

OCTOBER 1956

Vol. VIII No. 2



THE GHOST REVOLTS

WILLIAM JOHNSON



AMONG US

What happened to us? Why are we different? We don't mean "us" editors at F & F, but us Americans. Bill Johnson's story, *The Ghost Revolts*, asks: What would happen to a politician who told people the truth? Thad Ashby attacks the big change from a different angle in *You Can't Get That Kyme No More*. Interviewing one of the most popular writers of the 20's, Peter B. Kyne, Ashby contrasts the ideals in Kyne's novels with the ideals in the novels on the current best seller list.

The quiz, *Who Said That?* answers the above question pessimistically. According to speeches by Ike and Adlai, America has changed to the point that voters would defeat anybody who made "self reliance" a serious plank. But there's a note of hope: in the spiritual hunger which Bill Johnson reports on, in the non-fiction self-help books and in the revival of interest in the 20's—which may, Ashby hopes, revive an interest in the ideals of Kyne's America.

* * *

Jim Ingebretsen found himself working 19 hours a day, 472 days a year, expanding all our activities. So he hired John Payne to help him keep a cleaner desk and to

keep our contributors informed about our needs.

If we can catch John between shake-down cruises, we'll pry some articles from his fecund brain. You remember his recent *My Minister Called Me A Leftist*, but probably you didn't know he used to write *With the Opinion Makers*, one of our keenly penetrating, shrewd analyses of current happenings in the news.

John served time at Pomona College, Claremont, where (less time off for good behavior) he got away with a Phi Beta Kappa key. The University of Cincinnati gave him a Masters in Government and Public Administration, and he has been trying to forget what he learned ever since.

A big fellow, with a football frame and a broken nose, he has an ideal build for this type job; trying to keep a non-profit libertarian organization with at least one snorkel above water.

John's pretty wife, Jan, was our first art director. She and John have been building their own Frank Lloyd Wright style house in the hills of San Dimas. They're both young, creative, dynamic people, and we're glad to get them.

FAITH AND FREEDOM is published by Spiritual Mobilization, a national nonprofit, nonpartisan, nonsectarian organization founded in 1935. James C. Ingebretsen, *President*. James W. Fifield, Jr., *Chairman*.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: sent without charge to those who ask for it. If you wish to pay for your subscription, a \$5 contribution covers a little more than cost; a contribution over \$5 pays for subscriptions for libraries, clergymen, students and those not able to pay for their subscriptions.

EXTRA COPIES: 25c each up to ten; 20c each over ten. Introductory copies will be sent free to those you suggest. Should you suggest one or more, we

would appreciate a contribution to cover the cost of mailing.

GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS: sent with an appropriate card telling the recipient of your thoughtfulness. Just send us the names and addresses with an appropriate contribution.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: be sure to give your complete former address (print or type, please).

STAFF: William Johnson, *Editor*. Thaddeus Ashby, *Associate Editor*. Doreen Riley, *Digest Editor*. Tom Van Sant, *Art Director*. Beulah Roth, *Circulation Manager*.

Published September 15th to June 15th at 1521 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 17, California.

THE GHOST REVOLTS

WILLIAM JOHNSON



Matthew Frankenstein, ghost writer for a politician, forgot to tell us what his candidate is running for. Maybe it will be the Mexican border. Whatever it is, the moral of this fable asks: do P.R. men dare tell the public the truth? And if one did, what would happen? Political suicide? Landslide?

My name is Matthew J. Frankenstein. My neighbors call me Matt, the monster-maker. But I tell them, "You created Frankenstein's monster, not me."

Of course, you'll never understand what

I'm talking about unless I tell you that I'm an idea man and speech writer for political candidates.

My boss is climbing all over me. Nobody's turning up at the rallies. The TV sets are

turned on but, when the boss plants his face in front of the camera, the viewers cross his channel faster than a Bell X-2. Nobody seems to give a hoot about politics this year.

"Matt," the boss says, "you're supposed to come up with the smart ideas. Why don't you write what the voters want to hear?"

What can I say? He counts the empty seats in the auditoriums. The Nielsen ratings tell him his programs draw no more viewers than reruns of Milton Berle's 1948 kineoscopes.

People Ignore Both Candidates

"Our competition isn't doing any better," I tell him. But he's right. That tired excuse is carrying too many has-been hacks. And it doesn't get me off the hook to blame the voting customer. I know—and so do you—the guy holding the vote will spend it willingly if we come up with something near what he likes. Personally, I don't believe the guy knows what he wants any more. Look at the primaries; they've had the lowest turnouts in years. Everybody was disappointed with the way the audience ignored both conventions. Despite all of the get-out-the-vote appeals, it looks like we'll have the weakest vote in years.

Why?

You probably have your own ideas. Me, I feel the pinch of one answer stronger than all the rest because it is my job to write the pitch for our candidate. The old coffee pot really gets a working over these early morning hours as I try to make our stuff sound different than that of our opponent. But when you really boil it all down—which I'm sure you do—we and our worthy opposition use the same formula. Like soap. Different containers maybe, but the same formula. I'm a packager now. I'm supposed to get the soap off the shelves. I'm paid to make our words more appealing than the other guy's and, this year, I admit I'm falling flat on my face.

That's why I'm talking my problem over with you. I asked myself: Why aren't the customers buying our product? To find the

answer here's what I did last week. "Matt," I said to myself, "Matt, boy, you're never going to figure this thing out just mumbling at your typewriter. Get out and talk to Joe and Mamie and Blanche. If you ask 'em point blank what they want from your candidate, they'll read your own speeches back at you. No, you've got to catch them off guard. Find out what moves them; what they're trying to get out of life; what they don't like about things as they are. A Gallup poll with its IBM tabulations and mechanical questions isn't going to help you. Put the ole brain to work. Watch and listen to all kinds of Americans. Maybe there'll be a clue somewhere."

That's what I told myself and, since I always take my own advice, I went out and began dropping eaves. Here, let me get my notebook out. I'll read you some of the dialogue I overheard. See if you can make anything out of it.

Place: Economy Drug Store; lunch counter. *Sound:* hamburger spitting on the grill; a motor grinding painfully as it whips an extra thick chocolate malt.

"Did you see the State Department posters on the bulletin board?"

"Yeh, but what are you worked up about? Buddy, you got a two-year hitch in the Army after you graduate. You won't be ready for a civilian job until '59."

"I know, but I can dream, can't I?"

"You sure are dreaming different than when you first landed at college. If you'd had a white horse, you'd have set out to conquer the world. Let's see. It was gonna be a quick four years through college and then Joe Trimble in his own business, a millionaire before he was 30. What a dreamer you were!"

"O.K., so I wised up. Meetin' Marg had something to do with it. I'll be 26 when I get out of uniform. We'll want to get married and I'll need a steady job. We figure on a couple of kids, a small house, second-hand station wagon, a trailer maybe, a boat, and a pair of skis. I'd rather settle for a quick \$8,000 a year than shoot for \$100,000 a year eventually. None of this ulcer

stuff for me.

"Maybe I could apply for a commission in the Navy. You can retire after twenty years. Boy, that would be livin'! A pension at 44!"

Place: Broadway at 12th.

". . . so I went into Bergdorf-Goodman and told them I just had to have a dress with a holy look for my trip to Rome . . ."

Place: cashier line in supermarket.

"Didn't I see you drive up in a new Buick, Catherine?"

"That's right. We took delivery on it last week."

"Joe has been talking about a new car, too. But he never mentioned a Buick. How much does a Buick cost?"

"Ours wasn't too expensive. Just \$73.60 a month!"

Enjoy The Future Now

Place: Driving range. *Sound:* Whap. Whap. Whap.

"Hope it doesn't bother you, buddy, if I chat a bit while you drive a few balls. Why don't you try hitting that ball on the down swing? I keep telling the wife I'm working on an invite from the President. I gotta keep the golf game in shape so I'm ready when the telephone rings. Ha-ha. Clarabelle, that's the little woman, keeps needling me about not saving any money. 'Every time we get a little bit ahead,' she says, 'you blow it all on golf equipment.' I tell her what's the use of putting money in the bank. Why not spend it when you got it? I say let's enjoy the future before we get too old."

Place: The steps outside St. Andrew's.

"A fine sermon! I don't get down here very much, but I try to catch your stuff on TV . . ."

Place: Phillips' Book Shop.

"Didn't I see you yesterday with your grandchildren in tow?"

"Yes, Dottie's come back home. Bill left her again and we don't know where he has gone. The poor girl can't find any meaning in her life."

"Maybe Dottie would get something out

You Scratch My
Ball And I'll
Scratch My Back



of a book I just read: Anne Lindbergh's *A Gift From The Sea* . . . Mr. Phillips, do you have that one?"

"I'm sorry, Mam, we just can't seem to keep *A Gift From The Sea* in stock. We are always ordering more copies of books like that. *How to Live 365 Days a Year*, *Peace of Soul*, *The Mind Goes Forth*, *Auto-Conditioning*, *The Art of Real Happiness*, *The Wealth Within You*, *The Power of Positive Thinking*, *Peace of Mind* . . ."

Place: Parent-Teachers' meeting.

"I'm so glad to meet you Miss Webster. I hope Tommy behaves himself in school. There's something I've been wanting to talk to you about. Tommy has been having an awful lot of trouble with his homework assignments. He's so frustrated. I wonder if the work you give him is too hard."

"Tommy is a good boy in class, Mrs. Jones. No, I didn't realize his homework made him unhappy. Perhaps we should move him to a lower group. He'd be far happier among boys and girls on his own level, where the pace isn't as fast. And it might be a good thing to change him anyway. You see, his social adjustment hasn't been too good. Sometimes he prefers to play all by himself."

Smoke Break, Coffee Break

Place: Arvin Coffee Shop.

"How's your new job, Catherine?"

"Wonderful! I've met the nicest girl. At 9:30, we go out and eat breakfast together. At the 10:20 coffee break, she always tells me about Johnny, that's her boy friend. Lunch-time, we usually talk about the other people in the office. The 1:40 coffee break is when we rib Mabel about her good-looking brother. Of course, I get to talk with you at the 3 o'clock smoke break."

"That sounds real good, Catherine."

"Sorry, gotta rush now. Have to be back in time to clear my desk for the night. Another cigarette and I'd be working overtime!"

Place: Forty-yard line, football stadium, Meadville High School.

"Well, I mean, you know how Jack is.

He's real neat all right; he's a keen dancer. I mean . . . I mean he's always talking about going away to study painting. Dad says that painters, well, I mean they have to do a lot of suffering before they ever amount to anything. Gee, that's all right for Jack maybe, but I've got to start thinking about my future."

"Uh, huh. Hey, they're sending in Herman Kovalenski."

"So that's why we had this big fight last night. I told him that George's uncle has a good job in the post office. George says that he can get a job there this June, as soon as he graduates. Mail carriers get a pretty good salary; maybe we could get married right away."

"Yeah?—Gee, that Herman has shoulders like a truck."

"Yeh. Jack got real mad. He just doesn't understand. George asked me to go to the show with him tonight. I'm going—too."

Why Aren't You Happy?

Place: Smoking car, commuter's train.

"You look beat, Bert."

"I feel beat, too. It's Mabel."

"You in the dog house?"

"Not especially."

"What's eating you then?"

"Can't figure her out."

"I got my troubles, too."

"I can't figure her out. I'm up to here in debt buying things for her. I buy her a dishwasher. Does that make her happy? No. We take a trip to Bermuda. Still unhappy. Ford Thunderbird to run around in. Still frets. Hi-Fi set complete with woof-er, tweeter, FM and tape recorder—she gets worry lines in her brow. I figure maybe she's looking for prestige. So I invest in a season box at the opera. All that meant was more money for clothes."

"That's a dame for you. What does it take to make 'em happy?"

"I can't figure her out. She doesn't have to do a darn thing anymore. With all I invested, she ought to be happy."

Place: The Kimball dining table. Woman on my left talking to man across table.

"Dear, I think Brad is right. He is the best public relations man on the coast."

"Every time I feel I really have something to say to the public, you and Brad hand me the muzzle. 'You mustn't upset the apple cart.' 'You dare not offend any-one.' What's happened to free speech?"

"Look at it realistically, Frank. Think of Peter and what it would be like for him in school if you made a speech like that. What good would it do for you to say it anyway? Nobody will agree with you."

Place: Bulletin board, Montgomery Theological Seminary, Course of Study, Second Year:

207 Group Dynamics (3 credits)

419 Building Maintenance (1 credit)

739 Church Administration (4 credits)

937 Fund Raising (3 credits)

423 Accounting (3 credits)

646 Recreational Programming (1½ credits)

What The 'Go-Getters' Want Now

Place: Red brick commercial building, two men on loading platform, watching loading.

"Don't tell me you're still tied to the office, Mac. I thought you were going to get out on the road to beat the bushes for some new contracts."

"I just can't do it, Ted."

"Why don't you hire somebody to manage the place for you? Give you some time to expand your market."

"I tried. Didn't get anywhere. The business right now doesn't justify the salary I'd have to pay an experienced man. I'm willing to train a young man—if I could ever find one."

"What about Clark College? Have you talked to any of their seniors?"

"Not a one of them is interested. Know what kind of jobs they're lining up? Cosmopolitan Life Insurance Company: salary increase every six months, hospitalization, pension program. I couldn't find one boy willing to start out small with us and grow with the business."

Place: on scaffolding, next to a stack of building blocks.

"Take it easy there, son. Wanta put us out of work. This job ought to carry us for another five days, if we take it slow. Oh, I know, you youngsters hate to waste time, but you'll get used to it. I remember when I first served out my apprenticeship. It was different those days. None of this slap, dash and the so-what-if-the-level-is-off attitude."

"Old Pat Kennedy. I can still remember how he made me tear out a whole wall of brick that was hardly out of line at all. I had to brick that wall again on my own time. You can bet I was careful from then on. I used to bring my wife Ella over to the job on Sundays, just so she could admire the clean lines on the wall. Not one spattering of mortar out of place. Yep, them was the days. But maybe it's better this way."

* * *

What do you make out of my notes? I'd like to see if you agree with the way I add them up. Let me know if it makes any sense.

Ever since I've been hacking away at campaign speeches, must be over twenty years now, there's always been the one sure-fire political gimmick: more. Just promise the voting customer more housing, more health, more price controls, more farm supports, more wages, more of more. If we could keep our promises ahead of the other Party, we were in for another two years. But it's not working like it used to. Why doesn't "more" sound good any more?

The way I read my notes, we're a sick people. Look at us: we're hungry, but we don't know for what. We have an undefined wanting, an unscratchable itch. We've tried the easy ways to satisfy it but we are hungrier after we finish. Our answer has been to try more of the same thing. If one dishwasher won't help, try two. If a new Cadillac doesn't satisfy, put in a swimming pool.

Maybe we should stop using the material progress formula as the way to soul satisfaction and success.

I know this is beginning to sound pretty

preachy to you. I didn't mean it that way. It was just at this point in my own analysis when I said to myself, "Climb down off the cloud, Matt, the boss will never buy a change in the formula."

So I tossed my research into the corner and got to work on this speech here. Got a couple minutes? I'll read it to you. It isn't too long. The Committee was on the ball and bought a five-minute spot in the middle of next Sunday's Ed Sullivan show. The boss will sit in the living rooms of everybody who might vote for him and punch home the keynote of his message. We figure its shortness will be an asset and the timing will be perfect. Here's the way he will read it:

This Will Solve Your Problem

"Good evening, folks. I've asked the network people to let me interrupt your pleasant evening at home just long enough to tell you how good I feel when I see you so happy.

"What I want to chat quietly and seriously with you about tonight lies very close to my heart; it is you and your loved ones. And your happiness in the real sense can only come when all is right with your job, your health, and your home. And you know what makes this possible, for in today's modern world, we have learned how to harness the wonderful powers of government so that each person may have freedom from want. We have learned to act with the knowledge that peace and prosperity can be sustained when your government is acting wisely to help you.

"But we still have a job to do.

"You know that the slum, the outdated highway, the poor school system, deficiencies in health protection, the failure of a small business, the undevelopment of a natural resource, the suffering of a farmer, the loss of a job and the fear of poverty and old age penalizes us all. I am dedicated to commit every tool of government, every resource of government, to prevent these evils which sap the security of us all.

"I believe I know what you need. For

example, you need more school buildings. I shall sponsor more federal aid to education so that you will not only get your schools but your teachers can receive a much needed raise in pay.

"You farmers need not be the forgotten Americans. I shall see to it that your soil bank and parity payments restore you to the rank of full-class citizens.

"I shall introduce tariff legislation to in-



crease the duties on the Japanese and German products which are creating such unfair competition for our fellow Americans.

"And we need more flood control measures, new hospitals for our Vets, better postal service for you folks in the outlying areas, and more roads everywhere.

"If you elect me, I pledge to work night and day in your interest, right down on the community level.

"That is why I come to ask for your help tonight. Your choice this year is between a party that talks progress and a party that really believes in progress; a party that believes in the vital part government must play to insure an expanding America, a prosperous America; an America where the next four years can be the happiest of your lives.

"There is much reason to take great pride in the peace and prosperity we have attained. But we must continue to apply new ideas and bold programs to meet the human needs of our people in the future.

"If you share my concern, if you believe that together we can harness the full horsepower of government to bring a future without trouble to our children, I humbly ask for your support. I have faith that you will make the right decision."

When I finished writing that, I was sick. And I didn't feel any better when the boss gave it his approval yesterday. I couldn't sleep last night. I could still smell the stench of the over-ripe generalities. What bothered me most, however, was the fact that, if the speech was bought by the American voter at all, it would be only because he had no better offerings.

I wasn't going to be able to get any rest until I put down on paper what I knew I should have written. I hauled down the typewriter and this is what came out; I wrote it, even though I was sure it would never be used:

They Say I Shouldn't Tell You

"I am going to speak very seriously to you. My advisors, the men at the advertising agency, the party chiefs, have advised

me not to tell you what I feel I must tell you now. They are honestly afraid, as is the opposition party, that you can't take the truth, if the truth is tough to take. But you see, I don't believe you are washed up as Americans.

"The opposition says that you have no integrity. They believe, some sincerely, some cynically, that you must be bought with subsidies, special privileges, and—worst of all—you no longer want to hold responsibility for your own life. Instead, they say, government will take all of the risk out of living.

"And, it is true, I have been parroting that same line. I had thought that is what you wanted. How wrong I have been.

"I, and they, have said that your loyalty is for sale only to the highest bidder; that you would not give up a subsidy or sacrifice a handout or go through any pain or ordeal for the good of your soul or your country.

"And yet, if America were attacked tomorrow and the enemy had landed on our shores, I believe you would risk your life to save what we all love. The opposition, too, knows that you would risk your life to save our country—but they believe you would not dare risk giving up a subsidy.

I Am A Coward

"We face a worse emergency today than even an enemy on our beachheads. We face the death of the American soul. Oh, we still pay homage to its virtues. We like to hear about the tall, rawboned, lean, noble, idealistic frontiersman who would die rather than suffer any insult to his honor. We like to read about Americans who faced their life as a thrilling adventure.

"But while we feel nostalgia, we act sometimes as if we believe the old virtues of courage, self-reliance and honor are dead. Are they dead? Are we all cowards?

"I am. I was afraid to say this to you. But I said it because I believe you are courageous. If you really know that you must shed blood, sweat and tears to save America and yourself, you will do it, just as you would

die on the beachheads to save America from an invader.

"We all realize—even we politicians—that we can't go on forever sidestepping being responsible for our own lives. But the politician believes that he can postpone the day of reckoning a little, forcing our children and grandchildren to face the ultimate ordeal of trying to pick up the pieces of a bankrupt nation.

"I believe that the spirit of our forefathers still lives. Blood, sweat and tears were the symbols of a courageous resistance not long ago. Now, they spell sacrifice of short-range material goals for something greater.

"If I ask you to sacrifice a short-range gain, I should be willing to do the same.

'I'll Get Along Somehow'

"The greatest sacrifice I could make right now would be my political career. Telling you the truth which you know in your hearts may cost me this election. But I am willing to gamble my career on my faith in your guts. You have what it takes to lick the enemy on the beachhead. I believe you have what it takes to lick a more brutal enemy—laziness, cowardice and weakness of character.

"I believe you will welcome the chance to stretch your sagging muscles, to feel the blood of the soul as it surges again. I believe you will support me though I tell you this harsh truth: If I am to serve you, I must give up my power over you. I must not seek more government authority. Instead, I pledge to you to put you completely on your own.

"I believe that you get your happiness from the things you accomplish for yourself; you get your security from the knowledge that you have the power within you to meet emergencies. I believe you know in your heart that some day Americans must support a program that will wean them away from government aid, government advice, government control, government crutches—and government taxes.

"It won't be easy. If I represent you in

your government by insisting that you receive no farm subsidies; if I refuse to introduce tariff legislation; if I try to repeal veterans' aids; if I vote against federal funds for schools—it will be because enough of you have shown you are willing to stand alone. Those of you who will support me, not only by voting, but by going down to the government agencies in your community, returning your government checks, telling an astonished agent: 'No, thanks, I'll get along somehow on my own two feet'—those of you who can do this will save this country by setting an example, by being the first to refuse to eat at the trough while the rest still fight for favored spots in the line.

You Can Do 'Impossible' Things

"A program of no government aid means you'll work for what you get. But it also means I, and you who support me, can serve as the cutting edge that weans America. And then you'll get what you work for—and you'll be able to keep it yourself. It will be possible for you to grow—to bring out things in you you never dreamed possible before.

"It won't be easy. But I believe you have the courage to do it now.

"I'm betting the rest of my life on it."

The Revolt of The Ghost

When I finished writing that, I slept like a babe. I read both speeches again this morning. That is when I decided to resign my job. I was totally unfit to write speeches like number one again and I thought that the boss would be totally unfit to recite speeches like number two.

Did he accept my resignation? Didn't tell him yet. He'll know tomorrow when he rushes in for his speech in the middle of the Ed Sullivan Show. You see, I've switched speeches. Pinned on the new speech is a note he'll read just as the cameras turn on him. It will say:

"Boss: this is a last-minute revision. The beginning is a little unusual but it gets better as it goes along. Matt"

WHAT WE LACK

DR. FIFIELD

The ineffectiveness of the *Freedom Saving Organizations in America* does not stem from their number nor the size of their budgets nor the size of their deficits.

Their lack of effectiveness comes out of the indifference of their members and others to what is happening in our country.

It Is Hard

Most of these organizations are having a hard time. It is hard to meet budgets and payrolls. It is hard to sustain interest and enthusiasm. It is hard to get their tracts thoughtfully read (*Faith and Freedom* by Editor Johnson excepted). It is hard to get crowds to meetings. It is hard to get application of their principles—even by their devoted members.

This is in part because of the widespread confusion—which I think has been carefully arranged. It is partly because of the accelerated pace of living, and the compounded demands on everyone's time. It is more largely the result of inadequate leadership on the part of the *Freedom Saving Organizations* and their duplicating or competing roles.

I am soundly convinced that the majority

of our people are good. They are earnest Christians and deeply patriotic. They don't want the things that are coming—but the pressures upon them make them dependent upon leadership, leadership which is lacking in most areas.

The clergy do not provide courageous advocacy of Freedom under God in this freedom-abandoning age. The press does not champion it. The business community has largely "knuckled in" for the "benefits" of the Socialist apparatus. School teachers dare not raise their voices lest they lose their jobs.

Some See The Light

How is this stranglehold to be broken? We of Spiritual Mobilization have thought—by the leadership of responsible, understanding clergymen. That is still possible because there are more such being counted each day and because SM under President Ingebretsen is utterly uncompromising on principles and ideals—reinforcing and resourcing with study materials, those who have seen the light and are undertaking to expand it in their own lives and ministries and communities in the nation.

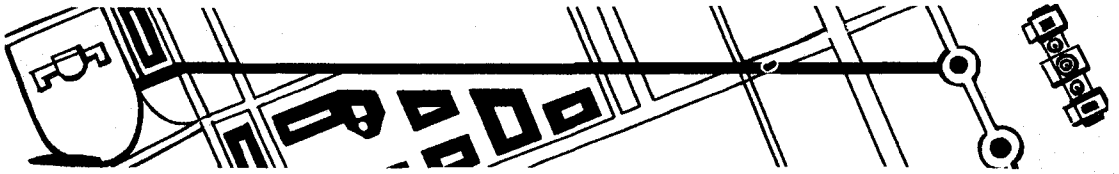
ENTERTAIN A STRANGER

When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stopping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming toward him, who was a hundred years of age; he received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God:

at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to him and asked where the stranger was; he replied, "I thrust him away because he did not worship thee"; God answered him, "I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonored me, and couldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble?" Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction.

SAADI, 12th Century Persian Poet

ALONG PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE



In a few short weeks, Americans will troop to the polls to climax our quadrennial hoopla—the race for the Presidency. Even if we turn the volume down on the sound and fury, several features of this campaign still can be heard:

(1) Once again, the “intellectuals” called stridently for a “high level” campaign on both sides. This means: don’t criticize, don’t stir up the public, don’t create any issues, don’t tell the truth about the opposition.

Past campaigns always served one vital function: even if the two parties happily shared the loot between them in off-years, the call of the election forced them to reveal some truths, to open up some issues. Now that the bipartisan left-wing rules both parties, the more dreary the campaign, the better they like it.

Surprisingly, the “new,” hard-hitting Stevenson was a triumph of the practical politicians over the intellectuals.

(2) The display of the grinding, goey Juggernaut at San Francisco—what Dorothy Thompson sarcastically called Ike’s “coronation.” Who will soon forget the sight of each Republican at the rostrum put through his or her prepared paces and whisked out of the way? While Big Brother beamed down from a thousand placards!

(3) The most heartening feature: Stevenson’s resurrection of a lost issue in America—the draft. Those who object that Adlai will not really end the draft miss the point—for the first time since 1941 we do not simply accept the draft as an act of God. It rings once again as an *issue*. That alone takes a giant step forward. For this service, Stevenson deserves our thanks.

(4) The other new note struck by Stevenson: a call for ending the H-bomb tests.

The standard objection—that the Russians would not keep their word—is irrelevant. Everyone admits that no one can drop an H-bomb anywhere without detection all over the world. So an agreement to stop the H-tests is self-enforcing, and needs no elaborate apparatus of inspection.

Ending the H-bomb tests would not only slow down the cruel armament race; it would stop poisoning the atmosphere with deadly radiation, a poison that endangers the future of the human race itself. Why spread such destruction in peacetime?

(5) 1956 marked the first timid approach to form a third party by the nation’s conservatives. They barely began, but they made a start. Supposed to launch a party in the spring, they waited instead until mid-September, when it was too late to get on the ballots of more than a handful of states. The Memphis States Rights Convention selected a T. Colman Andrews-Thomas Werdel ticket for the two top slots.

Why Andrews Repented

They call themselves a “movement,” offering the voters independent electors. But sans organization and state slates, it is just a way of blowing off steam, and not a vital political force. On the state level, critics of the Memphis Convention argue, a conservative party could wield a critical balance of power, forcing the major parties to bid for its support.

An example of such force was the Wisconsin Republican primary this fall, where conservative Howard H. Boyle swung the balance of power for the Senate. Left-wing Senator Wiley led moderate Glenn Davis by 10,000 votes, while Boyle picked up 20,000 votes—5% of the state’s total. A con-

servative third party could amass 5% of the vote in every key state.

Foremost of its bright spots is the selection of T. Coleman Andrews of Richmond, Va., for president. Andrews is the eminent symbol of the fight against the income tax. Just as we have welcomed repentant ex-Communists, so now we welcome an even more important figure—the repentant ex-bureaucrat.

After spending several years as Eisenhower's Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Andrews resigned to speak out strongly and courageously for outright repeal of the 16th (income tax) Amendment. We cannot exaggerate the importance of this conversion. Andrews set off a chain reaction that looks to explode all over the country.

In recent months, fired by Andrews' charges, nationwide magazines have speculated on possible repeal of the income tax. If anyone had predicted such a discussion a few years ago, he would have been dismissed as a hopeless crackpot. But now, with growing tax burdens, with Joe Louis forced to wrestle, and cobblers deprived of most of their gains on answering the \$64,000 question, the public listens.

Don't Accept Reed-Dirksen

Plans are afoot, we have heard, for a mammoth drive after the election to repeal the income tax. Mixed with earnest hopes for the success of the drive, comes a word of warning: nothing less than complete repeal will suffice. Accept no substitutes. The proposed Reed-Dirksen amendment to the Constitution, the warners say, would set vague limits to income tax, but with enough loopholes to permit a practical status quo. Such an amendment would just take the sting out of the income tax without curing anything. Just as the Taft-Hartley law ended the drive against unions without reducing union power, so the Reed-Dirksen amendment would end anti-tax agitation while leaving taxes as harsh as ever.

Some may object: but what taxes would you raise instead? The repealers answer: none! Let the government sell all its enter-

prises to private individuals, they say, let it slash its expenses drastically, and no added taxes will be necessary. And the best way to force this solution is to deprive the government of this source of revenue.

Amid the current ferment on taxation, many people are looking for bold new solutions. Particularly striking is the blockbuster let loose by the usually staid Chamber of Commerce of the U.S. In the September issue of its monthly *Economic Bulletin*, the Economic Research Department of the Chamber suggested ending taxes entirely and replacing them with voluntary contributions! Before you dismiss such ideas as crazy, think long and hard. A startlingly new idea, perhaps, but maybe the answer to our tax problems.

Let us quote the epochal words of the Chamber at length:

"Suppose all taxes were put on a voluntary basis—like your contributions to the Community Chest, Red Cross, or your church . . . If taxes were (so) placed . . . if each individual were to decide what government's services were worth to him and made his contribution accordingly—would this not provide a criterion for determining objectively the worth of government? How much would be collected under such a scheme? No one knows. But you might ask yourself: 'How much are government's services worth to me?'

Don't Steal, Except As Follows

"Originally, the commandment 'Thou Shalt Not Steal' was unqualified. But today, most social planners are willing to go along with a slight modification: 'Thou shalt not steal outside the framework of the democratic process.' Of course, it is still not considered 'right' for A to go over and rob B, his rich neighbor. But it is quite 'right' for A to organize a group of cohorts into 'government,' levy a tax . . . and then proceed to collect from B and redistribute the wealth among A and his henchmen—'expenses of government' . . .

"It's all legal, but some 'hardshell die-hards' will wonder if it is ethical."

PAUSE FOR REFLECTION JAMES C. INGEBRETSEN

It has been a year since I have used the privilege of this space to seek support for our daily capsule column of the same name. We hope this sampling from the past several weeks will encourage you to help us spread its outreach. Some fifteen papers scattered through California, Texas, Ohio, Colorado, New Mexico and Indiana carry the column five days each week. More than 300 others in all the states, Alaska and Hawai publish one column a week. Gradually, our little Pauses are also gaining recognition in a variety of other publications, church bulletins, company employee magazines.

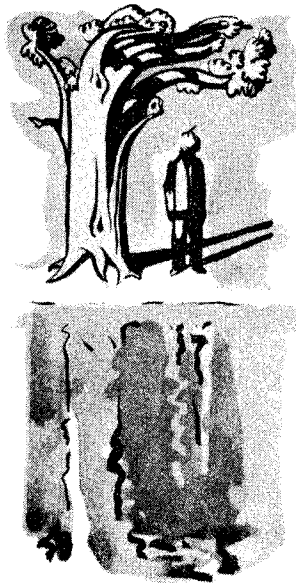
What are we trying to do? One main interest is in ferreting out bits of contemporary wisdom and putting these under the spotlight of spiritual reflection. Here are two current examples.

Says Joseph Wood Krutch, former New York drama critic turned naturalist, in a recent issue of *This Week* magazine.

"Most men now live where their own works (as contrasted to God's, as revealed in Nature) are the only ones they ever see. Man now believes that Nature can always be made to do his bidding."

To the extent that these statements are true, man is the loser.

In general, we see what we consider to be important. The mercenary-minded person sees only dollars and cents in a field of clover or a forest of pines. On the other hand, the person who values natural beauty for its own sake can find it even in the midst of the greatest of cities—in a window box of geraniums or a flowering weed growing in a crack of the sidewalk.



Nature is pretty hard to vanquish. And it is a good thing for us that it is. We can co-operate with it to our great good but to conquer it and reduce it to our own terms would be our complete undoing.

* * *

"Empathy means the ability to enter other people's thoughts, feelings, emotions," says David Harold Fink in his book, "For People Under Pressure." "If the power of empathy were to be developed in children systematically and deliberately there could be no juvenile delinquency. No adult

delinquency either. How could anyone rob a store if he were to put himself in the owner's place?"

Exactly. But this is not a new thought, although empathy is a comparatively new word.

Mr. Fink's Advice

Several thousand years ago, the Lord told Moses to say unto the children of Israel, ". . . thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" — in other words, practice empathy. And He also commanded through Moses, ". . . lay up these my words in your heart . . . And teach them your children . . ."

So actually Mr. Fink's excellent advice is merely a restatement in modern terms of two of the oldest commandments of the Bible. Every day psychologists and psychiatrists are more and more discovering that the Bible is their most comprehensive and reliable textbook. Maybe it wouldn't hurt the rest of us to study it more with a view to putting its precepts more faithfully into practice.

Occasionally we speak our mind rather firmly about certain glaring abuses of political and private power. Take this disturbing thought from last week's output.

Kind of Confusing

"No one can buck the [labor] unions in China now," says Reg Leonard, correspondent of *The Melbourne [Australia] Herald*, who recently made an extended trip through Communist China.

"The unions have organized shrewdly. Their first aim has been to get firm control of key industries. Today the [Trade Union] federation's word is law in all heavy and most light industries . . ."

Well, that is not much different than it is in this country, is it?

In both instances, a non-governmental agency has become, in Mr. Leonard's words, "a political instrument of considerable power and influence" "operating with solid governmental backing under legislation granting it extensive rights."

It's kind of confusing, isn't it? How nearly like Red China have we allowed ourselves to become anyway?

* * *

But we think there is something to be said for handling even desperately serious problems with an obliquely light touch. For instance, here is a good two-birds-with-one-stone example.

After The Horse Is Stolen

A recent Associated Press dispatch from Albuquerque, N.M., said:

"There is nothing like following military regulations to a T. Regulations say every government building must have a door and a means to lock it.

"At Kirtland Air Force Base here, there is a 20 x 40 foot building with only two sides—the ends being open. The building houses a truck.

"In one of the sides there is a door—as the regulations require. Furthermore it has a hasp on it so it can be locked—as the regulations require."

Well, isn't that about what we have come to as a constitutional republic? The locked door of the Constitution is still there. But what does it signify when both ends of the building have been knocked out by recent Supreme Court decisions?

* * *

Consistently we seek to challenge readers to practicing a spiritual rather than a materialistic approach to life. Here is a "sermonette" that carries, we think, a good deal of food for thought.

When The Bottom Falls Out

Did you ever stop to consider what it means for a person to "have credit?" It used to mean that such a person is credible, believable, trustworthy—that what he says, he will, God helping him, do.

But today it does not necessarily mean that.

Why? Because in thousands upon thousands of cases "credit" has been extended to people who do not have it, in the above sense, at all.

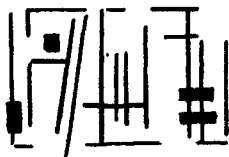
How, then, do they get it? Well, the government supplies it.

And many a young householder, living in a luxurious home which only government "credit" makes possible, contemplates the future with an attitude something like this: "What if there is a recession? Suppose I do lose my job and become unable to pay the installments on my housing loan? In such case, tens of thousands of others will be in the same boat—and the government can't foreclose on all our homes."

I wonder if it isn't time to pause and reflect upon this situation before we completely forget that there was a time when "credit" meant "his word is his bond"—not the government is his bondsman.

* * *

Have you a way to help us broaden distribution? We receive a modest service charge for daily publication—offer weekly service without charge.



Tender Victory. Taylor Caldwell. New York: McGraw-Hill. 422 pp. \$3.95.

An ex-Army chaplain becomes a pastor in an eastern mining town. But he runs into trouble trying to wake people to the demands of the Christian life.

Narrating these difficulties, Miss Caldwell slips in some strong blows at the forces of greed and selfishness that always result in war. She doesn't hesitate to condemn many of the ignoble actions of the United States.

A unique touch comes in by way of five European waifs. John Fletcher, the pastor, rescued these children from a mob that was set on destroying them like a wolf pack. He brings the youngsters with him when he gets out of the Army.

Fletcher tries to humanize them and help them discover their true selves as children of God. Of course, it presents real problems. The usual do-gooders rush to the scene, intent on forcing the children to adjust to their maladjusted society.

The weakness of the book lies in the fact that here again we see a stereotyped minister, misunderstood and opposed by an equally stereotyped congregation. And of course the pastor's God-like qualities and the congregation's better nature finally win out over evil. But it just doesn't seem real.

Still the author brings us an important and well presented message, and the reader cannot help but be inspired and, at times, aroused.

REV. NORMAN S. REAM

Experiment in Depth. P. W. Martin. New York: Pantheon Books, Inc. 1955. 275 pp. \$4.50.

It takes only a few creative people to renew the spirit which a sick civilization lacks, Arnold J. Toynbee, the historian, tells us.

These people turn away from the world outside—the world of power politics and social chaos. These “renewers” turn instead to the world within themselves—the world

of the psyche. In this inner world, they find a vision of a new way of life. And they can bring it back to distressed society, if they will.

We can make such a withdrawal-and-return today says author Martin (currently engaged in setting up an International Study Center of Applied Psychology). He maintains that Jung has developed psychological techniques that make it altogether possible—and practical. He believes that T. S. Eliot clearly shows us these psychological techniques in action.

This plea for withdrawal-and-return ties in with Gerald Heard's advice; anchor yourself firmly inside the foundations of the self so that you may stably project your spiritual leadership to the outside world.

Many who take Heard's advice seriously will share my thanks to the author of *Experiment* because he skillfully draws up a set of blueprints for just such an undertaking.

JAMES C. INGEBRETSEN

The Art of Real Happiness. Norman Vincent Peale and Smiley Blanton. Revised and Enlarged. 1956. 280 pp. \$3.50.

A teacher once reminded a musician who trembled and grew pale at the thought of criticism: “Never yet has a statue been erected to a critic.”

Critics pepper away at all popular men. But of all who feel the critics' bite, the popular preacher probably writhes in the greatest discomfort, for his are the most dedicated critics; his fellow preachers.

Still, men like Peale and Sheen go on writing books. And apparently bring help to thousands of readers in spite of criticism.

In this revised edition of a 1950 book, Peale and Blanton continue pointing the way to happiness by emphasizing faith in God's forgiveness and continual care and concern for the individual, using language that is seldom theological. The book abounds

in illustrations from actual cases. Chapter headings indicate some of the subjects covered: "How to Have a Successful Marriage," "A Solution for Problem Drinking," "Comfort and Understanding for the Bereaved," "How to Grow Older Happily," etc.

The one weakness in an otherwise helpful book: the almost complete lack of any emphasis on service. Discussions of alcoholism and old age hint at it. Otherwise the subject is conspicuous by its absence. Surely this is one of the chief paths to happiness.

REV. NORMAN S. REAM

The Rape of the Mind. Joost Meerlo. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. 320 pp. \$5.00.

A frightening book about thought control, menticide and brainwashing. A very important book in its implications. The author says he is trying to "depict the strange transformation of the free human mind into an automatically responding machine—a transformation which can be brought about by some of the cultural under-currents in our present day society as well as by deliberate experiments in the service of a political ideology."

Most of the book deals with these latter experiments—this part of the book is most frightening. The author lived under the Nazi occupation of the Netherlands, is a trained psychiatrist with wide experience. He insists repeatedly: the mental torture that transforms men into collaborators and informers could twist any one of us under similar circumstances.

The implications of brain-washing and thought control will concern many readers. Modern technology (television for example) and current American political theory now exerts the same influence over men's minds that dictators exert in less subtle ways.

Writes Dr. Meerloo: "Like adolescents who try to hide behind the aprons of parental authority rather than face mature adulthood, the individual members of a democratic state may shrink from the mental activity it imposes. They long to take flight into thoughtless security.

"Often they prefer the government, or some individual personification of the state

to solve their problems for them. It is this desire that makes totalitarians and conformists. Like an infant, the conformist can sleep quietly and transfer all his worries to Father State. When the intellectuals lose their self-control and courage and are possessed only by their fears and emotions, the power of those with prejudice and stupidity gains."

REV. NORMAN S. REAM

An Historian's Approach to Religion. Arnold Toynbee. New York: Oxford University Press. 318 pp. \$5.00.

Those who read (or heard tell of) Toynbee's ten-tome *A Study of History* will recall the historian's refreshing accents on religion.

His Gifford lectures at Edinburgh during 1952-3 elaborated, clarified and generally dipped deeper into the subject. Now in published form, the Gifford lecture series puts Toynbee's views together under one cover.

Oxford divides it into two parts: "The Dawn of the Higher Religions," and "Religion in a Westernizing World."

Part I tells us of a three-phase development of man, beginning with nature-worship which turns into man-worship (idolatry of the parochial community, of the ecumenical community or of the self-sufficient philosopher), then on to the higher religions which are God-centered.

Toynbee repeats his claim that we should seek the common denominator in the great world religions. (Whether it must be the lowest common denominator or not does not seem too clear.) He thinks that each religion, especially Christianity, should turn in its claim to "the" truth, or the "one true religion."

His thesis seems to be that religion is the cure to the world's sickness, but that its healing nature flows from all major religions today. Therefore, no one religion is any better—or worse—than another, Toynbee seems to say.

This coupled with his evidences of Christian arrogance, persecution and religious wars accounts for the mixture of blessing and bombardment which churchmen shower on Toynbee. (Some point to him as evidence that hope yet remains in the world; others see him as proof it does not.)

Articles in Review

“... In all fairness, I simply believe that you, the members of the Broadcasting & Film Commission, made a colossal blunder by adopting a resolution the very nature of which proves you don't know what you're talking about.”

Thus broadcaster Jerry Hughes, program director of KMLW, Marlin, Texas, lashes out against the NCC policy statement on broadcasters' obligations regarding religious programming (**Church Resolution Draws New Attack, Broadcasting Telecasting magazine, September 3, '56**).

The National Council's policy statement opposed the sale or purchase of time for religious broadcasts. The idea: to get stations and networks to dole out free time for all religious broadcasts. The catch: in doling out the time, the stations and networks are asked by NCC to give “due consideration to the strength and representative character of the councils of churches, local and national.” Thus the National Council stands to gain the most free time, being the country's weightiest council, local and national.

Hughes, just one of many disgruntled radio men, says “KMLW simply cannot afford to give away enough time for all churches to be heard regularly and adequately. Thus, we are faced with two alternatives: to give away what we can and sell the rest, or to give away what we can and cancel the rest. Which would you have us do?”

The Texan broadcaster admits there are many cases of poor taste and even some mishandling of religious broadcasts, says there are some stations which refuse to make *any* free time available; “others will not even *sell* time for religious purposes and still others permit unethical and even unscrupulous practices of paid programs.”

“But,” says Hughes, “the council ignored these practices, in which the majority of broadcasters would cooperate to improve. The council did not ask all stations to provide some free time; nor were station managers asked to cooperate in curbing the activities of ‘religious hucksters.’... Instead,

the Council stuck a clerical finger into a highly specialized field and probed for the wrong malady...”

The author concludes: “Continue the way you're going, and you'll find it hard to get inside the door of any radio station without a check in your hand...”

Changing conditions are altering people's habits of thought; one of these conditions lies in regimenting people in their work and spending.

It's all part of **The New Materialism** of America says **Dr. James M. Williams (The Churchman, September, '56)**. The sociology professor emeritus at Hobart speaks of the over-riding aim to have oneself committed to regular, unvarying monthly payments on cars, houses, TV sets and Junior's bicycle. Come the first of the month, and there is practically nothing left to decide, he points out. “Ask people how much a certain object costs and the response may be \$12.73 a month.”

Dr. Williams asks people, “Doesn't all this make you feel bound to your employer? Because if you lose your job... how would you meet all these monthly payments?”

He says the reply was invariably: “Oh, we'd have unemployment insurance.”

Asked Williams: “But is that as much as you would earn? You now have to spend every cent to keep afloat.”

Answer: “Oh, the government would make it enough,” or “the government wouldn't let a depression happen.”

Williams thinks this easy-come-easy-go credit picture accelerates the material-mindedness of people.

He believes this new materialism teaches people to judge everything and everyone by the dollar sign.

His answer to the problem? He quotes Albert Schweitzer's belief in a remedy of spiritual transformation of the person which will reveal to him that fullness of life lies in service for others, as Jesus taught and lived.

Does the rumble of war-drums justify conscription? The problem of war and support of the military systems

looms as a major question for churchmen today.

Writing in the August 22 issue of *Christian Century*, John C. Bennett set down an almost fatalistic belief in the necessity of the draft.

Challenging this point of view, Arthur W. Munk sets forth a few alternatives, gives us eight suggestions which he says "contain the essentials of a peace effort sufficiently vast to meet the demands of the times" (**A Christian Alternative to Chaos, *Christian Century*, September 26, '56.**

Among his creative alternatives are: 1) a world conference of all religions to renounce war and call on all nations to renounce it. 2) a rational plan of total disarmament on a multilateral basis developed by outstanding diplomats and scientists of all nations. 3) recall of all armies of occupation. 4) relief of . . . divided nations and colonial peoples . . . 5) gradual removal on a universal basis of tariffs and other impediments to trade.

"The layman, I have found, is the neglected man in the church today . . . he is being abused, misused and unused.

"Furthermore, churches are overloading the faithful few, failing to attract the many, hiring more and more employees to do the jobs capable members could have enjoyment and inspiration in doing if they were challenged imaginatively."

Margaret Arnold Griffith, former professional church worker, now a non-paid pew-sitter, makes these challenging charges. (**Let's Rightly Use Our Laymen!, *Christian Herald*, September, 1956.**

Certainly her remarks should give food for thought to clergy who, over-worked and under-staffed, call with increasing frenzy for help.

Author Griffith sees a number of areas where laymen could very well pitch in and help: 1) public speaking, 2) assistance in worship services, 3) the church music program, 4) the clerical work of the church office, 5) the association or area meeting, 6) the various denominational boards, 7) the "almost forgotten art of visiting," and 8) within the mission church.

FOR CLERGYMEN ONLY

Clergymen feel mixed emotions about the right-to-work laws—judging from statements and articles in the religious journals. Though both are applying Christian beliefs some clergymen approve of the "laws"—some turn thumbs down.

How do you—the clerical reader of *Faith and Freedom*—feel about right-to-work laws? Take out a pencil right now, check off your answers below, tear out the questionnaire and send it back to us. We will publish the results of this poll in a later *Digest*.

1. Union A represents a large majority of employees. It bargains with the employer for wages and working conditions which benefit all the employees. Everyone who benefits should be required to belong to the union and pay dues.

Tend to agree disagree not sure

2. I believe that a union should be a voluntary organization, composed of men who freely and willingly join the organization. I believe I should have the right to work for an employer who wants my services. I should not be required to join and pay dues to a union against my wishes.

Tend to agree disagree not sure

3. My employer has the right to ask me to join the union as a condition of employment, so if I don't wish to join, I should look for another job.

Tend to agree disagree not sure

4. Right-to-work laws, by stopping mandatory membership, will cripple the union movement. So rather than let the unions die and thus lose labor's hard-won gains, it is better to compel a few outsiders to join a union.

Tend to agree disagree not sure

One of the most popular novelists of the 1920's, outspoken, dynamic, aged 76, colorful Peter B. Kyne speaks out against today's ideals. Can you tell a country's ideals by its

fiction? Kyne says: "Yes." And shows the big difference between the best seller's ideals of today and yesterday—in two different Americas.

THADDEUS ASHBY



One day in 1922, Peter Bernard Kyne walked into the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. He overheard a salesman for *Cosmo-*

politan speaking on the phone—long distance, to a big book store.

"And I want you to take orders for a

new inspirational book by Peter B. Kyne."

"Wait a minute," said Kyne. "Stop everything. I'm Peter B. Kyne, and I have written no inspirational book."

"But," the salesman said, "I've already taken orders for 10,000 copies."

Kyne wired *Cosmo*: DEMAND TO KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN TAKING ORDERS FOR INSPIRATIONAL BOOK BY ME. HAVE WRITTEN NO SUCH BOOK. AND WHAT ABOUT ROYALTIES? ANSWER. KYNE.

The return wire caught them at lunch:

WE ARE REPUBLISHING YOUR SHORT STORY THE GO-GETTER. EVERYBODY SAYS IT'S INSPIRATIONAL. YOUR ROYALTIES 10 PERCENT.

"That's not an inspirational book," said Kyne. "That's just a good story."

The Go-Getter sold over one million copies. General Motors, Chrysler, General Electric gave it to their employees. "One stockbroker," Kyne said, "made a lazy clerk write it out in long hand."

Kyne had sat down, dashed off *The Go-Getter* in one day. He never signed a contract with *Cosmo*. They paid him by gentleman's agreement. The income tax was merely petty larceny then, so Kyne did well for his one day's work: \$90,000.

How Kyne Looks at Ideals

"I never thought of it as inspirational," Kyne said. We were sitting in the lounge of the Press Club in San Francisco, and as I listened I began to wonder what he meant by "inspirational." "Maybe," I said, "*The Go-Getter* summed up the ideals most people had in those days, the logical conclusion to their premises. It wasn't inspirational in the 'preachy' sense."

"I wasn't writing a sermon," Kyne said. "I was writing what people wanted to read."

"If that's true," I said, "this country's changed—not in degree, but in kind."

Peter B. Kyne looked at me a moment. He sat on the divan, a little stiffly. He wore an expensive brown Shetland suit, a stiff white collar and a neat brown tie. He looked like the hero of his *Cappy Ricks* series—without the side-whiskers.

"Of course the country's changed," he

said. "The men I wrote about believed in building America. Nowadays writers have no ideals. They write about butchers."

But, I thought, novelists *do* have ideals, though different from Kyne's.

What were Kyne's ideals? But first, for contrast, what ideals do current writers sell? What do the critics say?

The Ideal of Sink (Submerge) Yourself

David Riesman, commenting on one of Miss Helen Howe's novels, *We Happy Few*, in his book *Individualism Reconsidered*, found that her big ideal is unselfishness. Dorothea, her heroine, seeks to sink herself. "Submerge," she says.

"Even Dorothea," Helen Howe writes, "found herself wondering if it might not have been 'simpler' to accept the common lot . . ." She becomes a nurse. "What makes a nurse is the power to forget yourself . . ."

Critic Diana Trilling sees this same ideal in "the recent example in which the heroine was saved from nervous collapse by joining the movement for cooperatives. As a matter of fact, asked to name, on the evidence of the novels I read, the one dominant trend . . . I would probably specify this mechanical notion that the individual finds himself by losing himself in some larger social manifestation."

Does this Sink Yourself ideal dominate the best sellers as well as the arty books? Let's take one of the biggest sellers of the last ten years, Herman Wouk's *The Caine Mutiny*, where Sink Yourself truly applies.

William H. Whyte Jr. in *Is Anybody Listening?* comments on Captain Queeg of the *Caine*, who through incompetence is about to founder the ship during a typhoon. Maryk, the Exec., relieves the captain of his command under article 184 of Navy Regulations. This "mutiny" saves the ship. The moral? Says Willie Kieth, speaking for author Wouk: "I see that we were in the wrong . . . The idea is, once you get an incompetent ass of a skipper . . . there's nothing to do but serve him as though he were the wisest and the best, cover his mistakes . . . So I guess I have gone all the

way around Robin Hood's barn to arrive at the old platitudes, which is the process of growing up."

"In other times, perhaps," comments Whyte, "this definition of maturity might have been interpreted somewhat differently. Kieth's platitudes might have been regarded as counsel for self-delusion and a *reductio ad absurdum* of obedience.

[When Peter Kyne's Cappy Ricks sent a new skipper to relieve hero Matt Peasley of his command of the *Retriever*, instead of blindly obeying his superior, Matt threw him overboard.] "Instead of being wrong, the executive's action might well have been misconstrued as an act of moral courage, and an act, furthermore, that had one rather important by-product—saving a ship of the line and the lives of several hundred men."

To the ideal of Sink Yourself, we should add Determinism, that is: The individual is helpless. You see this in the plays of Tennessee Williams, and the novels of Truman Capote and Nelson Algren. Add to this: tolerant acceptance of life as it is, and you have the ideals of current novels.

"Sir, It Shall Be Done"

Let's look at the critical successes on the current best seller list.

O'Connor's *The Last Hurrah*, while robust and funny in its account of Mayor Curley's Boston, shows that more and more Americans are getting fed up with politics, except as a corrupt side-show. Moral? Accept tolerantly and good humoredly.

Algren's *A Walk on The Wild Side* sums up contemporary ideals: Sink Yourself, Determinism, Helplessness-ism. People are brutalized, or victimized by capitalism. Algren says he is frankly writing about "lost" people; where Helen Howe and Herman Wouk are reactionaries, only writing about people trying to get sunk, or lost, Algren's characters have arrived. Those who are lost, says Algren "develop into greater human beings than those who have never been lost in their whole lives."

A look at the non-fiction best-sellers shows that six out of sixteen are self-help

or inspirational books, avidly read by people who don't want to sink themselves.

These people may want to look into Kyne's books. They will find refreshing ideals by contrast, so different from today's ideals they might have been written in a different country.

Kyne's million-copy seller, *The Go-Getter*, tells the story of Bill Peck. Bill comes to Cappy Ricks, and demands a job.

Cappy Ricks decides to give an acid test: *the Degree of The Blue Vase*. Cappy says he wants a vase to take with him to Santa Barbara as a present. Can Bill get the vase, and have it on the train by 7:55?

"Sir," says Bill Peck, quoting the motto of his infantry brigade: "*It shall be done.*"

Here is a shorthand version of the plot:

Cappy's Obstacle Course

The vase is not within 8 blocks of address Cappy gave him. Store closed, Sunday. Bill noted name: *B. Cohen's Art Shop*. 19 B. Cohen's in book. Phoned them. None own art shop. "Must be commuter." Got books for Berkeley, Oakland, Sausalito, Mill Valley . . . No soap. Checked name of art shop again. Sign read: *B. Cohn's Art Shop*. Could've sworn it was *Cohen*. Called all B. Cohns in Greater San Francisco Bay Area. Gets Cohn, but Cohn won't come to phone. Said "Tell him his store is on fire."

Cohn tells Peck call salesman, Joost. Joost not home, dining at country club. Which one? Didn't know. Back to booth. Called every country club in Bay Area. No Joost. Borrowed hammer, went back to break store window. Would steal vase, pay later. Policeman standing in doorway, violating orders, smoking a cigar.

Before committing suicide, tried Joost again. Success. Yes, delighted come down, open store, sell vase. "How much?" Peck asked when Joost arrived. "\$2000," said Joost, not batting eye. "Cash," he added. "You refuse to take my check?" "I don't know you, Mr. Peck."

For blue vase, Peck pledged diamond ring he'd won during war. Took vase, ran. Train gone. Took taxi to flying field owned

by friend. Started plane, flew down tracks, caught train, landed in field, flagged train.

Cappy Ricks, amazed, opened door in nightshirt. Told Peck: we changed sign, stacked Cohens, set cop to watch shop, made Peck dig up \$2000 on Sunday night, but—"While you missed the train you overtake it at two in the morning and deliver the vase."

Peck loses temper; wants to beat up Cappy; Cappy too old. "Bill, old boy," said Cappy, "it was cruel . . . but I had a big job for you . . . So I arranged to give you the . . . test of a go-getter. You thought you carried into this state-room a \$2000 vase, but between ourselves, what you really carried in was a \$10,000 job as our Shanghai manager."

Some Young Go-Getters

Sitting in the Press Club with Kyne in San Francisco, I asked him: "Do you know any young men who could pass the Degree of The Blue Vase today?"

"I do not," Kyne said. "The spirit isn't in them."

"How would you describe that spirit?"

"It's on *Cappy Ricks'* dedication page."

I looked it up and found:

"To Captain Ralph E. Peasley, of Jonesport, Maine, who skippered the first five-masted schooner ever built, brought her, on that first voyage, through the worst typhoon that ever blew, and upon arriving off the Yang Tse Kiang River for the first time in his adventurous career, decided he could not trust a Chinese pilot, and established a record by sailing her up himself!

"To Captain I. N. Hibberd, of Philadelphia, Pa., sometime master of the American clipper ship *Cyrus Wakefield*, who at the age of twenty-five broke three world's records in one voyage: San Francisco to Liverpool and back, eight months and two days . . . The clipper ship is gone but the skipper remains, an undefeated champion.

"To Captain William P. Canty, of San Francisco, Cal., sometime mate of the brig *Galilee*, who with his naked hands, convinced in thirty-five minutes nine larger

men than himself of the incontrovertible fact that you cannot keep a good man down."

Young Matthew Peasley, another Kyne hero, was brash, ambitious—not for money so much as for the fun, the thrill of creating, the feel of building. He was self-confident as a lion. He would not have understood today's ideal of Sink Yourself. When he was 18 he shipped as common seaman on the barkentine *Retriever*. The captain said to him: "Do you think you could get away with a bosun's job?"

"I could get away with your job if I had the chance, Sir," Matt declared.

The captain saw that Matt held an unlimited license to sail any size sailing vessel anywhere in the world. A Peasley who didn't merit his captain's license before he was 21 would disgrace the family.

The Lord Hates A Bootlicker

The virtues these boys prized were "pluck," "grit," "sand," "brass," and, if a boy combined these virtues with the ideals of thrift, application, and the desire to be a "skookum go-getter," a boy might rise not only to captain a ship but to captain an industry—especially in the West—for here "the cowards never started, and the weakling died on the road."

If a boy was a little cocky, fresh, and too self-confident, you could forgive him for that, even though you might take him down a peg. As Cappy Ricks said, when young Matt Peasley threw that captain overboard who had come to relieve him: "But then, Skinner, the good Lord must certainly hate a bootlicker."

Kyne cannot understand the current ideal of hating success. He wrote of the romance of business in the time when businessmen gambled tremendous fortunes on daring schemes, in a time when business was not harried by controls nor many taxes; business was, as Cappy said: "Such bully fun!"

What were the rules of those days? Sink or swim. Cappy Ricks says to Matt Peasley, who has saved up \$20,000 to go into business for himself: "The fact of the matter is,

your business education is now about to commence, and about two minutes ago I suddenly decided that you might as well pay for it with your own money . . . Consequently I'm going to turn you loose, Matt; there are some wolves along California Street that will take your \$20,000 away from you so fast that you won't know it's gone. But the loss will do you a heap of good."

Men weren't quite so afraid to lose money in those days, Kyne said. They could go broke several times and still make a comeback. A go-getter could, that is.

"How did you get started writing this kind of thing?" I asked Kyne.

"I knew that people wanted to hear stories about real people, about what a man with certain virtues can do—not about some weak-kneed lover mooning over his girl. I could tell a story. They wanted stories in those days, and not just character sketches of some neurotic fellow. Once I had a story rejected. The editor said: 'This isn't what the public wants.' I took it to Lorimer of the *Saturday Evening Post* and told him about it. He was a great editor. He said: 'Those fellows don't know what the public wants. I don't know what the public wants either, or I'd be advising play producers how to produce hits. But I do have one advantage over those fellows. I know damn well what I want! And he bought the story. Nowadays they don't have editors like that. They have no ideals. They're afraid of honest emotion.

I Graduated in A Cloud of Dust

"What were the virtues of my heroes? They were self-reliant, decent—young men aren't being taught those virtues today—my heroes were drawn from life, from the best young men of the times. They had a job to do, they did it well; they were never interested in security. They liked adventure. The young men of today wouldn't buy a copy of *The Go-Getter*. The editors wouldn't buy it. They told me toward the end of my career: 'There's too much emotion in your stories.'

"What was my education? One day in

grade school (a one room country school) I had a fight with my teacher; I jumped on my horse and jumped the five foot gate, and graduated in a cloud of dust. That was all the education I had."

I wondered, as I listened to this grand old man, whether any amount of today's kind of education would ever turn out a Peter Kyne, or Bill Peck, or Matt Peasley.

After Kyne "graduated in a cloud of dust" he didn't immediately start writing fiction. He wrote little human interest stories for a weekly newspaper, telling how "Mabel Jones fell off a haystack and broke her leg—but in a humorous manner," Kyne said, "so that it brought a tear to the eye and a smile to the lips." Finally his editor gave him a byline. When Kyne enlisted in the Army and went to the Phillipines, his editor asked him to write one full length true feature article per week.

They Smoke, Drink and Swear

"Now, if you've ever tried to write one full length true feature article per week, while lying in a jungle trench, and if you know that I wrote one every week for two years, you'll understand if I tell you that during that time I began to write fiction.

"Why did I keep up that pace for him? Because he'd given me encouragement, and I had given him my word. In those days we had a word called 'neighborliness.' He took me on, paid me, liked everything I wrote for him. I raised his circulation from 700 to 1700 per week. My mother was scandalized; she said: 'Son, don't be a newspaperman. They smoke cigarettes, and they drink whiskey and they swear something scandalous.

"After I sold my first story to Lorimer of the *Saturday Evening Post* I took two months off to admire myself. I got a wire from Lorimer: 'ARE YOU A ONE STORY MAN?' which was the worst insult you could give a beginning writer. I wired back: 'NO, I'M A SECOND STORY MAN. IT'S ON THE WAY.' I sent him another one and he bought it.

"I saw the drama in the lumber and shipping business. My stories weren't intended

to be inspirational. I wrote of wooden ships and iron men, hearty men. We'll never get back to those days. It's the building of a country that calls forth men. We need them now, of course. But now young men believe the job of building is finished. Then, there was a new job that had to be done every day. Men got their happiness out of the feel of building.

They Didn't Know What A Subsidy Was
"What's the matter with young people now? Things are too easy for them, too much spending money. They don't have any heroes today. Now they make heroes out of commonplace men, out of truck drivers, or butchers. My heroes were building industry, building America. Now even the poor farmer complains if he only has one Cadillac, because he isn't getting enough from the government. The young men I wrote about didn't know what a government subsidy was. My heroes were independent and self-reliant. Children aren't taught those ideals any more."

I thought of the young men whose main concern is finding a job that will provide hospitalization and a pension; and of Matt Peasley saying to Cappy Ricks:

"I don't want to be an employee. I want to be your partner—to be more than a cog in the machine . . ."

Why are Matt and Cappy so interested in getting all they can out of business? Cappy summed it up: "Matt—Skinner, my boy—by the Holy Pink-toed Prophet! we'll do it! [build an American merchant marine]; not because we need the money or want it, or give a particular damn to hoard up a heap of it, but because it's the right thing to do. It's patriotic—it's American—our activities shall enrich the world—and oh! [and perhaps in this last sentence lies the whole contrast] and oh, it's such a bully game to play!"

Subsidies? Cushions? Built-in floors of security? G I Bill of Rights? Bill Peck was a veteran who had lost his arm in WW I; he was also the hero of *The Go-Getter*. To me, the ending of *The Go-Getter* contrasted

with the ideals of today's writers, Sink Yourself and Helplessness-ism, tells the story of two entirely different Americas. Now all this doesn't mean the popular ideals of the 20's were perfect. They lacked a lot—understanding of depth psychology, for example, and the idea of evolving spiritual consciousness. Even so, the popular ideals then had more vitality than the popular ideals now. Never mind theories, or noble humanitarian arguments, Kyne's books say. Just look at the results:

"Son," Cappy Ricks is talking to Bill Peck, "what sort of golf game do you play? Oh, forgive me, Bill. I forgot about your left arm."

"Say, look here, Sir," Bill Peck retorted, "I'm big enough and ugly enough to play one-handed golf."

"But have you ever tried it?"

"No, sir," Bill Peck replied seriously, "but— it shall be done."

A New Kind of Ambition

If we could take what was good about this attitude and add new ideals to it, we might produce a new kind of go-getter—hustling after spiritual as well as material riches—greedy for understanding, and ambitious for God.

* * *

For your children to read, to find out what Americans used to be, for you to read whenever you want to feel a shot of the old America to warm your heart:

The Go-Getter

Cappy Ricks

Cappy Ricks Retires

Cappy Ricks Comes Back

Cappy Ricks Special

The Understanding Heart

The Valley of The Giants

The Parson of Panamint

The Green Pea Pirates

They Also Serve

The Long Chance

The Pride of Palomar

and almost anything else by

Peter B. Kyne

WHO SAID THAT?

Here we repeat again a feature we began two years ago at the Congressional elections in 1954.

Each statement is exactly as uttered by either Eisenhower, Stevenson or one of their lieutenants. Can you tell the difference?
Were the following sentiments tossed off by *Republicans* or *Democrats*?

Rate yourself: 12 or more correct answers—You are either Governor Stevenson or President Eisenhower; 10-11 correct answers—you are wasting your time working on puzzles, try Las Vegas; 6-9 correct answers—don't grow over-confident, your chances aren't that good on the ballot; 5 or less correct answers—you are batting in the same league with the editors.

The answers appear on the next page.

1. "There is substantial agreement today that some form of Federal financial assistance to the States for educational purposes is required. The real issue now is not whether there should be Federal assistance, but rather what form it should take and how much it should be."

D R

2. "We believe that government must be alert . . . to every need of our people, especially in those things affecting their health and education and human rights."

D R

3. "This Federal aid program must include aid for school construction. The bill which was before the Congress this year should go far toward meeting this need."

D R

4. "Let us look for a moment at a simple question: Which party, in these recent years, has done more to help all citizens meet the problems of their daily lives? Which party has helped more—not with words but with deeds?"

D R

5. "When we talk about ending poverty, when we undertake to extend the education, improve the environment and raise the dignity of all American citizens, we are promising to finish business we have ourselves begun."

D R

6. "It is, I say, a responsibility of the Federal government to create a climate in

which every region of the nation may flourish—to work in partnership with the States in the pursuit of that common goal."

D R

7. "The important thing today, and for our future, is what kind of security is to be provided for our elder citizens."

D R

8. "Our second objective must be to make available the facilities and services which are required to meet the special needs of older people."

D R

9. "We will administer vigorously the soil bank . . ."

D R

10. "And this by no means denies the responsibility of the Federal government to take leadership in a thousand different directions . . ."

D R

11. "Well, for my part, I'm happy that I have been able to say to the farmers this year what I said to them four years ago. We have offered the farmers a good program. We mean to stand on it . . ."

D R

12. "We want to get on with improving our schools, our health, our Social Security, our roads, with strengthening small business and developing our natural resources for the benefit of everybody . . ."

D R

13. "The aged, the unemployed, the less fortunate must have the consideration and care worthy of the wealthiest nation on earth."



14. "... office of older persons' welfare will encourage and promote activity in numerous important fields. It will study the special social needs of older people; the ways in which these needs are being met in our States and communities; and it will develop new approaches."



15. "We hope the next Congress will meet the requirements of the political promises of both the Republicans and the Democrats for revision of Taft-Hartley."



'YOU GOT TO GIT YOUR HEART FIXED'

One of the best sermons ever written may be seen mounted between two sheets of glass at a desert store in southern California. It was written with a stub of pencil on two sides of a sheet of wrapping paper which had been folded and placed for protection in a tin baking powder can. The can had been wired to an old pump which offered the only chance of water on a very long and seldom used trail across the Amargosa Desert.

This is what was written:

"This pump is all right as of June, 1932. I put a new sucker washer into it and it ought to last five years. But the washer dries out and the pump has got to be primed. Under the white rock I buried a bottle of water, out of the sun and cork end up.

"There's enough water in it to prime this pump but not if you drink some first. Pour about one-fourth and let her soak to wet the leather. Then pour in the rest medium fast and pump like hell. You'll git water. The well never has run dry. Have faith.

"When you git watered up, fill the bottle and put it back like you found it for the next feller.

(signed) DESERT PETE

"P.S. DON'T GO DRINKIN' UP THE WATER FIRST. PRIME THE PUMP WITH IT AND YOU'LL GIT ALL YOU CAN HOLD. AND NEXT TIME YOU PRAY, REMEMBER THAT GOD IS LIKE THIS PUMP. HE HAS TO BE PRIMED. I'VE GIVE MY LAST DIME AWAY A DOZEN TIMES TO PRIME THE PUMP OF MY PRAYERS, AND I'VE FED MY LAST BEANS TO A STRANGER WHILE A-SAYIN' AMEN. IT NEVER FAILED YET TO GIT ME AN ANSWER.

"YOU GOT TO GIT YOUR HEART FIXED TO GIVE BEFORE YOU CAN BE GIVE TO.

PETE."

(from the book, *Growing Into Light*, by Max Freedom Long, Huna Research Publications, Vista, California, 1955.)

-
1. Governor Stevenson on October 1 at Washington, D.C.
 2. President Eisenhower at Cleveland, Ohio, October 1.
 3. Governor Stevenson on September 28 at Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
 4. President Eisenhower, October 1, Cleveland, Ohio.
 5. Governor Stevenson at St. Louis, Missouri, September 27.
 6. Governor Stevenson on September 25 at Little Rock, Arkansas.
 7. Vice-President Nixon at St. Petersburg, Florida, September 29.
 8. Governor Stevenson at Denver, Colorado, September 23.
 9. Governor Stevenson at Newton, Iowa, September 22.
 10. President Eisenhower at Des Moines, Iowa, September 21.
 11. Governor Stevenson on September 24 at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.
 12. Governor Stevenson at Newton, Iowa, September 22.
 13. Vice-President Nixon at Whittier, California, September 18.
 14. Governor Stevenson on September 23 at Denver, Colorado.
 15. Secretary of Labor Mitchell at Los Angeles, California, September 18.

Probably prayer puzzles men and women more today than ever before. That is not to say that people are giving up praying. On the contrary, probably more of us than ever are offering up heartfelt petitions to the invisible. For the more we try to manage the universe for our own purposes, and the more surprised we are at its reaction to our handling of it, the more we are driven to drop our arrogance and plead ignorance and humility.

The really perplexing aspect of prayer, then, is not "why do people go on praying?" This is a secondary riddle. Our first hand puzzle arises (as do all really pressing conundrums) from our own experience, our personal predicament.

We are brought to a pause and driven to reflect—not because prayer doesn't work. What really startles us today is *the way* it works. This confronts us with a true dilemma. Any one who troubles to study prayer sees how often it is answered.

We don't see this clearly—at least not at first. Many of us pray for some time about some particular concern and can't see, after a spell of effort, that anything has happened. But very likely anyone who has persisted in praying has produced some results that they had to recognize as being some kind of an answer. From these answers our problem arises.

The trouble lies not in *being answered* but in the *quality* of the reply. Most people today (especially the man who has the kind of mind which likes to check up on the consequences of what his mind is doing) do not pray perfunctorily. At least since William James wrote his classic *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, the thoughtful person has known that there is something in *real* prayer, but very little in



conventional repetitions.

Therefore, most of us notice that the more intense our prayer, the more unmistakable, generally, are the results of it. This is no new discovery—as shown by the old adage "Man's extremity is God's opportunity."

Certainly our desperation often does seem to work a miracle. At times our utmost effort to get our own way fails, and we confront disaster and cry out that this appalling agony shall be

avoided, then the cup of anguish may suddenly be taken from our lips. We are astounded, relieved and, in our way, grateful.

In the Middle Ages (they are often called the Ages of Faith to distinguish them from our modern Age of Science), men and women caught in a storm at sea generally prayed. And when they prayed to be saved from drowning, they promised that if they escaped they would burn a candle or two before the shrine of their patron saint. And they usually did.

Indeed, they made and paid even more costly vows, as one can see from the collection of thank-offerings in almost any ancient European church. For they had a lively fear that to gyp your invisible helper was to lay yourself open to even worse trouble.

Give Up One Martini

Today our gratitude hardly ever takes such expensive forms. We rationalize our wish not to have to pay fees for heavenly help by calling such gifts useless, and worse, superstitious. If we decide to acknowledge, in any way, our newly sharpened sense of Heaven's nearness and handiness, we may make our sign of gratitude serve to stimulate our somewhat limp wish for health by taking, for a month or so, only two instead of a standard three martinis before our

dinner.

Most of us aren't likely to push our abstinence much further. For in a comparatively short time, the crisis—out of which we were suddenly and inexplicably extricated—begins to be seen in a changed light. And this is why, a few lines above, I said that the fact that prayer *does* work presents us with our real dilemma.

Perhaps we say to ourselves that the thing which we felt we could never endure never did take place. We forget then, that other things did take place. And as these other things may have been far from what we could have desired, we begin to wonder whether we were right in believing that some event was actually altered to suit our wishes and calm our fears.

At this point, many of us begin to feel that after all, the whole episode was not nearly so remarkable as, in our state of excitement, we had made it out to be. To believe that there was anything miraculous about it—that Heaven had intervened to save us—well, surely that is unscientific and egotistic.

Did This Make Me Better?

Of course, one is ready to allow that there may very well be a God. But an educated and informed man of today does not arrogate his personal interests and think them worthy of God's particular concern and providential assistance. Was it all chance?

Wait a little. Sooner, generally than later, I am caught in some other predicament. And, as I have really learned nothing from my earlier difficulty, my deep nature makes me behave in the same way. I appeal and, once again, my appeal appears to be answered. What do I do this time?

It is more difficult now to dismiss the apparent answer as pure coincidence, nothing but chance. Yet on this occasion, as I look back, I am honestly puzzled and oddly uneasy. Was this the best thing that could have happened to me? Indeed, I may push my inquiry still further. My puzzlement may force me to put the question even more sharply to myself.

“Am I really a better person because I was saved from my so-called doom?”

Such questions, the masters of prayer tell us, show we are growing. And these masters are not enemies of patient study and experiment. They have much to tell us on problems that are now acute and of general concern for all religion. For these points which came to light in our own private prayer experience are not questions just for the individual.

Today, after long neglect, two big and awkward issues are confronting the old, well established, respectable churches. These issues are “guidance” and “healing.” Can a man learn by prayer what God wishes him to do? By calling on God can a man receive a recovery of health through spiritual means?

It would indeed be imprudent to attempt to make a science of prayer. However, I do feel that we can make some sense of our experiences in prayer. We may be able to discern meaning in our discovery that although we get results, these results are often baffling.

My own readings, in the records left by men who reflected as much as they implored, suggest that we can go some distance toward solving these problems. Next month, therefore, I will try and sketch out the map or chart that was constructed and used by those men who made a life long study and practice of prayer.

God, though we have loved the world, yet let us not despair of heaven, for one flash of the splendor of Thy eternity and the brightest time is revealed as shadow: Though we have feared the cost of finding Thee yet let us not lose heart and fail to start again upon our search: For, however feebly we have so far sought, we could not have attempted to begin to find Thee, hadst Thou not already set out to find us, and whatever, O Eternal, Thou hast begun, that, of Thy nature, Thou wilt not only continue but assuredly will complete.

Prayer from **Prayers and Meditations** by
Gerald Heard.

SURPRISED BY JOY

C. S. LEWIS

(New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1956, 238 pp. \$3.50)

How does one avoid the heresy of C. S. Lewis? Mr. Lewis holds the Chair of Medieval and Renaissance English Literature at Cambridge, and his heresy is Christianity. It was not always so; he was once an orthodox atheist, but his guard dropped occasionally and each time his Adversary let him have it until Lewis caved in.

For one thing, he was careless about the things he read. "A young man who wishes to remain a sound atheist," he remarks, "cannot be too careful of his reading. There are traps everywhere." For another thing, he never got the knack of bending the facts about his own immediate experiences to fit some theory. His experiences were real and that was that. Lewis held out for years, but finally gave up.

One night in 1929, he became "the most dejected and reluctant convert in all England . . . Amiable agnostics will talk cheerfully about 'man's search for God,'" he writes, "To me, as I then was, they might as well have talked about the mouse's search for the cat . . . God is, if I may say it, very unscrupulous." This book is Lewis' blow by blow account of what happened to him, and thus serves to warn readers who want to avoid similar risks.

By temperament, Mr. Lewis has a "distaste for all that is public, all that belongs to the collective," and this was part of his case against Christianity. "No word in my vocabulary expressed deeper hatred than the word *interference*. But Christianity placed at the center what then *seemed* to me a transcendental Interferer.

"If its picture were true, then no sort of 'treaty with reality' could ever be possible.

There was no region even in the innermost depth of one's soul (nay, there least of all) which one could surround with a barbed wire fence and guard with a notice 'No Admittance.' And that is what I wanted; some area, however small, of which I could say to all other beings, 'This is my business and mine only.'"

It was a series of encounters with Joy which first began to batter the walls of Mr. Lewis' private world. The Joy on which this autobiography hinges is described as "an unsatisfied desire which is itself more desirable than any other satisfaction." Used so, Joy is a technical term to be sharply distinguished from happiness and pleasure.

Mr. Lewis experienced Joy in three early proto-mystical experiences. In each, the scenes of the work-a-day world shifted to reveal hitherto unsuspected depths and dimensions in nature. In all three, there was "the same surprise and the same sense of incalculable importance." And they vanished as quickly as they had come: "Before I knew what I desired, the desire itself was gone, the whole glimpse withdrawn, the world turned commonplace again."

But a world that can pierce a man with such an intensity can never be quite commonplace. To recapture the experience becomes "the supreme and only important object of desire," but only obliquely an object, for Joy cannot be attained directly—it is a by-product.

"Its very existence presupposes that you desire not it, but something other and outer. If by any perverse *askesis*, or the use of any drug, it could be produced from within, it would at once be seen to be of no value. For take away the object, and what, after all, would be left?—a whirl of images, a fluttering sensation in the diaphragm, a momentary abstraction. And who could want that?"

"This, I say, is the first and deadly error,

which appears on every level of life and is equally deadly on all, turning religion into a self-caressing luxury and love into auto-eroticism. And the second error is, having thus falsely made a state of mind your aim, to attempt to produce it."

Mr. Lewis took much of his early training in philosophy, and readers of his two books, *Miracles* and *Mere Christianity*, will testify to his skill as a logician. These books have been criticized for their lucid rationality on the grounds that there is more to life than logic. It may well be true that the mind has heights and depths beyond the logic, but on its own level, rationality is to be preferred to irrationality, and it is illogic which needs excuses, not logic.

Dead Stuff Giving Off Sparks

But what is the place of human logic if the universe is irrational? This is the question posed by the predicament of the 19th century rationalist. Typically, he believed that the human mind is a chance spark given off by a mindless universe composed of dead matter. But if mindless, the universe is brute irrational fact, and human reason and logic cannot give us any truth about it. If logic is a strictly private matter, it has about as much intellectual content as a secretion of the ductless glands; it may tell us something about individual physiology, but nothing about the universe.

Mr. Lewis believed that logical thought yielded indisputable truth, and thus was led to postulate a rational universe to which the mind in the act of apprehension made a creative response, and in which "our logic was participation in a cosmic *Logos*."

This school of philosophy has sometimes reduced the robust and full-blooded world to a pallid abstraction. But Lewis, with the help of the French philosopher Henri Bergson, avoided this pitfall. "From him I first learned to relish energy, fertility, and urgency; the resource, the triumphs, and even the insolence of things that grow."

Next, the English philosopher, Samuel Alexander, provided him with "an indispensable tool of thought" in two technical

terms, *enjoyment* and *contemplation*. "When you see a table you 'enjoy' the act of seeing and 'contemplate' the table." On Alexander's analysis, you 'enjoy' the thinking or emoting which goes on within, but you 'contemplate' the external object which causes the 'enjoyment.'

"Unless this distinction is vivid, we tend to focus on the 'enjoyment' and then conclude that a pleasant state of consciousness is the end of action. The next step is to act so as to bring about desirable states of feeling, and to 'contemplate' these. But the pleasant feeling tone cannot survive this inversion of attention. "Nearly everything that was going on a moment before is stopped by the very act of our turning to look at it. Unfortunately this does not mean that introspection finds nothing.

On the contrary, it finds precisely what is "left behind by the suspension of all our normal activities; and what is left behind is mainly mental images and physical sensations. Our great error is to mistake this mere sediment or track or by-product for the activities themselves."

By now the Hound of Heaven was hot on Mr. Lewis' heels. He was capable of wonder, trained in logic, had established the rationality and objectivity of the universe, responded to the vitality and concreteness of things, and finally, in Chesterton's *The Everlasting Man*, found the virtues of both paganism and Christianity put in a perspective which made sense.

The mixture began to cook and then "a philosophical theorem, cerebrally entertained, began to stir and heave and throw off its gravecloths, and stood upright and became a living presence. I was to be allowed to play at philosophy no longer. It might, as I say, still be true that my 'Spirit' differed in some way from 'the God of popular religion.' My Adversary waived the point."

And what about Joy?

"It was valuable only as a pointer to something other and outer." A traveller who has found the Way loses interest in a signpost.

EDMUND A. OPITZ

SPIRITUAL MOBILIZATION ACTIVITIES:
Daily and Weekly—the column, *Pause for Reflection*, carried nationally by nearly 400 newspapers; *Weekly*—the radio program, *The Freedom Story*, broadcast on stations coast-to-coast; *Monthly*—the magazine, *Faith and Freedom*, with more than 27,000 circulation; *Annually*—the national *Freedom Under God* observance of Independence Day; *Year Around*—speaking engagements and business-education-clergy conferences nation-wide.

FINANCED solely by contributions of individuals, businesses and foundations. Donations deductible on income tax form.

THE ADVISORY COMMITTEE has as its chairman, Dr. Donald J. Cowling, President Emeritus of Carleton College. Should you like to have a list of

the well-known men in many fields who serve on the Committee, we would be glad to send it.

BELIEF ● We believe the following ideas need to permeate life. And we believe Spiritual Mobilization can provide an emphasis now lacking; ● We believe that each man is potentially of supreme worth and should work to achieve spiritual and creative wholeness; ● We believe that when men force their wills upon others, even for "their own good," it frustrates man's basic need. We see this today primarily in uncontrolled political intervention and the excesses of the labor union movement;

● We believe that spiritual and moral leaders must resist—not promote—the abuses of power which destroy man's integrity of spirit.

As you know, *Faith and Freedom* comes to you just for the asking. And we'll keep on sending it, without any strings, as long as you want it and use it.

But it does cost money to put it out. If you want to help, \$5 will a little more than cover the cost of sending it to you for a year. If you can chip in more, it will help pay for subscriptions to those who can't afford financial contributions.

In a week or so, we'll be asking you directly for help to cover the cost of keeping *Faith and Freedom* and other SM work growing. But if, as you read this, the impulse strikes you, don't wait to hear from us. Send your bit now.

Cordially,
JAMES C. INCEBRETSSEN
President

SPIRITUAL MOBILIZATION
1521 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
LOS ANGELES 17, CALIFORNIA

POSTMASTER:
IF CHANGE OF ADDRESS ON FILE, notify us
on Form 3547 (for which postage is guaranteed).

BULK RATE
U. S. POSTAGE
PAID
Los Angeles, Calif.
Permit No. 12208