

Editorial: A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE

CHOSEN ODDS: It seems futile to me to have a conscience.

PROFESSOR: That's interesting, why?

C.O.: If you let someone else be your conscience, you seem to be able to operate. If you use your own, they shut you up.

PROF.: For instance?

C.O.: Suppose I'm a conscientious objector.

PROF.: Yes?

C.O.: They won't let me get away with it: they send me to prison or to some kind of meaningless labor. In either case I'm given no choice in the matter of making peace.

PROF.: You have the choice of whether to serve or not.

C.O.: An unavailing choice; feeble, at least.

PROF.: Where can you make a choice, if not right at the point of whether to serve or not?

C.O.: That's what I wonder. Where can I make a choice? It seems to me that everything possible is done to choose for me. What's all the chitchat about a conscience anyway?

PROF.: To make up your mind about right and wrong.

C.O.: But what is right?

PROF.: That's where your conscience comes in.

C.O.: And to have a conscience is futile.

PROF.: Guess we'd better start off again, as the prison guard said to his charges, "you're circulating in a circle."

C.O.: Isn't a conscience futile?

PROF.: Is air?

C.O.: I don't know. Air only is. It is neither worthless nor of profit ex-

cept in relation to something else. PROF.: Of course. If air does any imagining, it must sometimes consider that it is rather worthless, at least worthless to itself. Of what use is air to air?

C.O.: Makes more air.

PROF.: Is more of anything a matter of value?

C.O.: Then we don't need more of conscience?

PROF.: You jump the wrong direction.

C.O.: I don't think I'll jump at all.

PROF.: Suppose no one in this world were with a conscience?

C.O.: That's what they seem to want.

PROF.: Who's they?

C.O.: The people who want to make up my mind for me.

PROF.: Well, suppose they get their way?

C.O.: I hope I disappear before that comes to be—1984!

PROF.: A world of no consciences would be one where no questions are asked, only answers are given.

C.O.: A dismal existence, I'll admit. But just asking questions doesn't make a conscience, does it? Remember Pilate on a nice April morning. Was that his conscience that asked a stickler, "Truth! What is truth?"

PROF.: Not a very original question for the procurator, but I guess governmental administrators aren't supposed to be original. What answer did Pilate get?

C.O.: A matter of conscience?

PROF.: You said it.

C.O.: The Crucifixion only a matter of conscience?

PROF.: Can any matter of conscience be "only"? Isn't it like air, always a relationship?





Dr. George MacLeod and Dr. Hugh Stuntz, President of Scarritt College, chat before delivery of the speech printed here.

I THINK my growing convictions on evangelism came into focus when I was in South Africa two and a half years ago. I was there as the guest of the Presbyterian Churches, and there was an incident which is the quickest way of making the first point.

An Inadequate View of Evangelism

I was asked to speak at the Durban Town Hall to the ecumenical group of churches in that city on the social implications of the faith, which, as you can imagine, is a somewhat disturbing subject in South Africa today. And

while I was waiting in that incomparable ten minutes from which we all suffer prior to making a speech, moving rather restlessly up and down in the vestibule outside the main hall, an Ulsterman came up to me. I didn't know him and he said, "Are you Dr. MacLeod? Are you the man who is going to speak here? I hope you are going to give them the gospel red hot."

"I beg your pardon."

He said, "There is only one man in this town who gives them the gospel

red hot. All the rest of them are lost in this social nonsense. What is your subject?"

"Well, my subject is the Social Implications of the Faith."

He said, "What do you mean by that?"

"As a matter of fact, I mean the gospel red hot." (He didn't get that one.)

He said, "Will you explain yourself?"

"Well, I'm being serious. I believe the essence from the beginning of the

Essence of

Evangelism

by George Macleod

"Wherefore the Iona Community seeks to take its place (alongside some not dissimilar experiments within the confines of the World Churches) as a working Laboratory—in Island and on Mainland—of Life in Community. . . . So the Iona Community came into being: a Brotherhood of men, ministers and laymen, concerned with the working out in practical experiments of new methods of approach relevant to the urgent problems of our time, and conscious acceptance of the risk of making mistakes."

The Coracle

Dr. George MacLeod, the leader and originator of the Iona Community, is in the United States teaching at Union Theological Seminary. This address was given at Scarritt College, Nashville, in January.

gospel is that all men are made in the image of God. I believe all men potentially have upon them the dignity of Christ. I believe we must work always in the light of man's making despite the defacement of the image. And we must work in the hope of that dignity communicated to all men."

He said, "Yes, that's the gospel."

"Well," I said, "what are you doing about the ten thousand Africans and Indians in Durban tonight who haven't got a roof over their heads?"

"That! I wish that whole damn problem was sunk in the harbor."

That man could recite immaculately his engagement in Christ. He could recite immaculately and quite sincerely his membership in Christ. And yet somehow he was able to carry with it a social irresponsibility that shocks us all.

Though that's an extreme story, it's a brief way of going at what I believe to be still the mark of a very large section of people in Scotland, of the sincerest personal conviction, who themselves have had an immediate experience of Christ, who are engaged to the Lord, who are converted and yet have a social levity and irresponsibility in the face of our world crisis. And it terrifies.

So when I speak about evangelism, let's be clear there is good news to be spoken; and, provided that good

news be spoken, and provided that news be accepted, techniques of its presentation are secondary.

The Doctrine of the Church

Some of you may be saying, "But that was just some poor old man who had lost the way, and we all lose our way sometimes. Surely this is hardly worth considering when the whole consciousness of the Church in Scotland and America today is aware of what theologians would call 'The Doctrine of the Church.'"

"The Doctrine of the Church has come into the common currency, and in practical application we mean we know the Church to be the instrument of mission. We know the primary instrument of mission is not a word spoken by an individual to another's individual soul as sometimes it seemed to be in the nineteenth century. Surely we have got beyond this individual interpretation of evangelism. All of us are aware it is the Church that stands and presents the living Christ in our community-conscious world. This is in the consciousness of the Scottish Church and in the consciousness of the Church in the United States of America."

What I am concerned about is this: don't let us be too complacent about that. Again I'm speaking about the general witness in the Church of

Scotland where this consciousness is now very present and where there is almost a danger of complacency by reason of the discovery of this, as if by this discovery we've arrived.

To show the danger of the complacency, I again want to take my text, so to say, from my South African experience. Because when I was there, though I was there as the guest of the Presbyterian Church, I had the frequent privilege of being the guest of the Dutch Reformed Church. I speak as a Presbyterian and, therefore, very close to them as blood brothers, in the Calvinistic tradition. I think it is terribly important that people shouldn't get the witness of the Dutch Reformed Church wrong. Time and time again I was reminded by the witness of the Dutch Reformed Church that they were already the kind of thing we pray the Church might become again. They have the living mark, or indeed the living marks, of their present witness; all those tremendous rounded understandings of the Church as the instrument of mission which Scotland used to have. All that idea of theocracy of the sovereignty of God over the whole of life and not over just the ecclesiastical side of life which used to be the very mark and the grandeur of the Presbyterian tradition.

Their generosity beggars the reputation of the Church of Scotland per capita of generosity for good causes and almost challenges yours. Their personal hospitality is also that which proverbially is known to be the hospitality of America.

Their preaching—it's not just by the hopes of the clergy but by the demand of the laity that there is full doctrinal preaching, that they insist on the whole scheme of salvation being presented in its full balance, that they ask that everyone should know the totality of the offer. This is done by the demands of the people. In other words, they haven't fallen for the sermonette and the little straggling kind of statement that too often goes under the name of a sermon even in Presbyterian Scotland. This kind of sermonette, I understand, is not altogether unknown also in the American scene!

But as a climax to this splendid witness, the Dutch Reformed Church actually inspires more young people to give their lives in mission work—not in some distant island but right there in the center of their distressful Union. The Dutch Reformed Church actually inspires more young people every year to give their whole lives in missionary service than all the other Protestant denominations in South Africa put together.

Their theocratic opportunity is fully taken use of. They have the opportunity probably unmatched anywhere in Western culture except possibly in Spain. They have the opportunity of declaring a theocracy, of actually fashioning the legislation whereby the whole of life may be under the sovereignty of God, and that all men within the responsibility of the Union may find their full dignity in Christ.

I think the entire cabinet of the Nationalist Party are members of the Dutch Reformed Church and as we all know, Dr. Malan, the so-recent prime minister, was himself a Doctor of Divinity.

I have been trying to build up the sincere picture of a wonderful church. And these are the people who are responsible for the most reactionary social constructions in the whole of Western Christendom!

This then becomes the terror when we ask, "What is evangelism?" That there may be under our second head a superb expression of an ecclesia, of the Church as the form, pattern, body that together witness to the presence of the living Christ in the whole of life. And though we might even achieve something like what they have achieved, we might still be making the most ghastly failure in that which is the essence of missions—the presentation of the judgment of God on the fallen society of men.

So don't let's be too complacent by just saying we've recovered a doctrine of the church.

Our Duty as Christians vs.

Our Duty as Citizens

What is it essentially that has gone wrong? if this isn't too irresponsible a question to ask. Many things have

gone wrong. It is dangerous to generalize. It's even dangerous to particularize and give priority to one thing that may have gone wrong. But I dare it.

I would say the great danger in the scene in Scotland is the extraordinary way in which we become blinded by the division between our duty as Christians and our duty as citizens. The idea that within the pattern of ecclesia, within the setting of the Church, there are certain absolutes that recognizably we can seek after that happily we might find them, but when it comes to the real point of pressure, what happens to our witness as a citizen?

Nobody in his senses would say there isn't justification for the sake of clarity of thought between the areas where our obedience is within the possibility of the absolute obedience in our personal lives or in our church lives over against different issues arising more complex in our duties as citizens. But I am afraid it is becoming the greatest escape hatch known—the way in which we write off our responsibility in the real pressures of our world.

One of the terrifying things in all the apparent success of the Church today—its growing numbers, its vitality—(and I believe numbers sincerely coming in and the vitality can be justified by ultimate standards) is that while all this is true, there was never a time in Christian history when the secular world cared less for what the Church is saying. I suggest we dare not be complacent until we look again at this dichotomy that's grown up between our witness as Christians within our ecclesia and our witness as citizens.

I wonder if I could make this point clear by telling you about a play I saw in London, a play called "Captain Vavallos." The scene is set in the South of France during the last war. It's in the manse of the Evangelical pastor of that district, a pastor whose witness as a pastor, as a Christian, is quite superb. And this same pastor has billeted upon him the gestapo of-

ficer of the occupational forces. The gestapo officer, of course, does not know this pastor, as well as being a superb pastor, is also as a citizen, the leader of the resistance movement.

Well, the drama is created by two things happening on the same day. First of all, there comes an instruction from the resistance to this pastor that because it is the second anniversary of the resistance movement, every member of the resistance must make a serious attempt to liquidate any German who is billeted on him.

The other thing that happens is the young and very charming gestapo officer comes up to the pastor and says he has been so moved by the integrity of his witness as a pastor he feels inclined to confess to him that he, the German, comes of a strong evangelistic family in Germany, that he knows all about the faith and its outline, and that he had attended family prayers until, as the black sheep of the family, he ran away from home. He is sure his mother is still praying for him, and because he feels his mother's prayers at last have been answered, he deigns audience with the pastor that he may discuss the condition of his soul. After he has been received into the fellowship of the church, then he'll have to review what he's doing as a gestapo officer.

The minister begins to think it out. "Well, if I liquidate him tonight, his soul will go to hell. If I bring him into the fellowship tonight, then perhaps next week, as a citizen, I may fulfill my duty and liquidate him."

But his family come around and say, "Look here, if you don't liquidate him tonight, the resistance movement may liquidate you for not obeying instructions."

"Well," he says, "I've thought of a plan. I'll have him in for his interview and I'll put a small time bomb in the bungalow in the garden where his room is. It will wreck his room and then we can report we tried to blow him up but he wasn't in his room at the time, because I'll be having a discussion about his soul in my room."

To which his family said, "But you haven't any T.N.T. You've only got a revolver."

"Oh, no," he says, "I've got any amount of T.N.T. behind the hymn books in the Sunday school cupboard."

And down comes the curtain. From that movement the play becomes turgid, seamy, modern farce, of no significance at all.

I know nothing about the author, but I would much like to know whether he came to so agonizing a curtain and realized any development would not make good box office and therefore turned it into what he hoped would be a best seller, or whether he was preaching a most terrifying sermon to the Church in Britain and America. The terrifying thing is, you see, that this is the story of the Church in Britain and America. T.N.T. behind the hymn books in the Sunday school cupboard. The Sunday school cupboard for the immediacies and the absolutes. T.N.T. for the world. A witness indistinguishable. If I were to take seriously General MacArthur's statements at Los Angeles, I would say they are more pointed statements on war than came out of Evanston last summer.

I'm just wondering whether the author of that play wasn't preaching a terrifying sermon as if to say, "If this is all you can say when it comes to the real application, then why should any of us be moral at all? Why not go turgid as of now?"

Somewhere here is the problem of evangelism. What we mean by evangelism, what we mean by commitment, what we mean in our world about engagement to the Lord. It may seem almost irresponsible to outline what seems to some of us to be the beginning of the way out. It is a very long way out. The way we've come to this dichotomy is not the blame of the present generation, nor for that matter the blame of our fathers, nor does it matter where the blame lies. It may be a build-up that covers centuries.

Recover the Hebrew Emphasis

It seems to me we can just make two suggestions, two signposts on the road out. One thing we'll have to do, if the world outside is going to reckon very much with all our proud words. Stated in one form of vocabulary, it is

to recover the Hebrew emphasis in our faith.

There are two strands in the Christian faith: the Greek and the Hebrew. We would be very foolish if ever we attempted to deny these two strands or their permanency or their complementary values. But the point I am making is we would be very foolish if we go on very much longer just being satisfied with the Greek strand only. It is time we gave the Hebrew strand something of its original place.

For the Greek the ideal is something to be sought after if happily it may be found. The ideal has its consummation and fulfillment over there. The ideal is something that can never fully be established or practiced or experienced here on earth. And to accept this as the emphasis of the faith is, of course, to give us just the escape we seek. Saying in all the difficulties, "Well, we can't expect too much and we can't go too fast."

But the Hebrew strand is different in this regard. The Hebrew strand sees the residence of the spirit, not in the ideal, nor over there. The Hebrew strand sees the residence of the spirit as in the blood, not over there but coursing all the time through the body politic. That's the reason the Jews have kosher meat from which blood has been taken—theology being that blood was the residence of the spirit and shouldn't be partaken of in that way. For the Hebrew the residence of the spirit is in the blood; for the Hebrew the obedience is now. The Hebrew tradition is that the spirit is coursing through the body politic and God must be obeyed in the now. And it's to take the name of the Lord our God in vain forever to put the absolute and the ideal "over there." But it isn't just in these similes that our justification lies.

It comes up at us from every aspect of the Hebrew tradition. We must, for instance, recover what they meant by the word glory. You see how we've taken the word glory and ballooned it up belonging to something that is going to happen: "Oh, that will be glory for me." Yes, indeed, and that still has validity as a phrase. But remember the condition that it's going

to be glory for me—there. Glory means the manifestation of God on earth.

You know the story of the stained-glass window of the Christmas scene in the Glasgow church. The Mother and the Child and the shepherds on one side and wise men on the other and the text above it, "Glory to God in the highest." The boy who threw a stone and knocked out the "e" in the word highest, so that, until most unfortunately it was mended, it read, "Glory to God in the high street." If it had been mended it ought to be mended on a swivel so that whenever the wind blew, you wouldn't know whether it was "Glory to God in the highest" or "Glory to God in the High Street."

Because when you come to consider it, the only way in which you can give glory to God in the highest is what you do in the high street. How else can you give glory to God? Glory is the manifestation of God *on earth*.

Or take the word salvation, the word that puzzles more of our young people than any other word. It's interesting, isn't it, that Wycliffe when he translated the New Testament got through the whole of his translation (and he translated it before the Authorized Version) without ever using the word salvation. The word Wycliffe uses for salvation is health. "This day has health come to my house." The beginning of the Gospel according to St. Luke in the song of Zacharias, "knowledge of salvation," we find John the Baptist coming with knowledge of salvation in preparation for the coming of Christ. Wycliffe translates knowledge of salvation as "science of health," again carrying us back to the fact that salvation is given through the immediate situation in the body politic and the ongoing situation.

Or take the word holy. It is interesting that the word holy for the Elizabethans meant healthy. The ordinary group of people sitting on the village green in England in Elizabeth's day, when they saw a child full of buck come skipping along laughing, would say, "What a holy child." They did not mean the child had just gotten a diploma from the Sunday school. They

meant the child was in every aspect healthy. And as they strove to translate into immediate coinage the word in the Greek, and the word in the Latin, and the word in the Hebrew, they said, "What is it, the meaning there?" And if you and I had been there, we'd have written in terms of our understanding of healthy. We've got to recover holiness as being health.

The Blood of the Lamb

Don't think this is just a rather complex way of saying, "We've got to get back to the social gospel." As a matter of fact, that's a confusing kind of discussion that goes on anyway. You can't get away from the social gospel. There is no gospel that isn't social.

But don't think it's an escape into the social gospel from the old immediate confrontation of Christ with the person. I yield to no one that to be saved we've got to be washed in the blood of the Lamb. I'll be happy to see some of the hymns coming back that are just falling out of those terms. But we must give connotation to being washed in the blood of the Lamb, in the connotation that was meant. For you see the blood is the residence of the spirit. And to be washed in the blood of the Lamb is to be immersed in the spirit of Jesus. And if we aren't immersed in the spirit of Jesus (I defy you to tell me how you can be immersed in the spirit of Jesus unless you are immediately socially concerned), we are not washed in the blood of the Lamb.

The great criticism of the church in Britain—and I am part of the criticism—is that nobody wants to crucify it. Why should they?

I think a must for all divinity men, and I would suggest almost a must for all Christians in the present scene, is to go and see that picture called, "On the Waterfront," that picture of the fight between the leaders of a trade-union who are tyrannizing over the men who are their helpless pawns in the trade-union. It has nothing to do with the fight between the bosses and the men. It's the fight of the power of the leaders in their tyrannizing over the inert body of trade-union men.

This is the moving moment. The priest becomes aware of the utter injustice that is being put across by the thugs of the trade-union leaders who are keeping the men down. And he comes to a man who has just been beaten up by the thugs and he says, "You must stand for justice in this trade-union in the name of the Church and in the name of Jesus. You men just get up and stand against this injustice." And the man lying there beaten up with blood coming down his cheek says to him: "Will the Church stand beside us?" And the priest says, "Yes, the Church will stand beside you." And the man says, "Will the Church stand beside us all the way, even when it gets messy?"

There was a man, a quiet sort of person, who was making seventy-five cents an hour. A do-gooder came along and said to him, "You ought to be making a dollar an hour." "Well," said the man, "how can I get a dollar an hour?" "Go to the boss, go to the boss." "What am I to do when I go to the boss?" "Well, go to the boss and say you want to see him and tell him you want a dollar an hour or else."

So he went to the boss and the boss said, "What do you want?" The man said, "I want a dollar an hour or else." The boss said, "Or else what?" The man said, "I work for seventy-five cents an hour."

The Church time and time again in the real issues is saying to the state, "You must have more Christian standards." Especially about the war situation we are saying, "You must find other ways of settling international disputes. In the name of Jesus Christ, in the name of everything we stand for, you must find other ways." The scientists are saying it clearer than we are. The scientists are suffering more than the Church is suffering for what the Church is saying. "You must find new ways or else."

The state says to us, "Or else what?" And we say, "Or else go on making the H-Bomb."

These are the areas where the outsider doubts whether we believe in the sovereignty of Christ. And to believe in the sovereignty of Christ is the essence of being evangelized.

. . . An Open Letter to Henry Luce and
Fellow Americans
by Collette Schlatter, Editorial Assistant, *Fellowship*
Magazine

DEAR Friends: I am writing to you out of deep concern for what we are not achieving in the way of world peace. We are in a state of fear, and fear is not a liberating emotion; on the contrary it is cramping. We cannot relax world tension because we will not relax our own. We will not unclench our fists, nor expose our egos to the world's harsh, but ultimately emancipating, judgment. (Dare we ask Mr. Nehru in earnest why he thinks SEATO is a stupid misapplication of energies in this day and age?)

I address Henry Luce especially, for he publishes the magazine *Life* which has inspired me to write this letter. A reading of all of *Life's* editorials since the fearful dawn of the atomic age leads me to the conclusion that we Americans have been down on our corporate knees, or at least halfway down, but twice these past nine years. It is a warming thought, perhaps, to some that we've approached being decent human beings even twice in these critical years, but I am saddened to think it might take a major convulsion of our soil and cities by atomic missiles before we get down on our knees again, with a sincerity forced to be both passionate and compassionate.

But let us be happy yet awhile, and rehearse a bit of *Life* editorial history together.

On August 13, 1945, after the Hiroshima and Nagasaki massacres, but before your magazine could catch up with the news, you were still telling us how to kill "Japs." (Not "the Japanese," for that sounds suspiciously like people, even like people we used to be

rather fond of.) On page 34 of that issue you said: "Although we have fought one another with fire from time immemorial, the flame thrower is easily the most cruel, the most terrifying weapon ever devised. If it does not suffocate the enemy in his hiding place, its quickly licking tongues of flame sear his body to a black crisp. . . . But as long as the Jap refuses to

HALFWAY DOWN ON OUR KNEES

come out of his holes and keeps killing, this is the only way." The only way, kill or be killed. The only way, you say, from time immemorial.

ON August 20, the flame thrower looked civilized. It was no longer one lone soldier against one searing stream of flame. It was hundreds of thousands of civilians, including traditionally acknowledged "innocents," against flame hotter than the sun's, blast stronger than winds blown up by the most treacherous tropical storm, and a strange gaslike substance with frightening, unpredictable ways.

Life recorded the shattering events impersonally; the cameras kept discreetly away, or rather, we were spared, for a while, what they could tell of sheer animal horror and man's

capacity for inhumanity toward his own kind.

Sober military analyst Hanson Baldwin took us far away from the human experience: "The coupling of atomic energy explosives (destructive power) with rocket propulsion (range) provides the world potentially with the most terrible weapon ever known" (p. 17). Baldwin got more somber as he went his analytical way, though, congratulating man for his ingenuity in finding defenses for each progressively more destructive weapon, but convincing no one, least of all Hanson Baldwin, that the atomic bomb wasn't somehow in a class by itself. So he concluded (p. 20): "A commission of the nation's leading citizens should be appointed *at once* (emphasis mine) by the President and Congress to study the technological revolution in warfare. It would be a happy day if such a commission concluded and could persuade its fellow men that this is One World and that men must establish a common brotherhood or die in droves beneath the atomic bombs."

In the same issue (p. 26) you let your guard drop a moment and made the matter of the dropping of the bombs rather personal. No more "it fell," "they burst" or "they were dropped" but rather, "It was August 5, 1945, and *man* had unleashed atomic power against *man*" (emphasis mine).

EDITORIALY, page 35, you noted that the atomic flash showed man's problems to be not "under the bed" but "in the cellar" (where prophets and psychiatrists tell and have ever told us that they are). Read that editorial over; of such stuff is man's spiritual greatness made. It was man reacting to an evil he had himself prepared and executed, man examining himself to see how he had gotten to the cliff's edge, asking himself what he was doing there, hesitating to throw himself down!

Every step in bomber's progress since 1937 has been more cruel than the last. From the very concept of strategic bombing, all the developments—night, pattern, saturation, area, indiscriminate—have led straight to Hiroshima, and Hiro-

shima was and was intended to be almost pure *Schrecklichkeit*. It is bootless to argue at what stage of modern warfare, or by whom, the old Hague rules of war were violated. The point is that Americans, no less than Germans, have emerged from the tunnel with radically different practices and standards of permissible behavior toward others.

Except for the hastened defeat of Japan, the atomic bomb answers no questions. But it rearranges the questions, old and new, large and small, already in men's minds and throws on all of them a blinding new perspective. Our sole safeguard against the very real danger of a reversion to barbarism is the kind of morality that compels the individual conscience, be the group right or wrong. The individual conscience against the atomic bomb? Yes. *There is no other way* (emphasis mine).

The thing for us to fear today is not the atom but the nature of man, lest he lose either his conscience or his humility before the inherent mystery of things. No limits are set to our Promethean ingenuity, provided we remember that we are not Jove. We are not ants either; *we can abolish warfare* (emphasis mine), and mitigate man's inhumanity to man. But all this will take some doing. And we are in a strange new land.

We look in vain to find a statement of man's faith in his better self more compelling than this. Man before "the harnessed infinite" may well bend the knee. On his knees, with his defenses down, he is hardly a brute. On the contrary, it is there he can find himself. Thanks for saying this so well in 1945.

And for questioning, even uncertainly, the final justification for "the applied violence" of war. "Despite this power, despite all the blood spilled, the heroes made, the dollars vaporized, it is permissible to question whether we have imposed our will on the foe. . . . Violence, even when indispensable to preserve life or life's values, never solves any of life's problems at the root" (Aug. 27, p. 34). You assure us hurriedly, lest we think about it deeply, that this is "very far from saying that the war was fought in vain." You

are wrong. It is very near to saying just that.

AND so, as the years moved on, we proceeded into our "strange new land." But it wasn't long before the landscape looked familiar. Another "enemy" loomed on the horizon, Russia, and just around the corner, China in the throes of revolution, and then the New China fashioning, at last, her own destiny (you were pleased over it, remember?) and finally, devils besiege us, "Red" China, turning her back on the West, betraying our high-minded "missionary" hopes.

Thereafter human references to China were of the most guarded nature. Regime and people were so involved in the "Red sin" that the people, whom we really love, could not be dissociated from their rules, tyrants whom we naturally, and understandably, despise. The same held for the Russians. Still, "the state of the world requires that we remind ourselves that they are people—human beings not too different from ourselves" (Dec. 16, 1946, p. 30). If the state of the world requires, so be it!

And so it came to be, but it wasn't until the news began leaking out in August, 1954, that the Yangtze River and some of its tributaries had burst their banks (the Yangtze surpassing even its 1931 flood crest of over ninety-seven feet) that you took yourself seriously enough to see the Chinese as people, as suffering brothers having to cope with unharnessed waters and the inevitable famine which would follow the loss of a season's rice crop. So on October 23, we were on our knees again. I quote from the editorial, **HUNGER MAKES ALL MEN BROTHERS**, the title alone of which is a sermon:

Disaster is always a sober reminder that all men are brothers as children of God. . . . We should send food to the Chinese because it would be a Christian act in the oldest and best sense—that of obeying the Golden Rule. . . . It will be an eloquent answer to the communist canard all over the world, that for the millions who cry for bread we have nothing to offer but a gun.

I am mindful of the fact that you, Mr. Luce, have a personal attachment for China and so have cause to sorrow with her people's sorrows, but, again, in a cold warring world it is good to find you pleading, not for "caution," "expediency," "enlightened self-interest" (though I detect a hint of it in the last sentence quoted), "revenge" and what have you, with the courtesy of J. F. Dulles, but for a simple human response to tragic human need.

I WILL not speak of the editorials these past nine years which have not shown us to be a people of nobility, and thus *worthy* of preservation. Both as advice to Americans and as a reflection of our thinking and psychology, they manifest gross blindness and selfishness. In the face of the enormous problems of disease, poverty and illiteracy that stalk the world, and of world understanding that must be achieved, we are shown to have been beaten, in our thinking, by the almost-omnipotent dogmas of all-pervasive materialism. In our speaking, we are shown to have gotten tongue-tied in our attempt to enunciate "balance of power" and "One World" vocabularies at the same time. In our praying, we have, I fear, so often approached the altar of a god of our own making and not the God who breathes life into every living thing.

I cannot close this letter without reference to one other *Life* editorial, a near-great one, a rather wistful tribute to a man neither East nor West can dismiss as either "saint" (and therefore incapable of teaching us worldings anything) or "naïve politician" (for, as you yourself admit, "*he changed world history,*" which is more than most American politicians, sophisticated as they are, succeed in doing). I am referring, of course, to Mahatma Gandhi and to your February 8, 1948, editorial following his assassination (p. 32).

He (Gandhi) took his own religious belief in nonviolence and from it fashioned the weapon of *satyagraha*, organized pacifism. . . . It remains to be seen whether this weapon will ever be so successfully used again. Perhaps it only works

in the hands of a saint, or perhaps its edge must be a people schooled in mysticism and suffering like the Indians. Yet somewhere, somehow it may also turn out to be the answer to the atomic bomb. . . .

(The fact that India is being shackled today by her own violence) does not impair the idea behind the experiment, which Gandhi will continue to assert for all ages: the idea that "nonviolence is the law of our species as violence is the law of the brute."

Your ultimate conclusion is, unsurprisingly, not Gandhian; your emotion never exceeds wistfulness; and you might be very wrong in advising Indians to go to *The Federalist Papers* rather than to the *Gita* for their political theories. For it is conceivable that Asia, and Africa, will teach us something, rather than borrow Western politics and policies uncritically, including the violence that takes away from man his dignity and the organized violence that takes away, in war, his life and home as well. If we got down on our knees and asked for wisdom and strength beyond our own, and then were not too proud to approach the other peoples of the world (all of them, not just those allies we can trust because they echo us in fear of losing our favor and financial support), but if we approached all the people of the world for help, we could hardly be moving ourselves, and the world, away from the direction of our ideals and prayers.

The other way, guns instead of bread, solves none of the world's problems *at the root* (you said this yourself). The other way, guns *and* bread, doesn't work; among other things, it's contradictory. Guns remove the enemy literally; feeding the enemy means thinking of him as a friend, a brother, and thus removes him as a enemy literally, also, but in a creative, not a destructive way.

Bread *instead* of guns hasn't been tried, but can we doubt that it is the inevitable next step, the untried experiment that we might be led to were we willing and courageous enough?



by Paul Bock
Bowling Green University

Benny, Timmy, Eve and Paul Bock look at the check received from friends to help buy a car with hand operated controls.



TURNING DEFEAT INTO VICTORY

THE doctor said as calmly as he could, "I thought it was flu, but the test shows that you have polio." "There will be an ambulance here in five minutes to take you to the Contagious Diseases Hospital."

"So it is polio!" I murmured.

I asked him to visit my wife immediately and break the news as gently as possible. Before leaving, I phoned a professor, asking him to attend the United Christian Fellowship cabinet meeting which was taking place that same evening and tell the students about the sudden change of events.

They would have to carry on the program for a while without my help.

As the ambulance rolled over the 25-mile stretch, I vaguely realized that something drastic was happening—that my plans for the coming months and my usual way of living and working were exploded for the time being.

But the full impact did not come until a few days later when the mysterious and relentless virus had completed its ravaging work.

One morning I woke up with one leg helpless and the other very weak; then I couldn't lift myself; an arm

weakened; breathing became more difficult. My back, where the attack first came, was plagued constantly with sharp pains.

In a week the disease had run its course, and I was transferred to a convalescent hospital for therapy and care.

The doctor came in with a frank statement:

"It will take three months in the hospital if you cooperate and really work at it; longer if you don't. Then two years on braces and crutches. In

Those who have been following *motive* for the last ten years are familiar with the name of Paul Bock. He has contributed to many of our discussions on international affairs (he lived for a time in Europe), labor relations and university problems. Recently he assumed responsibility for the cooperative student program at Bowling Green University in Ohio. It is certainly appropriate at this time of Easter when we are especially conscious of the problem of suffering that we should have this testimony from one of us.

five years you will be virtually normal."

I felt I was like some of the German cities I had seen after the war. They were devastated in one short attack; lines of communication were cut; normal movement ceased. The damage was done so quickly, but the reconstruction took years.

Helpless, weak and sore, I screamed if anyone touched a muscle. Nurses moved me about on a cart—flat on my back. With a mechanical lift they lowered me into and raised me out of a warm-water tank in which the early therapy was performed.

WHAT a strange feeling it was for one who had been healthy and active all his life to be suddenly almost totally dependent upon others—even for accomplishing very simple things. I fluctuated between feelings of increased appreciation for what other people did for me and feelings of uselessness and loneliness.

The visits of my family and also the letters and cards from friends assuring me of their prayers on my behalf relieved the acute pangs of loneliness and brought me out of periods of apathy. I never realized before how much cards and letters mean to people who are sick.

In a new way I became aware of the meaning of being thrown upon the mercy of God and of living in dependence upon him. This is as important for the physically healthy person as for the ill person, but somehow the need for reliance on God's mercy is more vivid, more dramatic, for the person who is "laid up."

It became more clear to me that God does offer the courage and strength to face life, and that he is the true source of mental health which is so essential to physical health.

Freedom from worry, fear, self-pity, resentment are elements of this mental health for which Christian faith offers the basis.

I found real spiritual help in taking an interest in other people, and in meditating a little each day on great biblical thoughts. One of my favorite verses has been Isaiah 40:31—

"But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

I had a lot of time to think about the meaning of this tragic experience. Already in the first week my roommate asked, "Why did this happen to us? Is God punishing us?"

I assured him that thinking of it as a punishment was not an adequate explanation. God's rain falls on the just and the unjust, and so does polio. I felt that the "why" could not easily be explained, but that God certainly could help us turn tragedy into triumph. We could become better men through this experience.

As time went on, we both agreed . . . that the experience helped us to a fuller appreciation of family, friends, love and faith . . . that we were becoming less interested in material values and in ambition for ourselves . . . that we could now better understand the sufferings of other people . . . and that the real values in life came more sharply into focus.

SOME of this thinking I tried to share in letters to the cabinet of student Christian leaders, for they, too, were wondering about the meaning of it all.

I suggested that for all concerned there might be the possibility of turning "defeat into victory."

For the students it was an opportunity to grow into increasing responsibility and depth of understanding.

For me it was a kind of "trial by fire" that could help me in the future to be a better minister to students.

Here was an opportunity to contemplate the meaning of the Cross for our everyday existence.

Interestingly enough, two of the many novels I read while ill were most helpful in providing clues to the meaning of this experience. They were Tolstoy's *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*. In both novels some of the principal characters found the profound and full meaning of life when confronted with the problem of understanding suffering and death. The stimulus came either in experiencing

the death of a loved one or in coming close to death oneself. A soldier in *War and Peace* lay wounded on the battlefield and saw for the first time the majestic wonder of the sky and the quiet movement of the clouds. There he sensed the emptiness and vanity of much of human striving in contrast with the Infinite.

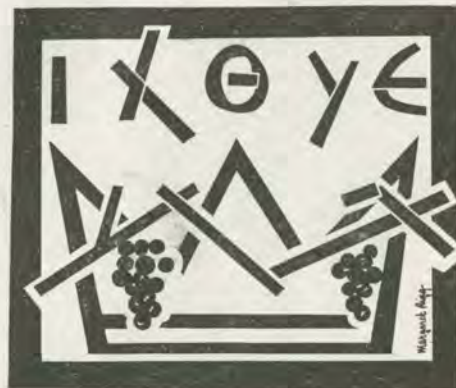
READING, thinking, visiting added much to the period of convalescence. But the stages of physical recuperation were themselves quite exciting. One saw signs of progress each week. It was a thrill to discover, while exercising in the water, that a muscle moved which had not shown signs of life before. It was a great advance when they lifted me into a wheel chair for the first time. Later my first shaky steps on crutches were causes for rejoicing.

Each of us patients was helped to fulfill the motto written on the wall of the hospital—"Making the Most of What We Have."

After exactly three months in the hospital, I returned home. I began work part time in the ministry to students, but I have continued in therapy and rest.

The car I drive with its automatic shift and hand brake is a gift of friends from all over the country. It is a visible reminder of the concern and solidarity of the Christian community in which the members suffer with one another.

In a year or two I will throw away the brace and crutches, but I hope I have gained something through this experience that will remain with me always.



The Prophet by Jim McLean



GOOD FRIDAY

But it didn't seem dramatic then. It only seemed squalid and hopeless. There probably weren't those horses beneath the cross; nor the majestic timber. Not so many people had that look of awe. What was going on, so fraught with significance for us all, was in the deep will, out of sight. And it needs no touching up. It needs only our attention, our wholehearted desire to respond.

Imagine a lark fluttering near the cross that Good Friday and pouring out through song his sense of life, completely unaware of what is happening inside the will of Christ. Such unawareness is innocent. But ours is not. For we are human beings, free to choose blindness or sight. We are spirit able to answer the Spirit that speaks to our heart through the Man on the Cross.

Let us accept the forgiveness we see in him. It is God's and it is always there: like the light of the sun.

But you have to go out into it.

Allan A. Hunter

BEHOLD: A WOMAN WEEPS

Madonna, O Thou silent face (no eye so blue)
Still you dream the distance-dim dark scene
And brood above the angel-quiet wings
With yearning arms that cannot stretch
Across the century-deep and age-old sin
To cradle Him.

O, Mary, don't you weep, don't you mourn

O, Mary, don't you weep, don't you mourn

And could you reach, what melody to croon
When anguish's still warm blood flows down
Below a thorned crown?

What melody for one spirit-born, blood-washed?

What melody, when brother, zealous, cries

He would a thousand tongues to sing

(And trips with guile brother)?

Mere monstrous cacophony for the Lamb?

O, Mary, don't you weep, don't you mourn

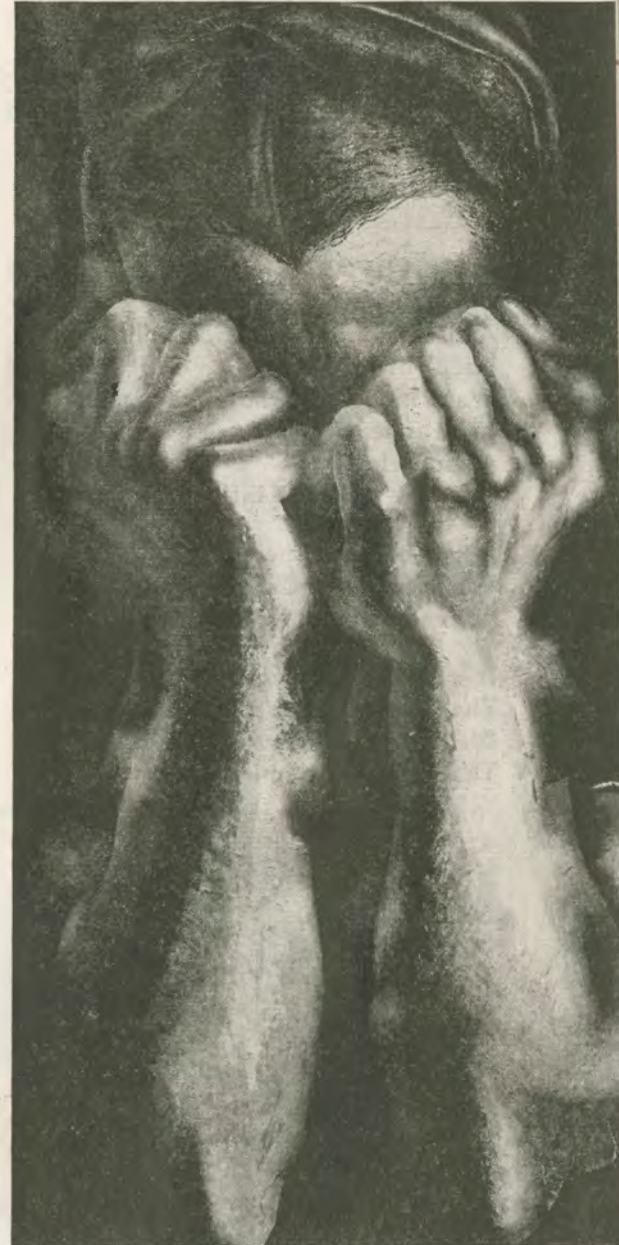
Does Elizabeth still cry to you—

"Thou, Mary, Full of Grace?"

Ah, never was sorrow like unto yours.

Angels descending,
Bring from above
Echoes of Mercy,
Whispers of Love.

by Sara Raymond



The Sob

by David Siqueiros

When it was evening, there came a rich man from Arimathea, named Joseph, who also was a disciple (but secretly for fear of the Jews, John 19:38). He went to Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus. Then Pilate ordered it to be given to him. And Joseph took the body, and wrapped it in a clean linen shroud, and laid it in his own new tomb.
—Matthew 27:57-60

“A Clean Linen Shroud”

by Virgil Kraft
President, The Radio
Institute of Chicago

JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA was a coward!
Or perhaps we should say
A discreet man, a practical politician.
Joseph of Arimathea
Was a member of the Great Sanhedrin
In Jerusalem.
A counselor!
He had wealth and influence!

Joseph of Arimathea
Was also one of Christ's disciples,
“But secretly,” says John.

It is dangerous to follow Jesus Christ.
That is why Joseph of Arimathea
Did not really follow him.
That is why he admired Jesus



At a distance
And kept his discipleship
A secret.
He didn't want anybody to know.
It might cost him something.

Joseph of Arimathea was a coward.
He didn't work with Jesus
Or support him in any way.
When the chief priests began plotting
The crucifixion,
Joseph of Arimathea was afraid to oppose them.
During the trial in Jerusalem
When one word from a member of the Sanhedrin
Might have changed the Roman verdict,
Joseph of Arimathea was silent!

It was not until Jesus had been killed
And was ready for burial
That Joseph offered his help.
He would not help Jesus live among men;
He would help to bury him.
So, he offered his own tomb
And a clean linen shroud.

How noble Joseph of Arimathea felt!
And how safe!
Now that Jesus was dead,
He could honor him openly.
Now that Jesus could no longer disturb
Anything,
He could worship him safely.

No one ever objects
To harmless worship.

A clean, linen shroud!
What a mockery!
Substituting pious respect
For daring discipleship.
Honoring Christ with safe ceremony
Instead of courageous action.

Some of us today
Prefer to honor Jesus like that.
Instead of honoring him
As a living Saviour of people;
Instead of turning from our cynical selfishness
And following him
In the way of high belief and action
To eliminate prejudice, poverty, sickness, and fear;

**Instead of working with him
To make this world
A kingdom of justice and brotherhood and peace,
We wait
To honor him with ceremony—
Songs and candles and prayers—
Things which are nice.
A clean linen shroud was nice!**

**Yes, they hung Christ on a cross.
Today they hang crosses on Christians.**

**Joseph of Arimathea was a coward!
He was afraid of discipleship.**

**He was afraid to love the foreigner;
He was afraid to forgive enemies;
He was afraid to clear the city of corruption.**

**Joseph of Arimathea was afraid!
Afraid to honor Jesus
With high dedication!
That would have cost him something.
So he waited until Jesus was dead;
And then,
In safe, pious worship,
He honored him,
Or mocked him,
With a clean, linen shroud.**



BUT because I am as yet weak in love, and imperfect in virtue, I have need to be strengthened and comforted by Thee; visit me therefore often, and instruct me with all holy discipline.

Because we are young in our prayer-life and because we are young in our close and sometimes constant associations with God, we need God's infinite strength and comfort. We have not yet learned the full meaning of discipline. We are still unsatisfied and unsure of our spiritual development.

We find everything is going along well when a problem arises which is too large for us to cope with and we feel inadequate . . . and we resort to our old methods . . . without God . . . which often fail. . . . We ignore anything godlike. We become bitter and hard and resentful. We shut God completely out of our lives and then we find ourselves faced with an unbearable loneliness. After the crisis has passed we find it terribly hard to admit our mistakes and seek out our Father who loves us.

If we would just remember in our human weakness that God is waiting . . . waiting for us to return to his loving care . . . we would return much sooner and be spared this great loneliness and sense of uselessness.

But it seems we do not learn easily, for later we again shut God out of our lives. We need God! We want God! We seek God!

We must learn to be patient as is our Father, who is in Heaven. With constant prayer and walking toward him, a time will come when we are in him and he in us.

I HAVE heard your loud Hosannas and your joyous cries to Him . . . and I am sickened by them.

I have seen your garments and your

by Students at Southern Methodist University

devotional readings for **Easter**

verdant branches cast in adoration at His feet . . . and I am disgusted with your love.

I have felt your thronging crowds, your thundering hearts, your highest passions . . . and I turn from you in tears.

For I lived to hear you hush your glad Hosannas and I heard your screams of "Crucify Him."

I saw your palm leaves and your garments vanish and a crown of thorns and tearing nails appear.

I saw the selfsame faces of your thronging crowd as you congregated on the way to Calvary. And the passions that proclaimed "Messiah" screamed in hate as you spat upon the Man whom you had loved.

And then the ages passed . . . the afternoons, the years, the centuries fled, and the realities of blood and darkness vanished behind the veils of time, and repetition, and of words.

Til now I hear your "I believe in Jesus" and your pious mouthing of your "lasting faith" . . . and I am sickened by them.

And now I see your edifice's grandeur and your annual charities to the "least of them" . . . and I am disgusted with your love.

Now I stand among your listless congregations, and hear your vows of dedication to the Slain . . . and I turn from you in tears.

For I live among "belief" when famines ravish, and I hear the cries of children without food . . . and in the midst of all your "faith" and "goodness," a son of God is banished for the color of his skin.

Now in the shadow of your churches, your "strength" is steel against the ones for whom He died. And condescension stains your only shred of pity, while you shame those whom you "help" with gifts of "love."

And in your gatherings of worship, anger rages, and jealousies contaminate your prayers. I hear your "I believes" in hollow echo sounds, while hatred permeates the holiest hours.

Your hypocritical Hosannas have endured the ages, and they ring as loudly now as they did then. And your faith and love are as meaningless as ever, as you desecrate Golgotha's sa-

cred hours. Far across the years you drive your nails of hatred, and beyond the ages sound your cries of death. And so the sun arose this morn upon Palm Sunday.

LORD, I bow my head in shame. I, too, have taken the easy way and called it Christianity. Forgive me, Father. Grant me the courage to live the true Christianity . . . to accept gladly more than just my own responsibilities . . . to look beyond every crucifixion and see the truth of everlasting life.

UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN

They said he was out of his senses and went up to Capernaum to stop him.

AH, yes, he was mad all right; and yet he accomplished so many unusual feats in his short lifetime that poets and all manner of men have been unable to do justice to his name.

I have often thought that regardless of how much pain and torment Christ suffered on the cross, surely his agony was not nearly so terrible when he realized he had triumphed over the cross. In fact, I have felt he must have been the happiest man on earth. Here deeds and his obligations had been fulfilled. Soon he would be dead and nothing lay beyond except the glory of Heaven and the sight of his Father. Perhaps in his dying moments his suffering was alleviated by thoughts similar to the words which Paul spoke in later years, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

And yet I am sure Christ himself would have rebuked me for trying to interpret his mind in such a petty fashion. For it was not the glory of a living faith nor an attitude of self-satisfaction toward his wonderful deeds which caused Christ to say "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" It was his thought that the world still lay before him, a world to which

he had come to save that which was lost. His reward did not lie in the mirror of his past. It was to be found in his present love for those who had driven nails into his hands and feet, those who had misinterpreted his mission on earth. It was to be found in his sincere interest in the poor, in his undying faith in God's plan for his countenance which later caused men to say, "Truly this was the son of God."

WHEN Christ from the cross prayed "Father, forgive them . . .", he was praying for those who had crucified him . . . his friends as well as his enemies. He was asking God's forgiveness for those who had become involved in tradition, in material wealth and military power so much they failed to comprehend the fullness of the love of God manifested in Christ. His power through love was so great it threatened the very structure of the Roman Empire, built by the sword and the law. The only way they thought they could deal with that threat to their ease of living, was to destroy it.

Yet, even today it seems we are crucifying Christ in that respect. Not physically, but in our very thinking. When we allow tradition, social pressure or prestige to rule our lives, is not Christ still on the cross in our own hearts? When we go through college seeking only a "good time" and a degree, becoming immune to the opportunities for learning which surround us, living for half-truths, which are often more dangerous than total ignorance, is not Christ crucified anew? When we pat ourselves on the back for being generous to people of other nations and colors, when actually we have given only the leftovers of our love and material goods, when we are so complacently satisfied with our own meager accomplishments, is Christ not yet on the tree? Only when enough people dare to discover and live the true Christian life, will Christ be taken from the cross, and his kingdom known in the hearts of men.

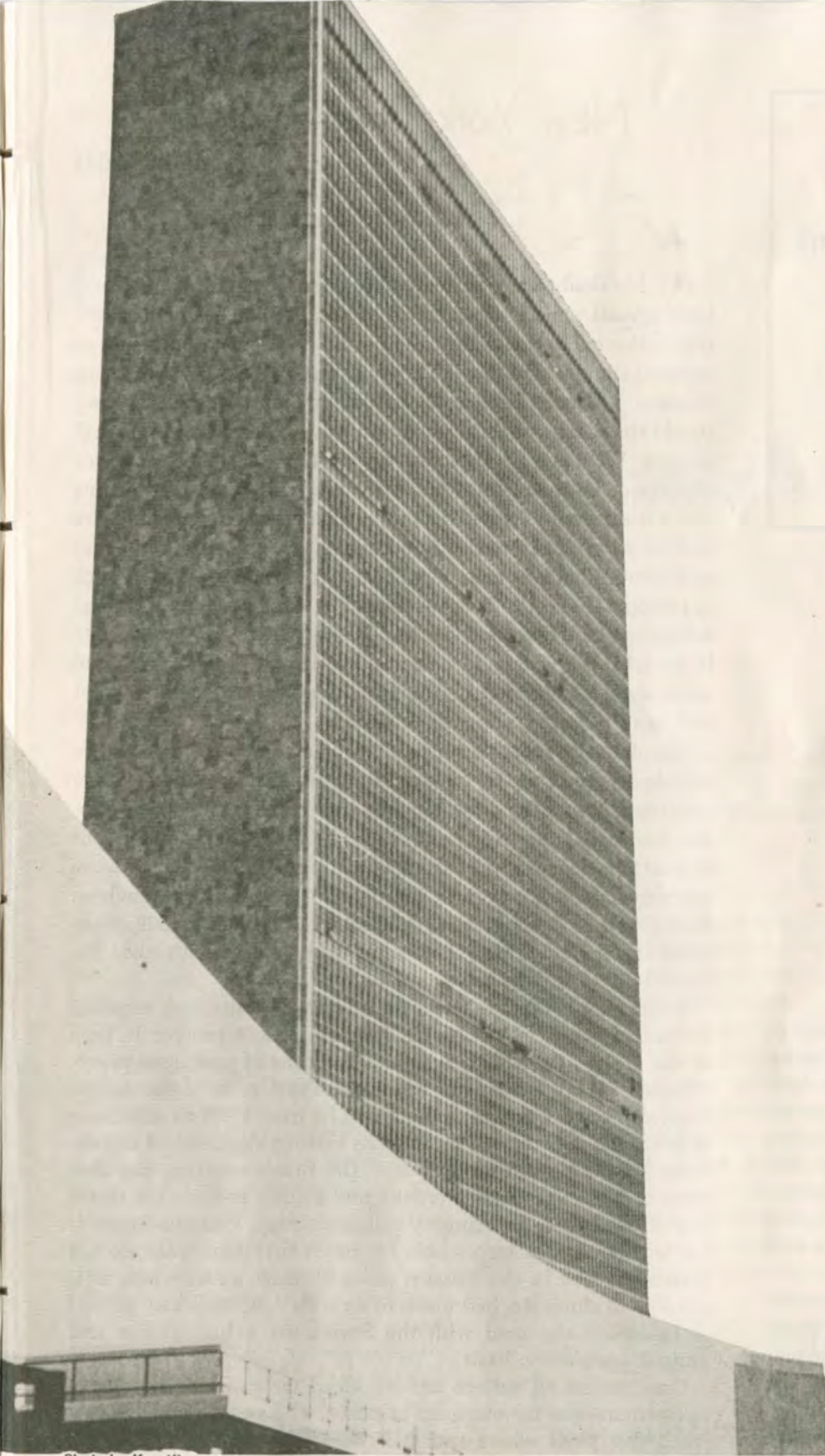


Photo by Koestline

WE THE PEOPLES OF THE UNITED NATIONS DETERMINED

to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war, which twice in our lifetime has brought untold sorrow to mankind, and
to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person, in the equal rights of men and women and of nations large and small, and
to establish conditions under which justice and respect for the obligations arising from treaties and other sources of international law can be maintained, and
to promote social progress and better standards of life in larger freedom,

AND FOR THESE ENDS

to practice tolerance and live together in peace with one another as good neighbors, and
to unite our strength to maintain international peace and security, and
to ensure, by the acceptance of principles, and the institution of methods, that armed force shall not be used, save in the common interest, and
to employ international machinery for the promotion of the economic and social advancement of all peoples,

HAVE RESOLVED TO COMBINE OUR EFFORTS TO ACCOMPLISH THESE AIMS

Accordingly, our respective Governments, through representatives assembled in the city of San Francisco, who have exhibited their full powers found to be in good and due form, have agreed to the present Charter of the United Nations and do hereby establish an international organization to be known as the United Nations.

Preamble to the Charter

THE UNITED NATIONS

TIME: April, 1945
PLACE: San Francisco
EVENT: the United Nations
Organization
was born
FUTURE: On the 10th
Anniversary
motive
takes a look

Charter of the United Nations

Chapter 1

Purposes and Principles

Article 1

The Purposes of the United Nations are:

1. To maintain international peace and security, and to that end: to take effective collective measures for the prevention and removal of threats to the peace, and for the suppression of acts of aggression or other breaches of the peace, and to bring about by peaceful means, and in conformity with the principles of justice and international law, adjustment of settlement of international disputes or situations which might lead to a breach of the peace;
2. To develop friendly relations among nations based on respect for the principle of equal rights and self-determination of peoples, and to take other appropriate measures to strengthen universal peace;
3. To achieve international cooperation in solving international problems of an economic, social, cultural, or humanitarian character, and in promoting and encouraging respect for human rights and for fundamental freedoms for all without distinction as to race, sex, language, or religion; and
4. To be center for harmonizing the actions of nations in the attainment of these common ends.

New York Times---editorial

April 25, 1945

The Conference

. . . No doubt each nation represented at San Francisco will have special policies or interests at stake. Each delegation, if it were allowed to write the conference decisions, would put its national stamp upon them. They will be recognizably American, Russian, Chinese, French, Brazilian, or something else. They would speak for one great power or possibly for a group of small powers. We have no right to suggest that the emphasis given would not be made in all sincerity and with a desire to bring about what would seem to the proposers a greater degree of justice and security. But of necessity no one nation will speak with this authority. What will emerge will be a compromise—and as such not Utopian. The Utopians are bound to lose out in any practical settlement of the world's affairs. Utopia will perhaps grow into being with the years and decades, but it will grow slowly. And when we have attained what might today seem Utopia, another and more perfect vision will lie ahead.

The danger is that the necessity for compromise will not be sufficiently recognized by popular opinion here or in other countries. No matter how honestly the search for exact justice may be carried on, it will not quite be attained, for the definitions of exact justice will vary from nation to nation. What we can properly hope for is a nearer approach to exact justice throughout the world than existed when Hitler attacked Poland in 1939, when he attacked Russia in 1941 or when with Japan he attacked the United States in December, 1941.

We cannot remind ourselves too often that the first requisite for justice is peace. Justice and freedom cannot prosper in time of war. They invariably make gains in a time of prolonged peace. Whether we are thinking of the Russian system or of the Anglo-American system, the same thing will be true. With an assurance of peace, democracy can improve its existing devices and institutions. With an assurance of peace, the Russian system may lose some of its harsher characteristics and modify itself in the direction of what we in this country call democracy. War and impending war have been responsible for much that Americans do not pretend to like in the Russian point of view. Fear, which it is possible to eliminate, had much to do with America's long refusal to recognize and deal with the Soviets on a businesslike and mutually profitable basis.

One interest all nations and all allied governments now have in common—the maintenance of peace. The world has obviously reached a point where war is a world disaster, ruinous to all peoples and to all governments. We would do well to regard the conference not as a series of horse trades but as an effort to make and preserve peace. If this objective is secured the rest will follow. To attain it we must put some trust in those with whom we do not, on all points, agree. The basis for agreement is the absolute necessity for peace. The basis for confidence lies in the general and generous recognitions of this fact.

Used with permission

by Margaret Lefever
Dispatch Supervisor
United Nations

One Million Visitors

AND THE QUESTIONS THEY ASK

Mrs. Lefever will soon be an International Civil Servant under the UN Secretariat and as such particularly asked it be expressed that these are her own opinions.

OVER one million people from Annapurna to the plains of Kansas have visited the United Nations since it moved to its permanent New York Headquarters two years ago. In mid-Manhattan, the three UN buildings are surrounded by eighteen acres of terrace, two statues, the East River on one side and the traffic of First Avenue on the other. Across First Avenue carved into a stone wall the UN visitors see the inscription, "They shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruninghooks."

Who are these visitors and where do they come from? In a survey of the UN Guest Register of over 60,000 signatures and comments I conducted a few months ago, it was discovered that 87 per cent of the visitors were United States residents and the remaining 13 per cent came from at least 118 other countries including Nepal, Burma, Libya, Ceylon and Tanganyika.

What is this tremendous attraction to the United Nations? Do they believe in the UN or do they hate the

idea for which it was organized? The two extreme positions—those who idealize the UN and those who feel the UN is the incarnation of the devil—are about equal, and are the slim minority. But the survey showed most Americans fall into the category of the mildly curious. In their statements the U.S. residents reflect the trend of American thought of the last thirty years—isolationism, war, the emergence of the all-powerful U.S.A. and the bewilderment of finding themselves leaders in a world where ne-

gotiation around the discussion tables brought neither defeat nor victory. It is as Reinhold Niebuhr pointed out in a speech to UNESCO, January, 1952, "Perhaps this is the most important lesson for us to learn in our relation to the world community, because we are, as a nation, not accustomed to the frustrations of history. We have grown from infancy to adolescence and from adolescence to maturity in quick and easy strides; and we were inclined to solve every problem, as young people do, by increasing our strength. Now



General Assembly Building of the United Nations

we have suddenly come upon a mystery of life. It is that an infant in his cradle is in some respects more powerful than a man in his maturity. For the infant's every wish is fulfilled by some benevolent attendant; but the wishes of a mature man are subject to the hazards of many conflicting and competing desires."

MOST visitors come here seeking an answer to this dilemma. They come to see if they can't find out for themselves why the UN has not been more "successful." They want to know *why* it has not eliminated war. Many of us find the balance between optimism and cynicism hard to follow. It is like a friend said to me after her first visit, "I've always thought of the UN as an idea and an ideal all in one. It's the world as it should be, with everyone working together for peace—even the buildings express this idea of serenity. But lately I've been so disillusioned about the UN settling anything. We don't seem to be getting anywhere."

As one churchman explained, "Perhaps the UN has failed only for those who expected too much. Those who looked upon the UN as a shiny new supergadget that would banish war and erase international conflict are disillusioned. To expect the impossible is always a one-way ticket to disillusionment, if not cynicism. To expect the UN to perform miracles is to misunderstand what the UN is. The UN is not God; it is not even weak world government. The UN is sixty different nations working together in an atmosphere of 'sovereign equality.'"

Many times in the last year and a half I have seen church groups fall into the same mistake of placing too much hope in the UN only to become disillusioned because it has not lived up to their highest expectations. This kind of optimism is not restricted to the United States. In a story told by the head of the UN Information Center in Liberia, these same high hopes were expressed. The director was asked to speak to an African tribe and using an interpreter told about the world-wide projects of providing milk for mothers and newborn infants in

ninety countries; how one injection of penicillin would cure the dread skin disease of yaws prevalent among millions of children; how a simple change in fishing methods in Liberia meant more protein per family; a steel blade on a hand plow and how it saved farmers weeks of work; of the work at the United Nations to bring equality among people; and of the many international disputes and wars which had been settled through United Nations negotiations. After the speaker was finished the tribe began to roar and chant without quieting down. Finally the chieftain turned to the director and said, "My subjects say its wonderful and they all want to be baptized!"



THE Cleveland Conference sponsored by the Department of International Justice and Goodwill of the National Council of Churches gave us some sound advice at this point:

"The Christian faith does not provide us with clear-cut blueprints or easy answers for the tragic problems of the world in disorder. We would face realistically the existing limitations in the organization and operations of the UN. Some of these grow out of the continuing fact of human selfishness and fallibility. The churches should accept the responsibility of dealing fairly with the UN neither claiming too much for it, and so raising false hopes, nor dismissing it as irrelevant in the world of nations today.

After the questions about the success and failures of the UN, the visitors most want to know how much of their taxes goes to the UN. On a tour I was conducting, a man from Chicago, prominent in a national veterans' organization, claimed that at least one fourth of all his taxes went from the U.S. to the United Nations. He wouldn't believe me when I told him the United States paid only one third of the UN budget and it costs the U.S. citizen only 8.6 cents a year to support the U.S. portion of the United Nations budget. Four countries contribute more per person to the UN than the citizens of the United States.

The total contribution to the UN, including World Health Organization, UNESCO, International Labor Organization, etc., costs each American citizen about 75 cents a year, less than the price of a movie ticket.

OUT of this, one penny goes to the World Health Organization to combat TB, cholera, typhus and other diseases. Food and Agricultural Organization gets four fifths of a cent to carry on the job of helping the world find food for a rapidly growing population.

Almost half of the world's population is illiterate, and the United Nations Education Scientific and Cultural Organization is fighting illiteracy around the globe. Two cents goes for this work. The rest of the 75 cents goes to Korean refugee programs, Palestine Arab refugees, UN Technical Assistance and other specialized agencies.

This is only a sample of the questions asked by the thousands who visit the UN every day, seven days a week. They are eager to learn about the harsh political struggles as well as the heartening humanitarian work done. May we be thankful for these ten years of work by the United Nations. And may we pray that the UN will continue to be employed in the maintenance of justice among men and nations.

Boxscore

on the

UN

Prepared by Robert H. Reid for the
Committee on International Relations
National Education Association of the United States

- 1** **PROBLEM:** SYRIA AND LEBANON: Complained to Security Council about slowness of British and French troops in getting out of their countries (1946).
ACTION: Great Britain and France, in spite of Russia's veto, accepted resolution favoring withdrawal of troops.
SCORE: British and French troops were withdrawn.
- 2** **PROBLEM:** IRAN: Objected to Security Council about delay of Russian troops in getting out of northern Iran, also Russian interference in her internal affairs (1946).
ACTION: Security Council took up the case. Despite Gromyko "walkout," adopted resolution.
SCORE: Soviet troops left peacefully; Iranian Government in full control of internal affairs.
- 3** **PROBLEM:** GREECE: Aid being given by Albania, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria to Greek rebel soldiers. Greece complained to Security Council (1946).
ACTION: UN's Special Committee on the Balkans helped prevent more serious trouble.
SCORE: Conditions improved, Special Committee dissolved (1951). A new Balkan Subcommission of Peace Observation Commission can send observers at request of states concerned.
- 4** **PROBLEM:** INDONESIA: Fighting between the Netherlands and the Republic of Indonesia brought to attention of Security Council by Australia and India (1947).
ACTION: Dispute settled after series of "cease fires," and work of a special Security Council Good Offices Committee.
SCORE: Netherlands rule over Indonesia ended. Republic of Indonesia (70,000,000 people) came into being (1949); admitted to UN as 60th member (1950).
- 5** **PROBLEM:** PALESTINE: Future of Palestine brought before General Assembly by Britain (1947). Arab-Jewish conflict followed end of British Mandate (1948).
ACTION: Palestine partition recommended by General Assembly: Arab state, Jewish state, and international regime for Jerusalem, all linked in economic union (1947). UN mediation helped to end war.
SCORE: State of Israel created (1948); became 59th UN member (1949). Armistice agreements ended armed conflict (1949). Relations still strained; many questions unsettled.
- 6** **PROBLEM:** KASHMIR: India claimed Pakistan was assisting tribal invaders of Kashmir, sought Security Council action to avoid all-out war (1948).
ACTION: "Cease fire" arranged by Security Council Commission. Both countries agreed that Kashmir should decide by plebiscite whether to become a part of Pakistan or India.
SCORE: Truce lines established and maintained. Some agreement on demilitarization of area, but no agreement on conditions of plebiscite.
- 7** **PROBLEM:** KOREA: Problem of Korean independence brought before General Assembly by US (1947). North Korean armies crossed 38th parallel; later, Chinese Communist forces joined them (1950).
ACTION: UN Commission reported Russian opposition preventing unification (1949). Security Council termed invasion breach of peace, requested UN members to assist Republic of Korea (1950); 16 nations sent troops, more than 40 gave economic, medical, or other aid.
SCORE: First time troops used by an international organization for collective military action against aggression. Armistice agreement signed July 27,



Realist



Idealist

1953, after two years of negotiation. Prisoners exchanged. Extensive relief and rehabilitation programs started. UN still seeking peaceful unification of Korea.

- 8 PROBLEM: ITALIAN COLONIES:** What to do about colonies renounced by Italy in the Italian Peace Treaty (1947)? Britain, France, Russia, and the US, unable to reach agreement, asked General Assembly to decide (1949).
ACTION: General Assembly approval led to creation of one new nation, one self-governing state; another to become independent in 1960.
SCORE: Libya fully independent (1952); Eritrea federated, as self-governing state, with Ethiopia (1952). Somaliland under trusteeship until 1960, with Italy as Administering Authority.
- 9 PROBLEM: "UNITING FOR PEACE":** UN action in handling threats to peace could be blocked by veto in Security Council when permanent members failed to agree (1950).
ACTION: General Assembly adopted "United for Peace" resolution, offered by US (1950). Resolution provided in part that General Assembly can act, by 2/3 vote, when veto deadlocks Security Council.
SCORE: General Assembly strengthened. Veto in Security Council cannot block UN action against aggression.
- 10 PROBLEM: TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE:** Raising living standards in underdeveloped areas required expanded programs of technical assistance by the UN and Specialized Agencies (1949).

ACTION: Technical Assistance Administration set up (1950). Operates regular and expanded UN technical-assistance programs, co-ordinating them with programs of Specialized Agencies, member states.

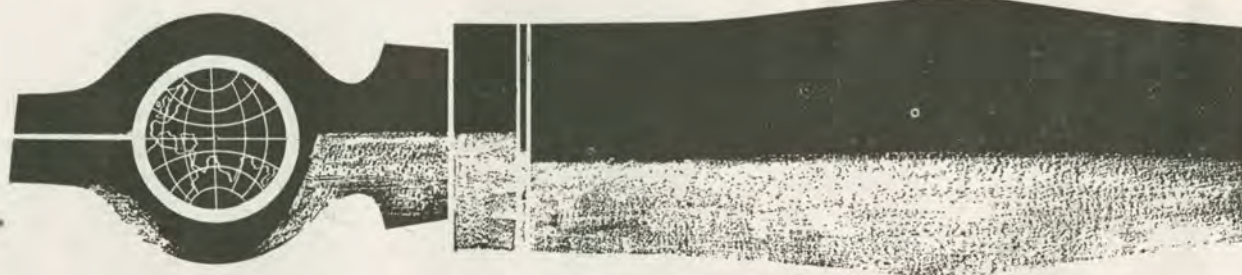
SCORE: Seventy-six governments and the Vatican pledged over \$24,000,000 to expanded technical-assistance program for 1954. Over \$85,000,000 pledged since 1950. One hundred countries and territories aided; 3,000 technical experts recruited, 3,500 fellowships granted.

- 11 PROBLEMS: HUMAN RIGHTS AND GENOCIDE:** Failures to respect human rights endanger peace. Genocide (destruction of any religious, national, racial, or ethnic group) a prime example.
ACTION: Commission on Human Rights drafted Universal Declaration, a statement of principles, recently completed drafts of two Covenants. UN also drafted Convention on Genocide. Convention on Freedom of Information in preparation.
SCORE: Universal Declaration of Human Rights adopted by General Assembly (Dec. 10, 1948). Convention on Genocide adopted by General Assembly, ratified by 43 states (not US). Convention on Political Rights of Women adopted, ratified by 6 states.
- 12 PROBLEM: REFUGEES:** UN faced with tragic by-products of war.
ACTION: International Refugee Organization (IRO) created (1948) to repatriate or resettle World War II refugees. High Commissioner for Refugees appointed (1951) to help those that remained. Separate agency created to aid Palestine refugees.
SCORE: IRO repatriated or resettled millions (1948-52). High Commissioner mediates between refugees and governments, tries to work out long-term solutions. Agency for Palestine refugees has cared for almost a million Arab refugees, started resettlement projects in several Arab states.
- 13 PROBLEMS: ATOMIC ENERGY AND DISARMAMENT:** Control of atomic energy and other weapons of mass destruction needed.
ACTION: General Assembly established Atomic Energy Commission (1946); disagreements of Soviet bloc with majority led to impasse. Commission for Conventional Armaments set up by Security Council (1947). Both replaced by Disarmament Commission (1952).
SCORE: President Eisenhower has proposed program for peaceful use of atomic energy now. General Assembly has recommended private meetings of major powers to discuss plans for disarmament. Armaments race continues, at enormous cost.

14 **PROBLEM: TARIFFS AND TRADE:** High tariffs block trade. Need for reduction of trade barriers to create stability and well-being recognized by UN. **ACTION:** Attempts made since 1947 to set up an International Trade Organization (ITO). General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) formulated. **SCORE:** ITO remains a "dead issue." Concessions negotiated by 34 countries through GATT have led to tariff reductions on some 55,000 items entering international trade.

15 **PROBLEM: INTERNATIONAL LAW:** Need for judicial body to deal with matters of international law recognized at United Nations Conference, San Francisco. **ACTION:** UN Charter established International Court of Justice as judicial organ of UN (1945). General Assembly set up International Law Commission to codify, promote development of international law (1947). **SCORE:** International Court of Justice has delivered judgments in nine cases. UN has requested advisory

17 **PROBLEM: UN MEMBERSHIP:** Deadlock on new members since 1950, although Charter states, "Membership in the United Nations is open to all other peace-loving states which accept the obligations contained in the present Charter, and in the judgment of the Organization, are able and willing to carry out these obligations." Twenty-one countries have applied without success. **ACTION:** UN began with 51 countries; nine added: Afghanistan, Burma, Iceland, Indonesia, Israel, Pakistan, Sweden, Thailand, Yemen. UN established Special Committee on Admission of New Members to explore possibilities of reaching an understanding that would facilitate admissions (1953). **SCORE:** While some member states advocate membership for all nations ("universality"), the following continue to seek membership: Albania, Austria, Bulgaria, Cambodia, Ceylon, Finland, Hungary, Ireland, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Republic of Korea, People's Democratic Republic of Korea, Laos, Libya, People's Republic of Mongolia, Nepal, Portugal, Romania, Vietnam, Democratic Republic of Vietnam.



opinions. Individual nations have not made full use of Court.

16 **PROBLEM: TRUST AND NONSELF-GOVERNING TERRITORIES:** UN faced question of what to do about territories formerly under League of Nations mandate or detached from World War II enemy states. Also some responsibility for other nonself-governing territories, affecting 200 million people. **ACTION:** Trusteeship Council created. Supervises administration of 11 territories. Under UN Charter, administering powers pledge themselves to promote well-being of colonial peoples, report to UN on conditions. **SCORE:** Trust territories: *In Pacific*, administered by US (1), Australia (2), New Zealand (1). *In Africa*, by UK (3), France (2), Belgium (1), Italy (1, until 1960). UN receives reports on more than 60 nonself-governing territories. Trust territories are: Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands (Marianas, Marshalls, and Carolines), New Guinea, Nauru, Western Samoa, Tanganyika, Cameroons (British and French), Togoland (British and French), Ruanda-Urundi, Somaliland.

18 **PROBLEM: THE SEEDS OF WAR:** UN recognized importance of combatting ignorance, hunger, disease, and poverty. **ACTION:** Economic and Social Council and 10 Specialized Agencies set up to deal with international economic, social, and cultural problems. The agencies are: UNESCO (education, science, culture), FAO (agriculture), WHO (health), ILO (labor), Bank Fund, ICAO (aviation), UPU (postal), ITU (telecommunication), WMO (meteorological). UN Children's Fund established to promote health and welfare of children and mothers. **SCORE:** UN scoreboard here impressive. Examples: UNESCO Fundamental Education Centers in Mexico for Latin America, Egypt for Arab nations, combat illiteracy. FAO carrying out programs for seed improvement, land reclamation, fisheries development. WHO experts in many countries fighting malaria (affects 300,000,000 people). UNICEF funds allocated to equip 5,500 maternal- and child-welfare centers in 43 countries.

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STAIRCASE NO. 1 by Cornelius Ruhtenberg

From: Passadoit Gallery.

Miss Ruhtenberg, a refugee, developed a keen insight into the human mind during her long ordeal in German prisoner-of-war camps. While she feels deeply the social plight of those trapped in our large cities, she does not allow social "messages" to stand in the way of fine art. Here we see a typical naturalized American family in a large city apartment house, grouped on the second-story landing. Miss Ruhtenberg painted with the deep red earth-colors of compassion. There is the final irony of an adult-faced child holding a top pinwheel as a king might hold a sceptre.



American Painting, *1954*

Notes by Del Leaming, Editor
Midwestern Bookshelf

IT is the mistake of much popular criticism to regard poetry, music, and painting—all the various products of art—as but translations into different languages of one and the same fixed quantity of imaginative thought, supplemented by certain technical qualities of colour. . . each art having its own peculiar and untranslatable sensuous charm, has its own special mode of reaching the imagination, its own special responsibilities to its material.

To suppose that all is mere technical acquirement in delineation or

touch, working through and addressing itself to the intelligence . . . this is the way of most spectators, and of many critics, who have never caught sight all the time of that true pictorial quality which lies between, unique pledge, as it is, of the possession of the pictorial gift, that inventive or creative handling of pure line and color.

It is the drawing, the design projected from that peculiar pictorial temperament or constitution, in which, while it may possibly be ignorant of true anatomical proportions,

all things whatever, all ideas however abstract or obscure, float up as visible scene or image. . . .

In its primary aspect, a great picture has no more definite message for us than an accidental play of sunlight and shadow for a few moments on a wall or floor; is itself, in truth, a space of such fallen light, caught as the colours are in an Eastern carpet, but refined upon, and dealt with more subtly and exquisitely than by nature itself.

—from the essay, "School of Giorgione" by Walter Pater

HOLIDAY by Lamar Dodd

From: Grand Central Moderns.

Dodd has presented a favorite composition from time immemorial: the beach, with some sailboats at anchor. But he chooses to treat the entire composition as motion and form rather than a literal description of detail.

ART shows are increasingly popular these days. This seems to be the natural result of civic support of local art centers and local artists. As a town or city develops its own local talent, it becomes increasingly aware of the entire field of fine arts.

The Virginia Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond, each year makes an effort to secure the best and most representative American art of the past year. Last year the annual show opened on April 4, 1954. The paintings were selected by Dwight Kirsch, director of the popular Des Moines (Iowa) Art Center. After a short tour, the entire show went back to Richmond, and is now in the process of being redistributed to the galleries and memorial committees which originally loaned most of the pictures to the Virginia Museum.

The 99-painting omnibus show, entitled "AMERICAN PAINTING: 1954," is another healthy sign the American public is giving more vigorous support to all sorts of American art. One critic

called the show "an unexpected cultural dividend." All of the public showings were well attended. Part of the paintings are drawn from an earlier Virginia Museum show, "Sun Leisure Arts"; the themes of the paintings run from starkest realism to the most puzzling of abstract art. The reactions of gallery visitors ranged from admiration to hoots of laughter. No one liked every single picture, but everyone found at least one or two paintings to his liking, and no one seemed bored!

Perhaps one of the greatest achievements of the art movement in America today is the gradual breaking down of the barriers between fine arts and commercial arts. Many American advertisers are making their art work more than commercial. One large tin manufacturer has been printing a series of quotations from the classics, along with distinguished paintings by American artists, rather than the usual commercial messages, and the public response has been excellent—so unexpectedly enthu-

siastic, in fact, that the manufacturer had millions of reprints lithographed, suitable for framing.

What is wrong with American art? Many things, of course. It is impatient and sometimes it gets sidetracked, but usually not for long. The "limitless vista" of cubism, for instance, in which squares and other geometrical shapes are shoved around, now looks suspiciously like a hall of mirrors reflecting the same pictures over and over again. A few years ago, it attracted many artists. Next year, it will be some other crazy new "school" of painting. But American art does not stay sidetracked for long.

Artists like freedom, they hate cramped quarters; and the new talent in "AMERICAN PAINTING: 1954" proves that broad new horizons are presenting themselves to young artists who remember the finest traditions of European art while striving to develop a strong, vigorous, native American art.



Thalid
1953

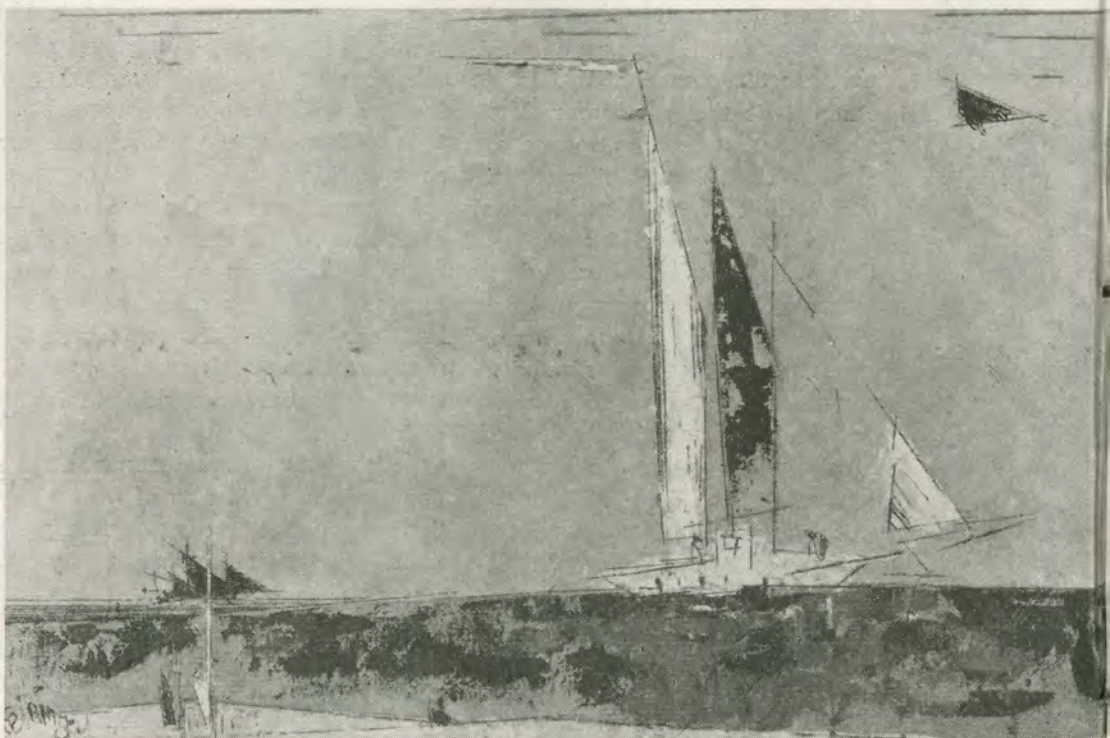


WINTER SHAPES by Karl Mattern, oil, purchased for the Edmundson Collection of the Des Moines Art Center, July 21, 1954. Mattern is professor of art at Drake University, Des Moines Art Center.

AUTUMN by Madeline Hewes

From: Maynard Walker Gallery.

Madeline Hewes smooth "semiprimitive" style (made famous in the U. S. by Grandma Moses), is one of four mural panels depicting the four seasons commissioned and owned by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kellon. This very popular sort of painting avoids the smooth "fussiness" found in so many paintings of this type, mainly by the softening of outline and an attention to movement which keeps the painting lively and full of interest.



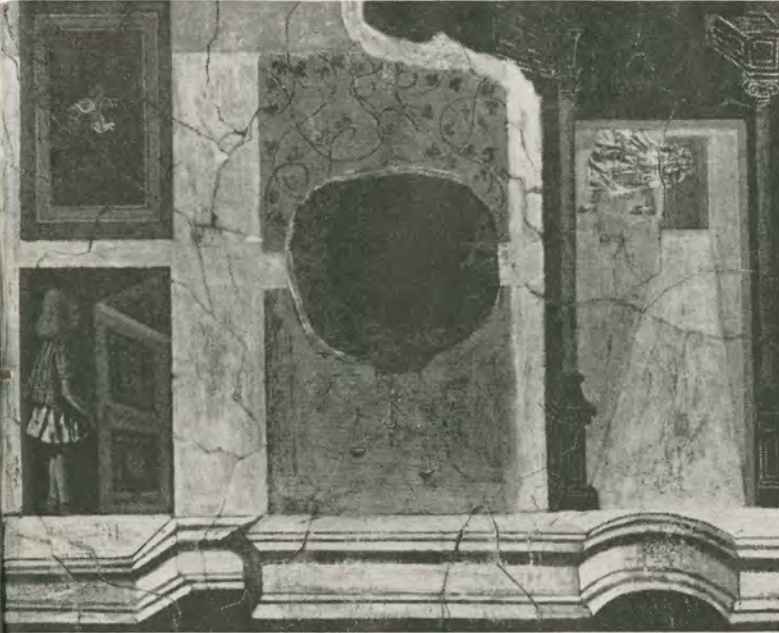
GAY PASSAGE by Lyonel Feininger. From: Curt Valentin Gallery.

GAY PASSAGE is the brightest, happiest painting in many a moon. It repeats the wedges of triangular black sails in the sea and even in the sky. Here is softness and brittleness alternating with each other, and the conviction that Feininger achieved his objective: "Art confronts us and we are challenged to see what we have looked at but often have not seen."

WALLSCAPE by Joe Lasker

From: The Kraushaar Galleries.

Lasker here seems to be influenced by the early Salvador Dali dream-landscapes, although he does not attempt the same smooth technique. Here he enters the odd dream life of the child. It might be safer, however, to call it the dream life of the artist.



Below: CYBERNETICS by Ben Shahn. From: The Downtown Gallery. Tempera is a medium halfway between water color and oils; it is difficult to handle and few artists today work with it; it seems to be more popular with oil painters who demand a quick statement or sketch than with water-color artists. The technique is used here to satirical advantage as Shahn lampoons a group of gentlemen paying homage to ENIAC, the giant mechanical brain.

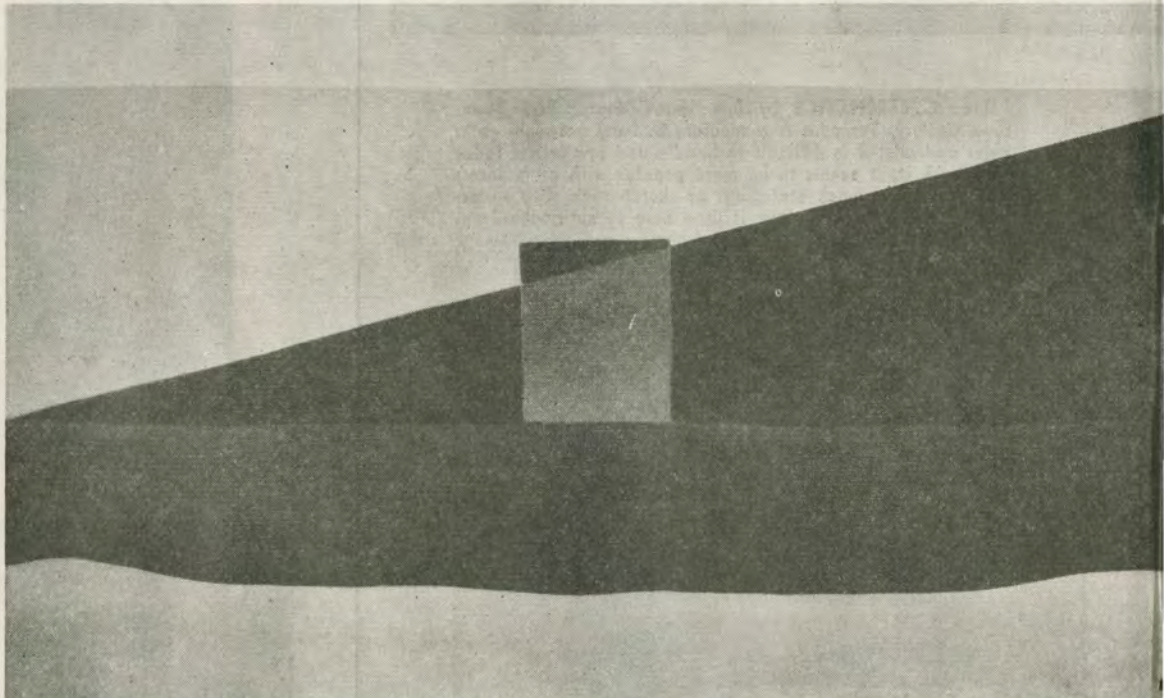


Center right: VIA PARTENOPE by Walter Stuempfig. From: Durlacher Brothers. American "magic realist" painters such as Walter Stuempfig, George Tooker, Henry Gasser and Charles Rain, try to strike a middle path between photographic realism and imagination. Stuempfig, who lives on the shore of West Wildwood, New Jersey, has had striking success in painting his friends and neighbors who live on the beaches around Cape May.

Lower right: CHINATOWN, MAW WAH by James Lechay. From: Kraushaar Galleries. This transparent water color of a Chinese alley street of paper lanterns and glaring neon lights illustrates the modern "free" school of water color, as opposed to the extremely tight and detailed paintings introduced by the English in the eighteenth century. An almost-dry brush is used and details are secondary to the total effect; or, as Lechay puts it, "the feeling is paramount."



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Opposite above: **SUMMER'S END** by Charles Rain. Oil on masonite. Museum purchase: John Barton Payne Fund. Accessioned by Virginia Museum: 11 March 1954.

Opposite center: **IN THE PATIO V** by Georgia O'Keeffe. Loaned from: The Downtown Gallery. The influence of cubism is strong in Georgia O'Keeffe's latest experiment in color, a striking and simple composition in two shades of light tan; the cube itself is sea green.

Opposite below: **NARRAGANSETT BAY** by Leonid (Leonard Berman). From: Durlacher Brothers. Berman, through this magnificent panorama, establishes himself as a top-ranking realistic painter. Colored in blues and cool green, this staggering perspective of 28-mile-long Narragansett inlet, illuminated by soft, dust-colored clouds, takes advantage of perspective and the curvature of the earth to achieve the feel of vast, empty space.

Left: **AMAZING JUGGLER** by Yasuo Kuniyoshi. From: The Downtown Gallery. **AMAZING JUGGLER**, painted by a Japanese artist of great talent who has since died, weds Oriental art, with its love of masks and costumes, with the typical gaudy American pastime of the circus, which is the same the world over. Here a clown juggles atop a trick bicycle, closely followed by a bareback rider and the tumblers.

Below: **SINISTER DOINGS BY GASLIGHT** by Norman Lewis. Collection: Robert Sist.



Flood in India



by Kazuyoshi Kawata

ON the fourth of this month several of us dragged our tired bodies home after three days of flood relief work in the Amritsar District. While these things are still fresh in my mind I want to write them down for you so you might have a better understanding of the conditions of some of the people here.

Word came to us on September 29 that conditions in the Amritsar flood area were serious and that our help was needed. The Reverend Ernie Campbell, leader of the relief team, flew over the flooded area in an Army plane on that day, and on the morning of September 30 several of us met at the office of the commissioner to discuss what the relief team could do. Doctors Carl Taylor and S. V. Saini, of the Christian Medical College of Ludhiana, the Reverend Ernie Campbell, Francis Sauer, and I, the team's sanitary engineer, were there. Ernie and Carl are not new at relief work since they were together on a team doing relief work during the troubled days of the partition in 1947. Carl, however, could not accompany us on this trip, but gave us valuable advice.

It was decided at the meeting that the most important thing the team could do was to get to as many villages as possible and chlorinate the drinking water supplies and give emergency medical treatment. The party left Jullundur City on September 30 and headed for Ajnala, the jumping-off-place to the flooded areas, beyond which vehicles could not go. We took along a light boat

Kaz, a Japanese-American in one of the internment camps during World War II, enlisted in the United States Army in 1943. Assigned to the field artillery, he was in Europe and took part in the Battle of the Bulge. Of this experience he says: "I saw horror and hate, hunger and hardship as I never dreamed before. I vowed then I would do all I could to stop war. I want to build, not to destroy. I want to heal, not kill. I am now a pacifist."

Past president of the Oregon Methodist Student Movement, he is now in India as an I-3.

and outboard motor, provisions, medical and chlorinating supplies and equipment, and two drums of dried milk from Church World Service we had on hand at the school.

The River Ravi, which separates India and Pakistan, has been known to overflow its banks, but this year the summer was very dry and the monsoon season had long been past, so the people did not expect the rains that fell in late September. Once the rains started, however, it was one big continuous deluge till the Ravi on the India side merged with a canal several miles away, forming one huge river. The land between the river and the canal is low and had belonged to Muslim farmers, but, since the partition, has been allotted by the government to the refugees who are trying to re-establish themselves.

THE party co-opted the local padre as a member, and on the first day started out downstream to get to villages cut off from the rest of the area. We made one stop along the river at a village, and then went farther down-

stream to a point seven miles from the starting place and then on foot we made a circuit of six villages, seven miles of muck and mire and deep waters. Ernie (who stands 6 feet 3 inches) led the way going through water up to his knees; my frame being 5 feet 1 inch, I was up to my waist. On our first day out we found many wells badly polluted by the flood water. In one well I noticed a lot of organic matter and commented on it, to which Francis added, "Sure and there is a dead rat floating in it, too." Cases of dysentery were often traceable to particular wells. Many houses were down or destroyed, fodder shortage was serious, food supplies were found to be short, but not necessarily acute on the whole except for the very poor people. Animals were lost and crops were destroyed from 50 per cent up to 100 per cent, depending upon the elevation of the fields.

We found the problem of the communal well in the villages. One group of villagers of a particular community would not let others use their well no matter how badly the latter's well was

polluted. It was getting dark and we headed back to the boat and back to our base. The night fell quickly and going upstream on the canal became difficult. The motor sputtered to inform us we were out of gas. We took to the oars, but soon we had to abandon them when one of the oars broke. We headed for shore and made our way home on foot. Most luckily I had taken my flashlight along and it saved the day (it was more night) for us.

ON the second day, since the water had receded considerably, the party split up with Mr. Campbell going by boat upstream with two local men, and the rest of us going by jeep and on foot to a village close to the Ravi River. We drove up to the breach in the road and waited till the Public Works Department got enough broken bricks into the breach so we could get across. Ours was the first vehicle to get across the breach. We went farther and doctored a village on the roadside while waiting for another section of the road to be made passable. A little bit up the road we left the jeep and started out on our circuit of ten miles.* We came across some high land where crop damage was not serious; then we went down through the lowlands covered with reeds and



"Talwandi" is a village scene we came across. In this village the morale was most low. The houses were down, animals injured or lost, food gone, and hopes shattered.

crossed a canal chest-deep in water. Beyond these reeds destruction was almost complete. We saw people in real need. The flood condition was acute and the fodder situation so serious farmers were driving their cattle out of the flooded areas in droves. By nightfall I had to give myself medical treatment in the manner of doctoring my feet. We returned late

at night, tired but glad we were able to contact the people in the back villages. The tireddest of us all was the *padre sahib* who, though in his sixties, went everywhere we went, even through the deep ford where he calmly took off his trousers, lifted them over his head, and waded across. This padre was unlike the many officials who were reluctant to get their feet wet or muddy.

The third day found us again going downstream by boat. We were heading for a village Ernie had seen from the air as being completely surrounded by water. As we tried to get there we had to cross several deep waters. On this day we found another village that had suffered much; and unlike some of the villages we visited, morale of the people was low. The rains and flood had dealt such a blow it will surely leave them bitter memories of houses destroyed, cattle lost, killed and injured, and hunger through lack of food. We reached our destination, ministered to the people, and as we turned to go back the rain started to fall. By the time we reached the boat the rain was coming down in sheets well peppered with hail and conveyed by the cold blast of the chilling wind. The boat made the trip back in spite of the sideway motion created by five shivering men. We re-



"To Panjiraian" fording a low spot in the fields. This is one of the villages close to the Ravi River where Christians live. They lost everything in this village.

turned to our base soaked to the skin and with teeth chattering.

We found cooperation among villages everywhere we went from helping us in carrying supplies to guiding us through the difficult terrain. The prime example of cooperation was one villager who volunteered to undulate the water in the well with a rope and bucket after the bleaching powder

was put in. As he stepped on the wooden beam across the well to do his job, the beam gave away and down he went into the water. Ernie told him he had never seen a man more willing to throw himself into the job. Even in times of tragedy, as during this flood, people could laugh at this incident. When the group moved on to the next well the same villager asked, "Do you want me to jump into this well also?"

ON the fourth we left Ajnala and came back reluctantly to our station since some members of the party had to attend important meetings, and I had to return to my work and to start arranging for relief supplies. Milk, grain, seed and financial help for rebuilding houses and repairing wells are much needed in the coming months until the next harvest comes in. Some of these things are going to the people already. The most disheartening thing to us was the knowledge that those most affected were the poorer people who lived on the low ground on the outskirts of the villages and who had once before lost everything during the partition. They lost cattle, houses, grains, crops and their wells were flooded and from drinking the water out of them they were sick or soon to be sick.



"Towards Ravi" was taken in the reeds as we headed out to the Ravi River. The water here stood at the top of the reeds. Crop destruction was almost complete.

Like the stage the team was the cast but without all those persons behind the scene the work could not have been done at all.

Our experience has demonstrated again that all things are possible through Christ who strengthens us. This has been and is our prayer in these days.

Careers in the Church—



ON many American college campuses, students in the senior class who have successfully passed the first-semester examinations are looking forward to marching in the academic procession to receive the blessings of the president of the university and receive their sheepskins. Some students may be asking, "Where do I go from here?"

There may be some of these who ought to consider the possibilities of a church vocation. Bishop Edwin E. Voigt, chairman of the Committee on Christian Vocations of The Methodist Church, has stated that "in every area of the church's life personnel demands continue to out race the supply." The Methodist Church is not recruiting enough leadership to run its institutions, and at a critical time such as this in which we live, this constitutes a problem of major proportions. Without an adequate and well-trained leadership the church cannot serve the present age nor can it do what God intends it to do. To maintain anything like an adequate force of leaders, The Methodist Church must recruit every year fifteen hundred young people for the ministry, four hundred for the missionary enterprise at home and abroad, four hundred for Christian education in the local churches and on college campuses, and twenty-five hundred for medical and social services of the church.

To avoid misunderstanding, let it be said that any college graduate who takes up his lifework and who seeks

to express God's will in and through that work is engaged in a Christian vocation. Any job becomes a Christian vocation when one brings to it Christian attitudes, purposes, and principles. If the occupation meets human need; if it is morally constructive and helpful; if it allows one to bring to it his full range of talents; if it builds fellowship and promotes good will and if one serves it to the best of his ability, it is a Christian vocation whether it be garbage collecting or an executive position in the bank. A co-ed who finds the one of her choice, establishes a home, cares for her children, rears them with the sense that she is doing what God intends her to do to the best of her ability, and gives her home a sense of Christian value is engaged in a Christian vocation.

WHILE all useful work is potentially sacred, there is a special challenge to work which offers young men and women leadership within the church itself. The critical spiritual and physical need of the world today should challenge many young people to serve, and The Methodist Church offers vocational opportunities for those who will hear this call! What are these vocational opportunities?

The Methodist ministry is a life of service which gives young people a vocation that enriches their lives and the lives of their fellow men. The Methodist Church needs capable, consecrated, and well-trained ministers to meet the world's moral sick-

ness. Last year 854 Methodist men and women were graduated from the theological schools of our church and the seminaries of other denominations. These are not enough to meet the annual needs of The Methodist Church for trained ministerial personnel. Larger numbers are needed each year to fill vacancies caused by retirement and death, man the newly organized churches in growing areas, serve as associate pastors in larger churches, provide the connectional and administrative leaders throughout the church, supply religious teachers in church colleges, and to work as ministers of education in local churches. In addition to the need for ministers in local churches, there is also a great need for chaplains in the armed forces. More than 500 Methodist ministers serve the moral and spiritual needs of men and women in the armed forces, of whom it is estimated that 300,000 are Methodist.

ONE of the areas of church vocations standing in desperate need of leadership is the field of Christian education. In the last six months more than 100 requests have come to Scarritt College for capable and trained young people to fill educational positions all over the United States. It has not been able to supply one request out of twenty! The basic function of a director or minister of Christian education is to guide a church in bringing Christ and his teachings to the people of the community. The philosophy of church

by Henry M. Johnson
Dean, Scarritt College

work has so changed that the church doors are no longer locked from Sunday to Sunday. It demands a full-time program and a staff is necessary to develop this program. One year's specialized study in religious education on the graduate level is required for certification as a director of Christian education and a master's degree in religious education is desirable. Those who do not have graduate study required of a certified director are called educational assistants. But any young person making this field of service a lifetime vocation should secure graduate preparation.

There is also a need for age group specialists in churches to direct the educational program of one age group such as children, youth or adults. These workers should have training in the work of the specific age groups. The 100 or more Methodist conferences employ field workers in Christian education such as directors of children's work, youth work, adult work, and executive secretaries who are employed to oversee the educational work within the bounds of an annual conference. The Board of Education of The Methodist Church in Nashville employs forty-four staff field workers who are specialists in Christian education.

There are also opportunities for weekday Christian education workers who teach and supervise in weekday Christian education programs in the public schools and churches. At least 3,000 communities have weekday church-school programs and many of these persons are employed full time.

MANY young people can find a church vocation on the college campus. The ten theological seminaries, nine universities, seventy liberal arts colleges, eighteen junior colleges, nine secondary schools, two medical schools, and the 160 Wesley Foundations offer professional and vocational opportunities to those who are properly qualified. The main areas of service are teaching, administration, person-

nel service, positions in finance and public relations, Wesley Foundation workers, and directors of religious activities. Of the eighty senior Methodist colleges, most have a director of religious life. In this position a person is in charge of the religious program of the campus and as a general rule teaches a number of courses in religion. There are twenty-two interdenominational units in which Methodists participate. These are organizations of The Methodist Church at state and independent colleges and universities.

Increasingly more persons are being employed as full-time directors of music in local churches. The professional musician, employed full time in the church, has an opportunity to serve a church in interpreting the relationship of music to the religious growth of persons. His activities include directing church choirs, selecting music for all phases of the church program, planning with the pastor and leaders of the church in the use of music in worship, study, and recreation. A specialization in music is essential and a graduate degree in church music plus training in Christian education will more adequately prepare one for this vocation.

HOME missions is a special phase of the ministry of The Methodist Church in the United States, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands. It gives one who enters this service an opportunity to reach out beyond established churches and minister to the neglected or undeveloped areas and to the underprivileged and minority groups of our land. Home mission projects are found in crowded city neighborhoods, in new population centers, in isolated rural and mountain areas. Workers serve among minority groups such as Negroes, American Indians, Mexicans. A variety of work is available in the home mission field in community centers, rural church and community work, educational work in the elementary schools, high schools, colleges, and junior colleges, medical work in hospitals and clinics, work in children's homes, homes for retired workers, residence

halls for young business women, and the good will industries which assist the physically, mentally, and socially handicapped. Some ministers work in the home mission fields and are governed by conference relationships as are other ministers. Others work under the direction of the Woman's Division of Christian Service.

The Methodist Church has 1,550 missionaries serving in five countries of Europe, ten countries of Latin America, seven political areas of Africa, and thirteen of Asia. Their ministry is as broad as life itself and many professional skills are needed to carry on this work. Many positions in Christian service abroad are open to young men and women. According to an announcement in one of the Methodist magazines in January, 1955, the foreign mission field needs 200 young people within the next year for regular lifetime service in Japan, Korea, the Philippines, Southeast Asia, India, Pakistan, Africa, and Latin America. Educators, ranging from nursery school teachers to college professors, are needed in the overseas schools of the Methodist Board of Missions. Nurses—both hospital and public health—doctors, social workers, ministers, Christian education workers, administrators, secretaries, technicians, engineers and builders are being recruited for this service. Engineers, laboratory technicians, and office secretaries are among the special vocational needs this year.

THE 1955 "Fellowship for Christian Service" is seeking fifty unmarried men and women between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-eight who have completed their college work and are ready to dedicate three years of service as workers of the Methodist Board of Missions abroad, beginning in June, 1955. These special-term workers are needed as teachers, Christian education directors, pastors' assistants, nurses, secretaries, laboratory technicians, agriculturalists. They will serve in projects under the direction of the Division of World Missions and the Woman's Division of Christian Service. A six-week training program of intensive language study, area ori-

entation, methods of work abroad, with emphasis upon religious development will be given these special-term workers in July and August of 1955.

Another field of Christian service is the all-important work of personal ministry to the sick, the needy, the old, and children. The Methodist Board of Hospitals and Homes offers numbers of opportunities for using one's training and skill in this area. Superintendents of Methodist hospitals need a college or university degree plus a master's degree in hospital administration, and a superintendent of a home also needs a college degree plus training in social work. Physicians who may serve on the staffs of Methodist hospitals throughout the United States are needed as are graduate nurses, prac-

tical nurses, dietitians, physiotherapists, occupational therapists, medical technologists, X-ray technicians, medical record librarians, social workers, and house parents.

FOR those young people who are interested in the business side of church activity, The Methodist Publishing House offers vocational opportunities. The Methodist Publishing House, established in 1789, is the oldest book publisher in America, the largest Protestant denominational publishing house, and one of the nation's most important retailers of books and literature. It operates twelve retail and mail-order houses, two local bookstores, and two large modern printing

plants. It employs approximately 1,900 persons pursuing many different careers. Its work falls into three categories: general business, editorial, and printing. There are business opportunities that range from office workers to those who are managers of bookstores and other managerial positions. There is a great need for competent and consecrated secretaries and office workers in The Methodist Church. Salaries, pension plans, insurance, and vacation arrangements compare favorably with those of other service agencies. A young woman with secretarial skill may serve as a secretary in the local church, an annual conference office, offices of a church-related college, and the offices of the general
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The Spirit of Love

by Larry Shiner, student
Oberlin College

Who has *seen* the Spirit of Love at work? We have seen only its works. It is like the leaven which, though little and not present to the eye, permeates the whole loaf.

Who has *heard* the Spirit of Love at work? We have heard only its works. It is like the snow which we hear not in the night, but find in the morning that it has transformed an ugly world.

Who can *understand* the Spirit of Love at work? We can understand only the work it has done. It is like the mystery of a St. Francis changed from a Prince of Revelers to a Prince of Paupers.

Unseen, unheard, a mystery to the

reason, men think it weak and would scoff at it, choosing to live instead by might directed to self-preservation.

Yet this principle of self-preservation through might can only turn to fear and from fear to hate for all who stand in the way of self or nation. This is the principle at work in the grasping avarice of wealthy and poor alike and in the thought that a nation must make war or die.

But such men as follow this principle are ignorant of what the self is. For a human being or a nation is truly itself only in the Spirit of Love. The Spirit of Love is not a law of the world but the quality of God in the world

from which all life has its being. Thus if a self is not in love it is in death, for it is no longer itself, having cut off the source of its life. So those who fear to die and gird with might to save themselves are in death already.

Yet is there anyone in the world who can say in truth that he is in the Spirit of Love? In some measure are not all in death? Have we then no hope?

No, we have more than hope. We have Christ whose spirit is given us by God's grace and through him we are saved from our failure. Thus with God's help we strive toward the Spirit of Love, a mystery which can neither be seen, nor heard, nor understood, but is the source of life.

Careers in the Church—
(Continued from page 34)

agencies of the church such as: the Board of Education, Board of Missions, Board of Evangelism, and other boards.

FINALLY, The Methodist Church offers positions to those who are interested in mass communications. Three types of work are included in this field: writing, editing, and directing public relations. The educational press, represented by the Board of Education, offers opportunities for free-lance writing and editorial work. The Methodist Publishing House also uses those who can edit manuscripts, do proofreading and editorial work. The field of public relations is open to qualified candidates. In addition positions with the Commission on Public Relations and Methodist Information, several of the boards and agencies of The Methodist Church employ persons who give full or part time to services that would fall in the field of public relations. Nearly all of the Methodist church-related institutions of higher learning employ public relations directors as do many of the hospitals and homes. Radio, television, and films are new and expanding fields in mass communications and will offer ever-widening opportunities in the future.

You may be able to find your vocation among these varied positions open to young people. The personal qualifications of a worker in church vocations are: Commitment to the Christian way of life, intellectual ability, emotional maturity, winsome personality, a sincere affection for people, and good health. The Methodist Church stands ready to give you help in preparing yourself for this service and all Methodist institutions of learning will help you in planning your study and program of preparation. When the need exists, God always calls his servants to meet it, and many graduates this year should follow in the footsteps of the prophet of old and say, "Here I am, send me."

A TRUMPET OF GOD

by
Frederick A. Norwood
Professor, Church History
Garrett Biblical Institute

By faith Abel offered a more acceptable sacrifice than Cain, through which he received approval as righteous. . . . By faith Enoch was taken up. . . . By faith Noah took heed. . . . By faith Abraham . . . Sarah . . . Isaac . . . Jacob . . . Joseph . . . Moses . . . Rahab. . . . And what more shall I say? For time would fail me to tell of Gideon, Barak, Samson, Jephthah, of David and Samuel and the prophets . . . (Hebrews 11:4-32).

I SHOULD like to add one more to that "great cloud of witnesses" whose faith has over the ages broken ground for us and whose lives have given perpetual testimony to the saving grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

As a lad he early made acquaintance with the world as a bar boy in a tavern—the Bell Inn, Gloucester—run by his mother. His father was already gone. He spent a large portion of his adolescence, as he put it, "washing the mops, cleaning the rooms, and becoming common drawer to his mother's customers." One of the miracles of Christian history is that this boy, reared in the sotting environment of an eighteenth-century Hogarthian bar-room, should have risen, through a profound spiritual experience, to become God's clarion of good news, whose tones were to be heard far and wide on both sides of the Atlantic. Only God could have made so much out of so little. No other explanation is possible of the new birth that led him eventually to London, where, since no church would receive—or could hold—him, he began to preach to the people out of doors.

Moorfields had been successively a swamp on the outskirts of the city, a brickyard, a marching ground for archers, the site of Bedlam (the original insane asylum), and after that the city mall, where people of fashion promenaded. In those days it was a park frequented by crowds of common folk. Here he preached then, with the sky a very proper sounding board: "When he spoke," Gladstone tells us, "and they heard his strong, sweet voice exquisitely undulated to express the deepest, strongest passion, or the soberest introduction, or the most indignant remonstrance, they stood charmed and subdued. Then his message was so solemn and gracious, something in which everyone was interested for time and for eternity;



and he delivered it as if it were all real to him, as indeed it was; as if he believed it and loved it and wanted them also to accept it, as indeed he did. No scoffer durst raise a shout, no disturber durst meddle with his neighbor as the thrilling text flew all around, everyone hearing it." His text that day was "Watch therefore, for ye know neither the hour nor the day in which the Son of Man cometh."

Heartened by the enthusiastic response, he preached next at Kensington Common, to a crowd estimated at 30,000. Even if, taking caution, we cut the possible exaggeration by two thirds, a very respectable congregation still remains. At Hackney Marsh, where some 10,000 people had gathered on a Thursday for the horse races, he preached, with the result that almost everybody missed the races. "Very few," he said, "left the sermon to see the race, and some of these soon returned. By the help of God, I will go on to attack the devil in his strongest holds."

THAT intention led him eventually to Scotland, where he hounded the devil-in-kilts from his most clannish fastnesses: Edinburgh, Glasgow, then Dundee, Paisley, Perth, Sterling, Kinglossie, Culross, Cupar of Fife, Inverkeithing, Aberdeen—inside churches and out, in bonnie hamlets and dirty cities, on the highroad and on the low, within sight of Holyrood and under the shadow of the formidable crags of the Grampians.

The same restless drive took him to Wales—although in this case he had an additional motive: to get married. That event delayed the Lord's business exactly seven days, and then he was off again to Cardiff, Llanelly, Abergwilly, Carmarthen, Llys-y-fran, Kidwelly, Llangathen—four hundred miles in three weeks, during which he preached forty times. That was the year his little son was born, only to die three weeks later. He preached three times before the funeral.

By the time he had coursed back and forth through the British Isles year after year, decade after decade, he had carved out a career well worthy of a lifetime's devotion. As it turned out, however, that was only the introduction to a greater field. Thirteen times he boarded little square-rigged ships for the long and difficult passage to or from America. Thirteen times, landsman though he was, he joined company with sailors who could never be sure the view of land behind the mizzenmast was not their last. One trip took twenty-eight days, another eleven weeks. On the first trip his ship was accompanied by two smaller ones. During Sunday services, therefore, this voyager arranged for the three vessels to draw as close together as choppy seas would permit, in order that, perched on the quarter-deck of the largest, he might preach to the complement of all three, to the accompaniment of white caps and roaring seas parting under three bows. And everyone heard, it is said.

SPRING was giving way to summer when he landed at Savannah, and preached a farewell sermon to the

ship's company. At five o'clock the next morning he preached to a congregation of seventeen adults and twenty-five children. Although this first visit was brief, he was to return again and again to nurture his first-born institution, the orphan asylum at Bethesda, some ten miles north of Savannah. More than once he carried through a whirlwind mission up and down the Atlantic coast, from Georgia to Massachusetts. In Philadelphia he almost gained an amazing convert—none other than the enlightened Benjamin Franklin, who came to preaching prejudiced and critical, departed impressed and considerably poorer. "I happened," wrote Franklin, "soon afterwards to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that and determined me to give the silver, and he finished so admirably that I emptied my pocket into the collection dish, gold and all."

In Boston he preached to 15,000 on Boston Common. Upon this occasion he took advantage of a sudden thundershower to impress upon his hearers the desperate urgency of his message. As the threatening dark clouds gathered he cried out, "O sinner! By all your hopes of happiness, I beseech you to repent. Let not the wrath of God be awakened! Let not the fires of eternity be kindled against you! See there!"—pointing to a flash of lightning, "it is a glance from the angry eye of Jehovah! Hark!"—as thunder rolled down with a crash, "It was the voice of the Almighty as He passed by in His anger." As he paused in an attitude of prayer, the storm dissipated, the sun broke through sparkling on the raindrops. Now with a complete alteration of countenance and tone of voice, the preacher continued: "Look upon the rainbow, and praise Him who made it. Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heaven about with glory and the hands of the Most High have bended it."

FINALLY he came to Northampton, where he matched with scintillating fire the deadly cold burn of Jonathon Edwards. Never did Providence bring together opposite personalities that more fully complemented one another. Calvinists both—yet how different! The New Englander reading from his manuscript on great themes with logical thoroughness planned to strike the fear of God into the hearts of all; the Old Englander speaking freely with direct appeal to the emotions planned to spread abroad the love of God. If the one stirred the waters to spill over the dam of spiritual indifference, the other burst the dam asunder and released a flooding revival that washed into the remotest cabin hidden in the shadow of the Appalachians. Rarely has a stranger to our shores entered more intimately into the religious life of our people. Word that he was coming caught the farmer at his plough and left the share deep-set in the middle of the furrow. A

rough Connecticut farmer had heard of all this, and then, as he scribbled: "one morning all of a sudden about 8 or 9 o'clock there came a messenger and said (that man) preached at hartford and weathersfield yesterday and is to preach at middletown this morning at 10 o'clock i was in my field at work i dropt my tool that i had in my hand and run home and run through the house and bad my wife get ready quick to goo and hear (him) preach at middletown and run to my pasture for my hors with all my might fearing i should be late to hear him." Arriving in time, the farmer saw the preacher climb on a platform. "he looked almost angelical," the farmer reported, "a young slim slender youth . . . with a bold countenance. . . he looked as if he was Cloathed with authority from ye great god and a sweet collome Solemnity sat upon his brow and my hearing him preach gave me a heart wound by gods blessing. . . My old foundation was broken up & i saw that my righteousness would not save me. . ."

This trumpet of God had come to love America. On a grand itinerary during his last visit—one that was to be permanent this time—he wrote to a friend: "During this month I have been above a five-hundred-mile circuit and enabled to preach every day. The congregations have been very large, attentive and affected, particularly at Albany, Schenectady, Great Barrington, Norfolk, Salisbury, Sharon, Smithfield, Powkeepsy, Fishkill, New Rumburt, New Windsor, and Peekskill. . . O what a new scene of usefulness is opening in various parts of the new world! All fresh work where I have been!"

LIKE all men he had his limitations. A censorious spirit marred his relations with some of his fellow ministers.

But he held rigorously to the principle that, from him to whom much is given, much is expected. Probably his greatest weakness was a lifelong partiality for people of quality. Although he preached to larger masses of poor workers and humble folk than any other man of his time, he could not resist the temptation to exult in the presence of nobility—Lord Chesterfield and Bolingbroke, the Countess of Huntingdon, even the Duchess of Marlborough. He was exceedingly blind on the problem of Negro slavery. None the less, he followed more clearly than most men of his day the first of the Apostles in recognizing that God is no respecter of persons. His catholic spirit enabled him to work with so many kinds of Christians that opponents charged he would, in Rome, turn papist.

When he arrived finally at the parsonage of the First Presbyterian Church in Newburyport, Massachusetts, in September, 1770, he knew he would go no farther. On the thirtieth day of that month, as the autumn wind was already blowing chill over New England, he died. He who had spoken as through the trumpet of the Archangel Gabriel was silent.

"I love those that thunder out the Word," he said one time. "The Christian world is in a dead sleep. Nothing but a loud voice can awaken them out of it." If you want to hear some echoes of that voice, still reverberating down the corridors of time, you might visit the crypt of Old South Church in Newburyport, where you will find the earthly remains of him who gave his life to God in England, but saved his heart for a new country and a new people—George Whitefield.

EXCERPTS WORDS MESSAGE

The familiar fact that we have two ears but only one mouth is surely of more than casual significance. Seems like the Creator in his wise providence gave us a plain and important hint in thus equipping us, but often we are unready to understand it or to apply its meaning.

The plain-speaking writer of the book of James believed this and wanted something done about it. He said (1:19), "Let every man be swift to hear [two ears], slow to speak [one mouth]." But the abuse of the power of speech still continues. The excess wordage of many folks who are too quick and too thoughtless with their language can cause boredom, anger, and sorrow.

by Harding W. Gaylord
Minister, Wakefield, Rhode Island

Sorrow. Take the case of Mr. Man and Mrs. Woman.

Monday through Friday Mr. Man goes to work every morning, taking with him in a tin box the lunch prepared for him by his wife. But on Saturday and Sunday she fixes him hot dinners at home, and she tries to make them good. Especially the Sunday one.

So one Sunday after Mr. Man had finished the midday meal, Mrs. Woman inquired in her eager, naive way:

"Did you like your food? Was it a good dinner?"

"Yes, it was a good dinner," replied Mr. Man, while his wife's face wreathed itself in smiles; "but I've had better!" And all her brightness faded.

Only four words did it.

Campus Roundup

ALL ROTC STUDENTS MUST SIGN OATH

Of interest to conscientious objectors is the fact that students and organizations in several parts of the country, particularly Wisconsin and California, are putting forth special efforts to have repealed the law which requires all ROTC students to take loyalty oath.

Public Law 458, passed June 30, 1954, contains Section 731 which provides as follows:

No part of the funds appropriated herein shall be expended for support of any formally enrolled student in basic courses of the senior division, of the Reserve Officers Training Corps, who has not executed a certificate of loyalty or loyalty oath in such form as shall be prescribed by the Secretary of Defense.

The "certificate of loyalty or loyalty oath" which all ROTC students are being required to sign is the well-known Defense Department Form DD 98, "Loyalty Certificate for Personnel of the Armed Forces." As stated on the form, "Penalties for making a false statement may be very severe." Part of this form reads:

I have entered under Remarks below, the name (s) of the organization (s) from the above (Attorney General's) list of which I am or have been a member, or by which I am or have been employed, or which I have attended or been present at, or engaged in, organizational or social activities which they sponsored, or for which I have sold, given away or distributed written, printed, or otherwise recorded matter published by them, or with which I have been identified or associated in some other manner.

The Attorney General's list, which is referred to above and is printed on this loyalty oath form, contains about 250 names of organizations.

Since many colleges require all male students to take two years of ROTC before graduation, a student who does

not sign the loyalty oath is not released from ROTC but is required to participate in class activities without a uniform. Such a student's file is forwarded to Washington for further action, but the kind of action this would be is still unknown.

According to *Civil Liberties*, published by the American Civil Liberties Union, a 19-year-old student at the University of Wisconsin was forbidden to wear a uniform because he once had been a friend of a person who was later investigated by the FBI for alleged communist activity. Thus the student could not sign the loyalty oath. Special efforts by the University restored to the student his ROTC uniform.

In California, one entering student refused to sign the oath at registration and was told that this may mean his dismissal from the university. Another student at the University of Maryland refused to sign the oath.

HAZING BLAMED IN GUN DEATH AT COLLEGE DORM

A dormitory proctor at Swarthmore College went on a fatal shooting spree January 12 because he apparently couldn't take a "normal amount" of hazing.

Robert Bechtel, in his rampage through the college dormitory, fired several shots including one that killed Francis H. Strozier, a sophomore.

He told authorities Strozier was his "chief tormentor" among a group of prankish students in his dormitory.

Several students who declined use of their names admitted that such antics as exploding firecrackers or tossing the proctor's bed out a window had occurred. They said such happenings constituted normal behavior in a college dorm.

MODEL UN

The University of Washington was asked by the conference director of the Model United Nations Conference held in San Francisco to represent Norway. This was the first time in six years that the University had been asked to participate.

The students chosen would have to study Norway's foreign policy in order



Model of the UN.

to present her actual policies at the conference.

However, the Board of Control of the University turned down a proposal to finance the trip which would cost about \$484.

Wesley Clubbers at the University of Washington, determined to make the funds available, decided to get the ball rolling by giving some money out of their own pockets. Through donations, plus \$10 from the club's treasury and a Chinese auction, they raised \$53.

Since the donation by the Wesley Club, other groups and persons have taken up the idea and the fund is growing.

Professor Linden A. Mander of the Department of Political Science and the first person to volunteer in raising the needed money pointed out, "This conference is an educational program to study factors in our nation and in the international policy which meet in the United Nations. A great number of students in the University are ready to study the United Nations and they can learn much from Norwegian students specifically."

D.R.E. Training

Three seminars for directors of Christian education and educational assistants in local churches will be held next summer. They will be held at Lake Junaluska, North Carolina (sponsored by Scarritt College), July 25-August 12; at Perkins School of Theology, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas, June 27-July 15, and at Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Illinois, July 27-August 12. Each will give college credits. Write the institutions for further information.

by Marshall Esty
Student, Elmhurst College

ONE of the more true statements that have been made as comments on the sad state of our woe-begone world is "There is nothing wrong with the world today except people." Personally, the solution seems to me to rest in the advice Ben Franklin gave to a nation in trouble years ago, "if we don't all hang together, we shall, most assuredly, all hang separately."

I am always amused, and often mildly horrified, to hear many of the persons I look up to and respect talk about "fighting for the peace." To fight for peace is as absurd as to try to stalk a deer in a suit of armor. Even if, of ourselves, we could not see the contradiction within the phrase, we have the continual cry of the Lord in the Bible against any type of discord. This feeling for peace in the Bible is summed up when Christ tells Peter, and us, "Put up your sword into its sheath, for those who take up the sword shall perish by the sword" (St. Matthew 26:52).

Pacifism, the total renunciation of war as a means of settling anything, is becoming a nasty word nowadays. Pacifists, or conscientious objectors, are being looked at askance because they dare to be different; they dare to suggest that *Americanism* and Christianity may not jibe in all respects.

Whenever I come to the discussion of pacifism I am constantly being confronted with the same question or statement, "I know war is wrong, but the way of pacifism isn't practical. What would you do if (here follows a number of instances which intend to show the way of peace won't work—I will give only one) a man with a gun comes to the door of your home and demands your sister for his "woman." As a good Christian, or a good pacifist (and the two are not synonyms—Cf. Gandhi), are you to step aside and say, in effect, "sure, take her, she's all yours." Or are you to stop him if you can? The answer is not too hard—your path must be one of peaceful resistance.



OR



Gandhi illustrated the words "peaceful resistance" time and time again in moments of crisis in India. Doubtless you have heard how British troops would be marching to somewhere Gandhi and the Indians thought they ought not, and three hundred men would come out and sit in the road that the troops had to use. If the British killed them, others took their places.

This is pacifism, and we as Christians have the admonition of Christ to put up our swords. Until I studied Greek I didn't know the verb form translated "put up" is one which conveys an air of action completed with finality. In other words, I may interpret this passage to mean: "Put up your sword into its sheath and leave it there for good."

I can well imagine Christ uttering to the church the famed words of Julius Caesar, *et tu, Brute*, as he sees, at the start of each war declared by this nation, the church (his trust to the peoples of earth) preparing the people of this nation for war instead of condemning the nation for this

policy and refusing to support the government.

I love America, my country, as well as the next fellow, maybe even better, but if ever it comes to the choice between my country and my God, my country had better look out.

It is hard for you and me to realize what a great force for peace the church, the churches all over the world, could be if each and every Christian in each and every church in each and every country of the earth were to refuse to bear arms for the country he represents.

But alas there is a-lack. Even America—a nominally Christian nation—with most of its people professing Christianity continues in "the race that leads to death." Our coins read, "in God we trust" and our policies read, "in bombs we trust." Our policies read, "in bombs we trust" because our hearts do not echo our coins. With all our culture we are no better than savages. As Billy Graham put it, "the problem of the world is not the hydrogen bomb, or even communism. The problem is depraved human nature. . . ."

There is no difference in the nature of a savage walking a jungle trail with a spear in his hand and an educated, cultured American flying a bomber overhead."

No, I *doubt* the world at large will ever recognize the way of peace as the way to settle its crises, but we as Christians, and men of God everywhere, must recognize it. Christ warned us that the world would not know us because it did not know him, and he, as always, was right. For us today, the important thing is to realize

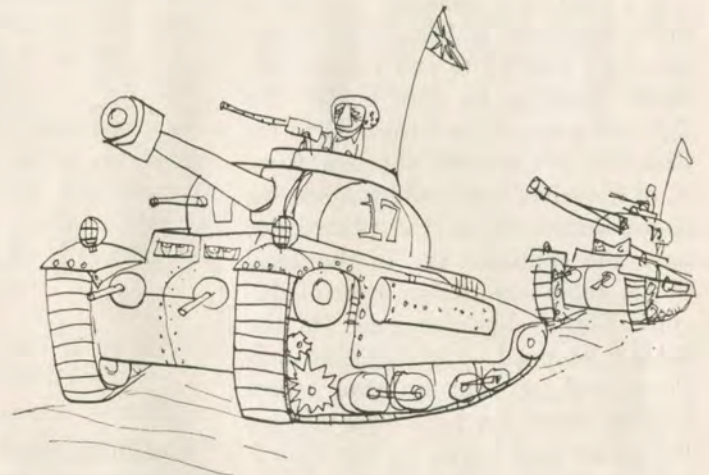
there is no such convenient term as "the world" that will cover the situation, as a rug can the dirt swept under it, but that the world is made up of persons much like you and me . . . all children of the same Father, all equally responsible to him.

The only way to wage peace is with love. Love is the key to the puzzle of the world today. "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that spitefully use you and persecute you." "This is my commandment, that you love one

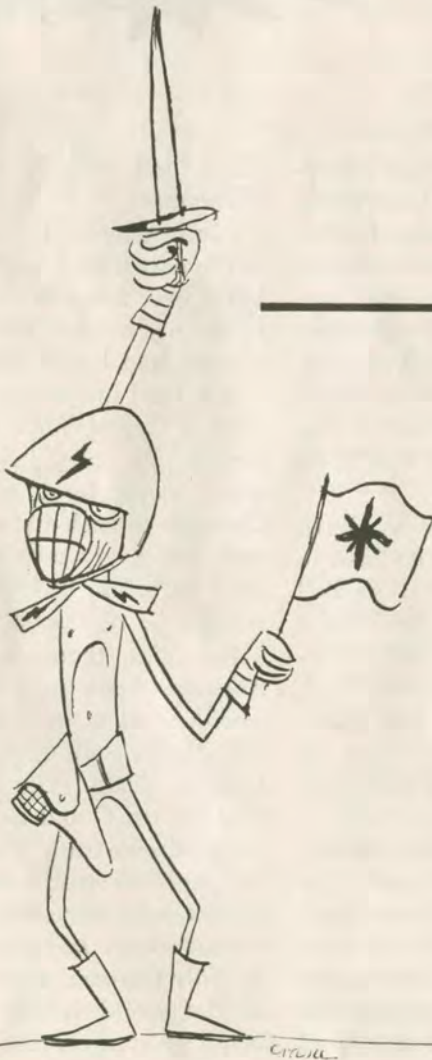
another as I have loved you." "By this shall men know that you are my disciples, that you love one another."

Every Christian owes it to himself and his God to think through again the question of the dichotomy of Christian ideals and "Christian" practices that exists in our world today. We owe it to our souls to worry a little less about getting Christ back into Christmas and a little more about getting Christ back into Christians.

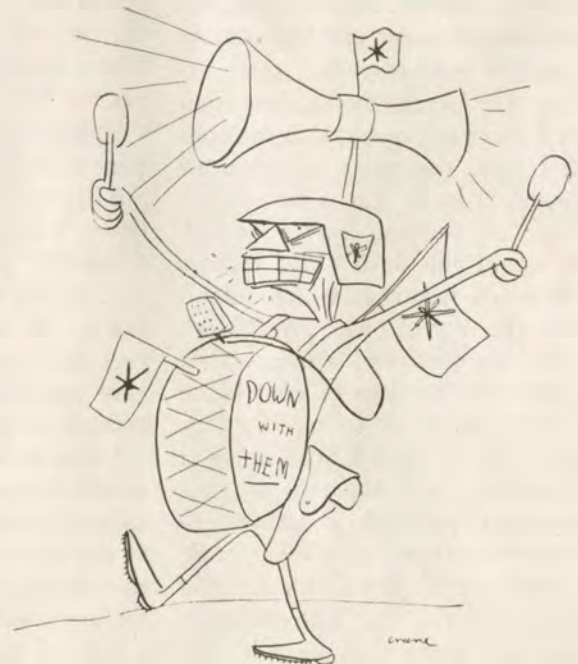
May God guide our thinking as we face this problem together.



"We are fighting to maintain the peace."



"Down with the aggressor before he has a chance to commit aggression."



"Oh, how I love my country."

From time to time we get interesting items in the *motive* office which have been written by students. We just do not seem to find enough space to print many of them.

Here, however, are a couple: 1) from the University of Utah on an Average G.I.'s reaction to an Average G.I.'s reaction, and 2) a University of Wisconsin student's witness to the vocation of being a student.

The Average G I

by Al Wight
University of Utah

AFTER the Cease Fire, I read in a church paper a letter written by another serviceman stationed in Korea. He described certain aspects of Korean duty, representing himself as an "average GI," which angered me, because I also considered myself an average GI and had not chosen him to represent me. He said the Chinese and North Korean prisoners being exchanged in the "Big Switch" returned north screaming and yelling and tearing off all their clothes and throwing them out the train windows, while our boys were coming back quietly, and mostly in ambulances. "It makes you so mad you want to start fighting all over again," he said. In another paragraph he described the Korean people as being dirty and treacherous and said the "average GI" hated them. He ended his letter by saying there were a number of men of his faith in his unit, and they often had wonderfully inspiring meetings.

What he said was partly true, but there is a lot more to be said. Aside from an attempt to be melodramatic, the first portion of his letter made little sense to me, but I was annoyed at the comparison he made. Americans are usually not given to fanatical emotional demonstrations, but other UN prisoners were not so undemonstrative. The Turks, for example, tore off the communist clothing just as violently as the Chinese and North Koreans tore off the clothing of the "Capitalistic American Aggressors." They had to be forced to leave their shorts on, because a few women were present at the exchange site.

The writer spoke of so many American prisoners returning in ambulances. True, a good many were wounded and sick. Their diet in the prison camps had been inadequate, and doctors, nurses, and medical supplies insufficient. But he failed to take into consideration the fact that ours was the best-supplied army in the world, that our supply lines were open, not subjected to day-and-night bombing and bombardment. We were better able to care for our prisoners. He failed to consider, also, the division of Korea—the industrial area in the north from

The Vocation of Being a Student

by Joanne Fuller
University of Wisconsin

CHRIST challenges us to be Christian students. Have you thought much about that?

Let me tell you about a college student I know very well. Will you allow me to become critical of her? She began the school year, she thought, dedicating herself and her work to God, knowing she would be active at Wesley Foundation and maybe feeling that was all her dedication required. She has gone through the first semester, and I know now she is looking back on those five months, realizing she has failed. She has told me why.

Primarily it has to do with her studies. Too many times I have heard her complain about how much work she has to do. I wonder why she has come to the university? Or she complains about how uninteresting some of her courses are, or how hard, or dull, or boring, or irrelevant, or easy to sleep through they are. Sometimes it's about how funny the prof looks, or how corny he is, or how he gives her too much work to do. I don't think she realizes they are humans—those profs. She thinks they are a species or something—professora or teachera. And now that it is time to make out a new program, for a new semester, she chooses those courses that are "snap A's," and avoids those that sound hard in the catalog, or those that a fellow student has not liked, or one in which he has criticized the professor. She accepts their word and does not investigate for herself.

LET'S go back to the "too much work." I know why she thinks that. Because she doesn't plan or use her time properly. When she is home, instead of delving right into her work, she does many little odd jobs at first—gathers

The Average GI

the agricultural area in the south. North Korea had difficulty producing sufficient food, and most of this food came from areas such as Hwanghae-do, in the south-western sector of North Korea. Supply lines from areas of production to areas of dense population were long and hazardous. Priority was given, of course, to the movement of military material, and we blasted anything we caught moving, from oxcarts to supply trains. Famine resulted, followed by pestilences, difficult to control because of the shortage of doctors, nurses, and medical supplies. As far as food was concerned, the UN prisoner of war fared better than the North Korean civilian, and many instances have been related of these prisoners sneaking a part of their food to the starving civilians. I could imagine the reaction if the American civilian populace was hungry and the enemy prisoners of war had food. I remember the clamor raised at a camp where I was stationed during World War II when it was learned that German prisoners of war were sleeping between sheets while we had nothing but rough wool blankets.

I HADN'T thought much before about the Koreans being dirty. It was hard not to be dirty in Korea. In the winter it was muddy and in the summer, dusty, and in many places there was a shortage of water. The people had been forced to flee before advancing armies, with only those possessions they could carry on their backs, and many had lost everything. Entire villages had been reduced to rubble by artillery fire and bombing. The people lived in caves, makeshift shacks, or shells of former houses, and tried to stay clean. Symbolic of Korea is the old gentleman wearing a long white coat and pants and white cloth boots inside rubber shoes. The older women also wear white—short white jackets and long skirts that reach from just below their busts to their ankles. The women washed them by beating them with sticks, any place they could find water—in streams sometimes miles from the city, with water carried from wells, or in gutters along the streets. They tried to stay clean. And I should be willing to wager that this “average GI” would rot in his own filth before he would strip stark naked and break the ice in a river to take a bath, as I have seen many Koreans do in the dead of winter.

You might say the Koreans were treacherous. They would steal anything that wasn't nailed down—from GI socks to trucks and other heavy equipment—and thought little of it. Little more could be expected of a people whose government throughout history had been corrupt, whose country had been occupied by the Japanese for forty years, and who had suffered the tragedies and privations of war. The Korean military used American equipment and supplies, and, rather than go through the end-

The Vocation—

all her “equipment” and food, turns on the radio, and then settles down in a comfortable place. Now she is ready for study. If she just can't concentrate, she gives it all up as a bad job. So often her time is not used constructively, for gaining as much out of one hour as she can. And of course, with all the school work to do, she never has time to take even a few minutes off to read any word of God. It seems illogical to me that she should want to gain so much knowledge about her subjects, but never learn about God, never grow spiritually—by studying his word, or taking time to pray. She doesn't have time to use the opportunity given to her to learn, in the noncredit courses in religion offered by the Foundation. She doesn't always have time to attend Wednesday night vespers.

And I highly criticize her for not taking the time to read the daily papers. (She does read the funnies.) To read—to see how the “outside” world is going, how the rest of God's people are living. She hasn't much concern for state or international affairs. As a student, she is enjoying herself on the campus and is not worrying or preparing herself to leave. We all know that's a general criticism of the college student—and she's a good example. I may footnote that and say the Wesley Foundation has almost come to be her world. Her activities with other organizations and students are not many.

She thinks nothing of spending the time uptown, shopping, or looking, or spending money. But when it comes to putting money in the collection plate—that hurts!

She even feels bad when other kids in the dorm get letters and she doesn't. She can't just be happy for them. And she is jealous, in spite of the fact that she hasn't had time to write any, even to her folks who are always anxious to hear.

N actual classes, she is susceptible to most anything her teachers tell her. If they seem to have theories on the way people can live, without mentioning, or even denying, God's way, she goes along with that. Don't get me wrong; it's good to doubt. That's the way we often learn. But we should study both sides and try to find the truth. She doesn't look for the truth. I sometimes read this to her. I like it—by Stephen Crane:

The Wayfarer,
Perceiving the pathway to truth,
Was struck with astonishment.
It was thickly grown with weeds.
“Ha,” he said,
“I see that none has passed here in a long time.”
Later he saw that each weed
Was a singular knife.
“Well,” he mumbled at last,
“Doubtless there are other roads.”

She, too, takes the easy road.

Well, that's enough criticism of one person. Maybe

The Average GI

less red tape and humiliation to obtain replacements or additional material, would steal from the well-supplied and equipped American forces. The civilians would steal jeeps and replace the bodies with those of old cars, and the warm wool clothes and blankets of the Americans to keep out the Korean cold. It was estimated that the black market in Seoul alone contained about four million dollars' worth of American goods. But most of this was not stolen; it was bought from the American GI. And I've wondered how many American commanders would not steal to supply and equip their units rather than try to operate short, and how many American fathers would not steal to feed and clothe their cold and hungry children.

I don't believe the average GI hated the Koreans. He might talk tough, and call them "gooks," but the same GI would adopt orphans and dig deep to support them. Some GI's would adopt families, buying food, soap, medical supplies, and other items from the PX, and sending home for old clothing for them. Many GI's would carry candy and gum at all times to distribute to the kids along the street. Others have given freely of their time to teach school groups English and something of the American way of life, and still others have sponsored Korean students coming to the United States to study.

I wouldn't begrudge the writer his "wonderfully inspiring meetings" with fellow members of his faith, but I wondered what it was that inspired him to think and write as he did about the Koreans, and whether he might not have been much better off had he spent this time getting to know and understand these dirty and treacherous Koreans whom he hated.

The Vocation—

some of the things I've talked about don't seem to you to be wrong. Maybe you think you are a Christian, but, that it is not necessary to apply those Christian principles to being a student. Maybe going to school is just a preparation for life, not really living, and you can apply those principles you talk about when you get out. Maybe God doesn't care that you happen to be taking Physics 127, and that you aren't doing so well. But I think he does—and so here is what I would tell this girl.

The other day I picked this up by E. A. Robinson: ". . . We forget that, while we groan, God's accomplishment is always and unfailingly at hand." (The groaning part seemed to fit.) He is there to help us, even in our studies. She should realize her vocation is scholarship. I like what I read in a past *motive*; "When you go to your desk, go as to an altar, saying, 'Lord, you gave me brains, now give me the sense to use them.'" It's funny to think of your desk as an altar—that funny-looking thing, all cluttered up with pencils, books, clocks, pennies, paper, notes, and memos, and not with candles and red velvet. But wouldn't it be a wonderful thing if we could think of it as such—an altar of dedication. And as you do before an altar, pause before study, clear your minds of silly matters, and concentration may come. There, before you in your books, you have facts men have discovered before you, and are now giving to you. You have an opportunity to grasp them, compare them, and see how they fit into God's world.

You've heard kids say to each other, "I didn't study at all, I'm so unprepared—did you?" Or, "The class average was low, so I don't feel so bad." She, my friend, has said that. If she could only remember, we are not judged in comparison to others, in spite of the method of grading used at the university. But in God's eye, we are judged according to what we are and what we have done.

As for thinking of others around us, wouldn't it be nice to know some of the kids you sit by in class, or at least be friendly to them? Funny, before Christmas, when I was shopping, I couldn't help hearing the Salvation Army bells ringing. It sort of hit me. I had forgotten there were people who needed help from others. Does every student?

"While there is a soul in prison, I am not free,
While there is a child hungry, I am not fed,
While there is a naked one shivering, I am not clothed,
While there is a soul without hope, there is no hope."

That's what I would tell her. No, that's what I'd tell me! Maybe some of you have guessed—I have been carrying on a two-way conversation with myself! This is where I have fallen down as a Christian student. Have you? I hope not.



Gedge Harmon

1955 call



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- 1 Secretary for United Christian Hospital, Pakistan, with religious work in church and hospital. 3 needed elsewhere.
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- 1 Couple for student religious work in Seoul, Korea; B.D. with special preparation and experience in student work.
- 1 Teacher of physical education, man, for work in that department, Lucknow Christian College, India; M.A. with experience.
- 1 Dentist for dental clinic at Clara Swain Hospital, India.
- 3 Couples for high-school teaching and religious work with youth in the following countries: Bolivia, Peru, Costa Rica.
- 1 Couple for pioneer rural church work among the Mapuche Indians of Chile; B.D. needed, knowledge of agriculture an asset.
- 1 Agriculturist for extension teaching and rural development in northern Luzon, the Philippines; B.S. in agriculture needed.



For further information write:
 Office of Missionary Personnel
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Kindergarten or Day Care Centers in:

Wolff Settlement, Tampa, Florida
 Wesley House, Knoxville, Tennessee
 Neighborhood, East St. Louis,
 Missouri

- 1 TEACHER of physical education, man, for that department in Lucknow Christian College, India. Work involves teaching classes, directing sports, supervising summer camp. M.A. needed.
- 1 MAN FOR YOUTH WORK and recreational leadership in Vieques Island Mission, Puerto Rico. Three-year appointment.
- 1 AGRICULTURIST, man, for extension teaching and rural development in northern Luzon, Philippines. B.S. in agriculture needed.
- 1 COUPLE for student religious work in Seoul, Korea. B.D. with special preparation and experience in student work needed.
- 2 TEACHERS, men or couple, for high-school subjects in Woodstock School, serving missionary and other English-speaking children. India.



Religious Symbolism

All of man's attempts at communication are of necessity symbolic. Whether the medium be audio or visual, or a combination of the two, the means is still symbolic. As long as there is a community in which the symbols are commonly understood, then communication takes place. Once, however, the community of meaning is lost, then the symbols are meaningful only to the initiated.

The fundamental difficulty religion in the modern world faces is that its symbols have little meaning outside the cultus. Herein lies the importance of what Bultmann, e.g., has attempted in his New Testament studies: to find the basis of faith that can make a claim upon modern man for whom the theological patterns of the past are meaningless.

At the same time many people are interested in probing the sources and meanings of religious symbolism in an attempt to see its relevance to the contemporary situation. Some fine contributions are made in a new publication of the Institute for Religious and Social Studies: *Religious Symbolism*, edited by F. Ernest Johnson (Harper & Brothers, \$2.50). I was particularly stimulated by Marvin Halverson's discussion of "The Liturgical Revival in Protestantism" and Nathan Scott's comments on "Religious Symbolism in Contemporary Literature."

Halverson rightly notes some of the liturgical window dressing as missing the point entirely and centers attention where it should be, viz., with the Lord's Supper. Nathan Scott probes the intriguing and sometimes fertile way in which some of the great figures of the contemporary literary world make use of the Christian myth. Sadly enough, one sometimes wonders if it really has meaning for those who make use of it, so strangely attenuated is the pattern.

Other good chapters include others familiar to *motive* readers: Stanley Hopper on the future of religious symbolism from a Protestant point of view, Marion Wefer on developments in drama and Paul Tillich on "Theology and Symbolism."

The Poor in Spirit

About the middle of the fourteenth century, that high point of religious mysticism in Western culture, many of Christendom's most cherished devotional classics were written. They seemed to spring out of an era; often we do not even know for sure the identity of the authors.

One of the best has been *The Book of the Poor in Spirit* (Harper & Brothers,

\$3.50). It is almost a textbook of the teachings of fourteenth-century German spirituality. It is a reaction to mere formalism, but as the introduction by translator C. F. Kelley (of the Benedictine Order) is at great pains to point out, this reaction does not mean separation from the institutionalized forms of the Christian religion.

At times of stress, confusion and conflict people always plead for an insight into what is basic. For Christians this always turns out to be love. Those who would love should know *The Book of the Poor in Spirit*.

A Man Whose Day Will Always Be

One of the most irritating of situations: a group of bright young men and perhaps some bright young women (new Ph.D.'s or, more probably, young men working on Ph.D.'s) in a conference on the relevance of Christian faith to social action. We discuss personalities who have given stature to the college and university movement, then the bright young boys band together and comment, "Sherwood Eddy? Kirby Page?—passé, completely passé!"

When these supercilious egoists shall long have been moldering in the grave, the spirit of a fellow like Sherwood Eddy, who has given not just status but inspiration and direction to Christian witness in the college and university situation, will still be marching on.

It is certainly delightful to find Sherwood Eddy's thirty-sixth book, coming on his eighty-fourth birthday, is his autobiography. There are some who claim autobiography is the highest form of literature. I think for Sherwood Eddy such a claim may be valid, for above the thought and logic which he has given to the direction of many things is the witness of his personal involvement.

One of the things I'm most thankful for is that my little boys have had a chance to meet Sherwood Eddy. I recall a breakfast with him a year or so ago in which he was telling them about hunting tigers in India. Never had Walt Disney nor "Space Cadet" had half the hold on them that this fine and vigorous old gentleman had on his juvenile audience.

I think the great thing about Sherwood Eddy is what Reinhold Niebuhr calls attention to in his introduction, namely, whenever Sherwood Eddy has become conscious of a need (and he has had a most sensitive kind of awareness to the needs of people in our world), he has always gone directly to the heart of the situation with some kind of program to meet the need.

Eighty Adventurous Years, the Autobiography of Sherwood Eddy (Harper & Brothers, \$3) is Eddy's own account of his life. Here is a life with enough adventure packed into it to have been the story of ten men. It is an amazing account; it is an inspirational story, and if I had one wish to be granted, it would be that out of the present student generation we would have a few more adventurous spirits like Sherwood Eddy, and a few less of the sniveling and carping speculators whose only real involvement in Christian action has been pounding away at a typewriter.

For the Student Center Shelf

There is a series of little books called the "Leadership Library" which every student center should seek to acquire and, or so it seems to me, every individual who plans to take executive responsibilities for student work should also purchase a personal copy.

Two recent publications in this series are indicative of their value: *Helen and Larry Eisenberg, How to Help Folks Have Fun and Dortha Sullivan, How to Attend a Conference* (Association Press, \$1 each).

A big proportion of *motive* readers, of course, know the Eisenbergs. They have found their mission in life and it is just what the title to their little book suggests, namely, how to help folks have fun. As is usual with the writings of Helen and Larry, the suggestions are straight to the point and practical. There is a minimum of philosophical observation and a maximum of usable ideas.

Considering that it is quite impossible to be active in any student movement without attending conferences, it may be well to consider how to get the most out of the conference attended. Just as we are finding orientation increasingly necessary if we are to get something out of our first days in college, just so it seems wise to me that student leaders should have some program of orientation for those among their students who will be attending various conferences. This is particularly necessary for large national affairs with huge crowds and complicated schedules.

More Fun

It seems as if those persons responsible for parties—family parties, student parties, church groups—are always in need of the kind of resource which, at a glance, will produce results. An excellent addition to such a library is *Folk Party Fun* by Dorothy Gladys Spicer (Association Press, \$3.95). It has wonderful sug-

gestions for such things as a Shrove Tuesday Pancake Party, a Groundhog Party for Candlemas Day or a Bulgarian Kitchen Party. Each of the twenty-five parties has a paragraph or two on the folk background or traditions behind the party, then gives advice on invitations and decorations, costume suggestions, games and even recipes for the native foods.

It does seem to me as if every student group ought to have a copy of this volume in its library, and certainly those individuals interested in better parties will want their own copies.

Ambition Gratified + Love = Happiness

It is always fun to read the diaries of of a novelist who writes like a diarist. *Stendhal* is no exception. *The Private Diaries of Stendhal (Marie-Henri Beyle)*, ed. and trans. by Robert Sage (Doubleday and Co. \$7.50).

This is the record of a passionate young man who was self-conscious in his pursuit of happiness. Happiness itself was what he was after, and he was not looking for it as a by-product in the manner of the Christian, who neither seeks it, nor expects it in a very passionate form. *Stendhal* had a rather slender basis for his theory of happiness; it served to model not only his own life, but others who have, as a pattern for living, *Stendhal's* own prototype and his philosophy of life, *beylism*.

Those for whom a religious faith is alien are often the best reading for the Christian apologist. What is the allure of a subtle and intellectual kind of passion? How does desire work? What are the sensations that intrigue the young man who is willing to toss off inhibitions? What is real honesty about oneself?

Stendhal's own life was as much a masterpiece as his novels. In fact, life and writings were one.

The City Link

For the last seventy-five years the biggest single impact upon the imagination of Americans has been the city. There is a consistent link between what the novelists, poets and artists have worked with and their attraction to or revulsion from the emerging dominance of urban life.

The impromptu product of the imagination of people we know as folklore has made its own witness of what happens to persons in modern industrial America. Folklorist *B. A. Botkin* has tried to grab hold of much of this before it slips away in *Sidewalks of America (Bobbs-Merrill Co., \$5.95)*.

In some respects this anthology is not as satisfying as *Botkin's* earlier collections. In the main, however, I think it is because folklore does not come to life as a folk activity with the vigor and spon-

aneity of a rural or frontier society. The primary and face-to-face relations of country life are dissipated in the impersonalism of the city. That is why the city has thrust itself so strongly on America's imagination. It is also why the task of the folklorist is a more tentative job.

New Anchors

It is good to note the Carey-Thomas annual award for creative publishing in 1954 has been given by the jury to Doubleday for launching Anchor Books.

This is certainly a well-justified recognition of excellence in publication. Doubleday has brought into the paperback field a consistent standard of excellence.

In continuing to print at a reasonable price works of considerable merit, the Anchor Books must receive a further commendation:

Wylie Sypher, Four Stages of Renaissance Style (\$1.25)

Otto Jespersen, Growth and Structure of the English Language (95 cents)

Giovanni Verga, The House by the Medlar Tree (85 cents)

Eric Bentley, The Modern Theater (95 cents)

Volume I: Büchner, "Woyzeck"; Verga, "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Becque, "Woman of Paris"; Brecht, "The Three Penny Opera"; Giraudoux, "Electra."

Volume II: de Musset, "Fantasio"; Ostrovsky, "The Diary of a Scoundrel"; *John B. Brebner, The Explorers of North America, 1492-1806 (\$1.25)*; Schnitzler, "La Ronde"; Yeats, "Purgatory"; Brecht, "Mother Courage."

Not much needs to be said about this list. Here's Jespersen, the basic work in English linguistics, Verga's great nineteenth-century novel which has been such a stimulus to the revival of the novel in modern Italy, and this wonderful list of plays edited by Bentley, available almost no other place.

Want to Be a Thematic?

I was gratified to find an article in some Sunday supplement I picked up on the train last week which said stamp collectors as a group have a superior I.Q.

With that gratifying bolster to my vice of being a philatelist, I am delighted to come out in the open with an enthusiastic review in *motive* of a book on stamp collecting: *Harrison and Armstrong, A New Approach to Stamp Collecting (Hanover House, \$3.50)*.

This book is not for the specialist who has already decided to study the one-cent issues of 1890 or purchases only Cape triangles. It is for the mildly interested collector and even more particularly, I recommend it to those who once have collected, have lost their interest, and dare to be stimulated to revive their collection. I shall warn those of you who

never want to be stamp collectors anyhow to stay far away; this is contagious stuff but I should also urge you to find out what stamp collecting is about and why it forms such an enthusiastic cult.

This fine book is an English importation which had some difficulty getting printed in the United States. The obstacle is a Treasury ruling against printing stamps in their original covers. However, the book has finally cleared customs, and we have it.

Stamp collecting has gone the whole cycle. Nowadays, the real stamp collectors are back where they started from. The specialists are on the wane, and those newcomers among us who are thematic collectors (here in the United States, we call them topical collectors) have won the day. You can collect United Nations, you can collect pretty women, dogs, flowers, birds, Statues of Liberty, or tobacco leaves—about anything that fits your interest is on stamps, and running it down is the best fun in the world.

Einstein

Just the other day I saw a picture of a famed radio, TV and motion-picture star holding a copy of *The Drama of Albert Einstein* by *Antonina Vallentin (Doubleday & Co., Inc., \$3.95)*. The beautiful lady confessed to having worked at reading the book. She thought she ought to because it was about such an important subject, but she also conceded it was very difficult for her.

Here is this man, Albert Einstein, who is a famous person indeed, but who few can understand. In fact, when physicist Eddington, in 1917, was complimented as being one of the "three men in the world who understands the theory of relativity," he was bothered, not because of embarrassment at such exalted company, but by who the third person possibly could be!

It has been Einstein's peculiar fate to have opened up the atomic age and yet to have been so scandalized by the practical results he insists, if he had the choice to make again, he would have been a plumber instead of a physicist.

This biography of Einstein will not contribute a great deal toward one's understanding of basic nuclear physics. It is, however, a sympathetic interpretation of the man, Albert Einstein, and his relations to the world in which he has been cast. Contrary to our TV star mentioned above, it is not difficult to read—if you've graduated from high school.

Prayer for the Layman

Long years ago (it seems an eon; that is, it was before World War II) the reviewer was a student and he went to a student conference out in the Puget Sound region.

One of the leaders of that conference was a professor named **John L. Casteel**. I do not seem to have remembered very well what Dr. Casteel had to say, but I certainly remember the man and the way in which he stimulated my interest in religion.

His new book, *Rediscovering Prayer* (*The Association Press*, \$3.50), is a solid contribution to a field where there has been too much already written. I say too much, because most of what has been written could better have been left in manuscript. This does not apply to Casteel's new book.

An excellent case is made for our responsibility of prayer—i.e., our response in using our capacities and accepting our obligations to the initiative of God, which does not free us from the necessity of prayer. The necessity is a responsibility.

I do not hesitate to recommend this book. It is a fine and, I think, a permanent addition to the literature of prayer; and one which the layman—the ordinary run of students—will find particularly of help.

Going Abroad?

I can say from experience that two little booklets will be worth carrying along if you are traveling abroad this summer:

Richard Joseph and Muriel Richter, *World Wide Travel Regulations Made Easy* (*Doubleday and Company*, \$1.50)

Richard Joseph, *1955 World Wide Money Converter and Tipping Guide* (*Doubleday and Company*, \$1)

Especially if you are traveling by air will these items be valuable. The confusion of getting out of one customs and system of currency is sometimes so upsetting nervously that you don't have a moment in the short air trip to recover before you are thrown right into it again. If you have these handy little pocket references along you at least will know what to expect and not be at the mercy of the uncertain knowledge or interest of a plane steward or stewardess. And how much depends on the ease of getting through customs and knowing the currency regulations. Trouble at this point can sometimes spoil a whole visit!

I'd say necessary if you are doing much traveling in other lands.

A fine new paper-bound series

Another quality line of paperbacks makes its appearance with the publication of *Meridian Books*. The choice of titles for the first series is excellent and the craftsmanship in making the books is superior. We are now getting about to the place the limited-funds student has long been dreaming about: thoughtful

books in a type of page and binding that is permanent and at a reasonable cost. *Meridian Books* cost between \$1 and \$2 and use a sewn binding, just like that in hard-bound publishing. Book-quality paper is also used.

More than any of the other quality lists, *Meridian Books* show a religious interest with such authors as **Jaques Maritain** and **Evelyn Underhill** included and such as **Jacob Burckhardt** and **Eric Bentley** who are quite necessary for the religiously informed.

E. M. Forster, *Abinger Harvest* (\$1.25)

Jacob Burckhardt, *Force and Freedom* (\$1.35)

Irving Babbitt, *Rousseau and Romanticism* (\$1.35)

Joseph Schumpeter, *Imperialism and Social Classes* (\$1.25)

August Aichhorn, *Wayward Youth* (\$1.25)

Eric Bentley, *The Playwright as Thinker* (\$1.25)

Herbert Read, *The Philosophy of Modern Art* (\$1.25)—an original

Jaques Maritain, *Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry* (\$1.25)

Evelyn Underhill, *Mysticism* (\$1.95)

The last listed book is a "Giant." Giants are oversized books designed to sell at \$1.95. *Meridian Books* are a publishing venture of the Noonday Press.

Lots of Fun

Bennett Cerf with his peripatetic lecturing, "Trade Winds" column in *The Saturday Review* and syndicated columns in various Sunday supplements, etc., plus his weakness for wandering about the country has made himself into the autocrat of humor.

Not that Mr. Cerf is autocratic, but he certainly dominates the scene. Because of his catholic taste in telling stories tied up with individuals, and even more particularly his sensing of trends in humor, as in the shaggy dog stories, he is a delightful dictator to have around.

An Encyclopedia of Modern American Humor (*Hanover House*, \$3.95) is his newest, and in some ways, his most ambitious contribution to the genre. It does bring into an anthology some of the newer humorists who have appeared since the last important *Treasury of Modern Humor* about a decade ago, but there are old names too, such as **Thurber**, **Will Rogers** and even **Mark Twain** (modern American?).

Cerf's taste for the absurd is quite apparent here and his weakness for the "robust." There is not quite so much of the punning as the proportion in his columns would indicate, but all in all, it's a good taste of humor as picked up and dished out by America's most famed raconteur.

—ROGER ORTMAYER

HELP WANTED: RELIGIOUS JOURNALISTS

Journalism students interested in the church will do well to read the new book by **Roland Wolseley**, *Careers in Religious Journalism* (*Association Press*, \$2.50). The author describes the expanding field of religious journalism and points out the number of different jobs now being done under this general heading: editorial work for a church publication, usually a magazine; news writing for denominational public relations offices; news writing for interdenominational news services; church editors of daily newspapers; missionary journalists for overseas; and teachers of religious journalism. I would include another field which he does not mention—public relations for church colleges. Approximately 100 of these are employed in Methodist-related colleges in the United States.

As Professor Wolseley points out, the quality of religious journalism is improving and the pay is rising; the opportunities for getting jobs are more numerous. Many examples of successful religious journalists are included and a number of top-notch religious journals, including *motive*, are cited in this book. Not mentioned, however, is the fact that promotions are slow and the top jobs usually go to persons who are not trained journalists—they have "made their mark" in some other field, such as the pastorate or teaching.

While the field of religious journalism is an old one (The Bible is an example of religious journalism), professional status in this field has come about only in the last few years. Now training in both religion and journalism is usually required of newcomers.

One point, not emphasized enough in my opinion, is the need for a clearinghouse, at least in each denomination, for those seeking editorial help and those seeking jobs. In lieu of this, more and more church editors are writing Professor Wolseley when they need a well-trained, young assistant.

HUMAN NATURE

Before "drive-in theaters" were ever heard of, a young Methodist minister in Florida began a "drive-in" church. Soon more people were listening to the sermon from their cars than from the sanctuary.

Pasadena Community Church in St. Petersburg began this unique ministry more than twenty years ago and now its pastor has just issued his second book, *Horns and Halos in Human Nature* by **J. Wallace Hamilton** (*Fleming H. Revell Company*, \$2) is a series of meditations on the story of the prodigal son. While some will reject the author's use of the word "secular" (see "The Secular Should Abolish the Sacred," *motive*, April, 1954), the book is both interesting and stimulating.

—HENRY KOESTLINE