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FAITH AND FREEDOM

APPOINTMENT FOR JOHN HOPE

PHYLLIS BEARDSLEY

IN THIS ISSUE

FAITH AND FREEDOM

Faith and Freedom is a voice of the libertarian—persistently recommending the religious philosophy of limited government inherent in the Declaration of Independence. The chief intent of the libertarian is not pedagogy, but the further discovery and application of the Creator's changeless principles in a changing world.

While speaking against the present-day Goliath, the totalitarian state, we work for no special interest. Freedom under God is in the interest of every man of faith, whether he is in a factory or on a farm, in an office or in the pulpit. If a government or a philosophy does not serve to safeguard his freedom—whether he is in a minority or a majority – then that government or philosophy is his enemy. A Communist, Socialist, Fascist or other authoritarian government is always such an enemy; and a democratic government espousing a paternalistic philosophy straightway becomes such an enemy.

As the journalists of Spiritual Mobilization, our editorial policy is based on a profound faith in God, the Author of liberty, and in Jesus Christ, who promoted persuasion in place of coercion as the means for accomplishing positive good.

Our credo is the long-standing credo of Spiritual Mobilization: Man, being created free as a child of God, has certain inalienable rights and responsibilities: the state must not be permitted to usurp them; it is the duty of the church to help protect them.

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APPOINTMENT FOR JOHN HOPE

PHYLLIS BEARDSLEY

If your nephew asked your advice on whether he should enter the ministry, how would you advise him?—particularly if you thought your church was dominated by bureaucracy and politics. A layman takes this problem to his bishop in this short story, and together they set a trap to see if they can catch a true Christian.

Franklin had waited an hour for his appointment with the Bishop.

When the secretary finally announced that he could go in, he went right to the point of his visit.

"I'm worried about the church," he stated without answering the Bishop's apologies for the long delay.

"I think that so much time is being wasted in the mechanics of the running of our churches that the spiritual reasons for the church's existence are practically lost."

"Unfortunately, what you say has a great deal of truth in it. But your concern for it is not new. Many of us see that this is one of the biggest problems of the church."

"We are like puppets dangling by the strings of habit," Franklin said.

"How do you mean that exactly?" the Bishop asked.

"I mean that committees become an end in themselves. Large or small details, important or merely routine matters,—they all must be handled by committees.

PHYLLIS BEARDSLEY has been a stage actress and a writer of radio shows. She is the founder of the Bishop's Company, a national drama-in-the-church company of professional actors which produces plays appropriate for church sanctuaries.

"We spend mountains of time on molehills of problems."

The Bishop nodded. He was hearing but he said nothing.

"Take the exact details I have helped my church decide about in the last week.

"We took at least half an hour in deciding questions of how and on what days the janitor should sweep what part of the building.

"Then we took longer than half an hour discussing with considerable vigor the question of whether or not the choice of hymns was right for the morning service.

He Wants To Become A Minister

"Then came the problem of exactly what the ushers should wear. That's to and including whether open-toed shoes would be right for the women ushering at the Vespers.

"And all these vastly significant things taken care of, we got down to the real matter of the evening which was to plan how to get a good crowd out to the pot luck supper and entertainment to raise money for the choir robes."

The Bishop smiled. "A rather grim evening at that," he admitted.

"It's boring. But worse than that it's ineffectual. I've given it a lot of thought and I have come to question the church of today.

"My nephew, John Hope, wants to become

a minister after he gets out of the service. He wants advice. I don't know that I can advise him to go into the ministry—considering the questions I have about the church."

"I'd like to talk about this with you," said the Bishop.

Franklin had heard that the Bishop was an honest man, willing at any time to question the status quo even where it might touch closely on his own office.

Let's Test Them And See

"I think that politics plays perhaps an even more dangerous role in church than inefficiency. Ministers keep a wary eye on their popularity with the congregation, with the vestry and even with the Bishop."

The Bishop did not reply. He simply sat, quietly, his hands folded.

"And this attitude makes ministers do the prudent thing but not necessarily the right thing," Franklin concluded, not liking to be so brutally blunt.

"It may be far more true than I like to admit," said the Bishop, "but something that can never be tested except in the general power and condition of the church."

Franklin's eyes narrowed. "It could be tested."

"How?"

"There are many ways that a minister's first concern could be tested. Does he want to do something that is important to someone who needs spiritual council, or does he want to make a good impression on the Bishop?"

"I may be a bit dense, but how could this be tested?" the Bishop asked.

"All right. My nephew, John Hope, is coming to the airport Friday with a short layover between planes. Suppose a minister knew this man had a real spiritual problem and wanted to talk with someone about it—and then, suppose at the same time the minister was to have gone to the airport, the Bishop called for a committee meeting in his office?"

He waited until the Bishop nodded.

"All right, the question is, will the minister meet my nephew at the airport or obey the Bishop and attend the committee meeting?"

The Bishop smiled. "He'll meet the man."

"I'm not so sure," Franklin said without matching the smile of the Bishop.

"It could be proved," said the Bishop.

"Do you want to?" asked Franklin.

The Bishop did not answer immediately but sat quietly as if weighing the idea's pros and cons.

"Playing God can be an amusing and a rather terrible thing all at once," he said. But finally added, "I'll do it."

"Good," said Franklin and then explained what was an already carefully outlined plan.

"Let me call on five ministers explaining that my nephew is going overseas and has a serious personal problem and needs counsel. Specifically, he needs a minister to advise him on whether he should consider going into the ministry. Let me ask them if they will go to the airport and meet him."

"Good," put in the Bishop. "And then I'll send a special message to each of the five asking that they come to my office for a committee meeting on the same day at the same time."

Franklin nodded.

"You and I will be at the airport" concluded the Bishop "and you'll see, to a man, that my ministers will arrive to give help and what advice they can to your nephew."

Franklin left the Bishop's office with something of the Bishop's contagious confidence.

To each of the five he explained that his nephew, John Hope, needed their help.

One Man Wouldn't Promise

All but one promised to be at the airport.

The one expressed concern for Franklin's nephew. "But look at my appointment book," he said.

"I will make a note of it, but I have more already than I can possibly get done."

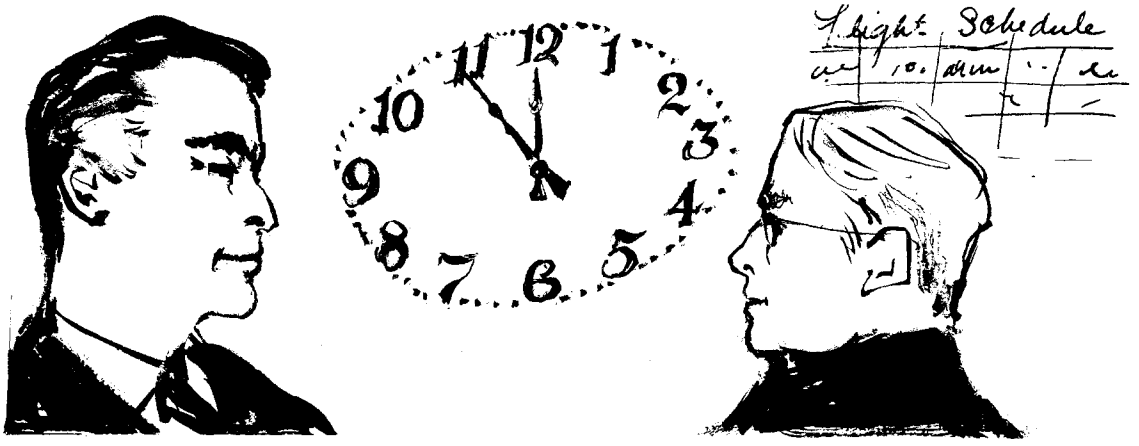
Even with this man's lack of a promise, four out of five was not too bad an average, Franklin thought as he headed back to the Bishop's office.

This time there was no waiting in the outer office.

"Well, what's the verdict?" the Bishop asked.

"Four of the men have promised to be there," Franklin reported.

"Who was the one who said he wouldn't?"



asked the Bishop.

"Winston Chaffie," reported Franklin feeling like a truant officer.

The Bishop frowned, saying: "Did he give any reason?"

"Said he was very busy."

The Bishop stood up, offering his hand to Franklin and at the same time putting his hand on his shoulder.

"Now I will notify all five of them to come to a committee meeting in my office at 11 a.m. on Friday.

"This is an interesting idea, Franklin. See you Friday morning."

On Friday Franklin arrived at the airport early. Inquiring at the information desk where a small meeting might be held, he was given a room just off the main waiting room.

When the Bishop arrived Franklin took him to the room. He was in fine spirits. "Today this is my office," he said, and Franklin caught the optimism.

"This whole thing is a delightful idea. It will be fun to confess to them. I think they will forgive our plotting, actually enjoy it. It will be something of a good joke between us in the future."

"How about coffee?" Franklin asked.

He scribbled a note to leave at the desk for the ministers who would arrive asking for John Hope. It directed them to the small conference room where the two men would be waiting.

He also left a note for his nephew.

After they finished their coffee and saw that it was nearly 11, they sauntered back to the room and with something almost like ceremony each man took off his coat and hat and took a place at the table.

Neither spoke.

It was 11 a.m.

Franklin felt the minutes move through the room as though they were substance, something that could be felt or tasted.

And then it was 11:05.

"The plane might be late," Franklin said as reason why John Hope had not arrived.

The Bishop did not give any reasons why the ministers had not arrived. He asked Franklin the exact time. Their watches agreed.

Then it was 11:10.

Still no one came.

Franklin sat with his head lowered, hoping to spare the Bishop the honesty of his eyes.

Bitter Victory

Somehow now the whole idea seemed both crude and terrible with a kind of sinister reality in it.

"I'm going to call my office," the Bishop said, going to the pay phone near the door in the waiting room. But before dialing he looked carefully through the busy lobby, searching the faces for the ministers who were not there.

His secretary recognized his voice immediately and reminded him of the appointment he had made in his office.

"Are the men waiting?" he asked.

His reply was flat-voiced. "Tell them I will be late. Make my apologies and say that I will be there."

"I'll leave a message for my nephew and

walk with you to the car," Franklin said. The morning had proven him right, but it was not a sweet victory.

As he spoke to the man at the information desk another attendant questioned him. "Are you the man asking for John Hope? His flight arrived ahead of schedule. I think he's in the dining room. Another man met him."

Like the bringer of great tidings, Franklin hurried back to the waiting Bishop.

"Someone did come. The plane was early. Apparently the minister had checked on it and got here before we did."

The Bishop was two steps ahead of Franklin when they reached the dining room door.

At the third table sat John Hope and with him, deep in conversation was the Rev. Winston Chaffie.

A Little Leaven

Franklin started through the door but the Bishop stopped him. His face was latticed with emotion like a father who has searched for hours for a child and then finds him playing in a sand-pile in a strange yard blocks from home.

"Aren't you going to speak to him?" asked Franklin.

"No. You go ahead. Tell him that there were two men here in need of spiritual council. Tell him that there have been two men helped by his coming. Healed, even, by just one minister's presence here."

"Should I tell him the plot, that his Bishop was here?"

"No. Nor shall I tell the men waiting in my office.

"To the man who followed his conscience here, he needs nothing more.

"To the men who express their ministry by obeying their Bishop—mine is the burden before it is theirs."

He looked again at the pastor.

"Just a little leaven they say can leaven the whole lump," Franklin said. And then added with a sly smile. "That's to and including a Bishop's I suppose?"

"Come back to the office, can you, after you've seen your nephew?"

Franklin agreed and went to join the men at the table.

John Hope smiled a bright, young smile and greeted his uncle warmly. He introduced the Rev. Chaffie as if the minister were an old friend.

"I'm glad to see you," Franklin said with a meaning he did not intend Chaffie to guess.

One Out Of Four

"I hoped that I could make it," was Chaffie's only reply. After asking Franklin to have some breakfast, he continued his conversation with the young flyer.

John Hope's flight was called. As Franklin and the minister walked to the plane, John Hope pulled his uncle aside and said: "I've about made up my mind. The Reverend Chaffie is going to write to me. He wants me to know it won't be easy. I'd like to be like him." "Good-bye, boy, and God keep you."

Franklin and Chaffie rode back to the Bishop's office together.

The secretary asked that they go right in.

The four ministers and the Bishop were sitting as though in prayer. Quietly, the Bishop spoke to them.

"This meeting was called for the express purpose of meeting a spiritual need. There are times when nothing, no pressure of the moment however great should crowd out the larger need of the moment. . . ."

His pause was long and grew longer in meaning as the men waited.

One Man Can Give Us Hope

"And the need of the moment is for each of us to turn our thoughts inward in meditation. This studied meditation may reveal things to us."

Turning to Chaffie he said "Join us if you like, although I understand you are quite a busy man."

Franklin looked quickly at the other men, wondering if they might have thought the phrase was sarcasm.

Apparently they did not notice.

Nor did Chaffie. He was already lost in prayer.

Franklin smiled warmly at the Bishop and their eyes were like a handclasp. ++

AVOID THE WAR

Every person on the planet who thinks, is concerned about atom bombs. The degrees of concern vary. Some people actually think of little else. Others think of the H-bomb only occasionally, and in relation to other problems on which they are working.

Quite a thoughtful group feel that man has released forces he cannot control, and that the end of our civilization may be at hand. Others feel that man has a great challenge to control those forces and use them for worthy purposes by which civilization can know greater joys, greater freedoms and greater comforts than ever before.

Reverse The Tides

The bomb is morally and spiritually neutral. Just like the match or knife or any other physical entity, it doesn't care whether it is used to save life or destroy it. A gun is not immoral or vicious—it doesn't have a lust for killing. The problem lies with the hand that holds the trigger.

The great question confronting us is whether we have sufficient spiritual anchorage and moral conviction to properly use these new forces and that question will be answered within the lifetimes of most of those who read this page.

Instead of appeasement, we need to be realistic in dealing with our avowedly pagan enemies. The United States needs to return to its traditional foreign policy. In recent years we have had no foreign policy at all. We need to say what we mean, mean what we say, stand by our convictions, become resolute in our purposes, and predictable to our allies and also to our enemies. Then, the tides which have been running in the wrong direction could be reversed; the fears which are associated with the atom bomb could be greatly diminished; and people who have been living in a continuous state of concern, could again feel a new breath of hope.

It seems to me the Christian people of our nation and the world should put their constructive thoughts and prayers back of this hope. It may seem ephemeral but substance could be built into it. Those of us who have the privilege of pulpits, could be especially helpful in effecting a spiritual mobilization to undergird and reinforce this new gesture. I well recognize one must not read big implications into little things, but I also know little things lead to big things, especially when the plant is carefully nurtured and cultivated.

It Is Possible To Avert War

I know that preachers who have pulpits and radio microphones and facilities for making their influence felt, can be of determinative importance in such matters. I also know that Spiritual Mobilization believes that God by the alchemy of His Holy Spirit, can take our feeble little and make of it a significant much. Ministers are the last who should despair. We are the first who should feel hope and develop faith.

It seems to me the dark clouds in the Far East give us clergymen a special challenge. I don't accept that there will be war there—at least not that it is inevitable. I doubt that war will come in the near future. I think it is possible to avert it altogether, and I believe the clergymen of America can make a significant contribution to that end.

Since war has become an instrument of total destruction, a contest which neither side can win, it seems absolutely imperative that it should be avoided. I hope all the ministers who read this page, will feel a bounden duty to our common Lord, "The Prince of Peace," to be vigilant and active and to accept the challenge of these stirring times. I'd be interested in your views concerning these matters.

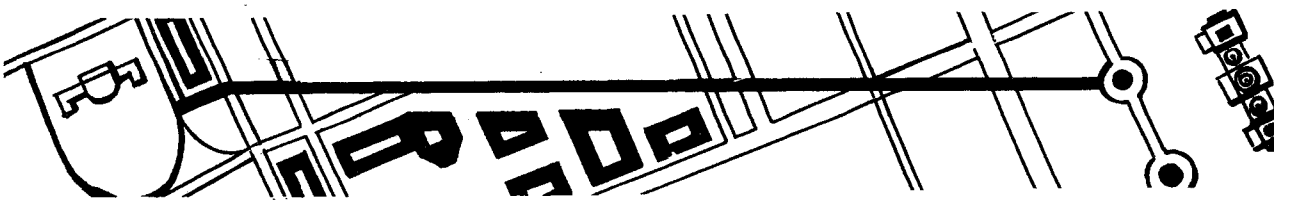
JAMES W. FIFIELD, JR.

QUOTE

"It is a serious misunderstanding of Christ's and the apostles' injunctions to aim at establishing and building up the Kingdom of God by political means. The only forces which this Kingdom knows are religious and moral forces, and it rests on a basis of freedom."

ADOLPH HARNACK

ALONG PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE



ur politicians must suffer from poor stage direction. When the play's a tragedy, the audience laughs. Serious affairs of state come out as a farce. We saw congressmen call on each other to have enough "courage" to take the bull by the horns and give themselves a $10,000 pay boost. Millions of Americans struggling to make ends meet saw congressmen complain that they could not live on $15,000 a year.

Had not the purchasing power of the dollar fallen in half over the last twenty years? Was it not only fair then that congressional salaries be doubled as compensation? We could echo their lament. But who sees to it that *our* salaries always increase to offset a decline in the value of the dollar?

Many unfortunate Americans live on more or less fixed incomes: ministers, teachers, widows, retired people. They cannot conveniently vote themselves increases when inflation eats away the value of their earnings. And how many of them boast a $15,000 income?

The irony of the affair deepens when we realize who has caused this inflation. The answer is: Congress itself. Congress was responsible for the series of huge deficits (and the sale of government debt to the banks) that swelled the money supply and thus the prices of goods and services. Congressional inflation of the *number* of dollars available, caused the dilution of the purchasing power of each dollar.

Of course, the Executive consistently took the lead in sponsoring the inflation. But Congress ratified this program and gave it the force of law.

During the debate on the pay raise, some congressmen taunted their reluctant colleagues, saying: "Aren't you worthy of your hire?" This raises many interesting questions. How *do* we know when a congressman is getting paid commensurate with the service that he renders? Congress is the only body in the country that has the absolute power of deciding its own salary. It is difficult to believe that they underrate themselves. But how can we set any figure that will not be arbitrary?

The Segal Commission, established by Congress to investigate its salary, compared the sum with the far greater income of corporation executives. A way exists of determining the worth of the services rendered by executives, or by anyone else in private business: the amount that consumers are willing to pay for these services on the free market.

But for government officials, including congressmen, no such test of worth exists. It is intriguing to speculate how much income these officials would receive if they had to subsist on voluntary contributions from the public? How much would *you* contribute to a few you know about?

Last year, Congress gave tax relief to dividend receivers. This year, congressmen fortified themselves with a pay hike. All this time, the government continued on its familiar route of deficit financing. In fact, many observers noticed that, in the President's January Economic Report, the goal of a balanced budget had faded into oblivion.

An Angry President

But what happened when the Democrats seized upon the idea of granting every one of us a $20 a year tax cut? Suddenly, the Republicans rose up in arms, castigating the Democrats for "fiscal irresponsibility." An angry President Eisenhower charged that the Democratic move would plunge the country back into deficit financing. The "balanced budget," having been quietly buried, was resurrected for the moment and laid before the Democrats.

Unfortunately, many conservatives in Congress were convinced that they must oppose a tax cut to defend a non-existent budget balance. Yet a mere budget balance is not a worthy goal. The important target is a balanced budget *at a low level* of expenditures and tax-

ation. Representative Daniel Reed, (R., N. Y.), ranking Republican member of the tax-writing House Ways and Means Committee, erred when he termed the tax bill a "$20 handout." Can we call it a "handout" when the government permits people to keep a little more of their own money?

The people need and deserve far more substantial tax cuts than the Democrats offered. If the Administration wishes to balance the budget, it can use a simple device: cut its expenditures. No tax cut ever proposed need plunge us into "fiscal irresponsibility" if the Administration is willing to cut its expenses enough. Even deficit financing, though deplorable, is not inflationary if the Administration paid enough interest to borrow from individuals instead of from banks.

Our era of inflation and fiscal irresponsibility will never end so long as the government can persist in refusing to give back the gold which it took from us in 1933. This seizure was touted to last only for the duration of the depression "emergency." Now, twenty-two years later and the depression forgotten, the return of our gold looms as far away as ever.

The gold standard question has failed to stir the public because discussion has been waged on a highly technical level. The vital issues in the gold problem must not be lost in a maze of technicalities. They are twofold: one, the public must not be deprived of the right to own gold.

Second, paper money and book credits can be inflated at will by the government. Gold cannot. Therefore, if paper and book credits are payable in gold, the people can exercise a check on inflationary overissue by the government. And the people can then fall back on a "hard" money that cannot be diluted by government edict.

he question of statehood for Alaska or Hawaii blooms as a hardy perennial in the halls of Congress. Yet no problem rouses less interest in the American public. Every year, Congress wrestles with statehood in lacklustre fashion. Only the Alaskans and Hawaiians themselves play an active role in the struggle. As a result, only luck so far has spared the nation a step that receives none of the attention it deserves.

Very few on either side have presented basic arguments for or against statehood. The argument for statehood boils down to the proposition that the people of the territories favor admission to the Union. This may flatter the United States, but it hardly furnishes sufficient reason for their entry.

Opposition has centered on irrelevant and superficial issues. The main stumbling-block to statehood has been the accidental fact that Hawaii tends to vote Republican, and Alaska Democratic. Each party adopts one favorite, and disapproves the other.

Southerners tend to oppose new states for the historic reason that they are apt to favor FEPC and similar measures. Many critics point to the incidence of communism in Hawaii. Others attack the polyglot nature of the island's population, forgetting that the population of the American Republic is no less polyglot.

None of these arguments pinpoint the main issue. For the first time, the organic American Republic would extend beyond the confines of the American continent. For the first time, the United States would include non-contiguous territory, leaping over thousands of miles of ocean and foreign land. This could be a momentous and fateful step.

The might of the Civil War has apparently ended the right of secession by a state. Nor can a state presumably be expelled from the Union. Admission of a new state becomes irrevocable. If Alaska or Hawaii acquire statehood, the possibility of a future return to a policy of American Continental isolationism disappears forever. No longer, for instance, could we ever hope to disengage ourselves from the quarrels and hatreds of Asia. No longer could we look to disentanglement as a way to peace.

We sympathize with the desire of the inhabitants of Hawaii, Alaska, and Puerto Rico to be free of their dependent roles. We employed rare vision to grant national independence to the Phillipines. Why not to our other dependencies as well? ++

UNDERCURRENTS

WILLIAM SCHLAMM

Many years ago, when he and I were fellow editors of *Fortune* magazine, John Chamberlain diagnosed a curious American deficiency: Business was generally conceded to be America's business, but the contemporary American novelist was keeping off that subject matter as if it were obscene. (Which, of course, is not to say that our fiction writers customarily neglect the obscene.) Mr. Chamberlain, who quite likely knows more about American literature (also about baseball and figure skating, I might add) than a middle-sized college faculty, supported his findings with massive evidence; but the literary community dismissed it on the trivial ground that *Fortune,* a magazine of business, was pleading its own case. For the next few years, the American novelist remained fascinated by the subconscious stirring in adolescent Africans, and other material of which he knew next to nothing, but shunned the great native preoccupation with productivity.

The New Hero

Yet the trend is changing, it appears, and with a bang. These days the American businessman seems to be haunting the literary imagination, and the book stores are crowded with significant results. No longer must a fictional type, to arrest the American literary imagination, dwell in slums and criminal obsessions. The new hero (though, as we shall see, he is not exactly considered a hero) is the business executive on top of a pile.

Two recent productions of indisputable craftsmanship (John P. Marquand's "Sincerely, Willis Wayde" and an unusually literate television play, "Patterns") may well be representative of the new literary climate. Mr. Marquand, with customary competence, portrays a self-made tycoon in conflict with a refined set that cannot be bought. And in "Patterns," the most widely acclaimed television drama of the season, an insufferably ruthless though not self-made tycoon nips the rebellion of a young business idealist in the bud. In neither case is there a trace of the "social protest" that has marked American fiction in the twenties and thirties. The mighty businessman is no longer hated for what he is doing to society. He is now pitied for what he is doing to himself.

In short, American fiction has caught up with the fallacies of its older axiomatic assumptions; namely, that the economically successful are "robber barons" who get ever richer by making "the people" ever poorer; that the material triump of the few is incompatible with the material welfare of the many; that capitalism is predatory. The news that Karl Marx was a bum economist has finally reached even our fiction writers. Within their own lifetime, they have seen the living standards of "the masses" doubled and trebled, the "proletarian" neighborhoods crowded with shiny new cars, the urban skies cluttered with TV antennas, the working man's electronically regulated frigidaires stuffed with choice cuts of tenderloin. To go on saying, in the face of this collective opulence, that the capitalist robs the poor has become too fancy even for fiction. "Social protest" would simply be laughed out of the prosperous market.

But does this mean that capitalism, so fantastically redeemed in its economic prowess, has reconciled the modern intellectual (and artist) with the tropically fertile society he lives in? No, it merely means that he constantly changes his rationale for disliking capitalism: the same intellectual who, a generation ago, reproached the predatory capitalist for robbing the widows and the orphans will now reproach the effective capitalist for the revolting materialism he keeps producing all around —and for the human emptiness he produces within himself. For, in truth, any rationale is but an excuse. And yesterday's "social protest" was only a rationale—just as today's contemptuous pity for the tycoon-as-human-failure is but a rationale. The modern intellectual (and artist) dislikes capitalism, not because it makes the poor poorer, and not because it makes the tycoon unhappy, but because the modern intellectual dislikes capitalism. Period.

And because he dislikes it, the modern intellectual will always find another rationale for doing so; if it's not the failure of capitalism, it will be its success.

Too Proud; Too Sensitive

Remains the question, *Why* does the modern intellectual dislike capitalism? Partly, no doubt, because he dislikes himself. Too sensitive to overlook his own spiritual shrinkage, he is also too proud to charge the sickness to the insufficiency of his own soul; and so he never tires of blaming his social environment for his own trouble. The modern intellectual's festering dissatisfaction with capitalism may well be, among other things, projected self-hatred—which still leaves plenty of those "other things" unexplained. For man's spiritual inadequacy is as eternal as his inclination to blame the world for his self-made misery; while the chronic intellectual rebellion against society is not older than capitalism itself. Thus at least some of the virus must indeed breed in the modern social environment.

The creeping intellectual discontent with capitalism, in the face of its incredible triumph of productivity, is beyond any doubt the great irritation of the age, the most serious wound in the body politic. And to demonstrate the arrogant absurdity of the opposition is as necessary as it is insufficient. For only the self-righteous could feel satisfied with the irrefutable statistical evidence that, as a system of producing wealth for all, capitalism is superior to any other tested or, for that matter, feasible economic order. The searching, who are blessed with a sensitive conscience and a healthy mind, will continue to explore the disturbing riddle—why an economic order that functions so sumpremely well provokes the undying enmity of one of its essential segments, the intellectuals.

At this point I cannot resist plugging one of the truly great and original books of the century, *Capitalism, Socialism and Democracy,* by the late Joseph A. Schumpeter (published 1942). Though he was teaching economics at Harvard, Professor Schumpeter—in this as in many another respects a human paradox—believed in capitalism. With the exception of Ludwig von Mises, no one has analyzed the economic fallacies of socialism more formidably than the incredibly learned and witty Schumpeter. While a majority of his colleagues, and the voters all around the globe, were condemning capitalism to bankruptcy, he kept demonstrating, in the most desperate days of The Great Depression, the self-healing faculties of the market economy. And yet, this unshakable believer in capitalism was haunted by premonitions of its inescapable doom—not because capitalism was confronted with any inherent breakdown of its machinery, but simply because it was creating what Schumpeter called an unfavorable climate among the culturally sensitive minority.

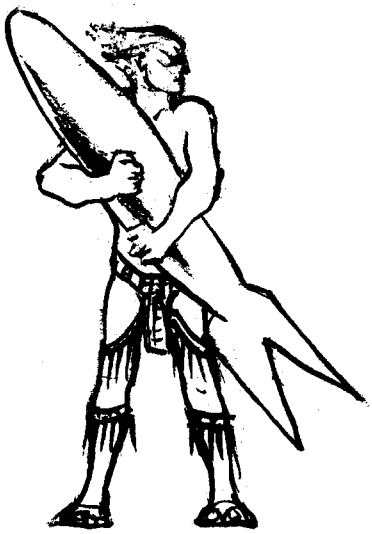
If there is only one difficult book you allow yourself to read this year, I urge you to reach for Schumpter's *Capitalism, Socialism and Democracy.* Not that it will give you all the answers (no book does, this side of Scriptures), but it will dependably cleanse you of self-righteousness; it will make you comprehend that the chronic intellectual discontent with capitalism is not just a capricious perversity of the modern intelligentsia. This discontent grows from the very matrix of the capitalist order. And it can be counteracted only by an uncommonly good sense of the capitalists themselves.

A Bug in the Market?

For, or so claims Schumpeter, what dooms capitalism is primarily the capitalists' graceless indifference in regard to the sublime human activities which defy the rules of the market. No matter how well it succeeds in material production, a society which does not joyfully and magnificently cultivate "the non-profitable" aspirations of the soul, the mind, and the discriminating senses, cannot survive. And perhaps does not deserve to.

Professor Schumpeter may have been wrong; if so, his would be one of those creative mistakes which improve life. I, at least, have no doubt that not only the glory but even the survival of capitalism depends on its graceful readiness to pay for what cannot be bought —for the miracles of learning and the wonders of beauty. ++

"CAN WE EVER AGREE?"



THADDEUS ASHBY

Ask yourself where you stand as you listen to this man arguing against the U.N. with a young woman who defends it. As these two people clash, do you see grounds for agreement as well as gounds for divorcement? The argument between this man and woman might also whet your curiosity for some unconventional exploring down a new pathway to peace.

Robert Townshend, a tall man in his late thirties, wearing a charcoal gray suit, sat down beside the young woman on the divan. She was brunette and looked to him somewhere between 25 and 30.

"I called on you because I'm writing an article, a sort of debate on the United Nations. You've done some writing on the U.N., so I though perhaps you could defend the pro-U.N. viewpoint—*Mrs.* Barlow?"

"Miss. Leslie Barlow," she said. "I'll be glad to help. You're Robert Townshend, I believe you said . . ."

"Philosophy instructor," he said. "Raintree College."

Around the room he saw some enlarged photographs of children. "Whose children are those, Miss Barlow?"

"That's part of an exhibit I'm preparing for a U.N. corner in our library. Perhaps I should explain that the U.N. is shifting its emphasis. It's been by-passed so often as a peace-making agency, we have decided to promote its many accomplishments as a social and welfare organization. We're trying to remove the causes of war before they erupt—when it might be too late for anything the U.N. can do."

THADDEUS ASHBY is associate editor of Faith and Freedom.

"I see," said Townshend.

She held up the photographs. The first one showed a hut made of pasteboard cartons. Beside the hut stood a ragged, dirty child with an appealing smile and very bright eyes. Townshend listened to Leslie Barlow's rather musical voice as she read the caption:

" 'Everyone has the right to a good home and the U.N. helped bring to this small Greek girl a better one than her make-shift hut.' "

"Hmmm-hmmm," said Townshend.

"Look at this," Leslie Barlow said; her voice sounded warm and caressing; she handed him a photograph of a small, lovable, but frightened little boy, his knees showing through big holes in his black stockings.

When Little Boys Fight

Townshend watched Leslie Barlow's lips move as she read:

" 'Everyone has a right to be free from fear, yet until his U.N. friends came, this war-orphaned boy was always afraid.' "

"Did you mean to say that the U.N. has been discredited as a peace-making agency?" Townshend asked.

"I didn't say that," Leslie Barlow corrected him. "I mean that it is being by-passed, as if the big powers no longer trust it. You should read Carlos P. Romulo's *Collier's* article called

Ever felt like this dejected little creature?

I have, so often, as I've seen our liberties slip away -- and wondered what one person can do when the needs are so many, the challenges so great.

Providing a way for one person to do something was a primary reason for initiating the "Freedom under God observance of Independence Day." You probably know that this annual nationwide effort was begun, under Spiritual Mobilization's sponsorship, in 1951, through a 175th anniversary committee which included the Honorable Herbert Hoover and General Douglas MacArthur among its eighty-nine distinguished members.

Actually, one person can do so much to focus attention on the religious significance of our national heritage. What more fitting time to concentrate this effort than on the birthday of the document which heralded a new nation in which each man might claim his birthright of freedom under God.

Spiritual Mobilization, Dr. James W. Fifield, Jr., chairman of the Board of Directors, and Dr. Donald J. Cowling, chairman of the Advisory Committee, announce the fifth annual "Freedom under God observance of Independence Day" -- and invite the support of clergymen, businessmen, publishers, public officials, teachers, broadcasters, club members -- of every American who would be free.

A new way to spark a "Freedom under God observance of Independence Day" has evolved from a community project which was tried for the first time last fall -- and carried off with much success. It's the "Friends of Freedom" Award you've read about in Faith and Freedom. Miss Beulah Roth, who has received national honors in this type of activity, spent a week in Yuma, Arizona setting up the first "Friends of Freedom" Award.

The "Freedom under God observance of Independence Day" in

your community can be dramatized with a "Friends of Freedom" Award. The people of your town would select the individuals of your town who outstandingly accept the responsibilities which are the price of freedom under God. Your town would honor these friends of freedom who, exercising their powers as free men, meet community needs with their personal efforts.

A "Friends of Freedom" Award would

> give recognition to those in your town whose lives reflect the spirit which breathes life into the Declaration of Independence
>
> make known the inspiring experiences of little-known people who are extending the freedom our founding fathers bequeathed to us
>
> alert your community to the endless ways in which, by our daily thoughts and acts, we can each preserve and strengthen freedom under God.

The Award is ideally suited for a city-wide undertaking. It offers exciting public relations opportunities to the newspaper, business firm, broadcasting station or organization which sponsors it. Several groups may co-sponsor it. Or a chuch, a school, a business firm, a factory, or a club may conduct its own Award selecting the outstanding friend of freedom in its organization.

A detailed plan has been prepared with complete instructions for carrying out a "Friends of Freedom" Award. It is yours for the asking. Included in the plan is a case history of the "Friends of Freedom" Award conducted in Yuma. Miss Roth will be happy to send you the plan (which you may request with the attached card) and to assist you in making the Award successful.

Send for the "Friends of Freedom" Award plan. If you are not able to carry out the plan yourself, perhaps you could give it to someone who might be in a better position to do so. The important thing is to get the project going in your community.

Perhaps other material listed on the attached card will be

useful to you -- or to someone you know. Would you like material for Freedom under God talks and articles? Or Freedom under God radio scripts? Incidentally, these fifteen-minute dramatizations were written by Ken Higgins, one of radio and television's top writers. They can be readily adapted for stage presentation.

Can you place Freedom under God public service announcements in the hands of radio and television personnel who will see that they are broadcast? Or induce a newspaper editor to publish Freedom under God news releases? Please use the attached card to ask us for what you need.

Let us once again

"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land"

and pray God we may preserve it.

James C. Ingebretsen
President
Spiritual Mobilization

Mr. Ingebretsen, please have Miss Roth send me the following:

- ☐ Material which can be used for *Freedom Under God* talks and articles
- ☐ *Freedom Under God* radio scripts (these fifteen-minute dramatizations are easily adaptable for stage presentation)
- ☐ Radio and television public service announcements stressing *Freedom Under God*
- ☐ News releases on the 1955 "*Freedom Under God* observance of Independence Day"
- ☐ The *Friends of Freedom* Award plan

I would like to contribute to the *Freedom Under God* Fund which makes this effort possible. I enclose $_____ for this purpose.

*my name*_____

*my address*_____

You can contribute to the *"Freedom Under God* observance of Independence Day"

As a clergyman, by preaching sermons on *Freedom Under God*

As a businessman, by using *Freedom Under God* themes in your advertising, in house organs, in payroll inserts

As a club member, by asking your program chairman to stress *Freedom Under God* in Independence Day programs

As a public official, by issuing a proclamation for a *"Freedom Under God* observance of Independence Day"

As an editor, publisher, columnist or commentator, by stressing *Freedom Under God* in your Independence Day articles and broadcasts

Whatever your walk in life, by sparking a *Friends of Freedom* Award, asking radio and television stations to use *Freedom Under God* public service announcements, scheduling *Freedom Under God* dramatizations for radio or stage presentation.

Or—as a benefactor, by contributing to the *Freedom Under God* Fund which makes possible the preparation and distribution of material that is used across the country in observing Independence Day as a national festival emphasizing the relationships between Faith . . . and freedom.

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The U.N. Is Dying."

"I read it," said Townshend.

"And?" Leslie Barlow asked.

"Perhaps the nations are afraid of giving up something worth keeping: their sovereignty."

"If two boys are fighting," said Leslie Barlow, "isn't it a good thing for an adult to separate them, before one of them gets hurt?"

"But," said Townshend, "the adult has to be stronger than the two boys—"

"That's true," said Leslie Barlow.

"I am a little bit afraid of creating a force which is more powerful than the biggest fighters," said Townshend.

"How about giving the power to someone who has a talent for persuasion, who could get them to solve their differences without force?" asked Leslie.

"The word 'power' is the give-away," said Townshend. "When the chips are down the U.N. relies on power and force rather than persuasion."

"You needn't be afraid of it, as long as it's democratically controlled," said Leslie. "The power we give to it can be taken away."

Who Started The Trouble?

"I wonder," said Townshend. "Of course, I can't prove this, but it appears that political power usually works like a ratchet, the little control which makes a wheel turn in one direction only—always towards more power."

"I still don't see any very basic objection to the analogy of the adult separating the fighting boys," said Leslie.

"I see why you like the analogy—but one thing about it bothers me. The people of the world don't hate each other naturally — we don't, do we? People have to be worked up with government propaganda."

"That's why some agency is needed to restrain governments from making war," said Leslie.

"You are right," said Townshend. "But what agency should be created to restrain governments? The question I always face is: can a supra-government solve the problems created by government in the first place? I am bothered about the U.N.'s premise, even more than its practice. Is it the right laboratory, as our President puts it, for bringing peace?"

"Even though its premise may contain some flaws, the U.N. exists," said Leslie, "it's the only agency in existence working toward a practical solution . . ."

"That's one of the things that bothers me," said Townshend. "It could be more important to study the ideas on which the U.N. was created—I mean the underlying ideas behind the whole U.N. philosophy, than to expose the specific errors and collectivist proposals which result from that philosophy."

Pour Gasoline On The Fire

"I agree that it's fun to be an idealist," retorted Leslie. "But we have to face facts. The world is on fire, and we have to do something practical about it right now."

"You're right," said Townshend. "But suppose you were pouring what you thought was water on a fire—yet the fire kept getting worse. Wouldn't it be a good idea to pause and sniff the water, to see if maybe you were really pouring gasoline?"

"Certainly, as long as you don't waste too much time on a chemical analysis and let the house burn down."

"You're right," said Townshend, his eyes twinkling, "and I'm glad to see a U.N. supporter who is so practical in outlook."

"I hate doctrinaire idealists," said Leslie.

"A case might be made for idealists, though," Townshend mused. "It might be shown that the world is on fire because it adopted wrong ideals. If ideals have consequences, then bad actions proceed logically from false ideals. What the world needs, according to this view, is more logical ideals—that is, ideals which lead logically to sound practice."

Is Harmony Natural?

"I agree," said Leslie, "except your use of the words good and bad may be oversimplified as value judgments."

"We agree that war is bad, don't we?"

"All right—now tell me what the 'bad' ideals underlying the U.N. are."

"Doesn't the U.N. work on the premise, or underlying idea, that man's interests are not

naturally harmonious?"

"Quite the contrary," said Leslie.

"I know it looks that way to you," said Townshend. "But doesn't the U.N. start with the idea that force must be used to make men behave harmoniously? To bring peace, the U.N. proposes police actions. To bring social welfare it proposes taking by force or threat of force the money or property of one man to give to another. Would it hurt to investigate the opposite premise?"

"The opposite premise being that men's interests really are naturally harmonious?" put in Leslie. "In that case why have we always had wars?"

"I wonder if it might be," said Townshend, "because men have always believed that the gain of one man or nation automatically means loss for another. But suppose men investigated the possibility of mutual profit in every exchange. That's another way of saying The Golden Rule."

Let's Look Into This

"It sounds like a pretty superficial answer," said Leslie. "How would you organize an agency for practical action which could prevent governments from starting war?"

Townshend smiled. "Don't push me that far yet. I'm trying to look into some new ideas which might lead to a psychology of peace. Since almost nobody has worked out a psychology for peace, maybe we should step warily before setting up any new organization. In any case it's a good idea to stop pouring gasoline on the fire, even though you haven't found the water. The water could be the new psychology which would make men think in terms of mutual profit, which is to say, living in harmony. Would you investigate this with me?"

"I'd be honored," said Leslie, "if you'll be a little more specific about the new psychology we're investigating."

"Well, suppose, just for the sake of the argument, that it's true that the U.N. is organized on the principle of force—that is, police action and coercion to help the needy. If we were even to think about supplanting the U.N. we would have to make some very different assumptions about the way to peace. What are the U.N.'s assumptions?"

"For one thing," said Leslie, "the U.N. believes that peace will come about if nations will give up some of their selfish sovereignty."

"What alternative approach is there?"

"Wars of aggression to increase the size of a nation's sovereignty," suggested Leslie.

"There may be a third alternative," Townshend said. "—peace without the sacrifice of anybody's sovereignty. For instance, for our new psychology, could we look into one of David Riesman's ideas? He says that no ideology, however noble, can justify the sacrifice of the individual to the needs of the group."

The Laws Of Harmony

"But how would a society work out in practice," asked Leslie, "based on the idea that there should be no sacrifice of the individual to the group? Would this prevent wars?"

"That's what we need to look into. It certainly might prevent wars, if everybody practiced it. What about those who don't practice it, those who start wars? The U.N.'s way is to fight fire with fire, to slap down force with force—or to take property away from some to give to others."

"And what's your alternative?"

"Suppose, after looking, scientists found exact natural laws which run through society and nations as well as nature. I already believe there are such laws, but I admit I can't prove them."

"That's oversimplified, too," said Leslie. "You mean you might find an ecology which is psychological and sociological as well as biological?"

"You might say that," said Townshend, smiling at the academic phrasing.

"The U.N. supporters wouldn't oppose finding such an ecology."

Rand, Riesman And Fromm

"They would oppose it as long as they believe man's interests are not naturally harmonious, as long as they believe in force, in taking from one to give to another, as a means of preventing war. The third alternative would supplant the U.N.'s underlying philosophy altogether and approach this whole thing from an

entirely new angle. A premise which is not based on force is needed to bring peace. I believe that a new psychology might prevent war by showing Americans that it's against their self-interest to finance the build-up of force in other nations. We Americans have so far financed our enemies' build-up in every world war we've fought. Now we face enemies armed with dollars we loaned them. Suppose we found out that self-fulfillment—true self-interest—operates in the long run in everybody's favor. We might grasp the idea that the self-fulfillment of one soul need not interfere with the self-fulfillment of another."

"But suppose," said Leslie, "one nation's self-fulfillment means enlarging its territorial possessions by aggression?"

"Good point," said Townshend. "This gets us into the psychology of war, which I don't know much about. Fortunately, novelist Ayn Rand, essayist David Riesman, and psychiatrist Eric Fromm, have gone into some of the psychological causes. They have all come to an original, and it seems to me a highly religious answer. Their answer is a new concept of self-love, that is, a new definition of self-love which is quite different from the conventional definition of selfishness."

"How do Fromm's ideas on selfishness answer my question about aggressor nations?" asked Leslie.

Self-Love Can Be Good

"Fromm says in his book *Selfishness and Self-love,* that a 'selfish' person as we commonly think of selfishness, has no real self, and no fondness for his self. Therefore he must seek security in terms of conquests (wars) to compensate for his lack of 'self-love.' A selfish person, according to Fromm, is not really interested in himself, but only in others' evaluation of himself. He shines in their reflected light—he is like their satellite, even though he dominates them. Riesman goes into Fromm's ideas further in his book *Individualism Revisited.*"

"That sounds reasonable," said Leslie. "You mean to build world peace by extending these definitions from individuals to nations, to go from an individual to an international ecology —is that it?"

Townshend nodded. "Following Fromm's ideas, doesn't it seem that Russia must seek security in terms of conquests, because Russia has no real fondness for its self? But how do we persuade Russia to adopt real self-love? First, before we can persuade anybody else, we have to adopt it ourselves. The answer to Russia should be not to fight fire with fire. Why mistrust and draft our own people, imposing a Soviet-style war-machine on Americans, as if we had an inferiority complex, too? What we need is to show them that our methods, self-love, mutual self-interest, unlimited production, capitalism, whatever you want to call it, work better than aggression. If we adopted these methods completely we should become really strong—I mean strong in every way, spiritually, practically, industrially, a real giant of potential military strength—not because we concentrate on armies, but because of our production potential. If Russia wanted this kind of strength, she would have to copy our 'self-love' methods."

No Protection From Maniacs

"Yes, but how would this prevent some maniac in the Kremlin from pressing the button that could lead to a one-day war?"

"There isn't any way to avoid a maniac, whether he's an individual who suddenly shoots you, or a nation that suddenly attacks you. Retaliation is no defense in a one-day war. The only solution is through a long range approach in which we build up our strength, spiritual and economic—which is, incidentally, our real military potential."

Huge Inferiority Complexes

"How will this long range strength replace the U.N.?"

"Well," said Townshend, "perhaps the U.N. suffers from the same inferiority complex as Russia—both think that the only way to attain their ends is through aggression. Aggress against the haves to give to the have-nots. Putting the needs of the group above the rights of the individual. Sacrificing the individual. This encourages hatred of one man for another, and leads to war."

"How would your self-love psychology encourage men to love others instead of hate them?" asked Leslie.

"I haven't read enough psychology," Townshend admitted smiling, "but Fromm says that the truly self-loving person does not need others for psychic security. Only after he loses his parasitic need for them is he capable of loving them. Then he can love them as he loves himself. That's been said before."

"Love others as thyself—haven't I read that somewhere?" teased Leslie.

"But before you can do that you must achieve a measure of self-love," Townshend concluded.

"That's a highly controversial idea," said Leslie.

Townshend nodded agreement. "And yet, it's a very old idea, running through many great religions and ethical systems, though often confused. The beauty of a psychology of self-fulfillment is that it would encourage each person to create, not to get things through aggression, but get what he can from exploring his own potentiality."

"You said governments cause war," Leslie began, "how will these creative individuals restrain their governments from making wars?"

"Maybe they never could," admitted Townshend. "Yet it seems to me that governments consist of men, like the rest of us in that they choose the easiest way of achieving their goals. If they see that the easiest way to prosperity and peace is for everybody to exercise freedom—self-fulfillment—then they might abandon the idea that they need to aggress against others in order to redistribute wealth. We have to teach our own government, too. But before we can do that we have to learn self-fulfillment individually. That's the hardest thing in the world, but it's worth learning."

"I find your ideas provocative, Mr. Townshend. "I don't know to what extent I disagree with them—I haven't had time to digest them. I hope you write that article." She stood up. "Will you bring it to me when it's finished?"

"I'll go and start it, now," said Townshend. "But first I'd like to talk to as many serious people as I can who want to investigate these ideas. I'd like to hear from them because I've just sketched in the possibilities of a new approach. One way to develop ideas is to lay them out on the table where intelligent people can sink their teeth into them. You just showed me how many questions need to be asked. Maybe more of this kind of exploring will find some answers."

She held out her hand, which he took and kept a moment.

Townshend left her apartment, smiling. He wondered why he suddenly felt overflowing with energy, as if from a fountain inside. ++

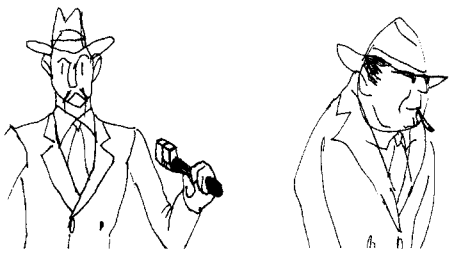
AN ECOLOGY FOR MANKIND

I believe that He who has arranged the material universe has not withheld His regards from the arrangements of the social world. I believe that He has combined, and caused to move in harmony, free agents as well as inert molecules. I believe that His over-ruling Providence shines forth as strikingly, if not more so, in the laws to which He has subjected men's interests and men's wills, as in the laws which he has imposed on weight and velocity. I believe that all that is necessary to the gradual and peaceful development of humanity is that its tendencies should not be disturbed, but have the liberty of their movements restored. Men's interests are harmonious,—the solution then lies entirely in this one word—LIBERTY. I believe these things, not because I desire them, not because they satisfy my heart, but because my judgment accords to them a deliberate assent.

FREDERIC BASTIAT

PAUSE FOR REFLECTION

JAMES C. INGEBRETSEN



The woman's voice on the telephone was asking me: "Is Thad Ashby's article on Ellis Poole really true?" She was talking about our lead article last month, "Shooting on South Flower." I assured her that we had checked with the court records, talked with the police and visited with Mr. Poole.

And one of my warmest friends writes: "Tell me, is Ashby's account of Ellis Poole rigorously objective? It is a terrific story and well told, but the style is such that the uninitiated in reading it might well just assume it was fiction."

Maybe you have harbored a doubt or two yourself. If you didn't read the article I hope you will. Let me assure you that the story is told just as Mr. Poole reported it. The trial of the union members Poole charged with attempting to kidnap and kill him should be underway by the time you read this.

And here is a significant sidelight. On the same day that the defendants were brought before the Superior Court for arraignment, the National Labor Relations Board held an election at the Holmes plant to determine whether the employees wanted to affiliate with the union. The vote: 15 against; 0 favoring!

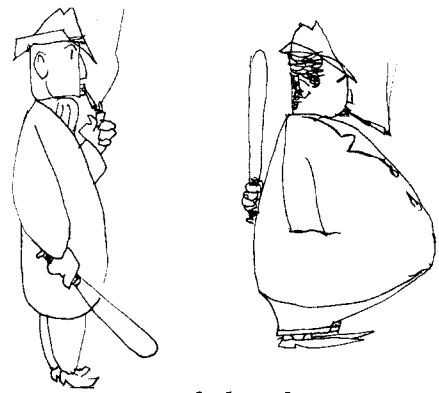
With stark clarity, we see that despite the violence which occurred, there was no reason within the plant itself for conflict. May I ask: Was the union attempting to force itself on the owners and the employees?"

hat is this art work in my column? Thad Ashby, in his several visits to the Poole home, took along his notebook . . . intending only to record facts and color. As Poole described the events which had shaken his life, Ashby's pen began to make these sketches. I thought you might enjoy some of Thad's other talents.

The concerned response we received as a result of the Ashby article underlines a troublesome fact churchmen have to face in the American business picture. Is compulsion and violence necessary to provide the working man with adequate bargaining power? It would be a sorry picture indeed if our only answer were yes.

Fortunately, many men of conscience answer: It need not be—and *must* not be. Some of these men champion the Right-to-Work laws which have been adopted in eighteen states, Utah the latest. Each statute is worded differently but all express the principle that no worker should be required to be a union member to get or keep his job. The premise is that the union shop conflicts with the individual freedom of the worker to work where and how he pleases.

In reply, the moral philosophers who defend the union shop clause say: Union security agreements are merely devises to distribute the cost of unionism among all the persons who receive its benefits. Under such circum-



stances, can it be said that there is a moral or any other justifiable right to be a free rider?

Their reasoning runs this way: To deny the use of a necessary means to obtain a just end

is contrary to sound morality. Since all benefit, they say, then all must pay.

This policy sounds very attractive. After a hard day working to interest more supporters in our own particular cause, and in one of my weak moments I might say to myself: "Jim, you are a wise and noble man. God has endowed you with special insights. You see clearly what others see not at all. You see what is the best interests of these men but they remain unconvinced. You should have the power to compel all Americans to contribute toward our work—for they would benefit from the climate of freedom under God which you are working for. Would this not solve all your problems?—and theirs, too?"

If this policy is sound we can work it in the churches, too. Certainly the religious forces in America are beneficial to church members and non-church members alike. Why should there be free loaders? Why not compulsory dues or membership in churches as well as in unions?

Must I answer? Isn't it obvious that such a policy is unjust? Isn't it obvious that compulsion would weaken, not strengthen, freedom and the church?

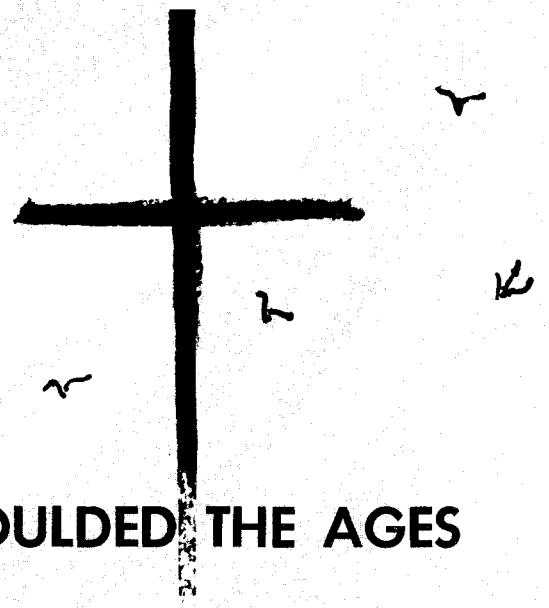
One big hurdle, however, must be faced: Should the law tell an employer that he does not have the right to make union membership a condition of employment? For instance: If an employer was not threatened by any harm or violence, if he desired of his own free will to deal with his employees collectively through a union rather than with them individually, should he be prevented from doing so? I think not.

But under contemporary conditions in labor relations, the above "ifs" hardly ever apply. The majority of employers (plus perhaps the bulk of union members) are closeted within these union shop agreements as the result of immoral pressures. If churchmen will go all out to repudiate the hidden and open force and violence which destroy peaceful bargaining, then we could agree with those who complain: "Right-to-work laws amount to the government telling the parties most concerned that they may not agree to a particular type of arrangement believed by both parties to be both sound and fair." But too many religious leaders still look the other way when faced with this fundamental moral imperative.

The happy fellow above could be reflecting on the three additional national awards Spiritual Mobilization won this year from the Freedoms Foundation. He isn't, of course. Felix Morley just enjoys his work. Felix, a columnist for *Nation's Business* and former President of Haverford College, as well as one time editor of the *Washington Post,* is an admired friend and one of the distinguished members of our Advisory Committee. He and Mrs. Morley spent a few weeks out our way last month. He was especially kind when he wrote us on his return to Washington: "It is my sincere belief that Spiritual Mobilization has a vitally important and relatively uncultivated field in American periodical literature, and it seems to me to be moving into this field with increasing ability and promise."

Oh, by the way, the three awards (our 13th, 14th and 15th, in 6 years!) went respectively to Dr. Fifield for his *American Mercury* article, "Freedom Under God," to SM for its Independence Day editorial, "Don't take a Holiday on July 4th," and another "Distinguished Service Scroll" for our radio program, *The Freedom Story.* ++

Far from the splendor of the capital of the world you see a sign on a small town in a backwoods country, reading: Jerusalem.
The time is early morning; you hear noise from near the Governor's palace. A poor street preacher has been arrested, someone tells you. You draw near.



THE DECISION THAT MOULDED THE AGES

WILLIAM H. PETERSON

"I must go to Jerusalem and there be put to death."

The disciples of Jesus are shocked at his words. True, the prophets of old had foretold that the Messiah would appear one day in Jerusalem. And the hour is dramatic, with the Feast of the Passover at hand. But Jerusalem also spells disaster. Religious innovators are hardly welcome in a theocracy. Didn't Herod behead John the Baptist? Priests and scribes have already branded Jesus an imposter. Pharisees have heckled him during his sermons and have sought to trap him by his words. What would be one individual against the state?

The Decision Is Made

Peter begs Jesus not to go. Jesus is wrathful.

"Get thee behind me, Satan!"

Jesus and his disciples leave Galilee and set out for Jerusalem.

The decision that moulded the ages is made.

Jesus' entry into the Holy City is strange but triumphal. He rides the lowliest of steeds, a donkey. His disciples, long-bearded as is the custom in Galilee, are grimy with dust. The road is first lined with tens and then hundreds as he approaches. The way is spread with garments and palms. The crowd gives shouts of "Hosanna!" and "Alleluia!"

Stone The Adulteress!

The officialdom of Jerusalem is alarmed. Apparently its power is slipping to this man who dares call himself the promised Messiah. Another cause for alarm is the sensitive decorum of the Holy City. Distinguished visitors from around the known world are there for the holidays. To save face, an indictment must be prepared. Pharisees are dispatched to collect evidence.

Inside Jerusalem Jesus casts the moneychangers out of the temple, preaches in the market places, and fights a running battle of words with the Pharisees. At one point, the Pharisees bring to Jesus an adulterous woman, hoping he would deign to set her free and thereby break the Scriptures. Says one of the Pharisees holding the woman:

"Master, this woman was taken in adultery. Now Moses in the law commandeth us, that such should be stoned: but what sayest thou?"

Jesus looks at the woman and then at her accusers. The accusers are rancorous and vindictive. The woman is filled with grief and

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penitence. Jesus declares:

"He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone."

No one meets the condition. No stone is thrown. The crowd disperses. The Pharisees are taken back. Their trap has failed. A woman's life is spared.

New traps are baited. The Pharisees prime two youths, Herodians, with a political plot. The youths find Jesus and one of them asks innocently:

"Master, we know that thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth, neither carest thou for any man, for thou regardest not the person of men. Tell us, therefore, what thinkest thou: is it lawful to give tribute unto Caesar, or not?"

Swords Solve Nothing

"Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites? Show me the tribute money."

The youths hand over a Roman penny.

"Whose image is this, and whose name is inscribed upon the coin?"

"Caesar's."

"Render therefore, unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's."

The rejoinder is too masterful, and the strategy of entrapment has again failed. But evidence, if contrived, piles up. A warrant for the arrest of Jesus is issued.

Meanwhile, Jesus and his disciples go into town for a farewell supper. During the meal, Jesus says:

"One of you who eat with me shall betray me."

Shock sweeps over the table. Who would turn against his Master? They peer into each other's face to see a sign of guilt. Judas Iscariot cringes momentarily but apes the others and is undetected. Later he steals away to lead the temple guard to the Garden of Gethsemane.

There is a scuffle. Peter grabs his sword. Jesus will have nothing of violence. He declares to Peter:

"Put up again thy sword into its place, for all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

The disciples flee into the night. Jesus is in the hands of his captors.

Shortly afterwards Jesus is led to the palace of the high priest. Assembled there is a hurried meeting of the Great Council of Jerusalem. Not all of the priests can attend the ecclesiastical court; the festival is in progress and all cannot be rounded up. The death sentence must be voted. Caiphas, an elder, proceeds with the prosecution. He addresses the accused Jesus.

"What is thy doctrine?"

Jesus evades the question.

"Why askest thou me? Ask those who heard me, what I said unto them. Behold, they know what I said."

Insubordination. Jesus is slapped by a functionary. Jesus is gentle.

"If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?"

The priests object to roughness. The dignity of the court shall not be ruffled. Witnesses are called in. Jesus is asked to declare their testimony true or false. Jesus is silent.

Caiphas, the high priest, screeches: "Tell us: art thou the Messiah?"

"If I tell you, ye will not believe. But if I should ask you, ye will not answer me, nor let me go."

Caiphas, angrily: "I adjure thee by the living God that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God!"

Jesus, softly:

"Thou hast said it."

Then Jesus lifts his voice:

"Nevertheless I say unto you, hereafter ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven."

Guilty Unto Death!

The priests spring up. The air is electric. Caiphas' voice is cracked with emotion:

"He hath spoken blasphemy! What further need have we of witnesses? Behold, now ye have heard his blasphemy! What think ye?"

The answer from all is immediate:

"Guilty unto death!"

The next morning the prisoner is led to Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor, who must

confirm any sentence of death. Pilate is wary. His job is to maintain the peace of the province—and collect the revenues. An execution might incite rebellion from the followers of Jesus. He hears the charge that the prisoner calls himself Christ, King of the Jews. He would talk with the prisoner alone.

Inside Pilate's palace, Pilate asks Jesus: "Art thou the King of the Jews?"

"Yes, I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into this world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth, heareth my voice."

Pilate Saw A Way Out

Pilate sees an out. So the question is neither judicial or political; it is merely philosophical. Somewhat playfully, Pilate parries the question intellectually:

"What is truth?"

Pilate returns to the priests and tells them: "I find no fault in this man."

The mob at the gates grumble. The priests are outraged. This Galilean, they exclaim, is perverting the nation and actually inviting an insurrection.

Galilean? Pilate sees another out. Galilee is another subject kingdom and Pilate's jurisdiction does not extend over it. It is the jurisdiction of Herod. Jesus is Herod's responsibility. And Herod is in Jerusalem for the festival. Let him decide.

The prisoner is brought to Herod and Herod questions him. Herod, too, has misgivings about the matter. Herod also is a politician. He remembers his beheading of John the Baptist and the political repercussions and conscience pangs that followed. He wants no restlessness in Galilee. Herod has an idea. He orders that Jesus be clothed in a purple robe as a witless fool and returned to Pilate.

Pilate tries again to avoid the death sentence. His wife has had visions of Jesus in her sleep, and she warns Pilate to have nothing to do with Jesus, whom she regards as just. To Pilate there is yet one more chance. The mob at the gates is demanding the release of a prisoner. It is a tradition of the Passover that the Roman conquerors grant amnesty to a condemned prisoner—symbolic of the deliverance of the Jews from Egypt. Why not Jesus? Pilate addresses the mob at the gates:

"Will ye that I release unto you the King of the Jews?"

The priests pump the mob with the right answers. "No, no!" the mob shouts back.

"Who then?" demands Pilate.

A shrewd priest spreads the name of Barabbas, a convicted champion of Jewish independence. "Barabbas, Barabbas" echo the mob loudly.

"What will ye then that I shall do unto him ye call the King of the Jews?"

The mob in one voice:

"Crucify him!"

The priests explain:

"We have no king but Caesar!"

So be it. Pilate orders his soldiers to bring the prisoner to the gates and then carry out the crucifixion.

The soldiers meantime have been amusing themselves with the prisoner. They have stripped him of his robe and instead draped a military tunic on him. A reed sceptre is thrust into his hand. A crown of thorns is placed on his head.

Jesus is brought before the mob. So this is the King of the Jews! He is the target of ridicule. Waves of laughter engulf him. Pilate makes out a sign for the cross. It reads:

JESUS OF NAZARETH,
KING OF THE JEWS.

Weep For Yourselves

The march up to Calvary—*the place of the skull*—begins. The sun beats down. The crosses are heavy. Jesus staggers. A young man along the way takes up the cross of Jesus. Women mourn Jesus as he passes. Jesus turns to them:

"Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children, He said."

Calvary is reached. Some of the soldiers dig holes in the ground. Others prepare the prisoners for the crucifixion. The crosses are fitted and laid flat on the ground. Each of the condemned is stretched on the cross and held fast. Nails are driven into hands and feet. Screams of pain rend the air. Women onlook-

ers turn away. The crosses are hoisted into place.

Beneath the crosses the soldiers of Rome while away the hours in boredom. They spit, they swear, they cast dice for the robe of Jesus. They offer him vinegar from a sponge and mock him. Says one of them: "If thou be the King of the Jews, save thyself." A passer-by shouts up from the road: "Let Christ the King of Israel descend now from the cross, that we may see and believe."

Jesus raises his eyes heavenward and says: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

Lord, Remember Me

One thief picks up the theme and screams: "Yes, if thou be Christ, save thyself and us."

The other thief cries out in a voice mixed with anger and remorse:

"Dost thou not fear God? We are the justly condemned! We receive the due reward of our deeds. This man hath done nothing amiss." He turns to Jesus. "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

"Verily, I say unto thee, today thou shalt be with me in paradise."

Dusk falls. Death draws near. Pain and fever torture Jesus. He peers out at the strange world. The two thieves are groaning. The soldiers wait drearily for his death. A few women stand off to the side wailing.

Pain follows pain. His body seems to be on fire. He cries:

"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Finally, the throbbing stops. His head falls forward.

The agony is over.

When Jesus of Nazareth died on the cross at Calvary, all of the known world lay in tyranny. There was one ruler, and he was Tiberius Caesar. There was one state, and it was Rome.

The rule of Rome was simple: the State was all, the individual was nothing. There were no rights for humans, except those Caesar conferred on his favorites and those his favorites conferred on their favorites. Those who were not with Caesar were against him. Let not the toilers in the fields refuse grain to the tax gatherers. Let not youths balk at the impressor for the circuses. Let no one tamper with Rome, for Rome was mighty—Rome was Supreme.

Now, by the death of Jesus, a new kingdom has been put on the map of the world. The Kingdom of God, Love, not force, is its rule—the Golden Rule of doing unto others what you would have others do unto you. Jesus asserted the dignity of man.

Be Not Entangled With The Yoke

The rights of man come from God, Jesus reminded the world, not from the state. Man is not a creature of the state; he is a creature of God and hence sovereign in his earthly relations. Sovereignty rests in the individual; government is therefore his servant and not his master.

The State did not wipe out the Kingdom of God at Calvary; the State was instrumental in its birth. A new light was born in the world, and men flocked to it even though it meant persecution and death. Paul spread the message: "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." In the Kingdom of God, however tyrannous the world, men found freedom in their souls.

Jesus died to make men free.

This is the decision that moulded the ages.

CURRENT READING

REFLECTIONS ON THE FAILURE OF SOCIALISM

MAX EASTMAN

(The Devin-Adair Company, New York, 1955, pps. 128, $2.75)

In his quest for the ideal society, Max Eastman has ranged from hard-headed class struggle socialism to a firm defense of the market economy. Both of his parents were Congregational ministers. From them he inherited a poetic quality and a strong sense of morality and justice.

This book is a collection of short essays depicting some of the reasons underlying his disaffection with socialism. Many former Communists, unlike author Eastman, still fondle hopes for a democratic socialism. Add to this list those liberals who have been wise enough not to fall prey to the totalitarian Reds yet who have been unwise enough to place their trust in utilizing the full force of government for the advancement of social, political and economic justice, and you have what Max Eastman calls the soft-headed idealists. He warns: "We must arm our minds now against the less obvious, the more strong and plausible and patriotic enemies of freedom, the advocates of a state-planned economy."

Is Eastman Still A Socialist?

These liberals, if they have made a choice at all, have chosen the latter of these two directive ideas: freedom from state control and equality enforced by a controlling state.

Eastman says: "You might almost describe the Socialist movement as an effort of the intelligentsia to put over their tastes and interests upon the masses of mankind." Why did they fail? Because, asserts Mr. Eastman, "their authors were guided rather by the Christian evangel of sainthood than by a study of the needs of average men." Thus, the author finds fault, not with the aspirations of the idealist but because the idealist expected too much of the common man. Ethically, Mr. Eastman practically equates socialism with his concept of the social ideals of Christianity: ". . . a society in which the spirit of mutual aid predominates over that of competition."

What should the Socialists have gained from a study of average man? Eastman suggests they have ignored the ownership instinct, the depth and generality of the drive toward property and its exchange.

"Another mistake of the Socialists was to imagine that there might be brotherly peace in a free society—a settlement, that is, of all head-on conflicts of interest, all caste and class struggles. That might happen in heaven, but on earth men will always divide into groups with conflicting interests. As civilization advances they will divide into more groups, perhaps, but not less keenly opposed. The task of the social idealist is not to suppress these groupings, or try to reconcile them, but to keep them in a state of equilibrium—never to let any one get out of hand. Our liberties depend upon the success of this effort."

This, then, is the substance of the Eastman thesis. "[The course of history] can be influenced in behalf of freedom only if thinking men learn to shift their attack from one threatening concentration of power to another. They will have to learn to change their aims—and what is more difficult, their allies—as the conditions change."

How The Balancing Should Have Worked

In the first part of this century, according to the author, the enemy was Wall Street or Big Business. But when, after 1930, Washington and big unions took over, the liberals should have made the shift away from government force to balance the conflict. "Instead," criticizes Eastman, "of seeing and defining the new menace of overgrown power, ensconced now in Washington, not Wall Street, they went right on fighting the defeated enemy and boosting the victorious power." A good argu-

ment could be made showing that what Eastman regards as abuses of capitalism, actually were caused by abuse of government power through granting subsidies and tariffs.

Actually, Eastman's program for a workable society is in two parts: the equilibrium strategy plus fewer people. He is a Malthusian and believes that the growth in population cannot be matched by man's capacity to produce goods. The December issue of the *Freeman* contained an incisive criticism of Malthusian arguments, in an article called *Malthus' Mistake.*

In addition to his denunciation of the Socialist idealists, Eastman throws a barb or two in the direction of libertarians. "[The word libertarian] has been taken up by people having a sort of irresponsibility to the practical terms in which problems present themselves to the race of man. These people have a disposition to lock themselves in a closet with the abstract truth. . . . Wisdom requires, it seems to me, that we regard ourselves as members of the human race, sharing those basic characteristics which give rise to the problems we are attempting to solve. And I have the impression that, by and large, those who call themselves libertarians fail to remember this somewhat humiliating but indubitable truth."

To Mr. Eastman, "The arch-enemy is still the soft-headed idealist who refuses to face the facts." WILLIAM JOHNSON

QUOTE

"Yet the causes for liberalism's current disfavor among the young and in the nation as a whole can be attributed in part to the errors of my own generation. Our failures can be traced perhaps to the fact that we of the New Deal heritage are still motivated by our old and convenient stereotypes —the bloated capitalist, the exploited worker, the selfless public servant. Or possibly our errors come in part from our naive faith that somehow the Federal Government will always be the protector of the weak against the strong. But today the world has moved along. Our old stereotypes may prevent us from facing reality, and our unqualified faith in the Federal Government, born and developed during the thirties and forties, may only have a limited validity in current society."

DAVID S. BURGESS

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