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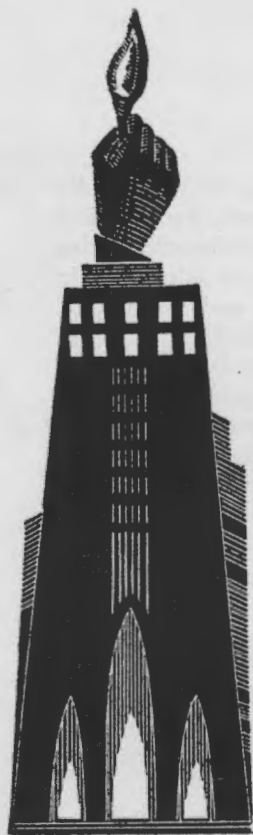
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Ray R. Salem



Our Moral
and
Spiritual
Resources
by
T. V. Smith

The Bulletin

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
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MOORHEAD STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
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Subject: Our Moral and Spiritual Resources

Series XIII No. 10

The belated November issue of The Bulletin is now being distributed. It is hoped that you will read it and be pleased by both the content and the format. Comments found on page 19 are intended to show how the address of Professor Smith ties in with the general educational philosophy of the College. That brief summary may prove helpful.

The fourteen denominational colleges in Minnesota were established at times when competition with state colleges was of but little if any consequence. Not so today. At present there stems from vested interests in private and denominational colleges a negative attitude toward higher public education. The now numerous graduates of denominational colleges are members of the state legislature and otherwise enjoy influential positions in business and professional life. Unless their religious faith holds them to the doctrine of parochial schools for elementary and secondary school children and youth, they lend their support to public elementary and secondary schools. However, they do not show similar zeal toward the state colleges. Certain ministers, legislators, business men, laborers, and professional men and women support public elementary and secondary education, but withhold their support of public education at the college level. Thus a kind of contradiction manifests itself.

Opposition to public education at the higher level always is sectarian in character--economic or social or religious. In terms of economics, the sectarians argue that state colleges cost too much, that the state cannot afford to finance adequately public education at any but the elementary and the secondary levels. In terms of social sectarianism the argument is advanced that higher education should be limited to those whose social background will warrant leadership in professional and business life. In religious sectarianism it is argued that state colleges are godless institutions. Such argument apparently is derived from the belief that secular institutions are godless because they are not sectarian institutions.

People who do not fully understand the functions of education in a democracy are liable to harbor misconceptions and bias. That fact is duly emphasized by Professor Smith in a constructive not negative manner. He points out the means by which public education can and does make major contributions, moral and spiritual, to our common life. Professor Smith makes very clear the fact that those who disparage public education at any level tend to undermine the protection that they enjoy in the practice of their own sectarian beliefs.

O. W. Snarr
President

OVS:gj

Because of current and widespread criticism of public education by sectarian forces — religious, economic, and political — the address of Professor T. V. Smith, noted philosopher, educator, legislator, and poet at heart, is timely. In defending public education against provincialism, sectarianism, and fanaticism, Mr. Smith manifests keen insight and unbounded courage. He sets supreme value upon secularism in the moral and spiritual life of American democracy; he calls attention to the “great and shining” values of Truth, Beauty, and Goodness in Western culture; and he describes the fields of the sciences, the arts, and the social studies (politics) as the secular instrumentalities for achieving moral and spiritual values.

Those whose faith in public education is such as to induce them to give it militant support should read Mr. Smith’s scintillating address. Its cogent expression and argument carry convincing logic for the promotion of education as a public enterprise. There are many good people who encounter difficulty in choosing between the values that are personal and limited in point of view and those that are broad enough to serve the common life. The address of Mr. Smith should serve a useful purpose in assisting people to make the important choice.

The address at the College, opening the June 8, 1953, Conference on the Spiritual and Moral Resources of Our Community Life, was delivered without manuscript and apparently without notes. A tape recording was made and from it a manuscript was prepared. The Editor desires to express appreciation to Mr. Smith for permission to publish the address in this issue of *The Bulletin*.

Preparation of the manuscript for publication has entailed some editorial changes and some abbreviations of the content. However, no liberty has been taken with the general thought of the address, and, in so far as possible, the style of the speaker has been retained. For any changes made, the Editor assumes full responsibility.

O. W. S.

Our Moral and Spiritual Resources

T. V. SMITH

I must begin by congratulating you upon having in your State and in your northwestern region a college enterprising enough and bold enough, perhaps I should add, to stage a conference upon what everybody would admit to be important and indispensable but what many people would fear to be vague and diffuse and hardly worth a specialized discussion. I congratulate you and I congratulate the college on having a constituency of men and women who, in such numbers as have come out this morning, will give their time to a consideration of important, vague, general questions about our common life together.

I want to begin my address proper by reading to you a statement from the press: “It is a gloomy moment in history. Not for many years — not in the lifetime of most men and women here — has there been so much grave and deep apprehension; never has the future seemed so incalculable as at this time. In France the political cauldron seethes and bubbles with uncertainty; Russia hangs, as usual, a cloud dark and silent upon the horizon of Europe and Asia; while all the energies, resources, and influences of the British Empire are sorely tried and are yet perhaps to be tried more sorely. It is a solemn moment; and no man can feel indifference, which happily, no man pretends to feel. In the issue of events of our own American troubles, no man can see the end.” This is from *Harper’s Weekly* dated October 10, 1857.

Let that be a lesson to you if you come to a conference like this in mood despondent and with any thought of pessimism about the future. Our present, their future, constituted for our fathers the dark and ominous thing that pessimism always makes of any futurity.

My Granddad, viewing earth’s worn cogs,
Said things were going to the dogs;
And his Granddad in his house of logs,
Said things were going to the dogs;
And his Granddad in the Flemish bogs,
Said things were going to the dogs.

There’s one thing, now, I want to state:
The dogs have had a good long wait!

I mean to say I come to you as an optimist as touching this problem of moral and spiritual resources. Admittedly it is an age of tension — as one poet has called it, an “age of anxiety” — admittedly a time when great events impend and dire consequences might attend choices of this or that alternative; but I have lived a million years with man in the eyes of the historian; and the future is what we make it, not what we dread it may be.

I remember a conversation one day during the war with General Patton in Sicily, where I was a military governor; I spoke to this intrepid tank commander of a certain article that appeared praising his bravery to the skies, and he said: "Colonel, I am not a brave man. They've got me wrong. The truth is, I'm an utter, craven coward." After I looked somewhat aghast at this self-depreciation, he said, "The truth is, I have never been in sound of gunshot or in sight of battle in my whole life that I wasn't so scared that I had sweat in the palm of my hands."

Well, I thought he was boasting in reverse, until later, when the war was over and I read his autobiography. I ran across a sentence which I greatly commend to you. He said, "I learned very early in my life never to take counsel of my fears" — not that he didn't have fears.

The greatest problem we have in the field of moral and spiritual values is the problem of not understanding and appreciating to the full the magnificent resources that lie all about us and lie within us. And therefore, the resulting consequence oftentimes is working at odds with one another and alas, not infrequently at odds with ourselves.

By way of further introduction, let me put this to you in the form of a story. Two or three years ago, I took my young daughter, as a graduating present from high school, to old Mexico — my wife and I. We were studying Spanish, of course, and practicing on one another and anybody else that would listen to us. My chief weakness in mastering that language or any other language, including my own, is the matter of numbers. I decided that I'd go out to the edge of Mexico City to an auction I saw advertised in the daily press, and would learn the numbers. I discovered long ago that when you learn things under great tension, especially when you are about to lose some money, you are likely to remember it, and I thought this would be a very good lesson to me. But also knowing my weakness in bidding, I went out in advance to look over the things and decide what only I would bid on. Well, it was a big hacienda; a rambling place. There wasn't anything there that especially interested me except one thing, an old parrot — shaggy old bird, not at all attractive, but in a very beautiful, modernistic cage. And so I decided that when he was put up I would bid on him, but wouldn't bid on anything else. Presently he was put up, and I bid ten pesos, which isn't very much at the rate of exchange, even from a professor's purse. Around in the other room where the auctioneer could see but I could not from where I was, somebody in a very raspy voice raised the bid to one hundred pesos. Well, this made me very angry, because, in all human accounts, the old bird wasn't worth that much; and somebody was kidding me; thought I was a gringo, which I was, and was going to get me sore. Well, I was plenty sore; so I raised the bid to two hundred pesos. He made three hundred, four hundred, five hundred, six hundred, seven hundred.

Finally, I bought the old bird for eight hundred pesos, which was utterly ridiculous, as I recognized, cooling off as I went around to pay for him. I said to the auctioneer, "I suppose I made an ass of myself, buying this old bird. I can't even take him into the United States, can I?" He said, "I am afraid you can't, because of the parrot fever." "Well," I said, "anyhow, can he talk?" The auctioneer looked at me in amazement. He said, "You made a bigger ass of yourself than you think. It was he who was bidding against you all the time!"

I am often reminded of this experience in life, because the most tragic thing that befalls any of us individually or collectively is the fact that we frequently get into the position of bidding against ourselves — of not sufficiently understanding what our resources are, what our situation is. Instead of conserving our energies through either united effort or through complete agreement with tolerance to disagree, that is, letting each one go freely and gladly his own way, we find ourselves working at odds with one another.

For instance, I am speaking in the chapel of a great state school, supported by tax payers' money, and foresworn to impartiality in the struggles that arise in the name, let's say, of religion. Also, we have in the city of Moorhead a denominational college. This is but typical of America. We have parochial schools and we have public schools; we have religious institutions and we have state institutions.

Now there is a notion abroad (I have run into it everywhere I go) among parochial school people and among professors in denominational colleges that in the state colleges we aren't interested in values. They say because we are non-religious that we are ir-religious. They say that because we have to respect the sensibilities in the religious field of everybody concerned, that we are godless institutions.

Now nothing could be more ridiculous than this, nor more wasteful in terms of spirituality. For spirituality is a word that we must lift high enough to include all the values — the values of religion, of arts, of sciences, of politics; the values of secularism itself. From the point of view of values it's not secularism that we have to fear — it's sectarianism. That is, it's a narrow provincial view of value. Can anything be more ridiculous, more narrow-minded, more suicidal than for us to bid against each other in terms like this?

There's room for all of us in the world. We all have our little corner upon values. We all have our equal rights of interpretation for what they are. And the glory of our democratic society is that we not only are allowed to be, we are encouraged to be, as broad as the spirit of man. For the spiritual values are only the values of the spirit; and the spirit, like the wind, bloweth where it listeth, and includes all of the things that to any and every man constitute some meaningful aspect of human experience.

I say this with one further thought, because public education is now under attack from a great many sources but always from what I call "sectarian sources." It may not be religious sectarianism only; it may be economic sectarianism or political sectarianism; but public education is under attack from somebody who has a special view — a vested interest on value, which is perfectly all right — but who thinks that the value that does not fall under his narrow view does not exist at all.

Public education has to be secular to keep it from being sectarian. The only way in the world in which we can allow religious liberty to all people and have denominational and parochial schools and religious enterprises, a thousand and one, is to have a state that is foresworn to impartiality between all of them, that will not take sides, but guarantee to each one an ambit in which he shall exercise the endeared values which he himself has found.

The moment public education ceases to be secular, it becomes sectarian, taking sides with one or another of the smaller groups of life. Then all values go down together in the sea of fanaticism. For as the Negro poet, Paul Laurence Dunbar has said: "Once in that level of ruin, what boots it to do or to dare; but down we must go in the turbulent flow, to the desolate sea of despair."

I repeat, it's not secularism we have to fear; it is sectarianism of any and every sort that we have to fear. Let me give you a concrete example. One day at Lake Success, in New York — I think this was the second meeting of the United Nations Assembly at Lake Success before the building was finished — during a lull in proceedings, I was talking with a European delegate. I asked him a question I had often heard concerning the United Nations, especially the Assembly. I asked him why they don't open their meetings with prayer. He looked at me very searchingly. He said, "Are you in earnest?"

"Yes," I said; "never more so."

"Well," he said; "what prayer?"

"I don't care," I replied "any honest prayer."

"By what pray-er?" he asked.

"I don't care," I said; "by any honest pray-er."

He replied, "I— I never know how to take you Americans. You must know that religion is one of the things that men are still cutting each other's throats about in the world — Pakistan, Israel, Mohammedan countries, not to speak of the intense rivalry between religious organizations and undercutting in competition again and again, even the United States. Don't you know there isn't any pray-er we could put up

in this vast assemblage of nations, nor any prayer he could utter that would not excite disdain or even derision on the part of some other equally religious group?"

I said, "I suppose you're right."

A little later, Mr. Trigve Lye, when the building there on East River was nearing completion, sent up what we politicians call a trial balloon — a proposal that they set aside one room in the new building as a sort of chapel for religious purposes. There was general agreement that this should be done. When the question was raised what would be put in the room in the way of furniture, furnishings, all hell broke loose in the name of heaven. The Catholics wanted the instrumentalities of their religious values; the Hindus wanted something else; the Mohammedans wanted a prayer rug; the American Quakers and Unitarians didn't want anything. And finally, before the building was completed, it was agreed they'd just have four bare walls, a ceiling, and the floor, and let anybody go there and do whatever his notion of spiritual values suggested to him and in whatever name. As a matter of fact, it turned out a little better than that. The room is now there. You can see it for yourself. There is one thing in it: that's a bowl of flowers. "Say it with flowers." And except for one other article, an old tree trunk that is supposed to be three hundred years old, from Japan or somewhere, not another blessed thing in the room. It is a meditation room; and anybody can go and do what his variety of spiritual life suggests to him. One observant newspaper writer — he often watches to see whether anybody goes in to meditate — has never caught anybody going in yet to meditate. Some people enter out of curiosity.

Now this might be a very tragic thing. Senator Austin, my old colleague in the Congress of the United States, told me (that's the reason I asked the question) that he got more letters from American citizens asking "Why don't you open the meetings of the United Nations with prayer?" than letters of any other kind.

We have to learn to be adult men and women. We can't be children in a world that is as large as this world and that has as many interpretations of value, especially of what we call "spiritual value." We have to learn that other people are just as intelligent as we are, just as honest as we are, and just as interested in spiritual values as we are, to whom our values are anti-spiritual and whose values to us appear to be anti-spiritual.

We mustn't work against ourselves in this business. Not in the name of religion can we ever deny the equal rights of any other religious view. There is room for all of us who are honest and sincere and who are seeking the improvement of ourselves or of the human race. Moreover, if we are wise, we can never deny that religion is only one of

the sets of values that make up the spiritual life. A precious set, admittedly, but all the while to think it is the only one is itself to commit the final sin against spirituality by narrowing to a sectarianism the broad reaches of the spirit of man.

When we think in these high terms of moral and spiritual values, another way in which we work against ourselves is that we tend to rule out or try to rule out the business community. This is one of the most curious facts of all time — a tribute to the deep undertow of what Communism is or builds upon. Through the profit motive and through the competitive technique, our capitalistic civilization has grown great and infinitely more productive than has any other civilization in the world. Yet we somehow get competition set over against cooperation in such way as to believe that competition ruins the cooperative life.

Competition is the only form of cooperation known among men that can support itself and keep the spirit clean and the world productive. That goes just as much for ideas as it does for goods, and it goes just as much for goods as it does for ideas. The notion somehow that business, with its profit motivation, with its competitive spirit which we enforce by law and the Sherman Anti-Trust Act and others when we find businessmen not competing and do it with a perfectly good reason, that business somehow is set over against the spiritual enterprise and what you do on Monday can't harmonize with what you think on Sunday. Well, it can't, if what you think on Sunday is the product of a superstitious religion or of a little God or of a little human being. But in a broad and roomy world the basis of production, the techniques of distribution — these are as much a part of our moral values as sacred to us as anything that happens to us in the name of religion. For religion, I repeat, is one precious value, but only one of the great spiritual resources of mankind.

Let me quote from General Eisenhower, in terms of his meeting at the Elbe with the Russian General, Marshal Zhukov, as joint conquerors of Nazism. Eisenhower tells this story in the last chapter of his marvelous book, *Crusade in Europe*. Says Eisenhower: "The Marshal seemed to be a firm believer in the communist concept. He said that, as he saw it, the Soviet system of government was based upon idealism, and ours upon materialism."

Listen to that! This is a Communist talking! Their system is idealistic; ours is materialistic! Now the tragic thing about that is there are millions of Americans who believe it, though it is utter nonsense. Eisenhower states that, "In expanding his idea of this difference the Marshal remarked—and introduced an apology because of his criticism — that he felt that our system appealed to all that was selfish in people. He said that we induced a man to do things by telling him he might keep what he earned, might say what he pleased, and in every direction

allowed him to be largely an undisciplined, unoriented entity within a great national complex. He asked me to understand a system in which the attempt was made to substitute for such motivations the devotion of a man to the great national complex of which he formed a part. In spite of my complete repudiation of such contentions and my condemnation of all systems that involved dictatorship, there was no doubt in my mind that Marshal Zhukov was sincere."

Of course sincerity is the least one can grant to any human being.

But listen to what Zhukov says; his understanding of our system — primarily our economic system — is that it induces a man to do things by telling him he may keep what he earns. Well, we do, don't we? That's a true statement. He uses it to indict us. That's a statement of which we are proud. That's the way we do induce men to do their best, by telling them that within the realm of the law, at least, they can keep what they earn. That he may say what he pleases. We do, don't we? That's what our Bill of Rights provides: freedom of speech, freedom of press, and freedom of religion. That's a true statement. In every direction we allow him to be largely undisciplined, an unoriented entity within a great national complex. Well, we do, don't we? That's exactly what our system is all about. But he uses this to damn us. You are selfish. You are materialistic. We are the idealistic people.

Now I have heard from pulpits, Catholic and Jewish and Protestant, over and over again, that same doctrine preached that somehow competition is a sinful thing. We want a cooperative society. Well, we do, but the only way to get cooperation that can support itself is to foster competition — in ideas, in goods; it's the only guarantee that virtue will keep its own mantle clean. That's the reason it is so magnificent to have so many churches. If we had only one church, it would go to the devil before the decade was over. No church, when it has a monopoly, has ever yet been able to resist the poison of an institution. But when you have a great many churches, each competing with each other, this becomes the guarantee of the purity of each one of them as it does in the field of philosophy and in the field of business.

We work against ourselves. Like my parrot, we bid against ourselves when we don't understand our capitalistic civilization and take pride in it, when we don't see in the business enterprise itself carried on according to law (the agreed-upon rules) as much resource of spirituality, as much demonstration of the creativity of human life as in any other field of life. It's not the *making* of money that constitutes materialism — it is the making of *money*. We need to get definitions for our categories.

We ought not to sit quietly by and let the Communists or let anybody who in the name of spirituality on Sunday damn capitalism

and the profit motive and the competitive spirit. We ought to defend this institution because this is the most magnificent business form in which the spirit of man has ever yet served to create far and away the most productive order of civilization and far and away the most just distribution of the goods of large-scale production.

The spiritual life is as broad as the human spirit. Moral values are those values that people can agree upon so they can proceed to act upon them. Men have never agreed upon religion. You cannot get universal agreement upon anything. You never have and there's no reason for thinking you ever will. You can't get, therefore, universal agreement; you have to allow freedom as we do in our constitution to defend the moral values and those things on which you can get agreement so you can act upon them together. Those you can't get agreement upon, well, prize them to yourself. Organize your own church and your own artistic group and what not. Prize them above all else, but don't inflict them upon anybody else. Because the spirit is broad enough to include them all, you see. The spiritual life covers the whole range of the spirit of man not only in the field I have been speaking of, but in the larger reaches of spirituality.

An illustration will spell out my defense of the public schools against the charge of being materialistic or irreligious, or godless, and my defense of secularism as being the only possible way in which religion can be kept to fit the benefits of many men and can be saved from sectarianism and the degradation of values. Looking at it now, by and large from Greek life where Democracy began in old Athens, and from Greek philosophy which was the first great articulation in the West of the spirit of man and its vast creative enterprise — looking at it, we have inherited three values that have been used to characterize the whole meaning of spiritual life. These are values of Truth, Beauty, and Goodness.

I am not trying to confine you to those. You can go on and add holiness and anything else you suggest, but historically these are the three which we have inherited and these are the great shining values. We spell them with capital letters, ordinarily, that go to spell out the totality of the meaning of spirituality in the world. Whoever has turned his face toward *Beauty* and serves it well is the servant of the spiritual life; whoever has turned his face toward *Truth* and serves it well is the servant of the spiritual life; whoever has turned his face toward *Goodness* and serves it well is a servant of the spiritual life.

These are the great capitalized values that make up the meaning of spirituality plus whatever else you want to put in. There is no law against any number you wish to put there. But there are lower orders of value constituted by the means which are necessary in order to make real in our earthly life any one of these great ideal values, Truth,

Beauty, Goodness — these are shining. They are out around beyond the heavens; Plato tells us that they were there before the Gods were created and when the Gods came they found Truth, Beauty, and Goodness and they were bound to observe these forms in the creating of the world and all things in it. Whatever that may be, these ideal values, magnificent as they are, the food of the spirit, unquestionably, but they don't make any difference in the concrete activities of men until somebody does something about them other than just to stare at them, to worship them; and they are all worthy of adoration.

Now what is it that we do to them to bring them "down to earth," as we say? Well, we develop means through which a world that is ugly can be made more beautiful by our efforts. A world in which falsity often prevails can be warped toward the truth. A world in which evil can be turned in the direction of goodness and the means by which we effect that turning are also spiritual values of a lesser order. They are instrumental values, if you will have it so, rather than consummatory values. What are these great values?

They are three, and about these, public education is primarily concerned. They are science, high servant of Truth; they are art, or the arts, high servants of Beauty; they are politics and all that the social studies involve, heading up in civics and politics which constitutes the great servant we have by way of increasing the amount of Goodness in the world.

Now the spiritual life, in toto, would be such a vision and appreciation of these ideal values as our ability makes possible, plus such a mastery of the means of bringing them down to earth in time as art and science and politics itself constitute. This is the meaning of the term discipline in education. This is the meaning we ought to attribute to discipline. Discipline is only the doing of something you would rather not do, save for the fact that only by doing it can you get what you want. Now we all want Truth in some deep sense but we can't get it except by disciplining the human spirit into an understanding of what the word *scrupulosity* means. Most people don't know the difference between Truth and a prairie chicken. Most people are not interested much in Truth. I know that, because the great indoor sport of mankind and even the great outdoor sport of womankind is gossip, and the most odious person I know is the person who, right in the midst of a juicy gossip will stop and say, "No, no, that's not exactly how it happened. Let me think exactly how it happened." As if anybody gave a damn about exactly how it happened, when you are just coasting along in high, you know, and telling a nice juicy story on somebody.

We spend most of our lives, and I have no criticism for it, just coasting along enjoying juicy things as they come, not that we aren't

interested in Truth, but we don't need very much of it in our lives, ordinarily. Sometimes we do need it; and when we need to know the Truth nothing could be more important in the world than to have the means of knowing it.

Now the only means there are in the world that distinguish between the things that claim to be true and aren't and those that claim to be true and are, are in general, the techniques of science. For it is only the scientist who has been willing to accept the discipline of doubt: not to believe things until they have been proved; who keeps alive through the development of statistics and through laboratory techniques the way in which we can find out the facts when we need to know what they are.

Truth is precious, but it's not the only value that there is in the world. Those who serve Truth are not the only people who are spiritually inclined; they are among the absolute necessary saints of the world—those men who have narrowed their own spirit by saying, "I'll not believe anything until it is proved; therefore I will keep alive the spirit of Truth. I'll make my mind scrupulous." But I haven't any right to say this; I am not a scientist. Let me say it in the language of a man who has won the right to say it, Pasteur.

When the Pasteur Institute was dedicated in Paris, that great scientific hall built by 500,000 francs from the school children of France, contributions from scientific societies and governments all over the world—hundreds of scientists gathered together to honor Pasteur. He arose, in accepting the gift, and in an immortal speech gave one paragraph which I want to quote in English:

Gentlemen of science, what I ask of you here today, you in turn must ask of the students who gather around you in the laboratories throughout the world. And it is the hardest that can be asked of investigators, namely: after believing that you have discovered a great scientific truth, after being filled with an eager desire to make that truth known, not to make it known, but to impose silence upon yourself for days—for weeks—sometimes for years—while striving to destroy your own conclusions, and permitting yourself to announce it as a truth only after all adverse hypotheses have been exhausted.

Listen to those hard words: "allowing yourself to announce it as a truth only after all adverse hypotheses have been exhausted."

It is easy for us to convince people if we pick out the ones to be convinced. You can always convince your wife or your husband, or can you? Well, if not, you can take it out on your children; or, you can find some other nut that agrees with you and will say, "Yeah, you really have something great there." It's not so easy to go out to different people and say, "Now look here. Here is the evidence. Can't you see I have got it proved?" But to go to your enemies who have other views of the truth and exhaust their hypotheses until they are finally convinced and say,

"Well, you have got it there. I simply have to give up. I would have to go to an insane asylum if I looked at that and didn't admit that's proof."

This is what I mean by scientific discipline. This is the only way in the world to develop scrupulosity of mind. Scrupulosity of mind is something that is of the very essence of spiritual value; and science is the way. This is the reason why we spend millions of dollars of the tax-payers' money — not to get all of the gadgets, nice as they are in an industrial civilization — to develop a type of human mind that is so in love with Truth that it will go through discomfort and pain and doubt to keep alive in the world the machinery by which men can find out the truth about some things, at least, when Truth is what they want to know.

Now there are a lot of people in the world who live on credulity and think they have a monopoly on spiritual values, who go around saying that scientists are godless men. Let those who are gods themselves say so. As for me, if I want a godly man in the field of Truth I will choose a man who has mastered his emotions and trained his mind through the discipline of doubt until he can tell when things are proved and is willing to admit it, who will not insist on other people's believing as Truth what he himself claims to be true.

There are narrow-minded sectarians who say that science is not spiritual, that the scientists are materialists and oftentimes atheists. For example, at the beginning of our modern period, Galileo, the great astronomer, wrote a letter to Kepler, a great mathematician and astronomer. I quote the first part of his letter and summarize the rest. He begins his letter by saying, "Oh, Kepler," those are the opening words, "Oh, Kepler, I would that you had been here yesterday. You would have split your sides with laughter." Then he says, "I went up to the University of Padua and got hold of the professor of philosophy (which in this century meant the professor of theology) and invited him down last night to look through my long glass (the newly invented telescope). He said that he could not come. I urged upon him. I said, 'You will see a marvel there.' He said he wouldn't come. I said, 'Wouldn't come? Come down and see.' He said, 'I know there isn't any such planet you have claimed to discover.' 'Well,' I said, 'I don't know how you say that. You can see it with your own eye.' He said, 'No, I have read the Bible backwards and forwards and know Aristotle from beginning to end. This planet is not mentioned in either one of them. I know it isn't there.' 'But come down and take a peep for yourself.'" No, he wouldn't do it. He was afraid if he looked he would see it and he knew it wasn't there.

Now what do you make of that kind of a mind? Afraid of the truth. Afraid to learn new things; unable to master prejudice as over against the clear luminous scrupulosity of men who have paid the price for doubting things until they were proved and have kept alive and pure the spirit of Truth in the world.

No, every dollar that every taxpayer invests in public schools and in state institutions like this that goes in the direction of science is an investment in saving and enlarging the spiritual life, if Truth be a part of the spiritual life; for science is the only instrumentality we have by which men can discipline their desire to believe something that they will not believe until the matter has been proved.

But if a scientist jumps up and says about religion, or about art, or about politics, "Oh, that's the tommyrot. We are the only people in the world that are the protectors of the spirit of man," then he is becoming a sectarian. I defend as utterly sacred his goal of Truth, his discipline, his means of mastering himself; but I cannot defend his becoming sectarian and saying to the religious portion, "You haven't got anything there at all because you don't have what I myself happen to be interested in." Or to the artist, or to the politician, for art is just as much the indispensable spiritual value, instrumentally speaking, for achieving that great spiritual value, Beauty, without which we can't live, as science is the instrumentality of achieving Truth.

"To make a prairie," says Emily Dickinson, "it takes a clover and one bee and reverie. The reverie alone will do, if bees are few."

Thornton Wilder told me that a North American engineer, a United States citizen, came to him one day and said to him, "Mr. Wilder, that book of yours — *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* — is marvelous. I don't often read novels, but I think that's the best novel I ever read." Wilder thanked him for it. As the engineer started to leave, he turned around, and said, "But Mr. Wilder, just to keep the record clear, not that it makes any difference, but just as a matter of record, I suppose you know you got your bridge across the wrong canyon." Wilder said, "No. No, I didn't get my bridge across the wrong canyon. I made some investigation. It's not there now, but in ancient time it was." "Oh," the engineer said, "it wasn't. I spent my whole life down there. I know the history. I know the terrain. There may have been some other bridge; it doesn't matter except just facts are facts, you know, but there never was a bridge across there," and he hammered the desk. Wilder said, "Now listen to me. You think you are telling me. You aren't. You are asking me. I am doing the telling here. What I am telling you is," he pounded the desk, "I am telling you there *was* a bridge across that canyon. I know. I built it."

All the best bridges have been built in the imaginations of men. In fact, the best bridges that ever have been built were those not built of steel or stone but only in the imaginations of men. For we never quite turn into full account our dreams. Mr. Wilder was right. The poet, the artist, is a creator. He is a creator of Beauty.

In one of his fragments about the poet's listening to the Gods talking in the treetops — Emerson says, "He who overhears some random word they say is the fated man of men whom the ages must obey."

And as a very dear poetic friend of mine has put it, looking out on that world of Beauty and disciplining herself into sensitivity — for the artist is one who looks where we look and sees what we did not see; who attends where we listen and hears what we did not hear. He has developed the resources of his own soul in such sensitivity that he quivers all over; and he opens all of his senses to all the sights, the sounds, the colors, and the cadences that go to make up the world of Beauty; and then through that mastery brings to us his increment of the spiritual life. My very dear poetic friend, who died last year, says:

If I might seize and capture in a song
One cadence that would ever charm the ear,
One burst of melody as sure and strong
As from the lark at summer dawn I hear;
If in a poem I might crystallize
One flying gleam of passion's swift surprise,
Or in the ageless permanence of stone
Prison some gesture's fugitive loveliness
If I might paint that shining, golden tress
The wandering wind across her eyes has blown;
Oh, if in some way I could make my own
One fleeting and uncapturable thing
So men might come and see or hear or sing
Saying the while of me, perhaps long dead,
'Oh, Beauty, here was Thou interpreted,
Here spoke Thy slave, here toiled Thy votary,'
I should lie quiet in my narrow bed and ask
No more of immortality.

"Oh, if in some way I could make my own, one fleeting and uncapturable thing. . . ." That prayer of every artist lies at the heart of the great spiritual enterprise to which art is the doorway; and it does not have to be sculpture or painting or poetry, as in the poem of my friend. We are utterly foolish when we think that wherever men invest with their creative energies and with joy whatever they are doing, that this is not also a doorway and approach to the portals of Beauty.

The second of the great spiritual ideals of mankind and the second instrument by which, through the discipline thereof we can reach it is, namely, the development of sensitivity, exactly as in science we develop scrupulosity.

I'm giving you examples of the breadth of the spiritual life; of the height and the depth, so that anybody who seizes one little sector of it and says, "This is all," has already damned himself as a sectarian, as a fanatic. And a fanatic, you know, is only the man or woman who does what God would do if God had all the facts.

By the great ideals — Truth and Beauty and Goodness — and the means by which we bring them down to earth that is, scrupulosity in science, sensitivity in art, and in the field of social relations or politics, I am trying to define what we call sympathy — the capacity to put yourself in the other man's place; the ability to admit that men who are equally honest and equally intelligent sometimes get so hopelessly at odds that there is no way out except for one of them to kill the other, or for both of them to compromise the issue when neither gets what he wants or does what he thinks to be right.

Most honest people do not have the capacity to effect compromises. That's why we have to have politicians. They are our midwives to bring Goodness out of a situation where values cancel each other out because men are disagreed — to bring to birth a new formula, a new sense of sympathy for one another so men can go along together in peace. Politics is indispensable as an instrument for getting and keeping alive in the world Goodness, especially in that interpersonal form which we call Justice.

Without the politicians of both parties and what they are doing for us by compromising, by never letting any of us get what we want, there would be no justice. Except for the role of politicians based upon sympathy—capacity to put yourself in the other man's place to try to balance the count — without this, Justice would disappear overnight. And in a decade our children would be spitting on each other when they met in the street because labor and capital would not be able to compromise their interests. Men would drag religion into politics, which ought never to be if men are going to keep the peace. But it's the politician through the mastery of what most of you could never do, of arranging compromises, inventing words that mean different things to different people, each one thinking they mean the same; of getting people together when they don't mean to gather. Except for the presence of men who have disciplined themselves (politics is a great discipline) there would not be any Goodness in the world. The situation would be what Germany was against the Jews, and then against the Catholics, and then against the Liberals, and then against everybody that didn't have hypothetical pure blood in his veins.

We need constant and everlasting warning that if we ourselves will not be politicians we've got to show respect for and deference to those who are willing to be our politicians even though they never bring us the bacon for which we voted when we sent them to office. They can't do that because each demands too much of the bacon and there's not enough to go around. They can't do that in any field. Nevertheless, we must show tolerance for them. We must show respect for them. We must, in fact, become tolerant enough to appreciate while he is living, the kind of man we now glorify only after he is dead.

Abraham Lincoln, everybody now praises. Thomas Jefferson, everybody now praises. It is interesting to remember, if you try to get religion mixed up as monopolizing the whole of the spiritual life, that neither Lincoln nor Jefferson, now known here and over all the world as men who represent the highest spiritual symbols of America, was a churchman. Both of them stayed out of the church on principle — Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln.

But Lincoln, while he was living, was a rascal, a blackguard, a moral compromiser, a despicable fellow, "a baboon," as one critic says. And Thomas Jefferson was more reviled than any other man, including even Lincoln, who had ever lived and become president of the United States. And yet now that Lincoln is dead and Jefferson is dead, we make pilgrimages to their tombs as a kind of penitence for the narrowness that kept our forefathers from seeing that they in carrying on the work of politics also were servants of the spiritual life.

I close with a tribute to the type of mind that with empathy, or sympathy, as in arts sensitivity, as in science scrupulosity, brings the great spiritual reward to man and makes a little nearer to us the great ideals — Truth and Beauty and Goodness. For no man made great by death offers more hope to our modern pride than does the memory of Abraham Lincoln. While living, he was himself so simple as oftentimes to be described a fool. Foolish he was, they said, in losing his youthful heart to a grave and living his life on married patience; foolish in pitting his homely ignorance against Douglas, brilliant, courtly, and urbane; foolish in dreaming of freedom for a long-suffering folk whom the North is oftentimes still as eager to keep out as my South was to keep down; foolish in choosing the silent Grant to lead the victory of the hesitating armies of the North; foolish, finally, in presuming that government for the people must be government of the people and by the people. This Lincoln whom so many then living—friends and foes alike—thought foolish hid his bitterness in laughter, fed his sympathy on solitude, and met recurring disaster with whimsicality to muffle the murmur of a bleeding heart. Out of the tragic sense of life he pitied where others blamed, bowed his own shoulders with the woes of the weak, endured humanely his little day of chance power, and won through death what life does not often bestow upon these political souls — lasting peace and everlasting glory.

Yes, my friends, the politicians who contain themselves enough to arrange compromises between contending interests; the artist who masters the techniques of bringing a little more Beauty into the world; the scientist who keeps alive the rigorous spirit of Truth — these by illustrating for us scrupulosity and sensitivity and sympathy, these are also servants of the spiritual life, which covers the whole skies and which reaches to the deepest recesses to which imagination has itself ever ploughed.

The comment on the opposite page was printed as the forward to "Design for Teacher Education," a former issue of The Bulletin. The comment is reproduced here because of similarity in point of view to the thesis developed by Professor Smith in his address.

In the cultivation of spiritual values, the Moorhead State Teachers College adheres to the injunction of the Founding Fathers who placed upon the people of the Northwest Territory this responsibility. "Religion, morality, and knowledge, being necessary for good government and happiness of mankind, schools and means for education shall forever be encouraged."

The Moorhead State Teachers College is a non-sectarian institution. It brings together young people in an atmosphere conducive to the development of tolerance and respect for all religious creeds—an attitude similar to that in which students will be compelled to spend their adult lives. Yet, the non-sectarian character of the College does not lessen its interest in the cultivation of the spiritual values, whether they be social, aesthetic, moral, or religious. In carrying through on the Ordinance of 1787 the College has not failed to teach religion, morality, and knowledge. Literature, music, and art provide ample opportunity for deriving the spiritual values; the social sciences are aimed at improving the conditions of mankind; and the physical and biological sciences give insight into what lies beyond the actual revelations of these sciences.

In a country committed to the separation of church and state, an institution supported by state funds can not engage in the teaching of any religious doctrine or dogma. Teaching of sectarianism is the responsibility of the home and of the church. But failure to teach religious dogma does not make the College a godless institution neglectful of the spiritual values and devoid of religious influence upon its students.

Because religion, morality, and knowledge are necessary for good government and happiness, these qualities must be the common denominator for all citizens in a democracy. In a democracy all citizens are free men; they are the rulers; they are the judges in the court of final decision. To rule well, free men must be wise. Men are born free, they are not born wise. It is the function of education to make free men wise. If free men are truly wise, they will be truly good. If they are truly good, they will find salvation through avenues of their own choice.