



THE JACOB RADER MARCUS CENTER OF THE
AMERICAN JEWISH ARCHIVES

MS-763: Rabbi Herbert A. Friedman Collection, 1930-2004.

Series E: Sermons, Speeches, and Writings, 1933-1959.

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Sunday morning sermons. 1942-1945.

For more information on this collection, please see the finding aid on the
American Jewish Archives website.

SUNDAY MORNING SERMONS - 1943-44

- September 26 - "HOW WE ARE TO ACT AS JEWS"
- October 3 - "FAST OF GEDALIAH"
- 10 - "WAS COLUMBUS A JEW"
- 17 - "MEANING OF SUCCOTH"
- 24 - "AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER"
- 31 - "BALFOUR DECLARATION DAY"
- November 7 - "SERIES ON ISRAEL AND DEMOCRACY: I" -
"THE CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED"
- 14 - "SERIES: - II - "ALL MEN ARE EQUAL"
- 21 - SERIES: III - "LOVE THE STRANGER"
- 28 -
- December 5 -
- 12 - SERIES IV - "ALL MEN HAVE RIGHTS"
- 19 -
- 26 - "MODIN AND MUNICH"
- January 2 - "WHAT DOES NEW YEARS MEAN TO ME"?
- 9 - "CLOSING IN ON PALESTINE TODAY"
- 16 - "MOSES"
- 23 - "THE TEXAS BRAND OF REFORM"
- 30 - "GUEST SPEAKER" - Chaplain ?
- February 6 - "THE SONG OF THE SEA"
- 13 - "LINCOLN AND THE SYNAGOGUE"
- 20 -
- 27 -
- March 6 -
- 12 -
- 19 - GUEST SPEAKER - (Rabbi Laderman)
- 26 - "JEWISH PIONEERS AND PATRIOTS"
- April 2 - GUEST SPEAKER - (Chaplain Charney)

SUNDAY MORNING SERMONS * 1943-44

- April 9 - "FREEDOM" - Passover Services
16 - GUEST SPEAKER - (Rabbi Kauvar)
23 - "ARE YOU FINISHED IF YOU HAVE FAILED?"
30 - ~~EXHIBIT~~ DRAMATIC POEM OF MRS. OVERSTREET
May 7 - "AN INTERNATIONAL M.P."
14 - "MOTHERS' DAY SERVICE - PI TAU PI
21 - "AMOS ON TIME SQUARE"
28 - CONFIRMATION



Nov. 7 - Sunday Soldiers ✓✓

First in Series

"Israel & Democracy"

based on book by Zuckerman



AEZ + DEMOCRACY

I

Consent of Governed

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES

Sunday, Soldiers, Nov. 7, 1943



Two fishermen - Nazi + Swiss!

Why is it called The
German across the water,

That you have so much
better luck? Are we
not using the same bait?

"Well," said the Swiss,
"on this side the fish
aren't afraid to open their
mouths."

Essence of democracy is
opening the mouth. This
is consent of governed.

CONSENT OF GOVERNED

story of Bezalel - ^{is he acceptable to those}
^{Talmud} "people"

We must never appoint a leader over a community without first consulting the members of the community.

John Adams - "Every act of govt, every exercise of sovereignty against or without the consent of the people is injustice, usurpation + tyranny."

Lincoln

"No man is good enough to govern another man without the other's consent."

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES

Moses + selection of
Judges as assistants
to Govern.

Ex. 18: 13-27

One would think that (4)
Moses did the choosing,
but in Deut. we reach
his speech to people: 10+9-18

"Choose ye wise men,
men of understanding, men
full of knowledge, and I
will make them heads
over you."

Balzac called Moses

The greatest democrat in
history.

Benjamin Cleveland said

"The Jews [have] the history
of the ancient Jewish
commonwealth astonishingly
like our own republic in
its democratic and underlying
institutions."

ALL MEN ARE

EQUAL

Israel & Democracy Series

Lecture II ★

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES

Soldiers Service, Sunday, Nov. 14, 43



Story of Book of Jonah. (1)

- 1.) J. commanded to preach to Nineveh
- 2.) Refuses & flees in ship
- 3.) Storm - Thrown over - swallowed by whale
- 4.) Commanded second time & obeys
- 5.) People of Nineveh listen to him & repent.
- 6.) J. displeased that God doesn't keep word & destroy them.
- 7.) Parable of gourd, supplying shade.
- 8.) Moral that all people deserve pity.

Jonah teaches equality of all human beings. God shows compassion to Gentiles, not only Jews.

(2.)
"Heaven and Earth I call
to be witnesses - That be it
Jew or non-Jew, man or
woman, man-servant or maid-
servant, according to the deeds
of every human being does the
spirit of God rest upon him."

JEWISH GOD UNIVERSAL
GOD - LOVING ALL PEOPLES
AND TREATING THEM ALL AS
EQUALS.

Prophet Amos (9:7)
says The Egyptians + Philistines and
Syrians are as close to God as The Jews.

(3.)
This is first idea
of equality of peoples in
the world. Therefore every
God had been local - and
all others were considered
inferior.

Listen to words of
America today:

Declaration of Independence -
"we hold these truths to be
self-evident; That all men
are created equal."

Self-evident once Amos
stated it.

(4)
"Lincoln said that U.S.
was "dedicated to the proposition
that all men are created
equal."

This is not yet an
accomplished fact.

BOSTON - DETROIT -

but we work toward it.
Tell story of Alton Levy.

FBR expressed the philosophy
of this war: (Jan. 6, 1942)

"We are fighting as our fathers
have fought to uphold the doctrine
that all men are equal in the
right of God."

(5)
Actually, democracy as we
know it today, was not
known in Puritan times.

John Winthrop, first governor
of Mass. — Among nations,
democracy has always been considered
the meanest and worst of all
forms of govt. To allow it in
Mass. would be a clear violation
of the fifth commandment.

John Cotton, Puritan minister:
"I do not believe that

"We have had our eye⁽⁴⁾
principally upon the laws of
Moses in our framing of this
small body of laws."

YET - They did not
hearken to this commandment
of loving the stranger - for
they, the once-oppressed in
England, became themselves the
oppressors in New England.

Yet Puritans were (3.
Bible-lovers. James T. Adams
said:

"In spirit These Puritans
may almost be considered
Jews and not Christians. Their
God was the God of the OT,
Their laws were the laws of
the OT, and Their guides to
conduct were the OT."

Plymouth framed Pilgrim Code
in 1636. This was based on
Torah: —

(2.)

also driving out Quakers.

1656 - Mary Fisher + Anne

Austin. Imprisoned, confined in

darkness 5 weeks; eight other

Quakers similarly treated.

Fines on ship captains bringing

Quakers - imprisonment + flogging

if they landed. 1658 - law

calling for death penalty for

Quakers -	40	banished
	64	imprisoned
	40	flogged
	1	branded
	3	ears cut off
	4	killed

(1)

Torch enjoins love of stranger
36 times —

Why so often?

Because oppressed frequently
turn into oppressors when
they obtain liberty.

Has this happened in
U.S. history? YES.

Puritans — driving out
Roger Williams.

Israel and Democracy
Series III

Nov. 21, 1943 — Sunday

AMERICAN JEW
ARCHIVES

Soldiers
Service

LOVE THE STRANGER

(including article by E. C. Meyer

(When The Aliens Left")
also - "Education + Human Relations" by Linchby
pp. 3, 4, 5
in some file under Religion-Democracy

God considers democracy
as a fit govt for either
church or state."

BUT, America changed
som after - and in 100 was
beginning to be friendly to the
stranger.

Still. The mass immigration
only began to take place after
middle of last century. about
100 years ago.

(7.

America was greatest haven
of refuge in the world.

40 millions came in —
Then doors charged shut
in 1924.

AMERICAN JEWISH
A R C INSERT

(Ed. and
Human
Relations)

Today, people are striving
up ~~trouble~~ gain — calling for
America for Americans only."

No such thing as "American."
Everyone is an American — something.
We are all aliens.

Close by reading
"When The Aliens Left"

~~That is why~~
America needs its
strangers, and her love
for them results in their
loyalty to her.

That is why The
injunction to love the stranger
is repeated 36 times in Torah.

Think what
strangers have
brought to America
in food, for instance:

Spanish rice

French pastry

Italian spaghetti

Jewish stew

Chinese chop suey

German frankfurter

to say nothing of
Jewish gefilte fish

Education
and HUMAN
RELATIONS



Everett R. Clinchy, PRESIDENT, THE
NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIANS
AND JEWS, 300 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

PERSONAL GROWTH LEAFLET

Number

149

PERSONAL GROWTH LEAFLETS

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The National Education Association
Washington, D. C.

Who Are We of the United States?

THE AMERICAN DREAM is that the many national, racial, and religious subgroups will blend to produce like symphonic music the most civilized cultural ensemble in the history of human relations.

We of the United States are:

One-third of a million, Indian
One-third of a million, Oriental, Filipino,
and Mexican
60 million, Anglo-Saxon; 10 million, Irish
15 million, Teutonic; 9 million, Slavic
5 million, Italian; 4 million, Scandinavian
2 million, French; 13 million, Negro
1 million each, Finn, Lithuanian, Greek

In addition, we are:

2 million, Anglican Episcopalian
40 million, Evangelical Protestant
1 million, Eastern Orthodox
4½ million, Jew
Two-thirds of a million, Mormon
One-tenth of a million, Quaker
22 million, Roman Catholic
One-half million, Christian Scientist

Cultural Diversity of America

CULTURAL DIVERSITY has characterized America ever since its discovery. In the last 100 years this land has witnessed the most glorious pageant of immigration in all history. America has welcomed the sons and daughters of every fragment of age-old civilization. Together we are destined to create a new kind of republic—a democracy of cultures as well as a free society of individuals. At our disposal are the values and ideas, the arts and knowledges, the laws and technics of the people of every civilized tradition.

Dorothy Thompson lists as elements in the New World composition: The deathless attachment to freedom which is the glory of the British; the classic humanism which is the dignity of the French; the penetrating imagination of the Slavs; the robust poetry of the Irish; the diligent, meticulous orderliness of the German; the furious love of justice

Elements in New World Composition

which is the mission of the Jew. Let America speak: To the English among us, "Temper your pride"; to the French, "Widen your sympathies"; to the German, "Relax your stubbornness"; to the Slavs, "Realize your dreams"; to the Irish, "Forget past wrongs"; to the Jew, "Abandon your fears, which are so easily transformed into arrogance"; to the Negro, "Give us your innocent faith in life and God." To each of us: "Take pride in the sources of your Old World traditions, but identify yourself with America. Keep alive the beautiful, true, and good in your ancient culture, that you may contribute it to the common wealth of America, *as an American.*"

The American schools have yet to rear a generation *equipped to live* in a New World country composed of citizens from 47 Old World nations; of all racial strains and religious traditions!

American Culture Problems

TROUBLE has arisen time after time in American history when one culture has tried to live as tho others did not exist.

Case 1: In Massachusetts in the 17th century 64 Quakers were imprisoned by Puritans; 40 banished; 40, publicly whipped; 1, branded with a hot iron; 3 had their ears cut off; 4, put to death.

Case 2: "Hate immigrants" was the cry that frightened native-born people in the 1830's. Frenzied mobs set fire to newly arrived immigrants' buildings. Hate spread like an uncontrolled forest fire. That was the "Nativist Movement." Business, farmer, industries suffered.

Case 3: The "Know-Nothing Movement" of the 1850's, directed against the Catholics, polarized thousands of Americans in every region into a magnetic field charged with hate explosive in the destruction of civil rights, property, and even lives of a "different" culture.

Democracy Among Plural Cultures?

Case 4: Consider the long ordeal Negroes still endure in their efforts to be treated in accord with the Constitution of the United States—"All men are created equal." Recall, too, the trail of social ostracism and terrorizing persecution of Mormons in their trek from upstate New York to Utah.

Case 5: The KKK organized hate in 45 states in the 1920's, fooled 2½ million otherwise good citizens. Said one advertisement: "How to tell a Klansman? He is a white man. He is a Protestant. He is a Gentile. He is a native born. He is a loyal American. He believes in Klannishness among his kind." How did Klansmen get that way? What was lacking in their education in home, school, and church which left them gullible, permitted them to deny civil liberties, left them willing tools of propagandists to persecute culture groups of Americans?

Children of Immigrant Parents

Case 6: There are today 30 million Americans who are the children born in the U. S. of immigrant parents. They bump against racial prejudices, are called Hunkies, Dagoes, Wops, Sheenies, Kikes. Unlike their parents, they have no powerful feeling of association with the Old World. They may learn in school about Pilgrims, Lexington, Liberty Bell, but these historic traditions are not echoed in their homes. Their vital American background is Ellis Island, city slums, sweatshops, some, more fortunate, on farms. Ashamed of their parents, they float on popular American currents which they do not understand. Old stock Americans can incorporate the new stock differences in temperament, aptitudes, and backgrounds into a more satisfying Americanism. Meanwhile, the 30 million new citizens can be cultivated and accepted on a parity as Americans.

Factoring Out the Problem

STATESMANSHIP is the art of dealing with a situation while the factors are still manageable. Seven factors indicate possible educational procedures:

The Anthropological Factor—All individuals are bred in a culture group in whose superiority they firmly believe. People of one culture group figuratively tend to build fences between themselves and outsiders. If the primitive tribe lived by the rule of "Live, and annihilate outsiders," is the second rule of "Live, and let live" adequate? Or can educators introduce a third—"Live, and help live"? How can teachers of almost every subject play a part in a child's experience in picturing democracy as that society wherein all individuals of all groups contribute freely and receive freely the peculiar value, quality, and distribution of every other individual and culture in the community?

The Sociological Factor

How CAN the school aid the various groups making up its community: [a] Understand the ends and means, one group of the other? [b] Make each group aware that it has some ends in common with all others? [c] Multiply experiences wherein all groups cooperate for the general welfare? The use of the records of the "Americans All—Immigrants All," broadcasts of the United States Office of Education, helps. Every school and every community has potentialities for a controlled experiment in inter-cultural relations. Selected individuals from as many cultural strains as there are in the society might meet once a fortnight for a round table, a "clearing house," a "Chamber of Commerce of Cultures." Shared study of cultural democracy will tend to remove prejudice and discrimination, and will be an educational experience in itself.

The Historical Factor

THE DEGREE of one's advance in the civilizing process might be measured by his grasp of all that has been thought and said and done in the tradition of every strand in the tapestry of history. The commission appointed by the American Historical Association to investigate the teaching of social studies "deems possible and desirable the steady enlargement of sympathetic understanding . . . among diverse races, religions, and cultural groups which compose the American nation." Can teachers of geography, mathematics, physics, literature, languages, music, and art do this as well as historians? In his essay on *Civilization*, James Harvey Robinson points to the mutual indebtedness one culture owes to every other for arts, sciences, technologies. He shows that the awareness of indebtedness learned thru the history of peoples cements the unity of mankind.

The Educational Factor

AS A SOCIETY is made up of individuals, so a community is made up of subgroups . . . families, the Anglo-Saxon tradition, a Masonic Lodge. An individual normally shares the experience of more than one subgroup. Education as a socializing process is the business of helping subgroups to see their relation to the whole. A subgroup is like a spoke in a wheel; loyalty to a subgroup can be made the strength of a larger loyalty. Education in human relations can cultivate not only the participation of every subgroup in the life of the whole, but also teach each group to respect the rights of all the others. If differences characterize cultures, as differences mark every other aspect of life, then educators would better prepare American children to live satisfactorily in a culturally pluralistic society. Can schools do this, or must teachers colleges act first? *

The Emotional Factor

EDUCATION for better human relations has to do with the emotions as well as the intellect. Here is a college professor whose only experience in Paris was two days of cold and rain, when he was cheated out of \$1.30, and lived in a cheap hotel with terrible food. How he hates Paris! A psychologist taught a child to fear a rabbit and love a snake and then proceeded by the same methods to make him have exactly opposite attitudes. Can the schools condition desirable emotional attitudes for successful living in a democracy characterized by cultural pluralism? Assembly programs, social occasions when students meet admirable persons in other cultures, visits to interesting culture centers, use of manifold opportunities for education in human relations thruout the curriculum are suggested by the Bureau for Intercultural Education, 300 Fourth Avenue, New York.

The Economic Factor

THERE IS a high correlation between depressions and areas of hate. In Valentin's book on Anti-Semitism he tells of the tribe which lived on the fruit of the bunga-bunga tree. When it was plentiful, strangers were invited to share the crop. When fruit was scarce, strangers were excluded. When the crop failed, the tribe ate the stranger. The schools can speed up a general disillusionment with the whole thesis of hate. Hate of class, race, creed, or nationality measurably slows up the solution of every economic problem. Again, schools can equip citizens with the scientific method in attacking economic problems, expecting a plural number of approaches to each. Schools can prepare people to be tolerant of other sincere people with diverse economic views, eager for communication with them, honestly encouraging free inquiry and experimentation in economics.

The Religious Factor

AMERICAN public-school children are religious. No institution in American civilization is more sincerely concerned with the ethics, spiritual values, and character of youth than is the public-school system. School people would do well to encourage and aid the churches. If the vitality of the churches becomes decadent, the politics, economic structure, and schools of a free people are doomed. School leaders can: Inculcate appreciation for the significance of the relatively recent gain in civilization—religious freedom; prepare youth to disagree agreeably in religious matters; point out, without abrogating American practice of separation of church and state, the importance of religious convictions and disciplines; develop with the churches procedures for elective week-day religious instruction in the faith of a student's own choosing.

Sacrifice for the General Welfare

THE FOUR CATCHWORDS of totalitarian dictators are: "Believe! Obey! Sacrifice! Die!" If the citizens of the American republic have no convictions with regard to the values in which they believe, democracy will be supplanted. If Americans will not voluntarily obey the disciplines of morality, immoral forces will discipline us. If the spirit of sacrifice of the individual for the general welfare is lost, the American way of life will disappear. If the citizens of this nation have no ideals they would die to preserve, then surely despotism and darkness will totally overcome the western hemisphere as it threatens to envelop Europe totally. The public schools and the churches must work out together the salvation of the spiritual life of this people. The freedom of these two institutions will endure or fall together.

[Sixth printing 10,000. Total copies 292,000]

Sunday Soldiers'

Dec. 12, 1943

"Israel and Democracy"

No. IV

"Men Have Rights"

I. EVERY MAN ENDOWED BY
CREATOR WITH INALIENABLE RIGHTS

II. OLD JEWISH TRADITION;
EVEN KING HAD TO OBEY LAW
Dent. 17: 16-20
1 K. 21 - NABOTH
MIDRASH: GOD SELF HAD TO OBEY

III. CONTRAST: ABSOLUTISM OF
EGYPT, ROME, FEUDALISM, GERMANY

IV. STRUGGLE FOR RIGHTS OF
MAN IS RECENT:
FRENCH DECLARATION
AMERICAN "

V. H.G. WELLS' DECLARATION

VI. MARITAIN, "RIGHTS OF MAN AND NATURAL LAW"

- 1.) Rights of human person:
 - a.) personal liberty, religious, domestic, property, etc.
 - 2.) Rights of civic person:
 - a.) political
 - 3.) Rights of economic person:
 - a.) work, unions, just wages, joint ownership, relief, pensions, etc.
-

VII. THIS IS GREAT ADVANCE
OVER VAGUE STATEMENT
"LIFE, LIBERTY, ETC."

and

WE SHALL ★ GO FARTHER.

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES
MOSCOW } THESE WILL
CAIRO } GUARANTEE OLD
TEHERAN } RIGHTS AND PROCURE
NEW ONES.

~~Handwritten scribbles~~

Quote from CCAR

Program of
World
Reconstruction
1946

" Basic to any civilization is The belief in The religious principle of man as a child of God. Therefore man's personality is sacred. Thus every man has inalienable rights which come from God and which all other men must recognize. Men of all races, of all needs are included, for in God's sight, all men are equal.

Condensation - Hitler on Ed. - card 15

Ed. is the most corroding and disintegrating poison that democracy has ever invented. There must be only one possible ed. for the great masses, and that is the blessing of illiteracy.

Has. An. 460:18

Said the Besht:

Two men went to see king - rejected at gates.
One left immediately - other stayed in palace
and viewed its beauties.

So with study and learning. Some say there is
no sense to it, since we cannot comprehend God
anyhow. That is wrong. Even though we cannot
see the king, we can study His Torah and obey
His commandments, and at least feel close to
His Presence.

Thes. of Anec. 1082

Noah Webster once caught by his wife in pantry embracing chambermaid. "Mr. Webster" she said, "I'm surprised."

The great authority on words looked at her reprovingly. "No, Mrs. Webster," he replied, "you are amazed. It is we who are surprised."

Gulldman
Center - 3rd floor
Aug. '43

JEWISH EDUCATION

"Train up a child in the way ~~he~~ should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Prov. 22:6

II. Value of Jew. Ed.

~~A. as preservative of Jew. people, in past.~~

I. Value of Ed.

- A. Hitler's attitude toward educ. (card 15)
- B. Jew. attitude toward ed. (Has.An. 460:18)
 - 1. Ed. not for sake of dry facts
(Thes. of Anec. 1082)
 - 2. Ed. for sake of understanding self.

II. Value of Jew. Ed.

- A. Means of self-preservation
 - 1. Teach us self-respect, dignity

III. Necessity of Jew. Ed. Today

- A. Jews subject to attack today
 - 1. We need our internal strength.

Soldiers —

What is God?



Camp Hale
Gouldman Center

Aug., 1943

Difficulty is not in knowing whether
there is a God or not - difficulty
comes in trying to show how God
reveals himself.

Story - "if there is one, I want
to believe in Him." This is typical
of human race - we must have
something higher than ourselves to cling
to.

So what is God - how do we know
he exist.?

1. God reveals self thru
nature - Ps. 19: 2-3
2. God reveals self thru
conscience - "still, small voice"
1 K 19, 9-14 (11-12)
3. God reveals self thru
history - Plan of universe
Is 40: 15, 17, 21-23

Bishop Bromley Oxnam

While I was in India I had the honor to talk with the great poet and religious philosopher, Sir Rabindranat Tagore. I asked him what his idea of God was, and I shall never forget his answer. He said:

"When I was but a small boy, my father took me into the darkness of the jungle, just before the dawn was to break, and he said to me: 'My son the sweet smell of this earth is God. He is of it and in it, and it is his.'"

"Then the first light of the dawn struck through the darkness of the jungle and my father said to me: 'My son, God is the light of our lives and the light of the world.'"

"The birds started their singing
and my father said to me: 'My son,
God is music, the music of pure souls.
May you so live that you strike no note
of dissonance in the harmony and beauty
that is God!"

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES



Needs. In North Africa, U.S. Army Nurse May Steinberg asked a wounded Negro soldier what he needed. Said he: "Ma'm, I needs everything. All I possesses is bullet holes and shining morale."

FAITH



Hope, Faith & charity

Gouldman Center
address Aug.
1943

Hope and Faith are cornerstones -
with them we can face anything
without them we are lost

But can we have the same faith today that
our fathers had?

(Story of old Jew in Sicily) - he had it
How about Jews in Warsaw ghetto?

(Story of young men in cellar) - he had it too.

~~Not only are~~

Yes, we moderns, for all our sophistication and all
our hardness and all our rationalism, are still
human beings and as such are still ~~creatures of~~
~~God's world~~ capable of emotional experience. ~~The~~
We can still be touched by the fundamental
lesson which religion teaches - The fundamental
lesson which goes far deeper than all the
outward forms of religion which many have rebelled
against. This fundamental lesson is the lesson of
~~hope for~~ faith in God and hope for the future.
~~The essential~~ The man who is an optimist, the
man ~~with~~ who can see the bright future when
he is standing in the midst of the dark
present, the man who has a great enough sense
of perspective is the religious man, even though
he may never step foot inside a church or
synagogue. Let us stand together now and
with feet planted firmly and with eyes shining
upward - let us show the wicked of the

Jewish people, The battle-slogan which has
Kept them alive for Thousands of years,
The one word which has become our new
national anthem, The word Hatikvah, The
word Hope.

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES



Soldiers, Sunday, Sept. 10

1. Sixth year of war, Sept. 1, 1939
2. What will world be like
in new year ahead, and
other new years to follow?
3. Only way to tell is to look
at seeds now. "What you
will be tomorrow you are now
becoming."
4. Are we going to make
necessary economic changes to
forestall fascism here? Full
employment, sounder gov't supervision, etc.
If not - more war.
5. Are we going to make necessary
political changes? i.e. ^{genuine} spread
of democracy at home & abroad. If not -
more war

6. Are we going to furnish the
Nazis, so they can start
all over again? ^{Not more war.} Argentine.
7. What can you do? Remain
alert - refute any malicious talk
about unions, Negroes, Jews, etc. - because
they are all part of a pattern. And
specifically, when you organize yourselves
into a legion, make it liberal.

SEPTEMBER 26 -- SUNDAY MORNING - SOLDIERS'

Preach on "How we are to act as Jews."

Starting out a New Year -- new slate -- what is
in store for our people? We all have responsibilities
to community. Each must act dignified and upright,
so as to bring no reproach, etc.

Sept. 26 - Sunday morning - Soldiers'

Preach on "How we are to act as Jews"

Starting out a New Year - new slate - what is in store for our people? We all have responsibility to community. Each must act dignified and upright, so as to bring no reproach, etc.

Passage describes a United People.

This implies everyone working for whole.

"Separate not yourself from the community."

Starting on New Year - new slate -
what is store for our people? We know
not. Everyone's loyalty is required. Every
action is judged not only individually
but communally. Man may think he can
operate any way he chooses - but his
action reflects on group as whole.

Story of man in boat boring hole.

This sense of community responsibility
must be developed along 2 lines -
religious and social.

< Religious - ask - what kind of Jew are you
week-end; year-end; or life-end?

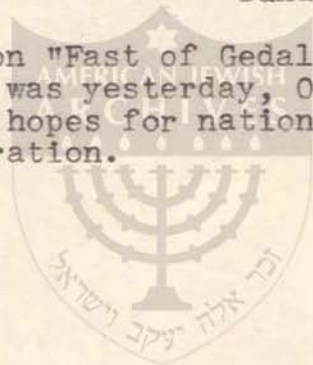
< Social - do you uphold the honor of
the Jewish name?

Let us be what we are - and bring credit
to ourselves and our people.

Passage describes a United People.

✓
October 3, 1943 - Soldiers' Service
Sunday Morning

Preach on "Fast of Gedaliah"
Which was yesterday, October 2. Tell
about hopes for national
restoration.



'43

OCTOBER 3, - Soldier's SERVICES - SUNDAY MORNING

Preach on "Fast of Gedaliah", which ~~was~~ is ^{today} yesterday, October 3rd. Tell about hopes for national restoration.

In ^{Shemaiah's} ancient liturgy is prayer for rebuilding of Palestine. "And to Jerusalem, my city, return in mercy, and dwell therein as Thou hast spoken; rebuild it soon in our days as an everlasting building. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, who rebuildest Jerusalem."

These hopes for restoration have taken the form, in modern times, of the movement known

Memo

as Zionism. This term is misunderstood. It merely means an attempt to give The Jews a place to live safely.

Churchill said: "This community, then, has its population, political, religious & social organization, its own language, its own customs, its own life. It exhibits all the characteristics of a nation.... But in order that this community should have the best prospect of free development and provide a full opportunity for the Jewish people to display its capacities, it is essential that the Jews should be in Palestine as of right and not in sufferance." Zionism tries to obtain guaranteed legal rights.

✓✓
OCTOBER 10, SUNDAY MORNING - Soldiers

Speak on "Jews in America"

Oct. 12 is Columbus Day

Contributions to Armies, to wars, etc. Patriotism
of Jewish men unquestioned.

Columbus Day - Was Columbus a Jew?

★ *Lest We Forget* — BUY WAR BONDS TODAY

October 10, 1943

Sunday Soldier
Service

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES

Columbus Day

October 13, 1944

Friday evening service

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Suspicious Facts

- 1) 5 of 120 on Three vessels have been identified as Jews
luis des Tons, des interpretes; + two doctors
- 2) Bishop of Salamanca (Mariano) gave him moral support.
- 3) Abraham Zacuto, ^(Jew) great astronomer, gave him charts & tables.
- 4) Abraham Senior + Isaac Abrahamsel (Jews) gave financial support.
- 5) Unfriendly critic, Werner Sombart, author "The Jew and Modern Capitalism" says:

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(2)

"It is as Though the
new World came into the
horizon by their aid and
for them alone, as Though
Columbus and the rest were
but managing directors for
Israel."

6.) Does This reference in C's
own journal have
significance?

"After the Spanish monarchs

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(3)
had expelled all the Jews
from their Kingdoms and
lands in January (should be
much), in that same
month they commissioned me
to undertake the voyage to
India with a perfectly equipped
fleet."

2.) First news of success of trip
was written from Canary
Islands on Feb. 15, 1493 - not

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to King and Queen, but to ⁽⁴⁾
Luis de Santangel, manano -
known to be a Jew because
he was granted special exemption
from the Edification by Ferdinand,
whose Chancellor & Controller he was.
Is there any significance that
Columbus writes to his Jewish friend
first?

8.) In C.'s last will (1506) he
orders his son Diego to pay
certain debts. In a list of
persons specially designated, he says:

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"I want to be given from ^{(5.}
my fortune the amounts named
in my list. It must be
given to them in such a way
that they do not notice where-
from it comes ¹²..... TO a Jew
who lived at the entrance of the
ghetto in his town, or to another
who may be named by a priest,
the equivalent of one half mark
in silver."

Who was this Jew? Relative?
Friend?

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Columbus deliberately ①
veiled his birthplace &
his origin - This admitted
by his son Fernando.

He himself wrote:-

"I am not the first
admiral of my family, let
them give me what name
they please, for when all is
done, David, that most prudent
King, was the first shepherd and
afterwards chosen King of Jerusalem,
and I am servant to that

same Lord who raised him ⁽²⁾
to such dignity."

One historian says: "Their
silence, under all the circum-
stances, leads to the belief that
they were intentionally mute,
and that, for some reason, or
other, which we cannot fathom,
they did not wish to convey to
us what they knew on the subject."

His son Fernando said: "Since
God gave him all the personal
qualities for so great an undertaking,
he wanted to have his country and
origin hidden and obscure."

I. Spanish - Jewish origin first ⁽³⁾
suggested by Spanish historian
in 1888.

Discovered in Pontevedra archives
records of a Domingo Colon
Bartolome Colon
Blanca Colon -
corresponding to names of C.C.'s
father, uncle + aunt.

Records also tell of a
family bearing name of C.C.'s mother.
Susanne Fontrosea - and the
Colons and Font. were associated
in business.

So - if Domingo Colon married
Susanne Font. - and they had a son,
he was C.C.

And The secret is out - ⁽⁴⁾
because these two families were
Marranos, and would have
been subject to The Inquisition
if The secret of his real
origin had come out.

These Pontevedra documents
are unquestioned.

II. Further, C.C. never wrote in
Italian, but in Spanish Castilian
near the district of Pontevedra.

III. Santa Maria is place near
mouth of Pont. river.

IV. Cryptic initials found by
David Maurice - "Who was Col.?"
1933

and his explanation accepted ⁽⁵⁾
by many scholars.

Unknown letters deciphered
to mean - Adonai, Adonai.

El Mole Head; Nose

even pasha ketaah.

Also "B'eenah Itashin" in upper
corner.
(This may be ~~finger~~) of 12

II. Latest book is by my

famous Spanish scholar -
Maderiaga.

little to
his son -
one letter
to be shown
to Queen,
did not
have
monogram

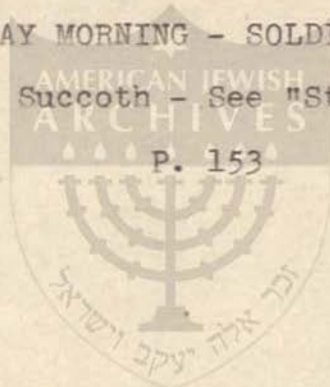
He ~~does not~~ admit Col. was
born in Italy - but says he
was of Jewish family which
fled Spain in massacres of 1391.

[This reconciles both versions.]

OCTOBER 17 - SUNDAY MORNING - SOLDIERS

Preach on Succoth - See "Steering & Drifting"

P. 153



OCTOBER 24 - SUNDAY MORNING - Soldiers

"Am I my Brother's Keeper? Yes, I am."

Based on parsh Bereshit - Story of Cain & Abel
no more isolation.



OCTOBER 31, SUNDAY MORNING - Soldiers

"Balfour Declaration Day" - Nov. 2,
Tuesday. Tell about Balfour, Zionism, etc.



★ Lest We Forget — BUY WAR BONDS TODAY

Soldiers Service -
Sunday, Oct. 24th, 1943

nicknamed

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES

BROTHERHOOD

(story of Cain & Abel)

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Sunday soldiers
Oct. 24

YOUR OWN AND YOUR BROTHER'S KEEPER

A long long time ago two men were standing in a field. There was no one else around - it was as if these two had the whole world to themselves. All was quiet and peaceful - yet in the midst of this peace, the two men were arguing.

One was a farmer and one was a shepherd, and of the two, the shepherd, spending his time with the gentle flocks, was perhaps more even-tempered than the farmer, who sweated to eke out his living from the hard and stony ground. At any rate, whatever the reason for the difference between these men, and whatever the basis for their quarrel, the argument grew louder and finally turned to violence, when the farmer picked up a stone and dashed out the brains of his younger brother.

Yes - the two men were brothers, blood brothers of the same parents, and one had just slain the other. After the blood had been

spilled, the conscience of the murderer began to prick him, so that he tried to quiet the accusing inner voice which kept asking "Where is thy brother?" Had he admitted his guilt, things might have turned out differently - but instead he became indignant, like a child who ~~he~~ knows he has done wrong but tries to cover up, and he shouted: "I know not where he is. Am I my brother's keeper?"

You all know this story. It is the tale of the first murder - the first spilling of blood upon this earth - the story of Cain and Abel.

9a

~~We have just finished reading the story of Cain and Abel.~~ The outstanding fact about this story is not that one brother murdered another brother, but that the murderer did not feel that he was in any way responsible ~~for the welfare of his brother.~~ When God thundered at Cain, "Where is thy brother"? he answered ^{very} boldly and coolly "Am I my brother's keeper?" He was implying that he had nothing to do with the welfare of this other human being and did not wish to be considered any one else's keeper.

The answer of Cain has come ^{down} to us through these ^{many} centuries, and has been repeated a million-fold by those who never feel responsible for the welfare of any one but themselves. ^{The query} ~~This question~~ "Am I my brother's keeper?" has been heard most recently from the lips of those who are termed isolationists. They said the war in Europe is no concern of our's. We do not have to be keepers of our brothers. And

The ^{wheelers, nyes, + lindbergh} these men ^{farther} went even ~~farther~~ and said - All Europeans and Asiatics and Africans are not our brothers. We have nothing to do with them and they have nothing to do with us. We certainly have no reason to go to war for them. (36)

In the last year or two it has become quite apparent that such an attitude is unreal. This has truly been called a global war, and the success or failure of a battle in some tiny Russian village thousands of miles away has a direct effect on our morale here in America. Humanity, all of humanity is united today. It is sad but true that the message of the brother-hood of man which religion has been teaching for ~~these~~ thousnads of years, should first be realized under conditions of most bloody warfare.

Yes, - we are all interdependent. No one can ^{my longer} realistically adopt an isolationist stand. Every one of us must admit and say, "I am my brother's keeper because he is my keeper." I depend upon him for my very livelihood and he likewise depends upon me. The president of Amherst College once drew a very ^{striking} beautiful picture of ^{this} interdependence. He said: "When a man rises in the morning, a sponge for his bath is placed in his hand by a Pacific Islander, a cake of soap by a Frenchman, a rough towel by a Truk. His shirt comes from Irish linen, his suit from an English weaver, his shoes from Brazilian leather. At breakfast his coffee is poured by natives of Java, his rolls are passed By a Kansas farmer, his beefsteak by a Texas ranchman, his orange by a Florida Negro.

What a sense of dependence on our fellow-man. ^{thought} this gives us. In the Friday night service ^{of the Hebrew Prayer-Book} there is a perfectly wonderful prayer which calls our attention to what we owe our ^{fellow-man:} brothers:

"How much we owe to the labors of our brothers!
Day by day they dig in mines deep down in the
earth far away from the sun in order that we may
have fuel to be warm. They enlist in outposts
of danger during war that we may be secure.
They brave the terrors of the unknown for truths
that shed light on our path.

46

Let us then, O Lord, be just and great-hearted
in our dealings with our fellow men, sharing
with them the fruit of our common labor.

We speak many words about brotherhood - but we do not really try
to understand it. At best, we break down our prejudices and are
willing to cooperate ^{with} with others of the same race. We will work with
the English and perhaps the Russians, because these peoples are members
of the white race - but does our brotherhood extend to the Chinese, who
are yellow - or the Negros, who are black? No - they are considered
heathens or inferior in some way. We ^{can} all benefit from the lines in
this little poem; ~~written some by some poet.~~

by some anonymous poet:

3a

Yes, you'd take him for a heathen
If you judged him by his hide
But bless you, he's my brother,
For he's just like me inside.

Why do we have to wait until we see his insides before we are willing to open our arms in brotherhood to another? Why do we have to see his blood spilled over the earth before we recognize it to be the same color as ours? It seems that only in war-time, and sometimes not even then, when men pay the final price together, do they begin to feel for each other - and this sympathy does not seem to carry over into peaceful living. Circulating through the organizations working for world peace in Geneva ^{there} is a story about a Jewish orderly in an Hungarian war hospital during the last conflict. Looking out on the newly made graves, ^{in the cemetery behind the hospital,} the orderly remarked: "Hungarians, Germans, Russians, Serbians, Frenchman, Poles - ^{friends & enemies, but} all brothers now! ^{All brothers now -} But first they must be dead ^{and in their graves!}"

We do not want this to be a world where brotherhood comes only in

the grave, our common destiny. There should be and can be a brotherhood (56)
in life, on this earth, if we make it so. If Cain had answered the
question "Am I my brother's keeper?" with a ringing, shouting "Yes" much
of the world's ills would never have occurred - but he answered "no"
and we have been paying for his aloofness ever since. An opportunity
has now been presented us in history to reverse Cain and to begin to
assume the duties of brotherhood. ^{which he rejected.} A philosopher has said: "Down in
their hearts wise men know that the only way for a man to ^{help} ~~keep~~ himself
is to help others." ~~We are helping others in this war and this world,~~
~~thereby ourselves.~~ (Insert 6, 7, 8)

~~You know, if~~ ^{we} Every man ^{we} to be true to himself ~~if~~ ^{we} every man ^{we} to live according to
~~his best lights~~ ^{we} ~~if~~ every man ^{we} to act as if the world were in his
personal charge, ~~(and)~~ then we would have a kingdom of God on earth
without any one having to be either keeper or kept. ~~Grant that each of~~

(Insert 9/10)

The truth of this has been illustrated time and again in the Southwest Pacific Islands where our troops have been fighting. If our men had only tried to help themselves, to fight a purely selfish battle, they would not have succeeded in winning the loyalty and support of the native populations on the various islands. If the invasion troops had gone ahead in their magnificent efforts, looking out only for themselves and disregarding the welfare of the natives, they might have found themselves with a surly and unfriendly black community on all sides of them.

Due, however, to the wise and far-sighted policy of our officers, American troops make friends, treat the savages as brothers and allies, helping them with food, medical supplies, and ~~other-things~~ so forth, and in this process of helping the others, our men find that they are actually helping themselves in the long run.

You have all heard the stories which have come out of New Guinea, of American aviators who were forced down behind Japanese lines, and instead of being taken prisoner, have been hidden by the natives and fed and then transported at night from village to village by native guides, even carried on litters if they were ill, and finally brought back to American bases. All this because our men have treated them decently and as brothers. The policy has paid dividends in the South Pacific.

Does not this very policy, as a matter of fact, offer us a clue for our minority problems here at home? Is it not the finest kind of Americanism to take up the struggle for some oppressed minority, and in the course of helping the people of that group, incidentally help put the structure of the whole United States on a firmer base? We all know that democracy is unsafe in this or any land so long as any one group is discriminated against - and if

democracy becomes unsafe, then even the people in the majority groups must begin to worry.

Therefore, this policy of brotherhood, of helping others for the sake of helping yourself, would seem to commend itself even from a selfish point of view. Any Christians, looking for security, might find it by speaking out against anti-Semitism; Jews, seeking equality, might find it by pleading the cause of the Negro; the Negro, asking for justice, might achieve it by protesting against legislation directed at the Japanese-American. Each one, assuming ~~for~~ the burden for someone else; each one, urging the elimination of prejudice and discrimination, will all contribute to general strengthening of the democratic structure, and this progress toward true democracy will eventually result in benefits for everyone. You speak up for someone else, and at the same time that you are helping him, you are also helping yourself, because you are putting democracy to work and making this country just that much safer for everyone.

But as wonderful as is this ideal of being your brother's keeper, there is another ideal which is even higher and more beautiful - and that is, to be your own keeper. Just a few days ago, there died the great American humorist and philosopher, and we ~~was~~ were all privileged to read his last letter, wherein he described the type of funeral he wanted. You remember, he had some things to say about the best characteristics of all religions, which was so typically American, and then he wrote a sentence which is directly related to our subject. Mr. Cobb said: "~~I am proud~~ I'm proud that I have never set myself up to be my brother's keeper, having been sufficiently occupied by the job of being my own keeper."

Yes - I think it would be marvelous if we ever reached the point where no one had to be anyone else's keeper, because everyone was grown up enough to be his own. And I don't think it's impossible, because that's all it needs - a little bit of growing up. All the psychologists

tell us repeatedly that our anti-social behavior, our discriminations, our fighting of wars, our frictions and unhappinesses are the results of immaturity.

Just think - isn't it childish to hate a man because his skin happens to be a different color? Isn't it the mark of a child's stubbornness to persecute a fellow-human just because he happens to call his God by another name than you do? Isn't it the very height of childish stupidity to say that all people even those born here belonging to a certain race, are disloyal to America, just because a few of them might be? We don't like to admit it, but every one of these prejudices and false generalizations, shows the childish and emotional and immature side of our personalities - and shows that we aren't really thinking as adults.

Perhaps it is time for the human race to come of age - to break loose from the apron-strings of unthinking emotionalism which have kept us tied to the stage of infantilism - and

to step forth into the world on our own, where we must leave behind the blindness of our youth, and pass on to the clear rational manhood where our conscience and our intelligence will be able to guide us.

Conscience and intelligence, if consulted and obeyed, are sufficient to tell any man how to be his own keeper. Conscience will never condone a lynching, a pogrom, an exclusion bill; conscience will not allow some to starve while others eat too much; conscience will not permit slavery and subjugation to a dictator's will go unchallenged. Intelligence will help us to understand and respect our fellow-humans; intelligence will help us to decide our post-war policy and will point out America's obligation to join in the new internationalism; intelligence will lead to wisdom and wisdom to future peace.

And thus we have it. Although the slogan "I am my brother's keeper" is so necessary and noble and inspiring, it must be supplemented

by ~~another~~ an additional vow, "I am my own
keeper", which is potentially powerful enough
to lift entire humanity to a level of mature
adulthood. Let everyone be his brother's and
his own keeper by keeping himself-~~free~~-----

FREE FROM BIGOTRY

DEDICATED TO DEMOCRACY

BOUND TO BROTHERHOOD

(Repeat)

and then shall we march forward to a world
where "nation shall not lift up sword against
nation, neither shall they learn war anymore";
and where "justice shall roll down as the waters,
and righteousness as a mighty stream."

Amen.

Grace church
March 12, 1944

KLZ

Universalist Church
June 11, 1944

We have just finished reading the story of Cain and Abel. The outstanding fact about this story is not that one brother murdered another brother, but that the murderer did not feel that he was in any way responsible for the welfare of his brother. When God thundered at Cain, "Where is thy brother"?, he answered Boldly and coolly "Am I my brother's keeper?" He was implying that he had nothing to do with the welfare of this other human being, and ~~xxx~~ ^{did} ^{wish} not to be considered any one else's keeper.

The answer of Cain has come to us through these centuries, and has been repeated a million-fold by those who ~~do not~~ ^{never} feel responsible for the welfare of any one but themselves. This question "Am I my brother's keeper?" has been heard most recently from the lips of those who ~~were~~ ^{are} termed isolationists ~~in international politics~~. They said the war in Europe is no concern of our's. We do not have to be keepers of our brothers. And these men went even farther and said -- All Europeans and Asiatics and Africans are not our brothers. We have nothing to do with them and they have nothing to do with us. We certainly have no reason to go to war for them.

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Yes, -- we are all interdependent. No one can realistically adopt an isolationist stand. Every one of us must admit and say, "I am my brother's keeper because he is my keeper." I depend upon him for my very livelihood and he likewise depends upon me. ~~No man in this highly~~ ^{The president of America}

College once drew a very beautiful picture of interdependence. He said: "When a man rises in the morning, a sponge for his bath is placed in his hand by a Pacific Islander, a cake of soap by a Frenchman, a rough towel by a Turk. His shirt comes from Irish linen, his suit from an English weaver, his shoes from Brazilian leather. At breakfast, his coffee is poured by natives of Java, his rolls are passed by a Kansas farmer, his breakfast by a Texas ranchman, his orange by a Florida Negro."

What a sense of dependence on our fellow-men this gives us -- In the Friday night service there is a perfectly wonderful prayer which calls our attention to what we owe our brothers:

"How much we owe to the labors of our brothers! Day by day they dig in mines deep down in the earth far away from the sun in order that we may have fuel to be warm. They enlist in outposts of danger during war that we may be secure. They brave the terrors of the unknown for truths that shed life on our path."

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If you judged him by his hide --
But bless you, he's my brother,
For he's just like me inside.

Why do we have to wait until we see his insides before we are willing to open our arms in brotherhood to another? Why do we have to

~~himself morally clean and upright and decent, as God intended him to~~

see his blood spilled over the earth before we recognize it to be the same color as ours? It seems that only in war-time, ^{and sometimes not even then} when men ^{try} make the ^{highest} supreme price together, do they begin to feel for each ^{other} brother - and ~~sometimes not~~ This sympathy does not seem to carry over into peaceful living. Circulating through the organizations working for world peace in Geneva is a story about a Jewish orderly in a Hungarian war hospital during the last conflict. Looking out on the newly made graves, the orderly remarked: "Hungarians, Germans, Russians, Serbians, Frenchmen, Poles - all brothers! ^{now} But just they must be dead!"

We do not want this to be a world where ~~the only~~ brotherhood ^{comes only} ~~can be~~ in the grave, our common destiny. There should be and can be a brotherhood ^{in life} on the earth, if we make it so. If Cain had answered the question "Am I my brother's keeper?" with a ringing, shouting "yes" much of the world's ills would never have occurred - but he answered "no" and we have been paying for his slothfulness ever since. An opportunity has now been presented us in history to reverse Cain and to begin to assume the duties of brotherhood. A philosopher has said: "Down in their hearts wise men know that the only way for a man to keep himself is to help others." we are helping others in this war + this world, thereby helping ourselves.

Every man to be true to himself -- every man to live according to his best lights -- every man to act as if the world were in his personal charge -- and then we would have a kingdom of God on earth without any one having to be either keeper or kept. God Grant that each of us have strength to be his own keeper and then we will all be our brothers keepers, and Cain's insolent question "Am I my brother's keeper?" will ~~be~~ be answered in the course of history's progress on this earth, ~~amen~~ with a triumphant affirmative shout which will win the war + win the peace and bring to reality the brotherhood of men.

Amen.

Modin + Munich

Alliance
Men's Club
Dec. 1943

T.E. - 12/26/43

- 1) Munich - appeasement
- 2) Modin - uncompromising resistance
- 3) As result of their attitude at Modin,
those heroes became Maccabees,
Hammerers who could shape & beat
out their own destiny.
- 4) What can we learn from Modin?
 - a) As Americans - That appeasement is
out! What can replace it?
world-wide cooperation abroad -
and rigid democracy at home.
No appeasement of native fascists,
race-haters, etc.
 - b) as Jews - same lesson. Maximum
Jewish program of life & not minimum.
Let us use religious freedom won
at Modin & guaranteed in Washington
to be 100% Jews.

Sunday - Jan. 2 - Soldiers

What Does The New Year
Mean to Me?"

Chance to Think back + reflect
" " ^{think} ~~back~~ forward + ~~life~~ plan
" " learn, evaluate, analyze
" " be useful citizens + happy
in the future

What is a New Year?

I. New Year is simply another chance - to rectify mistakes and make future plans.

Chance to think back + reflect

" " " forward + plan

" evaluate + analyze

" profit by experience

AND THE WORD FOR THAT IS KNOWLEDGE.

II. In complex world of today knowledge on many subjects is absolutely indispensable if a man is to be an awake, alert, active citizen in a democracy. E.g. - farm subsidies, soldiers' vote, which guerilla army in Yugoslavia is the friend of the United Nations, who are the French fascists, are the natives of the Dutch East Indies friendlier to the Japs than to us?

III. The army, too, has decided
That knowledge is important,
so that the average soldier will
have an idea of what the war
is all about.

Ask any P.R.O. - and he will
tell you of the Three army
objectives:

Our soldiers must be best-equipped
" " " " best-trained
" " " " best-informed

First two have been achieved.

P.R.O. now working on Third.

Showing films of our allies, so
we can understand them, etc.

IV. That should be primary
resolution of everyone standing
on Threshold of 1944 —

I ^{resolve} ~~promise~~ to take advantage
of The new opportunity granted
me — to learn the basic facts
of This war, to study the
differences between fascism and
democracy, so that I can
recognize fascism at home and
abroad, to gather together
my ideas so that I will
know what I want in the
years to come. This is a war
of ideas, and I will learn them.

V. Dorothy Thompson once wrote
an article in which she said
the ^{best} slogan was "Century of Common
Man", but that we would need
some real leaders, some uncommon
men, to bring it about.

VI. I want to read a poem
about an uncommon man - an
ordinary fellow, but actually extra-
ordinary, because he saw clearly
his path before him. Of his ilk
will the future be built.

American Reasons

by BONARO W. OVERSTREET

A captain back from Sicily said . . .

I WENT three thousand miles to look at hunger.
I might have gone three miles, or three blocks, maybe,
From where I was born and grew up—but I didn't go.
I didn't go to look at the hungry places
With my eyes and my heart open—not those nearby.
The thing that's near is the thing you can't see sometimes.
You have to stand back and take a look from a distance
To get the picture right.

The distance I went
Was across an ocean, into a foreign land
Where war had done what war does to the lives of people
Who starve with a lot less noise than the shells make
Blasting their homes to splinters.

We took the land.
Difficult inches grew into difficult miles—
And back of the new line that was ours each day
We met the hungry people . . . the hungry children . . .

I was an officer, proud of his fighting men—
Proud of the way those plain American kids
Were doing, with no great fuss, what had to be done:
Fighting and dying in the dirt . . . or living on
To fight again . . . winning those difficult inches.

There was plenty of talk, I remember, before this war
About our fellows' being soft.

Not Nazi spieling:
I don't mean that. That we could take in our stride,
Knowing it for what it was.

I mean the talk
Of an older generation that sounded proud
When it could find a reason for saying that youth
Was not what it once was: didn't have the stuff
It had in the good old days.

I can tell them this:
American kids aren't soft when they've got a job
That's a man-sized job to do.

God, how they fought . . .
Kids random-picked from a thousand different places
And turned into soldiers: salesmen, waiters, mechanics,
Truck drivers, students, laundrymen, filing clerks:
All of them there in the dirt . . . with the odds against them . . .

BUT one way our fellows are soft—and I'm proud they are.
They can't look into the faces of hungry people
And not want to feed them, want to share their own food.
I don't believe you could order them, Nazi-fashion,
To enter a town where a crust of bread is wealth
And carry away that crust.

When we'd take a town
It wouldn't be long till the scared children would come
Out of their rabbit holes . . . to stare from a distance . . .

And then come nearer to look at conquering faces
That never looked like the faces of conquerors.

I could tell you about a fellow . . . Bill McClosky . . .
One of the biggest fellows I ever saw,
With a fog-horn voice. We used to kid him a lot,
Telling him not to whisper within 10 miles
Of the enemy line, or he'd give our position away.
He's dead now . . . and a bunch of fellows are living
Because of how he died.

But I'll always see Bill
As I saw him one night feeding a hungry kid:
"You take a bite, and I take a bite," he was saying . . .
The kid didn't know the words. She didn't need to.
But I watched her face trying to relearn the fact
Of human kindness.

I was doing some learning myself.
I stood there and looked . . . and suddenly understood:
This was the way that a free man proved his freedom . . .
This was the way to show what America meant . . .

THAT'S something the fighting itself can never prove.
Given men enough, decently trained and equipped,
Almost any army can win.

But after the victory . . .
Then you learn what's back of the men who won:
You see how they played as kids . . . what their parents taught
them
About playing fair . . . about how they can use their strength
To hurt or help.

Bill was just one of the fellows.
I could tell you a lot of stories—and tell you this:
It does something to you that won't be undone in a hurry
When you drive the Nazis out of a town, and find
The people glad you've come.

You look around at your men
And see them laughing . . . handing out cigarettes . . .
You hear them talking the crazy way they talk:
No one else can match an American soldier
When it comes to murdering the words of a foreign tongue.
But their laughter talks; their hands are open with giving.
And nobody needs an interpreter to tell him
Giving hands are different from hands that take.

I SAY I crossed an ocean to look at hunger—
To learn what it meant.

I'll soon be crossing again.
But the war will end some day—and when it's over,
I'll be coming home once more, and bringing with me
A lot I've learned.

I'll know what I want to do:
I'll want to go and look at the hungry places
Three miles or three blocks away from my own home:
Go and ask why they stay there.

I find it hard,
With all I've learned about our American soldiers,
To figure the reason we've been so indifferent to hunger
Here at home: hunger around the corner
From where we're eating a steak two inches thick.
But when I come home to stay, I'll come home knowing
That one of the ways you can tell who's holding a town—
Whether Nazis are there, or Americans—
Is whether the people eat: food grabbed or given . . .
Whatever reason there's been for our past indifference,
I'll come home knowing how Americans like to act.
I'll come home knowing what America means to me.



This is the first in a new series of *American Reasons* by Bonaro W. Overstreet, author and lecturer. PICTURE NEWS readers will remember Mrs. Overstreet's first series of conversation pieces, which appeared in this publication last year. We are still receiving requests for permission to reprint them or read them aloud at meetings, even though the entire series was subsequently published in book form (\$1) by the Macmillan Co. The present series will appear weekly. Each conversation piece is copyrighted by Mrs. Overstreet.—Ed.

These Americans have two reasons for feeling proud

THESE PICTURES will introduce Mrs. Ruby Gee and her sons, Stephen and Shelton, three of the 18,000 Chinese living in New York City. The Gees are citizens because they were born in the U. S. A. Mrs. Gee, until recently chairman of the junior group of the Chinatown AWVS, is a waitress in a Chinatown tea shop. Her husband is a waiter in Philadelphia. Their three-room apartment on Mulberry Street looks much like any other American home—maple colonial furniture, linoleum in the kitchen, a radio-phonograph, family pictures on the wall.

Mrs. Gee has nine brothers and sisters. One brother is an Army lieutenant, a second a non-com. A 22-year-old sister makes a home for four younger brothers and sisters in Seattle, while working in a post-office and attending the University of Washington. Mrs. Gee has deep admiration for that sister and she wants Stephen and Shelton to go to college, too. She's proud she's Chinese—and equally proud that she's an American citizen.

"My whole way of life is American," she explains, "my home, my interests, my having a job, the way I bring up the children. But my background is Chinese." She resents the discrimination she meets when she looks for apartments or a job. "The war plants are taking us now, if we were born here. But alien Chinese still can't get jobs, though they're being drafted."

Mrs. Gee reads the English-language papers—in fact she can't read the Chinese ones. (She wants the boys, who speak both languages, to learn to read and write Chinese.) But she hates the *Daily News*. "Be sure to put that in," she said. "They've always been against the Chinese."—J. P.

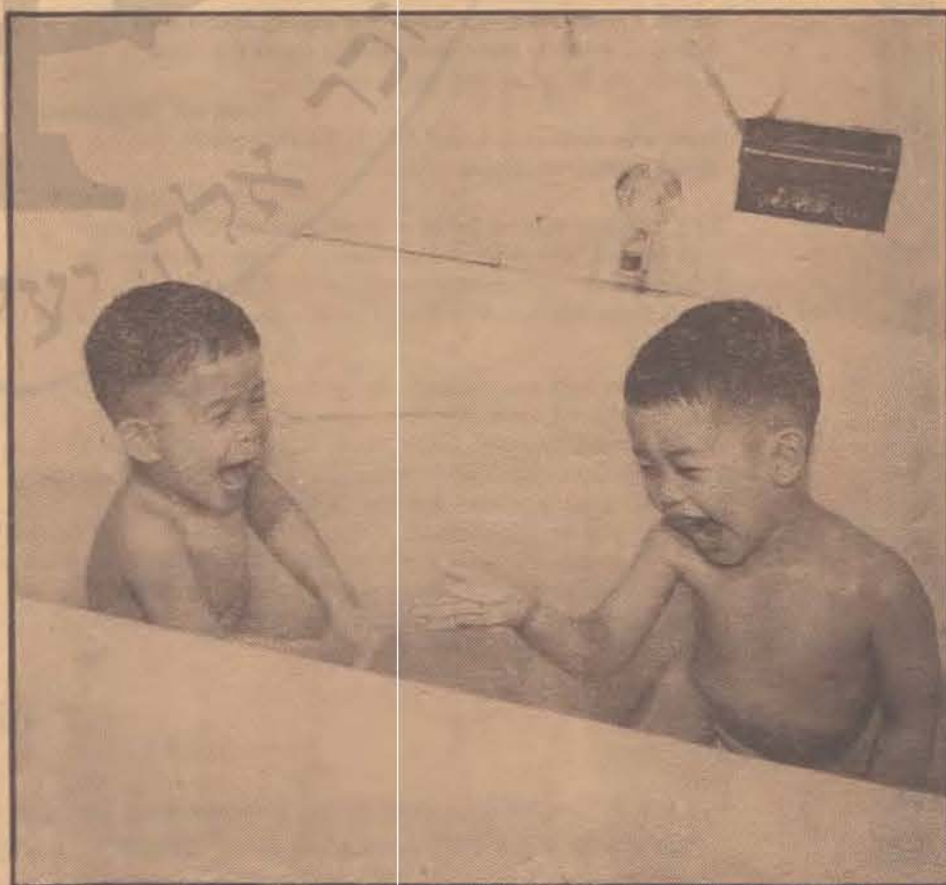


BEFORE BED the Gee boys get cod liver oil, and sometimes Mrs. Gee plays them records. (Favorites are Paul Robeson's *Songs of New China*.) During the day, while she works, Mrs. Gee leaves Stephen and Shelton in Hamilton House nursery. One or two evenings a week she gets a girl to come in so she can go to a movie or play Mah Jong with friends.

PHOTOS BY DALE ROOKS



MRS. GEE SERVES an American dinner one night (like this one of hamburger, salad, tomatoes and canned peaches), the next night Chinese. "I want the boys to like both," she says. They do, but they insist on rice with both types of meal.



AFTER SUPPER is bath time. That's Shelton, 3, at the left, and Stephen, 4, holding the soap. The boys have Chinese names as well as their American ones. Shelton's is *Eng Chu Gen*; Stephen's, *Eng Chu Gong*.

END 5

Sunday - Jan. 9 - Soldiers

Closing in On Palestine Today

Tell about Assiah Betebit,
when Babylonians laid siege
and began to close in on
Jerusalem.

586
Same thing happening today
with White Paper

Describe White Paper.

1. No immigration unless Arabs say so.
2. That means none.
3. What is Arab situation?
4. No Economic difficulty -
no Arabs in maritime
" " " industry
Arabs in farming have benefitted
5. Purely political - on
part of agitators.
Grand Mufti

6. Responsible Arab
leaders have all
recognized validity
of Zionist claims.

read p. 12, 13,
in "Test of Fulfillment -
Can Zionism Be Achieved?"

Ben Gurion,

Emergency Committee of Zionist Affairs

41 E. 42

June 1942

Sunday Jan. 16 -

"Moses"
(beginning of Shema)



✓✓

Sunday - Jan. 16 - Soldiers

"Moses"

based on parsha 5/112

Friday night, sermon was about
Big Three, who are shaping the world.

In his day, Moses was the
big one.

Ahmed Ha'im's essay

Freud's book -

Moses was giant -



Sun DA 4 - Jan. 16

Soldiers



MOSES

(parsha 5/12)

★ **Lest We Forget - BUY WAR BONDS TODAY**



Freud say two Moses' ⁽¹⁾
one Egyptian & one nomadic —
and E. brought monotheism, while
other was strong desert leader —
and in course of time two
personalities were merged.

★ Lest We Forget — BUY WAR BONDS TODAY



Thomas Mann says Moses ⁽²⁾
was ^{illeg.} son of Hebrew worker + Pharaoh's
daughter hence his hold on Pharaoh.
He fought and labored to
shape the people into some
civilized form - and imposed laws
on them - ~~the~~ laws of cleanliness in camp -
right up to highest laws - Ten Comm.

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3
Achad Ha-am says he doesn't
care who Moses was — or
if he was — but what is
important is the effect of Moses on
his story. He is the ideal of the
Hebrew people — created in its image —
the goal of what it should be as
a people.

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Moses was a Prophet — (4)

which means he was

- ① a man of truth
- ② an uncompromising extremist

Necessary together with the prophet
is the Priest who will temporize
+ compromise with reality, in the task
of spreading prophetic ideals. (Aaron)

★ Lest We Forget — BUY WAR BONDS TODAY



(5)

In Mann's story, Moses is called an "angry but patient workman" who was trying to shape out of this rebellious people something magnificent & noble.

This Moses-ideal is created in the image of its creator. Its creator is the Jewish people, who is also a "patient workman", trying to bring the messages of Moses' successors, Isaiah & Jeremiah, Amos & Hosea

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to a troubled world.

(6)

Moses did his task well
in molding us ^{has} into a people which
loved righteousness & believed in justice,
even when things were at their
blackest. Let us stick at our
task of living up to these standards
and perhaps we can reshape the world

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in our image. at least we can try.

Sunday - Jan. 23 - Soldiers

"In The Twelfth Year"

next. week, exactly, Jan. 26, is
anniversary of Hitler's ascent.

Must discuss ~~this~~ This week,
because will not be present next week.

What will This 12th year
bring? Can we predict?

Houston, Texas

branch of Reform ✓

Houston, Texas

Reform Judaism

Sunday, Soldiers

Jan. 23, 1944

Describe what happened ^②
in Houston.

BASIC OBJECTION:

This procedure is
undemocratic, and
opposed to the very
spirit of the Reform
which they profess to be
saving.

Purpose in preaching
This sermon:

To show That
Houston Reform is not
typical but a typical.

All Reform leadership
has spoken out against
it. Quote Heller.

What is true reform?

Reform stands for liberalism⁽²⁾,
for change in every era,
for individual responsibility.

To attempt to force the
Reform of today into the
pattern of 60 years ago
is turning the clock
back.

Story of Salomites

John Quincy Adams ③
and The old house.



(4)

Houston Reform is
product of old guard.
American Council for
Judaism - (Leasing Rosenwald
America First) -

Also Jewish reactionary.

This reform is repudiated.
Real reform will grow
from strength to strength.

Sunday - Jan. 30 - Soldiers

GUEST SPEAKER



Sunday - Feb. 6 - Soldiers

"The Song of the Sea"

based on Parsha Beshellach



Sunday - Feb. 13 - Soldiers

"A. Lincoln + The Tribute of



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March 26 — Sunday

"Jewish Pioneers and
Patriots" — Lee M. Friedman

Interesting events in early
American-Jewish History

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April 2 - Sunday

Chaplain Chaney of
Colorado Springs



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April 9- Sunday

Passover Sermon

Freedom

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES



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★ Lest We Forget—BUY WAR BONDS TODAY

~~Friday~~ ~~nik~~

April 9

Sunday Soldiers

PASSOVER

Freedom

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Pesach - Holiday of Freedom

1. What Does Freedom mean?

1. Political freedom - no one is a slave (i.e. a tool for someone else.)

2. Economic freedom - right to a job

"Men can be enslaved by poverty & inequality"

3. ~~Intellectual~~ Spiritual freedom -

intended "men can be enslaved by themselves" -

by their emotions; laziness, cowardice, ignorance, envy, bitterness & jealousy.

John Bunyan - free inside

People of Europe - " ..

"Moon is Down" - fly swallowing fly paper

★ Lest We Forget — BUY WAR BONDS TODAY

"They set the slave free,
striking off his chains—
Then he was as much of a
slave as ever —

His slavery was not in
his chains,
But in himself — — .

They can only set free men free,
And there is no need of that:
Free men set themselves free."

James Oppenheim

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★ Lest We Forget — BUY WAR BONDS TODAY

II. ~~What~~ ~~Stands~~ ~~in~~ ~~Way~~ ~~of~~
~~Freedom?~~

~~lust for power - by nations~~
~~and by individuals.~~

This internal freedom is
The real force that makes
men free — That causes
them to rebel against their
tyrants and that spurs them
on to create what we call
higher civilization.

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★ Lest We Forget — BUY WAR BONDS TODAY

Right now, task is
to achieve pol. & econ.
freedom for mankind, but
this cannot be done
unless we have achieved
spiritual freedom.

Democracies are in
spiritual lethargy - and
will lose this war
eventually (even though might
have temporary military victory)

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unless they arouse some
of the spirit of freedom
in their people.
quote (Freedom for Service)

Those killed of all
The old generation with
"slave psychology", maybe
That's what we have to do.

"The path of freedom is
blocked much more by those
who wish to obey than by
those who desire to command."
Dean Inge

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FREEDOM FOR SERVICE

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES

We are not free when we are free from something -

We can only be free when we are free for something

Freedom is Internal - does not depend on being
either in or out of jail.

For twelve years John Bunyan was a prisoner in Bedford jail with only the crust of dry bread for food, a little filthy water for drink, and a stone for his pillow. There was reason sufficient for him to be sad and gloomy. His dungeon was dark and dreary - such solitary confinement would have driven most men insane. During these years, however, he wrote his Pilgrim's Progress, which has since inspired untold millions to carry their burdens stoically, cheerfully and heroically. The jailer, we are told, often found him on his knees, thanking God in fervent prayer, sobbing in ecstatic joy that even though his body was in chains, his soul was free. Few people were ever as happy; few people as capable of as much happiness. Few people are as free as was this man in chains.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage-- (Robert Lovelace)

★ *Lest We Forget*—BUY WAR BONDS TODAY

April 16 - Sunday

Rabbi Kauvar



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★ Lest We Forget — BUY WAR BONDS TODAY

April 23 - Sunday

"Are You Finished If
You Have Failed?"

(Air cadets who washed out -
look at Russia, 1500 miles invaded
in just three months)

Failure can be open to greater actions.

People say democracy has failed -
is that true? Is she finished?

✓✓

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★ Let's We Forget—BUY WAR BONDS TODAY

April 30—Sunday

Read one of Mrs.
Overstreet's dramatic
poems:
"A Captain Returned from
Sicily Said:"

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Let's Forge

BUY WAR BONDS TODAY

May 30 Sunday

"An International M.P."

~~World-government~~

It's coming ^{sure as shooting} —

The only thing we have to decide
is what kind we want, and note
that wish known. If we don't, will
get one anyway, maybe not to our liking.

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May 14 - Sunday

Pi Tan Pi

Mo'ed's Day Service



★ Lest We Forget — BUY WAR BONDS TODAY

May 21 - Sunday

"Amos on Times Square"

read text of Cantata.
What would prophets say if
they returned today?
Write imaginary dialogue.

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★ Lest We Forget—BUY WAR BONDS TODAY

May 28 - Sunday

CONFIRMATION



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Sunday - April 23
1944

"Are You Finished
If You Have Failed?"

COURAGE
OPTIMISM

★ Lest We Forget — BUY WAR BONDS TODAY

Are we through of we
Have Failed?

NO !!

Just because League failed,
is it impossible to form
world gov't?

Why are we jittery?

Why are we men of small
faith, summer soldiers?

(Overstreet article)

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Are You Finished If You Have Failed?

1. Story of 2 gunners at Lowry Field who flunked out of air cadets - describe differing attitudes. One was cheerful at work as gunner and contented in his job. Other was morose, pessimistic, and well on way toward developing a neurosis over his failure. This brings question to mind - about failure.
2. This set me thinking about our country - our democracy, which has failed in many respects: ^{socially} ~~racially~~, (Negro, Jap, Jew, Spanish-Amer.); economically ($\frac{1}{3}$ ill-housed + ill-fed)
Does that mean democracy ^{is} has failed finished?

3. The League of Nations failed
in certain respects (could not
curb aggression, etc.).

Does that mean the idea of
some sort of world government
is finished?

4. We are only finished when
we have become defeatist and
lost faith. One of the
functions of a liberal is to help
keep alive the confidence that
free citizens will be able to cope
reasonably and effectively with their
problems.

(Quote from Mrs. Overstreet)

"In human affairs no doom can
honestly be called inevitable until
it has arrived."

ONE MAN'S voice monopolized the talk. The rest of us kept silent. A time or two, I did open my mouth to say something; but after a couple of trial words that passed unheard, closed it again, and listened . . . and the voice went on: talking about the world after the war.

I listened: not without surprise. For years I had known this man's liberal reputation; had seen his name on letterheads and sponsor lists; had read his articles; had heard him speak at public dinners. I knew what to expect of him—and it was not what I was hearing now.

His wants for the postwar world were liberal enough. But what caught me off guard was his unqualified defeatism. He took it for granted that, while the war would certainly be won, the peace would as certainly be lost. The cards were already stacked against all the decent hopes of mankind. A postwar depression was inevitable—as were consequent race riots . . . the setting back of the labor clock . . . the curtailment of civil liberties . . . the taking over of the world economy by cartels far beyond the controlling reach of any government . . . and a Third World War. Liberals might deplore—but much good it would do them. They might as well go off and buy themselves a piece of land and raise carrots.

A man sitting next me opened his mouth to try out an idea: "But if we . . ." His interruption passed unheard. And I, in my corner, fumbled in my purse for a piece of paper . . . found an old envelope . . . and wrote down a few humping lines of personal protest against the speaker's dominant and total defeatism.

I tucked the envelope back where it had come from; and not for a couple of weeks did a purse-cleaning turn it up again. Rereading, then, the blurred lines I had penciled, I realized that they said, however awkwardly, something I believe all liberals must say with increasing firmness.

TO ONE WHO DOUBTS THE WORTH
OF DOING ANYTHING
IF YOU CAN'T DO EVERYTHING . . .

*You say the little efforts that I make
will do no good;
they never will prevail
to tip the hovering scale
where justice hangs in balance.*

*I don't think
I ever thought they would.
But I am prejudiced beyond debate
in favor of my right to choose which side
shall feel the stubborn ounces of my weight.*

★ ★ ★

Archibald MacLeish has said that the most tragic failure of our time is the failure of the will. Liberals

PHOTO BY SKIPPY ADELMAN



m6

Bonaro W. Overstreet

NOTES FOR NOW

In human affairs no doom can honestly be called inevitable until it has arrived

BY BONARO W. OVERSTREET

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need to take that charge personally and seriously.

The liberal function in society is a double one: to help push forward specific reforms; and to encourage, by contagion and companionship, a widespread conviction that democratic man can exert a practical influence over his own civil destinies; that institutions made by man can be altered by man.

Too many of us have been trying to maintain our standing as liberals by performing only half our function: by lending support—and often a wry-spirited support, at that—to proposed reforms. We have come dangerously near abdicating our second function: that of helping to build a prevalent confidence in the ability of free citizens to cope reasonably and effectively with their own problems. Too often, even while we have supported liberal causes, we have staked our own intellectual self-respect on our power to see that things are going from bad to worse.

Here, again, it would seem, we are up against the old difficulty of the salt that has lost its savor. If liberals can find in their own minds and hearts no vigorous will to underwrite that confidence in human nature upon which any reasonable faith in democracy must depend, then who is going to do the underwriting?

As a matter of fact, every honest liberal now faces a pretty grim problem. He believes in reason. He respects facts. And both reason and fact now tell him that we are in grave danger of being caught in a worldwide drift toward barbarism. Every postwar hazard that our defeated liberal talked about is a real hazard. No self-respecting mind can dispose of any one of them with words of incredulity or good cheer.

But here is the paradox. One reason for the drift toward barbarism is that the ordinary man has lost his conviction that he can do something worth while to help solve his own problems. The liberal, certainly, does not want to encourage this growing sense of futility—of citizen helplessness. But he does encourage it if he makes an attitude of despair seem more realistic than one of hope. To try to bring about reforms while, at the same time, spreading a mood of despair about the civic capacities of man, is like locking the front door against barbarism but inviting it in through the back door.

★ ★ ★

WHAT, then, can be the functional optimism of a liberal in times like these? It must begin, I am certain, with a full, undecorated awareness of the strength of evil. Any pretense that things are less mad than they are would simply undercut self-respect.

But this awareness of the strength of evil has to be the beginning, not the end, of wisdom. The liberal's working philosophy must include, in the second place, a recognition that while few human hopes

have ever been realized in full, even a partial realization is worth effort. Always, everywhere, the cause of justice, honesty, and generosity has been partly a lost cause. But again and again it has been also partly a victorious cause. Our very ability to think of racial justice, full employment, civil liberties, and lasting peace as reasonable social aims—our ability to resent their opposites as wrong—means that many people who have lived before us in this same precarious world have chosen which side of the social scale should feel the stubborn ounces of their weight—and have made their weight count. Part of the liberal's equipment, in short, must be the power to welcome even partial victories; to view specific remedial efforts without contempt.

In the third place, the liberal has to recognize that no person can help counting, one way or the other, in the struggle between liberalism and reaction. He may wish to retreat into a tired neutrality. But there is no moral neutrality. To remain passive is to encourage in other people the notion that it is a bit silly to get wrought up about things—a bit naive to shatter in battle a lance that might otherwise remain nice and shiny on the wall at home. Moreover, not all the arguments we can think up to justify our remaining passivity can still one persistent nagging doubt: *our efforts in behalf of human welfare might have made a difference.*

★ ★ ★

SO LONG as that doubt remains—and it appears to be eternal—the philosophy of the liberal must be a philosophy of *as if*. If we assume, and spread the notion, that human affairs are irrevocably out of hand—that nothing we can do will really count—while reactionaries, with no such paralyzing self-doubts, act *as if* they could accomplish their ends, we simply ask for defeat. For in the long run, those who will inherit the earth may well be those who most tenaciously and vigorously act *as if* they could make a difference in the course of events.

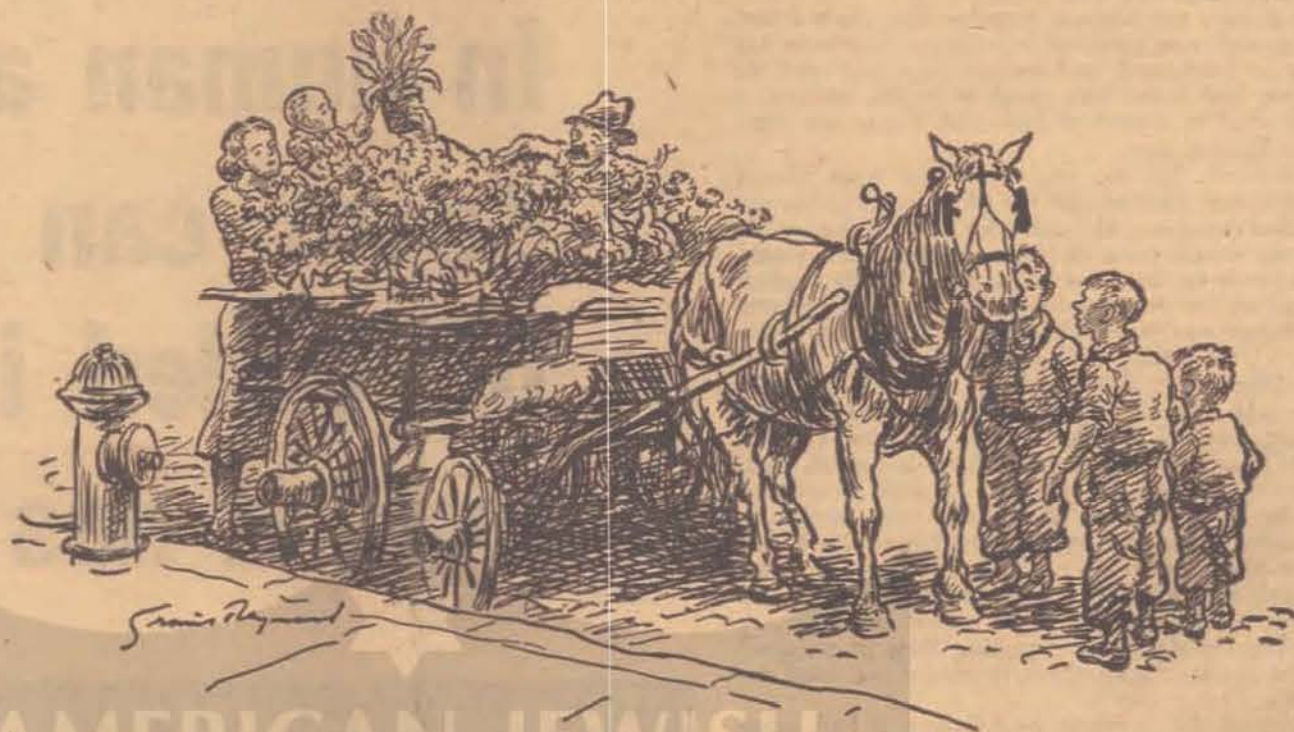
Facing evils terrible in character and in power; watching one wrong thing after another be done—one stupid thing after another; and yet all the while having to carry on our function of underwriting man's faith in his own ability to work out his own civil problems, we who think of ourselves as liberals might do well to borrow, as the summary of our danger and our hope, the hard wisdom that Old Scrooge learned in his encounter with the Ghost of Christmas Future: "Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends to which, if persevered in, they must lead . . . But if the courses be departed from, the ends will change."

In human affairs, no doom can honestly be called inevitable until it has arrived.

NEXT WEEK: Mrs. Overstreet writes of an old American institution: The Country Store.

INSIDE MANHATTAN

By Grant Reynard



They don't come better than Oscar

I caught up with veritable Spring herself in this flower wagon on East 58th Street. Driven by a gentleman with an Italian accent and a black mustache, it brought the bright dividends of suburban hothouses into the city. A boy in drooping pants aided his Italian superior, drumming up trade from both sides of the street and frequently taking time out to admire

the horse, a sturdy white old faithful. The horse's name was Oscar. I learned something about Oscar from the young man, who was much more fervent in his allegiance to this noble animal than he was to the flower business. "There ain't no better horse than that one," he said. "I seen other horses. My ol' man got a horse in Jamaica but he can't stand no good. There ain't no better horse than Oscar. Go on, crawl under his tail. He's the standin'gest horse you ever seen."

handlers asking for a dime for a glass of beer. They get it, too. The place is jammed, the uptown crowd mingling happily with the Bowery crowd.

Jimmy Durante once dropped in and gave a free show; also Irving Berlin and wife. (Mr. B. got his start in the Bowery, you know.) Toward midnight some odd types drop in for a quick one. There is a woman called Pruneface; a man called Horseface; Ethel, the Queen of the Bowery, who generally sports a pair of black eyes "that nature did not give her," (according to Weegee); a man with a long white beard called The Bishop who, old timers say, is looking all over the Bowery for the man who stole his wife 40 years ago.

Weegee says that one evening "while I was at Sammy's absorbing the atmosphere and drinks, a midget walked in. He was about three and one-half feet in height. I invited him to have a drink with me. He said he had just arrived from Los Angeles where he had been working for the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., walking the streets dressed as a penguin advertising their Kool cigarettes. The midget was flush and started buying me drinks. He proudly showed me his social security card and told me that he was 37 years old, and single, as the girls were only after money. After the seventh round of drinks this midget got boisterous and offered to fight any man (his size) in the house."

Scotch at \$1—and why

Sammy told Weegee the other night that the new 30 per cent Federal tax hadn't affected his volume of business. A sign over the bar says, "Drinks of Scotch, \$1." Sammy gave Weegee the breakdown for the figure.

Drink of Scotch	\$.75
Thirty per cent tax	.23
City sales tax	.01
Extra	.01
Total	\$1.00

The extra penny is added because Sammy's cash register doesn't add odd figures. Bowery drinkers don't mind paying a buck for a drink of Scotch, says Weegee, because it makes them feel important and besides they are helping the war effort by contributing the tax money to Uncle Sam. Sammy sells beer for 15 and 20 cents, rye for 55 and 65.

Sammy greets his patrons at the door. He frisks some of the Bowery ones if he spots a bulge on their hips. They sometimes try to smuggle in a bottle of smoke (straight alcohol) to drink in the washroom. Sammy is wise to the chisellers, but he is a friendly fellow.

"I know Sammy gave \$100 without being asked for it for a woman in the neighborhood who died and there was no money for the funeral," Weegee told us. "He also takes care of his customers' valuables. I also saw him turn men away from his bar, telling them not to drink till their day off. I saw one woman at the bar give Sammy her wrist watch and \$30 to save for her till the following day."

Sammy is sector commander of the air raid wardens in the neighborhood and has contributed \$5000 worth of equipment. He is known as the Mayor of the Bowery and his ambition is to become Mayor of New York City."

★ ★ ★

We had breakfast last week in a home where a mother is trying to fatten a small son. She served him an enormous bowl of oatmeal. The boy wouldn't touch it.

His older sister said: "Oh, Mommy, no wonder. You've given him oatmeal every day for a week. Why don't you try Wheatena or Cream of Wheat or Rice Krispies for a change?"

Their father removed his spectacles, breathed on them and wiped them on a corner of the tablecloth, then spoke.

"Your mother," he said witheringly, "thinks that oatmeal is the only oatmeal."

Confessions of a Confessions editor

SOMEBODY TOLD US that the confession magazines had cut out seduction stories. We bought six different magazines of that general type, read them and were astonished at their purity. It isn't just that we've become case-hardened, either, thank you.

Mrs. Florence N. Cleveland, editor of *True Confessions*, one of the bellwethers in the field, told us she would answer one or two questions for us if we would come around. We did. Her office is in the Paramount Building at Times Square; a very clean, medium-sized office with two desks—one for an assistant and one for Mrs. Cleveland. We found Mrs. Cleveland, a small woman—hardly taller than 5 feet 2. With her, to greet us, was the magazine's public relations man.

"He," said Mrs. Cleveland, "is the fellow who OK's whatever is said to the press."

We nodded. "The confession magazine of today is nothing like that of a few years back," Mrs. Cleveland then told us. "At that time stories were sensational, based mostly on sex problems. A large percentage dealt with seduction and illicit love." Today T. C. is doing what it can to help the war effort and justify its nine-month old slogan—"The magazine for a better life," we were informed.

Mrs. Cleveland was wearing a dainty rose velvet dress. She was suffering from laryngitis just enough to make her voice husky and whisperish. We noticed her earrings—gold with ruby centers.

"My navy officer husband sent them to me," she said. "He's a Seabee in the Civil Engineering Corps."

She showed us a desk photo of her husband and daughter, Florence Wing Cleveland, who, she says, is "16 and a typical American girl."

"Florence Wing is named after the old New England Wing family—on my husband's side," she said. "The Wings,

you know, came over on the Mayflower."

We asked if Florence Wing reads *True Confessions* and she said yes.

"It's a swell book, really," she said. "Good for everyone—young girl or mother with children."

Mrs. Cleveland said she's been in the confession magazine business 17 years and served an apprenticeship with the Macfadden magazines. She came to T. C. early this year.

We asked why confession-type magazines are not "confessing" anymore.

After a brief huddle with the public relations man, Mrs. Cleveland told us that "the change was dictated to a great extent by the changing tastes of the public." T. C.'s surveys, she said, show that two-thirds of their woman readers are married and in their late 20s or early 30s. Most of them have children.

Not sex but home folks

What these women want to read, she said, are stories of situations into which they can project themselves. "Our heroines," said Mrs. Cleveland, "are like our readers, not interested in cafe society. They are interested in what's going on in their own circle of friends and their own neighborhood."

We asked whether seductions and illicit affairs used to be part of their reader's circle of friends and neighborhood.

"Oh, no," she and the public relations man said, and then Mrs. C. continued: "We found out that was not particularly what our audience was interested in. Our circulation now, you see, is much larger than it was then."

The circulation, they said, is over 2,000,000 a month.

"Our audience is on its toes today," said Mrs. Cleveland. "They want stories that are solid. Stories with soldier or defense worker heroes. Our audience is interested in real and earnest life. They not only want to be entertained but also to find a way to better their homes, their children and their lives. Even our pictures today are dramatic, not sensational."

Mrs. Cleveland picked up the May issue

of T. C., opened it and asked us if it didn't "look like *Good Housekeeping*?"

It did. "Our love-making is now confined instead of being unrefined," she said. "Descriptions are romantic but not sexy. We try to be a down-to-earth magazine."

Stories are mostly about girls who marry out of their class—or girls who try to keep husbands from dangerous jobs and learn they mustn't—or girls whose past unhappiness is about to ruin their future. Stories end happily.

"That's because our readers prefer to have their heroes and heroines happily adjusted before they leave them," she told us. And as we were leaving she said: "We are very earnest about our work and really believe every word we tell you. We like our reader audiences and think they are really the American backbone, the middle American backbone, the middle class stock. We think they're swell."

All the way home we kept thinking about how swell our readers are. Of course a dozen or so of them will write in next week and say, "What the hell are you doing—EXPOSING *True Confessions* or whitewashing it??? Take off the velvet gloves and stop pulling your PUNCHES!!!" But we love our readers just as much as Mrs. Cleveland loves hers, and don't you forget it. X X X X

★ ★ ★

Two women sitting in the balcony at *Stars on Ice*, couldn't take their eyes off one of the male skaters who has a magnificent physique. Suddenly one turned to the other, sighed and said: "Punctured eardrum, I suppose."

NOTICE.

If we can use your Local Item, you will hear from us to the tune of \$2. Send contribution to Peggy Wright, PM's Picture News, 152 W. 42d St., New York 18, N. Y.

Thomas Paine the great writer
of Revolutionary Times has something
very striking to say about men of
little faith, summer soldiers, who
quit and throw up the sponge.

(quote pg. 4)

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES



"These are the times that
try men's souls. The summer
soldier and the ~~saint~~ sunshine
patriot will, in this crisis,
shrink from the service of their
country; but he that stands it
now, deserves the love and thanks
of man and woman. Tyranny, like
hell, is not easily conquered; yet
we have this consolation with us,
that the harder the conflict, the
more glorious the triumph."

Tom Paine, Dec. 1776

The soldier who flunks out
is no more finished than
the democracy which has still
some way to go to reach perfection.

What we must not lose
is the drive, the life, the
faith.

This thought is expressed
in a little poem:

If you think you are beaten, you are,
If you think that you dare not, you don't,
If you'd like to win, but you think you can't,
It's almost certain you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you've lost,
For out in the world you'll find
Success begins with a fellow's will -
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you are out-classed, you are;
You've got to think high to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the man who thinks he can.

author unknown

Hannah
Mrs. Friedman
plus Hotel



Sermons

Chanukah - 1944

Soldiers Service

Sunday, Dec. 10, 1944



Chanukah - 1944

- 1) Story of Chanukah
- 2) Fight for freedom today - not easy:
"A man should never put on his best trousers when he goes out to battle for freedom & truth." Dobson
- 3) Is Freedom being won today?
YES and NO.
- 4) We are winning part of the fight - vs. Germany, and losing the other part - vs. ourselves & our fears
- 5) We have already lost in ITALY and GREECE.
and BELGIUM

war That much more ⁽³⁾
quickly.

9.) Let us remember The
words of Tom Paine -
"Tyranny, like hell, is not
easily conquered."

If we do not conquer our
own tyranny - we shall lose
This war

CHANUKAH inspires us to
Keep on seeking freedom -
The freedom to live as we
wish. And That means
every body's freedom.

6.) "Is Freedom anything but
The right to live as we
wish? nothing else."
epictetus

7.) We are not allowing the
people of Italy + Greece to
live as they wish. We
are afraid of Communism
and so we try to make
them live as we wish.

8.) If we lose this struggle,
and give in to our own
fears, and try to shape a
world according to our ideas,
we are bringing on the next

Sunday

sermons

Soldiers Service

Dec. 17, 1944

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES

"
Jewish Soldiers
Opportunities with
his Christian fellows"
"

A SOLDIER I MET ON A TRAIN SAID

By

MRS. BONARO W. OVERSTREET

-----0-----

No...I didn't wait for the draft. I just decided
I'd better join up...

They didn't know how to figure it--
Some of my friends. I've always talked a lot
About not believing in war. War was hell, I said,
Not just for the pain, and the men left blind,
Or with arms gone, or legs. It was hell because
Men went to it with their dreams--and didn't have them
When the war was over. Somewhere in No Man's Land
They had left their shriveled amputated faiths.
And the sort of world men make with their faiths lost
Didn't seem like a world we'd want to count on.
You know how we all talked. And we were right.
Only...we hadn't realized faiths could die
In ways worse than death in the wrecked trenches.

Most of my friends couldn't figure the change in me.
Even my parents were puzzled...and my kid brother
Just thought I was big and brave. I couldn't tell them.
Words wouldn't come to make sense. But it wasn't courage.
I didn't join up in courage. I joined in fear.

Here's the story I wouldn't care about telling
Except to a stranger like you who doesn't even
Know me by name...

But I think I want to tell
The reason I talked of peace...and signed for war.

BACK in the town where I live, four of us fellows--
Friends from high school on--had a string quartet.
We got together and practiced...and now and then
Someone would ask us to play somewhere. It happened
That a friend of mine invited us all, one time,
To come and play at the college where he taught,
A hundred miles or so from my home town.
We jumped at the chance.

We all drove down together
In a car where the cello took up most of the room.
And we started back home late, in a cold rain
That fell in sheets so solid our wipers couldn't
Take care of the job. So when we came on a house
With a sign that invited tourists, we simply stopped:
Might as well get a decent night of sleep
And go on home in the morning.

We parked the car,
And ran through rain to the shelter of the porch
And rang the doorbell...and shook our dripping
shoulders

A woman came to the door. Yes, she had rooms.
We went on into the hall. Did we want to look?
No, we'd take what she had. (The hall was clean,
And it wasn't a night for choosing.) Would we sign
The register, then? We did...and she took a glance
Down at our names...

I didn't tell you before
What she learned then, when she looked: our first violin
Was a Jew, Sam Goldenstein...

She stiffened up,
Eyes hard in a hard face: "You'll have to go on.
I don't take Jews."

We got out somehow
And drove on home through the cold blowing of the rain...

We didn't talk much. We were embarrassed, and mad.
But when they stopped at my house to let me out,
Sam said he guessed he'd be getting out there, too--
It was only a few doors down to where he lived.
We stood for a minute or two with the rain falling...
And the street lights blurred, I remember, by the rain...
I wanted to tell Sam how I felt about it.
But he spoke first, and his care was all for me:
"Don't take it too hard, Joe. We grow accustomed..."

I couldn't sleep when I got to bed. I kept thinking,
"Suppose it wasn't just that woman, there--
A woman with rooms to rent, and a pea-sized mind...
Suppose it was something else..."

Suppose a night
Should come when we four were thinking only of music
When we practiced, and laughed together, and tried again
The parts we couldn't get right, till the notes came smooth
And easy along the strings...

Then a knock at the door...
And the hob-nailed boots...

Suppose it should be like that
Some night in my own home--not somewhere else
Thousands of miles away across the world...
Where we feel what happens only as news in the paper.
Suppose they should come, and there, before my eyes,
Take Sam away with them."

An here's what scared me:
Suppose he looked at me...and I did nothing...

I tried to think, as I twisted there in the dark,
That they'd never take him away with me alive.
I tried to feel sure of that.

But I wasn't sure.
I might just stand there...knowing the ready guns
Would put an end to anything I might say...
And kidding myself I'd make a better protest
If I stayed alive...

Sweating there in the dark,
I thought how Sam might go...and I do nothing...
And his eyes not angry at all...not even surprised...

SUPPOSE it should come to that--in America
Suppose the official stamp should ever bless,
Here, as in Hitler's land, all the ugliness
That now sneaks only furtively from its corners.

Suppose that Hitler should win--while our string quartet
Thought only of music...

and laughed...
and tried again
The parts we couldn't get right, till they all came smooth...

Suppose it should happen like that: a knock in the night...
And some of us standing scared...and doing nothing...
And some speaking up---and their strong integrity
That should pass down for our need, to their strong sons,
Dying there on the spot...and no one left
Except the corroded and scared...

I hear men argue,
Saying the Jews are this, or the Jews are that.
I know what Sam is. I couldn't speak for them all--
Any more than I'd speak for all the Gentiles. I guess...
But I learned that night the question I have to answer
Is not what the Jews are

I myself am the question:
What would I do myself if the terror came?
What of the mind's corruption...if I did nothing?

That was the night before the day I enlisted.

"A Jewish Soldier's Opportunities with his
Xian Fellows."

1) Avas reason is when we think about
X-Y relationships.

2) Today, in war, we have opportunities never
before available to us because
of mixing up of boys

3) What can we do to sell ourselves in
order that we be not sold down
the river? How can we build
a union of good will that will be
talked about?

4.) General Don't's + several Do's

a) Don't be aggressive.

b) Don't gildbrick

c) Don't hide your Jewishness

d) Don't forget what the civilian Antis who
you meet (at WOs, etc.) & who react to you.

e) Do be honorable & honest & show good manners

f) Do display an interest in the democracy for which
you fight. Fight for it at home, as well as abroad.

Sunday morning -

Feb. 25, 1945

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES

"When You Men
Return to Civilian
Life"

- ①
1. Harder for military man to become civilian than vice versa.

Strain of military life has wearied his adjusting machinery - so that instead of adjusting to civilian life, he ^{just} wants to relax into it - and consequently makes mistakes.

2. Going back to civilian life depends on lots of things.

A. What kind of guy you were before you went in. To find that out takes CONCENTRATION.

B. What has happened to you since pg. 3
you have been in service.

C. What has happened to your family and friends.

D. How you felt about getting into a uniform in the first place. Do you know why you are in uniform?

E. How wisely the govt arranges for post-war employment.

F. How intelligently the new veterans' organizations behave.

G. How clear and clean and strong are your own desires for the future.

3, Most important thing is to learn how to be a good decider. In the army your decisions are made for you. In civilian life you have to make them yourself. Political, marital, economic (trade unions), etc.

To be a good decider, you
need poise and balance —
what we call judgment , p. 5

③



OK, Joe?



Last Summer, Rita Daigle, 19, won the Miss Stardust contest, which was conducted to find the prettiest sweetheart of a soldier. This Winter, she's selling bonds and modeling for Walter Thornton in New York.



Dear Joe:



As I TRIED to explain last week, being a good, happy, free-thinking civilian American in the middle of the fast-moving 20th century involves the making of innumerable decisions. When the war is won and you come home, you will take off the uniform of a fighting man and put on the uniform of a *deciding* man. You will be leaving the soldier's life of almost no choices and re-entering the civilian life of almost innumerable choices. It is a fine life; a life full of opportunities for growth and accomplishment and pleasure; the kind of life that suits a freedom-loving man. But it takes a bit of living, Joe.

Whether you succeed in living it fully and happily, when the time comes, will depend to a great extent upon how good you are at making decisions.

Now in the interests of preparing you for demobilization day, we need to do a couple of thinking jobs. First, we need to analyze this business of decision-making: *what is it that causes some men to be good deciders and others to be bad deciders?* Then we need to examine your decision-making machinery: *how has it been affected by your war experience? If it has been knocked out of line, or if it has grown rusty, we need to figure out what you can do to put it back in shape.*

* * *

VOLUMES could be—hell, have been—written about how men make decisions. I am not quite man enough to compress all those words into a few paragraphs. I will merely try to give you some leads into the question, in the hope and belief that you will want to think about and study it yourself.

What we are talking about is judgment. Why do some men have good judgment and others bad? Well, it is certainly not a matter of the size of a man's brain. A man of intellectual brilliance may have poor judgment; may wrong-decide himself into suicidal unhappiness—whereas a man of limited intellect may reveal consistently good judgment and live a long, happy life—albeit on a simpler scale than the man of brilliance. So, if you consider yourself brilliant, don't assume that your judgment is therefore inevitably good; or if you consider yourself a bit of a dope intellectually, don't assume that your judgment is therefore inevitably bad.

Good judgment probably depends chiefly upon *poise*; or *balance*. The home-run king is not the guy with the biggest shoulders. He is the guy with poise; with balance. When he steps up to the plate he is not afraid. His faculties are functioning at top speed, but

they are not racing. There is in him a great calmness. He lets the bad ones go by, and he picks out a good one and lams it out of the ball park.

The poise and balance that a free man needs in order to make right decisions in modern civilian life are not so different from the poise and balance a ballplayer needs.

But, oh boy, the elements—physical, mental, emotional, spiritual—that a free man has to bring into balance in order to be a consistently good decider! That's what makes it tough. If you spend too much time developing any one of these elements, to the neglect of the others, you will be out of balance when it comes time to make an important decision.

This is the fifth of a series of special

"Dear Joe" letters on how, when the time comes, a serviceman can best adjust himself to civilian life.

Before leaving the baseball player, I want to add this point: Whether a man is a home-run king or a rusty gate depends partly upon what league he plays in: what kind of pitchers he's up against. Well, whether the modern civilian makes mostly wrong decisions or mostly right decisions depends partly upon what kind of problems he's up against.

* * *

ONE man is continually making wrong decisions because the questions he has to decide are too big for him; he is scared and outclassed. Another man makes wrong decisions because the questions are too small for him; he is bored—and when a man is groggy with boredom, he has no poise. The reason I mention this is

OFFICIAL U. S. SIGNAL CORPS PHOTO



Corp. Ruby Newell, of California, is the gal who was recently crowned the prettiest WAC in the ETO. Joe. Ruby is stationed somewhere in England.

that a man does have some choice in determining what league he'll play in—what size questions he'll undertake to decide in his lifetime.

When you choose a vocation, a wife, a religion, or a political party, for instance, you are making a key decision. You are not just looking over a fast ball to decide whether to swing on it, you are deciding what league to play in. When you re-enter civilian life you will have a number of these key decisions to make. So you can afford to spend some time on this question of how to make decisions.

How does a man acquire the poise and balance out of which right decisions come? Well, I think that the average intelligent, sensitive, not-too-well-brought-up human being (which includes most of us) has to put up quite a battle for balance. The elements inside himself which must be balanced are not necessarily friendly. They may be quite competitive. His body may go around saying to hell with his brain, and vice versa, and the two may gang up on his soul. Or deeply desiring recognition (that is, love; that is, security) he may overdevelop the one faculty that seems most likely to bring recognition and let the others waste away.

Nobody can tell you exactly how to attain balance. The most that any honest man can do is to help you get the feeling of what real balance would be like if you had it; and to help you acquire the spiritual strength that you need in order to attain it.

You see, Joe, being really balanced involves a good deal of holding your tongue, biding your time, checking your passions, curbing your appetites and swallowing your pride. A man needs strength to do those things. Lots of strength.

I suppose all normal men have in them enough spiritual strength to attain balance, but some—because they are badly treated in childhood, or badly educated—waste enormous quantities of it; waste it in hating and fearing and worrying and longing. And the new strength that they could draw from their fellow man, if they would open their hearts, they lose because they are *afraid* to open their hearts.

* * *

Well, what it seems to boil down to is that if a man wastes his spiritual strength, or refuses to accept new strength, why then he can't balance himself and if he's off balance when the time comes to make a decision he'll make it wrong, and enough wrong decisions will assure him of a most unhappy life.

Not wanting you to have a most unhappy life, Joe, we will next take up the question of you and your balance and your strength and your opportunities of improving and increasing them.

yours as always,

Bice

William Jennings O'Brien

Poems and Letters for Joe

GI BLUEPRINT

Dear Bill:

The fighting soldier in this greatest carnage of all time, in almost every case, has limited, personal war aims. These are—to get home to the things he knew, pick up the threads of his civilian life and then to be too old for the next war.

The four freedoms mean nothing to him—people who plan and expect a better world are visionaries who cannot comprehend the complexities of world politics.

He doesn't want to be played for the sucker his father was so he's adopted a cynical air of wisdom—wisdom that world policies will forever be manipulated by tall dignified, briefcase-carrying diplomats who, as sure as the sun will set, will maneuver us into another war.

It is the incredibly confused phrases of economists and statesmen, the so-called realistic editorial writers with their attitude of what's the use, you can't change human nature—these defeat him.

A future world in terms of bread and milk and healthy kids in a world of nice homes and gardens becomes too simple to seem practical. The only man who could portray the world in terms of humanity, has been defeated badly by the men behind the scenes. The average soldier has no faith in the ability of his leaders to create a better world and feels that he can do nothing about it.

The men who make the peace must realize this. They must look for leadership, not to the men who fight—for there will be little from that quarter—but to their own consciences. They must mold for these men a decent world, free of war, of ignorance, of greed—a world in which there is no hunger or suspicion of one's neighbor. They must turn the tools of destruction to creation—playgrounds, schools, homes, hospitals, dams—the making of a better world.

They must fight fascism wherever it exists and use our wealth and world prestige to help the common man to overthrow his oppressor in every corner of the globe. They must set up our Nation as a symbol that government by the people is the only cure for the world ills.

That is the debt owed to those who fight this war by those whose errors caused it.

PVT. MARTIN FAHRER
PVT. CARL KRUMMEL
PVT. WARD STILLING

New Guinea

HAT'S OFF!

Dear Bill:

My hat is off to your paper. It is the only one in this great country of ours which practices and preaches true democracy. In fact you don't give a hoot about a person's race, creed, or color. They are all Americans with a job to do. And that's the way you print it.

PVT. EUGENE WALKER
Luke Field, Ariz.

OBLIGATION

By Harry I. Losin

I need no pain to realize
My comrade's agony;
The hurt that festers in his eyes
Is clear enough to me.

I need no crutch or empty sleeve
To emphasize the debt
Which every wounded man on
leave
Is trying to forget.

If each of us is satisfied
That each has done his part
He won't begrudge my modest
pride;
He, with his Purple Heart.

Among us some must face the foe
And some must hold the rear
And all among us must "Gung Ho"
To bring the future here.

Somewhere in India

ALL THIS AND CHEMISTRY II

Dear Bill:

Here's a photo of Miss Charlotte Perl, New York University co-ed, in an important scene from a new Army-Navy Screen Magazine film, which explains the educational advantages to ex-service men offered under the *GI Bill of Rights*. Full tuition, books, and living expenses to veterans who qualify are provided under the Bill.

The film is being produced by the Signal Corps Photographic Center.

Miss Perl is president of the junior class at the School of Education, New York University. More than 700 honorably discharged service men are now attending New York University under the provisions of the Bill.

CAROLINE B. LOURIE

New York City

RECOGNITION

By Dorothy M. Hatchette

Have you seen the prisoners—the
blond, young Germans—
The strong, the fine, the willing
young men?
They ride along our paved roads,
singing in the sun,
Glad to be alive and young,
Glad for peace and ripened grain.

But wait—! Think and remember—
Are not these the vandals—
These the same who looted, stole,
and plundered?
Are not these the barbarians who
robbed and slaughtered?
Look, look again, remembering the
hordes of hungry homeless
These madmen left behind.

Fort Pierce, Fla.

'IT HELPS ME SEE CLEARLY'

Dear Bill:

I'll admit that this is fan mail, but I'd like to regard it as a personal letter to you, not requiring an answer, because the job you do

with *Dear Joe* is response enough.

I learn more of what I want to know from it than from any of the personal letters I get (except my wife's!) or from any of the other newspapers or magazines. In conjunction with the rest of PM, it helps me see clearly and maintain my ideals about my country and my philosophy and, what makes those things worth having, it shows me *what to do* to support them.

It wasn't until I started reading PM in Boston back in '42 and found out about the Co-ops and about playing politics (one of the best series of articles about the right to vote that I have ever read), that I realized there are practical ways to work for what I believe. Then I knew that failure to support what I believe is the greatest sin, and I've tried to live up to the old adage, or quote, or whatever it is: "to thine own self be true . . ."

And so my thanks, Bill, for your clear explanations of a lot of things that get badly distorted in the other papers—for instance, labor's views on the strike situation that's supposed to have us all hopped up. And thanks for keeping an ideal, and being proud of it, and having the guts to speak of it and support it and tell others how to support it! Thanks for keeping me clear on the fact that I'm not over here marking time, "existing," until I get home and can "let the rest of the world go by." Thanks for helping me see that I'm fighting for something and that it's something which is worth dying for, and that I would go proudly and not feeling cheated if the time should come.

And, less poetically, thanks to you for little things like the address of the AVC, to which I'm writing, and the pin-ups, and all the *little* facts in *Dear Joe* that I know I'd never learn otherwise. And as a representative of PM, thanks to you and the rest especially for Overstreet's poems, that terrific poem *GIMI* which my friends liked as well as I did, for the Letters page, the best war maps of any publication I see, and generally for the production of my favorite newspaper.

Sgt. BEN HUBLEY

c/o Postmaster, N. Y.

PRESENT

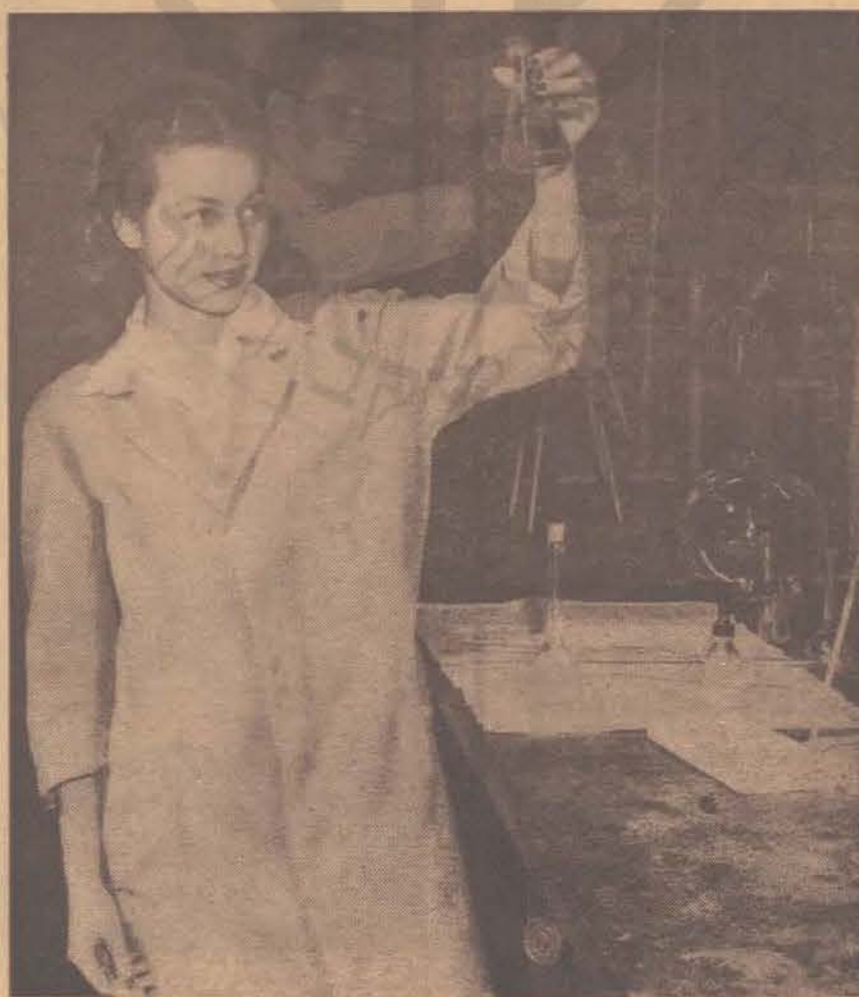
By Hans Juergensen

I send you a rose
From a shell-dented garden
Where slain youths repose
And Death is the warden;

Where Spring hushed the pallor of
moribund duty
And the remnants of valor with the
blush of its beauty;

Where winds breathe the story
Of life born anew;
Men's blood—roseate glory—
I send it to you.

Near Naples



Charlotte Perl in a scene from *GI Bill of Rights* (see letter above).

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

JEWISH LIVES

זכר אלה

OK, Joe?

[illegible]

Jane Carlson, 20, is in the revue at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe. She comes from Erie, Pa., and has been dancing four years. She's single and unengaged.

PHOTO BY MORRIS GORDON





I said in my last letter that how easily and smoothly you can re-adjust yourself to civilian life when the time comes will depend partly upon what kind of person you were before you went into the Army.

By this I mean that when the war is over and you are demobilized you will begin rebuilding a civilian life for yourself, and, to a considerable extent, that building will be done on the foundations that you laid before you went away.

If you were a happy, well-adjusted guy in civilian life, with many friends and an understanding family and a good job in a line of work that suited you, then you're lucky. You have good foundations to return to. How successfully you can resume building will still depend on several other factors which we will talk about later in this series—but if your foundations were sound and strong, that's half the battle.

Now suppose your foundations were not sound and strong; suppose you were not a happy, well-adjusted guy, and all that. Is there anything you can do now about the kind of guy you were then? Is there anything you can do before demobilization day to shore up those foundations—to improve your chances of being able to build a good civilian life after V-Day?

Why, yes, Joe. I think there is. No matter how hard-pressed you may be at this moment, there will be quiet days between now and demobilization day when you will have a chance to think. And if you will think clearly about the guy you were in civilian days, you can save yourself some trouble.

The trick, of course, is in learning to think clearly about yourself. And it is not an easy trick to learn. Nobody can give you a secret formula for doing this. All anyone can do is to arouse in you an urgent desire to learn to think clearly about yourself and give you a few pointers on technique.

When should you urgently desire to learn to think clearly about yourself?

Well, Joe, you want to be happy, and happiness consists in adjusting your real self to the real world you live in.

Think of yourself as a complex modern ship assigned to travel through risky waters. It is not enough—though it is very important—for you to know your destina-

tion and the course you want to travel, and all the reefs and shoals and weather conditions along that course.

You must also know the ship: what her capabilities are, how much speed you can expect of her, how she reacts to this kind of weather and that.

It is not in the cards for any of us to have smooth sailing all the way, but if we know ourselves and are ourselves, we have a good chance of getting where we want to go, and enjoying the trip, good weather or bad, the way a maa enjoys piloting a ship he really knows, in rough sea or calm.

Now if you're convinced that it is urgently desirable to know yourself and be yourself in order to have an enjoyable journey, how can you learn to do the kind of clear thinking that brings real self-knowledge?

Well, Joe, if I were you I would assume that my brain is OK; perfectly capable of good thinking; capable of thinking far better than it has ever thought so far. At your age you are not going to learn to think. What you can do—and should do, in the interests of a good future civilian life—is to learn to give your brain a chance to think; a chance to think, in this case, about yourself.

How does a fellow give his brain a chance to think? Well, I guess the first step is to recognize that clear thinking is a deep and difficult process which cannot be carried on under just any old conditions.

One reason I have encouraged you to write poetry is because I knew that in order to write poetry you would have to learn to shut out all noise and confusion and distraction for a while and CONCENTRATE. I knew that you would have to learn to achieve inner calmness; and out of that calmness good writing would come.

And I felt that when you had learned how to get yourself into periods of deep concentration and inner calmness you would be able to use some of those periods for clear thinking about yourself; about the kind of guy you were in civilian

days; about the things you did that were not right for you; the times when you felt really good, and in control of the situation; and the times when you didn't; and why; and how you could make a better job of it when the time came for you to begin again.

The second step is to take a certain amount of time, whenever you can, to be by yourself, in as quiet a place as possible. Acquiring self-knowledge through clear thinking is at least as hard as writing a poem, and you ought to give yourself the benefit of the kind of physical atmosphere that men demand when they're trying to write poems. Maybe you don't have much choice right now. Well, do the best you can. Go to the place, wherever it is, where you feel comfortable, and sort of in tune with the earth and the heavens; a place where, for a certain length of time, you will be undisturbed. Prepare—train—for that period as seriously as if it were to be an athletic match or a battle. Go there without a hangover, please.

DON'T expect much to happen right away. Just try reflecting, at first, but calmly. Remember the high points and the low points in your past life. These are going to be your surest clues to self-understanding. Just take it easy. Maybe after you've been at it a while certain new truths about yourself will pop up out of your brain, and the discovery will be exciting. Well, beware of excitement. Just take it easy. Writers know that the lines that excited them most at the time of writing generally turn out to be the bad lines, the somehow false lines, and this may be true of your thinking.

Maybe you have more faith in your unconscious or subconscious mind than you have in your conscious. Well, OK. What I am suggesting is a way of letting your subconscious thinking percolate up to the surface where it can do you some good.

Above all, Joe, you must try to insist upon honesty in this thinking you do about yourself. There is a certain amount of falseness in all of us, and

naturally it comes out in our thinking about ourselves. Watch out for this. Be skeptical of all evidence you turn up about yourself. Be skeptical of all conclusions you reach on the evidence turned up.

The big question you will be trying to answer for yourself is Who Am I? And if you can come within artillery range of the true answer to that enormous question you will have discovered more than most men ever do. But don't be frightened away by the enormity of that question because there are many minor answers on the road to the one big question, which, if you can capture them, will help you a great deal. Who was I—that is, in civilian life, before the army—is a somewhat easier question to answer, and it's one you need to answer between now and the start of your new civilian life. And that question is subdivided into many others that you will want to consider in those periods of calm thinking: Was I doing the kind of work that really suits me? Was I living in the right kind of town or neighborhood to suit my real self? Was I seeing the kind of people I enjoy most? Was there something important lacking in the kind of life I was leading then?

If you can discover just one way in which your prewar life was wrong for you, and repair that one defect in the foundation on which you'll start building again when the time comes, you may save yourself a great many headaches and heartaches.

Your tendency will be, of course, to attribute all of your past difficulties and unhappy experiences to other persons and to conditions outside yourself. We all tend to do that. But look out. If there was something screwy in your own attitude that caused you to be unhappy in your family life or in your job, before the war, you need to find out what it was and decide what to do about it—now. Otherwise, no matter how you may contrive to change your external conditions after the war, you will find your internal conditions irresistibly drawing you back to that same old position behind that same old 8-ball.

In my next letter I'll have something to say about the ways in which your particular experience in the army may make it easier or more difficult to return to civilian life—and, if more difficult, what you can do about it.

yours as always,

Bice

William Jennings O'Brien

GI M2

By George S. Ford, Army of the U. S. A.

I am a soldier
Of the United States of America.
I am a soldier of the U. S. A.
A dog face
A BA private.

I'm an average guy
In most respects.
I was drafted
I went
And here I am.

WHERE?

In the thick of it, mister.
Where the lead is flying
Where there is green hell
Where people are killing and
being killed.

What do you think of an Amer-
ican boy
Killing?
Killing
With a rifle, carbine, pistol, bayo-
net, knife, BAR?
With a rock
With his bare hands.
Do you sometimes wonder?

This killing
In the face of
THOU SHALT NOT
Took some figuring.
Damn right
It took some figuring.
How come
In the U. S. A. it's
Murder
And here
It's duty to
Kill???

I DON'T KNOW

Did you think I had an answer?
I'm sorry
I don't. I don't have.
It's fantastic, bizarre—a dream
that is not a dream.
But I do it.
I kill
Quite a bit.
I have to.

Do you wonder ever?
You safe and at home ones;
You who are close to your dear
Except for us ones.
You movie, night club, whisky
sour, quiet at home
Non-killing ones
Do you wonder . . .
About us
Killing?
The how of it
The why of it
The final what of it
When we return?

I said I had no answer
And I haven't.
But I can kill
I have found
And rather well now
For several reasons.

1.

I have a sister.
Lovely?
Yes, lovely—of loveliness
She is.
Gentle, kindly, loving
Rare.
She is of loveliness.
I talked to a Chennault Tiger
From China.
I asked, "Is it true? Can it be—
Nanking . . . the nurses there . . .?"
He is a veteran.
He has slitted expressionless eyes.
He has killed.
But he paled and shuddered.
It isn't hard to kill a Jap.

2.

*"Physiologically and physically
man is granted the miracle of im-
munity to blood and violence
after varying shocking doses of it.
His sensibilities are capable of a
maximum amount of horror stim-
uli after which they no longer
react. It is a phenomenon."*

I have seen American boys
Retch
In their first combat heat.
I have seen those same American
boys
With dripping red bayonets
propped besides them
Laughing, joking, eating cold B
rations.
Ten feet away is a prone Jap
officer
Grotesque with rigor mortis
Without a jaw or nose.
They are merciless, joking Amer-
ican killers.
The fact of their laughing, joking,
eating existence
Is proof
Of that.

3.

I think always of gardens
As sanctuaries
Dream places;
Aimless beauty
Aimed
At reeling taunted mind.
In my mind is a garden
A dream place
Where my love is.
**ALTHOUGH ON MY VIOLENT
HANDS IS BLOOD
IN MY MIND IS A GARDEN
OF BEAUTY.**

4.

I have a friend.
His name is Karl.
He is the BAR man in my squad.
He left Austria, his home, in a
hurry.
One day in September a few years
back.
I have helped him with his Eng-
lish.
His father?
Killed by his own hand.
His mother?
He doesn't say and one does not
ask.
Perhaps that is why his eyes
Are cold agates
And he never smiles.
Perhaps that is why there are sobs
in the night
And his face is wet and white
At reveille.
Perhaps that is why he has killed
more
Than any other three of us in this
outfit.
He is Jewish.
He once saved my life at the risk
of his own.
It would not be hard to kill a
Nazi.

5.

I have a wife.
Her hair is blonde
Her skin is honey
Her eyes are alive with
Intelligence and laughter.
And I have seen them moist and
brimming
With love.

If you would touch my life
My aliveness
Touch hers.
For they are one.
Whoever makes menace at my
aliveness
Makes menace at hers.
It is not hard to kill
A Jap.

6.

I have a country.
A free, spacious, beautiful
Clean
And sweet smelling country.
Should I lose it
I lose all
For it embraces and protects all
things
Dear to me.
Should I lose IT
I will have lost those things
And thus myself.

7.

I have a God
And He is in heaven.
And His name is hallowed.
His kingdom WILL come
And HIS will be done
On earth
It will be
As in heaven.
His is the kingdom and the power
And the glory forever
He is a jungle God
As well as
A desert, arctic or ocean one
I have found
To the eternal benefit of sanity.
I have a sister.
I have a friend.
I have a garden in my mind.
I have a wife, a country and a
God.
When these are at stake
While these are of me.
When these are threatened
I move like thunder
And I will kill
For these.
I CAN kill
For these
And yet know sanity
And balance.

So have thou no fear
My dear ones
My loved ones.
Have thou no fear
You, the governors
The legislators
The paid worriers
After our future and security.
Should I survive
And when I return
I will be no beast or criminal.
The blood I have shed
Will not haunt me
Nor will it have given me thirst.
I will be fit to love
And be loved;
To enter a church
To walk with a child.
I will go humbly and gratefully
my way
In the peace I have helped secure.
Have thou no fear.

George S. Ford is a soldier whose poem GI M1, published in this space on July 23, was widely reprinted and widely acclaimed by our readers, especially those in the service. GI M2 (Government Issue, Model 2) touches upon a subject which has been much in the minds of many service men: their desire not to have their characters interpreted too literally in terms of the work that they have been called upon to do.—W. J. O'B.

Dear Joe:

This is the second in a series of special "Dear Joe" letters on how, when the time comes, a serviceman can best adjust himself to civilian life.

AS I SAID in my last letter, Joe, it is foolish and dangerous for anyone to predict when the war will end. But we know it will be over *some day*, and it is wise for you and us to give some advance thought to the business of inducting you back into civilian life when that *some day* comes. It is not easy for a man to make the long leap from military life back to civilian life. It is not easy for a man to leap and land on his feet and start walking along civilian paths as if his travels had never been interrupted. Don't take my word for this. Ask any veteran of this or the last war. It is not easy but it can be done. Thinking about it in advance—thinking carefully and straight—can help you to do it quickly, surely, smoothly when the time comes.

* * *

How difficult it will be for any individual serviceman to readjust himself to civilian life when the time comes will depend upon a great many factors including the following:

(a) What kind of guy he was before he went into the Army or Navy; how old he was, how far along on his career, how many friends he had, how intelligent he was, how resourceful, how adjustable, how honest with himself, how understanding of himself.

(b) What has happened to him since he entered the service: how long he has been in, where he has served, how he has reacted to military indoctrination and discipline, whether he has been wounded, what opinions he has formed of civilians and their ways.

(c) What has happened to his old civilian world—family, friends, co-workers—since he went away.

It is important for you to do some planned thinking about factors B and C. True, you cannot change those factors. What has happened to you and your loved ones has happened, and whether it is good or bad you have to take it. But much depends on how accurately you *measure* what has happened to yourself and others. For instance: how much a man's future civilian life is to be affected by the loss of a limb will depend to an enormous degree upon the man's own measurement of the importance of that loss.

(d) How he felt about putting on a uniform in the first place: that is, did he understand what caused the war and why his country needed him to fight? Or did he feel that we should never have fought the war, that he should not have been called, that his draft board was unfair, that he was given a dirty deal? I think this matter of induction-day attitude is extremely important for us to think about, Joe, because the guys with grudges will be at a special disadvantage when it comes to re-entering civilian life.

(e) How wisely our government and

private organizations arrange for the postwar employment of returning servicemen, and for their general welfare. At this moment, it appears likely that under the leadership and co-ordination of the Roosevelt administration—with plenty of political pressure from liberal and veterans groups, and plenty of anticipated political pressure from you veterans-to-be—the U. S. A. will have a good program for veterans when demobilization day comes. Seeing to it that the country is ready for you with jobs, and with adequate medical or psychiatric care, is at present the responsibility of civilians. But you should keep as well informed as possible, and you should urge your civilian friends and your family to take an active and informed interest in the program for returning veterans.

(f) How intelligently and how patriotically the new veterans behave when they come home. You see, Joe, your own prospects for a good life after the war depend to a great extent on the health of the country as a whole; and the health of the country as a whole depends to a great extent on what the veterans do when they come home. If all veterans were to band together as a great political pressure group under *unwise leadership*, and force the enactment of laws that were injurious to the whole country's political & economic health, then veterans themselves would quickly suffer along with everyone else. In other words, Joe, it is your duty to help restore other veterans to good useful civilian life—to keep them from using their inevitable political power unwisely—not merely for reasons of patriotism and unselfish public interest, but for reasons of personal self-interest.

(g) How clear and clean and strong are your own desires for the future. This is perhaps the most important factor of all, because you will be able to do a good job of becoming a civilian only if you are able and willing to put some energy into the reorientation job; and the quantity and quality of your energy will depend upon the quantity and quality of your desires for the future. If you know what you desire from life; and if your desire is a good healthy one, and right for you; and if you desire it strongly enough—brother, the chances are you'll get it.

* * *

In the weeks to come I will write about each of the above factors in greater detail, my aim being to help you work out a method of attacking those factors; of working on them before they start working on you.

yours as always,

Biep

William Jennings O'Brien

26 Nov. 1944—weekly letter to service men and women. Address replies to William J. O'Brien, PM's Picture News, 164 Duane St., New York 13, N. Y.



OK,

Lauren Bacall is Warner Brothers' new mate for Humphrey Bogart, Joe. She's the gal in *To Have and Have Not* who says in a deep, throaty drawl, "And if you want anything, just—whistle."

Joe?



DEAR JOE:

ONE of these fine days will be the finest day of all, and that will be the day when you come home for good. It is foolish and dangerous to predict when that day will come. Predictions of an early peace, causing over-confidence, can actually prolong the war. If we grew over-confident enough we could even lose the war. So the most that we can say is that one of these days it will be over and you will be home.

Nobody knows what year it will be or what season it will be, but one of these days you will take off those GI duds and step into your own clothes and walk down the street of your own town, saying hello to your own friends, breathing the fine free air of your own free country.

So long as we don't get our hearts set on any particular day, or year, or season, it is not only safe but wise and practical for you and us to think about your homecoming; to imagine how you will look in the clothes you haven't worn for such a long time; to imagine how your room will look with you in it; how this town will look, how the whole country will look with the young men back; to think about the problems that we will have to solve together.

I'm not talking about the big fancy problems, Joe; about reforming politics and rebuilding the world.

I'm talking about the small important problem of easing you back into civilian life in such a way that you will quickly become a happy, well-adjusted, useful citizen; a guy who gets along well with his family and friends and the people at his shop or office; a guy who has found a place for himself—a place he likes.

From where you're sitting right now—or lying, or crouching—becoming a civilian may seem to be the easiest trick in the world. Certainly the civilian life is a lot safer and in many ways a lot softer than the military life. But they tell me that it is quite hard for a man to make the leap from military life to civilian life. I have talked this over with veterans of this war and the last war, and they say it is harder for a military man to become a civilian than it is for a civilian to become a military man.

The main reason why the change from military to civilian life is especially hard for a man to adjust himself to is that the strain of military life has kind of wearied his adjusting machinery.

At that critical moment when the war ends and a man is demobilized, he wants to relax—instead of putting forth the effort necessary to do a good job of adjusting. So he makes mistakes; mistakes that stay with him and in later years annoy hell out of him, to say the least.

You've leaped across enough ditches to know that it's not enough to do a good job of leaping, you must also do a good job of landing. If you collapse in mid-air you're likely to break a leg when you land. Well, that's true in this case. When the time comes, you will leap from the rigorous military life to a potentially much pleasanter civilian life; but a lot depends on how you land.

Wanting you to achieve the best possible civilian life when you come home, and believing in the efficacy of advance thought, I am, in the next few Dear Joe let-

ters, going to talk to you about some of the problems that will be waiting for you when you take off the GI duds. We'll consider the problems and maybe you can solve some of them before you make the big homeward leap.

Or let's say that a few land mines have been planted, by Fate, on the road that you will some day travel in search of the good civilian life. This is a good time for us to locate the mines, examine them, see how to pull their teeth. In this first letter I am not going to treat any specific mine—I only want to persuade you that the mine field does exist and that we have a job to do on it.

PLEASE DON'T get the idea that because I'm interested in your future problems I consider you a Future Problem Child. I know that a certain number of people go around wailing about The Coming Veteran Problem, as if they wished you guys would never come home. Well, Joe, I assure you that the great majority of us do not feel that way about you.

The reason I am going to talk about your problems is—well, maybe I can say it this way, Joe:

If you got word one day that I was going to be assigned to your outfit, I think you'd be on hand to greet me when I got there, if possible, and the first chance we got, we'd go off to a diner or somewhere and you would give me the low-down on the military life. You are an intelligent, perceptive guy, and you would have figured out quite a few angles, and you would explain those angles to me. Why? Because we're friends, and although you couldn't do my drilling or my latrine-duty or my thinking for me, you could save me some backaches, and you would want to do that.

All right. Just think of this as the same situation in reverse. One of these days you are coming into my outfit. You are going to be a civilian. You have been out of the civilian world for quite a long time. During that time I have been going around with my eyes and ears open and I have learned a thing or two, from people, and books, and from falling on my face personally, about the business of being a civilian. I

have some angles. I have even talked to psychologists and psychiatrists and other scientific characters about how to be a civilian.

And now I want to take you aside and give you what I think is the lowdown.

You see, Joe, being a happy and well-adjusted civilian American in the middle of the Twentieth Century is not as easy as falling off a log. It is not easy even for those who have not gone to war. There are many reasons for this. Life moves terribly fast; so fast that some people get dizzy and do stupid things and ruin their chances for future happiness. Modern life is full of loud noises and it is hard for people to concentrate. Some people's faiths have fallen apart and they are without something to hang onto.

When I say that it will be necessary for you to put some effort and thought into your own personal reconversion to civilian life, I do not mean that you must do this because you are unduly dumb, or because you are a Problem. The plain truth is that all of us have got to put more and more effort and thought into understanding life if we are to get happiness from it.

It's true that you will have some special problems and those are the problems we'll talk about. It's also true that you will have a special opportunity, Joe, and we'll talk about that too; about the chance you have to get a fresh start in civilian life.

You want to make that fresh start knowingly. You want to start out on a track that gives the greatest promise of leading you to happiness and a good life; a life containing much love and friendship, much faith, self-respect, pleasurable labor, enjoyment of nature; the things that a sane human heart desires.

In my next letter I want to talk about one of the principal land mines on anybody's road to happiness, and that is the tendency we have to blame somebody else for the things that we have done and are doing to ourselves. So long till then.

yours as always,

Bille

William Jennings O'Brien

This is the first in a special series of Dear Joe letters on how, when the time comes, a serviceman can best adjust himself to civilian life.

Joe mail

MEMORY OF PEACE

By Sgt. Harold Applebaum

In future days I shall think of you
This way only—the vision of a girl
Walking naked from the sea, dripping
With the ocean's kiss—wet, cool, lovely,
Innocent of the embattled air
In which you rise. Your loveliness the
sun
Will burn, the sand soil and the wind
defile
Till whiteness is impure and the poetry
Of limbs against the sea not rhyme.
Gentle stranger in our world, you are
lost
Among the warriors that men call men.
Nor will you be again what hearts may
keep
Till the tides rise up and claim their
own
And you are re-enshrined in sheltered
deeps.

A SEABEE SAYS

By Irving Miller Sp. 1c

Months ago we beached on this island.
This island that God seems to shun.
We Seabees took a hitch in our belts,
once or twice,
Here was a job to be done.
Our tractors and cats started purring,
Our shovels started their spurt.
The dozers rolled ever onward,
Giant trees kept hitting the dirt.
Day after day and night after night,
The busy Bees kept humming.
We worked like hell for a lengthy spell,
Preparing for what we saw coming.
One sunny day, the sun riding high;
Blue ripples were lapping the shore;
We looked across the horizon
And saw a dozen barges or more.
Closer and closer they came to the
beach,
Their outlines distinct and impressive.
The Seabees worked on in the broiling
sun;
No time for things so excessive.
The craft hit the beach—down came
the ramp,
The gates opened—we could see clear
inside.
The Army had landed their Engineers.
They had come with the noonday tide.
With packs on their backs, and rifles
held high
They waded on to the shore.
And instead of a greeting from Tojo's
boys,
The Seabees were there by the score.
Now listen, you Army Engineers,
We realize what you've done.
You've lent a hand on many an isle,
To see that this war is won.
Now, if you're looking for an island;
Where the Seabee doesn't reign,
It's sad sack little maties,
There ain't no such terrain!

NOTE TO POETS

The flood of poetry contributions, mainly from servicemen, has got too much for me, and I have therefore enlisted the help of Bruce Todrin, who will serve henceforth as poetry editor. Your verse contributions should be addressed to him. Bruce is an honorably discharged GI, a poet (his new book of verses, *At The Gates* was published this Fall) and a novelist (*Out of These Roots*, also published this Fall). So address your poetry to Bruce Todrin, PM, 164 Duane St., New York 13, N. Y. OK, Joe?—W. J. O'Brien



PHOTO BY SKIPPY ADELMAN

OK, Joe?

Lots of good things come out of Brooklyn, among them Myra Green, who's one of the gals in the Diamond Horseshoe revue. She's 19, went to the Abraham Lincoln High School—and has been a hoofer for three years. Nice pearls, eh? She wears 'em in show