

Up for Vision Down for Service

JACOB'S angels, in the vision at Bethel, were going up and coming down the heavenly ladder—going up for power through contact with God and coming down for service. And this double journey remains still the way of life—up for vision and back into the channels of life where our service lies. . . .

In the growing complexity of life, let us strive to keep true to our ideals of sincerity and simplicity, to keep before us the essential truths and test our lives by them, and to keep our family life from the distractions of useless activities. Let us seek for that inward faith which shall be as a rock foundation and for that peace which shall hold firm in outward confusion.

As followers of Christ let us remember that we are called to help in establishing the Kingdom of God on earth. May our sense of brotherhood with all men be strong, leading us as workers, as employers and in all other relations to make the chief aim of our lives service rather than gain. May it inspire us to earnest efforts after a social order in which no one is hindered in his development by meagre income, insufficient education and too little freedom in directing his own life. May it lead us not only to minister to need, but to seek to understand the causes of social and industrial ills, and to do our part as individuals and as a Society for their removal.

Let us be earnest about the spread of Christ's message of love among those who have not heard it, and support the work of missions both at home and abroad, that the command to preach the gospel among the nations may be fulfilled. Let us guard ourselves against religious intolerance and cherish in our hearts a spirit of love for all men. "Our" belief in the God in every man would lead us to reverence personality in every human being regardless of race. Let us encourage all efforts to overcome racial prejudices and antagonisms, and economic, social and educational discrimination. . . .

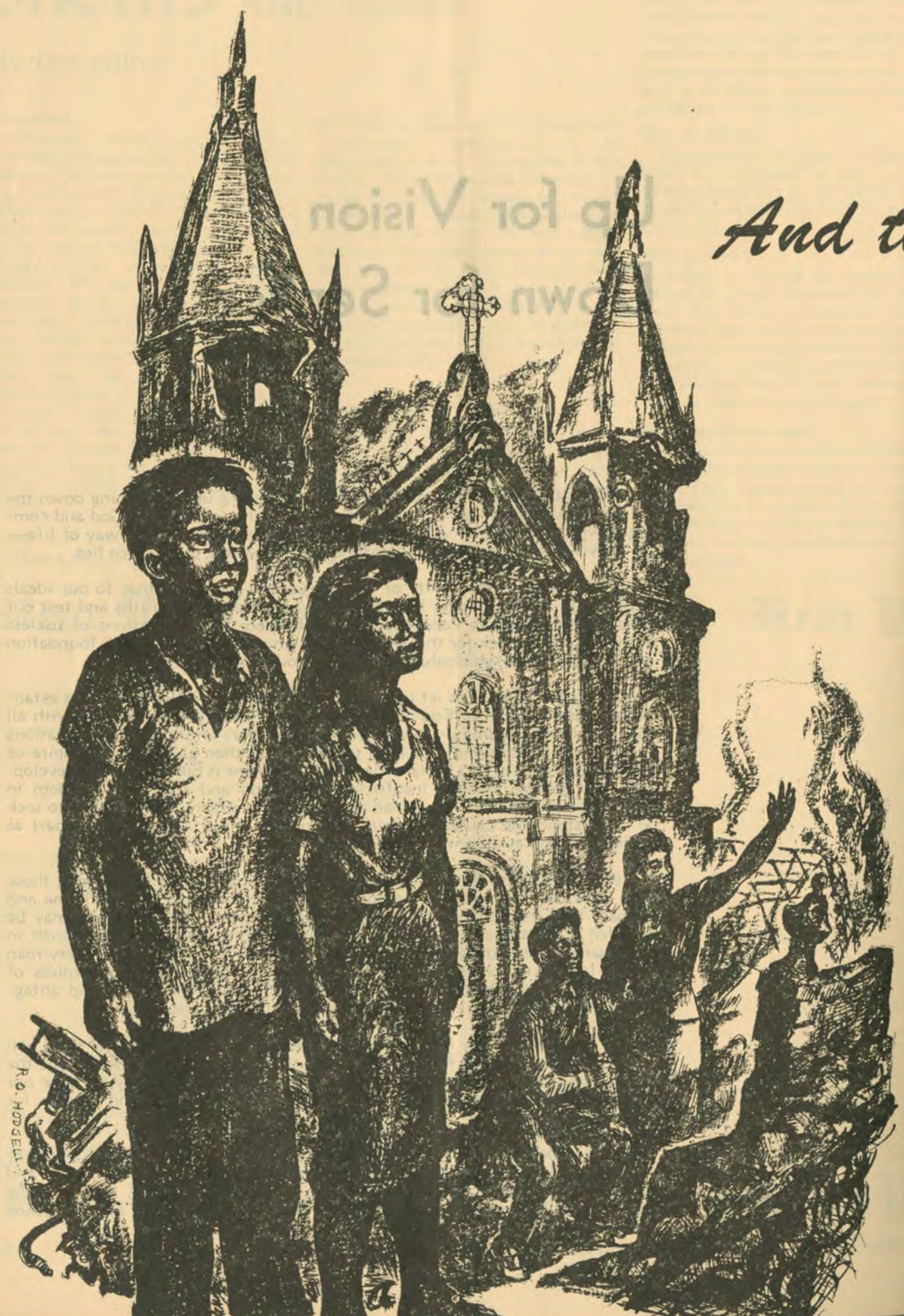
Our peace testimony is not negative, it is the positive exercise of good will in human relationships. May we lend our influence to all that strengthens the growth of international friendship and understanding, and may we give our active support to movements that substitute cooperation and justice for force.¹

Dearly beloved Friends, these things we do not lay upon you as a rule or form to walk by, but that all, with the measure of light which is pure and holy, may be guided; and so in the light walking and abiding, these may be fulfilled in the spirit not in the letter, for the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life.²

¹ From *Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends*.

² From *Letters of Early Friends*.

And the



R. O. HODGELL

Rediscovering

Henry P.

Week Shall Inherit--

Canon Barry has recently written:

In the fact of the night drive toward facing the individual within a belief. Christianity can hardly survive amid the modern blights of mass culture, such as television, in Europe, even as a society conscious of itself and organized by its own transcendent allegiance. For us, but a revival of the Church can withstand the onslaught of "Consumerism."

But there is a deeper issue here than the mere erection of one corporate agency in resistance against others, than the mere defense of "the liberty of the individual." Most of those who cry the need for defense miss that deeper issue: how shall we have spiritual liberty; the only liberty that is worth preserving, unless we rediscover what our deeper faith has always known, there is no true liberty for us. We are in self-destruction to the followers of all? Here, also, there is danger, for religion, under assault from dominant forces in the secular sphere, creates another ideological counterpart of an ungodly and unworthy secular ideal; but in the light of the deeper issue just mentioned, who can question that there is essential validity in the trends?

In part, the turning toward "The Church" is a by-product of the resistance to worship. And this is among the most unmistakable features of the contemporary scene. Here, also, trends within youth have been prophetic. For some years, student groups whose theological conviction is of the utmost, who debate the churches as they have known them, and whose intense preoccupation is the making of a distant society, have been crying out for "worship." Their elders, as so often, are following in their train. And the "worship" eagerly sought is not that of the individual in his solitariness, but corporate worship with generous use of form and ritual. This leads to "The Church," the only deeply satisfying locus of worship as well as the treasure-house of the materials of worship.

In part, the turning toward "The Church" springs from a rediscovery of the riches of Christian tradition. Or, more accurately, a search for such a rediscovery. The word is hinted in another phrase much voiced today—the wide spread yearning for "Christianity." Now a few Christians, and they among the more mature, seek their grounding for Christian living, not within the life of

Richard Battle

No one who tests the pulse of contemporary sentiment can have failed to note signs of a reviving interest in the church. For some years, it has been possible to summarize youth's attitude toward Christianity in two phrases—steadily deepening interest in religion, steadily deepening indifference to the organizations and institutions of religion. To these two characteristics, a third must now be added—a feeling out after "The Church." To be sure not after the existing churches as many have known them: the Western Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh, western South Carolina, or the "Christian" Church at Miller's Crossroad, glaring defiance across its four corners at three other "Christian" congregations in various locales. But after something which may be regarded only by the word "The Church" as the Archbishop of Canterbury remarked when he came to America. "It is no accident that, certainly in the country from which I come, and as I have seen two or three times assured, in this country also, the minds of students who are seriously considering the Christian faith at all are becoming more and more occupied with the doctrine of the Church." Here, as always, the term to which men instinctively have recourse to voice inarticulate longings is significant beyond its obvious meaning. What is that significance? What is the deeper meaning of the turning toward "The Church"?

WE are the humble ones.
We sought no other lands,
Our toil-worn hands
Have borne no arms.
And yet . . .
We saw our homes burn in the night,
Burn in the night,
Or crumble in the dust
As motors roared
A requiem above our heads
We are the homeless, humble ones.
The things we sought
Are lost;
We only fought
The soil, and prayed
For daily bread.
Now—
In the shattered patterns of our homes
We leave our dead.
And—as the vultures wheel—
Their clotted eyes
Question the curving skies,
And we who bow our heads
As alien flags go by
Mutter the anguish of our curse.
We are the helpless ones,
Therefore we die.
We are the meek,
And we shall inherit
Earth.

Rediscovering

Henry P.

NO one who tests the pulse of contemporary sentiment can have failed to note signs of a reviving interest in the church. For some years, it has been possible to summarize youth's attitude toward Christianity in two phrases—steadily deepening interest in religion, steadily deepening indifference to the organizations and institutions of religion. To these two characteristics, a third must now be added—a feeling out after "The Church." To be sure not after the existing churches as many have known them: the Northern Presbyterian Church of Pinville, western South Carolina, or the "Christian" Church at Miller's Crossroad, glaring defiance across its four-corners at three other "Christian" congregations of various breeds. But after *something* which can be suggested only by the word "The Church." As the late Archbishop of Canterbury remarked when he was last in America, "It is no accident that, certainly in the country from which I come, and as I have been two or three times assured, in this country also, the minds of students who are seriously considering the Christian faith at all, are becoming more and more occupied with the doctrine of the Church." Here, as always, the term to which men instinctively have recourse to voice inarticulate longing, is significant beyond its obvious meaning. What is that significance? What is the deeper meaning of this turning toward "The Church"?

In part, especially as it appears among the ministry, the turning toward "The Church" is a frank admission of personal limitation. Modern Protestantism had intended to foster the conception of the "big" minister in a "big" church, thundering from a "big" pulpit final wisdom on all manner of thorny topics: historical, literary, economic, political, as well as religious. The whole vogue of the "big" minister, the ecclesiastical counterpart of the big business man, has passed. To the most representative and finest young men coming on into the ministry today, this is without appeal. They would cast the minister's role in humbler dimensions within the drama of that great corporate pilgrimage of the spirit which is the church. They would seek anonymity through the impersonality of gown or vestments. They would symbolize the preacher's special contribution to worship, the sermon, as important but always secondary, by moving the pulpit from its conspicuous centrality and replacing it with a communion table or a cross, permanent and impersonal symbols of the true Object and Lord of worship. They would buttress their own limited gifts by extensive tapping of the church's accumulated stores of ritual and written prayer. This loss of self-confidence among the ministry is not without its dangers. Who would question that, in the main, it holds hopeful promise for the Christian church?

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flection of the temper of the age. In a day of mounting totalitarianism, how shall religion survive unless it achieves more effective corporate embodiment which can, if need be, stand over against the state and every pressure of organized coercion in defense of the life of the spirit? As Canon Barry has recently written:

"In the face of the mighty drive toward fascism, individual religion is helpless. Christianity can barely survive amid the intolerant blizzards of mass rule, such as threatens its existence in Europe, save as a society conscious of itself and organized by its own transcendent allegiance. Nothing but a revival of the Church can withstand the usurpations of Caesarism."

But there is a deeper issue here than the mere erection of one corporate agency in resistance against others, than the mere defense of "the liberty of the individual." Most of those who cry the need for defense miss that deeper issue: how shall we have spiritual liberty, the only liberty finally worth preserving, unless we rediscover what our deeper faith has always known, there is *no true liberty for anyone save in self-dedication to the fellowship of all*? Here, also, there is danger, lest religion, under suasion from dominant forces in the secular sphere, create another ecclesiastical counterpart of an unsound and unworthy secular ideal; but, in the light of the deeper issue just hinted, who can question that there is essential validity in the trend?

In part, the turning toward "The Church" is a by-product of the renaissance of worship. And this is among the most unmistakable features of the contemporary scene. Here, also, trends within youth have been prophetic. For some years, student groups whose theological conviction is of the flimsiest, who disdain the churches as they have known them, and whose intense preoccupation is the re-making of a distraught society, have been crying out for "worship." Their elders, as so often, are following in their train. And the "worship" eagerly sought is not that of the individual in his solitariness, but corporate worship, with generous use of form and ritual. This leads to "The Church," the only deeply satisfying locus of worship as well as the treasure-house of the materials of worship.

In part, the turning toward "The Church" springs from a rediscovery of the riches of Christian tradition. Or, more accurately, a search for such a rediscovery. This is hinted in another phrase much voiced today—the widespread yearning for a "catholic Christianity." Now a few Christians, and they among the more mature, seek firm grounding for Christian living, not within the life of

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the Church

Van Dusen

modern culture or even of traditional Protestantism, but in the rich, deep stream of cumulative experience which has flowed down nineteen centuries toward us. They would find a place within that catholic tradition and drink deep of its wisdom and its faith. Danger is here, too, but even greater promise.

Here is suggested still another motive in the return to "The Church"—the search for a *new and firmer ground of authority*. The fate of Christian authority in its successive phases is a familiar tale; the slow, tedious erection through the early centuries of the absolute authority of infallible church and infallible Pope; for Protestants, the destruction, at the Reformation, of these infallible authorities and their replacement by an authority as commanding the absolute authority of an infallible book. For men of the nineteenth century, disintegration came in the replacement of authority of the Bible by the authority of the individual judgment—every minister was his own interpreter of Christian truth—every man was his own theologian. We observe reaction from such radical individualism as one of the dominant features of our time. The same revulsion which has unseated the "big" minister has undermined individual omniscience, whether in pew, pulpit or chair of theology. The day of the solitary monarch of truth has, for our time, passed. Yet men must have guidance. Not absolute authority, that is not given to us. But adequate guidance. Where shall such guidance be sought?

WHERE, as a matter of fact, would we best look for Christian truth, Christian wisdom, the Christian ethic? There is available to our search a great, broad, deep stream of experience which had its fountain-source in Jesus of Nazareth and the tiny band of folk who gathered to his call, and which has flowed down through nineteen centuries toward us. That stream has suffered shallows and whirlpools, eddies, and stagnant marshes. But there is a main current—strong, deep, relatively pure, which has furnished it direction and power. This current sprang unmistakably from the fountain-source, and has reappeared, issuing afresh, from almost every one of the towering figures along the way—Paul and James and John, Augustine and Bernard and Francis, Luther and Wesley and Newman—down to our own day. If you could fasten upon that central current and drink of its clear waters surely, would you not be inclined to say there is Christian truth? And, if you could discern its teaching on any great issue before you, would you not be inclined to declare *there* is authority for me, whatever the denial of the contemporary mind? No two Christians will survey that

What is the *real church*?

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main current identically, to be sure; here, still, is the vital function of personal judgment. But the material upon which private judgment is to work is the accumulated and cumulative wisdom of the Christian centuries. And the locus of that material is within the soul of the Christian church. No wonder men today, despairing of the trustworthiness of current wisdom, desperately in earnest for the fate of their society and their faith, are "turning toward 'The Church.'"

Then, of course, one must take note of *developments within the life of the churches themselves*—developments symbolized by the great world conferences at Oxford and Edinburgh, Madras and Amsterdam. It is hardly too much to say that, like "community" in secular thought, the word "The Church" has suddenly become the pivotal word of contemporary Christianity. Secular movements rooted in quasi-religious faiths, the precarious hazards of

PROBABLY it is to be my lot to go on in a twilight, feeling and reasoning my way through life, as questioning, doubting Thomas did. But in my poor, maimed, withered way, I bear with me as I go on, a seeking spirit of desire for a faith that was with him of the olden time, who, in his need, as I in mine, exclaimed, "Help thou my unbelief."

I do not see that I am more astray—though perhaps in a different direction—than many others whose points of view differ widely from each other in the sectarian denominations. They all claim to be Christians, and interpret their several creeds as infallible ones. *I doubt the possibility, or propriety, of settling the religion of Jesus Christ in the models of man-made creeds and dogmas.*

It was a spirit in the life that he laid stress on and taught, if I read aright. I know I see it to be so with me. The fundamental truths reported in the four gospels as from the lips of Jesus Christ, and that I first heard from the lips of my mother, are settled and fixed moral precepts with me. I have concluded to dismiss from my mind the debatable wrangles that once perplexed me with distractions that stirred up, but never absolutely settled anything. I have tossed them aside with the doubtful differences which divide denominations. I have ceased to follow such discussions or be interested in them. I cannot without mental reservations assent to long and complicated creeds and catechisms.

If the church would ask simply for assent to the Savior's statement of the substance of the law: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,"—that church would I gladly unite with.

—Abraham Lincoln

the younger churches of the mission held, the threat to deeply rooted Christianity in Russia, in Germany and elsewhere, the reaching out toward ecumenical reunion, all these factors demand clarification of thought concerning the church's nature and functions. In a day when the issues and possibilities of Christian reunion are to the fore as seldom in the history of Christendom, when our churches are feeling out for their true reality as "The Church," when powerful pressures in the contemporary scene as well as deep longings within the hearts of Christians are drawing the scattered fragments of the church together, there is imperative urgency that we achieve clarity in our conviction as to what God's ideal for Christ's church is. These surging tides toward Christian unity, we must welcome with thanks to God in remembrance of our divisions, our distrusts, our antipathies, our rivalries. One would not seek so much as to slacken that current, even if he could. But, it is important that we be clear-eyed as to our ultimate goal. Here the question is, what do we understand to be Christ's ideal for the community of his companions and followers?

However, the reviving interest in "The Church" still has a deeper source. It springs, in part, from a *new understanding of the true nature of man and of his salvation*; and from a *fresh apprehension of the genius of our religion*. We comprehend more clearly the essentially social character of all true life of the spirit. The whole idea of a personal, individual religion is seen to be self-deceived. The Christian faith can be comprehended in its fulness only by attention to its continuing life and growth and travail in "The Church" which is "His Body." By the same token, the Christian life can be apprehended by the individual, never "in his solitariness," but only as his life is guided, chastened, strengthened, and redeemed within the community of his fellows. Man may find both himself and God only within a spiritual fellowship of mutual loyalty and responsibility. "The Church" is the imperfect foretaste of the "Family of God" which is his ideal intention for us all. So we are led to ask with eager earnestness, What is the meaning of "The Church"? What is its significance for Christian life and faith?

When the word, "The Church," is uttered, one of four images is likely to rise to mind.

1. To the average layman, there comes at once a picture of the building at the southwest corner of Main and Market Streets where, toward eleven o'clock on Sunday mornings, a considerable or inconsiderable segment of his community comes together for an hour, or an hour and a half, under the brilliant or dull or indifferent leadership of "his minister," and where at scattered times on weekdays occur various happenings of varied importance. "The Church" is *his* church, the Northern Presbyterian Church of Pinville, western South Carolina, or the "Christian" Church at Miller's Crossroad. "The Church" is first of all a building; next, the folk who more or less habitually gather there; then, the opinion or influence which emanates from the building through these folk into the life of the community. "The Church" is the *congregation*.

2. When the word "The Church" is spoken, there may come to mind a very much larger though less tangible entity—a much more considerable body of people but people who never come together and do not know each other; representing a very much weightier opinion, but an opinion which is not always united and defines itself with difficulty only through representative councils; exerting, potentially at least, a far mightier influence within the larger life of a far larger community. This church may still be the Northern Presbyterian Church or the "Christian" Church, but no longer of Pinville or of Miller's Crossroad, but of the nation or even of the world. Then "The Church" is the *communion* or *denomination*.

3. When "The Church" is referred to, one may think of a much more impressive but indefinable reality embracing, in theory at least, a far vaster host of people, but people who are not actually aware of each other's existence and would not always admit kinship within a common loyalty; representing, in theory, a vast weight of opinion, but an opinion which is seldom agreed and has no authorized agency of expression; exerting potentially a far mightier but actually a quite incommensurable and variable influence within the community of nations or mankind. "The Church" is the church-of-Christ-in-America, or the church-of-Christ-in-the-world.

4. Again the word "The Church" may lift the vision of a company beyond numbering of all lands and times, most of whom we have never known; united in bonds utterly intangible and absolutely binding through common debtorship and devotion to a leader of unchallenged authority, who rules those whom he does rule by the suasion of utter self-giving and the irresistible compulsion of undiscouraged confidence and expectation and compassion. "The Church" is the *company-of-all-faithful-people*, the *body of Christ*, the *church catholic and universal*, the *communion of saints*. It is the bane of all discussions of "The Church" that almost never do they define the sense in which the key-term is being employed. Often they fail even to recognize its varied meanings. Worse still, the word "church" weaves its way in and out of the discussion, changing its meaning, chameleon-fashion, as the immediate reference may require. The single word bears at least these four distinct, though re-

(Concluded on page 44)

motive

A Church That Rejects Both Modernism and Unionism

Bible School _____ 10:00

Morning Worship _____ 10:45

Evening Worship _____ 7:30

SIXTH AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH

Sixth Avenue at Sixth Street

T. P. Simmons, Pastor

Huntington, West Virginia

Agency of God

William Ragsdale Cannon

CHRISTIANITY has been, since its inception, a personal religion. This is not to say that it is, or has ever been, individualistic. When Jesus first called his disciples from the lake region of Galilee and confronted them with the ideal of God and the task of living a new life in obedience to God's will, he told them that they were henceforth to become citizens of a kingdom and that they would find life's meaning in fellowship with one another and in cooperative service in the redemption of the world. There is not an individualistic note in the whole of the New Testament, and the circumscribed opinion of one man is lost in the universal appeal of the good news of salvation. Men of faith are no longer themselves. They have forgotten their prejudices; private judgment is considered of little significance when compared with the knowledge of God which comes to those who possess the mind and will of Christ. Indeed, Saint Paul describes the Christian faith as the destruction of the old man, the absolute denial of human commitments and man-made allegiances, the crucifixion and burial of the self in order that the new man may be born and that the divine ideal may be accepted and put into practice. There is a reticence on the part of those early disciples to express personal opinions. After all, what interest has a man in the thoughts of another no degree superior in quality from the thoughts of his own mind? All men desire the security of authority. The members of the first Christian fellowship, therefore, were not individualists. They were collectivists. Indeed, their individuality was lost in the life of the new community built around the person and work of Jesus Christ. What would be the value of the thought of revolutionizing the world if the new order were of the same substance as the old? They knew that the many opinions of many individuals must give way before the single truth of the gospel of God set forth in the ministry of Jesus Christ. "That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his suffering, being made conformable unto his death; if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead."

THOUGH arrogant individualism is absent from the pages of the New Testament and Christianity is defined as a God-inspired movement, personal religion is emphasized time and time again; and grace as the gift of God comes only to the man who possesses a vital and transforming personal faith. Indeed, each man is responsible for his own salvation, and no one is admitted into God's presence by proxy—that is, he cannot fulfill his religious obligations through the agency of another, but must do his work himself. James and John sent their

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Each man is responsible for his own salvation, and no one is admitted into God's presence by proxy.

You can't find God in nature unless you know what you are looking for.

mother to Jesus to request for them the chief places in his kingdom; but, when Jesus answered, he turned to the two brothers themselves and asked directly of them if they were able to drink of his cup and to be baptized with the baptism that he must be baptized with. The disciples themselves were not admitted automatically into God's new order; each had an experience of personal faith. Thomas had to satisfy himself by examining the nail prints in his Master's hands and feeling the wound in his side. We read in the book of Acts that all were baptized by the Holy Ghost at Pentecost, and each apostle went forth to narrate his own experience to the world. We can but speak of those things which we have seen with our own eyes, they said, and testify to the message which our own ears have heard. Christianity in its first manifestation was distinctly personal; it could not be grasped by the social order; it found its dwelling place alone in the temple of the human heart. "Jesus saith . . . go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee."

THE modern mind seems to have failed to understand the nature of Christianity and to have misjudged its message at both these points. It has taken it to be a social movement with a planned program for society, to be sure; but then it has not realized that the hope of the success of that program has always been considered secondary to the transformation of the lives of the men and women who compose society and give it its corporate existence. Thus the modern man accepts the announcement of a moral crusade, but he does not volunteer himself to become a crusader. He subscribes to an over-all plan for the betterment of the world, but he is not quite willing to be made over himself in order that the plan might be carried into effect. A warless world means more than the cessation of hostilities; it means positively the building up of good will, and good will is achieved alone in human personality. The social gospel, which we Americans advocate with fervor and faith, rests on the solid foundation of personal devotion. He who would cooperate in building a righteous society must make his start by being righteous himself. We read a great deal to-

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New Guinea and

David

AT home, God is taken for granted. Sunday is a day of worship. A cathedral or a country church opens its doors and welcomes all to enter—if they but will. Church on Sunday is an established thing. It is always there. But not so in war. Sunday does not exist as a day apart from other days. It is not a day of rest. There may be no chaplain on your ship. There may be no church or any space set aside as one. So when you quite unexpectedly find yourself “at church” it is something with a new meaning; it is something you never felt before. It exists because men have need for it and have created it. Perhaps it is from fear, perhaps it is because of need for strength beyond their own,—but war brings men close to God.

The first church pennant I ever saw was one made overnight by a merchant seaman on a liberty ship, the *Simon Bolivar*. A navy chaplain was among the passengers on that ship so on Sunday we held church. When the word was passed around that services were to be held, it was realized that the ship possessed no pennant to fly above the colors. But when the dungaree clad men, ship's officers, and passengers assembled in the officer's mess for worship, a white pennant with a blue cross flew from the mast. We had a church pennant. A merchant seaman had made it and it flew proudly for that early morning service.

Another time it was Christmas morning in the Solomons when we “made a church.” The sun was so bright and the heat was so intense that the starched, fresh uniforms we wore were soon damp and limp. But the engineering officer read the Christmas scripture, we sang Christmas hymns, and our chaplain made a short talk. And we had found a new kind of Christmas.

But one Sunday afternoon, it was something truly new under the sun, when we dropped out of the skies at Hollandia, New Guinea. In travel, we'd lost all track of the days, so Sunday itself was a surprise. The sun had set behind the hills and the island knew that kind of peace which comes when the war has moved to other islands. In the twilight, we walked along a dusty road toward a clearing with a vista to the sea. There loomed a chapel, the like of which, we'd never seen before. At Eniwetok and lots

of other places churches looked like churches; there was nothing new about them. But this chapel was like to none we had ever seen before. It could not be moved to any city or hamlet or take its place on any street. This new sort of chapel was rooted to native soil. It seemed to grow from the ground. It was a part of the beauty of the island.

As we walked closer, we could see that its high arched roof was thatched with palm fronds. Its walls, waist high, were made of bamboo. The floor plan of the chapel was in the shape of a cross.

The benches of the church were filled with men of all ages, ranks, and all rates. All men on the island had seemingly gathered for evening prayer. Men were there who would have looked uncomfortable, perhaps even out of place, in the old churches of the States. Here they belonged. They belonged to Christ Chapel

day about the necessity of achieving a Christian peace. The beginnings of such peace are in the human heart. The words of Jesus still stand: those who would build the Kingdom of God on earth must apply the principles of the Kingdom to themselves. “Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness.” The Christian church is a corporate body of believing Christians, men and women of faith, people whose lives have been transformed by divine grace and whose personalities have been made useful and good through the influence of Christ's spirit.

BUT it is a strange contradiction that our modern temper is such that, though we recognize Christianity as a social force, we still want to keep our religion individualistic. Have you ever stopped to analyze the conversation of some indifferent person about the value of church attendance? Suppose you invite him to go to church with you on Sunday morning. His reply would be, “Thanks, Bill, but I need one day a week for rest. After all a fellow doesn't get much time with himself now-a-days. Suppose you meet me on the golf course at three o'clock this afternoon. This is grand weather for golf.” Then, you insist, “But, Tom, don't you need the strength and comfort of religion?” “Sure, Bill, but I have never received much benefit from the church. I pay my dues. But really I feel better when I go out alone in the woods and commune with nature. There is something about a crowd that annoys me. You know, too, how dull our preacher is. He hasn't preached a good sermon since he came here.” But I wonder how much religious value

Tom found in nature. What really has he gotten from his walks in the woods? Only those things he has been able to put there himself. You can't enjoy a great work of art unless first you have some appreciation of beauty. You can't find God in nature unless you know what you are looking for and have some appreciation for the Divine Being whom you seek. The church has given us our knowledge of God. It is the custodian and interpreter of his word. We have learned what little we know of Jesus through the society of his saints. Unrestrained individualism in religion is a contradiction in terms.

THE Christian church, therefore, is a human organization, composed of real flesh-and-blood men and women, subject to the weaknesses and mistakes of the race. And yet it is more than what it appears at first to be. It is the temple of God, and it is inhabited by his spirit. The Scripture promises us where two or three people are gathered together in Jesus' name he is present in the midst of them. It is the fact of his presence, his power, and his grace that makes the church in reality what it is: the agency of God for the transformation of human personality and the champion on earth of the rights of society and the privileges of the common man. The church is the corporate, earthly representation of Jesus Christ. It speaks with the authority of his name, and it serves in the humility of his spirit. It is never bent on its own glory. Its chief concern is the welfare of its own children. It has lost its life only to find it again in the service of God.

a New Church

Crandell

and Christ Chapel belonged to them. After we became more used to sitting on benches and being with these men, our eyes went straight out in front of us until they fell upon a cross. No particular beauty or sacredness about this cross,—it too was merely of bamboo. And yet here was a cross that was of new beauty and new meaning. There was no hand-carved reredos to serve as background for this cross . . . there were instead just the ribbons of color in the sky pulling night into its place. And there was a stillness, a stillness which the soft tones of the organ and the warmth of the candle light deepened into peace. We looked at the slips of paper which had been handed to us and read:

"This Chapel stands as a silent witness to the presence of Almighty God in our world today and at this base. It undertakes to make the Unseen Seen, the Unknown Real, the Hoped-for a Present Fact. Its spire pointing upward, symbolizes the never ceasing search of the soul for God. Its altar, ever open for man's worship, invites the penitent heart to consecration and spiritual renewal. Its Holy Bible spread wide for revealing the truth, provides assurance and hope to fearful and doubting souls. Let this Chapel become a vital part of your life while stationed at this base. Utilize its privileges for worship, for meditation, for consultation and for fellowship to the fullest extent of your ability."

As the organ prelude ended, a man stepped forward to lead us in the invocation. He was young, athletic, blond, and you'd say A-1 in every way. His eyes went deep with understanding. They spoke a warmth and a friendliness. His voice was soft and musical, yet strong and vibrant with the virility of lusty manhood. He had a quality that gave that chapel a sense of power and of strength, a quality that gave that chapel stature of faith, courage, and hope. His words were ones we'd heard before—or was it just the voice of conscience we were hearing anew? He talked of wasted hands, of impure hearts, and unclean minds. He talked, he never preached, as man to man. He made us feel that he was one of us. And that we could be one of him. Whatever else, he was the man to take the Word of God to New Guinea. His name is Robert Appleyard.



January, 1946

The Sense of

D. Elton

THE sober truth is that we are today in the midst of a depression. It is not a depression in the economic sense as yet, though that may come. *It is a moral depression.* We are in a period in which the areas of mutual trust are more reduced than they have been for a long time. Evidences of this may be seen in many ways. One is the prevalence of theft, to such an extent that many hotels have had to remove all removable objects of value from the rooms occupied by guests. Some hotels have had even the draperies stolen from the windows. Once most of our people would have been ashamed of such behavior. Now there are thousands who glory in it.

Another one of the many evidences of the present depression is the low regard for marital fidelity. There have always been people who were unfaithful to their marriage vows, but today there are millions who take such infidelity lightly.

All who care about our culture, and are consequently worried by the moral slump, must agree that we dare not allow any important single means of moral development to go unemployed. Now there is very little difference of opinion, among those who have thought deeply about the moral education of children, concerning what the most powerful influences are. It is widely agreed that character is formed, not primarily by overt moral teaching, but far more by the sense of belonging.

People grow by virtue of social membership, because they strive to live up to that of which they are supposedly a part. Conscious membership is the most powerful single stimulus in all human behavior. The mere notion of sharing in the life of a particular family may be a great incentive to better living. There are many who remember all their lives the special standards of their families, so that they can say, when a crisis arises, "Browns don't do that."

Personally, I have always been greatly strengthened by the fact that my people on both sides have been Quakers for more than two centuries. This has never tempted me to despise non-Quakers nor to suppose that other heritages are less honorable, and it has not hindered my loyalty to the Church Universal any more than my loyalty to my state has hindered my loyalty to my nation. *What helps me is participation in a tradition and a noble tradition.* Since I did not choose it, I am not free to let it down! I have a heavy responsibility to see to it that the torch shall not fall from my hands before I pass it on to those who come after me.

NOW the point is that denominational loyalty is precisely the sort of thing we need in the formation of character. Secular society can provide nothing equal to it. For many of us who were fortunate enough to have our childhood at the beginning of the century, before the start of our Thirty Years War, there were local churches that were decisive in their pervasive influence. It may have been a modest church in the country, but, wherever it was, we loved it. I can remember best the scenes outside the meeting house door, when the meeting was over and the neighbors were having their visit of the week. My father lies buried there now, but then he was one of the neighbors. I remember, with especial gratitude, one man who always treated me as an equal, by discussing with me the changes of weather and the prospects for crops.

Charles Morgan speaks for many of his age when, with powerful tenderness, he writes of the village church of his boyhood:

"... left to oneself, one might have chosen the garden, not the sermon, and yet, when the decision was made and the little procession had set out, the power of ritual asserted itself—not yet the ritual of the Church, but that of the fields, the bells, the angle of the sun, of other figures approaching down the convergent lanes of the hill opposite. In the churchyard, if the five-minute bell had not yet begun, there was a pause for neighbourly conversation, and it was possible to wander among the graves and read again an inscription which, long ago, had been learned by heart. Inside the church itself was a mingling of daylight and lamplight, a pallor of glass which would presently darken, a low gleam of stone and wood; and all these things bespoke the hour and the month, and were part of the order of the seasons."¹

¹ "The Village Church," *The Times Literary Supplement*, June 3, 1944, p. 267.

Much will doubtless be done toward our present enemies of which Christians will later repent.

—John Foster Dulles

Protestantism was a lay movement in its very beginning. It reflected a protest against the ecclesiastical hierarchy and a desire to worship God directly without the intercession of clergy. Today, in all too many cases, we have drifted far from these early tenets. Countless people who pretend to be Christians leave their religion strictly to the clergy and keep God out of their personal lives.

—Norman Vincent Peale

We have all too often been more interested in Christianizing the Negroes of Africa than in acting Christian toward the Negroes in our own country.

—Georgia Harkness

The most important part of education, and the most neglected, is moral education.

—Ralph Barton Perry

The day of the scholar and gentleman is gone; the age of the scholar and citizen has begun.

—Critic on the Harvard report on *General Education in a Free Society*.

It is axiomatic that the foreign policy of the United States, like that of any other nation, should be based on enlightened selfishness.

—Sumner Welles

World-wide conscience is the basic achievement... which underlies all other achievements—political, legal, cultural, educational and religious—which in their sum will constitute that moral unity of man's world for which the unity of his dwelling place has paved the way.

—Ralph Barton Perry

Belonging

Trueblood

There are many, slightly younger than we are, who, unfortunately, never had such experiences. Some of them were victims of the awful heresy that children are fit only for Sunday school and are not able to profit by participation in grownup people's services, with the attendant sense of belonging. Some were the victims of the general secularization of our whole society. Many are the children of parents who have despised their own heritage, supposing it to be narrow and cramping, and have ended, not by giving their children a more inclusive heritage, but by disinheriting them entirely, so far as our major tradition is concerned. The parents, being a bit ashamed of the narrow-minded churches of their own youth, have ended by giving their children *none*.

THERE are, thus, two levels on which non-sectarianism appears in our time and the levels are so far apart that they have almost nothing in common. One level is that of the positive ecumenical spirit which believes so heartily in the underlying unity of the entire Christian movement that it will spend any amount of effort in trying to make that unity effective. It was positive and aggressive non-sectarianism such as this which was responsible for the planning and execution of the great ecumenical conferences before the war, chiefly those held at Oxford, at Edinburgh and at Madras. The late Archbishop of Canterbury, William Temple, was an outstanding example to the whole world, of this level of experi-

D. Elton Trueblood's *The Predicament of Modern Man* is marked for special advertising by Harpers because the publishers believe, with Reinhold Niebuhr, that the book is a "very able and profound analysis of the spiritual situation of our time." We are gratified to be able to print this article which will be incorporated into Dr. Trueblood's new book.

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Parents, being a bit ashamed of the narrow-minded churches of their own youth, have ended by giving their children none.

One of the chief marks of higher non-sectarianism is intense loyalty to the particular tradition in which the devout man may be placed.

We shall never have the church as it *ought to be* without working with the churches as they are.

ence. He was so truly catholic in spirit that he was driven by the purpose to pull men together in a positive fellowship which transcended ordinary boundaries.

One of the chief marks of this higher non-sectarianism is intense loyalty to the particular tradition in which the devout man may be placed. Archbishop Temple, in his surpassing loyalty to the ecumenical movement, was not the less loyal to the Anglican tradition, where the greater part of his tremendous energy was spent. The larger loyalty, in such a man, does not exclude the smaller one, but the smaller one becomes one of the most effective ways, when rightly understood, of promoting the larger.

In great contrast to this is the lower and now modish level of non-sectarianism. While the higher non-sectarianism becomes a means of *inclusion*, the lower becomes a means of *exclusion*. The fact that the churches are not fully united is used as a reason for not working in *any* of the now divided churches. The ultimate effect of this is wholly negative, since we shall never have the church as it *ought to be* without working with the churches as they *are*.

Discouraging as it may seem, it is only by placing individual stones that we can build a wall. Our civilization desperately needs the firm wall which only a truly united church can provide, but we cannot build it except by building individual churches. And the normal place for the average man to begin is with the church of his fathers.

(This article will appear as part of one of the chapters in the author's forthcoming book, *Foundations for Reconstruction*, to be published by Harper and Brothers early in 1946.)

The present war is largely due to the fact that during the interval between the two wars we were people without a faith. The First World War exhausted the spiritual springs within us. We wanted merely to be left alone. "Security" became our only goal. It is, of course, impossible to perpetuate a spiritual vacuum throughout the world. Gradually new faiths began to be born. Unhappily they were not born in Britain, France or the United States. We were the passive peoples upon whom operated the dynamic faiths born in Russia, Germany and Ja-

pan. And because the faiths of Germany and Japan found expression in the deification of their own nation and race they led inevitably to war. The leaders of America, without regard to party or creed, are determined that this shall not happen again. We recognize that military victory will be hardly won, and if won will prove but illusory unless there is born in ourselves that faith which makes men strong and fills them with a sense of mission in the world. We also realize that that faith will lead only to another war unless it be a righteous faith which seeks,

in a spirit of brotherhood, to achieve the general welfare.

—John Foster Dulles and Walter Van Kirk,
*Federal Council's Commission to Study
the Bases of a Just and Durable Peace*

This generation has seen an incredible advance of scientific knowledge, and yet on a scale never known before, ruin is coming to millions and millions of families. To do to others what we would not have them do to us—nothing anywhere at any time can make that right.

—Harry Emerson Fosdick

Ernest
Fremont
Title

On Being

I WAS advised when I went into the ministry not to use a long word if a short word would do, or a bookish word if a word in common speech would serve as well. If I followed this practice, I was told, people would understand what I said. And it has actually worked out that way. People have, by and large, understood what I said, sometimes with the most appalling results! However, I am still convinced that this is a good practice to follow. So, you who read this are not being asked to think about self-integration but simply about being made whole. If "to integrate" means "to form into a whole," then in this case there is, perhaps, no compelling reason for preferring the jargon of modern psychology to the simple speech of the New Testament. Let those be integrated who can afford it! Others may be content to be made whole.

It is now entirely clear that the world needs to be made whole. Dr. Raymond Fosdick has well suggested that Wendell Willkie, if he were speaking today, would not stop with the phrase "One World," but would add the words "or none." A world with atomic power at its command cannot possibly endure as a cockpit in which nation is pitted against nation, Western European bloc against Russian bloc, white bloc against colored. From now on it must be one world, or none. But, of course, the world cannot be made whole, now or ever, unless individual men and women are made whole. One world, in the sense of cooperation for the good of all, cannot be made out of men and women who think and live at the level of egoism, provincialism and short-range self-interest.

It is possible to draw from this a wrong conclusion. It does not necessarily follow, therefore, that there is no hope for the world. Those are wrong who say that you cannot change human nature. As a fact, human nature has been changed. It has in some cases been changed to such an extent that people who started as small-minded egoists and provincials have learned to think in world terms and to act with due regard to the well-being of the world as a whole. Nor does it follow that all you need to do is to change individuals. Those also are wrong who say: "It is not necessary to create new social mechanisms but only to get people soundly converted." It is not enough to get people soundly converted; it is necessary to organize changed individuals for collective action against social evils and for the getting of social mechanisms, such as a Fair Employment Practices Commission or a United Nations Organization, whereby the will to justice and peace can be made effective.

But the fact remains that the whole structure of society rests at the last upon human character. Given individual men and women who are made whole, and

there is at least a fighting chance of the world's coming to be made whole; whereas in the absence of such persons a world unleavened with clear vision and decent concern with the general welfare would be headed toward complete demoralization and collapse.

UNHAPPILY, most of us—the vast majority—have not as yet been made whole. Hence the extreme peril which now hangs over the world. It is not that we are lacking in the desire for peace. I officiated recently at the wedding of a young lieutenant in the United States Navy, who as we were waiting for the service to begin said: "We have just got to win the peace." And so say we all of us. Whatever may be true of our political leaders and our professional military men we common folk in every race and nation have had enough of war.

We are not lacking in the desire for peace, but we are divided within ourselves. We want peace, and we also want things that cannot be had without war. We want revenge, many of us; so we are advocating "hard" policies in Germany and in Japan—policies which would give us no little emotional satisfaction but would issue in utter political and economic chaos. We want white supremacy, many of us; so we are unwilling to accord to the colored peoples the freedoms and opportunities which they rightly demand and which must be assured to them if there is to be peace on earth, good will among men. We want the prestige of a great power; so we are unwilling to come forward with immediate proposals for universal disarmament safeguarded by international inspection, though this, in the opinion of many thoughtful observers, including Hanson W. Baldwin, military commentator of the *New York Times*, is become a necessary condition for world recovery and survival. We want the power in the last resort to do as we please, to act in our own interest or supposed interest, regardless of the consequences elsewhere, though this means the continuation of international anarchy and preparation for war. We want peace, and, alas! we want things incompatible with peace. We are divided within ourselves.

There are those today who unquestionably are called to give leadership in the cause of peace. They have what it takes—a flare for leadership, and education, brains, knowledge, unusual insight into the realities of the world situation. But what if they, too, are divided within themselves, so that only a fraction of their energy is being devoted to the task to which they are called, the rest being dissipated in petty bickering over matters of little or no importance or even in concern with personal recognition and prominence? What if a man wants and is well qualified to give leadership to the forces of reason and right but also wants, and wants even more, to secure

Made Whole

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One world cannot be made out of men and women who think and live at the level of egoism, provincialism and short-range self-interest.

It is necessary to organize changed individuals for collective action against social evils, and for the attaining of social mechanisms whereby the will to justice and peace can be made effective.

Through weaknesses of personal character arising from a divided self, a great cause may be destroyed by its own leaders.

If we are to be made whole, we must come into the right relationship with the final Reality upon which we utterly depend for our existence and our welfare.

Only love can make the world whole, or any individual life.

for himself the prestige of position and the plaudits of the crowd? Or what if a man who is undertaking to improve the conditions of the world is at the same time allowing himself to become involved in some tawdry, clandestine affair? A great cause may be betrayed by its own leaders, not intentionally but actually, through weaknesses of personal character arising from a divided self.

Division within the self can play the very devil in a human life. No man can have peace within his heart who is continually torn between the desire to be clean and the desire to wallow in the mud, or between the desire to be brave and the desire to escape all unpleasantness, or between the desire to be faithful and true and the desire to partake of forbidden fruit. Nor can anyone thus torn put forth his best efforts. It is not alone through industrial strikes that "man hours" are lost. Hours without number may be lost through an inner conflict that slows down creative effort, or renders it impossible. A man who is maladjusted and divided within himself cannot be altogether on the job, as many of us know from experience. And there is the awful danger that we may never get out of us the best that is in us or accomplish the best that we have it in us to do.

The world cannot be made whole unless we are made whole. Nor can we ourselves, irrespective of the world situation, ever have peace within our hearts or fulfill the highest possibilities of our lives unless we are made whole, so that we can desire with all our hearts what is good—good for us and for those about us—and devote ourselves with all our mind and all our strength to the task to which we are called.

WE have, then, to ask: How can a man be made whole? This question is not, of course, anything new under the sun. Nor is the answer to it anything new. Our religious-minded fathers put it quite simply. They said: "A man must get right with God." In some cases, no doubt, they failed to see all that getting right with God means and involves, but, even so, they saw deeper into the realities of the human situation than did those in our generation who cherished the illusion of man's self-sufficiency. In the nineteen-twenties we were bidden by an eloquent humanist not to grieve or worry over the loss of faith in God. "The torch of science," he said, "has fired the walls of heaven. But . . . in our hands are power and knowledge and method adequate for victory." Well, it is still open to doubt that science has fired the walls of heaven, but it is not open to doubt that scientists today, especially those who helped develop the atomic bomb, are themselves scared stiff at the possibility that we may use the knowledge and power and method we now possess to bring human life to an end on this planet. If we are to be made whole, we must indeed come into right relationship with the final Reality on which we utterly depend for our existence and our welfare.

We must come to share the love of God to mankind. A broken world will never be made whole by the policies of hate, which merely dredge deeper the gulf between peoples. Nor will a shattered world ever be united by policies dictated by the desire for individual or national advantage. Only love can make the world whole—a love that is very patient, very kind and that seeks to feed, to help, to be friendly, and to do justice. Nora Waln in her book *Reaching for the Stars* says that during the four years she lived in Hitler's Germany she often heard German people say: "I have locked all Quakers in my heart." And whenever she asked: "Why?" the answers, often from men in uniform, boiled down to this: "When we were defeated and forsaken, the Quakers came to us. They fed hungry children; and not only did they bring food, they brought friendship. They restored our faith in human goodness."

Only love can make the world whole, or any individual life. Hate is destructive of peace within. The object of hatred may or may not suffer from it, but the hater himself will suffer. The hate he harbors may tear him to pieces. And what of selfishness? The man who has no other ambition than to outstrip his fellows in the race for money or place or power is likely these days to end up with a peptic ulcer, and the bitter knowledge that he has missed much in this world that is worth having, including, it may be, the affection and comradeship of his own children. The woman who is completely absorbed in herself may be a boon to some psychiatrist, or,

it may be, even to a long succession of psychiatrists; but she is destined, if she stays that way, to feelings of fear and frustration, and to be altogether miserable all the days of her life.

IF we are to be made whole, we must come to share the love of God. And this we shall accomplish if each day we offer and present unto God ourselves, our souls and bodies, for such work as he may give us to do and enable us to perform. If we desire above all else to serve the divine purpose which is being worked out in human life, then God's own spirit of love takes possession of us so that we find ourselves wanting to do things for others and to do all of good that we possibly can in the world.

If we are to be made whole and help make the world whole, we must learn to think in terms of the whole.

The world of today is gravely imperiled by the presence of the fragmentary man, the one-sided specialist who knows his stuff but whose stuff is by no means all that a man needs to know or at least be concerned with. An outstanding instance is the man impolitely called a brass hat. It was news, big news, when Admiral Spruance, discussing the question of United States naval bases in the Pacific, said: "You can't divorce the military side from the international political side. If we offended a great power by taking a base, we might be better off if we had not taken it." That was news, for that is not the way the military mind is accustomed to work. Ordinarily the military mind thinks only in terms of its own specialty, regardless of international political considerations and, indeed, all else. Right now we in this country are being dragooned into the adoption of peacetime conscription at the instigation of military men who are thinking solely in terms of their own specialty, that is, war and preparation for war, and thinking, even so, as though nothing had happened on August 6, 1945, though on that day something did happen which has made war and preparation for war intolerable, as eight hundred American scientists are now attempting to tell us. It is not enough that a man should know his stuff, if his stuff is become a menace to the sheer survival of the human race.

AND what of the rest of us? The military man is expected to think in terms of his specialty. As *Life* magazine has said: "Military men have to think in terms of winning the next war, not in terms of avoiding it. That is what they are paid for." But what of the rest of us? The military man now advocating peacetime conscription, that is, preparation for war, is far less blameworthy than we shall be if we consent to listen to him,

and not to scientists who can and who do think in other than military terms and who, in view of their own knowledge of the dread potentialities of atomic power, are profoundly concerned with the preservation of human life on earth.

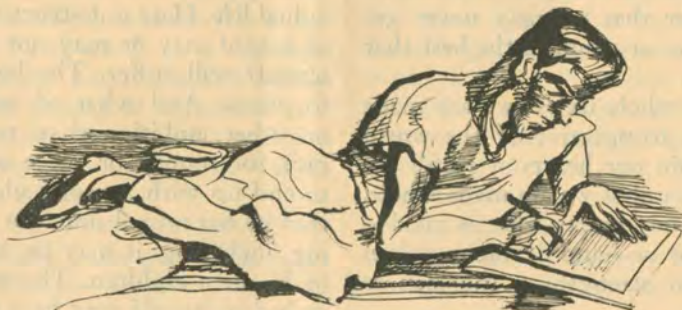
The awful truth of the matter is that we, the rest of us, are likewise fragmentary men, absorbed in some business or profession, alive to our own affairs, very much alive to anything that directly and immediately touches us or our families, but dangerously unalive to problems that must be solved if civilization is to endure. There are those now saying: War with Russia is inevitable; we've got to prepare for it, instead of saying: War with Russia is unthinkable; we've got to prevent it. (If we prepare for war with Russia, there is a dead certainty that we shall get it. And there is a possibility that some forty millions of us living in twenty metropolitan centers may be wiped out, according to Doctor Oppenheimer, director United States Laboratory for Atomic Research, Los Alamos, New Mexico.)

There are those now saying: American youth must be disciplined through military training (that is, in preparation for war), instead of saying: American youth must be disciplined intellectually and morally in preparation for peace. There are those now saying: Labor in this country is become much too powerful and too cocky and must be put where it belongs, instead of saying: The management-labor problem in this country must be solved, and solved in such a way that the whole country will benefit.

We are fragmentary men—God have mercy upon us! There is the awful possibility that we may seal the doom of our children through failure to think in terms of the whole and not merely in terms of short-range self-interest. We have now to lift our minds to God, who, in the language of Saint Paul, is "one God and Father of all, who is over all and through all and in all."

One way of accomplishing this, the best, perhaps, that is open to us, is prayer. Start praying each day for others. Start with prayer for those near and dear to you, but do not stop with that. Pray for your country, that it may be a blessing in the midst of the earth. Pray for the church to which you belong and for the whole Church of God throughout all the world, that it may be used of God to feed, to heal, to enlighten, redeem and bless. And do not stop praying before you have remembered before God the fears, the hopes, the heartaches—the crying needs of men, women and children in all the ends of the earth.

Those who come to share God's vision and purpose of good are thereby themselves made whole and are used of God to help make the world whole.



With a Song of Freedom on Their Lips

Richard Terrill Baker



Richard T. Baker

FIVE months ago I had just returned from China and was vacationing with my family. It was late afternoon, and I was sitting on the beach with my nephew. Suddenly the automobile horns began to blow, the sirens screamed, and the air was full of noise. Children can always ask questions. "What's that?" the youngster asked. "That's celebrating," I replied. Then came that perennial favorite of all children. "Why?" I thought a minute and tried to think of something forceful to say, on this, one of the biggest moments in the life of that little boy. And I said, "Because it's over, over there." "What's over?" he said. I said, "The war, Gemmie. The war's over." "That's good," he said. "That's very good," I told him. That was the way Gemmie and I greeted the brave new world. I was glad. Glad not in a way that made me want to yell or sing or shout, not that kind of gladness. Rather, I just wanted to breathe deeply, to clear my mind and body and spirit, to fill up with something fresh, and to thank God that the fighting was finished. Because it was over, over there.

Two months have gone by now, and I have a confession that I want to make to my nephew when he gets a little older. I want to tell him that I lied to him. I told him that it was over. And it's not over. Nothing in history is ever over. No point in history, no date and hour and moment, no August fourteenth at six o'clock is a thing in itself. It is a cause and a result, a link in a never-ending chain. It comes from somewhere, and it is always producing something else. That's why I say I lied to the boy. I told him it was over. I should have merely said, the smoke had cleared away. Because it's not over. We know that. The War Between the States was over in 1865, but was it over . . . for the weary men who came back to broken lives, for the cities that had to be rebuilt?

Do you think this war was over in August? For Manila, gaunt walls bleaching in the sun? For the soldier in a farm-

camp outside Chungking who used to play the little two-stringed fiddle for enjoyment in the evening when his work was done? He won't ever play the violin again, because he lost his right hand fighting to defend Honan. Is it over for him? Is it over for my friend who's waiting for a guy she loved who's never coming home? Is it over for the homeless, stateless boy in Europe, snatched out of medical school in 1939, tossed about for six long years, now broken and tubercular and spiritless as he faces the future? That's way I say I lied to the little boy. It's not over. The smoke has just cleared away. Enough so we can see the wreckage. Enough so we can begin to build again.

OF course, we are relieved for what is over. No one can deny us the chance to breathe deeply, and to thank God that the awful night has passed. We can't be blamed for that. But we can be blamed, by God and by the whole war-ravaged race of man, if we shrug our shoulders now and say, "It's all over," and then retire to our cloistered "normalcy" of a smug, comfortable, prosperous, irresponsible existence which we believe is ours in victory. That we must not do. That we can not do. The violence of the war is over. But the suffering of the war is far from over. My recent experience in China has been working with student groups. The suffering of those groups remains unabated. Their needs are awesome in their magnitude. Their sufferings and their needs are not over.

I might try to present their needs to you in a rational, class room manner. I could argue that to help them is in our own self-interest, that our own futures are at stake, that until we get the full circle of educational life around the world to moving again, we are not secure in our own universities here. There are many reasons, good reasons, and they are true. But to me they are not finally convincing. The needs of Chinese students are of such magnitude that what we

must do can not be a mere matter of reason. Gifts answering the needs of these people will come from the hearts of men and are not easily described by the laws of reason. I could give more reasons, but I will not. Instead I want to tell a few stories, true stories, pictures, vignettes, little shining spots on my memory that disturb my conscience.

LET'S just get a picture of wartime education in China. To make it a bit more vivid for you, I'll try to translate it into terms and distances that are closer to you. Let us assume that New England is the fountain of high education in America. All right, an enemy invades our east coast, punches well back toward the Great Lakes and the Appalachians. He comes suddenly, and the schools are forced to yield to him or get out. They decide to get out with what they can. They start west. Now they don't just hop a train or a bus, or travel a smooth-surfaced highway to their destination. They walk, or they go by flat boats, or they jog along in cars over the roughest roads in the world, they climb mountains and go over passes on rock steps.

All the time they are evading the enemy, traveling at night, afoot, sneaking across lines, avoiding patrols, in groups of two or three. A couple of thousand miles later, say in the region of Denver, they stop and set up business again. They build their buildings out of the material at hand. Maybe they dig caves in the rocks and go to school in them. They live on the scarce food available. The whole government has moved with them, and they are a squalid, crowded lot. Their books are what they could bring with them, meaning practically none. No laboratory equipment, except the barest minimum. There is no coal for the hard winter, not even enough clothing or bedding. They double up. For the first time in history Harvard gets together with Yale. The students share textbooks, beds, clothes, food. That is exactly what

has happened to the great universities of Peking in China.

JUST let me tell you about two or three of my own students. One of them traveled four thousand miles from his home to our campus in Chungking. He was a graduate of Yenching University in Peking in the spring of 1940. He finished the school and went around to the agent who handled the underground railway. I want to go to Free China, he said. So his route was fixed, his credentials arranged, and he started out. He took a train for Tientsin, then down to Nanking, then still by train to Shanghai. At Shanghai he took a boat for Hongkong, trans-shipped there to another boat bound for Hainan Island, then another for Haiphong in French Indo-China. At Haiphong he boarded a train and went up through the jungles along the Red River to Laokay, then across into Yunnan province, China, and up to Kunming, the end of the rail line. There he worked for awhile, then took a bus and a truck for Chungking, 4,000 miles of travel.

And just this summer a girl came in for her entrance examination to our school. It was a strange case. She was dirty, muddy, and seemed dazed. Our examiner took her in for an oral test in English, listened to her, talked to her, finally said, "I'm afraid you can't make it. You will never be able to understand the English lecturers. You've sat here for fifteen minutes and not understood a word I've said." "On the contrary," she replied, "I've understood every word you said." Then he talked to her some more and found through the dazed condition of her mind a very keen and alert and intelligent person. So she was admitted to the tests. And it developed that that girl had come 200 miles from up northwest of Chungking to sit for our examination. She had walked, ridden on carts, hitchhiked on army trucks which passed her on the road. She had, at last, landed a ride on a United States Army truck,

This is Philip Liu



which had spilled over into the ditch, killed two or three, spared her, and she had finished her journey as planned.

I could tell you of others of my own students: a boy whose wife was killed by the Japanese, a young twenty-year-old who fought with British Commandos in Hongkong until they were dissolved, a young girl who is today a student in Wesleyan College, Macon, Georgia, who trekked the whole distance from Shanghai to Chungking to carry on her education in an atmosphere of freedom.

INFLATION in China is almost unbelievable. Prices in Chungking when I left that city in July were two thousand times what they were in 1937. In the same length of time, professors' salaries in the universities had been increased fifty times. I spent seventy-five thousand Chinese dollars a month for my food in Chungking. The ordinary government worker makes about twenty-



This is Gary Wang

thousand. The ordinary student doesn't make anything. Well, this is impossible, you say. No one can live. Oh yes, it is possible. But for only one reason. That is, relief. I daresay there is not one student in Free China today who does not receive subsidies of one kind or another to help him with his education.

And there have been casualties. The war has taken a good stiff toll out of the lives of these wartime students in China. There has been a frightful toll in the health of China's youth. Let me picture the dormitory at my own school in Chungking. It is a mud and bamboo building, with a stinking, malarial, mosquito-breeding swamp coming up to its only door. Inside, two big rooms with double-decker bunks. Louse and bug infested. The mud floor never dry. Wind whipping through the windows, which never knew any panes but paper, and they had long ago blown out. In Chungking the rats outnumber the people three to



And this is Mary Euyang who is at Wesleyan in Georgia

one, and at night those dormitories are literally plundered by filthy animals that eat coats and shoes and trunks and bite the occupants of the beds. One of the top boys in the first class I taught in Chungking is today lying flat on his back with tuberculosis, and I don't wonder why. A survey last year of a small university down-province from Chungking found ninety per cent of the student body actively tubercular. It was unusual to have a perfect attendance in our classes, and illness was the only accepted excuse. They are subject to malaria, to dysentery, and withal hideously undernourished. A young man on the staff related to our school in Chungking came to America a year ago, was taken with appendicitis, and died as the result of the operation. But the doctor's report on that young man was enlightening: "Cause of death: appendicitis, complicated by malnutrition."

I don't wonder. I've eaten with them. Eight men to a table. Four bowls of vegetables. Maybe once or twice a week a few shavings of meat tossed onto the vegetables. Maybe a little oil. Maybe some eggs now and then. Occasionally bean-curd. But mostly little bowls of rice with a piece or two of vegetable to give taste. That's the menu, meal in and meal out, breakfast, lunch and dinner. And out of those emaciated, undernourished bodies in Kunming, students of the Southwest Associated University have given 100,000 c.c. of blood to the Kunming blood bank.

THERE'S been demoralization of other kinds. The scholar class in China has traditionally and scrupulously kept itself uncontaminated by the marketplace. The trader and businessman in China is frequently a scoundrel, at best a far lower class in society than the educated scholar. There has never been a mixing of these two groups. Students and faculty in these times, however, with their backs up against the wall, have slipped into the most expedient of mercantile practices. They have hoarded

goods and rice, waited for the market to go up, and have made cleanings. They have played the financial market. They have been more eager to get their hands on "Parker 51" fountain pens than their minds on the Pythagorean theorem. Some have left school and, with a tremendous sense of guilt, gone into business. You must understand the irregularity of this to know what I mean when I say it is a sign of demoralization.

All of this is to be seen in China. But the interesting thing, the thrilling thing, is not the demoralization. It's the stamina of those Chinese students who for the most part have refused to take their beating, and instead have beaten their way through to the best education they can get, with a song of freedom on their lips. I applaud them for it. It should be the envy of every student in the world. Sometimes I wonder if we would have done as much.

BUT the war's over . . . remember? Why, you say, do we need to be concerned for China? The blockade's broken. China is free again. Are we just to continue pouring out the dole for these people? Remember the realities of the situation, please. Exiled schools and universities in China have been told to remain on their refugee campuses for this academic year. This means that, though Shanghai and Nanking and Peking are free, the great universities are still off in the hills, in Chengtu, Chungking and Kunming.

The student in China is somewhat bewildered today. Suppose he's twenty years old, and an upperclassman in Lien Ta, the great combined university in Kunming. That means that since he was a twelve-year-old boy he has never known peace. All the habits of life he has picked up in maturity are habits of the hysterical existence that goes with war. He's a vagabond. He's had sufficient troubles for

Before this issue of the magazine reaches the readers, Dick Baker will be in Japan where he will serve on the reportorial staff of General MacArthur. He will report for *World Outlook* and for *Religious News Service* for a three months' period. As he investigates what has happened to Christianity in Japan during the war, he promises not to forget *motive*. Dick returned last August from two years in Chungking where he taught in the Graduate School of Journalism. His report of this experiment will appear shortly as a bulletin of Columbia. Few men of his age will have had a richer background of travel and experience than will Dick. He was a Pulitzer Fellowship Student on a trip around the world, and in 1939 a delegate to the Amsterdam Conference from which he went to Russia. His story which we print here is a plea for the WSSF in which he believes passionately. We print it with a degree of pride because it comes out of first hand experience.

the day, and it didn't pay to think too much of careers. Now, a twenty-year-old man, he is suddenly presented with the opportunities of peace. He'll make out; I have no fear. But it's harder for him than for any other student in the world. His country is torn up, disturbed still by conflicting political claims, and for most of the years he's known China it has been in a stalemate state, unable to progress economically, industrially, culturally. He's a frontiersman, entering a world he's not known before. Fortunately, he has the pioneering spirit to match that frontier.

That's a quick summation of the spirit behind Chinese education. That's why a friend of mine, a wealthy Chinese girl from Shanghai, left her wealth and home and family and trekked to freedom in the West in order to continue her education. Lived in squalor, with one comforter to keep her warm at night, with a duck tied to her back door so she could have an egg now and then. That's why Li Ping-tai traveled his 4,000 miles. That's why Gary Wang wore blisters on his shoulders lugging his bags out of Hongkong. That's why Philip Liu is flat on his back with tuberculosis in Chungking today. The war is not over today for the students of China.

Editor's Note: Our way to give relief to these students of China is through our World Student Service Fund. A goal of \$2,000,000, to be raised by students for students, has been set for this year. It seems like a huge amount of money but the sufferings of students over the world should make us willing to sacrifice even more in order to achieve this goal. In reality this sum will but scratch the surface of the world's educational needs for this first postwar year. Make your donation to the World Student Service Fund, 8 West 40th Street, New York 18, New York.

source

"I wasn't a volunteer, you know. I *had* to go. This 'Unknown Soldier' here, just like the 'Unknown Soldier' in London, and the one in Paris—he was a *conscript*. The nation arrested us just as though we were criminals, put us into prisons that were called army camps, and kept us bound until the war was over—or we were dead. It was conscription, that's what it was. That's the only way you can fight a war today—*force* men to fight it. Don't forget that."

—John Haynes Holmes

The clearest lesson which emerges from European events is this: the sentimental hatred of the evil which is in others may blind one to the evil which one bears in himself, and to the gravity of evil in general. I believe that I know whereof I speak when I say: Honest Democrats: Look at the devil that is among us. Stop believing that he can only resemble a Hitler, for it is *you, yourself*, that he will always contrive to resemble most. If you want to catch him, I am going to tell you where you will most surely find him—seated in your own armchair.

—M. Denis de Rougemont

Now if the sovereign princes of Europe . . . would, for the . . . love of peace and order, agree to meet by their stated deputies in a general diet, estates, or parliament, and there establish rules of justice for sovereign princes to observe one to another; and thus to meet yearly, or once in two or three years at farthest, . . . (in) the Sovereign or Imperial Diet, Parliament, or State of Europe; before which sovereign assembly should be brought all differences . . . that cannot be made up by private embassies before the session begins; and that if any of the sovereignties that constitute these imperial states shall refuse to submit their claim or pretensions to them, or to abide and perform the judgment thereof, and seek their remedy by arms, or delay their compliance beyond the time prefixed in their resolutions, all the other sovereignties, united as one strength, shall compel the submission and performance of the sentence, with damages to the suffering party, and charges to the sovereignties that obliged their submission. To be sure, Europe would quietly obtain the so much desired and needed peace to her harassed inhabitants; no sovereignty in Europe having the power and therefore cannot show the will to dispute the conclusion; and, consequently, peace would be procured and continued in Europe. (From *An Essay Towards the Present and Future Peace of Europe*, 1693).

—William Penn



George Aylwin Hogg

GEORGE AYLWIN HOGG got along well with people, yes, with all sorts of people. He was born in 1915 and was the youngest of six children. Even though his brothers and sisters all have had interesting work and lives, it has been George who has had the most adventurous life. When George left Oxford in 1937, three jobs were offered to him; but instead of choosing any one of them, he drew out a little legacy which had been left to him, and asked if he might join me on a round-the-world journey I was planning. I, of course, said yes; but I also asked him if he had enough money to pay all that passage as well as train fare for thirty-five hundred miles across the United States. "Oh, I won't get a railway ticket, I'll hitchhike," he said. And George was just the right sort of person to do that because people always seemed to like him at first sight; and better than that, they did not change their minds about him afterwards. So off George and I started on the *Queen Mary*.

George Aylwin Hogg had a grand time in the States. For four months, all he had to do was to put out his thumb and he was conveyed wherever he wanted to go—North and South, East and West. We had one wonderful week living in a tower on the heavily wooded banks of the Potomac river, but most of the time George was seeing America alone. I think the thing he liked most was a cooperative farm in the South; at this farm our friends Sam and Dorothy Franklin

The Man Who

were helping to organize Negroes and white sharecroppers on a cooperative basis. This was a new thing to George.

WHEN I had finished my lecture tour, George met me in Hollywood, California. Then we embarked from San Francisco for Japan. We arrived on Christmas day and we stayed in Tokyo as the guests of Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa. Our host liked George Aylwin and asked him to stay on in Japan to study the cooperative system which had developed in the past twenty years. For George, that was a cherished opportunity, because Dr. Kagawa's work, his cooperative hospital, cooperative pawnshop, and cooperative bank, are of absorbing interest and fine quality.

So I went on to Shanghai alone. I found it to be in a terrible state. The Japanese militarists, who are so different from the Japanese at home, had burned the surrounding villages and bayoneted the farmers. They had left the city full of hungry, homeless folk who watched each other become thinner and colder until they died—that is unless they would succumb to the invader and help him by collecting scrap iron (to be made into bombs for the killing of Chinese folk farther inland).

When George Aylwin joined me in Shanghai, he went among the soldiers in hospitals who were dying from hunger as well as from their wounds; he watched the many thousands of families who throughout that bitter winter were living on stone steps, sleeping, if they were that lucky, on a bit of sacking, women giving birth to babies on the concrete roads of the city. He saw the gift of a common newspaper accepted with deep gratitude—it kept some of the frost from the bodies of the Chinese. After three days there, George came to me and said, "Sorry, Aunt, but I can't go on with you to India and home. I can't leave these people." And George Aylwin never did.

SINCE he possessed only a few pounds, George found odd jobs and then, when he had saved a bit of money, set off to the West, where China was still free. I came home and explained to George's family and friends how we had said goodbye to each other, and what a great service he was going to give for China.

MONTHS and months passed by with no word from George. It took a long time for letters to reach England and only a few of them did. But after some time, from fragments of news, we were able to piece together a part of the picture of what had happened to George. He was taken prisoner by the Japanese and then for awhile he managed to be free. Then he took sick with typhoid fever. When he recovered from that, he began an all day and all night study to learn the language (he learned it too, with little trace of a foreign accent). And then George worked in Hankow until it was evacuated. He trekked west and he trekked north. On his journey he had to take a rickshaw, but he was shamed by comparing the frail legs of the coolie with his own. So he asked the coolie to get into the rickshaw and let him pull. This did not seem "li" (the Chinese word for what is right and proper), so they made a compromise. George Aylwin pulled the coolie *between* the villages and the coolie pulled George Aylwin *through* the villages. He finally reached Sian where the Chinese Communists were active; they held their government departments and hospitals in huge caves. When George Aylwin was again taken down by typhoid fever, he was restored to health in a Chinese Communist cave hospital.

AND then a few writings from George Aylwin began to appear. In the *New Statesman*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Times* educational supplement, George was telling America, England and Free China of the work of the

Pulled a Coolie

industrial cooperatives. He wrote how clothes, blankets, food, and other necessities of life were being produced even though people and their villages were in the hands of the invaders. Men and women were learning how to dismantle intricate machinery, how to pack it up, trek west with it, then assemble its parts in some village and start producing again on a cooperative basis. George pointed out how it was not only technical skill that was needed. An adjustment was needed for rich men's sons and poor men's sons to work on a cooperative level. But, in spite of deprivation and much confusion, the work was growing.

The next letters of George Aylwin were full of boys and we learned indirectly that George had turned to work in a Bailie School (schools that were set up to train young people in both body and spirit). His letters in a way sounded like medical journals and good journals of all kinds: how scraps of humanity full of sores were found wandering about, how they were given the food, care, and security of a home, how after their being healed and in many instances "deloused" they became fine members of the Bailie School. Then we heard that George had adopted four Chinese boys as his sons. He would write home for advice on how

to treat this and that childish complaint—that Son Number One, or Son Number Two, Three, or Four might be suffering with.

An American friend in Cheng Te wrote, "I hear George Aylwin is looking too thin. After all he is a hefty chap and the food there is scanty. So I asked the Indusco people if they could not raise his salary. They answered, 'It's no good ever raising George's salary, he would adopt some more sons.'"

A LONG with all his work, his jobs as teacher, and "father," George Aylwin managed to find time to write two books. His *I See a New China* was the book of the month (January 1945) for the Left Book Club. Thousands of copies were sold in the United States and here in England. The other book is completed all but for one chapter, and that last chapter will not be written. We heard just last week that George Aylwin is dead. George Aylwin, just turned thirty, is dead. It's as if something very bright and shining with no warning has disappeared. . . . a man of thirty whose life reflected the hope of the world . . . a man whose life goes on, released from bondage of time and flesh. . . . a man who released

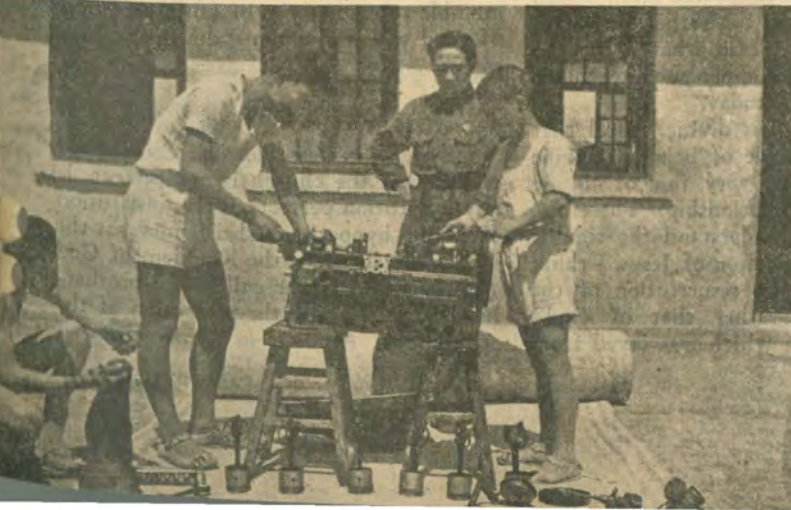
beauty and hope to his friends, to China, and to the world.

Editor's Note: From the little oasis town of Sandan, where George Hogg died of tetanus, comes word of the deep grief felt at his loss. Bailie School students and teachers, Rewi Alley, his close friend and co-worker, and many refugee workers who had come to Sandan to help get the new Bailie School started, did everything possible to try to save him. But there was no tetanus serum available within travel distance, and the sulfa drugs and penicillin that arrived later did not prove effective; the infection was well under way before Hogg allowed himself to stop work. Two doctors were summoned from the nearest cities but they could give him no further help. After four days of illness, he died. The funeral was simple. The school carpenters made the coffin and in the coffin the boys laid their school flag on which each boy wrote his name. Around the grave they sang the school song, bowed three times and laid bouquets of flowers upon the grave. Rewi Alley will take over the work in Sandan until someone can be found to carry on the Bailie School work and the work given a fine start by George Hogg.

Boys at Bailie School learn how to assemble an engine.

These boys are working on the building of a new machine drawing room.

Pictures by permission of Indusco, Inc.



Faith + Motive + Conduct = Life

WHAT THIS ALL MEANS

What we believe will obviously determine to a great extent our actions and our goals. When we asked Professor Walter Horton of Oberlin College to write for us on building a philosophy of life, we knew that few students actually put down what they do believe. Most of the time our ideas are nebulous, and we believe what is most opportune at the moment. In the November issue, Professor Horton reviewed for us the experience he has had with a university class where philosophies of life have been written for the last twenty years. In this and last month's motive we publish four representative papers written for the Oberlin class. A philosophy of life changes with growth and experience, yet those fundamental things by which we live do not change. We will be glad to see other statements of attitudes on the basic beliefs that determine our actions. We wish to express again our gratitude to Dr. Horton for writing the analysis and for getting the papers for us.

My Philosophy of Life

David Swartz

I

I believe in God. It is easy for me to believe that God exists for I cannot explain how the earth began. I cannot tell you why the tree outside my window grows. I cannot explain why the snow around the tree is made of tiny snowflakes each of a different design of perfection. I cannot tell you who caught the birds to build a nest in a tree. I cannot explain why my dog chases the neighbor's cat. I cannot tell you what tomorrow will bring. I cannot explain why I love a girl or why I want children. And I cannot tell you where I'll be when I die.

I am awed by the healing of a wound, the stars in the sky, the smell of different foods in the kitchen, the pleasant feeling of moss, the thrill of a kiss, the beauty of a symphony, the ceaseless movement of a river. I know that I can partially explain how these phenomena come about for I, too, have studied geography, botany, psychology, philosophy, zoology, and physics. But I am not satisfied. I believe in God because I am so ignorant of his benefits which I have not earned.

God is concerned with us. He tries to please us, but so often we fail to please him. He is patient, forgiving, loving. But you say, "He is unjust for he lets us suffer." No, he is a loving Father and is not one to spoil us or reward us insincerely.

God does not bring evil into the world. I believe that evil is the absence of good. A man kills because society has failed to love him. We fight a war because we are not willing to fight for peace. Yet I

cannot understand why a baby should die at birth, nor why the devout are often persecuted. But I feel as Job, that man cannot question God.

I pray to God. No, I don't expect him to hear my words as my roommate does when I speak. But I am sure that he understands my problems and offers me a reservoir of courage and hope if I keep faith in him.

II

I believe in Jesus Christ. I believe that Jesus was human. I believe that he was born of a human father and mother and that he was brought up in much the same fashion that we all were. He had to work; he had to make family adjustments; he went to school and acquired a knowledge of Hebrew and the content of the Scriptures. He had many friends and was interested in all phases of life. He was tempted, he was disliked, he was laughed at, and he was finally betrayed by one of his own following. By believing in these aspects of Jesus' nature, I feel that he went through many of the same problems that all growing persons go through and that his life was not far different in circumstances from my own. He is not an impersonal spiritual force from which to keep my distance, but rather my greatest friend. When I read what he had to say to his people, I apply such teachings to similar problems today.

I believe Jesus was divine. I feel that each of us is capable of being as divine as Christ was, but very few of us are worthy of this relationship. Therefore, I find it easy to understand the significance of the resurrection of Jesus. I think that it was not the resurrection of the man Jesus, but rather that of God's presence in Christ which was saved from

the torture of the cross. In other words, when we read of the Christian pioneers of today, such as Schweitzer, Kagawa, Niemoeller, we see reflected in them the presence of God and the fulfillment of the promise that the Kingdom of God is here on earth. These men are not taking Jesus' place today, but they are working with the same spirit that was in Jesus to do the will of his Father who is in heaven.

Jesus, then, was human as we are; but that it was God's wish that his strongest agent should preach his will at that time of religious bigotry. The circumstances of the time helped add significance to Jesus' work, although this must not be thought of as the total reason for his greatness.

Jesus, then was human as we are; but Jesus was also divine, as you and I could be if we only willed to be so. He was a worker in God's Kingdom as Schweitzer, Kagawa, and Niemoeller are today. Jesus, however, attained the optimum of divine grace, because he was willing to suffer and give up all he had for this quality.

III

I believe that the Bible is the word of God. I believe that the Bible accurately records the thoughts and the environment of the writers as they wished to have them expressed. I did not say that I believe that everything in the Bible is historical fact, nor that there are no exaggerations or contradictions. For if I did I would be overlooking the obvious. But I believe that as an expression of religious faith and thought throughout the centuries of history, it has much to offer us by relating spiritual experiences and difficulties of others. Much of the Bible is informative and there is no other set of books that so prepares one for the coming of Christ, or tells the teachings of Jesus. The Bible for me is my main source of inspiration; for I know that I am able to read stories of faith, evidences of good will, and commandments of happiness.

IV

I believe in the church. Certainly I realize that the church is not perfect. Is any institution perfect? Is any institution free from hypocrites? Christianity has the loftiest of all goals, the Kingdom of God (however, I'd rather call it the brotherhood of man under the protection of the Almighty). Are we so selfish that we

refuse to affiliate with others in a job, the final goal of which we will never see realized in our time, or in our children's time or even the next five centuries? Should we not be willing to work to help our decadent civilization by loyalty to our principles, faith in our God, and hope for the unselfish nature of mankind? The church organizes Christian followers and by such unity gives strength. Affiliated organizations can supplement the activities of the church, but if society accepts them in place of the church, they will be accepting a synthetic product with no test of its value. The church must cooperate with these social agencies, it is true. It must be willing to accept a division of labor if such a method is in the long run beneficial. It must rid itself of its narrow-mindedness and of its selfish ambitions.

V

I believe in immortality. As far as science is concerned it can neither prove nor disprove the idea of an after life. It seems to me that it is up to the individual to decide whether or not he wants to believe in immortality. If he does, he is somewhat discouraged because of his inability to form a coherent notion or concrete picture of an immortal state of being. For it is not the hope itself so much as the form in which it has commonly been conceived and expressed which science renders untenable. The Christian belief in immortality is a spiritual experience, not a process of logical proof. I believe in immortality because I believe in a moral universe where the just realize their good works.

VI

This then is my confession of faith which time and knowledge may feel free to change:—

I believe in one God, the planner and guardian of the universe.

I believe the importance of Jesus' life was not primarily that he was the Son of God nor that he had superhuman powers, but rather that his teachings and experiences remain as a guide and goal for my everyday living.

I believe in the Scriptures, not as non-conflicting or as direct quotations of our God, but as sacred writings given to us as an interpretation of the development of religious trends from primitive peoples to the time of accurately recorded history—the evidences of God's presence throughout the ages.

I believe in the church as God's institution no matter how faulty it has become through man's influence. By affiliating ourselves we should accept the responsibilities of membership.

I believe in a just universe where the righteous are rewarded. I believe in immortality of the soul.

As Far as I Can See

Jack Upper

At eighteen years of age the organization of an integrated philosophy of life seems in some ways to be an impossible task. At eighteen as well as eighty, however, there are conclusions and summaries to be drawn up from one's experiences.

I

I was born in an ordinary, middle-class family which had extremely high ideals. I was the only child of parents who were about forty years old at my birth. My father died when I was five years old. Being a fairly precocious youngster, I succeeded quite well in grammar school and became a choir boy in an Episcopal Church. It was here that several influences led me away from a moderately narrow Methodist home environment. The lure of habits, vices, and virtues of the grown-up world became especially strong at this time as they were offered to me by an intelligent nineteen year old boy. I willingly accepted. I received a generous scholarship from a first-rate preparatory school in 1942. It was there I learned to adjust myself to a group of children who at least were closer to my own age, and to adjust my experiences of puberty through a series of wholesome friendships.

During my last year of preparatory school, while taking a philosophy of religion course which I had worked at independently, quite unconsciously I began to consider the ministry as a career. I had seen the effect of human friendship in the lives of those about me and had begun to wonder if human friendship,

imperfect as it is, could lift sorrows and soften pains, what could a perfect friendship with a loving deity do? It is thus as a friend of friends that I regard my creator. I could feel the arm of the Holy Father about me as I expressed the doubts and injustices of the cosmic existence, and praised him and thanked him for his nature and his people, although at times I was tempted sorely to neglect this latter consideration.

Since I left preparatory school I have found myself being used as a tool of many societies, but in reality an outcast from them all and an integral part of none. Although finding one's self in this situation is a bitter experience, it opens the way to seeing and believing in Christianity. It requires one to be an individual in the cosmic order rather than a section or a part of it. It enables one to see himself as a minute, even ultramicroscopic particle of the universe, yet a definite and important unit to God.

II

This God appears to me in the trinitarian concept as stated in the Apostles' Creed. In this creed I find the foundation of God's holy catholic church; and in Christ's Sermon on the Mount, I find the deliverance of the church to us. Christ's humility, embodied in simple, non-possessive love and understanding, combined with the contempt and hatred of evil displayed in the removal of the money changers from the temple, brings me to my philosophy of working with people, which I believe will consume the greater part of my life.

(Concluded on page 26)

GOD IS A PRONOUN

Beth Brown

MAN has been a presumptuous creature. Knowing of an existence, he has called it God. Not knowing its nature, he has given it a nature.

He has condensed God's word into a volume. He has incarnated Him in a physical body. He has built buildings to house Him, and has placed Him in time, that on the morning of a certain day, he may worship Him.

Man has been a ventriloquist—awing his public, but never explaining his art. And tradition has made him believe that his "Dummy" has actually spoken. (The Divine Being can speak, but His voice is a contradiction to the voices that would be thrown from His mouth. Thus, more often than not, he is silent—silent and misunderstood.)

Yes, man is a presumptuous creature. He tells himself he has sinned, sinned against God. But what he does not know, is that his most presumptuous sin has been to give God a name.

The word is spelled G-o-d, and because man feared his word was inadequate, he writes it a proper noun, it is finite; yet man calls his God infinite. He merely presumes that his word is a noun. In reality it is a pronoun—three letters in place of innumerable alphabets.

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THE CHURCH:

A closer relationship to God through song and prayer.



**F
R
I
E
N
D
S**

THE CHURCH:

Friendship, loyal, wholesome, rich and lasting.



**A
C
R
O
S
S
L
A
N
G
U
A
G
E
S**

THE CHURCH:

Erasing the barriers of speech and language.



**C
O
M
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A
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O
N**

THE CHURCH:

Feeding the hungry, having compassion for all in need, all kinds of need, at all times.



**C
H
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L
D
R
E
N**

THE CHURCH:

Children are growing—How will they grow?



**S
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S**

THE CHURCH:

Consecrated students, consecrated to intelligent living, religious living, Christian living.



AND

THE

THIS S PEOPLE



THE CHURCH:

Your security, your welfare, your serenity and your sense of worth and well-being.

YOUR LIFE



THE CHURCH:

The men and women who through government live and fight for fairness and "a second chance" and order and justice throughout the land.

YOUR GOVERNMENT



THE CHURCH:

Men like Toyohiko Kagawa who love their enemies and work for the sick of all humanity.

ACROSS BARRIERS



THE CHURCH:

Those in conflict, those enmeshed in tyranny, those who suffer, those who witness for the right, regardless of the cost.

RESISTANCE



THE CHURCH:

The saying of "this is right," "this is wrong." Every man confronted with the will of God as he finds it whether it leads him as a c.o. to be a forest fire fighter or into the armed service.

CONSCIENCE



THE CHURCH:

As the body is, so is the man. Tuberculosis in the Congo, rickets on Mulberry Street—
heal the body, heal the spirit.

HEALING



THESE ARE THE PEOPLE

Captive of the Spirit

Charles Walker

IT was Plato who said: "He who sees a vision of a better world becomes at that moment a citizen of that world." Henceforth, the new universe becomes the frame of reference, against which all values are tested. It is a new dimension added to one's existence. To the person who has not yet beheld this "better world," the conduct of one who has, seems very puzzling at times. "You are batting your head against a stone wall," is often the reaction. "What good will that do you?" The "good" is precisely that new value. At a time when the relentless tide of totalitarianism threatens to engulf the whole world, *individuals* appear to be nothing. These vast forces seem impersonal and unfeeling. What folly it is, what madness to struggle against "fate" or "inexorable trends" or "the wave of the future"! Today the lonely, loudly protesting conscientious objector in a world so securely in the

thralldom of Mars certainly seems anomalous, futile, or even ludicrous.

The Second World War (or rather, round two of the Twentieth Century War) has accelerated immensely the descent of civilization into Avernus. Cruelty, falsehood, terrorism, destruction—every conceivable savagery into which men are driven, are gathered into one raging vortex of hell called total war. Now United States and Russia are lining up for the "Battle of the Champs." To mention in the same breath the relevance of love or brotherhood brings anything from a snort of derision to a wistful smile. How loveless bombs are, how indifferent to good will!

However, is this the whole story? Men have almost universally believed that they were meant to be heirs to a better world. The stubborn optimism of the common man, in face of unremitting exploitation

and suffering, is nothing short of remarkable. Could anything less than some basic subconscious kinship with life itself be sufficient to offset the formidable mountain of evidence against his chances for happiness?

Some force that is not violence, some new dimension or redemptive power must transform our lives and, through them, the human community. Atomic energy is not the only "basic force in the universe." Behind the fuss and fanfare, the wars and rumors of wars, something incredibly real and active works silently, indefatigably. For those who have met its conditions, it is more than a belief; it is an experience. May it not be that this force, "creeping in through the cran- nies of the world like so many soft root- lets," is the *only* power that can call us back from the abyss into which we are plunging?

As Far as I Can See

(Continued from page 23)

III

I would not leave out the mysticism and passivity of the Oriental philosophy, for only by the divine force of the will of God in the word of Jesus Christ do I find strength to create. One must first understand himself, his strength and his weakness, and must conquer and experience much before he can hope to work outside himself. He must have at least partially developed the attitude that Johanna von der Orleans expressed after God's revealing and strengthening storms had broken in Schiller's dramatic poem: "In me is peace; come what may, I can experience no more weakness within myself." To attain completely this is quite beyond my comprehension without the aid of a divine will and power.

To work with the weaknesses of other people is to work with one's self. First, a basic understanding of those existing materialistic forces about an individual must be explained. For this in modern times an education is imperative. Secondly, the relevance of these materialistic desires and forces must be combined with those of more spiritual value to the in-

dividual. And finally, a faith in a power within and without must be found; the highest and greatest power being that of the emotion, love. Without absolute faith nothing earthly or spiritual holds permanent value. I find love to be the only word that can embody the ethical and yet spiritual ideal that I hold.

IV

Morality, I believe, must be thought of in terms of a social fraternity. I believe that that virtue which has permanence is of a positive nature. To love your neighbor embodies the ideals of the Ten Commandments, for the love of one's neighbor one shows love for a supreme power. For social convention I have little respect when it restricts the normal outlets of life. I believe that in an intemperate society much more can be gained by teaching people how and when to seek luxuries and pleasures than by advocating their total abstinence. Much more destructive vices are prejudice and harmful possessiveness. The narrow-mindedness of people can only be conquered by understanding and real compassion. Enlightenment is a difficult thing; I believe that it cannot be achieved by a scientific

concept of the universe; it can be found only in God through a mediator.

V

God is eternal, otherwise we should not be endowed with the truths that have come down through the ages. If we are not also endowed with personal immortality, the ends of the ethical system I have discussed are largely removed. Even though actual individuality may be lost in part, and despite the fact that we are miserable sinners against his word, I cannot believe that souls will be lost in eternal damnation. Our God is merciful as he is mighty.

VI

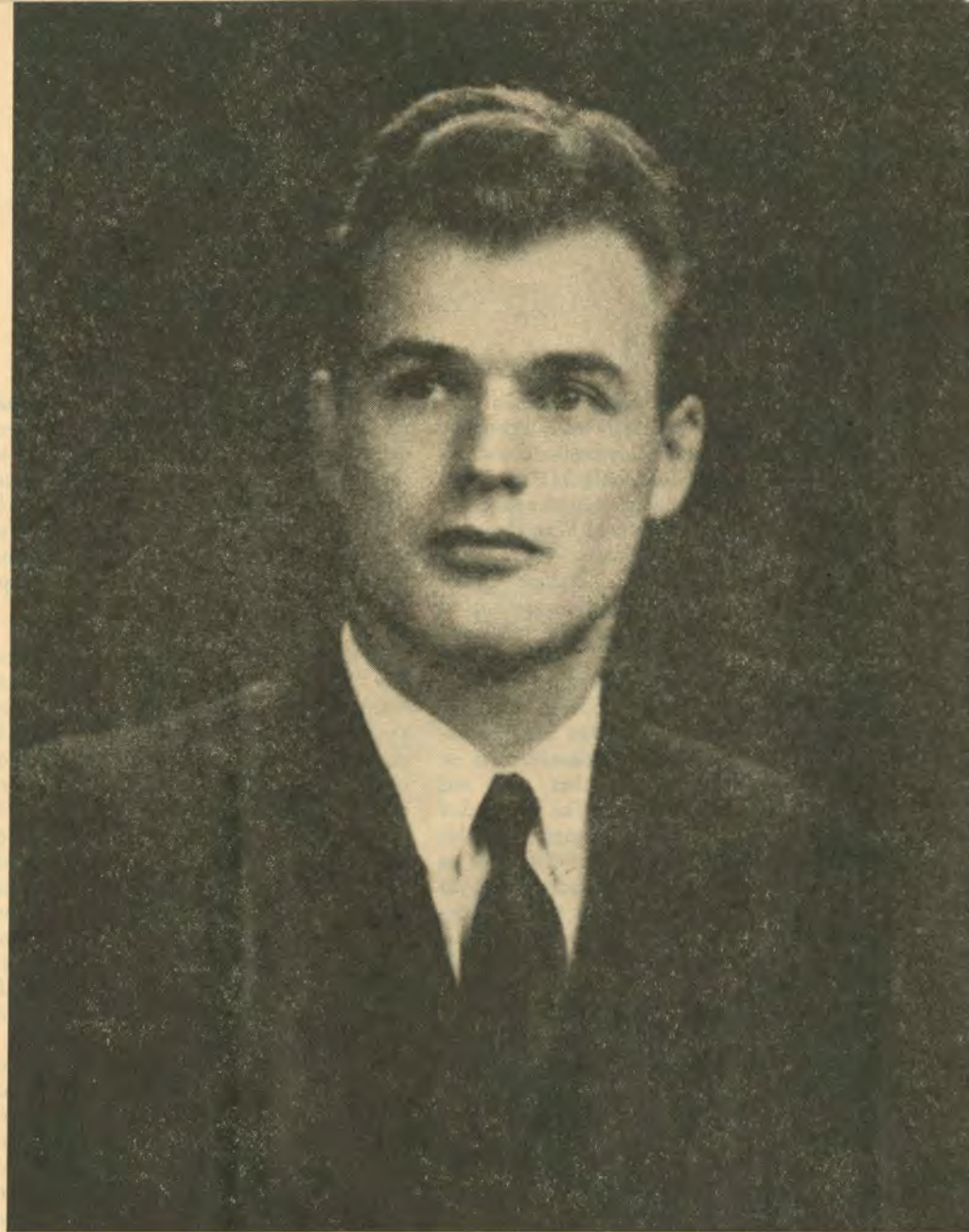
In summary, then, let me suggest the following proposition for a philosophy of life. The desire left by loneliness leads one to seek, and in seeking (if one's path is directed) he finds God. He finds God in nature, in the universe; but he can find him most profoundly in people, in the love, consideration, and affection of those whom he loves, and in the enlightenment that comes from understanding the problems of those whose ideals he hates. Even amid the bellicosity of the world he finds peace, peace because there is still love and still hope and still faith and still God.

IT is my task, and the task of the pacifist, to demonstrate convincingly, in life and actions, that this "power of the spirit" is real, that it is an alternative to violence, that it can work for the healing of nations. Until this can be shown, men will continue to use violence when a crisis comes. Of course, going to prison for resisting the state in its policy of slaughtering the people of other countries, though by no means all a "negative" act, is not the answer. It is merely some dirty work which some of us had to do. "If one desires to paint a red picture, he must first 'reject' the green." The pacifist says *no* to war because he has said *yes* to something else. To excuse the ineffectiveness of pacifists as peacemakers, we usually plead misunderstanding, or a prejudiced press, or the selfish desire of others to place security above all else. "We are never given a chance to put our policies into practice." But there is one little acre where the field is wide open, and that is *ourselves*.

EARLIER I had worked in a mental hospital. Those two time-encrusted questions—what to do if a madman attacks you, or if a criminal is about to rape your mother—meant something more than an opportunity to display verbal virtuosity in parrying with them. Experiences with mental patients and with prisoners did not weaken my beliefs a mite. Those who respond ungratefully to love will react even more malevolently to violence. Only love holds the possibility of redemption.

It is easy to be a prophet of doom. To face the actual prospect, however, is difficult indeed for those of us trained in the tradition of inevitable progress. It is now live together or be lost. With the need so desperate, and the time so short, any selfishness, any side-tracking on our part which hinders the working of love in our lives, is almost criminal. This henceforth is my dedication: "*to live by virtue of that spirit that taketh away the occasion for all war.*" Nothing less is worth the effort; nothing less can meet our needs.

At the present time, Charles Walker is paroled to the Alexian Brothers Hospital in Elizabeth, New Jersey. Prior to that he had an eight-months stay at the prison in Petersburg, Virginia. Before that he spent nine months as an attendant in the mental hospital at Sykesville, Maryland, and three months in a forestry camp at Lyndhurst, Virginia. Charles Walker is a Methodist and a graduate of Elizabeth-town College. He was teaching school at the time he was drafted. He is twenty-five years old, married and the father of two children.



Charles Walker

Opinion Research indicates that the American public is in accord with the major changes recommended by the experience report. Seventy-five per cent of the public approves of Conscientious Objectors being sent overseas for relief work in war areas; seventy per cent approve of assigning C.O.'s to jobs which make use of their skills and training rather than to work in labor camps. It is encouraging that in a year of mounting war casualties the proportion of people approving of C.O.'s has increased substantially. Although this number indicates that still only twenty-six per cent are in favor of the C.O. ideology, there is clear acknowledgment of their rights and the value of their work in the fact that sixty per cent approve of C.O.'s receiving some pay, and sixty-seven per cent approve of federal aid for C.O. dependents.

Japan is thoroughly tired of war. From now on with new determination, it is our duty to teach our young people the ideologies of peace and to train them to become intelligent pacifists. For this reason we will welcome with open arms our friends the Quakers who all through history have followed a most difficult but straight road to peace.

—Tamon Maeda, Minister of Education

"In victory, even more than war, we need to tap the immemorial springs of faith to refresh our souls and regain our serenity." If all of us—Catholics, Jews, and Protestants—would hearken to our inner spirit, then our sacrifices will not have been in vain. Our vision of the post-war world will be a mockery unless we provide a place for God.

—Lowell Thomas

Fools for Christ's Sake

Carl Soule

THE standard volume on church participation in World War I, *Preachers Present Arms*, lists no Methodist conscientious objectors. Indeed, only 359 are listed from all denominations. On August 31, 1945, at the end of World War II, however, about 900 Methodist C.O.'s had been in Civilian Public Service Units, about 100 in prison, and an estimated 3,000 in the army or navy as non-combatants.

The rapid growth of personal and absolute opposition to warfare in Methodism between 1920 and 1940 may be ascribed to a developing consciousness in American Protestantism that war was man's greatest social sin. The Methodist Discipline is a good barometer in this matter. The Discipline of 1920 reads as if a great and sinful war had never been fought. But four years later war was declared to be "the supreme enemy of mankind," and a Commission on World Peace, consisting of twenty-five members, was constituted. By 1932 the Discipline was carrying an amplified statement concerning the causes and cure of war with a request that the government grant the same exemptions to Methodist C.O.'s as might be granted to Friends. In 1944, in the midst of a second World War, there was a modification of the position of the church concerning the nature of war, but at the same time support for the C.O. was reaffirmed and the apportionment to the Commission on World Peace from World Service funds was increased. On January 1, 1945, a new secretaryship in the staff of the Commission on World Peace was created that Methodist C.O.'s might be better served.

THE Selective Training and Service Act contained provisions for men conscientiously opposed only to combat service and for those opposed to any form of military service. The former usually became medical assistants in the army and the latter began entering Civilian Public Service camps in spring of 1941. For two years the camps operated on the CCC pattern of work in forestry and soil conservation, but because of the high educational level of many of the men and the pressing need for attendants in hospitals, special projects were opened up. At the end of the war more than half of the Methodist men were in surgical sec-

tions of general hospitals, supervising patients in mental hospitals, acting as experimental subjects ("guinea pigs") in the investigation of malaria or jaundice, bodily reactions at high altitudes, life raft rations, bodily reactions to a starvation diet, and atypical pneumonia, and fighting forest fires by parachute jumping.

CIVILIAN Public Service was a new "machine" and therefore there were many "bugs" to be taken out. Some men came to the position that since C.P.S. camps were part of the evil program of conscription they should walk out of camp and go to prison. Some found it hard to live normal lives with no pay for a period of three years or more. Some had wives and children and were distressed in spirit when they realized that loved ones were in difficult circumstances and yet they could earn no money for their support nor did the churches have sufficient funds to make adequate dependency grants.

Responsibility for administration of camps and units has been divided between Selective Service and church agencies. The Methodist Church through the Commission on World Peace has administered units at Duke Hospital, Durham, North Carolina, and at the State Hospital, Cherokee, Iowa. However, the basic load has rested upon the Friends, the Church of the Brethren, and the Mennonites. C.P.S. has been a coat of many colors: One unit may be located in an isolated mountain area of California; another unit in New York City. One unit may be composed of high school and college graduates; in another the educational level may be the eighth grade. One unit may have a strong religious program around which unity is built; another unit may have scant religious study, worship, or camp unity.

The assumption of the historic peace churches had been that there would be few Methodist conscientious objectors and that The Methodist Church would give instant and adequate financial support to its men who did go into C.P.S. But the number of Methodist C.O.'s proved to be larger than that of the Society of Friends and The Methodist Church, unwilling to accept official responsibility through any of its general funds, has met a fraction of the cost of

its men in camp. On September 1, 1945, voluntary offerings from individuals and churches had amounted to \$205,000. Yet the unmet cost was \$263,000. The 400,000 members of the three historic peace churches had contributed \$1,250,000 for the support of men outside their denominations for which they had not been reimbursed. The Commission on World Peace, 740 Rush St., Chicago 11, will continue to receive gifts until the Methodist obligation is met.

DEMOBILIZATION of Civilian Public Service lags behind the demobilization of men in the armed forces, but the pace has been accelerated in the last three months of 1945 by the release of those over thirty-five years of age and those having four years of service. Some demobilized C.O.'s will not return to The Methodist Church because they have come to believe that the church is grossly ineffective in achieving social justice and human happiness and that they can find better channels for their idealism in "secular" organizations. Some C.O.'s will come back to the local church with questions in their eyes: "Does the church want me? Is there some service I can render?" Some C.O.'s will return with determination to make the church a more adequate expression of Christian thought and action. All C.O.'s, whether from the army, or C.P.S., or prison, should be given understanding, respect, and opportunity for work in the local church.

The answer is the Golden Rule?

In reviewing *Modern Man Is Obsolete* by Norman Cousins, John Davenport paraphrases Cousins by saying: The answer to the biggest explosion in history is not to be found just by planning the biggest government in history. The answer is the Golden Rule. The final expression of that rule may be a true parliament of man. But let the emphasis be on parliament and let the emphasis be on men. In the meantime let us not be too contemptuous of the tools we have and their immediate improvement. Mr. Cousins has no high regard for diplomacy, yet diplomacy is one gate through which nations can communicate—a wide enough gate for Russia and the United States to begin discussions of atomic power here and now. Mr. Cousins is skeptical of the United Nations Charter, but at least it is the beginning of a world wherein both the United States and Russia (so long out of every international orbit) are at least in some orbit. Finally there is the promise that as East meets West, and vice versa, the shibboleths of behaviorism and mechanism (so alien to the East's tradition and apparently so alien to the new physics) will cease to tyrannize.

On Campus, They Say--

On Cheating

... My only hope is that on judgment day at UCLA, the cheaters will be thrown in a dark dungeon of burning oil where they will be burned with brands of "Cheaters" on their foreheads and won't be able to sleep because haunting them will be the eyes of an honest world, staring at them.

—*Daily Bruin*
University of California
Los Angeles, California

On the Winstead Bill

Conscientious Objectors ask for no special favors. They have served their country and humanity well in many difficult and dangerous ways. . . . They feel they are entitled to discharge in the same proportion and on the same general lines as the armed forces; . . . I can conceive of no greater tragedy than that we should fall victims of the very evils that we condemned so justly in others. Hitler and Mussolini were outstanding exponents of the doctrine that justice for the individual is not to be considered in dealing with the power of the state.

—*Cornellian*
Cornell College
Mt. Vernon, Iowa

On Labor

A blanket indictment of American workers in the current strike movement needs further justification. Though labor can furnish no claim of absolute innocence of all charges put forth by public opinion, liberal wage adjustments seem to be in order.

—*Emory Wheel*
Emory University
Georgia

On War Criminals

The trials of European war criminals will be of interest to all of us. We say, "Such things never happened before anywhere else in the world." Few of us add, "Such things never happened before in Germany." . . . We cannot dismiss these people as savages. They are in reality, a terrifying product of a civilization in no way inferior to that of other western peoples. The twentieth century produced these "Beasts of Berlin." They are in many ways like us. . . . The lesson we should

learn from the war trials is that we should take care lest one day all civilization be put on trial.

—*Reveille*
Louisiana State University
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

On Truman

President Truman offers no hope for world cooperation. He took us another step toward World War III when he called for one year's compulsory military training. Whether Congress passes it or not makes little difference; our country is on record as feeling the need for a large standing army in a world that is, supposedly, dedicated to lasting peace.

—*Los Angeles Collegian*
Los Angeles City College

On the Moon

Two bright planets (Mars and Saturn) and two bright stars (Castor and Pollux) make a striking picture at present low in the eastern sky late in the evening. Tonight the moon joins the group. . . . Any who prefer to use a telescope will be welcome at the observatory.

—*The Mount Holyoke News*
Mt. Holyoke College
South Hadley, Massachusetts

On Study

In the future, let's all make it a rule to have our lessons thoroughly prepared before going to a movie or some other place. It has been said that there is much to college besides study; but without study, college is a pretty empty institution.

—*Arkansas State College Herald*
State College
Arkansas

On Knitting

Those flashing needles are the most distracting thing an audience could confront a speaker with. . . . People who are so uninterested in class lectures and convocation speeches that they have to bring their knitting along, should stay at home.

—*The Oracle*
Hamline College
St. Paul, Minnesota

On Gripes

Have you caught yourself saying recently, "They ought to do something

about this situation." They? It's not "they." It's you, and I, too. Evidently then, it's up to us not only to express our opinions verbally but also to be just as energetic in seeking a solution to campus problems.

—*The Simpsonian*
Simpson College
Indianola, Iowa

On Education

A university has a mission: to educate; a student has a mission: to be educated. Let me (a veteran) make this single observation. Education is something terribly sincere, and terribly important, and at the same time terribly urgent. Four years is a small time in which to try to digest the elements of knowledge in a particular subject, much less knowledge in general. Education is not something to be toyed with. It is pretty expensive in time and money for many of us, which is one of the reasons it should be taken seriously.

—*The Maine Campus*
University of Maine
Orono, Maine

Government issue

A GI Joe gives a rather good account of what the meaning of that name really is. He says (and we quote from a letter): When the American public coined the expression "GI Joe" they were unwittingly expressing a great truth. You know that "GI" in army lingo means Government Issue and is applied indiscriminately to all sorts of army equipment, institutions and customs. We have GI shoes, guns, food and diarrhea. Putting the soldier in a category with the rest of the equipment merely completes a process of government depersonalization which began long before boot camp.

The twain have met

Union Theological Seminary in New York City has announced the appointment of Dr. Francis Cho-min Wei, president of Hua Chung University, as the newly established Henry W. Luce Professor of World Christianity. Dr. Wei is the first of the Christian scholars of the Orient to be brought into the regular faculty of a major theological school of the West. In his inaugural address, the Chinese educator said: "We confess the Christian truth to be absolute, but we know its expression is not final. The final expression cannot be reached until all the cultures embodying the best accumulated experiences of the large section of mankind have been brought to the altar of God and offered up to him."

The Social Significance of Postwar Strikes

HARVEY SEIFERT

INDUSTRIAL conflict has replaced international conflict in the headlines. After the changing fortunes of war no longer drew crowds to the newsstands, Hollywood pickets and striking oil workers provided many an inch of enticing copy. Thinking Americans have long since ceased formulating their social philosophy from the write-and-run accounts of hurried reporters. They realize that by selection and omission, if in no other way, editorial comment does intrude into news columns. However, numerous Americans are blind to that fact. A comic-book-minded generation, collecting tid-bits of understanding of world shaping events from headlines and picture captions, is likely to go wrong at least as often as it is right. There is always danger that public policy proceeds on the basis of headlines rather than of deeper analysis. What, then, are some of the more profound factors in the present situation?

For one thing, it is easy to exaggerate the number of strikes taking place. Some journalistic box scores give the impression that the wheels of American industry are about to stop dead still, down to the last screw and gear, deserted by the very workers who win their living from them. The front page gives the impression of "here a strike, there a strike, everywhere a strike, strike." The objective reader must constantly remind himself that if only a few sentences were written about each plant in the country which was still working, it would require several volumes the size of the Sunday edition of the *New York Times* to contain the whole of it.

IT is to be expected, of course, that in this postwar period there should be an increasing number of expressions of labor unrest. During the war there piled up a backlog of demand not only for consumers goods, but also for the adjustment of accumulated economic grievances. The urgency of the war emergency, plus labor's "no strike" pledge—which the comprehensive statistics show was in general well kept—postponed an overt expression of discontent in numerous cases. In addition to that, reconversion

brings its problems to labor as well as to management. Not only must machines be retooled for new models, but labor policies must be overhauled to match a new social situation.

The number of strikes which are occurring is a symptom of a diseased economic situation. Each one is an indication of failure in solving a problem of human relationships. We have not smoothed out all the wrinkles of our economic life. Where there is so much smoke of protest there must be some fire of genuine grievance. As Secretary of Commerce Henry A. Wallace said, "These laborers are not striking out of cussedness."

All of which leads to the observation that whatever blame there is to be attached to postwar labor disturbances cannot be heaped indiscriminately on the heads of strikers. That is a fact completely overlooked in a great many popular conversations and reports on the subject. At the conclusion of the government attempt at conciliation of the gasoline strike, why should not the headlines have read "Employers refuse to end oil strike," rather than "Workers continue walkout"? Wherever genuine injustices are perpetuated, there in a very real sense employers, and not workers, are responsible for work stoppages. The American idea of fair play, as well as scholarly concern for scientific objectivity, demands that we judge each individual case on its own merits, and that in the present controversies we be no more ready to attribute the fault to one side than to the other. Of course, not every demand that has ever been made by a labor union has been justified, but neither is every policy of every employer clothed with inerrant and blameless sanctity. Certainly the present uncritical blanket of blame spread over the American labor movement is a libel.

IN a still deeper sense, responsibility for the current unrest must be shared by all of us. As an American citizenry we did not adequately prepare for the process of turning guns into butter. We failed to shape an official wage and labor policy to meet the demands of reconversion. Official pronouncements were too

often pleasant generalities rather than concrete proposals. The rest of us John Q. Citizens, instead of studying the factors involved and thinking through to a sound conclusion, spent our energy in vituperation and denunciation.

Not only do we need to be careful about distributing censure in the current situation, but in several ways we Christian idealists need to be appreciative of labor's aims. This column has previously pointed out that even average wartime manufacturing wages did not yet come up to that budget of decency and minimum comfort which we like to think of as the American standard of living. We who are concerned about equal opportunity and an abundant life for each of the sons of God, can understand the language which labor is talking at the present moment. While we may not agree uncritically with all the demands which are being made, we can see that for the laboring man in general wages in relationship to prices must go up.

THERE is another sense in which labor today is fighting a battle for all of us. In the minds of top labor leaders there is an economic philosophy behind their present actions. It is a theory of speeding reconversion and preventing depression by distributing abundance through full employment. They point out that improvements in machinery (many of them accumulated during the war and now ready to be released en masse into civilian production) make possible cheaper production of larger quantities with a smaller labor force. To keep everyone employed in that situation requires that we manufacture an abundance of goods, which in turn calls for a mass market if they are to be sold. If wages now are to be reduced from their wartime level, part of that market disappears, production continues at a lower level and unemployment at a higher level, and industry as a whole feels a depressing effect. If two blades of grass can be made to grow where only one grew before, then we must have more money with which to buy baled hay, or some farmers are going to find themselves out of work.

TO avoid this deflationary spiral, labor groups are trying to keep wages up in relationship to prices. They point out that in this postwar period we must learn the lesson of mass production, which is that if prices are kept low in relationship to wages, a larger production is possible, profits can be high because of the quantity sold, and employment can be spread to more people. This, labor leaders are pointing out, is our basic hope for avoiding a postwar depression which will otherwise hit all of us, steamfitters, students, and stockholders alike. All this is

WE did not intend to write on peacetime conscription this month, as we paid our respects to it in the October number of *motive*. We thought the issue was settled about that time, and that the idea had been dropped by those who had been proposing it. This assumption was based on Associated Press reports to the effect that the proponents of the peacetime draft admitted they had "abandoned hope of winning their fight" and that even the chief enthusiasts for it in Congress had grown cold to the idea. Furthermore, the Associated Press (after an interview with President Truman) reported that he "knocked down flat any idea of a regular peacetime draft."

You will surely forgive us for writing another column on said draft, when after all those statements, Mr. Truman advocates peacetime conscription and some members of Congress try to bring such to pass. We feel somewhat like the old Kentucky farmer who was severely upbraided by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals because he frequently lashed his hound-dog. After immersing a distant weed in a stream of tobacco juice, the old settler replied, "Wal, I'll be in a mood to stop flailin' that brindle pup as quick as he quits chawin' my tobaccy!"

Black Is Black

OF course it is being said that the proposed plan for conscription really is not conscription. It simply is peacetime universal compulsory military training.

another way of saying that in an economy of abundance we must pay relatively more attention to the distribution of goods through higher wages, than we pay to further expansion of production through accumulated profits.

Rather than hindering conversion, such a policy can be said to be facilitating conversion by placing it on the only basis on which it can permanently proceed. While the general public may lose a comparatively few man-hours of production through strikes now, labor is fighting to avoid the loss to all of us of many more man-hours of production during a post-war depression.

All of this makes the phenomenon of postwar strikes considerably more significant than it might otherwise appear. The issues involved are not as simple as they seem on the surface, and there is much basically in labor's point of view with which the sincere Christian, once he stops to think about it, is likely to agree. The stakes in the struggle are vital to all of us, for they may chart the economic future of America. That fact constitutes a call to impartial consideration and courageous action.

January, 1946

We Do Not Want It Here

HOWARD WILKINSON

This is the equivalent of asserting that pneumonia really is not pneumonia, since it is merely a dangerous, high fever caused by a deadly germ! The effort being made by those who desire a peacetime draft to avoid labeling it conscription reveals one thing, above all else: a recognition that when students of history and psychology reflect upon the unwholesome effects of conscription in history, they will not look kindly upon America's adoption of such a program. Hence the militarists feel they have much to gain by asserting that a program which would be called conscription anywhere else actually is not conscription in America! We are reminded here of one of the most realistic statements ever made by the late Huey Long: "If fascism comes to America, it will come in the name of anti-fascism." The same is true of conscription. If the proposed plan is passed, any chap who does not want to spend a year of his young life in military training, or who has religious objections to it, will be subject to imprisonment and heavy fines. We leave it to you—is that conscription?

We Think It's Bad

BY now our gentle readers have surmised that this department shares the opposition to conscription which is typical of most church, educational and labor groups in America. You have guessed that we do not smile upon the plan which the professional militarists have put forward to keep themselves in a position of greater national power by seeking to gain totalitarian control over every young man for a year. You are correct in assuming that we certainly are against America's hasty adoption of a scheme which (according to a congressional committee recently home from a tour of Europe) "the great majority of enlisted men" do not favor.

We are opposed to peacetime compulsory military training for many reasons. Let us mention only one of them here. Since the Secretary of War has finally admitted that there is only one factor which could justify our departing from historic American policy at this point, we shall deal with that factor. According to Secretary Patterson, the *defense of our land* is the one real reason why we should adopt this plan.

If that be true, then the crux of the conscription question is this: Is conscription either necessary or advisable as a means of preserving the peace and of making our nation safe? The question is *not* whether conscription is essential to maintain a huge military force, but whether it is necessary for our national safety.

Out of Date

IN this frightening age of atomic bombs, the only person who relies upon trained soldiers for defense is the one who knows nothing else. When a flood comes, rats often make a rush for their waterlogged holes and are drowned therein, simply because they have been trained to jump into them when any kind of calamity comes. There may have been a time when soldiers could defend a nation, but that time passed when the first atomic bomb exploded, and we will be wise if we bring our thinking up to date.

At this point, it will be helpful to recall Halford Luccock's story of the man who, on visiting New York City, refused the offer of a friend to show him about the town. Declaring that he always managed better alone, he added that all he needed was a good guide book. Seeing "Valentine's Manual of New York" at a newsstand in Grand Central Station, he purchased it and stepped out on 42nd Street to go places. However, "Valentine's

Christian Action
TOWARD A NEW WORLD ORDER

Manual" originally was published in 1860, when the area he now was trying to comprehend was merely a swamp. "Valentine's Manual" was a helpful guide in 1860, but was supremely useless in the nineteen forties! So with many "defense" plans.

STUDENTS should reflect upon the warnings given by some of our keenest thinkers. Charles G. Bolte, Chairman of the American Veterans' Committee, stated in the October 20 *Nation* that the present plan for a peacetime draft is "a partisan plea for a national defense policy which seems on careful study peculiarly unsuited to provide any real measure of security in the atomic age." Senator Hoey stated in November that "The military leaders are following the same out-moded policy in advocating universal military training that they followed after the last war when they clamored for big battleships and large armies and refused to build airplanes. . . ."

Hanson Baldwin, military analyst for the *New York Times*, declared "The atomic-energy bomb that fell on the Japanese homeland, blasted immediately not only the enemy, but also many of our previously conceived military values. . . . And if it is one of the objects of armies and navies and air forces to keep war from one's own soil and to carry it to the enemies, all of these armed forces as we now know them became obsolete. . . ."

Barnet Nover, a close student of current affairs, in writing of the views of the scientists who developed the atomic bomb, said: "These 500 scientists begin with the unarguable premise that . . . no effective defense is possible in atomic warfare. . . ."

In November, two of the head scientists of the New Mexico and Oak Ridge

plants testified in Washington that, even with the best military defenses imaginable, an outside enemy could drop enough atomic bombs on us in one night to kill 40,000,000 Americans. Said Dr. J. Curtis, "I will simply state that in our opinion the American public is not yet fully aware of the magnitude of the problem which confronts the world. One false move in international diplomacy might mean the virtual destruction of this country."

Many other statements could be quoted from leading scientists and military analysts, suggesting the inadequacy of large armies to preserve peace or to protect nations in a day of atomic bombs. Our only hope lies in international friendship, good will, confidence and cooperation. And if we pass a peacetime draft law in America, we shall tear down much international good will and confidence. This we must not do.

Write your senators and congressmen and express your views on this subject. Conduct forums and discussion groups on the implications of peacetime conscription. Helpful materials may be secured from John Swomley, Jr., 1013 18th St., N.W., Washington, D.C.



LIFE IN MONTANA

Reviewed by Jack Phillips

LIFE in Montana as Seen in Lonepine, a Small Community is the first in a series of study guides prepared by Baker Brownell, Joseph K. Howard, and Paul Meadows of The Montana Study of the University of Montana.

There is a growing drive to trace some of the greater ills of our culture back to the impoverishment of our community and family living. It is being pointed out how we may replace our exploitive and indifferent attitudes by behavior that is creative and appreciative.

"Life in Montana" is a study guide to help Montanans become more keenly aware of their home communities—as they have been, are, and might be. In a compact and richly suggestive outline, the study group will be led through the organic relationships of family to community, community to state, region, and nation. The style is extremely simple.

The richly informative material is well sifted to include only the keen, exciting observations which present their country in a light readers may not have seen it in before. Familiar things take on character, individuality, and importance. A great range of concrete facts is offered, including American regionalism, economic geography of Montana and the northern plains region, its human history, family and population trends.

A definite point of view comes out in the latter pages. The authors believe that the mechanization, urbanization, and centralization of our culture is destroying many valuable living patterns. They emphasize how these values may be preserved and enriched by cultivating our families and communities through decentralization of production, art, education.

Though the plan is quite applicable to communities anywhere, the subject matter is strictly local and regional. A similar study should be made for each section of our country. "Life in Montana" will serve as an excellent guide and beginning for all who are truly concerned about the welfare of their region of the country.

Sweeeeet

HAVE you ever wondered why a barbershop quartet is called a barbershop quartet? Well, there's a reason. It all began back in Elizabethan times when a lute was as much a part of barbershop equipment as a razor. The men, waiting to be cropped, amused themselves harmonizing and playing upon the lute. And harmonizing is a good recreation that has been almost lost.

Harmonizing can be a lot of fun and an intriguing activity—after you learn a bit about how it's done. The National Conference of Methodist Youth has put out an excellent little song book called *Sing It Again*. This little book provides more than a learning step, it provides a leap, to those good times to be had "harmonizin'." (For twelve cents each in lots of fifty or more, this booklet may be ordered from the Board of Education, The Methodist Church, 810 Broadway, Nashville 2, Tennessee.)

To sing harmonizing parts, it is of course best to be able to read music; however it is not essential. With no technical knowledge whatever, one may easily pick up some of the simpler modes of blending two or more voices. For example, canons are usually a simple form of counterpoint (one note against another); a beginning voice is imitated by succeeding voices which enter later, as in for example "Tallis Canon." (For convenience all examples will be drawn from *Sing It Again*.) Rounds are a specialized form of canons which may be sung endlessly, hence their name. Rounds are undoubtedly a favorite form of recreational singing. It is unfortunate that most groups confine themselves to a few much-used ones when there are so many others, like "Kookaburra" (p. 3) and "Jane Glover" (p. 5), "French Cathedrals" (p. 7), "Come Follow" (p. 27), and the Hungarian "Sweet the Evening Air" (p. 35). If you become interested in rounds and other canons, look at *Rounds and Canons* by Wilson (Hall and McCreary Co., 434 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 5, Illinois, 60 cents) and *Easy Canons* by Reichenbach (Music Press, 130 West 56th Street, New York 19, New York, 35 cents). Incidentally, instead of letting rounds die always with one section after three full repetitions, try having all the sections conclude simultaneously. In a three-part round this means having the first section sing three times complete, the second section sing twice and two lines, the third section sing twice and one line.

Ahhhhh-do-liiiiiiiine

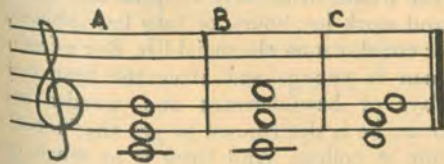
OLCUTT SANDERS

ANOTHER common stunt for harmony is to sing two songs together: for example, "Solomon Levi" and the "Spanish Cavalier," "Long, Long Trail" and "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "Swanee River" and Dvorak's "Humoresque," "Row, Row, Row Your Boat" and "Are You Sleeping." You could probably expand this hackneyed list with a little experimentation; two songs of the same type from the same country are most likely to have the same harmonic progression.

Then there are two-part songs that are really two separate melodies. They are easy to learn by rote. "Zum Gali" (p. 40) is an excellent example; in Palestine it is common for the boys to sing one part and the girls the other, or a soloist may sing with group accompaniment. Even simpler is "Sarasponda" (p. 28), in which the boys can imitate the droning beat of the spinning wheel on a single repeated note. Look also at the repeated chord imitating the footsteps in "Trampin'" (p. 48).

A somewhat similar counter-melodic effect appears in songs with soprano descants, like "Came A-Riding" (p. 1), the "Weggis Song" (p. 38), and "Ev'ry Time I Feel the Spirit" (p. 46). It is usually most effective to have a few of the higher soprano voices on the descant, while most of the group carries the melody. The *Presbyterian Youth Hymnal* gives descants on several hymns. Hall and McCreary publish a booklet of descants on familiar hymns, one on favorite secular songs, and one on Christmas carols (Auditorium Series, 25 cents each).

IF you saw the movie *Going My Way* with Bing Crosby, you will recall the method he used for teaching a group of boys to provide a humming chordal accompaniment for "Silent Night." You can do the same sort of thing. To begin, your group needs to learn only three chords, and each section has only two different notes. The chords are:



All you have to know is that a note in the song can be harmonized by using a chord containing that note. Sometimes another of the chords will work, too; just let your ear be the guide. Notice, too,

that chord B almost never follows immediately after chord C. Of course, these chords may be transposed to fit any key. For chord A, just sound do, mi, so; for B, do, fa, la; for C, re, fa, so (or ti, fa, so).

For "Silent Night," then, here is your chord progression:

- (A) Silent night, holy night
- (C) All is calm, (A) all is bright
- (B) Round yon virgin (A) mother and child.
- (B) Holy infant so (A) tender and mild,
- (C) Sleep in heavenly (A) peace,
- Sleep in (C) heavenly (A) peace.

Since it can be done with only chords A and C even easier is Santa Lucia (p. 29).

- (A) Now 'neath the (C) silver moon ocean is (A) glowing.
- O'er the calm (C) billow soft winds are (A) blowing.

Here balmy (C) breezes blow, pure joys in (A) vite us.

And as we (C) gently row, all things de (A) light us.

Hark how the sailor's cry (C) joyously (A) echoes nigh.

Santa Lu (C) cia! Santa Lu (A) cia!
Home of fair poesy, (C) realm of pure harmony.

Santa Lu (C) cia! Santa Lu (A) cia!

Here's the notation for one more song—"Bendemeer's Stream" (p. 33). After working these out, you should have no difficulty in adapting others.

- (A) There's a bower of roses by (B) Bendemeer's stream,
- And the (C) nightingale sings round it all the day (A) long.

In the time of my childhood 'twas (B) like a sweet dream,

To (C) sit in the roses and hear the bird's (A) song.

- (C) That bower and its music, I'll (A) never forget,
- But oft when alone in the (B) bloom of the (C) year,
- (A) I think is the nightingale (B) singing there yet,
- Are the (C) roses still bright by the calm Bende (A) meer.

PARTICULARLY after this practice in harmonizing, it should become easy to harmonize intuitively in most popular songs. It is probably best to begin with negro spirituals and the ballad-like slower songs. In Puerto Rico (from where this is being written) and in the rest of Latin America it seems to be common for a second voice to follow the melody usually a third (three notes, counting inclusively) above, or sometimes a sixth below, as in "The Owllet" (p. 25).

IF several persons in your group can read music, or if they have patience to learn their parts by rote, you may want to master parts that have been written for some of your favorite songs. Take a look at "Sweet Petatehs" (p. 18), "Peace of the River" (p. 28), "Marianina" (p. 22), "Walking at Night" (p. 34), and some of the spirituals (pp. 46-50). *Singing America* edited by Augustus D. Zanzig (National Recreation Association, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York City, 25 cents) has a rich and usable selection of part-songs for informal singing. Hymns, of course, are also fine for part-singing.

After all this experience which might be gained in the usual song periods of general social gatherings, some of your group may want to have special meetings to develop further in choral singing, because that is what it becomes. If you do not already have a church choir, this may be the beginning of one. But never lose the recreational nature of singing. Singing needs to be enjoyed to be most enjoyable. And don't forsake the secular songs entirely for religious music; both are worth while.

BUILDING A BRIDGE

Perhaps no investment which the government ever made abroad was so remunerative as returning in 1908 the ten-million dollar boxer indemnity money to China to be used for scholarships for Chinese students to study in the United States. On September 27, 1945, Senator J. William Fulbright of Arkansas introduced S. 1440, which was referred to the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. This bill would provide for amending the Surplus Property Act of 1944 so that credits established through the sale of surplus war properties abroad may be used for the promotion of international good will through the exchange of students in the fields of education, culture, and science. Foreign students may come to the United States or American citizens may study in schools and colleges of other countries. Such action would be a positive and constructive solution of the question of war debts and war surpluses. Why not write to Senator Elbert D. Thomas, Chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee, urging action by his committee; to Senator Fulbright commending his initiative; and encourage your friends to write to their Congressman and Senators favoring such a proposal?

A Trip Through a Freshman's Scrapbook

JEAN ANDERSON

TAKE that any way you like. This will be either a journey, or we shall trip lightly through, or you can trip and fall, emulating the real life story of yours truly. Oh, the bruises!

Page 1: Ah, here's the notice of separation from our job. "Quit Voluntarily," it says. That was the day we decided we simply, absolutely, could wait no longer to start to college. How little we knew! And here's the cover labelled "Announcement of the College of Liberal Arts." And answers to letters we wrote to the Dean, the Admissions Counselor, and to the Dean of Women. It seems we were curious about scholarships, schedules, eligibility for enrollment, and housing. Next page: copy of application for admission. We wonder how they expect you to remember what clubs you belonged to in ninth grade and which books you've read in the past year. (It says, "List all books you have read in the past year outside of school requirements," and then gives you one line to write them on, which shows the official opinion of the intellect of the average freshman!)

Page 3: The Freshman Women's Time Sheet. Gotta sign in before ten-thirty every night but Friday and Saturday, twelve-thirty those two, and if you get too many lil' minutes marked up *late* you'll have a *lost weekend!* spent in your room.

Page 4: First issue of the university magazine, all full of advice for frosh, an' "pitchers" showing what the freshie expected 'n what she got, including no welcome mat and no one to carry suitcases. Although we saw more than one suitcase being carried!

Page 5: And the postcard collection, with the ad building, the stadium, the field house, the hospital, gym, natural science building, physics building, engineering building, boys' dorm, dramatic arts building, fine arts building, memorial union, girls' dorm, liberal arts building, and stuff like that there. Also a few humorous (!?) postcards depicting scenes well-remembered by your reporter, including one showing a K-det saluting a much uniformed theater usher. And do those K-dets love popcorn and Bugs Bunny!

Page something or other: What's the use? Here, ladies and gentlemen, you see the map of the great city of ———. We ain't tellin'. Anyway, typically col-

lege town. With a river, and at the moment lots of service men and few civilians. All the important buildings drawn in, and locations of all the frat houses and sororities, and all the churches, and the bus depot, the train depot, the U. theater, tennis courts, golf course, city park, and last, appropriately, the cemetery. Your reporter had a room one block from the cemetery.

Now we come upon nothing less than the student activity book, *plainly* marked not transferable, but a friend of ours loaned his to his grandmother. She enjoyed the play, too. And this pamphlet, looking suspiciously as though it had never been opened, is the ————U. book of songs. I wonder how many we remember. Next page, our literary guild membership card. We hadda give it to our sister. There's enough reading you *have* to do in college to keep you busy.

The YWCA bulletin—such memories. Teas and poetry and music, dances and supper parties, lectures and readings. A postcard from Wesley Foundation inviting membership in a political action discussion group. And Gallup Poll notices, copies of postcards to Congress, letters to the editor and from people who read letters to the editor. Copy of the first letter typed on a college job by yours truly, than which there are few more sentimental. A beautiful colored graph showing "Our chief markets and supplies in 1940" (why do people keep such things?). All the little pamphlets handed out for the edification of students, telling of dates, changes in policy, information on tuition payments and students' activities, in harmonious shades of pink, blue, yellow, or green. Copy of our first college English essay, which wasn't much good. Street car pass and transfer, reminiscent of the hours spent travelling while studying Spanish (the only subject we recommend for studying on a bus or train—a language).

And all the programs. Programs for music concerts, plays, lectures, discussions.

More play programs, *The Moon Is Down*, *Letters to Lucerne*, invitations to parties, lectures, church programs. And exams, papers, themes, articles, book reviews. Papers on Spanish, a book review on "The Last Days of Pompeii." History exams, the Punic Wars, Christianity. Define "dogma, pervious, fluvial, paleon-

tology, homogeneous, and reincarnation."

Red Cross First Aid pamphlet, and certification of completion of the standard course. More plays, *Tartuffe*, *The Skin of Our Teeth*. Christmas concert program of university chorus, your reporter, first alto. Lots of ticket stubs—to football games, movies, track meets. All the sorority paraphernalia—the song book, programs, announcements, regulations, certifications. Newspaper clippings of weddings and engagements, of activities of men overseas. Party souvenirs—flowers, dance programs with scrawled signatures, gift wrappings and florists' cards. Christmas, with more cards and wrappings. Beginning of the new semester—new schedule sheets, registration cards, orthopedic examination appointment card, and more of everything. Material from one or two new subjects. Radio scripts and staff meeting minutes. Returns from semester examinations. And on and on—for the rest of the freshman year and for the other three, or more. And in the back of the scrapbook, all the copies of the *Collegiate Digest*, the *Wesleyanite*, *motive*, the U. newspaper and the U. magazine. And the U. schedule of courses, and the "Code for Coeds," and put away in boxes under beds and in closets, papers, themes, the first three chapters of a book, the first act and an outline of a play, and letters, letters, letters, tied up in pink and blue ribbon. And in the bookcase, the annual, and in photograph albums, snapshots of friends and places for remembrance.

In the nostalgia of remembering, the heartaches are glossed over. The awful time you had getting your laundry done, the times you walked thirty, forty blocks a day to save carfare, or went without breakfast and lunch, or put cardboard in your shoes, you forget. The times you stayed up all night studying because you had classes all morning and worked all afternoon—and don't kid yourself, played all evening—or the times you got up at four o'clock to study for an eight o'clock exam, the times you fell asleep and always set the alarm early, changing it only if you felt you could afford to sleep the whole night. You knew that this was your fault, that if you wanted to sleep you would either have to spend less money and work less hours, or take less subjects, or cut down on the social life. But a freshman is young, and after the first few days of bewilderment and wonder are over, he is determined to get the "most" out of college. And there is so much in college, that a freshman's eyes are usually bigger than his resources. And take it from us, sophomores and juniors aren't much more sensible. We dunno about being a senior, but boy how we "wisht" we did!

Reading Between the Lines

A Line on Victory by One Who Knew

"Next to a battle lost, the greatest misery is a battle gained."

—The Duke of Wellington after Waterloo. From *The Duke* by Richard Aldington (Viking Press)

Headline

Dr. Robinson, O.S.S. official, speaking in the *New York Herald Tribune*, cites the vital need for understanding of Russia: "Never," says he, "did so many know so little about so much."

Line from the Days of the Iron Duke, Before Waterloo

"Meanwhile the crowned heads of Europe had been knocking together for some time in Vienna in the fascinating but hopeless tasks of redrawing frontiers to please everybody and devising that 'Perpetual Peace' which has figured in the preambles of so many treaties. . . . The Emperor of Russia introduced a discordant note into the Congress by the tactless suggestion that henceforth the foreign policy of the Powers ought to be based not upon Machiavelli but upon the Sermon on the Mount. He proposed a 'Holy Alliance' of Christian kings to maintain these principles which Castlereagh (British Prime Minister) managed to evade signing on constitutional grounds, while secretly emitting the opinion that the Tsar's plans were a piece of sublime mysticism and nonsense."

—From *The Duke* by Richard Aldington (Viking Press)

Line from a Contemporary Russian Novelist

"You may lock and bar the door in God's face, it does not matter. He is too

big to mind incivility, and there is always a window left. . . . but it would be easier for rye to become wheat than for a soul to escape God."

—*Dasha* by E. M. Almedingen (Harcourt, Brace)

Hard Lines

The *New York Herald Tribune* reports the case of Nicholas D. Katzenbach who left Princeton University in his junior year in 1942 to enlist in the Army Air Forces. Lieutenant Katzenbach became a prisoner of war. The War Prisoners Aid of the YMCA provided him with books and for his senior year credits he offered his prison reading which covered 400 books, 134 of them textbooks, and the Bible, which he read through twice. He received his Bachelor of Arts degree from Princeton University on the 22nd of October.

And Lines Which Are Not So Hard

According to the *New York Herald Tribune*, the late Harvey Fleming willed the annual income of his estate of more than \$50,000 for scholarships for young men and women who prove themselves better than average golfers.

A quilt of quotes,
patchwork design,
Precept on precept,
line upon line.

Scare Line

"The atom bomb is here! Decentralize all large cities!" This is discussed in the *New York Herald Tribune*. It staggers the imagination.

A Line from the Superior Imagination of Susan Glaspell

"From time to time Frances would think of a report that might be made on planet Earth by someone observing from another planet. 'Scientifically they are advanced,' this report might read, 'but what they want is to destroy one another. Every so often they try to kill themselves off, as if their attainment must be put to this purpose. It is a criminal instinct of which they cannot rid themselves, and this planet had best be avoided.'"

—*Judd Rankin's Daughter* by Susan Glaspell (J. B. Lippincott)

Line from the Planet of Copernicus

"He (Copernicus) saw the eternal violent cures of history; the advancement of the whole species by forced motion; the giant strides of mankind—one forward and two back. He saw the fever of nations, the mutual fury of estates and classes. And the provincial hostility of those who speak different languages.

"If you see just one condition of the world closely and precisely, you soon know many conditions as from within . . . how easily and quickly men are made evil by politics and power."

—*Copernicus and His World* by Herman Kesten (Roy Publishers)

Browsing with a Book Worm

RICHARD HUDSON

Dear Butch,

Here it is January again, and there are new year's resolutions strewn all over the place. There are some for better conduct, more sleep, the adopting of a budget—all kinds of things, but not *one* for reading. We seem to think we are much too busy to bother about reading but really it's because we are just too lazy. Anyway, I've some resolutions that I would like to suggest.

1. I resolve to read some of those "great" books which I have been putting off for so long. Now this gives us all kinds of opportunities for we can include some of those famous novels and plays we hear so much about, and we can begin on some of the Christian classics. This gives us that chance to read *Crime and Punishment* or Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain* (Knopf), or even a play or two by Shakespeare, Ibsen or Shaw. And at last we can get at *The Confessions of St. Augustine* (the translation done a year ago by F. J. Sheed), and the small book of Brother Lawrence's *The Practice of the Presence of God* (Revell for only 75 cents).

2. I resolve to attempt to become well-informed on at least one subject, idea, person or place. The beauty of this lies in the possibility that one might get some of his studying done. But aside from the studying, there are so many interesting things that we never explore. Take any subject: politics, music, gardening, geography, folklore, economics, and read up on it. Now how much do you know about Alaska, for example? Most of us are still thinking of this territory in terms of "Seward's icebox" or "Goldrush days." *Far North Country*, by Thames Williamson (Duell, Sloan and Pearce) is a good introduction to Alaska; at times it is quite exciting; again it is much too sweeping and general, but it will awaken your interest. For a more scholarly approach try *Alaska*, by Stuart Ramsay Tompkins, a recent history published by the University of Oklahoma Press. A third suggestion is George Sundborg's *Opportunity in Alaska* (Macmillan). A great deal is being written these days about our educational system. You should have no trouble in finding books in that area. Have you tried the Harvard report on *General Education in a Free Society*? Of if you have an interest in railroading, there is a good, small volume by Archie Robertson titled *Slow Train to Yesterday* (Houghton Mifflin). There are lots of good biographies to choose from. How about looking at some on John Wesley?

3. I will endeavor to make reading a pleasure and not a dull routine. After all, there's not much point in doing any reading unless you can find some enjoyment, even your studies ought to be interesting. But one should have a chance to read for relaxation. There are plenty of novels available, and if you are a mystery fan, you will find a large supply available. Agatha Christie's *And Then There Were None* (Pocket Book) while it is quite old is still good reading. For good dramatic suspense try *The Lonely Steeple* by Victor Wolfson (Simon and Schuster). It is extremely well written; the language is beautifully simple, and there is a clever combination of the sense of the present as well as of past events in this "confession" of a woman who has spent eighteen years in an asylum for the criminally insane.

And I guess that is resolution enough to keep us busy.

Yours for happy reading,
SOREN

If it weren't such a cliché, we would say that *They Seek a City*, by Arna Bontemps and Jack Conroy (Doubleday Doran, \$2.75), was a "veritable mine of information." (There, that says it.) In *They Seek a City*, you can find information about Negroes from 1750 to the present day. It covers such events and names as the underground railroad, "Jelly Roll" Morton (the great jazz pianist),

"Pap" Singleton (the "Moses of the colored exodus" and self-styled leader of the "exodusters"), and the Detroit race riot. The book begins with an account of the famous Negro trader, DuSable, who lived in Chicago the latter part of the eighteenth century. And every succeeding chapter is an exciting account of the heroics of Negroes (and a few white people) down to the present day. It is a

book packed with information and yet extremely comprehensive; it should be in the library of every person actively concerned about race relations.

At times, the reading of this book gets tedious; but that is due not to the style of writing but rather because one can absorb only so much factual data at one sitting. The authors are quite frank as they relate accounts of the sufferings of Negroes. In a time when the atrocities of our "bestial enemies" tend to point up our own "virtuous record," *They Seek a City* painfully reminds us of the atrocities we ourselves have committed.

There is a good biography appended, and a complete index covering significant names and events associated with the migration of Negroes from the South to the North.

—Clifford Zirkel

* * *

Psychology of Religion, by Paul E. Johnson (Abingdon-Cokesbury), makes no pretense at profundity but deals in a straightforward manner with many of the phenomena of religion as these may be experienced or observed today. The point of view is dynamic and social—a union of two contemporary psychological emphases that are both quite essential for any understanding of religion. Such a book was needed. That it now appears in the form of an outline or text is perhaps understandable in view of publishing limitations.

In spite of the somewhat staccato and abbreviated treatment of problems and viewpoints, the ground covered is comprehensive, and a sufficient reading list is attached to enable the interested reader to follow up lines of thought into which he is likely to be provoked by the formulation of issues which the author fails to analyze, and of solutions he fails to defend. Perhaps this is a good thing in a book which aims to serve as an introduction rather than a treatise.

Dr. Johnson is professor of psychology of religion at Boston University. The book reflects his varied experiences and his classroom skill, and should prove suggestive to the many teachers who are struggling to present to students the living vitalities rather than the dead records of religion.

—Hugh Hartshorne

ON CASS TIMBERLANE

A Review by Halford E. Luccock

Two reports can be made of *Cass Timberlane*, the latest novel by Sinclair Lewis, giving different impressions made on one reader.

First: There is plenty of "the old magic," and for that reason the novel is enormously worth reading. In Biblical language, Mr. Lewis' "eye has not dimmed nor is his natural force abated." Here again is the amazing sharpness of observation and skill in reporting with which millions of readers of *Main Street*, *Babbitt*, and *Arrowsmith* are familiar. The delight in reading comes from the uncanny presentation of detail, rather than in the over-all creation of character or the story in itself. In other words, Lewis is here the master of "tactics" rather than strategy. There is a steady succession of portraits of married couples, and of the men and women of Grand Republic, Minnesota, which is vivid and memorable. Perhaps the word "portraits" had better be changed into "caricatures," for in spite of the fact that Mr. Lewis hates to be called a caricaturist and prefers the designation, "satirist," it is caricature, rather than satire that he presents. And that is tribute, not disparagement. For skillful caricature is a high art, and Mr. Lewis is a great cartoonist in words.

Second: As a novel it will not add to the author's stature. No doubt it is unreasonable to expect anyone to exceed the height reached in the fictional stature of *Babbitt* or *Arrowsmith*. He fails to realize character in his central figures, particularly in the nit-wit whom Judge Timberlane marries. She does not emerge with anything like the sharpness with which Mr. Lewis has endowed several minor characters. The story is much on the sentimental side, no matter how realistic the author might think it. A sentimental Judge, in an effort to recapture his lost youth, falls in love with and marries an adolescent (a type of girl which "dates" badly, for she has little relationship to the current crop of girls); she is unfaithful to him, and then he takes her

back, and "that's that." The forgiveness of the Judge is evidently intended to be a moving picture of magnanimity, but will just be evidence to many readers that the Judge is mawkishly sentimental, with the dimensions of a "first class sap," rather than a person showing real spiritual insight. The defects of character drawing and story are, I think, well shown up in the burlesque of this novel which appeared in October in the *New Yorker*, written by Wolcott Gibbs. One mark of Lewis' style, most skillfully burlesqued by Gibbs, is his unflinching hang-over which he has from the schoolboy's titillating delight in chalking up naughty words on the school fence. It is nothing to run to the courts about, but it does raise a smile. Someone ought to tell Mr. Lewis that the "facts of life" are fairly well known by this time, and that the continual discovery of them, on page after page with a smirk and a giggle, is not a mark of enlightenment any longer, but a belated survival of adolescence.

There is very great value in the gallery of descriptions of fifteen or sixteen marriages which form the real heart of the book. They make, in reverse, a very formidable persuasion to the old idea that the foundations of marriage, in which there is no fidelity, reverence, morality, and spiritual integrity, are very shaky. How much of this conclusion was in the author's intention is impossible for an outsider to say. There is no doubt whatever that he has written a convincing argument for a spiritual conception of marriage. For here, are the records of more than a dozen marriages, in which there was no trace of faithfulness, reverence or religion, and, on his own showing, the result is a ghastly boredom. They are a blasted waste of acrimony, adultery, alimony and alcohol. In this respect, the novel is a terribly effective footnote to the ideal of marriage set forth in an old work which is still in use, *The Book of Common Prayer*.

BOTH political man and military man have gained at the expense of economic man during the past quarter century. Taxing, spending and warring have more to do with American government than before, owning has proportionally less. Dr. Beard has added a chapter, giving that conclusion, in this new edition of his book, *The Economic Basis of Politics* (Alfred A. Knopf, 1945, \$1.75). "Yet amid recent changes, one thing remains certain. Politics, including military aspects, must have an economic basis or perish."

In the preceding four chapters, published first in 1922, Dr. Beard had summarized the views of six great political thinkers. "They believed that the fundamental factors with which the statesman has to deal are the forms and distribution of property and the sentiments and views arising from the possession of different degrees and kinds of property." He had traced the economic basis for European medieval constitutions and for American state and federal constitutions, and had indicated how subsequent gains in political equality contradict but never have destroyed such an economic basis.

Now he shows the new relationship between politics and economics—in the Soviet Union (where old owning classes are gone, but new income and occupational classes are forming), in the Fascist regimes (established not only from economic, but also from military interests), and in the United States. Here, economic groups depend more than before on the government's tax-spending action, and military influence is growing.

Closing with a series of careful formulas about economic basis, Dr. Beard nevertheless declined to make any statement of historical law. "The origins of total history, like that of the physical universe, are shrouded in the darkness of pre-history, and the law or laws of total history, if there be any, have not been discovered." Thus he speaks neither as prophet nor as false prophet, but as discoverer: extraordinarily acute; austere in holding himself within the limits of social science.

—George K. Dreher

Yale Divinity School

For Free

For a copy of "They Still Carry On," write to: National Federation for Constitutional Liberties, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. This pamphlet is the material carried in November *motive* entitled "Fascism."

There are also a few reprints left of Katharine Whiteside Taylor's article, "This Thing Called Love," which was also carried in the same issue. Write to *motive*, 810 Broadway, Nashville 2, Tennessee.



Big Business in Bright Lights

MARGARET FRAKES

IT is apparent from a bit of news which has just come to light, that the upsurge in production of 16 mm. "educational" films may not be the blessing schools and churches thought it to be. Big business, it seems, is greatly disturbed about the content of the films just over the horizon, lest some of it tell people things that such organizations as the National Association of Manufacturers would prefer not to see the light, particularly the bright light of the motion picture screen. They had already been greatly disturbed by the "liberal" ideas that slipped into some of the indoctrination films made during the war by the O.W.I. which were seen by all G.I.'s; they are afraid there will be more of that dangerous liberal stuff in the 16 mm. films being planned by educational, social, and government agencies.

So big business proposes to do something about it. As one of its spokesmen quoted in a recent issue of *Variety* explains: "The government-produced films seen by more than twelve million men do not carry the slant industry would have liked. If such liberal propaganda would be allowed to take its course, even more liberal measures which would cost big business vast amounts of coin would inevitably result. Industry must counter with films projecting its own viewpoint." The use industry proposes to make of the 16 mm. film, it is reported, will constitute one of the greatest educational and propaganda programs yet embarked upon by private enterprise in the United States. Its films will be distributed to educational, fraternal, patriotic, and civic organizations, along with traveling exhibitions—and, without doubt, to churches.

There have been such free films available in the past. The YMCA film catalogue, for instance, lists dozens of titles supplied gratis by big business organizations. The temptation is and will be great when a group owning a projector wishes to secure films at the least possible cost, to take advantage of the free films. Not all free films, of course, are loaded with destructive propaganda. Some excellent ones on Latin America, for instance, have been put out by the government as a contribution to pan-American understanding. But those who determine what goes on the 16 mm. screen in school or church or club need to be eternally vigilant.

For judging what is "back of" the material to be found in 16 mm. films, here are some excellent suggestions as given by an officer of Encyclopedia Britannica Films (whose product, by the way, is above suspicion): "Teachers and pupils should train themselves to evaluate every film from the point of likely propaganda. The watchword should be: Who is saying what to whom and for what purpose? Is what is being said truthful and authentic? See if the gun is loaded. Propaganda is the use of words and symbols to influence attitudes on controversial issues."

What movies of the past year would you pick to show to your great-grandson that he might know what the "life and tastes" of you and your friends in this year of 1945 were really like? That, we admit, is a poser. Here is how the Library of Congress answered it in picking this year's addition to its permanent film depository: *National Velvet*, *Going My*

Way, *Meet Me in St. Louis*, *Two Girls and a Sailor*, *Wilson*, *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, *None but the Lonely Heart*, plus a number of newsreels and shorts.

Orson Welles is the latest to express the conviction that this country needs a chain of theaters in which would be shown "adult" films; that is films which would fail financially and artistically if shown to the general public and kept within the restrictions of the Hays Office.

"Films dealing with serious and important subjects should be produced," he told a reporter, "even if the big boys have to be taxed to support them."

Additional copy on the "adult" film; this from Bosley Crowther, New York *Times* film critic: "Under prevailing circumstances, a great many films come along and die in the large mass-audience houses because of their limited appeal. Presumably, these pictures might service a special circuit well, might be characterized as 'adult.' And presumably more such might be made. . . . They should be neither too precocious nor too juvenile. Selection would be tough. . . . But wishful thinking must be coupled with practical thought. We have seen too many 'adult' pictures that would bore an adult audience to death."

Mr. Crowther points out that a British film made some years ago but only now come to these shores is likely to die in the mass-appeal theaters, but that it deserves a chance to be seen by the discriminating. The picture is *Love on the Dole*. "Obviously," says Mr. Crowther, "its fidelity in exposing poverty and despair of a British working-class family during the black depression of fifteen years ago, is not in the mass-favored spirit. It is blunt and uncomfortably real, uncompromised by the usual emotional sop of a happy ending. And it puts some political posers which disturbingly charge the atmosphere. But it is an honest and interesting drama, provocative of feeling and thought." For the problem of presenting such films as this—which, incidentally, readers of this magazine must see when they have the chance—a chain of theaters such as Mr. Welles suggests would seem to be a logical solution.

On State Fair

I saw *State Fair* and was never quite so mad at a movie in my life. In speaking before a group on young people's work, I used it as an example of the vicious way films are undermining the morals of people. The two items I strongly objected to were the casual drinking scenes, in which this older teen-age farmer's boy (an Iowa kid at that) orders drinks as though it were the accepted part of every Iowa boy's life. And the suggestiveness of the way the boy accepts the singer's invitation to come to her apartment at night when they can be alone. I am coming more and more to the conviction that if we are to counteract the pagan influences at work in these fields, the church is going to have to take a strong hand some place in the production of motion pictures, radio and the press.

TOM PENDELL

AMONG CURRENT FILMS

Duffy's Tavern (Par.) is another of those films in which a crowd of the stars of the studio are brought in for short stunts in the course of the action. This one presents a story based on the popular radio program of the same name, and includes three of the actors on that program. The story is not really a story; it is just a frame for the wisecracks and malapropisms which Ed Gardner has made familiar on the radio. It's a good natured, pointless assembly of only slightly related elements.

The Great John L. (UA) marks Bing Crosby's first venture into the production field. It is a slow-moving biography that manages to be interesting and thoughtful, placing more emphasis on character than action—something new in films celebrating famous athletes. This is the movie from which the bourbon interests succeeded in having all mention of their product eliminated after having first campaigned to get such mention made—brought about by the fact that the plot shows drink as the cause of the prizefighter's downfall. You will be interested in observing how the obvious moral has been softened; remarks are inserted suggesting that after all what matters is how one goes about this business of drinking. The settings and the recreated incidents in Boston and New York of the late 1800's are effectively done.

The House I Live in (RKO) has Frank Sinatra singing a couple of songs, then giving a lecture on tolerance to a group of youngsters caught tormenting a schoolmate because of his "religion." It is a sincere and laudable effort, but because it is undramatic it does not make its points too clearly.

The House on 92nd Street (Fox) makes use of official F.B.I. shots and documents to tell a story of espionage and counter-espionage that in spite of being true is more thrilling than most of Hollywood's effort at spy melodrama. Compiled from a number of actual cases handled by the Department of Justice during the war, it tells of means by which agents thwarted plans of German spies to obtain American scientific secrets. *Suspenseful.*

Junior Miss (Fox) is adapted from the stage play about the havoc wrought in a household by the imaginings of the thirteen year old daughter who sets out to solve the situations resulting from those imaginings. The significance of a young girl's gradual growing up, stressed in the play, is passed over in the film in favor of emphasis on slapstick situations, and there is a tendency of many of the actors to overact. The story is marred for family consumption, too, by the extensive, casual family drinking, treated for comedy with an attitude of entire acceptance. Some good comedy scenes in an undesirable frame.

Lady on a Train (Univ.), the latest Deanna Durbin film, is ridiculous in plot, interpretation, costume and everything—a perfect example of waste of time and talent and effort. It foregoes melodrama, called for by the plot, in favor of elaborate setting and sex.

Our Vines Have Tender Grapes (MGM) is a moving, leisurely picture of one year in a small girl's life on a Wisconsin farm in a Scandinavian-American community. The center of interest, the relationship of the child to her father, is sincerely and thoughtfully set forth.

Rhapsody in Blue (War.) is filled with Gershwin music as it tells a conventional story of the composer's life. Whether events and characters are authentic is beside the point; the main reason for seeing the film is the music, and you are given plenty of that. *Rewarding.*

State Fair (Fox) is the old Will Rogers film dressed up as a musical, with a technicolored setting to make Iowa farmers gape, and a state fair such as never was. *Sprightly, tuneful.*

Pointers on Playwriting

Pointers on Playwriting,* by Josephina Niggli, possesses practical points, helpful points, necessary points, obvious points, and tedious points. Rather than a tome on what makes a good play and a good playwright, Miss Niggli has turned out a short, sketchy, and workmanlike manual. It's approach is suggestive of "ten things to make your plays click," rather than the workshop volume of Ibsen. The material in this manual is presented as "story and plot," "some tricks of the trade," "your characters," "your dialogue," "the matter of business," "revision," "the manuscript," and "you and the theater." Throughout the whole little book one has the feeling that Miss Niggli knows what she's talking about (always a help in an author). It's ground she herself has been over; it is the culling of her experience as a playwright, and it is presented with clarity and interest. (And Miss Niggli deserves more than a second glance as a playwright; she has made no great splash in legitimate theater but she deserves the title, "The Proff Koch of Mexico." With such plays as *Soldadera*, *Sunday Costs Five Pesos*, *This Is Villa*, *The Red Velvet Goat*, and *Tooth or Shave*, Miss Niggli has made a contribution of Mexican folk plays.)

The freshest emphasis of Miss Niggli's work is her competence in talking to the non-professional playwright. Perhaps we should step that down and say to the person who wants to write a play and asks, "where do I begin?" Miss Niggli talks concretely. She answers the first and obvious questions. She hangs out the finger boards for the person who "knows nothing," to locate the road to a fairly competent piece of work. Her exposition and her illustrations are concise and helpful. Planks of her writing platform have been both ripped up and burned by modern playwrights like John Van Druten, Tennessee Williams, William Saroyan; but no matter, Miss Niggli would take the novice through the tried and true; and that may not be a bad idea.

The big hole in Miss Niggli's work is that she never says who should write a play, why a play need be written, or what makes a play a play. Evidently she feared leading her readers beyond their aesthetic depth. But she should have doped out some way to give the most novice of novices this information. She would be doing a great kindness to many a would-be-playwright if she convinced him that playwriting was not his calling. We might parallel this presentation with typing instructions for the writer. Typing is important to the writer, but first

*The Writer, Inc., Boston, 1945.

let's tell that writer something of what he must type. Miss Niggli has not helped the novice to judge whether his life, living, and experiences might have the stuff of drama in them. She has not told how one goes about filling up his drama reservoir. She has not been helpful in showing the beginner how to discriminate between that which is dramatic and that which will never be dramatic. Perhaps Miss Niggli will in time revise her work and start it off with an exposition on the stuff of a play and the stuff of a playwright.

Pointers on Playwriting can be well read and digested by high school, junior college, church, and community would-be-playwrights. And for the professional-minded playwright, and for the man who is already grinding out plays, Miss Niggli's book is worthy of perusal. It will not open vistas of inspiration or enlightenment. It will aid one to be more objective in discovering his weaknesses. It will aid one in tightening and clarifying structure, characters, and even the manuscript of a play.

—R. S. S.

DRAMA NOTES

England is keeping up on "religious" drama. The famous Mercury Theater in London where T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* ran for a year under Martin Browne's direction, has again been opened by Mr. Browne for a season of plays written by the younger poets. All of the plays proposed for production have religious themes. The first play, *The Old Man of the Mountains*, by Norman Nicholson, tells the story of Elijah in the setting of modern Cumberland. The October play was *The Way to the Tomb* written in the form of a masque by Robert Duncan, with music by Benjamin Britten. The Christmas play by Ann Ridler sets the nativity story in a modern factory.

The Drama Workshop of the First Methodist Church of Hollywood, California, is sponsoring a playwriting contest for plays suitable for production in church auditoriums and parish houses. One prize of fifty dollars will be given for the best full length play set in modern times conveying the principles embodied in the Christian religion. Another prize of fifty dollars will be given for the best full length play based on the New Testament. The contest will close January 31, 1946. Information about the contest may be secured from the director, Alfred Stury, First Methodist Church, Hollywood, California.

AM, FM, FCC

ROBERT S. STEELE

IT'S a pity. When you miss the boat once, and as a consequence lose out, get behind, hurt yourself, it's a pity. When you grab on the next time the boat comes in, you say, "I got left once. But I wisened up. I wasn't left again." But to miss the boat once, and to be in the woods somewhere, miles from the dock when the second and third boats come in, that's a pity that's hard to take.

Within the past twenty-five years, science has brought us many good and bad things. One of the very best things has been broadcasting—radio, short wave, frequency modulation, television. They're good, new things—new under the sun! Fatal Apple perfume and plum-strawberry velvet are said to be new under the sun too. But they are unimportant. Next season they will take a back seat to make way for the new Sahara Breeze perfume and acorn-brown velvet. But when new media of communication make their advent on the horizon, that's something new of a different stripe. We hardly need to be reminded that the stage of communication parallels the stage of civilization; that the quality and effectiveness and content of communication can make for the destruction or construction of great cultures.

What am I sore about? Well, here's the story: It began ten years ago with a smart guy, Edwin Armstrong, a brilliant engineer of Columbia University, developed a means of broadcasting known as "frequency modulation," or FM. FM broadcasting, in contrast to AM broadcasting (amplitude modulation broadcasting which we've had for these past twenty-five years) is static-free. Thunderstorms, elevators, generators, electric shavers never phase FM reception. It supplies unparalleled high fidelity broadcasting. Interference just *isn't* in FM reception because you hear from your loud-speaker, only that, and exactly that, which goes into the mike. FM delivers the full range of sound that your ear can hear. And best of all FM is cheap; the transmitters are relatively inexpensive to install and to maintain; a whole FM station may be erected for about \$4,000.

FM seemingly promised to be the ideal medium of communication, because the new FM band permits hundreds of new stations. Hundreds of small stations would make it possible to beam broadcasts concretely and specifically to the needs and tastes of regions, communities, and individuals. The increase in the number of stations would permit radio to become an integral part of almost all

people's lives. FM broadcasting could hammer away, day after day, on that kind of education, thinking, and living so necessary for the construction of a peaceful world.

BUT at the present moment, the hope of such utilization of FM seems black. It reminds us of the days of the 1920's when broadcasting was first capturing the attention of the American people and opening vistas of unlimited service in the cause of human enlightenment. Our colleges and universities were the pioneers of that day. They had the majority of licenses which permitted broadcasting. But they, preferring to spend their money keeping chapel steeples in good repair, and lacking the vision to see that radio was a good thing and was here to stay, were indifferent to their programming. They lagged behind the other licensed operators. They put on sloppy programs. They finally abandoned their licenses. That was a black day.

By the time these pioneers awakened to their loss, FM looked to be on its way; because of its economy and simplicity of operation it seemed to be *their* opportunity; so they did not make any particular effort to get a hold in AM broadcasting. FM, because of its attributes, which have been mentioned, *did* honestly promise to be the new chapter in the history of radio. However, today, FM looks to be a revised edition of the same old chapter; the revised edition will have more circulation because it will receive better promotion; but it contains the same old harmful "bugs." From 1941 to 1945, the war stopped the development of FM. (We might say the boat was helpfully delayed for four years in the hope that those well-meaning but somewhat stodgy and weak souls might finally make it.) But on August 7, 1945, the day after the first atomic bomb fell on Hiroshima, the Federal Communications Commission removed the "freeze" on new FM licenses, effective October 7. Today we have reports on who the *new* pioneers, the ground-layers, the occupants of the FM boat, are to be. The broadcasters of olden times, the commercial stand-bys, representing big money and big control came in for the biggest hunk of licenses. That was to be expected since they have always known what it was all about. But this time, another group of biggies of the nation have latched on to a good thing. *Variety* reports that "of the first 129 new FM licenses granted by the FCC,

thirty-one of them have gone to newspapers. While the press has grabbed slightly less than 25% of the licenses at the moment, their ratio will be closer to 40% when all precincts are heard from. Of the 665 FM applicants on file with the FCC, roughly 40% were newspapers."*

And when we take a look into who these new 40% will be, it doesn't brighten the picture. For the most part, they are the Hearst's, Patterson's, McCormick's, Scripps-Howard's, and the Gannett's. It's the same old group, the reactionaries of the nation, the "Keep the Status-Quo as it is Department," and now they've got the grip they have so wanted. The revised chapter can now say that the warring between radio and newspaper has ceased. Since newspapers have taken a leap into the lucrative pools of radio, there will be fewer murders committed among newspaper and radio salesmen.

THE Federal Communications Commission has been a severe disappointment in the handling of this matter. The FCC knew that the brass hats of radio and the press were ready to jump in for the kill. They knew that the rest of the nation is still in its VJ celebration daze. Small business men, to whom the granting of licenses should have been a great concern, have been swamped with reconversion. Men who looked forward to careers in public service FM stations are still in uniform. Farm, labor, and co-operatives groups, churches, schools, universities have not had the organization or support to be ready. We won't apologize for them; they have had ample time and warning to get ready. But in view of the assumed bias of the FCC favoring those public service-minded groups, the October 7th date might have been delayed.

The FCC is to be questioned on another score. Their ruling giving preference in the granting of FM licenses to those groups who would offer a new and distinct service in radio has seemingly been disregarded. The way is now open for more of the same old stuff. Instead, we will now have more and ruggeder radio commercial competition. Newspapers will no longer pan radio for the singing commercial. And any day now, we can expect newspapers to push through spot announcements on behalf of Lydia E. Pinkham.

It is a pity that the FCC approved conditionally sixty-four licenses and more without hearings. It is especially to be regretted since these licenses were turned over to million dollar aggregations of capital—to those men who determine and point public opinion in the nation.

It is a pity that of our newspapers in FM, it is the reactionaries who have the

**Variety*, November 14, 1945, p. 27.

foothold. Within two or three years, they will be a real power.

It is a pity that the way is now wide open for monopolistic control of radio and newspaper in communities. It's a pity that one man can now have his thumb on information, news, and opinions given forth by both radio and press.

It's a pity that FM channels in the major cities like Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles, and cities along the eastern seaboard, have been so gobbled up.

It's a pity that the FCC has let itself in for a barrage which could sound its doom; the FCC, though at times at odds with the radio industry, has done things which later proved to be right. Now with the power of the press, the FCC may be pushed into a subservient groove.

It's a pity that public service broadcasting can again be pushed into the undesirable time and program slots. It's a pity that people weren't more alert to the control of such a huge public information and opinion-molding instrument.

Instead of more weeping, it might be intelligent to find out what is to be done about the situation. (1) We must remember that the radio channels belong to us, that it is our responsibility how they are used. (2) We must be alert to the renewing of licenses. According to law, a licensee is expected every three years to prove anew his operation in the public interest and service; the renewal of his application is to be given no advantage over the application of a newcomer. (3) We must be on the job reminding the FCC of its responsibility to resist monopolistic control of radio. The FCC has said, "It is economically and socially unwise to concentrate the control of broadcast facilities in the hands of a select few, and it is essential to keep the door open to the fullest extent possible for newcomers."

(4) We must study and prescribe in terms of hours and expenditures, standards of public service programming for all broadcasting stations, which standards an applicant must agree to meet before receiving a license. (5) We must bring pressure on the FCC to prohibit the granting of an FM license to any standard (AM) licensee without a public hearing. (6) We must see that the application for the renewal of a broadcast license is announced in newspapers, and that it can become commonly known by all who are interested. (7) We must seek to arrange, whenever and wherever possible, for local hearings to be held in communities which applicants intend to serve.

Public service broadcasting in FM has gotten off to a bad start. But we still live in a democracy and we still have the freedom to bring about change. We must be alert to the situation, inform groups, organize thinking, and work hard for the needed changes.

January, 1946

I Love a Parade

S/SGT. FRANK E. CARLSON

SMALL boys are always found in large numbers watching parades. I was no exception. I think I was drawn to them by the sound of martial music, and always judged the parade a success when several bands took part. After becoming slightly larger than a small boy, I joined the school band and soon was marching down the street, playing for numbers of small boys who were still watching the parade from the sidewalk.

The first instrument I played was the E-flat alto horn. Later, the school music director started me on the French horn and I have had the great pleasure of playing that superb instrument ever since. This early training in music proved to be very valuable to me; soon after entering the armed forces three years ago, I was assigned to the 678th AAF Band. Since that time, I have seen hundreds of parades and marched in most of them. Strangely enough I still enjoy them as much as the small boys, who watch us march by.

BANDS have a very important job in the army. I have heard it said that bandmen are the soldiers who keep the other soldiers happy and in good spirits. Surely the sound of the band does wonders for a tired group of soldiers. It helps them forget their troubles and gives them a song to sing in their hearts. Besides aiding in keeping a high level of morale, the band takes part in military ceremonies, such as retreat parades and revues. These military duties are of primary importance as far as the army is concerned and they give the band an opportunity to play marches which are appropriate for such occasions.

Bands, however, are not limited to playing martial music. They are frequently called upon to play concerts and there is a great deal of concert and symphonic music available for that purpose. Our band library contains a wide selection of music including marches, popular songs, light classics and symphonies; we have nearly everything from "It Must Be Jelly Cause Jam Don't Shake Like That" to César Franck's *Symphony in D Minor*. For our concerts, we endeavor to play a variety of pieces so that nearly each person in the audience will enjoy listening to at least one of them.

WHEN our band was stationed in Atlantic City, we gave a series of concerts playing to a large audience of civilians as well as servicemen. Occasionally we were fortunate in having guest

artists appear on our programs. The following is a program given by the 678th AAF Band in Atlantic City on January 16, 1944. It is typical of our concert programs and covers several different types of music that can be played successfully by bands. Carroll Glenn, violinist, and her husband, Staff Sergeant Eugene List, pianist, were our guest artists.

Program

U. S. Field Artillery March . . . J. P. Sousa
Finale (Symphony: From the New World)
Dvorak

Violin Solos:

2nd Movement from Sonata for Violin and Piano . . . César Franck
Melodie . . . Tchaikowsky
Zigeunerweisen . . . Sarasate
Carroll Glenn and Eugene List
Guaracha (Latin-American Symphonette) . . . Morton Gould
Chorale-Prelude: My Heart Is Filled with Longing . . . J. S. Bach
Fugue in G Minor . . . J. S. Bach
Blue Danube Waltz . . . Johann Strauss
Rhapsody in Blue . . . George Gershwin
Eugene List and the Station Band

A GOOD part of the classical music we play was written for symphony orchestras. In order for bands to have adequate music libraries, most of the best music has been transcribed especially for them. In some cases this is not easily done. For instance a band's clarinets are required to play parts originally written for violins. You can see how difficult it would be for a clarinetist to play these parts, especially if they are even hard for a violinist. Usually, however, the key of the composition is changed to an easier one for brass and woodwind instruments. This helps to overcome the difficulty to some extent.

REALIZING the need for good original band music, some of our modern composers have written serious works especially for band. We should not forget John Philip Sousa whose stirring marches are played probably by every band in the United States. In recent years, Edwin Franko Goldman has added several to the list of fine marches and his band has become famous. However, music other than the march has been written for band. Morton Gould has composed a rhapsody for symphonic band, called *Jericho*. Roy Harris' *Cimmaron* and *When Johnny Comes Marching Home* were both written for band. The *First Suite in E-flat by*

Gustav Holst and *Folk Song Suite* by R. Vaughan Williams were both composed for military band.

Some excellent band arrangements of music from Broadway shows have been made during the past few years. Erik Leidzen's arrangements of selections from *Oklahoma* and *Song of Norway* are both very good. Robert Russell Bennett's arrangement of selections from George Gershwin's folk opera, *Porgy and Bess*, is one of the very best.

All of these men and many more have done much in making the band a recognized musical organization. Bands have become so popular during the last decade that today there are thousands of them in high schools and colleges all over the country. The young musicians in these organizations will be our professional musicians and composers in years to come. These were the same small boys and girls who stood on our sidewalks a few years ago and ecstatically watched the band march by.

IF you like to listen to band music, I suggest that you tune in some of our service bands on the radio. The Army, Army Air Forces, Navy, and Marine Bands are all excellent musical organizations and broadcast frequently. There are not many recordings available of band music but a number of march records can be obtained. Two such albums have been recorded for Victor by the Goldman Band which contain several Sousa and Goldman marches. (Victor Album P-5.)

Take time to stop and watch the parade or go to the concert in the park. Band music can be an enjoyable and even thrilling music experience.



RECENT RECORDINGS

BEETHOVEN	<i>Symphony No. 9 in D Minor</i> (Choral) Op. 125	Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy with Roman, Szanthy, Jagel, and Moscona, and the Westminster Choir (sung in German)	Columbia Set M-MM 591
BEETHOVEN	<i>Sonata in F Minor, Op. 57</i> (Appassionata)	Artur Rubenstein, Pianist	Victor M-DM 1018
BIZET	Toreador Song from <i>Carmen</i>		Victor 11-8744
ROSSINI	<i>Largo Al Factotum</i> from <i>Barber of Seville</i>	Leonard Warren, baritone, with orchestra	
GOULD	South of the Border— (An album of Latin American songs)	Morton Gould with his Orchestra	Columbia Set M-593
HANDEL	Hallelujah Chorus from <i>The Messiah</i>		Victor 11-8985
MENDELSSOHN	War March of the Priest from "Athalie"	Boston Pops Orchestra under Arthur Fiedler	
KERN	The Jockey on the Carousel		Columbia 71698-D
FRIML	<i>L'Amour, Toujours</i> (Love Everlasting)	Lily Pons, soprano, with orchestra	
SCHUBERT	<i>Symphony No. 6 in C</i>	The London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham	Victor M or DM 1014
PROKOFIEV	<i>Alexander Nevsky, Op. 78</i>	Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy with Jennie Tourel and the Westminster Choir	Columbia Set M-MM-580
SCHUMANN	<i>Concerto in A Minor, Op. 54</i>	Claudio Arrau, Pianist, Detroit Symphony Orch. Karl Krueger, Conductor	Victor DM-1009
WAGNER	Act III of <i>Die Walküre</i>	Vocal Ensemble of Metropolitan Opera with the New York Philharmonic under Rodzinski. Soloists, Helen Traubel, Herbert Janssen	Columbia Set M-MM-581

COMMENTS ON RECORDS

This is the finest array of recordings we have had in months. The most momentous is Prokofiev's *Alexander Nevsky*, a cantata in seven "pictures," built around the hero of the Russian defense of Novgorod in 1242. The Beethoven *Ninth* is a "must-know" for everyone as is the *Appassionata Sonata*. Beecham's is the first recording of the pleasant Schubert *Sixth*, but if you are a collector buy Schubert's *Ninth in C Major* first. The Arrau reading of the Schumann *Concerto in A Minor* reveals a sensational technique and a sensitive mastery on the part of the Chilean pianist. The artists for the excerpt from Wagner's "Die Walküre" are unbeatable, as is Lily Pons in her

rendition of the Kern and Friml numbers. The orchestral version of the famed *Hallelujah Chorus* should prove quite satisfying.

* * *

In a move to bring about a blending of swing music and the classics, Igor Stravinsky has agreed to write a special composition titled, *The Ebony Concerto* for Woody Herman's orchestra. It will be recorded by Herman on a two-sided, twelve-inch Columbia disc. This is probably the first time a classical composer of the stature of Stravinsky has allowed a swing band as an outlet for his musical expression. It will be interesting to compare this work with the same composer's satire called *Ragtime for Eleven Instruments*.

WORK IN THE SLUMS OF OUR CITIES

Twenty-five workers needed for settlements and community centers; program directors, head residents, boys and girls' workers, kindergarten and nursery school workers.



WORK AS A RELIGIOUS EDUCATOR

Single men and women needed in the Philippine Islands; preparation: degree in religious education. Need for full-time Bible teachers in public schools and also full-time week-day teachers of religion for released-time arrangements.



WORK IN THE MOUNTAINS IN THE SOUTH

Fourteen workers needed who are trained in rural work, community organization, and religious education to go to mountain regions of West Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, and Tennessee.



WORK AS A NURSE

T.B. nurse for Madar Sanatorium, near Ad-jir, India; preparation: public health training, knowledge of prevention of T.B., experience in supervising nurses. Two general duty nurses, Alaska; public health nurses with R.N. and experience needed at once in Angola, Rhodesia, and Liberia.



WORK WITH WAR-STRICKEN PEOPLES

Workers of all kinds needed to help to restore homes, feed, clothe, and heal bodies of men, women, and children—on the Continent, in the Far East and on many of the islands.



WORK AS A SCHOOL SUPERVISOR

Three women needed to supervise large day school in Malaya; preparation: education major and religious education. Man for college in India; preparation: M.A. or Ph.D. in physical education. One couple needed for school supervision and social work in Belgian Congo.



WORK IN RETARDED RURAL SECTIONS

Fourteen workers needed at once who are trained in rural and small town industrial work, especially in coal mining, agricultural, cattle country, and oil field regions.



WORK AS AN AGRICULTURALIST

One single man needed in Chile to develop demonstration farm and community center; preparation: B.S. degree in agriculture and experience. Single man needed in Cuba. Agricultural teachers in the Belgian Congo and China.



WORK IN HAWAII OR PEURTO RICO

Teachers needed in the George O. Robinson School—math, science, fifth and sixth grades teachers needed at once.



WORK AS AN EVANGELIST

Three social-evangelistic workers trained in religious education, community work and Islamics for North Africa. Single man for rural work in Philippine Islands. One couple for pioneering work in Uruguay.



WORK IN TROUBLED INDIA

Nursing superintendent needed for Brindaban Hospital, Brindaban, United Province; home economics teacher and a director of physical education for Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow; primary and junior high school teachers at Jubbulpore, and Delhi.



WORK AS A MEDICAL DOCTOR

Resident doctors needed in hospitals in Santo Domingo, Alaska, and several states. One couple, M.D. and experience, for Korea. Man, specialist in surgery, for Bolivia.



WORK IN WAR-TORN CHINA

Two couples needed for urban church work; preparation: B.D. degree and special training in labor problems and city church work. Accountant with business experience to serve in treasurer's office; preparation: degree in accounting or business administration.



WORK IN SOCIAL WELFARE GROUPS

Woman needed for entire supervision over practice work of men and women students of Union Theological Seminary, Buenos Aires. Seventeen men and women needed to fill vacancies in children's homes; preparation: training in child welfare, nursery education, and psychology.



WORK IN AFRICA OR LATIN AMERICA

Public health nurses, R.N., village and rural elementary teachers, home economics and kindergarten teachers, social workers and women and men doctors for Angola, Belgian Congo, Rhodesia, Liberia, and southeast Africa.



WORK AS A TEACHER

Teacher with degree in industrial arts needed in Angola. Ten women with teaching certificates and experience in various subjects needed in China. Teachers with Ph.D. in physics and English for India.



WORK IN KOREA AND SOUTHEAST ASIA

Fifty-three workers in Japan and sixty-four workers in Korea needed to replace losses since 1940.



FOR INFORMATION CONCERNING THESE POSITIONS AND MANY OTHERS, WRITE TO THE BOARD OF MISSIONS AND CHURCH EXTENSION OF THE METHODIST CHURCH, 150 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, NEW YORK.



MAKE UP YOUR LIFE

We Are Accountable

We had been wanting to comment on the Pendle Hill pamphlet by this title when *The Catholic Worker* came to our attention with a review of it. The little thirty-two page booklet by Leonard Edelstein, a C.O. from Syracuse University with a law degree from Harvard, tells the story of the pathetic and unbelievable conditions in mental institutions. It is a sad and disturbing picture. *The Catholic Worker* concludes: It is especially recommended for those people who so readily find fault with conditions in other countries, who sit in self-righteous judgment upon the people of other

nations, and who are so anxious to interfere in their affairs and reform them; for those people who see the mote in the other fellow's eye but who can't or won't see the beam in their own.

Script of the Month

"Prejudice—Challenge to Democracy" is the title of the first "Script-of-the-Month," a new service sponsored by *The American Mercury*. "Script-of-the-Month" is a complete fifteen minute radio program that can be used on or off the air as the basis for group discussion. Scripts will be issued monthly and will

be based on current news articles appearing in *The American Mercury*. "Script-of-the-Month" will take the form of a round-table discussion with easy-to-read dialogue for four participants and an opening and closing statement for an announcer. While the basic framework of the discussion will be provided, speakers are advised to "ad lib" their remarks wherever possible to give spontaneity to the discussion. Free copies of these scripts may be obtained by writing to Radio Department, *The American Mercury*, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, New York.

REDISCOVERING THE CHURCH

(Continued from page 8)

lated, meanings. Nothing would so aid not only clear thinking but intelligent conversation about "The Church," if agreement could be reached on some device which would clearly indicate *which* sense is meant when the word is used, using *congregation*, *communion*, *Church of Christ*, *Church Universal*, or employing different kinds of type to represent the different meanings. Failing that, a first principle is to register the distinctions clearly and habitually within all one's own thinking about "The Church." In this paper they are roughly distinguished as church, Church, *Church*, and CHURCH.

Which, then, is the "real church"—a fellowship of folk or the communion of saints? The Northern Presbyterian Church of Pinville, western South Carolina, or the CHURCH UNIVERSAL? The layman has no question: the church at Main and Market Streets! Certainly it is the most tangible church. To him, it is the most real church, perhaps the only really "real" church. We may proclaim the CHURCH UNIVERSAL as the "real church," the only "true church." The distinguishing mark of the church, we may say, that which makes it a church at all, is its divine origin and mission and authority. With Canon Barry, we may affirm, "The Church is God's act through Jesus Christ; it is not of ourselves, it is the gift of God . . . the means whereby mankind can be 'saved'; the organ of Christ's work in the world." The layman casts a sidelong glance at the corner of Main and Market, the only church which he knows well and by which we might judge the truth of our statement, and raises his eyebrows. "God's act! . . . the gift of God . . . not of ourselves! . . . the means whereby mankind can be 'saved'?"

Note that as we move from the congregation through the communion and the *Church-of-Christ-in-the-world* to the CHURCH UNIVERSAL, we move not only from that which is mundane and material to that which is ideal and ethereal, but also from that which is concrete to that which is abstract; from that which is closest to the perception and actual life of the common-man to that which pertains essentially not to this world but to a world eternal; and from that, the scope of whose membership and the radius of whose influence is limited but which may hope truly to speak in behalf of that membership within

that limited radius, to that whose dimensions are limitless but which speaks always with uncertain confidence.

Which is more "real"? In that question is wrapped up the great division, the age-old dispute, not only between the two greatest philosophical systems of mankind (the Aristotelian and the Platonic) but between two persistent types of Christian mind working themselves out in the two extremes of churchmanship, the low and the high. The relationship is neither a sharp "either-or," nor a facile "both-and." To every layman in whom mundane practicality is even slightly elevated by the sense of the intangible, the ideal, the church at Main and Market is more than a gathering of folk holding opinions and exerting influence. Its tangible actuality is illuminated, purified, sanctified by the faintest bathing in the eternal light. It is "reaching out toward" the CHURCH UNIVERSAL. And for every churchman in whom sense of the ideal is still held to practical worth by recognition of the divine significance of the tangible, the CHURCH UNIVERSAL comes to actuality "for our salvation" at Main and Market Streets. Thus we see the need of a fifth term which shall embrace the other four—CHRIST'S CHURCH. This CHURCH is "the family of God."

CHRIST'S CHURCH is a vivid proof of the familiar tension between "this world" and "the other." The tension between the two extreme views, like most of the "either-or's" of our faith, is at once an occasion of misunderstanding, anathemas and mutual excommunications, and a quite invaluable, indeed, indispensable, source of enrichment. It is a reminder of the *true* character of CHRIST'S CHURCH—that it spans the earthly, the concrete, the "real" and the heavenly, and binds them in indissoluble unity. In this she appropriately represents her Lord; truly this is his body. And the agencies of her tensions are true reminders of his cross. These tensions, and their resolution, furnish the major internal problems of CHRIST'S CHURCH. Thus emerges a second guiding principle for all our discussion of "The Church." No definition of "The Church" is adequate which does not both recognize and embrace *all five* meanings here distinguished; no theory of the church's nature, no plan for its function, can be tolerated which does not find significant place for each within its structure.

Editor's Note: The second half of President Van Dusen's statement on "The Rediscovery of the Church" will be presented in the February issue of *motive*.

Letters

Six Columns and a Picture

DEAR SIR:

JUST READ SYMPOSIUM ON FRATERNITIES. AMAZING, ISN'T IT, THAT IT TAKES SIX COLUMNS AND PICTURE TO BALANCE TWO COLUMNS OF UNBIASED INTELLIGENT DISCUSSION.

BOB SMITH

Yale Divinity School
New Haven, Connecticut

DEAR SIR:

The symposium on "Heartbreak on the Campus" interested me very much, and I would like to see further student comment on the subject appear in a future issue of *Motive*. I was a member of a sorority while in college and became deeply convinced that much of the fraternity system is opposed to Christian and democratic principles.

Since one of the ever-increasing threats to our democracy is the rise of fascism, I believe Christian students should be rising in protest against the fraternity system on college campuses—a system which inherently has in it many elements of fascism.

I do not believe the conscience of Christian students can rest easily while sororities and fraternities are practicing discrimination against Jews, Japanese-Americans, Negroes, and other students who are members of a minority group. This discrimination does not limit itself to racial minorities, but also operates in the fields of attractiveness, manner of dress, personality, and popularity on campus.

The government of national fraternities and sororities is the antithesis of democracy. A not uncommon phrase in a frat. meeting is, "But the national says, we can't do that!" In many local chapters I know of, if an attempt were made to admit a Jewish student, the chapter would be severely reprimanded; consent would not be given to admit the Jewish student, and if he were admitted, the chapter's charter might be rescinded by national office. Such organization is far from democracy or Christianity.

The fraternity system is a paradox within itself. Many fraternities and sororities claim to base their ideals and goals on the Christian faith, with the Christian doctrine incorporated in their ritual. But who can sincerely say "... and the greatest of these is love," and then go forth to sit in judgment upon members of another race or class of people? Or who can say, "I am a Christian and therefore belong to the whole brotherhood of mankind under the fatherhood of God," and then shut himself off from growing in the completeness of this brotherhood by pledging himself to a small, exclusive brotherhood?

One cannot help but feel the urgency of the cause of world peace and brotherhood which students of this generation are called upon to champion. In such a time as this, can we allow a system to thrive which fosters individual and group conflict, discrimination, and cut-throat competition, and breaks the larger bonds of brotherhood?

BETTY A. REID

University of Vermont
Burlington, Vermont

Saving Grace of Bombs

DEAR SIR:

Along with *Motive* I regret the necessity for the use of the atomic bomb, and pray that such a destructive weapon may never be used again. I cannot join in the unequivocal condemnation of the decision that brought us

Letters

to employ it, however. With all of its terrible destruction, it is quite possible that by bringing about a quick end to the war, it actually saved civilians' lives from greater destruction at the hands of more of the "ordinary" type of bombing, likewise to be decried.

By its very use, it is possible that the example of the horror of atomic bombing, and the concrete sample of what may yet be developed, may somehow impress the world of the utter folly of warfare. Right now it doesn't seem that our statesmen have been duly impressed. At any rate, there is no stronger argument against war, at the present day, than that definite example of what is in store for the world if such war should come.

Yes, I would like to see its use outlawed. But even if such a banning were successful, it would only give rise to a new destructive development, just as the banning of poison gas gave rise to this atomic bomb. Only when war itself vanishes will destructive and sinful weapons also go. Outlawing war today is just as fruitless as it was twenty years ago. Only when in men's hearts throughout the world does the desire for peace supplant the urge to war, can mass destruction cease. I am proud to be a small part of one institution that is fighting toward this goal.

RICHARD A. BUFFUM

Wesleyan University
Middletown, Connecticut

Letters

DEAR SIR:

I was interested to note in the October *Motive* that you had included a taste of Sorokin's *Crisis of Our Age*. It seems that I find references to that book on every hand. I went visiting to the English Lutheran Church here in town today and I chanced to pick up a little tract. I was surprised to find that the most quoted author and book in it were Sorokin and his *Crisis*. Reinhold Niebuhr ran him a close second with his *Nature and Destiny of Man*. The little tract was making the point that the church—regulated colleges could offer, or do offer, certain things not always found in state schools. I agree for the most part with the above-mentioned gentlemen. But then, I picked up an article by Dorothy Thompson entitled "Atomic Science and World Organization." I don't say that she is taking the opposing view, but I think she is going a different direction to try to come out at the same place. This is what she says—"You cannot enforce peace. You can only enforce law. The basis of all law is not a series of 'Thou Shalt's,' but a series of 'Thou Shalt Not's.' Jesus of Nazareth exhorted all men to be brothers, to be meek, humble and pure in heart. The Sermon on the Mount marks an enormous ethical advance over the Ten Commandments. But few except saints live under the law of Christ, while most people, personally, observe most of the Ten Command-

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

AS a sixteen year old high school student, I feel that I should like to have my say and also express some opinions of my fellow students about conscription.

In the first place, it should be clear that it is possible to conscript a lad into military training physically, but not so mentally. No government on earth has ever been able to tell its subjects how to think—to compel them to favor its measures. Which, then, would be more effective, an army of conscripted youth, with sullen spirits and a low morale, forced to train for war, or an army of prospective citizens with thinking heads on their shoulders (modern youth *does* think, sir) facing the opportunities they have for building a new world?

Furthermore, all young men under twenty-one have no right to vote. Don't you think that these future citizens, some of whose ancestors fought against British "taxation without representation" would not fight just as violently in their own way against "conscription without representation"? In the shadow of American tradition, could our present government condone a conscription of youth unable to defend itself in any legislative body in the country?

What about the fighting man's opinion of conscription? He hasn't had much chance to say, has he? Yet if any one knows more about war than our government representatives do, the fighting man is that person. Shall such a measure—one that is so obviously a revolution from the principles of the immortal documents upon which this country was founded—shall such a drastic measure be taken without so much as consulting these veterans of the war just ended?

Many an American youth, like many an adult, does not see any pressing need for conscription; if later it were found to be unnecessary, the damage already done by it would be irreparable. The "chip-on-the-shoulder" attitude it would create in our relations with other countries is quite obvious.

These things which I have stated here may be ignored, yet regardless of whether they are or not, the fact still remains that many young people feel that way. My ancestors came to America to escape European conscription. There will be some who, out of respect for their conscience, would go to prison rather than take part in a conscription program. The majority would submit, but foremost in their minds and hearts each day would be this, that "I am being forced to do something which in the past we have been taught to despise in other countries, and which some well-informed leaders still insist is unnecessary." If government leaders feel that disillusioning several million future citizens and their parents is less important than adopting a program which has not even been proven necessary, they surely cannot be worthy of the trust the people of our nation have put in them.

CARLTON GAMER

Letters

ments, and the laws of all civilized countries are largely based upon them." She goes on to say that the world needs one law—that no nation can go about toting atomic bombs any more than a private citizen can tote a gun with no license. Said license should limit in some manner. I don't have any idea what type of world organization she has in mind, but I agree with her when she says that no country should be allowed to manufacture inventions to blow up the planet. She goes further to say atomic force can liberate men from want only if it first frees them from fear. Right now that looks a little remote.

ARRELL M. MACE

Jewell, Iowa

DEAR SIR:

I have just finished reading the article, *We Have Sinned*, (October issue) and enjoyed it very much. We, college students, appreciate the fact that there is a magazine that can discuss such topics from a Christian viewpoint.

I disagree with your editor in saying that we have committed so great a sin in using the atomic bomb. Of course there are many views taken toward such a happening, and if I may I would like to express myself.

I can't see that we have committed a greater sin by using the bomb than we did by entering into a war. Do you think this war without the atomic bomb was so holy a cause? Well then, who besides ourselves are responsible? We sacrificed many lives by entering into this war. We may have saved many by using the atomic bomb when we did. Would you have asked our President not to use the atomic bomb if Japan had and was using the bombs on American cities? Or would you say, "No, we will sin by doing it. Let us all sit still and die together." I have noticed in your list of people that have signed this statement that no military men were mentioned. Maybe you should ask for the opinions of some of these. Ask the average soldier and see what he has to say. I realize that we must look upon this situation in accordance with the teachings of Jesus, but, would you kill one "mad dog" or would you just let him go because you hate to kill and let him bite and cause the death of ten other dogs? I cannot compare the taking of a human life with that of taking a dog's life. But I think it nails down to this if you really think about it.

PVT. ROBERT V. UTLEY

North Georgia College
Dahlonega, Georgia

DEAR SIR:

My copy of the November issue of *Motive* arrived today. No thought entered my mind when I first saw it. Then I looked again. The cover is awful. It certainly doesn't reflect the caliber of the material inside the magazine.

I quote from the back of *Motive*: "It (*Motive*) attempts to feel the pulse, understand the mind, and interpret the spirit of students who are working for a Christian way of living on the campus as a part of the world community." Tell me, does the cover do any of that?

Letters

In honest, hoping to be helpful criticism, I remain,

FRED R. JENSEN, A. S. USNR

Naval Training Unit
Garrett Biblical Institute
Evanston, Illinois

DEAR SIR:

I'm sorry that I can't contrive to appreciate your November cover. It makes me think of cigarette smoke and angle worms.

MARION WEFER

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

DEAR SIR:

I am anxious to relate my experience with *Motive* aboard the *Liberty Ship* which brought me back to the States over a year ago. I have always thought well of *Motive*, but never did I realize what a universal appeal it had until that time. One would have to be on board with 600 war-weary, home-sick combat men to realize what they were going through, crammed on a *Liberty Ship* with absolutely no means of entertainment or means to pass the time away for seventeen long days. It so happened that among the very few things that I placed in my barracks bags other than the necessary clothes were nine copies of *Motive* magazine which my parents had made sure I had received, even though I was over-seas. Well, came the third day out, and time was really heavy on our hands, when quite by accident I came across the copies of *Motive*. To me, it was like a revival of life—at least I would have an enjoyable trip—with *Motive* and me occupying a small corner of the ship. It wasn't ten minutes when I had already passed out the eight remaining copies, and set up my circulating library—free, of course. During the remaining two weeks, my greatest problem was to keep at least one copy for myself to read. It would be very safe to say that every one of those 600 men had read at least part of one issue—and enjoyed it. I say enjoyed it because the comments that were told directly to me and that I overheard time and time again showed not only thorough enjoyment and pleasure, but in many cases consternation that a religious

Letters

publication was so interesting and easy to read.

Those nine copies were the issues of *Motive* from October '43 through May '44, and an old copy of February '43 issue. I think you might be interested in a few of the comments and attitudes toward different articles and issues. By far the most popular issue was that of March, 1944—subject: women, they loved it, and for the most part agreed with almost everything that was written, especially the article "A Nurse Looks at Death." The issue that brought the most discussion (and in many cases rather heated) was that of January, 1944—*Race—The Color of Christian Democracy*. Gordon Chapman's "Prisoners of War and Prisoners of Peace" and "All is Not Quiet on the Western Front" were the most widely approved of all the articles of all nine issues. Robert Hodgell's Portrait of Christ in the May issue was something that was well liked and commented on. In the December, 1943, issue "A World for the Heart that Took Salerno" and "I Believe in Life" were very well liked—there being many veterans of the Salerno campaign on the ship. Of course, the Skeptics' Corner was praised, condemned, and discussed very widely. (I'll never forget the Sergeant whose eyes got wider and wider, and then he whistled, "Well, I'll be!") It brought, however, some of the finest praise I heard with the general idea that this was a magazine that wasn't afraid to face the ideas of the skeptics. Those who were by nature and practice more religiously inclined, I think, enjoyed "The Man Who Looked Like God" series more than any other articles. At the present time, I can remember little if any comment on the February, 1944, issue—Education, for it was probably the least read. And yet, that issue happened to be the one I, personally, liked the best—and so it went.

It would be wrong to say, even to think that all 600 men went right home and subscribed to *Motive*, even to say a very small per cent did, but I can say this—not one of those 600 men will ever forget that such a magazine is in existence, and that each one of them has his own kindly attitudes toward this magazine. I don't have a one of those nine issues today—I gave them away on the ship before we docked, although every one of them was ready to fall apart. I could have passed out a hundred more had I had them with me at the time. It was the greatest single piece of evangelism I have ever seen any publication ever do.

Fortunately we have all the back issues of *Motive* here at our church or I would not have been able to give an accurate account of the various articles. I have only mentioned those that stuck in my mind, and suddenly came back as being the ones when I turned to them. There were a score of additional poems, articles, etc., that should be mentioned here, too, but I would want to be sure before I spoke of them.

PAUL BERGER

Vallejo, California

Motive departs from our editorial policy in printing this letter of commendation. We do it because we feel that it tells a story that will warm the heart of any editor. It shows what men will be driven to read when they get desperate! We don't know what else to say.

