

motive

Saalam, Griese Got, Gut Morgan, Bon Jour, Buenos Dies, Buon Giorno, Good Morning! How's your mind this morning? Is it bogged down in living in the world of you, or is it leaping out to bigness that jumps the petty fences which have been put up? Are you stretching far and wide to see the world and to cultivate a mind to take it in? How's your mind this morning? Is it a world mind?

In India, where independence is ripening into statehood through the bloody process of civil war, it is difficult to think clearly about anything that goes beyond the rugged and youthful growth of nationalism. Certainly the world mind is not growing in the Orient and the Near East. Countries here are no different in their self-sufficiency and smugness from those of the Western world.

Not even great ideals can pull people together into a community of thought. India has been waiting for this present moment all her past life. Yet the differences in thinking in India lie too deep for unity under any auspices. People do not seem to be Indians in India—they are Hindus, Mohammedans, and Christians. And this does not make for a world mind because the religions, in their present form, are not world religions.

Yet in the unity of religious consciousness lies the secret of a world mind. It must grow out of thinking that has an awareness born out of a sense of larger loyalties. As long as man's first loyalties are to the state or nation, or even to an international federation, his thinking will not be large enough to encompass a world. Only as man is related to a frame of reference greater than himself will he be able to comprehend a society and relationship large enough to engender a world mind.

This is specifically what Christianity offers to the world in its conception of the God of Jesus. This conception threw over any idea of a chosen people, and made possible a world mind through a revelation of brotherhood of man which has validity because it is founded upon a fatherhood in God. This sweeps away any insignificant differences, knocks down little man-made barriers, and establishes the basis for the slow process of growth toward a totality of thinking that can best be described as a world mind. This gives a freedom of thinking that finds its limits only in man's ability to think. The religion that is big enough to take in the God of Jesus Christ and his all-embracing mind is only in the process of becoming. The church that can be the fellowship of like minds of that proportion is yet to be found. It will not grow out of a motley assortment of nationalistic churches that convene for an uncommon purpose. It will grow only out of a worship of the God of Jesus and the resulting faith in all mankind as God's creation. This will change the mission of the church which has been too long bound up with nationalistic loyalties. *A world mind can grow out of a world religion—out of a world faith that will give meaning to men as citizens of God's world.*

Where can the impetus for this kind of world mind start? I do not see it coming in the Orient; I do not see it in the return to Zion or racial homes wherever they may be. I do not see it in the benevolent imperialism of the scientifically successful Western nations. Yet in America, I think it could come from the truly Christian saving remnant. I can see it in the same remnant in India or in Europe, or any place else where it has not been perverted by a faith in nationalism, or heaven-on-earth materialism. Where the channel between God and man has been kept open, the world mind begins to grow. True Christians of the world need uniting—the remnant of the remnant that will seek the mind of Christ and hence the mind of God.

God's mind to you, this morning. This is the greeting that I send to you from India. For in sending it, I'm wishing it for all the world, for East and West, so that we all together might find common understanding to create the commonwealth of man.

HAE

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FEBRUARY 1947 VOL. VII. NO. 5

motive

—a magazine of the Methodist Student Movement, published eight times each year, October through May, by the Division of Educational Institutions of the Board of Education of The Methodist Church; HARRY WRIGHT MCPHERSON, Executive Secretary. Copyright, 1947, by the Board of Education of The Methodist Church.

Subscription rates. Single subscriptions, 8 issues, \$1.00. In group subscriptions of ten or more to one address, 75 cents. Single copies, 15 cents. All communications should be addressed to *motive*, 810 Broadway, Nashville 2, Tennessee.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tennessee, under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.

Life from the Center

The test of one's world is not the location of its circumference but its center.

*Getting that center from Jesus of Nazareth
is securing world-mindedness and rejecting world-mindedness.*

PAUL MINEAR

"GIVE A MAN A HORSE he can ride," runs the song. But for the teacher a thesis is almost as satisfactory as a horse. Limited by space and time, I shall have to ride mine fast and hard—the thesis that there is a vast difference between *world-mindedness* and *world-mindedness*—that the only source of genuine *world-mindedness*—is the mind of Christ.

Put so bluntly, the statement is debatable, but the very bluntness may provoke reflection upon the many varieties of so-called *world-mindedness*. One species is that of the absent-minded folk who become so engrossed in the far-off problems of Trieste and Tientsin that they forget today's duties in Middletown or in New Haven. They try to find their way around Des Moines with a map of North America in their hands. Another species is composed of restless headline hunters, who daily devour the news of the world but never probe deeply into the events that take place in their own home. Members of this species often intermarry with chasers-after-organizations for the salvation of the world. Self-appointed nurses of the body politic, they become ever more hysterical or depressed by the diminishing efficacy of their prescriptions.

All these species of *world-mindedness* may be filed under the *genus* of those who expand the size of their world without any transformation of their mind. However far they look, they arrange everything within the same frame of reference. However large their world becomes, it remains simply an extension of the provincialism that revolves around the self as center.

I SUBMIT the thesis that the test of one's world is the location, not of its circumference, but of its center. And there is but one power that can shake us loose from self-centeredness, transforming our world by transforming our mind—the power of God in Christ.

The first leg to support this thesis is the historical teachings of Jesus. To be sure, the geographical circumference of our world may be greater than his, but unerringly he found the center. To him, the only true world was the Kingdom of God. Here alone does man enter the realm of fellowship and peace. The road sign is marked REPENT; every pilgrim must go through the needle's eye of whole-hearted, unconditional repentance. At every step, his prayer is that of the publican: "God be merciful to me a sinner." At every step, unlimited repentance necessitates unlimited forgiveness and love. The proud, the conceited, the self-centered are excluded. "Why do you notice the speck in your brother's

eye? First cast the plank from your own eye." It is we ourselves who break the direct line of vision to our fellows. Only when we get ourselves out of the way are we able to see, to understand, to love, to help. Only the humble mind is fully opened to God's world.

The second leg of my thesis is the activity of Jesus, climaxed in his death. His deeds were the expression of his total submission to the Father's will. And who can claim to be more *world-minded* than the Creator? It was this mind that sent Jesus into the tension-centers of his day, with a message for captives and slaves, publicans and sinners. In him they encountered perfect humility, perfect understanding, perfect forgiveness. In him there met in final conflict the mind of God toward the world and the mind of the world toward God. In the cross appears the depth of God's love and the depth of the world's hatred. No man was willing on that day to accept the shelter of the cross, to be a disciple of this ill-fated Messiah. He was rejected by all the established groups: the Roman state (determined to maintain its law and order), the Greek culture (proud of the universality of its wisdom, art, and morality), the Jewish cultus (dedicated to the task of bringing the world to a knowledge of its God). Yes, in one way or another, they were all *world-minded*, whereas Jesus simply loved God and the men whom he met along the way.

The third leg to support my thesis is the word of a man whose existence was revolutionized by the spectacle of the cross. For Paul, God's act in the cross marked the beginning of a new creation; there were now new men in a new world where there could be neither Jew nor Greek, slave nor free, male nor female, but only one body of Christ. Any man who is so humbled as to share the suffering of Christ may receive as a gift the mind of Christ, and henceforth treat all men with the compassion of Christ. Of the world that is defined by this love, there is no boundary and no end. "Don't be conformed to this world," he writes to the Roman Christians, "but be transformed by the renewal of your mind."

My thesis finds its fourth leg in the work of a fifth century successor to Paul: Augustine. In him, Christ captured a mind thoroughly trained in the best philosophy of the day, proud of his cosmopolitan outlook and spirit. Christ drew him from one world into another by way of the needle's eye. Then the Roman Empire broke into a thousand pieces. And Augustine, standing in the rubble, pointed to the triumphant course of history in his *City of God*. In this city, the rule is "the love of

God to the contempt of self"; in all other cities the rule is "the love of self to the contempt of God." And the door to the city of God is the humble mind of Christ.

Do we want our horizons expanded? Then there are no better teachers than Augustine and Paul. And there is no other Lord but him in whom the love of God and love of neighbor receive final definition.

Here in the words of Augustine:

"The love of God comes first in the order of commanding, but the love of neighbor first in the order of doing. . . . Because thou dost not yet see God, thou dost earn the seeing of Him by loving thy neighbor. By loving thy neighbor thou purgest thine eyes for the seeing of God."

Our Side and Your Side, Too

OGDEN NASH

Foreigners are people somewhere else,
Natives are people at home;
If the place you're at is your habitat,
You're a foreigner, say in Rome.
But the scales of justice balance true,
And tit only leads to tat,
So the man who's at home when he stays in Rome
Is abroad when he's where you're at.

When we leave the limits of the land in which
Our birth certificates sat us,
It does not mean just a change of scene,
But also a change of status.
The Frenchman with his fetching beard,
The Scot with his kilt and sporran,
One moment he may a native be,
And the next may find him foreign.

There's many a difference quickly found
Between the different races,
But the only essential differential
Is living in different places.
Yet such is the pride of prideful man,
From Austrians to Australians,
That wherever he is, he regards as his,
And the natives there as aliens.

"Oh, I'll be friends if you'll be friends,"
The foreigner tells the native,
"And we'll work together for our common ends
Like a preposition and a dative—
If our common ends seem mostly mine,
Why not, you ignorant foreigner?"
And the native replies contrariwise,
And hence, my dears, the coroner.

So mind your manners when a native, please,
And doubly when you're not,
And Vickers and Krupp will soon fold up,
And Sopwith pawn his yacht.
One simple thought, if you have it pat,
Will eliminate the coroner:
You may be a native in your habitat,
But to foreigners you're just a foreigner.

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Ingredients for a World-Mind

Travel is not essential to the making of a world-mind.

*The world is at the doorstep
of the mind containing the essential ingredients.*

RUTH ISABEL SEABURY

"I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW," said a student to me not long ago, "that you are the luckiest human being in the world." I agreed. He went on. "I'd give anything to be doing what you are doing, traveling all the time, meeting all kinds of people, seeing the great ones. How do you get that way? I know it takes world-mindedness, but how do you get ready for it?"

It was no accident that the Nobel Prize was awarded the other day to John R. Mott, whom one magazine called the "Grand Old Man of the World Church," and another, the "world's foremost Christian citizen." You could not be with John R. Mott an hour without feeling that you had met not merely an American, but a citizen of the world, an internationalist in thinking, and a man who had achieved an almost cosmic point of view. Those of us who have known and been inspired by Dr. Mott through the years, often smile indulgently as he says, "On my eighteenth journey across the Atlantic, or was it my nineteenth?" And one of the take-offs by students, which has for years amused Dr. Mott so much, is an impersonator saying, "I was talking to the King the other day, and he said to me, 'Mott' and I said to him, 'George!'" This somewhat ribald comment has much truth in it for Dr. Mott has hobnobbed with the great of the earth, walked with kings, and talked with cabinet ministers for many years. But I believe an analysis of what is responsible for Dr. Mott, and what, in so much less a degree, I feel to be my good fortune, would show the world mind to be made up of three parts: point of view, conscious training, and experience. In other words, I honestly believe that you can have a world mind without having *met* the great of the earth, and without journeying far from your home town.

IN the following paragraphs I should like to hazard six ingredients for a world mind, and then I would like to sketch briefly a few techniques for securing them.

The first ingredient is a great EXPECTANCY. This is a zest for people anywhere, everywhere, for all kinds, all colors. There is a curiosity in this expectancy but even more there is trust and confidence. A timid woman who listened to me speak once, said, "You have spoken of travel in a freight car in China, by mule up and down mountain trails, of sleeping in odd places in India and Turkey. Aren't you just scared to death?" I was shocked by these words into realizing that in all of my travels, it had never occurred to me to be afraid! And the biggest scare I ever had in my life was in my own home city! No, expectancy looks for adventure, produces acquaintances easily, is not afraid of new food, different languages

or clothing. To expectancy, there is something exciting around every corner, whether that corner is in the home state or in the heart of Africa—no matter what label it wears.

At the close of my sophomore year in college, I worked all summer in a playground to save every penny I could for my next college year. At the end of the summer I was exhausted. "You need a vacation," said my grandmother. "I can't afford it," said I. "Oh, yes you can," said she. "We'll travel." "Travel?" said I, "that costs!" "No," said she, "I have always wanted to know where the trolley cars go in Connecticut! We'll take a trolley tour. I'll allow you one Boston bag for luggage, and you must wear a dark, thin dress, and I think we can take the whole journey for ten dollars. I will give you that for a present." I shall never forget those next ten days. We trolleyed (you can't do it now, the trolleys have gone) by open car from village to village. "This is just the right place to stop," my grandmother would say. "We will spend the night here." She usually interviewed the postmaster or postmistress and we never stayed in a hotel. Instead we always stayed with a family that "took to strangers." Sometimes we paid, but more often my grandmother was too exciting a visitor for them to be willing to take any pay. The world opened in new joy before me on that trip. From that day on, every trip has begun with a sense of expectancy.

My forebears were sea captains and ship builders, so in all the homes of our family, there have been treasures that have come from the ends of the earth. We could always pick up a story. "What is the story behind this cup, Aunt Alice? Where did this come from?" and we got therewith an adventure in world-mindedness. We learned to expect a story in the most commonplace articles of daily living!

Up in the mountains of China, I visited a little woman who had been away from her mountain home only once in her life, and this one time for only a month, but in some ways she was the truest world citizen I have ever known—it lay chiefly in her knowing that the world was full of amazingly interesting people, great goodness along with badness, stimulating opportunities, and endless chances for adventure. She, herself, had become the "Mother of the Mountain," ushering new babies into the world, smoothing the ruffled feelings, comforting the bereaved, speeding travelers on their way. When I came into her home, she took my hands and sat me down on the brick kang (bed, table, chair, and stove combination all in one). "You sit right down here," she said, "and tell me about the Jesus people across the Seven Seas of the

world. How goes the work with the rest of the family? I hear you've seen them all." Then as I talked she would interrupt. "Tell me about young people. I hear they do wonderful things. Tell me about little churches," and then in every case she would say, "How wonderful! Isn't it wonderful to belong to a family like this?"

The second ingredient of world-mindedness is RECEPTIVITY or APPRECIATION. You might even call it "teachableness" or "humility." "The average American," said a great psychiatrist to me a few years ago, "is disqualified for world citizenship because of his almost inherent dislike of the unlike." When you think that over, it grows on you. We like to look alike, talk alike, dress alike, march alike, even work alike, but the world mind calls for enjoyment of differences; it calls for the ability to learn from differences.

A Chinese school principal once said about American teachers, "Miss So-and-so puts up with us in a noble spirit. She wants to be cooperative and she wants me to run the school, but, the poor dear, it is so very hard for her when it does not go like a proper New England school. Now on the other hand, with *Miss So-and-so*—the more Chinese we are, the better *she* likes us, the more exciting she finds her school work to be."

This past year I have learned the truth of this business and I have learned it the hard way. I have been traveling across America with an International Seminar; I have had seven great leaders of the world church with me. We thoroughly enjoyed each other. We became so real a fellowship that people on the trains were always saying to me, "Who are you people? I never saw a group so different nor one that seemed to have such good times."

But in each city we went, we tried to discuss, with selected groups of church leaders, what we felt to be the reality of Christianity. We offered them the conclusions, which we, after weeks of thought and fellowship, had come to. We told them of the things which we had shared with each other out of our very different backgrounds—things which Indian Christians had learned out of the soil of India, which Latin Americans had learned because they were Latin and American, which French had learned out of untold suffering, which Africans had learned from their tribal background and of the tragedy of their exploitation by the Western world, and what Filipinos had learned from having the United States as an occupying power. We were surprised and disappointed to find out how difficult it was for our American friends to comprehend what we were trying to do and to enter into this new experience. They kept wanting our overseas members to tell little stories of contrasts and differences of custom and costume. That wasn't what *we* wanted to talk about. We wanted to talk about faith, God, and Jesus Christ, about the consequences of evil and the sources of goodness! That kind of discussion was unbelievably difficult. Many American Christians found it impossible to learn from their overseas Christian colleagues about the Christian faith itself. It was especially difficult if our guests ventured to imply any slight criticism of Western civilization or of American churches. I came to feel that this was one of the great essentials without which we could not really enter into world-mindedness—the ability to learn from each other in a two-way, one-world-way process.

For a third ingredient, I would suggest "AT HOME-NESS" in the universe. We must be willing to feel at home wherever we hang our hats. I know this is more natural for me than for many people because I was lucky. My father was an electrical engineer and we built power plants. When I was twenty-one, I had moved twenty times. So for me, moving was just part of the order of the day; a new community to learn, a new group to meet is just normal. But I do think that in many people, it can be cultivated. We can be at home in a group that does not speak our language. We can worship in a group that does not worship our way. We can recognize signs of spiritual kinship in people utterly different in background.

"I can't understand a word they are saying," we hear. But you can, if you want to, and you can always talk with your hands! I became a firm friend of a Turkish gentleman on a railroad train one day; my four-hour conversation with him became a veritable session in comparative philology. We saw each other immediately as kindred spirits, and while his wife sat by, with her mouth wide open, we found the common roots in everyday speech in the four languages that were "almost" at our command—English, Turkish, with a little German and French yielded fascinating results. And then of course there were the hands for hat, window, tree, man, officer, lady, and even universe.

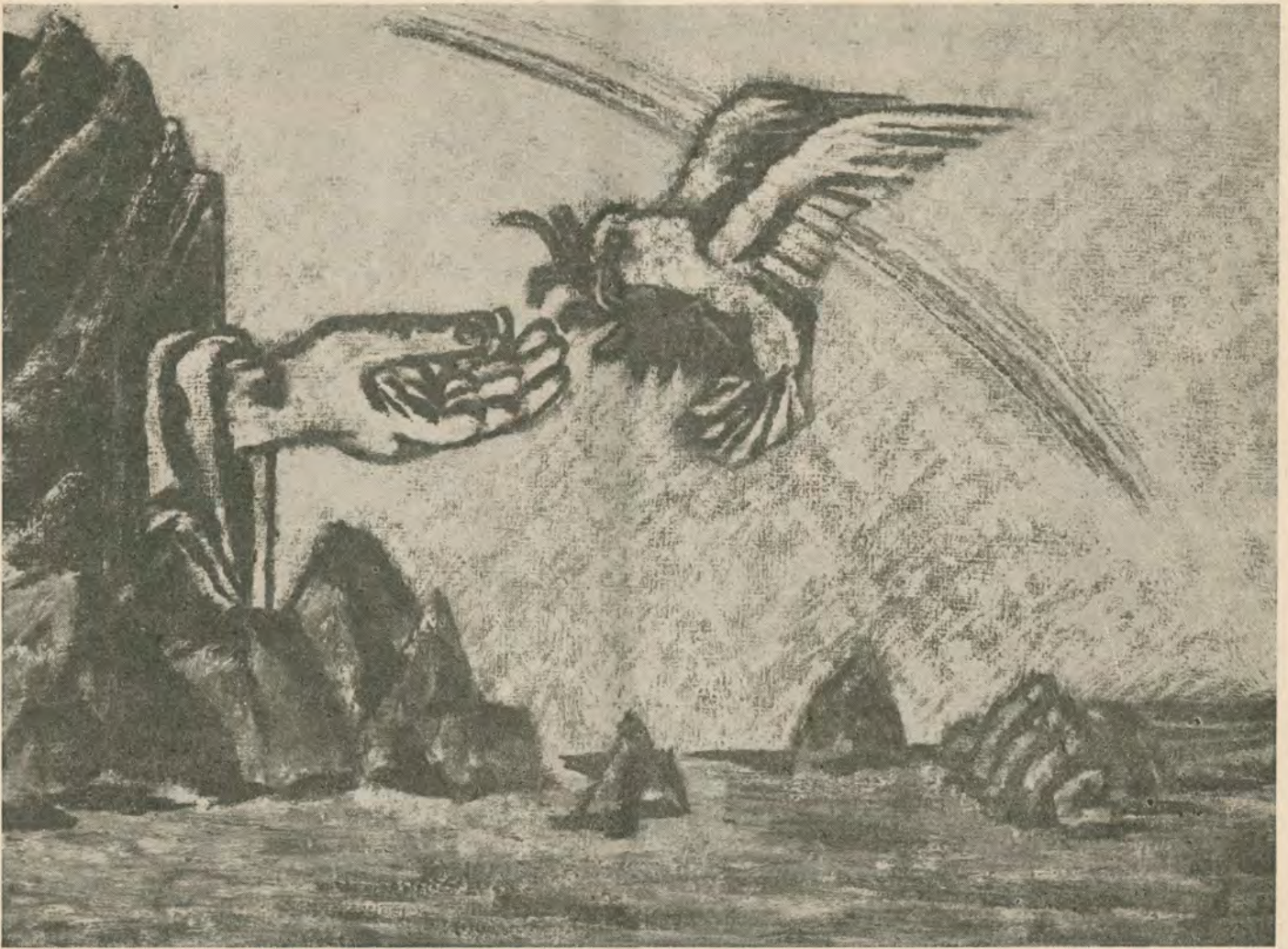
I have been fortunate enough, throughout the war years, to have four Russians and a Japanese in my home. The Japanese, a distinguished university president, was caught here when the war began, and I got the Russians to "keep house for an enemy alien." At the end of the first month together, I had to go on the road as usual. Was it all right for me to leave them alone together? I rather cautiously explored their minds. Suddenly it dawned on one of my Russian friends what I was driving at. "Ruth," she said, "when I realized that our family might never live in Russia, and that the children would grow up without a fatherland, I said to Nicholas, we must make the children at home in the universe. They must learn that God has his home and his children in every land and that it is all God's land."

My fourth ingredient is KNOWLEDGE—knowledge which gives a world view.

It is both extensive and intensive, but don't be alarmed, it is the "process of becoming," not the body of knowledge that I am talking about. It involves hard work too, never ending work, study, creative thought, and the endless routing out of prejudice, and drawing in eternal light as a flower draws in the sun.

I have studied the life and edited the writings of Theodore Hume, in order to give his story and his writings to the young people to whose generation he belonged; I was well repaid for my work when a clear-thinking student wrote to me after reading the book, "The thing that impressed me most about Ted Hume was the years of work and preparation he put in. No wonder he got to be a world mind!"

This necessary program of knowledge and growth involves two different aspects. One part can be attained by anyone anywhere, with the help of books and general culture. The second part comes from contact and acquaintance. In the first part, there is study of language, the reading of books about world affairs, enjoyment of



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THE END OF THE FLOOD

BEN ZION

great biographies, history and literature, the exploring of art and music of many peoples. The second part is often a matter of making up one's mind to grow. Sometimes it is merely the following through of one's wishful thoughts, the getting outside of our little group, caste, circle, clique, or gang.

All of my life I shall carry a mental picture of an American woman in a French train, her feet on the opposite seat. A sign over her head read, in French of course, "It is forbidden to put one's feet in the seat." When the guard, after numerous attempts to reach her, finally asked me to interpret the sign to her, she said, calmly, "I read French, but tell him I am an American." I have always loved the couplet attributed, perhaps wrongly, to Edna St. Vincent Millay, describing Englishmen,

No matter with whom they dance, they dance a solo,
And no matter where they go, they remain at home.

And thereby hangs the story of many of the world's political problems and misunderstandings. The world citizen must be at home because of his knowledge and world point of view. He must be aware of the culture of others, and sensitive and responsive to different mores.

The fifth ingredient, RESPONSIBILITY, is a hard word for what I mean, but I know of no other. We have to sense the needs and sufferings of humanity in China, Germany, Russia, India, Japan, Africa, the United States, as deeply as do the victims themselves. For better or for worse, I am my brother's keeper. That was one of the earliest discoveries of the Hebrew people. My brother's keeper, my brother's neighbor! A Christian must lose the limitations of kinship and propinquity so that any person of any race becomes his neighbor; the man in need, the man with a gift, is his brother forevermore. Are there hungry people, lonely, frightened, isolated, segregated, sick, and exploited? *There I belong in their midst.* Part of the real excitement about growing into a sense of world fellowship comes from discovering this fact of responsibility. Our first responsible act for humanity is really our first step in growing up. And another thrill comes from fellowship with other responsible world citizens. They are of all religions, of all lands, all working together to help a broken world.

I was riding in a Turkish railroad train alone, a bit lonely and a little worn out from getting along on my "thirty-two useful phrases of Turkish." All at once, into the compartment, there burst a most attractive face,

a young face with twinkling eyes. This obviously Turkish girl said to me in English,

"Hello there!"

I said, "Oh, hello, come in, you speak my language."

"Yes," she said as she swung into the compartment, "when I saw you get on, I said to myself, 'I'll bet I've got people in common with her!'" And then we began that game that one plays all over the world, "I wonder if you know my friend who came from that state?"

Believe it, or not, out of twelve Americans whom she knew, I knew eight. We fairly fell upon each other's necks, and what we did to those eight people you can well imagine!

"There is only one gift that one people can ever make to another," she said. "It isn't a monument or a laboratory. It isn't money or an army. It is beyond all that. It is the gift of personality, extravagantly given. Your nation has richly blessed the world with wonderful personalities poured out for mankind. They have gone as nurses to the plague spots of humanity and as teachers to lands like ours. They have gone as doctors and agriculturalists on yellow fever expeditions. Nothing can take the place of that gift of personality poured out for mankind!" This girl had become a world citizen because she had become aware of a world responsibility.

The sixth ingredient is LOVE, and of course, this ingredient is the ultimate source of all we have been thinking. Paul put it pretty well when he said, "For this reason I bow my knees before the Father, from whom every family in heaven and on earth is named, that according to the riches of his glory he may grant you to be strengthened with might through his Spirit in the inner man, and that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith; that you, being rooted and grounded in love, may have power to comprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ which surpassed knowledge, that you may be filled with all the fullness of God."

I have called this sixth quality love, but there is far more to that than most of us usually mean by the word. It is height and depth and length and breadth, a love that is beyond knowing. Some men have called it grace. It takes perspective that is almost godlike.

I once went with a doctor to the mountains of Turkey. It was the first time a doctor had ever been to that particular village. I haven't time to tell the whole story of the endless line of patients that came by every means of transportation possible. All day and all night they came. One woman, hale and hearty, got by the guard at the door who was keeping the well people outside. Her mind was active and curious. She nosed around the doctor all day, asking a million questions. Toward the end of the day, she suddenly grabbed my arm and began a barrage of talk. I called the nurse to interpret. This was her question:

"This doctor man, he came from your country, did he not?" "Yes," I answered. "That's a long way. How far did he come?" And "Did he know anybody here when he came?" She asked whether he had a family, whether they liked him, whether he had a job! Each time she expressed bewilderment at my answer.

"And he left them all and came all that way without

knowing anybody here? Why, why?"

"Why do you think?" I said.

"They say he did it because he loves so much."

"Well?" I said.

And as the tears rolled down, she said, "You can just see that love sticking out all over him. It's in his hands and his face; it's in the way he handles bad people and sick women and filthy babies. But whoever heard of a love as big as that? I never did. Who could love that much except God? I never saw God. I do not suppose I ever will. But I think he must be just like this doctor man from your country who came from so far."

FOR hardy students eager to acquire world citizenship, I'd recommend *five immediate first steps*; they are "easy steps for little feet," as the old primer put it:

1. Learn at least one foreign language and make an adventure of speaking it.

2. Read all you can of the literature, history, and culture of at least one people besides your own. (You might even become an expert on it!)

3. Get acquainted with at least one person this year outside of your own background group—that is someone of another religion, race, or culture. (I mean more than afternoon tea or an invitation to your church.)

4. Get yourself a gang. By that I mean some group which you feel at home with, and with whom you may have many bull sessions and mental and spiritual explorations. It may be a church group, a cell, or an informal fellowship. If it is the right group for you, it will spade up your thinking and help you to apply your world vision to this workaday world.

5. Invest yourself in something besides talk. This may mean a work camp, service activity, or special vocational preparation. It may call for action and hard work, based on study and resulting in experience which is grounded in prayer and Christian motive.

A month ago I flew from Seattle to New York City in a one-stop flight. It was thrilling to see my country, the whole of it, unfolding below me in one day. In the seat beside me sat a very troubled man making his first flight, and obviously disturbed. He kept looking straight down from the window and muttering, "Doggone it, I don't know where I am." I said, "You're between Seattle and New York City." "I don't like that," he said. "I don't like to get disconnected from my boundary lines." I loved that sentence. It was so expressive. I put it right beside another. My nephew, a flyer in the war, a thoughtful and intelligent student, wrote me recently, "Up here I have made a great discovery, spiritual as well as mental, which I have to share with you. It is this: If you go high enough the boundaries disappear." That's good. The world has at least two kinds of people—those who find it terrible to be disconnected from their boundary lines, and those who are willing to rise to great heights from which the boundaries are no longer seen. The world needs more of the latter—people who are willing to enter into the very mind of God. Yes, to *know* the love of Christ—its breadth and length and depth and height—a knowledge beyond books, but which you can achieve with your life, all along the way—for you it can be fresh discovery, new growth, great freedom, and the very great freedom of new truth.

A Forest Is the Triumph . . .

. . . of many trees, where one alone would have been stunted by the sun.

Have we stunted the world into forgetting it is one community—

Biologically? Geographically? Religiously?

NEAL W. KLAUSNER

THE MEANING OF ANY WORD is usually found by quick reference to a dictionary. This introduces to one a number of familiar substitutes which help make the original word more clear. There are some words, however, so freighted with meaning that many paragraphs are necessary to bring out the rich possibilities of their intent. Such, I take it, is the word "community." If we turn to a good lexicon as the Oxford Dictionary we will find the following interpretations. Community means "being held in common—as community of goods;" or it means "having a common character and being in agreement." Or again we find the term means "communion, fellowship, and life in association with others."

Now if this simple process ends our quest there is no need for further explication. However, we know that while dictionaries may solve problems of word meanings—they are not so helpful in problems of life meanings. Sometimes a meaning can be made more clear with the aid of an analogy.

It seems to me that two opposed principles are present and reconciled in the meaning of community; first the principle of uniformity and second, the principle of diversity. These principles are exemplified on a vast scale in nature. For example, Professor A. N. Whitehead, in his book *Science and the Modern World* (page 296), says "the trees in a Brazilian forest depend upon the association of various species of organisms, each of which is mutually dependent upon other species. A single tree by itself is dependent upon all the adverse chances of shifting circumstances. The wind stunts it; the variations in temperature check its foliage; the rains denude its soil; its leaves are blown away and are lost for the purpose of fertilization. You may obtain individual specimens of fine trees either in exceptional circumstances or where human cultivation has intervened. But in nature the normal way in which trees flourish is by their association in a forest. Each tree may lose something of its individual perfection and of growth, but they mutually assist each other in preserving the conditions for their survival." A forest is the triumph of a community—it is the natural and successful outcome of uniformity and diversity.

Within the human community these two principles must also be evident. Too much uniformity, without diversity produces stagnation and decadence. Too much diversity without uniformity leads to conflict and ultimate death. Diversification is essential for the incentive and development of the human spirit. Professor Whitehead has said, "other nations of different habits are not

our enemies: they are our godsends. Men require of their neighbors something sufficiently akin to be understood, something sufficiently different to provoke attention, and something great enough to command admiration."

Henri Bergson, the distinguished French philosopher and scientist, tells of certain aquatic plants which rise to the surface of the water and are then ceaselessly jostled by the current. Except for one thing they would probably lose their existence in the struggle with waves and wind. They are saved in this manner; upon reaching the surface their leaves meet and by interlacing they gain a wonderful stability. Then with roots deep and firm in the common earthbed, they are supported from below. In this above and below reinforcement their survival is assured.

WE should not be unwilling to learn from and to pattern our existence after minor marine plant life. From the plant we may see deeper into the meaning of community, for man too has roots deep in a common earth, and man too may reach out his hands, interlacing with all other hands in a common bond of support. Each becomes a sponsor of the life of all the rest. Diversity within uniformity produces community. The problem of the establishment of the human community then is the discovery of our likenesses so that we may assist each other, and the discovery of our differences so that we may interest, admire, and develop each other.

The first fact that should impress us is that biologically we are a community. There is only one human species. There is only one human life, and the blood of a Negro, a Jew, a German, or an Oriental, if transfused into the veins will sustain and support our bodies with probably no detectable differences. The number of chromosomes, those tiny bodies which carry our heredity, in the proudest German is forty-eight and the number in the most primitive savage is forty-eight. Biologically there is only one man. Biologically we have our roots implanted deep in one blood. We know now that "race mixture is not in itself harmful if the parent stocks are healthy." Two individuals of different races may not wish to marry for sentimental, or social, or cultural reasons—but certainly biology raises no objections. Our "racial antagonisms must be understood in their historical and social setting; they have no basis in biology."

What does this mean for the conception of community? It means that there is no reason to treat persons differently merely because they differ in color or physi-

cal type. What Shylock said, when defending himself as a Jew, is not mere sentimental pleading—it is a biological fact. "Do we not have hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Are we not all fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer?" Is not this the meaning of Paul's declaration that "all nations God has created from a common source"?

There can really be no doubt about our rootage in the depths of a common blood. This is the biological basis of community. Without it our own neighborhoods would not exist. With it we are sustained and marvelously united. Moreover, just as the plant has nothing to do with the formation of the ocean bed from which it gets support, so no effort of ours is needed to create the biological foundation of community. It is laid down for us by a power higher and wiser than we. We do not build it. We build on it.

But the continued existence of the plant would be precarious indeed if at the surface it failed to interlace itself with other plants. As we are united biologically, so we must be united socially. Support from below is not enough. At the level of every day's demands, where bewildering currents jostle us—there we too must interlace our lives with the rest of mankind, watchful that no one shall suffer want of food or friendship, that no one shall know abundance at the cost of another's deprivation, lest the life of the community be threatened.

This work has not been done for us. Here we are free to make a community or to destroy ourselves. We have learned that there is no such thing as indifference to another nation's ideology; no possibility of withdrawal from another race's crisis. Is it not evident that there can be no isolation from the pains, hunger, wants, cries, hopes, plans of mankind?

THERE is another way in which all men share a common ground for their roots. *Geographically men are brothers.* We live on one planet, on one earth. This is our neighborhood—marvelously shrunken in these days. Here is our home, here our few years are passed, here is our common tomb. Yet the earth has been shaken by cannon, and made to tremble with the rhythm of hostile feet. Com-

munity has given way to fatal enmity.

Let us remember we are rooted not only in a common blood but also in a common earth. This too is indispensable for a community. But this also is not of our making, for the earth is God's, his handiwork. We did not fashion the earth but we have made some remarkable changes with respect to our space and time relationships on it. In the most literal sense we have removed every physical barrier to the establishment of a world community. Whether we like it or not, the physical dimensions of our planet have so shrunken that community in some sense is thrust upon us by necessity.

Can it longer be doubted that we share, by virtue of geography, one community? Geographically men are brothers. Psychologically men are strangers. One earth is ours—but not yet one mind. We know how many miles it is to China, but we do not know the spirit of the Chinese. We know about rubber from Malay, silk from Japan, ivory from Africa; but how little we know about the literature, the traditions, and sentiments of the peoples in these neighborhoods. Our reasoning has been something like this: because they are distant they differ; because they differ they are suspect; because they are suspect we shall not admit them to community fellowship. Now the whole chain breaks, for comparatively speaking there are no distant lands—there are only "distant" peoples.

It is not necessary, of course, to think in terms of other lands. Psychological distances are vast right at home. Psychologically we are perhaps farther from the Negro than we are physically from Moscow. Our guilt is deep because we do not share in understanding with this race.

A Negro student I once had stood one day on a street corner where a small boy was selling papers. The boy thought the Negro would be a customer but he didn't know how to address him. The only name he knew was "nigger," but having always heard it used as a term of contempt or dislike he was hesitant. Obviously he couldn't sell a paper if he called the man a "nigger." Some recognition of the Negro's rightful share in the community had to be shown. So he came to the student and said, "Mr. Nigger, would you like to buy a paper?" The "Mr." was the boy's way of overcoming great "distances" and welcoming the Negro to a fellowship.

THERE is a third way in which all men are fundamentally of one community. *We are brothers religiously—all have our being in one God.* And again there is no effort of ours which makes this possible. Like our life and our earth, so our God comes as a gift. Though the roots of our existence are deep in the being of God, there can be no community until at the surface, where our individual selves appear, we interlace with one another by sharing devotion to a common master. The hope of the world is still in the message of Jesus. The key to personal and national conduct lies in the manner of his life. No unthinking repetition of creeds concerning him; no continuous performance of rite or ritual which praises him; no reliance upon priest or pastor who serve him—none of these acts is sufficient to establish the community. The way is in the personal appraisal and sharing of his spirit. In the words of Rauschenbusch, "A broken and shattered world needs Jesus more than ever. The more men hate, the more must we love. The more men despair, the more must we hope and believe. The more men draw dividing lines, the more must we walk across them. The more men obey the law of the brute and the serpent, the more must we assert the law of the Kingdom of God. The more others rake over the ashes of the past, the more must we kindle the fires of the future. Happy are they who can combine the marching vigor of spirited youth with the trained intellect of educated men, and place all their powers at the command of him who is the master because he was the servant. They are alive."

The life of each diverse marine plant is made secure not only because its roots are deep in a common soil, but because at the surface the multitude of diversities are used to interlace each with its kind in wise uniformity. The lesson is simple and clear. We share one life, one earth, one God. In this soil our roots are struck deep. These are the foundations of community. *This is God's work.* Upon these we interlace our many diversities by sharing a common concern for all men; a common mind to understand them; a common master to lead them. *This is our work.* "Till we saturate time and eras, that the men and women of races, ages to come, may prove brethren and lovers, as we are."

Lines by a Bigot

Some folks to truth are blinded;
Large views they cannot see.
Some folks are narrow-minded;
Others—agree with me!
Harding W. Gaylord

CAUTION!

WORLD HIGHWAYS

UNDER CONSTRUCTION

TURN RIGHT AT END OF UN DETOUR

MORGAN HARRIS

"THE ATOMIC BOMB is here to stay. Are we?" As we face and evaluate the United Nations in this second year of the Atomic Age, this question, like a bayonet at our backs, dominates our thinking.

Urges us on where? Are we on the right road? Where does it lead?

Formerly war was a method whereby our national government undertook to defend us from enemy forces; today war is a way of bringing about our own destruction. War is no longer a defense; it is the enemy from whom we need to be defended. Today no national government can protect its people from the ravages of war. The sovereign nation can no longer fulfill its first duty to its citizens.

Therefore we turn to the United Nations with the query: Can this institution save us from the war which, if it comes, will surely destroy nearly every reader of this issue of *motive*?

A major technical problem assigned by the Army War College in Washington, last year, was this: Assume that forty million Americans are killed in the opening attack of the next war. Now plan the strategy to continue operations and win the war.

Who will be those forty million people? They will be you and I, and most of

our friends and relatives—because most of us live in cities, and it will be the cities and strategic centers that will go first—in the opening attack.

The army may be able to go on and win the war; it may be able to dictate the peace terms; but as far as "we, the people" are concerned the army has no illusions about defending or protecting us in another war.

Therefore we ask with insistence: Can the United Nations save us from another war?

The answer to this question is not a matter of guesswork. Any student of political science who understands the principles involved can tell from the blueprints whether an institution can prevent war, just as precisely as a mechanical engineer can tell from the blueprints of a machine whether it can perform a given task or not. The principles are few and simple, but we need to understand them in order to answer for ourselves and others the question. Can the United Nations maintain world peace?

This Is Not Peace

We need to know what peace is; and what war is. Peace is not merely the absence of war; peace is the result of a dif-

ferent method of settling disputes between men or cities or states or nations—and a more complicated method, even, than that of war. Peace is the orderly settlement of disputes by legal means—a state of affairs frequently referred to in the phrase "law and order."

War is any conflict carried on between nations existing in a state of anarchy, i.e., without laws and courts where disputes may be settled legally and peacefully. In the world as it now is, nations strive to achieve their purposes in international affairs by whatever means are most convenient and effective. The weapons used in their struggles may change from time to time: now they may use economic strangulation; again they may resort to diplomatic maneuvering; at another time they may use military force, or threats, or social pressures, or "fifth column" activity, or propaganda, or any other means that offers a possibility of winning their objectives. The fact that we use the phrase "shooting war" is evidence of our recognition that there are other kinds or phases of war.

If we recognize what war really is, we will realize that the United States and Britain are already at war with Russia. American troops are already stationed at

fifty-six places in the world outside the territorial United States.¹ Eliminating such locations as Alaska, Hawaii, and the Canal Zone, where United States troops might normally be expected to be stationed, there are still more than half a hundred countries or major islands where our troops are located. What do you suppose those troops are doing there? Why are they there? Some of them, of course, to patrol Germany and Japan. But does anyone imagine that all of them are simply left over from World War II because the army has not been able to transport them home—more than a year after the surrender of the enemy? Does not common sense suggest that to a great extent those troops are stationed at those spots as part of the strategy of winning the next war? And that, therefore, we are already waging the next war?

Peace Is a By-Product of Justice

We are not enjoying peace—nor will we, until we recognize what peace is, and establish the conditions that make peace possible. These conditions are simple. The principles that prevail in international affairs are no mystery. The motives and reactions of men in world affairs are similar to their motives and reactions in domestic or local affairs; in international affairs they merely operate on a larger scale.

It is true internationally, just as locally, that in the absence of legal authority, aggressive men tend to take advantage of their fellows whenever they can "get away with it."

It is true internationally, just as locally, that in the absence of legal authority, to whom they may turn to obtain justice, men will "take the law into their own hands," i.e., resort to force to defend themselves against what they believe to be an infringement of their rights.

The absence of legal authority—lack of government—we call anarchy. It produces the same results in international affairs that it does in local affairs—robbery, destruction, murder.

Peace is a by-product of justice. Men live together most peacefully where their rights are protected by law, and where infringements on any man's rights are promptly punished by duly constituted authorities.

Justice is the product of government. The administration of justice is the first business (and perhaps the only necessary business) of government.

¹ As of October, 1940, Admiralty, Africa, Alaska, Aleutians, Ascension, Australia, Austria, Azores, Belgium, Bermuda, Bonin, Borneo, Brazil, British Guiana, Bulgaria, Burma, Carolines, Christmas, China, Costa Rica, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, Egypt, England, Fiji, France, French Guiana, French Morocco, Germany, Greenland, Haiti, Hawaii, Iceland, India, Italy, Jamaica, Japan, Korea, Liberia, Luxembourg, Marcus, Marshall, Mariannas, Midway, Nassau, New Caledonia, Newfoundland, Norway, Phoenix, Puerto Rico, Ryukus, Solomons, St. Thomas, Tunisia, and Wake.

An officer of a local chapter of the American Association for the United Nations, in a recent forum, said that he does not want a world government, now or ever. To which the answer might be: "And who does? No one *wants* government—anywhere—in our city, or in our nation, or in the world. No one *wants* to pay taxes, or obey laws, or be restrained by policemen. But we maintain government—at least in our cities and our states and our nation—to insure justice and its by-product, peace. For the same reason, most of us (three fourths of the people of the United States)² think we ought to establish and maintain a government for the world."

What About the Economic Causes of War?

The primary requirement of any government is the maintenance of law and order; any government that cannot keep the peace within its realm will soon fall and be replaced by a government that can. If we understand that "law and order" is just another name for peace, we will understand the first fundamental principle involved in the question we are dealing with.

While the principle is widely accepted that anarchy is the cause of war, it is not yet universally recognized. The facts are plain enough, but some people have accepted a partial statement about the cause of war which has led them to an erroneous conclusion.

Perhaps the most widespread idea of this kind is the proposition that economic conflict causes war. From this is drawn the false conclusion that therefore we must eliminate economic conflict before we can know peace. The fallacy in this proposition can be tested by observing that these same economic conflicts exist within our own nation, but *they do not cause war here*.

Of course economic conflicts cause war—but that is only part of the truth. The whole truth is this: *In the absence of government, economic conflicts cause war*. As long as men can work through legal, orderly channels, for economic justice, with some hope of achieving it, they do not resort to violence. One of the primary functions of government is to provide the machinery for the peaceful solution of economic conflict on a basis of justice.

When we realize this, we will not draw

² On August 1, 1946, Elmo Roper, who conducts the *Fortune* magazine polls, announced results of a poll on this question: "If every other nation in the world would elect representatives to a world congress and let all problems between countries be decided by this congress, with a strict provision that all countries have to abide by the decisions whether they like them or not, would you be willing to have the United States go along on this?" 17.8 per cent of the people asked, said they did not know. Of those who have made up their minds, less than one fourth said "no." More than three out of four said "yes." The actual percentages were: No: 19.8. Yes: 62.8.

the false conclusion that we must solve all economic problems *before* we can know peace. Instead we will understand that we must establish government *in order* to solve economic problems—and other problems—in a peaceful, orderly manner.

Matters *within* nations are settled peaceably, through the agencies of government. But matters *between* nations (international matters) cannot be settled in this way because there is no legislature, no law, no court in which to settle them.

Strengthen the United Nations!

No one who understands the principles involved in the maintenance of peace should expect the United Nations—as *now constituted*—to prevent war, any more than a sensible person would expect a baby to do the work of a full grown man. But does this mean we should reject it? Of course not. Rather we should support it and strengthen it.

The Protestant Episcopal Church was absolutely right when it said, in a resolution adopted at its Triennial Convention last September:

"Whereas the United Nations is our present best hope, and the only established agency through which the peoples of the world can at this time pursue the establishment of world law; and

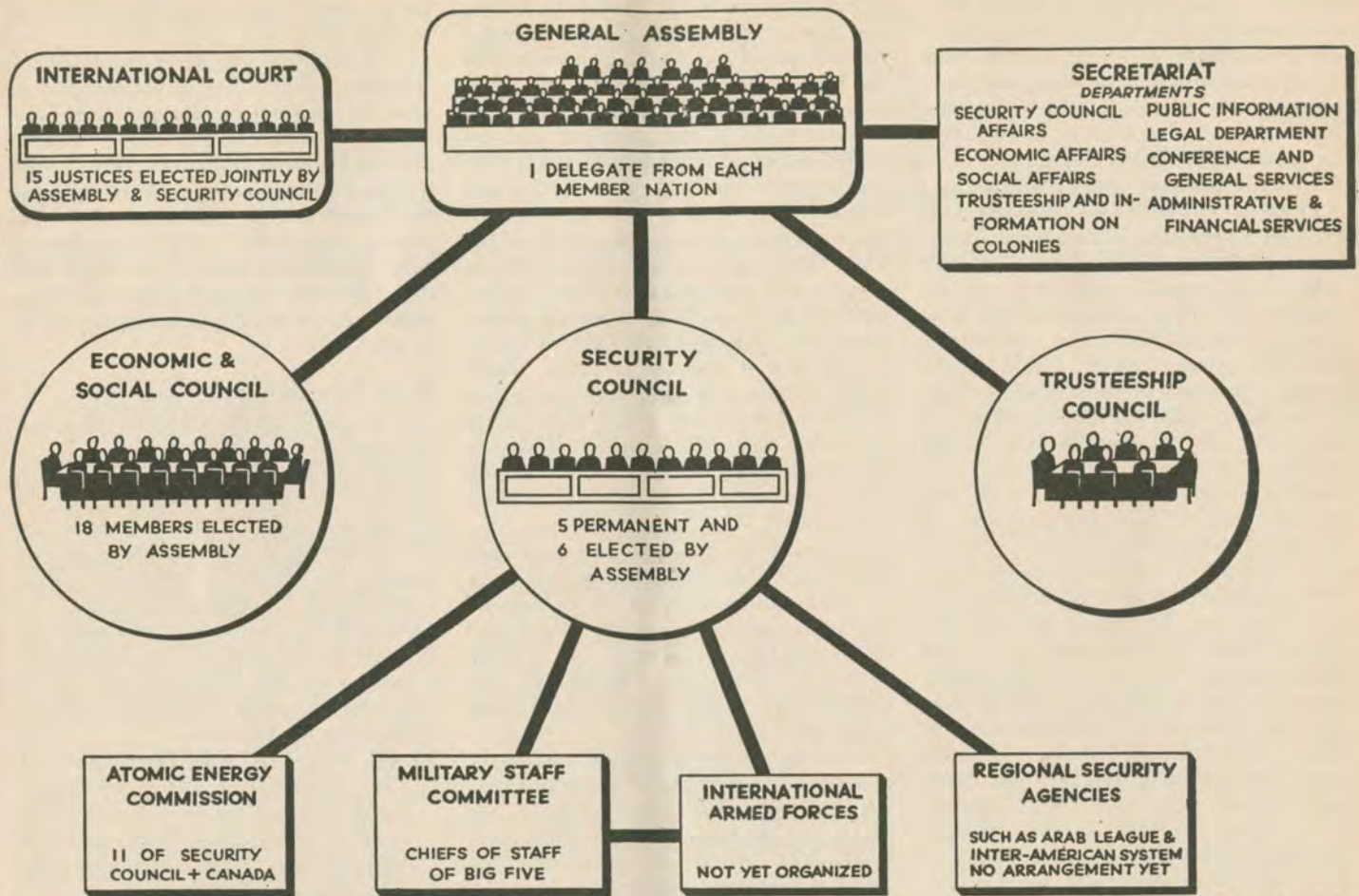
"Whereas the establishment and maintenance of world law supported by an adequate means for its enforcement is inescapably necessary for the preservation of our civilization . . .

"And whereas, for the establishment of enduring world peace, world government, a much stronger instrument than the United Nations as it is at present constituted, is a requisite.

" . . . this Convention declares its conviction that peace among peoples and between nations can be maintained only under law; which involves a representative legislative body, elected by the people of the constituent nations, whose laws shall be addressed to the citizens individually, interpreted by the peoples' courts and enforced by an executive answerable to the people . . ."

Observe carefully. The Protestant Episcopal Church did not say the United Nations is our best hope of maintaining peace (such a proposition is preposterous), but that it is the best hope of developing a world government.

Some may ask: Why is it preposterous to expect the United Nations, as now constituted, to keep the peace? Are not the Assembly and Security Council a two-house legislature? Do not the Secretariat and the administrative agencies and bureaus under the Economic and Social Council constitute an administrative branch? Is not the International Court of Justice a court before which matters



by permission Foreign Policy Association

THE UNITED NATIONS

can be settled which would otherwise lead to war? Is this not a world government?

About the answer we need to be absolutely clear; our lives depend on it. *The United Nations has the form of a government, but it lacks the substance.* At this point we must strengthen it.

The United Nations needs to be developed to the place where it will govern relations between its member nations in the same way that the United States government controls relations between its member states. At present, however, its delegates are appointed by, controlled by, and may be recalled by the nations which it should be governing.

A Chapman College student recently likened the United Nations to an automobile: "It ought to have its own power from its own motor, and the officials ought to be inside riding. Instead, it has no power, and they are outside, pushing it."

Powers to Be Developed

1. *Authority must be derived from the people.* If a government is to be democratic, its authority must be derived from the people. Thus, one important objective

for those who would support and strengthen the United Nations is the amending of its Charter to provide that its representatives be elected by, and responsible to, the people. These representatives must be as independent of national governments as our federal congressmen are independent of state governments. To this end, their salaries must be paid by the United Nations, and their oath of allegiance must be to it.

2. *Power must be exerted upon individuals.* If a government is to administer justice, it must deal with individuals. The essence of justice is the separation of the innocent from the guilty; punishing only the guilty. But this cannot be done by an organization that deals only with nations. If the United Nations brands a nation as an aggressor, and sets out to punish the nation, it will have to make war on innocent people as well as guilty—and this would be neither justice nor peace. (As it is at present constituted, the United Nations cannot deal with individuals. The Assembly and Security Council cannot pass laws binding on individuals; the International Court of Justice cannot try individuals, nor defend their rights. The United Nations has

no citizens; its members are *sovereign* nations—that means they have a right to do as they please; they are the final judge of right and wrong. This makes for a state of anarchy and is the cause of war—more than sixty independent, competing institutions, none of whom recognize any higher authority, none of whom are willing to let their disputes with others be settled by a process of law and government.) Therefore, friends of the United Nations who wish to see it strengthened, will also work to give the Assembly the authority to pass laws binding on individuals.

3. *The executive branch must be independent.* As for the bureaus and administrative agencies—to enable them to become part of a genuine world government, they, too, must be made independent of the individual nations in matters of both personnel and budget. This means that the United Nations must be given the power to tax, so that it can raise its own funds from its own citizens to carry on the activity that we, the people of the earth, authorize it to do for us. Furthermore, these agencies need to be headed up by an executive.

4. *Law must be enforced.* As for the

Court, at present it can deal only with cases brought before it by both parties (thus it cannot deal with matters that would otherwise lead to war), and those parties must be nations, not individuals. Furthermore, it has no way of enforcing its decisions. What kind of a court is it, without jurisdiction and without power?

Peace—law and order—requires that there be a preponderance of power in the hands of duly constituted authority. To achieve this preponderance of power, armaments of individual nations should be sharply limited, and major armaments, including atomic energy, should be the exclusive property of the United Nations. When this is done, the United States can save most of the twenty-eight billion dollars it is wasting annually for "defense" (which can no longer even pretend to defend us), and this great amount of wealth—more than \$700 each for every family in the country—can be spent for things that each of us needs and wants.

At the time the United Nations was formed, there had been some sense and much nonsense talked about the proposition that the reason the League of Nations had been unable to prevent war was that it had no way of enforcing its decisions. So the new league must have "teeth" in it. This idea found embodiment in provision for the United Nations to have military contingents supplied to it by and from the armed forces of its member nations. At this one observer commented that the United Nations was "the old League of Nations, dolled up in a new dress with a new set of false teeth."

We Who Will Lose the Most . . .

The prospects of strengthening the United Nations by amendments to its Charter are better than many people realize. Article 109 of the Charter provides that a conference shall be convened to review the Charter when it is called for by two thirds of the members of the Assembly, and any seven members of the Security Council. Three resolutions calling for such a conference were presented to the Assembly at its last meeting—one by Australia, two by Cuba.

At present the United States is opposing these efforts to strengthen and develop the United Nations, and the current drift toward war in the world is the direct responsibility of the citizens of this great republic. We who will lose the most in the war that is already developing, are doing the least to prevent it!

In November 1946, three more nations were elected to membership in the United Nations, bringing the total membership to fifty-four. These nations are divided into the "Big Five" and the "Little Forty-nine"; the "Big Five" being those who, because they are the largest and most

powerful in the world, thought it fitting and just to create for themselves positions of special privilege and power within the United Nations. Consequently, they gave themselves permanent seats on the Security Council, and arranged that the other six members should be elected by the Assembly for a two-year term, which is not renewable. They also gave themselves a veto over any action that might limit their right to commit aggression or make war whenever they please. In that great book for and about young people today, *It's Up to Us*, Harris Wofford reports that it was this situation which led Ely Culbertson to remark at the San Francisco Conference where the Charter was being written: "They aren't setting up a world government. They are setting up an assembly of mice, presided over by a few cats."

Naturally the "Little Forty-nine" nations do not like this situation, and most of them can be counted on to support efforts to improve it. Of the "Big Five," China was the first to speak out in favor of world government, through Hu Shi, when he was ambassador to the United States during the war.

Great Britain has spoken out as strongly as possible. As early as November of 1945, the spokesmen for every party in the House of Commons put their parties unequivocally behind any movement for world government. Said Foreign Minister, Ernest Bevin, "We need a new study for the purpose of creating a world assembly elected directly from the people of the world as a whole. . . . I am willing to sit with anybody of any party, to try to devise a franchise or a constitution . . . for a world assembly, with a limited objective, the objective of peace."

France has taken official action more advanced than any other nation, in her new constitution. This document, adopted by the French people in October 1946, states: "On condition of reciprocity, France consents to the limitations of sovereignty necessary to the organization and defense of peace."

Even Russia has been far ahead of the United States. Said Russian Vice Foreign Commissar, Andrei Y. Vishinsky, in a speech before the United Nations Security Council, February 10, 1946, "I would ask whether the United Nations can be an effective organ if national sovereignty is not limited. The nations must sacrifice a part of their sovereignty if the United Nations is to be a real and effective organ."

The responsibility for the next step is squarely up to the United States. If this nation would overcome its isolationist bloc, and take a definite stand in favor of world government, make this the central thesis of its foreign policy, the people of our nation and of the world might be

saved from the impending "shooting war."

John Nevin Sayre, secretary of the International Fellowship of Reconciliation, upon his return from Europe, said, "Europe is tired and losing hope. I believe that the psychological climate would alter if the United States with its prestige and immense vigor and resources would commit itself boldly to the world government proposition and tell the world that it would make common cause with every nation that is willing to commit itself to go that way."

What We Can Do

If we are to have any future, the growing war must be checked before it develops into the atomic bomb stage. This can best be done by strengthening the United Nations. Our own country, the United States, is at present the greatest obstacle on this road to world peace. Since this is a democratic nation, the actions of its officials are determined ultimately by the people. The responsibility is yours and mine. What can we do?

Inform ourselves! Knowledge and understanding are essential.

READ: *It's Up to Us*, by Harris Wofford, *The Anatomy of Peace*, by Emery Reves, *Union Now*, by Clarence Streit, *How to Think About War and Peace*, by Mortimer Adler, *Hiroshima*, by John Hersey.

SUBSCRIBE: to *World Government News*, 31 East 74th Street, New York 21, N. Y. \$1.00 a year.

WRITE: to U. S. Delegates to the United Nations, to your congressman, to both your senators, and to the President, urging a convention to amend the Charter of the United Nations. (Each month you will find in *World Government News* reports of current happenings about which you can write cards and letters.)

ORGANIZE: students on your campus. Start a chapter of the Student Federalists, 31 East 74th Street, New York 21, N. Y., or Students for Federal World Government, 626½ Library Place, Evanston, Ill.

SPEAK: in forums on your campus, in your public speaking classes, at fraternity and sorority meetings. Arrange debates. Arrange for off-campus speakers to present the topic of world government at college assemblies. Get your college newspaper editor to re-print articles (some from this issue of *motive*, for instance). Write letters to editors of college papers and other newspapers and magazines.

USE THIS TOPIC: in term papers and themes in history, political science, English, and other courses.

GET GOING. It's your world. If you want to save it, you better start now!

Shotgun Wedding for Pacifica

Upton, Clifton, Darryl, Mrs. Borden and Mrs. Harriman, Messrs. Thomas, and Dubinsky, and the American Legion are all out for world government.

"But as long as you hold onto your guns and your gold, I don't believe a word you say."

MILTON MAYER

A FEW WEEKS AGO the North Carolina convention of the American Legion voted unanimously for world government. I suppose that it also voted, as usual, for peacetime conscription, a navy second to none, acquisition of foreign bases, and retention of the atom bomb.

Everybody—no matter what else he is for or against—is for world government. The polls show that 60 per cent of the American people are for it. The legislatures of fourteen states—eight of them Jim Crow states—are for it. Mrs. J. Borden Harriman and Upton Sinclair are for it. The American Legion and Philip Murray are for it. Clifton Fadiman and Norman Thomas are for it. Darryl Zanuck and Scott Nearing are for it. Mrs. John Alden Carpenter and David Dubinsky are for it. The atom bomb has blown some strange fellows into bed.

Now Norman Thomas and Clifton Fadiman do not, of course, have the same reasons for being for world government. Neither do the American Legion and Philip Murray. Government—world or otherwise—may be very good or very bad. (Hitler wanted world government, too.) So the question that must be asked of all these people is, "What *kind* of world government?" And their reply (as it appears in the documents they have signed) is "Any old kind at all."

A DOZEN organizations are whooping it up, and none of them faces the only ideal that makes any sense in the atomic or any other age. That ideal is the rights of man. The rights of man—which alone distinguish man from the lowest beast—have been scuttled. The single ideal of the world government groups is the ideal which man has in common with the radish, the weasel, and the ape. It is the ideal of survival.

The single motivation of all the world government groups is fear—this fear so completely possesses us now that we place all our hope in it. The Americans United for World Government, Inc., asks us, rhetorically, "Are you inclined to believe Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, the atomic physicist, when he estimates that some forty million Americans would be killed

in the first twenty-four hours of atomic war? Are you convinced that war must never come again because, apart from the staggering cost in lives, wars have already cost the American people alone more than \$414,000,000,000?" In a word, if you hold nothing more sacred than your skin and your money, sign up.

EVERY one of these world government groups whose literature I have been able to get proclaims survival and security as its only ideals and rings out the bans for an atomic shotgun wedding as the only way to get them.

And every one of them ducks the only ideal that ever made any sense or ever will. Every one of them ducks the rights of man.

The Petition for a World Constitutional Convention declares its willingness that "national governments would continue to regulate purely national affairs without interference from the world government." If, then, Germany is torturing its Jews, or Britain is torturing its Indians, or Russia is torturing its democrats, or America is torturing its Negroes, or the rich of every country are torturing the poor within their national boundaries, the world government cannot interfere. But in the very next sentence it declares that "the rights of the people would be defined and protected by a world constitution."

How? How are these two irreconcilable declarations to be reconciled? The catch-all they propose would collapse at once if the ideal of the rights of man were introduced.

The Americans United, etc. is phonier still. It hails "the people" for "rallying to the ideal of the United Nations" which "provided the framework of a structure within which all peoples could be sheltered and protected." And on the next page of its delirious brochure it admits that some of the "weaknesses" of the League of Nations exist in the United Nations.

Weaknesses, well! The United Nations has never provided a stick of the "framework within which all peoples could be sheltered and protected." It provides

a country club composed exclusively of the right people, the right people being the victors in the last war, just as they were in the war before that. And under its charter, the right people could come in, get out, or burn the club down, and the house rules forbade anybody to ask anybody else in the clubhouse just exactly how they got their money.

As far as the rights of man are concerned, there is one difference, and only one difference between the League and the United Nations. The Covenant provided that no nation could be required to submit "essentially internal questions" to the League. The Charter of the United Nations changes "essentially" to "solely."

But upon a cursory examination of human history it appears that warlike impulses of people and nations cannot be nullified except by the practice of economic, political, and social justice. But the practice of justice would cost somebody plenty, and America most of all. A true world government—like a true national government—would mean such things as an income tax, and as the residents of New York have got to be taxed, heavier and heavier, to support the residents of Arkansas, so the residents of America would have to be taxed, heavier and heavier, to support the residents of China. But this would cost money, and maybe even blood, sweat, toil, and tears. And so the Americans United ignore it. What they offer won't cost you a cent.

Security is what *we* want, but security means nothing to people who have never had anything to secure, and most of the people of the world have nothing to secure. We propose to secure ourselves in what we have and to secure the rest of the people of the world in what they haven't.

No wonder the Russians call our world government schemes "fantastic." The Russians are buccaneers in 1946 just as we were when, in 1846, we set out to grab Mexico. The Russians have taken up—much to our embarrassment—the American slogan of opportunity. They are on their way from rags to riches. They are no more afraid of the atom bomb than we were of the Indians and the rattlesnakes.

They are on the make. The former president of the NAM who, arm in arm with Jim Carey of the CIO, is yammering for world government, ought to go for the Russian line. The Russians are free enterprisers. They have caught on to the American way.

MY friends, my friends—survival means nothing to the Chinese, any more than security means anything to the Russians. World government, as these groups present it, is just another hallucination by which we are going to solve our problems free of charge. The Russians are as unimpressed by us as Gandhi was by the British when he said: "They know how to run motor cars, but they do not know how to live as brothers."

World government will be built on world brotherhood, or it won't be built at all. We are kidding ourselves again—just as we were when we set out after Hitler and abandoned our job at home—and we are not kidding anyone else.

The answer is world government, but it is world government built upon world brotherhood and not upon survival and security. Freedom cannot survive in a slave world any more than communism can survive in a capitalist world. And that is why freedom has to be dynamic, as communism is.

And freedom, in America, is not dynamic. The war was not fought for free-

dom—if it had been, we would have been in it in Manchuria and Spain instead of waiting until our property was attacked—and everything that has happened in postwar America has been the reverse of dynamic. Our strong-arm stuff in the Mediterranean; our taking the wrong side in Greece, in China, in Palestine; our whole policy in Germany, including the drumhead trial in Nuremberg; our grab for foreign bases; our retention of the atom bomb; our refusal to admit the homeless and stateless to the land of the free; our scuttling of OPA and UNRRA and the FEPC; our refusal to face the full employment and the housing problems—every one of these awful events has been reaction's victory over progress.

We have failed to impress a world which, watching us holding on to our guns and our gold, sees only our terror. The way to impress a world which has nothing to secure is to talk about freedom instead of security.

The way to talk about freedom is to have it. The way to get a world government is to work for one based on brotherhood and on nothing else. And the way to get brotherhood is to work for it right here and right now, undoing the evils we have done here at home and doing the good that we haven't. This we can do if we will it; this is within our power.

Security is just as impossible for a nation which will not practice justice as it

is for an individual. A man—or a nation—may have all the world's goods but he will never know peace as long as he lives among men—or nations—who have none. A world government which ducks the issue of the rights of man will come to deadly war, just as did the United States of America in 1860. And the next war, under the United Americans' form of world government, may have the privilege of being called a World Civil War, but it will be no less deadly.

LET'S look at it straight, my friends. Jim Crow legislators don't really want world government, however loudly they say they want it; they want white world government. And so on down the line, from Mrs. J. Borden Harriman to Mrs. John Alden Carpenter. The world isn't yet lost, because the fight to do away with the sales tax and the poll tax here at home isn't yet lost. But time—as Mrs. J. Borden Harriman undoubtedly says to her friends—is running out. America, by the greatness and the clarity of its example; America, by its demonstration of democracy at work; America, by its realization here at home of its ancient ideal of the rights of man; America, by what it does to establish the good society here at home; *America by its shining example—and by nothing else, including its fat and fearful talk of survival and security—will save the world.*

SOURCE

No one can aspire to become a citizen of the world who has nothing of his own to contribute to the constitution of a cosmopolitan society and who will not lay a brick of its structure but only wants to live in it.—Ananda Coomaraswamy

If we could see each other all the time in great big hanging mirrors, the whole hate of the world would fall into dust.—Paul Carroll

If you like people anywhere, you will probably like them everywhere. Boundary lines are imaginary, the people are real.—Harris Wofford, Jr.

World civilization means a common world community and destiny . . . the growth of a spirit of world unity, loyalty, conscience, and citizenship, so that in time we will think of ourselves as a citizen of our town, our state, our nation, but above all, as a citizen of our world.—Harris Wofford, Jr.

I am a citizen not of Athens of Greece, but of the world.—Socrates

I represent a party which does not yet exist—civilization. That party will make the twentieth century. From it will emerge the United States of the world.—Victor Hugo

My country is the world, and my religion is to do good.—Thomas Paine

Every single human creature is the object of God's greatest interest and care; so long as one single shred of injustice exists on this globe there will be no peace.—A. Cassell

The time will come when man to man shall be a friend and brother.—Gerald Massey

Since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that the defenses of peace must be constructed.—UNESCO Preamble

Future thinking must prevent wars. I do not believe that we can prepare for war and at the same time prepare for a world community. We must be not merely willing but actively eager to submit ourselves to the binding authority necessary for world security. When we are clear in heart and mind—only then shall we find the courage to surmount the fear which haunts the world.—Albert Einstein

Let us impart all the blessings we possess to the whole family of mankind.—George Washington

Not until we can love all races, all nationalities, are we on the road to peace on earth.—Sir Wilfred Grenfell

If it were not for mine and thine the world would be heaven.—German Proverb

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" is applicable to nations as well as to persons.—Pat M. Neff

The world is my parish.—John Wesley

It is inescapably true that to raise the standard of living of any man anywhere in the world is to raise the standard of living by some slight degree of every man, everywhere in the world.—Wendell Willkie

There is one body and one Spirit, just as you were called to the one hope that belongs to your call, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all, who is above all and through all and in all.—Paul of Tarsus

We should not be devoting ourselves to examining historical claims or the supposed interests of particular states. We should keep before our minds the simple objective of removing from the hearts of the common people in all lands the brooding fear of another war and of enabling them to live together as good citizens, not only of their own states, but of Europe and the world.—Clement T. Attlee

True law is right reason consonant with nature, world-wide in scope, unchanging and everlasting. . . . We may not oppose or alter that law, we cannot abolish it, we cannot be freed from its obligations by any legislature, and we need not look outside ourselves for an expounder of it. The law does not differ for Rome and Athens, for the present and future, but one eternal and unchanging law will be valid for all nature and all times. . . . He who disobeys it denies himself and his own nature.—Cicero

History shows that it does not pay to give up your moral concepts that it is dangerous for your own soul to abandon the principles of every true religion; to help your neighbor when he is in need, to oppose injustice upon whomever it may be inflicted. Today you permit the evil to spread—tomorrow it will reach you.—Toni Sender

Two Jumps Across a Chasm . . .

*are questionable. Some folks say any leap
which falls short of federal world government is a slip.*

Here are four questions (and answers) about world government.

HOWARD WILKINSON

LLOYD GEORGE is credited with the profound remark that it isn't a good idea to try to leap across a chasm in two jumps! The obvious truth in this remark is that there are times when a great deal of progress *must* be made rather quickly, without waiting for the slower, step-by-step improvement by which a great deal of civilization's progress has come about. At such times, a halfway measure is no measure at all. You might as well not attempt to jump across a chasm, if you plan to do it in more leaps than one.

Practically everybody except the most donkey-eared isolationist is thoroughly convinced that eventually the peoples of the various nations must be unified under what Tennyson long ago spoke of as "The Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World." But many people assume that progress toward this goal can safely come about at the cautious speed that made the snail famous. They feel that the chasm existing between isolationist power politics and world federation can certainly be crossed in two or more political jumps. They say that the United Nations, as it now is, represents the first leap, and that in due time other leaps will naturally follow.

However, there are impressive reasons for believing that at this time, any leap which falls short of federal world government will hurl us into the bottom of a deep chasm—and perhaps even plunge our world into a "bottomless pit!" General MacArthur spoke the conviction of many experts when he said that another war would "blast mankind to perdition." And in an Atomic Age, nothing less than world government will prevent the coming of such a war. The United Nations, as it now stands, cannot be relied upon to preserve the peace, for it is vastly weakened by the crippling power of the veto, and it exercises too little discipline over the nations whose arsenals compose the greatest threat to peace. However, it need not be scrapped. If it were to be strengthened, through the provisions for change in Articles 108 or 109 of the Charter, it could very well serve as a basis for federal world government. But

in its present fragile form it can offer at best only an insecure security. Justice Owen J. Roberts said last April that the people should be told "they have no security against international wars in the United Nations."

HERE are answers to some questions being asked by college students:

1. *What would federal world government mean, and what would it not mean?* Whether we revamp the present United Nations, or form a completely new organization, it would simply mean that the world organization, or government, would have authority over world problems, leaving to the several nations the settling of problems that are only national in scope, just as our American Congress does not try to solve problems that concern only the citizens of California or Alabama. It leaves all such problems to the state legislatures. So the world government would have authority to regulate and control weapons of international warfare, to deal quickly and effectively with threats to the peace, and to promote the welfare of the world.

2. *What is American public opinion on this proposal at present?* This question is one of interest, rather than one of necessity, as a Christian should work for the right, whether two people or two million favor it. Nevertheless it is encouraging to note how many already desire world government. August 1, 1946, the famous and accurate Roper poll of public opinion reported in the *New York Herald Tribune* that 62.8 per cent of the American public favors world government, and only 19.8 per cent oppose it. The rest were undecided. Various other polls have confirmed this sampling. According to the latest check-up, there are at least 70,000 Americans who believe in it to the extent that they are contributing time or money to bring it about. In the state of Massachusetts, voters recently were given an opportunity to declare their convictions on this matter, and 638,000 voted in favor of world federation, while only 74,000 opposed it.

3. *Would other nations join it?* We do

not know. We did not know whether they would join the United Nations until we asked them. It was very uncertain whether the thirteen original American colonies would be willing to change the weak Articles of Confederation into a strong Constitution—until the effort was made! We do know this: that the newly adopted French Constitution makes provision for it, that Britain's Prime Minister Attlee favors it, that the International Committee for the Study of European Problems (composed of prominent statesmen, scientists and educators from Britain, France, Norway, Denmark, Belgium, and the Netherlands) has issued a report calling for world government immediately. Cuban and Australian delegates to the United Nations recently called for a General Conference of all the nations to review the UN Charter, with a view to strengthening it. And Russia was the nation that led the recent attempt at international disarmament. Lewis Mumford wrote in the *Saturday Review of Literature*: "Let our Congress formally declare this country's . . . readiness to sponsor [it], provided that every other nation accepts . . ." and "The nation that fails, during the coming year or two of grace and reflection, to follow our lead will brand itself as the enemy of mankind. Woe to the nation that so fails!"

4. *How may I help to bring it about?* In three ways. First, by "talking it up" on your campus, through forums and other means. Second, by direct political action. That is, by informing your representatives and senators in Washington of your opinions. Third, by joining and supporting one of the following organizations: World Federalists, U. S. A. (World Government House, 31 East 74th St., New York, N. Y.), Student Federalists (same address). Other similar organizations exist, but it is possible that by the time you have read these words they may all be merged into one. You'll be safe in writing to World Government House, in any event, and the officials there can put you in touch with state groups affiliated with the national organizations.

S.F./F.W.G. Means Spine Today!

After some hard thinking, Northwesternites decided the issue was clear.

It was either world government or World War III. They chose to sell world government.

THREE VETERANS were standing at the door of the Tech auditorium of Northwestern University. They had just heard an inspiring talk about the urgency of creating a world of peace. They had *fought* in this last war—all three of them. They had gone through hell and high water. One had been wounded in Germany, another had two battleships shot from beneath him, the third had lain flat on his back for months in a navy hospital. They had had enough of this business of war, and were ready to settle down, rest on the oars, and enjoy life again.

But the words of that speech they had just heard kept echoing in their ears: "Peace is not something passive. If you

fellows want a lasting peace, you're going to have to work for it just as hard as you worked to win the war!"

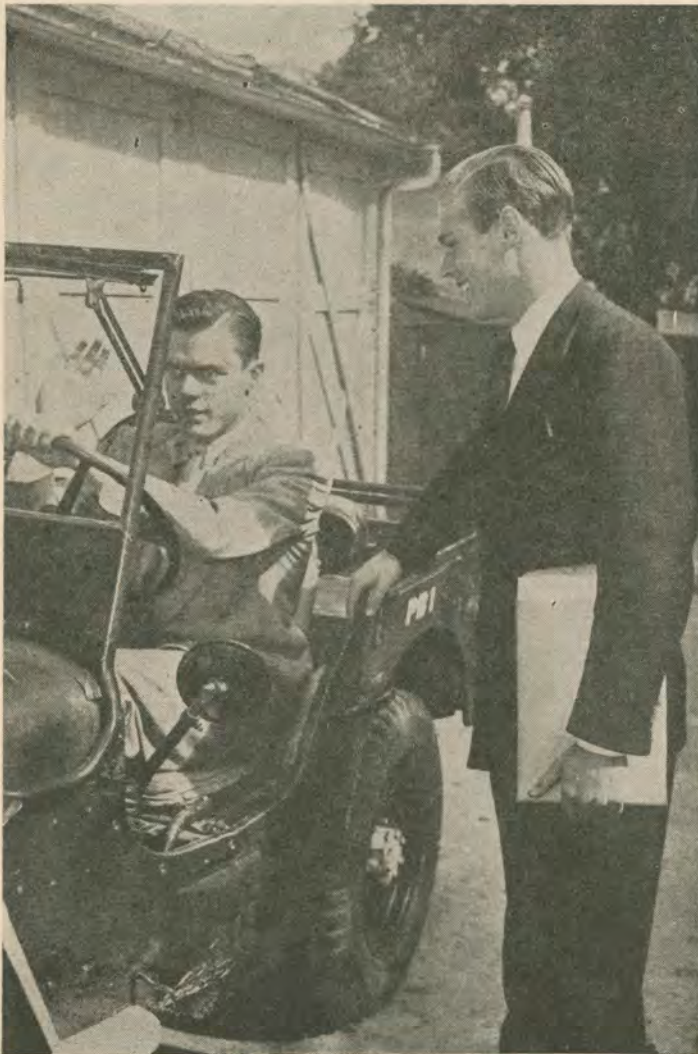
They left that auditorium with a new sense of urgency. They realized that mankind is now living in the Atomic Age—an age in which another war may well mean the end of our present civilization. With all their hearts they wanted a world of peace. So they began immediately to think, study, and read about the problem of world peace. Soon they realized that discussion was not enough and that action was required. When they failed in their plan to form a peace action group within their veterans' organization at Northwestern, they launched out on a move-

ment all their own. And they called it "Students for Federal World Government."

Their friends tried to discourage them. World government might be something to look for a couple of hundred years from now, but certainly not tomorrow or a week from next Tuesday, they cautioned. But these students kept saying to themselves, "World government must come *soon*—for this generation—if we are to keep from destroying ourselves! We just can't continue to live in a world where any nation can push buttons and start anonymous wars with robot-rocket, radar-guided atomic bombs." Others said, "Sure—world government seems fantastic and impossible, but what other way is there? The United Nations was a fine step in the right direction, but any one of the big five could wage an aggressive war and the UN could not do a thing about it. The veto would paralyze action other nations might want to take." And still others reasoned, "Surely there can be no real security in this Atomic Age unless there is *law* above all nations. To have international law, there must be real world government, in which nations are subject to law and are not separate sovereign states as Article II of the UN Charter proclaims. Only in this way can real security be achieved." The issue was clear. It was either world government or World War III. They choose to work for world government.

The first move was to establish headquarters and send out publicity inviting others to join with them in the movement. A kind lady, with whom a couple of the students had been boarding, loaned the use of her three-car garage. It was here that the movement was born. Typewriters, files, mimeograph equipment and office supplies were purchased or borrowed and the movement was soon underway. Underneath the clock in one of the rooms hung a wooden placard with the motto which has been their by-line ever since: "IT IS LATER THAN YOU THINK!"

In order to organize their thoughts, they drew up a statement of objectives. Their platform provided for the calling of an international constitutional convention, through the United Nations, if possible, to form a federal world govern-



Off on a speaking engagement. David McCoy of Los Angeles, left, and Fred Carney, Atlantic City, right.

BY
JIM
WHITEHURST

ment. Their movement was to be an inter-racial, interdenominational, nonprofit organization, and would seek to spread the idea of world government largely through the organization of world government groups on campuses throughout the world.

This was a tremendous undertaking. Great sacrifices would be required of the students if such a plan could ever crystallize. The challenge did not go unanswered. Several of the students saw that the work of building a peaceful world was so imperative that they dropped out of school temporarily. After all, they reasoned, what good is our education going to do us if we aren't going to have a world of peace? The chairman of the group gave up his plans to marry and turned over his entire savings account to the movement. Others cashed in their war bonds and insurance policies in order to provide the necessary finances. Such devotion and loyalty to a cause attracted others, and soon the office was filled with the amazing spectacle of students—white and colored, Jew and Christian, wealthy and poor—working side by side, giving freely of their time and talents for the cause of peace.

SOON it was felt that a great peace demonstration was needed in order to bring the movement to the attention of the public at large. The date was set as Memorial Day, May 30, 1946, and the place: the Chicago Stadium. They had less than a month to make the plans, so three members made a speedy journey to the eastern seaboard to locate some nationally known speakers for the rally. Their success was phenomenal. Within a few days they had booked such public figures as Clifton Fadiman of *Information Please*, Norman Thomas, Senator Glenn Taylor, Ely Culbertson, and Albert Einstein. Dr. Einstein was not able to make the trip to Chicago personally, so he arranged to speak via radio to the rally and to the public at large. Dr. Einstein has always been hesitant about public appearances, but when he learned what these students were doing, he felt that such a movement merited his support.



Just posin' in Peace Buggie in front of the S.F.F.W.G. garage-office garage. Jack Broadus of Wilmette with the smile, Paul Saver of Winnetka with the wheel.

The rally received wide publicity in all of the metropolitan newspapers, and served to put the movement before the public. As advance publicity, one of the students who had been in the army air corps flew over Chicago and dropped thousands of leaflets announcing the rally with this slogan: You sent us over, America, TO BOMB FOR WAR! WE HAVE COME BACK, AMERICA, TO BOMB FOR PEACE!

The spring and summer months witnessed a rapid spreading of the movement. Contact men traversed the country in jeeps, now called "Peace Buggies," and succeeded in setting up branch offices on about thirty college campuses. When fall arrived, a clear-cut objective was decided upon: the circulation of a petition for the calling of a constitutional convention, through the UN if possible, to draw up a world federation. Ten million signatures was the goal.

The S.F.F.W.G. movement was conscious of the fact that there were other world government movements functioning throughout the country, some older and better established ones than their own. They felt the need of cooperating with these various groups, to find a common denominator for action. Consequently, they invited all of these various groups to send representatives to a conference to be held in Chicago during Thanksgiving week to draw up plans for working unity. At the same time they sent one of their members to Europe to meet with other world citizens at a similar conference in Luxembourg.

In order to dramatize the launching of the petition and the cooperative work of the world government groups, another rally was planned for Thanksgiving Day. This time it was to be held at the Civic Opera House in Chicago. Again, they had a triumphant success. Highlight of the program was the personal appearance of Howard Lindsay, author of *State of the Union*, current Chicago Pulitzer prize winning play. After his speech, he introduced the stars of the cast of *State of the Union* who presented the closing scene of the play dealing with the urgency of building a world of peace.

Since then, each day brings news of remarkable progress, for the movement is spreading rapidly. Garage offices are beginning to dot the country (the garage having become the "badge" of the movement). Three garage offices are already in full-time operation at the home base in Evanston. As well as a speakers' bureau, college contact, race relations, labor relations, and church relations departments have been organized. The offices are always crowded with students, the main office operating twenty-four hours a day.

A visitor to the headquarters stands amazed at the magnitude of the work and the devotion and enthusiasm on the part of the students. As he turns to leave, he is pricked by his conscience as he notices the sign above the mirror at the doorway. It reads: "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TODAY FOR PEACE?"

(You may communicate with the S.F.F.W.G. by writing to Mr. Whitehurst at 626½ Library Place, Evanston, Illinois.)

Sweet Briar Was Never Like This

*There is much to tell about St. Andrews,
and I would just adore to wax eloquent on student exchange,
but I just wish that lots of others—*

VIRGINIA HOLMES

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE I'm here; I expect every morning to wake up and find myself back at Sweet Briar. You see, one day last spring one of my professors remarked casually, "Do you think you might like to go to St. Andrews next year?" Would I like to go—was she kidding? That began it all. There followed numerous long distance calls home ("But, Mother, it's not really so far away.") and anxious waiting to learn just which of those students considered would be chosen to go. Three of us were lucky. I, for one, didn't realize at the time *how* lucky.

During the summer, I evolved a magnificently indifferent way of saying at the slightest opportunity, "You know, of course, that I'm going to Scotland this fall. We have managed to get passage on the *Queen Mary*" (another bit of news from which no one in Memphis escaped). At the last minute, because of the shipping strike, we had to sail from Halifax instead of New York. This made things even more exciting since it involved all sorts of rearrangements about sending our trunks, canceling New York hotel reservations and the like.

At last, Patty, Pat, and I were installed aboard ship in a cabin all to ourselves. We soon had explored the ship thoroughly and were delighted to meet a number of other students on their way to Britain. Pat and Patty tell me that the actual voyage was most enjoyable. Personally, I spent too much of the time lying on my bunk, wondering if I would ever see dry land again. I do think that my friends might have been more sympathetic, even if seasickness is a most unglamorous malady.

Fortunately, the *Queen Mary* made a record crossing. I soon found myself bidding Patty and Pat good-by in Waterloo Station. I got into a taxi and found that the driver couldn't understand a word I said—that made us even. We drove up to the boarding house at which a friend of a friend had found me a room. It was

then midnight, and all were sound asleep. I didn't know whether to be reassured or disappointed by the driver's contemptuous remark that they were all 'ighly respectable out 'ere. The housekeeper finally let me in, and I soon settled down for my first night in Britain.

A week in London passed all too quickly (fortunately, not *all* the residents of the boarding house were sweet old ladies); and I met Patty and Pat in King's Cross Station for our journey north. We had a very quiet trip until we reached Edinburgh where we managed to miss our connection, be insulted by a telephone operator who demanded to know why Patty was putting on an American accent, and catch the last train to St. Andrews. Dr. Steele, the warden of MacIntosh Hall, our residence here, greeted us with open arms and, better still, turned down beds complete with hot water bottles. We liked St. Andrews at once.

Since then things have been happening and it hardly seems possible that in a week we shall be leaving for holidays—that is if we are still alive after our exams. Just now, everyone is dashing around with a worried expression, vowing to anyone who will listen that he or she is really going to work next term, no more of this last minute swatting. Where have I heard that before?

It's beyond me to give a very coherent picture of this first term at St. Andrews. It's all mixed up in a grand and glorious jumble of impressions and memories. I'm beginning to wish that I had kept a diary; but I know perfectly well that, even if I had begun one, I would have abandoned it after about two weeks. I always do.

An outstanding event of my first days here was the arrival of my roommate. We soon found that we get along beautifully; neither of us throws things, neither of us snores, neither of us thinks much of the idea of work to the exclusion of everything else. In fact, we have a good time together.

I have made many profound discoveries; for example, that coeducation is a won-

derful thing, especially when one is in the enviable position of being a "glamorous foreigner." And in case anyone has been worried by rumors that British men are overly dull and reserved, I can assure you that they are not. (I speak with authority.) Incidentally, there are about two dances every week; this adds greatly to the happiness of all. I have certainly reversed the advice of one of our professors who is of the opinion that students should stay in and work four nights a week and go to two dances a term, by staying in about four nights during the term and going to dances twice a week. Sweet Briar was never like this.

Another prominent feature of the life here is the great variety of student societies—one for every conceivable interest. It's a grand way to get to know people and to hear what people are thinking about any and every subject. My own pet is the Socialist Society. Some way or other, I was elected to its committee. I found myself with the job of selling the propaganda sent up from London. It's even worse than the tons of stuff that were (still are, for all I know) given out at all our Methodist conferences back in Virginia because we charge money for these things.

There is, of course, lots more to tell about St. A. Believe it or not, I do go to lectures. The system here is to take a few subjects and to go into them deeply. I, for instance, am being thoroughly immersed in economics, moral philosophy, and political science. We're left largely on our own about our work—no definite assignments or tests during the term.

I would adore to wax eloquent on the advantages of student exchange, but I'm sure you've heard it all before. But, golly, I just wish that there could be lots and lots of other students having the same chance that we are of living in a university where twenty-five nationalities are represented, living in the midst of such friendly and interesting people.

I Return With New Appreciation

Europe is devastated all right.

But the most heartbreaking part of the whole experience was to stand on the outside and take my first real good look at "home."

MARTHA STRUM

So you would like to hear about my trip to Europe and the World Student Christian Federation Conference? That, my little ones, is just like dangling the promise of no exams or no comprehensives in front of a frustrated senior. I leap to the bait with a speed that would amaze you! There's so much I'd like to tell you about . . . going over in splendid splendor on the *Queen Mary* . . . London with its drabness and red geraniums . . . discussion of British politics at tea at Oxford . . . visiting the House of Commons and Hyde Park (there is a slight similarity!) . . . and then Paris . . . meeting the problems of displaced persons . . . gilt paint every* place . . . Spam sandwiches for breakfast . . . and finding an Irish traffic cop in the heart of the city! Trips to the Universities of Caen and Grenoble . . . on to Geneva . . . the story of our stay in the barracks along with the prize horses is rare . . . then the conference along the blue lake of Thun and snow-capped mountains all around. Unable to get passage back for the opening of school, I went with other students on a tour of Italy . . . a trip which taught us much, and seemed to put into proper perspective the many other things we had seen in Europe.

As I said, there's much I would like to tell you about, but no mere letter seems adequate. It's going to take a whole day's gab session. But there are several conclusions I've come to recently which you might be interested in, and on which I'd like your opinion.

I don't think I shall ever forget the first day of my arrival back here in the States. I was in New York most of the day, and then took a train out that night to go home. It had been amazing to see well-dressed people again, to have milk and chocolate cake for the first time in almost three months, to see beautiful store windows, and to actually be able to have a whole seat on the train. I should have been terribly happy about it all, but instead I felt only despondency and confu-

sion over the complexity of the many things I had seen. It seemed so very hard to fit the picture together in the proper way. So it's partly to help clear up my own thinking, and partly to let you see why I've reached these conclusions that I'm going to use sort of an outline form. (When school routine starts creeping into your letter writing, it's time to beware!)

1. For the first time in my life I had the opportunity to stand on the outside and take a good look at our culture here in the United States. I learned what we mean when we say we have a "high standard of living"; the truth that there *are* different cultural patterns at last sunk in; I was able to look at our form of government with some measure of detachment. It was not altogether a pleasant thing to look at a citizen of the United States, an "American," as a European sees him. In many countries, the reputation our soldiers have left could scarcely be worse. In spite of this, most Europeans seem to like the average John Doe. He often seems to them superficial and childish, with little depth of thought. He often professes to believe in certain things, but his actions are inconsistent with his beliefs. He is often against all he does not know, and is anxious to go along with popular opinion. His knowledge of philosophy, culture, and other languages is frequently only an awareness that they exist; he lacks an intimacy with them. He is great on efficiency and gets things done with amazing speed. He usually gets along well with people, and especially children. He is a likeable person, although he lacks any individual quality of greatness.

2. I got a little more objective view of communism. The basic issue seems to me to be one of liberty versus security. This may not always appear in an intellectual analysis, but it is what most people *see* as the basic difference, and that is what counts. I don't believe liberty and security are mutually exclusive, but our mixing of economic philosophies and political theories often confuses the issue. What we

want, and what the Russians want, are in reality not very different. We have merely chosen different routes of achieving them. We feel that personal liberty is to be desired above all; the Russians feel that economic security offers a better basis for the growth of a nation. I don't necessarily agree with them, but I do feel that everyone is entitled to a difference of opinion. Where I disagree is when they try to force that opinion upon others! Communism is no more valid for *all* countries than is democracy or capitalism in its present form. Few countries are in the same state of development and each must choose for itself.

The communist party in many countries comprises about three groups of people. First there are those thoroughgoing Marxists who know their revolutionary doctrine inside out, and spout *New Masses'* phrases with glibness. A second group are those who admire the industrial rise of Russia and want their countries to be like her. The third group is probably the most difficult for Americans to understand. It is the people who, sickened by war, tired of a peace without a peace, want only change. To them communism means an answer. So they turn to it without thought for its consequences.

3. I've returned with a new appreciation of many things. Here are a few:

a. Tolerance! This is tops on my list. I had always been given the impression that it existed in this country, but one good look made me ashamed of what I saw. Whatever ideals of tolerance we once possessed have been quietly left by the wayside. This applies to many fields but especially to religion, race, and political ideals! Disagree with a person if you wish, privately think him a fool for believing as he does, but respect his beliefs for what they are. Tolerance is becoming a lost word. Especially to some newscasters who sneer at anything differing in the slightest from their own beliefs.

(Continued on page 34)

A Family of a Mother and Nine Girls

Dear Sir: We girls of Henley House feel a need to record a story which is rather revolutionary for the University of Kansas. The enclosed is the result.

MARY WISNER

COME ON, EVERYBODY, downstairs. We're going to have a race riot." Since it isn't every day that a houseful of girls can have a race riot within their own house, all of us—four Negro girls—Toby, Fron, Midge, and Bettylu, and five white girls—Rosalie, Frances, Peggy, Jean, and Mary—rushed madly to the living room.

Once downstairs, puzzled as to what one does in a race riot among friends, our first thought was to race and riot back to the top of the stairs with a coke for the winner. This idea was discarded as unsatisfactory because it wouldn't fulfill the predictions of the people who expect conflicts among races in interracial living. But we had to abandon the idea completely when Bettylu dividing sides for the "riot" turned to Mary, the huskiest white girl of the group, and said, "Say, Mary, will you be a Negro?" Mary said, "Sure." Immediately, the remaining four white girls moved with her; race was eliminated and with it the possibility of a race riot.

Having hopelessly failed in our attempt to live up to the predictions of the opponents of interracial living, we adjourned in favor of food, music, and a bull session.

Seriously speaking, though, the only reason we can speak of race riots so jokingly is because we have become such a close-knit group of people. We're neither Negro nor white any more. We're individuals—all nine of us. As Fron, our house president and a Negro, said, "Even though I had previously known some fine white people and had had some good friends among whites, I was still conscious of their whiteness and my darkness. Here I have lost that. When one of the white girls walks into my room, I have no sensation of skin color. I know her only as my friend."

All of us feel that very deeply. Here, as is the case in other interracial projects over the country, we are learning to know individuals, not Negroes or whites.

Our interracial cooperative for girls was begun last fall at the University of Kansas in Henley House, the headquarters of the YWCA. The spring before, when we were making our plans, we had worked hard, prayed hard, and shed a few tears, too. It was on June 18, 1945, that we received the final "go ahead" signal. From then on every day was sunny, believe me.

Our advisory board, in deciding to turn the Y house into an interracial house, had considered two questions in particular. First was whether opposition in the town and on the campus would be strong enough to prevent the success of our venture. The second question was whether the education program of the Y had progressed to the point where the membership as a whole would back the project. The fact that we received permission to operate Henley House in the same manner for another year leads us to believe we have answered those questions satisfactorily.

We're like a family at Henley House. We have our differences. Since no two people agree perfectly on everything, it is easy to see that this would be multiplied by nine in one house. For one thing, we can't decide whether to listen to records by the King Cole Trio or those by Frank Sinatra when we're doing dishes.

But, also like a family, there's a warmth—a deep affection for everyone else here. One time when it is very noticeable is in our evening devotion periods. We take turns, one girl being responsible for guiding our thoughts for a week at a time. These inspiring moments of deep meditation have become an inseparable part of the house. How could one fail to feel this warmth when reading from the New Testament, *The Prophet*, or from Kirby Page or Howard Thurman, and knowing that each one of us is thinking together. It gives one an inner feeling that can only be described as a "good" feeling. It's there, and it cannot be taken away.

Another of our priceless possessions we have found in our house mother, Miss Mary McCracken. Whether she is making watermelon preserves for us, or helping us cook a meal when we're slightly behind schedule, or straightening up the house before a big event of some kind, her affection for us is evident. Our affection and confidence for her is apparent in the fact that she is really a house mother. It is to her we turn with our problems, and our deepest thoughts. She is always there.

HAVE you ever seen a group of girls laugh till they almost cried? If you haven't, then you should come see us. There are little moments from morning till night almost daily when that phenomenon occurs here.

For one example, there was Midge walking nonchalantly into the front room and saying to Mary, "Will you come out into the kitchen a moment, please?" And Mary following her into the kitchen where Midge points to a raging grass fire in the back yard and calmly asks, "Is that fire supposed to be out there?"

Or, take the time we had both chocolate and vanilla ice cream for dessert, and one girl jokingly remarked, "I think that's carrying the interracial aspect just a little too far."

Or, again, think of the uproarious Halloween party we had with about twenty guests. We really treated them well—there was a complete torture chamber that would have frightened the best of us. Of course, the fact that all the beds were short-sheeted during the course of the evening's entertainment (a still-unresolved mystery) is an incidental factor that would make for much friendship. "How to win friends—," and all that, you know.

No, life at Henley House is not dull. Nor is it all humor. Having had the student council president here for a semester, and the YW prexy, too, we can't miss hearing, thinking about, and discussing a good majority of campus, local, national, and international problems at one time or another.

The downstairs part of the house is open at all times to any Y workshop which wishes to use it and is used constantly for meetings. The downstairs contains also the office of our Y secretary. We feel that we can detect the pulse of the campus here in the hundreds of students who come and go, filled with concern and boundless energy, and the earnest desire to do something, however little it might be, to help.

To those who have had the good fortune to participate in cooperative interracial living, we say we are proud and happy to have joined your company. To those who are anticipating such a move, may we wish you good luck and God-speed. Our interracial living unit has been a big success.

Much of that success is due to the staunch backing by our advisory board and K.U.'s administration.

But much also is due to God, and to him, for this, we shall never cease to be thankful.

PIC OF THE MONTH

From Harold Ehrensperger's new book—

CONSCIENCE ON STAGE

"Conscience is a heavy thing," yet it is not easy to catch. When Hamlet chose a play to catch the conscience of a king, he had back of him the wisdom of Shakespeare who knew the power of drama.

There is a vast difference between what is dramatic and what is theatric. An Aimee Semple McPherson is theatric. Sincerity, restraint, simplicity, and action prompted by deeply religious motives is dramatic.

Worship and drama were born together.

Art should reach its highest expression when it becomes the expression of great religious truths.

As man struggles to overcome his own as well as the weaknesses of society, he creates moments of climax and crisis. When these are recorded as a play and brought to life before an audience, we have drama.

A good play deals with life intimately—with great starkness and economy of means; it enables a person to imaginatively participate in all that he hears and sees.

Many biblical plays leave us cold. The religious values of a play come through its revealing meaningful and relevant problems and situations.

Drama should be a tool of the regular ministry of the church, not a frill put on to dress up special occasions.

Most Christmas plays in the church are neither educationally sound nor dramatically effective. To put into action the events surrounding the birth of Jesus is not religious drama. We should commemorate Jesus' birth by rededicating ourselves to what he taught and would have us do.

Technical production for the chancel can be far more satisfying and rewarding than that for the stage.

Drama can be the medium in contemporary life to capture the imaginations of a generation which has neglected ethical standards and spiritual ideals.

Copies of *Conscience on Stage* may be obtained for \$2.00 each through your local book stores. This material is reprinted from *Conscience on Stage* (copyright 1947 by Stone and Pierce), by permission of the publisher, Abingdon-Cokesbury Press.



Something about the Wesley Foundation at the University Center, Nashville, Tennessee, makes one blink. It's not the soft sunlight darting through the blue Venetian blinds, nor the new coat of varnish on the handstained chairs. It's more likely to be the crowd from Vanderbilt, Peabody, Scarritt, and Ward-Belmont Colleges on a program-planning spree. For it's this crowd that runs the Foundation, even if the Joe Brown Loves are the directors. And that's just the way the Loves want it.

Take Mrs. Love and her drama group. Eighteen-year olds and twenty-six-year olds, a Latin American and two Texans, girls from Scarritt and fellows from Vanderbilt do their own running of their dramatic workshop. They talk over their interests and their problems, and before long, they have hit something solid and a script is in the making. And it's real. After three or four weeks slip by, it's produced for the Sunday-Nighters. No one doubts the results.

Not only in Nashville is religious drama on the go. From Seattle to Miami groups dot the country. Maybe that's why good leadership at this time is so important. When Harold Ehrensperger's new book on drama, *Conscience on Stage*, reached the Nashville group, Mrs. Love just took the evening to read aloud its most important chapters. She knew that the book was more than a new book on drama, that it was more than its stimulating chapters on how to put on good plays, on creative dramatics, acting, directing, choosing plays, technical production for the chancel, and the relationship between drama and worship, and drama, theater, religion, and church. She knew that it was a reward for those in search of true religious drama. Mrs. Love knew, she too has been one of those in the search.

Strangely enough, the author never saw his book leave the press. Eight months ago, in a New York City hotel, on the day he sailed as a lecturer to universities of India, Harold Ehrensperger said good-bye to *Conscience on Stage*. It was not a comforting farewell. At that stage in the production of the book, he saw only what seemed like miles of streamers of paper—no pages, no chapters, no sections. And had the correction marks been perforated, a player piano would have blared forth with no less than Prokofiev's *Toccata, Opus 11*.

The day the book rolled out of the bindery—one black and silver book with a greenish jacket—it boarded a plane for Jubbulpore. No one can say for sure when it will reach its author, but when it does Harold Ehrensperger will know that his work with George Pierce Baker in the famous Howard 47 Workshop, his extensive study of theater on the Continent, his years of lecturing on drama at Northwestern and other universities, his heading of the Division of Plays and Pageants for the Methodist Episcopal Church, and his sponsorship of the National Society of Wesley Players throughout colleges in this country have culminated in a helpful book for all who love drama and want to use it with a purpose.

Campixilations

RICHARD SCHISLER

All for Poverty

A pre-journalism student at Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas, suffering under the bludgeonings of poverty, made a hasty decision Friday morning. He would pawn his trumpet. He turned into a shop on hock-house row, uptown, and was being paid off when the long arm of the law tapped him upon the shoulder. "That your horn, bud?" asked the policeman. "It is my trumpet," replied the student haughtily. "Well, one like that was stolen last night," growled the officer as only an officer can growl. "This one wasn't," said our scholar. "Prove it," asked the policeman as only a policeman can ask. With rare ingenuity, the student jerked the trumpet from its case and played a resounding solo for all the world to hear. The cats on lower Elm Street snapped their fingers to the rhythm of a

very good rendition of the *St. Louis Blues* as a very embarrassed cop walked down the street blushing as only a foiled cop can blush.

Applied Psychology at Last . . .

At Boston University, Prof. Arsenian told his psych class: "When holding hands, the hands finally become so used to certain pressure that no sensation is received, so the position should be changed often. . . ."

Her Side of the Story

I want a man that's handsome,
But as dumb as dumb can be.
Handsome so I'll love him,
Dumb, so he'll love me.
Slew Foot in the Methodist Student
Movement paper, SMU, Dallas, Texas.

His Side of the Story

He sat all alone in the corner,
Forsaken by women and men;
Mourning over and over,
"I'll never eat onions again."
From *The Methodist Student Crusader*,
University of Georgia, Athens.

Rumors Are Flying . . .

Then there is the rumor that the Los Angeles Transit Line is going to modernize its trolley system. The Los Angeles *Collegian* bewails the spice this will take out of college life. The old trolley line that serves the college has a set of conductors who are a breed apart. Their sense of humor is particularly delightful. The other morning, as the dingy, yellow chariot came to a stop at the college, the conductor clanged open the doors and sing-songed "Class dismissed." When someone asked him what he was teaching, he quipped back, "Meat packing, you know."

Revised Proverbs

A bird in the hand is worth \$2.75 providing it is an imported Spanish canary.
A rolling stone gathers no moss especially when it is rolling down a concrete highway.
A penny saved is six-tenths of a penny earned due to inflation.
All according to *The Campus*, Oklahoma City University.

A Senior's Prayer

Now I lay me down to sleep;
The lecture's dry, the subject's deep;
If he should quit before I wake,
Give me a poke for goodness sake.
From the *Centenary Conglomerate*,
Centenary College, Shreveport, La.

Happiness

Student Polls are nothing new at Dakota Wesleyan University, Mitchell, South Dakota, but when Carol Crouch was asked by *The Fresno Cosmian* reporter "When are you the happiest?" she certainly had the answer: "The happiest moments of my life," Carol gurgled, "take place on Saturday and Sunday mornings when 6:30 rolls around. I wake up, laugh heartily for three minutes, then turn over and go back to sleep."

Advertising class please note: A store recently had this card in a window display. "Our lingerie is the best in town, the smartest women wear nothing else." Tsk, Tsk.

Roses are red
Bare trees are sad.
This is the end
Boy, am I glad!



by permission Rand McNally & Co.

"Where ya wanna go, Joe?"

Citizen of Common Sense

MARION WEFER

LAST name, please?" "O'Reilly." I printed it hastily on the admission card thinking, "I'll bet anything she's the wife of a policeman, faith and begorra!" I was admitting patients, ordering diets and trying to make an economical yet sufficient list of surgical supplies. I confess I was thinking with the surface of my mind as I glanced at my blue eyed admission and pronounced mentally, "O'Reilly . . . Irish eyes are smiling . . . mustn't forget to call St. Patrick's Rectory if she's for operation tomorrow." Then I went on with my statistical questions to find that Mrs. O'Reilly was born in Hungary, married to a Belfast Irishman, and was a Protestant with the blood of Reformation martyrs in her veins!

The marrow and moral of this little tale, my readers, is to remind you to rein in a mind that jumps too nimbly to conclusions. More than that, do not permit your supple minds to get sloppy and accept stereotyped characterizations instead of attempting to understand. It is so easy to think in clichés. Irish = wit; Negro = laughter and laziness; Scotch = penny pinching; and, as the king of Siam was so fond of saying, "Etc., etc., etc." It is not sophisticated and I pray you, avoid it.

I remember a young Italian, the author of *Mount Allegro*, who was the victim of this type of thinking in his school days. His teacher insisted that, being an Italian, he was automatically an artist and his poor attempts in drawing class were called sheer willful stubbornness. As a matter of fact, he couldn't draw and didn't want to.

How well do I remember a dynamic teacher whom I heard gladly when I was taking a course in public health at Columbia University under the banner of the Red Cross. Her hair curled about her head like little tongues of flame and her personality matched its vibrant tendrils. She knew every angle of social case work in New York City and she snapped us out of superficiality, believe me! We had great faith as nurses, I am afraid, in salvation by nutrition. She made us go deeper.

"Don't just say, 'Bow-legs-eggs!'" she protested. We had to know why those legs were bowed and from whence the eggs were—or were not—to come. Also she wanted us to entertain constructive plans as to the prevention of future bow-legs.

WORDS have their stereotyped implications, too. If I write of a "man, or woman of the world," you have your own idea of what I mean. Fiction and Hollywood have supplied you with a suave picture, yet there are others. John Woolman tramping the English highways in his peculiar costume was an astute man of the world not to be fooled for a minute

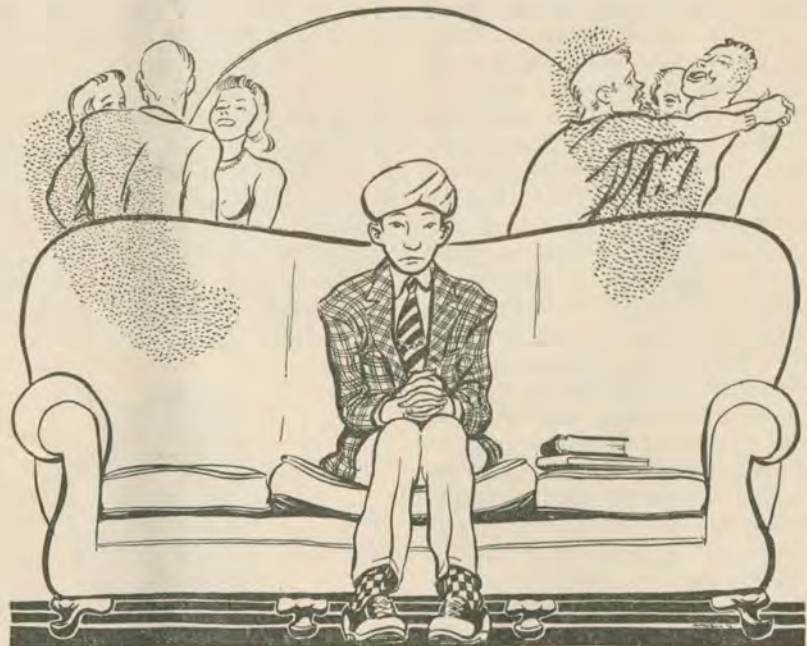
by sham and pretence. So was John Wesley whose parish was the world. Jane Addams of Hull House and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom was a woman of the world in the best and fullest sense of the phrase. She thought well and hopefully of you and she coveted for you what she called a "wider participation in life." "Flaming youth" (and how quaint the phrase sounds now) never alarmed her; it was the smouldering flame that genuinely troubled her. "Was the fire low," her nephew biographer writes of her pondering, "and was each one inclined to hug his own fire without consideration of whether his neighbor had coals or not?"

Because India is much on the minds of true world citizens today I want to bring you what is reported of Jane Addams' findings from Calcutta in the 1920's. "She had found young Hindus bewildered because 'no protest came from the student body of the United States against the Supreme Court decision that a Hindu might not become an American citizen. They thought our young people should be defending the basic doctrines upon which the new nations, including the United States, had been founded. They believed that the young throughout the world were united in upholding these doctrines,

and they could not understand indifference when this breach of principle had been made.'"

What went on on the campus at that time? What goes on now? Much had better be stirring and that right early if we are to be able to meet the eyes of our fellow world citizens squarely. Consider the report of us that goes back to India when a noted Hindu brain surgeon visiting the famous medical schools of Philadelphia finds himself denied a haircut in the Thirtieth Street station. That information I had on the word of a Methodist and I am bitterly ashamed. There you, and I, and all of us fell down!

So, up from the penitential dust to tackle our responsibilities as world citizens! But how? Here is the editor of *motive* speaking from India, and I know that you know that his words are true: "We must have a common feeling, a common sense (wonderful what that word really means when you think about it), and a common relationship to our source of power. There will always be the great souls who have an 'in' on this power, but these people will only be great permanently when they translate the way to this power so that all may share in it. Hence the greatness of Jesus."



What we need is more student exchange.

Take Note, Hollywood

MARGARET FRAKES

THE editor of *motive* took time out of his busy schedule in India to send us some observations on movies in that country, and to tell us about some of the native films he has had a chance to see. Great Britain is represented by some excellent films (*Caesar and Cleopatra*, for instance, was on the screens of Bombay when he was there). But as to American films, he writes: "They feature what are perhaps our most popular, but often our most unfortunate, productions." To illustrate, he enclosed an advertisement which appeared on the front page of Bombay's leading newspaper. It displays prominently a photograph of Lana Turner in those snow white shorts and bra she wore in *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. The advertisement makes the costume even more abbreviated than it is in the film. She is shown dropping a cloak from her shoulders, looking questioningly at John Garfield who sits by clad in his bathrobe. "Tense, tough, terrific," the advertisement proclaims the picture to be.

Making quite a stir in Bombay while the editor was there was a film, *Dharti Ki Lal*, produced by the Indian People's Theater Association, a communist group. Portraying the sufferings of the peasants of Bengal during the 1943 famine, the film, like all those sponsored by communists, is designed for propaganda purposes—to show the evils of capitalism and imperialism. *motive's* editor found it extremely interesting despite its propaganda. "There were many trick shots as if the photographer took a very real delight in showing off," he writes. "But some of those shots were startlingly good. These films have all the attention to detail of the Russian pictures, take time for effects and poses, have twice as much dialogue as our films, yet work in a good many effects that remind you for all the world of Hollywood. If you can imagine a combination of Russian and Hollywood techniques you will have a fairly good idea of what these pictures are like."

Communist press notices on *Dharti Ki Lal*, like communist criticism on communist films the world over, of course hail the film as a ninety-day-wonder and art masterpiece. But what is most significant among all the comment on the film is the reaction of an apparently neutral observer who compares the motive of the film with that of the Hollywood product. An Indian film critic says, "The picture marks a revolutionary development in the

methods of utilizing filmcraft as a medium of art." "It completely belies the current conception that box office governs cinema production and that producers must pander to fans' tastes. A kiss, a hug, glimpses of legs, suggestive dances and vulgar songs are supposed to be the indispensable requirements for making a popular picture. All these stupid ideas are exposed as Hollywood's misconception of the cinematic art. [Films] . . . are bound to find appreciation if they reflect the dominant urge of the social mind."

It would seem that those who would like to see our American films approach in their content the excellence of their technical qualities have found an ally in this unidentified Indian critic. Maybe, someday, Hollywood will become sensitive enough to listen.

Meanwhile, on a visit to New York, a native Indian film producer told interviewers that the new national government in India is expected to have a highly favorable effect on the steadily growing native film industry; V. Shantaram had come to this country to discuss having one of his own films, the ten-reel *Song of Buddha*, released in the United States. Great Britain's political censorship, he reported, had prevented Indians from making any picture with a pro-nationalistic theme. The new government will change all that, and it is predicted that films with current themes close to the heart of a fervent, growing India will meet with hearty approval on the part of audiences. Indian producers turn out about one hundred and fifty films a year—second in volume only to the United States. They are distributed to all Eastern nations where Hindustani is spoken. American and British films shown in India play with their original English soundtracks, with no dubbing or superimposing of titles as is done with foreign films shown here.



Song of the South is a Disney that makes use of real people as a background for its cartoon-telling of the Uncle Remus stories. Negro organizations and various liberal groups are protesting that it is just another example of the misuse of the concept of the Negro as a comic buffoon, and that it perpetuates all the old Negro stereotypes; on the other hand, Atlanta staged a spectacular parade for the preview and called it the greatest picture since *Gone With the Wind*. Depends on your viewpoint. It does seem to us that something of the old charm has gone out of recent issues from the Disney cartoon factory, and the new film is no exception.

Thrill of Brazil is just another distortion of the manners and pastimes of our neighbor to the south, very gaudy and very much forced in its gaiety.

Gallant Journey tells a sincere, honest story of a man who has been neglected in the story of aviation—John J. Montgomery who, it appears, made the first successful glider flight in this country. Its action is pedestrian, but it has some beautiful scenic shots and it deserves an "A" for good intent.

Deception is another Bette Davis tear-jerker, and no matter how hard it tries to arouse our sympathy for her, the heroine is still a heel. . . .

Blue Skies is a very silly story but has a lot of fine Irving Berlin tunes and ingratiating performances by Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire.

Brief Encounter is a refreshing bit of English realism; its people look and act like real people; its emotions are universal; its settings are like real streets and rooms and railway stations; it has a fine score by the London Symphony orchestra. In other words, this is a film to prove that "Hollywood phoniness" really is by showing what it isn't!

The Dark Mirror is a suspenseful melodrama, presenting (for a change) a police lieutenant who can see farther than his own nose. This is a Lew Ayres "come-back" film.

Toscanini in "The Hymn to the Nations" is a musical documentary which is exciting for its score and for the magnificent portrayal of human emotions it provides in its close-ups of the great conductor. This film was made for distribution two years ago by newly-freed Italy. It also features Jan Peerce and the Westminster choir.

The Turning Point, Soviet film of the siege of Leningrad, is a superb war film, featuring the strategy that lay behind the Russian victory and actual shots of the fighting. . . . Unless you are hopelessly devoted to melodrama, we wouldn't suggest that you see *Nocturne* or *The Big Sleep*. And as an all-time low, there is *Dick Tracy vs. Cueball*.

WHEN you see the front of a store adorned with "Ye Olde Booke Shoppe," in Old English letters, and read the neat little sign "Come in and browse," you may—if you're like me—suddenly feel like a cow about to enter a new hunk of pasture. But I've long since fallen for the "browsing" trap, and usually will enter the store, planning to spend half an hour in leafing through the stock for free.

One step inside the door I am cordially and quickly greeted by a burly clerk who says: "What may I show you?" When I humbly suggest that I'm a nice guy who can read and wants to accept the invitation to "browse," an FBI look comes over the clerk's face. He gestures to the display with a devil-may-care attitude and as I begin to glance furtively at a title or two, the clerk tramps along at my heels suggesting that perhaps he could guide me in my choice of books if I'd only give him a little hint.

"Didn't plan to make any choices," I mutter. "Just came in to browse awhile." Unconvinced, the clerk hands me half a dozen of the recent best-sellers and says "I'm sure you'd like one of these." When I say no thank you, he presses on: "Perhaps this one. Banned in Boston, you know." He winks, but I don't wink back. (Never have learned how.)

When I start to reach for a newly minted copy of some expensive tome, he becomes firm, and suggests that to avoid soiling the books would I please look at the copy on the rental shelf. "It's only three cents a day, you know." This kind of treatment usually shoves me into the financially unsound position of having to buy at least one book in order to leave without the indignity of being stripped and searched. If this has happened to you, join me in the boycott of all Old English and browsing book stores. A concerted browsers-strike will bring them to their knees in short order.

ONE other item on this month's hate parade is the colorful advertising telling me about the formation of a new and different book club just for me. I won't try to be accurate, but there are half a dozen new ones each week. The Man's Book Club, the I've Found a Good Book Club, the Very Religious Book Club, and the No Writing, Just Pictures Book Club are all ganging up to force me into a little money-making venture of my own entitled "The This Book Is Not a Member of Any Club Club." Buying one copy entitles you to keep it, without further obligation of course.

An interesting condition exists in the various media of public entertainment and enlightenment. You and I who consider ourselves, sometimes presumptuously, the "saving remnant" are able to read

The High Cost of Browsing

DON A. BUNDY

books of high quality precisely because our tastes are not the majority opinion. This simple paradox comes about like this: So many good things lose money, it is claimed, that publishers are forced to appeal to mass audiences to pay for the relatively unpopular "quality" books. So, whether you like it or not, *Forever Amber's* fans may be permitting you to buy that next "little known, but excellent" book. Whether this is completely true, I don't know, but right now it seems as if enough mass-appeal books have appeared to warrant the free distribution of the "one hundred best books" to everyone who's graduated from high school.

Want to save one-seventy-five on a good book? Winston is publishing a two dollar edition of *Toward a Better World*, and it's a splendid analysis by a number of top-flight writers from Mrs. Roosevelt to the Bishop of Washington. By some kind decision the same material is available as a Penguin Special, *Christianity Takes a Stand*, for twenty-five cents, and you ought to get it and read it soon. Penguins, the paper-backed low-cost books, which sold well to Americans in England, have brothers and sisters produced by a company in this country. The firm is nuts about birds—they also turn out Pelicans, non-fiction books of good quality in the same price range. We'd like to support these and other pocket-sized and pocket-priced books because the prices are rising fast on all the regular editions, and students and ministers will be out of the reading unless the quarter books keep coming.

After taking the bread right out of the mouths of the Winston people, it is only right for me to be able to recommend highly one of their jobs at \$2.50. It's Dr. Goodspeed's *How to Read the Bible*, an excellent volume by a man who knows his stuff. (He's done his own N.T. translation and assisted on the recently published Revised Standard Version of the

New Testament.) It's a sound book which cannot be summarized by saying "The Bible is the greatest poetry of the ages." Dr. Goodspeed is interested in intelligent reading of the whole library in which many people are surprised to find so many familiar quotations.

THE *Herald Tribune* forum in October did a nice job of featuring books around the theme "The struggle for justice as a world force," and their listing of books seems appropriate for one who wants to cultivate the elusive "world mind" which is so scarce today. Here are just a few from different headings.

1. United Nations
United Nations, L. Dolivet, \$1.75. *Anatomy of Peace*, Emery Reves, paper edition \$1.
 2. Displaced persons
They Shall Inherit the Earth, Otto Zoff, \$3. *Thieves in the Night*, Koestler, \$2.75. *The Rape of Palestine*, Ziff, \$1.
 3. Atomic power
Hiroshima, Hersey, \$1.75. *Dawn Over Zero*, Laurence, \$3. *Manifesto for the Atomic Age*, Jordan, \$1.50.
 4. Pioneering for human rights
Color Blind, Halsey, \$2.50. (With humor.) *Color and Conscience*, Gallagher, \$2.50. *Southern Exposure*, Kennedy, \$3. *Brothers Under the Skin*, McWilliams, \$3.
 5. World government
Great Dilemma of World Organization, Rider, \$1.50. *Guide to the Peace*, Welles, \$1.98. *It's Up to Us: Federal Government in Our Time*, Wofford, \$2.
 6. Changes in concepts of political justice
Justice and World Society, Stapleton, \$2. *From the Shore Dimly Seen*, Arnall, \$3. *Brandeis*, Mason, \$5.
 7. Submerged nations
Toward Freedom, Nehru, \$4. *African Journey*, Robeson, \$3.50. *The Jewish Problem in the Modern World*, Parkes, \$1.25.
- Included in this list are "books of related interest" some of which might well have been included under the main headings. E. B. White's *The Wild Flag*, \$2, is good thinking from the *New Yorker's* stand on world government. Two others are *Where Are We Heading*, Welles, \$3, and *TVA—Democracy on the March*, Lilienthal, \$2.50.

BUY IT!

Christianity Takes a Stand, edited by Bishop William Scarlett. A Penguin special, two bits.



Marriage, Love, 'n Stuff Like That There

KATHARINE WHITESIDE TAYLOR

What age difference should exist between a couple in order that they might live together harmoniously?

In considering such a question, there is likely to be too much emphasis upon chronological age. The important thing to remember is that the couple must be of the same level of emotional and mental maturity, and that they have similar ideals, interests, and purposes in life. Since often there is a considerable difference in the mental and emotional maturity of people of the same chronological age, it is evident that mere years are not important in comparison to the essence of the two personalities involved.

The typical pattern in our culture is for the man to be from one to five years older than his wife; this often increases up to seven or ten. This pattern has grown from two factors. Perhaps the more important factor is that a man is supposed to be economically competent before he asks a girl to marry him; this usually takes several years after he starts his professional career. Since he is supposed to be "head of the family," it has naturally been easier for him to achieve this status with a woman who is younger than he. Also in our culture, the making of physical beauty the most desired characteristic of a woman, increases this emphasis upon the physical aspects of marriage. There is also the physiological discrepancy in rate of development during the teens. From fourteen to about twenty, girls may be from one-half to two and one-half years older than boys of the same chronological age. This difference is made up for by the time both enter their twenties, and from then on there is no essential difference. The factor of chronological age would, therefore, seem to have been unduly exaggerated. Indeed, studies have indicated that genuine happiness frequently results where the girl is two to five years older than the man and vice versa.

The less secure a man is, the more he is likely to feel the need of a woman who is less developed than he is; her being dependent upon him will bolster his ego.

With the increasing number of young women working while their husbands finish college, we may expect a shift toward a more democratic relationship between men and women. This true equality should enhance rather than interfere with the real values of marriage. The concept that marriage partners should be equal in their state of mental and emotional maturity does not mean that they should be identical. Very rich relationships can grow when each has his own separate interests in addition to those they hold in common. Marriage means harmonizing into a new unit two *different* personalities; this does not mean two which are exactly alike, nor does this emphasis upon the essential equality of men and women mean that we should soft-pedal the basic differences between the sexes. These very differences tend to increase the richness of the relationship. But, difference does not mean that either sex is inferior. For their greatest happiness, young men and women should do all possible to attain their own fullest maturity and then seek a mate who is equally mature, regardless of the chronological age.

Are the chances for happiness in marriage less if one of the partners is a college graduate and the other is not?

Dr. Joseph Folsom, of the sociology department at Vassar College, has found that men tend to marry girls with less education than themselves. This fact indicates again that many men seek to establish male dominance in marriage by such differences. It is unfortunate, for it cannot lead to the fullest development of either partner. Again, the best plan is for each to seek his own fullest development and to contribute the best he has in a mature relationship where neither needs to dominate or be dominated in order to feel secure.

It should be emphasized that actual mental maturity of the individual is much more important than formal education. It is the basic reality and not the outward signs of education, that is important. On the other hand, there is almost

inevitably a widening and deepening of one's understanding of and orientation to one's universe through exposure to the riches of college education. It has been this writer's observation that no matter how brilliant a person may be (with the possible exception of real genius in the arts and sciences), if he has not attended college there are likely to be serious lacks in his capacity to think things through and in his store of knowledge; this seems to be true in his comparison with those who have mastered the disciplines involved in acquiring a college education. This does not mean that colleges give everything that we wish they might. There should be a very real increase in the humanization of knowledge and its application to life situations—for example, colleges should give more courses in preparation for marriage and parenthood. But other things being equal, the one who has not had a college education may feel inferior, this may result in serious conflict. In such a case, the one who has the better education needs to be particularly mature in avoiding showing up any lacks in the partner; he must also be alert in building security in the partner by appreciating the fine qualities that are there.

What will be the outcome and end result of the present-day methods of courting? This includes the younger groups in their early teens, as well as older youth.

To the degree that present-day methods of courting are based upon genuine honesty, sincerity of feeling, respect on the part of each for the personal worth of the other, and sensitivity to his real needs and feelings, the results will be good. To the degree that their primary concern is for physical thrills, with lack of respect for one another as persons, and a brushing aside of the important value of genuine love, there will be a very real danger of injury to the emotional growth of the person concerned—even a case of permanently arrested development. This applies particularly to those who do the exploiting, thinking of the partner as a source of thrills, popularity, and prestige, rather than as a person as important as himself. The heartbreak involved in being hurt and being treated with lack of respect by one whom one has trusted, is severe but may be used as a spur for further growth and deepened understanding of the importance of sincerity and honesty as a character trait. But those who take favors selfishly without giving anything real in return may remain permanently at a childish state of development and never taste true marriage between real adults. Those interested in a further discussion of this question should write *motive* for reprints of "This Thing Called Love," by this writer.

Is the Virgin Birth necessary to a belief in the divinity of Christ?

The other evening I attended a piano concert. After the concert I talked to a professional musician. He told me in technical terms why he appreciated a selection from Beethoven; his arguments appealed to me as supporting my inner experience of being lifted by the Beethoven classic. Beethoven had strengthened me within, and I left the concert hall a better, more courageous person; the music had spoken to my *inner experience*; my musician friend had told me through *external arguments* why Beethoven was beautiful, yet I had enjoyed Beethoven before I knew his technical evaluations. In similar fashion do I think about religion and the import of your question concerning the Virgin Birth.

Religion as a psychological experience should save us within; it should inspire us, encourage us, lift us to great heights of moral adventure as our spirits find their relation to the energetic, redemptive spirit of God. If religion defends us from within, we have less worry about defending the greatness of religion through arguments and doctrines. I place the Virgin Birth as an argument of the first century to defend the greatness of Jesus and his religion. Paul, Mark, and "John" did not argue about Jesus' divinity by giving an account of Jesus' birth. Paul saw Jesus' greatness as the cosmic Christ, by centering his attention on the cross and resurrection; Mark described Jesus' unique companionship with God as starting at the baptism; "John" discerned Jesus as the Divine Logos who co-existed with God before the world was created.

The Virgin Birth—which only "Matthew" and Luke report—grew out of the following type of theological query: "If through Adam sin entered the human race, and if all humanity is biologically related to Adam, how could Jesus be normally born and yet be sinless?" In answer to this question, one type of first-century theology felt that by eliminating Jesus' earthly father, Joseph, and having Mary, the mother, conceived by the Holy Spirit, Jesus' sinlessness was removed. In the thirteenth century, after theologians realized that sin could be inherited through the mother as well as the father (if the Adam and Eve story were taken literally), the Roman Catholic Church developed the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; this theory stated that a miracle took place at Mary's birth, so that original sin was removed from her. Hence all question about the fact of sin at Jesus' birth was theologially eliminated.

Whether you feel the necessity of believing in the Virgin Birth to establish Jesus' divinity depends on your critical evaluation. With Paul, Mark, and "John,"

Don't Kid Me, I Want the Truth Department

THOMAS S. KEPLER

I see it as unnecessary. I evaluate the Virgin Birth theory as a *doctrine* which arose out of the theological atmosphere of the first century; whether one today still finds value in this doctrine is a personal problem. Jesus' "divinity" is proved for me when I follow his psychological, ethical, and theological appreciations of living—since these three types of Jesus' insights bring me closer to God. I appreciate Jesus as the *way*, the *truth*, and the *life*. Your life and mine are *both human and divine*; and I feel that Jesus has shown us how we can bring God's spirit (divinity) most fully within these human receptacles. If we can "practice the presence of God," as did Jesus, we have the best argument for proving his divinity.

Personally, just as I did not need technical arguments to prove why Beethoven is beautiful, I do not need the argument of the Virgin Birth to support my inner appreciation of Jesus' greatness. To live his insights is the highest proof of his grandeur!

In Christianity should the emphasis be on personal salvation or on social action?

I agree with Harry F. Ward that our American society is ill for two reasons: (1) We live in an acquisitive civilization in which material things seem paramount. (2) We live in an unplanned society. However, I am sure that if religion is to become *only* a system of social ethics or political theory, we shall never remedy our society by a "Christian" plan. Part of the difficulty with scientific humanists and those who preach *only* the social gospel is that they have been emphasizing the building of the Kingdom through ethical rules and scientific methods. Unless there is a religious drive behind the use of such panaceas, they are greatly confused with the way Christianity would make the world the Kingdom of God.

Christianity is neither a way of personal salvation nor a way of social action. It begins, however, with personal salvation, and ends with the saved individual acting in the social scene. The apocalypticist is

wrong in feeling that Christianity has saved him, as an individual for the world-to-come, when Jesus returns on a judgment day—and hence he sees no reason for improving the social order. The Trappist monk is incorrect in feeling that a personal life of silence and simplicity, away from the world, is the means for receiving the Kingdom. Regarding these two examples of personal salvation, I feel that Jesus would be very much embarrassed, if he were to come back to this planet and find people believing these selfish ways of salvation are his religious teachings.

The way of salvation in Christianity is personal-social. If man finds his proper relationship to God so that his spirit becomes a vehicle through which God's spirit can function, his spirit is energized by God's redemptive love (*agape*) which drives him out to treat his fellowmen with redemptive love. The test of his personal salvation is found in the way he lives in social action. If a person has the courage and consecration to "practice the presence of God," the only outcome can be a plan of social action in which he treats his less fortunate fellowmen with the same redemptive love God has shown toward him.

Our civilization is not to be saved by tired radicals; rather it is to be salvaged by men and women whose lives are radiated and filled with God's tremendous spirit of energetic, redemptive love. A life so filled with God's spirit can never find release until its spirit goes out with utter abandon and unselfishness to improve the social scene.

TEMPTATIONS

Pride, envy, anger, sloth, avarice, gluttony, and sensuality were the classic temptations of the Middle Ages. Because our lives today are more subtle, our temptations more complex and difficult, Canon F. L. Donaldson, of Westminster Abbey, has made a list of seven temptations of modern people:

1. Policies without principles.
2. Wealth without work.
3. Pleasures without conscience.
4. Knowledge without character.
5. Industry without morality.
6. Science without humanity.
7. Worship without sacrifice.

Passionate for Purity

ROBERT HAMILL

DEAR EDITOR:

You keep smuggling into your columns fragments of an idea: the notion that Christian students ought to be a militant minority. Then, come April, you will pile up—that is a scientific term now, you know; funny how Oppenheimer transmuted slang into science—as I was saying, you will pile up those particles of ideas; they will fission in the layers of *motive*, and you will atomize us out of the cheery springtime. My FBI suspicions warn me to alert your public against you. When you play fast and loose with such an idea, it's dangerous.

You suggest that committed Christians will always be the small fraction, the leaven that leaveneth, the true-faithful-and-devoted band of disciples. Furthermore, you suggest they ought to play the role of reformers. The world despises its radicals *today*, follows them tomorrow, and puts them into stained glass windows next week. Honest-to-gosh-Christians must stay small—be the public conscience, the sharp cutting edge, the salty antidote to the sweet sickness of our time. They may get run over, get their toes stepped on, their feelings hurt; they may suffer unbearably. They should sing for their pains, for in that way they join the ranks of the prophets. This saving remnant = the suffering servant of our time = the modern Messiah seems to be your idea, as I piece it together from what you sneak into your month-to-month scandal sheet.

Now that's very subtle. About as innocent as the *Daily Worker*. To begin with, your passion for purity among the few, sabotages the great missionary zeal of the church. How can the pastors convert the multitudes when you preach, "Stay small"! How can a Wesley Foundation invite all the campus to a program on "The Revolutionary Task of the Christian," when the W. F. cabinet honestly thinks that only the consecrated few, those with the calloused hands and the kind hearts, are fit for the tasks of reconstruction? You can't appeal to the masses with a message aimed at the elite. Lenin once said, "You cannot promote a revolution by giving it a spare evening once a week." Now you tell the modern campus, You can't promote a Christian society by giving it your Sunday at five P.M. Do you expect students to quit classes just to push the Foundation program? A religious group will never grow on that stiff stuff. You deflate the whole expanding Christian youth movement of America when you talk about a minority movement.

Furthermore, Editor, the Crusade year of evangelism has upped the Methodists by a million souls and bodies; now you shamefully retreat and say it ought to

prune away its dead wood and live as a committed minority. You were born thirty years too late. Methodism moves toward the mass conversion of America. Get out of the way, you blockade.

Another thing. You want to develop a small devoted spearhead with the highest standards possible. You want none with hesitant feet or inferiority complexes. No skeptics, I take it, only the brave and the sure. None with racial hatreds, only those willing to take Negro roommates and eat Kosher meals. You would frown on economic privileges, but share the shacks of the unemployed.

Deliver me from a man who knows he's a good Christian! Hell hath no fury like a Christian convinced. The modern Greeks in all their fraternal and sororal glory never surpass one of these pretty Christians, pure and unspotted from the world. Your minority, so nice and neat with their know-how of righteous reform! They hold corner on their corner of heaven.

Not long ago I was reading *The Screwtape Letters*, and I came across a suspicious passage. It makes me suspicious of you, I mean. I suspect you of plagiarism. Screwtape, right hand man to the Devil, is advising his nephew Wormwood, an earthly demon, how to lead Christians into the way of the Devil, and finally to hell. He tells Wormwood to band them together into a minority movement, like yours. Now, Editor, I hesitate to expose you. Suppose you grease my palm with some do-re-me, and drop out this paragraph before printing. But in case you have no principles, or no fears, or no cash, I will go on with the exposure. Screwtape says,

"Any small coterie, bound together by some interest which other men dislike or ignore, tends to develop inside itself a hothouse of mutual admiration, and toward the outside world, a great deal of pride. . . . Even when the little group exists originally for the Enemy's (that is, God's) own purpose, this remains true. We want the Church to be small not only that fewer men may know the Enemy, but also that those who do know Him may acquire the self-righteousness of a secret society or clique."

Now your baby face begins to wear the Devil's countenance. You espouse his doctrines unabashed. In defense of students you would corrupt, I must expose you.

Also for the Devil's sake, lest you give away all his secrets.

Under cover of religious palaver—"saving remnant . . . suffering servant . . ." *et cetera ad nauseam*—you have tried all year to create a minority Christian movement on the campus, "a small coterie, bound together by some interest which other men dislike or ignore," and it does precisely what Screwtape says: develops among Christians a hothouse of mutual bouquets and a great deal of pride toward the outside world. You join the Devil in his passion for a small church, so that fewer may know God, and those who do may strangle on their pride.

Of course you will deny all this. Your readers will not be so naive. In your private letter to me—and in case of libel, I hold the original—you tell that in this February issue you will talk about world-mindedness, world government, UN, etc. Then you say,

"We will talk about the role of the saving remnant (who supposedly has the world mind), the role they must play on the campus, in the nation and in the world community. . . . A counterpart of world-mindedness is the eradication of all narrowness, provincialism, bigotry, smugness, and satisfaction derived from our own circles."

A neat and nasty bit of contradiction, Sir. I call it mugwumpism. You want a world mind, but also a saving remnant. A broad fellowship and a tightknit minority. You want it big, you want it little. You want the minority to usher in the world order. But notice: the saving remnant has to be narrow, bigoted, smug and satisfied with itself, to keep up its morale in a hostile world; it thrives on the very virtues which are fatal to the world mind. The better it is as a minority, the worse it is as a world builder. On the other hand, the world mind must be tolerant, humble, tough-skinned and patient—virtues which drain the sap out of any spirited minority.

Take one or the other, brother, but you cannot have both pie and cake. Your campaign for a minority movement is not only ruinous to the Christian cause, but contradictory to your dream for world order. Great men are permitted inconsistencies, but frankly, you don't qualify. Consistency, 'tis said, is the bugbear of small minds. I plead guilty.

SKEPTIC

CONTRIBUTORS

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- Robert Hodgell, whose drawing appears on page 27, is an instructor and student at the University of Wisconsin.
- We are indebted to the *Centenary Conglomerate* for the parody on page 2.

I RETURN WITH NEW APPRECIATION

(Continued from page 23)

b. An open mind. My definition of a liberal (that much debated subject!) is fast becoming—a well informed person who believes in social change—and has an open mind! This quality is beginning to be lacking in young as well as older people.

c. A *rational*, and not an emotional defense of democracy. I have returned with a firm conviction of the validity of the democratic processes. Yet I am daily discouraged by the number of people who fervently bleat a few outworn, emotionally tinged clichés, and then feel they have rendered a firm tribute to democracy. As a method, democracy is unexcelled. It is exactly the thing which many parts of the world are desperately in need of. We can render a service to humanity by a more complete development of it within our own nation. Yet until we quit fooling ourselves, and realize its weak points as well as its good ones, we stand in danger of awakening some day to the realization that we have only phrases and no framework.

d. Need of individual thought and responsibility. This occurred to me after meeting several Germans. We hold the Germans individually responsible for the crimes of their nation. We say—if you participated in the official life of your nation, then you, as a citizen, are responsible for its actions. Yet what about ourselves? Are we not, too, individually responsible for *our* nation? If food is not

sent to starving people, who is to blame? If the United Nations does not succeed, who is to blame? If peace fails, who is to blame? This need, for individuals to think and to be responsible, is one of the outstanding needs of today.

4. I think one of the most heartbreaking facts has been the gradual realization of the lack of interest and of knowledge of the people here at home. There are so few who really *care*. Many have been courteous and asked me how I enjoyed my trip, but few have cared enough to ask what the situation was really like. I think I can count on one hand the number of students and faculty members who have asked questions which indicated any understanding or comprehension of the important issues of today. People don't know, they don't care that they don't know, and they have no intention of finding out. Perhaps this is just the impatience of being young—or perhaps it is learning one of the great facts of life. But to find on a college campus, in an important moment of the world's history, so few who know or are interested in what's going on, has been the saddest things to face.

LETTERS

SIRS:

To quote the article "War With Russia," written by Howard Wilkinson, which appears in the November 1946 issue of *motive* [page 39], "Let us speak plainly."

From reading the above mentioned article, the impression which I received was that the author and the editors of *motive* have decided the imperialism policies of the Big Three.

I hold that war in its inception is wrong, not from any high moral standpoint, but because war is foolish, wasteful and destructive of both man and material goods. It is as out of date as feuding.

But, on the other hand, have you gentlemen taken notice of the foreign policy which the Soviet Union has followed since VJ Day? If you had, perhaps you would have noticed the Soviet aggression in:

1. Poland, where the government is supported by Soviet bayonets.
2. Yugoslavia, where Soviet sponsored Marshal Tito has established a military dictatorship.
3. Finland, which is being forced to pay for the war it lost to the Soviet Union.
4. Iran, where Soviet aggression, disguised as protection of minorities, has been outspokenly demanding.
5. The increased communist attacks upon the free institutions of the Western nations.

After considering the above points with care, take also into consideration that this is a greater struggle than that of empire versus empire. It is the continued struggle for the freedoms of religion, speech, political and economic theories, and the hope that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Let us not be foolish enough again to believe that "peace in our time" is sufficient.

Know that our wartime ally does not consider that a nation's honor is worth more than its gold, an individual's freedom or life counts in the scheme of God's world, or that our civilization, imperfect as it is, still produces genius and the highest standard of living the world has yet seen.

JOHN E. KIRBY

SIRS:

The "art" on page 17 of your December number is O.K. because it is apparently necessary to make people vomit before they realize that others are hungry.

D.A.B.

Note: Following is an excerpt from a letter by Professor John Wallen, Black Mountain College; he speaks of his article about a new kind of college which appeared in November *motive*, page 17.

... You might be interested in one repercussion of the article here. A group of students have spontaneously formed and are undertaking a study of the practicality and the problems involved in forming such an educational community. We are hoping to ask for faculty approval to develop a plan for such an undertaking. The curriculum would aim at giving us a thorough background in the various problems involved developing many of the requisite skills, and leading to decisions and concrete plans for the formation of the community. Of course, after about a year's study, the plan may not go through, but the intention now is certainly to make it work. It is interesting to me that the group of students who have been the most concerned is composed of a variety of interests—some in art, architecture, writing and construction and building. They are all quite realistic and practical. And there isn't a single one whose interest stems from a fear that he couldn't make his own way in the city following the usual vocational pattern. Instead they all sincerely desire to create something better—a condition of life that allows for fuller realization of individual potentialities in the service of a larger objective.

JOHN WALLEN

Black Mountain, N. C.

DEAR IKLEBERGERLUSHBOV:

"I am a lonely, unmarried young man. I like poetry, horses, and chess, and am not too bad looking. If you are a congenial, unmarried young lady of like interests, won't you write to me?" If you want to get a correspondent of this variety, see the *Saturday Review of Literature*; it lists them (with boxes) by the dozens. If you still like to write and get letters but are not of the so-lonely-and-weeping-in-my-beer class, listen to this report of a student: "I can truthfully say that my correspondence with a Dutch boy has proved to be the most interesting thing I have ever done. The exchange of ideas has been invaluable to me." This girl, like two thousand other students of the United States, got her student correspondent by participating in a scheme worked out by the World Student Service Fund. If you are interested in having a similar correspondence experience, write for an application blank (all free) to your most convenient WSSF regional office: New England—Mrs. Ralph C. Williams, Amherst, Mass.; New York and Middle Atlantic—Miss Anne Wiggin, 20 West 40th Street, New York 18, N. Y.; Southeast—Miss Judith Austin, 63 Auburn Avenue, Atlanta 3, Ga.; Rocky Mountain and Southwest—705 Chestnut Street, St. Louis 1, Mo.; and Pacific Northwest—Mrs. Margaret Norton, 831 W. 6th Avenue, Portland 4, Oreg.