Allan Armstrong Hunter

a biography

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In gratitude to Mr. Hollywood Claude
and the library
for the use of all those records!
we can all share Allan

Mildred Magruder
1974
FOREWORD

This biography could not have taken shape at all without the constant and willing cooperation of Allan Hunter. He submitted to dozens of interviews and kept up a generous correspondence; he made his writings and memorabilia available and suggested helpful friends as further sources for information. Among the friends was Margaret Edwards, who had made tapes of a series of conversations with Allan, covering both his experiences and his ideas, and these tapes she kindly allowed me to use. Many other friends giving personal reminiscences are acknowledged in the list of sources at the end of each chapter. Allan’s sermons and published works were essential sources, and so were the records of Mt. Hollywood Congregational Church. Special periods of his life were illuminated by the accounts of Audrey Girdner and Annit Loftis, Herbert Nicolson, and Margaret Tjader; their books were most useful. These and other sources are listed in the bibliography. My own recollections of Allan Hunter begin forty-five years ago, and some events are from my own memory.

Allan read each chapter and made indispensable suggestions toward accuracy and enrichment. I am deeply indebted to Mrs. Betty Rohrer, Dr. John Anson Ford, my husband, Lloyd Magruder, and especially to Pastor Dan Genung for reading the manuscript and giving encouragement and correction. Barbara and Victor Pallos designed the attractive cover.

Writing this biography has been greatly rewarding, both for the pleasure of composition and for the intimate knowledge of the life and mind of Allan Hunter. Beyond expectation, the study has increased my admiration for him, my hope for man, and my search for reality.

Mildred Magruder
Los Angeles, 1974
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Chapter I 1893-1911 Growing Up
1. Toronto 1893-1897

In the affairs of men there is so much that is predestined that none except the elect may find assurance. Ethnic determiners, intellectual atmosphere, artistic inheritance, a tradition of family loyalty, the hazard of illness and death, all provide clues prior to the Person, and Allan Hunter's antecedents plotted the tortuous direction of his life before it was his to control.

Take ethnic determiners. It is said that all Hunters are descended from a Norse game keeper to William the Conqueror, and the love of hunting seemed to breed true in the Hunter blood. Later, as Lowland Scots, they migrated to Ireland for an infusion of Celtic mysticism. It is not surprising that an Irish grandmother of the family talked with a leprechaun in a little red hat and accepted his warning against pouring dish water on his home beneath the thornbush. After a Nineteenth Century potato famine two Hunter boys migrated to New York. One died, and the other, William, went to Canada to live with his uncle on a farm near the village of Millbrook, between Peterborough and Lake Ontario.

These Hunters were Protestants, tall, aware, interested in politics and religion, because these were the issues in the homeland. The William mentioned, soon on a farm of his own at Millbrook, became in time an elder in the Presbyterian Church, a justice of the peace, arbitrating the conflicts of the Irish clans therabeaded and a friend of the Algonquin Indians then being resettled on a reservation. In 1840 he married Anne Armstrong, from County Armagh in Ulster, and following the generous pattern of these families they had thirteen children. They helped all of them either with a farm
or to a college education. The eighth child, born in 1855, was named for his father, William Hunter. He was Allan Hunter's father.

And what of the intellectual atmosphere? William was one that went the way of scholarship. He graduated from high school in Peterborough and from there went to the University of Toronto, where he was graduated and in 1877 got an M.A. This he did with the active help and encouragement of the whole family. One of the strengths of the Hunters, then and later, was a sense of family unity and supportiveness that made the abilities of each available to all. Those were the years of the Darwinian controversy, when the Theory seemed to threaten religion and the bases of culture. William read Henry Drummond's *Ascent of Man* and was encouraged by Dr. McCorkle of Princeton, the Presbyterian reconciler, to study this sensitive issue. He also investigated Kant's *Critiques* and took highest honors in philosophy. But he was an enthusiastic cyclist as well, adopting an art new in America, and a goalie on the soccer team. After getting the master's degree, he went for a year to Knox College, in Toronto, a Presbyterian seminary, and for his second year, to Union Theological Seminary in New York, pastoring in backwoods churches in the summer. His commitment was to the ministry.

And the arts? While he was studying at Knox, he came to know Elizabeth Chambers. She was also called Eliza and Lizzie. But the recurrence of this name, like a haunting motif, is one of the amazing themes of this story. Her father came from a gentle Irish family, transplanted to the unexpectedly difficult life of a pioneer farm. Her mother's people were long-lived, able folk, and both families were well-established in the professions, as pastors and
missionaries, teachers and government officials. Eliza's father was concerned for the spiritual welfare of those same Algonquins at Woodstock that interested William Hunter. She was an artist and musician, loving folk songs, nature, and literature. She was lively, gracious, and quick-witted, and also competent in the practical arts of housewife and hostess.

And so they were married, in 1881, and William took the Presbyterian pastorate at Parkdale, in Toronto. Here, in the next three years, Graham and Irene were born. While they served at Orangeville, Anne, who died, and Stanley were born.

In 1888 William Hunter began a nine-year pastorate at Erskine Church, now St. Paul's United Church, in Toronto. The parsonage was near the University of Toronto, where he had graduated, and it became the cultural center of the family's life. In turn, their home became the center for religious and political discussion and intellectual stimulation, not only for university students but also for relatives and friends in need, and for community leaders. He was a real friend to students and younger relatives like his brother Robert, and Eliza was the loved and gracious spirit pervading this hospitable home. There were four children in the family. In 1893 Graham was ten, Irene, seven, Stanley, five, and Cecil, two. The life of the household was active, happy, and full of love.

William Hunter had built up a church great in membership and in moral strength. Religion to him meant God and the Saviour, and social action. He used his energies to oppose the liquor traffic, and he was a national officer in the Boys' Brigade, a precursor of the Boy Scouts.

In the spring of 1893, Eliza, or Elsie, as William called
her, was pregnant with her sixth child. She was happy, and still found time in her busy life to play the piano and sing folk songs, and she had recently painted two pale canaries among violets. William's birthday was March 23, and she planned a book of remembrance as his gift, of "Birds and Bees and Blossoms of all the Seasons." She used nine by twelve inch drawing paper, fifteen pages, hand-bound into hard covers. There were vignettes on each page, painted in pastel water colors. Most of the pictures celebrated the spring that was filling her with joy, but summer was there too, and three pages for fall and winter. She gathered the memories of all her life's springs and reproduced them accurately. The flowers of the fields were there--violets, red clover, jonquils, daisies, blue-eyed grass, fern fronds, pussy willow--with birds, and real or fanciful children and flower faces, idealized and charming. The pictures were accompanied by neatly hand-printed poetry about nature, from T. B. Aldrich and Bayard Taylor, brief quotes from Scripture, and bits of gentle humor, expressing the beauty of the world and its goodness, and the love in it. But also there was an undertone of transience, hope deferred, and the unknown Mystery inevitably facing us all:

The everlasting river's brink
And the sea of glass beyond whose margins
Never yet the sun was known to sink.

William loved the book and treasured it.

The river's brink was not far. On March 31 her last son was born, and he was named Allan Armstrong Hunter, Armstrong for his Irish maternal grandmother. The baby adjusted normally to life in the world. But Eliza failed to regain her strength. In a few days she had influenza, or was it pneumonia? Diagnosis and also treat-
ment were uncertain in those times, it was presently plain that she would not recover. Yearning after her family in her weakness, she called ten-year-old Graham to her.

"My son," she said, "I want you to take care of your little brothers and sister, whatever happens."

Frightened by the strangeness and strengthened by his love, he promised, and he carried the burden of this trust all his life.

Eliza turned to her sister Amelia James and asked her to sing a folk song she loved, "I'm Far Frae My Home." She listened to Amelia's faltering voice singing the familiar tune, and it was the last she heard.

What happens to a new baby and four other small children without a mother, and to a grief-stricken and hard-working father? They were rescued by William's older sister, Elizabeth Ann Dobbins, already a widow. The children called her Aunt Lizzie, and she cared for them like her own for the four years that the family stayed together.

As a relief from sorrow, William Hunter plunged into his work and labored to make his ministry in Toronto even more fruitful. He also finished his doctorate at the University of Toronto. In the light of the higher criticism and Darwinism, he wrote his dissertation to reconcile science and Christianity.

In spite of effort and devotion there were problems in the household. The beautiful little Cecil contracted a minor illness, was given a mistaken remedy, and died. The motherless baby Allan comforted himself by sucking his thumb, and for years he felt the humiliation of a babyish habit and a misshapen mouth. At three years he contracted scarlet fever and permanently lost the hearing
of his right ear. For Allan the experiences of loneliness and hurt were so grave that he suppressed them completely, and he remembers nothing from these four years.

William Hunter was burdened with grief and worked beyond his strength. But he tried to be a companion as well as a mentor to his children, and took a daily run with them around the blocks near home. One day the illness and weakness he had been struggling against overcame him; he collapsed in the street beside his children, hemorrhaging from the lungs.

It was plain that he must stop his labors and follow the treatment usually prescribed for tuberculosis in those days: he must go to Colorado, live out of doors, and rest. Since the future was so uncertain, there was no recourse but to divide the family among willing aunts and uncles. Eliza's sister, Amelia James, took Irene and Graham to live with her in Woodstock; Irene went on to Denver in six months, and Graham stayed with her for two years. Stanley lived with Uncle Robert Hunter until Robert took a pastorate in Greeley to be near William; then Stanley went to Uncle Sam's farm near the village of Cedar Valley. There Allan and Aunt Lizzie Dobbins had been living since the family separated in 1897.
The household at the Cedar Valley farm was headed by Samuel Hunter, youngest brother of William. He was married to Blanche, and they eventually had four children: Eric, near Allan's age, Grace, Audrey, and Alma. Grandmother Hunter, Anne Armstrong, the Scotch Presbyterian lass from Ireland, lived with them, a little lady in a black silk dress and shawl and white cap, in her late seventies. She smoked a clay pipe and drank green tea. But in her youth she had lived the hard life of a pioneer and once had fled from a bear, real or supposed. Allan came to the farm in 1897, and Lizzie Dobbins with him, chiefly to look after him and provide continuity in his confused life. But any farm could use another pair of willing hands. Stanley came to the farm two years later and started high school in Cedar Valley. When he came home week ends he always brought small gifts for everyone. Uncle David lived in Woodstock, and there were many kinfolk about, all feeling close family ties. They were good people, kind, honest, hospitable, hard working, religious, and shrewd.

Peterborough was about eighty miles east of Toronto, north from Lake Ontario. It was a city of about twenty thousand, industrialized because of available water power. The country around had been farmed for nearly a century, and Cedar Valley and Woodstock were farming communities between Peterborough and the lake. But there was still virgin forest of ash and maple near Sam's farm, full of foxes, squirrels, raccoons, weasels, ground hogs, bull frogs, and many birds. There was a mill at the fall line, running a grist mill, and the pond offered excellent fishing. The farm produced
grain and cattle, Ben Davis apples and maple syrup, and the
Hunters ate well, though sometimes money was short.

Life for adults on the farm was determined by the necessities
of planting and harvesting, and caring for the animals. In summer
the men worked long hours in the fields, and the women cooked three
big meals and also carried lunches to the fields morning and after-
noon. They canned vegetables from the garden and fruit gathered
from the woods. In fall and winter Sam butchered pork and beef and
cut stove wood, and toward spring tapped the maple trees and made
maple syrup. The winters were hard, with snow filling the roads
and farm yard. The plumbing consisted of a pump and a remote out-
house papered with the Toronto Globe, a frigid but imperative goal
in midwinter. But the farmers accepted the hard life and the work
ethic, and eventually the material rewards were worth the effort.

Besides, they were sustained by a severe Presbyterianism,
renewed weekly in the strict observance of the Sabbath. Winter
and summer they made the four mile trip each Sunday, to church at
Cedar Valley. They drove a democrat wagon and were covered with
buffalo robe when it was cold. To Allan the church service was an
agony of trying to sit still by interesting himself in the inno-
cent diversions provided by his aunt. In the afternoon there was
usually Sunday School in the school house a mile from home. This
event was made endurable by the Sunday School cards to take home;
there was a Golden Text and a story, but the important part was the
picture, beautiful in blues and lavenders and iridescence like pea-
cock feathers. A sober life style prevailed on Sundays, and there
was no whistling or swimming. But after dinner the front parlor
was opened for visitors, and conversation and hymn singing were permitted. In fact, a command performance was often demanded of Allan. He stood on the eminence of a hair cloth chair and sang what the audience suggested. The guests were taken by his talents, but it may be that his family, with their dry humor, were enjoying a moral irony when they asked him to sing "God sees the little sparrow fall," knowing his passion for birding. One day his sense of exploitation climaxed and he rushed into the barnyard, determined to fulfill at least part of the action of the song. There on the wooden fence by the manure pile sat one of the divinely watched-over sparrows. He shied a perfect stone with perfect aim, and the sparrow fell according to Scripture. He felt not the slightest remorse. In fact, his practiced accuracy of aim was a continuing satisfaction to him.

The festivals of the church were no part of the lives of these good and respectable people. At Christmas, perhaps there would be an orange and a candy stick, but it was no time for celebration and hilarity. One year, however, the hired man provided a happy memory. On this Christmas day, fortuitously, the hired man was both sober and at leisure, and he offered to take Allan hunting. He took the muzzle-loading musket down from its place on the wall above the stove, let the boy help him pound down the paper wads over the powder and then over the shot, and set out to look at his traps. There was a skunk. He held the heavy gun for Allan to aim and fire. The rebound knocked the boy on his back into the snow, but he hit the skunk and was happy. He was answering an ancestral call to hunting.

On Saturday nights the adults allowed themselves a mild release from their dour life. In the lamp light after supper Uncle
Sam took out his fiddle and played "Pop Goes the Weasel" and other worldly music. There was a treat of oatmeal cookies, milk, and maple syrup, and Grandma Hunter, in her black dress and white cap, her feet on the fender of the stove, would pour out a saucer of tea for the "wee one," beginning his life-long devotion to the cup that cheers but not inebriates. Allan began to have a wonderful sense of security and rootedness, acceptance and belonging.

Whatever this farm life was for the adults, it was idyllic for the boy. He was a part of the family's life, and still apart from it, more at home in the woods than in the farmyard. He was not a noble savage nor Wordsworth's Michael, but a wild thing with the bold pride, the innocent cruelty, and the sensuality of natural man. Nature was his great passion, and he loved the physical world and wanted to know about it in its most intimate and vital details. He wanted to project himself into it and impinge upon it. Nature was freedom, sense perception, the true roots of life and reality. This sense of awareness and joy, this sense of the utter reallness of nature, came to him at the age of five on the Cedar Valley farm and stayed with him all his life.

Allan's fascination with birds may have begun in that shadowy and forgotten time in Toronto, poring over his mother's careful and lively pictures of canaries and meadowlarks. At any rate, on the farm he had abundant opportunity to pursue his quest. His accurate aim felled that sparrow in the barnyard, and he could pick it up still living and feel its pulse. His first gun was a slab of wood with nails and a rubber band to propel corn ammunition. You can't aim at a bird without observing it. He watched a skillful woodpecker seem to catch the corn he shot at it, and remain unharmed. Later.
with an air gun, he tried to draw a bead on a grouse on the ground, but the shot at that angle would roll out of his gun; the grouse didn't wait and Allan was late to school. He hit a bluebird on a telephone wire above a pool of water, and he watched the blood dripping into the water and staining its blue coat in handsome contrast. Without regret he continued for years to be challenged by a living target and exhilarated by his own expertise.

He became an intrepid explorer of forests and climber of trees, and he never fell or was hurt. His passion was to collect birds' eggs. With self-imposed ethics he never took all the eggs from a nest—just two or three. He learned all the bird lore: the crested flycatcher's nest is often lined with a snake skin and its eggs are scrawled with purple; the orchard oriole's nest has cobwebs in it; goldfinch, robin and catbird eggs are different shades of blue; a rose-breasted grosbeak has a full dress suit with a wound on his chest. But he accepted the "shark's egg" for his collection without questioning its donor! He diligently collected eggs, blew out the contents, and arranged them in sawdust under a glass case. And he thoroughly enjoyed the approval and fame coming to him from his uncle's friends who came to see the display. His interest in the details of birds also led him to try to paint them, and uncle David in Peterborough gave him two quarters for his painting of a partridge.

He could shoot birds and skunks. He could also catch fish. One Friday afternoon at age seven, escaping from the school house, he recognized the overcast sky of perfect bass weather. He ran the mile to the farm, gathered a few worms from the manure pile and his fishing tackle from the morning glory vines, and ran back to the
mill pond. He caught twelve bass, from one and a half to three and a quarter pounds each, and dragged them home in a pail supplied by a neighbor. All the family had bass to eat that night, bass provided by his industry and skill.

It was inevitable that at six years he had to start school in the red one room school a mile down the road. There were pine desks, easily and richly carved by generations of occupants and fitted with tantalizing wells for purple ink. When first confronted with the journey, he was terrified, and the honking geese made him cry. Aunt Lizzie walked part way down the road with him for comfort. But he soon became bolder and was taking shortcuts through the woods, beginning that familiarity with the deep woods already described. Hunters had the reputation of being able at school, and Allan soon found that he could prove his aptitude by taking part in spelling bees. But school also offered many less academic and acceptable means of strengthening one's sense of power and worth.

One could resist learning the standard curriculum. One could harass the teacher by throwing spitballs, and the penalty of being kept in emphasized one's prowess. Reciting "readings" like "The Charge of the Light Brigade" was part of his program of showmanship, and so was singing to relatives on a Sunday afternoon. and the rebellion against it. He was learning ways to project his image.

But though he was resisting the formal learning processes, he was setting up his own activity programs, before Dewey. A short way down the road lived the Carmichael family, reputedly part Indian, composed of the father and two motherless daughters. The youngest of these girls helped him conduct an experiment with the purpose of finding out what will happen if you pull both ends of a dog. She
pulled the tail and he pulled the head. Finally he had to let go and was badly bitten on the face. He bears the scars to this day, but they are scars, not wounds, and the symbol of forgiveness. He had to wait a long time to understand the ultimate meaning of that experiment.

The eldest of the girls, two years his senior, was his constant companion during his last two years on the farm. These two motherless children explored the woods together like wild creatures. She helped him collect the birds' eggs, and they experienced together the fauna and flora of the woods. They swam together au naturel in the frog pond, coming home from Sunday School on a Sunday afternoon. They found pleasure and comfort in each others' bodies in an innocent sexuality that continued for two years. But still, because it was secret and undiscovered, he knew that it was not quite innocent. His suppressed guilt drove him to stern religious observance, skill as a hunter, and competence in spelling. At the same time, he was unconsciously learning the importance of sensuality in the human condition.

But events were shaping the end of this idyll of freedom.
When Allan’s father, William Hunter, went to Denver in 1897, he was ill and broken by separation from his family. But in spite of loneliness and weakness he began to plan for his recovery with characteristic directness and energy. He lived out-of-doors, "in a piano box," as the phrase was, for the full benefit of the sun and air. In less than a year Irene, age twelve, came to go to school, and Graham at sixteen came to Denver in 1899, to go to Denver University as a freshman before entering Princeton. In 1898 William’s brother Robert took a pastorate in Greeley to help him back to health. And he did recover, though he lost a lung and had to make allowances for reduced physical efficiency. In 1899 he accepted a pastorate in Denver, the First Avenue Presbyterian Church, and began an active and eminent ministry. He built a large and successful church and was later made moderator of the Denver Synod. He knew Judge Lindsay in Denver, and La Follette and Jacob Riis, advocates of new social reforms and upward mobility, though it cannot be said that William Hunter himself was in any way a radical.

In 1901 William had a visit from old friends, Sarah and Ella Holden and their father. They were returning from a round-the-world tour, tragic because of the death in Cairo of Mrs. Holden. She was the sister of William’s sometime professor, Dr. Gregg. Sarah was a singer and the foremost woman artist in Canada, trained in Paris in famous studios and in New York as the student of William Chase. She was also a gracious lady, serious and Quaker-like in her attitudes. The visit was a fortunate one because William and Sarah decided upon marriage.

So it was that on a certain day eight-year-old Allan stood self-consciously on the station platform at Peterborough, holding
a box of candy provided by his concerned aunts. The awaited train arrived and a pretty lady stepped off. He gave her the box of candy, and she hugged and kissed him kindly. She greeted Stanley and the others, returned to the train, and was gone, all in a minute and a half. He had met Sarah Holden, Little Mother, and the meeting would completely change his life.

Three months later, Allan, with Stanley and Uncle David, went to Denver on the train, leaving the north woods and the farm, the kind relatives and the egg collection and the wild, free life. Uncle Robert married William and Sarah, and the family was again united.

Denver was a wealthy and vigorous town, and both of Allan's unfamiliar parents were cultivated and prominent. The house with its elegant furnishings, its unaccustomed bathroom, its routine of eating and dressing, the unknown faces, completely overcame the boy, and he was crushed with loneliness. He was unable to eat for three days, and his parents took him to the doctor, fearing serious illness. The diagnosis was homesickness, and he recovered from this acute stage. But the malaise continued for some time, and his understanding parents sent him back to the farm in Ontario for a visit, to ease the pain of adapting to the new life.

Sarah, Little Mother to Allan, though Mater to the rest, bravely assumed the task of civilizing the little wild boy, introducing him to the bathroom facilities to avoid embarrassments; encouraging him to memorize chapters of the words of Jesus in the Gospel of John for his religious instruction; tutoring him in the art she loved, hoping to make him an artist as well as an art lover. He was again given the advantages of travel and independence when
he and Stanley went to St. Louis to the Lewis and Clark Exposition in 1904.

His whole environment seemed to be focused on changing him, but it offered no solutions for the most urgent problems. His protruding teeth, supposedly from the thumbsucking of his lonely babyhood, needed correction, but he had to wait in self-consciousness until high school days for orthodontia. The bladder incontinence that embarrassed his family was a real physical problem aggravated by the guilt trauma and shock with which he now viewed the childish sex play. It was many years before he was sure of himself in this regard.

However, other agencies were vigorously working. A child evangelist got Allan under conviction at the age of twelve, and he was convinced that he had indeed committed the unpardonable sin. He felt almost at the brink of hell-fire, threatened with the punishment of a vengeful God. His only hope was in earnest prayer, even at school, testimony at Christian Endeavor, and pious devotion to church. For several years this religiosity was his defense against despair, and probably also a comfortable support to his role of pastor's son.

Carry Nation arrived in Denver in 1905, a vigorous sixty-year-old, wielding her hatchet against the Demon Rum. Allan admired her intensity, and her call answered his need for the ascetic life. He bought a hatchet and signed the pledge at the age of twelve.

The Denver school system too was at work on Allan. He began in third grade and progressed through junior high in Denver. His scholarship was not remarkable, and he was neither much interested nor greatly bored with what went on in the classroom. Most of his
lasting experiences, though connected with school, were extracurricular.

Allan still had a good aim and liked snowball fighting. Once a snowball with a rock in it struck him in the eye, and he stood in helpless pain with the blood trickling down his face. A Japanese boy gave him a handkerchief to bind up his eye, and Little Mother later washed it and sent it home to its owner. This incident had much to do with the sympathy and affection he had for the Japanese in later years.

His accurate aim also made him good at baseball, and he was the pitcher for a team called the Blue Garters. His sister Irene made him the required pair of blue garters. He had an in-group.

Once he was called before the principal for a minor fault. The principal invoked the Kantian criterion.

"What would happen if everyone did what you do? So you had better refrain."

Allan could not accept this generalization. "What if everyone went to China as a missionary? Then where would we be?"

The principal covered his inward grin.

There was little science in the curriculum. But Allan was still driven by an ambivalent love for birds, and curiosity about them. On Saturdays he went to the museum in the capitol building to look at the stuffed birds and to paint them—the blue grouse and ducks he wanted to shoot. The curator was helpful and friendly and took the birds out of their glass cases so that he could see them better. Was he satisfying his own scientific interest, trying to fulfill Little Mother's hopes for him, or answering the yearning of his own mother toward nature? But painting them didn't deter him from shooting three grouse out of season.
Supplementing his painting, he haunted the library in Denver
and later in Greeley to find the Latin names for these game birds
and animals he was hunting. The black duck was Anas boscus, the
blue-winged teal, Querquedula discors, the gopher, Geomy bursarius.
The existence of general categories to which the specific animals
belonged fascinated him.

One Monday morning while he was at West Denver High School, the
boy next to him was not at school. He had been killed in an accident
in the mountains. This intimate touch of death shook him and gave
him a sense of empathy with the dead that he would feel often in the
war. He was beginning to feel a reverence for life that would one
day spread even to the blue teal.

Little Mother was a helping presence in all of this, not only
for Allan but for his sibs. She saw that Irene graduated from the
University of Colorado, and the three boys from Princeton. But the
crown of expectation that she held above them was often a strain to
reach, and sometimes one ignored it or rebelled. When Allan put off his
algebra or his chores, she would quote, "Just a little slumber, a
little folding of the hands," and he sometimes pretended not to hear.

William Hunter worried about his shy and troubled son, but he
could not help him and may have been a little annoyed by him. He
decided to send him for a change of scene to his brother Robert, still
pastor at Greeley. Uncle Robert and Aunt Christena had a son Bill,
a year younger than Allan, and they became almost like brothers. It
was a good life at Greeley, with basketball and track at school in
the winter, and in the summer, vacationing at Middle Fork with
Graham, and at Estes Park and Rocky Mountain Park with Uncle Robert,
in a new wilderness. They could fish at Bear Lake, hike to Long's
Peak, and hunt in all these high and rugged mountains.

His father encouraged Allan to live outdoors and take plenty of exercise. For Allan this meant hunting. Besides its value as an insurance against tuberculosis, he found hunting the greatest comfort and escape from his anxieties and the most satisfying and exciting use of his skills.

A little below Greeley was the confluence of the Cache la Poudre and the North Platte rivers, a rich feeding and nesting ground for mallard and teal. On Saturdays he rode to the river on his bicycle, looking for duck to shoot. Once on his way home in the moonlight he disturbed one in an irrigation ditch and brought it down before it had flown ten yards. He could get a jack rabbit on its third leap. He hunted in the snow and retrieved his game through quicksand and water. Then he would ride or walk home, seven or eight miles, in the dark and with frozen pants. Aunt Christena had him share the ducks he bagged with the sick in Uncle Robert's parish, but Allan did not mind; he had had his pleasure, the exaltation of speed and accuracy, of being a good shot.

He escaped his father's illness. But he did not question his right to slaughter, and his hunting was only a temporary remission of the pressures of his sexual asceticism. However, through his continued experience of nature something else was quietly happening: he was unconsciously developing a theology. The doctrine as it had been given to him was that the knowledge of God comes only through the revelation of Scripture and the person of Jesus. But from his years in the wilderness the unformulated conviction grew in him that God is revealed through nature, His creation, and that the physical world is essential in ultimate reality.
In 1909 William Hunter decided upon a bold step. He accepted a call to a church in Riverside, California. There the world would open up for Allan, now sixteen, and he would grow up.

Thinking of the companionship Allan and Bill had had and their closeness as cousins, William Hunter gave the two boys identical watches as parting gifts. But the gift was bitter for Allan. To him it meant that his father felt no different love for him than he did for Bill, and he was miserable with jealousy. Those watches did not help much to bridge the gap of communication that had always existed between Allan and his father.
I.4. Riverside, 1909-1911

William Hunter in Riverside repeated for the third time his success in developing a great church. He attracted many friends and civic leaders to Calvary Church, tourists came to hear a notable preacher, and the press recognized him as a news maker and a writer of ability. Again he became Moderator of the Synod.

Stanley was at Princeton and Graham had a pastorate. So the family at Riverside consisted of the successful father, Little Mother, Irene, now twenty-four, and Allan. It was a considerable advantage for him to face a new life with this support.

Allan went to Riverside High School, and many conditions of his life continued as they had been in Greeley. Here also he found duck and quail to shoot, in the Santa Ana River wash and in the surrounding foothills. He swam in the pool and played tennis, though he was no star. He read about nature and became a Saturday Evening Post fan.

He also discovered the stimulating ideas of David Starr Jordan, the biologist and builder of Stanford. In 1907 Jordan published The Human Harvest, expressing the thesis that war brings the survival of the unfit, destroying the best blood in every generation. Allan was impressed by this moral imperative against war and enlarged upon it for a high school contest speech on peace. He was caught up in the peace movement, at a time, it is true, when it was not too hard to admit the follies of war. It was to be more difficult when he was a participant in the war. Fifteen years later, David Starr Jordan wrote the foreword to Allan Hunter’s study of American relations with Japan and China, Facing the Pacific (1928). Ultimately the issue of peace was the moving force of Allan’s life.
In 1911 Allan graduated from Riverside High School. Then came a work sabbatical. His father sent him on a trip through the Northwest. He paid for part of the expense, and Allan was expected to supplement this sum by working. He worked in the wheat fields in Idaho and Canada, going from place to place on the train. Once from the Canadian Pacific he spotted ducks and got off to shoot them. He evaded the game warden, concealed the ducks on the train, and brought them to Vancouver, where they were eaten by his hosts, the Chambers family, his mother's relatives.

In the fall of 1911 he entered Occidental College to learn his Greek, still an entrance requirement at Princeton. In 1910 Occidental withdrew from official connection with the Presbyterian Church, but it was the accepted school of the area for the Presbyterian-minded. The Academy was being phased out, and the school was feeling its destiny as a real college. The campus was in Highland Park, on North Figueroa between Avenue 51 and 52, in buildings later used as a city school, but still surrounded by chaparral-covered hills and scattered ranches. However, ground was already broken for new buildings at the new location in Eagle Rock. When President Theodore Roosevelt visited Los Angeles, in 1911, he was driven up the Arroyo Seco and commented on its possibilities as a series of parks; he stopped at the nearby Occidental campus for a reception in his honor, and gave an address.

So Occidental College was a stimulating place, with a yeasty atmosphere of growth and newness. Besides freshman courses, Allan crammed Greek, through the school year and into the following summer, studying day and night to fulfill Princeton's language requirement.
Not all of his time was devoted to Greek, however. At a Freshman get-acquainted supper one evening he helped with cleanup, and there in the kitchen, washing the dishes, was another freshman, the daughter of another Presbyterian minister. Her name was Elizabeth Walker. He later admired her performance as the heroine of a school play, *The Sawdust Hero*, and chatted with her on a few casual dates, and then he saw very little of her for ten years. But his heart had found its home.
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Chapter II  1912-1920 World War I

I. Princeton 1912-1916

Since 1746 Princeton had been training Presbyterian clergy. Allan's father, William Hunter, as a young man had been influenced by its liberal theology and enlightened science, though he did not go there. But Allan's brothers, Graham and Stanley, both graduated from Princeton, in 1904 and 1910, and it was natural that Allan should go there. He had been studying Greek for a year to be ready to enter in the fall of 1912.

In 1912 the campus comprised 539 acres, with Nassau Street, the main road between New York and Philadelphia, as its center. Historic Cito and Whig Halls, the library, and the East and West Halls faced Nassau Square. There were dormitories for nearly all the students and buildings for "recitation halls" in every discipline—about three dozen structures in all. The architecture was English Gothic, resembling Oxford, vine covered and surrounded by trees. The new president, John Grier Hibben, had resolved the impasse of the conflict between the former president, Woodrow Wilson, and Dean West regarding the location of the Graduate School, and a building program was in progress. Additional laboratories and dormitories and Palmer Stadium were being built. The athletic facilities were generous indeed and included ten field houses, boat houses, two stadia. There were also a museum, a chapel, two auditoriums, and Alexandria Hall for commencements. The central beauty of the campus was Lake Carnegie, made by the damming of the Millstone River and used for swimming, boating, and skating. In 1912 all these splendors were provided to accommodate 1543 students and 160 faculty. There were about 625 in the B.A. program. Tuition was $160 a year, but there were scholarships, prizes, and
tuition aids available.

Majors were offered in philosophy, political science, history, art, languages, and archeology. Since 1892 the college had maintained an archeology expedition in Syria, and this interest in the Near East may have helped to point both Graham and Allan in that direction. Princeton had a preceptorial system modeled by Wilson upon Jowett's tutorial system at Oxford: the young preceptors, about a third of the faculty, guided the reading of small groups of undergraduates. There was much stress on oratory, debate, and essay writing, and the two literary societies, American Whig and Cliosophic, under the guidance of the English Department, fostered these arts and gave prizes to the winners. Greek was required, and chapel was compulsory until 1915. The young gentlemen studied under the honor system.

In the fall of 1912, at the age of nineteen, Allan left the upstart West and became a part of this established and sophisticated community. On the train he read an article in the New York Times by the physician and mystic Sir Oliver Lodge, defining matter as a form of motion. Allan was haunted by this concept, and it set the intellectual atmosphere of science and metaphysics in which he approached Princeton.

He entered the life of Princeton, however, with reservations. He was shy and puritanical, too well brought up even to sing, as Robert Maynard Hutchins remarked about his own youth, and was furthermore somewhat pharisaic about his refraining from the other two pleasures. (He did, in point of fact, sing, as a sort of scab, breaking a choir strike in an Episcopal church in Trenton, during his freshman year!) He may have endured some harassment from the hard drinkers, but they tolerated him because he used to help them
home after a Saturday night bout. But for the most part he was re-
spected for not drinking and was accepted socially. He went to one
or two posh house parties where the Colgates were present, and to a
fashionable dance at the Waldorf-Astoria. But the truth was that he
didn't drink and couldn't dance well, and was too concerned about world
events to be a socialite. He was invited to the clubs open to upper
classmen, and he and Edmund Wilson joined one of them. This was "Bunny"
Wilson, his friend and a visitor at his home in Riverside, in the
summer of 1913; he later became an eminent literary critic. However,
the clubs encouraged snobbery and were presently attacked on this
score.

For the campus was really a democracy of the elite. It is true,
freshmen were required to step off the walks to allow others to pass.
But Allan and a friend, in freshman black, decided one day to break
the precedent and hold their own at the approach of a man and two
others. The man himself stepped off the path, greeting the boys
with elaborate and ironic courtesy, "Good morning, gentlemen," with
subtle emphasis on the last word. Then they recognized the visitor,
followed by two security guards, as Woodrow Wilson, no longer pre-
sident of Princeton, it is true, but governor of New Jersey and Presi-
dent-elect of the United States. A few weeks later he went with other
students to the inauguration, in the same car with Wilson. These in-
cidents were to have more far-reaching results than the brash fresh-
men could have guessed.

Negroes were not allowed at Princeton in those days, and al-
though Allan taught a Sunday School class at a black church in the
town for a time, he had had insufficient chance to discover his own
attitude toward Negroes. His learning had to wait for some years.
Allan's major was philosophy, but he got the prize in history in his junior year. He sent the money to Stanley for his work at Ewing College in India.

Allan was still using sports as a release from tensions, and he was a good track man, especially in cross country. He learned to keep on running, in spite of a stitch in his side that always came on long runs. When he ran in the races in Van Courtland Park in New York, he would find Graham at the fifty-yard line, waiting to cheer him to the finish. On Lincoln's birthday, his first year at Princeton, he and Stanley went skating on Lake Carnegie. It was a fine winter day, and everyone from the college was there, according to Stanley's observation. They could skate for three miles on the lake. There is a dim snapshot of them on their skates, with the bare tree-lined shore behind them. Allan is thin, hatless, with stiff, high collar and dark suit, standing competently on his skates. His brothers were looking after him as always, and they were enjoying and supporting each other.

In the summer of 1914, when he was twenty-one, Allan took two churches among the Muskoka Lakes, a chain of lakes close to Lake Huron and north of Toronto. The churches were eight miles apart in a beautiful country of clear, shallow lakes, streams, and ponds draining into Georgian Bay, and covered with maple and beech forests. It was less agricultural than the Peterborough area but ideal for a vacation land. There was serenity and security there, and confidence in things as they had always been. Then in August, far from this quiet place, an obscure archduke was shot, and Europe exploded into the First World War. Suddenly everything was changed, and the innocence was gone.
forever. Allan had declared himself against war in that smug time four years before, supported by the opinion of the influential Dr. Jordan. But now he was surrounded by Canadian propaganda and sympathy for the war, and his parishioners and relatives were confident supporters of it. His cousins joined up, two to be killed and one, Bill Hunter, in the Royal Air Force, to begin a long career in the military. Allan could not sort out his loyalties or his ethical conclusions, and he went back to college profoundly troubled.

At Princeton his teachers all supported the war and were no help to him. Alfred Noyes came from England as a visiting professor, actually beginning a nine-year lectureship. His purpose seemed to be to build a mood supporting the war among his students. Allan took his course because he liked his poetry. But it became a course in disenchantment. Noyes derided Tagore and Browning and was preoccupied with the war all year. Allan made a syllabus of the course lectures and sold it, and Noyes, with some justification, was furious and gave him a low grade.

His ethics teacher, Werner Fite, said, "You'd shoot a mad dog in the street, wouldn't you?" Although he had once studied for the ministry, for him the analogy was proof. The philosophy professors, Norman Kemp Smith and Archibald Bowman, left their posts to go to war. Allan admired Smith and made the presentation speech when the class gave their teacher a watch as a parting gift. A religious education professor he later interviewed at Union Seminary said that the only logical course for a pacifist to follow is suicide, for if he lived he lived on the sins, the service, and the protection of those supporting the war. These are classic responses to war: our enemies are insane or subhuman; action, fighting, is easier than thought or justice;
the pacifist is copping out on his responsibility.

Nor did literature offer him solutions. Hardy's poetry he
did not care for. He found Leo Tolstoi's Kreutzer Sonata warped by
sexual over-indulgence and rebound thinking. The satire of Anatole
France did not speak to him. Though he had listened to his father's
preaching he did not understand his father's views about war or his
justification of it. It was one of the points of non-communication
between them.

Allan was aware of painful antitheses. He felt the disparity
between the gay and luxurious party at the Waldorf-Astoria and the
violence and horror of the war in Europe. He saw the problems of
using the evil means of war to accomplish the often-stated just
and noble ends of peace, freedom, and so on. He found no solution
for his confusion and depression. He received the prize in history
in his junior year, it is true. But during his senior year he had
to repeat the exams for the required course in European history twice
before he passed. He was almost unable to study; at least, he was
blocked in the troubled area of Europe.

While Stanley was still a pastor at Bryn Mawr he was reading articles
on the philosophy of war and was disturbed by the militarism of General
Wood and President Wilson. Allan felt he saw blood on the hands of
the deacons in his brother's church who were making money on munitions.
Stanley took him to Philadelphia to hear Rufus Jones state the
Quaker position. The speaker's recurring theme was responsibility.
Stanley arranged for a brief but significant interview between
Allan and Rufus Jones.

So Allan kept coming near the truth in those days, and still
not finding it. He could have gone on the Ford Peace Ship, with
Jane Addams and the rest, but he did not go. On the way to Athens after his graduation he made the acquaintance of a man and his wife, parishioners of John Haynes Holmes. They were convinced by John Haynes Holmes’ pacifism, but it did not speak clearly enough to Allan. He came close to an angel while a senior at Princeton, but still he was unaware. Kagawa, a student at the seminary, was taking a course in the graduate school. He stayed on campus eighteen months, but no one recognized him as a saint. They only saw a bowlegged little man, always laden with books and always hurrying to avoid being late, and they were inclined to laugh at him. He took a weekly meal with a professor, whose wife fed him well, but the rest of the week he lived on shredded wheat. He had already lived eight years in the slums of Kobe, caring for the ill and dispossessed until he ruined his health. After his study at Princeton, he went to Utah to organize farm workers and start co-ops. But almost no one at Princeton knew that they had missed one of the great practitioners of love and non-violence in our time.

Allan Hunter graduated from Princeton in June, 1916, at the age of twenty-three, having finally passed European history. But he had not reconciled his philosophical pacifism with the realities of the war, now in its third year.
II-2 Assiut, 1916-1918

William Hunter taught his sons many practical techniques for success: get to know people through being interested in their children; cultivate good relationships with the press; devote two years to missions before going to seminary. The sons were willing disciples in all of these areas. In the matter of mission work, Graham spent two years in Hawaii and two more with the Red Cross in Palestine. Stanley went to India to teach at Ewing College, 1911-12. Now it was Allan’s turn, and he had an assignment to teach for two years at Assiut College, a Presbyterian school in Egypt.

He returned to Riverside after graduation in 1916 for a visit with his father and Little Mother before going abroad. While at home he preached in his father’s pulpit at Calvary Church, on the subject of peace. Whatever he said on that occasion, he probably had neither resolved his own doubts nor found agreement with his father, and his views were going to be modified by his experience in the war.

In July he left on the train, going first to Santa Fe, New Mexico, where his sister Irene was recovering from tuberculosis. Then he went to Toronto to see other relatives, and on to New York. He preached in Graham’s church and claimed the text, “I can do all things through Christ.” He sailed July 29 on the Greek ship Themistocles, first to Piraeus, the port of Athens, and thence to Alexandria. From there he went by train three hundred miles up the Nile to Assiut and the college where he was to teach.

Assiut was a city of forty thousand on the upper Nile, in the midst of a well-arranged irrigation system. It was the meeting place of an important caravan route and the railroad and had a good bazaar. It was the capital of a province of Upper Egypt and
had fine public buildings. It had been a center of Coptic Christians for centuries, but it was also important in ancient Egyptian history and the site of many tombs. Assiut college, a Presbyterian school, accepted both men and women students, but on separate campuses.

Allan taught philosophy, English, and physical education but followed no narrow curriculum. One of his friends among the British army personnel, Lord Radstock, came to speak to the upperclassmen about his father who started an evangelical movement in England and on the continent in Mid-Nineteenth Century. Lord Radstock considered himself to be on a mission for God and King. Allan told his classes about California redwoods, German submarines, the necessity of killing flies, and the correlation between religion and science.

On his way through Mediterranean countries he had observed that the English sparrow was to be found there as well as in Ontario barnyards, and so he assigned his composition class at Assiut the topic of sparrows. The themes showed his students' detailed knowledge of sparrows, and also their dislike: sparrows eat seeds and crops, they are noisy and discourteous, they invade homes and classrooms with nests, noise, and dirt, they attract snakes. The results of this assignment show the perceptual nature of Allan's teaching and his good rapport with the students.

His own reading at this time, guessed from allusions in his early writing, included Wordsworth, Browning, Milton, Matthew Arnold, Wells, Anatole France, Whitman, Ezra Pound, Sydney Lanier, and these authors he may have introduced to his students.

Physical education included the gentleman's sports of tennis and track. But taboos and cultural differences were operative. He played tennis with an army captain; good. But when he played
with an Egyptian student the dean took him to task; this could not be done, for the "natives" must be kept in their place. The students on their part did not hesitate to use non-academic methods to ingratiate themselves into his favor—smiles, flowers. And one track man simply lay down on the course when he tired of running in the 109° heat, proving, naturally, their lack of sportsmanship.

The social life, too, was not indigenous. The amenities and comforts of English life were maintained, and tea was a ritual. There was a YMCA hut near the campus where the British soldiers gathered, and Allan liked going there to talk with the men over tea and cakes. He felt great empathy for the British Tommys, fighting across the Sinai Desert. Furthermore, he was flattered by the attentions of the Great. The captain, his tennis partner, told him about the submarines the Germans were using, and the suicide clubs on the Western Front that went over the top first. Lord Radstock, with his buttoned French boots, beard, and precise, aristocratic speech, told about his great house in England, being used at the time to house wounded Tommys. Allan had three friends in the Royal Engineers, and he was entranced with their exotic tales of Gourkas and Afghans, Boxers and Bengalese. All this talk put him in a "military mood," he admitted to his father in a letter printed in the Riverside Press, and he was for "Kitchener's mob," if they were all like these men, with their courage, obedience, selflessness, and endurance in hardship. Some of them had been in the fighting at Gallipoli.

It came time for summer holidays. In other times it would have been his great pleasure to go to the Sudan to try his skill hunting jungle animals. But now his desire was to minister to the battle-
worn Tommys, the sort he had seen in the Assuit Y, to bind up their
wounds and feed them sandwiches, as he wrote home in a letter. The
United States had entered the war in April, and he could feel less
apologetic. But working for the Red Cross in France, where the
American troops were, was not feasible. So he became a YMCA secretary
at a rest stop in the Sinai Desert before the Gaza Strip.

In the summer of 1917 General Allenby was pushing across the
Sinai Peninsula. The first Y unit Allan worked with was near Allenby's
camp, and near a field hospital. It was beyond the rail head, and
transportation to and from it was by camel or horses. Allan often
made this journey, leading a camel through the sand, to bring up
coffee and medicines. Once, borrowing a major's horse, he found
the officer more concerned for the safety of his valuable animal than
for the rider. The camp was dug into a hillside overlooking the
Mediterranean and in view of a long strip of beach. They were in
sight of shelling and dog fights between British and Turkish planes.
Toward the end of the summer Allan worked at a canteen supposed to
be the closest to the front of any canteen in the war, and within
a few hundred yards of the enemy line. It was near an ammunition
dump and open to shelling and rifle fire. At both canteens, the
shelling shared nuisance status with the sand, permeating everything,
and the flies, infesting the food and spreading sand-fly fever.
Allan was slowed down by this infection for some days.

The second canteen had a dirt floor and palm leaf roof and walls,
reinforced with sandbags. It was furnished with plank tables and
benches and a wind-up phonograph. Medical inspection from Allenby's
camp advised carbolic acid and tar oil on the floor to discourage flies,
but it was necessary still to cover everything and whisk flies off the
bread and jam when eating. The water, brought by camels, had to be
heavily chlorinated to prevent dysentery, and heavily laced with
lime juice to mask the chlorine and prevent scurvy. Generally, Allan
ate at the officers' mess, where apricots replaced the Tommys' plum
jam, and whiskey was in supply. He was the only American who didn't
drink, and the Scottish officers, though surprised, accepted his
childhood pledge as reason enough.

The canteen was a rest stop, with change of personnel every four
days or so. The soldiers represented the whole British Commonwealth:
Gurkhas and Sikhs from India, armed with curved knives; Welsh, Cock-
neys, and Scots, each with his own rich dialect; Aussies and New Zea-
landers, often with camels; black men with Oxford accent, from the West
Indies. These West Indians lived at a camp a short way down the beach
and were used by the army chiefly for labor, though they performed well
in battle. They were beautiful, swimming nude or riding their black
horses into the blue sea and white surf. They played their banjos,
mandolins, and flutes at night, and one of them learned to play Pal-
estinian rag on the piano.

The YMCA stocked delicacies like canned fruit and chocolate, and
Allan's job included dispensing the food and providing evening enter-
tainment. There was a different program in the entertainment tent
each night of the soldiers' stay at the rest camp: first night, a
volunteer talent show; second night, Allan Hunter lecturing on Califor-
nia, homesteading, climate, Fords, with a pitch for the canned peaches
at the canteen; third night, a religious service of hymns, scripture,
and a few words by Allan. One night a London division gave a concert
under the stars, using the Y piano and drawing a crowd of two thousand,
including the Y secretary.

The actual work was done by three orderlies directed by Allan, and a corporal, self-appointed, acting as M. P. to keep the soldiers from breaking things—records, the piano, athletic equipment.

The soldiers at the rest camp were cheerful, sentimental about their home folks, and glad to bring pictures and talk about them. They were sentimental about the women nurses, too, but willing to harass the officers by pulling up tent stakes and so on. But chiefly they were fed up, and the military command seemed to foster this boredom. After a few days of it, the troops would welcome action of whatever sort.

One morning Allan watched a young officer on the beach with his hundred Scottish troops, preparing for such action. With battle cries they charged, wielding hatchets and axes, neck high. These weapons had been borrowed from the Royal Engineers and the cook. That night, after brief but heavy shelling that Allan watched, they raided the Turkish camp, taking eighteen prisoners and killing the rest at close quarters in the trenches with their axes. Only one escaped. Next day the general, in formal dress in spite of the heat, came to the Y to commend the troops and drink tea from the white Y mugs at the plank tables. He praised the bravery of the Scots and considered the escape fortunate, for the Turk would spread the rumor of the Scots' ferocity. The officer who led the attack was glad to support this view, though Allan thought he may have been secretly relieved that one Turk was safe for a time. But the Tommy who got the medal for beheading the most Turks felt no elation as he talked to Allan later; he just felt sick.

Allan was still disturbed by paradox. The accepted compromise
of Christians in the war was to function on two levels, in a divided world. Of course there is the command not to kill, and Jesus' imperative is to love. But there is also the command to kill, given by the powers that be, and for such very plausible reasons. Faced with this dilemma, the rationalizing Christian obeys the command to kill and puts Jesus aside for the duration. Besides, there is still the dichotomy of means and ends; most were willing to concede the use of violence as a means to the end of peace. But an officer said, "The people at home think this war is Christian, but we know it is hell, and we have to kick our way through it to where we can later be Christians." Allan remembered this.

However, on the whole, he was caught up in the excitement and heroism of the war. He observed in sophisticated detail what was going on around him and wrote about his experiences in letters and articles appearing in the Riverside Press, the New York Times, the Presbyterian Banner, and The Continent, exploiting the material in sympathetic and enthusiastic mood and without moral comment. He was impressed by the military men he met—Allenby, and later Emir Feisal.

He also responded to the British, enjoying their speech, their social poise in the midst of chaos and danger, and their cool heroism. At the "aerodrome" three miles down the beach from his hut there was a well-equipped and well-run Y unit. He was invited there to tea and was impressed by what he saw. Australian bombers went out from the airfield on reconnaissance tours and to do a bit of bombing. But they always returned at 3:40, not to be late for tea.

On the occasion of his visit, the Y secretary asked a pilot to join them at tea. There were white linen table clothes and china
tea service, as well as a good piano in the room. Allan was fascinated by the Aussie guest, a great friendly outdoor man, interested in everything about America. After tea they walked to the beach for a swim—heroes all.

In the fall Allan Hunter returned to the routine of Assiut College. On week ends he went out to the villages to preach, getting to the little churches by bicycle, train, or man-back through the rising Nile. The Egyptians he met on these trips were poor and ate what they could find—rats, and on one occasion, Allan's pet owl. But they had learned to use the roads and railways that had invaded their sand dunes, to carry water in gasoline cans, and to beg for shillings.

He continued to go to the Y canteen near the campus, to meet and talk to the soldiers. He was still in conflict over the issue of the war. Here, as at Princeton, no one could help him, though one of the teachers knew that he was groping toward a non-violent position. The moral and theological problem, however, was really overshadowed by his personal need to assert his courage and manhood, to know that he was not afraid. And his mind was filled with the brilliance and heroism of the young officers he had known, their camaraderie and courage. Just at this time came the success of Allenby's capture of Jerusalem from the Turks, and a euphoria of patriotism and religious fervor prevailed. So at the Christmas break he went down to Cairo, purposing to join the Royal Air Force. But they refused him, possibly because his colleague had let them know his uncertainties. But he was deaf in one ear, too. He would have to go another route.
During his first Christmas holidays at Assiut he had gone on a visit to Cairo, meeting faculty from the new university there and visiting family friends. But in the early summer of 1918 he stayed at school, left in charge of the almost deserted campus. Taking advantage, the authorities impressed the janitor into the Egyptian army, and Allan had to come to his aid to get him out. The incident showed him once again that this war for democracy was not waged by democratic means. The next February, worn out and worried about his rejection by the air-force, he fell ill with jaundice and was in the hospital for three weeks.

Before Allan left Egypt he visited a man that in retrospect seemed to him to be the most important person in this war-torn region, though much different from most of those who dazzled him in those years. This was Oswald Chambers, an evangelist and mystic who, with his wife, lived during the war on the Suez Canal. He had just written a stimulating book, *Our Utmost for the Highest*. But he died while Allan was working in Jerusalem. He had prayed daily for four hundred people, and his widow came to seek out Allan in Jerusalem to let him know that he was one of them. Chambers had a growing influence on him; from him Allan began to know about intercessory prayer and about the energizing power of current choices; "Now is the most important word in the spiritual vocabulary." But the full force of Chambers' message did not come to Allan until years later.

His two years at Assiut were drawing to a close. Graham was in Palestine with the Red Cross at the time, and he helped Allan answer the question of what to do next. He found a place for Allan in the Red Cross.
II.3. The Red Cross and the YMCA 1918

In the summer of 1918, through the good offices of his brother Graham, Allan was given an appointment as lieutenant and assistant quartermaster in the Red Cross at Jerusalem. He was a member of His Majesty's Service, 52nd Division, under Field Marshall Allenby, of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force.

The British had taken Jerusalem from the Turks at the end of 1917, and the German troops had fled Palestine. Now Allenby, leading British troops, and Lawrence, leading Arab guerillas, were converging on Turks holding positions farther north. Trainloads of Turkish prisoners were being brought to Jerusalem for hospitalization or internment, and the Red Cross met them with what comfort cigarettes could bring them. "Johnny the Turk" was looked upon with horror because of his reputation for barbarity, but these prisoners turned out to be sick and hungry human beings.

Allenby's operations had the promise of finality, his push sweeping north to Damascus, and Allan wanted to be nearer than Jerusalem to the action and the need. In September he asked for a six-weeks leave to rejoin the YMCA as a temporary secretary, free to go wherever there was need. And there was much need. There was influenza and malaria among the British soldiers, and the wounded lay in isolated field hospitals and tents around the harsh north end of the Dead Sea. From whatever sources he could Allan would gather aspirin, quinine, and iodine, and also cakes and cigarettes bought with his own money. Packing his supplies into bags, he would load them into a truck and set out to find the soldiers in dressing stations and lone tents. Medical supplies were short in these out-
of-the-way places, and cigarettes were the most direct and appreciated
comfort he could bring. Sometimes he would encounter small groups
of Turkish or German prisoners under guard, on the way to a rail-
road or prison camp, and these too would understand his gift of smokes.
In his journeys he recognized, incongruously, ancient landmarks and
sites associated with the events of the Bible—Jacob's well, Jericho,
Nazareth.

One such mission took him to Anzac troops in the Moab Hills
east of where the Jordan flows into the Dead Sea. He had hitched
a ride in an empty truck and left it near the Jordan River, to catch
another ride back to Jerusalem. The day was still hot, even at sun-
set, and he stood beside the dusty road watching the rays of the set-
ting sun still lighting the tops of the trans-Jordan hills to the
east. A cloud of dust rose in the direction of the river, and turned
into a mass of thousands of Turkish prisoners in dirty grey uniforms.
As they neared, he could see their condition—wounded, hungry, exhausted
by the long sleepless march in the heat, ill with Jericho fever, dysen-
tery, cholera. Some fell and lay at the roadside, not to get up again,
while the rest stumbled on.

He was drawn to an undifferentiated soldier about his own age.
He searched the indifferent face. "Do you have a girl friend, a fa-
mily at home?" he thought. "Do you think you can defend them and
whatever you value, in this way? You fool!" They caught each
other's eye for a moment but with no sense of communication. Then
he realized that the Turk needed forgiveness, not condemnation. In
the intensity of his feeling he heard a voice saying, "Father, forgive
them, for they know not what they do." And his own response came at
once, "And forgive me, too, for I don't know what I am doing. I too
share the guilt, the denial of love." An unforgettable sense of release from folly and realization of God's forgiveness flooded over him, and the scene and the truth were indelible in his memory from then on.

A day or two later he was again in a truck with another Y worker, again with medicine and cigarettes, for Beirut. They stopped for the night at Haifa, on the coast, and after supper he climbed the height of nearby Carmel to view the River Kishon, the excellent harbor, and the city. He started down, and then blacked out with the first effects of influenza. When he awoke he was in a Carmelite convent not far off, in the care of German nuns, remaining after the retreat of the German troops. They treated him with great kindness and saved his life. As a convalescent he sunned himself in the convent garden and received some visitors--a sociable nun speaking excellent English, a monk in brown habit, the colonel of his Red Cross unit. After such an experience it was hard to harbor any grudge over theological differences with Catholics, or perhaps national differences with the Germans, for that matter.

But he was somewhat behind schedule on his way to Beirut. He got a lift in a Ford driven by an Air Force Tommy, to complete the trip. When they arrived, he generously, as he thought, divided a pomegranate with the tired driver and began to eat his half. But the Tommy at once got out and gave his half to a child lying in the gutter. Then Allan began to see the starving children lying everywhere in the streets. It was said that the retreating Germans had sunk thirty tons of food in the harbor as they left. Allan made an attempt later in Damascus to send supplies to Beirut, but he was still weak from his illness, and there were other interest there.
Allenby and Lawrence had already liberated Damascus and moved on, though Lawrence stood by as he had promised to organize the Arab government and support Feisal, third son of King Hussein, as ruler. Allan entered the city as a representative of the Red Cross, to gather facts, and justified his presence on that basis, though the Red Cross colonel had preceded him by several days. He was, however, one of the first Americans to enter the city after its liberation. It was an exciting place. The streets were full of Arabs celebrating their victory, and they were all in holiday mood. One of them shot a man with an Australian's revolver, just to see how it worked. But for the most part no one was hurt by the shooting and high spirits.

In the evening Allan walked out into the streets to experience the city and its happy inhabitants.

"Can you tell me where there is a cinema," he asked a young Hedjaz officer, on the chance that he understood English.

He did. "I'll take you there," he said gaily.

In a moment they approached a coffee shop, with striped divans and the fragrance of coffee and cigarettes.

"But first we must drink together and be friends."

They stopped in this Arabian Nights setting and celebrated their acquaintance with the strong concoction of coffee that looked and tasted somewhat like sweetened mud.

"Your people love freedom and want to rule themselves," ventured Allan.

"Yes. We have heard about your President Wilson, who wants to help all little people in the world to be free."

"I admire Wilson very much, too. He was once the president of the college I went to, and I used to see him on campus. He spoke to
me kindly, as an equal," bragged Allan.

At once the young Arab was sure that his guest was a person of importance. "You must meet our king," he exclaimed.

So it was arranged and the cinema was forgotten. The next morning Allan was received at the palace. The anterooms were filled with sheikhs from many tribes, each in his special colorful costume and his jeweled scimitar, acting as a body guard to the king. Allan was met by a doctor in black, his interpreter, and was brought into the presence of Emir Feisal, the new king. He was thirty-three years old, with dark bearded face like an Italian Christus, cream head shawl, and a black gown with a brown robe and sash over it. The king and Allan drank the ceremonial coffee together and shared cigarettes. The great room was carpeted with a fine rug and furnished with chairs of Lebanese cedar inlaid with mother-of-pearl. On the wall were two portraits, of Feisal's father, King Hussein, and of Woodrow Wilson. Feisal waved his hand toward this picture and made a little speech.

"President Wilson is a great man. He loves small people. We are grateful to Britain and America for freeing the Arabs, and we crow to you for help. I intend for all, Arabs, Christians, Jews, to be treated as equals in my kingdom."

Allan was greatly attracted to this brave young idealist who talked with beggars and saw that his Tommy driver ate before he did.

"We are here to help," Allan said modestly.

"We admire the American college at Beirut, whose president you are acquainted with, and I want you to start a school in Mecca for us," offered Feisal.

"I am for your program of justice and tolerance in a united Arabia. But I have planned to work in my own country when the war is over," Allan said.
"We are friends, and I want you to be my guest at lunch and
to speak at a meeting tonight," said Feisal in parting.

The doctor in black drove Allan in a horse and buggy to a man-
sion in a Druse village where they were to have lunch, the house, re-
putedly, where Lawrence and the Arabs had plotted the revolt against
the Turks. Presently they were joined by Feisal, arriving in a green
Rolls-Royce, and finally, Major-General Cheval, head of all Australian
troops thereabouts, and other British and Arab military dignitaries.
There in eastern splendor, they were served a feast of sixteen courses,
from lambs' eyes, greens, and squashes to exotic custards and pastries.
Cheval valiantly ate every dish, but the rest of the western guests
weren't able to do justice to it all. After further exchange of com-
pliments and hopes, Allan returned to his hotel.

The evening meeting involved much the same order of notables,
with some captured Turks as well. Allan was asked to speak, and he
gave a simple summary of President Wilson's principles: the consent
of the governed, self-determination of nations, freedom from tyranny,
and so on. Feisal invited Allan to go to Aleppo with him, presumably
to witness the final surrender of the Turks. But Allan knew that his
holiday must end. He had a job to resume in Jerusalem.

He returned on a train filled with Turkish prisoners, and he
was able to see them as gentle and harmless. He shared cigarettes with
them. Before arriving in Jerusalem, he stopped off near Nazareth
to deliver medicines to two stranded remnants. He had to thread
his way through the debris of battle—the devastated road, the broken Ger-
man lorries, the incredible carnage of bombed columns of enemy troops—
in the country where Jesus said, "My bread is to do the will of God."
A war that had started for him as an adventure for heroes was ending
as an ordeal of prisoners and the ill, and a heap of corpses.

There was a sequel to Allan's acquaintance with Feisal. Weeks later in Jerusalem, an Arab officer and two or three couriers came through the streets of the city, paging Lieutenant Hunter. Demaree Bess, his friend and then a Red Cross worker from Beirut, answered that he knew the one they sought, and he received a box for Allan. It contained, with the compliments of King Feisal, a beautiful carved steel "sword that captured Damascus."
The job awaiting Allan Hunter at Jerusalem was at the Syrian Orphanage. The Red Cross had taken it over from a German, Pastor Schneller, who had developed and directed it and devoted his life to it before the Allies came to Jerusalem. Pastor Schneller was a benign white haired gentleman who continued to live in his house on the orphanage grounds while the new directors were in charge. The Red Cross made Edmund Chaffee director and Allan Hunter deputy director. Florence Means, later Chaffee's wife, was a sort of Manager-in-General.

It was barely November when Allan began to work at the orphanage, and the war was not yet ended. The new directors knew very little about their jobs yet, but the quarters were comfortable and well-furnished and the Moslem cook Hilweh was competent, and they recognized their good fortune.

The orphanage had splendid resources. The pleasant living quarters and school were on the western edge of Jerusalem, approached through a gate bearing the name in German. The grounds consisted of ninety acres. Thirty miles away, near Jaffa, the orphanage owned a farm of 1250 acres, producing oranges, almonds, apricots, grapes, and olives. There were about 430 boys and girls in the home, ranging in age from pre-school to the twenties. Forty-five of the older ones were apprenticed in the shops maintained by the school. They learned to be mechanics and to make shoes and furniture, for which there was much demand. There was also a blind school with thirty students.

The news of the Armistice came toward evening on November 11. Walking out at dusk, Allan saw the lights appearing over the Mount of Olives, and the cathedral was illuminated. All the bells in the city
were ringing, and the soldiers were parading. When he got back to the home, the children were chanting "salaam" and dancing in the court yard. They ran up to the roof to see the spectacular fireworks contrived by various army units. Later on Allan and a padre watched the army officers get drunk at a hotel and make fools of themselves. For a moment there was joy and hope in the world.

The new directors wanted to continue the fine agricultural and crafts programs, but they also wanted to introduce some new values, particularly American, as they thought. For one thing, they wanted the children to develop a respect for working with their hands, in a land where labor was thought to be degrading. But the most innovative measure was introducing student government and a student court. They hoped that the children would thus learn ethics and justice and the American spirit of fair play, team work, and honesty. It is a comment on the value of these same "American" virtues, and certainly on the abilities of the young Red Cross workers, that the orphanage continued to run smoothly and successfully for the fifteen months that they were in charge of it. Allan called it the happiest place in all Jerusalem.

This residence in Jerusalem gave Allan the chance he wanted to savor Palestine as the Holy Land, not as a battle ground. He had constantly been aware of the Biblical associations paralleling the horror of the war. But now he could reconstruct the experiences of Jesus, as settings and festivals brought them to mind. These scenes and events took on personal and emotional meaning for him.

At Christmas time following the Armistice he made a pilgrimage to Bethlehem. He found it a cluster of lovely white houses and
narrow cobbled streets clogged with traffic—solemn camels kneeling to be loaded, patient donkeys under their huge loads, Syrians with their dignity and quick sympathy as well as their laziness and jealousy, sincerely greeting with "Salam Aleikum." Peace did not reign at the shrines and churches, however. British soldiers guarded the Church of the Nativity, to keep Orthodox, Armenians, Maronites, and Roman Catholics apart. The Greek Orthodox Christmas Eve service was gorgeous with many actors and many changes of costume. But quarrels among the various priests, about who owned the Holy Nail, which gaudy lamps belonged to each sect, who decorated this or that niche, threatened open violence. The star marking the alleged spot of the Birth was once stolen and was said to have been the cause of the Crimean War. In the war just passed, the Turks had cut down a great many trees and had left the children in the streets cold and hungry.

Early Christmas morning, on an Arab pony borrowed from a Syrian, Allan rode out of the city into the fields. Bethlehem is surrounded by hills, some terraced for grass and vineyards, some too rocky for tilling. Far to the east were the blue hills of Moab, just lighted by the rising sun. The shadows were still in the wadis he crossed. But blue-clad plowmen and bullocks were already working in the stubbled barley fields, perhaps the same plowed by Boaz. Several boys and girls in their straight, simple garments were looking after some sheep, and a small girl was carrying a kid in her arms. "Peace, peace," she said, and he returned the greeting, able to believe it here in the fields.

He picked his way through the straggling olive orchards and vineyards guarded by ancient stone watch towers, and there on a hill was a white cross. When he reached the Field of the Shepherds,
the sun was brightening the barley stubble into gold, the wind twinkled
the little grey olive leaves, and the goldfinches flew over the field
toward Bethlehem. The scene lifted his heart with hope, and he remem-
bered the experience to write about it more than once after he had
returned to America.

Jerusalem was a microcosm of the Middle East. British soldiers
and officers, American Red Cross workers and residents, Germans,
Greeks, Russians, French, American Zionists and Palestinian Jews,
Orthodox and Roman Catholics, Moslems, Arabs of varied origin,
Syrians, Bedouins, all were there. Never was it more cosmopolitan
than at Easter. The Jews took the bitter herbs, unleavened bread,
and wine of the Passover, and bewailed their losses at the Wall.
The Moslems marched to the supposed tomb of Moses for five days
of feasting. Bedouins, Bahaists, Moslems, Greeks, and the rest,
as well as the Deputy Director of the Syrian Orphanage, crowded
the court of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to see the Orthodox
foot-washing ceremony. At last the Patriarch mounted the platform
erected there and perfunctorily washed the feet of his embarrassed
bishops, representing, of course, the twelve disciples. Judas, who
was traditionally paid for his part in the little drama, departed
on his evil mission, Peter was given the keys to heaven, and the
entranced spectators were sprinkled with the foot-washing water.
The Armenian Church competed with a similar ceremony. But
the Orthodox Church countered with the spectacle of the Fire Festi-
val, in which miraculous fire descended from the Tomb to light the
candles of the worshipers. The Russian pilgrims were moved to
ecstasy by the adoration of icons, and Allan hoped they would not
be disenchanted by science.
There was a Protestant service, too, on the Mount of Olives. Allan and the children from the orphanage walked across the Kedron Valley past the tomb of Absalom, and up the steps to the Mount, to join the British soldiers from every corner of the Empire and residents of the American colony. From the eminence of Olivet he could see the hazy Moab Hills to the east, and the blue of the Dead Sea three thousand feet below him. At his feet were the domes, spires, and minarets of Old Jerusalem, and, outside the wall, the red-tiled roofs of the modern city. The surrounding hills were green with spring. An Anglican bishop led the outdoor service of old hymns and words of peace.

Allan made two more visits before Easter was over. One was to the Garden Tomb, another claimant to the honor of being the Burial Place, the "new tomb" supplied by Joseph of Arimathea. A little Syrian girl opened the door in the wall for him, and gave him pansies. There were flowers everywhere, pansies and dahlias along the path, and a cactus filled with turtle doves. A flock of goldfinches sang in a eucalyptus tree, in joy at the Resurrection, and the old hymn they had just sung at the Protestant service echoed in his memory:

Christ is risen, is risen today,
And love is Lord of all.

The other experience was often repeated while he was in Jerusalem and remembered as the most significant of his years in the Near East. The Garden of Gethsemane, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, was watched over by the Franciscan Brothers. Allan entered the Garden at dusk, after this day of public and often false ceremony, and the noises of the city were still intruding—a camel driver cursing, a baby crying, a woman laughing, a donkey braying, a dog
barking, and children calling. But these impressions faded as he watched some crows flying across the apricot western sky. The last sunlight rested on the dome covering the site of Abraham's willingness to sacrifice Isaac. Jesus himself might have taken courage to follow God's will, as he identified the spot. A full moon rose and a light wind from the Mediterranean stirred the little gray leaves of the olive trees. He sat near L'Arbre d'Agonie and thought about what must have passed through Jesus' mind on his Night of Decision. Is there no escaping people's hatred? What is it to love? What is it to be a human being? What is the will of God? And he finally came to the acceptance of God's will, even if it was to be the unfathomable Cross. Allan returned to this meditation time and again through his life. It became for him the touchstone of love, just as his empathy with the Turkish prisoners on the Jericho road became his touchstone of forgiveness. Love, Forgiveness. The feeling and the act that can save the human condition from catastrophe.

As he left the Garden a brown-clad monk picked some flowers for him to take home and walked him to the gate. Though they spoke different languages, they understood each other.

Allan's service at the orphanage was drawing to a close. He thought often of Damascus and the new kingdom of Arabia and hoped for its well-being and success. He could visualize it, a city of minarets and well-watered orchards of pomegranates and pears and vineyards. The 300,000 Moslems, Jews, and Christians were not living in peace, as Feisal had hoped; they had conflicting customs and needs in Damascus as they had in Jerusalem, and retailing was
haggling, a sort of game. But he remembered the brave and idealistic
Feisal and heard of a great military parade of nondescript but heavily-
armed troops, and a citizenry still heady with the pride of new nation-
alism. They had confidence in British rule but preferred an American
mandate; they felt threatened by the Turks and antagonized by the
French. Ironically, the outcome of their need for national iden-
tity would come in a few months when the French would assume a man-
date of Syria, including Damascus. The survival of Arabia was one
of Allan Hunter's concerns during his homeward journey.
II.5. Going Home, 1919-1920

Allan Hunter and Ted Chaffee took leave of Jerusalem and the Syrian Orphanage but not of each other, since they were going home together. The Governor of Jerusalem provided them with military passes to get home and they started in October, 1919. Their route took them east to the Orient. They traveled first class and free, as military personnel, on trains and ships, and they completed their wanderjahre in considerable comfort and dignity. They departed through the Suez Canal.

First, India. Stanley Hunter, it is recalled, spent two years on a mission in Allahabad, and had aroused Allan's interest in India. Then there was the popular curiosity everyone held regarding this mysterious country, for example about levitation—could Yogis sit cross-legged in the air without support?—and extrasensory perception. Allan found no factual verification of such defiance of the pragmatic world. On the other hand, he learned about a few who were following an amazing discipline of love. Sadhu Sundar Singh was going among the poor up and down India professing and depending upon nothing but love, and embracing non-violence. Tagore had an ashram, a school for high caste boys, that Allan, with his interest in education, visited. The boys did some manual labor every day, cleaning their own quarters, work never traditionally done by their caste. This idea of respect for labor came from a social reformer of great popularity since the war, Mohandas Gandhi. He was teaching the independence of India, the improvement of the repressed castes, and the return to handicrafts, and these ideas were felt in all India. But Gandhi was then in prison. Allan was much attracted by Tagore's school and what he saw there, and it began for him a
lifelong admiration of Gandhi.

He visited Ceylon before leaving the south, landing at Colombo. From there he took a train to Kandy, about sixty miles into the interior of the island. He saw a beautiful green and lush land, full of waterfalls, tropical forests, and coconut groves. At Kandy he viewed the lake, heard the story of the 2500-year-old tooth of Buddha, enshrined in a golden lotus flower, and visited a Buddhist college for boys where the most popular activities were the Non-smoking League and the Boy Scout band. He took a ricksha back to his train at the end of his full day, feeling strange having a human being pull him. But he partially absolved himself of guilt by giving the man a whole day’s wages as a tip.

By February they were in Shanghai. Dr. C. T. Wang, China’s representative at Versaille, was president of the Tiffin Club and chaired a meeting at the Carlton on a certain day, at which Allan and Ted were honored guests. Dr. Wang made a speech in support of the Pan-Pacific Union, to encourage travel and intercultural exchange and understanding among the nations facing the Pacific. Captain Chaffee made a plea for the medical and economic relief of Palestine, and Lieutenant Hunter spoke for American assistance to the new country of Arabia and his friend Feisal. This event received good coverage in the China Press in Shanghai. On February 12 this paper printed a lengthy article by Allan Hunter defining the growing nationalism in emergent countries throughout the world, with special attention to the part played by Lawrence and Feisal in developing the new Arab nation. He recommended the aid of an American mandate. As it turned out, this advice was not heeded, as we have seen. In the French quarter of Shanghai they spent a morning with
Dr. Sun Yat Sen, revolutionist, democrat, nationalist, and next president of China. This was an authentic and cherished experience for Allan and Ted.

The travelers moved on to Korea, where Allan saw the plight of 300,000 fundamental Christians awaiting the Second Coming. Their religion kept them from social action, and they were repressed by the Japanese occupation. He wrote an account of these endangered Korean Christians for *The Christian Work*, and a summary of the article eventually--December 25, 1920--made its way to the pages of the *Literary Digest*. As with the naive faith of the Russian women at the Easter service in Jerusalem, he was concerned about the impact of science on a literal Scriptural religion.

In Tokyo he visited a Methodist college, and he thought he sensed an anti-militarism among the students, in spite of the strong militarism of the government. Dr. Yoshima, at the university of Tokyo, in an interview explained to Allan that the War department was separate from the rest of the government and not responsible to Parliament. But few were aware enough of this situation to oppose it.

On Easter Day in Tokyo Allan met Chaburo Shimada at tea. He belonged to the Presbyterian Church Allan had attended that morning and was a member of the House of Commons. He talked about the threat and counterthreat between the United States and Japan in competitive navy building, and the need to break the vicious circle. A picture of Lincoln looked down at them from the wall.

A few students in both China and Japan were trying to bridge the chasm of armed hatred between their countries. In spite of
the military orientation of these countries, Allan could find some hope. He considered these tentative liberal movements so important for the peace of the Pacific that he wrote an article about his discoveries for the Peking Leader, and it was published on their editorial page in April.

Allan was beginning to find out that he had much to write about and that people wanted to read it. While he was in the Near East he wrote to his father about what he saw, and some of the letters, as we have seen, were published in the Riverside Press or Enterprise: one about his life at Assiut College; one about his duties at the Y canteen in 1918; one about the scene at the Holy Sepulchre, in 1919. A letter to Stanley in 1918, about Allenby's troops, appeared in the New York Times Magazine. Besides these letters, he sent accounts of soldiers to the Presbyterian Banner and The Continent, in 1918, and before he arrived home, in 1919 and the first months of 1920, more articles went to these magazines and one to the New York Evening Post. These were accounts of religious shrines and festivals in Jerusalem. In fact, the Garden of Gethsemane and the Field of the Shepherds continued to interest him and the readers of these magazines, and certain others as well—The Southern Churchman, The Christian Century, The Christian Work. For several years after his return to America he continued to use these same images and symbols and modes of expression in many contexts, and the impressions stayed with him always. The quality common to all this writing, 1917 to 1922, is that it recorded in short articles his rich experience of the war and Palestine, in vivid and careful imagery. It is observation of the world around him and his feelings about
it, but without in-depth evaluation. Only an article or two written about peace in the Pacific, in 1920, begin to show social criticism and really look toward his next literary period.

There is one important exception to the uncritical recording of experience. On the month-long journey, across the Pacific, working their way on a freighter, he and Ted Chaffee reviewed their experience of Palestine in a skeptical mood. They collaborated on a novel called *Jasper Jenkins in Palestine*. Jasper was a representative of a group of Sunday Schools in heartland America, with $60,000 to invest in the care of Palestinian orphans. In surveying the need he makes a variety of contacts, travels from Cairo to Damascus, and gets to see the celebration of Easter in Jerusalem. The authors cover a great range of persons, notable and ordinary; geography, Biblical and modern; and customs, sacred and profane. They are doubtful of the soundness both of the Palestinians and of those who came to save them, but this feeling is expressed in comedy and general sympathy with all the characters. After a thorough study of needs and resources, Jasper decides that he can best use his money to found a school for dragomans, having suffered much from the ignorance and duplicity of guides. He wants to educate a generation of guides who know their country and its history and can drive a car and keep it running, and, as an added benefit, can keep the irrigation pumps working. For he foresees a horde of tourists shortly invading Palestine and tourism as its most promising industry. In the light of the subsequent troubled history of Israel and Jordan, Arab oil and the world power struggle, this is something less than a prophetic insight.
Jasper is an invention, a type, but those he sees are actual people, and his experiences are specific and vivid because they have been the experiences of the authors. In fact, events and local color dominate the book and tend to block out Jasper and his story. Glen Frank of Century publishing company called it neither fish nor fowl, neither fiction nor fact, and it was not published. But it is fun to read and gives an unforgettable picture of post-war Palestine.

The cynicism of Jasper Jenkins, though not the hilarious comedy, may be a reflection of Allan's mood. He was sickened by the war and discouraged about the peace. He was concerned for the success of Arabia and the Pan-Pacific Union. He was still exploring for a firm basis for the pacifism he was coming to believe in. Then, though he had had no opportunity for courtship in the midst of the war, nor hardly any inclination, he was unhappy that Elizabeth Walker was engaged to his old friend Demarce Bess. Finally, now that he was an adult, he thought perhaps he and his father could talk, especially about the war, though his father was never a pacifist, and have a meeting of minds. During the long Pacific crossing he looked forward with great longing to being home and seeing his father.

Then three days out of San Francisco a telegram reached him saying that his father had died.
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Chapter III, 1920-1926 Learning a Trade

1. Union Seminary, 1920-1922

So Allan returned to a house of sorrow, and what he had envisioned as a joyous reunion with his sister and brothers and his parents had to be a time of mourning. There was no way to make up for the years of separation and no way to find out how his experiences in the war would have looked to his father. His own problems continued—the conflicts raised by both war and pacifism, his regrets about Elizabeth Walker, a nagging earache, his tensions and anxieties. And now there was no relief in simple joy.

Throughout the war he knew that his father prayed at noon daily for his three sons, for their safety, their integrity, their nearness to God. Every day in Riverside he was reminded of this faithfulness, with gratitude and yearning, as he heard the noon peel of bells at the Mission Inn, the time when his father had always stopped what he was doing to think of his sons in the Presence. One day as he listened his eyes were drawn to his father’s photograph on the wall. For a moment he seemed almost to have eye contact with the image and to hear his father’s voice encouraging him to go forward, that life was good. The experience was so real and credible that it was like assurance across the uncrossable gulf, communication through the barrier of death. He could go on to the seminary with the feeling that his father did after all understand him and that life would be worth it.

Union was the prestige seminary, favored by Presbyterians but ecumenical, and Allan’s father and his brothers went there,
As with Princeton, the mission years, and the ministry itself, it was inevitable that Allan should go there. Union gained added stature from its age, founded in 1836, its excellent theological library, and its affiliation with Columbia and New York Universities. Since 1910 the campus had been on 120th Street, between Broadway and Claremont, part of the complex including Columbia University and a women's college. Morningside Park was not far to the east and the Hudson to the west, a beautiful and elegant setting.

Allan had two great academic experiences at Union. One was centered in science and the works of J. A. Thomson. Union did not deny science and courageously faced the issue of its relationship to religion. McCorkle, in Allan's father's youth, had seen the essential unity of both disciplines, and the position of the school was that the Scriptures and true theology could not be out of harmony with science. The great Scottish biologist, Sir John Arthur Thomson at the University of Aberdeen, with his colleague Patrick Geddes, had been working on the reconciliation of science and religion since the 1880's, and he wrote many books to this end. His work ranged from early studies in sex determination to popularized biology, but always with the firm belief that science and religion were two views of the same Reality. He saw the evolutionary process as an upward spiral, of mind gaining mastery over matter. Man is now in front, but not necessarily the culmination. Wonder is an essential part of this cosmos. With its beauty, diversity, unity, orderliness, power, and humanistic components. This was Thomson's mature and final conclusion, in Outline of General Biology, written in 1931 with Geddes. But it was the direction indicated in all his earlier writing that Allan knew at Union.
Thomson's five volumes on science, with Moffat's New Testament, were among the most influential books open to Allan at this time. Since childhood he had felt the reality and joy of the physical world, and it was essential to him to find that it correlated with the theological cosmos. Thomson's books were written to do this.

In 1924 Thomson gave a series of lectures at Union and at Yale, and it was Allan's good fortune to be at Union again in that year, with Elizabeth, to hear him. At a tea he asked Thomson how Jesus fit into evolution. The answer was that he is the highest manifestation of the process that we have yet seen, and we are evolving in his direction, more related to him than to the beasts.

Allan's other great academic experiences were in religion classes. Eugene Lyman, teaching philosophy of religion, brought everyone into the class experience, and Allan responded deeply to his power of empathy. But especially Harry Emerson Fosdick, with his charisma, made everyone feel important and valid. He taught church history and practical theology. In the homiletics course his response to the students' sermons had profound significance for them. In evaluating the structure of one of Allan's sermons he said, "Allan, if you had an old lady in your car, you'd drive so fast you'd toss her out on her head," and laughed disarmingly.

In philosophy, Dr. Fosdick had a broad range, including the thought of India and China. He was an apologist for modernism in its confrontation with fundamentalism, in the 1920's. He had written three books of reinterpretation: The Manhood of the Master (1913), The Meaning of Prayer (1915), and The Meaning of Serv-
Ice, (1920), While Allan was at Union Fosdick was at work on Christianity and Progress (1922), The Modern Use of the Bible (1924), and Adventurous Religion (1925). He defined the views of modern liberalism: that the individual's development, through the teachings of Jesus and the cooperation of God, is primary; that religion must transform society in conformity with the spirit of Jesus; that, since good is stronger than evil, we can afford to be optimistic about the social outcome; that the Bible does not have divine authority but is a record of man's search, and present experience provides the criteria of rightness. These ideas deeply influenced Allan's thinking.

He also adopted some of Dr. Fosdick's images and patterns: Jesus as the man of joy; the three Greek words for love and the New Testament stress on agape; human capacity for hope; the radiant religion of light; immortality as a part of evolution, and so on. His tender-minded optimism about youth, progress, the survival of the Good, may seem hardly justified. But by contrast the tough-minded of the 1920's were cynical rebels or expatriates despairing of mankind: Fitzgerald, Mancken, Eliot, Lewis, O'Neill, Anderson, Dos Passos, Dreiser.

Fosdick wrote the foreword of Allan's first book, Youth's Adventure, asserting the need for change, instituted by youth with Allan as spokesman, if western culture was to survive. Allan's debt to Dr. Fosdick did not stop with this recognition or with the student-teacher relationship. At another time he was a counselor. Henry Luce, who according to Max Lerner was looking for men who could "span the distance between the world of the intellect and the world of affairs," asked Allan to be religion editor of a new magazine he was planning, to be called Time. Fosdick advised
against it. "Stick to your last. Stay in the church," he said, "where you have made your commitment." Allan took his advice and never regretted it.

During his first year at seminary Allan did his field work in a fashionable Madison Avenue church. His tasks were conventional, and the only unusual aspect of his stay there was that another worker, whose fiancée has been killed in the war, fell in love with him. Almost unconsciously aware that he was in love with Elizabeth, he resisted, though the pastor too thought they would make a good match. She married a man who became something of an alcoholic, and twenty years later she would have been willing to turn to Allan for comfort if she had met encouragement. This train of events seems to say something about the poignancy of human affections and the value again of commitment as priest and husband.

The deepest experiences of Allan's life at seminary came with his association with his peers. He kept his mental health in those times through a prayer group. There were five friends: Henry Van Dusen, Toby Safford, Phil Guiles, Thornton Penfield, and Allan. They met for twenty minutes twice a week for meditation and prayer, for sharing problems and concerns. They discovered that they all had problems and that the problems were much the same: distractions of various sorta, from girls to food; trying to see workers as people and feeling kinship; matters of doctrine. They found that trust and honesty with each other were possible, and that out of the experience could come a sense of direction and a realization of the presence of God.

Their group was directly related to the Oxford Group movement, but both have their roots in the Wesleyan class meeting and
in Eighteenth Century Pietism, and the ultimate pattern was Jesus and the twelve disciples. The common characteristics are the small group format, zealous honesty and intimacy, a focus on Here and Now, and the expectation of mystical experience. These are always expressed features of the groups as Allan writes about them. The concept and practice of a small group had validity for Allan from that time on, and he continued to develop and refine it as a tool for growth. But the essential conditions were there in the prayer fellowship of those five at Union.

One of the purposes of the group was to become more sensitive to each other's needs. The whole student body was shocked into awareness by the suicide of a student minister, Ed Redding. He was apparently well adjusted, outgoing, and no one saw his suffering. Or was suicide the challenge to the validity of the claim the "I am the resurrection and the life," underlined in his open New Testament? The faculty began to develop a system for training ministers in the skills of helping to prevent suicide. Allan tried to become more sensitive to the pain and confusion behind everyone's mask and to find the possibilities of joy.

Allan's best friend, Toby Safford, was also sharpening his awareness and expending himself for others. He fasted for two weeks in the hope that his condition might give the doctors a clue to the causes and cure for the illness of a friend. During his fast he and Allan went to a play, Job. He was in high spirits, perhaps because he was in love with Henry Luce's sister. But gallant as he was, he got pneumonia and died. It was spring, and Allan still thinks of it when he hears a robin.

George McCleod was another of Allan's friends. He was a Scot
from the Island of Iona in the Hebrides off the coast of Scotland. Iona was the home of the missionary Colombo and his twelve followers in the Sixth Century, and of Benedictines in the Thirteenth. And there McCleod, in the Twentieth Century, had belonged to a company of earnest seekers. He was a veteran of the World War and was at Union on a scholarship. He and Allan lectured, campaigning for peace.

Allan also had a lecture on Children in the Orient, illustrated with slides, to raise money for the support of two Syrian students in college. Devotion does not make all perfect, however; one of them became a homosexual and was expelled. But the other, despite the loss of an arm, became a leader.

After his first year at Union, Allan spent the summer at the two mission churches at Muskoka Lakes, where he was in 1914 at the beginning of the war. Now after seven years he returned to these two churches and their Scotch-Irish congregations. He conducted services on Sunday, but he also served their general needs; he took children to the doctor, arranged for tonsillectomies, and so on.

When he returned to Union in the fall he worked in a settlement house in New York called Hell's Kitchen. There the superintendent of the Sunday School was the brother of the eminent Henry Sloane Coffin, and became the father of William Sloane Coffin, chaplain at Yale in the 1970's. Allan led the children in a project of carving and selling soapstone Buddhas and going without dessert to collect money for the hungry in Palestine, Russian, and China.

During these two years he continued to find outlets for short articles about the Arabs and about the countries he visited on the way home from Palestine—Ceylon, Korea. Then, chiefly in
1922, he turned again to his experiences in Jerusalem, Gethsemane, and Bethlehem, writing several articles that appeared in both religious and secular magazines.

And then, during Christmas vacation, in December 1922, he decided to take a sabbatical. Dropping his scholarship in church history, he returned to Riverside. Consequences he did not see clearly at the time later justified his decision.
III-2. Sabbatical, 1922-23

Allan's conscious reason for interrupting his studies at Union Seminary was to be helpful to Irene and Little Mother. Irene was in fragile health, in bed most of the time, cared for by Sarah Hunter. Allan stayed in Riverside with them for the next seven months, to do what he could. He was very thankful then and later that he had this time with Irene.

He reported for the Riverside Press and wrote a column called "Under the Sun." He sometimes returned to the Palestine material for some of the content. One article was called "Southern California is the Holy Land of America." The analogy included Riverside as Jerusalem and Death Valley as the Dead Sea, and he pointed out similarities in mountains, birds, and flowers. Then he tells the story of his visit to the Garden Tomb. Other articles reflect his persisting interest in birds; he is knowledgeable about them but has given up the impulse to shoot them. He discusses the appearance, habits, and value of several "feathered tourists." He shows his esthetic excitement over tohees, black phoebes, blackbirds, hummingbirds, their beauty and song celebrating spring. The style is Latinized, decorated, with formal and studied elegance, and the articles are valuable chiefly for the development of his interest in birds and nature.

While Allan was reporting for the paper, Upton Sinclair was organizing the American Civil Liberties Union. He called Allan and invited him to be its secretary. But Allan remembered Dr. Fosdick's counsel and did not allow himself to be turned aside from the ministry. He was convinced that the message of Jesus is the only hope.
Irene was interested in languages, especially Spanish, and in writing, contributing occasional features to the local press. She was encouraged by the friendship and advice of Zona Gale in Wisconsin, then at a rewarding time of her life. In these years, 1920-23, Zona Gale received the Pulitzer prize for the dramatic version of Miss Lulu Bett, became regent of the University of Wisconsin, and was loved for her touching stories of very ordinary people. With a foreword by Zona Gale, Irene's book of mystical poetry was accepted for publication July 1, 1924. This was Irene's thirty-ninth birthday, and the day she died. At the end she said she was reconciled and could forgive her enemy, God.

In January 1923, Allan, besides being a reporter, took a supply pastorate at the Church of the Messiah, at Van Ness and Washington, in Los Angeles. His duties were chiefly connected with preaching a sermon Sunday morning. There was one on his father, others on communication, reassurance, the Intervening Ugliness. He wrote an article for Century magazine, published June 1923, defining what he would like to preach. Much theological impediments, he felt, could be dropped. But the essential is that people are primary, as one loves them and works with them, a feeling that holds young people together the world over. The enemies of persons and their fulfillment are war, economic exploitation, race prejudice, sex irresponsibility. The Redeemer from these enemies is Jesus, whose spirit is humor, youth, energy, and love. Perhaps Allan used his congregation to test out these materials. The focus on persons and social problems, with dogma faded out, is part of the definition of liberalism that he learned from Harry Emerson Fosdick.
The congregation liked him and his preaching, and he would have several invitations to dinner each Sunday. The legend was that he sometimes accepted three at a time. As soon as he could after the benediction, however, he dashed down the broad steps of the church, clerical coat tails flying, to catch a W street car and go to see Elizabeth Walker.

Allan and Elizabeth had been freshmen together at Occidental College, but after that year he went to Princeton and she went to a college in the South. They exchanged a few letters and saw each other on a few occasions, but after college they did not meet for five years. When he returned to America after the war, she was engaged to his friend Demaree Bess, son of the President of Macalaster College in St. Paul. She broke her engagement in 1921, but the slow progress of events had not allowed Allan to take advantage of her freedom, until his winter in Riverside. The possibility of seeing her had surely helped to bring him back to California, and he was calling on her every Sunday. Her father was the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Los Angeles.

Elizabeth Walker loved the seashore, so the beach was the right setting for their engagement. They were watching the surf at Santa Monica, on April 10, and as the sun was slipping into the ocean he finally kissed her and said, "I love you and want to marry you. But you'll have to know that if there is a war I'll go to jail if necessary." Elizabeth must have accepted the proviso, for they celebrated their engagement that evening, with a dinner for two, with candles, at a fine old restaurant overlooking the sea.

Because they were saving money to send a Syrian boy to college,
there was no engagement ring, though Allan's brother told him, perhaps even meaning it a little, that if his wife didn't have one, he would never get a good church. During their engagement they and another couple spent a week at the Walker cottage at the beach. There was some criticism in those proper times, but their conduct was blameless.

They were married at an informal family wedding, by Elizabeth's father and in her home, on June 10, 1923, and spent a week of honeymoon at the beach house, ineptly searching. But for the first time in his life, being completely committed, able to be completely honest, and completely forgiven for his humanity, he began to feel freed of all bonds, a valid and complete person.

The influential Dr. Freeman, who had been a friend of William Hunter, had persuaded the Presbytery the preceding year, to ordain Allan, in spite of his unorthodoxy. Allan was now thirty years old, a far traveler, a much-published author, an ordained minister, and a married man.
Allan and Elizabeth went to New York in September 1923, so that he could reenter Union Seminary. They lived at the heart of things, near the "culture center of the universe," where one--anyone, even that bum Allan saw challenging all of it--might see Columbia University, Union Seminary, a prestigious women's college, Grant's tomb, all at once.

They were frugal, but they allowed themselves the pleasure of going to the theater. One night they went to Sunup with Allan's cousin Bill Hunter and Katharine Hillex, later married by Allan to Dr. Norman Kilbourne, in Los Angeles. She was a secretary at the YWCA where Elizabeth often swam. Unbeknown, Edith Martins, also Allan's parishoner in Los Angeles in later years, lived in a nearby apartment.

Allan resumed studies at Union, but the continuity of friends was broken and he began to be restless with the curriculum. However, he did get to hear and meet J.A. Thomson. He did not want to take Hebrew and other troublesome requirements, and traditional theology seemed somewhat futile, unreal, and irrelevant to current life. He had already made this clear in the Forum article "Why Are We Silent?" stating the inadequacies of the church in solving social problems. He continued to take classes at Union, but he also enrolled at Columbia. He gradually realized that he did not need the benediction of a degree from Union, and he did not take one.

He turned his energies to education, where, he felt, lay the greatest opportunities. He studied with Dewey and Kilpatrick, the great designers of "progressive education." Kilpatrick published his Source Book of the Philosophy of Education in its first edition
in 1923, and Allan may have used it as a text. Dewey had been writing for thirty-five years, psychology, ethics, philosophy, the relation of education to democracy and to society, and was then at work on *Human Nature and Conduct*. The ideas of these two men appear at many essential points in Allan Hunter's thinking, and a summary of some of their typical views now will help to recognize them as they appear in his writing and practice.

Dewey's universe, his view of Reality, is not static or closed but changing, biological rather than mechanical. This view grew out of the acceptance of the theory of evolution expressed in *The Origin of Species*. Like James, he applied a pragmatic sanction to truth, called by him instrumentalism: truth is tested by its success in experience. Experience is the basic reality. Though general ideas are necessary to deal with these particulars, they must be thought of only as naming manmade categories, a convenience; "universal laws" imply a closed universe, and are false and hindering.

Ethics is based on human nature and its needs. Choices are of prime importance, and must be based on understanding and freedom. Self-discipline means understanding and persisting in a choice. Means and ends have organic connection and are inseparable, as Leslie Weatherhead also stressed. Education must be through experience, not authority; it should not be oriented to the classics, with tacit rejection of the present; social and political reform must accompany the new education; Kilpatrick regretted the separation of school and life, old and young, in the educational process; the humanities are for all, not just an elite. The present—Now—is where life is and where awareness should center. Social, politi-