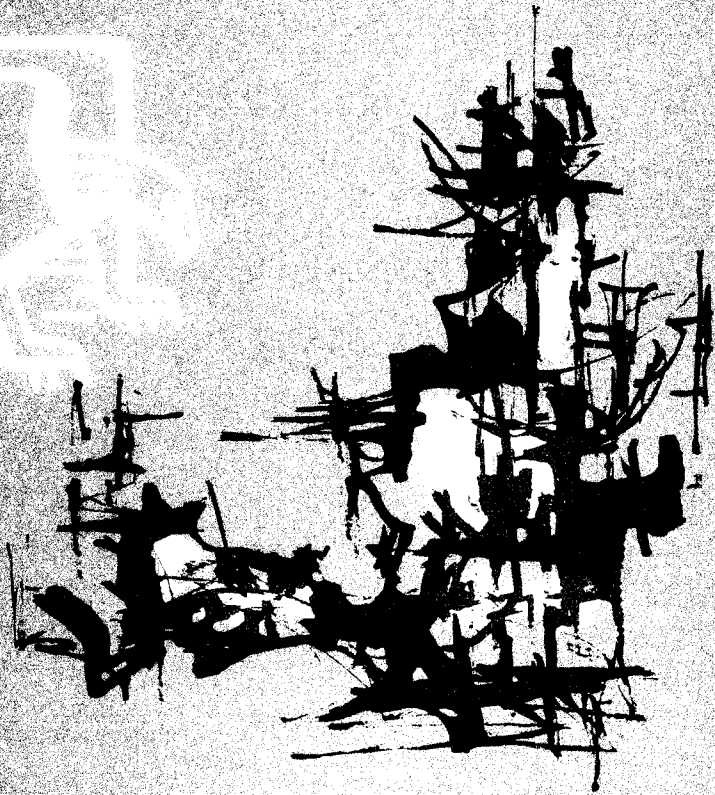
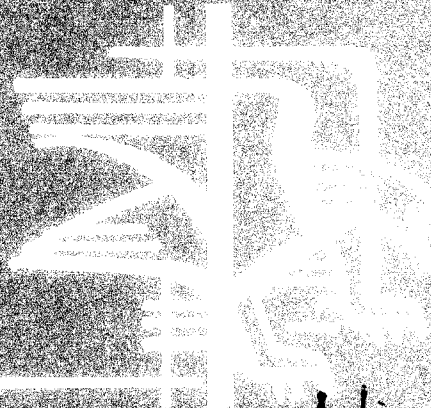


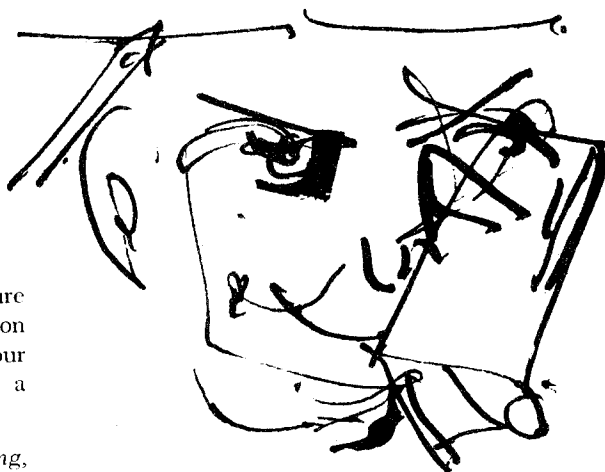
FAITH AND FREEDOM



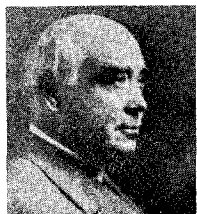
The Most Exciting Fellowship I Know!

D. ELTON TRUEBLOOD

AMONG US



The *US* in *Among Us* is too often only a picture of the staff at work. But for the inspiration and guidance, you should be aware of our Advisory Committee. Meeting them once a year is not enough. May we introduce . . .



Dr. Donald J. Cowling, chairman of the Advisory Committee, was president of Carleton College for thirty-six years. Dr. Cowling was recently honored as "lifelong exponent of

progress and freedom in higher education; outstanding worker for the advancement of the arts and sciences, religion and international understanding."

Roger W. Babson is founder of the Babson Institute.

Dr. William F. Braasch is a member of the Emeritus Staff, Mayo Clinic.

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Dr. Rufus B. von KleinSmid is chancellor of the University of Southern California.

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D. ELTON TRUEBLOOD

The Most Exciting Fellowship I Know!

We heard Dr. D. Elton Trueblood tell an audience of forty-five Baptist clergymen about this unique church in Washington, D.C. They listened quietly and then quizzed Dr. Trueblood how? why? when? . . . We asked Dr. Trueblood to repeat the story for our readers—lay and clerical—for you will welcome it, too.



The next time your travels take you to Washington, D.C., stop by to see Gordon Cosby and his Church of The Savior. I do not use the word *his* in the sense that it is

DR. D. ELTON TRUEBLOOD, author, lecturer, teacher, lay minister for Christ, is professor of philosophy at Earlham College, and the leading light in the Yokefellow Associates Movement.

usually used in religious circles. True, Gordon Cosby is the pastor—but if there's one thing that makes the Church of The Savior unique it is that Cosby doesn't act as if he were the only person responsible for it.

You walk down Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., not far from Dupont Circle and stop at 2025 where you are surprised to see an old brownstone house which looks nothing

like the way a church is supposed to look; on top of that, it belongs to no denomination and its total membership adds up to only sixty men and women.

Yet this tiny church—in all of my years of visiting and lecturing and counseling across this country—this tiny church is the most exciting and rewarding fellowship I know.

Take a Walk

Let me tell you about their plant first. Cosby and his fellow ministers (every member is a minister) have built a chapel on the ground floor; knocked out a few walls to make enough room to seat about a hundred people. Most of the other rooms are as they always were. Young people (known as “church mice”) live and sleep in the bedrooms on the top floor. Come down stairs to the second floor to find the guest room, library, pastor’s study and nursery. Beside the chapel on the ground floor, you’ll find the office, dining room and kitchen. Walk down into the basement for the classrooms which buzz which activity almost every evening in the week.

Life and friendship fill the whole building every hour of every day. Often someone prays in the chapel; nearly always some read in the library. The “church mice,” like most young people, naturally seek out the kitchen almost any time of day or night. Consequently, the mood of the building differs from the ordinary church. It seems, instead, to be a laboratory of spiritual life.

Working in the Lord’s Pasture

Nearby in Rockville, Maryland, the members purchased a farm called Dayspring, which they used as a retreat. Working Saturdays and holidays, they built the Retreat House at fantastically small expense. I know of one member who, instead of giving his labor for this project, could have been earning time and a half at his regular job. He chose to work in the Lord’s pasture.

If you happen to visit the Church of The Savior on Sunday morning, though you will find the two similar hours of public worship significant and rewarding, you will have to

look elsewhere for the uniqueness of the fellowship.

Join the Church? Wait Two Years

Just suppose you were going to settle down in Washington and thought you might like to join the church. You soon find out that membership is difficult; most people work at least two years before they can even apply for membership.

All members, as well as many attenders, engage in serious educational pursuits nearly every night of each week. All members participate in prayer groups where they deeply share insights and needs; all look upon their daily work as a Christian ministry, whatever their secular occupation may be.

You can’t belong to the church without taking academic work. Competent teachers sit with the classes each evening. The members take their attendance seriously. They believe each member needs to have a real grasp of the meaning of the Christian Cause. Listen to them in the classrooms as they discuss Old Testament, New Testament, Christian History, The Nature of the Church, and the Philosophy of Religion. They expect their members to go on with more advanced study all the rest of their lives, even after they have completed the minimum studies required for membership.

Suppose by now you meet the requirements for membership. You are ready to become a card-carrying Christian. You sign a card which spells out the precise nature of your commitment. You accept the discipline of prayer (at least fifteen minutes a day) and the discipline of daily Scripture. You promise to give at least one-tenth of your annual income (before Federal taxes) to the Church of The Savior.

Not long ago, I attended a business session of the church where they set the annual budget at \$62,000; more than an average of \$1000 for their sixty members, not one member being a wealthy person. You can understand when Cosby tells you that, apart from other church expenses, it is easily possible for ten committed families to

support a pastor and his family. No need for an every-member canvass; tithes come in as a matter of course.

Maybe you know someone who might rebel at the high standard they set for their members. Cosby says we live in a free country; no one is required to join his church or any church. But if he does want to join the Church of the Savior, he has to make the complete commitment. If he decides, after he joins, that he cannot or will not maintain this standard of prayer, commitment, giving and study, he drops out of membership and no one holds any hard feelings.

When a member moves from Washington, he immediately allies himself with some other expression of the Christian fellowship in his new area.

No wonder you as a casual stranger dining with the members, or attending a class or reading in the library grow conscious of a fellowship of unique intensity. I call it a real "fellowship of the concerned." I always sense the deep affection and unlimited liability they hold for one another. No one poses as being perfect but their love is deep and real.

An Unlimited Liability Company

Recently, when one member began a fairly risky and expensive business venture, several of the members pooled their bank credit to help get him started. When he needs it no longer, they plan to help another the same way.

You say this is unusual for church members. To the members of the Church of The Savior, it does not seem at all strange or even worthy of notice. They take such concern for one another as a natural feature of any fellowship which undertakes to be part of the Body of Christ. It seems only reasonable to them that the church should be an unlimited liability company.

Perhaps you read about this church in the *Readers Digest*, in an article written by Catherine Marshall. Many others saw it and determined to attend various church occasions. This has given new responsibilities to the members, who spend much of their

time ministering to attenders, seekers, and would-be members. Three and almost four times the size of the membership ordinarily attend the Sunday morning worship services. They see this as both a danger and a challenge.

Why?

To know, you'll have to let me tell you about Gordon Cosby. He first dreamed of such a church ten years ago. Still a young man, he had come through the war as a Chaplain in the European theatre. During his military service, he developed a strong sense of the utter inadequacy of ordinary church membership. This he knew because of what he saw in the lives of the men under his care. He determined that, if he lived, he would start a new kind of church, one in which membership would be real and never nominal. He dreamed of a church in which all would be truly committed to Christ's kingdom, in which all, regardless of their secular occupations, would be in the ministry, in which all held a total concern for each others' lives and welfare, in which there could not be, in the nature of the case, any absentee or inactive members, in which distinctions of race and sex would count not at all.

You can see the inter-racial aspect of his dream more vividly when you know both Gordon and his wife were born Southerners, who had learned the sinfulness of racial discrimination the hard way. Look about his fellowship today at the inspired faces of the Negroes and Chinese who work hand in hand with the white members. He finds some of the ablest interpreters of the gospel among his colored members.

When you search the faces of the members, you notice the members are utterly unconscious of race. They are not being nobly tolerant and they do not feel that their inter-racial character involves any justification of self-righteousness. I make this point: The fellowship is simply real enough to transcend all of the trivial barriers.

Reared at Lynchburg, Gordon Cosby attended the Southern Baptist Seminary at

Louisville before entering the Chaplaincy. Though ordained as a Baptist, he wanted his new church to be wholly ecumenical. Though he valued his heritage, and though he married the gifted daughter of a prominent Baptist clergyman, Gordon was sure that Christ's Church was larger than his church.

And just as he wanted his church to be truly ecumenical, he wanted it to be *small*. He knew how easily pride in size and power can corrupt even a religious organization, and he determined to avoid this at all costs. This is why the church, after ten years of slow growth, has only sixty members.

Gordon and his wife Mary undertook a laboratory experiment in Christian living. Convinced that a demonstration was needed, a demonstration is what they provided.

God granted them great gifts of leadership and it would have been comparatively easy for them to have produced a vast church of a thousand members with a million dollar building to attract general attention. But they turned their backs on this thought.

They knew that many such churches exist and nobody in particular needed another. America sorely needed a demonstration of what could be done by a high concentration of concern. Gordon and Mary saw the tremendous challenge in the laboratory experiment from the start and knew it would help shake some observers out of their complacency or their conventional conceptions of success.

The Story Is a Shocker

Because the story of the Church of The Savior produces a beneficent shock, I tell about it wherever I go. Many of my audiences ask me to repeat the figures when I tell them that sixty members take on a \$62,000 budget. They feel helped to know of a church which demands a real priority of time as well as money. They feel comforted to learn that in most instances when the members of this church have a conflict between secular and church responsibilities, their commitment to Christ wins out. Conse-

quently, empty seats at a members' meeting are a rarity. No member misses.

If you are like many people I tell this story to, at this point you ask me a question: How does Cosby keep the membership so small? Back of your question lies the doubt, maybe, that this limitation seems like a lack of concern for the outsiders who wish to join, or the neighbors who could be reached by community effort. Maybe you even question the wisdom or the righteousness of the procedure.

Why Don't You Leave?

Here's how I answer the question: the members of the Church of The Savior develop to its fullest the novel Christian idea that we gain life by losing it. New people are always qualifying for membership in the church, but they keep the membership small by constantly urging the *stronger* members to leave. The best qualified members, who have already learned most of what the fellowship can teach them, are pushed lovingly, but firmly, from the nest.

"Go join another church and witness your full commitment there," the members tell the stronger ones. "Take your leaven to established denominational churches in the Washington area and allow it to work."

Leaving friends in the fellowship, charting your own course in strange waters; that's difficult and painful. But several members have already done so, and thus they have provided places in the Church of The Savior for other people who can then have the joys of leadership and participation.

Some of the departing members have followed the familiar device of starting a new church. Thus, the Church of the Master has been set off with a young pastor and enough members to support him. Volunteers for the new Christian colony, which met first in the parent quarters, were solicited and some, after searching times of prayer, answered the call.

Now the new church has moved to quarters of its own and has identified itself with the Presbyterian system of church order. They wanted to avoid the formation of a

new denomination, which, while calling itself ecumenical, would actually be sectarian.

How Do Clergymen Feel About It?

How do clergymen react to this unique experiment of Cosby's? All seem to admire him and to be grateful for what he has done. The most common reaction, however: "It is far easier to start such an experiment in a new and unaffiliated organization. Try starting one in an established church like the Episcopal, Congregational or Presbyterian. We, too, would like to have reality in membership but what do we do with the great number of men and women who are now nominal members? We can't cut them off—too cruel and probably harmful to the Christian cause. Furthermore, even a partial commitment to Christ may sometimes be better than nothing."

Gordon Cosby says he recognizes the difficulty and he understands very well that his task would have been practically impossible in a conventional or established church. That is why, with so much labor and risk, he started a new one!

Now that we can call the demonstration a success, we see at least one way it applies to ordinary denominational churches: Build at the heart of each church, a hard core of committed people who stand, in relation to the ordinary members, much as the sixty in Washington stand in relation to the numerous attenders of their public meetings.

Of course, every good church enjoys a hard core already. But the advance we see will come by making it a consciously produced fellowship, with the very standards of membership which the commitment card of the Church of The Savior now lists. The Cause of Christ goes forward as the ordinary members are drawn, one by one, with great affection, into the central fellowship.

Won't the hard core become a society imbued with spiritual pride? A good criticism, say Gordon Cosby and his closest associates. But, they say, we've recognized this danger from the beginning and have worked diligently to avoid it. As a result, the problem seems never to arise. I know of

no more truly humble group than those I meet when I go to the old brownstone house on Massachusetts Avenue.

Deeply involved in prayer and the humble service which flows from prayer, they see their sins and shortcomings more vividly than they ever did before. Our achievement, they say, seems feeble when you contrast it with the glory of the standard to which we have committed ourselves.

The Light of the Witness

I thank God for the wonder of the Church of The Savior, that it survived for ten years, that it has not succumbed to the ordinary temptations of success. May its witness continue for many years. Very likely it will, since Gordon Cosby pledges his still comparatively young life to the demonstration which rests so near to his heart. He and those with him caused their light to shine and it gives light to all who visit within the house.

Only Church that Attracted the Russians

Do you want a story which illustrates how much power may be bound up in this controlled Christian experiment? Not long ago, a group of Russian journalists visited this country. All were atheists; none came to observe church life which they held in contempt. But their State Department guide turned out to be an attender, though not a member, of the Church of The Savior.

Naturally, he spent much time with them. And just as naturally, he was always enthusiastic about the little church which he attended. You won't be surprised then to learn that, on their last Sunday in America, the Russian journalists attended public worship and heard Gordon Cosby preach.

I spent the Friday before with the members and heard them pray that their life might be such that it would affect these visiting men. Now the men have returned to Russia and we do not know what will result.

We do know the only church in America which attracted them was one which emphasized quality of commitment rather than size.

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BREAD AND STARS FOR AGE

E. MERRILL ROOT



Too often we suppose we solve the question of what to do in retirement by giving the aged economic and social "security." Bread alone is not an answer.

I can remember statistics no better than an aster or a gopher can. What the exact proportion of our citizens who are now over sixty-five and who may live to be a hundred is, I don't know. But I do know the number of those whom we loosely call "elderly"

mounts greater than ever before, and will grow increasingly greater still. Medical know-how, better diet, wonder drugs and easier living conditions enable more people to live longer and to keep their bodily vigor to the three-quarter century mark and more.

DR. E. MERRILL ROOT, poet, professor and patriot, plys his trade at Earlham College. Recall his "Thaw, Then Serve" last November?

But this potential good sits next to a cramping evil. The mischief is that, even while we enable more people to live longer,

we make it more difficult for them to live purposefully.

How's this? While we help Grandpa live longer, we lower the limit at which we welcome him at work. In some jobs, indeed, we consider a man of fifty or even forty old; at least he has less chance of holding an old job or getting a new job after fifty. Notice the want ads in your paper, and see how, again and again, employers fix the age limit at fifty or less.

Bread and Stars

Even in professions where wisdom (the peculiar fruit and glory of age) is pre-eminent, we make a harsh emphasis upon "youth": some colleges compel retirement at sixty; sixty-five in most colleges. Thus we keep more gray-haired physically alive, but make it more difficult for them spiritually to live. And this is all the worse in modern America because, too often we acclaim and almost solely recognize work and employment as ways to find a purpose in your life. If our elderly people are to live with zest, some employment should be found for them as long as they wish to work; and, even more, that some greater goal and more essential purpose must be found and predicated for age. Old age needs bread—and stars.

We do some seeking (and always wisely) to find opportunities for the rare skills and powers that age, instead of diminishing, often enhances. One association, for example, seeks to find places for the brilliant talents of elderly teachers of law, medicine, the arts and sciences. I welcome, too, the healthy desire to search out and make available special employments and self-built jobs for those conventionally considered too "old" for routine industrial jobs. I myself have always kept an eye on the raising of the humble earthworm as an occupation that might give my own age both interest and reward.

I do not try to answer the problem of how the elderly may be supported—though it may make an economist's head ache. Grandma and Grandpa may have accumulated property, they may have saved and

invested, they may have contributed toward their own well-founded pension plans. Then, in their age, they can live by their own thrift and foresight—if the government does not ruin their savings by inflationary procedures. That is the best way.

Or they may still support themselves by at least part time jobs, and maybe the help of their children. Or they may—and this is the contemporary cliché and gold-brick Utopia—be financed by the New Caesar. Somehow they will be supported, at least after a fashion.

But too often we suppose we solve the issue if we give the aged economic and social "security." If they have bread, and an occasional circus, what more could they ask? They can live the good life on the monthly check from Uncle Sam become Uncle Caesar, like sleek old work horses turned out to very moderate clover. Our too hasty answer, that is, to a *spiritual question* tends to be a *material answer*.

Buy a Flower for the Soul

The Arabians were wiser. They spoke a proverb, "If thou hast two loaves of bread, sell one quickly and buy therewith a flower, for the soul also must be fed." Even if "social security" could solve the problem of bread, only individual (and community) wisdom and philosophy can provide the answer to the need for the flower. The greatest advance in American life will come only as we realize that the elemental appetite and the basic hunger of man—young or old—is for the beaded bubbles winking at the brim of the world and the magic casements opening on Eternity.

Man does not live by a chicken in every pot . . . or even by the television set in every parlor. Man lives by *meaning*. For the sake of meaning, the saint will welcome the locusts and wild honey of the desert, or the martyr will open his arms to the embrace of the white fire as to the arms of his beloved.

We too seldom ask: What is the *meaning* of the life of the elderly? More than securing them finances, or even finding them employment; more than settling them in a

congenial environment in Florida; more than amusing them with canasta or fishing. We answer only as we provide them with a philosophy; and as we help to provide them with a world that has a philosophy not only of the glory of youth but of the equal glory (and functional value) of age. I forget who it was who said, "I tried hard to be a philosopher, but happiness was always breaking in." Whoever he was, he was an amateur of reality: for happiness is impossible without a philosophy that shows us the way, the truth, and the life.

Traditionally, Americans stress youth as the best of life. We do not believe that we should grow gloriously old with Rabbi Ben Ezra because "the best is yet to be." We do not understand the subtle wisdom of Bernard Shaw: "Youth is so wonderful a time that it is a shame to waste it on the young."

Ripeness Is All

The wisest peoples, from the Hebrews to the Greeks and the classical Chinese, have seen the essential and unique contribution of age as more profound and precious than mere continuing vitality. Age is the time when we may "see all, nor be afraid"; when we may say, with Edgar in *King Lear*, "Ripeness is all." It is the time when the physical seed, passing through the beauty of the flower, reaches the richness of the fruit.

We can best help our elderly citizens to lead a purposeful life by reverencing them as a reservoir of potential wisdom. They have lived more years than we: we should expect them to have turned those years into a garnered harvest of life. Those who live long have a *potential* of wisdom; if we *expect* wisdom of them, and encourage them to develop and contribute wisdom, as their purpose and meaning, we give them a high place in the total integrity of man's being. We give them the highest purpose life can have.

Thus we need, most of all, a philosophy of age. Other peoples—notably the American Indians, the Chinese, the classic Hindus, have had such a philosophy. It may

help us to reach this to see what the Hindus believed. In perhaps his greatest story, "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat," Kipling wrote:

He had been, as the Old Law recommends, twenty years a youth, twenty years a fighter,—though he had never carried a weapon in his life,—and twenty years head of a household. He had used his wealth and his power for what he knew both to be worth; . . . and cities had stood up and honoured him. Now he would let these things go, as a man drops the cloak he no longer needs.

For Purun Bhagat had come to the summit of life, where purposes are lost in Purpose; where there are no miracles, but only Miracle; and where a man, having first experienced, can then express life's meaning.

He knew for a certainty that there was nothing great and nothing little in this world: and day and night he strove to think out his way into the heart of things, back to the place whence his soul had come.

This is not a selfish or lonely thing: alone in the Himalayas, Purun Bhagat found that the wise and loving soul will never be alone. It was not only God who was with him. The very wild things of the mountains came to him who was gentle, and loved him who loved them. The simple folk of the village came to him who was so subtle that he could be simple, for help in their lives and holiness beyond their lives.

And in the end, when flood and landslide struck, it was Purun Bhagat alone, who, awake to the needs of time as well as to the goal of Eternity, could save his fellow men.

Not a Pause, End or Brake

We Americans need such a transvaluation of values. We need to think of age not as a pause but as a promotion to a higher purpose; not as an end, but as a beginning; not as a brake upon use, but as a dynamo of value.

As aged, we can contemplate garnered experience; with space for the creation of character; with freedom from the compromises of the politics of time. In China there



lived a poet and mystic named Chang-Chih-Ho. After a long life among men, he retired to the mists and mountains where he spent his time angling. But he put no bait upon his hook . . . his object not being to catch fish. We in modern America need more elderly fishermen, not for tarpon or trout but for truth and God.

The elderly do not have to go apart. They may, and most of them should, live in the places and ways where they have always lived; they need not write learned tomes or found schools of wisdom. But they should realize that the humblest individual can be, in Shakespeare's great words, one of "God's spies."

To be fascinated by the miracle-play called life, yet to climb above ambition and desire; to study the threads of one's indi-

vidual life in the pattern of the God-woven world; to see and say the meaning of things, so that others may help weave the pattern

We would be pleased
if you would read
the story on
page 14

more beautifully here, and the old may help to weave it more beautifully hereafter, that is to be one of "God's spies."

And what greater purpose do we need? Youth feels free because it has not yet lifted the burden of the world upon its shoulders; age can be free because at last it has set the world beneath its feet. Of the two, age is by far the greater (because it has done and won) and by far the richer (because it has dared and learned): its freedom comes *after* accomplishment.

The greatest purpose for your mellow years? Be a witness to life. Stand up, be strong in character, rich in consciousness, joyous in consummation. Live as an answer to the doubts and confusions of youth. Gather all your living into a life which is a work of art. That's what we most need today: a justification of life's ways to man. By being wise, joyous, integral, you say: "Life is cosmos: it is men who, by their mistakes, make it seem a chaos. See, we have lived through the stresses and agonies, we have turned them into pattern and music. We write our testament of life not with our hands but with our lives. We do not say, 'Life may be victory.' We *are* a victory."

Let the aged live with a renewed sense of mystery and wonder: as if, every day, the splendid and haughty sun were dawning for the first time; as if the frost on the windowpane, or the three orchids in the Rhode Island swamp, were hieroglyphs of God (as they are); as if, at any moment, "a leaf, a stone, a door," might offer intimations of infinite destiny. To turn the paste of living into the pearl of life is the purpose of all of us at every age. But age alone can prove and present the fully rounded pearl.

Pluck Not the Star

Youth dreams a star, enlarged and low, possible to be grasped from the next hill-top; but age visions the star as it is and should be, never to be plucked from heaven with the human hand, and therefore the sky's unending beauty and man's unvarying guide and delight.

Literature, as well as life, shows what such a purpose means to the elderly.

John Bunyan, over sixty and in prison, wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*—the purpose of his life was to turn his living into a consummation of character and consciousness in the integrity of art. John Bunyan had no problem as to the "purposefulness" of his life!

No more important or picturesque character lives in all of Dickens than Mr. Pickwick. He was "elderly," he had voluntarily given up his conventional employment; but he was busier and more purposeful than

most of us—not in making a living, but in creating a life. He had the innocence of wonder and surprise, the poet's exquisite sensitivity to experience, the eager ardor of the ageless soul. Mr. Pickwick had no problem as to the "purposefulness" of his life!

Read of the noble apostle John who grew old in captivity on Patmos. For him, the heavens opened out of his years, and the New Jerusalem descended, and he heard the Voice speaking to age as to youth: "Lo, I make all things new." John had no problem as to the "purposefulness" of his life!

The Purpose of Age

The goal of this world and life lies in perfecting that which consummates the world and leads beyond the world. Perfect the things you can (and do) take with you—*consciousness and character*. That is even more possible in age than in youth, so how can we fail to have a purpose to the end?

There was once a man so fascinated by the wonder of the world, so eager to make his life the outward and visible sign of his inward and invisible meaning, that he never thought of time or the years, but only how best he might enrich his consciousness with that wonder. And so, with the joy and innocence of a child, he wandered the world as a child wanders the seashore, picking up a pebble here, a shell there, and listening to the symphony of the sea.

Ships sailed and returned; tides washed cities away and built new continents; the generations of men bought, and sold, and laid waste their powers. All this he saw with sympathy and wonder, but without envy or fear, while still he wandered the shore of the infinite ocean, seeking the seaweed and the shell, the driftwood and the pearl, never bored, never wearied, never satiated.

And he will still be seeking, growing ever younger as he grows older, till God gathers the stars like fairer shells and pebbles, and welcomes him into the world beyond time where character and consciousness grow into a new intensity. Any one of us can be that man!

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WE NEED A LEADER—NOW

DR. JAMES W. FIFIELD, JR.

Whether our last bastions will prove adequate or fail us may be determined absolutely within the relatively near future. Appraising the general world situation, I would say that our military, political, and economic efforts have all failed. I believe the world is worse off than it was when we inaugurated our current programs. It appears to me that we have hurt, rather than helped, through the Marshall Plan, Point 4, UNRA, and all the rest of it.

The testimony given by the distinguished counsel of the Senate Sub-Committee on Internal Security indicates we occupy a worse position with relation to the international Communist threat by exactly the extent to which that conspiracy has been strengthened during the last decade. That I believe, and that I consider incontrovertible.

Invisible, Intangible, Indispensable

It's about time, then, that we re-examine our "last bastions." They are the moral and spiritual strength of our individual citizens. They appear on no ledger as assets. They cannot be measured in terms of horsepower, kinetic energy, monetary value, or even tensile strength—they are invisible, intangible, and yet indispensable.

Students of history know well that the lack of moral and spiritual strength has determined the outcome for many civilizations which have risen, solidified, jelled, and then declined into oblivion.

We of Spiritual Mobilization are convinced that this country, conceived by devout folk with profound and unshakable faith in God, has spiritual strength, if it can

be husbanded, increased and effectively mobilized. Just as a candle gives no light when "under a bushel," so an individual who has faith under lock and key, but does not apply it to the day-by-day problems of life, is no factor of helpfulness and contributes nothing to the strength of the last bastions.

Raise a Standard

One of the special tragedies of our time is that so much of our faith is static, locked up, on paper, or in the Bible, instead of being made the dominant rule of the daily routine. Those who would destroy the theistic position, earth-wide, make their atheist credos their marching song. They live, in every detail, by the patterns they profess and the programs they preach.

Some of us in Spiritual Mobilization think our greatest need is a stalwart, upstanding and adequate leader, who would raise and make manifest a standard to which all good men could repair. They would not need to surrender any of their specific positions. They would become companies in a more effectively integrated effort which could be of determinative importance.

When their leader, a man of such integrity and stature as a Douglas MacArthur, for example, would speak, people would listen, and would be persuaded by the logic of his position—the eloquence and soberness of truth.

We have been told that great crises produce great leaders. I urge all who read this page to join me in the prayer that such may come to pass—and soon. ≡≡ ≡≡

I fumbled for my passport . . .

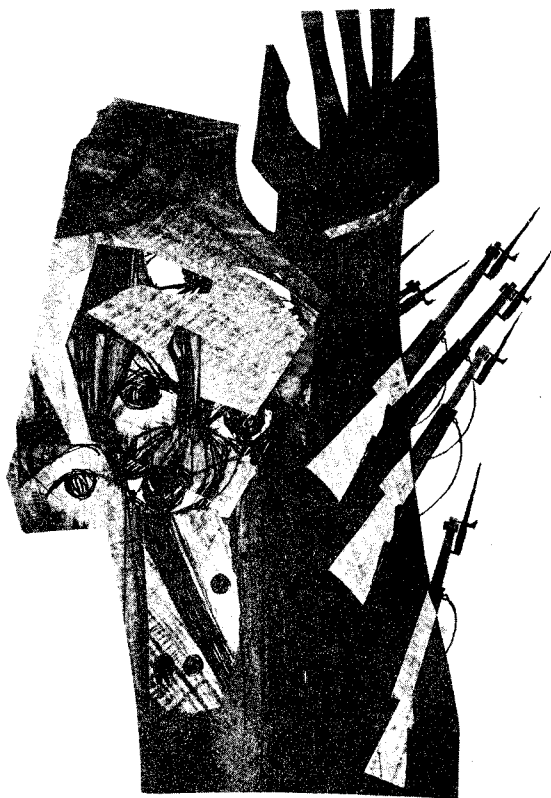
A rough rap on the door of our apartment. Drowsy, I rolled out of bed, stumbled toward the entry. I glanced at my watch. 3 a.m. Just about what I would have expected.

The rap-rapping kept on, and a hoarse voice shouted—"Okroytee! Open!" From our bedroom to the door took perhaps 20 seconds. Not long to collect my thoughts. But I had been expecting this. I should have been ready.

"Okroytee," the voice shouted once more as I slipped back the night latch. There they were, black leather boots and all. A small Soviet army squad, not more than five or six men.

The sergeant's order was brusque. "Get dressed. Come with us, in ten minutes."

I knew I was not the only young Polish citizen of Krakow who was getting such a summons this night. In the past few weeks block after apartment house block had been systematically cleaned of its able bodied. No one saw it happen. The city was asleep when the convoy of trucks rumbled in. Those who were taken left quietly, each escorted by Soviet soldiers. No one but their own families knew. Next day, it was the same as the last—except it seemed that all the men from that part of the city had vanished.



But not I. I faced the slant-eyed sergeant through the crack of my apartment door. "I am an American citizen. You cannot take me." I nudged the door shut in his face.

Then I heard them shuffling away. Not for long, I was sure. In a moment, the rap came again. A lieutenant this time—dressed in the typical Mongolian fur cap and long cloak. He was brighter than his sergeant. "All right, Preeyateli [I noted he used the Russian word for friend], let me see your American passport."

Passport? I had no passport. I had been in America, true, but I had nothing to prove I was not Jan Wirski, native of Poland, for in truth, that is what I was.

Frantically I went to the desk in the parlor, shuffling through my papers. Had I any official looking mementoes at all? Ah, yes, here was something. I turned bravely back to the door, thrust the card into the officer's hand.

"There," I said, "you see. Proof of my American citizenship. You can check my name downstairs."

The fur-capped officer squinted as he studied the card in the dim light of the hall. Over and over he turned it, puzzling, picking out letters. Or so it seemed to me, until he asked, "Where is your name?" Then I knew. I showed him my name.

"Ah." His face lifted. He seemed relieved. "So, there is the name." He handed the card back through the door, turned his back. "All right, you have proof. You may stay." He shepherded his squad away.

I looked again at the "passport." How, I wondered, did I ever happen to save my card from the New York City library?

(That is the end of the anecdote as Jan Wirski told it to us. But there is more to the story.)

"Sounds like comic opera," we told him. He continued:

But it was not funny.

With that early morning knock on the door, the whole thing had, at last, burst right into our lives.

Before that it had been more of a spectator sport. It was in the 30's, I was a young lawyer, just beginning practice. While I was in the University I remember the debates. The Communists were vocal, but they were not logical. We could always out-argue them in debates. They were ragamuffins. None of the better class respected them, or paid much attention.

Yet when the showdown came, in time of crisis, it was the Communists who took over. And they had the support of the people. How could this be—such poor arguments, but so much power?

Then I did not know. Now, I think I do.

I got my passport to America. By some miracle, Olga did too. Now we are citizens of the land of the free, and we have become prosperous beyond our dreams. Yet even here the skies are clouded.

At first I only felt it. But now I realize that we are living again through what we witnessed in Poland more than 20 years ago. The prosperity, the fast pace, even the speeches about freedom—all are just excuses for running away. Meanwhile the shadow stretches across this country.

Many of my friends do not see it. They advise me to count my blessings and not borrow trouble. They do not see it because they have not traveled the road. But I know it well. Believe me, the danger is there.

Some in America, the far-sighted, sound the alarm, just as they did in Poland. There are outcries against "too big a budget," and "too much power for the president." They point out that a planned economy is a controlled economy and always leads to impoverishment. All these things are true, of course, but I do not think the protest alone does much good.

Watch the Communists. They revile the "system," and "the rich," but they do not stop there. They offer "equality," "justice," "a better world." It does not matter that their system will not bring these things. At least it is something to hope for and believe in. Who in America offers hope and belief?

Jan Wirski paused. "It has been a long way to travel to explain my gift to Spiritual Mobilization," he said. "But you asked why, and I could not cover so important a point in a paragraph—*Faith and Freedom* is one of the few voices I have found in my new country that is aware of the great spiritual vacuum and offers real hope of filling it.

"One thing more," he continued. "When you write my story, tell your readers not to wait, as I did, for a soldier to awaken you at 3 a.m. When you find a true voice like *Faith and Freedom*, lone and frail though it may seem, give it a hand. In time to come you will be grateful that it stood there and offered hope—and that you helped it to stand.

NOTE: We have not used his real name, but "Jan Wirski" is a real person, a native of Poland, now an American citizen and a generous supporter of *Spiritual Mobilization*. This is his story as he told it to us.

We think that among our 32,000 readers, there are many who will want to join Jan Wirski and make a contribution to keep up the work of "*Faith and Freedom*." Your help is important—especially now. You'll find a postage-paid reply envelope when you turn this page. Please do whatever you can.

JAMES C. INGEBRETSEN, President

SEEKING NEW IDEAS WITH GERALD HEARD

Harper's Magazine, in February, tried to follow the modern taste by giving a sophisticated evaluation of the United States' returning interest in religion. Dr. D. W. Brogan, a Scotch Professor of Political Science at Cambridge, England, wrote the piece (see last month's *Churchman's Digest*). He is acknowledged to be one of the most penetrating diagnosticians of America.

He calls this latest check-up of his, "Unnoticed Changes in America." And he, like many informed outsiders, holds distinct hope for us.

Half of Dr. Brogan's article deals with a much advertised change about which he is admittedly puzzled:—What is this re-interest in religion?

He tries to show how it came about. The old Liberalism, he says, was very largely Secularism. For it held that men must become better as they became more widely informed, and thus more powerful. Keep people well-fed, well-housed, well-machined and news-ful and they would be healthy, happy and wise.

Dr. Brogan, of course, merely surveys surface phenomena when he notices that two scientifically armed world wars, heavily hyphenated by intercalary confusions, have made the average person doubtful about inevitable progress. But when he mentions Freud as being among the demoted mentors (along with Marx, Ford and Dewey) one begins to wonder whether he is going to prove to be so penetrating after all.

Certainly Freud was insufficient. But he played a lead part in the Psychological Revolution. While Marx, Ford and even Dewey belonged to the age which held that if only you would set men free they would be fine. Certainly, too, Freud, as a reactionary,



wanted to go back, back behind the birth of religion. He didn't see religion as an opium, or a decent cover for practical enterprise, or the archaic expression of humanity's will-to-be-good when treated nicely. He looked on religion as a dangerous illusion. Something drastic had to be done about man's deep nature, but religion, he felt, was not the way. Freud saw religion as a cosmetic not a probe.

He insisted that mankind must face up to its racial nature. He made people ask themselves such questions as "Are we rational? Can we be?". For, as it is with most provokers of revolutions, the detonating charge in his teaching hid among the questions he asked, not the answers he gave.

Certainly there lies half the cause of so many people turning to religion today. They feel that reason falls short. They see such associations as Alcoholics Anonymous salvaging people whom neither reason nor medicine could stop from drinking themselves to death. They wonder whether a religion-for-all might give them the same deliverance from futility and frustration.

What makes up the other half of the reason for 'the return?' Dr. Brogan and many other inquirers agree, the "returnees" do not wish to lay themselves bare but desire to cover up against the paranoid suspicions of what sociologist Reisman calls "the lonely crowd."

Dr. Brogan notes, with some irony, that so many Americans don't seem to care as to what are the exact doctrines of the particular church they may join. Provided the church is a 'fold,' the brand of its 'fodder' does not excite examination or interest.

This fact, however, could carry another interpretation. Americans probably account

for the least metaphysical part of mankind—Americans mainly interest themselves in things that work. *Know how*, not *know why*, concerns them. Dr. Brogan doesn't seem to think that this fact sheds any light on religion's re-emergence.

But surely it does.

Modern Americans go to church partly to affirm their solidarity and willingness to go to war against another ideology that happens to be both inhuman and atheistic. The history of religion warns us that the association of religious faith and national loyalty is anything but invariable. Religion, as Christianity's Founder pointed out, can divide households quite as frequently as it unites them.

But modern Americans, especially the intelligent, go to church to seek for inner, personal solidarity.

What Do You Believe, Doctor?

Dr. Brogan grew a little vexed when a bright young architect, having expatiated on the God in Whom he believed, asked Dr. Brogan's belief. "Agnostic," the Doctor replied. To a first-rate Scotch mind, the bright young builder's views on 'the Architect of the Universe' seemed brash. Still, the younger man might have challenged his critic for offering a counter ambiguity.

Agnostic (like *gnostic* and *deist*) dates you. T. H. Huxley, one of its coiners, generally defined it as being a belief that certain ultimate facts cannot be known. But in the three generations since his time, the word has modulated toward modesty. Now it usually means, more humbly and more accurately, "As yet I don't know." As anyone who has lived in America, say for twenty years, has discovered, *dogmatists*, the men who are sure that they know what can and cannot happen, are found at least as frequently in laboratories as in churches.

The people I meet who go to church could, I believe, go far to solve Dr. Brogan's conundrum. I think they would tell him that they are seekers—William James would probably have called them pragmatists. They are 'agnostic' with that modest small

'a'. Being well read, they know that St. Thomas Aquinas declares that God is, of His nature, unknowable and we can only apprehend Him through our feeble symbolism. They also know that Meister Eckhart tells us the same thing, with semantic accuracy, when he counsels, "Anything we can say about God must of necessity be untrue."

These church-goers, then, strike me as being modestly modern. Their desire to have an open mind has led them to an advanced position where they entertain no room for arrogance; and to a strenuous vigilance which allows no time for settling down.

Focused on Two Things

The "growing-edge" sciences of psychiatry, psychology, sociology and anthropology have pressed these intelligences on. Psychiatry and psychology have led the way. For their attention has been focused on two things which real seekers have been forced to face up to:—the non-rationality of the emotions, and the way in which we train the emotions.

Then sociology demonstrated that, for better or worse, we are all ineradicably social creatures. And now anthropology has shown that in traditional patterns of culture and sacramental rituals there can be 'encysted' techniques of solidarity which we may re-interpret and use for our own "acts of identity," our own group mental hygiene.

This holds the real hope and, I believe, the real emergent meaning of our puzzled and puzzling "free societies." Nothing of the sophisticated 'egg-head' exists in this process. It's not a fastidious reactionary's disgust at a 'crude new world,' as were Henry Adams' and Henry James' recoils half a century ago. Nor is it a fascist notion of an 'existentialist' élite that plans to saddle and ride the clumsy, ignorant mass-animal. It has nothing to do with what that impatient old literary stylist, Jules Brenda, called "the treason of the clerks," the betrayal of learning by the informed who turn into the dictator's paid informers. ≡ ≡

PAUSE FOR REFLECTION JAMES C. INGEBRETSEN

On page 24, in "What a Holiday That Was," we invite our friends to supply spiritual meaning to the programs on the 4th of July. This marks the seventh annual *Freedom under God* observance of Independence Week, which we of Spiritual Mobilization originated in 1951 through the famous Committee to Proclaim Liberty.

At that time, former President Herbert Hoover and General of the Army Douglas MacArthur led a call to their fellow Americans to mark the 175th anniversary of our nation's birth with a renewed emphasis on the spiritual heritage symbolized in the Declaration of Independence.

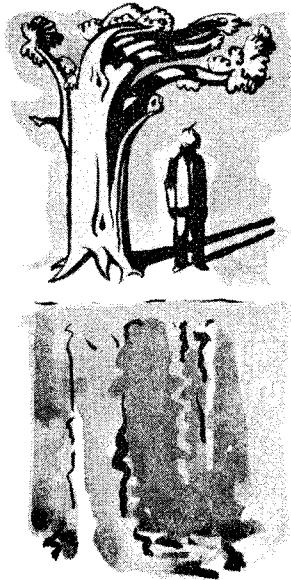
The ceremonies arranged by the Committee included a national radio broadcast in which Bing Crosby, Jimmy Stewart, and other stars gave thanks to God for liberty in an impressive performance long to be remembered by those who heard it.

* * *

Which reminds me that it was this broadcast which won for Spiritual Mobilization one of the nineteen Freedoms Foundation awards shared over the past eight years with Dr. Fifield. Number eighteen and nineteen were received last month, including a rare Distinguished Service Award, marking successive recognition each year since the Award Program began. Dr. Kenneth Wells, Freedoms Foundation President, tells me that in total number of awards, we continue to lead all others by a wide margin.

* * *

Skyrocketing government budgets, increasing international tensions, mounting evidence of spiritual frustration in individual lives are bulding a growing reader interest



in our newspaper column, *Pause for Reflection*. We are happy with the nearly four hundred papers now using our column on a weekly basis.

Judging by our mail, the time may be ripe to make a new effort to expand our coverage in the daily field. We are told that editors are increasingly ready to give a hearing to the point of view reflected by the sample columns below. These are not our "best," but simply those prepared for use next Monday through Friday in a score of daily papers scattered from California to Ohio.

If you would like to help expand our outreach and have means of seeking friendly consideration from editors of newspapers, church bulletins or business house organs, I hope you will write me for further information. Here are the samples:

Following That Chalk Line

"You can take a hen," says a friend of mine, "put her nose down on a chalk line and keep her on it for five or six feet, and she'll just keep right on following that chalk line wherever it leads."

Well, I have never tried it but I wouldn't be surprised if that is so, since a lot of people act pretty much the same way. Start them off on some line and they'll keep right on following it regardless of where it leads them. Only when they bump into a stone wall or fall into a swamp do they wake up to the realization that they might have done better to have looked where they were going.

This is why it is so important for people to get started on the right road early in life. After they reach maturity they seldom change.

The collectivists know this—and have acted consistently upon it. Dr. Harry F. Ward, Communist, deliberately entered the clergy and be-

came a theology professor at Columbia University in order to indoctrinate young preachers with his Communist doctrines. And many of these preachers, having had their noses put on the collectivist line in their youth, are still following it. ≠ ≠

Cluttering Up a Life

Two women sat among the diners in a lunch room the other day. One woman was telling the other about her son who, she said, was a "success." With obvious pride, she talked on. Among other things, she said, "I never cluttered up his life with religion."

Well, well. "Never cluttered up his life with religion," eh? I wonder what's going to happen to him when the going gets rough?

That, as I see it, is like a highway contractor saying, "I never clutter up my concrete highways with steel reinforcing rods." Or a railroad builder saying, "I never clutter up my railroads with crossties."

To see what eventually happens to lives that have not been "cluttered up with religion," all you have to do is read the front page of your daily newspaper. Personally, I feel sorry for both this mother and her son—for the day is sure to come when both of them will see that a life without religion simply won't stand up under the demands that are sure to come.

What's Wrong With Cheating?

"Frequent cheating is admitted by 40% or more at a large number of colleges, often with no apology or sense of wrong-doing."

Philip E. Jacob, social science professor at the University of Pennsylvania, reported this result from a survey he made among American college students. To the extent that this is true, it is one of the worst indictments of our education system that can be made. William James O'Shea, American educator, says, "Character development is the great, if not the sole, aim of education."

But Irving Babbitt, American critic and educator, declares, "The standards of a genuinely liberal education, as they have been understood, more or less from the time of Aristotle, are being progressively undermined by the utilitarians and the sentimentalists."

In our eagerness to educate for "social cooperation" rather than for stability of character, we have obviously missed the mark. An education that leads to frequent cheating with no sense of wrong-doing is a counterfeit.

Money Talks

Money talks, they say. And the Almighty Dollar has reputedly been the god of business for some time. Apparently, it is now organized labor's god and mouthpiece.

At any rate, Dave Beck reportedly said recently that he will ask the executive board of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters to appropriate at least \$2 million to "intensify our organizing and strengthen our union." He indicated that this will be the union's reply to the Senate racketeering investigation.

The very fact that Beck proposed to counter the evidence against his union with the flourish of a fistful of money is, I think, symptomatic of our moral decadence. Apparently we have about come to the place where we think money will do anything—buy foreign friends, provide national security, educate our children, and turn corruption into purity.

Does it? If we lack integrity of character, the more money we have, the faster we go to perdition. And, if we don't face up to this fact pretty soon, we shall be so far down the skids that we'll never be able to avoid landing on the scrapheap of history—along with all the other civilizations that put material gain on the throne where God belongs. ≠ ≠

Last Summer's Joy

Feeling a little low—what with all the news of meanness and corruption breaking in the public prints? Well, here are two news items which I found in the same issue of a newspaper:

Item 1. W. Maxey Jarman, 52, head of the General Shoe Company (second largest in the industry), "has made prayer the guiding factor in his business operations and Christian principles his business policy. He opens his directors' meetings with prayers, gives recognition to the Deity in his annual reports, reads his Bible through once a year, and when home holds daily devotions with his family."

Item 2. Miss Adelaide O'Mara, 48, a stenographer for the New York Life Insurance Co. for 32 years who lives in Brooklyn, paid \$400 to put a subway card advertisement containing the Ten Commandments on the BMT line for a month. She explained: "I've heard it said that sometimes a small thing can change the world."

Feeling better?

Wouldn't it be a wonderful world if all of us, whatever our position in life, followed, each in his way, these examples of Christian living?



CHURCHMAN'S DIGEST



God, Gold and Government. Howard E. Kershner. New Jersey: Prentice-Hall. 1957. 146 pp. \$2.95.

An excellent study showing the relationship of Christianity, freedom and economic well-being, this book by Dr. Kershner comes from first-hand observation of some 40 countries by the author.

Here is an unusual, stimulating book proving that only a minimum of government interference with our economic system is necessary or desirable.

Good business and good government both spring from the all-embracing spirit of God's Law, says Dr. Kershner. "It is my purpose," he says, "to show that the Laws of God, whether in the moral world or the realm of economics are one and the same, and to make clear, by use of history, reason and experience, how religion, economics, and government intertwine and intermingle—how they act and react on one another."

Dr. Kershner, President of the Christian Freedom Foundation and Editor of Christian Economics, breaks up his book into three sections as indicated in the title: God, Gold and Government. Each is handled intelligently and interestingly.

Crisis in Communication. Malcolm Boyd. New York: Doubleday. 1957. 128 pp. \$2.95.

Malcolm Boyd started his career with Foote, Cone & Belding ad agency as an assistant radio producer. He became general manager and partner with Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers in a firm that put out radio and TV programs. Then he did a rare thing for an ad man; he turned in his gray flannels and button down shirt, and donned the blacks and reversed collar of an Episcopal clergyman. At present, he serves as tutor assistant at Union Theological Seminary and is working on a radio program dealing with

a theological interpretation of the news and arts.

His book gives us a Christian examination of the mass media, and takes us into a study of radio, TV, movies and public relations as they relate to Christian judgment. The author turns the spotlight on the movies *Ben Hur*, *The Country Girl*, *Umberto D.*, on Arthur Godfrey, Billy Graham, Bishop Sheen, on the plays *The Cocktail Party* and *Separate Tables*.

At the end of the book, Mr. Boyd describes several successful but little known experiments in which the Christian message has been communicated to the modern mind without losing its essential character.

Stay Alive All Your Life. Norman Vincent Peale. New Jersey: Prentice-Hall. 1957. 300 pp. \$3.95.

If ever the world splits into two warring and bloodthirsty camps, for reasons other than political, you will probably find yourself lined up with one of two powers: 1) light reading enthusiasts or 2) heavy reading enthusiasts.

If in the first, Dr. Peale's newest issue should make regulation reading, together with his *The Power of Positive Thinking*. The trouble with the world you will say: "not enough of this kind of thing."

If in the second, Dr. Peale's newest will be on the proscribed listings, together with his *The Power of Positive Thinking*. The trouble with the world you will say: "too much of this kind of thing."

Needless to say, there is already a solid band lined up on each side of the Peale fence, and Dr. Peale's new book is not likely to make converts on either side.

Here is more of the Doctor's writing. As in his previous book, the goal is positive thinking, uplifting and faith inspiring stories, anecdotes, advice. Here, Dr. Peale discusses: The Magnificent Power of Belief,

Peace of Mind, Living Above Pain and Suffering, Enthusiasm Can Do Wonders For You, Stop Being Tired.

Dr. Peale gives us much new material; he says "This volume goes further than my previous book;" yet its pace, mood and method run parallel to it.

It's a safe prediction that this latest will also parallel *The Power of Positive Thinking* in sales volume—a popular new book for the church loan library.

Prayer Can Change Your Life. William R. Parker and Elaine St. Johns Dare. New Jersey: Prentice-Hall. 270 pp.

Dr. Parker of California's Redlands University found himself tottering on the ragged edge of a nervous breakdown seven years ago. Other help failing, he began praying for health and wholeness, and says that after three months he was a new man.

That might have been the end of the experience for someone else, but Dr. Parker's scientific bent wanted to know if this power that helped him could be explored further, tested, documented. He began an experiment in prayer at Redlands in September, 1951.

Forty-five volunteers participated. People from all walks of life—a good sampling of many occupations, age, economic, social, intelligence groups.

The experiment results, if accurate, look impressive. Three control groups formed with fifteen participants in each group. All suffering in some degree discords of mind and body, some worn out, inactive, others with visible psychosomatic symptoms: migraine headache, arthritis, tuberculosis, functional heart trouble, high blood pressure, acne, allergies, etc.

Group I received Psychotherapy alone in dealing with its 15 different problems.

Group II was left alone to pray for relief on its own—each participant believed psychology unnecessary, and felt they could pray on their own.

Group III was the Prayer Therapy Group. And Dr. Parker lists the following results: Group I—65% improvement (Psychotherapy); Group II—No improvement (Random

Prayers); Group III—72% improvement (Prayer Therapy).

How the three groups went about their own techniques; more particularly, how the Prayer Therapy techniques developed and worked its cures makes fascinating study, and gives us new reason to look to the old method of prayer as a virtually untapped area of health-giving, life-giving power.

Parker gives a point-by-point plan for digging into ourselves and rooting out the four trouble-makers of our lives: fear, hate, guilt and inferiority—then outlines prayer methods his Therapy groups found successful in rooting out and replacing undesirable personality qualities.

The Whole Gospel for the Whole World. Alan Walker. Abingdon. 128 pp. \$2.00.

In April of 1953, the Methodist Church of Australasia launched its now famous mission to the nation. Originally planned for three months, the mission continued for three years.

Alan Walker, mainly responsible for the mission's success, presents here the findings which came out of this nation-wide attempt to link churchmen and non-churchmen in a common effort to Christianize the society.

Walker contends that most modern evangelism is not contemporary. We are using 19th century methods in the 20th century, he says. The church must come to appreciate and use such mediums as films, mass-circulation newspapers, radio and television. "The church persists with a single-furrow-plow mentality in a tractor age," he flatly states. It is a stuffy place where most non-church members who are this-worldly feel very uncomfortable.

The author says that 19th century preaching will not satisfy 20th century congregations. Evangelism which preaches the atonement and nothing more is not the whole gospel. Men need to know how God can be related to their work in today's world.

One might argue that much of what the author writes is old stuff in America. The results he has secured in Australia, however, behooves a second look at his methods and findings.

REV. NORMAN S. REAM

Articles in Review

Is man the depraved being of fallen first parents—a sin and guilt ridden creature? Is this the Christian picture?

John C. Bennett examines today's view of man and brings us to look **Toward a Christian Humanism** (*Christian Century*, March 6, 1957). He feels that taken out of their true context the ideas of the fall of man and of his sin and guilt have put across a very false idea of Christian teaching. He thinks we need more emphasis on "the greatness and dignity of man in the light of his creation in God's image and in the light of his redemption in Christ."

In today's plague of inferiority complexes, the primary danger is that man will come to take a low and mean view of himself—a helpless victim of historical forces.

Whenever we emphasize the greatness and goodness of man or the sin and misery of man, it is essential to keep both emphases in the context of the Christian faith as a whole, says Mr. Bennett.

Quoting Earl Barth, he says: "From the Christian point of view man is no higher, no lower, no other than this Word (Christ) declares him to be. He is the creature made visible in the mirror of Jesus Christ."

However, if this view makes us overly self congratulatory, we need only be reminded that the one who brought this glory to men was also crucified by them.

The time has come, nevertheless, for the church to proclaim more clearly than it has lately done a Christian humanism, says Bennett, to call men to a sense of their dignity as human beings.

Is there such a thing as faith healing today? Why don't organized churches practice it? If some people are being healed by faith, why cannot sick people everywhere have the opportunity?

Mr. Willis W. Willard, Jr., Minister of First Methodist Church, Milton, Pennsylvania, tries to answer some of these often asked questions in his sermon on Faith Healing, **What Faith Can Do**, reprinted by **Pulpit Digest**, March, 1957.

We must recognize that faith healing

cults have sprung up to meet a real need, begins the Methodist minister—a real need, all too long neglected by the Church in its spiritual ministry. He points to Christ's healing the sick, an important part of His ministry. The modern psychosomatic approach in medicine is simply a rediscovery of this principle of the oneness of soul and body, and their interaction on one another.

The purpose of the gospel is to make men whole, to give them health in every way possible, says Mr. Willard.

However, he points out it's sheer error to assume, as some faith healers do, that God will heal all who gather "in the healing line."

He warns of the dangers of fake healers and the irreparable harm they can cause and concludes with Rosiah Royce's definition of faith as "the soul's insight or discovery of some Reality that enables a man to stand anything that can happen to him in the universe."

"There is scarcely any case for the continued existence of trade unions in a fully employed welfare state," claims **Peter Wiles** who wrote an article titled **Are Trade Unions Necessary?** in **Encounter** (London, Sept. 1956). **Economic Intelligence** reports the article for us (February, 1957, p. 2), quotes Wiles as saying: a trade union is an exceedingly blunt, awkward and even antisocial instrument for bringing about equality or justice.

With all the social legislation on the books, with full employment and the increasing attention paid by employers to human relations and two-way in-plant communications, the case for unions is weak indeed, argues the author.

Wiles says that all people should gain from the improvements in technology: "Thus since the Middle Ages, there has been great technical progress in the production of wheat, a little in the building of houses, and none in the saving of souls. Yet the relative incomes of farmers, bricklayers and priests have not, after making all qualifications, greatly changed; nor should they have."

He goes on to point out that had the economy been unionized all this time, the farmers would have collared all the benefits from lower cost of producing wheat and

bread and the priest would still be on a Medieval standard of living.

Looking at the current outcropping of news about the current religious revival, **Percy L. Greaves, Jr.**, wonders how real this return to God is. The outward signs are all present, he says, but asks: are our actions more motivated by Christian ideas? Is the Bible an increasingly greater guide?

Let's look at **The Budget & the Bible**, he says (**Christian Economics**, March 5, 1957).

The philosophy of the budget, which is the popular philosophy of our era, is in direct contradiction to God's Commandments, charges the author. It starts by defying the Tenth Commandment and works its way upward. Followed to its logical conclusion, it ends by denying the 1st Commandment.

People today are spending their entire incomes on luxury payments for cars, cigarettes, liquor, dish washers, TV, etc. Then when their incomes are so pledged, they ask the government to supply them with more food, roads, houses, schools, hospitals.

"If this is an age of religious revival, it is certainly not an age of Christian resurgence," says Greaves; "The Devil may pick up the check temporarily," he warns, "but he will, before long, demand full payment unto the third and fourth generations. Of that we can be sure."

There are three basic objections that Bible-believing Christians have to Dr. Billy Graham, says the **Christian Beacon**, discussing **The Graham Debate** (Thursday, February 28, 1957).

They are: 1) In specific violation of the commands of God, he puts unbelievers, modernist and ungodly men who profess to be 'ministers of light' on his sponsoring committee; 2) He directs his converts, all of them, to churches of their choice, including modernist, fundamentalist, Roman Catholic, and even Jewish synagogues; 3) His own message, in its content, ignores and temporizes with the major sin of the hour in the house of God—the sin of apostasy, the sin of . . . modernism.

The Beacon, picking up an editorial in **Christianity Today** in defense of Billy Gra-

ham, lays waste all defenses of the evangelist and presents the fundamentalist view. **The Beacon** puts in some barbed jest by pointing out that Christ came to Jerusalem as an independent. "Did Jesus Christ come to Jerusalem under the sponsorship of the Protestant Council of Jerusalem?" it asks wryly. "Those who are questioning Dr. Graham's approach have been hoping and praying that he would follow the example of Jesus Christ and go to New York on his own."

The article goes on to charge Graham with trying to straddle the fence—practicing ecclesiastical and spiritual coexistence. He wants two worlds which are diametrically opposed and which cannot possibly peacefully coexist, says the **Christian Beacon**, "one under Christ and the other under Satan."

"With boys' and men's voices swelling in the traditional chant 'Tu es Petrus,' (Thou art Peter), a luminously pale old man will be borne into the church on his golden sedia gestatoria, carried aloft by twelve throne bearers . . ."

This colorful pageant marked the 18th anniversary of the coronation of Pope Pius XII. It was the second papal anniversary of the month (the Pope's birthday was March 2) and spurred a **Newsweek** report on Pope Pius and his accomplishments in 18 difficult years, outlining **The Pope and Papacy Now** (March 11, 1957).

The report notes the paradox today, with the Pope's geographical kingdom reduced to its historical minimum, that the office should have achieved such world importance. Writes **Newsweek** "while the Popes lost temporal power, their invisible power increased and the church grew mightily."

But apparently the Holy Father has no desire to reclaim his predecessor's territorial responsibilities. His own view he stated in 1946: "A concept of the church as an earthly empire and world domination is fundamentally false."

The report goes on to point out a few things today's Pope has over predecessors: He is the first Pope to use a typewriter or telephone, ride in a plane, shave with an electric razor, the first to play a part in a movie, to be televised.

WHAT A HOLIDAY THAT WAS!



It was the year Johnny went to vacation school. One day just before the 4th of July, he brought me one of those wierd, wonderful pictures that children draw.

"What do you think of it, Mom?"

It appeared to be a tired oyster eating burnt scrambled eggs. I said: "Very nice."

"But it doesn't quite look like an *exploding* firecracker," he said. "Maybe it would be better to draw one that hasn't been lit yet."

Without missing a beat in the frosting, I was mixing, I asked, "Why do you want to draw a firecracker?"

"Miss Mitchell said for us to draw pictures about the 4th of July to decorate the school."

"Does the 4th of July mean firecrackers, Johnny?"

"Well mostly. 'Course there's chocolate cake and the ball game and no school. But

mostly firecrackers."

Penny, a year older than Johnny, had run into the room a minute before. With lofty patience she said, "Oh Johnny, those things are because it's a holiday. Don't you know *why* we have a holiday on the 4th?"

Ah—one of my children had acquired, after all, an understanding of the event behind the holiday, perhaps even of the meaning behind the event. I looked up expectantly only to hear Penny say, "George Washington was born on the 4th of July."

I set the frosting aside to cool, and began to tell Johnny and Penny what I could remember about a strange tea party, a steeple-lighting ride through the night, brave men standing on a village square in Concord, a shout "Give me liberty or give me death!"

I was icing the cake now. The other children had come in and appeared to be almost as interested in my story as the bowl that

would soon be ready for licking. Feeling like the producer of a TV spectacular, I flash-backed to scenes of rock-bound coasts, on the frozen land of a New England winter, in tiny meeting houses in a savage, untamed wilderness.

Tom got home from work before I finished my tale. Soon he was talking about the things that went on in the minds and hearts of the people I'd been telling about. Before long, Tom and I were dusting off neglected books and thumbing through the Almanac to the page that begins "When in the course of human events."

We read and talked and thought a lot about independence that year. And Johnny wasn't the only one who drew pictures "about the 4th of July." The other children had to express what they'd discovered about this exciting day too.

Their pictures—well, you can see they couldn't draw a picture of freedom any more than you and I could. But they got the idea that the 4th of July isn't only fire-crackers and chocolate cake and ball games.

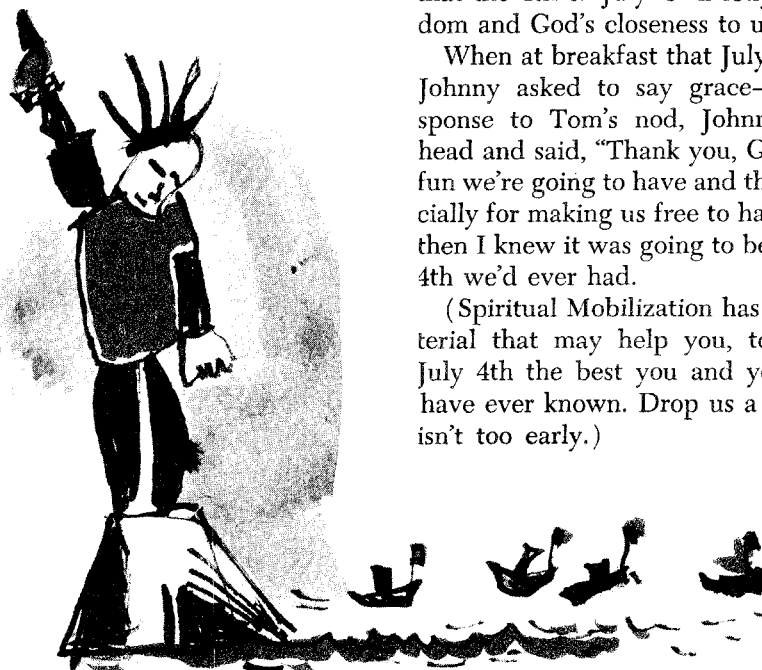


They saw it's about something they've only begun to understand, something none of us understand half well enough. For they saw that the 4th of July is "mostly" about freedom and God's closeness to us.

When at breakfast that July 4th morning, Johnny asked to say grace—when, in response to Tom's nod, Johnny bowed his head and said, "Thank you, God, for all the fun we're going to have and thank you especially for making us free to have fun"—right then I knew it was going to be the best July 4th we'd ever had.

(Spiritual Mobilization has prepared material that may help you, too, make this July 4th the best you and your neighbors have ever known. Drop us a request. April isn't too early.)

≠ ≠



THE DOWNFALL OF PRETONIUS SMITH

Tamas Meander MacBroon

Once . . . once upon a day
Petronius Arbiter Smith
Came to win the illustrious title—
Dean of the Social Sciences.

He then came to a violent end
At the peak of this earthly achievement—
I shall now relate this sad story . . .
I begin at the beginning . . .

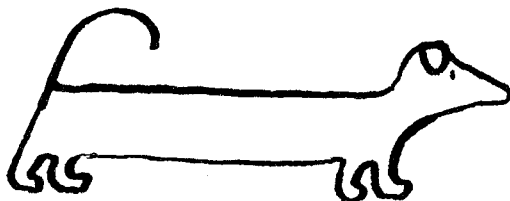
The youngest of thirteen Smiths—
Pete was far the more precocious;
He babbled Latin at three—
Went on to confound his mentors
By expounding nuclear fission—
This while skipping thru grade school!

In High School he straightened out Einstein
Once when he lost count of light years
And then—as a Junior at college
He had mastered all human knowledge—
Scaled the Everest of Ideas—
Then sought new worlds to conquer . . .
So descending from these heights
Down into the sullen depths
He regarded the heaps and huddles
Known as the Homo Sapiens
To grant them curious study.

I must say that he was, idealist . . .
He had found small time in youth
To dabble in things economic
Or to soil his hands with soil . . .
Earth . . .? — the earth was beneath him
(For all that his feet touched it not)



**Science—social science, that is—wins its ob-
jective; but with what catastrophic results!**



And withal he was always, always
And forever looking up . . .
Some call it 'Forward looking'
What a splendid, splendid posture! —
Except—that in that posture
He observed but the under-side
That vasty, dismal down-side
Of that called Society—
That un-blest by registration.

Good, great-hearted Petronius—
He cared not for worldly pleasures
And being of simple requirement
He early retired from the world
Into a vine-covered cottage
Set on bucolic landscape
Surrounded by fragrant rose trees
Circumscribed by a dachshund—
There he continued his research
Supported by copious writings.

Strangely enough, reputation
Suffered not by isolation—
It had rather become turgescient—
His name in all cultural circles
Was breathed with a reverent exhalation—
His whiskers somewhat the symbol
Of love and faith . . . and high-purpose.

This now brings us to the story
Of the good man's destruction—
Sad . . . sad, sad . . . Oh Sad!

It began upon the day
When arrived an urgent summons
From an International Body—
(More or less self-constituted
And self-perpetuating;
Much like all boards-of-trustees—
Old to elder to ancient . . .)

The message read “Confidential!—
Greetings, Gurreeee-tings! Guh-reeetings!
At last Sir, we have a commission
Seeming worthy of your attention;—

**If you missed it,
please read the
important story
on page 14.**

It represents by all odds,
The world's most Puh-ressing Puh-roblem—
For without its early solving
The world shall . . . shall, shall, shall . . .

Now—the answer to this summons
Was characteristically cryptic—
“Dispatch the memoranda—
Accept. Regards. Arbiter.”

It was sooner, much, much sooner
Than was anticipated
That the Chairman of the commission
Received the notification—
“Sirs: Mission is accomplished.
Yours Very Truly, Smith.”

And such his reputation—
All were sure it had been . . .
The commentators drooled
As the story hit the headlines . . .
The congress and the senate
Ceased the investigations
Of their investigators . . .
With the U. N., took adjournment . . .
All . . . ALL officialdom



So we must, we must, we MUST . . .
Et cetera, et cetera, and so forth . . .
“Money is no object
UNESCO is behind us
So the bureau of pulp-wood and printing
At Washington, D.C.
Will dash off what is needed—
Please Sir—R. S. V. P.”
(signed) S. F. E. H. S.
(S’ciety for Elimination of Human Suffering)

Formed up in delegations
Swarmed out across the country,
Swamped the rails and airways
Glutted all the Freeways
To converge upon his cottage.

But Petronius has retired—
Sought his sleeping cot
Exhausted beyond measure
By days and nights of research . . .



Thus he is calmly sleeping
The slumbers he has earned
As the crowds all come a-rumbling.

He thinks now he is dreaming . . .
Swarms of bees are buzzing . . .
Swarms of jets are zooming . . .
Brass of horn is blatting
Drum and squalling bag-pipe
Add it up to bedlam!

"Methinks I am not dreaming!"
Exclaims the good man waking—
He takes the tousled housing
Of his thinking apparatus
And thrusts it towards the window.
"What Gives? . . . Comment? . . . Qui es . . .?
Ach Himmel, was ist los?"
He cries in all twelve lingo
In which he is so fluent . . .

Then the joyful crowds have at him.
He is dragged thru vine and rosebush
Forthwith hugged and hoisted
Transported to the city—
Humanity streaming after
Cheering, cheering, cheering!

And so they wined and dined him—
Praised and complimented
Screamed congratulations
Mid deluge of confetti
Made out of brand new phone books!
They thrust upon him honors,

All manner of degrees
Doctorates and what-nots
Lavish decorations,
Emoluments, citations—
Medals by the dozen;
Statuettes and punch-bowls,
Certificates on parchment
Swords with gilded handles . . .

They could hardly let him go—
They flew him here and thither
Creating stir and dither
All around the country—
The nations all competing
To give him full assurance
That—"these poor gifts we offer
Are so inadequate . . .!"

But—at last when all the great ones
Were tired to full exhaustion,
The poor man then was carried
Once more to his mattress—
Fatigued beyond the telling . . .
Tucked in by reverent hands
And soothed by blood transfusions
From many willing donors.

Next event—it came to pass
Some snoopy young reporter
Took thought to analyze
That which Smith had concocted—
A new amazing platform
Where men may take a stance
With long linguistic lever

Thus move the stubborn world
Into less swirling eddies . . .

He gaped in sheer apallment!
He ran to call his paper—
“Hold everything!” he shouted.
“Atomic bombs are nothing
Compared to this explosive . . .”
He mentioned implications.

The world of erudition
Then saw the implications . . .
And truth could not be hidden—
All leaped again to action!

Alas for poor Petronius!
Again the bees a-buzzing
Again the clash and clamor
Converging on his cottage.

Again he thrust his head out
And again they rudely seized him—
This time they cruelly beat him
And after they had skinned him
Alive before dismembering,

Some skilled investigators
From the police headquarters
Ransacked the premises
To make most absolute certain
That not one shred of paper
To give a hint or inkling
Of the nature of his findings
Remained to plague the species.

At last, they burned his house down.



I was mystified . . . ?
I had been far off hunting
Away up in the wilds
Beyond communication
And thus had seen no papers—
But was caught up in the mobs
Down by the railroad station
Thus much against my will
Came to witness the holocaust
Hereinbefore described . . .

I had withdrawn myself
From out the milling melee
To find myself consoling
A lonely orphan Dachshund
Found myself standing next to
A grave and ancient fellow
Of philosophic mien . . .

“Old Timer,” I addressed him—
“Explain what we have witnessed—
This mob-scene of destruction—
Who . . . who was this fellow
Whom we have seen thus butchered?”

The old one heaved a sigh . . .
“Smith . . . that fellow Smith,
The wordy world upsetter.”

“In what way?” I asked him.

“Why man!—He did the research—
Then wrote the formula
For banishing from earth
All suffering and want.”

“You can’t mean all, not all!”
I said to him protesting.

“All!” replied the ancient.

“Not drouth and flies and cut-worms!”

“Everything!” He assured me.

“Not arthritis and bursitis,
Whooping-cough and cancer . . . ?”

“Perhaps you did not hear me . . .”
He did not lose his patience—

"Polio and pollution—
E'en poverty and war . . .
All human difficulty."

I stood there flabbergasted—
All but dropped the hund-dog
"For such work they would kill him . . .?"

Again he heaved that sigh
Of wisdom's comprehension—
"See ye not that he had robbed them
Of all prerogative . . .?"

"I do not see . . ." I told him.

"Look then—and mark me well—
I'll name ye an example—
Take simple ecstasy,
The joy most overwhelming—
That surcease after pain—
No pain, no ecstasy . . .
He took away their pain!"

"Oh . . . Oh . . ." I thought to answer.
"Take people, by and largely—
Just see with what great pleasure
They clasp to father, mother,
To nurture and grow out
Their own, or their adopted
Families of troubles
To exhibit them like jewels."

"That I have seen," I cried,
Beginning to comprehend.
"Others," he went on,
"Find their delight in causing
Relatives and neighbors
To squirm in dire discomfort
Of mind when not in fleshdom . . .
See what he did to them . . ."

"That has happened to me, Sir!"
I found myself confessing.

"And how many flay their own
Minds and hearts and spirits—
Self-deny all pleasures,

Thinking to please their creator—
These too, were caught in the cure

To be robbed of their dearest daftness."

"You mean then," I inquired,
"The Creator knew what he was up to
When he made things as they are . . .?"

"Shhhhhhhhh!" The old man shooshed me;
"Would ye have them skin ye too?
Speak not so in public . . .
Rather think on Smith's greatest offense
Against the Human Nature—
In banishing mal-adjustment
He would leave all men bereft—
(And more to the point, the women)
Of subjects for conversations—
Gossip, writings and sermons,
Their reasons for publishing papers—
Even the themes of their music . . .
Why, armies and churches and clinics
Would be forced to go out of business
Did people cease to suffer . . .
See what endless havoc . . .?"

"Ah, it explains many things
Thanks for the kindly counsel—
But who were these, the foremost
Who led the mob to slay him . . .?"

Once again that heavy sigh . . .
"Ah those . . . those the zealous zealots
Among the vast, vast armies
Of those who do good for pay
In the coin of the realm—or fame . . .
All threatened with loss of employment."



CURRENT READING



The Organization Man. By William H. Whyte, Jr. \$5.00. 429 pp. Simon & Schuster.

Do you participate in, share your life with, belong to the organization you work for? These goals, worthy as they may be, have become the new tyranny, the new threat to the individual, says William H. Whyte, Jr.

Belongingness, togetherness, participationism, the new shibboleths, are producing a generation of bureaucrats. These ideals are asking man to sacrifice his uniqueness, his individuality, for the benefit of the social group. The goal is to produce the organization man, the outgoing man, the well-rounded man.

Here's the new management type, which seventy percent of the corporation personnel men interviewed told Whyte, they hoped to develop:

"Men of strong personal convictions, willing to make unorthodox decisions, are more frequently given to the characteristics of drive rather than leadership. . . .

"We used to look primarily for brilliance," said one corporation president. "Now we want a well-rounded person who can handle well-rounded people."

Whyte has stolen a march over most men who believe in capitalism; where they show that the threat to individual freedom comes from government, Whyte probes deeper, shows that seniors educated in college to become bureaucrats are taking over the corporations. As they do, the corporations become more and more like government.

But the threat the corporations pose is not based on coercion. It is, on the contrary, based on the corporation's benevolence.

In making group harmony the goad, in defying the group, and consequently the corporation, the new social ethic eradicates the individual with a surfeit of benevolence: security, a comfortable guaranteed life, a womb to crawl into, a life that makes no demands on his mind, which doesn't ask him to be brilliant—gets rid of the creative genius quicker than concentration camps.

When I finished reading about the evils which Whyte so brilliantly lays open I felt sick

at my stomach, the way I felt when I finished Dave Reismann's *The Lonely Crowd*. It's like reading a book on deadly diseases far into the night; you're bound to look a little pale the next day. Whyte has the stomach required of medical students. He even seems to enjoy his work. You wonder what he would do if he ever found a positive philosophy which would move him to write a book spelling out his own cure for the disease which he admirably diagnoses.

To some extent he does suggest cures: The individual should fight the organization. More corporations should follow the lead of Bell Labs and General Electric who encourage individualists and geniuses, at least in their research jobs. He suggests that a corporation could make more money by developing new products, and that the best way to do this is to concentrate on producing creative individualists.

To sum up Whyte's ideas: Put teamplay and group harmony first and you discourage creative individualists. Put creative individualists first, and you can still have teamplay and group harmony, but without sacrificing individualists to these goals, and without defying these goals. Teamplay and group harmony are useful to the extent that they help turn out creative individualists. To the extent that they discourage the individualist, they are destructive and should be abandoned.

As corporations come to put organizationism ahead of individualism, they become static. Says Whyte: "Organization of itself has no dynamic. The dynamic is in the individual and thus he must not only question how the Organization interprets *his* interests, he must question how it interprets *its own*. The bold new plan he feels is necessary. He cannot trust that The Organization will recognize this. Most probably it will not. It is the nature of a new idea to confound current consensus—even the mildly new idea. It might be patently in order, but unfortunately, the group has a vested interest in its miseries as well as its pleasures, and irrational as this may be, many a member of the organization life can recall instances where the group clung to known disadvantages rather than risk the anarchies of change."

The alternative? General Electric's research department and Bell Labs, the two laboratories

SPIRITUAL MOBILIZATION ACTIVITIES: *Daily and Weekly*—the column, *Pause for Reflection*, carried nationally by nearly 400 newspapers; *Monthly*—the magazine, *Faith and Freedom*, with more than 32,200 circulation; *Annually*—the national *Freedom Under God* observance of Independence Day; *Year Around*—speaking engagements and business-education-clergy conferences nationwide.

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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.

most famous for their encouragement of individualism—the most tolerant of individual differences, the most patient with off-tangent ideas, the least given to the immediate, closely supervised team project.

"By all accounts," says Whyte, "the scientists in them get along quite well, but they do not make a business of [getting along], neither do the people who run the labs. They care not a whit if scientists' eyes fail to grow moist at company anthems; it is enough that the scientists do superbly well what they want to do, for though the consequence of profit for The Organization is secondary to the scientist, eventually there are these consequences, and as long as the interests of the group and the individual touch at this vital point, such questions as belongingness are irrelevant."

Whyte seems to agree with Gerald Heard here, that profits are a natural by-product of creativity. And the way to profits, even for the greediest, most short-sighted company, would be to develop creativity—and that means developing the individual, and putting the individual ahead of the group.

Never sacrifice him to anything, for any purpose; for no matter how great the needs of the group, the group's greatest need is to advance; it advances only through the pulling, tugging, sometimes shocking innovations, made by the free, dynamic creative individualist. He does not work to serve The Organization (and The Organization should recognize this). The creative individual works to save his own soul, and incidentally, the souls of all mankind.

THADDEUS ASHBY

POSTMASTER: Form 3547 requested.

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