

MOTIVES

AS Proudhon said, every problem is a religious problem. This is a statement of nonsense to the economist, a superstition to the political scientist, and the chemist will not even bother to scoff.

It is because we understand neither the nature of our world nor the condition of ourselves that we jeer at religion as a mixture of mythological superstitions. Our voices are catcalls because we fail to grasp that myths may be more true than the facts which are the contemporary superstitions. The unfortunate spiritual climate of our time cannot decipher the religious mystery, and, failing to make facts out of myths, takes recourse in derision.

We cannot make sense out of our economics, nor rhyme of our politics. We compile volumes of figures in the area of human relationships. (According to Drew Pearson, a question often asked by visitors at Lake Success who are hunting for Mrs. Roosevelt's committee room—Social, Humanitarian and Cultural Committee—"Is this the room where they hold human relations?") If committees had anything to do with adequate relationships on any level we would long since have been in Utopia. We need information. What we usually get when we ask for information are statistics, something quite different.

The information required is theological. Have done with the pestiferous professional indifference toward basic religious and ethical concepts. A responsible religious (theological) criticism may not do away with wars and usher in a day of peace and prosperity, but it will at least let us see ourselves as sinners. That would be a point.

The basic and final issues are at the level of locating the tensions between the secular mind and the religious judgment. They require that the religious not be perverted by a pious clothing of pagan beliefs in a Christian terminology.

It is required of us that we discipline ourselves in knowledge, in criticism, and in action. Then we might understand Ibsen's Brand and God's Son. . . . "The victory of victories is to love everything."

The others will call it unnatural!

Albert Stewart

Fear



Courtesy, University of California Press

E. B. Crichton

This Thing I Fear

What we do not understand, we fear.
Therefore when I fear, I seek understanding.

February 6th, 1951.

*Thirteen miles south of Indian Springs, Nevada.
5:45 A.M.*

The dawn was glowing in the east
A slow beautiful dawn.
The dark mountains showed crisply
Through the fresh morning air.
Afar—airplane beacons winked
And glowed in the slowly gathering dawn.

A bright light in the north caught my attention. The whole hemisphere of the sky in that direction was flooded and illuminated. Then the light died and a sharp, brilliant, white light was visible at the base. A bright balloon swelled and grew, turning from white to orange and then dull red. It surged slowly upward and formed a small doughnut-cloud—a livid venomous pink—purple—changing to a luminous lavender.

Then the white tower began to form;
It looked like the big question mark.

The earth shook;
The blast hit you and left you dumb.
Not too loud here, but the tremendous boom
Had an uneasy rumble to it.
It shook once again as though to let you know
It could do more!
A muttering in the earth. The mountains
To the west caught it up and rumbled.
It seemed to stomp on them

And be flung back.
The rumble moved southward, shaking the hills,
And the hills shouted.
It moved counterclockwise around the horizon,
Dying in the east.

• • •

The cloud has not yet grown into
A towering mass.
It hangs forlorn in an empty sky.

• • •

A lone plane headed east.

• • •

What does it all mean?

There are two sunrises this morning. (And he who misses that fact misses the significance of this day.) One slow and beautiful, giving light and heat to all the earth. The other is beautiful but shocking—like something that crawled out of the cellar—that livid living purple form was something alive!

The sun, all unconcerned,
Continues to rise in the east.

The cloud is headed this way. I'm leaving.
It looks as though it's dropping little bits of death.
A plane is flying directly under it;
Appears to be a drone.

That sound—
I've heard before;
It is the sound of Cain
Killing his brother Abel.

*The mountains to the west have now assumed form.
They are snow covered. The cloud—*

The wispy death is spreading now.
It will bring the news of this day's happenings
To the unhappy Slav in Moscow.

Still rises our star, the sun,
Quite unconcerned with these, man's triflings.

I got some pictures
Hope they turn out.

Meanwhile the pale messenger, not climbing upward,
Is spreading arms as if to say—See!

May 1951

I am not what you think I am.
Now the sun's rays have caught it and turned it red
Now pink, now yellow orange.
Even this—this deed of man
Is illuminated and made
Beautiful by the rising sun.
It's drifting faster now
And the pale death it sows will soon be here.

Cars are fleeing down the highway
Like startled rabbits.

A low dust cloud lies to the north of Indian Springs.

The white cloud still grows and writhes—
Medusa, wreathed with snakes.

The sun is not letting the challenge go unanswered.
The clouds in the east catch up the golden glow,
A burning ball much larger than the poisonous globe.
And now the sun . . .

It is not wonderful to us because we never look at it.

The filmy brown dust clouds
Like lacy death
Drift westward.
And white death sits overhead Las Vegas
And mocks the people at their breakfast coffee.

Must get out from under it though.
Don't like being under—THAT!

• • •

Now I have seen it, I no longer fear the bomb.
It is merely another instrument of killing.
I fear the rumbling.
The noise of man lifting
Up his hand against brother man.
I fear the spirit within us that invented the bomb,
Which is proud of our country for creating it,
Boasting of that accomplishment,
Curious only to see how it will be used.

Here is man's question to the world—
A burst of light, a shaking of the earth,
A muttering and a roar.
The hills give back the answer;
A rumbling, muttering roar from every side.
And the sun still rises in its
Appointed place and time.

WHAT if someone asked you: "Is it the aim of Communist Russia to revolutionize the earth? If so, how can it be dissuaded or outmaneuvered?"

These two sixty-four-dollar questions would reduce most of us to stuttering, at least to some degree. Does anyone have an adequate answer, particularly to the second question? One wonders. Yet, as one stops to think, there is a partial response—in fact a very important response, one which is an indispensable prerequisite to any final reply.

To define this response one has first to distinguish between a temporary and long-run policy toward Russia. What constitutes an immediately expedient program—diplomatically, economically, militarily—has to be ignored. But, given time to operate, the long-run policy has to be based on a clarified interpretation of life. Unless this is satisfactorily achieved, the justification for or even the successful employment of any temporary program would be weakened dangerously.

To put the matter in specific and common terms, the only way finally to beat Russia is to strengthen democracy. To be more specific and less common, the best way to strengthen democracy is by persistent pursuit of eternal values. Anything short of this may mean that one part of mankind or another part wins the next round in an everlasting and mutually destructive battle.

What real right do we have to prefer democracy anyway? We keep saying that the deepest difference between Russia and the United States is over belief in God. But do we really believe this? Do we know what we mean enough to believe? We may contend that this difference centers in the regard for the worth, freedom and security of the individual personality. But if we firmly believe that persons constitute the true end for action, why aren't we more considerate of each other? The vagueness of our belief and the discrepancy of our action are obvious.

The distressing uneasiness of our resultant position may be relieved by a determined renewal of the study of what makes life worth living. Only thus can we truly define and truly revere a democratic way of life. Only by examining the value possibilities in our existence can we justify concentrated concern for human living in a cosmic context.

The basic issue before us and the world today, therefore, can be phrased best in terms of values. Yet this insight rarely is granted its key position.

FIRST let us examine a significant correlation between the kind of values sought and their sharability. The lower, instrumental values are not sharable without loss. This applies to all material values. The higher, intrinsic values, such as truth and beauty and goodness, on the other hand, multiply in meaning through sharing. If you share the contents of your pocketbook with someone, you lose; if you share a sunset or a song, everybody gains. In short: the lower the value the more individual it is; the higher, the more universal.

There will always be conflict among men who do not see the material values as instrumental but consider them as ends in themselves. For the economic wants of man are "unlimited" if those are his only wants, and this would further insure a supply incommensurate with the demand. Conflict need not be continuous or at least major, however, if material well-being—even physical life itself—is correctly perceived to have worth in service

motive

**THE
BASIC ISSUE
BEFORE US**

to the great value ends which unleash spiritual life. For the earth has the potential ability to supply at least the minimum conditions which are indispensable for the good life.

What the world needs most today is a reasonable degree of maturity about the meaning of this good life, about the proper value perspective. Even if we grant that the provision of the basic needs of physical life is very pressing just now, we must clearly distinguish between things that are "first" in terms of chronological need and things that are first in terms of permanent significance. For putting only *first* things first will mean also putting second things second. That might have far-reaching consequences. Isn't personal rivalry usually rooted in an improper sense of values? Isn't much of the prejudice between groups economically based? Won't individual and group conflict remain aggravated just so long as material welfare is paramount? Wallowing in worldly good alienates us from others, gives substance to greed, hate and inhumanity, delays the feeding of the desperately hungry. Only value realignment can carry us over narrow loyalties.

Indeed only fundamental value alignment can produce broad and lasting loyalty. As Plato saw, a band of robbers has within it the seeds of its own destruction. Its unity is only momentary because it is based on elemental disunity; its very organization is projected to secure goods which, once gained, solicit disharmony. In direct contrast, there is a unity of aim, a cooperative communion, a growing solidarity among men of good will. For the values which they incarnate are cohesive. Emulation replaces envy.

A LACK of full commitment to the values which justify life makes us inconsistent as individuals and divides us from one another. A truer analysis of what's important could unite us, not divide us. This could happen even on a world-scale. For the long-run fight before us is not negatively to contain Russia but positively to contain values—to eliminate war by both increasing physical resources and decreasing their allure, before we get into a vicious circle in the opposite direction.

Yet the long-run issue does have relevance to the present tension between communism and democracy.

In part, to be sure, the real fight cuts right across national lines. Within communism such emphases as those upon the indispensability of abundant physical goods and the abolition of group exploitation are to be praised. Within our tradition fawning covetousness for social position, shallow wealth and brute power are to be deplored. We must recognize the dynamic challenge toward social reform and rejuvenation that lies in communism—the sheep in wolf's clothing—as well as the dangerous deference inherent in some brands of "Americanism"—the wolf in sheep's clothing.

But in basic theory communism is a wolf and democracy is a sheep because of a fundamental disagreement about the value of life. Communism conceives man to be

a dehumanized cog in a vast economic machine; democracy implies belief that unity of an ultimately cohesive kind can come only from a view of values scaled for the purpose of enriching man—all values become finally instrumental in the development of individual man.

Our thought of ourselves as sheep, therefore, must stem from a comparison of outlooks, not from a capacity for gullibility. Particularly must we not be deceived by ourselves. While we can start our progress from within the framework of preference for democracy, we must beware lest we slip gears by a return to mere self-righteous defense. Defense has a way of becoming static, which in turn has a way of becoming inadequate even as defense.

THE BEST defense is an offense and the best offense in the world today is an undistracted emphasis on the ultimate values which confer irrefutable significance upon life. If we are to cut the ground from under the need for further world wars, we must win some early skirmishes in clarifying and spotlighting the meaning of life. This perennially important question for the individual becomes pressing in these days in terms of group survival.

In the end this offense does not become "offensive" because its forward push is a congenial one. The sharing of only material goods has to be forced because it is illogical. The sharing of a good life (and even the material goods which contribute to it) does not have to be forced because its very nature is inclusive. The impetus to share comes from within the quality of high values, not from fear of the alternative. We must wage this long-run fight not simply to defeat Russia or even war. The immediate urgency, to be sure, may come from these. But in the final analysis these must be accomplished by their transcendence. Value-appropriation is an end in itself quite apart from its vital service to social redemption. To make truth and beauty and goodness tools is to deny their intrinsic nature. (They can be instrumental only in their service to individual personality.) Even commitment to democracy becomes part of a larger loyalty.

Our immediate task is to combat communism by delivering democracy from too narrow a faith. Violence need not thereby be done to democracy, for its very nature is to be flexible. Constant re-examination of established policies is indispensable. Democracy rests squarely on individual responsibility and responsibility is best defined in terms of seeking out jobs to be done, sometimes at the expense of changing the status quo. Responsibility, however, is in the end an empty term unless related to value creation. Freedom is not emptiness, but enterprise. Flexible responsibility is not meaningful unless one shares with others an ideal. Love does not consist of looking at each other but in gazing outward toward a common goal. Unless modern democracy exhibits that spirit it will crumble.

OUR leading forefathers didn't give their lives to establish a government of sheer flexibility. Rather, the rule of the majority was coveted because of trust in the innate capacity of men to acknowledge and appropriate eternal values. The founders of western democracy were escaping tyranny in its deepest sense—that exercised not by mere despots but by bigotry, jealousy and greed. We can cast our lot with democracy today just to the extent that we likewise disdain slavery to a value-vacuum and enhance our true heritage.

On what more substantial basis can we ask the peoples of the world to cast their lot with democracy? The constant assumption is that reasonable men will find democracy superior to totalitarianism. Isn't an internal authority thereby claimed for rational discovery of common values? Justice is seen to undergird and make valid a certain use of power; brotherhood in uncoerced allegiance to objective value judgments is solicited. Our hope and the world's hope lies in the free democratic system—free if its citizens are conscious of excellencies which lure them on.

One could quote a lot of scripture here—such as “man shall not live by bread alone . . . ;” “lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth . . . ;” “seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness . . . ;” “. . . he that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it,” etc. One could quote scripture appropriately because the heart of the democratic inspiration stems squarely from the heart of the Judeo-Christian inspiration. The democratic mind to begin with was not concerned nearly so much with economic and geographical relationships as it was with religious ones. The genius of western democracy centered in a cluster of concepts about the infinite worth of human personality in fellowship with God. This common body of spiritual beliefs rooted and nourished the vigorous democratic plant.

The terrifying question that thinkers pose today is this one: Is ours a “cut-flower” culture, irretrievably separated from its sustaining roots and hence doomed to wilt and die? To change the figure, are we living on “spiritual capital,” dangerously diminishing the fund of belief which has paid such rich dividends in practice?

WILL it help to insist again with Christian ethicists that men must love God rather than themselves? Perhaps, particularly if love of God is partially translated as preference for high values. For the average man a mere admonition to forsake pride and acknowledge dependence on God falls on deaf ears. It either has little meaning or sounds like a denial of attainment. The much more clarifying procedure is to point to the creative path of value-appropriation. Positive dependence on eternal values thus helps determine dependence on God. God is loved as fellow man is loved—for his connection with worthy ends, rather than to please an empty vanity. In fact, God has been defined in the Judeo-Christian tradition largely in connection with values, particularly moral ones. God has come to be regarded as a proper

end for man because in him man becomes devoted to eternal goodness for its own sake, quite apart from external reward or punishment. Individual worth and social solidarity are thereby offered to men.

If we really do believe that we differ from Russia because we respond to a loving God, what more direct evidence can we offer than by giving supreme allegiance to great sharable values? Love of God, neighbor and self are all of one piece when we put first things first.

By choosing low values we prefer a deplorably lesser side of ourselves and render ourselves unfit to aid others. Self-consideration isn't so bad if the self considered is worthy of respect. Loving our neighbor “as ourself” assumes that. But lesser selfhood is thereby immediately transcended. The right kind of expression, although self-expression, is not thought of as such. “Pride” becomes inappropriate to communion with others in the discovery of high values. Only by casting the mote of low choice out of our own eye are we in a clear position to help ourselves, or our neighbors. Shakespeare's words but not his insight may be altered by saying: If to thine own self one is not true, then it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not be true to any man.

A shallowly conceived contrast between selfish personal gain and service to others must be transcended. For a solitary and exhausting emphasis upon sacrifice for others may lead to mutual suicide as quickly as the grasp of individual greed. Only the quest for worth-while ends gives substance to “service,” ground to “gain,” and life to everyone. What a man stands for, what truth he exemplifies, what beauty he fathoms—these give him final genuineness and dignity in the eyes of his fellows. We get the cart ahead of the horse when we demand altruism before we display the values which help make sense out of love of neighbor.

If we could only see clearly that the taproot of evil lies in our wrong choice of values! Value-illiteracy keeps us from abandoning our own narrow self-concern in favor of genuine achievement. Value-illiteracy keeps us from replacing empty lip service about love of others with glad and full cooperation. Value-illiteracy all too often makes a mockery out of our professed devotion to God. Only by the pursuit of supreme values can we bridge the gap between what we do and what we somehow feel we ought to do. Only thus can we follow Jesus' two great commandments.

A PENETRATING value search, therefore, is the most direct approach to clear belief and clear action. That is not to say, to be sure, that belief and action are unimportant to values. The logical question of the metaphysical ground for values is certainly inescapable, as this whole article has assumed. The practical question of applying value truths to actual situations is likewise unavoidable. Theory without practice is indeed inexcusable.

But, one must still insist, both faith and works can best blossom from value analysis. Faith can get life; works

(Continued on page 27)

**LOUISE LOUIS:
LOST LAMB**

He moved as in an eddy—
a perpetual compulsion
to go contrary to the direction
his body took . . .
saying “yes” for “no.” “No” for “yes.”
Winning medals for accuracy
in the exercise kept him
a one-armed driver.

Always when he and the stars
got together—and katydids
drilled into his secret
and let the laughter off
(so the tears could get out)
he climbed up over the edge
of orthodoxy and sat
with God.

But then he was conspicuous
for opposing the eddy, and was
herded among those who
“do not understand.” Or maybe it was
“who do not dare . . .”



**DON GEIGER:
THE SPOILS**

Bertrand Russell said democracies
Must always win a war: some mystic gaze.
But though he is by trade philosopher,
He may be right. I think back several days,

When I was strolling where I'd not been asked
(Though not for sport—I had not asked to go);
But the plane I squired had picked this place to faint,
As though reluctant guest must bad host know.

The crisis joined me to the enemy
Awhile; he looked me over, casually;
In killer's etiquette, outprided me.
Though many more were fumbling knives like me,

He never thought we'd take his mirror and see
A well-trained sanguine lad, our enemy.

**HORACE E. HAMILTON:
FINAL FIX**

The ends of night, they say,
None will ever find,
For the dark of space is thin
For the passages of mind.

What star-lost void
Returns a cosmic ray
To lap along the marge
Of curved eternity?

On brink of cancelled time
Ever and no contend;
And the dead approach infinity
On loops that cannot end.

But thither, tiny Fate,
What horizon do you make?
Far-scanned on nothing's wake,
What fix, O Voyager, take?

At doors of never was,
In walls of couldn't be,
The light years of memory
Return in curvity.

Thi\$ Bu\$ine\$\$ of Ba\$ketball

It is too easy to blame the institution of college athletics for its warped sense of values, its striving for bigness and success, its cash nexus and disregard for the personality needs of the students involved, claims our associate editor, a teacher at Michigan State.

THE first frenzied soul searching over, basketball coaches are back beating the bushes for talent. The soul is hard to search, and the search less rewarding than an extended boy who can shoot with either hand.

Pious college administrators have gone back to their first worry—how to pay for the stadium and field house, the draft board threatening the supply of raw material and television the market.

The soul searching is forgotten—the soul, like the appendix, better ignored unless it bursts with corruption. The soul of college athletics remains unchanged, somewhat rotten under its fatty tissue of gate receipts, hiding behind the all-American face of sportsmanship and manly combat.

Bribery of basketball players in Madison Square Garden is not caused by failure of the American home, or caused by the Devil in the guise of gamblers. Bribery in the Garden is the apple of original sin of an institution without a soul, a symbol of corrupted values.

WHAT are these values which have been corrupted? Play, games, sports are, at their best, means of socialization. Piaget, the student of child development, has shown us the change brought about by play in the social growth of a child, from the self-centered, isolated games of infancy to the socially integrated sports of man, the “social animal.”

George Mead, the sociologist, describes this process as the development of the “generalized other,” of a social personality which is dependent

on the expectations of others, understands its obligations toward others, and enjoys the rights which are a result of the fulfilling of these obligations. In locker-room terms, expectations and obligations are teamwork; in basketball the playmaker, in football blockers, in baseball the second-base combination illustrates the principle that men can best reach common goals when they can depend on others to perform in a certain way.

IN this close cooperation the sports fan recognizes the great star; in cooperation competition is only an exciting force which challenges the individual to do his best within the rules of the game and the expectations of his teammates. Success is the smoothness of the cooperative effort, faking out of position so a teammate can score, the double play from short to second to first, the quick opening hole in front of the ball carrier. The failure on a team is the individualistic “hot-shot.”

It is easy to see how this original function of sports, and other functions such as health and recreation as well, has been corrupted by the institution of college athletics. The original value of close social interaction has given way to an economic value—big teams and big stadia and big field houses for bigger teams to build. Competition has become a dogma in itself. Success has become success, the Garden or the Bowls offering the most tempting apples.

In order to succeed colleges are forced to compete for players. But the hallowed tradition of sports prohibits such goings on. Players are

not to be bought, proffered new convertibles, transported across state lines or otherwise seduced. Chief priests of this mystic theology are the officials of the N.C.A.A. (National Collegiate Athletic Association), while the lesser wardens, bell ringers and incense swingers are the Big Ten, the Ivy League, the Pacific Coast Conference and their like. As many another priesthood this one has developed a mumbo jumbo of pious protestations, a ritual of chest beating and halo raising, and a professional purity compounded of dullness and sham.

Such purity is that of the three monkeys who see, hear and speak no evil. It leaves unsettled the problem of monkeyshines—after all, monkeys will be monkeys, boys will be boys, and the stadium must be filled.

UNDER such a priesthood which is deaf, dumb and blind, colleges buy and sell, not in the open market but under the counter, through nonexistent jobs, free tickets and unexplained “gifts” from “friends” of the college.

This dishonesty has its parallel in other businesses. The high priests of the American Way preach “free enterprise” and practice, when they can, monopoly. The disclosures of the Senate Investigating Committee under Senator Kefauver in Detroit, for example, show the close cooperation of important business and gangsterism. A high-sounding business theology has existed side by side with terrorism, strikebreaking by known gangsters, smuggling of alien workers and other criminal behavior. Investigation has pointed the finger at the Ford Motor Company, Briggs Manu-

by
Herbert
Hackett



facturing Company and the Detroit Stove Company, at C.C.N.Y., L.I.U. and Manhattan, but all industry and all big-time college athletic programs are urged by the necessities of competition and by their definition of "success" to have two codes of behavior, one for publication and one for practice.

MANY a "Sunday Christian" among us might examine himself in this light.

The fourteen bribed basketball players and the bribers are not the cause of corruption, only its end result. Corruption is basic to the institution of big-time college athletics, and it is surprising and hopeful that the number of players who succumb is as small as it is. The value of sports to the individual is emphasized by the rare exception.

The player is forced to operate within the framework of the institution and to accept, in part, its values—"success" in terms of gate receipts, national ratings and all-American selections, hypocrisy in subsidization and cutthroat competition. For him, these function under the cover of a code which preaches of sports as builders of men, of sportsmanship and team play. Should we be surprised when he operates personally within the same set of values?

Bribery is only one symptom of the

sickness of college athletics. At the close of the last football season, coach after coach resigned to seek the comparative honesty and sanity of "legitimate" business. From Texas to Southern California, from Ohio to the Ivy League, coaches have left their jobs in frustration and disgust with the pressure to win and the resultant confusion of values. The players who have become cynical of their love of team sports are uncounted.

It is too easy to blame the institution of college athletics for its warped sense of values, its striving for bigness and success, its cash nexus and disregard for the personality needs of the students involved. What, we ask, has this to do with us? Most of us are barely able to struggle through basic phys. ed. courses. Ours are not the pressures, ours not the temptations.

WE forget that the institution is ourselves, its values our values. Students *are* part of the institution of college athletics; all of us *are* the American competitive system with its ruthless disregard for the individual, its emphasis on material values, and its goddess "Success." When bribery strikes in the Garden, or monopolies employ gangsters to maintain their power, it is we who share the guilt. Without us the institution could not exist, nor its values remain.

The suggestion that colleges drop the mask of hypocrisy and openly pay athletes for their time and effort (or not pay them at all) is superficial. Such a cure treats only the symptom and not the disease. As long as the crowd, you and I, sings its booleboola to success and measures worth in terms of the defeat of an opponent, so long the problem remains.

Man was not made for competition, but competition for man. The success of the market place is not the end for which man was created. Success is to be measured in terms of man's fulfilling the expectations, assuming the obligations and enjoying the rights of cooperation with his fellow man, whether the goal be a round hoop of iron against a glass board, or the golden hoops of brotherhood against the backboard of the infinite.

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Can Communism Win Brazil?

An interpretation by Edith Simester
formerly a missionary to China
now assigned to Brazil

WHAT are the youth thinking in Brazil? To one with a limited use of Portuguese, and who is considered a North American, they do not seem at first to think deeply. Like their American counterparts, they are interested in sports, movies and the opposite sex. They are very likable, but to one acclimated to more serious Chinese youth, they seem superficial.

The Brazilian law on citizenship has worked to my advantage in getting to pierce the surface even before I have mastered the language. According to the law here, a person carries the nationality of the land of his birth regardless of his parentage. Thus, I am Chinese. As soon as the students here realize that, I feel a wall between us fall. One of their first questions, then, is, "How do the Chinese feel about American imperialism?" This attitude on the part of people in other countries, that the United States is imperialistic, is often a surprise to Americans who have not lived in other lands; but it is one of the very potent facts in our international relations.

Once the young people begin to talk more freely with me, I find them really great admirers of many things American. One young friend speaks very easy and natural English which he has learned chiefly by repeatedly listening to his forty Bing Crosby records. Many young people have as their great ambition a trip to the United States. Most of their ideas come from movies, called "cinema" down here. Since the first-class films do not often get to the interior, their main diet is Tarzan, very wild westerns, lurid detective tales, and the most suggestive sex tales, plus news strips. I can't help regretting that this is the concept youth of other lands have of life in

the U.S.A. In this connection, I was almost taken off my feet the other day when a young clerk in a store asked me where I came from. When I replied that I was from the United States, he asked, "Oh, did you flee from the war?"

The love of sports is a bond between young men, especially, of our two lands. Brazilian boys are as addicted to football (the soccer brand) as their northern cousins are to baseball. As soon as a boy can stand he begins to kick a football; and he can bounce it skilfully from his head or shoulders long before he enters school.

Communism is illegal here as it was during all my sixteen years of teaching in China. But as I learn to know the young men here, I am becoming convinced that in Brazil, too, it is the politico-social idea that most grips their imaginations, perhaps even their loyalty. Communist propaganda may help to create their distrust of their powerful and wealthy northern neighbor, though our policies must carry part blame. Signs on boxcars, empty buildings, and even on the walls of schools and apartment buildings, indicate that communists, though underground, are active. "Let us have peace. Refuse to cooperate with Yankee imperialists." "Develop Brazilian oil. Don't make Rockefeller richer." "Yankee bombs make innocent people suffer."

Such signs could be the work of a few fanatics, but remarks of students, often innocently made, show that the communist appeal goes deep. A sixteen-year-old lad, son of a Methodist preacher, looking at English magazines, suddenly asked, "Are all Chinese communists bad?" I replied in the negative. He added, "You know,

here in Brazil, most good people are communists." When I tried to press the point, he grew wary.

In Bible class we came to the passage in Luke 6:41-42 beginning, "Why do you see the speck that is in your brother's eye, but do not notice the log that is in your own eye?" One boy wanted to know why people in democracies who believed in Christianity, didn't practice this precept in relation to communism. After class, a young man, an ex-priest, preparing to be a Baptist home missionary to the Japanese here in Brazil, asked me, "Do you think the communists will soon be in control of Brazil?" I replied that I had not been here long enough to pass judgment either way. "I will make a prophecy," he said, "that unless a miracle occurs to rouse the Protestants, the communists will be in control in a very few years. They are the strongest force working among the people today."

In religious matters I have not found as much fundamental doubt of the reality of God as I found among my Chinese students. But the students here bring up the same questions on prayer that we face in all lands. "Do you think that God really pays any attention to individual prayers?"

A lad who delivers our groceries and studies in night school, asked me to take him to the pastor to talk about church membership. His father had agreed to let him become a Protestant.

Thus I find that there is thinking going on in minds of youth here, and that it follows the same patterns as it does elsewhere. It is hidden until they feel confidence in the person to whom they are talking. Since our Protestant schools minister largely to the upper middle class, these young people are more carefree, more like North American youth than like the Oriental youth to whom I am accustomed.

An older Brazilian friend who claims to have no faith, saw my portrait of Christ by Sallman. He looked long. Then he said, "That is not the defeated Christ of the Catholic Church. I could be challenged by a Christ like that." Are we going to show Brazil a Christ that is a challenge, before it is too late?

Ancient Civita

Bonaventura
Tecchi



Note by
Translator
Ben Johnson

EITHER several hours by bus north of Rome or south of Florence, off the beaten track of the average tourist or pilgrim, between Orvieto (from the Latin *urbs vetus*—old city) and Viterbo (*vetus urbs*), lies the world's oldest inhabited area. It is the site of ancient Etruria, a civilization which produced in clay and bronze, hundreds of years before Hellenic culture had reached its zenith, some of the greatest sculpture and doubtless the finest earthenware the world has ever known.

To defend themselves against a hostile world, the Etruscans erected their cities upon the solid rock or calcareous tufa of mountaintops: walled cities, unapproachable by land, seemingly impregnable. They were, nonetheless, eventually subdued and destroyed by the Romans. Precisely how, precisely when—this is known by none: it was sometime between 387 and 300 B.C. The rest

is legend and myth and sheer speculation.

Like the greatest of civilizations, despite the annihilation and assimilation of its peoples, the fact of its former existence was manifested in the profound effect of its art which, in this case, was exerted upon the Romans, though it has persisted down into the sculpture of our own times, in the distended figures of Alberto Giacometti and others, for instance.

The Romans occupied the Etruscan eyries and made of them even greater fortress cities.

ONE of these "Etruscan places," as D. H. Lawrence termed them, where the visitor is able to pick up ancient cups and bowls and the shards of carafes and amphoras with little or no effort put to searching, is dominated by a town mounted on an enormous mass of calc-tufa in the middle of a vast valley of

clay. It is called simply Civita (from the Latin *civitas*—the city). It is the oldest of the Etruscan places—the oldest inhabited town in the world.

Spokesman for this land is Bonaventura Tecchi, one of Italy's topflight writers, a man who, except for periods spent teaching at the Universities of Prague and Brno and in a fascist prison under sentence of death for acts against the Mussolini régime, has lived all his life within earshot of Civita's bell tower. Author of twenty-five published books including translations from German and English, collections of short stories, essays, novels, criticism and *novelle*, he has enjoyed critical acclaim throughout all of Europe, where his works have appeared in translation. Appearance of his *Antica terra* (*This Ancient Land*) in the United States and Britain this year will be his first translated into English.



ALL THAT HAS REMAINED—A CLUMP OF houses and walls, black upon the tufa, standing as if in space—now breathes the atmosphere of the end.

The only road, like a narrow white ribbon which joins the black clump of houses to this world, connects the isle of tufa floating above great abysmal hollows in the middle of a sea of clay with the firm, sure earth, this lone road is about to collapse. It fell once before, some years ago: only through a miracle did it remain a strip of tufa; engineers and masons raced up, they erected slender arches upon the space, drove in pillars, and built foundations. The work, which had to be solid and lasting, mindless of the gulches at the bottom of the valleys, the deep and secret sliding of the loam, the insistency of the rains, has again in the passage of a few years been gnawed at. Within a few months or a few days, perhaps in one of these rainy winter nights, the sole and slender link will fall.

I have been once more to see her, before it is too late. But I did not go on foot over the wooden gangway they have laid down, fragile and frightening, next to the threatened bridge. I chose, instead, the long mounted trip up through the valley, near the edge of the gulches, then the climb up the back of the ancient village. A ride of some hours, it is long and uncomfortable for there are no roads in the valley, only wedged markings in the tufa, trails that shift about on the loam or teeter on loose stones; but from the bottom, going up, where the barren desert of clay precludes all human contact, the ancient *Civitas* appeared with her austere strength of once upon a time.

In an afternoon with a high sun and wind I reached the gulch and began the climb. The horse stopped once in a while at the mouths of the awful ravines; the wind

which channelled between the mountain buttresses appeared furious and smashed in sudden blasts against the breast and flanks of the animal; but I saw Civita as she appeared in bygone times to our distant forefathers: clenched like a black fist, raised on high, on the tufa, certainly an instrument for war or at least for solid defense. And remembering that over the mediaeval arch of the entrance gate there are still two rampant, snarling lions, one of which seems to have seized and is biting something which the storms or the hand of man has destroyed, there certainly were no peaceful and idyllic images that came to mind while, flogged by the wind, I was urging the horse onward. . . .

YET, at a certain moment I was surprised by the gentle aspect of the olive groves which climbed up through the delicate fabric of the orchards which lie below Civita. It is the district called "The Wreaths"; and there are gentle olive wreaths, lissome and silvered in the wind although under the menacing ledge of the isle of tufa. In the area between the clay and the tufa, just below the town, lie the orchards: and they are orchards with low and ancient walls, constructed with art, with portals of stone bearing figures mounted on top with coats of arms. I remembered then the fine and noble name: Civita, with no other designation; the two saints of which one was a famous man, a seraphic doctor in France, both a teacher and reformer of Franciscan mysticism, and the other, a virgin led to martyrdom during pagan times; and that apocalyptic Christian atmosphere, which so many times had struck me around the houses and walls, still standing up there, but almost groping about in the emptiness; and the memory of the ancient earthquake, the ceaseless, secret sliding of the clay, the persistency of the rains which fall spectrally upon the white of the loam and beckon mists from the gulches.

At a certain point, if the horse turns to the left, the massif of tufa appears pierced by a tunnel: the furious wind charges through it, the hoofbeats

thunder in the dark, but the other outlet, on the opposite side of the isle, opens into a fertile little valley with chestnut and other nut trees—the village's final source of income along with the olives. If instead one turns around, as I did that day, and the ascent up the back of Civita is tried, the vastness of the solitude, at a certain moment, takes the breath away. From up there, with the eye beholding the entire valley, the rows of *scrimi*,¹ white and spectral saw-teeth against the blue backdrop of distant mountains, appear clearer and more suggestive; the bleak desolation of the clayscape, the bitter solitude of the little dales, the barrenness of the brooms and the scrub which from faraway stain black the entire horrible whiteness, these go to the heart. You turn as though frightened by this desolate vastness and at your back, where the town begins, you see in the black wall of a house a small, high-arched window with a soft white curtain. . . . Is it possible that someone still lives up here? Is it possible that there is life here still? The clattering steps of my horse sounding loudly

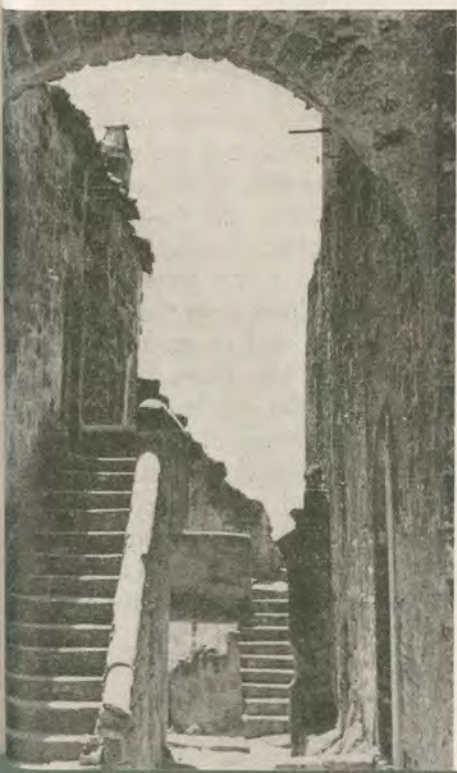
¹ In the dialect of Viterbo, from the Italian *scrimolo*, rows of jagged-edged, translucent ridges, wafer-thin and pale white, caused by erosion of clay, normally ten to fifteen meters in height and about twenty-five meters in length.—*Translator*.



" . . . the great piazza in the center of town still had its powerful remains of Roman columns [one of the four seen here] which they say had once served as a racetrack. . . ."

upon the cobbles of the street come as a miracle; and this *is* a miracle—the face of a maiden showing itself in a doorway, the green branch which indicates a vintner's shop at the corner of a black and narrow street. All of the walls of the few houses still standing were terribly black that day, cracked and wrinkled; but the slender portals of closely packed, unalterable stone, the tracery which artisans had sculptured above, the heraldic figures which decorate the windows—they, as never before, bespoke her ancient gentility.

SO I entered, in a dream, bewildered, into the midst of the houses, as if I had never seen them, as if I had not stopped a half-score times before to look. And I saw again the great cathedral with its three naves, constructed on a pagan temple and then made over in more recent times; again I listened, as though I had never before heard him, to the sacristan who lets you see the ivory vessels and caskets and highly prized missels in the cathedral, and who speaks of another church which was



" . . . the house seemed solid, well kept, with steps outside in the medieval style. . . ."

on the outskirts of the houses, where now there is a chasm. And the *piazza* before the episcopate was small, intimate, completely closed in between little homes and orchards as it had always been; and the great *piazza* in the center of the town still possessed its formidable remains of Roman columns which, they say, had once served as a race track; and the tall palace which rises on one side of the *piazza* with its staircase so broad and mighty that it seemed built not for groups of serfs but for legions of mounted men.

Indeed, all this I knew; they had taught it to me throughout my childhood; but all the memories of the past were not sufficient to explain to me the strange suggestiveness of the place, of the hour, and of the atmosphere which enveloped me.

I looked at the people who very slowly began to come out of doorways, and still I did not understand. Poor people, poorly dressed, old men and old women for the most part, occupied in humble jobs: preparing feed for the animals, cleaning a pot out in the open, drawing water from

A few steps off the *piazza*, the great crack and makeshift repairs in one of the walls of the *campanile* are seen. Though the town clock no longer works, the bells still call the townsfolk to mass.



The broken-backed road leading into Civita through the ancient gate. A lone priest ministers to the population, now less than two hundred.

the fountain; and I also heard two old women who were engaged in a heated argument. . . . Was it possible that one could bicker over little questions up here in this apocalyptic atmosphere? A quarrel seemed absurd to me; I was not able to understand it.

I KNEW that in near-by towns one smiled over such extreme and tight-fisted obstinacy on the part of a group of people wishing to remain stuck to a clod of tufa with the danger of finding themselves from one moment to the next completely out of contact with the world; I knew that many times the strange inhabitants had turned down solicitations and offers to come down, and that they were capable of opposing threats. The question which was on the tip of my tongue naturally was this: Why remain up here? why not accept the proposal to descend into the plain to live in new homes constructed for you? But I did not succeed in coming out with so simple a question. I felt

that if they squabbled over little things, as they do in every village in the world, on this point they were all in agreement. I managed only to ask a boy who was playing in the sunshine of the *piazza*, "How many of there are you?"

"Twenty families, two hundred persons," he replied with great certainty, barely raising his face, as if he were dealing with information everyone needed to have, and a thing quite justly notable.

Well, twenty families, two hundred persons, I began thinking to myself, as if I had not already known it before asking.

ONLY when, invited, I entered a home did I seem to begin to understand. It was a day with a high sun and a high wind, and in the intervals between the wind's whistling between the houses, I thought I heard the sough from the gulches down in the valleys, like myriad secret moths bent upon destruction. Despite that, the house seemed solid, well kept, with steps outside in the mediaeval style, the furniture inside clean and polished; and the woman of the house, a lady of the people, was kind yet jovial, ready to smile or to make conversation. I noticed that while I sat she took down from the cupboard some glasses of fine, chalice-shaped, antique crystal, and a tablecloth. I protested, but she continued. And casually watching her movements, it occurred to me that in this house there was something I had never before seen in others. The tinkling of the glasses when they were placed on the table, the opening of the white tablecloth, the sparkle of the crystal were all as if taken—drawn—from some mysterious force, perhaps from that faraway and secret sounding in the gulches, perhaps from that vast sense of aloneness and of emptiness which was in the air. Everything in that home, even the simplest of things and the most ordinary of words, assumed a value, an intensity, the strange flavor of living and of lasting within the moment. . . . When the woman opened another cupboard, antique as the first, it was as though her gestures of open-

motive

ing, of taking out the bottle and pouring a glassful, were acts completed then for the first time in centuries, and at once for the last time.

I WATCHED and listened, without speaking. It was first she, this lady so ready to smile and to talk, who broke the silence. The conversation naturally fell upon the road which was about to collapse.

"And aren't you afraid," I said, "to remain isolated from the world?"

"We aren't afraid," she answered with a smile. "Someone will help us."

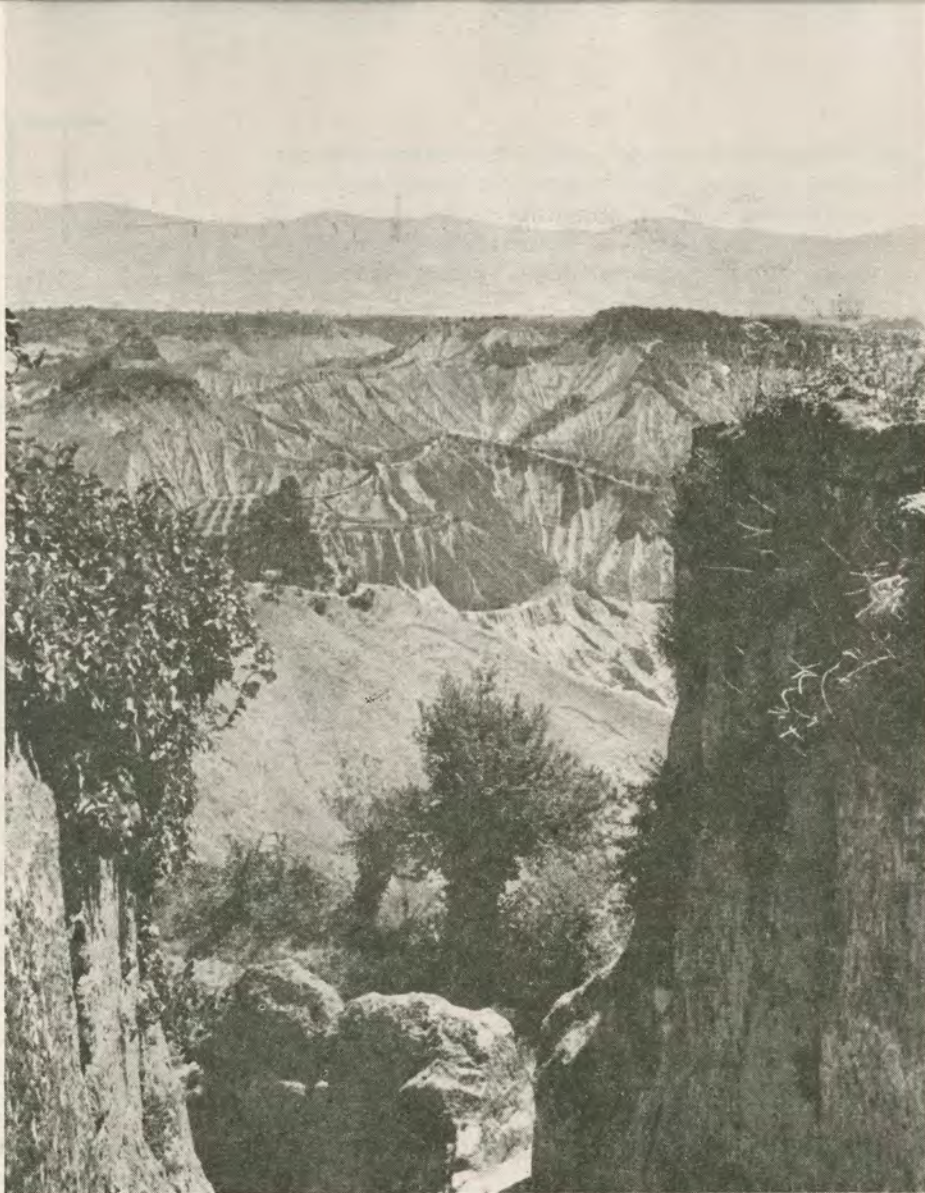
"And how will you carry your things down?"

"The Lord will help us," the woman said. "It's useless to think about it."

These were her simple answers, but beyond the answers there was something else, a thing alive, within us: not spoken, invisible.

There's a fascination in the end, I said to myself, in the approach of the end. And everything seemed clear to me.

But coming down on horseback toward evening, while the first lights were being lit among the black houses and were seeming to set apart even more this oldest town in the world, I also felt that that attachment to earth, to homes, to walls gone to ruin—ridiculous to the eyes of others—was a thing ours, a thing Italian, especially a thing characteristic of villages in Central Italy, perched on buttes, rugged and stony, hardened against dying because they have seen so many deaths through the centuries, and so many rebirths.



"... the bleak desolation of the clay-scape, the bitter solitude of the little dales, the barrenness of the brooms and the scrub which from faraway stain black the entire horrible whiteness, these go to the heart." (In the center, rows of *scrimi* can be seen.)

GOD does not examine men—men examine themselves in living. God has created a world of love, by love he rules it, and through love men again find their way to God. Love is self-examining—love grows strong in testing. It grows weak when it is not put to the test.

Yet by God's love in creating his universe, he has established the laws that govern it, the eternal harmony of the ordered world. In their immutable character these laws become for men the all-embracing structure on which their lives are built, the strong frame and girder on which is constructed the organism men call themselves and their society.

To defy these laws is death, not always immediate, but eventual. To disobey them, as a society, is mass suicide. Such is true immorality for the individual and social injustice for the masses.

The evident and seen laws of the universe lead men to the will of God. They declare the mind and purpose of God. To observe them is to work together with God.

Education, therefore, becomes the searching for the laws of God, the reasons behind the obvious external working. It becomes both the search and the application of the discovered law. For the search and the discovery, without the application, is intellectual exercise without fruit. And the search and discovery with the wrong application is the evil that men do.

Education is still more the finding of the right uses for the discovered fact. To discover the power of God in energy but to use the energy destructively is the choice of sin that the Creator has given to man.

Education that is motivated by the revelation of God found in Jesus of Nazareth, and the kind of world that is to be created by God through man's cooperation demand that men shall work constructively for their fellow beings, for the good of all mankind.

Our search has been to find the mind and will of God as they have been revealed in Jesus Christ, to discover how they motivate life that is guided by them, and to plan the cooperative enterprise that is called Christian living—constructive, creative, love-dominated life.

God does not examine men—men examine themselves in living. The greater the life, the more severe the examination.

If the mind is clouded with the rubbish of unimportant thinking, with the trivia of unrelated facts, with the obsession that becomes fixation on physical pleasure and indulgence, on self-pity, or on uncontrolled ambition, the mind of God which becomes for men the will of God, cannot be revealed.

Facts are only the substantiation of the inner meanings. They are the fastenings, the bolts and rivets that make secure the structure of God's laws. To have them for one's use is necessary for the building, but they are to be used. They are not

THINK

Harold
Ehrensperger

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an end in themselves—they are the required clasps that hold truth together.

If the mind is not clean, if it is filled with the debris of inconsequential living, if it is drunk with the overindulgence and worship of self, there can be no retention of facts, no ordering of the facts for the fastening, no securing for the rising structure of a lived way.

To prepare, then, for an examination in God's sight, is to clear the mind so that the material of facts can be ordered and be ready for use. To know them is merely to know where they are, how they can be obtained, and the exact and specific uses to which they can be put.



God does not examine men—life examines men continuously, for life is change and growth, and change and growth need scaffolding and tools. Such are facts, and such is truth.

To build is to live—to build the temples of human souls, to construct the structure called society, is the end purpose of all education.

The wise man builds with the master architect, not only with his plans, but also with his help, for he has seen the completed structure, he knows the kingdom that is yet to be constructed, and in his mind it is a perfect whole. Men build in parts, God sees in wholes. But man knows, as God knows, that the whole is not better than the parts. Each builder must build well. He must know the total plan to use the tools and materials for the building of his part.

In these examinations we have come to test our knowledge of the tools, the materials for the structure of our lives. We must know them and how to use them—this is the testing, this the examination.

The architectural plan is like the written word. To be reality to men it must be a living thing. "A rock pile ceases to be a rock pile when an artist envisages a cathedral." So God's facts cease to be merely facts when men have the vision of a completed whole. God has revealed the master plan in the life of Jesus. This is the completed structure. God gives each man the chance to draw his plans from this master plan, he allows man

THESE THINGS

the opportunity to construct his own building. This is his gift to man.

Men do not build alone. Men build together, borrowing tools that others have perfected in the past, loaning tools that they have invented in the present. They must learn to build with other men, to create the larger structure of society which is but each man's house built for the total good of all. This is the definition of a Christian society, where each man builds for the shelter, for the protection, the growth and security of all. This is the master plan for the City of God. Christian education leads to this cooperative life. God does not examine men himself—he has created life that is perpetual examination. Man's examination is but the comparison of the possibility of man as he has been created with the present reality that he has made of himself. This is the examination of the enlightened mind, of the growing personality.



Let us examine ourselves.

Have we allowed our minds to be so distracted by inconsequential things that the essential facts have been forgotten?

Have we allowed the fine mechanism of our thinking to be clogged with idle fancies, day-dreaming, and the perversions of love and appreciation that make the finest experiences of our lives sordid and ugly?

Have we tried to fool ourselves by short-cut methods that seek easy ways to learning and to truth?

Have we been superficial in our thinking because to be depth thinkers requires hard work?

Have we been hypocrites, fooling ourselves and others by a crust of knowledge that merely covers up the emptiness of our minds?

Have we been guilty of thinking that many words will be evidence of knowledge, so that we have written long but said little in reality?

Have we made dull the beautiful structure of keenness in our minds by laziness and excuses and by dalliance on trivial digression?

Have we been negligent in study, deceptive in attitude, only to ask God for help when we have come to the testing period?

Have we been guilty of thinking that we have knowledge enough, that we can close our minds, and that somehow in the testing, we can rely on what we have?

Have we been conceited in thinking that we are clever, that we can get by with the superficial answer that will deceive the examiner?

Have we excused ourselves by saying that the subject is not important, when what we really mean is that we have not taken the trouble to be interested, to make it important?

If we have been guilty of any of these faults, how can the true knowledge that builds on facts rightly learned come to our rescue?



Let us be penitent, knowing that one of the best preparations for examinations is the truly penitent mind, the mind that knows what it does not know, and decides that it lacks just so much in tools for the better building.

Let us not only be penitent but contrite, asking God's forgiveness, knowing that a cleaned-out mind, a mind at peace with itself and its God, is the mind that will retain more, put things in order and be more ready to be used.

Let us thank God for our minds, for the ability to think, for the mystery of memory, for the capacity to choose, and for the great asset of judgment.

Let us ask God that these characteristics of his highest creation not be discarded in us and that they now be used to assemble the materials and tools for the creation of the structure of our lives that he allows us to build.

Let us rejoice that we can measure our progress, find out what we do not know, so that we can be better prepared for the building of our lives and our society.

Let us now purge our minds of all envy, all malice, all jealousy, all excuses, self-justification, knowing that these things are the sickness that keeps the healthy mind from functioning—the barriers that stand in the way of straight thinking.

Let us resolve to be diligent about our study, to recognize our past failures, and to go forward to ever-increasing wisdom.

Every day is the day of judgment—every hour is the hour of testing—every minute is the minute of examination. Let us be ready with keen minds, clean minds and healthy minds, that when God says "Pass," we may say truthfully, "Yes, I am ready to pass." God does not pass us—we pass ourselves. Our hell is our own knowledge of our failures, our heaven is the knowledge that we have done all that we can—that we have passed in our own estimation of ourselves.

WAR and Christian Faith: A Problem. The question of military service or war presents the thoughtful Christian young person with a *problem*—i.e., a situation where analysis, evaluation and choice are necessary. One grave danger in connection with this problem is that its complexity may be glossed over and a “solution” arrived at on the basis of sentiment, habit or an uncritical following of some “party line” (not necessarily Communist).

He who is to decide and to act as a Christian in relation to this issue must take into consideration at least three propositions:

1. *War is sin:* a violation of the law of love; a choice of a greater evil or lesser good; or a choice of evil rather than good.

2. *War is hell:* the punishment for past sin; the “drop of blood drawn by the sword” in recompense for that “drawn by the lash” or by economic or political exploitation or oppression.

3. *War is tragedy:* a consequence of choices made in good faith by men whose decisions are made in incomplete knowledge or inadequate understanding of the facts of the situation which they face.

Other propositions might be set forth, but these will indicate that in his decision the Christian must consider more than one interpretation of the moral and religious issues involved. To decide in favor of one view without carefully weighing others constitutes “the sin of oversimplification.”

The Practical Significance of Analysis. The analysis of the situation in the light of complicating factors is not only of theoretical but of highly practical significance. Action that is to be rational and moral, and not merely impulsive or sentimental, must be based on as complete knowledge as possible. If it be true that “as a man thinketh in his heart so is he,” it is also true that as a man understandeth so does he act. “A man will run from a dog which he thinks to be a wolf rather than from a wolf which he thinks to be a dog.” Volitional action (and nonvolitional action is not moral) is determined not by what the

The Christian's Dilemma in Wartime

Henry E. Kolbe

In our dual citizenship (nation and Kingdom of God), how shall our tensions be resolved?

objective facts of the situation are but by what we think them to be. The importance of analysis and understanding for intelligent, moral and Christian action is thus evident. Without it, judgment must be based on dogma, prejudice, or sentiment, and these are unsure and dangerous guides for conduct.

THE *Point of View.* At this point the writer's point of view may be noted. A decade ago I took a definitely pacifist position with regard to conscription and war. I can no longer take that stand *in the form in which it was then taken*—not because I think it to be incompatible with Christian principles but because, as I now see it, my stand was based on an oversimplification which falsified the real problem. In brief, I no longer think that the proposition “War is sin” deals adequately with the complexities of the case. I believe it to be true still, but it is simply not the whole truth.

In so far as war is sin, *of course* it must be condemned by the Christian. In so far as war is hell or tragedy, on the other hand, it has a kind of inevitability which one can evade only by the evasion of social responsibility. Since, however, each of the propositions given above represents a part (but only a part) of a complex fact, it is my present conviction that the Christian can neither approve nor repudiate recourse to the use of force (including war) without serious heart searching.

The Tension. Here, then, is the ten-

sion in which decision must be made. It is not one to be resolved easily or with diffidence. Everyone who feels a sense of obligation to the nation and culture whose benefits he has shared and of which he is in a sense the product, and who is at all concerned about his responsibilities as a Christian—who is conscious of a duality of citizenship (in the nation and in the Kingdom of God) and of tensions which in actual situations develop between them—must seek as much light and as clear guidance as possible prior to making his decision.

The following is an attempt to indicate something of the complexities and difficulties which that decision requires on the part of those who face the question for themselves and those who must counsel with them.

INVOLVEMENT in Society. First, we are involved in society with an involvement which cannot be escaped short of an ascetic withdrawal from human community or perhaps suicide. The affirmative answer to Cain's question is a fact which we cannot avoid. But there is more in the case than that we are our brother's keeper; we are also his victim. We suffer not only for our own sins but for the sins of others. A corollary of this is that our brother is at once our keeper and our victim: the lines of social interconnectedness run in both directions.

The rejection of the theory that “the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge” (Ezek. 18:2-3) represents great

motive



"I could be wrong."

moral development in so far as the notion of *guilt* is concerned. To apply it, however, to the idea of the *suffering* which results from sin is to deny the social connexity by which all of society suffers for the sins or faults of its members. The picture of society as an organism (cf. I Cor. 12:12 ff.) well represents the human situation. This organismic connexity may imply our involvement in an evil situation not of our own making but which we cannot escape without severing the bonds which connect us to society and thus denying our social obligation.

Decision in Concrete Situation. Second, decision must be made in a concrete rather than an abstract situation. The Christian man, as every other, is faced with the necessity of acting in the circumstances in which he in fact finds himself. This does not mean that he is simply an unfortunate victim: he is not *under* the circumstances but *in* them. He has, therefore, to make his decision in the light of the complexities and perplexities of that existential situation. For the purpose of decision it becomes irrelevant to set forth objections such as "This situation is not of my making, so I will have none of it," or "It ought not so to be; therefore, I will not consider it." The facts are as they are and decision must be made with them in view. To endeavor to act as if the

facts did not exist as they do is sheer spiritual blindness.

RESPONSIBILITY, Personality and Society. These two principles together indicate that while there is laid upon the individual the necessity and responsibility for decision and action, he is not free to make his decision without taking account of the facts and of other persons involved in the situation. Personality is so intimately related to social context that apart from some sort of community no significant human personality is possible. The Greek word for the individual in his privacy has interesting connotations: it is *idiotes*. To think to escape from society and yet remain a person is moral idiocy. Dissociation from the social matrix, the attempt to separate one's self from involvement with others, leads to loss of selfhood or personality. Here the example of Socrates may be cited: flight from Athens, from which he had received so much that was good, would have meant an evasion of the social involvement which made him what he was, and he could not conscientiously weaken the principle of civic or social life by such an attempted evasion.

LAW and Individual Conscience. This implies that to set one's individual self as ultimate arbiter of law is a principle of anarchy which makes both society and personality impossible. This does not mean, however, that one should obey law blindly. That, too, would be an evasion of responsibility and loss of dignity. The socially responsible person must seek for the correction of bad laws. But he may not assume that he is not bound by any law with which he finds himself in conscientious disagreement.

There is no law against which it is logically absurd for conscientious scruples to develop. This is often overlooked, apparently, by many who claim that one should not be forced to abide by a law against which he objects in the name of conscience. Nor is it a conclusive argument to say that one who claims to be conscientiously opposed to laws against murder or adultery, to take extreme examples, is

simply rationalizing either his hatred or his lust. A factor of rationalization enters into all cases of this type of protest and not only in these extreme ones. Further, if one is in good conscience opposed to these laws, then he is so opposed to them; and if the principle of not being bound by a law to which one is opposed on grounds of conscience be admitted, then the objector here should not be bound by these laws. The social consequences of such exemptions are obvious. The point here is clear: there is a limit beyond which questions of personal scruple may not be taken without disastrous social results.

By its very nature, law is compulsive. One may take the stand of a conscientious objector to war or military service, but he may not rationally disclaim the right of society to bring him under law in this respect. The selective service law, to take a concrete example, does not demand that men shall bear arms in military service. That is its principal aim, but men may also serve as noncombatants in the armed forces, or be classed as conscientious objectors and be assigned to Civilian Public Service Camps (recognizing the futility and waste frequently present in their operation), or go to prison. In any of these cases, they are not repudiating law nor even the selective service law. They are simply accepting one or other of its provisions.

We may grant, further, that the selective service law should be corrected to provide for more significant types of noncombatant nonmilitary service. Some steps were taken in this direction in the formation of units for work in various institutions during the last war. But even so, social responsibility requires that one not repudiate the principle of obedience to law altogether, even in this area.

ANALYZING the Situation. Along with this involvement in society and in the concrete situation, it is necessary to analyze the situation itself. One principle must be recognized if sheer sentimentalism or dangerous fanaticism is to be avoided: in significant moral situations not all the value

(good) or disvalue (evil) is on either side. This implies that, since decision for either alternative excludes the other, not all the potential value can be realized in the situation. No matter which decision is made, whether pacifist or nonpacifist, some disvalue will be realized and some positive value left unrealized. In brief, every possible choice involves something less than the ideal. In ethical terms, what is realized is relative rather than absolute good. In theological language, all choices involve sin.

Religiously, the relativity or contingency of judgment means that every choice must be made not in knowledge but in faith. Decision involves a risk; the results are not guaranteed in advance. Since every choice involves disvalue (evil, sin), the only fitting one is that which, in the light allowed us at the moment of decision, we believe will lead to the greatest relative amount of good. We may be wrong. We may in good faith choose what in fact proves to be the greater evil or the lesser good. But we must accept the risk: it is not an optional but a necessary condition of our acting morally or religiously at all.

Since evil arises within every possible decision, we must take account of pluses and minuses on both sides. Thus every choice is genuinely tragic, for it involves bringing into being evil which is not desired and the failure to realize some elements of good which are desired. Yet the choice cannot but be made, and once the relative balance of good and evil is determined the basis of choice is established.

THE Pragmatic Sanction: Test by Consequences. We now come to the question of how to determine which possible course of action will, in the long and not merely in the short run, be best. No formal principle will give much concrete guidance. It is not given to us to act in abstract ideal situations on the basis of theoretically perfect knowledge. We must act in an existential situation which is always less than ideal and on the basis of knowledge which is always less than perfect. Choice must, therefore, be

made on the basis not of the abstract or theoretical best but of the best possible.

This means that a pragmatic sanction applies. The test is to be found in the consequences, both those which are actualized at any given moment and those which may be actualized in the future. This involves a relativity of judgment, but the fact that judgment on the act or decision will be different at different times need not invalidate the principle of evaluation by consequences. We never know the total consequences of our acts: we are men and not God, and our knowledge is partial and not complete. The world is still realizing the results of the fact that Abraham "by faith . . . went out, not knowing whither he went."

The "Act" of Soldier or Pacifist. A word should be added regarding another complicating factor. What is the "act" of the soldier? The answer to this question will suggest the answer which the Christian ought to give to the question of participation in military service. Here we should note a distinction whose failure to be taken into account has led to confusion—the distinction between what we may call the *intentional* or primary act and the *instrumental* or secondary act. The intentional act may be defined as that which one seeks to accomplish; the instrumental is that which is required in order to accomplish the first. The relation between them is that of end and means.

If the primary or intentional act of the soldier is to kill "the enemy," then the Christian must of necessity oppose military service. The pacifist position is then the only possible one. But the case is not thus easily closed. For there is another real possibility. The soldier may regard his act as that of defending his country or home, or a cause or a system of values held worthy of defense. In such a case, this is his "intentional act," and his choice must be judged in its light. Surely one would be loath to condemn such an act as either immoral or unchristian.

The intentional act, however, always involves instrumental or "means acts" which are necessary for the realization or approximation of the "end

act." It is in these instrumental or incidental acts that many complications arise. The pacifist declares that since it is not the will of God that men should kill one another, and since war involves killing, therefore he cannot sanction war. We may grant the logic and the moral cogency of the claim. On the other hand, the conscientious nonpacifist may with equal legitimacy claim that it is not the will of God that destruction of other people's lives or of the values which make life significant shall be permitted to go unchecked. If the checking of powers of destruction be possible only by the use of force, or by war, then he must perforce take that course. For surely it ill behoves a Christian to be so concerned with his own welfare that in order to keep his own hands unspotted from violence he should permit others to suffer or to die.

THE Tragic Dilemma. Here again is the tragic dilemma which confronts the Christian. It is not the will of God to kill; it is not the will of God that evil go unopposed. The failure to use violence in a given situation may result in the destruction of persons or of values without which life loses its true significance. On the other hand, in the use of force to prevent that destruction, killing may be necessary.

This is a dilemma whose resolution is difficult in the extreme. In any given case, the Christian cannot but follow the counsel of pragmatic intelligence and make his decision in the light of his understanding of the will of God, of the facts in the situation, and of the future possibilities of various suggested courses of action. He must choose that which promises to lead to the least possible disvalue and the greatest possible value or—which is essentially the same thing—which in the long run promises to produce the greatest *net* gain or good.

The Necessity for Humility and Penitence. We come now to the final question. Can a Christian conscientiously be a soldier? He may—more: he *must*—if he conscientiously believes that by that means he may most

(Continued on page 22)



THE CUBAN

WORK CAMP

Christian youth at work building up Protestant missions in a backward country where Roman Catholicism is the dominant religion. This is the picture of the Cuban Work Camp which has been held each summer since 1948—a picture of work at the grass roots, among poverty and ignorance.

From June 29-August 25 teams of students will continue this work which is now sponsored by the Southeastern Jurisdiction Methodist Student Movement. It was originally sponsored by the Georgia and Florida M.S.M. groups.

Last year the Work Camp met in Miami and after a two-day orientation period, flew to Camaguey, where it was divided into three groups. One went to Baguanos under the direction of Miss Eulalie Cook, the second to the Agricultural and Industrial School near Mayari, under the direction of Rev. and Mrs. Richard G. Milk, and the third to Mayari under the direction of Rev. and Mrs. John E. Stroud.

The twelve work campers were particularly impressed with the need of material help as well as spiritual help for the Cubans. The above pictures reveal some of their interest in this direction. At the upper left is the chapel at Guyaho, a rural community near Mayari. The chapel was first built by the 1948 Work Camp and each year the group adds to this building.

At the upper right is a group of work campers and Cubans mixing cement for the floor of a hostel-parsonage to go with the chapel at Guyaho.

At the lower left is the framework of a building which will be used as a day school and chapel. This is located at the Agricultural and Industrial School.

The cross shown at lower right was built on a hill in Guyaho and can be seen for miles around.

Director of the Work Camp is Sam Laird, Emory University, Georgia.

Japanese Kinsey Report

Question: Is it true that the now famous Kinsey report on the sexual behavior of the American male is so exclusively American that it is useless in understanding the behavior patterns of other peoples? Has there been any such work done elsewhere that would answer this question?

Answer from Japan: The same periodical from which we extracted our information on the progress of coeducation in Japan, *Ut Omnes Sint*, includes a review by Hisao Watanabe of some research done by Professor S. Asayama of Osaka City University.

Dr. Asayama selected subjects from among Japanese students and his findings, as described by our reviewer, give a report on the activities of university students in the Osaka and Kobe areas.

Among the questions asked was one about the relation of love to marriage. "Should love be the primary basis for marriage?" The idealistic and romantic notion of the West prevailed for three fourths of the young Japanese males. The remaining one fourth said the two are different and should not be considered as belonging to each other.

The young men were asked to vote on the kind of love they considered most appropriate—"platonic, realistic, *apres guerre*." The majority considered "realistic" love as being most satisfying. Watanabe inserts a rather long moralization at this point and asserts his conviction that "in the case of a really healthy and intellectual man and woman (so much the better if they are Christian) the physical combination between them will elevate the mutual cultural sentiment, and the life of loving each other will be carried on."

When the students were asked about their convictions concerning the traditional responsibility of the eldest son to his family there was an overwhelming majority supporting the western system freeing the new generation from such a restrictive relationship to their parents and family. Only 30 per cent wanted to retain the old Japanese civil law. However, when they were queried a little later about the kind of family situation they preferred, over 40 per cent voted "yes" to the term, "family system." Watanabe was convinced that this indicated the "internal strife" that has existed in the minds and lives of the young people since 1945.

The Japanese student leader reports that 92 per cent of the male students were conscious of the desire for intimate heterosexual relations (in the case of

the women it was 48 per cent) but only 13 per cent of them put their desire into practice. The remaining 86.2 per cent had never come into contact with a female partner. The motive behind the activities of the former which was most frequently underlined was that of "overwhelming and dominant sex desire." The others stated that their premarital experience had come in "the progress of their love affairs." Female students indicated that their participation in illicit relations was a result of progressive emotional involvement. The reason given most frequently by the male students was completely ignored by the women.

Our Opinion: We would contend that this transition which is noticed by the two analysts has been underway for a much longer time than the postwar era. Other studies of the effect of education, industrialization and urbanization upon societies and cultures have shown that young people are the first to experiment with changes, to choose alternatives to the sacred traditions of their fathers. They have undoubtedly been doing this for a long time, since Japan has been westernized for decades. A fellow student of ours in graduate school in the early thirties admitted that although he did not "kiss" before he married, many of his fellows did.

That there has been a greater loosening of the traditional concepts recently must be recognized by anyone who knows of the impact of American soldiers and the military government on Japanese people and culture. Actually this study by Shinichi Asayama indicates that formerly the Japanese men and women did have a different kind of psychosexual development from that of American young people because of the cultural norms which were sustained by the traditional morality which hung so heavily over that group of islands. Consequently the sex outlets, the sex attitudes, the sex relations, indeed, the sex desires have been molded and shaped by the culture of Japan. This would lead us to say to the opening question that the sex behavior of the American male used to be quite different from that of the young Japanese male but as the Oriental culture gets more and more occidentalized the sex activity will become more and more like that of the current American species. A recent survey of several campuses here in America shows that there is similar confusion between the ruralite who comes to the state school in America and that of the traditionalist who attends an Americanized school in Japan.

As Watanabe so aptly states it, "The obsolete morality is still playing an important role in the relationships between the sexes in Japan. It is doubtful whether such percentages (80 to 90 per cent) of purity can be maintained in the future." The freer associations between males and females, more money, more places to spend it, in short, greater urbanization is working havoc with the old morality. The new look in sex patterns in Japan will bring a new morality and with the new morality will come, as Kinsey showed here, an increasing amount of deviation from the norms. There is little doubt that most of the conclusions of Kinsey can be made about the young Japanese people in a few years.

Hisao Watanabe, like some of his western counseling friends, recognizes that such a hasty transition from old morality to new freedom calls for family life education so that young people will begin to learn before it is too late how to cope with the increasing temptations that come as they taste of urban life without losing their integrity either through promiscuous sex activity or private and perverse release.

The Christian's Dilemma in Wartime (Continued from page 20)

nearly fulfill the demands of God as he understands them. The same applies, of course, to the pacifist and his decision. But there are two things which the conscientious Christian soldier or pacifist may not do. Neither may in pride condemn the other or his decision or action as unchristian; there may be disagreement without condemnation. Secondly, neither may identify his decision with the absolute will of God or claim that his position is the only one possible for the Christian. Since both courses of action involve some degree of evil, both are involved in sin. Since either may be taken in sincere good faith in an effort to fulfill the demands of righteousness, either may in some degree conform to the will of God. The only attitude proper to the Christian involved in this tragic dilemma is one of humility before one's fellows and of penitence before God.

But If the Light Be Darkness—!

THERE was fine theatrical fare on Broadway last winter with a tendency toward revivals and adaptations. Shakespeare was there, be sure, and well served in "King Lear" as presented by Louis Calhern and a notable company; George Bernard Shaw lived on in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" and Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People," in a modernized version revised by the brilliant dramatist, Arthur Miller, said a timely word for the function of minorities. The majority, he reminded us, is not necessarily right, not even when it is victorious.

Your columnist thought of this in the sober setting of the Friends Meeting House in Race Street, in the city of the Friends, Philadelphia. A forum was held there where a professor from the University of Pennsylvania, lately returned from India, one of his own students from Pakistan, and Bayard Rustin, college secretary of the F.O.R., showed us the reasonableness of India and the middle way. About one hundred were present while five thousand had been circularized. You see the challenge to the minority and how the majority will seek to stampede them their way and brand them as enemies of the people when they protest? Ibsen and Arthur Miller present this dilemma most convincingly.

At the same time the theatrically minded from all parts of the country have been meeting in conference to discuss drama in all its phases. The American Speech Association, the American Educational Theater Association, and the National Theater Assembly all held their conclaves, the last being convened by the American National Theater and Academy. ANTA of which Helen Hayes is the president is described by her as the "only nonexclusive theater organization interested in the production of plays from the complicated professional productions of 'Peter Pan' and 'South Pacific' to an annual play in the church cellar."

That "church cellar" allusion made me wince and I wondered if members of the Catholic Theater Conference in attendance did not cringe also. I have seen a good many church productions, some of them in uncommonly ugly auditoriums, to be sure, but in a cellar—never! And, as you know, our Roman friends are not given to hiding their lights under bushels or in cellars! I wish I could have pointed out to Miss Hayes a fairly long description of a Christmas "Pageant of the Holy Grail" published in the New York *Herald Tribune* with a large picture as presented by the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Heavenly Rest. At the same time I covet for the Protestant Church a Theater Conference comparable to that of the Roman Catholics which was set up, I understand, as long ago as 1937.

IN the discussions which boiled and bubbled for several days someone made the diagnosis that there was nothing wrong with the state of the theater which could not be cured by a lot of good, new plays. The root of the matter, it seems to me, was in him.

Robert E. Sherwood comes with a shot in the arm for this situation with his revision of Philip Barry's last and unfinished play, "Second Threshold." ANTA Playhouse does its part with "The House of Bernarda Alba," by Federico Garcia Lorca, in which Ka-

The Playwrights Company and Sidney Kingsley, author of "Darkness at Noon," have taken an unusual step in releasing the current Broadway hit to college theater groups for immediate production on the campuses.

The action was taken because of "the topical immediacy of the anticommunist theme," the producers said. Ordinarily, rights to a play are withheld until after it has run its Broadway course and toured the country.

Permission has been granted to Harvard Theater Group, Iowa State Teachers College, the DePauw University Players, Florida Southern College, the University of Omaha and Birmingham-Southern College. Other requests are coming in, and the play may have fifty college productions before summer.

tina Paxinou brilliantly plays a malignant matriarch. The Playwrights Company presents Sidney Kingsley's adaptation of the novel by Arthur Koestler, "Darkness at Noon." This opened in Philadelphia where Claude Rains made a tremendous impression as an imprisoned communist party leader who passes from an incredulous, cocky, "They can't do this to me" attitude to one of abject submission and utter degradation. The play is smug "bad them, admirable us" communism, but let it not tempt us into smug "bad them, admirable us" complacency! I quote from *Peace Action*, publication of the National Council for Prevention of War, December 1950 issue, page 5.

"We come now to a trial at Dachau, which has attained a distinctive notoriety of its own because of beatings and other abuses to extort confessions, which did not occur elsewhere. . . . All of this shocking abuse of the accepted American methods of procedure in criminal trials was brought to light in a habeas corpus petition which the Chief Defense Counsel, Col. Willis M. Everitt, Jr., of Atlanta, Georgia, presented to the Supreme Court on May 11, 1948. He had resigned from the Army in order to be free to fight for justice for the seventy-three Germans who had finally been brought to trial. . . . Col. Everitt very properly maintains that the Defense Staff should have investigated every charge against the seventy-three Germans. One boy, who had dictated a sixteen page 'confession,' hanged himself in the night after being heard crying out in his cell, 'I cannot utter another lie.'"

Remember this is not the speech of an actor from "Darkness at Noon"! Mr. Koestler is giving all the royalties he receives for permission to dramatize his novel to a cause dear to his heart which he himself created. This is a Fund For Intellectual Freedom which helps refugee writers from totalitarian lands.

The American Theater Wing, service branch of the professional theater, has made a unique contribution to the betterment of American family life in its American Theater Wing Community Plays. Created in cooperation with experts from the National Committee For Mental Health they present problems in parent-child relationships and effectively dramatize the better solution. Discussion guides accompany the scripts which have been checked and rechecked and tested for audience reaction. They emerge as good theater, good psychology and very good fun.

Within New York City and a radius of fifty miles thereof the Theater Wing retains the right to professional production, and bookings may be made through the office, Community Plays, 750 Fifth Ave., New York 19, New York.

Outside this area the plays could be produced by any competent theater group. There is a trilogy called "Temperate Zone" which includes "Scattered Showers," "Fresh, Variable Winds" and "High Pressure Area." There is also a play for teen-agers written for their own production, called "The Ins and the Outs." I would recommend these plays as a service project for Wesley Players. I would also suggest them for Caravaners' equipment. Their playing is a challenge to the actor's best and they should be seen by every parent and prospective parent in these United States. Settings, costumes, props present no difficulties. Casts are small. In "Scattered Showers" there are three invisible children. I saw this played by an Equity cast, and I give you my word those children were as visible on the stage as Harvey, the bibulous bunny!

For full information about the American Theater Wing Community plays address their publishers, the National Committee For Mental Health, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, New York. You might promise not to do them in a cellar!

BOOKS:

WHAT IS MEANT BY THE GOSPEL?

One of the most enthusiastically reviewed of recent religious books has been Edgar J. Goodspeed's *Life of Jesus*.

The volume is deservedly popular. When compared with "lives" that have appeared before, one is delighted with the newest product. Goodspeed does not allow himself to take off in fantastic flights of fancy as did Renan, nor is he as calculatingly bound by the "proofs" as was Shirley Jackson Case. In a title of the words used by Charles Guignebert (*Jesus*) and Maurice Goguel (*Life of Jesus*) we have many times the assurance. Goodspeed presents not an oblong blur bound about by qualifications and possibilities, nor a dimly seen historical personage about whom we can know nothing for sure. Jesus, as Goodspeed writes about him, is a real personality. He lives amid the customs and patterns of his time, but above and beyond them.

A suggestive comparison, however, to this life of the one called Christ is a new book by another distinguished contemporary biblical scholar, Paul S. Minear. *The Kingdom and the Power* is, as the dust jacket suggests, "an exposition of the New Testament Gospel." The Gospel is, however, a different matter from what it is for Goodspeed. The focus has switched. We must realize the direction of this change if we are to make much of what is happening in the interpretation of Jesus for our time.

Dr. Goodspeed writes as a man of liberal faith from a world where objective proof in terms of historical criticism is all-important for scholarly writing. With all the refined tools of historical research, he has probed to know just what happened, or what was said and taught. From the record of the past he makes, or infers, the lessons for the present.

Dr. Minear has switched his base. He does not write of the past with its implications for the moment. He writes of the present from the point of view of the future. There is an ambivalence here that can be in part helped by not confusing future as time instead of eternity. The future is the new age into which Christians enter and participate.

His structure is mythological. He presents the key event to grasping the eternal purpose of the events proclaimed by the Gospel in "the victory of the Lamb that was slain; the key person is he to whom God gave all wisdom and glory, dominion and power." He is not quite so insistent upon the Kierkegaardian categories as in his last book of this

character, *The Eyes of Faith*, but for the student some acquaintance with modern biblical theology, as influenced by Kierkegaard, will certainly be helpful.

Paul Minear has a "literary" ability which makes the reading of *The Kingdom and the Power* a pleasant as well as a provocative experience. I am certain that for a reviewer to say that he "enjoyed" the book would be a repugnant kind of praise to the author who has sought more to jar than to satisfy. But if felicity is combined with stimulation, is it not all the better? This is certainly a happy situation when the pattern is mythological, and if an author writes from that base he needs to meet critical literary standards.

In any case, whether the approach of Goodspeed or of Minear is to be judged as "better" or "lesser," will depend upon the focus of the reader. A whole switch of orientation is needed. For a new generation of scholars the objective categories of liberalism are not enough. But for the liberals the newer trend is always flirting with what they will insist is a dangerous fallacy—that of making truth subjective.

Neither point of view has clearly won the field today. The student should be acquainted with both.

(*Life of Jesus*, by Edgar J. Goodspeed, Harper and Brothers, \$3; *The Kingdom and the Power*, by Paul S. Minear, The Westminster Press, \$4.50.)

SEEKING A DEEPER EXPERIENCE

There is a growing dissatisfaction among students with the conventional type of Christianity they find in their churches on Sunday morning. They look at the members of the official board, the woman's society, the inactive roll and consciously or unconsciously feel that these people do not represent the kind of religion which their hungry souls are looking for. Maybe even the sermon is shallow.

Still, they know that to forsake religion and leave the Church is to increase their frustration. They look for something deeper and the more fortunate ones find it: in the companionship of like-minded persons, in the Bible, or in the reading of material from the pens of great souls—the souls who have talked and walked with God and seek to share their spiritual discoveries with others.

A new book, *The Pendle Hill Reader*, brings together for the first time a number of these spiritual discoveries, written by men who have probed deep in their search for spiritual truths. Simply to name these contributors will mean recommending the book to many serious-minded students: Thomas R. Kelly, Emil Fuchs, Douglas V. Steere, Rufus Jones,

Arnold Toynbee and an introduction by Elton Trueblood.

Pendle Hill is a learning and teaching community, wholly without degrees or the ordinary educational trappings. It is located in suburban Philadelphia, and has published the writings in this book in pamphlet form over the past ten years.

In general these writers interpret Christianity as fundamentally empirical in terms of the Quaker insistence upon the direct experience of God. It is not enough, Thomas Kelly insisted, to believe, we must actually experience the love of God. That he did profoundly experience this love is abundantly evident from his writings although it is sometimes difficult for the ordinary Christian to comprehend just what Kelly is talking about. Such mystical experience as he describes is inevitably difficult to put into words.

Though most of the writers in this volume are associated with the Quaker movement, the book in its general impact is not sectarian.

(The Pendle Hill Reader, edited by Herrymon Maurer, Harper and Brothers, \$2.75.)

SHORT STORIES WITH A MORAL

Jesus channeled some of his most important teachings through stories. The parables of the Good Samaritan, of the Wise and Foolish Virgins and of the Talents, show how important Jesus regarded this form of teaching. Do we have any modern parables—stories—that will sound as fresh to us as did those to their original hearers?

Perhaps we do in the new book, *Stories of Christian Living*, edited by J. Edward Lantz, editor of *Classmate*, the Methodist story paper for youth.

The eighteen stories included in this volume were selected from hundreds "published, written or read from 1948-1950." The first test which each story had to pass was, "Is it interesting?"

Martha Foley, former editor of *Story* magazine, says in her foreword, "All of these stories might be called stories with a moral. But as writers themselves know, stories are not written around morals. They are written around real people and the morals come after. In this book you will find many different kinds of real people."

Five of the eighteen stories come from *Classmate*. The others are reprinted from a number of sources including the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Woman's Home Companion* and *Christian Herald*.

(Stories of Christian Living, edited by J. Edward Lantz, Association Press, \$2.50.)

BELIEF AND PRAYER

The Lord's Prayer is the primary document in the Christian tradition. Its primacy is not to be denied either by a congregation passing it off as a pious gesture, or because of the gratuitous praise by which some parsons introduce it, never having bothered to explore its meaning.

Concerning the prayer, however, all Christians need illumination. One of our finest New Testament scholars, E. F. Scott, and one of the most provocative of contemporary preachers, George Buttrick, have helped.

In his book, *The Lord's Prayer*, Dr. Scott examines the prayer in its literary, historical and religious relationships. Is it original with Jesus? Which is the accurate record—that of Matthew or that of Luke? Why does it not appear in Mark or John? These and many other questions of scholarship are examined and answered according to the evidence. But they are not examined nor answered in the manner of a detached, completely objective observer. The writer himself seems close to the Master—and while he maintains a scholarly objectivity at the point of evidence, he is passionately involved in the significance of the faith which the prayer expresses.

As Dr. Scott points out, we are struck with "the limpid clearness of everything that Jesus said. The common people heard him gladly, for he made his meaning plain even to the most ignorant." He then notes that the perfectly simple teaching of Jesus has been expounded by countless theologians, who, in an effort to simplify, seem needlessly to have confused that which is clear. That is natural, however, and even to be desired, for as we begin to reflect, we see the depths into which Jesus reached.

Dr. Buttrick's emphasis is the implication of Christian belief in and way of prayer, "at once faith's direct act and daily food, faith's venture and certitude."

The first half of his volume, *So We Believe, So We Pray*, is an analysis of Christian faith in terms of its beliefs—faith in each aspect of the Trinity, in the Church, in forgiveness and in life eternal. Here is Buttrick, the preacher, at his best. He knows how to express himself and his convictions. That his twists of phrase are occasionally precious can be forgiven. His convictions are those of a hardheaded liberal—one who is grimly realistic but not overcome by the stern concerns of the time.

It is, however, almost with a sigh of relief that Buttrick turns to the affirmations of the Lord's Prayer in the latter half of his volume. His approach is naturally different from that of E. F. Scott. He is more concerned with what the prayer means than what it is. He

does not cross-examine, he lifts up, illuminates, and the next time we pray (those of us that read the book) we will pray the more sincerely because we have a better understanding.

(The Lord's Prayer, by E. F. Scott, Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.75. So We Believe, So We Pray, by George A. Buttrick, Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$2.75.)

LEADERSHIP CAN BE LEARNED

Leadership, insists Ben Solomon, can be learned. His *Leadership of Youth* points up, somewhat more sharply than did Dwight Sanderson in *Leadership for Rural Life*, concrete, definite steps by which those in youth-serving organizations can work toward the solution of their problems on the program level, in a manner that is in accord with democratic standards of value. These standards envision leadership as coming from the group, itself giving expression, making vocal and putting into action the wishes of the group. It also guides them toward the making of higher goals.

The author is the editor of the excellent little journal, *Youth Leaders Digest*. This book carries an expansion of the fundamental philosophy that makes his magazine so needed by those who plan careers in the youth field.

(Leadership of Youth, by Ben Solomon, Youth Service, Inc., Putnam Valley, New York, \$3.)

NOVELS IN CONTRAST

Richard Vaughan's *Moulded in Earth* appeared this spring on the shelves of bookstores without a huge publicity build-up. Even its prosaic dust jacket suggested it would be quickly snowed under by delivery of new titles, and the first printing would probably be sold by recourse to remainder tables.

The novel, however, is too good for that fate. I am not sure about the sale, but I understand it is something of a surprise to the trade. People are buying it because they have heard it is worth the reading.

Moulded in Earth is a story of people in a rural Welsh community where the old bonds are snapping, one by one. This is symbolized by the bitter tensions generated by the Peele and Ellis family feud, and the way in which Edwin and Grett, offspring of the respective families, refuse to comply to the traditional demands. As the old ways dissolve, new patterns are established, but not without violent wrenching of persons and their emotions.

Vaughan's literary structure makes what seems to be rather unexciting and worn material vivid and emotionally purifying. His people are "moulded in earth," and novels of the earth, when capably done, probe life at the very

nucleus of existence; at the point where man and all created things find identity, where the giant myths have their origin.

Apparently Faith Baldwin wanted to do something similar with her latest, *The Whole Armor*. She stated that it had in it her "life's blood." The publishers announced it as one of their important new publications.

What has come forth, however, is another example of the stereotype into which parsons in novels have been pushed by the writers of the last decade. One who expects something much different from the plethora of preacher heroes that have bounced from the presses of late will be disappointed. Paul Lennox is the typical young man on the make, bound to be a success.

The sixty-odd volumes written by Faith Baldwin have had a sale in excess of 10,000,000! This is, so far as I know, the first appearance of Richard Vaughan in this country. Quite a contrast. The sale ratio is probably about 1,000-1. I am tempted to say the quality ratio is about the same—in reverse.

(*The Whole Armor*, by Faith Baldwin, Rinehart and Co., Inc., \$3. Moulded in Earth, by Richard Vaughan, E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., \$3.)

THE USE OF AUDIO-VISUALS

Increasingly student conferences and leadership training camps are making use of audio-visual materials in workshop and study sessions. This is a reflection of their growing popularity in programs on the local scene.

Howard E. Tower, director of the Department of Audio-Visual Education of the Methodist Board of Education, has gathered "tested principles and practical methods" into a book that should be in the library of every foundation and student movement center that plans use of

such educational techniques. It is titled *Church Use of Audio-Visuals*.

Mr. Tower knows the philosophy as well as the functional use of audio-visual resources. Effective planning for their use will certainly be strengthened by the use of this volume.

The twenty-sixth annual edition of *The Blue Book of 16mm Films* is a handy companion to Tower's book. The Blue Book lists over 7,000 films on a vast variety of subjects with information about each film and where to obtain it. Its value is increased by a three-way index.

(*Church Use of Audio-Visuals*, by Howard E. Tower, Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, \$2.50. *The Blue Book of 16mm Films*, *The Educational Screen, Inc.*, 64 E. Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois, \$1.50.)

PROTESTANT BACKGROUNDS AND BELIEFS

J. Minton Batten, of the Vanderbilt University of Religion, is a capable historian. He is also a discriminating historian.

The newly published paper-bound volume, *Protestant Backgrounds in History*, witnesses both to the capacity of Dr. Batten to choose his material and his scholarly at-homeness with it. Most historians are reluctant to leave a topic without exhausting it. The writer of the present volume has done a good job of highlighting the things which are important for all Protestants to understand.

The Association Press has done a fine service in establishing the Haddam House Reprints with *Primer for Protestants* by James H. Nichols and Alexander Miller's *Christian Faith and My Job*.

Primer for Protestants is not a duplication of Batten's work. It is in part parallel and in part supplementary. It is

somewhat more detailed at the point of the implications of Protestantism as put into action. For a primer it is thorough.

Christian Faith and My Job is "not a vocational-guidance handbook or anything of that kind. It attempts one thing, and one only: to relate the Christian understanding of life in the world to the problem of personal conduct in an industrialized, highly competitive, and often immoral society." These are the author's words, and adequate.

Any and all of these books would make excellent texts for student-movement study groups. They are competent in scholarship and priced to fit the undergraduate's pocketbook.

(*Protestant Backgrounds in History*, by J. Minton Batten, Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1; *Primer for Protestants*, by James Hasting Nichols, Association Press, 59 cents; *Christian Faith and My Job*, by Alexander Miller, Association Press, 59 cents.)

A CONSCIENCE

Of the publishing of sermons there seems to be no end. Occasionally one can reconcile himself to this fact without too much strain.

Harper has been publishing a series which is composed of selections from influential preachers, mostly from the just past generation. Among these is Hal Luccock's editing of *The Best of Dick Sheppard*.

Dick Sheppard was the conscience of his time, and ours too, if we listen. His was the spirit that was appalled by our violence, and our love of brutishness ought to be somewhat cowed by his words. His humor, humaneness and humanity are those intimate Christian characteristics that made him beloved and are apparent even through the gap of time and the cloud of words.

(*The Best of Dick Sheppard*, edited by Halford E. Luccock, Harper and Brothers, \$2.50.)



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The United Emergency Committee on Famine Relief for India has been set up to care for individual contributions. The address is 937 Malcolm Avenue, Los Angeles 24, California.

The Basic Issue Before Us

(Continued from page 6)

can get sight. Faith can become vital through examination of the justification and authority of values. Works can save the world if they correctly interpret the world. The *what* must precede the *why* and the *how*. The final connection of values with purpose in the universe and the crucial employment of values in everyday experience may both await a better understanding of values in themselves.

Therefore, if I were a member of a religious group and didn't feel confident about the character values which it fostered, I'd seek a clarification of vision. If I were a very young person, I'd try to attain through values a sound philosophy of life before my drive to satisfy economic needs degenerated into a stifling passion for things. If I were a college student, I'd demand to know what my professors of science, sociology, philosophy, etc., thought about absolute values. If I were a farmer, I'd try to decide which was the more important "producing" unit—the barn or the house. As a member of any group, I'd try to avoid the terrible pitfall of "counting for something" by counting others as nothing. A whole host of observers have been telling us essentially the same thing: if we are to avoid further decline in this age, we must re-examine the nature of man in the light of those ends which give him destiny; only the spirit can save the flesh. Those concepts which support our very eminence—love, pity, sacrifice, integrity, justice, equality—all come alive through association with the best values. And only the individual person, aware of his duty and opportunity, can accomplish the necessary association.

INDIVIDUAL creativity should be the absorbing concern of us all. Experimentation should not be confined to the scientific laboratory, and experimentation should admit of degree. Each of us should ask himself repeatedly the question: "What have I done that is truly satisfying, truly fulfilling? Have I in even some small way discovered great values in specific action?" By an affirmative answer one may secure a sense of his relationship to the universal scheme of things. Unshakable poise may be attained in life.

Values unleash the creative craving within man and allow it to crash forth into inspiring power—power for mutual achievement rather than power over others. Civilization's progress has come from and been defined by man's effort to exhibit the true values in life. Without the pursuit of truth, beauty and goodness for their own sake, any specific world leadership will be only fitfully maintained. Without the clear service of superior values to personality in mind, a really classless society will remain but a vague wish. When the spiritual dignity of man—his value-laden personality—is held supreme, then, and only then, can human society be redeemed.



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"Grease Under Its Fingernails," by Walter Reuther	Nov.	32	Religious Significance of the Dance, The, by Margaret Palmer Fisk	Jan.	18	Foolishness of Preaching, The, by Harold A. Durfee	Feb.	5
Insights of Today's Faith and Practice Incorporated Into Design, by Roger			Deschner, John, National Council of			For Gandhi (poem), by Elizabeth S. O'Neill	Oct.	32
						"For White Only?", by Lawrence Dean Faulkner	Jan.	23
						Foujita, Tsugaru		
						See: Artists and their works		

Marshall, R. P., Oldest Calendar, The	Dec., 17	Newman, Robert		Holderith	Mar., 19
Symbols in Word and Action	Feb., 30	See: Churches That Rate "Tops" With Students	Nov., 26	Palm Sunday, by Sara Raymond	Mar., 12
Matthew, Neil E.		Niemöller, Martin		Pity Those, by Don West	Jan., 14
See: Cartoons		See: Christian Leaders Speak Out on Korea	Oct., 44	Soda Pop Concept of Religion, The, by Kermit Eby	Feb., 14
Mayer, Milton, Both Your Houses	Jan., 10	Nolde, Emil		Sonnet, by William Wordsworth	Apr., 18
McCall, Eddie Lee, How to Spend Your Summer Creatively, A Directory of Summer Service Activities	Mar., 35	See: Artists and their works		Spoils, The, by Don Geiger	May, 7
motive's staff	Oct., 43	Note to Young Men Who Plan to Be Ministers, A, by Orville C. Jones	Feb., 9	Stranger, by F. Grigory Dickey	Dec., 5
Meditation for Examination Time, by Harold Ehrensperger	May, 16	Now Is the Time, by Luther H. Gullick	Dec., 15	Tear, The, by Louise Louis	Dec., 36
Meditations:		Nuckolls, Beverly		This Thing I Fear, by E. B. Crichton	May, 2
Collegiate Prayer Calendar for 1951, by David L. and Arete L. Taylor	Jan. center spread	See: Does the Church Have a Message?	Nov., 36	Troopship, by Ray Montgomery	Nov., 11
Meditation for Examination Time, by Harold Ehrensperger	May, 16	Evangelism on the Campus	Mar., 46	Pope, Bob and Lillian, Prayer for Peace, A	Jan., 2
Prayer for Peace, A, by Bob and Lillian Pope	Jan., 2	Nyland, Dorothy		Potts, J. Manning, Christmas—Pagan or Christian?	Dec., 9
Think on These Things, Oct., 34; Nov., 42; Dec., 37; Jan., 17; Feb., 17; May, 16		See: World Report		Prayer for Peace, A, by Bob and Lillian Pope	Jan., 2
Memling, Hans		O		Progress Toward World Government, by Fyke Farmer	Nov., 10
See: Artists and their works		Oldest Calendar, The, by R. P. Marshall	Dec., 17	Promise of Industrial Peace, by Charles E. Wilson	Dec., 22
Milford, T. R., What Is Christian Music?	Dec., 20	On an African Proverb (poem), by Marion Holderith	Mar., 19		
Ministry:		O'Neill, Elizabeth S., For Gandhi (poem)	Oct., 32	R	
Foolishness of Preaching, The, by Harold A. Durfee	Feb., 5	Onward Christian Laymen, by Paul Bock	Mar., 6	Race Relations:	
Ministry, The, by Gerald Kennedy	Feb., 2	Ortmayer, Rachel L.		Congress and Civil Rights, by Eleanor Neff Curry	Jan., 32
Note to Young Men Who Plan to Be Ministers, A, by Orville C. Jones	Feb., 9	See: Churches That Rate "Tops" With Students	Nov., 28	"For White Only?", by Lawrence Dean Faulkner	Jan., 23
Why Not Marry a Preacher?, by Anna Laura Gebhard	Feb., 7	Ortmayer, Roger, Christ of the Airlift Victims, The	Oct., 24	Long Table, The, by Herbert Hackett	Feb., 11
Ministry, The, by Gerald Kennedy	Feb., 2	Heads Without Masks	Oct., 27	Southern College Papers on Race Issue	Jan., 27
Missions:		Insights of Today's Faith and Practice Incorporated Into Design	Nov., 1	We Affirm, by Charles M. Jones	Jan., 25
Africa and India, too	Oct., 50	Language of Love—The Painting of Fred Nagler	Mar., 24	What Christians Can Do, by Mrs. Douglas Horton	Jan., 22
From Sea to Shining Sea, by Helen Fretts	Mar., 30	"We Have Been Waiting for You"	Oct., 25	Raht, Cecilie, Students' Gaudeamus in Germany 1951	Mar., 18
Indians Face Famine, by Eleanor Neff Curry	Mar., 40	Our Heritage of Christian Art, by Clark D. Lambertson	Dec., 24	Rampenthal, Gunther, Appearance and Truth	Dec., 35
"Threes" Head for Latin America and Japan	Nov., 43	Our Last Bulwark, by Forrest N. Williams	Nov., 16	Ramsey, Paul, "In This Is Love"	Oct., 21
U.S.-2 Plan, The	Dec., 50	Oxnam, G. Bromley, Affirmation of Christian Concern, An	Oct., 7	Rauschenbusch, Walter	
World Report, Oct., 33; Nov., 46; Dec., 43; Feb., 42		See: Christian Leaders Speak Out on Korea	Oct., 44	See: Modern American Prophet, A Raymond, Sara, Palm Sunday (poem)	Mar., 12
Modern American Prophet, A, by C. Howard Hopkins	Oct., 28	P		Rees, Ruth A., Social Security, Where Is It Leading Us?	Apr., 23
Montgomery, Ray, Devil Meets His Master, The (parable)	Mar., 33	Pacifist Movement in Great Britain, The, by A. Victor Murray	Apr., 19	Religion:	
Troopship (poem)	Nov., 11	Page, Kirby		Liturgy and Architecture in the Service of Vital Religion, by Edward N. West	Jan., 15
Mood for a New Year (poem), by Christine Turner Curtis	Jan., 5	See: Christian Leaders Speak Out on Korea	Oct., 47	Religious Significance of the Dance, The, by Margaret Palmer Fisk	Jan., 18
Moore, Henry		Palm Sunday (poem), by Sara Raymond	Mar., 12	Soda Pop Concept of Religion, The (poem), by Kermit Eby	Feb., 14
See: Artists and their works		Paradise a la Aloadin, by Fred R. Jensen	Oct., 14	Symbols in Word and Action, by R. P. Marshall	Feb., 30
Morris, William C., Four Choices for the Student	Oct., 31	Paris, George, Great Cry in the Universe, A	Feb., 25	Religious Significance of the Dance, The, by Margaret Palmer Fisk	Jan., 18
motive's staff, by Eddie Lee McCall	Oct., 43	Park, John N., Failing for the Glory of God	Jan., 6	Reuter, Erich F.	
Mott, John R.		Phillips, Glenn R.		See: Artists and their work	
See: Christian Leaders Speak Out on Korea	Oct., 46	See: Christian Leaders Speak Out on Korea	Oct., 48	Reuther, Walter, "Grease Under Its Fingernails"	Nov., 32
Moulton, Phillips P., Is Freedom Sacred?	Dec., 13	Piazzetta, Giovanni Battista		Reynolds, Cal	
Munch, Edward		See: Artists and their works		See: Evangelism on the Campus	Feb., 46
See: Artists and their works		Pity Those (poem), by Don West	Jan., 14	Rogers, Edward, Soviet-American Relations, A Personal British View	Apr., 21
Mundhenke, Herbert, Getting the Most Out of Christmas	Dec., 21	John Piper		Rojohn, Al	
Murray, A. Victor, Pacifist Movement in Great Britain, The	Apr., 19	See: Artists and their works		See: Evangelism on the Campus	Mar., 45
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What Is Christian Music?, by T. R. Milford	Dec., 20	Antithesis, The, by Raymond Georg Lalifur	Oct., 32	Soviet-American Relations, A Personal British View, by Edward Rogers	Apr., 21
Muste, A. J.		Bomb That Fell on America, The, by Hermann Hagedorn	Nov., 8		
See: Christian Leaders Speak Out on Korea	Oct., 46	Conversation (Absolute), by Bob D. Bollinger	Jan., 9	S	
N		Final Fix, by Horace E. Hamilton	May, 7	Saigon Incident, by Harold Ehrensperger	Nov., 12
Nagler, Fred		For Gandhi, by Elizabeth S. O'Neill	Oct., 32	Saunders, Robert	
See: Artists and their works		Foundling, The, by Henri Beauchamp	Dec., 10	See: Cartoons	
Name Your Skill—The Church Needs It!, by Richard Belcher	Dec., 45	Fruits of the Spirit!, by Mary Dickerson Bangham	Apr., 22	Scholarship and Censorship, by Ray Ginger	Feb., 18
National Council of Churches, The: A Permanent Reformation?, by John Deschner	Feb., 12	Headline and Department News, by Lee Richard Hayman	Dec., 5	Science:	
Nelson, Claud, Jr., Tower of Babel, 1951	Mar., 28	I Draw God, by Phil Whitmer	Oct., 15	Birth of a Back-Room Boy, by Hugh King	Apr., 8
Nelson, J. Robert, Church Rediscovered, The	Mar., 3	Line Storm, by Christine Turner Curtis	Nov., 20	Science—End or Beginning?, by Hans Hartman	Jan., 4
New Generation (poem), by Horace E. Hamilton	Dec., 10	Lost Lamb, by Louise Louis	May, 7	Science—End or Beginning?, by Hans Hartmann	Jan., 4
New Gods for Old, by Ernest Lefever	Mar., 16	Mood for a New Year, by Christine Turner Curtis	Jan., 5	Shed in a Cucumber Field, A, by John Baxter Howes	Nov., 18
		New Generation, by Horace E. Hamilton	Dec., 10	Simester, Edith, Can Communism Win Brazil?	May, 10
		On an African Proverb, by Marion		Smith, Charles Merrill	
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				Smith, Tucker P., When Santa Claus	

Becomes a Menace	Dec., 11
Social Order:	
Affirmation of Christian Concern, An, by G. Bromley Oxnam	Oct., 7
Both Your Houses, by Milton Mayer	Jan., 10
Church and the Social Order, The, by Carl Soule	Nov., 34
Promise of Industrial Peace, by Charles E. Wilson	Dec., 22
When Santa Claus Becomes a Menace, by Tucker P. Smith	Dec., 11
Youth Can Make Peace, by Robert J. Havighurst	Feb., 34
Youth Faces a New World, by Sherwood Eddy	Dec., 3
Social Security, Where Is It Leading Us?, by Ruth A. Rees	Apr., 23
Soda Pop Concept of Religion, The (poem), by Kermit Eby	Feb., 14
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Stewart, Barbara Anne, Can I Forgive?	Dec., 31
Still Graze the Lambs (parable), by Lee Richard Hayman	Nov., 5
Stoerker, C. Frederick	
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Stone, Donald C., Government Service as a Christian Vocation	Mar., 10
Stranger (poem), by F. Grigory Dick-ey	Dec., 5
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Thine Own Right Hand Shall Heal, by Sally Gleason	Oct., 15
Why So Little Evangelism on the Campus?, by Lloyd M. Bertholf	Jan., 13
Your College Catalogue Can Be Readable, by Arthur F. Englebert	Oct., 19
Youth 1950, by O. Theodor Benfey	Nov., 14
Youth Faces a New World, by Sherwood Eddy	Dec., 3
Student's Confession, A, Anonymous	Oct., 2
Students' Gaudeamus in Germany 1951, by Cecilie Raht	Mar., 18
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What Is Christian Music?, by T. R. Milford	Dec., 20
What's Happening to Race Relations, U.S.A.?, by George Houser	Feb., 47
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Whitmer, Phil, I Draw God (poem)	Oct., 15
Why Not Marry a Preacher?, by Anna Laura Gebhard	Feb., 7
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