



Head of Christ . . . James Ashbrook

Prayer in Spring

Thou who hast in times past searched Jerusalem with candles, and who knows the secret desires of our hearts, come into the dark and hidden places of our lives and illumine the good in us so that it may be exposed to all men. That men may find common cause and unity in goodness.

Thou who hast made us, cover the conceit of our little lives with thy infinity.

Be as the warm sun to melt our winter hearts, and come as April rain to wash away the frozen pieces of our lives that we may be melted into eager soil in which thy seeds may grow.

Be to us the strong wind that blows through our hypocritical and state conceits. Air out our closed minds that have been shut against the fresh, clean breeze of thy spirit.

May our spirits stretch to new growth and push out from thy vine with daring into new branches.

May thy everlasting arms which enfold all creation shelter us in their strength to give us inward security and peace.

May we find belonging in thy universe so that in our living all men may know true foundations.

Thou who hast revealed thyself in the springtime spirit of Jesus Christ, we pray that we may be more worthy of the revelation of thy image in us.

May thy word become flesh in us so that our lives show the demonstration of thy will.

Now in the awakening year, be to us the healthy climate of all seasons that we may grow and mature in thy nature.

God of continuous reawakening, symbol of life everlasting, we pray with thanksgiving for this moment of ecstasy in the beauty of thy world.

Amen

April, 1946

God Is

Ernest Fre-



The Recording Angel . . . William Blake

I HAVE been invited by the editor of *motive* to say quite simply, informally and briefly (!) what "God" means to me—"the sort of thing you would say to a student who came to you with the confession that 'God' for him was but little more than an oblong blur." Well, what follows is offered as a personal confession of faith, and offered in the hope that it may encourage some reader of this page to continue the quest for a working idea of God.

I

GOD is the will and power by which the universe is brought into being and sustained in being. The universe is not the result of blind chance. Back of it is a creative power to which it owes its existence—a power which does not stand outside the universe but works from within as the unfailing energy on which all things depend and the controlling purpose which gives direction and goal to the world-making process. God is the power behind an age-long evolutionary movement that issues in new and higher and more significant forms of being. His are the hands responsible for the preparation of the world for life and the amazing advance of life from the primordial ooze to the vision and character of Christ.

II

GOD is the source and explanation of a moral order in the universe that is no less real than the order of nature. This moral order most certainly is not the work of any human agency. It is something "there" in the nature of things—something which we men do not create but only discover, usually by "bucking" it and getting hurt. That "the wages of sin is death" anyone may discover for himself by persistent violation of the moral law. And the disasters which have come upon the world in our time in consequence of our misdoings—bank failures, bread lines, economic chaos, mass unemployment, two world wars in the lifetime of one generation—proclaim the reality of a moral order whose architect and maker is God.

III

GOD is a personal being. This is not to say that he is just such a being as we are. In some respects God is not at all like us. For one thing, he is the Creator and Sustainer of a cosmos in which ours is but one of a million "island universes." And, of course, none of the imperfections or limitations which belong to our humanity may properly be ascribed to God. If we say that God is a personal being, this is because we cannot believe that "the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth" is less than we are, more plant-like or machine-like than man-like; but can believe that the power behind the universe is a center of self-consciousness, of intelligence, of knowledge and activity, of aesthetic appreciation and moral concern. To say that God is personal is not merely to ascribe to the divine power certain characteristics which belong to us and so "make God in the image of man"; rather it is to take serious and necessary account of what would seem to be actually present in the final reality of the world. "We discover that the universe shows evidence of a designing or controlling power that has something in common with our own individual minds," in the words of Sir James Jeans. Yes, and we discover evidence of aesthetic appreciation, as witness the all-pervading beauty of earth and sea and sky, and evidence of moral concern, as witness the moral order of the world.

to Me . . .

mont Tittle

IV

GOD is he who has made himself known in Christ. We are not left to figure out if we can what is the nature of the final reality and power with which we have to do. We have knowledge of God from God himself derived. The order of nature, the moral order, conscience, significant events in history, great human souls—these all are media through which God reveals himself. And we have in Jesus of Nazareth the supreme self-disclosure of God. It is the Christian faith that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." And it is a fact of history that the world has in some respects been radically different since the coming of Jesus. Of sin and suffering and unspeakable tragedy there has been enough, and continues to be. But in the midst of it all there is something different—a new mind, a new heart, a new outlook on life, a new faith and hope and aspiration altogether—yes, and a new tradition of unselfish devotion and service, of unfailing mercy and compassion and forgivingness.

V

GOD is he whose purpose of good is the hope of the world. "Something magnificent is taking place here," a great American historian declared a few years ago when he was asked: "What meaning has life for you? What keeps you going?" "I am convinced," he said, "that the world is not merely a bog in which men and women trample themselves in the mire and die; something magnificent is taking place here amid the cruelties and tragedies." Indeed there is! Human history is the outworking of a divine purpose which holds every individual in its grasp and has in view the greatest happiness and good for all mankind.

God works in various ways for the fulfillment of his purpose in history. For one thing, he steadfastly upholds the moral order of the world. Shortly before Pearl Harbor, when Englishmen in Peking and Shanghai were being pushed around by arrogant Japanese military officers, the Chinese ambassador in London was asked what he thought about the situation in Asia. "I think," he said, "that the sky is black with chickens coming home to roost." An

To whom do we pray? Any discussion of prayer would be meaningless if we had no knowledge of God. Dr. Tittle gives us here a personal confession of faith which reveals his experience of God.

observation which might well have been made *after* Pearl Harbor by the Chinese ambassador in Washington. The way in which the scrap iron we sold to Japan has come home to us is known only too well to some of our own sons.

God steadfastly upholds the moral order of the world. By so doing he makes impossible any permanent victory of evil, and gives men a chance to learn from experience what they have refused to learn otherwise.

Note an amazing thing. We now find ourselves in a situation where in order to protect and promote our own interests we must at the same time seek to protect and promote the interests of all men everywhere. It is not possible for one nation to prosper unless all prosper, or for one people to dwell secure unless security is assured to all. This situation was brought about through human agents, through the activities of scientists, of inventors, of traders, of imperialists; but it is not a result of human planning. Not even the most ardent imperialist will claim

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The Deity from Whom Proceed the Nine Spheres . . . William Blake





La Mort de la Victoire . . . J. M. Sert
Mural in League of Nations building, Geneva

Prayer

On a Note of Triumph

Norman Corwin

Lord God of trajectory and blast
Whose terrible sword has laid upon the serpent
So it withers in the sun for the just to see,
Sheathe now the swift avenging blade with the names of nations writ on it,
And assist in the preparation of the ploughshare.

Lord God of fresh bread and tranquil mornings,
Who walks in the circuit of heaven among the worthy,
Deliver notice to the fallen young men
That tokens of orange juice and a whole egg appear now before the hungry
children;
That night again falls cooling on the earth as quietly as when it leaves your
hand;
That Freedom has withstood the tyrant like a Malta in a hostile sea,
And that the soul of man is surely a Sevastopol which goes down hard and
leaps from ruin quickly.

Lord God of the topcoat and the living wage
Who has furred the fox against the time of winter
And stored provender of bees in summer's brightest places,
Do bring sweet influences to bear upon the assembly line:
Accept the smoke of the milltown among the accredited clouds of the sky;
Fend from the wind with a house and a hedge, him whom you made in your
image,
And permit him to pick of the tree and the flock
That he may eat today without fear of tomorrow
And clothe himself with dignity in December.

Lord God of test-tube and blueprint
Who joined molecules of dust and shook them till their name was Adam,
Who taught worms and stars how they could live together,
Appear now among the parliaments of conquerors and give instruction to
their schemes:
Measure out new liberties so none shall suffer for his father's color or the
credo of his choice:
Post proofs that brotherhood is not so wild a dream as those who profit by
postponing it pretend:
Sit at the treaty table and convoy the hopes of little peoples through expected
straits,
And press into final seal a sign that peace will come for longer than pos-
terities can see ahead,
That man unto his fellow man shall be a friend forever.

On a Note of Triumph is a "celebration piece" written for Victory Day of the European war. It was broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System on the ending of hostilities. The author is one of the prominent writers for the radio. He is the first radio craftsman to have been honored by the American Academy of Arts and Letters. The prayer comes at the end of the script. It is printed here by special permission of the publishers, Simon and Schuster of New York City.

The Optic Nerve of the Soul

A Technique of Private Prayer

George A. Buttrick

"After this manner therefore pray ye. . . ." (Matthew 6:9)

JESUS taught his disciples how to pray. We have urged people to pray, but we have given no clear guidance on the manner of praying. We are eager to rediscover certain simple, practical rules of prayer—counsel harvested in wiser fields than ours, since in this high art the saints are our teachers, Jesus himself being master and lord.

If God cannot be known, religion ends. Nay, it cannot even begin. Of a surety God goes utterly beyond the measure of our thought. He is a mystery; and must be, or we could not worship him. But a gracious mystery may be known in graciousness; and must be, or prayer is only a belaboring of a void. Bluntly, what do we most need? *Forgiveness*—word that the violence we have done to ourselves, to other people, and to life has been caught and lost in a great calm! *Zest*—"another April to the soul!" And *access of life*—not merely our human resource, which at best can only point the boat and set the sails, but the insweeping of an ocean tide to float all our stranded vessels. We need *God*. "The Spirit beareth witness with our spirit." That is what *we need*—*the clear witness of the Spirit, the brooding and breathing of another world*.

Jesus said we could gain it through prayer. A little thing, this stilling of the mind to reverence, this schooling of the will! A little thing to bring so vast a boon! The optic nerve is a little thing, but it gives us sun, stars, and all the wonder of the earth. *Prayer is the optic nerve of the soul*; we must not cut the nerve!

I

THEN where shall we pray? In some church, not only on Sunday but privately on a weekday: in that matter Roman Catholic practice is wise. Even more important is a quiet place at home. It must be quiet. "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and shut the door!" "Be still and know that I am God." It must be a quiet place—beyond the clamor of the street, yea, beyond the fret of our own thoughts. If it is an accustomed place, all the better. We are creatures of time and place and habit; and worthy habits make worthy life. A few books there, little classics of devotion, at the bedside or on a kneeling bench, will help. *A quiet place!* Jesus would go to a mountainside, and stay there all night. Mary was his mother, but the silence of nature was his godmother—yes, literally *his godmother*. We must make our mountainside, our stillness where the clock of eternity can be heard. Our age

will perish of fever and shallowness unless Christian folk can learn to keep sanctuary.

When shall we pray? *In the morning*: We must greet each new day well-girded. In the Bible is an old story of a young man who could see round his city only a beleaguering army and a circle of grey hills; but the prophet of God, looking from the same window, could see the same hills bright with the rescuing hosts of God. The prophet prayed: "Open his eyes that he may see." So we must pray: we must meet each day with opened eyes.

And *during the day* we should pray. Perhaps it may be for a few moments in a church: the "brand" of the church does not greatly matter. Failing a church, we can make our own church in a silent plea or praise of thanksgiving. Jesus met every success and thwarting with prayer—that he might "treat those two imposters just the same." *And by prayer he was armed for every crisis*.

But the *most important time to pray is at night*. Why? Because the nightly prayer lies under the unconscious hours of sleep. Why do we say, "I'd better sleep on it before I make a decision?" Why is it that a name which we could not remember when we went to bed is on our lips of itself when we awake? Why does "sleeping on it" clarify thought? Because the mind is not inactive while the body rests: it "goes on." Paul says, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath": anger "goes on" in the unconscious. The next morning it has grown to wretchedness and morbid chaos. But if we pray at night, prayer goes on: it works radiantly in our nature while we sleep. If we give only ten minutes to prayer each night, we make the unconscious our ally—and God's ally. If we pray before an operation, we can control that unconsciousness which otherwise becomes a green nightmare. If we pray at night, we control that unconsciousness; while we rest, we are gaining a far deeper rest: God visits us by a secret stair, as a mother smooths her child's bed while he sleeps.

II

AS to prayer itself, what are the steps? Here they are, in as direct and practical a way as we can state them. *Prayer begins, not in a claimant asking, but in a silence*

The material on prayer which Dr. Buttrick has given us has been filtered through several printings in several versions. In a more extended form it is in his book on *Prayer*. George Arthur Buttrick has been minister of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York City since 1927. Born in England, he has degrees from English schools as well as no less than seven honorary degrees from American universities. He has been president of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America and is the author of several books.

of the mind. The psychologist calls it "relaxation." Sometimes when we are troubled with sleeplessness we realize that all our muscles are tense: then we must persuade our limbs one by one to let go their striving. So with the self: we must persuade each hungry desire, each vain regret or vexing remorse, each bitter grudge, each straining hope to "let go." The self is focused on God . . . in silence and beyond all striving. St. Ignatius required of new members of his order an initial thirty days of silence: the whole life must be focused. In due proportion each prayer must be focused, as it is in the Lord's prayer: "Our Father, who art in Heaven" ("Whose dwelling is perfectness").

How this unifying of the mind can best be accomplished each man must determine for himself. In mid-ocean we become aware of the engines of the ship only when they stop. In prayer the engines are stopped: we are conscious only of the buoyant ocean round about, and the eternal sky above. Or perhaps (as would be true for many of us) God is best realized as the inward eye is set on our best imagining of Jesus Christ. Through him, as through a door opening on a sunrise, we see the infinite: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." That is why, for many of us, the best preparation for prayer is the reading of a few verses from the gospels. By whatever method, the beginning of prayer is what the mystics call "recollection"—the re-collection of the scattered self that it may be offered in silence at the feet of God. That silence is healing—and light.

After silence comes what we may call, for want of a better word, *expectancy*. Jesus was constantly talking about "faith." To him it was the prime essential of prayer and life. It is a basic hope in our nature, and the courage to dare the hope. That faith Jesus challenged when he said, "If ye shall ask anything in my name" (that is to say, "in my nature") "it shall be done unto you." Therefore, in this initial silence of prayer, this "descent into the soul," we say to ourselves that whatever is in the orbit of Christ's will for us is ours—granted only that we pray and live as well as we can. What outward circumstances may be Christ's will for us, we do not know. Nor shall we too greatly care: he can make all circumstances a glory.

In inward circumstances the will of Christ for us is already clear. Do we really wish forgiveness?—and that our lives shall be a blessing? That surely is *his nature for us*. "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, he will give it to you." This we say to ourselves as we wait before God in silence. We do not speak at first: we wait and listen. We are not God: we are but his creatures. Why our small clamor? "My soul, wait thou in silence for God only; for my expectation is from him."

III

BUT when prayer breaks into speech—what then? Verily, let it be in speech. Learn to *pray audibly*: any teacher will tell us that what is spoken is much clearer than what is merely thought. The sentences need not be nicely turned. They need be no more than broken phrases. But let the prayer be spoken: silent prayer has its place, and a wide place; but it is no substitute for spoken prayer. The rule here is not "either—or," but "both—and."

Begin with a thanksgiving, not with a beseeching. There is a story of a lecturer who confronted a group of businessmen with a sheet of white paper on which was one blot. He asked what they saw. All of them answered: "A blot." None saw the white sheet of paper; they saw only the blot. That is human nature: we notice the black disfigurement, but forget the widespread mercy, which James Whitcomb Riley called "this vast treasure of content." *And let the thanksgiving be specific.* "For all thy mercies" is a proper phrase for a general collect, but not for private gratitude. In being thankful for everything, we may end by being thankful for nothing.

From thanksgiving, a true prayer proceeds to confession. Contrast requires it: God has been so good, and we have given him selfishness for his love. We have heard people say that they can understand wrong done to a neighbor or to their own best nature, but cannot understand the cry of the psalmist, "Against thee, thee only have I sinned; and done this evil in thy sight." But, of a truth, that is the real meaning of sin. We suggested recently in discussing a phrase in the Lord's Prayer ("Forgive us our debts") that if a vandal defaced a picture in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, his real sin would not be against the Museum, or against the people who might have seen an unblemished picture, or against himself: his real sin would be the violence done to beauty. Every wrong-doing is a gash in the ultimate order of things. . . . "Against thee, thee only."

For that reason, among many, only God can forgive. We would hate ourselves if we could forgive ourselves. Nor can our neighbor fully forgive us: he does not represent the ultimate order; he also is involved in wrongdoing. Only God can forgive—grieving over the violence done to his order of compassion, feeling darts of shame for the loathsomeness of the selfish way, sharing the darkness into which sin always sends us: only God can forgive, with a pain and love like unto Calvary!

Again, the prayer should be specific. "This habit" . . . "that impatience" . . . "this prejudice" . . . "that cowardice." It is not easy work: if prayer does not overcome our sins, however, sin will overcome our prayers.

The prayer of confession gives release: it turns penalty into a desired discipline; it frees the soul from love of sinning.

From confession the prayer moves to intercession. Our lives are joined as closely as cells in a body: we are members of a spiritual order. *We should pray for one another.* Again, the prayer should be specific—for "so-and-so" and "so-and-so." If we pray for "everybody" we may pray for nobody. Mrs. Humphrey Ward wrote to a member of Parliament calling attention to the needs of a family in his constituency. He replied that he was so busy with the problems of the race that he had no time for the individual; whereupon she filed the letter with the comment scribbled across it: "Our Divine Lord, when last heard from, had not attained this sublime altitude." Real prayer of intercession concerns the individual. *It begins—mark it carefully—always with those whom we do not like!* For if there is a grudge or rancor in us as we pray, we therewith bar the door against the coming of God. This is a repeated word of Christ. He told us that if we bring a gift to the altar and have meanwhile a bit-

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Six Marks of Mature Prayer

Lynn J. Radcliffe

THOSE cries flung Godward in the dark crises of battle still trouble us. They were so arresting and real in their intensity that we cannot lightly brush them aside. Caught in the grip of tragic forces, men were impelled by an irresistible urge to cry out to whatever power there is in the universe to come to their help.

We cannot think of God turning aside from such prayer merely because it does not move upon the highest level of Christian experience. He at whose heart there is everlasting fatherhood surely responds to such sincere, and often agonizing, prayer.

But it must at once be admitted that much of this prayer is on the primitive level. It is real and elemental, but it is not developed and mature. Those who embark upon the adventure of high Christian prayer should aim to grow toward as completely developed and focused an experience as possible. What, then, are the marks of such mature prayer?

THE first is *discipline*. The emergency prayers of a crisis and the haphazard prayers of our daily lives are not enough. All who have climbed the heights of prayer bring back word that they have adventured into a realm of power and radiance, but that the way was costly.

Mastery in this realm calls for a discipline of time. Many of us claim that we are too busy to pray. Actually what we are saying by this is that everything in our day is more valuable to us than God and the affairs of our deeper selves. Each of us is awake almost 1,000 minutes a day. One-fortieth of our time sacredly set apart for the Eternal would go far toward lifting the whole experience of prayer from primitive to mature levels.

Five prayer periods each day could well be normal. At your first waking moment, let some sentence of prayer recall the presence of God. Next, plan your major devotional period in the morning before you join others in the home or in your group. Such a program is not easy. There is not usually time in the morning for this, nor should time be made by getting up earlier at the sacrifice of sleep. The clue here, as in so many other of our good resolutions, is to begin the night before. Discipline yourself to go to bed fifteen minutes earlier in order to arise with sufficient time for your devotional period. Third, right in the midst of people at the noon hour, offer a sentence of prayer that brings your spiritual experience into warm relevance to the problems of life. This may have to be done with your eyes open. Establish the habit of continually relating prayer and life. Fourth, set apart a vesper period before or after the dinner hour. At this time,

read your Bible; think through the meaning of the passage read; underline some verse or phrase that seems to glow with meaning as you read. Then, looking back over the day, offer a prayer that confesses your failures, lays hold of God's resources for more creative living, and expresses your thanksgiving for the good gifts the day has brought. The fifth act of prayer consists of a short commitment of ourselves, in trust and peace, to God and his upholding care just before we go to sleep. There is no use discussing prayer as a problem unless we are willing to experiment boldly and regularly in the great laboratory of the spirit.

THE second mark of mature prayer is *worship*. Not the saying of words, but entering into the presence of God and becoming at home in his universe is our real object. Any method, or setting, that helps to make our morning devotional period a worship experience should be used. We should begin our actual prayers not with hurried and nervous sentences but with stillness and relaxation. We should leave the surface self and re-collect our lives about what is deepest and most living in us. We should reach Godward in every way that we can: voicing the deep convictions of our faith, calling upon God to aid us as we pray, realizing the fact of his nearness, and praising him in recognition of his gracious, upholding power. Once we capture this concept of worship as central in our daily devotions, the entire current of our praying will be changed. Prayer will become what Emma Herman has called "a pilgrimage from self to God."

THE third emphasis in mature prayer is *meditation*. Not emotion merely, but mental wrestling with the deep things of God in the hope of making significant, firsthand, spiritual discoveries is the vital part in all great praying. Perhaps the simplest way to begin the art of meditation is to select some verse at the vesper hour the night before as the basis for our morning meditation. After we place ourselves in God's presence through worship, we bring all the powers of our consciousness to bear upon the subject considered. We are not afraid to use imagination. While fancy may picture something regard-

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less of its truth, creative imagination pictures vividly and vitally something that is true. All great discoveries depend in part on its use. We are accustomed to think in pictures. Here we control the images to be thrown on the screen of our mind and set the scene vividly before us.

We then ask "What does this mean to me?" We prod our minds with questions, or we proceed logically from point to point. We grapple with truth in the presence of God, continually asking his help, until new, creative insights emerge upon which we can base life and action. Our affections will be kindled toward God, and we will desire to do his will. True meditation always ends in an act of will—some response to the vision seen which focuses the experience in a simple, practical resolution to do something about it now.

THE fourth need is *adjustment*. Prayer is not an act shut off in a compartment separate from life. There is a character test to prayer. When, like Isaiah, we enter the temple where we behold God, the inevitable consequence is an awareness of some deep unworthiness in ourselves. Let us, therefore, set apart time once a week for a complete examination of our thoughts, words, and actions.

When we come to see clearly the sin that has produced tension within us, dissociation between our lives and God, and conflict with those about us, let us lay hold upon God's power to recreate our lives; accept his forgiveness; renounce forever the evil we have discovered; and resolve to change our lives through definite, immediate next steps. Let prayer become a process of continual life-remaking on higher levels.

THE fifth privilege in high prayer is *contact* with God. Prayer is not magic. It is not rubbing an Aladdin's lamp and getting anything for which we wish. We do not seek in prayer to assert our wills but progressively to achieve oneness with the wise, loving, powerful direction of his will. When, however, we achieve this, and in any real sense make contact with God, we are at the place of power. Buried resources within us are liberated; the cooperation of friends open to God's influence is enlisted;

and the creative will of God is brought powerfully to bear upon the situation.

God never violates the laws of nature. (These are, in fact, only a name for the regular way in which he does things.) But he is not a prisoner entangled in his own universe. The impelling force behind all things is the rational, loving, value-creating purpose of God. There are undoubtedly times when man's cooperation with God in prayer fulfills the moral and spiritual conditions for the release of his emergent purpose.

Many prayers are not thus directly answered, but all prayers are answered on the spiritual level. The real answer is God himself. When we make contact with him and lift our life situations into his presence,—sustaining strength, understanding companionship, and ultimate spiritual victory are always given.

THE sixth mark of mature prayer is *dynamic*. Not ecstasy for itself, not a purple mood or a golden glow, is the final goal of prayer, but rather social dynamic.

When we deeply pray, we commune with God. But what is God like? Is he not Christ-hearted? Think what might happen if we were to take not one Good Friday a year but Friday of each week as a day in which to stand before the cross, trying to fathom and share the tremendous love of God which is there revealed. Gradually the insight would dawn that Christ is bending in compassion over the need of all mankind today. Then we should see that wherever Christ bends over human need you and I belong. We should become sensitized to the pain and tragedy of our world. We should pour out strong prayers of intercession and rise to that high point of consecration in which we should say, like Christ, "For their sakes I consecrate myself."

Mature Christian prayer is a spiritual adventure from an egocentric plane to an experience of oneness with the power, the purpose, and the passion of God as revealed in Jesus of Nazareth and brought near in the sacred awareness of a living divine presence. The height of prayer is reached when, like Brother Lawrence, we are enabled to "practice the Presence of God."

I PRAYED A PRAYER TODAY

Frank G. Kelly

I prayed a prayer today

I did not pray for wealth
or even health

I did not pray for might
or even sight

I did not pray for thee
or even me

I prayed for God to work in me
I prayed for God to live in me
I prayed for God to be in me

FROM time to time during the past years I have been finding some prayers from a culture not my own distinctly helpful, not only in personal devotions, but also in public worship." So says Dr. Daniel J. Fleming, Professor of Missions Emeritus at Union Theological Seminary, New York. Desiring to share this experience, he has compiled and edited a volume bearing the title *The World at One in Prayer*.

In the introduction he says: "The times call for affirmation in word and deed of the oneness of the church of Christ. It is hoped that this collection may make possible

a comradeship in prayer at a level above differences of language, race, national loyalties—even above conflict and war. Some are brief prayers of one or two sentences, but with some local insight, poetic metaphor, or cultural coloring and atmosphere. Sometimes a strange idiom, or some incisive turn of phrase touches our hearts in a special way."

From this anthology of 240 prayers from forty-one countries the following are reprinted with the kind permission of Dr. Fleming and of Harper and Brothers. (1942. \$2.00.)

The World at One in Prayer

Japan

Now let me live
To manifest thee, O Lord,
Unto my people—
But let me hide behind thee
Lest their eyes should rest on me.
(A writer of hymns.)

Lord, make a basket of my body and a bag of my heart, and fill both full of thyself. Oh, help us serve thee! And when we return to our homes help us to tell of thee to others. (An Ainu woman.)

O Cross, how is it I shall sing thy praise?
Thou art like precious warmth on winter days!
(An incurable leper, on peg legs, partly blind.)

O Thou, whose glory reaches to the heavens, our Peerless One, grant that as Fuji's pain-wrought crown is reflected in the muddy paddy fields near its base, we may each in his own place and in his own pattern catch a fragment of thy likeness and all together reveal the perfection of thy beauty.

Chosen

As the fire under the stone floor (koodol) of my dwelling place burns brightly to warm my house, so may the love of God warm my heart and the hearts of those who step over my threshold.

O Lord, thou art the jiggy (forked stick) under the loads on our backs; thou art the headpad for women who carry jars on their heads; thou art the yoke that eases the loads for oxen.

China

Kindle in me a hot heart to love thee, my Lord and Saviour, and kindle hot hearts through me.

Help each one of us, gracious Father, to live in such magnanimity and restraint that the Head of the church may never have cause to say to any one of us, This is my body, broken by you.

We are going home to many who cannot read. So, Lord, make us Bibles so that those who cannot read the Book can read it in us. (A newly literate refugee woman.)

Dear Saving Lord, make me a bamboo pipe that I may carry living waters to nourish the dry fields of my village.

My Lord Jesus, at times I've almost lost thee in these revolutionary years. . . . I thank thee for my work that is so challenging: for these wee children first entrusted to my care, but especially for the big awkward girls so late to enter school. Lord Jesus, help me most with them. I want our school to compensate for all the years they've lost. . . . It's time for teachers' meeting, Lord. Go with me and direct.

April, 1946

Chile

. . . Make me more a mother than mothers are, that I may be able to love and defend as they do that which is not flesh of my flesh. May I succeed in making of one of my girls my perfect stanza, and in her bequeath thee my most enduring melody against the days when my lips shall sing no more. (A school teacher, a leading contemporary poetess in the Spanish language.)

India

O heavenly Father, open wide the sluice gate into my heart that I may receive thy living water and be fruitful. (Village woman, recently confirmed.)

Our Father, help me to pass my examinations. May my whole class pass. May the whole school pass. May the whole world pass. (A boy, just before examination.)

O Christ, we come into thy presence, and how beautiful it is! There is no place so beautiful as the place where thou art. (A teacher expressing her happiness after making a decision for Christ.)

O Lord Jesus, we thank you for your love for us. You did not pass us by because we were poor. You did not despise us because we were outcaste. You did not hate us because we were sinful. You came to us. You saved us. We thank you, dear Jesus. (An illiterate Telugu Christian.)

New Guinea

Teach me to pray—thus help me to bore a hole through which I can see thee.

Africa

God in heaven, you have helped my life to grow like a tree. Now something has happened. Satan, like a bird, has carried in one twig of his own choosing after another. Before I knew it he had built a dwelling place and was living in it. Tonight, my Father, I am throwing out both the bird and the nest. Amen. (A Christian leader in Cameroun.)

Beat us, O our Father, not hard enough to give us great pain, but beat us a little, enough to make us travel in thy path.

O God, we are thy cooking pots. Give us the fire and the water that we need, so that the food for thy children may not be spoiled and the children go hungry. Thou art the murugi (mother who cooks); use us to cook food for thy children. (A teacher at opening of a week's refresher course.)

O God, drive me in like a nail into mahogany, a nail which cannot be pulled out. (A Crown Prince, praying for spiritual stamina, at a time when political graft was threatening to overcome his spiritual integrity.)

PRAYER

Dean M. Kelley

Master, in Thy hand sustain me,
For without Thee I will fall.
Give me love for these my brothers;
Teach me how to love them all!

Keep my purpose strong within me.
May Thy guidance never fail.
Still the voices of temptation;
Let Thy voice alone prevail.

Give me strength and space for
growing—
Let my mind and soul expand.
In the valley of the shadow,
Master, let me touch Thy hand.

source

O beloved Pan and all ye other gods of this place, grant to me that I be made beautiful in my soul within, and that all external possessions be in harmony with my inner man. May I consider the wise man rich; and may I have such wealth as only the self-contained man can endure.

—Plato—Socrates speaking

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithly on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

—Robert Louis Stevenson

Now I shall sleep under thy feet, under thy hands, O Lord of the mountains and the valleys. Who is my mother? Who is my father? Thou alone, O God, thou who seest me, thou who defendest me, along my journey in the darkness which is above me, and in every hindrance which thou canst remove from me, O my God, O my Lord, O Lord of the mountains and of the valleys.

—Prayer of the Kekchi Indians

Guide us until the wounds of battle are healed, and men and nations live together in a world of peace. . . . Help us to know the end of battle is but the beginning of opportunity.

—Prayer offered at White House, August 19, 1945

Let my soul take refuge from the crowding turmoil of worldly thoughts beneath the shadow of thy wings; let my heart, this sea of restless waves, find peace in thee, O God.

—St. Augustine

There is a bridge, whereof the span
Is rooted in the heart of man,
And reaches without pile or rod,
Unto the Great White Throne of God.
—Gilbert Thomas

No man ever prayed heartily without
learning something.
—Emerson

To pray well is the better half of study.
—Martin Luther

Pray devoutly, but hammer stoutly.
—Proverb

Whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith. Therefore, I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray believe that ye receive them, and ye shall receive them.

—Mark 11:23, 24

In all thou dost, first let thy prayers ascend.

—Pythagoras

True prayer is not asking God for love; it is learning to love, and to include all mankind in one affection. Prayer is the utilization of love wherewith he loves us. Prayer begets an awakened desire to be and do good. . . . It shows us more clearly than we saw before, what we already have and are; and most of all it shows us what God is.

—Mary Baker Eddy

I cannot teach you how to pray in words.

God listens not to your words save when He Himself utters them through your lips.

—Kahlil Gibran in *The Prophet*



Prayer of an American Abroad

(unable to pray in the language of the people)

Our Father,

We are thankful that we may pray to Thee in any language—

That thou art not the God of just one nation, or race, or class,

But that thou art the Father of all mankind,

And that all men everywhere are thy children.

Make us more worthy to be called the children of God:

Give us the strength and the courage, and especially the desire,

To live as true sons of Thine.

To the extent that we have prayed in the spirit of Jesus,

Grant us this.

Amen

(Editor's note: This prayer came to us last spring from Puerto Rico. We do not know who sent it. We put it away for the issue we might have on human relations or prayer. Now at long last, the issue on prayer is here. We hope whoever sent it will see this issue and let us have the pleasure of knowing who he is.)

The Spirit of Life Makes Melody

Kirby Page

THE Lord made man a beautiful, breathing instrument of music, whereupon the spirit of life makes melody to God," exclaimed Clement of Alexandria many centuries ago. Man is a beast with his feet mired in the clay, but he is also a spirit who wings his way to communion with the Eternal, in poetry and art and music, in science and philosophy and theology, in fervent prayer and consecrated behavior and redemptive fellowship. The religious faith is that man is a spiritual being because he is created in the spiritual image of the Supreme Being. Therefore an individual can never be his true self so long as he refuses to rise above the animal-level of physical appetite and self-centered sensations.

Discipline is required for fullness of life, discipline of body and mind and spirit. The practice of the presence of God is required of all who would develop and release their full powers. Training in awareness and recognition is essential. The Christian faith is that God reveals himself in nature, in creatures, in persons, especially in prophets and saints, and uniquely in Jesus. Keen realization that "this is my Father's world" is needed if an individual is to achieve his best.

THE surpassing beauty of a sunset should not only be enjoyed, it should be recognized as the handiwork of God. A person can train himself to such a degree that sensitiveness to the glories of nature automatically brings God into mind. Nature in its myriad forms of beauty should ever be recognized: the awe-inspiring majesty of the starry firmament; the indescribable blending of color at dawn; the sinking of a flaming ball of fire into the horizon at sunset; fleecy clouds floating through the heavens; fog, rain, snow; rhododendrons, poppies, roses; an orchard at blossomtime; silvery reflections on a calm lake lined with green trees; the resistless onward surge of a mighty river; the raging torrent of a mountain stream; the reverent silence of majestic trees.

It is good for the spirit of man to experience beauty:

*Here is peace and loveliness ever mingled;
Organ music of winds and birds and branches,
And a brooding Presence that makes each moment
A benediction.*

Music is a window to fuller life. Harmony stirs the soul of man, quickens imagination, heightens aspiration, and forges determination. Wise is the individual who arranges his time with hours for great music and who has trained the faculty of recognition, recognition of harmony as a revelation of God. Carl Sandburg tells of the man who went to a concert tired and discouraged and who came away transformed: "When he got outside his heels hit

the sidewalk a new way. He was the same man in the same world as before. Only there was a singing fire and a climb of roses everlastingly over the world he looked on."

TRAINING in recognition of persons is essential to the highest creativity and the profoundest joy; recognition of persons as possessing inherent and priceless worth, created in the spiritual image of the Eternal; recognition of persons as kinsmen, beloved members of God's one family. After witnessing an accident where a young woman was knocked unconscious by a reckless driver, I exclaimed to my wife: "I didn't recognize her!" If I had recognized the unconscious victim as our own daughter, the entire scene would have been revolutionized. So would all life be revolutionized if constantly we were able to recognize persons, all persons, as precious members of our own family. Revolutionized indeed would be home life, race relations, economic affairs, international relations, if men were trained in recognition. When on a bus you observe an individual of another race, reflect upon the fact that this man's life is precious beyond computation, to himself, to his loved ones, and to God; think about the meaning of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and in that moment prayer will be a reality.

PRAYER is indeed the soul's sincere desire, and the practice of the presence of God ennobles desire, changes behavior, and transforms relationships. Many times a day pray short prayers of affirmation, adoration, thanksgiving, penitence, commitment, determination, and thereby growth in creativity will be nourished. Develop the habit of thinking about God immediately upon awakening; thank him before every meal; remember him often during the day; turn consciously to him before sleeping at night.

Sustained periods of silence and meditation are essential to the good life. Momentary prayer is not sufficient. We must also expose ourselves unhurriedly to God. If he is to direct our thinking, stir our emotions, guide our conscience, and strengthen our will, he must have uninter-

Kirby Page is so well known to students as the author of numerous books that students actually use, that any further biographical data seems unnecessary. But many of our readers may not know that he is a Texan, that he was graduated from Drake University and that he is an ordained Disciple of Christ minister. He has made many trips to Europe and Asia. His most recent volume in the "Living" series, his twenty-second book, is *The Will of God for These Days*. It is a spiritual interpretation of the momentous events of our time. It is obtainable from the author at LaHabra, California, for the astonishingly low price of one dollar. *Reminder Cards for Practicing the Presence of God* can also be secured for fifty cents. Kirby Page is a consistent writer for peace movements and one of the most effective social and religious leaders of our day.

rupted access to our inner lives at frequent intervals. Fifteen minutes of quietness and privacy for prayer is a bare minimum subsistence level; half an hour is not enough; an hour daily is really required for fullness of life.

Such a period of silent meditation may often be devoted to expressions of gratitude. Count your blessings, name them over one by one, and see what God has done and what countless individuals have done to enrich your own life. Think of the manifold material blessings that have come from God's bountiful nature, and give thanks. Reflect upon your physical endowment. Praise God for health and vitality, or at least thank him for an indomitable spirit that lives joyously in spite of affliction and pain. Contemplate the inestimable boon of capacity to appreciate beauty and enjoy music. Dwell on the unlimited range of abstract thought open to the human mind. Think of what it means to love and be loved. Thank God for interdependence and the cords that bind us to other people. Remember the extent of indebtedness: to myriads of workers for sustenance and shelter and clothing, for comfort and convenience and privilege; to men and women of long ago who helped to create the heritage we now enjoy—discoverers, inventors, scientists, hewers of wood, potters molding their clay, laborers with crushing burdens, artists, sculptors, printers, physicians, surgeons, musicians, philosophers, teachers, authors, statesmen, administrators, executives, preachers, saints, martyrs. Praise

God for companionship, and for the joy of living as a beloved friend. Exult over the radiance of everlasting life. Praise the Lord as long as you live.

Spend much time in confession. See yourself as you really are; see yourself as you are seen by the ever-present God. Contrast the actual with the ideal, and cry out to God for vision and strength to live more worthily. Spend unhurried moment in intercession for others. Yearn over your loved ones and friends. Send out thoughts and prayers of affection and concern and commitment. Remember that the greatest souls of the ages have ardently practiced intercession.

BECOME better acquainted with Jesus. Study the Bible record more thoroughly. Read illuminating interpretations of his life and teaching. Recognize him as the supreme revelation of the nature of God and also the fullest revelation of the possibilities of man. Make renewed commitments of self to him, to his interpretation of God, and to his way of life. Live today with the realization that you are already living in God's home, and seek to be a worthy member of God's family.

*O Light that followeth all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine blaze its day
May richer, fuller be.*

source

All things, whatsoever, ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.

—Matthew 21:22

Faith makes a perfect partner with Meekness. Meekness says, "I cannot do it." Faith says, "God can do it." So alongside the pillar of Meekness we should erect the pillar of Faith, knowing well if we trust ourselves to the rungs extending between them, we shall have a perfect ladder into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Faith lifted to its highest level is prayer. Love lifted to its highest level is God in manifestation among men. To climb the ladder of Faith to the high realm of Realization brings us into the realm of continuous prayer; to climb the ladder of love to the high realm of Oneness will bring us into the realm where we shall "dwell in the House of the Lord forever."

With the combined forces of Meekness, Faith, Love, and Peace behind your prayer, you will find that it is well-nigh irresistible.

—James Freeman Clarke in *The Christian Doctrine of Prayer*

Prayer is the soul of religion, and failure there is not a superficial lack for a supply of which the spiritual life leisurely can wait. Failure in prayer is the loss of religion itself in its inward and dynamic aspect of fellowship with the Eternal.

—Harry Emerson Fosdick, from the preface to *The Meaning of Prayer*

Prayer is an energy as real as the energy that binds the planets to the sun.

—Vida Seudder

Our God, who art our winged self, it is thy will in us that willeth.

It is thy desire in us that desireth.

It is thy urge in us that would turn our nights, which are thine, into days which are thine also.

We cannot ask thee for aught, for thou knowest our needs before they are born in us:

Thou art our need: and in giving us more of thyself thou givest us all.

—Kahlil Gibran in *The Prophet*

Prayer is the spirit speaking truth to Truth.

—P. J. Bailey

Lord, make me an instrument of your peace; where there is hatred let me sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; and where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood, as to understand; to be loved, as to love; for it is in giving that we receive, it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and it is in dying that we are born into eternal life.

—Attributed to St. Francis of Assisi

Truth is what prays in man, and a man is continually at prayer when he lives according to truth.

—Swedenborg

To pray . . . is to desire; but it is to desire what God would have us to desire. He who desires not from the bottom of his heart, offers a deceitful prayer.

—Fenelon

O, do not pray for easy lives.

Pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers.

Pray for powers equal to your tasks.

—Phillips Brooks

O Merciful God, fill our hearts, we pray Thee, with the graces of thy Holy Spirit, with love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. Teach us to love those who hate us; to pray for those who spitefully use us; that we may be the children of thee, our Father, who maketh thy sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sendest rain on the just and on the unjust.

—Anselm

O Thou strong Father of all nations, draw all thy great people together with an increasing sense of our common blood and destiny, that peace may come on earth at last, and thy sun may shed its light rejoicing on a holy brotherhood of peoples.

—Walter Rauschenbusch

Practicing Prayer

What prayer means to representative students is important. Along with Dr. Radcliffe's analysis, Dr. Buttrick's suggestions and Dr. Tittle's personal confession of God, we felt that students ought to say something about their experience of prayer. But students are loath to write about something until they feel fairly certain about it. Mary Eleanor Upton consented to write even though she had had a great deal of difficulty getting her ideas down. Maude Martin says in a note accompanying her article, "My ideas have become clearer as I write. It has been rewritten several times." Both writers say that the experience of writing the paper has been worth while. Students will find the experiment of trying to express their ideas about prayer a worth-while undertaking. At least it will make us conscious of how little thought and still less discipline have been put into this chief characteristic of a working religion.

Power Potential

Maude M. Martin

Cornell College and Garrett Biblical Institute

WHY do people turn to prayer during crisis? We may feel that to turn to prayer only in time of trouble shows a weak religion. Yet this impulse shows that we do feel the need of someone to share our burdens, that our strength alone is insufficient. For many of us something as drastic as a crisis must come before we feel the need.

When we face the crisis of world tragedy as we all have these last few years we realize the necessity for more than solace or even temporary strength. We find responsibilities far too large settling down on our shoulders. We feel keenly that we must play our part in preventing the causes for another war. And when we face this problem we realize, as C. S. Lewis encourages us to do, our complete inadequacy and become humble before our creator.

Especially now as we face this greatest crisis of constructing a peaceful world, do we feel the need of strength beyond our own. The task is not going to be one, however, of being strong to meet the emergency, but of being strong day by day to build from the foundation something solid and durable. Isaiah says, "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint." And it is for the walking we need the strength today. All our fine ideas of brotherhood and justice in international affairs are going to have to be undergirded by strong individuals who live lives of creative love each day. Here is where power is needed.

I like the phrase in the scripture "they that wait upon the Lord." This to me is a description of the highest type of prayer. It is prayer that we can pray in private or that we can share with a group.

It is prayer that brings not only strength, peace, and calm, but also added creative powers with which to face and live life. To me to "wait upon the Lord" with friends brings out the finest creativity in us and gives the high privilege of sharing in the creativity of others and God.

I think prayer is important because of a faith I have that it gives power. I feel that if I really made prayer a part of my life I could accomplish much more good and make many less mistakes. I think this because I have seen men and women in whose life I see this power. In close association with them one becomes aware that often, even in little things, they "wait upon the Lord."

I have found great unifying power in prayer. A group that has become one through shared prayer will always be one not only when they are with each other physically but when separated even by years. My group prayer experience has been greatly enriched by all these people who are now a vital part of any real worship experiences I have. A group with whom I spent six weeks and shared each evening an hour or more of meditation as we watched the sun drop behind the mountains, and with whom I ended each day in a fellowship circle will always be part of my prayers and I shall feel myself a part of theirs. Those who have been welded together in the intensity of the presence of the living God cannot be torn asunder.

I have found in prayer the conviction and strength to change my habits of living. This wrestling with the spirit which comes at moments of not mere meditation but of opening the heart in anticipation of God's presence is a real means of growth. Often into my prayers comes a demand for me to give up a habit or



The Prophet Isaiah

Cathedral, Florence, Italy

really to give myself to unselfish living (perhaps the encouragement of a person needing help in adjusting to a school situation). Sometimes the power of God fills my life and I change. If we could only be strong enough, daring enough to accept the challenge given to us in our communion with God! But then it is mostly through this communion with God that we learn to live daringly.

I have found amazing strength in time of trouble. When I realized that my mother was dying I thought it would be more than I could bear. Because of an experience of prayer and communion with God I was able to live through the period of my mother's death and the hard weeks that followed.

I have found in prayer a help to my everyday living. I find when I do take some time each day in prayer and meditation my day is changed. I meet the day more aware of its possibilities and better able to do the things that must be done.

I think perhaps the greatest thrill I have received from prayer was when I actually felt that God was taking hold of my life and working through me. This should happen to a person whose life is really consecrated to Christian work.

These past experiences in prayer have been of great value in enriching my life. They give me added hope as to what prayer can do for me in the future. I feel that if I could completely surrender myself to God through prayer my life would



The Prophet Amos
Cathedral, Florence, Italy

be a great instrument in his hands. Prayer is not a retreat from life; on the contrary, it sends us into life with renewed power and strength. Prayer is a long, difficult and often lonesome road. It requires day by day discipline I have not yet been able to establish or build. But the great creative power of prayer cannot be reached without that discipline, any more than a writer can achieve great creative power of writing without discipline.

This Is My Prayer

Mary Eleanor Upton

University of Denver

PRAYER is such an integral part of my living and thinking that it resists even momentary separation from my total thinking for an evaluation of its meaning to me. It has proven difficult at any time to explain orally or in writing how prayer functions in my life, yet each attempt has made me more aware of its importance and constant service to me.

My prayer is my gladness for living when the sun comes up in its dawning glory and heralds a day for the industries of mankind—schools and learning for children, homes and family for women, jobs and gratifying accomplishment for people of business. My prayer is my gratitude for this creative world in which I find ever increasing examples of gallant and unselfish living amidst the more common drudgeries of just passing time. My prayer springs forth spontaneously when I catch the first glimpse each day of the massive and inspiring Rocky Mountains. Whether shrouded in a wintry haze or softened by a bluish shaded cloak or brilliantly outlined by shining snow caps and distinctive lights and shadows of valleys and peaks, they never fail to stir my deepest religious sense. I thank God for this majesty and for the privilege of gaining inspiration from their nearness.

On the other hand, prayer without conviction, prayer without a sense of one's own responsibility, can easily become mere wishful thinking. Nothing is truer than the statement: "I shall pray as if everything depends upon God—I shall work as if everything depends upon me." The prayers that are my natural response to the world surrounding me are a point

of departure for further accomplishment. I hope that their implications can be seen in my personal and social living.

Last spring in preparing a paper on my philosophy of religion for a university course, I wrote the following statement about prayer:

"Prayer is to me one of the primary means of aiding oneself to get into harmony with the creative integrity of the universe. It is distinguishable from other means of adjusting and of worship by its use of words in a direct address to God. I have always felt that at any time I assumed an attitude of reverence, serious contemplation, spontaneous and deep joy, adoration and appreciation, toward life and its deeper currents, I was doing something akin to prayer.

"Prayer has of late taken on greater significance for me because, first, it has been clarified for better use and, second, I have needed it as a revitalizing and sustaining factor in my spiritual life."

This is even truer now than it was at the time of writing. Since then death has claimed the life of a valued friend. I found then that the habit of prayer was a deep foundation to help withstand the shock of loss. Without a faith in the total pattern of creativity, and prayer as one of the religious means of feeling a part of the pattern, my life might have become a chaotic mess. But these have strengthened my somewhat embryonic philosophy of life and the added stability has proven to me that my fundamental beliefs form a valid foundation for my maturing life.

MERCY, PITY, PEACE, AND LOVE

William Blake

Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
Is God, our Father dear;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
Is man, his child and care.

For mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face,
And love the human form divine,
And peace the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine,
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

For all must love the human form,
In Christian, Turk, or Jew;
Where mercy, love, and pity dwell
There God is dwelling too.

Patterns for Perfection

A Bibliography of Classical Devotional Writings

Compiled by

Thomas S. Kepler

PROFESSOR Thomas S. Kepler of Lawrence College has been one of the *motive "originals."* His words and their ways in religion and his *Credo*—fundamental Christian beliefs—have been features of the magazine we have been proud to acclaim. (And *Credo* in book form is still available. Don't miss it.) This year he has been conspicuously absent from our pages. He has been hard at work on other things and the fruit of some of his labor will appear this spring in a large book of 800,000 words. Its title, *The Fellowship of the Saints*, suggests its subject matter—Christian devotional literature. It will contain the biographies of 135 "saints," an outline of church history, and a series of other comprehensive biographies of historical and contemporary contributions to the field of devotional literature. Abingdon-Cokesbury is publishing the book. It's on our list of "musts" as it will be for anyone interested in worship and private devotions. We are happy to print this bibliography of classical devotional writings culled out for us by Dr. Kepler. We hope that it will prove a spur to many of us who need to know the great books in this field.

Augustine's (354-430) *Confessions* is still one of the greatest of autobiographies of a man who laid the theological foundations for the Western Church.

Dionysius the Areopagite (writings appear under this name, 475-525). His writings, especially *Mystic Theology*, are really the foundation of advanced prayer in Christianity.

Benedict (480-542) in *The Holy Rule* intricately ties worship into every duty of the monastic life, including labor.

Anselm of Canterbury (1033-1109), called "the second Augustine" and the "father of orthodox scholasticism, contemplates God in *Proslogium*.

Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153) in *Sermons*, many based on the *Song of Songs*, creates the devotional pattern as that of imitating Christ in each life-situation.

Francis of Assisi (1181-1226) did not write anything; but everyone should read *Little Flowers of Saint Francis*, which he inspired.

Bonaventura (1221-1274), greatly inspired by Francis of Assisi, wrote *The Soul's Progress in God*.

The Mirror of Simple Souls (written anonymously 1248-1309) is another writing influenced by the life of Francis of Assisi.

"Meister" Eckhart (1260-1329) in his *Sermons*, a man of great intellectual energy as well as mystical devotion, lays the basis for German mysticism.

John Tauler (1300-1361) wrote *Golden Thoughts on the Higher Life*, typical of his passion for devotional depth being carried to the helping of humanity.

John Ruysbroeck (1293-1381) is one of the greatest devotional figures of history. Read *Flowers of a Mystic Garden*. He was influenced by "Meister" Eckhart.

Gerard Groot (1340-1384) wrote a *Spiritual Diary* which forms the basis for *The Imitation of Christ* of Thomas a Kempis (1380-1471).

Theologia Germanica (anonymously written in the fourteenth century) was printed by Martin Luther in 1516-1518.

The Cloud of Unknowing (written anonymously in the latter half of the fourteenth century) reflects the spirit of Dionysius the Areopagite.

Catherine of Sienna, (1347-1380) in her *Letters and Dialogues* shows the richest spirit of women Italian mystics.

Walter Hilton (—d. 1396) in *The Scale of Perfection* shows a gentle, tender devotion toward both God and men.

The Revelations of Divine Love by Julian of Norwich (1343-1413) are considered the most beautiful of English devotional writings.

Nicholas of Cusa (1401-1464) leaves a deep spiritual record in *The Vision of God*.

source

Who rises from prayer a better man, his prayer is answered.

—George Meredith

Almighty Father, we, who are members of different races and confessions, desire together to worship thy name in fellowship with each other. Thou art our Father, and we are thy children; show us that our hopes and fears and aspirations are one. Forgive, O God, the envies, suspicions and misunderstandings which have blinded our eyes and thrust us asunder. Purify our hearts; and teach us to walk together in the laws of thy commandments and in the ways of human friendship.

(*First paragraph of the "Prayer in preparation for the Holy Communion at the World Conference of Christian Youth, Amsterdam, 1939."*)

O God, who art the unsearchable abyss of peace, the ineffable sea of love, the fountain of blessings and the bestower of affection, who sendest peace to those who receive it; open to us this day the sea of thy love, and water us with plenteous streams from the riches of thy grace and from the most sweet springs of thy benignity. Make us children of quietness and heirs of peace. Enkindle in us the fire of thy love; sow in us thy fear; strengthen our weakness by thy power, bind us closely to thee and to each other in one firm and indissoluble bond of unity.

(*This prayer was used by early Syrian Christians and is taken from the Clementine Liturgy.*)

O Lord and Father of mankind, open our eyes to see the vision of thy Kingdom to which all the nations of the world are to bring their respective contributions. Enable us to so live and work and make known thy Message of Love given to us in Jesus Christ that men may be led to surrender themselves to thee and thy purpose of love. Strengthen the bonds of spiritual fellowship that men of diverse races and heritages have been able to discover in Jesus Christ. Amen.

—Puthenveettel Ooman Philip, Secretary of National (India) Christian Council.

PRAYER FOR PEACE

Pius XII

May the Holy Spirit,
light of intellects,
gentle ruler of hearts,
deign to hear
the prayers of His Church
and guide in their arduous
work,
those who, in accordance with
their mandate,
are striving sincerely,
despite obstacle and
contradictions,
to reach the goal
so universally, so ardently
desired:
peace,
a peace worthy
of the name;
a peace
built and consolidated
in sincerity and loyalty,
in justice and reality;
a peace of loyal and resolute
force
to overcome or preclude
those economic and social
conditions
which might, as they did in
the past,
easily lead to new conflicts;
a peace that can be approved
by all right-minded men
of every people and every
nation;
a peace which future
generations
may regard gratefully
as the happy outcome
of a sad period;
a peace that may stand out
in the centuries
as a resolute advance
in the affirmation
of human dignity
and of ordered liberty;
a peace that may be like
the Magna Carta
which closed the dark ages
of violence;
a peace
that under the merciful
guidance of God
may let us so pass
through temporal prosperity
that we may not lose
eternal happiness.

Girolamo Savonarola (1452-1498) in *Miserere* beautifully explores the spiritual depth of the fifty-first Psalm.

Catherine of Genoa (1447-1510) in her *Dialogues* shows a type of devotion which flowers into action.

The Life of St. Teresa of Jesus and *The Interior Castle* by Teresa of Avila (1515-1582) are excellent X-rays into the life of a woman saint.

The Dark Night of the Soul by John of the Cross (1542-1591) is one of several writings to reform the decadent religious life of the time in Spain.

The Spiritual Combat by Lorenzo Scupoli (1529-1610), introduced into France by Francis de Sales, became one of the great devotional guides.

Holy Wisdom by Augustine Baker (1575-1619) is one of the most lucid guides to devotional living.

Francis de Sales (1567-1622) sets the sails for the popular piety of his time in *Introduction to the Devout Life*.

A Protestant German shoemaker, Jacob Boehme (1575-1624), left a classic in *The Signature of All Things*.

A book none must miss is *Private Devotions* by Lancelot Andrewes (1555-1626). It gives a devotional pattern for a week.

Thoughts by Blaise Pascal (1623-1662) is the autobiography of a brilliant, often unhappy mystic.

Jeremy Taylor (1613-1667) in *Rule and Exercises for Holy Living* and *Holy Dying* has left two devotional gems.

The *Letters* of Isaac Pennington (1617-1680) richly portray the spirit of a seventeenth century Friend.

Robert Leighton (1611-1684) gives us the greatest devotional classic from Scotland in *Rules and Instructions for a Holy Life*.

George Fox (1624-1690) in his *Journal* portrays the soul of one who founded the Quakers.

The Practice of the Presence of God by Brother Lawrence (1611-1691) is exactly what the title portrays, as practiced by one among menial duties, in which all tasks become sacred.

The Saints' Everlasting Rest by Richard Baxter (1615-1691) portrays the mystical note of a Puritan, unafraid to face prison and persecution.

Miguel de Molinos (1640-1697) gives us the classical Spanish devotional writing in *The Spiritual Guide Which Disentangles the Soul*.

Francois Fenelon (1615-1715) in his *Letters* and Madame Guyon (1648-1717) in *Short and Easy Method of Prayer* leave two enticing French mystical guides.

A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life by William Law (1686-1761) left a deep influence on Samuel Johnson, John Henry Newman, and John Wesley.

The *Journal* by John Woolman (1720-1772) is the spiritual autobiography of a Quaker tailor, who spoke vehemently against slavery.

John Wesley (1720-1796) in his *Journal* gives the best portrait of eighteenth century England—and also portrays his own soul.

Aids to the Inner Life by Jean Nicholas Grou (1731-1803) is a charming guide to the devotional life.

From *Purity of Heart* and his *Journals* meet the tragic, profound soul of Soren Kierkegaard (1813-1855), the greatest Danish theologian.

Apologia pro Vita Sua by Cardinal John H. Newman (1801-1890) is the outstanding Roman Catholic autobiography of the nineteenth century.

Emily Herman (1874-1923) in *Creative Prayer* and *The Secret Garden of the Soul* reflects a passionate love of the devotional life.

Coventry Patmore (1833-1896) in *The Rod, the Root, and the Flower* gives the picture of a poet, writing in prose, influenced in a liberal sense by the Roman Catholic tradition.

Autobiography by George Tyrrell (1861-1909), an ex-communicated Roman Catholic priest, is an acute reflection of a great soul.

My Confession by Lyof N. Tolstoi (1828-1910) is intriguing.

The Selected Letters of Friedrich von Hugel (1852-1925) cannot be missed by any student of devotional literature.

Love and Loyalty Alone

Robert Hoffman Hamill

I. Whom God Hath Joined Together

FOR most young people, preparation for marriage consists in getting *the one* boy to say "Will you," or *the one* girl to say "Yes." If anyone dares to suggest that they understand something about this "holy estate of matrimony" before they enter into it, the engaged couple is likely to feel mildly insulted; they exclaim, "But we are in love!" as if that explained everything, once and for all. Love is supposed to cover over their ignorance, to substitute for missing skills, and to guarantee a Cinderella marriage: *they will live happily ever after*. Unhappily, fairy tales are not real life. Not yet!

When young people say they are "in love," they usually mean the tall, dark, handsome kind of love, the irresistible, hypnotic power which magnetizes the movies, the song hits and magazine stories, the love found always in fiction and seldom in real life. Yet every engaged couple feel they have the real thing. They are happy—that proves it. Their romance grips them, they are caught in the torrent that swept Romeo and Juliet, and that proves they are meant for each other. They themselves feel irresponsible; "love" captured them, so they can only yield to it. The Prince of Wales, obliged to choose between the crown and Mrs. Simpson, abdicates the throne and chooses the woman; then the whole world applauds. Happiness comes before duty. When love catches you, when cupid shoots his arrow, you are "in love" and cannot help yourself.

The commercial world re-enforces this erotic conception of love. It parades sex appeal as the chief virtue in life. Women's clothing is never "warm and durable," it is usually "glamorous and exciting." Business exploits this impulse and advertises food, medicine, radio, even college educations, for their sexual attractiveness. At the same time, modern society does not encourage young people to marry, and thus intensifies their anxiety. According to social patterns a young couple is expected to finish school, and the young man is supposed to get started in business before marriage. In this way society pulls them in contrary directions: it encourages passion and discourages marriage; it arouses desire and frustrates its release. "Love," the kind that makes the blood run fast and the nerves tingle, has become the chief concern of youth. Impetuous love

runs wild, and society makes it hard to tame.

MOST young couples go to a minister to be married and in turn ask the blessing of the church on the union. Yet for the most part, they consider the church to be uninformed, perhaps afraid, of the whole subject of marriage. The church appears to them to have nothing useful to say, and, surely, no clear understanding of sex. They remember times past, when the church degraded the purpose of sex; they think of the Puritans and ascetics who felt that physical attraction was "unspiritual" and unworthy of Christian people. Consequently, young people usually shun the church during the most formative years of life—those just before and just after the wedding. When they begin to court they feel they have outgrown the church, and they do not come back to it until much later when they take their children to Sunday school. In the meantime, they are religious outcasts, and the early period of married life goes unguided by any Christian influence.

In the marriage ceremony the minister reads from the ritual these daring words, "I now pronounce that they are husband and wife together, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Those whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

"Whom God hath joined together," it declares. This bold pronouncement rests upon the conviction that "holy matrimony . . . is an honorable estate, instituted by God." Christian marriage "unites two loyal hearts in endless love"—unites them to face whatever comes, for better, for worse; unites them for each other's sake, and for each other exclusive of all others; unites them for the good of their souls, for the fellowship of their minds, and for the joy of their bodies; and binds them for the procreation of new human life, by which they share in God's creative life. Those who enter Christian marriage "reverently, discreetly, and in the love of God," find that the heavens seal their earthly bonds, and marriage becomes a beautiful experience.

CHRISTIAN marriage arises not from human convenience, much less from the church's ingenuity. It develops from

Robert Hoffman Hamill is at present the minister of Grace Methodist Church in Burlington, Iowa. Bob is perhaps best known to readers of *motive* as the creator of *Skeptics' Corner* which has become one of the most popular features of the magazine. He holds some kind of a record for having been the forum leader in both the '41 and '45 Urbana Conferences. Bob comes from Indiana, was graduated from Northwestern, took his divinity work at Yale and then became the student director at the Wesley Foundation at the University of Iowa. He is in constant demand as leader and speaker for student conferences.

Evelyn Underhill (1875-1941) in *The Mystic Way* and *Concerning the Inner Way* writes with the authority of a saint.

A Testament of Devotion by Thomas R. Kelly (1893-1941) is a modern classic of a Friend who died when forty-seven years of age, leaving these posthumous writings.

Parts of *The Idea of the Holy* by Rudolf Otto (1869-1938) are deeply in touch with reality.

Among living writers do not miss Rufus Jones' books—read all of them; Albert Schweitzer, *My Life and Thought*; Muriel Lester, *Dare We Face Facts?* Sundar Singh, *With and Without Christ*; Toyohiko Kagawa, *Meditations on the Cross*; E. Stanley Jones, *How to Pray and Abundant Living*; Gerald Heard, *A Preface to Prayer*; Douglas Steere, *On Beginning from Within*; Philippe Vernier, *With the Master*; Georgia Harkness, *Religious Living*; Allan Hunter, *Say Yes to the Light*; Friedrich Heiler, *Prayer*; George Buttrick, *Prayer*; Willard Sperry, *Reality in Worship*; Albert Palmer, *Paths to the Presence of God*; Von Oden Vogt, *Art and Religion*; Clarence Seidenspinner, *Our Dwelling-place*.

God's deliberate intention. God in his goodness ordained the family; one man and one woman living faithfully together, belonging together, and determined to remain together always and exclusively. Our conviction that God planned it that way is founded not on faith but on facts.

First, the fact that every living person is the child of one father and one mother is inescapable. They are his parents, his exclusive parents. God uses them to give him birth, to give him not merely his body but his spirit. This fact merges the parents inseparably. Each parent creates with the help of only one other person; and each parent requires the other in order to fulfill his own function, for the husband can be a father only by means of his wife, and the wife a mother only by means of her husband. That necessity for each other binds them inseparably and exclusively. Together they create, and create something not after their own image only, but a person after God's image. They share God's life-creating powers. Here, rooted in the deepest fact of nature, God has ordained for one husband and one wife to live together in the most meaningful act of all creation.

The second fact is like unto it. To fulfill their own love one for another, husband and wife must be constant and faithful. The lover wants his beloved alone. He wants her for himself without any intrusion, and he wants her for always. She has the same feeling for the husband. True love includes this stubborn fact. True lovers have closed minds on this.

Now God has ordained that both these needs shall be fulfilled in Christian marriage since it provides for procreation and for personal maturity; since it gives expression to physical passion and gives a channel for spiritual growth. The first, in fact, grows into the second. *Being* together becomes *belonging* together. No longer do the bride and groom feel that "love" has *thrown* them together, but that God hath *joined* them. They themselves "consent together in holy wedlock" and by their wills they say "yes" to God. They know that God created this estate of marriage, created it for them and created them for it. Sex-attraction, therefore, leads people into true fellowship where they live for each other with mutual responsibility. Thus God ordains that their natural impulses lead them into fullness of life. Passion is converted into compassion and love flowers into faithfulness.

ROMANTIC love belongs in Christian marriage, and sex is a healthy part of the fullness of married life. God ordained sex for procreation and children are therefore not "conceived in iniquity and born in sin," as the old Scripture maintains. The ways of God's creative powers are marvelous to behold. The sig-

nificance of birth obviously gives importance to sex. Beyond that, husband and wife use romantic love to express their devotion to each other. Intercourse does not merely satisfy one's own physical needs—for that can become self-gratification. It does provide the means for enriching the partner's joy. Married Christians use sexual union to *give* pleasure more than to *have* pleasure. Furthermore, as Emil Brunner points out, by sexual attraction "the Creator entices man out of the solitude of 'I' into a life of partnership and mutual obligation." Thus God created sex for positive good; to be employed and enjoyed.

Expressing oneself sexually is no more evil than eating or breathing. Its purpose is misunderstood. It is meant to be a part of living, not the whole of it; the beginning of marriage; not the end. Sexuality is integral to the human spirit, and thus it can be perverted by wrong usage because the flesh may be willing but the spirit may be weak. A Swiss writer, de Rougemont, has recently pointed out that nothing is more rare than true passion. A great love requires creative imagination into the feelings of the beloved, a delicate and profound concern to satisfy the needs of the loved one, a disciplined power to be faithful, and finally a contempt for earthly goods and personal happiness. (How exalted this is, and how contradictory to the movie-brand of love!) "This combination cannot possibly be as common as novels and opera have made us believe. I submit that great lovers are as rare as true mystics."

Christian marriage certainly cannot be based upon love alone, nor even chiefly upon love, when love is conceived as a romantic attachment. Love in that sense is unstable, a kaleidoscopic experience, fascinating, shifting, immature. Romantic

love is an emotion too fluctuating to be stable, too wild to be tamed down to any one other person. We speak of *falling* in love; it is accidental, it happens by chance. Men also fall out of this kind of love, for it requires no will power and no commitment.

With equal accuracy of speech, the ritual speaks of those who *enter into* the state of matrimony. Exactly! Marriage is an act of the moral will; it requires deliberate decision. Love may become frustrated, yet marriage can endure. The loved one may become diseased or crippled, impotent or sterile, and "love" thereby annulled. Despite these situations lovers have created beautiful married life because they willfully determined to rise above their broken romance. Or, love may fade, for this emotion is unpredictable; erotic feeling can evaporate. "I just don't love him any more, that's all," the bride may say after a few months; and once love has vanished, seldom can will power resurrect it. Deliberate intention cannot revive that emotional attachment. The will can build a marriage, but the will cannot create love, nor can love alone create the real marriage relationship.

CHRISTIAN marriage originates in love, but builds on faithfulness. It begins in romance and matures in fellowship. The bride and groom promise to be faithful; they do not promise to be physically attracted to each other. They make out-going vows of faithfulness. The ritual does not ask the groom, "Will you love her, comfort her, honor and keep her *as long as she loves you in return?*" Rather, the man promises to take his wife "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to
[Concluded on page 42]

Prayer for the Sino-Japanese Day of Prayer

(The two prayers we print here are remarkable in that the first was written by the Chinese students during the war. The second was written by a Japanese student. In prayer, at least, all men can be one.)

"In the midst of this world chaos, although China and Japan seem to have been driven further apart, yet we Christian students of these two nations, who have confessed our allegiance as devoted followers of a common, just and loving God, feel even more close to each other than before. . . .

"We, the Christian youth of our two countries, know that 'God has made of one blood all nations of men.' There is a conflict between righteousness and unrighteousness but there can be none between those who trust and obey the God of righteousness and judgment."

"Eternal God, we who against Thy will and the Spirit of Christ have caused the suffering of Thy People and thus violated the Law of Thy Kingdom, humbly confess our sin. Such blasphemy against Thy Holy Purpose in the Universe deserves Thy severest punishment: we know that there can be no justification in Thy Righteous Judgment.

"Our human weakness divided Thy world into countries and governments and has made the earthly authority its own law and judge. We also realize our basic iniquity in our own misuse of the human freedom and economic values Thou hast granted us.

"We pray Thee, God, that Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Help us to live more closely with Thee and devote all our possibilities to the building of Thy Kingdom, following the footsteps of Christ, our Lord, in whose Spirit alone can individuals and nations come together before Thee."

Open Season for Jim Crow

The University of North Carolina Takes a Pot Shot

DARLEY LOCHNER

JIM Crow received several severe blows dealt by students of the University of North Carolina last fall. Early in November the Dialectic Senate, student society founded over one hundred and fifty years ago and composed of campus leaders, voted for a bill recommending that Negro students be allowed to enter the University of North Carolina and board with white students.

Commenting editorially on the issue, *Tar Heel*, the student newspaper, said, "The Dialectic Senate voted unanimously Wednesday night in favor of equal educational opportunities for Negroes . . . and voted by a large majority in favor of admission of Negroes to the University of North Carolina and for the abolition of Jim Crow laws. . . . This is not the first time that students of this university have shown their detestation of racial discrimination . . . the University of North Carolina is an oasis in a desert of prejudice. We must keep it that way and introduce at least conservatism in a reactionary South."

While the *Tar Heel* editorial seems to have an exaggerated idea of Carolina's progressiveness in relation to other southern colleges, it does indicate the attitude of student leaders, if not that of the complete student body, in regard to racial justice.

The action of the Dialectic Senate did not indicate the attitude of the general student body but only the beliefs of a group of young people who were interested in such problems and had thought about them. There was much criticism of the action taken by the Dialectic Senate from the student body and from reactionary citizens of North Carolina in general.

AMONG the more vociferous comments came one from Dave Clark of Raleigh, N. C., editor of the *Southern Textile Bulletin* and a trustee of the University. Clark accused the members of the Dialectic Senate of being northerners who were trying to lower the students of the university to the level of East Side New York. He requested the *Tar Heel* to publish the names of students who voted for the admission of colored students so that the public could learn who was "so weak-minded as to have yielded to the influences of professors and instructors who are members of the radical

and communistic group at the University of North Carolina."

The *Tar Heel* poll revealed that twenty-four senate members came from North Carolina, one from Virginia and one from New York. Twenty-four were Protestant and two were Jewish. In the Protestant group were six Methodists.

During the following week forty-five Carolina students attended the state student legislature at Raleigh, an annual event in which students from all colleges in the state meet in the state legislative chambers to conduct a mock session and recommend bills for passage by the regular lawmakers. A student from the university introduced a bill requesting that students from Negro colleges be invited to attend the next meeting of the student legislature. Delegates, not only from UNC but from other Carolina colleges, voted one hundred and ten to forty-eight in favor of the bill. State officials urged the group to rescind its actions but the students refused to revote the issue.

The attitude of the liberal group of students at the University of North Carolina was expressed by Douglass Hunt, speaker of the student legislature at the University and delegate from southern colleges to the San Francisco Conference. In an open letter he said:

"To my mind there is one overriding and supremely important fact about men: whatever their race, nationality, religion or condition, they are men. This applies to Negroes; they are men; they are human beings. I cannot conceive that the mere fact of color made me superior to them or to any other racial, national or religious group. . . . I cannot love a man because of his race . . . nor hate him for it: I simply ignore it.

"A second compelling fact prompted me to vote to recommend the abolition of Jim Crow laws: This is one world. . . . One of the tragic mistakes we petty men are making is to refuse the fact that, do what we will, we must learn to live together. We cannot put off living together, for, if we do, we shall certainly die together. We can begin to have peace only if we start here in the United States, here in the South, here in North Carolina.

". . . I cannot offer you any outstanding accident of birth or environment to explain away what I believe

most intelligent people will call straight thinking. . . . On the contrary my thinking was done for me at least two thousand years ago by one who recognized 'neither male or female, bond or free, Jew or Gentile,' but saw them all as one in God's sight and . . . regarded men as one. . . . If you look for the source of these seditious remarks, turn to that most revolutionary of all documents, the New Testament."

THE final official statement concerning the whole affair came from Frank P. Graham, president of the University. Commenting upon the action taken at the student legislature he said of the college students who voted:

"It is to them anomalous to hope to organize an international assembly of the peoples of all nations, races, colors and creeds and at the same time in our own State Assembly of youth to exclude representatives of our own Negro colleges in North Carolina. These students in large majority are serious minded and studious with a high sense of sobriety, with a fine sense of decency and a responsible sense of freedom. An increasing sense of the historic and democratic processes, more intelligent understanding, and, therefore, due regard for the laws and mores of the people, decent respect for the opinions and rights of others, and a widening social sympathy with the upward struggles of people everywhere—all of these are a part of the freedom and moral responsibility, spiritual growth and patient wisdom, which is the opportunity of colleges to impart to youth in a world in need of the best that youth has to give. Idealism and civic concern of youth in the colleges all over this and other lands give promise of the next patient but hopeful steps toward that better world for which two thousand years ago a Young Man gave his life."

Such doctrine is not new to *motive* readers. But it is new that a college newspaper is allowed to print such sentiments in its editorial columns and that college students are allowed to state such views without fear of expulsion or social disgrace. And these students may express their honest opinion with no fear of punishment from those in authority.

Meditations Out of Crisis

PHILIPPE VERNIER

Translated by Edith Lovejoy Pierce

LIGHTEN MINE

(Psalm

MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU

(John XIV - 27)

MARK well—he does not say: “I promise you a tranquil existence.” They are bad disciples who resemble the famous rat that retired into a cheese, and we have indeed betrayed our Master if we give the impression of being sheltered folk. He himself has said: “I came not to bring peace, but a sword,” and he prophesied persecution for his disciples. Consider the lives of his great servants, a St. Paul, a Luther, a William Booth. What battles! First against themselves and next against the whole world.

The peace of which he speaks is then a special peace. His own peace, not “that which the world gives.” And its characteristic is precisely that it is in the midst of battle, in the very center of temptations and obstacles that it reveals itself. “Believe you have found it,” writes the author of the Imitation, “when you are afflicted by many tribulations and tried by many misfortunes.”

If the spirit of your Master is really working in you it is in the very depths of despair that you will know the infinite consolation of his presence, and it is in the midst of your most desperate encounters that you will feel hovering over you the great peace, the strange serenity he brings to those who fight for him.

Do not try to secure your own peace. Any peace you might make for yourself would be laziness or cowardice. On the contrary, do battle! And it is he who will give you *his* peace.

THE OUTSIDE OF THE CUP

(Luke XI - 39)

YOU will never be sufficiently concerned to be in reality what you profess. One is never too exacting when it comes to sincerity. One must therefore wash the inside of the cup and leave the outside dirty if need be. It is the inside that matters.

A true disciple is always afraid of resembling a dealer in imitation goods, who deceives his customers. He knows that one cannot deceive God. He has, like his Master, a passion for the “inward part.” He is glad to be judged more harshly than he deserves, and he fears nothing so much as to be misleading.

It is told of St. Francis that one very severe winter he was obliged to allow a fur lining to be put inside his robe, so as to have a little warmth. But he insisted that a small tab should be sewn on the outside of his garment also, that everyone might know he was wearing a fur-lined robe.

This need to advertize your weaknesses, this passion for truth which challenges you too, do you experience it? Do you feel that your Master sees through you and rebukes you every time that, judging by appearances, those who meet you consider you better than you are? Do you hasten to re-establish the facts? If necessary, dirtying the outside of the cup that it may correspond with the inside? Only the real children of God sense this need.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING

(I Thessalonians V - 17)

IT is often said that prayer is the respiration of the soul. Can you conceive of a being that would breathe for only five or ten minutes in the morning and the evening? Your soul also requires more; it should live and breathe in prayer as a fish in the water.

But again, one must be capable of this respiration. Many people, when they pray, resemble fish that have been pulled out of the water: one feels that they are ill at ease, they suffocate, they hasten to slip back into their natural atmosphere.

On the other hand, he who knows how to pray can no longer get along without praying; the more he prays the more he wants to pray. He never has enough time, he is always in a hurry to find himself once more alone and able to draw near to God.

Thus a true disciple reaches the point of never leaving his Master. His prayer is not confined to the hours when he draws away with him. Even the commonest of his thoughts and acts remain constantly oriented toward his Master. He does not offer him only words and ideas; but his whole being (body, heart and brain) is permeated by the divine current, as by the circulation of the blood. His life becomes enveloped in the presence of his Master; he bathes in prayer as a plant well exposed to the light bathes in the sun.

LORD, preserve me from the which is like a leak. It makes one sink slowly, is irretrievably submerged.

Let me despair of myself of man, but not of thy let me not lose hold of solid support which he who slides toward the Be near me when the of evil thoughts surround when the Tempter repro thou concernest not th me, or that I am too vain to come down to me.

It is true that I am nearly all the sinner that I am very despondent that my heart is irreconcilable point where I find myself bereft, in spite of thy riches. (Is it because thou finite that they escape me? But canst thou not reveal even to a blind man, to an ungrateful one?)

A blind and deaf man feels when the sun warms Lord, may thy presence warm me as the heat of the sun shall not doubt! Perhaps even end by opening my eyes.

I wish to be like the ones who believe the Lord, live, and love the world breathe, for whom faith is more than doubt!

But just as thou hast Lord, and in spite of thy that make me cry to thee thee that it is by nature that I cry. Would I deliver me from doubt not already thy servant wast not my Master?

(II Corinthians IV - 7)

NO MAN CAN SERVE TWO MASTERS

(Matthew VI - 24)

TARRY YE IN THE CITY

(Luke XXIV - 49)

THE disciples are to await the Power from on high. The Master has promised it to them; for a long time now he has been foretelling what they shall do after it comes, how they will go forth to conquer the world. But first they must be patient: "tarry ye in the city!"

There they remain, like ships cleared for sailing. Nothing is lacking for the journey save the wind to fill their sails, but nothing can be done while the wind is missing. At the moment the apostles, also, know their powerlessness, just as you yourself recognize that you lack daring, and that "authority" which carries people away and convinces them. So there is nothing to do but wait.

But perhaps with you this has lasted for a long time: your sails are slack, there is a dead calm. For so long you have awaited in vain the promised breeze. Despair creeps over you. All is so stagnant. How hard it is to stay put!

You have of course tried to row off, but your progress was imperceptible; you wore yourself out for nothing.

And so, waiting, always waiting!

But why wait as you do, with impatience and anger? Are you afraid he may have forgotten you? Do you doubt of his love, or of his faithfulness? Might it not be that he needs time to finish his work within you?

Look at the disciples: "they returned with great joy." However, they too had nothing but a promise. They went back to wait, but to wait in confidence, in prayer, and already in gratitude.

WELL one knows that it is impossible to serve them both, yet one never manages to choose between them. All through life one remains torn between the two, making a promise to the one, then a concession to the other, wishing to please the one, but refusing to let go of the other.

Numberless people (nearly all those who call themselves Christians!) go forward thus, looking in both directions at once. No doubt they are ignorant of the figure they cut, for inevitably they squint, and squint horribly.

Generally, however, it hurts to squint, for our two eyes are made to work together; the normal man is conscious of the danger of letting them get out of focus.

Similarly an upright soul feels only too keenly that it is shameful to set forth the Gospel on the one hand and ambition on the other, to put Jesus Christ on the facade while Mammon reigns inside the house. It would be better to choose and say frankly for whom one stands.

But it is this choice which is painful, for your heart is not simple! Only one of its two masters offers you riches and an easy life. This one appeals to your cowardice. But you also know that only the other Master is the real one, only he saves, only he remains while the first one leaves you in the lurch some fine morning. That is why you hesitate and, little by little, become a chronic squinter: a man who muddles his own affairs and serves his God even worse, who is pained to see always two roads ahead of him instead of one, and who asks himself—without daring to answer—which of his two eyes he must make up his mind to pluck out.

ONCE it is admitted that you are only an earthen container, without value and without glory, easy to break and just as easy to replace, the fact remains that the Master uses you, that he gives you his treasure to hold.

He has no need of cut glass bottles, nor of vainglorious helpers who imagine they have power in themselves; however, the modest tool must be in condition to serve, the earthen vessel must be in shape to contain the perfume that is poured into it.

When the Master draws near you he must not find a vase already filled with something else. Many are thus: they complain that the gifts of the Spirit are never for them, but they do not think of making room in their hearts, making an emptiness that would await these gifts. Their existence is filled to overflowing with a quantity of false treasures that seem to satisfy them. . . . Empty your container before asking to have it filled!

Again, the vase must have no cracks. The perfume poured into it would otherwise be lost. So it is with a disciple whose soul is creviced by an obstinate vice, a fundamental infidelity which he cannot renounce. He will try hard to hide the fissure, but the Master, who sees clearly, knows well that one cannot entrust perfume to a vase that is cracked.

Then again, there are servants who resemble a permeable clay: their flabby wills, their easily dulled hearts receive with joy the Spirit of the Master, but soon let go of it, as a porous vase allows its contents to escape. No visible hole, but a lack of cohesion in the material, a disastrous disintegration of the soul. No more to them can the Master entrust his treasure.

Do you understand what he wants you to be? An instrument modest but faithful, a clay lowly but watertight, a servant whose every fiber is stretched to an exact obedience.

Philippe Vernier has sent two of his new books of meditations to the American poet, Edith Lovejoy Pierce, direct from the publisher, the Librairie Evangelique in Brussels. Printed during the occupation, they were probably written sometime ago while Vernier was in prison as a conscientious objector. The first book of meditations translated by Mrs. Pierce, *With the Master*, has now gone through five printings. In commenting on the new material, Mrs. Pierce writes: "The style is very simple. They are written for young people. The author has worked with boys. Right now he is caring for three small parishes in Belgium and preaching from a truck in the workers' quarters of Quaregnon. He and his family came safely through the war in spite of hunger. In fact, he has a new baby, a son; the other two children are girls. He would like to come to America to raise money for the destitute people around him at home, especially the children who need camps and recreation centers. We have sent him the money from the royalties on his first book." Students wishing to send contributions to Philippe Vernier can do so through the Philippe Vernier Royalty Fund, Fellowship of Reconciliation, 2929 Broadway, New York 25, New York. . . . Edith Lovejoy Pierce's poetry has appeared in many periodicals. Her recent book, *In This Our Day*, is published by Harpers.

Nine September

A Prize Winning

by Philip

(MUSIC: . . . GIRL WITH THE FLAXEN HAIR: ORK—THINS OUT TO SINGLE HARMONICA PLAYING THE MELODY . . . FADE TO B.G. THEN OUT ON CUE. . . .)

BONNIE: (ABOUT TWENTY-THREE . . . SHE SPEAKS SLOWLY, AS THOUGH TO HERSELF, IN A SOFT CONTRALTO VOICE.) Well, is this the day? September ninth. Or as Chuck would write it at the top of a letter, 9 September. This is the day we decided on long ago, back in March or April. There wasn't any special reason why September, or why September ninth. We just sort of pulled it out of a hat, and said let's remember. And what's happened? Well, it's come and almost gone. In another few hours it'll be 10 September—and nothing will have happened. Nothing except the memory of this day and the closeness, the togetherness it has brought to two people, thousands of miles apart. . . .

(FADE IN BOMBER MOTORS AS HEARD FROM INSIDE—KEEP UNDER.)

(MUSIC: . . . (OVER MOTORS)—GIRL WITH THE FLAXEN HAIR: HARMONICA. . . .)

EDDIE: Oh, will somebody take that wheezepipe away from that guy and stuff it? Come on, Chuck! Don't you know anything else?

MANNY: So lay off him. It's pretty.

EDDIE: It's pretty, all right. Pretty lousy.

(MUSIC: . . . OUT)

CHUCK: Okay, relax, Eddie. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Where are we, Manny?

MANNY: Who cares? We're over the good old U.S.A., ain't we? Ain't that enough?

EDDIE: Home, sweet home. I can't believe it.

CHUCK: I guess we're the luckiest guys in the world, gettin' flown back home. And I got a special reason for wantin' to make it tonight.

MANNY: Wouldn't have anything to do with Connie, would it, Chuck?

CHUCK: Not Connie—Bonnie. If I told you that once, Manny, I told you a thousand times, It's Bonnie, with a B.

EDDIE: (SINGING RUDELy) Oh, Bonnie with a B, Bonnie with a B, Bonnie with a B in her bonnet. . . .

MANNY: Can it, Eddie!

CHUCK: Today's kind of a special day.

MANNY: You ain't kiddin'.

CHUCK: I mean for me and Bonnie. A long time ago, we made a special date for September ninth.

EDDIE: It's the tenth. We left Atsugi yesterday, and yesterday was the ninth, and if you don't believe it look at your papers.

MANNY: Look, mutton-puss, didn't you ever hear of an international date line? So yesterday is the ninth. We cross the date-line and *today* is the ninth.

EDDIE: Yeah, who you tryin' to kid?

CHUCK: Manny's right, Eddie. Same thing on our way out, only we lost a day then.

EDDIE: You guys are nuts.

MANNY: Hey, we're going down! We're landing! Oh, brother, whaddya know! You're gonna make that date after all, Chuck! Break out that suit of tweeds, Mom, your wandering soldier boy is home at last!

(MUSIC: . . . BRIDGE)

(FADE IN NIGHT SOUNDS ON A QUIET STREET. LOCUST. WIND IN THE TREES. ESTABLISH FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK—THEN STEPS CLIMBING PORCH. THE STEPS HESITATE AND STOP.)

CHUCK: I don't believe it. I don't believe that this is her house, and that I'm standing here on her porch. But it is, and here I am. I am almost afraid to see her. What do you say . . . how do you act? It's sort of like I was in a movie or something, where the guy comes home blind but his girl doesn't know. Or like where she looks down and sees his leg is gone. Only I'm not blind and I've got both legs, and there's not a thing the matter with me. I'm just plain scared. Well, if she remembers anything, she'll remember this. . . .

(WHISTLING: GIRL WITH THE FLAXEN HAIR. PLAINTIVE AND LOW) (DOOR OPENS . . . SLOWLY.) (WHISTLING STOPS ABRUPTLY.)

CHUCK: Hello, Bonnie.

BONNIE: Oh, Chuck, Chuck. (HER HALF LAUGHTER, HALF SOBBING IS SMOTHERED IN HIS EMBRACE.)

(MUSIC: . . . WIPES OUT SCENE. . . .)

CHUCK: (FADING IN) . . . so that's how it was, honey. The world's gettin' smaller all the time. Only about sixty hours ago I'm in Japan . . . more'n 5000 miles off. Now look at me.

BONNIE: I am, I can't do anything else.

CHUCK: I mean look *where* I am. I still can't believe it.

The National Council of the Y.M.C.A. sponsored a national radio script contest to promote greater understanding among the peoples of the world. The winning script was broadcast over WJZ and a national network on January 7, 1946. The winner was Philip A. Young, copy chief of the radio department of N. W. Ayer and Son, Inc., of New York City. The award carried with it a prize of \$500 in addition to the broadcast. Miss Henriette K. Harrison, who is the national radio director of the National Council of the Y.M.C.A., announced that 300 scripts from all parts of the United States and Canada were received in the contest. Judges of the contest were Mrs. Dorothy Lewis, coordinator of listener activity, National Association of Broadcasters; Dr. Harrison Summers, director of public service, American Broadcasting Company; Richard McDonagh, manager of script division, National Broadcasting Company; Peter Lyon, president of the Radio Writers' Guild; Earle McGill, producer-director, formerly Columbia Broadcasting System, and Harper Sibley, chairman, International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association.

The script is available for broadcast or can be used as program material for clubs, organizations, and church groups. *motive* is very happy to have this opportunity to print the winning script through the courtesy of Miss Harrison and the National Council.

Radio Script

A. Young

"Nine September" on the air—Lt. (j.g.) Gene Kelley, Mariko Mukai, and Canada Lee



Photo by Charles Kanarian

BONNIE: Don't try to believe it, darling. Just . . . just *be*.
BONNIE: (LAUGHS)
CHUCK: (DREAMILY) What are you laughing at?
CHUCK: I was just thinking.
BONNIE: About what?
CHUCK: About Manny. I wrote you about him.
BONNIE: I remember. Manny was with you when you . . . well, when it was something you said you couldn't tell me all about, on account of censorship.
CHUCK: Well, anyway, a minute ago when you said "just be" . . . Well, it was Manny always called you Connie. I kept telling him it was Bonnie, with a B. That's why I was laughing. It made me think of Manny.
BONNIE: What about Manny, Chuck? What was it you couldn't tell me about before?
CHUCK: Oh, it's a long story.
BONNIE: We've got from now on.
CHUCK: (CHUCKLES SOFTLY.) From now on. All right, I'll tell you. It really isn't about Manny, but he was part of it. And what happened that night sort of . . . well, if there is such a thing as a turning point in your life, that was it, I guess—because it made me wonder and it made me think. (PAUSE) One night during the first part of the Iwo Jima business, Manny and me and three other guys made up a patrol. There wasn't any such thing as a line there, up at the northern part. The Japs were on the run, crowded into the tip of the island, and most of them kept jumping off or killing themselves with grenades. But as they moved back they left little pockets of men behind them—a sort of stationary rear guard, and our job was to spot as many of (START FADE) those as we could, and report back to CP.
(BATTLE NOISES OFF . . . DISTANT ARTILLERY . . . MACHINE GUN BURSTS. ONE SHARP EXPLOSION ON. OTHERWISE KEEP IN BACKGROUND AND HOLD THROUGHOUT.)
CHUCK: (CALLING SOFTLY) Eddie! Eddie! Is that you?
MANNY: No it ain't, but I wish it was. Wherever he got to can't be as hot as it is here. I think they got us spotted.
CHUCK: No they haven't, Manny. They can't see any better than we can.
MANNY: Well they will you if you don't keep your belly in the dirt.
CHUCK: Okay, okay. . . . Now look around you careful and see if you see anything that looks like Eddie and the others.
MANNY: I don't see nothing that looks like nothing. It's darker than a coal pile at midnight!
CHUCK: Wait. I'll see if I can whistle 'em up.
(WHISTLING: GIRL WITH THE FLAXEN HAIR. FEW BARS THEN PAUSE.)
MANNY: That'll get you nowhere.
CHUCK: All right. Take a-hold of my foot. We're gonna move along. They'll have to take care of themselves.
MANNY: That's fine. Who's gonna take care of us?
(WHINE OF APPROACHING SHELL.)
CHUCK: Never mind about tha. . . HIT THE DIRT! (GRUNTS) (EXPLOSION . . . CLOSE.)
MANNY: (LOUD WHISPER) Chuck!
CHUCK: Yeah?
MANNY: You okay?
CHUCK: Yeah. Are you?
MANNY: I guess so. I told you the so-and-so's got a bead on us.
CHUCK: Where'd it come from? Could you tell?
MANNY: (ELABORATELY SARCASTIC) Why to tell the truth I was so engrossed wondering who's gonna win the American League Pennant I really didn't notice.
CHUCK: Hey. Manny. Shhh.
MANNY: (WHISPER) What's up?
CHUCK: (WHISPER) Over there. . . . I thought I saw something move.
MANNY: What big eyes you got, Grandma. Where?
CHUCK: Just to the right of you—a little ahead. There!! I saw it again. Keep quiet a minute and watch. (PAUSE)
MANNY: I see it too. What'll we do—shoot?
CHUCK: No! Are you nuts? Just wait. Don't talk. We'll scrooch over closer.
(DULL . . . DRAGGING . . . SCUFFLING SOUND . . . AS THOUGH WORMING THEIR WAY OVER HARD . . . GRAVELLY GROUND. CHATTER OF MACHINE GUN OFF)
SOLDIER: (OFF MOANS)
MANNY: Hey! Hear that?
CHUCK: Yeah. Sounds like he's hurt.
MANNY: He is hurt. Probably one of the guys with Eddie. Or maybe it's Eddie. Let's get over there.
CHUCK: Don't show your head. Come on.
SOLDIER: (CLOSER: MOANS)
CHUCK: (CALLING SOFTLY) Hey, where are you?
SOLDIER: Here. Over this way. Show a light and you can see me.
MANNY: Show a light, he says! Look, soldier, maybe you're delirious. There's a war going on in this vicinity.
CHUCK: Knock it off. Here he is. Were you one of the guys with Eddie?

SOLDIER: No.
 CHUCK: Are you hurt?
 SOLDIER: Yes. Are you Americans?
 MANNY: We ain't nothing else, buddy. Where'd they get you?
 SOLDIER: (HE GASPS A LITTLE AS HE TALKS) Right through the chest.
 MANNY: That's bad. Let me give you a shot with the needle. It'll help till the meds get up here.
 SOLDIER: No, don't. It wouldn't make any difference anyway.
 MANNY: Okay pal. Just as you say.
 SOLDIER: Was that you, whistling that little tune a while ago?
 MANNY: That would be my buddy here. He whistles it all the time. It's all he knows.
 SOLDIER: It's Debussy, isn't it?
 MANNY: No, his name is Chuck.
 CHUCK: It's Debussy, yes. It's called "Girl With the Flaxen Hair."
 SOLDIER: I remember it. There used to be a fellow at school played it on a violin and it sounded awful. I mean it sounded awful the way he played it. But it's a nice tune.
 CHUCK: You like music, soldier?
 SOLDIER: I went to music school in Cleveland, piano.
 CHUCK: You did? I used to go through there on my way to school.
 SOLDIER: Where did you go?
 CHUCK: Down south. But just for a couple years. I had to quit and help out at home.
 SOLDIER: That's too bad.
 MANNY: Aw, what good is schoolin' anyway? Look at me. Here I am with sixteen Ph.D.'s and I wind up with a coupla jerks on a big pile of cinders in the middle of the Pacific Ocean with a bunch of lousy Japs snipin' from every direction.
 (WHINE OF APPROACHING SHELL . . . NOT SO CLOSE THIS TIME.)
 CHUCK: Uh . . . uh . . . here we go again!
 (EXPLOSION . . . OFF)
 MANNY: They're beginning to lose the range . . . I hope!
 SOLDIER: I'd sure like to get back to America.
 CHUCK: You will, soldier. Take it easy.
 SOLDIER: (DROWSILY) I liked it there. I had some good friends. All I wanted to do was stay.
 CHUCK: (GENTLY) Sure. I know.
 SOLDIER: Perhaps this will be the last war. Perhaps it will teach men new values.
 MANNY: Huh?
 CHUCK: I guess he means people may learn different ways, Manny. Ways of living together without fighting.
 MANNY: Well, I'm for that. Who isn't?
 SOLDIER: We all want the same things—everyone does, all over the world. To live and work together without the fear of another war . . . to understand and be understood.
 CHUCK: You got something there, Mac.
 MANNY: This guy talks like out of a book—but it sounds good. Trouble is, everything gets to going along all right, when all of a sudden somebody gets the idea he's better than the next guy, and starts kickin' people around.
 CHUCK: Yeah, but it doesn't have to be that way. People aren't going to stand it forever. They're tired of being kicked around. They're tired of seeing other people get kicked around. The world's *small* now. We're all in the same little boat. Either we learn how to navigate it or we sink. That's what he means. We can't . . .
 SOLDIER: Will you do a favor for me?
 CHUCK: You bet. What is it?
 SOLDIER: Just never forget what you were saying then. Remember it, and tell it to everybody. When you get back to America, speak out! Tell it to the people who hate Jews because they're Jews. Tell it to the people who hate Negroes because they're Negroes. (HE COUGHS AND FALTERS). Will you . . . will you do me one more favor?
 (MUSIC: . . . SNEAK IN SOFTLY . . .)
 CHUCK: Anything you want.
 SOLDIER: There's something . . . in my pocket . . . I want you

to take it out, and give it to a friend of mine in America. You see, America isn't really my home. And . . . I won't be going back there anyway . . . or anywhere else. I . . . I . . . can't reach in my pocket. Can you . . . do you dare show a light?

CHUCK: Strip your blouse, Manny. Make a shield and I'll light a match.

MANNY: Okay. Just a minute. There. . . .
 (MATCH STRIKING)

MANNY: (TOGETHER: GASP)

CHUCK: Holy Moses! He's a Jap!

(MUSIC: . . . BRIDGE . . .)

CHUCK: He was a Jap, all right, Bonnie. I went through some letters he had. A young fellow about my age. He talked perfect English because his father was an American agent for a silk firm, and this kid had lived in America most of his life. He went back to Japan just in time to get clapped in the army.

BONNIE: What happened to him, Chuck?

CHUCK: He died. He was bleedin' to death all the time he was talkin' to Manny and me. He was dead when we got the match lit.

BONNIE: Then he never knew that Manny was a Jew.

CHUCK: No. And he never knew that I was a Negro. (PAUSE)
 BONNIE: I suppose it means there are good people everywhere, even among those who were our enemies.

CHUCK: But it was hard for me to imagine any Jap talkin' that way, Bonnie! That's what started me thinkin', and wonderin'. What if it'd been daylight, instead of dark? What if Manny and me had seen him, and *known* he was a Jap? Why Manny would have killed him then and there . . . or I would have, myself. I hate Japs—or did. And even now I can't forget the Death March, or what they've done to China, and to us at Pearl Harbor. But I keep coming back to this: If two Americans like me and Manny can talk to a Jap like that in the dark, why can't everybody in the world talk that way—and *feel* that way toward each other?

BONNIE: The time will come some day, I think. You and I and every other Negro know what it's like to . . . to be *different* in the eyes of other people. But we don't feel any different inside and someday everybody's going to realize that.

CHUCK: Not unless we *make* 'em realize it, Bonnie. All my life I'm going to work for that—and here's why. The thing that Jap soldier wanted me to bring back to a friend of his was only a little piece of paper. It was a page torn out of a book, at least I figure that's what he meant. It was all he had on him except a couple of letters. I got it right here. You read it, Bonnie.

BONNIE: (READING) "Mourn not the dead that in the cool earth lie dust unto dust—
 But calm sweet earth that mothers all who die as all men must—
 But rather mourn the apathetic throng
 The coward and the meek
 Who see the world's great anguish and its wrong and dare not speak."

(REPEATS SOFTLY)

And dare not speak.

CHUCK: *We'll* speak. . . . You and I. There are others, too. Right now, all over Europe and dozens of little islands out in the Pacific, there's one great big scab of dried blood. And it isn't only American blood. It's Russian and Chinese and Polish. It's Japanese and French and Australian, Norwegians shed it, and Yukoslavs, and Italians. And all because somebody thought he was better than somebody else. Does it make sense?

BONNIE: I guess it doesn't, Chuck. But somehow, right now, nothing makes sense.

(MUSIC: . . . SNEAK IN: GIRL WITH THE FLAXEN HAIR. . .)

CHUCK: (SOFTLY) Nothing, except that you and I are together again. . . . together on a day we picked out of a hat, a long time ago.

BONNIE: Nine September.

(MUSIC: . . . UP TO FINISH . . .)

Reading in Season

S. LYLE MAYNE

*To every thing there is a season,
and a time to every purpose under the heaven:
A time to be born, and a time to die;
A time to plant, and a time to pluck up
that which is planted;
A time to kill, and a time to heal;
A time to break down, and a time to build up;
A time to weep, and a time to laugh;
A time to mourn, and a time to dance, . . .*

Ecclesiastes 3:1-4

THE formulators of the Jewish canon deserve our gratitude for including Koheleth's works in their religious writings. During the optimistic days of the last century as well as in our contemporary time in the diminishing ranks of those who are still faithful to the idea of "progress inevitable," there are many who would have been happier had the book been omitted from the Bible. But some of us representing different climates as well as different seasons would have lost a friend *sympathique* were this book sacrificed.

Whatever its inadequacies as social theory, the cyclic idea is a fascinating one for mental doodling. The seasons continue their annual cycle; plant life unfolds its mystery of birth and re-birth; and, for us as for Heraclitus, the stars seem to follow their circular pathway. In literature there is a circular pattern of interest, too, as though each generation were a stationary point beside a Merry-Go-Round, while the classical favorites of each generation pass by for their moment's glory, only to pass on to the other side of the ring and to temporary obscurity.

As ping-pong, the yo-yo, and flinch reached the crest of their faddish popularity only to decline and then come again, so does our literature seem to follow the mode of eternal recurrence. Sometimes the form returns with the content changed, or the content is re-introduced with the form re-arranged; more often the form and the content are re-introduced intact for the attention of a new generation. At this moment Horatio Alger's stories are being published anew. This, above all, proves the re-birth of interests!

TO everything there is a season, said Koheleth. And so there is! Not that there is ever a season in which we may do "everything," as some would have it, but rather that there are some things we can do correctly only in the proper "season." This is not a wearying thought, but an exciting one!

Would that our earlier teachers had thought in terms of our "seasons." How many fine things have been ruined for us because we have been conditioned against them by "study." In high school (and later?), we were forced to do by law what we should have done only by grace. How many masters have had their genius chained powerless in the cage of "Read twenty pages of this for tomorrow!" What should have been an appetizer has been rendered "spinach" by implication.

In the army, I read Shakespeare during the ten minute breaks at radio school. (No score for culture—it was the only twenty-five cent book left at the P.X.) At first the G. I.'s laughed at me when I sat down to read. Then, even the breaks became boring for them, and I was implored (*Well? . . . asked*) to read some of the passages from my book. These fellows had taken "courses" in Shakespeare in high school. The reactions? "Do you mean to say that Shakespeare says *that*?" "Is that really this Shakespeare guy you're reading?" "How did I miss *that* item?" Certainly I stacked the deck and read the "human interest" portions. But the principle is there. They read Shakespeare in the wrong season, as a legal "assignment" and not by the grace of sheer enjoyment. As a result, Shakespeare was a foggy, dry as dust, and dull.

My brother-in-law told us the other day that "Dostoevsky is one of those periods you go through in adolescence!" If so, I am even more aware of my adolescence. But is it so? Or is it simply that when my brother-in-law was an adolescent, he read as an adolescent, thought as an adolescent, and took an adolescent's measure from an adult's cup? Can we receive anything more from any author than that which we are able to bring to him at any given season?

TRY reading some books that you read "out of season." Classics which suffered the excruciating death of "assignmentization." For the past two years I've been trying to break the conditioned reaction I have to Dickens. Probably you've already

Your Reviewers for April

A. C. PAYNE, Infantry Company C. O. in Eurotheater World War II, now B.D.'ing at Yale, is currently studying new veterans' groups, and has been a member of A. V. C. since its formation. Al will work with the students at V. P. I. next year.

CHRISTIAN MAYNE B.S.'ed in Music at Radcliffe, hitched in the *Wrens*, and is now musicing in New Haven, working at Yale Music Library, and auditing at the Divine School in Yale.

CREIGHTON LACY, parson at Grace Methodist Church in New Haven, author, student, friend, is Ph.D.'ing at Yale. Everyone with a *motive* knows Corky.

LEON WRIGHT, professor of New Testament at Howard University in Washington Decece, B.D.'ed and Ph.D.'ed at Harvard University, while Mrs. Wright M.A.'ed at Radcliffe. Experts in many fields, the Wrights (though not related to author Wright) are especially qualified to authorize in this one.

S. L. MAYNE (Mr. Christian Mayne!), ex-T/4 U. S. Army, toured the South-Eastern states with that organization for two years before returning to B.D. at Yale. Last in *motive* pages in '43 before he vacated with army. Lyle is pinch-hitting for Richard Hudson this month as book editor.



S. Lyle Mayne

"discovered" him. If not, come along with me, and we'll find the value we lost when we read him by law, out of season. The *Moby Dick* of this year is a completely different book from the *Moby Dick* of eight years ago. Conrad's *Lord Jim*! How could we have been expected to understand it until we could understand Jim's position? Chaucer? Browning? *War and Peace*? Yes . . . *Alice in Wonderland*. But you have your own list, for you know from whence you were conditioned. No good book is ever completely "in season" to the point that another season, a later one, will not prove it to be more meaningful to us, or meaningful in a different way.

There is a divine grace for those of us who are not Lit majors. A grace which places us free from assignments, so that we can read from pure enjoyment. The Lit majors will get their rewards in some heavenly school . . . our rewards are self-evident when we break the chains of reaction which have held us from a true appreciation of the books which men have enjoyed the most. And, as it is always in a feud between legalism and grace, the latter's rewards are twice-blest since unexpected.

DISAPPOINTING GREATNESS

S. L. MAYNE

SIX novels of Dostoevsky* with an introduction by Thomas Mann cannot be adequately treated in the space of a short review. But this much seems evident—if you are a devotee of Dostoevsky, you will want to own this book; if you are not a Dostoevsky devotee, you will do better to read the Russian's longer novels before you approach this work. There are times in this anthology when Dostoevsky is at his worst; rarely does he approach his best.

One of the times when he almost reaches the excellence of *The Brothers Karamazov* is in *Notes From Underground*. The confession of a "conscious man," an inactivist who finds his very consciousness a disease, the novel manages to stand behind some normal and abnormal thought processes to cast the maddening light of introspective conscience upon the hidden recesses of the mind. This ability to stand behind oneself may well be the factor which relates Nietzsche to Dostoevsky—and Thomas Mann.

Mann suggests that no one dares neglect Dostoevsky if he "is interested in the truth, the whole truth, truth about man." This strikes me as being a little exaggerated. But what Mann is indicating is the sort of thing Dr. Hugh Hartshorne is suggesting when he recommends Dostoevsky's works as an insight into the psychology of religion. A great, tortured, and almost completely honest soul such as this Russian novelist can paint in clear, carefully etched lines many of the problems of man in his relation to the ultimate. There is something to be said for the thesis that Nietzsche and Dostoevsky were both God-seekers, but the German ended his career of seeking in rebellion,

*The *Short Novels of Dostoevsky* with an introduction by Thomas Mann, Dial Press, 1945, N. Y., 811 pp., \$4.00. (*The Gambler*, *Notes from Underground*, *Uncle's Dream*, *The Eternal Husband*, *The Double*, *The Friend of the Family*.)

while the Russian ended his rebellion in continued seeking.

The Gambler is interesting for an inane reason. Often I have wished that the Russian plots were a little more obvious. The themes and the variations on themes in some of these works are as tortuous as the nuances of the thought. In *The Gambler*, delightfully simple for Dostoevsky, the plot and the characters are fairly forthright and obvious. It is a rude shock to realize that this detracts from the interest in the work . . . that *The Gambler*, despite its charm, seems almost to have been written by someone other than the great novelist of the tortured soul!

Perhaps this is because, in Dostoevsky's created world, the very abnormality of the characters performs a function. As William James made good use of the abnormal to illustrate the significance of the normal in his studies of the religious, so does Dostoevsky caricature the ultimate end of what we consider to be normal tensions and normal adjustments. Thus, as reported in *Underground*, "You know the direct, legitimate fruit of consciousness is inertia, that is, conscious sitting-with-the-hands-folded." Does not the man from underground point up the ever-present danger of the Protestant idealistic and perfectionistic ethic ending in no action at all? Are we not always liable as men of consciousness and conscience to feel that we are "justified" when we do nothing that partakes of legal

sin? Is not our problem that of maintaining both our consciences and our actions?

Dostoevsky rightly poses the problem much better than he answers it. For it is no answer at all to point to the "natural" man, the "simple soul" who acts through the denial of his consciousness, his conscience, and his ideal. This, too, Dostoevsky demonstrates; having cut away the dead wood on either side, he leaves the task of marking the path to the individual reader.

THE INESCAPABLE MOUNTAIN

CREIGHTON LACY

I AM climbing a mountain." Why? "Because it is there, of course." That is why they were all climbing. . .

"above the valleys and the wastelands, over the charred fields and burning cities, through the sunlight and the snowlight, up the glaciers and the ice-walls, up the ridges and the precipices, toward the gentle white crest that rose into the sky above them—toward the heart of an immense and shining peace. . ."

Because it is there! The White Tower! "An immense and shining peace." Escape? Perhaps, in the way that only the strongest and bravest ever try to escape.

The people of *The White Tower** were all activists, each consumed with a fire of ambition. But for one it burned with a cold steady flame, for another with the weak fitful flicker of a candle, for a third with a passionate rampant heat. The Weisstum was a symbol, yet more than a symbol, of their hopes and aspirations. In its dazzling perfection it seemed to draw them above their petty frustrations and disappointments, above the personalized conflict and heartache of the world. In its resistance to their joint assault, however, the White Tower laid their individual souls as bare as the windswept ridges beneath its blinding radiance.

Captain Martin Ordway, bailing out of a death-ridden bomber onto the one spot on earth that still preserved his dreams of youth; Paul Delambre, trying to prove that mundane failures can be overcome in heroic settings; Nicholas Radcliffe, drawn from his geological research by memories of the past; Siegfried Hein, pitting the resolute steel of the Wehrmacht against something that was more than rock and ice; Carla, who had sacrificed wealth and position for ideals she could not define; Andreas Benner, unconsciously revealing that the greatest strength lies in simplicity, sincerity, and unselfishness—to say that these six represent humanity de-

*Ullman, James Ramsey: *The White Tower*. Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1945.



tracts not at all from their sharp and vivid characterizations.

As immortal literature, *The White Tower* probably falls short of that high distinction. Yet in spite of its contemporary background, its theme and its characters express an eternal reality that very few modern novels have attained. One need not be a mountaineer to follow with rapt suspense, sometimes even literally, every inch of the ascent. And the higher one climbs, the clearer becomes the contrast between the world and his own White Tower. This is a gripping story all the way through. Its real beauty will haunt the reader long afterwards. For, in literature as in life, we all too seldom climb above our valleys to discover what is really "there."

"So this is the end, Martin Ordway thought. This is the dome of the temple, the crest of the flight. This is the soldier's victory, the lover's consummation. This is the top of the mountain. . . ." But was it? Is any White Tower ever reached?

A NEW BADGE OF COURAGE

ALFRED C. PAYNE

THE NEW VETERAN* will knock the props from under you if you think of most returning service men as potential Legionnaires. Many civilians are unaware that a large group of fellows who wear the little gold discharge pins in their lapels are dissatisfied with the reactionary emphasis of old line veteran organizations. What is more, they're doing something about it.

This is the story of the American Veterans Committee, a live-wire organization composed of men and women of all races who served with the Allied forces in World War II. Charles Bolte, its dynamic chairman, is as familiar with foxholes as he is with pressure politics, and his book will be a shot in the arm for a lot of disillusioned G. I.'s.

Pro-labor and internationalist in its efforts, A.V.C. has as its purpose "to achieve a more democratic and prosperous America and a more stable world." It was started as a small cell group of men whose experiences in the University Religious Conference at U.C.L.A. furnished a common bond of fellowship. From the simple sharing of ideals by correspondence, the group has grown to a large and powerful voice for the new veteran.

Bolte emphasizes the need of being "citizens first, veterans second." This won't appeal to a lot of veterans who are already joining outfits clamoring for bonuses and urging Congress to kick the conscientious objector around. It will at-

tract the fellow, however, who still remembers phrases like "The Four Freedoms" in terms of a continuous struggle between selfish interests of powerful lobbies and the relatively ineffective efforts of the individual idealist.

If you're a veteran, you owe it to yourself to find out about *The New Veteran* and the exciting organization which furnishes its theme. If not, you're still involved in problems that will be aided or hindered by various groups of new veterans, whether you like it or not.

Incidentally, the *Saturday Review of Literature* chose this book as one of the TEN BEST of the year. Bill Mauldin agreed when he said: "I am convinced that Bolte's book is a darn good thing—and so is his outfit."

THE ESSENCE OF THE TIME

CHRISTIAN MAYNE

ARCH OF TRIUMPH* can be read as a love story, a mystery story, or as a description of Paris in 1939. It is extremely readable, but falls short of being a great novel.

Ravic, the head surgeon of a German hospital, is caught by the Gestapo for harboring fugitives from Nazi "justice." He eventually escapes to Paris, where he has to practice medicine illegally. Living his life from day to day, avoiding dreams of the past or the future, without losing sight of a certain moral code, he achieves a personal philosophy which is realistic and almost fearless. Joan Madou comes into his life as an uncertain quantity, more disturbing than the rest. Morosow, his Russian friend, provides moments of tranquility. The year passes by, through the episode at Munich, through promise and threat, hope and despair. German "tourists" swarm over Paris. Then—War.

As a love story this novel fails because Joan never comes to life. She is always a two-dimensional character. In this respect, Remarque's writing recalls Hemingway's, especially *The Sun Also Rises*. As a love story, this presents neither hope of a happy ending nor interim satisfaction.

As a mystery story the plot does not arouse our curiosity so that we can appreciate the climaxes, despite the wonderfully intense writing of such moments. And there is so much flesh lying around dead or alive, dirty or clean, grotesque or beautiful, that one becomes immune to it.

As a description of Paris in 1939, this novel is at its best. Indeed, it could be a description of most of the capitals of Europe at that time. The Hotel Inter-

national is filled with a constantly changing clientele like Ravic. Some have more hope or more fear, that is all. The story may even open the eyes of those who did not know that these things went on in Paris in 1939. Many, of course, will still not believe it—the corruption, the blind hope and optimism, the weakness and lack of centralized power of the French, and the cold, hard facts of the Nazis. Remarque sees and portrays the very essence of the time.

SOME NOTES ON BLACK BOY

LEON AND JESSIE WRIGHT

SINCE many and varied reviews of Richard Wright's *Black Boy* (Harper and Brothers, 1945) have already been published, these remarks are intended as cursory observations on its social significance.

The work has been dismissed by one reviewer as a "fictionalized biography." Whether Richard Wright personally experienced all the happenings in this novel, or whether, as in *Native Son*, he gives a composite of experience seems secondary to the consideration that these are *bona fide* pictures of Negro life in the South.

Steeped in profanity, addicted to drink, exposed to vile scenes in bawdy houses, cruelly acquainted with hunger and sickness, this child-life sinks into a saga of sordidness that curdles the blood, so relentlessly are scenes of sickening horror piled one on the other. And it is this awful story of violence, depravity, fear, hardness of life that *Black Boy* unfolds which is now a well known motif of black-white relationships in several sections of the country.

The facts which make us pause and yet which give us hope are that from such iniquitous depths, men like Wright have caught "vague glimpses of life's possibilities," have overcome "chronic distrusts," have kept alive the hidden something within, which in a freer climate has reached out to fulfillment; and that such men have "escaped" without the stultifying virus of bitterness.

"The Southern whites would rather have had Negroes who stole work for them than Negroes who knew, however dimly, the worth of their own humanity. Hence, whites placed a premium upon black deceit; they encouraged irresponsibility; and their rewards were bestowed upon us blacks in the degree that we could make them feel safe and superior," says Wright in the book. If this is true, the situation is at worst a withering reflection upon American Christendom. If it is exaggerated, the statement still stands as an eloquent commentary upon a terrible situation.

*Bolte, Charles: *The New Veteran*; Reynal and Hitchcock, New York, 1945.

*Remarque, Erich Maria: *Arch of Triumph*; D. Appleton-Century, New York, 1945.

Reading Between the Lines

MARION WEFER

"Freedom from ignorance is inseparable from freedom from want and fear."

—Mark Starr, *Saturday Review of Literature*

The Veteran and the Educational Crisis

"It is pretty generally agreed that the most valuable single benefit made available to veterans by the Federal government is the education provision of the G. I. Bill of Rights. . . . Obviously the colleges are in for their biggest boom in history. . . . Now this is a tremendous opportunity, not only for a million or so veterans, but America itself. The opportunity is for a better educated generation than we have had in our history. . . . The immediate challenge is to the educators . . . inconveniences and unpleasantness will prove modest beside the consequences to make the necessary adjustments; consequences which will include bitterness on the part of veterans deprived of their great opportunity, a widening gap between veterans unable to get to college and non-veterans who are able to do so, animosity towards the educators who do not extend themselves, and an American future in which not a large enough segment of the rising generation of citizens has the educational equipment with which to face the manifold social, political and economic problems of the Atomic Age."

—Charles G. Bolte in the *New York Herald Tribune*

Required Subject

General Dwight D. Eisenhower, speaking to an audience assembled on an anniversary occasion at Boston University at which the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him, said, "Why doesn't the president of every great university in the world teach his people to put people in my profession permanently out of a job?"

—*Philadelphia Record*

"If we will trust our own history and the American Proposition, we will find ourselves on the crest of the true wave of the future . . . to stand on the people's side, which was in the beginning and has always been and always must be the American side, is the right of those who have the courage and the will to choose."

—Archibald MacLeish, *Saturday Review of Literature*

UNESCO

(UNESCO is the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization.)

"What can UNESCO do? First of all, it can promote the exchange of students and teachers. We should think in terms of exchanging yearly some 50,000 students from the United States with those of other countries. Senator Fulbright's proposal in Bill S1636 to convert all the surplus government stocks abroad into available scholarships for study here and abroad is an excellent one. . . ."

"If men cared for democracy and the free society as missionaries have cared for their religion, a group of competent volunteers dedicated to crusading against ignorance could be easily obtained."

—Mark Starr, *The Saturday Review of Literature*

The Four Freedoms of College—"The real problem is not how to regulate the student some more, but how to set him free, how to give him the four freedoms of college: freedom from family, freedom from faculty, freedom from administration and freedom from himself. . . ."

"The answer to problems of the emotions is neither escape nor indulgence in more emotion, but the introduction of reason, of philosophy, the pilot of life, as the Phi Beta Kappa motto has it. . . . Unless the student does really find it out he will never really get free from himself."

—Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken, president Vassar College

"O world invisible, we view thee," (Francis Thompson)—"The unique epochs are those in which man has risen above himself and discovered the unseen world where he belongs. Then one does what he couldn't."

—Rufus M. Jones

Visible World—Atomic Age—"The two pilots and two bombardiers who dropped the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki—four men who killed more people than anyone else since the beginning of time . . . tried to describe the bomb explosion. 'Was it anything like what you

had expected?' John Gunther asked one of them. . . . The atom bomber replied that in their briefing they had been told what would happen, and what to expect. A microphone device was placed around his throat, so that he could broadcast to his base a description of the explosion. This broadcast was to be recorded for the War Department. 'Despite the briefing, and although I had been told what to expect,' he revealed, 'the recording shows that instead of a description all I said was, "My God, My God, My God."'"

—Leonard Lyons, *Broadway Gazette*

Two Who Trust

Two young women, Mabel Durham and Bernice Taylor, are the first of their sex to receive labor fellowships at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration and the Littauer School of Public Administration. Miss Durham had applied for a fellowship in 1943, but was rejected. "It seems anything goes at Harvard except a woman," said she, declaring that she knew sex rather than race had barred her before. Miss Durham is a Negro member of the Undergarment and Negligee Workers' Union, New York Local 62. During the war she served with the WAC as a chaplain's assistant at the all-Negro air base at Godman Field, Ky. "None of us liked the set-up," she says, "but we didn't have time to be bitter. Godman Field's record speaks for itself." Of Harvard she reports, "We have been so well accepted that it wasn't until I came home to Brooklyn at Christmas that I was made aware of being a Negro." Bernice Taylor went to work at eighteen in a "run-away factory" in Bethlehem, Penna. She worked seven days a week, holidays and evenings, as a presser for a weekly wage of \$8.00. She organized the workers and conducted a successful strike. After holding various union offices and serving as an educational director, she turned to Harvard for further equipment in her main interest, educational work. They received the initial impression that the college girls were relieved to find that woman trade unionists wore shoes and did not spit on the floor. By now, association has enlarged the education of the dormitory dwellers. In January both women, as members of the I.L.G.W.U., were marching two hours every day in the picket line of a local knitting mill.

—*New York Herald Tribune*

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

Prescription for Peace

OLCUTT SANDERS

Do some sports make for war and others for peace? A list of sports banned in U. S. occupied Germany raises the question anew.* On the whole, the forbidden games seem to be those in which Germans have taken special interest, and the allowed ones are those more popular in the United States (especially team sports). But a truly rational answer is difficult to find. For example, the great German weight-lifter, Sandow, hated German militarism so intensely that he became a British subject and made his home in London. Weight lifting is on the present *verboten* in Germany.

Do body contact sports like football and boxing toughen a man for hand-to-hand combat? During wars some physical educators argue that they do. On the other hand, in at least one previously cannibalistic group of North Africa, football has been adopted as a substitute for bloodier battles to settle disputes. As for boxing, Bob Fitzsimmons, world's heavyweight boxing champion from 1897 to 1899, said that the boy who boxed was "never in a hurry to seek a quarrel, because the knowledge that he can take care of himself renders him good-natured at affronts that would wound his pride, were he unable to resent them." And it would seem no more relevant that baseball pitching develops a skill that carries over to hand-grenade throwing than that doll carriage factories are menaces because they can be converted in wartime to small arms manufacture.

Actually it would seem that the attitude of the participant is one of the most important factors in deciding what values are to be derived from sports, and this attitude is determined by the general cultural environment. Many languages lack the equivalent of the Anglo-American "fair play" and "sportsmanship." In the lives of many cultural groups the gambling spirit is so large a part that undue emphasis is put on the outcome, and as the stakes get higher the means become less governable and the winning or losing becomes all important. In the 96th Greek olympic games a scandal arose when a boxer was found guilty of bribing three adversaries to let him win, in spite of the strong religious note prevalent in these ancient contests. But the rewards had grown too great and overshadowed the code of ethics of the games. Since it is a part of the definition of play that it is an activity which is done for its own sake, for the joy in the doing and not just in

the results, gambling and professionalism shift the emphasis to the wrong point and destroy the true nature of sports. Sports build physical skills, social experiences, and certain general qualities of character that can be directed into the channels of war or peace. In the end, however, it is the moral sense of every individual which must decide how these capacities are to be directed.

Though he certainly did not undervalue the contributions of sports, William Hazlitt, the English essayist did claim a great deal for handball: "It may be said that there are things of more importance than striking a ball against a wall—there are things indeed which make more noise and do as little good, such as making war and peace; making speeches and answering them; making verses and blotting them; making money and throwing it away. But the game of fives is what no one despises who has ever played it. It is the finest exercise for the body and the best relaxation for the mind."

Of course, it is more difficult to distort the aim of a non-competitive activity like folk dancing which makes it easier to foster fellowship and to concentrate on the satisfaction of the experience of doing it for itself. But this does not mean we should turn our backs on all competitive games, only that we should nurture a sense of proportion to put winning and losing in proper relation to the satisfaction of the game itself. We should try to do our best, to exercise our greatest skill, and then be content with the outcome.

SPORTS do raise some special questions, principally in relation to participation. On the whole, one gets more from participating as an amateur than from sitting on the sidelines watching professionals. The experiences are first-hand rather than vicarious, of the muscle rather than of the mind. There is, of course, no harm in being a spectator in moderation, and as one grows, one enjoys following as an observer sports too vigorous to continue as a participant. But during youth one should look for and cultivate some physical recreation that can be carried on in later years. Basketball, football and tennis have a place. But volleyball, swimming and badminton have greater continuation possibilities. Sports that one can enjoy across barriers of years, parents and children together, deserve special attention for their contribution to building family life.

Neither olympic games nor international folk dance groups will bring world

peace. Peace is not that easy to achieve. But some of the vitality of body and spirit and social feeling necessary to a peacemaker can be cultivated through a balanced participation in sports. One of our *motive* readers, Duane F. Hougham, has written an account of his participation in his favorite sport which we print here. We shall be happy to hear from others, too, if they care to advocate other sports.

BOWLING FOR PEACE

Duane F. Hougham

There is a rumble of bowling balls, a clatter of tumbling pins, and a cheer goes up from the crowd as some beginner gets his first strike. And that beginner gains self respect and confidence in his game. Thus, bowling becomes an excellent game for training the person to be united with his fellow-persons. The competitive spirit of the game is not so great as to nullify the spirit of cooperative fellowship.

I once joined a group of young men in Hazleton, Pennsylvania, who organized themselves into four bowling teams. Every Monday night we would gather at the "Y" and enjoy a full evening of recreation and fun. The sides were chosen to give each team good bowlers as well as poor. Yet every man was encouraged to do his best by both sides. The better bowlers would take time to instruct the beginner on how to improve his game. The entire group would cheer when one bowler made a strike and the group as a whole would sympathize with the one who sent his ball down the gutter.

Richard Gregg suggests that to train for peace we must have unity with fellowmen. That feeling of unity can well be developed through group activity such as singing, folk dancing, fellowship suppers and many other forms of creative recreation. There are few competitive sports that leave both sides satisfied and happy as bowling does. Each person knows at the start that the other fellow may be better than he. His aim is not to beat the other fellow so much as to reach the perfect score of 300. The goal is there for both sides to reach. And everybody becomes thrilled and happy when a person does bowl that perfect score.

In Hazleton, each man paid for his own games and each added a nickel to the kitty for a banquet at the end of the season. And the next year, each man bowled better because he knew that everybody was pulling for him to reach the top.

Verboten

Yachting
Rowing
Cycling
Skiing
Trapeze work
Weight lifting
Field athletics
Mountain climbing
Boxing
Jujitsu

Erlaubt

Volleyball
Football
Basketball
Hockey
Tennis
Bowling
Skating
Fishing
Elementary calisthenics

Movie Miscellany

MARGARET FRAKES

HEREWITH a series of items from here and there on the motion picture front of interest to *motive* readers who would be aware of what is happening there, and who would like to see movies take the responsible place in the life of today to which their wide appeal entitles them:

A new non-profit organization dedicated to the building of world understanding through the production and distribution of documentary films has appeared on the scene. Its name is the International Film Foundation. Julien Bryan, noted lecturer and documentary-maker whose work in photographing people in their actual daily living has not been surpassed, has been named executive director. The foundation will sponsor films made in foreign countries for distribution in this country, and in this country for distribution abroad. A grant of \$150,000 a year for two years to carry on the project has been made by the Davella Mills Foundation of Montclair, N. J. By the way, if you get a chance to see any of the Julien Bryan films, many of which are available in 16 mm. form, do not fail to do so. I saw one, accompanied by a lecture by the producer, recently on Paraguay. Short of an actual visit to that country, I know of no way in which one could come to know more of the real nature of that country. All of Mr. Bryan's films are more than mere travelogues; they go into the social and political aspects of the countries shown, and are really interpretative. The foundation already has ten sound films under way, and has slated expeditions to Europe and to the Far East for 1946. Mr. Bryan has just completed five documentaries on life in American small towns for distribution abroad. A commendable venture!

* * *

IT is not often that musical scores for films find their way into the realm of recorded music; usually they are too episodic or imitative for serious concern. But now Decca is preparing an album of music from *The Lost Weekend*. "E String Composition," it is called. Written by Miklos Rozsa, it is said to be "symphonically descriptive of the dipsomaniac's craving for alcohol." Some accomplishment! Another of Dr. Rozsa's compositions, "Spellbound Concerto," written to accompany parts of the movie *Spellbound*, was recently broadcast over CBS. And "Warsaw Concerto," written for the Eng-

lish film, *Suicide Squadron*, released here by Republic in 1942, is still being performed on the networks although the film has long since been laid away.

* * *

THE department of promotion of the Episcopal National Council has secured 16 mm. distribution rights for the charming Swiss-made film, *Marie Louise*, and will make it available to local parishes. By the way, this simply done, warm-hearted film story of the experiences of a French refugee girl in Switzerland during the war is something you must see if it comes to your theaters; MGM is distributing it commercially in regular 35 mm. form. . . . Paul Heard, formerly with the Methodist Board of Missions and more recently a cameraman with the navy, has been appointed to head up the Protestant Film Commission's west coast activities. Watch for news of what this commission accomplishes; the need is great for what it *might* do and all of us are earnestly hoping for wise and coordinated activity on its part.

* * *

FROM a front-page editorial in a Madrid, Spain, newspaper: "Isn't it sad that a country with liberty of sects and of Protestant origin should make a picture like *Going My Way*? What have the Catholics in Spain, Italy, France, Belgium and Holland been thinking about all these years not to utilize the cinema missionarily?" . . . Formation of a religious film society has been announced in Copenhagen. It will seek to meet the needs of Danish churchgoers, many of whom refrain on principle from attending motion picture theaters. It will bring films into the service of the church on a greater scale than previously, will serve as a motion picture guide, and will gradually bring influence to bear on films produced by Danish motion picture companies.

* * *

FROM the London *Times*: "England has an irresistible attraction for Hollywood, but Mrs. Miniver is a rose which does not easily transplant, and England as Hollywood is accustomed to present her is little more than a quaint affair of lath plaster and misconception." . . . The title of the first French film in a program to further American good will is to be "What We Don't Like About the Americans and What Americans Don't Like About Us."

AN interesting movie project sponsored by a university's drama department was recently described in the *National Board of Review Magazine* by the department's director. Back in 1933 the Syracuse University drama department started to exhibit motion pictures on a regular-schedule basis in the theater it owns in the heart of the city's entertainment district. It sought to bring to the community films that would not reach it through the ordinary commercial channels: documentaries, foreign films, and early American films illustrating the history and growth of the art. Some twenty films were exhibited during the average academic year, on an every-other-week basis. Other film houses criticized the venture at first, but it was pointed out to them that the films being exhibited were ones none of them would consider booking. The war put a stop to importations of foreign films, and audiences soon tired of movie-history-making films. That left documentaries as the backbone of the program, and some interesting experiments were worked out in which fact films were tied to a definite theme. Although the program has been more or less dormant in recent years, the director feels that it had a very real part in building today's ever-growing demand for documentary-type films. He sees interesting possibilities for the future in the combination of certain films or parts of films with selections on the stage from the plays on which those films were based. For instance, the group presented on the stage the "living newspaper" play, *Power*, and supplemented it with the documentary, *The River*. He suggests a series of Shakespeare movies, supplemented with exhibits on the stage. The group showed Einstein's *Time in the Sun*, coordinating it with a stage play, *Soldiera*, which, it had discovered, covered the same theme as those portions of the Russian director's *Que Vive Mexico* which were cut out when the abbreviated *Time in the Sun* was released.

* * *

ALL major studios, says a recent newspaper report, are planning to lean ever more heavily during the coming year on "B" productions—those cheaply made, boring little items which are usually concerned with the gyrations of a swing band in a nightclub setting or a murder you can solve at the end of reel one. No producer has ever given a satisfactory answer to why any studio wastes time and talent on these little trivialities, but I suppose they do swell the total of a studio's yearly production record and thereby please those who look for quantity rather than quality in production. Certainly they give one pause when he realizes how much effort and good potential film stock goes down the drain each time one is completed.

AMONG CURRENT FILMS

Abilene Town (UA) Clashes between permanent settlers and cattlemen in Kansas town. Like others in the recent cycle of "dressed up" (with publicity, star names, etc.) westerns, this presents an *overdose* of saloon brawling, violent hand-to-hand battles for their own sake. The old fashioned, simple westerns were, in spite of their ingenuousness, more palatable.

Cornered (RKO) is a taut, rather effectively suspenseful melodrama about a mentally tortured Canadian flyer who doggedly pursues to the Argentine some Vichy officials responsible for murdering his French war bride and other underground workers. It is frequently *grimly violent*, and some of the action is as confused as the procedures of the self-appointed avenger.

The Harvey Girls (MGM) would be just a pleasantly tuneful musical, strung on a more-than-usually silly story, if it, too, didn't have to introduce a saloon brawl just to show it takes place west of the Mississippi—and a brawl carried on by girls, at that. The singing of Judy Garland and the other waitresses, and the clever dancing by Ray Bolger are pleasant enough, but somehow the story, which should make the Harvey people blush, gives it all a very *inconsequential* air.

The Last Chance (Swiss film distributed by MGM) is a delightful production. Best thing about it is that it dares to be different: the story is told from one point of view so far as the camera is concerned, that of the group of refugees who make the trek over the Alps ahead of the Germans from Italy; the words spoken by the actors are in German, Italian, English or whatever they would naturally be if spoken by the people who do so; the actors are amateurs, themselves either refugees or interned Allied soldiers selected in Switzerland by the maker of the film. Here is a fine, if sometimes amateurish film, as suspenseful as any melodrama and preaching a sermon not by exhortation but by action on tolerance and sacrifice and understanding.

Because of Him (Univ.) is remarkable chiefly for one thing: it proves beyond a doubt that Deanna Durbin should confine her screen activity to singing, and leave acting to others.

The Lost Weekend (Par.) is an effective filming of the famous novel in which the agonies of a chronic alcoholic during one prolonged bout with the bottle are set forth. It is *honestly* done, and you do get a bit of real understanding of what such suffering must be. The film is an admirable example of significant camera work; much of the story is told by the camera, not by word, and that is the mark of art in any movie. Performances are excellent. The film has changed the ending to suggest that there is a chance the victim of drink will reform, a possibility ruled out in the novel. Some members of the audience, it seemed, failed to get the tragedy of the portrayal, being inclined to laugh in spots essentially tragic. But perhaps it was the laughter of nervousness; anyway, the film ranks as a whole with the best dramatic effects the screen has achieved, and is a convincing enough sermon on the agonies too much drink may induce. So much so, incidentally, that the distillers contracted for expensive newspaper ads to point out that what the film is teaching you, after all, is only that "some men should not drink."

Three Strangers (War.) is an effectively *suspenseful*, almost weird tale about three Londoners who own jointly a lottery ticket. When it wins, none of them is in a position to profit from it, because each has in the meantime been compromised by his own weakness. Viewed objectively, the story is seen as rather artificial, but while it is going on you are held fascinated by the performances and the ingenious plot. For you if you like the type.

Three good documentaries go in the rounds: RKO's "This Is America" series, with **The Great Lakes** and TVA, and the March of Time's **Life With Baby**.

Das Kunstlied

LINDSEY P. PHERIGO

THE field of art song is perhaps the one that has the fewest enthusiasts. It is, however, rich and rewarding, equaling in sheer aesthetic pleasure the finest that the other branches of music can offer. This article is a missionary effort to explore the type and to convince students that the art song is worth knowing and appreciating.

An art song is one in which the words, melody, and accompaniment are equally important to the total effect. The music is always mated to the words, and apart from the words, the music is really a duet between the voice and some other instrument or instrumental group. The customary instrument is the piano, alone, but sometimes a violin, clarinet, flute, or 'cello is added. All ranges of voice, of course, are included in art song literature.

From this it can be seen that a song that is merely a melody, that can be performed satisfactorily in any way conceivable, from a full orchestra to whistling, is not an art song. Folk songs are primarily melodies, hence are not in the present discussion. Nor is opera, for it requires for its definition more than the elements of the art song. Nor is the ballad type of song, which is characterized by many verses or stanzas sung in a never-varying melodic pattern. In art song, every change in text affects the music.

Germany is the home of *das Kunstlied*—the art song. It originated the form, developed it, and supplied the major portion of the great works in the field. Other countries, notably France and Russia, have contributed, but to Germany goes the highest award of distinction in art song. Its masters—Schubert, Brahms, Schumann, Hugo Wolf, and Richard Strauss—tower magnificently over the scene. For the novice in the field, the works of the first three will prove most rewarding; to the veteran the songs of Wolf and Strauss add variety without dimming the glory of the earlier masters.

FRENCH art song is merely different in kind. Whereas German lieder (songs) compass a wide vocal range, with a frank, virile, and masculine form of melody, French art songs are subtle, full of delicate shadings and phrasings, and usually set within a relatively small compass of notes. Its masters are Gabriel Faure, Debussy, Reynaldo Hahn, Chausson, and Henri Duparc.

In Russia, art song is generally more

dramatic and more emotional. It often tends to mood pictures, and occasionally the voice dominates the accompaniment enough to call into question its right to classification as art song. The finest songs are to be found in the works of Moussorgsky and Gretchaninoff, but opportunities to hear the great Russian songs competently performed are unfortunately few.

The chief hindrance to an appreciation of the art song is the language problem. The composer has set each word and syllable so carefully—even considering the consonants and vowels involved—that any translation results in a greater loss than gain. Hence they are not translated, but always sung in the original language. This largely explains their lack of popularity among English-speaking people. Two solutions can remedy this. One is obviously to learn the language, but another is not without real value, and more practical for most of us. It is to learn to listen to the human voice as an instrument, and treat the art song solely as a duet between voice and piano, in the same fashion as a violin-piano sonata. Then the effect of the words themselves is lost, but that of the music remains undiminished. In fact, for some (myself included), the music is more enjoyable when it is divorced from a text that always links the same musical idea with the same literary phrase and idea. One does not need to know the text to get the most that the music in art song can offer. A small number of songs, of course, are exceptions to this generalization. These are the narrative songs, telling a story of some kind, such as *Der Erlkönig* of Schubert. For most of these a translation or explanation of the story involved is available in books that discuss individual musical works. Even with these, however, the music *per se* has much to offer.

THE great vocal artists in the field of art song are usually specialists. For German songs, Gerhard Hüsch, Charles Panzéra, Karl Erb, Roland Hayes, Alexander Kipnis, Herbert Janssen, Elizabeth Schumann, Elena Gerhardt, Lorte Lehmann, Isabel French, and Marian Anderson are justly famous. In the French field, Maggie Teyte and Charles Panzéra are supreme; in the Russian, Kipnis, Fedor Chaliapin, and Vladimir Rosing. To hear most of these great singers in concert is now almost impossible, for they are scat-

tered, aging, or no longer living. Records are the only approach to them, and in many ways the best, for on records they have been caught in their prime. Except for Roland Hayes, all are represented on domestic records. My own favorites are Gerhard Hüsch, Charles Panzéra, Elena Gerhardt, and Maggie Teyte—all, incidentally, in the Victor catalog.

The great pianists in the art song field—remember that their role is no less than the singer's—are also usually specialists. Gerald Moore, Franz Rupp, George Reeves, Conrad V. Bos, Paul Ulanowski, and Kosti Vehanen are the leaders. Often conductors, such as Bruno Walter, Hans U. Müller, Edwin McArthur, or Bruno Seidler-Winkler, will perform ably at the piano with a singer. Among concert pianists, Alfred Cortot is a great performer in art song. He, Gerald Moore, and Franz Rupp are my favorites.

The following albums now available (if not in stock, on order) are superb performances of great art songs: Victor M-386 (Panzéra-Cortot, Schumann's *Dichterliebe*), M-322 (Teyte-Cortot, songs of Debussy), M-895 (Teyte-Moore, French art songs), M-522 (Kipnis-Moore, songs of Brahms), and M-751 (Kipnis-Wolf, songs of Brahms); Columbia M-89 (Kipnis and others), and M-453 (Lehmann-Ulanowski, songs of Brahms); and Technichord T-5 (French-Reeves, miscellaneous songs). Superb 12-inch Victor records currently available are: 18051 (Panzéra, songs of Duparc), 7793 (Gerhardt-Bos, songs of Brahms), 14210 (Anderson-Vehanen, songs of Schubert). Available 10-inch Victor records of special value are: 1756 (Schumann-Reeves, songs of Brahms), and 1862 (Anderson-Vehanen, songs of Schubert—Anderson's finest art song recording!). The recent recordings of Lotte Lehmann (6 Columbia albums) do not quite equal her earlier achievements on Victor, now cut out of the catalog.

Some of the very finest records are not now listed, but can be found occasionally in the stock of a small-town dealer, or one whose stock turns over slowly. For those who wish to look, here's a list. It's not hopeless, for I've found some (but not all) myself.

Gerhard Hüsch and Hans U. Müller: Victor 12246/7.

Lotte Lehmann: Victor M-292 (also issued separately as 1730/4), M-419 (separately, 1856/61), 1893, and 1972, and Decca 20376.

Karl Erb and Bruno Seidler-Winkler: Victor M-501 (separately as 4398/4403).

Elizabeth Schumann and Gerald Moore: Victor M-497 (separately as 1836/40).

Elizabeth Schumann and George Reeves: Victor M-497 (separately as 1932/5), and with Reginald Kell, clarinet, 15735.

Herbert Janssen and Gerald Moore: Victor 1930.

Elena Gerhardt and Conrad V. Bos: Victor 6755, 6838, 6881, and 7795.

Vladimir Rosing and M. Foggin: Decca Album 1 (songs of Moussorgsky).

Alexander Kipnis: Columbia C-7204.

ITEMS:

The Chicago *Defender*, national weekly Negro newspaper, has cited Frank Sinatra and Danny Kaye in the paper's annual honor role of Americans who in 1945 have worked to improve race relations. The award went to Danny Kaye for having a Negro member of his radio program in a regular role disassociated from stock Negro characters; and to Sinatra for his "one-man war" against intolerance.

Duke Ellington's Carnegie Hall concert on January 4th featured the major premiere of a new work by the orchestra leader-composer titled, *A Tonal Group*. It consists of three movements, Fugue, Rhapsoditti and Concerto for Jam Band. The first movement was a descriptive piece, the second a new form of American music. The Concerto for Jam Band is based on the premise that contrary to general opinion, the typical commercial jam session is not enjoyed by the participating musicians. The work is styled in the informal manner they really like to play.

SOURCE

We must not conceive of prayer as an overcoming of God's reluctance, but as the laying hold of his highest willingness.
—Archbishop Trench

Prayer is and remains always a native and deepest impulse of the soul of man.
—Thomas Carlyle

When any one undertakes to study the meaning and to cultivate the habit of prayer, it is well for him to understand from the beginning that he is dealing with a natural function of his life and not with an artificial addition.
—Harry Emerson Fosdick

I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go; my own wisdom and that of all around me seemed insufficient for the day.
—Abraham Lincoln

RECENT RECORD RELEASES

WARREN STEINKRAUS

BACH: <i>Aria with Thirty Variations</i> (The Goldberg Variations) Wanda Landowska, harpsichordist	Victor M-DM-1022
BERNSTEIN: <i>Jeremiah Symphony</i> The St. Louis Symphony conducted by the composer Nan Marriam, soloist	Victor M-DM-1026
BRAHMS: <i>Alto Rhapsody, Opus 53</i> Marian Anderson with the San Francisco Symphony under Pierre Monteux	Victor SP-13
COUPERIN: <i>Overture and Allegro from "La Sultane" Suite</i> Minneapolis Symphony under Mitropoulos	Columbia 12161-D
ELIZABETHAN SUITE: (Music from the time of Shakespeare) Bartlett and Robertson, duo-pianists	Columbia Set X-256
HINDEMITH: <i>Six Chansons</i> The Victor Chorale directed by Robert Shaw	Victor 11-8868
JEWISH FOLK SONGS from Eastern Europe and Palestine Sung by Ruth Rubin, with chorus and instrumental background	Asch Set 607
MAHLER: <i>Symphony No. 4 in G Major</i> New York Philharmonic under Bruno Walter	Columbia M-MM-589
RACHMANINOFF: <i>Isle of the Dead, Opus 29</i> <i>Vocalise, Opus 34, No. 14</i> Boston Symphony Orchestra under Koussevitzky	Victor M-DM-1024

COMMENTS:

The Bach "Goldberg Variations" is the most important release since the outbreak of the war and should acquaint one not only with the delicacies of harpsichord music but with the flawless playing of Mme. Landowska. The "Jeremiah Symphony" is a pleasing, modern work by a very versatile composer and performer. This new recording of the Brahms work is better technically than the earlier one by Marian Anderson, but is otherwise no different. The work itself often captures the spirit of the same composer's "German Requiem." The single record Hindemith selection would afford a good opportunity to become acquainted with this modern master. The Jewish Folk Songs are for the specialist. There is much beauty in the Mahler fourth as interpreted by Bruno Walter, one of the composer's intimate friends. The finale requires the soprano soloist Desi Halban who lends a rare charm to the work. The Rachmaninoff works are quite easy to enjoy, the first being rather moving and weird.

Church and Labor--Workers Together

JOHN G. RAMSAY

THE unanswered needs of people make dictators possible. The depression years are the years that led us into World War Two. Many of us who are young people now did not experience the depression years and we have no idea what real human body needs are.

There was a time when those of us of this older generation were young also! In the spring of 1929 the world was beautiful for us and life seemed to hold limitless possibilities. This was as it should have been. Many of our older brothers had sacrificed their lives in a World War One to end all wars. Now in peace there was plenty of work, and because there was plenty of work, there was security. There was love and joy in the thought of establishing a home and of creating beauty. The regular check on pay day offered the means. The church was a place of joyous fellowship for us too. "Man does not live by bread alone," we knew, and so we looked forward to Sunday to praise in unison the God from whom all blessings flow. We had in our hearts the visions of peace on earth and good will to men. The early morning quiet hours of the youth fellowship group were real mountain top experiences. The beautiful hymns we sang together were a challenge as well as an overflowing expression of our grateful hearts. Youth looked forward to a life of fellowship and service. Youth in God's world was happy.

In the autumn of 1929 the bottom fell out of everything. It seemed impossible that the picture of life could change so rapidly and completely. We heard of the crash in Wall Street. Economists said we had over produced. Industry said there was no need to work much now. Less work meant less pay for the wage earners. There was no joy on pay days when the check did not meet even the basic needs of the family. In a short time all savings were used up. Then the insurance policies were cashed in. This depression could not last long we thought. But the depression did last long. Work got less and less. Then for millions there was no work at all. We began to feel starvation, to see the results of undernourished children. We stood in line for Red Cross flour. In desperation we looked to the government for relief and then went on the W.P.A. program. Why were men, women and children having to suffer from want for the very things that God had given us in such abundance? It was because they did not have even an op-

portunity to earn the coins on which we print our motto, "In God we trust."

POVERTY in the midst of plenty is a great social sin. Labor is determined to eliminate the social sin of want. The church also must be concerned about these social sins and take responsibility to change the conditions that cause them. E. Stanley Jones says, "... an unchristian social order produces more thwarted and disrupted lives than any other single cause." "Man does not live by bread alone," but he must have bread in order to live.

Today the basic human body needs of food, clothing and shelter have been earned through war production while ten million were employed to destroy what we had produced. What a tragic waste of material, energy and lives it was. How much better it would have been if we had spent the cost of war in sending ten millions of our people on luxury liners to carry the good will of our nation to the far corners of the earth instead of sending them on battleships, as we did, to carry destruction, hate and sorrow. To finance good will instead of ill will is not an idle or impractical dream. Even now that we have won the war, we will lose the peace unless we have a plan to share our God-given abundance with all the world.

Is it not reasonable to have expectation in the peace of more production than we have had in the war? Ten million men and women returning from the battle line to the production line will help us produce an abundance. Our problem is not production but distribution. Our leaders must have the sagacity as well as the humanity to see that this abundance is available to meet the need of food, clothing and shelter for everyone. That is a Christian responsibility.

To organized labor this caring about our fellowmen in the material sense is the first real test of brotherhood. The church also is concerned about the earthly life of men as well as the life hereafter. Organized labor has met the church pronouncements with positive action, sometimes before the church has spoken. Long before the Atlantic Charter was formed both the church and labor stood for and worked for the four freedoms, including the freedom from want. Working together the church and labor can and will enrich the economic life of our nation and the world.

ORGANIZED labor is looking to the future. The CIO in its postwar aims lists the following as essentials:

1. A job at union wages or a business, farm or profession that pays.
2. A well built convenient home decently furnished.
3. Good food, clothing and medical care.
4. Good schooling for children with an equal chance for a healthy, happy growth.
5. An income through social insurance in case of sickness, old age, early death of the wage earner or unemployment.

Victory in the peace involves the accomplishment of these ends, and organized labor is determined that they shall not be just pious slogans. The United Steelworkers of America have already started definite action. They are asking management to plan ahead for full employment and stable national economy. We have proved our ability to produce. Now we must learn to distribute. We need steady customers for the farmer and the businessman. We have the basic needs of our people to supply. Therefore the steelworkers are asking for a guaranteed minimum annual wage for the wage earner. Management has always enjoyed the security of a guaranteed annual wage. This program by the steelworkers is a spearhead in a plan for a stabilized economy and security for the worker. Steel is a basic industry. "As steel goes so goes the nation's industry."

The plan will mean the American farmers will be able to have mechanized farms and enjoy steady customers for their produce. It will mean that the small businessmen and the men in professions will share in the general prosperity of all. Above all it will mean much to making our home life secure. With it there will be a steady income for the family to budget. Think what it will mean for the purchasing of one's home without the fear of losing it through a lay off period later. Think what it will mean in the general health, educational, cultural and spiritual advancement of many whose lives are now dominated by the fear of economic insecurity. A guaranteed annual wage can be the basis for a stable national economy.

Now what can the church and labor do together to work for an abundant life for all people? In planning for the future there will always be differences on account of the varied background of people's experience. We all have points of

view. The need, however, is for people to get together and learn to know and understand each other. In Christian fellowship divergent points of view will not be barriers to keep people apart, but will prove to be a glimpse into God's plan for his kingdom. The church must not continue to be complacent toward the eco-

nomie problems of our world. The church should be on fire with labor in securing economic justice for all. We can usher in the Golden Age if we care enough and if we love enough.

[Mr. Ramsay is at present with the CIO in the steel industry with headquarters in Columbus, Ohio.]

Fundamental Principles for Settlement of Capital-Labor Disputes

SAMUEL S. WYER

1. The sole justification of any social order must be the permanent welfare of human beings.
2. Every person, whether in worker or ownership groups, is a distinct and sacred personality.
3. Progress in human betterment comes from the leadership of the unusual individual rather than from the masses. Rewards should be proportional to services rendered.
4. Labor must never be regarded as merely a commodity to be bought and sold in an open market.
5. While property as such cannot have rights, human beings have the right of ownership and the right to have such ownership protected. Therefore, there is no issue between property rights and human rights, but between two classes of human rights. However, the right of ownership does not create the right to exploit human beings for monetary gain.
6. There is such interdependence between Ownership and Labor that neither can function without the use and cooperation of the other. Ownership and Labor are business partners who cannot injure one without injuring the other.
7. In all cases of conflict between Ownership and Labor it is the public interest that is paramount.
8. Justice must be the constant and perpetual wish to render to every person his due.
9. Legal facilities must be created so that any worker can get justice in any controversy that he may have with his employer without cost, work stoppage, or violence. A Code to meet this is available. All that is lacking is enactment by Congress.
10. In man's long evolution in his law thinking, there are only two kinds of controversies where we condone and tolerate violence. These are Ownership-Labor relations and inter-nation relations. Judicial settlement without recourse to violence has been developed for all others and this must be available and working in Ownership-Labor controversies before we may hope to abolish war between nations.
11. Any group of employees should have the right to organize themselves into a union for wage negotiations and collective bargaining. Financial support for the union must be on the basis of the free will of the members. This does not abrogate the right of others to work without joining a union.
12. The right of collective bargaining does not create the right of collective violence.
13. We must refuse to give additional power to individuals or to groups without including a corresponding accountability and responsibility.
14. The public interest requires that unions should be incorporated and made responsible for the actions of their members in Ownership-Labor controversies.
15. The total income in every industry must be divided between the Ownership and Labor groups so that each group as consumers can buy its fair share of the wealth it has helped to create. This involves the difficult task of the creation of new standards of social values.
16. Living standards for all can be raised only by producing more goods and lowering costs. More goods will also retard inflation.
17. Maintain fair employment practices so as to avoid discrimination against individuals because of race, color, nationality or religion.

Peace Strategy at Atlantic City

CARL D. SOULE

Leaders of several national peace organizations met at Atlantic City in February and demonstrated that spirit of unity which they are seeking to establish among nations. Delegates from the three historic peace churches (Brethren, Friends, and Mennonites) had "front seats," while behind them sat representatives of the National Service Board, Fellowship of Reconciliation, War Resisters' League, and pacifist fellowships in various churches (Baptist, Evangelical and Reformed, Jewish, and Episcopal). Aably represented was the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom by Dorothy Detzer. The importance of the meeting was attested by the presence of top-notch personnel from each of the organizations.

The manifest desire for cooperative action resulted in the creation of a Consultative Peace Council to meet once a month and share common concerns and a powerful Service Agency which will have as its first and immediate function the dissemination of objective and "peaceful" information through news releases, clip-sheets, and news-letters. This might be termed the evangelistic approach and may ultimately find expression in comic books, radio broadcasts, and the commissioning of ministers of peace and freedom for the counseling of legislators in the capitals of the world.

Long range thinking was matched by an intense concern for the present world order. Clarence Pickett of the American Friends Service Committee spoke of the strong possibility that private agencies will soon be sending 2,000 tons of protective foods to Germany. Dorothy Detzer declared that we should declare a moratorium on luxury, restore rationing fully, and send abroad as much food, lumber, and steel as would be bought by six months of war making.

It was acknowledged that friendship with the Russian people should be built up as rapidly as possible. To this end the Brethren Service Committee is sending heifers to the Jewish soviet in Siberia. The Friends are anxious to give aid in the Ukraine. The WIL expects to have an international conference in Luxemburg next summer and is approaching the Russian government on delegates from the U. S. S. R.

Cafeteria for Social Action

HOWARD WILKINSON

HERE is a list of significant social action organizations. If you are not now acquainted with them, arrange an introduction. This can be done by having each member select one group and write to it for information. When replies have been received from all the groups, each individual can report on the nature and work of the organization to which he wrote. Further contact can then be made with the groups in which the most interest is manifest.

Each of these organizations is doing a significant piece of work, and there is a remarkably small amount of overlapping of function. Each is doing a worth-while job which would not be done if that group did not do it! They are not of the type that "stands ready" to "do something about it." Instead, they actually are accomplishing specific tasks.

METHODIST FEDERATION FOR SOCIAL SERVICE, 150 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

(An unofficial group of Methodist bishops, preachers, and laymen who seek to preach and apply the social imperatives of the gospel, and who are unwilling to wait until everyone in the church sees the prophetic vision before they dare to proclaim it. This organization "... rejects the method of the struggle for profit as the economic base for society; (and) seeks to replace it with social-economic planning in order to develop a society without class distinctions and privileges.")
Publishers of *Social Questions Bulletin*, etc.

COMMISSION ON WORLD PEACE, 740 Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.

(A Commission established by the General Conference of The Methodist Church, to give leadership to the church in its struggle for world peace and brotherhood.)
Publishers of *World Peace Newsletter*, etc.

FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION, 2929 Broadway, New York 25, N. Y.

("A Fellowship that refuses to participate in any war and seeks to demonstrate that love is the effective force for overcoming evil and transforming society into a creative brotherhood.")
Publishers of *Fellowship, Forerunners*, etc.

MENTAL HYGIENE PROGRAM OF CIVILIAN PUBLIC SERVICE, P. O. Box 7574, Philadelphia 4, Pa.

(Three thousand conscientious objectors worked in mental hospitals during the war. Conditions as they found them in most state institutions are indescribably appalling. They have organized to work for better asylums, better public understanding of what it takes to make them, and more effective ways of preventing mental illness. Their work is enthusiastically endorsed by leading physicians, psychiatrists, and ministers. It needs support!)
Publishers of *The Psychiatric Aid*, etc.

A Department
Conducted by

HOWARD WILKINSON

April, 1946

AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION, 170 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

(This is an important organization. It is "The one national non-partisan agency for everybody's civil rights without distinction.")
Publishes quarterly and annual reports on the status of civil liberties in America.

WORKERS DEFENSE LEAGUE, 112 E. 19th St., New York, N. Y.

(A League primarily interested in preserving the legal and economic rights of labor.)
Publishers of *Workers Defense Bulletin*.

NATIONAL RELIGION AND LABOR FOUNDATION, 106 Carmel St., New Haven 11, Conn.

(An organization doing pioneer work in the field of labor-religion relationships.)

SOCIALIST CHRISTIANS, Care of Prof. Reinhold Niebuhr, Union Theological Seminary, New York, N. Y.

(A group of ministers and theologians who seek to translate Christian theology into vital social action.)

NATIONAL COMMITTEE TO ABOLISH THE POLL TAX, 127 B St., S. E., Washington 3, D. C.

("What's in a name?" It's all there!)
Publishers of *The Poll Tax Repealer*, etc.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE, 20 W. 40th St., New York 18, N. Y.

(As the Negro minister-congressman from New York City, Hon. Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., says: "This organization really should be called the National Association for the Advancement of Common People, for it is an interracial group of people actively interested in bettering the plight of the oppressed.")
Publishers of *The Crisis*, etc.

ANTI-DEFAMATION LEAGUE, 100 N. LaSalle St., Chicago 2, Ill.

(This group works "To eliminate defamation of the Jews and to counteract un-American and anti-democratic propaganda through a broad educational program; to advance good will and proper understanding between American groups; to preserve and to translate into greater effectiveness the ideals of American democracy.")
Publishers of *The Bulletin of the Christian Friends*, etc.

FELLOWSHIP OF SOUTHERN CHURCHMEN, Box 577, Chapel Hill, N. C.

(A group of Southern religious people who are attempting to answer, in practical ways, the prophetic call "To preach the gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captive, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." It is one of the most creative movements to be found anywhere.)
Publishers of *Prophetic Religion*, etc.

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE, 20 S. 12th St., Philadelphia 7, Pennsylvania.

(Who can describe it? At home and abroad, it is the Good Samaritan. Begun by the Quaker, it now draws upon many Protestant denominations for personnel and financial support for its vast program of reconstruction and reconciliation.)

NATIONAL FARMERS UNION, 3501 E. 46th St., Denver 16, Colo.

(A Union of the small, independent farmers who wish to speak a united voice in government and present a united front at the market.)

SOUTHERN TENANT FARMERS UNION, Cotton Plant, Ark. (or Memphis, Tenn.)

(An organization crusading for the improvement and the protection of "God's Chilluns" who are caught in the tenant farmers system.)

Christian Action TOWARD A NEW WORLD ORDER

INDIA LEAGUE OF AMERICA, 40 E. 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.

(A League "... organized in 1937 to interpret India and America to each other," and to spread the conviction that India, like the thirteen original American colonies, should have her freedom from Britain.)
Publishers of *India Today*, etc.

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE FOR HUMAN WELFARE, 212½ Union St., Nashville 1, Tenn.

(Senator Bilbo, who openly preaches hatred against minority groups in America, wrote in November, 1945: "If I were called upon to name the Number One Enemy of the South today it would be the Southern Conference for Human Welfare." An excellent recommendation!)
Publishers of *The Southern Patriot*, etc.

SOUTHERN REGIONAL COUNCIL, 63 Auburn Ave., N. E., Atlanta 3, Ga.

(A group of Southerners who say, with respect to Southern race and economic problems: "We dedicate ourselves to the task of doing the most and the best that can be done here and now.")
Publishers of *New South* (formerly *The Southern Frontier*), etc.

WORLD COUNCIL OF CHURCHES, 297 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y. (American Headquarters).

(This, friends, is the body to which Mr. Rockefeller recently donated one million dollars. It seeks to answer Christ's poignant prayer that his followers might be one. Though yet in the formative stage, its present membership includes eighty-five denominations in twenty-eight countries.)
Publishers of the *World Council Courier*, etc.

FEDERAL COUNCIL OF THE CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA, 297 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

(This Council, through its various departments and commissions, gives unity and leadership to 26,000,000 American Christians, in a broad field of social action and service.)
Publishers of *Information Service* and *The Bulletin*.

Diary of a Sophomore

JEAN ANDERSON

October, Third Week

(Note: Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely intentional.)

Monday—Up at seven but made the seven-thirty bus. Gave a speech (illustrated) on Arthur Murray and how to do the rhumba—all at the horrible hour of eight this blue day. Criticism—sibalants and leaning on the desk with one hand (no, not while doing the rhumba). Surprise test in English. Why does she do these things on Monday? Still dunno what century Homer lived in. . . . Lit. was more about Irving. Gotta finish *Sketch Book* by Wednesday. And in history drew a map of Europe, me whose geography is strictly from seventh grade. Ouch! Telephoned the room—(letter from Mom and card from the library demanding Alexander Woolcott's latest, which I have *not* finished)—and called Ellen, who said all clear for Spanish drill at seven. Read part of "Gil Blas de Santilana" (you spell it, diary) at lunchtime. Reported at the theater at one with my sociology under my arm, and then didn't read much of it because was too interested in new show. At least I have a smooth, easy job, except I burned my hand on the popcorn machine again. About froze taking tickets. Gonna wear wool slacks after this. Bob A., the post-grad creative writing major who caused the stir with his play, was in to see the show. No Kappa Phi this week, so ate supper and then to Ellen's for an evening of Spanish verbs and idioms. To bed at 10:30 for a change.

Tuesday—Actually made my bed and read a whole chapter of Sociology before the 8:30 bus. Spanish and Soc. as usual. Ate at eleven with Ellen at the corner drug, then over to the hospital for a test, and took back library books. Boy, am I helping support the library! Bought a new Spanish book and paper and stuff and ran up to Fran's to get my scripts back. Called home—(letter from Jack). Translated some more of "Gil Blas" on the bus. Read all about Odysseus between movie tickets. Then supper and to chorus practice until nine. Then Jerry and I walked over to the Political Action Committee meeting and had a fine argument about peacetime conscription. I'm gonna write a letter to an editor, or something! Perry ran me home, because ten-thirty comes around all too soon. Wrote letters to Mom and the twins and fell asleep reading Homer.

Wednesday—Penny called me when she left the room, but I went back to sleep

and missed English class. Miss Bancroft will love that. Was a little early for Lit., so stopped at the corner for orange juice and toast, and who should be there but Jim from back home. Didn't even know he was on the campus! Had a good talk, and he wants me to help him with a theme—punctuation, if I remember, is not his forte. The Lit. test over Hamilton, Jefferson, Franklin and Irving came through O.K., I think. A little weak on Franklin, if anything. History was a geography quiz again. Need I say more? Ate with Sally, and she wants one of my old radio scripts for broadcast next week. Fran and Babs were in the show this afternoon. They can really consume the popcorn. After work took in the show across the street, and then home to the pressing, ironing, cleaning, mending, etc. that I've been neglecting. Letter from the twins and one from Bob, and some advertisements. Fell asleep with "Gil Blas."

Thursday—Up early and feeling ambitious, so walked to campus. Beautiful fall day, with leaves and things. Sociology test, medium rare. After Spanish, ate lunch with Ellen. Supposed to go to Spanish dinner tomorrow night. Got myself a dental appointment (oh, woe!) and went over to reserve library to fix up reading reports. Home and changed clothes and got the mail—two letters from Jack, and the November *Good Housekeeping*, and the notice of Wesley Foundation vespers, etc. Timed the new show at work, good one. Started reading *The Scarlet Letter* between tickets. Ate supper and went early to chorus and read until seven. The concert is the sixteenth of next month, and then for Christmas we sing the *Messiah*, dramatic club at nine, afterwards Wesley Foundation. Dick coached me on the reading for next week. We have the program for Armistice Sunday, and then Thanksgiving. I wrote a theme when I got home on my conception of Homer, and then fell asleep to the tune of Frederick the Great.

Friday—Up and made it to English this time. Miss Bancroft took it in her stride when I told her I slept Wednesday. But we had a test today over Wednesday's discussion, and I probably flunked. Lit. was the peaceful hour that an all-lecture class usually is. The notes I take are unreadable, but I remember things better once I've written them down. Gave Sally that radio script in history class. Lunch with Paul, and naturally we talked music all noon. Work was normal until five—then all the cadets started coming in the movie,

devouring popcorn and demanding Bugs Bunny. Ah, Friday, ye 12:30 night! Met Ellen after work and went to Spanish dinner. Got lost every other syllable, but the food was good and we had fun. The Latin-American kids are very patient with our horrific accents. A guitar and songs in Spanish, and speeches in same. My head is whirling. Tonight Ellen and I crammed for the verb test tomorrow. Took a cab home (budget slipped that time). Letter from Jack saying he's in the states and might be here next weekend!

Saturday—Missed the bus, and was five minutes late to sociology. Received written instructions for term paper. Choice of subjects, but I think I'll do mine on twins. My sisters are convenient! Spanish verb test was done "as well as could be expected." Ellen and I did a post-mortem over our lunch, and decided anyway we didn't flunk. We also went over the plot of "Gil Blas," since we're to take the test Monday. Methinks I'll have to take mine at noon. Work was the usual Saturday matinee, with kids chasing around without their mothers. One blue-eyed minx helped me take tickets, because she was too young to enjoy the show. I let her tear the tickets in two, and we had a high old time. Finally her sister (a little older), came out and said, "Amelia, where have you been?" and hustled her home. Met Jerry at six for supper and did the current play at the U. theater. Very good. Some people don't like Thornton Wilder, but I enjoyed every minute of it. Home at twelve-thirty again, and Paula and Penny and I talked far into the night, as usual.

Sunday—Slept through church school. Met Fran and we went to church, and then she went to the dorm for dinner and I ate with Sally and the gang. Then to work, which was chaos because the show was Ginger Rogers' latest. S.R.O. and the lobby jammed. Was going to write my speech, but didn't get far. Vespers at 4:30, and supper and recreation. Ate supper with Don, but he had to be back to barracks at seven. Jerry and I played the piano. Oh, yes, vespers was a discussion of "What Is Worship." Home before ten, so I could write my speech. Peacetime conscription, and quite vitriolic. Also washed out some things and packed laundry case for home. Wrote some letters, and caught up on Odysseus and Louis XIV and James Fenimore Cooper. And there's that test on "Gil Blas" at noon tomorrow, and my advisor said he wanted me to write some new poetry, and homecoming's next weekend, with maybe Jack here! So Penny and I lie in bed and tell each other all about what happened today, and then Paula comes in, and we have to tell her, and tomorrow's eight o'clock speech class seems far, far away. . . .

On Campus, They Say--

On Duped Droops

"A new epoch in the world's history has been born. The great turning point has been reached. The Christian ideals—righteous ideals—have been victorious—and they shall carry on."

These lines, taken from a *Daily Orange* editorial published twenty-seven years ago this month, reveal the sentiments of university students then. They were sure the end of the war heralded lasting peace.

It's easy now to laugh and say people were too idealistic twenty-seven years ago. Idealistic, yes. But who can deny that the ideals in themselves were fine? It wasn't the idealism that was wrong; it was that the people didn't work to turn that idealism into reality. They relaxed, expected it to take care of itself. But it didn't. It didn't then, and it won't this time either. Building of peace depends largely upon an alert educated public. The college student should make it his responsibility to keep himself informed on topics of current worldwide importance. He should be willing to work to preserve peace in any way he can, no matter how trivial it may be. Above all, he should not relax in the warm security of "the war's over!"

If every student realized that the preservation of peace wasn't just something for "the boys in Washington" to lose sleep over, perhaps "the Christian conception of relationship of men" might have more chance to gain the place in the world which Syracusans marked for it in 1918.

—*Syracuse Daily Orange*, Syracuse University, Syracuse, New York

On Bobby Sox or Men

The aftermath of the war and the G.I. Bill of Rights have already produced a marked effect on the campus. With the sudden deluge of men, faded blue jeans, pig-tails, bandanas, and such, have been tossed into far corners of dorm closets. They have given way to heels, upsweeps, dinner dresses, and "charm." A glimpse into the lounges during the after-dinner hour now presents an entirely different picture. No longer do girls rush through the apple betty and rush upstairs to their dormitory domiciles. Nor do they retire for a hand of bridge. Oddly enough they seem to be content with just talking and looking and "looking." And so it goes—the men come, the bobby sox go.

—*The Cornelian*, Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa

On Prestige

This is an appeal to the thinking students of this University. Generally speaking, extracurricular activities are engaged in by persons aiming to gain prestige. Is the so-called prestige gleaned from this kind of achievement really something for the *intelligent person* to seek? Extracurricular activities can be worth while. They can serve a social function and an intellectual function. But to do this, activities must be chosen because of sincere interest, they must be given genuine loyalty, they must be activities of quality, not quantity. The responsibility rests with each student. Presumably college students can assume responsibility. Presumably *intelligent* college students can see the transparency of much of our "extracurricular" prestige. If such presumptions are wrong, the whole idea of higher education for adults is based upon quicksand.

—*The Depauw*, Depauw University, Greencastle, Indiana

On the Home Folks

After cussing the army and everything in it for almost three years, it is surprising to wake up to the fact that in a way or two it was at least democratic. The first thing a raw recruit does is to learn to sleep, eat and live with men he never saw before. Gradually he learns to respect the other fellow, not for how much money he has or what race he swung from, but for actually what he believes and what he is and can do. It was a disheartening surprise to come home and find out that the people here couldn't even do that much. We in the service thought the people at home had waked up and were learning to live with others.

—*The Campus*, Oklahoma City University, Oklahoma

On Intelligent Sacrifice

Since the inception of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration in 1943 both President Roosevelt and President Truman have recognized the obligation of this nation to maintain the European standard of living at a subsistence level, and toward this end our contribution to UNRRA comprises seventy-five per cent of its budget. The results achieved so far are a mockery of these promises. The UNRRA budget is at the mercy of Congress, whose hostility toward the entire relief program has just exhibited

itself in a four-month delay in the appropriation of funds to finance UNRRA's activities during the winter months and throughout 1946, its last scheduled year of existence.

We all know the sort of excuse Germans give for having tolerated the concentration camps; have you a better excuse for abetting contemporary evils? In both cases we see two groups of people, one in pain, the other in a position to alleviate this pain. You will say that the alleviation entails sacrifice. This is true. There are two things that every student should do within the next two weeks: (1) Write the man who represents you in Congress and tell him that you want to help these Europeans. (2) Organize groups for sending packages to European families. Immediate steps toward organizing such groups should be taken by the Student Council, all fraternities and sororities. Names of European families whom you can help are supplied by the American Friends Service Committee (the Quakers), 20 South 12th Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and *Politics*, 45 Astor Place, New York City.

—*The Daily Bruin*, UCLA, Los Angeles, California

On Lounge Lizards

How does it happen that the students in the United States are not an articulate force? Little of importance is heard from college students in the United States, while students in other countries are leading powerful social and political movements; students can be leaders of national scope. In Argentina, Russia and China (to mention but a few examples) students are forming and forcing a progressive national policy. The United States is one of the few nations that has never felt the surge of a progressive student movement of national importance.

What would happen if the American students became a dynamic national force; if American students could unitedly present their stand on proposed national policy? What if American students were to picket for FEPC, feeding of Europe, a new G.I. bill, or complete American support of UNO?

While students of other countries are unitedly moving for progressive causes, why are American students again consolidating their positions as lounge lizards?

—*Daily Iowan*, University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.

GOD IS TO ME . . .

[Continued from page 5]

that empire was designed as a means of drawing the world together; nor will anyone claim that science or invention or international trade was carried on with a view to bringing about the interdependence of nations and peoples. The situation in which we now find ourselves, so far from being a result that we human creatures purposed and planned, has to a large extent been brought about despite our purposes, which for the most part were selfish and shortsighted enough. Something beyond us, a super-human purpose and power, is working in history, bringing about the increasing interdependence of men and of nations, so that our sheer survival becomes ever more contingent upon the establishment of justice and fair play in all our relations to one another.

It does not necessarily follow that we *shall* act with due regard to the welfare of the world as a whole. We may continue to base our individual decisions and our national policies on the sole ground of self-interest. But note still another thing about the working of God in history. Never does he take his holy spirit from us. Never does he cease to appeal to what Abraham Lincoln called "the better angels of our nature." He appeals to us through the sense of moral obligation which we know as conscience and which, unless we persistently stifle it, cries out against sham and cowardice and meanness and cruelty. He appeals to us through the pangs of remorse which we feel

when we think of people who have been "wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities." He appeals to us through the impulses of love and sympathy which are as native to us as any other impulse we know and which, if we obey them, lead us to do things for others, even costly things.

We do not all respond to the divine spirit within us. But through those who do respond God mightily works for the fulfillment of his purpose. He works through consecrated individuals—a Saint Paul, a Saint Francis, a John Wesley, a Lord Shaftesbury, a Pasteur, to name but a few—who, under his influence and direction, contribute to the sanity, the enlightenment and the moral health of the world. He works through persons who are not widely known but who, as members of some devoted and far-seeing minority, help to establish new patterns of thought and conduct. He works through institutions that loyally serve the community—hospitals, schools, public libraries, and many others, which are themselves the creations of his spirit. In a distinctive way he works through the Christian Church, which at its best stands for the things which Jesus Christ stood for, calls upon men to give allegiance to these things, and inspires the confidence that these are the things which will ultimately prevail.

The divine purpose being worked out in human life is not limited to this passing world but will have its consummation in the eternal Kingdom of God.

THE OPTIC NERVE OF THE SOUL

[Continued from page 8]

terness towards any neighbor, it were better to leave the gift there and go and first be reconciled with our foe, and then return to worship—since only then is true worship possible. We begin, then, with those we fear or do not like: "I am resolved before thee, O God, to think and act with kindness towards so-and-so." Intercession names also our loved ones, our rulers, the needy of the world, our counselors and friends. Prayer is on a deep level: blessings flow from intercession by the secret channels of the one body of mankind to bring joy in true resolve and cheer and tenderness.

IV

IF, after this *Silence, Expectancy, Thanksgiving, Confession, Intercession*, you are in any mood to crave gifts for yourself, let that asking now be made. It comes last. It will not seek this outward change and that specific plan: our puny wisdom, divided against itself, is not yet wise enough to rule the worlds! But it can talk intimately with God about all the daily needs and especially about our sorrows and anxieties: Jesus taught us to ask for daily bread. But it will covet more the "greater gifts." It will covet most the mind of Christ. Therefore all askings will be safeguarded by the noblest and most courageous prayer: "In thy will is our peace." That is why, among other reasons, we conclude a prayer with the phrase: "In his nature . . . in his name." Through the nature of Jesus

is our best understanding of God. In the nature of Jesus is the best corrective of our blundering petitions. The word "Amen" is not merely idle or by rote. It means "So let it be." It is the resolve on honesty in praying. Obviously we would not be honest if, having prayed, we did not do what little we can do to make our prayer come true. When we say "Amen," we utter our faith in God's power and at the same time we gird ourselves to a life in keeping with our prayer.

V

DOES it surprise you that an exercise so simple can bring God near? This is the optic nerve without which we are blind to the real wonders of our world. It moves mountains of difficulty; and as for the mountains it does not move, it enables us to scale them, to dig treasure out of them, and from their peak to see "a far, spiritual city."

We know a church in which there is a stained-glass window representing the coming of that city on earth. From a sunset-glory the minarets and gates and river of life take form: through the sunset they descend on pine-wood and lake and the streets of earth. But if you stand outside the church, that particular window is only flat-grey and meaningless: there is nothing to be seen. But inside the church you see the light streaming through it.

It is a parable. Prayer is a church. There we see a light beyond all earthly glory streaming through all the windows of earth. A city descends on our ugliness. A Saviour walks the streets. Lo, he is in the midst and that to bless.

Letters

On Mixed Marriage

DEAR SIR:

For several seasons I have found your magazine notable and inspiring as I have read it in our college library at Hillyer. However, in one current issue there is a distressing inaccuracy in Mr. William K. Anderson's otherwise excellent article, *So Long As Ye Both Shall Live*.

He warns, quite properly, against mixed marriages and states one Catholic view with reasonable accuracy, except when he makes reference to one Catholic view of salvation in his section one—" . . . ejected from the church and, according to his faith (i.e. the Catholic's) from eternal salvation as well." And again in the following: "The philosophy of the Roman Church, which officially believes that it is the sole hope of salvation and that those outside are damned, is held to justify the rigid enforcement of these (i.e. the marriage) requirements."

As you know, of course, the Catholic Church has never yet declared anyone damned. Moreover, she holds that those who do not have the gift of faith and belief in all for which she stands, if they follow their own tenets faithfully and live the best lives they can, will surely go to heaven, as ignorance which is invincible is not a sin. If Mr. Anderson will check this matter with any priest or catechist, I am sure he will be glad to make one correction and not invalidate his position by so glaring an inaccuracy as the one quoted.

I am myself only a lay person, a recent convert to the church after long years of study and deep interest in comparative theology, and so cannot speak with an official voice. But I would be untrue to my faith to let this statement pass in even distinguished or even in any company, without correction.

ELIZABETH CONNER LINDSAY
(MRS. VACHEL LINDSAY)

Hartford, Connecticut

(The Editor asked Dr. Anderson to reply to Mrs. Lindsay's letter.)

DEAR MRS. LINDSAY:

When Mr. Ehrensperger brought in your interesting letter I sent copies of my article to competent critics and have in addition done some research on the criticism you raise. It seems that there are good grounds for your exceptions.

Dr. Kenneth Scott Latourette of Yale says: "The statement to which your correspondent referred, namely 'The philosophy of the Roman Church which officially believes it is the sole hope of salvation and that those outside are damned . . . is technically true. However, the statement as it stands may be misleading. The Roman Catholic Church teaches that there are those who belong to her soul who do not belong to her visible body. It teaches that only God knows who will be members of the true Church. . . . We who are Christians and who have remained outside the body of the Church by invincible ignorance may, if I understand

Letters

Roman Catholic teaching correctly, escape hell and have opportunity of heaven."

Dr. Albert C. Knudson of Boston says: "So far as the *objective* possibility of salvation is concerned your statement of the Roman Catholic teaching is in accordance with my understanding of it. *Extra ecclesiam nulla salus*. But Roman Catholic scholars distinguish between an *objective* and a *subjective* possibility of salvation. The latter applies to people outside of the church who do not belong to it because of a *pardonable ignorance* and who do possess *fragments of the truth*. Such people may be saved through a special act of divine grace. This is the status, for instance, of good Protestants. This, I understand, is a point emphasized by Roman Catholics in their relation to their Protestant friends. Then, too, a large number of the Roman Catholic laity do not take seriously the more exclusive doctrines of their own church. But many of them, of course, adhere still to the intolerant attitude of the past, and of them your strong statement in the next to the last paragraph on page two would be true. Theoretically, however, I suppose a Roman Catholic would be justified in objecting to it in its present unqualified form."

I also sent a copy for a priest's criticism but his reply has not yet been received.

The question hinges largely on which tradition of Roman doctrine is followed. The Augustine-Franciscan tradition—in fact, nearly the whole *theological* position—would give support to you. On the other hand, the tradition espoused by the Popes in their search to create an authoritative hierarchy, has always sought to give to the Church the keys of the Kingdom. According to this tradition the sacraments are the exclusive channel of grace and the priest is their exclusive dispenser. This has been the philosophy behind ex-communications and inquisitorial procedures whenever found.

We live in a time when the papal power has won its complete victory. It has been voted to be infallible, a status which even Torquemada himself would not have granted it. Consequently its interpretations have for long years ruled the thought of the Church. These may be summed up in Thomas Aquinas, who supported the papal claims: *Subesse Romano pontifici sit de necessitate salutis*. So while recognizing the validity of your criticism, I would have to maintain that millions of Roman Catholics today accept and live by the statements as I have made them.

I greatly appreciate your interest and your otherwise commendatory judgment

Letters

of the article. Should it be reprinted in any form, I shall modify it.

WILLIAM K. ANDERSON
Nashville, Tennessee

Worship Material

DEAR SIR:

Not so many weeks ago I was visiting one of the larger churches in Philadelphia after the close of a week end work-camp. The fellow sitting next to me had a copy of the December issue of *motive*, which I'd never heard of before. During the service he opened the well thumbed copy to a picture of Christ, and said to me quietly, "I wonder what he would think of such ornate churches and services as this. He was so simple and plain in his ways." (I must confess we'd been to a Friends Meeting House in the morning, and this church was quite a contrast.) Well, I couldn't take my eyes away from that picture—it was unlike any picture I've ever seen of Christ—and it was wonderful. We both sat staring at it for the rest of the service. I've been "seeing" it ever since.

LIBBY BELLIS

Hood College
Frederick, Maryland

(Editor's note: The picture was the head of Christ by Robert Hodgell. We are glad that it furnished something to meditate upon during the service. A good many other students have written about it. Bob is still in the navy.)

Rappa Jamma Pi

DEAR SIR:

I'd like to add my "two bits" to this fraternity question. I was interested in the *motive* writeup on the problem as well as *Life's* recent pictorial presentation. It seems to me we as Christian young people are getting sidetracked in our thinking on this question into leaving Christ out of our consideration. He should be on our campus as well as anywhere else.

The real question is: Can we as young people who have chosen to follow Jesus Christ and his teachings become members of an organization which says, "We exclude Jews and Negroes and all but a low proportion of Catholics"? Jesus talked about fraternity (or brotherhood), too. But the sort of fraternity Jesus talked about was an inclusive, not an exclusive fraternity. It took in all mankind, not just the thirty Rappa Jamma Pi's. The fraternity of all mankind is good enough for me.

Some of my friends say, "We see the evils in fraternities, but we compromise in order to be able to influence a wider circle with the ideals of Christ." I can only reply in one way, "Did Christ compromise his principles to become an earthly king and thus bring his ideas to a greater number of people and to more prominent members of society?"

Jesus' way of life teaches thinking of others before self. But are we doing that when we say "my fraternity has done this for me and my brothers. Therefore fraternities are good"? Yet this is the sort of logic used by many fine young Christians including contributors to *motive*. The more important question is "What has *fraternity* done to my brothers in Christ outside the fold of the brothers of Rappa Jamma Pi?"

RAE MARSTELLER

Allegheny College
Meadville, Pennsylvania

Room with bath and meals

(Editor's note: Occasionally a letter has come to us from a member of the armed forces that we feel is too good to keep to ourselves. Such a letter is one from Captain Glenn Bradbury who is at present with the army of occupation in Germany. The letter gives interesting comments on the life and interests of a keen American in the headquarters company. Parts of the letter are given here.)

DEAR SIRs:

Today's *Stars and Stripes* carried some comment on Gertrude Stein. I have not seen this "character" yet but some comments have been a bit on the dubious side in regard to her sentiment and thinking of the Americans in France. I have not read any of her "works" as yet but am curious to know the background of her philosophy and reason for creating an unfavorable response among the G. I.'s over here. I think that if she found too much criticism with American art both on the cloth and in the flesh I would be tempted to produce a mirror to stimulate some introspection.

Was able to go to Berlin for a few days, the most bombed city in the world, and have been back to Paris, and to Brussels. In the latter city I found a new hospitality and a life so much "comme Americain" that it was a treat.

Wiesbaden is not so bad. We have good billets, food, heat, hot baths (natural) and unusually good entertainment. I especially like the musical program—a light concert and a symphony each week by a fine German orchestra. By the way, how do you like "Symphonie," the number-one-hit there? It is our theme song—for France. I was in the Riviera (Cannes) when Al Stone, the composer, was there with Maurice Chevalier for an outstanding show.

Next to eating we talk of going home. Many

are gone and leaving soon. My time appears to be up about Maytime.

GLENN BRADBURY
Capt. Hq. USAF

Wiesbaden, Germany

Mother Church

DEAR SIRs:

I have gone through all the hells of demobilization and just because I was a minister and then a chaplain has not kept me from its torment. I know what men feel and I realize that I am still going through that adjustment and will never be the same for the experiences I went through. That is a real admission of victory, for I have come out of it a better man than I was when I went into it. Whether the church senses that or not, I do not know, but I know that people do and I know that my appeal and my understanding and my help is far greater than it ever was before. Now perhaps some men did not go through that. I know some that didn't touch and they should not be intrusted with anything so fine and as vital as work with our youth. But we have our politicians, and many will feather their beds while the deserving men, the ones with power and insight and intellect, are scattered along the way instead of being used. The damning thing of our church is its failure to use men and catch them on their upswing. We are losing ground so rapidly and our church is unwieldy in its awkwardness and stagnant clergy clog up channels to a vital, spiritual ascendancy.

Now I feel that I have not been used as I could have been used. Maybe I am wrong. What has been galling to the men who served was that our church in its past peace program did not support them, the liberals of the conferences stayed out of the war, they grew in the organization with promotions, in-

creased salaries, bigger tasks and now as the men of the chaplaincy return, they find that in most cases they are classified again on the basis of the old system of equity. And the moves are made by what you are worth financially. That is the system. But our church has to go through a real evaluation of its leadership. And we must do away with the system of rating men by what they make, and keeping a man up on a high scale when he is not worth it. It is a terrifying thing to realize what is the basis of putting a man in a particular job.

Now some chaplains were terrible, they were poor ministers when they went in and they have grown very little. We were so stupid. The Catholic Church took its most brilliant men, the heads of law schools, teachers from Notre Dame, its brilliant Dominicans, Jesuits, etc., and they were the ones who went into the corps, and they were the ones who made converts by the thousands. The comparison many times was so bad for the Protestant. There were sad Catholics, too, but they were in a minority.

We must work out a long range program of help for the returning men; ministers must be intelligent and helpful. The college should have the very best ministers of our denomination in the churches near campus life so that the returning veterans will be challenged and led and renewed by the leadership of the church. The veteran has high regard for the chaplains, most of them were magnificent. And the good exceeds the poor.

I had hopes that my church was big enough in spirit that it would really see the job ahead and do something about it. It isn't a denominational approach with the servicemen, it is community and worldwide in its appeal. We must wake up to that.

A YOUNG CHAPLAIN

LOVE AND LOYALTY
ALONE

[Continued from page 20]

cherish until death us do part," regardless of whether she remains attractive and returns his love. The bride also repeats the same promise to be faithful regardless of what the groom does to deserve or to frustrate her faithfulness. Marriage is no fifty-fifty bargain; each person promises to go all the way toward the other. Marriage does not intend for two people to meet like fingertips, each touching the other's life at the end of his own, but to overlap like folded hands, knit together. Two people cannot fall, rather they must highly resolve to enter into the holy estate of marriage. For marriage is an act of the will, as well as of the emotions.

One fact about marriage becomes clear and compelling: Christian marriage is born in love, but matures only in faithfulness. God created romantic love to be the allurements and gateway into the more abiding satisfactions of faithful fellowship. This is what the ritual means when it declares, "Love and loyalty alone will

avail as the foundation of a happy and enduring home." Love, the unreckoning emotion, and loyalty, the sober-minded will—these alone will avail.

LOVE, we said, cannot take the place of loyalty, yet it is a mistake to marry without love. It is certainly not true that any two normal Christian youth, if joined together in marriage, will come to love each other, for this emotional attachment cannot be forced. Nor is it sound to believe that physical love doesn't matter among Christians, for it does matter; God created men with erotic needs. Yet it is equal tragedy to marry with love but without loyalty. Being in love in the romantic sense does not alone create a permanently beautiful bond between two persons. Only when they identify themselves, and each becomes responsible for the other by a deliberate commitment of his will, can their marriage bring satisfaction and help them both to mature. Christian marriage may begin with love but it must not stop short of loyalty. "Love and loyalty alone will avail . . ."

Thomas Mann's little novel, *The Transposed Heads*, illustrates with beauty and

tragedy this deep human craving for both body and spirit. A young girl, in love with one man's spirit and another man's body, struggles over the choice to be made between them, for "it is difficult to say whether the head or the body of my husband would reassure me more." Then, by a fanciful Indian plot, she transposes their heads, so that "she possessed a husband who consisted of nothing but principal parts"—a physique perfect for love, and a Brahman head gifted in thought and virtue. Sita, a normal wife, needs both body and head, love and loyalty.

God ordained romantic love to woo men and women into the fuller life of mutual care and concern. Christian marriage is born in love and matures in loyalty one to the other. Marriage will be happy and enduring among those whom God has joined together when they have such convictions.

(Editorial note: The second part of this paper will treat certain "facts of life," including many that are not physical. It will also concern itself with questions of birth control, and divorce, of means of building rich and abundant home life, and of the fruits of Christian marriage beyond the husband and wife.)