose no substitute for war's disciplinary function, no moral equivalent for war, as James calls it, analogous, as one might say, to the mechanical equivalent of *beat*, they fail. And as a rule, they do fail. The duties, penalties, and sanctions pictured in the utopias they paint, are all too weak and tame to touch the military-minded. James continues: "I do not believe that peace either ought to be or will be permanent on this globe, unless the states pacifically organized preserve some of the old elements of army discipline. A permanently successful peace-economy cannot be a simple pleasure-economy."

WHAT, now, does Mr. James suggest as a moral equivalent for war? You may laugh at one of his suggestions. *If now there were, instead of military conscription, a conscription of the whole youthful population to form, for a certain number of years, a part of the army enlisted against NATURE, the injustice would tend to be evened out, and numerous other goods to the commonwealth would follow. The military ideals of hardihood and discipline would be wrought into the growing fibre of the people; no one would remain blind, as the luxurious classes are now blind, to man's real relations to the globe he lives on, and to the permanently sour and hard foundations of his higher life. To coal and iron mines, to freight trains, to fish fleets in December, to dishwashing, to clothes-washing, and window-washing, to road-building and tunnel-making, to foundries, and stoke-boles, and to the frames of skyscrapers, would our gilded youths be drafted off to get the childishness knocked out of them, and to come back into society with healthier sympathies and soberer ideas. They would have paid their blood-tax, done their part in the immemorial human warfare against nature, they would tread the earth more proudly, the women would value them more highly, they would be better fathers and teachers of the following generation.*

... Fine as it is, does that proposition seem pretty tame as compared with the excitement and adventure of war? Does it seem rather utopian? I can see Congress passing a billion dollar measure to destroy, but right now, anyway, I can't see that body passing a million dollar measure to promote the machinery of this particular draft. I can see them raising their own salaries and arranging for unlimited gasoline, but I can't see them drafting the little brothers of the

rich to work on a fishing fleet in December. As Carl Sandburg said after watching the filibusters on the poll tax proposal, "the last session of Congress will not go down in history as a great one."

WELL, if William James couldn't suggest a practical plan to serve as a moral equivalent for war, who am I to attempt it? I'm really not attempting it; but it has seemed to me that maybe, maybe—I admit it is a long chance—the terrific crisis that faces us, maybe the realization of our rotten behavior after the last war and its consequent results, maybe the inspiring dream—and more than dream—of Henry Wallace; maybe even a great Fear of what may come to your children, might start a fire; maybe the concept of a world governed by "love and intelligence" as Dorothy Hansen put it in her editorial, or by "love and understanding" as Aldous Huxley phrases it, might bring out latent greatness in people, particularly in young people, and they would set about the task with something of the spirit and hardihood that characterize the men in the service.

Don't tell me. I know the catches. I am not going completely off the deep end. I know the sneering contempt with which Henry Wallace's great speech was received in certain places, many places. A faculty wife told me that the conversation at a dinner party in another city shortly after the speech was delivered, was devoted to ridiculing it, stressing hilariously his point that we should see that every person, black, brown, yellow—every person should have a quart of milk a day. . . . He was speaking figuratively, of course. And these people passed for Christians. I know that the president of the National Manufacturers' Association said, "We are not fighting this war to bring electricity to the hut of very Hottentot."

"It is safe to guess," said the editors of *Fortune* in their supplement, *The United States in a New World*, "that the American people are going to be at the end of this war in sharp reaction against the whole policy of handing our 'U. S.' money to everyone in the world who has none of his own. The American people are not going to set up a permanent international WPA."

This remark brought a retort from Michael Straight, author of "Make This the Last War." "Just who," he asks, "has been whose WPA for the last few centuries? We have ripped into the peace of the primary producing countries, dug mines, run in railways, and hauled out their wealth, giving them almost nothing in return. For a century now, America and Britain and France and Belgium and all the industrial nations have been the world's WPA's. The people

of all the world have had to sweat blood, living in compounds, dressed in loin-cloths, eating mush, and drinking dish-water to provide us with cheap metals and other materials so that we may drive in shiny automobiles."

And I know that the clans are gathering for the partisan political fights. The new chairman of the Republican campaign committee revealed his stature in his first remarks after his selection. He is going to get the New Deal. The New Deal, I submit, seems almost trivial in the light of this global crisis. It is peanuts in comparison. Not that there is any difference in standards of the two parties. Only a very naive person or one with an axe to grind believes otherwise; it's just a matter of "ins" and "outs." And I know the power of the isolationist press. Three great financially successful dailies in three great American cities, one paper with a circulation of almost 2½ millions, the largest circulation of a daily in the Western World, every twenty-four hours scatter their venom of hatred against two of our allies, England and Russia, with whom we will have to work in close relationship after the war, and every day these papers try to discredit

our own government. And I know that we humiliate in the army and civilian life, 13,000,000 colored citizens. And I know other dark facts that may be suggested by hurried examples. The employees of a manufacturing company in Cedar Rapids refused to take their Christmas bonus in war bonds. The Anaconda Copper Co. will be prosecuted for sending defective communication wire to Russia. A subsidiary had a gadget under a table that prevented a fair testing of the wire by the government. Unauthorized strikes and the deliberate boosting of expenses on the part of contractors indicate a selfish materialism that will resist to the death a generous world dream of great nations living in peace and amity together.

THEN maybe the most deadly enemy of all is within ourselves, "Selfishness." Maybe we are too self-centered even to care what happens beyond our little circle, too provincial and ignorant to realize that even that little circle is not safe with a world on fire.

But what if we don't stretch ourselves to comprehend the significance of this

global crisis and act as we know Christ would have us act? Even when military victory comes, there will be no real peace. "When the lights come on again all over the world," we shall be sure they will be blotted out again—and again. There will be no "back to normalcy." The world will be much better or much worse.

Bob Reideler, a Cornellian writing from the U. S. S. Nicholas, somewhere in the Pacific, says, "There must be no greedy, grasping Britain; no clever, exploiting Yankees; no landgrabbing Japs; no race-superior Germans. All these have to go. The only solution lies in a United States of the World; not a United States of Europe, Asia, or America, but a United States of the World." Bob has got beyond the provincial stage. He has had time to think out there in the Pacific.

Pearl Buck thinks we haven't the stature to take the leadership in planning and developing this brave New World. Sometimes I think we have; sometimes not; but wouldn't life be wonderful if we should rise, as a nation to this greatness! Might such a program be a moral equivalent for war?

AUTUMN WOODS

Belle Cumming Kennedy

Storm-battered gold, wind-tattered red
Fling their song of defiance overhead
To the wild geese' crying:
The year—
The year of laughing hours,
Of showering fruit and flowers—
Stands here
A-dying.

Yet see, my Heart, O see
In what high-flaming faith
It takes the seal of Death:
It will go
Proudly—
As we have seen great stricken ships
Go down—
Ripped and riddled colors at the mast-head
Flying.

So, when our life's swift year has passed its crown—
So, when our mortal leaves hang sere and brown—
So, when the frosty breath
Of winter whispers low
The withering name
Of Death—
So may we stand, my Heart,
So may we play our part,
Fearless, still unflinching, strong—

So may we go,
Our hope a fire—our faith a flame—
Yes, and on our chilling lips . . .
A song!

What a Man Does--

U. S. S. SOUTH DAKOTA

*% Fleet Post Office
New York, New York
July, 1943*

To Readers of *motive*:

BEING asked to tell what I think about death—and I am composing this while we are standing by for attack any hour—seems at first blush to illustrate a fundamental fallacy in our American attitude, that is, a too wide-spread hankering to hear how soldiers die. Early this calendar year when our ship returned to the United States, interviews by press correspondents concerning our battles appeared to me to reveal a macabre and distasteful interest in what men said and did when they died, and over-concern as to last rites and prayers.

On the other hand, the interest in death expressed by you is no doubt genuine. For that reason it is commendable. Too frequently we fail to face up to facts of life and death. Thought along these lines is often side-tracked by wise-cracking, or at best by skirting around the topic and not meeting it head-on.

The true and Christian attitude toward death is to view it as a secondary matter. The way that Jesus went to the Cross is the way for us. Jesus never suggested that physical life was primary, but rather that anxiety over comforts like clothes, food, and drink is destructively sinful. W. C. Bryant expressed it at the conclusion of "Thanatopsis" when imploring (and was he but nineteen at the time?):—

"Sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

I cannot authentically answer the query, "Suppose a soldier comes to you who knows what he is facing inevitably will be death. What would you say to him?" Our engagements have all been at sea, and at no time has one's death been inevitable, merely possible. There have been several times, however, when I have been approached by a man confusedly, and have resolved his trouble as battle-jitters. Invariably he has steadied down so as not to run away or become hysterical. Such conversations are not identical. One must probe around the recesses of the other's mind and evolve not general but specific remedies.

False to me is the traditional symbol of death as static skull and cross-bones, or a grim reaper with hideous skeleton, repulsive skull, leering grin, and clawing hands. Most of the time death is a friend. Often a person pleads for its arrival before it comes. It is essential for a sailor as for a civilian in normal life that he be not victimized by the tyranny of events, but that he achieve mastery over every circumstance of life. Realizing as we Christians do that eternal life is not prolongation of existence in a straight line but more like the outreach of circles, or ongoing segments as when a thrown stone starts ripples on the water, I felt gratified when a Commanding Officer said to me after a funeral service, "That was the greatest help to the morale of our crew of anything that has occurred."

By doing our best on behalf of "those now living who are dead already" we create the "millions now living who shall never die." In many respects the dead past is of concern only to those who are spiritually dead. No man

James V. Claypool

*A Navy Chaplain
Discusses the
Victory That
Overcomes the World*

Look In Subsequent
issues of *motive* for

*A Matter of Life and
Death*

from the Point of View of
—the Theologian—Nels Ferré
—the Minister—Albert Day
—the Soldier—John Bartek

October, 1943

having put his hand to the plow and turned his furrow is fit for the Kingdom if he stops and looks back. Jesus came that we may have life, and live life abundantly.

Quite naturally our sailors think about death much and often, though I hope not too much or too often. One of my friends on board does not know that his mother has written me as follows:

"It was so perfect having Bob back with us for those few days. I wanted you to know that when he was home he told me he had a deeper faith in God now and in immortality and he said, 'Mom, if I don't come back you mustn't feel too badly because we will see each other again.' I was glad he felt that way, but the hard thing for me to do is to accept the fact that he might not come back. I know Bob is ready, but I am not. What can I do about that?"

Succinctly, may I relate the four principles about death which I have emphasized in sermon and conversation. First, hang on to life as long as you can. Live all your life. When injured, the easy way out is to lie back and die. Keep steady, keep cool, and keep going as long

as life sparks. No wounded man of ours who has clung to life the first eighteen hours after battle has failed to get well, thanks to sulfa drugs and superb surgery. Second, you can control yourself best when keeping active. If you must stay still awaiting the first bombs or shells, read your New Testament with some one else, sing and hum your Gospel songs, and pray. Everyone of us will admit to being afraid, but we don't give in to it. Third, eventual death is the only sure fact in life, so be prepared always. "Have you made your peace with God? Do you know your sins forgiven? Let's ask Him." We are like the followers of John Wesley of whom he boasted, "Our people die well"; and we would be like Mark Twain's friends whom he advised "to live so that when you die even the undertaker will be sorry." Fourth, this climactic occurrence may be, nay is, life's finest form of adventure. After all, death is understandable enough; we can cause it and explain it. It is life and more life that is the timeless, mighty mystery. "Lay hold on life, and it shall be, Thy joy and crown, eternally." Life is a means to an end, a destiny, a purpose.

By it death is swallowed up in victory. He that loses his life—who invests, plants, yields it; who is oblivious of surroundings, absorbed in something bigger; who will give it up, not resist Christ's call—he it is that saves his life, and he only.

A bit apologetically I offer a reminder that it is not what a Chaplain says but what he does when death is imminent that counts. We uniformed ministers do not send men into battle, we go with them. Whether we are "never wanting there" is of more consequence than what we preached. Do we stand up "where duty calls or danger?" The best example of that I know is of my friend George L. Fox of Vermont, an ex-Marine wounded in France in 1918, who voluntarily left his family and Methodist pastorate in 1943. He gave his life-belt to some one else on his sinking ship before he slipped prayerfully to a watery grave off the coast of Africa with hands clasped with three other Army "padres" who were Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish. That is the victory that overcomes the world.

Fraternally yours,
James V. Claypool
Comdr. Chaplain

source

SO die as though your funeral
Ushered you through doors that led
Into a stately banquet hall
Where heroes banqueted.

—Alan Seeger

It is not a question of dying earlier or
later, but of dying well or ill.
And dying well means escape from the
danger of living ill.

—Seneca

So live, that when thy summons comes to
join

The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each
shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at
night,

Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained
and soothed,

By an unflinching trust, approach thy
grave

Like one who wraps the drapery of his
couch

About him, and lies down to pleasant
dreams.

—Bryant

Almost a decade has passed since I first
set down the outlines of what I believe.
Meanwhile death has crept nearer, and
every living philosophy must reckon with
the fact and the meaning of death.

For death is a natural event in the de-

velopment of the individual, which he
shares with all other living things, there
is only one appropriate mood: that of
smiling resignation. The secret of this
smile—if I can pass on a secret that
needs constant learning—is to live from
day to day so that any moment might
without a bitter sense of frustration, make
an appropriate end. . . . My philosophy,
by its emphasis on life's many-sidedness
and its effort to achieve balance, is the
opposite of the specialists; . . . I hold
that "now" is a fair sample of eternity.
It is those who have chosen death as
their mode of life who have reason to
shrink most from the final encounter.

—Lewis Mumford

FOR I am persuaded, that neither
death, nor life. . . . nor height, nor
depth, nor any other creature, shall be
able to separate us from the love of God,
which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

—Romans 8:38, 39

We know that we have passed from
death unto life, because we love the
brethren. He that loveth not his brother
abideth in death.

—1 John 3:14

Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?

—Hamlet by Shakespeare

He was dead. Dead for ever? Who
shall say? Assuredly neither spiritualistic
experiment, nor yet religious dogma afford
any proof that the soul survives. What
we can say is that everything in our lives
proceeds as though we came into the
world with a load of obligations con-
tracted in some previous life. There is no
reason, in the conditions of our life upon
this earth, why we should think ourselves
obliged to do good, to be considerate, even
to be polite, no reason why the cultivated
artist should think himself obliged to
start afresh, maybe a score of times, a
piece of work the admiration excited by
which in the future will little matter to
his body eaten by worms, like the patch
of wall painted with such mastercraft
and subtlety by a forever unknown ar-
tist barely identified under the name
Vermeer. All these obligations which
are without sanction in the present life,
seemingly belong to a different world,
founded upon kindness, scruple, and self-
sacrifice, a world entirely different from
this one, a world we leave in order to be
born on earth, and to which we perhaps
return to live again beneath the dominion
of those unknown laws, obeyed here by
us because we carried the teaching of
them within us, knowing not who had
graven them there, laws to which all deep
labour of the intelligence brings us near-
er and which are invisible only—if indeed
they are—for fools.

—The Death of Bergotte by Proust

The Man Who Looked Like God

I

The Story of Armand Branche

Amos Wilder

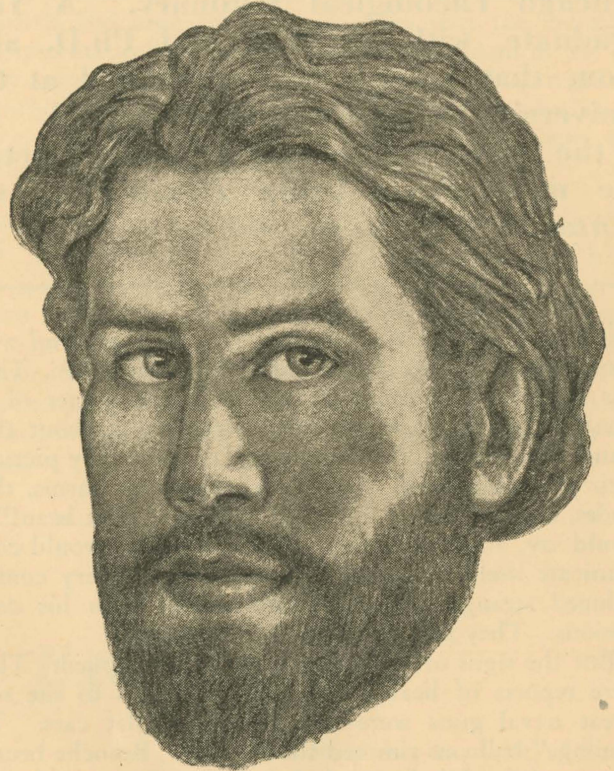
WHY is it that the attempts of painters or novelists to present a portrait of Jesus are so unsatisfactory? I am thinking particularly of such modern delineations as we get in *The Nazarene* or in Kagawa's *Behold the Man*, or in recent paintings of Jesus that have had some popularity. The fact is, the baffling difficulty of this task is a tribute to him. He is "greater than our poor hearts," and he is greater than the fumbling attempts we make to picture him, and we instinctively recognize it.

I can understand the reaction of Kenneth Patchen, one of our gifted radical poets. He wrote me once that when he thought of Christ he pictured a strange gaunt man, an imperious figure with red hair and beard, standing under great trees. I can see what Patchen was after. He wanted a Christ that was not too familiar and insipid—one that had some mystery about him.

Moreover, we should not be too sure that Jesus, if we could have seen him, or if he should appear among us again, would conform to all the ideas that we have of him. We may well take to heart the rather surprising hint that we get from a famous Old Testament prophecy which the Church has always understood as a prediction of him. It is rather startling, but this passage, probably the greatest in the Old Testament, tells us that "he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him!"

This surely does not mean that there was no glory of love to be seen in his countenance. But would we have the eyes to see it? Those whose ideals of beauty are drawn from Hollywood, or for that matter even from ancient Hellas, might well find the beauty of holiness something of a shock.

It is for reasons like these that I offer as a clue to the picture of Jesus as he might appear today the following story, retold from the French of Georges Duhamel, one



Portrait of Jesus by William Schuhle

of the great writers of our time.¹ I insist that it is only a clue, only a parable, but I think one may learn more from it than from many direct attempts to delineate the features of the Man of Nazareth.

IN the late winter of 1916-1917 a small number of replacements came up to the French front in the region of Roye and Lassigny, to take their places in a company of infantry. This was the period of deadlock in the war, when morale was at its lowest, when atrocious losses were incurred in great attacks that miscarried, when rumors of mutiny circulated, and human nature could bear no more. Something like a miracle happened on this front that spring, and it had to do with one of these replacements, Armand Branche.

His mates noticed immediately that there was something unusual about Branche. He was certainly not cut out to be a soldier. He was not very robust, nor was he very adept in the odd jobs of the trenches. Yet he would do his share of the heavy work, none more faithfully, and he was a model of obedience. The company was building dug-outs and digging communication trenches in preparation for the allied attack that seemed to be in the wind. As they worked with him, the other men of the squad noted that he had fits of abstraction and a kind of simple-

¹ ELEVATION ET MORT D'ARMAND BRANCHE, Paris, Grasset, 1919.

Other writers on

The Man Who Looked Like God

Edwin McNeill Poteat
Georgia Harkness
Howard Thurman
William Faulkner

Richard T. Baker
Allan Hunter
James Chubb
Philip Mayer

October, 1943

► Distinguished member of a distinguished family, Amos Wilder has been Professor of New Testament Interpretation at Andover Newton Theological Seminary. He has just been appointed to a professorship in Chicago Theological Seminary. A Yale graduate, with his B.D. and Ph.D. also from that school, he has studied at the University of Brussels and at Oxford. He is the author of several books of poetry, the most recent being *Healing of the Waters*.

ness that made them tap their heads sometimes and wink at one another. But they couldn't help liking him. There was something tender and humble in the corner of his mouth. Besides he would talk to the *poilus* about their homes, their wives, their children. And as they pictured their peacetime lives, their households, their farms, their trades, his face would light up. "Comme c'est beau!" he would say, and the glow and elation he felt would communicate itself to them. In some way his very contact induced strange and unwonted thoughts in his companions. They said that he was a queer one.

But the signs of the coming attack multiplied. There were reports of heavy traffic on the roads to the rear. Great naval guns were unloaded from flat cars. The "sausage" balloons rimmed the horizon. Branche became preoccupied. His best pal, Jules, sometimes caught him talking to himself. Stray words would reach his ears: "It mustn't be!" And Branche would go off into a brown study. There was something remote, even awesome about him at times. Some of the men said he was an *envoyé*, as we would say, a seer or a prophet. Others laughed and said he was a little cracked.

Jules heard him drop other strange phrases. "There are things someone ought to say." "This can't go on." Then he would come out of his spells of absorption and sing and laugh with the best of them, and with a child-like quality that was poignant and affecting. And his queer solicitude towards the men would redouble.

One felt that Branche had a fixed idea, that he was revolving some unheard-of action in his mind. Later, after it was all over, Jules said that he had come to have a kind of awe of Branche, and felt sure he was going to do something incredible.

"He made me think of my childhood—of things forgotten—of pictures in a book where you see a man speaking in the desert, or another walking on the water with

bare feet—of pictures of a meal where the companions sit joyfully together with golden circles behind their heads."

THIS "something incredible" Branche did, one bright morning as the sun was rising. The squad was in the advanced trench. At this point the German trenches were only a few hundred feet away across the fields. Suddenly Branche mounted on an observation step, pulled himself up over the parapet, and stood upright in plain sight of the enemy. His sergeant bawled at him. Jules clutched at his leggins, but he tore free. He advanced a step or two towards the barbed wire, and then, facing the opposing lines, with his hands to his mouth, megaphone fashion, he called out:

"Hey, you! Listen! You don't belong here. What are you doing here? They've fooled you! You go home, and we'll go home, and it will be all over. Go on back and we'll all have peace!"

Branche's mates were stupefied. It all happened in a moment. His voice was ridiculously thin in the open air. Suddenly they heard the put-put-put of a machine gun, and Branche fell backward on the ground with bullets through his throat, his side and his thigh. The men drew him back to the trench and he was sent down to the nearest field hospital. There he lingered, speechless, for days between life and death. He had the look of a man who had nothing more he wanted to say, and would never speak again.

Meanwhile the great French attack grew imminent. The atmosphere of the front became surcharged with suspense and expectation. The orderly who tended on Branche exchanged questions and answers with him by pencil and paper. He passed his days in a strange state that partook of the incoherent distress of those just out of the front lines and of a curious intense alertness and excitement. He seemed anxious about "the attack." He would glance at the headlines of the papers held before him, and sink back in disappointment. He grew weaker rapidly.

ONE day Jules came into the hut. He approached Branche with a kind of incredulity. He whispered something to him that had an electrifying effect upon the

Artist
William
Schuhle



William Schuhle earned his B.A. and M.A. degrees from Washington and Lee University before he did two years' study in political science at Johns Hopkins University. He has taught government and history in junior high school for three years in Virginia and one year at

Centenary College in Louisiana.

An outstanding athlete, Mr. Schuhle was captain of his college track team and went to the finals (400 meter hurdles) in tryouts for the 1936 Olympic team. His drawing of Jesus on the preceding page is the result of one of his hobbies.

dying man. Jules had been on patrol into the enemy lines the night before. It was unbelievable. There were no Boches in the front lines! The trenches and dug-outs were empty, vacated! They had pushed on to the supporting lines, to the second and third line trenches. No Germans! The enemy had gone! Jules leaned over the bed and pressed Branche's hands with almost a superstitious homage and withdrew. The man who had spoken for peace lay in a state of beatitude. He had a look on his face so poignant and tender that the orderly thought that if there is a God he must have a look like that. A few hours later Branche died.

But Jules' report was true! In the morning the wildest rumors spread. For fifty miles and more along the front no contact could be made with the enemy. Soon the papers appeared and confirmed the fact. "Great German Retreat North of Lassigny!" It was of course the famous German withdrawal of March, 1917.

The orderly who tells the story admits that the whole thing sounds absurd. Think so if you wish, he says. But you could not shake his faith that Branche's act, Branche's words, Branche's death had borne their fruit. There are

more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. And every soldier who went through the first world war had one or two experiences like this—experiences that they could not explain, but which are the only things they care to remember.

The French advanced that March, unopposed, through orchards and orchards of apple trees that the Germans had systematically felled as they retired. And as the orderly moved through them with the rest he thought of Branche. For though cut down they were blossoming on the ground, blossoming as if they had before them, not extinction, but a whole eternity of life and love!

NOW I say that if Jesus were born again to live in our modern world, it might well be in some such half-recognized role as that of Armand Branche. Who knows! There are those that imagine that the gods of Olympus are not dead, but walk the earth disguised as men and women in every generation. May it not well be that Jesus so shows himself, not easily recognized and not rarely, but wherever men and women are captured by his spirit?

As for the saints that are in the earth

These Are the Excellent

. . . . in whom is all my delight

Toru Matsumoto

J. Gordon Chamberlin

THE headlines in the New York Times read "GARDEN WRECKERS ANGER LARCHMONT." And this was another episode in the life of Toru Matsumoto.

Toru was born twenty-nine years ago into the home of a physician. His mother was a devout Christian; his father an agnostic. Toru became a Christian, but it was not easy for a boy in a small town to go to Sunday school when the teachers in his day school made fun of Christians in front of all the other pupils. So Toru would sometimes start out early on Sunday morning and walk by devious routes to the little church so his neighbors wouldn't know where he was going. In spite of ridicule he kept going to church because he liked it. Nor had he changed his mind by the time he went to college.

The Matsumoto home was not always a happy place for the children. Though Toru's father was very generous with his ability and used his medical talents among the poorer people of the city, he could not agree with his Christian wife and for

a number of years he left the home entirely. Toru's mother had to go to work to put her five children through middle school (their equivalent of our high school).

Toru went to Meiji Gakuin (Gakuin means college) in Tokyo where he became active in the English Speaking Society. All students were required to take five years of English language in middle school. This was primarily writing and reading. Learning to speak English was left, as a rule, until the student reached college. In this regard the E.S.S. was very important, for it sponsored debates, talks, discussion groups and social activities—all in English.

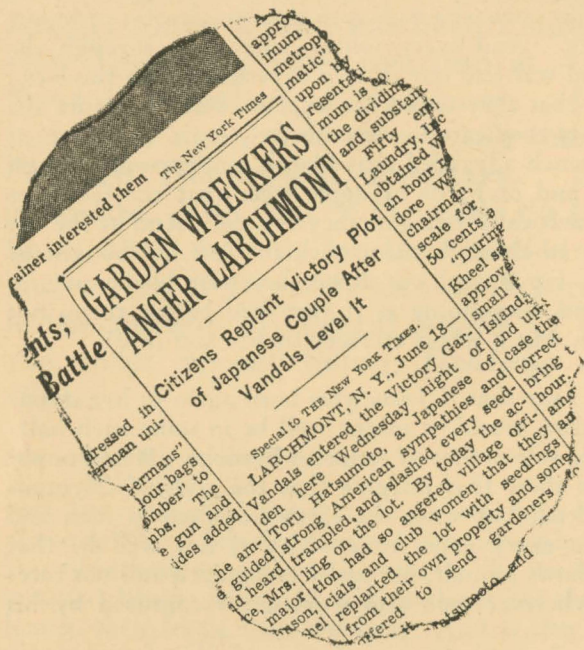
Before very long Toru was one of the leaders of the Society at Meiji Gakuin.

Other students liked him, they responded to his sense of humor and his sincere liberalism. At one time he helped set up a great conference for representatives of English Speaking Societies of all the Japanese colleges and universities with student delegates from the United States. The conference was a huge success and it helped foster other intercollegiate and international activities.

But these and other similar activities brought Toru under suspicion and he, along with a number of other students, was detained by the secret police and questioned. After three days he was released, but those three days Toru had spent in a tiny cell thrown together indiscriminately with eight other men of an anarchist

"These are the Excellent" is a series of portraits of men and women who are the delight of God. In subsequent issues look for

- Marc Boegner by Henry Smith Leiper
- Madame Chiang by Geraldine T. Fitch
- A German Saint by Robert D. Hershey



"I had lunch with Toru on the day his 'Victory Garden' had been torn up. Someone had gone in during the night and destroyed every plant. Toru was very upset. Everything had been so nice in Larchmont. They had joined the church. Their four year old son, Teddy, had been baptized there. They had many friends in the town. And now this.

"But the next morning's **Times** told the whole story. Larchmont was incensed. Everyone wanted to help. One lady sent her gardener to replace all the plants. Others offered tomato and cabbage plants and flower seeds. The 'incident' had brought out the basic sense of justice of the community. But it had also brought out the deep affection everyone who knows them feels for Toru, Emma and Teddy."—J. G. C.

group. They began to talk (which was against the rule) and Toru, during the night, told them some Bible stories. Before he left the next day the leader of the group asked that a Bible be sent in to them. This Toru did.

EARLY in his college days Toru became convinced that he wanted to go to the United States. His brother had already gone to New York to study music and through this brother Toru was able to secure a scholarship in Union Theological Seminary. He arrived in New York the fall of 1935 and three years later was graduated with a B.D. degree.

After graduation from Seminary Toru became the Executive Secretary of the Japanese Students' Christian Association of North America, associated with the YMCA, working among Japanese students in the United States and Canada. Because of the immigration regulations Toru and his wife, Emma, had to return to Japan in 1940 to reestablish their rights of temporary residence in the United States. On this trip Toru acted as a guide for a group of American students who were touring Japan. It was not an easy trip. Though the American students did not realize it, Toru was aware of at least twenty-six detectives who followed them.

The trip also led to future and greater difficulties. On Sunday, December 7th, 1941, Toru was taken to Ellis Island, in New York Harbor, along with other Japanese citizens. The officials of the Department of Justice learned that he had made the trip to Japan in 1940 and in trying him felt this was sufficient justification for sending him to an internment camp. Six months later Toru discovered

that the officials had no record of *why* he had gone back to Japan—that is, because of immigration regulations. At once steps were taken by friends and in November, 1942, Toru returned to his family and work.

These eleven months had not been wasted. Upon arrival at Ellis Island Toru and Alfred Akamatsu, the minister of New York City's Japanese Methodist Church, organized the 160 men in their room. The men were asked to divide their bunks into groups of ten, and each group elect a representative to the Council. This would be the legislative body. Six elderly men were selected to decide on any conflicts—if someone refused to work or failed to do his job. They constituted the judicial body. Toru and Alfred were part of the executive branch. Together they also conducted regular services of worship. With a typewriter borrowed from the local District Superintendent an office was set up. A courier service was established among the boys for the delivery of mail and messages. And here Toru began a job he held for the full eleven months, acting as scribe and secretary for anyone who needed to have legal or personal documents typed or translated. For a time he had regular K.P. duty to do in addition, but eventually this was cancelled. Throughout the period Toru read as many books as he could borrow from his friends on the outside—he estimates the number at fifty. And in an effort to rethink his Christian position, his philosophy of life, he wrote an autobiography of more than 500 pages.

IT was a great day when he could come home to his wife and son. There was work waiting for him in helping the YMCA cooperate with the War Reloca-

J. (for John) **Gordon Chamberlin** comes to the pages of **motive** for the first time, but he has been one of the concerned friends from the beginning of our publication. A graduate of Cornell College in Iowa, he went to Union Theological Seminary from which he received his divinity degree. He was director of youth activities at Community Church in New York where he worked with John Haynes Holmes. For five years since his graduation from seminary he has been the associate minister of Christ Church (Methodist) in New York City. This summer he became the Associate Director of the Department of Christian Education of Adults, Division of the Local Church of the Board of Education of The Methodist Church. His book, **The Church and Its Young Adults**, is just off the press.

tion Authority in getting Japanese-Americans out of Relocation Centers and into normal and productive pursuits. Toru is principally responsible for the preparation of material and literature for this work. There were also many friends waiting for him. And there was a friendly welcome in a suburban town that asked the Matsumotos to live with them.

Now Toru is at work in New York. His traveling is seriously restricted, but he is still one of the most promising leaders of the Japanese Christian community in America. His sincerity and transparent devotion strike any group that hears him. As a minister soon to be ordained into the Reformed Church his future is certain to be significant and productive.

So You Are Going to

GERMANY

F. B. Friedmann



—motive photo

THERE are three forms of complacency that I wish you to avoid as you prepare yourself for your mission in Germany: the complacency of hate, the complacency of generalizations, the complacency of cheap forgiveness.

Only a few of you will be victims of the complacency of hate, of that mental and moral isolationism that is too cowardly—or too lazy—to tackle a problem seriously and therefore wants to have everything that could remind you of it, razed to the ground.

A greater number of you will become subject to the complacency of generalizations, of cheap “explanations” of a complex reality. Don’t avoid a problem by explaining it away. Neither is Germany identical with Nazism nor is Nazism a mere accident in an otherwise logical process of history. The invention of the printing press and the burning of the books, Luther and Nietzsche, Karl Marx’ “Das Kapital” and Hitler’s “Mein Kampf,” are all parts of Germany.

A still greater number may be guilty of the complacency of cheap (and abstract) forgiveness. Forgiving too readily is another way of avoiding the problem. We have lived too long in the belief of a linearly progressive world, an a-moral world without good and evil. Nazism now is teaching us that evil is an essential part of reality. It is too

First of a series of article-guides to countries where soldiers and rehabilitation workers will be going very soon.

stark a fact to be denied. It is a problem that has to be confronted—and solved.

It will be your duty as members of the Armed Forces of the United States to break the power of those who fight in the name of that evil—Nazism. But breaking the means by which evil works in the world does not imply destroying the roots whence that evil originates and continues to draw its nourishment for life. It will be your duty, therefore, as young men and as missionaries of democratic ideals to see to it that conditions that breed the evils of which Nazism is only one, though the most shocking, expression, will never arise again.

THERE are two unknowns and one known in the calculation that I’m laying here before you. The first unknown is the reaction that will take place in the minds and hearts of those who are Nazis today, in the event of a successful Allied invasion. The second unknown is the size of the revolutionary, democratic, underground. May I suggest that we leave the guessing about these two unknowns to others, and look at the only known factor as we consider our actions. This known factor is that an underground does exist.

Your work as builders of peace will consist, first, of understanding that underground and, secondly, of helping it to grow and to develop so that it may become the nucleus and fundament on which a new and peaceful Germany can arise.

To understand the German underground of today we must look for a moment at some of the basic differences between the histories of Germany and of America. We shall see that American history has a definite beginning: we know the year when the first immigrants came to this country; we also know that they started out with a common purpose—to conquer a continent where they could build, free from oppression, a better society. German history—and for that matter the history of all the Old World—has no beginning. The earliest docu-

... was expelled from Italy in August, 1939, after taking part in the formation of an important underground movement. Dr. Friedmann attended the universities of Munich and Freiburg before leaving his native country in 1933 for Rome University where he received doctor's degrees in literature and philosophy.

He was in England during the Battle of Britain, and in October, 1940, came to the United States. In frequent demand as speaker on European problems and reconstruction, he is now professor at Murray State Teacher's College in Kentucky.

ments reveal to us the existence of tribes, of races, of cultures. Every individual from birth belonged—traditionally, and that meant emotionally—to a group whose lore and emotions and motives he inherited.

THE history of Europe has been, to a great extent, the history of the relationship of such groups. In more recent times it consisted of the struggle of different groups to abolish divisions and to achieve unity—according to the purpose of the particular group. Such a purpose—which in European history stands at the end of the road—is called an ideology. Even today, Europeans are united in one thing: that they are all ideologically-minded, that all of them fight for unity.

October, 1943

DOOMED NATIONS

Can Die and Rise Again

Watson Thomson

ABOVE all, humanity needs a New France and a New Britain. In both cases, I mean by "new" not refashioned on the anvil of circumstance, but re-created from within by will and spirit. Today there are many "new" orders, without any essential newness, the New Order of Mr. Hitler very much included. By "new" I mean reborn, regenerate, resurrected. So far, we have only a France which is dead, but not yet, evidently, resurrected; and a Britain whose woundedness is not yet "unto death."

Yet the historic plight of these two peoples is not so different as it might seem. Modern history begins with their twin birth as the first of all nations, created in their battle with each other. Their history is the history of nationalism, a phase of human evolution the beginning of the end of which is with the birth of America (a continent rather than a nation) on the one hand and of Russia on the other.

Now, it may be assumed that the nation, as the dominant political unit through which the historical dialectic primarily operates, is utterly doomed. Technological advances and a more international awareness (twin aspects of a heightened human consciousness) make that certain. But it matters, greatly, how men (and nations) die. For that determines the nature of their continuance.

Observe that the nation-state is a peculiarly European affair. It was born precisely in that sub-continent where Christianity produced the greatest ferment in men's minds. Indeed both the mother and the father of the nation-state were derivatives of Christianity; one being the theocratic European empire of the Middle Ages, the other being the aggressive, individualist spirit of a Henry VIII of England or a Henry IV of France. Its mother is the Catholic and collectivist, and its father the Protestant and individualist, version of Christianity. The nation is essentially a European invention; and Europe is only geography and

has no meaning except as the chief historic carrier of Christianity.

IT is not insignificant that in this most significant War, Germany and Italy found themselves arrayed against England and France. The Axis powers are the raw, unformed nations. And it is the sign of an individual (or a nation) just growing up into real individual (or national) personality that their indefinite strength should be imagined as infinite. Britain and France, however, have verifiably outgrown the youthful fever of imperialism. True, the political institutions, economic advantages and psychological gratifications of empire had a considerable momentum and were not to be easily discarded. But the British *people* essentially and the French *people* essentially both had finished with empire long before this "imperialist" war broke out. The British exemplified this partly in their willingness to transform the Empire into the Commonwealth of Nations, still more in the growing indifference tinged with antagonism, of the mass of the British people to the whole business of its colonial Empire. In France it was exemplified by the rapid growth of ideas of racial and class equality and of personal and social behavior which gave substance to these ideas.

In short, the two first-born nations, France and Britain, have only just recently come into full adulthood, the marks of which are that one has outgrown the grandiose illusions of adolescence, has achieved a modest, realistic self-responsibility, has become capable of a creative mutuality and co-operation with one's equals, with other adults.

Why is the smallest continent of all—a mere appendage to the great mass of Asia—the one which is the most sharply divided into little fragments, called nations, each clamouring for the right to "be itself?" The only possible answer is that this is the continent where the ideas of individual worth—that essentially Christian idea—took hold of men's minds

most deeply. But in the beginning of this phase, the idea could be lived out only vicariously. The individual citizen could hardly be completely self-sufficing; therefore let there be a King and a nation sovereign, independent, a law unto itself. But nations, these collective egos, (*because they are collectivized egos*) learn in time the limits of the illusion of self-sufficiency. They want more and more, like every mature person, neither to deny their own individuality and validity nor to remain in foolish, unavailing isolation. They are ready to federate.

Europe must be re-integrated. For the sake of all those Christian values—those processes of democracy and growth into individuation which *are* Christianity in its exoteric, social manifestation—Europe must be preserved by creating for herself her intrinsic, mature form of unification. If she were to capitulate to Nazi Germany, so that another continental bloc came into being (like Russia, the U. S. A. or India) she would deny herself, to the world's infinite loss.

Federation, the voluntary co-partnership and social contract of equals, is the only solution of the problem of Europe, and of the universal problem of the effective knitting-together of self-realized groups. But so long as the nation is the "sacro egoisms" of Mussolini's Italy, and nothing more, such a compact is impossible. It becomes possible only on the initiative of the self-abnegating and self-fulfilling leadership of mature, regenerate nations.

These can only be France and Britain. And for Britain that regeneracy is more hard and terrible to attain to. For she has her island-moat; which means "insularity"; which means consolidation of the collective ego: also naval power and a far-flung Empire. The moat preserved her physically in 1940 and, alas, preserved also that national ego which has to die and transcend itself. Not so France. She has no moat. She has been physically conquered; psychically thrust into the creative depths. Who can say what may emerge? Who can peer into the dark veil of censorship and propaganda without desperate concern? Who, knowing France, can think of her present agonies without asking: Will this kill that gracious, nervous, gallant being—or will her spirit flame anew, reborn?

WINSTON CHURCHILL offered France federal union with Britain in the crisis of that terrible summer of 1940. But there were no comprehending people, in either country, to give substance and reality to that noble impetu-

osity. Now the scales have fallen from the eyes of many of us, chiefly, perhaps, in France herself. France looks to North Africa, sees the vultures—the Flandins and the Pucheus—flocking there; and knows the worth of Empire. Britain has endured her Blitz and the worse humiliation of Singapore and Rangoon.

Do peoples learn? Does the agony of families, of unnaturally bereft wives, of lonely exiled fathers, of orphaned children mean anything for the greater wisdom, the more unitedly selfless courage of a nation?

I believe it may. I believe it does. I believe in the possibility of a New France neither of the reactionary moralistic Petain nor of the merely vindictive Left. I believe in a New France which fulfils the European, Christian tradition; neither individualist and profiteering nor regimentating and collectivist, but above and between these opposites of immaturity. That France, that Free Militant France of a new revolution into the democracy of obligation and universal responsibility, will be the ripe prime mover towards the Federation of Europe. She will invite

Britain (please God, by that time, a sufficiently chastened Britain) to share that initiative with her.

At that point, America's attitude will be supremely important. Will she also be chastened enough to see that it is in her interest that there be in Europe neither the anarchy of sovereign nationalisms nor the hegemony of any single power whatsoever? Will she, in that day, know that America needs a freely re-integrated Europe; which is not just a possible historic fact, but a universal Christian principle made manifest in collective, human life?

BRAINY BOUTS

Campus "Entertainment" on an Intellectual Basis

Geneva Warner

THERE is a currently accepted belief, and I think a rather accurate belief, that when a college student thinks of deep down satisfying fun he remembers a ghoulish night of initiation, a dance and a red haired girl, or the Thanksgiving game when we beat State for the first time in seven years. All that, important as each one may be, points to a rather significant fact. Our play is mainly a relaxation *from* rather than a relaxation *in* intellectual pursuits. May I suggest that one series of programs on a forum and research basis, a directed, glorified bull-session, if you will, injected into the year's schedule may afford a surprising amount of entertainment, even at times hilarity. Do you want proof? I have it! A week-end congress on postwar problems sponsored by the University of Michigan Wesley Foundation.

We began preparing our group three weeks before that date, acclimatizing it and ourselves to thinking in terms of a world council, an international federation assembled to solve the problems of the postwar world. We realized that there were innumerable mechanical difficulties and wide differences in national credos, in addition to problems of economics and politics, which delegates to such a conference would *ipso facto* encounter, and we wanted to act it out, to

feel them as nearly as we could for ourselves—and we did!

How long a time should be spent in small committee meetings (where most of the work must be done) in relation to general assembly time, and is it parliamentarily correct to amend amendments ad infinitum, and is it permissible to vote by proxy? Problems in part unforeseen and full of riotous possibilities! Speaker William Muehl, by dint of his own knowledge plus direct questions to Professor Kenneth G. Hance of the Michigan University Speech Department, led his unruly assembly along in quite passable order.

The second difficulty of representatives, that of irreconcilable national creeds, was the biggest curse with which we were blessed. It effectively thwarted all attempts at getting together for mutually helpful legislation (up unto the final assembly that is) but it more than any other feature gave us the illusion of *being* delegates to an actual world congress. Our student leaders (and their constituents) dramatized the whole affair, used the mannerisms, expressed themselves in the phraseology, and held tenaciously to the biases which they associated with the particular country each represented. This fact was demonstrated to our delight at the very first preliminary session.

His Majesty's representative, Gregor Hileman, had just submitted the British proposals to the General Assembly—proposals constructive and rather detailed in which it was deemed advisable to police the continent with an army composed of American, British, Chinese and Russian troops in certain stated percentages.

The leader of the Chinese delegation, George Frederick Liechty, rose with oriental calm—"Honorable Chairman! Esteemed Fellow Delegates! We from China wish to make the following recommendation. An army of occupation, however necessary to maintain order and prevent the rearming of defeated militarists, is a constant source of friction. We suggest, therefore, that we, also of the East, understand the mind and problems of Japan as westerners never could, and we advise the use of Chinese troops alone for the policing of Japan. Let it be clearly understood that such an occupation is a temporary expedient. As soon as it is advisable Nipponese cities should be returned to their own civilian police. As a corollary to this suggestion, we further propose that European (and American) armies maintain order in the delinquent countries of the West." Gravely he took his seat.

The British leader waved for recognition, but the Chair nodded instead to the Russian section. Impressively Harold Sokwitne, leader of the Russian delegation, rose, turned slowly around and addressed the Chinese. "Commerrrades, fellow Asiatics," (the assembly tittered appreciatively) "let me, on behalf of the Soviet, promise you the assistance of our troops in the policing of Japan." (The titter broke into an open laugh.) "You are right when you imply that countries of the East must stand together, and I am sure that you share our profound disappointment at the grasping, capitalistic bias of the American proposals. She will, her representative magnanimously reports, police the entire world

Toward Christian Reconstruction

out of the goodness of her heart (and into the coffers of Wall Street)." The entire assembly, and not alone the worthy comrade had felt the shock when Hobart Taylor, United States delegate, had satirized the deacon's pose over a deplorable devil-dealing which he felt characterized America's sentiment and big business respectively. He suavely told us that since his nation had been so little ravaged by the war and since she was, of course, the most advanced and altruistic of all nations, she would be willing to see to the policing and commercial rehabilitation of Europe herself.

The Russian leader, then, for once had almost the entire congress with him as with a dramatic pause and a gesture to the chairman he turned us over to another member of his delegation, Dr. Weber, who began to lobby with a great deal of skill and factual knowledge for the organization and economic betterment of European laborers. Dr. Charles Weber, Executive Secretary of the Methodist Federation for Social Service and one of our experts, maintained that we could not intelligently consider the problems of policing the world without taking cognizance of certain fundamental economic and labor problems. He had traveled in Russia a few years before and had tremendous respect for the honest effort and effective techniques used by those people in combating poverty, disease, and crime.

It was one of the charms of the series that these men whom we called in or appropriated for special assistance not only gave it but stayed to play at world settlement with us. There was, first, Dr. Charles W. Brashares, our minister, who originally suggested the congress idea to us, planned with us to bring it about (introducing us to the resolutions of the Delaware Conference and to Ely Culbertson's *World Federation Plan*) represented various countries during the preliminary sessions, and revised Section F, Part B of the finally adopted minority bill in the last assembly.

Dr. Raleigh Schorling, Professor of Education at the University of Michigan and Supervisor of Directed Teaching, came the week we considered that field. He successfully injected into the Chinese delegation, with which he met, his firm belief that suggestions from an international Board of Education could not be forced upon any nation but simply advised. "The use of armed force to put teeth in our recommendations defeats the very end (world understanding) for which the board would have been created." So convincingly did he argue his point that the Chinese adopted a rewording of the above statement to be included in their report to the general

assembly. For the rest of that session their land was referred to as "Toothless China."

We especially appreciated Dr. Edward W. Blakeman's participation in the series because he came not just representing his field (religious education) nor yet in his capacity as University of Michigan Counselor in Religious Education but as an active member in good standing in our Guild. He was by turn a Russian, a Chinese, and an American representative and he played each role with sincerity, imagination and, I believe, a genuine delight.

Guide and general Guardian Angel of our enterprise was Professor Kenneth G. Hance who saw the similarity between our project and The Second National Student Congress of Delta Sigma Rho, 1941, which he had helped promote. He really made our series feasible by organizing it and making our not too clearly defined plans concrete. Then he stood by through the final assembly to pull us out of the parliamentary holes into which we fell.

We were fortunate in having Dr. Wolfgang Kraus of the University of Michigan Political Science Department as our keynote speaker for the Congress proper. The vital problems he posed were given added weight by his own European background. No man we feel can speak of a situation with the authority of one who has lived in that situation.

For that reason coupled with high recommendations we had been anxious to secure for a part in our program Dr. Helmut G. Callis of the Economics Department, also a European who had lived for a time in the Orient. We were un-

An age is ending. A whole way of life is breaking down and is reaching its end. If the evidence before your own eyes does not convince you that this is true, no words of ours are likely to persuade you. The future struggles to be born.

There is no use in patching up a way of life that has changed into a way of death. We believe that British people will not turn back to the old world, but will pioneer toward a new social order.

—Commonwealth Party Manifesto, London

The United States must develop a "clear, honest, all-American foreign policy."

—Clare Boothe Luce, speaking in the House, as quoted in *Time*.

successful but he did drop in on one of our sessions as an observer.

Our unknowing expert in absentia was Ely Culbertson whose *World Federation Plan* was read and reread by most of us planning the series. It helped tremendously in pointing out the major problems and bringing into focus possible solutions.

Our appropriations, however, did not stop there. We practically chartered for the entire four week period the Acting Director of the Student Religious Association, William Muehl. He planned programs, presented problems and presided at three of the assemblies. As a matter of fact the illusion we were trying to create of our being in sober fact a congress of nations was in no small measure produced by his directness of manner and the unusual ability he exhibited in using words for their maximum effect—whether serious or "punnish."

Dr. Weber meantime had carried us forward in a flow of oratory which would have done credit to a real communist. As he stopped, his Majesty's representative who had been trying for some minutes to catch the chairman's eye jumped to his feet.

"Mr. Speaker!"

Speaker of the House Muehl turned and acknowledged the waiting member, "Sir Hileman, our hardy perennial."

The assembly howled and Gregor Hileman, shaking with laughter, waited until order returned. "Mr. Speaker, I should like to remind the delegates that we are scheduled to consider economic problems at our next meeting. I am sure a lot of us want to talk to Dr. Weber after the formal dismissal tonight. Until then can't we get back to policing the world?—Now, on behalf of his Majesty's government. . . ."

Perhaps that is enough to show you that though our statements may not have been couched in the language of statecraft and though our conclusions may not have taken cognizance of all the international intricacies, we did come out of the congress with a clearer idea of the situations a world delegate faces; we found out what other people were thinking and so enlarged our own views, and we had a tremendously good time doing it.

May I, then, propose a new entry for the Campus Catalog of Fun! INTELLECTUAL RELAXATION. Example I: Forums, utilizing authoritative books and men (professors do admirably). It is suggested that your program permit actual dramatization by the students. It brings out all the "ham" in Joe College, all the hero worship in Betty Co-ed, and they both love it.



RICHARD TERRELL BAKER is in every sense a **motive** "associate." From the time the magazine was first dreamed of until it took shape in elaborate plan on paper and finally became a reality, he has been as closely related as anyone to the "inner sanctum." His brilliant achievements as a journalist, following his award of the Pulitzer Traveling Fellowship from the Columbia University School of Journalism, the admirable way in which he has turned his capacities to the interest of the church and

The Trumpet of a Prophecy*

THE departure of Benjamin Melrose for Bataan was commonplace enough. There were no heroics. But in the spotlight as the train pulled out were a brother and a sweetheart who purposed from that moment to create in Winston a "front" on which they too could serve. It was the going of "Benj" that galvanized them into action. Both were tied to the church, as "Benj" had been, and it was natural that they should recruit for the task of the church's "Youth Fellowship."

Like most church groups of young people, they had wrestled with the problem of recurring wars and had sensed the need for someone to do something constructive about re-ordering the world. Now the need became for at least two of them an imperative; "Benj" making it perfectly clear in his letters that the success of his mission hinged on the success of the Winston Fellowship.

Persistent skepticism on the part of Robb Grayson, the doctor's son, put Dave and Esther on their mettle to prove that the kind of constructive remedial action in which they were trying to enlist the group really "adds up." So the "Book of Promises" was born. It was out of the kind of newspaper and magazine research in which any purposeful group might engage that there emerged the ideas which in the end transformed the Fellowship. They learned about Seagrave, Baillie, Yen, Laubach; about Fan Village, Kambini and El Vergel. The evidence kept coming in—the inescapable evidence that something tremendously significant is going on in the world. Most of it, in their comfortable provincialism, they had overlooked. The conviction grew that what works in China, Africa, India and Latin America can be

missions, always with young people as his main interest, his speaking and his writing—all these have been evidences of a career that in a sense symbolizes the title of his new book, **The Trumpet of a Prophecy**. With the publication of this book, his second, reviewed on this page by one of the outstanding leaders of church youth, the announcement must also be made that Dick Baker has now launched into a further venture which may prove to be the most exciting of his career.

By the time this magazine is published, Dick will probably be in Chungking, China, as a member of a mission for journalistic experts who will establish a graduate school in journalism in Chungking which is closely linked with the Chinese Ministry of Information. **Editor and Publisher** released the story of the mission which is apparently to train press contact men for service in various Chinese Embassies, Legations and Consulates over the world after peace has been restored. Dick will probably be in China for at least two years. **motive** salutes this distinguished member of its family, wishes him God-speed, and hopes that in the course of the months to come it will be able to publish reports direct from Chungking.

---A review by S. Franklin Mack

made to work here too, and as it grew it bore fruit.

It may prove difficult to locate Winston on the map, and the Winston Fellowship, compared with the "average" church group of young people, may seem a veritable aggregation of "Quiz Kids." But there is not a thing in this remarkable book that is not now being done by some group somewhere in the U. S. A. Nor is there a group that could not, if it would, adopt most of the techniques and parallel most of the projects developed by the Winston Youth Fellowship. In convincing fashion and in the language of today's youth the author has "called the bluff" of those who ask plaintively "What can we do?" secure in the confidence that no clear answer can be given.

If there were to be a "Youth Book of the Year," the award for 1943 might well go to "The Trumpet of a Prophecy." Of all the books written to portray youth giving an account of itself in a world at war, none has focussed attention so hearteningly upon "the dream that hardens into deed." It is a good story, interestingly told, with drama in it and a touch of tragedy. But it is in fact "the trumpet of a prophecy," and as such it will take its place among the significant books of our time.

This is the second book written "on order" by Dick Baker for the Friendship Press within three years. In the brief span of these three years American youth have lost both their youth and their security. The groping of "Gens" in "The Seed and the Soil" has, in the pages of "The Trumpet of a Prophecy," matured into creative action, a Christian realism with steel in it.

*By Richard Terrill Baker, Friendship Press, 1943. (Paper 60 cents; cloth \$1.00.)

Is China a Democracy?*

A review by Y. C. Yang

IS *China A Democracy?* by Creighton Lacy is a splendid book by a young American author who, through his extensive contacts with the Chinese people and intimate knowledge of China, has really caught something of the spirit of the people and of the time he is writing about.

The book is also very valuable in its collection of information on modern China—its political aspirations and achievements. The description of the structure and operation of the Nationalist Government and some of the wartime activities going on in China are both up-to-date and interesting.

This book, as the author himself states, "is an effort to show the essential democratic elements already existing in Chinese life: the experience of local self-rule, the innate faith in the individual, the tradition of ultimate popular sovereignty, the Three Principles of the People, the embryonic attempt at representative government, the co-operative movements, the emphasis on education, the genuine desire for international peace and harmony."

As a result of this study, the author states his conclusions as follows: That in answering the question, Is China a democracy?, "if the yardstick is universal suffrage or representative government, the Kuomintang would be the first to admit: Not yet! Though there is far more definite planning, far more sincerity of intention, and far more actual accomplishment during the war, than the Western world appreciates."

However, if on the other hand, the fundamental principles of democracy are taken to be "first, the religious principle of the absolute value of every human soul; second, the moral principle of respect for personality and for conscience; third, the social principle of individual liberty . . . and, finally, the domestic principle of the sanctity and solidarity of the family, which is the natural development of the individual," and if democracy should be defined to be "that form of government and of society which is inspired above every other with a feeling and consciousness of the dignity of man," then, by that yardstick, the answer is unquestionably yes!

"As long as people analyze and criticize government structures and political forms, they are dealing not in ends, but means. The Chinese are not neglecting those structures and forms. Their progress in thirty years of republican history would do credit to any nation, and in the immediate future they can be counted on to adopt—or evolve—many more democratic means. But the ends have been clear for thousands of years."

The title of the book is in the form of a question, "Is China a Democracy?" But the book itself is not a series of arguments to prove a point, but rather a commentary built upon and illustrated by well-established traditions and well known philosophies of the Chinese people.

The book can be improved in its usefulness by having some footnotes indicating sources of information, particularly when quotations are used. It is also not entirely free from inaccuracies, such



Creighton Lacy

motive delights to honor another of its "inner sanctum." On this page is the review by the distinguished Chinese college president, Y. C. Yang, of Creighton Lacy's book, **Is China a Democracy?** Although Corky is still an undergraduate in the Divinity School of Yale University, his book has already been recommended by the American Library Association as one of the important interpretative books on China.

motive readers will remember Corky's poem, **Fire, 1942**, his excellent number on **Mission to Mankind** of which he was guest editor, and various other contributions which he has made to the magazine. He will be one of the editors of the book page this year and is the author of the forthcoming article on **So You Are Going to China**.

Creighton comes by his knowledge of China through having been born there—the son of Bishop and Mrs. Carlton Lacy. After fourteen and a half years in the Orient he came to this country and went to Swarthmore from which he was graduated in 1941. It is no small boast to have crossed the Pacific eight times and to have traveled extensively, to have lived vigorously and fully wherever one has been. **motive** is justifiably proud of this member of its family.

as, for instance, taking "People have, people rule, people enjoy" as the literal translations of *min-tsu*, *min-chuan*, and *min-sheng*, which are collectively known as *San Min Chu I*, or the Three Peoples Principles.

These English terms express very well the spirit or the ideals of *San Min Chu I*, just as the phrase "of the people, by the people, for the people" is a very good paraphrase of the same, but the literal translation of *min-tsu* is nationality, of *min-chuan* is democracy, and *min-sheng* is livelihood. It was also a great surprise that the author should have attributed the doctrine of the Golden Mean or the Middle Way to the Taoist philosophy instead of to the Confucian philosophy. The second of the "Four Books" of the Confucian classics bears the title *Chung Yung* which is the Chinese expression for Golden Means.

On the whole, however, the author has succeeded splendidly in his effort and has made a very valuable contribution to English literature on China. He has shown more intimate and more accurate knowledge of China than many an "old-hand" can justifiably claim. It is a very commendable undertaking as well as a very useful and timely publication.

*By Creighton Lacy. 154 pp. New York: The John Day Company. \$1.50.

The Laws for Fulfilling Life

I. THE DECALOG

1. Thou shalt have no other God than the actual power which hath developed life.
2. Thou shalt not make any substitutes for reality.
3. Thou shalt not dismiss conscience in order to follow commands, rules, or temporary desires, for in so doing, life loseth significance.
4. Remember to keep quiet times when fellowship is enjoyed, plans are clarified, and life is re-committed to its larger purpose.
5. Honor thy inheritance by fulfilling its gifts.
6. Thou shalt not force thy will upon others.
7. Thou shalt not seek selfish satisfaction.
8. Do not take what is not thine, or possess what is not personally needed.
9. Say nothing unkind, unnecessary, or untrue.
10. Do not suppose thyself to deserve more than thou hast.

II. THE LAW OF LOVE

11. Love the truth, giving thy life for it.
12. Love beauty, devoting thyself to the enjoyment and creation of harmony.
13. Have faith that truth and love will triumph over hatred and selfishness.
14. Take time to let people feel the joy and stimulation of thy love.
15. Love children, regulating their quality and number for maximum development.
16. Love life, doing nothing to impair the full vigor of health.
17. Cherish the freedom to fulfill life; do not let wealth or position blight it.
18. Love work, and fulfill the significance of thy life, regardless of reward.
19. Give access to knowledge, land, and tools, so that all may be free.
20. Give to others a share of thy advantages, thy plans, and thy government.

—Philip Mayer

Wherever your life ends, it is all there. The utility of living consists not in the length of days, but in the use of time; a man may have lived long, and yet lived but little. Make use of time while it is present with you. It depends upon your will and not upon the number of days, to have a sufficient length of life.

—Michel de Montaigne

I assert that the cosmic religious experience is the strongest and the noblest driving force behind scientific research. . . .

The basis for all scientific work is the conviction that the world is an ordered and comprehensive entity, which is a religious sentiment. My religious feeling is a humble amazement at the order revealed in the small patch of reality to which our feeble intelligence is equal.

—Albert Einstein

motive

Reassurance for Thinkers

"Whoever hesitates to utter that which he thinks the highest truth, lest it should be too much in advance of the time, may reassure himself by looking at his acts from an impersonal point of view. Let him remember that opinion is the agency through which character adapts external arrangements to itself, and that his opinion rightly forms a part of this agency—it is a unit of force constituting, with other such units, the general power which works out social changes; and he will perceive that he may properly give utterance to his innermost convictions leaving it to produce what effect it may. It is not for nothing that he has in him these sympathies with some principles and repugnance to others. He, with all his capacities, and aspirations, and beliefs, is not an accident but a product of the time. While he is a descendant of the past he is a parent of the future, and his thoughts are as children born to him, which he may not carelessly let die. Like every other man he may properly consider himself as one of the myriad agencies through whom works the Unknown Cause; and when the Unknown Cause produces in him a certain belief, he is thereby authorized to profess and act out that belief . . . Not as adventitious therefore will the wise man regard the faith that is in him. The highest truth he sees he will fearlessly utter; knowing that, let what may come of it, he is thus playing his right part in the world—knowing that if he can effect the change he aims at—well; if not—well also; though not *so* well."

—**First Principles** (1862)
by Herbert Spencer

✓ "I would like to add with my fullest conviction that it is on the strength of our spiritual life that the right rebuilding of our national life depends.

"In these last tragic years many have found in religion the source and mainspring of courage and selflessness that they need.

"On the other hand we cannot close our eyes to the fact that our precious Christian heritage is threatened by adverse influences.

"It does indeed seem to me that if the years to come are to see some real spiritual recovery, the women of our nation must be deeply concerned with religion and our homes are the very places where it should start. It is the creative and dynamic power of Christianity which can help us to carry the moral responsibilities which history is placing upon our shoulders.

"If our homes can be truly Christian, then the influence of that spirit will assuredly spread like leaven through all the aspects of our common life, industrial, social and political."

—Queen Elizabeth of England, in an Empire-wide broadcast.

motive

COCKTAIL COTERIE

Alphonse Anthony Medved

They sit here tonight
With weighted tongues
And careless eyes,
Spitting back at one another
The vitriol of vacant words—
Conveyors of the thoughts of others—
Thoughts in passage
Finding hollow haven
In the twisted tubes of their minds.

Tomorrow's morning will find them
Tossed in the truculent transports
Of fitful sleep,
Their tongues of prejudice
Hanging loosely
On the zippers of their souls.

Tomorrow the rasp of remorse
Will echo through their rheumy ranks
Of pirated privilege,
Through the philanthropic coterie
Of concession,
As the circles of circumstance
And collective conscience
Teeth their way
Into the grains of their greed
And ill-gotten gain
To rip from the wanton wombs
The timely timbers
Of a brotherhood.

One does not have to swallow poison or hug a dagger,
my dear, to commit suicide. One can kill oneself and
remain alive physically.

—The Robe by Lloyd C. Douglas

For now more than ever, we must keep in the forefront
of our minds the fact that whenever we take away the
liberties of those whom we hate, we are opening the
way to loss of liberty for those we love.

—One World by Wendell Willkie

When you're at war you think about a better life; when
you're at peace you think about a more comfortable
one.

—Mr. Antrobus Act III,
The Skin of Our Teeth by Thornton Wilder

October, 1943

Will Men Never See?

From what we have learned there seems little evidence that will point to this war as being the last war. No, this is not the last war, for men are not rational animals. Prejudice, tradition, self-protection, dogmatism, hate, fear—these are the forces that motivate us. Reason rationalizes, justifies these forces.

No, it is not a promising future that awaits us. We are sure that we will win the war; we must, and we will. But we are not sure that we will reconstruct the world so that the next war will be far in the future. For there is not enough value placed on human life to assure that. Though we may be concerned with our own life, we have not yet developed respect for the lives and welfare of others—not even for those who exist in our own nation, let alone those of other nationalities.

And only such an awareness of the value of life will save us, will enable us to build a sound, long-lasting peace. It is not the progress of machines or industry that should concern us; but rather, we should be concerned first, last, and always, with the welfare of the people who make machines, of the men who raise our food, of the miners who dig our coal, of the men who build our buildings—in short, all working people.

And this will not be a natural development, for all men are basically egocentric. It will not be easy to change our nature. But it is our only solution; to realize that poverty and safety are not synonyms; that privilege breeds hate; that we are dependent on others throughout life, their rights being as important as ours.

Til Kreiling and Lynn Laskey, Editors, in their final editorial in the **Daily Northwestern**

But if we are intent on establishing in this world a future where men can live in peace and enjoy the benefits of modern civilization, if we wish once more to be able to plan our lives without an overhanging burden of fear, we cannot rely merely upon governmental forms or world councils or the intricacies of diplomacy. A world of peace and well-being, to survive, must rest upon and be suffused with those age old principles which this and other churches have been teaching throughout the centuries. It must find its inspiration in the leadership of a multitude of people who to Cain's ancient question: "Am I my brother's keeper" have the courage to answer "yes."

—Wendell L. Willkie, Detroit, May 31, 1943

Christianity's Part in China's Future

*Y. C. Yang's New Book
Gives Proper Emphasis
for Christian Missions*

ACCORDING to Dr. Y. C. Yang in his book "*China's Religious Heritage*"* the time has come for Westerners to see oriental religions and culture in proper perspective if they expect to accomplish great things for Christ in the East. This Chinese President of Soochow University challenges us to eschew the idea that we hold the sole Revelation of God, and join with Paul in the conviction that God "in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways. Nevertheless he left not himself without witness." (Acts 14:16). By a proper appreciation of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism, and by judging these great systems of thought and belief as at least "broken lights," we may come to lead the oriental millions to know Christ as the Perfect Light. For Christ Himself proclaimed that He came not to destroy but to fulfill.

Said Dr. Yang, "There need be no apprehension that in following this procedure we are in danger of compromising our position, or allowing pagan conceptions to filter in to adulterate the purity of Christian ideas. For, to know what others believe, is not to believe what others claim to know."

Following such an introduction the author launches out in skillful and beautiful treatment of China's three religions. He shows how Confucianism has knit the whole nation together in a set of convictions that effectively stand without question. These can be summed up in three words: "Art of Living," the central theme of Confucianism. They teach a man how to live by himself and how to live with others. Christianity can certainly build upon such tenets.

Buddhism, the path of escape from a life of suffering, is described and analyzed. Despite much error, there are great Christian virtues inherent in Buddhism which the most orthodox among us can only admire.

Though on a lower plane than Confucianism and Buddhism, Taoism has a contribution to make. It teaches immortality. By judicious use of this altar to the "Unknown God," Christianity has an opportunity to proclaim the Heavenly Father. And, making use of the emphasis which Taoists place upon physical culture, social service, and cheerful outlook on life, Christian missions may come to lead Taoists into the richer, fuller joys of the abundant life as taught and lived by our Lord.

President Yang concludes his book with a stirring, rich chapter on "Christianity: The Way of Life," in which he points out why no one nor all of China's three ancient religions can do for China what Christianity alone can do. In this chapter he makes us not only see how we may best approach the Oriental with Christian teachings, but makes us also rejoice in our salvation through Christ, the true and living Son of God.

The only way, now or ever, in which men in this or in any age can attain to the fullness of their stature is through giving of themselves to the uttermost in the service of others for the glory of God and the establishment of His Kingdom. To men like Dr. Yang, whom I am honored to have as a dear friend, Christianity is neither a mere system of doctrine, nor a code of ethics like other faiths. But above and beyond all these, it is a life of love and loyalty to the Savior of all men, in whom, by whom and through whom, the whole world finds the courage and guidance needed for this or any other day.

* Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.50.

Arthur J. Moore

..... Bishop of the
Atlanta Area of The
Methodist Church

Another Russian Giant

SUMMER fiction is notoriously mediocre in any year; in a war year it is sub-zero and fading every moment. And yet a well-balanced library demands that we have some fiction additions. Perhaps these breathing spells are blessings, for they give us the opportunity to catch up with those classics which should be a part of our permanent library.

There have been recent editions of Tolstoi's *War and Peace*; "Invitation to Learning" recently featured Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*; but thus far no one has deemed it necessary to remind us of the fact that another Russian giant is worth reading at the present time. Fyodor Dostoevsky is that man, and it is my personal opinion that his works are more vital than those of the other two. For these reasons:

Have you noticed how popular the book of Job has become? There has been a definite upswing of interest in this book during recent months—and I think that it is significant. We're living in a time when it is necessary to come to some grips with the problem of suffering. We are being forced to think through our philosophy of the universe in terms of the suffering of mankind. What sort of a God is it that permits such suffering? Or is suffering purely the result of man's sin? Are there any positive values in suffering? What should be man's attitude toward suffering? A few years ago, our only interest would have been that there was a song, "You don't know how much you can suffer. . . ."; now we are down to bed-rock. Any artist who holds high the torch of experience on the dark cavern of suffering is worthwhile reading in days of war.

Dostoevsky has been called the prophet of suffering. It is an oversimplification of a complex character, but it is true that his writings are packed with his understanding of the meaning of suffering in the totality of things. The Russian novelist is a man who cannot live through a vital experience without the evidences of that experience being recorded in his works. Dostoevsky was acquainted with suffering as few others have been.

His last minute escape from execution during the reign of Nicholas I, his four years in the barren wastelands of Siberia imprisoned with the most hardened criminals of his time, his six years as a private in the Russian army in a provincial area that offered little of the intellectual companionship that his heart desired, his un-

fortunate love affairs, his epileptic seizures which were accentuated by the privations of Siberia, his constant acquaintance with sorrow through the deaths of his children, his wife, and his brother, his horror of the necessity of prostituting his art for the sake of a daily crust of bread, his lifetime fear of government persecution all add up to carve a place for him beside the author of Job as one who is fitted to speak to us about human pain.

BUT, as with Job, all of these factors are insignificant in comparison with the religious conflict that lay behind them. For Dostoevsky was not to be as fortunate as his contemporary, Tolstoi, in making his religious adjustments. He was of the twice-born. His whole life was a pilgrimage in search of God. There were moments when he was deeply aware of the immediacy of God, and yet, like his famous "double" characters, there were always moments when skepticism was the companion of belief. "I am a child of the age, a child of unfaith and doubt now, and shall remain so to the grave," he said at one time, and yet he felt that "there are moments, you reach moments, and time suddenly stands still and it will become eternal." It was at such times that his credo was formed: "to believe that there is nothing more beautiful, more profound, more reasonable, more manly and more perfect than Christ, and not only is there nothing, but, I tell myself with jealous love, there can be nothing."

Perhaps it is because we are "children of our age" that we find so much that is meaningful in Dostoevsky. Perhaps it is our passionate longing to find the eternal in the passing moment that causes us to turn to him for inspiration. Perhaps it is our prayer, "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief" that gives us a deep sympathy for this Russian novelist of another generation. Whatever it may be that guides us, there is the feeling that when we have finished a Dostoevsky novel, we have been through a rich experience.

THE *Brothers Karamazov** is considered by the Russians to be his best novel. In it we see the artist in his full maturity with the originality and creativity that serves to make him unique in literature; in it we see the profound philosopher, the keen psychologist, the alert and sympathetic observer; and in it we see the final dialectic that was to be

the result of a lifetime quest for God. For one portion of Dostoevsky cries out in frenzied pathos through the lips of Ivan, and another portion of him speaks just as courageously and sincerely in the character of Alyosha. That the dilemma is never resolved, that the tension never ceases, that the conflict is never brought to an end speaks well for the sincerity of the author. He was not writing according to formula, but according to life. And the light that is thrown upon the dimensions of men's souls will stand as the measure of the writer.

*Crime and Punishment** is a profound and moving study of a type of criminal, and, again, on the conflict of religious feeling. It is significant that the Russian novelist finds the root of the gospel in the demands of self-denial. In this novel, we catch the first real glimpse of the "meek" character in the apt portrayal of Sonia, and we see the turmoil of the self-willed character in the struggle of Raskolnikov to free himself from the necessity of surrendering his pride. When *Crime and Punishment* was first published in *The Russian Messenger*, strong people are said to have become physically ill through reading it, and weak-nerved people were forced to lay down the magazine. This is far from being escape literature, for we are transported to the stage of the novel, and we feel all the tension of its characters.

*The Idiot** presents the positively good man, a Christ-like character, who attempts to make his adjustments to a pragmatic world. Prince Myshkin is one of the few "good" characters of world literature who is presented sympathetically; and one of the very few Christ-like characters who has been received sympathetically. It is a difficult theme to handle in fiction, and it speaks well of the genius of Dostoevsky that we finish the novel without any feeling that it would have been better left unwritten.

"They call me a psychologist; it is not true," Dostoevsky wrote. "I am merely a realist in the higher sense of the word, that is, I depict all the depths of the human soul." Perhaps it is because so many of our contemporary "realists" have forgotten that humans do have souls that we feel that Dostoevsky has added another dimension to the portrayal of life. If the measure of an artist is the depth of the feeling that we get from viewing his art, then Fyodor Dostoevsky will live long as one of the greatest novelists that our world has known.

*The *Modern Library* has editions of each of these novels.

Introducing the Team

WITH this issue the book department of *motive* opens the season with the store reorganized, the wares completely dusted off, and the sales force under a completely new management. In the months to come, you will probably find that you are reading something unique in the way of book reviewing . . . as a matter of fact, it will be so unique that it won't even look like book reviewing.

The plan, in essence, is this. At Yale University (that's in New Haven, Conn.) there is a set of buildings listed in the catalogue as Sterling Divinity Quadrangle, though commonly called the Angel Factory. In the Quad there are a group of divines, or potential divines, of assorted sizes, shapes and dispositions. Though it may seem a little hard to believe, some of the divinity students do read books . . . sometimes one or two a year . . . and the editor of *motive* thought that it would be unfruitful to permit all of this effort to go unrewarded. So he suggested that a group of us get together to do this feature for the magazine.

WE haven't started to train yet. As a matter of fact, some of the fellows are holding out with their contracts. But a first team seems to be lined up, and the infield looks like a sure-fire thing. Corky Lacy, whose book is being featured in this issue on page 23, is playing on short, and he bats about 500. Ken Underwood is down on first base . . . he's the fellow who has been revolutionizing the field of religious journalism. Rex Knowles is on second, with a copy of *Western Star* in his hand to shade his eyes from the sun and to keep his reputation as an authority on modern poetry. Doug Richards, Bob Fichter, and Jim Wilder fill out the other positions, all of them with splendid batting averages, and what is more important, with good eyes for picking out what is significant in contemporary literature. There will be more on the team as soon as recess is over, and the trustees let us go back to school.

The coaches of any outfit are important, and we've got them. Raymond P. Morris, the librarian of the Divinity School and the editor of the book feature in the past, is stepping into the box near third base. He's near the source of supply and he has a wealth of background to keep us lined up on the ball. Dr. Halford E. Luccock is over by first base, jotting down memoranda for his next book and counting his proceeds from the work that he has already done on *Twentieth Century Literature*. These men have already been around the bases, have had lots

of fielding practice, and are willing to coach this outfit so that we hit the high spots of the league.

THE nice part of our schedule is the fact that we don't have any ground rules; we can play the whole field. We don't think that it is necessary for us to comment on all the current books—there are too many of them that don't deserve comment. We'll dig down into the past for some of the classics that we think should be on your list; we'll pull out an occasional reference book that we think you should own; we'll have a few words on pamphlets; we'll have some bull sessions about reading habits, about where to find materials, about building up a personal library, and about all sorts of things that pertain to extracurricular reading.

Every ball club has a definite standing in the league. We're fortunate in that we don't have any owners who insist that we protect special interests. We're just out to hit the ball. But we do have a stereotype, just as all reviewers have stereotypes. It so happens that ours is pretty broad. We'll be looking at books through the eyes of Christian faith, and we'll be recommending books that we think will help Christian youth to be better equipped to play ball in The Major League of all time. That means that we're going to need plenty of batting practice before we are really prepared to go on the road. But stick with us, will you?

Unfortunately this first issue goes to press before the team is back in school. This is a solo job, and you know how it is when you don't have anyone with whom you can practice. My eye is bad through disuse and my timing is probably way off. But it has been fun hitting out the long ones, even though most of these will probably prove to be sacrifices for somebody.

Best regards,

Lyle Mayne

LYLE MAYNE has taken the editor of *motive* off guard. When we asked him to head up a group of Yale students we had no idea he would call the group a "ball club." Since then we have been trying to figure out just what part we play and we have decided we don't own the team although we have a deep interest in every one of its players, and we aren't manager because we are not close enough to New Haven (that's where Yale University is). So we suppose that we are just representing the entire group of leagues that is putting out our departments. In other words, we are sort of a Judge Landis of this ball team. Under any circumstances, we want our readers to know that Lyle Mayne is captain.

In brief:

Western Star. By Stephen Vincent Benet. I like Benet's poetry. Even I can understand it. Critics who should know say that this epic of the settling of Virginia and New England is better than *John Brown's Body*. I'm not convinced

of that, but there are sections in this work that make for delightful reading.

Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo. By Ted Lawson. The story of the Doolittle mission. Lots of people are reading it—probably because it's darned interesting reading.

Burma Surgeon. By Gordon S. Seagrave. A medical missionary tells the story of his work through peace and war in such a fashion that it promises to become a best-seller.

Gideon Planish. By Sinclair Lewis. Just Sinclair Lewis.

Q. A. Choice

George Washington Carver. By Rackham Holt. 335 pp. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. \$3.50.

It would be an excellent thing if this book could have been written without reference to the fact that George Washington Carver had a skin that was several shades darker than that of most of us. If we could merely say that Dr. Carver was a man of deep religious faith, who saw the creature's response to the Creator as creativity—then carry on from there. It is a sad commentary on "an American biography" that a genius takes on even greater stature because he proved his transcendence despite the discriminations of those who should have welcomed him with open arms.

Rackham Holt has done a good job with the life of George Washington Carver. If the writing seems sometimes to be uninspired, we can overlook this minor criticism by reference to the wealth of material transmitted. There is more here than just the story of how a slave-boy rose to the ranks of the renowned scientists. The problem of an impoverished southland, the necessity of providing cheap and efficient ways of rehabilitating those who are helpless in the grips of economic injustice, the means of providing food to a world bordering on starvation . . . all these things are involved in the story of one life.

But there is also the beauty of a man of many gifts who through success and adversity kept that simplicity of spirit that caused him once to say, "I discover nothing in my laboratory. If I come here of myself I am lost. But I can do all things through Christ. I am God's servant, His agent, for here God and I are alone. I am just the instrument through which He speaks, and I would be able to do more if I were to stay in closer touch with Him. With my prayers I mix my labors, and sometimes God is pleased to bless the results." Prayer and labor, a happy combination in a truly inspired man. Read . . . buy . . . this book.

U. S. Foreign Policy; Shield of the Republic. By Walter Lippman. 177 pp. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

After feinting his opponents out of position with a delightfully repentant introduction, columnist Lippman came out of his corner with both fists flying and with his feet carefully dusted in the rosin of common sense. Don't be misled by

the fact that his dash up to the ring is apologetic—the meekness soon disappears into a vigorous, pungent and decisive style that serves as an excellent vehicle for the author's contribution to our foreign policy.

Full-blown power politician, Mr. Lippman has become. A nuclear alliance he calls it, and the password at the door is armed strength. Russia and England and the United States are in . . . China is a potential member. The scale of values is the ability to back up our commitments. And the policy is one of active interest in the affairs of the world.

The book is significant. Lippman has color and he has the decency to define his terms. This is the fourth book to be placed on the "Imperative" list by the Council on Books in Wartime. (The others were *They Were Expendable, Into the Valley*, and *One World*.) It is high on best-seller lists. In other words, it is a book that should be read.

There will be objections to the fact that Mr. Lippman doesn't seem to have worked out any method by which the alliance can become more than an association of the "big three," that he hasn't treated the Eastern situation too realistically, that he counts on a uniformity and decisiveness from American opinion that has not yet been attained, and that he is settling for less than the united world that so many people desire. A lot depends on where you stand at the moment. But, regardless of your position, you will see in the book a strong antidote to the reactionary isolationism that is an ever-present danger for the United States.

Pamphleteria:

America's Foreign Policies; Past and Present. By Thomas A. Bailey. **Headline Books, Foreign Policy Association.** 25 cents, 96 pages.

A professor of history in Stanford University has written this concise, readable, and informative discussion of America's foreign relationships. With the exception of a plea for omniscience at the end, the pamphlet is extremely realistic. A good buy.

Planning for Marriage. By William H. and Mildred I. Morgan. **Association Press.** 50 cents, 85 pages.

A pamphlet for use in discussion groups. A wealth of source material and a splendid bibliography which includes the most recent and most acceptable discussions of marriage. A tremendous help for a group leader.

We Have Dared and God Has Justified Our Daring. By Paul Griswold Macy. **World Council of Churches.** 10 cents, 23 pages.

The story of the World Council of Churches with the "mostest material in the leastest space." Written by the Executive Secretary of the Friends of the World Council of Churches, this brochure includes the constitution of the movement as well as accounts of the conferences.

Comparative Peace Plans. By Theodore Paullin. **The Pacifist Research Bureau.** 25 cents, 87 pages.

An extremely valuable little booklet that brings into focus the various proposals offered to bring about peace. It meets a real need for those of us who sometimes get bewildered by the maze of materials being offered. Liberally studded with source material, objective, comprehensive. Pacifist or otherwise, this is worthwhile owning.

America's Changing Frontiers. By Mark A. Dawber. **Friendship Press, New York.** 15 cents, 30 pages.

An account of the needs and the ministries of defense communities, service camps, and evacuation centers, with an emphasis upon the work that can and is being done by the Home Missions Council.

Know Your Bible Series. By Roy L. Smith. **Abingdon-Cokesbury Press.** 25 cents each. **Study Number 1. How Your Bible Grew Up. Study Number 2. The Bible and the First World State. Study Number 3. Writing Scripture Under Dictators.**

If you've been studying the Bible for the better part of your life and still wondering when you are going to know something about it (As I am!) you'll welcome Dr. Smith's series with open arms. It's the question and answer business, pulling down biblical research to a level that is understandable. I can't recommend this series too highly.

Six Pillars of Peace; a study guide. **The Commission to study the bases of a just and durable peace of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.** Single copies, 20 cents, 85 pages.

A pamphlet for use in groups studying the most recent formulations of the Commission. Based on "A Statement of Political Propositions," the study guide deals with each of the six pillars, including analysis, quotations, references and questions for discussion.

Preventing Musical Indigestion

Warren Steinkraus

THAT a life, well-rounded, full of meaning and abundant is the one aim of the Christian young person of today seems certain. This department, then, will emphasize one phase of life which leads to this aim—music. Fortunately, through the mediums of radio, records and concerts, music is now available to all. Records, because of their convenience, offer the most exciting possibilities for growing musically, but radio programs and concerts will also be given their due emphasis. I shall lay stress on the enjoyment of music rather than stilted discussions about it. In this effort, suggestions for the development of a proper attitude and steps toward a fuller appreciation will be offered. The interested student should not become disappointed if at first he experiences difficulty in comprehending a Brahms Quartet or a Bach Fugue. Appreciation of such music comes only after one has cultivated a taste for it. Other music can be appreciated almost immediately by anyone.

There is one axiom which must be asserted again and again for it is of utmost importance. To appreciate music and to have it become meaningful, we must pay attention to it while it is being played. We must stop treating great symphonic music as merely a background for conversation or reading. Such music is only heard, never listened to. When we read, we pay attention to what we are reading, and when we hear music we should pay attention to what we are hearing. A degree of concentration is required. Momentarily the thought of concentrating takes the place of actual concentration, but this is soon overcome. Mental associations or images of scenes or abstract forms may arise, and they may be worthwhile toward appreciation in some instances, but it is best to limit one's thought simply to the music.

Closely associated with the axiom of paying attention, is the corollary of self-projection into the music. Follow intently the melodic lines and rhythms. In other words, beat time. Become a symphonic jitterbug. Yes, and if you desire, try directing the orchestra as it plays, (not from the podium though). This latter method I strongly urge you to limit to the confines of your own room. Dire consequences may result in concert halls if there is a frantic waving of hands by one in the audience.

It is often said that sometimes one is not "in the mood" for music. The only way to get into the mood is to listen to music, not to speculate on the possi-

bilities and probabilities of enjoyment. (Mood and groove are here synonymous.)

I like concrete suggestions clearly stated, and practical. Here are some which will prove profitable, I am sure. In later issues, we shall discuss some of them more thoroughly.

Do not attempt too much at first. If you've never listened to symphonic music before, avoid extended three or four hour sessions with records. Nausea is sure to result. Take your music in short, enjoyable doses, and soon you will be eager to listen to the longer works.

Proceed from the selections which are easy to enjoy to those which are fully enjoyed only after repeated hearings and some knowledge of structural forms. Most students are acquainted with such works as Tschiaikowsky's "Nutcracker Suite," Von Suppé's "Light Cavalry Overture" or Johann Strauss' Waltzes. Others in this category will be discussed in future issues. If you are fairly well acquainted with these so-called "light classical" favorites, try one of the more popular symphonies. There are familiar themes in Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" and the fifth symphonies of Tschiaikowsky, Beethoven and Dvorak. Watch for these familiar passages for they aid one in becoming acquainted with the rest of the work. Whistling familiar passages is great fun too, and aids musical digestion.

Some persons keep a record of their favorite compositions in a notebook. This can be a handy reference for future record buying and a guide for concert going. You will probably find that there is so much music you want to hear again, that the only way to keep it in mind is through such a book.

- Pay attention to the music.
- Become a symphonic jitterbug--beat time; or try directing the orchestra.
- Try familiar symphonies first and not too many of them.
- Keep a notebook as a guide to record buying and concert going.
- Attend local concerts as often as possible.

As announcements of important radio network programs are sent us, we shall include them herewith, but it is advisable to refer to your local journal for program listings. There are many recorded programs as those sponsored by Victor and Columbia, and it is well worth staying up late for many of them. At leisure you might even try fishing with the radio dial. Fine programs are often picked up by chance.

By all means attend local concerts when possible. Students are often able to purchase good seats at reduced rates through their college. Service men are generally admitted free of charge, or at greatly reduced fees.

The advantages in purchasing records cannot be overemphasized, but remember you don't have to buy records every time you visit a record shop. Friendly clerks are eager to assist the music enthusiast, and they do have a wealth of material.

It is also well to read about music in suitable books, but nothing takes the place of actual listening, for it is in this way that one grows musically.

Brahms and baseball are two "special favorite" interests of Warren Steinkraus, but his list of hobbies would not be complete without mentioning model railroading, reading, nature study, magic, and as you might expect, record collecting, piano playing, and church choirs.

The son of a Methodist minister, Warren has lived in many cities, but, Schenectady, New York, is his present home. He received his A.B. degree from Baldwin-Wallace College, Berea, Ohio, where he worked on school publications during his undergraduate period. His column on music will be written from Boston University where he is enrolled as a divinity student.



LISTENING GUIDE

Here are the regular, network radio programs specializing in symphonic music. There are many good broadcasts on local stations, concerning which one should consult his local paper.

Sunday

9:15 A.M. EWT, CBS, E. Power Biggs, organist

3:00 P.M. EWT, CBS, New York Philharmonic Orchestra

5:00 P.M. EWT, NBC, General Motors Symphony of the Air

9:00 P.M. EWT, MBS, Music for an Hour

Monday

8:30 P.M. EWT, NBC, The Voice of Firestone

9:00 P.M. EWT, NBC, The Telephone Hour

Tuesday

7:30 P.M. EWT, CBS, American Melody Hour

7:30 P.M. EWT, NBC, Salute to Youth

11:30 P.M. EWT, MBS, Sinfonietta

Wednesday

10:00 P.M. EWT, CBS, Great Moments in Music

11:30 P.M. EWT, CBS, Invitation to Music

Friday

8:00 P.M. EWT, NBC, Cities Service Program

Saturday

9:00 P.M., EWT, MBS, Chicago Theater of the Air

8:15 P.M. EWT, Blue, Gilbert and Sullivan Series

NEW RECORDS (DURING SEPTEMBER)

BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY IN C MAJOR (Jena) Victor Album DM 946, Janssen Symphony of Los Angeles, W. Janssen, Conductor

TELEMANN: DON QUICHOTTE SUITE Victor Album DM 945, Arthur Fiedler's Sinfonietta

SONG PROGRAM SUNG BY JAMES MELTON: Victor Album M 947

DAI-KEONG LEE: PRELUDE AND HULA Victor Rec. No. 11-8452 National Symphony Orchestra, Hans Kindler, Conductor

BEETHOVEN: SONATA NO. 14 IN C SHARP MINOR ("Moonlight") Columbia Set X-MX-237, RUDOLF SERKIN, pianist

ALBUM OF RUSSIAN SONGS BY DON COSSACK CHORUS, SERGE

JAROFF, Conductor, Columbia Set M-542

VON WEBER: CONCERTSTUCK IN F MINOR, Columbia Set X-MX-59 Robert Casadesu, pianist and Symphony Orchestra

These appear to be the most interesting recordings released this month. The Von Weber work is especially fine.

MUSIC BRIEFS

Leopold Stokowski has spent the summer roaming about Latin America in search of modern music. It seems he is interested in Indian Dances and Folk music, having gathered material from Mexico, Yucatan, Brazil, Argentina, Trinidad and the Dominican Republic. With one book due off the presses October 1, the famous conductor plans to publish another including his findings in Latin America.

War industries in Great Britain are required to have a plant broadcasting system, not only for important messages, but to provide music that stimulates the workers as they come in and during rest periods.

leisure

Facts Made into Fun

J. Olcott Sanders

AFTER exposure to the Quiz Kids, Dr. I.Q., Information Please, and the other network noodlers, practically everybody should be ready to admit that facts can be fun. But let's not stop there. The relatedness of facts is the difference between mere information and real education. Consider, then, some ways to use related facts in an entertaining and creative and dramatic fashion.

Of course, the individual speaker can vitalize a presentation of facts by use of examples and parables, gestures and diagrams, specimen objects and pictures. But why must we limit the graphic presentation of ideas to the single speaker. We can have a group make a speech.

For example, one group of eight men read a kind of poem-address about the emancipation of the Negro and the continuing struggle for equality of opportunity, especially in housing and in jobs.¹ Three solo voices spoke different viewpoints of Lincoln and his motivation. The group suggested the political and

military significance of emancipation, with two more soloists giving specific examples. In general, that pattern was followed throughout—the group making the general statements and soloists telling illustrative stories and personal observations, with occasional conversational spots and a few contrasts set off by division of the group into light and dark voices. At major section breaks, four of the men sang a phrase from the spiritual "Go Down, Moses," and at the end a soloist sang "Lift Every Voice and Sing."

Another source of suggestions is the radio, which has developed several techniques for costuming bare facts. Radio style has a number of advantages for use by groups; it eliminates the problem of settings, costumes, and memorizing lines, while it retains much of the appeal of the drama. Nevertheless, its apparent simplicity should never lead one to attempt a production with insufficient rehearsals; multiply the length of the performance by the number of persons expected in the audience to remind yourself how much time it is worthwhile to spend in preparation.

Certainly, the *March of Time* should

- Facts gain meaning when related to one another.
- Study radio to get the techniques used for costuming bare facts.
- Use direct quotations in the character of the person who uttered them.
- For a humorous turn try a Baby Snooks - and - Daddy conversation.

give some cues for developing ideas. Notice the use of direct quotations spoken in the character of the person who uttered them. News flashes and brief historical summaries give a further note of authenticity and factuality. But the whole is woven together in a pattern; the facts gain meaning as they are related to one another; the ideas take on meaning as they are developed in an orderly manner. Whatever you may think of the frequent bias of the *March of Time*, you can use its form. Your own intellectual

1. "After Eighty Years" by John Beecher, obtainable free from Workers Defense League, 112 E. 19th St., New York.

integrity will decide whether you will seek to push your own point of view or give as unbiased a presentation as possible.

SIMPLER in some ways is the use of straight conversation, bordering almost on the panel discussion. Characterize your various voices; the conflicting points of view can be dramatized quite excitingly. For a humorous turn try a Baby Snooks-and-Daddy conversation, the innocent child asking the obvious and embarrassing questions which the conservative father tries to answer. A successful utilization of this form came in the Living Newspaper play (of which more later), "Power,"² in which the little girl questions her father about the source of electricity. "We get it from the electric company." The father admits they'd be in quite a fix "if the company wouldn't give us electricity any more." The child asks why the Government doesn't do it and then why the Government runs the Post Office. The scene ends with the question: "Daddy, who is the Government?"

Father: The Government is you and me, I guess—the people.

Girl: Do all the people need electricity?

Father: Yes.

Girl: And does the company own what all the people need?

Father: That's right!

Girl: Gee, Daddy; the people are awfully dumb.

At the time that the Army began to take over colleges, one group dramatized the problem of liberal education in wartime in a radio style playlet called "Where Ignorant Armies Clash by Night," adapted from an article in *The Call* by McAlister Coleman³; the title

2. In a collection, *Federal Theater Plays*, Random House, 1938. The quotations are from Scene Eight, pp. 37-39.

3. From *The Call*, Jan. 22, 1943, p. 2. (303 Fourth Ave., New York.)

INTERNATIONAL OBJECTIVES

A consistent and clear-cut set of international objectives was presented by Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles in his notable address before the North Carolina College for Negroes on May 31. Whether or not these become the aims of the United States in the period ahead depends on the makers of policy. The Under Secretary urged these principles:

1. There must be, through international agreement, a combination of armed forces made available by the powers which are prepared to do so, which may be used regionally or on a broader scale, and which can and will prevent aggression, render international conflict impossible, and, in general, see to it that the peace of the world is maintained inviolate.

came from Arnold's poem "Dover Beach," quoted effectively at the end. The scene was a conversation of a Major who asked the little English teacher to explain "what Beowulf has to do with the winning of the war." The immediacy of the problem was emphasized by a direct quotation from Harry Hopkins, as a spokesman for the Government, preceding the play itself.

Other newspaper and magazine articles and short stories lend themselves often to easy adaptation. A group did Thurber's "Secret Life of Walter Mitty" (condensed in the *Reader's Digest* last year); from the same collection of short stories, *My World and Welcome to It*, others suggest themselves, especially the one about the lemur. Recommended sources, also, are the autobiography of Lincoln Steffens and the scientific writings of Paul de Kruif.

The equipment for this radio style presentation would be simple but preferably should include a public address system. A phonograph with a selection of records will provide musical background, adding immensely to the professional tone.

From experience these additional suggestions are made: Deliver your message with as few characters as possible, and give every one a distinctive voice. At least in the beginning, use a simple, unified theme; focus your facts on a single point; to quote the Bellman in the "Hunting of the Snark," "What I tell you three times is true." Rehearse for quick pick-ups and for smooth integration of music and sound effects. Keep the announcer's part as brief as possible. If the program is to be very long, provide some visual focal point in the room with the audience—a poster, a chart, a picture.

WHAT really inspired this article was a re-reading of four of the Living Newspapers produced by the Federal Theater Project.⁴ Hallie Flanagan, who

was director of the Federal Theater, describes the Living Newspaper as a "swift, pantomimic, monosyllabic, factual document" borrowing "from Aristophanes, from the *Commedia dell'Arte*, from Shakespearean soliloquy, from the pantomime of Mei Lan Fang," but with "as American as Walt Disney, the *March of Time* and the *Congressional Record*, to all of which American institutions it is indebted."

The plays have used without sense of limitation whatever techniques would convey their panoramic but hard-hitting messages best—the naturalism of a tenement house built with steel and concrete, the symbolism of nine masks and a bench to represent the Supreme Court, the romanticism of straight human drama, the practicalism of charts and diagrams; direct quotations, motion pictures, slide projections, shadow and silhouette, and as "an intrinsic part of the plan, the musical score and the light score."

These Living Newspapers have dealt with such topics as agricultural subsidy in "Triple-A Plowed Under," rural electrification and municipal ownership and the TVA in "Power," the story of the fight against syphilis in "Spirochete," the problem of housing in "One-Third of a Nation." No single article can tell how to write and produce such a play. Reading several of the plays themselves, however, should suggest to the imaginative person how to develop a forceful presentation of a problem in which he is interested. As encouragement let it be noted that college drama groups have produced Living Newspapers of their own. Another amateur group developed such a play from the story of corn in de Kruif's *Hunger Fighters*.

4. Random House, New York, published two collections of *Federal Theater Plays* in 1938, one containing "Triple-A Plowed Under," "Power," and "Spirochete," and the other containing "One-Third of a Nation" along with two plays in other styles.

2. An international tribunal to which international controversies can be referred and in which international confidences can be safely placed.

3. An efficient international method for the out-lawing of certain kinds of armaments and for the inspection of all national armaments

4. The creation of appropriate and practical technical organizations to deal with economic and financial matters and to advise the members of the United Nations thereon, so that autarchic commercial and financial policies will not be pursued by individual powers and so that the postwar period may be an epoch of economic co-operation and of rising living standards, rather than a time of cut-throat competition and of falling living standards for us all.

5. The recognition—not merely in words, but in practice, as in the Western Hemisphere—of the principle of the equal sovereignty of all states, whether great or small. And, together with this, the establishment of the principle that the path must be prepared for the freedom and self-government of all peoples who desire their liberty, as soon as they are able to assume that right.

6. Finally, in the kind of world for which we fight, there must cease to exist any need for the use of that accursed term "racial or religious minority." To equality of human rights, and to equality of opportunity every human being is by divine right entitled. That is the essence of our democratic faith.

—World Alliance News Letter

War Films Embarrass Soldiers

Margaret Frakes

IN recent months we have had (1) the combat films—glamorous and heroic adventures in different branches of the service; (2) the occupied nations films; (3) the spy films. Out of eighty-four films reviewed by one service during May, June and July, only thirty-two had other themes than these.

The combat films invariably have some really exciting shots of action in land, sea or air—shots which are a tribute to the technological advances which movies have made in the past few years. Even when the battle scenes are done partly in miniature, they are for the most part convincing and real. Invariably the "phoniness" of these films comes not in the combat scenes, but in the concocted stories invented to hold the sequences together: usually a superficial love story or pointless personal rivalry in which brave men behave on and off duty like spoiled children . . . plus the super-heroic exploits with which the films usually close. I've often wondered if men actually in the services pictured weren't embarrassed by those heroics.

An editorial which appeared during the summer in *Stars and Stripes*, organ of the American forces in Great Britain would indicate that they are. "To see our beautiful flag flying proudly in the breeze every third scene is just too much," says the editorial, "it is cheap and done to secure applause where the director . . .

is unable to create a patriotic emotion in a legitimate manner. It is hard to see yourself portrayed on the screen as a bloody hero when you know you are surrounded by men, women, and children who definitely proved they are heroes beyond any ability of Hollywood to portray. . . . Hollywood, however, must have heroes to bring nickels into the box office." Perhaps the fact that the writers on *Stars and Stripes* had seen some of the British war-themed films which have made their points without resorting to Rover Boy heroics had something to do with their sentiments; the quiet heroism displayed in *In Which We Serve*, for instance, is far more convincing and impressive than the incredible accomplishments painted in any Hollywood combat film thus far.

With the shining exception of *The Moon Is Down* and *This Land Is Mine*, too, the occupied-nations themes have failed to register, largely because they have all gone overboard according to one trite pattern and reveled in sadistic brutality, horrible tortures, etc., with the Nazis one style of brute and the other side one style of nobility. The above named films are all the more convincing because they almost alone have made individuals out of their heroes and villains. That Nazi brutalities have existed in those nations no one would deny, but when you have so many films portraying them

- An editorial in "Stars and Stripes" condemns excessive flag flying in war movies.
- Except for "The Human Comedy," the home front has been neglected.
- Fox announces work on three outstanding films: Woodrow Wilson and his work for world organization, Wendell Willkie's "One World" and one on the American Labor Movement.

in an all-the-time similar fashion, you become so surfeited with the portrayal that none of it seems convincing.

THE spy films? Well, if anyone can find a Hollywood one different from all the others in plot (even with Bob Hope to enliven it en route), he is as good as the FBI himself. Again the British films are something else again; the other day I saw the years-old *Thirty-nine Steps* again, and it is still something to shout about. Its director is in Hollywood now, but so far the spy films don't seem to have felt his presence to any marked degree.

Few movies appeared during the summer to answer the pleas of critics and government spokesmen for efforts which could be expected to show other peoples "the American way." It is easier, it seems, to paint what is wrong with fascism in other countries than what is right about democracy at home. Plenty of characters, of course, say that fascism is terrible and democracy wonderful, but showing how is another thing.

As a matter of fact, the "home front" has been neglected in the movies these days. One beautiful exception is *The Human Comedy*, filming William Saroyan's sensitive portrayal of the beauty of everyday experience, which appeared during the summer in direct and lonely answer to the plea for a movie which would show what we are fighting for, not against. *Saludos Amigos*, the Disney cartoon which took Donald Duck to



Part of the everyday experience in *The Human Comedy*

South America on a tour and made *him*, not the Latin Americans, the butt of most of the jokes, won a warm reception to the southward and thanks from the state department because it avoided treating our neighbors with condescension.

Mission to Moscow aroused the most discussion—discussion that wound furiously through the editorial pages of the land. Considering the anti-Russia emphasis in print and on the screen for lo these many years, a film portraying Russia as something less than an ogre was greatly to be desired. And it is only cause for regret that in so doing, "Mission" leaned so far backward in justifying all Russian political moves that it became almost as unconvincing as the previous

distortions, and played into the hands of those who would have you believe that all good you hear of the Soviet Union is pro-propaganda. Perhaps the result most to be feared from the fact of the controversy is that films will shy completely away from all problems of current importance lest they receive similar criticism. And this is exactly what films should not do. It is too bad that this venture was not more balanced, more faithful to fact, so that a warmer welcome might be assured future ventures of its nature. Encouraging is the announcement that Fox is shortly to start work on three films of topical nature: one on Woodrow Wilson, stressing his work for world organization; Willkie's "One

World"; and an as yet untitled film on the American labor movement.

Cabin in the Sky, colorful and tuneful, with its all-colored cast, again painted the Negro as a joyous, emotional clown, the buffoon long exploited on screen and stage and in song. **Stormy Weather**, while still a "segregated" film, at least did the Negro the honor of treating him as an individual worthy of respect and admiration for his accomplishments regardless of race. And in **The Ox-Bow Incident**—a film that shows the frequent error of mob violence, eloquently and impressively portrayed—there is a portrait of a Negro long to be remembered as one voice raised in favor of caution and justice.

Among Current Films

Assignment in Brittany (MGM) is an adventure film dealing with underground activity in rural France. It has a Free Frenchman returning to pose as a collaborator whom he resembles, now a prisoner in England. It is all as melodramatic as it sounds, not bad so far as creation of suspense is concerned, but weighted heavily with violence, vengeance, bloody hand-to-hand encounter. The characters are mostly stereotyped, the action reminiscent of many another film on a similar theme. (Pierre Aumont, Anne Baxter, Margaret Wycherley.)

Background to Danger (War.) is the old cops-and-robbers affair set in Turkey, with Nazi agents for the villains and American and Russian ones for the heroes. The plot gets somewhat confused, and doesn't come through as suspensefully as other spy efforts which have featured Sidney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre. Somehow it leaves you wondering what all the shouting has been about.

Coney Island (Fox) is another of those brightly technicolored musicals set in a former day that this particular company is always cooking up—and successfully. It doesn't make as much of its setting as it might, concentrating on the dives and booths that merely border on the famous playground. *Very fluffy, very costumed, very tawdry.* (Betty Grable, Cesar Romero, George Montgomery.)

Du Barry Was a Lady (MGM) tries hard to be light and airy and comic, but it turns out mainly tiresome. There are elaborately costumed ensembles, a few comic songs, and not much else. *Spectacular.* (Lucille Ball, Gene Kelley, Virginia O'Brien, Red Skelton.)

Hangmen Also Die (UA) tells of Nazi brutality and tortures in an effort to find out who killed Heydrich in Prague. Settings and atmosphere are more realistic and convincing than are frequently encountered in occupied nations films, but the happenings are much as usual, and the Nazis the same ones you have met time without number. *Harrowing melodrama.* (Walter Brennan, Brian Donlevy, Anna Lee.)

Hers to Hold (Univ.) presents a grown-up Deanna Durbin as the daughter of a fabulously wealthy family who goes to work in an aircraft factory because she has set her heart on a casually-met pilot who is employed temporarily there and she has always got what she wanted. She does here, too. Producers are still trying to find a formula for the grown-up Durbin that will work as well as the charming ones used for her as a child; so far most of the efforts have failed—perhaps because they insist on so much magnificence in settings, such spectacle in costumes, that little else can come through. That seems to be the trouble here, as well; if they would try simplicity, and a natural introduction for the songs, the strange phoniness of such films as this might be avoided. Story is extremely thin and vague; direction is good, responsible for some bright, spontaneous comedy. *Tbin-shelled.* (Joseph Cotton, Deanna Durbin, Chas. Winninger.)

Somewhere in France (British Film) should be studied by Hollywood producers busy on the occupied nations theme. For here is a melodrama that succeeds by its very simplicity: a British foreman goes to France during the debacle in 1940 to recover a vital piece of loaned machinery.

He loads it on a truck and sets out for the coast amid the hordes of refugees and swiftly approaching Germans. And what happens on the way makes for more excitement than you have seen in any artificial, incredible romances Hollywood has set in the occupied nations. *Commonweal's* review neatly describes the film by noting what it is not: "Hollywood would have made an adventure thriller, called it 'Desperate Rescue', shown a handsome hero dashing over to France to save three important machines from the invading Nazis, with some help from a second hero and a comedian. Our handsome hero, fighting every inch of the way, would rescue the machines, a glamour girl and a boatload of miscellaneous Frenchmen. It would all be unbelievably exciting as brutal Nazis fall in hand to hand fisticuffs just like flies in Flit. And the film would clean up at the box office. But that is not the way the English made this film, which in England was simply called 'The Foreman Went to France.'" (Incidentally, you may have a hard time finding this film in the theatres; I discovered only by accident that the gory affair being advertised in Chicago as "Highway Through Hell" was really this picture, which I had been watching for because of favorable national reviews for some weeks.)

Stage Door Canteen (UA) is static, as might be expected of a film that simply features the acts presented at the famous New York center for service men. It is constantly *interesting*, however, since each act presents famous people you have often read about and further lasts only a few minutes at the most. The story woven to hold things together is admirably unobtrusive. (Allstar cast.)

ALLIES MUST GIVE FAITH

It is historically true, as Pope Pius XII declared on June 13 to an audience of 25,000 workers assembled in Rome from all parts of Italy, that social revolution does not bring—in its immediate wake at least—salvation and justice. But "the progressive and prudent evolution" urged by the Pope as the alternative will require the highest quality of statesmanship on the part of the United Nations—and a continent steeped in blood and suffering may not have the patience neces-

sary for evolution, unless the Allied leaders can give its peoples implicit faith in the future.

Astronomical calculations regarding Nova Puppis, the newly discovered, brightest "new star" of the last quarter century, places it such a distance from the earth that it has taken 1600 light years (traveling at a speed of 186,000 miles per second) to reach us and that the actual brilliance of this new star is 150,000 times that of our sun.

One hundred corporations have gotten seven-tenths of war contracts—and one hundred and seventy-five thousand corporations the other three-tenths. The government has built \$14,000,000,000 worth of new war plants.

The catalog in the Library of Congress is an author list of the books in the Library of Congress and will require approximately 160 volumes, the price of one set of which has been set at \$750.

Free Time for Religion

AT present religion on the air does not suffer so much from quantity—practically all stations, as well as the major networks, carry a number of regular religious programs. But few religious leaders would claim that the wider implications of religion—religion as a living force in shaping the world of today and the world of tomorrow—are being adequately covered, if at all.

Most such programs as exist do so on free time, and there you have a problem which bothers station and network operators. There is a general feeling that religious programs should be offered free time, yet when they are so privileged a great deal of care must be taken to see that the privilege is not abused. And if the time were sold, there would be the question of how soon a halt could be called to programs which devoted themselves to promoting a particular creed or article of belief. Except for general programs by the three faiths, broadcasts made by specific denominational groups are usually paid for by those organizations.

So far the programs offered by the national chains have been mostly of purely devotional nature. CBS, for instance, broadcasts each Sunday two services in its "Church of the Air" sequence. Advising on the program is a committee made up of representatives of half-dozen denominations, including the Jewish and Catholic faiths. Time is allotted to the different denominations roughly on the basis of their numerical strength. For instance, during the past year the Roman Catholic group was responsible for twenty-six broadcasts; Baptist, 9 (3 of them from the Southern Baptist Convention); Methodist, 9; Jewish, 9 (three each for orthodox, conservative and reformed groups); Lutheran, 8; Presbyterian, 8; Episcopal, 8; Disciples of Christ, 5; Congregational, 8; Latter Day Saints, 4; Christian Science, 4; Reformed, 4; Reorganized Latter Day Saints, 1; Unitarian, 1. Director of the "Church of the Air" is Miss Elinor Inman, who until her recent appointment had been associated with the CBS program department. Also under her supervision is the excellent "Wings Over Jordan" program of spirituals by Negro choruses and talks by Negro leaders, offered each Sunday morning.

NBC, on the other hand, in arranging its chief religious programs, works through official representatives of the three faiths. The Protestant programs are handled through the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. According to Dr. Max Jordan, director of religious broadcasts for NBC, there has recently been a tangible increase in audience mail referring to the network's re-

ligious programs, which occupy about four hours weekly. Except in Germany, demand for religious programs in Europe has increased rapidly, too—this according to figures received from the International Broadcasting Union in Switzerland, which is carrying on its work on a reduced scale since the war. In 1938, 0.3 per cent of German program time was devoted to religious broadcasts; now there is none at all. But in such countries as Bulgaria, Denmark, Hungary, Roumania, Sweden and Switzerland there has recently been a marked increase in the radio time devoted to religion.

Popular NBC religious programs include the Federal Council arranged "National Radio Pulpit"; the Catholic Hour (music and consecutive talks by Catholic leaders on some particular sequence); "Message of Israel"; "Highlights of the Bible" (general discussions on the Bible as applied to life, in the nature of sermons); "Hymns of All Churches" (a daily program of sacred songs); and "The Light of the World" (a dramatization of famous Bible stories, continuing one story over several programs—heard five days a week and prepared in co-operation with representatives of the three faiths).

Mutual has a daily devotional period at noon.

In addition practically every local station makes use of devotional periods and sermons conducted by local ministers.

SPOT ANNOUNCEMENTS

So dependable and commonplace have shortwave broadcasts become that when "David," a new book by Duff Cooper, was published by Harpers, CBS arranged within a few hours for the author to appear on its Saturday afternoon "Of Men and Books" program, during which Professor John T. Frederick of Northwestern University discusses new books and interviews authors. Arrangements were made by shortwave Thursday, the day the book was published, and on the following Saturday the author was interviewed by shortwave on the program.

"A new series of thirteen dramatic transcriptions for radio broadcast and use in schools, 'Lest We Forget—Eternal Vigilance Is the Price of Liberty,' has been released by the Institute of Oral and Visual Education. The stories in the series are based upon contemporary history and stress the need for vigilance by every American as one of the major safeguards of our democratic freedoms which must become the democratic foundations of the postwar world. Each of the 15-minute recordings is devoted to the need

- Demand for religious programs has increased in America and Europe.
- Church-sponsored programs often present a problem to local stations.
- There is a definite need for religious programs devoted to setting forth religion as a part of living.
- Comments on CBS, NBC, and Mutual religious programs.

Frequently Catholic novenas and other services are broadcast locally, made available usually by local diocesan finance and sponsorship. On smaller stations, the "holiness" type of program is frequent, with innumerable programs sounding much like the old-fashioned revivals. The famous "Lutheran Hour," wide in influence, is an example of a denominationally-sponsored and supported program.

But there are no programs devoted to a setting-forth of religion as a part of living. Perhaps it is because the public thinks of religion only as something contained in a particular building or in a denominational organization. Perhaps this sort of program could better be worked out by someone entirely outside the denominational pattern, yet, vitally aware of the world's tragic need for a wider and new conception of what the principles of religion in their widest meaning could offer for everyday living.

for vigilance in a different phase of the home front—community, schools, home, religion, courts, etc. Available from the Institute at 101 Park Ave., New York City."

—The News Letter, Bureau of Educational Research, Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.

The new one-hour show, "What's New?" which during the coming season will feature anything in the news during the previous week—in current political and war developments, science, literature, theater, business, etc.—should prove interesting. Eye-witness stories and new performances will be included. 7-8 P.M. EWT, Saturdays.

The War Department killed plans of Station KGO, San Francisco, for a program of predictions on the state of military affairs six months in the future by (retired) Major General Paul B. Malone—because his predictions, based on his military experiences, were too nearly correct as a general rule to permit widespread dissemination.

—News item in *Variety*.

Hand Studies Tell a Story

Henry Koestline

PROBABLY no subject, with the exception of character portrait studies, affords more opportunity for the amateur to make expressive pictures than human hands—either in a story-telling series of pictures, or as an individual study.

Hands are as different as persons themselves. They can convey the personality or character of an individual; indicate years of hard work, or years of leisure; and even tell a complete life story starting with the always expressive baby hands.

Pictures of hands are most impressive when shown alone. The inclusion of the entire figure may sometimes be effective, but the head or arms might easily detract from the center of interest, in this case, the hands.

A delicate hand carefully holding a string of pearls denotes luxury, while a strong, heavy masculine hand, possibly working on machinery, gives the idea of forcefulness; a hand outstretched suggests the need of help; a clenched fist, anger; a tense hand nervously grasping a handkerchief immediately expresses fright or distress.

Picture stories can easily be told with the hands alone: the hands of a small boy assembling a model airplane; a girl making a dress for her doll; the skilled hands of a jeweler working on a watch. In fact, any busy hands make effective story-telling pictures.

Fine equipment is not a necessity. In the picturing of hands, all that you need is a focusing camera or a box camera fitted with a portrait attachment. Even though you may be able to focus your camera to within one foot, it is not advisable to photograph hands at this distance. Distortion is sure to result. For best results, have the camera about two to three feet from the subject, then mask off the unwanted portion of the negative later on.

Naturalness is of prime importance.

QUESTION BOX

Q. With my box camera I'm not supposed to get closer than about six feet to a subject. What kind of attachment lens can I obtain to make close-ups of hands? R. M.

A. Either a portrait attachment or a supplementary lens of *one plus* power would be excellent for your camera. With a portrait attachment you could get to within thirty inches of your subject, or with the *one plus* lens, you could make pictures as close as twenty-four inches. All these attachments are inexpensive.

Let the subject move the hands until you see a pose you think may be a desirable one. Be careful that the fingers are not spread too far apart or that the wrists are not arched too much. The position of the hands is entirely dependent upon the type of subject and the thought to be conveyed. The smooth graceful hands of a young girl would most naturally fit with arranging flowers or holding some piece of jewelry, or might even be shown alone in some pleasing arrangement.

CHOOSING your background is an important part of taking any picture, but this is especially true of hand studies. Backgrounds, in general, are of two types; those related to the subject, and *plain* backgrounds. For the hands of an elderly lady, a piece of lace could be used advantageously as a background, as the two are usually related; for the hands of a baby, a down blanket could be used; for smooth, graceful hands, you could use any rich textured cloth for background material. If you are in doubt as to what type of background to use, always select something plain. A tablecloth, without any creases, a piece of gray cardboard, or any *smooth* surface that will not reflect too much light. If you stick to the rule of using a plain background for practically all subjects, the general quality of all your pictures will be improved.

Experiment with lighting. For deep, heavy shadows, use lighting that comes from a single source, and from one side of the subject. To obtain surface texture, as in the hands of an old lady, the lights should be placed on about the same level as the subject. For soft, fully detailed pictures, lights from several sources are used. Try using different arrangements of lighting, and you will find that one pair of hands will yield many different pictorial studies.

Lighting equipment for photographing hands need not be elaborate. Ordinary 100 or 150 watt lamps, equipped with "lampshade-type" cardboard reflectors, will prove sufficient. Fancy lighting is really to be avoided, because with this type of subject, often the simplest lighting arrangement makes the best picture. An inexpensive exposure guide will insure correct results with various lighting arrangements.

SHOULD you want to include the face of a subject without detracting from the hands, simply move the lights close, and point them *directly* on the

- Photographing hands offers a chance for the amateur to make expressive pictures without difficulty.
- Hands are most impressive when shown alone. A plain background is preferable.
- Busy hands make effective story-telling pictures.
- Fine equipment or elaborate lighting is not necessary.

hands. Usually there will be sufficient reflection from these lights to illuminate the face. If more detail in the face is required, have one close light on the hands, and another light, about six feet away, directed on the face. The close light, being more intense, makes the hands of the subject brighter. Consequently, they will stand out in the finished print.

And don't forget, babies' hands are often more expressive than those of older persons. These tiny hands also lend themselves to excellent comparative studies, such as the baby's hand clinging to that of its grandmother.

Make a study of hands and see what unlimited opportunities are yours for superior pictures.



No more expressive hands are there than those of a maestro tuning his violin

Labor Plans for Postwar World

HERALDED as the first program of its kind ever proposed by an American labor union, the third biennial convention of the Textile Workers Union of America recently endorsed a comprehensive plan for the world of tomorrow. The proposal is now to be distributed to the union's locals as the basis for widespread educational and political activity. (This pamphlet, "Toward a New Day," can be obtained from the TWUA education department, 15 Union Square, New York City.) Shortly after the release of this proposal, the international executive board of the United Automobile Workers (CIO), meeting at Toronto, adopted a similar pattern for peace. (UAW's complete statement can be found in the *United Automobile Worker*, 411 W. Milwaukee, Detroit, Michigan, for July 15, 1943.)

There is a significant agreement between the two documents. Both begin with a reiteration of labor's whole-hearted support of the war, but quickly turn to the necessity of also planning now for the peace, "lest the century of the common man be a bitter mockery and a cruel jibe."

In each case there is a demand for direct representation of the labor movement at the peace table. "After World War I," says the TWUA report, "the war-breeding peace that was made at Versailles, was of, by, and for diplomats and dynasts, princes of the purple and princes of privilege. Labor had only a weak voice at the conference table. . . . The treaty of Versailles was a mean and petty treaty, a vicious instrument of destruction, in very large part because its goals were those of the imperialist, not of the worker. This time it must be different." In addition, the UAW program calls for representation of organized labor "in all government agencies charged with any administration of the war effort—during the war."

Both of these voices of labor favor relief and rehabilitation measures, the TWUA calling for relief of suffering in war-stricken areas now, "with due care being exercised so that help dictated by a democratic conscience may not aid the foes of democracy." This is only one of the statements to be found in these programs which reinforce the plea that

- **TWUA and AUA adopt patterns for the postwar world.**
- **They demand direct representation of labor at the peace table.**
- **Both unions favor relief and rehabilitation, but are weak on postwar political organization.**
- **Auto workers, like the Federal Council of Churches, oppose the principle of reparations.**

is also being made by many representatives of the Christian church.

THE international spirit of these labor proposals is clearly evident. In supporting an international labor organization, the textile workers said, "Our advocacy of an international organization of labor has its source in our deep sense of the kinship of workers the world over. We deem Frenchmen and Poles, Indians and Chinese, British and Russians, Germans and Italians, to be our brothers if they help us bear the burden of the world's work. A Slav can be just as hungry as a Kansan and a sweatshop is a sweatshop in New York or in Calcutta." The auto workers feel that "full punishment must be meted out to all guilty individuals," but that "the principle of reparations must not again be used to punish the peoples of conquered countries."

Such words recall the famous declaration of the Delaware Conference of the Federal Council of Churches, "We believe that it is contrary to the moral order that nations in their dealings with one another should be motivated by a spirit of revenge and retaliation. Such attitudes will lead, as they always have led, to renewed conflict."

Probably the chief weakness of the labor plans is to be found in their treatment of postwar political organization. Both unions oppose isolationism and advocate some form of international organization, but discussion of such an or-

ganization is confined to general terms. Some essential details are not developed and some fundamental issues are not met. The UAW plan is content to ask for "the establishment of a system of world-wide collective security." The textile workers are convinced of the necessity of an international organization of nations, democratically controlled and implemented with machinery for the mediation and arbitration of international disputes, including a properly safeguarded international police force. However, one might wish for a more detailed treatment of some of the problems of sovereignty, or for a clear cut statement such as that made by the Princeton International Round Table of Christian Leaders, "that temporary collaboration among the United Nations should, as quickly as possible, give way to a universal order and not be consolidated into a closed military alliance to establish preponderance of power or a concert of power."

On the issue of imperialism the labor programs are clear in principle. They stand for the outlawing of economic as well as political imperialism, and for the ideal of self determination for all people. Says TWUA, "Imperialism no less than isolationism will breed another cataclysm, and the world cannot stand another."

IT is on the economic side, as might be expected, that these proposals are the most completely elaborated. Both oppose tariff barriers and approve the establishment of minimum standards of labor and living throughout the world. Among the measures advocated to solve domestic economic problems of the demobilization period are guarantee of a job and a separation bonus to veterans, vocational training for those who require it, and labor participation on industry-wide councils to work out reconversion schedules. Detailed suggestions are made for insuring full production and full employment through such measures as a planned national construction program, reduction of the work week to thirty hours, an extensive program of land utilization and aid to the farmer, and the encouragement of farm-labor cooperatives.

The goal for the new day must be such a standard of health and comfort for the common man as will utterly banish the

fear of want and the terror of insecurity. This will require continuous employment at a decent wage, an expanded nationwide public health program, an adequate "cradle to grave" social security scheme, and equal educational opportunities for all, "irrespective of family income, race, color, national origin or religious beliefs." Such statements reflect the same concern for man as went into the catalog of human rights—in property, employment, education, leisure, and security—developed by the Delaware Conference.

Both labor programs advocate a rather thoroughgoing reorganization of our economic life. "In the postwar world we must see to it that our industries are run to serve the people, not to pile up riches in the hands of a few." (TWUA) "Our industries can no longer be operated to serve private interests where those interests conflict with the public need." (UAW)

AS these spokesmen for the worker seek democracy in government, so do they also desire an extension of de-

mocracy in industry through the building of unions and the protection of the rights of collective bargaining and the strike. (Compare the words of the Delaware Conference, "Industrial democracy is fundamental to successful political democracy, and we therefore recommend that labor be given an increasing responsibility for and participation in industrial management.") Both unions stand for increasing government regulation of industry to assure production in the public interest. The UAW report goes further to call for "government or municipal ownership and operation of monopolistic industries and of industries strategically essential to the national safety." The TWUA plan calls for public ownership of public utilities, important natural resources, and the continuation of social operation of the present government owned war plants.

In these specific proposals a progressive section of labor leadership goes considerably beyond the more vague generalities of the Delaware Conference, which merely declared, "We believe that a new ordering of economic life is both im-

minent and imperative, and that it will come either through voluntary cooperation within the framework of democracy or through explosive political revolution."

Those concerned about the postwar world order will rejoice not only that labor is joining in the public discussion necessary to a democratic decision, but also that the conclusions of a large section of the labor movement are as sound and progressive as indicated by these reports. At least two conclusions arise from a study of such proposals as these. First, there is a great similarity between the proposals of leading churchmen and of enlightened labor leaders. Second, the proposals of the two groups may supplement each other to their mutual advantage. If labor might consider more intensively the conclusions of churchmen regarding postwar political organization, so might religious leaders give heed to the conclusions of labor regarding future economic organization. Once again religion and labor need to work together if each is to make its maximum contribution to human welfare.

POWER---"for the facing of this hour"

Editor's Note: When the National Conference of the Methodist Youth Fellowship decided to publish a Lenten devotional booklet, the chosen few interested in the idea took it under their wing. This same process was tried a second time last Easter. But when POWER was made into a full year's daily devotional Guide, a single guiding hand was needed. Libby Anderson, late of DePauw, and long in the Methodist Student Movement, has been asked to assume the editorship. The first number under her direction is just off the press. We asked Libby to tell motive readers what the idea behind POWER really is, for we are sure that many of our readers will welcome this new venture in devotional material for and by young people.

ALL of us are eager for the assurance that our groups are functioning spiritually, and are not forgetting us, even when we are not with them. There have been many questions recently about how we can keep anything intact.

Now Methodist young people offer one solution to our problem: the sharing of our ideas and hopes through the worship manual POWER.

POWER is our quarterly worship guide, designed, written and published by us—"for the facing of this hour." Because we have been demanding something distinctly young in its approach, POWER has been projected on a national scale—for us.

Not only that, but POWER more easily penetrates our thinking because we know it is written by people like us:

our age, of our interests and fields of activity. Letters come in from a working girl in Syracuse, from a state MSM president in Kansas, a uniformed meteorology student in Tennessee, a youth director in Minnesota, a caravaner in California. From a Japanese American student in Indiana, whose family is in a Colorado Internment Camp, and from an air cadet in Alabama. So many of you say: "If this can be used, I'm glad. If not, I've profited greatly by working it out, anyway."

Another interesting aspect about POWER this quarter is the inclusion of writings from the "ancients." I don't mean our dads and mothers (although goodness knows they invariably have much to offer for our consideration). Rather, Seneca and Marcus Aurelius, the Apostle Paul, and the mystic, Brother Lawrence. They are very real people; they lived in circumstances that looked as hopeless and baffling as ours. They had an answer that may be helpful to us in our search. After all, we're only following one fresh approach to the eternal quest: "to find out God."

POWER consists of the thoughts and prayers of us young people all over the world, as we think through the frantic desperation of today to the Stuff of Life; to the assurance of things that last. POWER is the expression of our confidence that, searching, we may find the Way of Truth.

Copies of POWER may be obtained from your local conference organization or the National Conference of the Methodist Youth Fellowship, 810 Broadway, Nashville, 2, Tennessee, at ten cents per copy.

Instruction for Church-Goers

(Beginning with the launching of *motive*, Taurus has held open house to Skeptic and his friends, and open mind to every point of view. Beginning here, Skeptic writes alone, a one-sided correspondence from a recent grad, instructing Sophomore in the ways of moral doubt and religious heresy. The open forum is moved from this page to the reader's mind, and if the reader cannot refute, or does not, then Skeptic rules proud and unchallenged.)

Dear Soph:

Now in your second year of college you inherit a great tradition. "Sophomore" is cousin to the ancient Greek sophists, clear-headed reasoners. Remember the statue of The Thinker? There at the University, the scientific Athens of America, you can enter into that select company of true intellectuals. Among the wise, a good question is more useful than a bad answer, and a good argument can raise up doubts and put down opponents.

Every student deserves good entertainment, and you will want your share. Don't laugh now, because I'm serious. Nothing entertains a curious man with more lasting delight than religion. As an undergrad I became an amateur gadfly. I count it my distinctive honor to have dried off more freshmen behind the ears than old Prof. Smart, and he gets paid for it. I am glad to initiate you into the sport of religious balloon-busting and dream-smashing. Among the frosh you will find hundreds of youngsters just out of Bible-believing homes who think that college is a Wonderland where strange, glorious things happen to Alice and to them. They don't realize, and you must never forget, that college requires a man to think, and straight, hard, tough thinking can excite you more than a sizzling fuse on a powder keg. When a few scientific ideas set fire to the barrel of hand-me-down religion,—then watch the fun!

Church Is a Luxury

Early in the semester you can afford to go to church. You still have time for luxuries. Later on the pressure of study will cut out the marginal interests. Religion costs like a luxury. Not much cash, to be sure, but it requires time you cannot allow except for recreation. Chiefly, though, religion spends extravagantly from your mental budget. Religion intoxicates like a habit-forming drug which no hard-thinking student can indulge. It woos his mind off facts and douces him

in a bath of theory. That makes it a luxury, I say, because your study calls for facts, facts.

Take an example—God. (We might as well begin at what people call the beginning, although I shall speedily show that what begins really ends, ends their thought process, ends their thought period.) At best, "God" is an hypothesis. Even the devout Christians admit that. Don't ever get caught arguing the proofs for God; the priests in all their robes and glory never defend the faith with arguments, so why attack an empty fortress? Those who say "God" merely conjure up their most likely tale to account for the data; they theorize on God to cover the facts. The facts defy dispute: order that no human mind created, an amazing universe gigantic in size yet unbelievably intricate, a clearly proven evolution from lower to higher forms of life, a rough moral justice—the facts terrify, and God is one theoretic answer, but only one, one of a dozen possible answers. However, your early years in college must concentrate on the facts and let the theory wait. Ask the important questions, suspend the answers. The scientific attitude never formulates a theory too soon, otherwise it prejudices the observation of facts. Therefore church-going, a side interest in theory, you will rightfully squeeze out to the margin shortly. Yet for these first few weeks you may indulge your curiosity, and to your great delight and benefit. Go see how other people think and feel. The more you broaden out, the more entertaining you will find people, especially the queer and the fixed.

Belief Is Private

Remember, too, that belief is private. I respect their belief. I differ with them reverently and reluctantly. Don't ever accuse Christians of being victims of clever priests (their priests aren't nearly as clever as some people have supposed) or of choosing the soft way out. Many

times they have outlived and outdied their contemporaries, and failed only to outthink them. Christians are earnest, sometimes fearless. If only they had minds to match their hearts I might be persuaded to be a Christian. Nevertheless I do respect them, for every man has a right to his own opinions. Belief is private. If a man comforts his own mind, don't argue that he discomforts your mind. For twenty centuries Christians have disputed and defined their common belief. They can agree on just one great doctrine, the Golden Rule, the meat of their gospel; all else is camouflage and debatable. Arguments about God, immortality and prayer stimulate just mental gymnastics, marginal recreation for leisurely minds. It doesn't help you to believe, and doesn't hurt you not to believe. Belief is a private matter, and nothing can finally test the truth. Believe and let believe.

Let me be more specific about church-going. I want you to get the most good out of it.

1. Arrive at church just as the first hymn is sung. If you arrive too early the organ will dull your mind's edge, and if too late the usher will escort you to a vacant seat near the front, the worst possible place for surveying the whole performance. Find a seat in the side balcony, slightly to yourself. Not too conspicuous, though; if you draw attention to how you behave it takes your mind off watching how others behave. I should have said, first, always go to church alone. A thinker is always a solitary person, often a lonely person.

The Devil Invented Poetry

2. Don't enter too heartily into the hymns and readings. Hymns are poetry, remember—man's most inaccurate form of speech. Of all the means of communication, painting, music, speech, geometry, chemical symbols, prose and poetry, the Devil himself must have invented this last one because it pretends to be as pure and innocent as the red apple in the Garden. Those hymns for instance exude vague nonsense. One favorite—and whenever you hear it announced you can bet that the minister is having to pacify the old maids of both sexes—describes Jesus as a "Rock of Ages cleft for me"—that is, split open; now what can that possibly mean? Then it says, "Let me

hide myself in Thee." Who are they hiding from, their God or their sins? One denies their own theories of God's help, the other denies all theories of psychological cure. I could go on, but you see how such stupid poetry confuses the sensible man, and may thereby seem sensible to the confused man. Much of it focuses on the worshiper's own inner feelings; he yearns to feel comforted, or peaceful, or secure, or strengthened; he wants something to happen to his insides, and the more he satisfies his own "personal" needs the more stoutly he argues that he worships some Objective Person. His internal feelings are supposed to prove External Reality. *There*, *Soph*, the false magic of Christian belief is exposed. Hymns aim to perpetuate this trick.

3. Watch the prayer. Don't be carried away by the minister's earnestness. Listen to see whether the prayer has good form and good taste. Public prayer is an art, and like any art it requires more than just sincerity. I wouldn't give a nickel to hear all Nelson Eddy's sincerity if that was all he had on the ball. Sincerity alone doesn't get you to Hollywood, nor to heaven, nor far up the hierarchy of the church, surely. Most prayers are sermons turned upside down. Technically the minister talks to God by inserting "O Lord" every breathing space, but really he is preaching at the people to repent and be good and work hard. He may pep up his people by reminding God what a good crowd has gathered that morning, thus congratulating the people on their good sense in coming to hear him preach and pray. The other extreme finds a minister asking God to do what people must do for themselves: "Turn our hearts unto Thee, O Lord, and make us love our neighbors as ourselves." That prayer substitutes easy words for a hard life, and will be rewarded in the Last Judgment, I venture, with hard words for an easy life.

You've got to be tough-minded during the prayer or else you get tangled in a mess of wishes and excuses. If you can hold on to your senses during the prayer you likely can remain sane and sober through the rest.

Watch Your Neighbor

4. At the offering, try to see how much your neighbors put in the plate. Their giving tests their sincerity. Some people have adopted the devilish custom of sealing up their money in envelopes; that way they get credit for it on the books of the church on earth, if not of the church in heaven. You had better be prepared to drop in something, too, because the minister has no other visible means of support. Besides, your neighbor may be watching you in return.

5. The sermon of course may salvage the service and make churchgoing worth the effort. To listen best, be a spectator. Watch both the preacher and the people; they will succumb to his tricks, or tire of them. Above all, don't lose control of your critical mind. Sit back and observe. (The side balcony gives you an advantage here.) If you go to that grey stone Romanesque-hybrid church on the boulevard, you will find the Rev. Goodheart's vocabulary resembles the flowers and sunset, and smacks distinctly of the "spiritual." The congregation falls for his oratory. He will capture your heart if you don't beware. His stories, the Orson Welles type, raise frogs in your throat. You will find, though, that he pulls his punches. Contrast him with Prof. I. Q. Smart in *Psych*, a straight-shooter who doesn't sluff over the sharp-edged issues; his ideas cut. His classes stay small because he doesn't appeal to the mob mind. You will learn from him to mistrust the emotional surges of the crowd, and church often suffocates you with mass feeling and foggy thinking. Don't trust those ideas that have to please a crowd. You'd better depend on the critical experts for straight thinking; the college faculty have that faculty. (Definition of "faculty.") If you can resist a mob-thinking sermon, you belong to the aristocracy of the mind.

Take the Side Door

6. After church, take the side door out. Never shake hands with old Goodheart; it would tempt his humility to know that a keen young mind like yours had gotten anything from the sermon, and etiquette requires that you say simply, "I enjoyed your sermon," even though it may have a fire-blazing denunciation of sin and hypocrisy—you still "enjoyed it," understand? As I said, if he thought he had gotten anything into your head, it would go to his head. You must spare the clergy.

Then, to get the most good from the service, you must evaluate your experience. The best religious educators advise this procedure. Talk with some other student about the sermon. What was the main idea? Was the text explained or just dragged in for safety's sake? Did the argument hold water? What was the main idea? Were the stories likely tales? Did he play fair with the scientific viewpoint? What was the main idea? If you give the sermon a critical going over, it will do you more good.

7. If by chance the service did not measure up dramatically to a good movie, or if the sermon was not as philosophically clear as a physics lecture, you had better shop around next week for another church. Churches differ. Some begin with a hymn, others with a prayer. Some

have a choir with robes, some have a choir without robes, some have robes without a choir. Churches are fundamentally different. So are preachers. Some begin with a text, some close with the text, others have the text all over the place, while a rare man will have courage to say something original. So try out another church, and compare for yourself. Become a connoisseur of churches for yourself; never rely on the popular taste, which often is crude and superstitious.

This lengthy advice intends only to strengthen your independence of mind, *Soph*, and to make you a sober student of all things including that strange remnant of the past, Christianity, which will become a growing delight to your sense of humor, and of which you may believe me a

Most sincere

Skeptic

FRIEND OF FASCISM?

Long before we became Russia's ally in the war, the old suspicions were vanishing. Why is it, then, that all over Europe—in Russia, in Great Britain, in France, in central Europe and the Balkans—a sudden fear is cropping out that the United States has become the friend of fascism? Why is it rumored that we are planning to build a chain of buffer states against the Soviets? The State Department, I am glad to say, has repudiated these reports. But why should it even be necessary to disavow so fatal a course?

Because for five months we have kept fascist officials in power all over North Africa.

Because for five months we have maintained, as resident general of French Morocco, the Nazi-minded General Nogues, the man who ordered French troops to fire on our American soldiers as they landed at Casablanca.

Because we allow thousands of Spanish republicans to rot in African concentration camps, while their fascist brethren walk whistling down the streets.

Because American diplomats sing the praises of the fascist dictator of Spain, who in turn sings the praises of Adolph Hitler.

Because Tibor de Eckhardt, Hungarian satellite of the Hungarian satellites of Hitler, comes to the United States and is taken into the bosom of the State Department.

Put all this together and you have a picture of American diplomacy turning to the fascists, the feudalists, the outgrown monarchists of Europe as the instruments through which we are to establish the four freedoms and the Atlantic Charter.

—People's Lobby Bulletin

motive

Symbol of Christian Faith

Trinity LAST week my son and I visited a neighbor who is an amateur astronomer (yet very expert); he showed us the moon, various stars, and finally a galaxy which lies beyond our own. That galaxy was presumed to be 30,000 light years from our galaxy! Such a figure in terms of miles was for me but an emotional symbol of *distance*: I could not attempt to rationalize what it really meant.

Twenty years ago I heard Fritz Kreisler play his violin in the Auditorium Theater in Chicago on a Sunday afternoon. Although I sat high in the balconies as I heard him play to a vast audience, the strains from his violin came to me, they struck something within me that afternoon and I walked with others after the concert out onto Michigan Boulevard with a more adventurous, wistful look in my eyes. Something happened to me in that experience of *beauty* which I could not rationalize. I was only able to say in words of emotional symbolism with Edna St. Vincent Millay,

I was "only a little taller than when I went!"

What I have mentioned regarding my experiences of distance and beauty as being emotional symbols, yet not rationalized conclusions, is true of trinitarian theologians as they have tried to concern themselves with Jesus' clarification of God's meaning to humanity, but the Trinity is an emotional symbol of Christian faith, rather than a clearly defined intellectual concept. No great theologian has ever discerned the Trinity otherwise.

JESUS never said anything which would give a basis for Trinitarian belief that the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit were to be seen intellectually as One. At the end of the Gospel of Matthew (the only place in the Synoptic Gospels), written c.85 A.D., the Trinitarian formula is given, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit" (Matt. 28:19). Scholars are quite thoroughly agreed that this statement is "an expression of a truth which the church had learned as a result of the resurrection," as the church's theologies developed regarding Jesus.

The Gospel of John, written c.100

A.D., was an attempt to translate the religion of Jesus into the religion about Jesus, so that Jesus could be seen by a Hellenistic audience in terms of Christian mysticism. Many are agreed that no more spiritually deep interpretation about Jesus has ever come from our theologians: and in "John's" interpretation of Jesus was laid the basis for the later development of the idea of the Trinity. "John's" argument runs as follows: God and Christ (the Word, or Logos) co-existed before the world was made . . . when God made the world, Christ was the co-creator . . . God's Spirit had always been in the world for men to know, but it was too tremendous a concept for the mind of finite man to understand. . . . Men needed something tangible in order to understand the infinite mystery of God. . . . so the spirit of Christ (the Word) became flesh in the physical person of Jesus, dwelling among men for a short time in Palestine . . . for those who learned to know God through him, life became a new experience of joy, strength, purpose, spiritual adventure . . . now God's Spirit had come so consciously close to them . . . even after Jesus' death they realized that the intimate closeness of God's Spirit still was about them as the merciful, life-giving energy of the universe . . . without Jesus' having taught about and clarified the close intimacy (immanence) of God's Spirit, God would have remained far away (transcendent) and rather arbitrary . . . it was Jesus as his particular "Son" who had made them realize the continuing nearness of God's Spirit (termed as the Holy Spirit) . . . furthermore, it was as they saw the spirit in the Son that they believed they knew the Spirit of the Father, which continued with them as a Comforter after Jesus' death and resurrection.

MANY attempts have been made by theologians to "rationalize" what the Trinity means: Augustine said that the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit were to be compared to the qualities of memory, understanding, and will (or love) of God.

The tyranny of Words! Which ones trouble you? **motive** would like to know the ones you want Dr. Kepler to treat.

Athanasius' view at the Nicene Council influenced the early church to regard Christ as of the *same* substance as God, thus making the real quality of the three "persons" of the Trinity the same; although he felt that the Son was subordinate in office to the Father! Thomas Aquinas, who united reason with faith for Western Christians in the thirteenth century, stated that the idea of the Trinity could never be rationally proved; it was a belief which constituted a part of *revealed* theology: you *believed* it, but you could not know *why* you believed it!

Today as theists we think of God as the Life of the universe, who is always near us—let us say that His Life ever touches us at the level of our subconscious: this we call God's immanent spirit, phrased in symbolic language as the *Holy Spirit*. This Life is everywhere in the universe, out among the farthest galaxies, but for us it is warmly near as the Life which ever hovers about us and within us: it strengthens, supports, sustains, and guides us as a *Father* (Jesus used this rich symbol 153 times in the gospel reports). Our clarity and understanding of God as a near, fatherly, personal Spirit has come to us as a spiritual heritage because Jesus not only *taught* what God was like, but he also *lived* (as his first followers *believed*) what God was like: he lived as a *Son*, showing all of us through the Christian centuries how we too might share this same Sonship! (The *depth* of our Christian *Credo* is based on this belief!)

INTELLECTUALLY many people are Unitarians, believing that God is One and that Jesus as a Galilean carpenter and prophet so obeyed the will of God that God's will and Spirit shone serenely and gloriously through him. What deeper values people may see in the formula of the Trinity to enrich their religious experiences must remain a gesture of their desire for *emotional symbolism*. "Life is (often) deeper than logic": some people deeply cherish the rich symbolism of the language of the Trinity, while others of us discern words as 'Father' and 'Holy Spirit' as dignified, richly endowed terms to describe the immanence of God in a theistic framework. In either instance we intuit the deep religious meaning of the Christian faith, reverencing the figure of Jesus as the one who left profound and beautiful insights which we, too, appreciate as his twentieth century disciples!

Story of a Revolution

Editor's Note: This material has been prepared in a little booklet by Dr. Paul S. Minear, professor of New Testament Interpretation at Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Illinois. The booklet is intended to serve as a preface which may be conveniently affixed to the flyleaf of the New Testament. Quantities of the booklet have been provided free of charge by an anonymous Christian lay woman and are available on request to Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill. In future numbers of motive we shall run the further suggestions in the booklet that will help clarify the material in the New Testament. Without doubt this is one of the best pieces of material we have seen and we are sure that students as well as persons in the armed forces and in C.P.S. will want it. Requests for it should be made as soon as possible.

THE New Testament is addressed to you. It is not the special possession of priests and scholars, monks and missionaries. It was written by the people and for the people; and not for all people in general, but for individual men and women like yourself. It is not a riddle for you to solve nor a magic charm for you to use, but a message for you to hear.

The New Testament is a library. Its shelves are lined with the earliest writings of men called Christian, writings which reflect every aspect of their dramatic existence. These writings tell the strange story of God acting in the life of a man called Jesus. The story centers in the awful death of this man on a cross; it tells of God's choice of that crucified man to reveal his purpose and his power; it points to the revolution which that cross produced in human hearts and in human history; it arrests the reader with a tribute to the freedom and faith, the courage and hope which that cross released. Christians preserve these books because, once knowing them, they cannot forget them. Once confronted by the strange man on the cross, they can not escape him.

Yet the store-house of New Testament treasures does not open with just any key. Many readers find baffling puzzles, an uncharted jungle of strange ideas and attitudes. They do not know where to start, how to find what they need, what to listen for, how to translate ancient stories into modern meanings. If you belong to this group of readers, the following suggestions may serve to direct you in your use of this library.

1. Read when you are alone, when you have time to think seriously about yourself, when you want to understand your own life and death, when you reflect about the source and goal of that inner center which you call yourself.
2. Read quietly and slowly, not as you race through the daily newspaper. Don't always read at the same pace; get in step with the material you are reading. At times each verse will require pondering; at times a

paragraph or a chapter is the natural unit of thought. "Not snap-shots but time-exposures" should be the rule.

3. Read with *all* your senses alert and active. Don't be content with seeing the words; speak them aloud so that you can *hear* them. Taste them for saltiness of wit or irony. Picture the setting for each separate scene. Get the feel of the atmosphere. Ask constantly the question: "Why was this written, how did early Christians use it, what did it mean to them?"
4. Reading is a two-way conversation in which you participate. Visualize yourself as a character in the stories. Talk back, raise questions, disagree. These writings, when they are understood, always cause conflict.
5. Express your reactions by underlining, notes in the margin, question marks, exclamation points. Cut out pages for your diary if you wish; few books are more easily replaced and none more important to have where and when you want it.
6. When you find a statement that strikes fire, copy it and repeat it aloud several times. Jot down the chain of thought it starts. Let it lie near the surface of your mind for a whole day as a magnet to your thoughts.
7. The only reason for conversation is to discover a word *not your own*, to hear *another* voice. Forcing your prejudices upon another's lips kills the friendship. If you do what many people do—tell the New Testament what it must say—you lose a friend.
8. What should you do when you strike a snag? Don't be surprised. Every library has such riddles. Move on to a section more clear and interesting. Remember that you are not studying a text-book but reading personal letters from Christian friends of other lands and generations.
9. First and last, the New Testament halts you with this claim: "God has here a word for you." You will not hear it if you read only for information or enjoyment as, for example, when you scan the *Reader's Digest*. But if you see yourself as the object of God's action, then you will hear him speaking. Upon his will you are dependent. He has a purpose for you; read to grasp that purpose.
10. When he speaks, your immediate inner response is all-important. When he condemns, bow in penitence. When he offers help, rivet your hope on that assurance. When he commands, obey. Tomorrow's promise is reached by the path of today's faithfulness. Reading the New Testament is an invitation to participate in God's activity in history. The epic told in these pages is an unfinished story which your life helps to complete.

I See by the Papers:

FOR THE RECORD:

2,870,000 men called up for the draft have been found to be unfit. 657,200 were rejected for some kind of mental shortcoming. 398,000 of these were classed as mentally diseased. Ten per cent of the rejections are for educational deficiency.

FROM THE FEAR OF WANT

"Russian achievements—military, political, economic—are having a profound influence on western Europe. Faith in Europe today is based on belief in the supremacy of economic man. Scientific advances have given man the power to control his destiny; no longer is he subservient to the divine law or the immutable laws of nature. Social planning by national and international commissariats will free all humanity from the fear of want."

—Dudley Windel, British Economist

INEXPERIENCED IDEALISTS?

"These preachers of false and un-American ideas feel now that with the ending of the war the America of the past, both industrially and economically, must be socialized and fitted into a world pattern; that by the waving of a wand all the other people of the world can be brought up to our standard of living at the expense of the American people.

"Some of our people in high places go so far as to advocate the extension of governmental generosity to encompass the people of all nations. These inexperienced idealists, dreamers and experimenters would take charge in postwar America and completely rebuild and reconstitute this great country of ours into an experimental station to test their theories and their illusionary dreams.

—National Commander Waring of the American Legion

American corporations, including mining, manufacturing, trade, transportation, communication, power, gas and others, have struck a war bonanza, even after taxes. The years 1940 and 1941 showed higher profits, after taxes, than any year since 1929. The year 1942, even after taxes, was higher than 1941. And 1943 profits, based on first-quarter estimates, will not only be higher than 1942 but higher even than the boom-year of 1929! The 1943 profits-after-taxes figure is set at \$8,000,000,000.

—Jesse Jones's Department of Commerce, "Survey of Current Business"

CHINESE CO-OP

Chungking, China—Perhaps the biggest indication of co-operative development in China under the stress of war is the recently established Fukien Over-Seas Chinese Co-operative Society, a co-operative colony of Chinese nationals who fled back to Fukien, China when their South Sea Colonies, once British and Dutch possessions, were occupied by Axis forces.

The Fukein Co-op Society with headquarters in Yung An is the largest co-operative enterprise yet to develop in China, having a capital value of 10,000,000 Chinese dollars, through which four major co-operative activities are financed and operated: co-operative credit, co-operative marketing, consumer co-operatives, and a production department, both industrial and agricultural.

LOG JAM

Foreign Units Banned—Civilian Public Service got caught in the legislative log jam in Congress, and emerged shorn, to all intents, of its China Unit and College Training Program.

Elimination of the two projects was accomplished by a proviso inserted in the seventy-one billion dollar War Department Appropriation Bill, which stated:

"That no appropriation contained in this Act shall be used for any expense pertaining to 1) the instruction, education, or training of Class IV-E conscientious objectors in colleges; 2) the service of such conscientious objectors outside the United States, its territories and possessions; 3) the transportation of such conscientious objectors to or from any such college or any such service; or 4) the compensation of military or civilian personnel performing any services in respect to the matters set forth in 1, 2, or 3 above after the enactment of this Act, except any services which may be necessary promptly to terminate any such Class IV-E conscientious objector college or foreign service projects existing on the date of the enactment of the Act."

While no War Department funds are used directly in the operation of either the China Unit or the Training Program, the army officers in the Camp Operations Section of Selective Service are on the War Department payroll and would be therefore ineligible to administer either project.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER TOOTH

Dr. Michael Shadid is director of the cooperative hospital of Elk City, Oklahoma, which was started in 1929 when farmers in the near-by area put up \$50 a piece as membership. The co-op hospital has grown so rapidly that it is now a 100 bed hospital and serves 2,400 families and has assets of \$280,000. This is in spite of the fact that the costs are nearly \$25 per family per year and that teeth are pulled for twenty-five cents per tooth, X-rays are twenty-five cents per tooth, while the dentist gets \$4,000 a year and the surplus on his earnings goes into the general hospital fund. Doctors get between \$4,000 and \$10,000 per year net and one month's vacation with pay.

The co-operative hospital operates on the principles of (1) group practice, (2) preventive medicine, (3) periodic prepayment for medical care, (4) consumer control. Dr. Shadid pointed out that the success of the co-op hospital in Elk City has inspired the organization of similar hospitals in Amherst, Texas, and in Hardtner, Kansas.

FROM A MIDWEST CORRESPONDENT

Our group of twenty-five senior girls clustered around the corridor bulletin board to read the announcement: "All senior girls *must* meet in the chapel at 9:50 today."

Militant in tone, the purpose of these meetings was to give the recruiting officers from the WAVES and WACS who were on the campus, a chance to interview the girls for possible service in some branch of the armed forces. As they spoke we glowed with patriotism to the challenge that we are *needed* in the "fight for democracy." Overshadowing the vision of every profession for which we had spent years in training, the pressing urge to "join now" and "let our boys know that we, too, will don the uniform to 'fight for freedom'" gave us the impulse to rush to the nearest office and sign for military service. That's what they hoped to accomplish.

The days that followed brought us face to face with the question: "Where can I serve best?"

But somehow during those dark days of uncertainty and searching, we remembered the ideals behind the Christian education we had been receiving. Somehow we knew that we were needed in the work-a-day world when women must have "A global consciousness and true perspective" toward current events. In making the choice, twenty-five senior women stepped from the classrooms, not to train for military service, but to take positions of professional leadership in places where only the trained could serve.



Jeanne Ackley
 Mary Faye Amster
 Edith Anderson
 Sidney R. Anderson, Jr.
 Mary Ethlyn Ball
 Mildred Barrow



Virginia Bibb
 Jack Brembeck
 Paul Bumpers
 Margaret Bushnell
 Inez Chamberlin
 John Cotton



Dorothy Ecklar Cottrell
 John Deschner
 Mary Dougherty
 Jane Grow
 Richard Halsted
 Quentin L. Hand



Neyland Hester
 Richard Hudson
 Barbara Huffman
 Raymond H. Jahn

STUDENT

EDITORIAL

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 C. Dwyer Umberger
 Kenneth Underwood
 Ethel Van Metre

motive's "Eyes and Ears" on the Campus

the 1943-44 Student Editorial Board

Jeanne Ackley. Ohio State. Junior. Sociology major. Likes drama, profound philosophical discussions and people—Vice-President Wesley Foundation.

Mary Faye Amster. Pre-Medical School, University of Arizona. Sophomore. Interested in racial problem.

Edith Anderson. Alabama Polytechnic Institute. Junior. Home Demonstration major. Vice-President Wesley Foundation. Editor of **Wesleyan**.

Sidney R. Anderson, Jr. Pacific School of Religion. Born in Kuling, China, the son of missionary parents. Graduate Shanghai-American School.

Mary Ethlyn Ball. Sam Houston State Teachers College. Senior. President College Religious Council. 1943 winner of Pennybacker Award which goes to "outstanding student of the year."

Mildred Barrow. University of Alabama School of Commerce and Business Administration. Senior. Clothing and Textile Merchandising major. Member Pi Tau Chi, and Triangle. Staff member **Crimson-White**.

Virginia Bibb. Liberal Arts College, University of Tennessee. Senior. Past editor **Orange and White**. Member Mortar Board, Alpha Lambda Delta.

Jack Brembeck. University of California at Los Angeles. Junior. President MSM for Southern California and Acting-President for UCLA Wesley Club.

Paul Bumpers. Hendrix College. Senior. Philosophy major. Vice-President student body. President North Arkansas Conference Youth Fellowship. Received Religious Leadership Award.

Margaret Bushnell. S. L. A. College, University of Minnesota. Freshman. On cabinet of Kappa Phi.

Inez Chamberlin. University of Michigan. Freshman in Literature School. President Student Religious Association. Major interest is art.

John Cotton. Willamette University. Sophomore. English major. Publicity director for Willamette YMCA.

Dorothy Ecklar Cottrell. University of Kentucky. Senior. Major in journalism. Freshman advisor YWCA. President Inter-Faith Council.

John Deschner. University of Texas. Senior. Grader for courses in New Testament and Marriage. President Phi Chapter of Wesley Players.

Mary Dougherty. Columbia College. Senior. Home Economics major. President Wesley Foundation Council. Secretary South Carolina State MSM. Mem-

ber Student Council, Alpha Kappa Gamma. Art Editor, **The Columbian**.

Jane Grow. West Virginia University. Senior. Home Economics major. Home Economics Club. President University 4-H Club. Vice-President Kappa Phi. President West Virginia MSM.

Richard E. Halsted. DePauw University. Junior. Physics major. Member Delta Chi. Activities include Phi Mu Alpha, Alpha Phi Omega, Phi Eta Sigma, Religious Education Club and University Band. Member of Navy V-12 Unit.

Quentin L. Hand. Indiana University. Sophomore. Chairman Religious Education Commission of Wesley Foundation Council. Assistant Editor **Wesley Bugle**. Student representative on Board of Education Indiana Conference.

Neyland Hester. Texas Technological College, Lubbock. Senior. President Texas Methodist Student Movement. President South Central Jurisdiction Methodist Youth Fellowship. Tech varsity fencing team. President Northwest Texas Conference Methodist Youth Fellowship and Texas Tech Student Religious Council. President National Conference Methodist Youth Fellowship.

Richard Hudson. Syracuse University. President State S.C.M. Chairman Men's Chapel Association.

Barbara Huffman. Kansas State Teachers College. Major in education.

Ray H. Jahn. University of Idaho. Sophomore. English major. His "Youth's Prologue for Tomorrow" was used at commencement instead of the usual address.

Billie Kirkland. Emory University. Senior. A pre-theology student. President Emory Christian Association and Alpha Tau Omega. Chairman Emory Honor Council. All-Emory basketball team for three years.

James Allen Knight. Duke University Divinity School. Senior. Past President South Carolina MSM. Editor **Christian Horizons**. Phi Beta Kappa, Blue Key, and Pi Gamma Mu.

Jean Leonard. Arts College, University of Minnesota. Junior. Major in social work. Active member Wesley Foundation. Cabinet of University YWCA as chairman of religious discussion groups.

Margaret Lilly. University of Georgia. Junior. Chairman Worship-Evangelism Commission in Wesley Foundation. State Treasurer Georgia MSM.

Marjorie J. Martin. Simpson College. Sophomore. Poet (see George Washing-

ton Carver in February, 1943 *motive*). Publicity chairman Off-Campus Coeds, and Social Life Committee of the College. Editor of **Religious Life Newsletter**.

Glen Martin. Harvard. Sophomore. Past President of Southwest Missouri Conference Youth Fellowship. Student Council Wesley Foundation.

Mary Ellen Orr. Illinois State Normal. Senior. Preparing for career of public school music teaching. Creative writing and sports equally interesting. Past President Wesley Foundation.

R. B. Perkins, Jr. William and Mary College. Sophomore. Member Wesley Foundation Cabinet. Pre-Engineering.

Sarah Kathleen Posey. Millsaps College. Senior. President Millsaps Christian Council, Managing Editor **Purple and White**. Member Woman's Council, Debate Club, Dramatic Club and Student Executive Board. Secretary Kappa Delta.

Sue Sessions. Junior at Northwestern who reports she is not president of anything, nor has she won any medals—but that she is just a plain, ordinary student of the Journalism School. Member of Kappa Kappa Gamma.

Marytha Smith. Ohio Wesleyan. Junior. Major in elementary education. Active in Wesley Fellowship. Secretary Ohio MSM. Member Wesleyan Players.

Pedro (Pete) Smith. University of Virginia. Senior. Work at University exclusively on scientific lines.

Polly Stanfill. Florida State College for Women. Senior. Vice-President College Methodist Student Organization.

Harry L. Starbuck. Adrian College. Junior. A pre-ministerial student interested in religious journalism. Religious editor of **The College World**. Member of American Commons Club fraternity.

Janice Thompson. Miami University School of Fine Arts. Senior. Chairman Social Action Commission of Wesley Foundation Council. On YWCA Cabinet as co-chairman of Inter-Faith work.

C. Dwyer Umberger. North Carolina State College. Graduate student. Past President Methodist Student group. Editor of **The Methodist Student** for '43.

Kenneth Underwood. Yale Divinity School. Masters in Journalism, University of Wisconsin. Tau Kappa Alpha.

Ethel Van Metre. Nebraska Wesleyan University. Senior. Psi Chi fraternity, active on staffs of campus publications including the annual which she will edit.

Repercussions from "West Dakota"

"West Dakota College," the story of an ideal college, appeared in our last issue (May). The writer and creator of the college, Dr. Stephen M. Corey, is superintendent of the laboratory schools at the University of Chicago. Despite the fact there is no such college as West Dakota and the name of the president was Edward U. Kater (educator), a few of our readers mistook the fiction for fact.

Some selected letters tell the story:

Thayer, Kansas

Sirs:

I read the article in the May *motive* about West Dakota College and I am very much interested in it.

Where is West Dakota College? You would oblige me very much by sending me its address.

Yours truly,

Joseph Buckles

Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Buckles:

We have your inquiry asking where West Dakota College happens to be. I can only ask you to turn again to the magazine and read the subhead on page six. Every good wish,

Cordially,

The Editor

Thayer, Kansas

Sirs:

Thank you for your kind reply.

Where is West Dakota College?

I will gladly loan you my copy of *motive* if you wish to look at it.

Yours truly,

Joseph Buckles

Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Buckles:

I would like to refer you again to page six of the May issue of *motive* —the subhead is as follows: *University of Chicago Professor Creates a President and a College* . I don't know how I can point any more clearly to the fact that this is a *creation* by a University of Chicago professor. Subtle? I don't think so.

Every good wish,

Cordially,

The Editor

Nothing further has been heard from Mr. Buckles. A Kansan wrote in:

Fort Hays, Kansas

Sirs:

Where is West Dakota College which is so eloquently described in your May issue? It seems strange that such an excellent article should

omit the location of its subject. At any rate, students and I want to know where, so please write.

Sincerely,

Arthur Katona

Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Professor Katona:

We have your inquiry asking where West Dakota College happens to be. I can only ask you to turn again to the magazine and read the subhead on page six. Every good wish,

Cordially,

The Editor

Fort Hays, Kansas

Sirs:

Are you kidding? There is nothing in the subhead on page six for *motive* of May to tell us where West Dakota College is located.

One could, of course, wonder if it is located at the University of Chicago. But the subhead seems to indicate that President Kater's last job was at the University of Chicago.

We wish you had given us the information instead of the run-around.

Yours,

Arthur Katona

Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Professor Katona:

I am sorry that you felt I had given you the run-around. I simply wanted you to notice the subhead of the article which said University of Chicago Professor *Creates* . The important word was *creates* . This is simply the child of the imagination of Professor Corey and he did it, of course, as a satire. It seemed to me quite apparent. I appreciate your writing, however, and I hope now I have made myself clear. I certainly didn't want to seem obtuse. Every good wish,

Cordially,

The Editor

Then a professor of philosophy at a large Southern university wrote a letter addressed to the college in care of *motive* .

West Dakota College,
Dear Secretary, Registrar,
Dean or President:

I have just read (with excitement) about West Dakota in *motive* magazine. I note:

"It has been necessary to publish a printed bulletin which is sent to all who write asking consideration as future West Dakota faculty members." Please send me this bulletin.

Yours sincerely,

Wyatt R. Stokes

This letter was forwarded to the author of the article, Dr. Cory, who wrote to the professor:

Dear Mr. Stokes:

The editor of *motive* has sent your letter of June 25th to me to be answered. There is no West Dakota College "in the flesh." Such is this world's sadness. If there were I would like to teach there and I hereby promise to let you know as soon as I am able to locate an institution of higher learning even remotely like the *motive* fantasy.

Cordially,

Stephen M. Cory

Thus ends this episode of West Dakota College—but not quite! We are happy to announce that in our next number we will publish the first of a series of conversations about West Dakota. We are indebted to Professor Cory for these.—
The Editor.

A Poem and a Book

Belle Cumming Kennedy's name first appeared in *motive* as the author of the play, *Gillean* , which we recommended enthusiastically to our readers. Now we present her as the author of a poem which is both seasonal and topical in importance. Her distinguished speech work in London, at Northwestern University and lately at the Pasadena Playhouse is one of her two chief interests. Her other major concern is writing in which she has won singular success. Her libretto, *The Crucible* , was set to music by the well known composer, Richard Hageman, and received its initial performance by the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra this last year. We are only sorry that we do not have more space to tell about her latest accomplishment, *The Busy Speaker's Pocket Practice Book* (written with Patricia Challgren), certainly one of the unique and valuable contributions to the whole field of speech. It is a must book for speakers, and should be used by speech teachers. It is especially recommended for speech classes given for the armed forces. Published by Samuel French, it sells for \$2.00.