Finally, he had interviewed all of the Christians in the arena except the three Dutch sisters. He came home at the end of August and began the book about them. *Christians in the Arena* (Fellowship Press, 1958) was dedicated to Elizabeth, who had shared in the fact-gathering. Of the biographical books it most resembles *White Corpuscles* (1939), being neither an intensive and structured study, like *Three Trumpets Sound*, nor a compendium, like *Courage in Both Hands*. Philippe Vernier appears in both books, and all were old friends.

The title is a little melodramatic, but actually there is no odor of martyrdom about these people. They did not cast themselves to futile destruction. Rather, "the arena" is where life is going on, where people confront adversaries and dare to be vulnerable, depending on good will, not power. It is a place of activity and reality, where something is at stake. The arena is set in contrast to an ivory tower or a haven of rest.

Each subject is distinguished with a trait or epithet. Heinrich Grueber, first in the book, was the "bridge builder"; he was living and working in East Germany and was trying to build a bridge to the Communists. They, he felt, were at least trying to meet human needs. During World War II he was imprisoned at Dachau, survived through the aid of Jews whom he had befriended before imprisonment, and was released at the insistence of Franklin Roosevelt. Both a Jewish Rabbi and Pastor Niemoeller expressed appreciation for his efforts to bring people together, and he found persons more important than the theories they or he held.

Kathleen Lonsdale was a nuclear physicist and member of the
Royal Society, and her thesis was that a scientist must care what happens to his discoveries, take responsibility for their results. During the war she went to prison for refusing to register for civil defense. She believed in unilateral disarmament, and after the war opposed the arms race and nuclear weapons. She visited China and Russia and aired her protest against war on BBC. She and her husband had been Quakers since World War I, and she depended on the inner Still, as well as on scientific data and the witness of Jesus, to guide her.

Andre Trochme had to choose between truth and responsibility. He decided that persons are more relevant than factual accuracy; when one is sheltering fugitive Jews, as he did at Le Chambon. He denied their presence if he had to to save them, and he did save them all. When Allan saw him, his home was the IFOR headquarters on the continent. He spent time in a concentration camp during the war and taught the Bible to the Communists there. They felt that Christian ethics may be for the future; meanwhile, we must live under the expediency of struggle. They accepted imperfect means to a more perfect end, but Trochme insisted on the Eternal Now, which cannot be distinguished from the end. He continued to oppose militarism in post-war France and challenged the church to speak out against war.

Martin Niemoller had to grow into a pacifist position. In World War I he manned a German U-boat and accepted the dualistic morality of Augustine and Luther through which the will of the state prevails over the advice of religion or the church. In World War II he reversed this stand and resisted Hitler because of the Fuhrer's attack on the sovereignty of the church:
He was eight years in Dachau, but even then he offered to command a submarine, if Germany was attacked. When he was at Mt. Hollywood in 1950 and took communion with the other FOR's at the foot of the Hiroshima Cross, he still was not sure; there might be a just war, for defense, for example. But finally he learned non-violence, and by 1956 he was working for disarmament.

Susan W. learned kindness from two war experiences. She entertained a Gestapo officer and learned to treat him as a friend, and she overcame her enmity for a roomer by discovering that the enemy is within.

Donald Soper, preacher at the large church called Kingsway Hall, Tower Hill, in London, and a frequent speaker in Hyde Park, worked for social justice and confronted the Labour Party and the United Nations with the need for more courageous stands on peace. He believed in democracy, the family, disarmament, the undivided world, and transformation by grace. He believed that Jesus was right and that the pacifist does not need the militarist's protection to be safe.

Wilhelm Mensching, like Schweitzer, was a missionary in Africa during World War I. He was taken prisoner by the British and interned in India, mistreated by his captors, but encouraged by a kind medical officer and Gandhi's idea of soul force. His two sons were at the Lunenberge conference in 1938; one survived the war, and one died. He himself was pastor of a church in Germany during the war, where he refused to "Heil Hitler" or preach a hate sermons for the funeral of RAF casualties. Gandhi, Fritjof Nansen, and Schweitzer came to his unusual church. Like Kierkegaard and Trocmé, he felt the importance to life
and ethics of using the right means to gain an end.

Philippe Vernier was hardworking and fun-loving. When Allan came to see him they went to visit a drunk. He had a lower-middle class parish in Mauberge—miners, alcoholics, children needing camp experience. He dealt with Communists on the third level. In the 1930's he spent much time in prison, at Lille and Cuaregnon, because of his uncompromising pacifism. In 1938 Allan saw Pastor Vernier only at the conference, though they did room together, and in *White Corpuscles* he recounts the prison experiences, the work with CO's, children's camps, and the Blue Cross, a French temperance organization. But this time Allan saw his parish, met his wonderful practical wife Henriette, and accompanied him, now twenty years older, as he went about his down-to-earth pastoral work.

These people met the issue of the Means. The End had been settled for them in a general way—reconciliation, compassion, Agape for all mankind, the way of Jesus. But their endeavor was to make every daily act contribute directly. So they dealt with Communists as souls, persons; they learned not to hate Nazis and found them responsive human beings; and they had, most of them, survived two wars, continuing their ministries of love in a generally hostile setting.

The data here does not show why these people responded as they did: why their Christian witness led them to non-violence while it has led others to support war; why imprisonment and the sight of violence made them compassionate rather than bitter; why they could see those of other ideologies as potential friends rather than enemies. Is it God's determinism or a complex of
inherited glands and nerves, childhood impressions, and family traditions too subtle to analyze? But the information from these lives does support the hope that non-violent response is possible in any situation and that success—that is, survival and an answering good will—can often be expected.

These are all Christians, and for the most part ministers and FOR members, and this gives them an almost unfair support for their actions. We also need in-depth studies of non-violent attitudes among those of other traditions and callings. Both the common denominator among them and the differentia would be of interest.
VI-5. Denouement, 1958-1963

The United States was conducting atomic bomb tests in the Pacific in the spring of 1958, and a few concerned people were aware of the threat in these tests to the security of other nations and the dangers to the ecology from fallout. Albert Bigelow and a crew of three others proposed to sail their ship, the Golden Rule, into the test zone in protest, though invasion of the area was prohibited. On January 9, a group in sympathy with Bert Bigelow’s protest gathered at the dockside in San Pedro to encourage the four men. FOR and AFSC people were there, John Raitt, Don Murray, Allan Hunter, and a tenth grader who was doing a term project on non-violence. Allan held a meditation with Bert and his crew in the hold of his ship, to reinforce their sense of commitment. He also wrote an article for the Christian Century about the project, calling it “Four Men Act.” The Golden Rule was scheduled to sail January 10, but there were delays, and another send-off for the crew was celebrated March 19, at Mr. Hollywood Church. But the Golden Rule did finally sail into the forbidden waters around Eniwetok, the crew was arrested, and Bigelow spent sixty days in jail for his infractions. July 27 he was again at Mt. Hollywood Church, and he spoke to the congregation on Hiroshima Day, August 6. It was a heroic and quixotic adventure, and Allan was glad to have had a part in it.

The big event of 1959 concerned Allan Jr. After he left Haverford he marked time, in the winter of 1956-7, at the Harkness Pavilion of the Presbyterian Hospital in New York, taking training in hospital administration. He had been rejected at the medical school because of low scores in the
qualifying exams. But he wanted to marry a student at Bryn Mawr, and her father was a great doctor in Washington, D.C. He saw that Allan had the possibilities of becoming a fine surgeon. Allan entered Washington University and made all A's. So Haverford reconsidered and admitted him to the medical school. This happy development in Allan's ordeal of maturing brought great joy to Allan and Elizabeth. In June 1959 they went to Washington for the wedding of Allan Jr. and Helen Louise Simpson, and their cup was full.

There is a sense of acceleration in the next years, as if there were too many events and experiences to be crowded into a time with its limits already set. The year 1960 opened with sorrow; Allan's brother Stanley died on the last day of 1959. At the memorial service Allan spoke of his brother's never-ending kindness to everyone, and his helpfulness to his younger brother, and how his tenderness broke through his weakness at the end, to communicate with Allan. Treasuring the actual happenings of life was always Allan's way of coming at the truth about people, and of keeping their presence with him.

Many of the events of 1960 have been mentioned before in other contexts, but to feel the fullness of the Mt. Hollywood experience, let's set a few of them down in chronological order. In January there was a DOC retreat at the church, with Agnes Sanford as speaker. John Anson Ford and Mrs. Clifford Clinton, returned from recent trips, had an evening on Russia, and Dr. Weitkamp and Helen McCutcheon presented Africa at a family night. The spring forums featured Norman Cousins and Edward Stainbrook.
Pilgrim Fellowship had an exchange work project with a Bakersfield PF, and the two groups painted some rooms at Schaefle Memorial Church in Los Angeles. In June a group of young people, with Lois Hamer, went to Ameca, Mexico, to help the community build a church. There was a vacation school, and folk dancing at two family nights. The Hunters went to Pendle Hill, where Allan spoke July 1. In July he also held a DOC retreat, aided by John Magee, at Westmont, in Santa Barbara. Byron Johnson, a Congressman, and Theodore Anderson, of the Economic Development Agency, held a forum for FOR, and there was an FOR conference at the church. In August Charles Weltkamp was severely injured in a car accident and Gary left for two years of alternative service in Morocco, both deep experiences for Allan. Little Mei Lin came from China to become a member of Vance Getier's family. The Hunters, according to long custom, spent part of the month at Tuolumne Meadows, where they recaptured the intimate joys of mountains, streams, wild things, and Allan preached two or three Sundays. In September he led a retreat for church families at Pilgrim Pines, and in October he and Cedric Emery took a wriggle of junior highs to Sequoia. Purcell Brown's only daughter Pamela died that month and the memorial service was held at the church. In her memory a continuing fund was set up to educate Thanka Chella, in India. Dr. Alfred Weltkamp died in December. And everyone can add his own personal memories associated with the church in that year. One family, in Europe for the summer, spent an unforgettable twenty-four hours with Philippe Vernier and his family, with an introduction from Allan Hunter.

In 1961 the church had to consider the merger of the Congregational-Christian Church with the Evangelical and Reformed. The
congregation had read and listened to information and exchanged arguments for five years. But in spite of some disagreement, the church voted, in May, to join the United Church of Christ. Allan and Elizabeth took a two-week vacation while the congregation was voting. Dr. Gleason died in June, and Allan again being away, John Anson Ford conducted the memorial service. Synanon representatives, including the founder Chuck Dedrick, presented their saving work with drug addicts, on a Sunday after church.

A climax event, Sunday, October 15, was the elaborate observance of the Hunters' thirty-five years at Mt. Hollywood. The program was announced in the Times the day before. A picture book of all the members of the church was issued on this day, for which Allan wrote an introduction expressing gratitude for recollections, especially for the crises that had given a sense of relatedness and communication, in the light of Christ's Way. The members and friends wrote personal notes in a book of remembrance as a gift for them. His sermon at the morning service was, appropriately, "Our hope for years to come," and this was followed by dinner and program. John Anson Ford, Dorothy Ward, and the moderator Marian Mills gave tributes, and a panel discussed the future of Mt. Hollywood Church, a topic of increasing interest to the congregation. In the months to come this question narrowed to "How can our church meet the needs of a changing community?" and perhaps to the subjective prospect of survival.

In 1962 Allan's retreats continued--family camp at Pilgrim Pines, Sequoia Seminar on Gandhi at Ben Lomond. There were notable visitors--Allan Jr. and Helen Louise, and also Heinrich Grueber, Gertie Samuel, K.K. Chandy. The Youth Class, now under
the leadership of Jane and James Taylor, raised the amazing sum of $3155 during the summer to send surplus food to Hong Kong, and in November the congregation had the satisfaction of seeing slides John Anson Ford brought back from Hong Kong showing World Service depots dispensing that food to the hungry. There were five members of the congregation working in service projects in remote places in the world, and the church also was helping the Migrant Mission, the mobile chapel program, and the toy loan service in the San Joaquin Valley.

_Courage in Both Hands_ was published in a Spanish edition, and in 1960 in a Japanese translation in Japan. In 1962 a third English edition was published in paperback by Ballantine Press. It is much the same as the 1951-52 edition, with the same foreword defining the three levels, and most of the same moving and convincing stories. There are two new ones from World War II: the story of Elizabeth Pilenko, who took another’s place and died in a German gas chamber, and the Pearl Harbor pilot Matsuo Fuchida, converted by DeShazer. Two stories, about Gary in Morocco and Don in Europe, record CO’s doing alternative service. There are four stories from the civil rights movement, and a detailed account of the winning of the Acua Indians in Ecuador. The careful documenting is the same, but the pictures have been omitted. The attractive paperback edition helps keep the collection current and popular.

Allan sent _A Way of Looking_ to Abingdon Press in 1962, but it was not published, and he worked on a thorough revision, renaming it _Look with Wonder_. He returned to the material in 1972, reorganizing and updating it, but he did not return it to the
publisher. Since this book has not been published but nevertheless represents for him a summation of his thinking and purposes, it should be reviewed in some detail. The two 1962 versions are considered here.

There are two themes, and bringing them together is one of the difficulties of the book. The first two chapters define one of the themes. Some animals and people seem to have built-in communication mechanisms. In animals they are instinctive. In man communication seeks to break through the routine of the physical universe with creativeness. Communication must be unique in each person, but like enough to the rest for understanding. On the other hand, there are natural deterrents to communication, and these he expressed in the myth of the facade or show window, and the cave filled with beasts. But there is a way out, through the tunnel to reality and God, and over the bridge of forgiveness. Communication and good will are equated, because, apparently, if man understands God's will and truly sees other human beings he will respond with love. And the reverse is true—the law of love and communications runs forward and back. By escaping from levels I and II into level III, we become able to communicate with God. The starting point is repentance, as the next chapters show. The revision divides this material into three chapters, adding the idea of the image of God in all people that makes repentance possible.

The next two chapters concentrate on the bridge to be crossed. There is a process to follow, closely resembling the evangelical's road to salvation: face the evil within, repent, make restitution, witness to the experience, and forgive ourselves, others, and God.
This therapy releases energy for righteousness, the psychological
equivalent of Grace in the older theology, it seems, except that
forgiveness as a function of man gets the stress. In world af-
fairs forgiveness should express itself in processes of rehab-
ilitation and problem solving rather than retaliation—a world
court, unilateral disarmament. The revision expands these
two chapters into four, adding ways to strengthen the United
Nations and criticizing divisive and power-seeking religion.

The next chapters apply prayer to healing mind and body.
Chapter V establishes a figure, the spectrum: the short waves
of prayer and the long waves of man's devices. The graded se-
ries, beginning with the longest, least discriminating waves,
is an evaluation of our culture: law, community pressures,
education, science, literature, art, nature, work, medicine,
therapy, religion, groups, marriage, the last being the nearest
to prayer in sensitivity. Intercessory prayer has a chapter to
itself. Its purpose is to provide a channel for God's healing,
to cooperate with the will of God. It can be directed to the
healing and guidance of others, but never for selfish ends.
The possibility of extrasensory influence upon others is glanced
at but not confirmed; the expectation is that through prayer one
will understand how to be helpful, how to act in behalf of someone.

Chapters VII to IX deal with ethics. First there is a survey
of certain methods of making choices: intuition, balancing pros
and cons, considering motivation, following the spirit of Jesus,
meditation. The revision elaborates an ideal procedure: gather
facts, read and meditate, and the wait for the spirit to speak.
But we must be warned about blind spots and simplistic answers.
The next chapter develops the process of meditation, giving a subjective stream of consciousness account of trying to concentrate and being distracted. Progress can be measured by a prayer ladder, from spoken prayers to mystic identification and complete submission to the will of God. The revision adds examples, enlarging this chapter into three. The next chapter asks "Why hop on one foot?" The left foot of prayer and the right foot of action—the effort to know God through meditation and doing the work of the world—must parallel each other. An ritual of prayers for times of day and the familiar techniques for prayer groups follow. The revision adds the figure of garbage disposal, ridding our lives of unwanted aspects by offering them to God, and raises the question of dream messages. The assumption of these chapters is that the ultimate experience of the righteous and blessed is a mystical illumination and certainty about perceiving the will of God. But those who do not have these experiences have William Law and Gandhi in their company, and Patrick Lloyd, though he had a vision of Jesus on the battlefield, did not find meditation helpful. Some of the most troublesome people in history have been sure of divine direction.

Chapter X asserts the radiant possibilities of marriage and names the levels in the relationship: play, work, sex, facing problems, partnership with God. Explicit mention of these is omitted in the revision, but possibilities of individual growth, cooperation with God, and mutual reinforcement are stressed.

The next two chapters attempt to apply good will to the broad world. There are fine examples of people using love in
face to face situations, of non-violent protest against racism and prison abuses, of empathy at Synanon. Then follows a fantasy broadcast of Christian love on a Russian radio, and the question is raised whether the United States can change direction. The revision adds a chapter, gathering further examples of public figures—Luthuli and Martin Luther King—who acted from good will. There is also a vivid passage reliving the decision at Gethsemane. For some the old uncertainties will still be unanswered by these chapters: Was the Crucifixion really the will of God? And was it the best expression of love? But the chapters raise the hope that, though love and God's will may not be plainly known, at least, like Jesus, one can refrain from violence.

The last chapter places the reader beside fast waters in the Sierras and describes the scene, the fauna, and the robin. Why does he sing? Is he a Marxist, motivated by economic necessity? Or a Freudian, calling his mate? Or is he indeed proclaiming his joy in life and God? The book ends with hope for immortality, and the revision offers Brother Lawrence and Bonhoeffer as believing witnesses to this hope. The explicit message of the chapter is that even in today's world we can receive comfort from nature, live on the third level, and expect continuance.

The two themes, searching for communication with God and acting from love, are never firmly fused. The thesis that only communication with God can insure acting from love is discouragingly limiting. The principle of love is applied to war, healing, sex, and race, a broad range. But other challenging reconciliations might be attempted, for example, between mystic and non-mystic, pacifist and militarist, theist and agnostic.
Reconciling does not mean bringing the opponent over to one's own way of thinking, but rather finding a larger category into which both fit.

In spite of an arbitrary thesis, the style of the book reveals uncertainty: fragments without predication, rhetorical questions without answers, hedging phrases, hypothetical cases and single examples for proof, and most of all, figurativeness and allegory where the reader longs for direct exposition and explicit commitment to meaning.

And still the figures—the ladder of prayer, the levels of marriage, the spectrum of healing, the two feet of cognitive and affective response, the garbage disposal, the myth of facade, zoo, tunnel, light, and bridge—while inconclusive as proof or persuasion, are beautiful as embellishments. The examples of saintly people who act from love are high encouragement. It is a joy to read about the areas that yield to love and forgiveness. Among the many suggestions for communicating with God and people, making choices, enduring life or rejoicing in it, learning to repent and forgive, there is rich plenty and help for all. The book is a confident affirmation of God, love, forgiveness, and immortality.

Important options for the future faced Allan in these days. In the spring of 1963 a letter came from Japan asking him to give the first of what was intended to be an annual lecture on Kagawa. The lecture would be published. This offer was a temptation to Allan because of his long-standing interest in Japan and Kagawa, and because he relished the pleasant trip with Elizabeth. But he had been invited to spend some time in residence at the Chicago
Theological Seminary in the fall, and he decided to keep his commitment and deepen his involvement with students rather than to renew his old interest in the Far East. It was what he would call a watershed decision, and the years following opened up greater and greater scope for serving the young.

Allan and Elizabeth had once thought that they, like "Harry" Ward at Union Seminary, would retire to a ghetto, or to a slum, as Muriel Lester and Kagawa had done in their youth. But they gave up the idea, and when retirement was approaching arranged to live at Pilgrim Place in Claremont, among other retired ministers and missionaries, and near the stimulating students and faculty of Claremont Colleges. The time had come, the crucial age of seventy, Elizabeth was weary from public responsibilities such as the county Board of Education and the YWCA board, and duties laid on her by the pastorate, and she never could take the rest she needed. More than this, there were warnings of her failing health. Was it a head injury from a fall in the kitchen? It was established as an incipient arteriosclerosis that would be progressive and would eventually affect the central nervous system. By the end of June 1963 a place would be open for them at Pilgrim Place.

What are the concerns of a man about to retire? Allan had to make decisions about his own life, of course. He had to realize that his occupation was gone. After Thirty-seven years he had to change not only his home and setting but also his way of serving, experiencing, and communicating. But there was still the congregation to think of. The quotes he chose for the Sunday bulletin dealt with how to put love into practice in the
world. This is what he had wanted the church to learn. But the
sermons faced the gritty problems: intelligent selfishness, being
distracted by serving, what to do about hostility and temptation,
crushine expectations.

On Sunday, March 31, the church was full, in honor of his seven-
tieth birthday. He preached on forgiveness, next to love in im-
portance among the truths he wanted the church to remember.
Following the service there was a birthday party in the dining
room, and he and Elizabeth were surprised by Project Grand-
parents, the gift of round trip plane tickets to Washington
to see Keith Armstrong Hunter, their new grandson, born December
8, 1962.

So on April 19 Elizabeth flew to Washington, but Allan had
too many commitments to take a holiday yet---a retreat at Occidental
College, an appearance at Whittier College, where he spoke in a
panel discussion of war, following Ronald Reagan on the program.
Before going to Washington he led a DOC retreat in Kansas City.
On May 5 his resignation as pastor of Mt. Hollywood Church was
read, in his absence, and the congregation, realizing that there
was no postponing it longer, accepted it on May 12. Allan flew
back to Los Angeles May 13, to be chaplain at the three-day
Annual Conference of the United Church, in Long Beach. By the
next Sunday he had succumbed to a throat infection, and Vance Geier
preached in his stead.

Elizabeth returned from Washington, and they continued their
work in the church through June. The church operated as usual,
with its quota of weekly meetings, and vacation school. Elizabeth
had the painful and wearing task of sorting and packing, deciding
what was to go to Claremont, disposing of the rest, all that goes with breaking up housekeeping.

On Tuesday, June 11, at their annual Staff Recognition, the faculty at City College gave a party for Allan. Dr. Lombardi, president of the college, gave him a certificate, and an honorary Associate in Art was conferred on him. Allan quipped that he valued it more than his honorary D.D., but that both were like the British Order of the Garter "that didn't have any of this damned nonsense of merit about it," quoting a lord who had been awarded it.

On the evening of June 23 there was a concert of Allan's favorite music. The children sang "All Creatures of Our God and King," the choir and John Raitt sang "Expectans Expectavi," "St. Francis' Prayer," and "Let There Be Peace on Earth," William Minter played two Bach organ numbers, the Johnson Quartet, Marie, Jane, Alma, and Almita, sang something from Cavalleria Rusticana and a spiritual, and a string ensemble of ten, led by Tommy Johnson, played a Corelli concerto. It was a gala evening, with words by John Anson Ford, James Ito, and Vance Geier, and Elinor Lenn's 1951 poem in praise of Allan and Elizabeth was reprinted for all present.

Allan's June sermons repeated what he wanted to leave in the memory of the congregation. The calendar was on his side and furnished five Sundays for sermons: Are you excited about God? Blessed are the debonair, The church as dynamic adventure, How do you keep your faith? and the Meaning of Persons. On that last Sunday there were seven baptisms.

Allan had been curious about birds since childhood, and in seventy years had gathered much learning and lore about them. It was his ambition to write a book about birds, and he had such a
book in process, two-thirds done, in fact. He knew the phoebe, or crested flycatcher, that in Canada built a nest under bridges and lined it with moss. He knew that the arctic tern follows the light south and that even the jay can sing beautifully on occasion. He loved the mockingbird, never heard the nightingale, but remembered the hermit thrush. Dying birds may sing a whispering song. The humming bird is attracted by red flowers—or red ties: so wear a red tie in the mountains—and the female fastens her nest together with cobwebs. Birds have a homing instinct, an inner guidance, though no sense of humor or awareness of being aware. But their song is the secret ecstasy of the soul, and their wings are for freedom. This is the sort of truth he could tell us about birds. He called the book They Chose Wings. The title pays its respects to the idea that evolution had progressed through a process of choice, with increasing conscious control. He intended to finish this book during this first summer of his retirement.

Dan Thrapp interviewed John Anson Ford on Allan Hunter's retirement, for the June 9 Times. Dr. Ford said that one cannot evaluate Allan's work on the basis of statistics of church membership. His pastorate was remarkable in this country and the world. He personalized Christ's teachings and confronted the congregation with problems like race relations, economic inequalities, education, the function of the church, and the nature of the soul. His had been a selfless and intense ministry. He had written more than ten books, often used by student groups. Important people had spoken from his pulpit, and Vance Geier was the assistant minister. Elizabeth Hunter shared credit and talents with him in his ministry. This is the judgment of a competent public
figure deeply involved in the church. Dan Thrapp's evaluation is objective but still sympathetic. Allan Hunter was a pacifist with a "decent outlook," admired by most if not accepted; he was often at odds with his times, regarding relocation of the Japanese, armed resistance, nuclear testing.

Allan and Elizabeth planned to spend much of the summer with Elizabeth Hunter, Stanley's widow, in Berkeley. But Allan wanted to be in Los Angeles when a man once in Mt. Hollywood Sunday School came out of prison, July 1. Also a persistent house guest had to be persuaded to leave, and provision made for Betsy, who was staying with them. But finally the household goods were committed to the movers, to be left at the new address in Claremont, and Allan, Elizabeth, and Betsy drove away from the house on Myra at the beginning of July, on their way north. In the confusions and anxiety of leaving a way of life, pulling up roots, they passed Camarillo before they realized that he had left his billfold in an old pair of pants in the house in Los Angeles. The trip back to get it delayed and tired them and increased their tensions, and it was after dark when they got to the hotel in Santa Maria. He took several suitcases out of the car and carried them into the hotel. But apparently he left one in the parking lot beside the car, and someone must have taken it while he was inside. The suitcase contained most of their clothing for the summer. It also held the manuscript of They Chose Wings.

The police took only a casual interest in this theft, and there were no clues. This was a loss of valuable material and much labor, but besides, Allan's projected summer's work was
gone, something that would have eased the rootlessness of retirement. He did not try to put the book together again. It is a sad loss to all of us. It would have been a pleasant and wise book, and would have had a wide readership.

The next day they put Betsy on the bus to go to visit her cousin, and then went on to a Sequoia Seminar at Ben Lomond, making do without their supply of clothing. Elizabeth was a meaningful presence at this retreat, as they worked with a small group. They made new friends, for example Tom Bull, working in later years with deaf-mutes, near Washington, and a practicing Laubach Literacy tutor. The seminar confirmed Allan's new commitment to an old calling, working at retreats.

From there they went to Berkeley to stay with their sister-in-law. Elizabeth rested there, and Allan went to a DOC retreat at Santa Barbara and to a family camp at Sequoia attended by twenty families from Mt. Hollywood. He also went to another family retreat on the Russian River. The summer in Berkeley was pleasant for them, wandering about the town, enjoying the shade trees and nasturtiums in the back yard, receiving visitors. It is said that there were sixty visitors that summer, at Berkeley and Tahoe, and much of the work of entertaining must have fallen upon Elizabeth. They also made deliberate effort to reorient themselves to their new condition; their accustomed pastoral work was at an end, they had to recognize Elizabeth's illness, and they wanted to find an antidote or preventive for tensions.

They spent some time at the Stanley Hunter family lodge at Tahoe, and a few more days at Tuolumne, and finally, in mid-September, it was time to make their way to Pilgrim Place.
Published articles

"Forgiveness is the New Way," *New Century Leader*, (April 1950)
"The Difficult, Upholsted Way," *Fellowship* (April 1950), 19
"No Doormats Wanted," (separate printing, n.d., but 1951)
"You can Live on a Mountaintop While in Los Angeles," (sep. pr.?)
"Self-importance Goes. . . .", *Adult Bible Class*, (Jan. 1951)
"Try It," *Life Stream*, (May 5, 1951)
"What Are Cells for?" *Motive*, (Jan. 1952), 8
"They Know He Lives," *New Christian Leader*, (April 1952) 12
"Fear," *Adult Bible Class*, (July 1952), 13
"Love Yourself for God's Sake," *Adult Bible Class*, (Nov. 1952), 15
"To Love the Sinner Must We Hate the Sin?" *Pulpit*, (July 1957), 17-19

Books


*Christians in the Arena*, Nyack, N.Y.; Fellowship Press, 1958

*Look With Wonder*, two versions, Unpublished MSS

 Mimeographed sermons, especially 1955-59

"Allan Hunter Honored," *L.A. City College Newsletter*, (July 1963)
Hunter, Allan and Elizabeth, *Affirmations*, Private printing, 1951
Lennen, Elinor, unpublished poems, especially "A Life-increasing Ministry," (1951)

Mt. Hollywood Church Bulletins, 1950-63

Interviews and letters: Alice Crowley, Liz Gianopoulos, Lois Hamer,
Katharine Kilbourne, Ruth Palmer, Toni Snow, Caroline Trask,
Paula Wanland, Stanley Weitkamp

Edwards tapes, 1970

Interviews with Allan Hunter, 1971-73
Chapter VII, 1963-1973 The Best Is Yet to Be

1. Claremont, 1963

The Hunters had had possession of their house at Pilgrim Place, Claremont, since the beginning of May, and since June their household effects had been waiting for them there. The white cottage was one among many along Eighth Street, near enough to the facilities of Pilgrim Place for convenience but providing separate housekeeping. There were an attractive lawn and plantings, and shade trees. Within one found a living-dining room across the front and a kitchen and two bedrooms, adequate but plain.

It was a hot mid-September day when they drove down to Claremont from Yosemite. Since Elizabeth never drove a car, Allan had been driving all day, and they were both exhausted. They felt anxiety about arriving at their new home and unlocked number 666 in a dreary mood. There was a warm, closed-up smell about the house, and boxes, furniture, rugs, and books were in disorder; just as the movers had set them down.

"Well, this is where we die, it seems," said Allan in tactless weariness.

They ate some bread and fruit left from the trip and searched among the boxes for bedding. Sheets and a thin blanket were enough in the heat, and spreading them on a mattress on the floor they fell into troubled sleep.

About two o'clock they awoke, miserable and crying, so greatly needing reassurance. They talked for hours, sharing their misery, the mystery of aging, the anxiety of an unknown future, each giving the other a sense of validity and acceptance. Beyond words,
was their mutual deep physical response, a climax of communication, love, fulfillment, release, and beauty. They felt more able to meet what was to come, and slept.

The task of setting the house in order was almost more than Elizabeth could face, and Allan began to understand the accommodation he would have to make to their new life. But before they were really settled in, Allan had to fly to Chicago to keep his commitment to be in residence at the Chicago Theological Seminary, and Elizabeth spent the interim in Washington.

The president of the seminary was a pacifist and a member of FOR. Those were the days when Students for Democratic Action was mainly non-violent, and among those at the seminary discussion was the mode. Allan also was involved in the personal and emotional lives of the students as an observer, just by being there and listening and watching. This generation of divinity students could be startling and new in their outlook. "I abhor that word prayer," stated a serious third-year student who had given up a successful place in business for this venture into theology.

One evening Allan was to give a talk to students and faculty after supper in the refectory, where he ate with the rest. He was tired of the fog of solemnity and abstraction that settles on graduate students, and he longed to do something to dispel it. Mischiefously he began his speech with a meaningless imitation of the then current jargon: "In this time frame, the maturational cognition of encounter involvement activates confrontation less successfully than mind-expanding implementation...." But no one recognized his impressive periods as nonsense. No one laughed; no one even smiled.
In desperation he asked what was on the steeple of the nearby Gothic cathedral-type church. Was it a cross? No, it was a weather-vane, a rooster, turning with every shifting wind. His audience began to unbend a little.

But the heaviness weighed on him. At the president's house later that evening he announced that he was going home the next morning.

His hostess asked, "Allan, why are you leaving?"

Thinking of nothing better to say, he answered, "I want to hug Elizabeth."

The students, discovering that he was leaving, collected about $28 of their scant resources and gave it to him in an envelope, with the note, "To help Thanka through school"—Thanka, the girl in India Mt. Hollywood Church was supporting.

In Los Angeles in November FOR arranged a dinner in honor of Allan Hunter, at the Limehouse Restaurant in China Town. Rev. John Heidbrink spoke, and a great many Mt. Hollywood people were present.

On December 29 Allan was invited to Mt. Hollywood Church to receive the title of Pastor Emeritus. Dr. Howard Anderson of the Conference, aided by Stanley Weitkamp, conferred the honor, and Allan preached on "This new start we are here to make." There were, of course, "refreshments and a social time" afterward.

While Mt. Hollywood Church was searching for a new pastor, Allan Hunter tried to remain aloof as far as possible, neither advising the congregation nor encouraging them to continue their dependence on him. He pursued his own activities, leading many seminars and retreats. In February 1964, he led a "Spiritual Life Clinic" at Asbury Methodist Church. The topics he spoke on suggest familiar content: Why hop on one foot? Progressive communication, A bridge that has to be crossed, Radiant possibilities of marriage, The practice of openness, Facing the spectrum of healing, Your spiritual growth and social concern.

As soon as he finished this conference he held another at Blue Valley Methodist Church in Northridge. There he explained "Our search for meaning," inward through prayer and the inspiration of Fenelon, Underhill, and so on, and outward through "acts of power." And so it continued. He had star billing at the DOC retreat at Santa Barbara, where the topic was "The design for joyous living." Later in the summer there was the retreat at the Stone Tree Ranch in the Valley of the Moon, an old house in an integrated neighborhood where fifteen from the San Francisco Venture could worship, study, discuss, and serve. In a class in an adult study series at First Congregational Church in Pasadena, his word was "Free to say yes to the light."

During the winter, in the Adult Education section of Santa Barbara City College, he was the last of four speakers in a series called Ferment in Modern Protestantism. The others were a Swami and two from the Center for Democratic Study. He held a Spiritual Life retreat for United Church high schoolers at Pilgrim
Pines: "Don't come if you aren't serious about studying reality," he warned. Then there was a DOC retreat at Albion, Michigan, and a School of Prayer at Claremont Methodist Church. There he was described as "a free spirit, his own gospel word made flesh, original, informal, personal, walking the plain path, a gadfly."

He talked about being open to respond, and outlined ways of praying. He held a Day of Spiritual Renewal at Mike Fink's Methodist Church in Redlands, and a study for married couples at Sebastopol, using *The Radiant Possibilities of Marriage* as a text.

So the retreats continued over the years, increasing in number and significance. The ideas are constant, but the intimate, live, and person-centered presentation of them touched people year after year. Themes most valued were non-violence and reconciliation, marriage, communication with God and man, forgiveness, healing. They all are related to social concerns, but Allan's accent was increasingly inward, on the left foot of the spirit.

In 1967 Raymond Magee edited *Call to Adventure*, an anthology of essays on the nature and uses of retreats, dedicated to Allan because of his skill as a leader. Magee's introduction observes that life is a rhythm of withdrawals and returns, what Allan called the alternating left foot of spiritual insight and the right foot of social action. Many have found retreats useful--Benedict, Luther, Loyola, Fox--and they are essential for man's survival in our times. As the Jew Martin Buber, the Christian Dietrich Bonhoeffer, and the psychologist Carl Rogers have testified, retreats provide both apartness and community, and bring social and personal change. The book gathers the theory and opinion on retreats of a baker's dozen and organizes the essays
according to purpose: advance, adventure, and spiritual training. Allan's essay "Continuing Forward" is in the last section, a dramatic presentation of retreat procedure.

Allan begins with the philosophical assumptions of the retreat; God is ever present to express Himself through the spirit of Jesus, the third member of the Trinity, as I take it, and we all have some capacity for response. Then he records a demonstration of how a retreat develops. The leader raises questions and contrives to get the right answers. Why are we so dull at communicating with God? Because our prayers are too glib, we don't listen, we are too egocentric, we are afraid of loving and accepting. So we need to meditate on what the blocks are and what we are listening for. Again he asks, what action would Jesus demand? And the answer in this catechism is, the left foot of Prayer and the right foot of action. On this note, ironically, the participants retreat to a coffee break for an artificial stimulant, or sedative.

After they return from their mind-changer, the leader continues. We must turn our attention from our unworthiness and fix it on the Center of Caring. We must meditate to find the course of our selfhood, what we are, how we fall short, and to seek the blessing of God's forgiveness to cleanse us. Is this escape, this time of wonder, love, and praise, justified in a scientific age? he asks. Prayer is adoration of the Boundless and a denial of self; it is contrition, offering all the qualities we are ashamed of; it is petition, intercession, incentive to social action, not an evasion of responsibility.

Then follows another demonstration of procedure. The leader
asks everyone to sit erect and breathe deeply, saying, "Let all that is within me bless His holy name." They are asked to think of specific people and commit themselves to act with empathy, to await God's presence, and engage in social action. It helps to contact a skilled communicator, to read the Gospels, Woolman, Law, Tom Kelly, and so on, and to meet with a church group.

It is easy to criticize such a method as ritualistic and self-assured: the denial of self in the adoration of the Boundless as a negation of personality and humanness, vertically rather than horizontally directed. But to be fair, this is offered as one way to apprehend Reality, not necessarily the only way. The purpose of the mystical contact with God, as Allan makes clear, is never personal ecstasy, but rather an experience of the Now as the keen edge of Eternity, almost as Walter Pater wanted to sense it, freeing us from the guilt of the past, making us open to see and hear and love people, and enlivening us to our responsibilities. The ritual may do no harm and seems to be primarily a device for focusing attention.

The DOC retreat in 1972, though after a lapse of five years, can serve to show this design worked out in practice. Allan had three quite different avenues of contact, but all with the same purpose of awareness and communicating. He led a small group in which he used encounter devices: thinking in silence about someone in relation to God and people, using the formula "I in you and you in me"; "framing" someone, with the four sides of the picture the caring universe, time and eternity, freedom to say yes to the caring, and assent to the will of God; opening hands to give up the "garbage" and receive a gift; saying the charm "Breathe the Spirit deeply in
and gladly blow it back again"; telling a childhood memory of beauty; embracing each other in a close circle; role-playing a meeting with someone to whom we would like to express God, by getting beyond the facade and the zoo; completing the cue "Now I feel free to..."; adding to the ritual "Christ be in my ears and in my hearing, in my tongue and in its quieting, in my traumas in their healing..."; expressing what one's real gift is. Young and old responded joyfully to these signals.

Another route was taken by the intercessory prayer group of about a hundred that met in a formal garden or in the chapel and its yard. The purpose was openness, direct contact with God, in the interests of the welfare of others. Participants were advised to assume the existence of God and to pray that one's love be concentrated on a person in need, whether loved or not. One must not try to control the person's will but to pray for its healing, so that God's will can be expressed in him. The group and individuals pray for specific people. In the end, like Jesus at Gethsemane, we must give over our wills to God and let Him work through us.

Another way was the Franciscan Walk, through the cultivated naturalness of the Westmont campus, to appreciate nature and God's image in it. Tree meditation, identifying with a part of a tree, bird lore shared by Allan, the spiritual implications of wings, bird song, sky, sunlight, these are some of the enrichments of nature. The unforgettable image is the group, cutting across age levels, resting with Allan on the stone bridge, the stream running free beneath, too free in a semi-desert with the sea only three miles away, so that we can hear its voice. The pilgrims fill the bridge, searching for hummingbirds among the red-flowered shrubs,
and trying to reconcile the presence of dead branches in a living tree. One serious youth sits on the path in lotus position, straight as a cobra; his elders forget their solemn vocations and think about why birds sing; the young people try to verbalize their most profound insights, here in the woods. The thinking was often figurative, but it need not have been, because here they were dealing with data, the given of the universe, reality itself, the Web of life, organically binding us all together.

Before the retreat is over, the young people, sitting on the lawn with Allan, are willing to express the primeval love of life, the urge to creating, that they share with the animals. They lift a wolf howl to the sky, first hesitant, then joyful, and the eager dog at the edge of the group recognizes a fellow feeling.

In the fall of 1964 Elizabeth was in Washington with their son's family. While she was gone, on Thursday, November 5, Allan's brother Graham died at eighty-two, after an illness of many months. Allan wrote to Elizabeth the following Monday, saying that there was no need for her to shorten her visit and assuring her that he was trying to eat properly and was approaching a desired goal of 135 pounds. He told her about the many kind friends, from the Methodist Church in Claremont: but chiefly from Mt. Hollywood, who had called or come to see him since Graham's death, but the greatest comfort, he said, was thinking about Elizabeth and Allan's family in Washington. On Thursday that week he went to a memorial service at the rest home in Pasadena where Graham had spent his last two years. The following Sunday Allan gave his tribute at a service at Fullerton Presbyterian Church, remembering Graham's kindness to him when they
were young, his social concerns, and his deep love of God that in his last illness transcended his conscious thought and speech. He prayed for comfort and for Graham’s surviving family. One cannot forget this tender impression of Graham.

Allan did not want to be involved in the process of choosing a pastor at Mt. Hollywood, but he could not avoid continued ties. The church called High Anwyl, and he should have preached his first sermon as pastor November 1, 1964, but he wanted to be in Chicago at a conference on abortion at the same time. So Allan, in an unhappy mood, came and preached on finding inner strength. During Anwyl’s vacation in August the following year, Allan again preached twice, on the face of Jesus and on reconciliation.

The moderator Marian Mills, whom Allan called a saint, though they were not always in accord, died in this month, and Purcell Brown took his place as moderator. Contacts were more frequent as the months passed into 1966. In January that winter he held a family camp at Pilgrim Pines that all who went found comforting and helpful. Doris Lester died that month, again giving Allan and the congregation common cause for sympathy. He preached in February and again March 13. Muriel Lester, visiting the Hunters in Claremont and Lois Hamer in Los Angeles, should have been at Mt. Hollywood that Sunday, but she was ill. However, she preached there the next Sunday. During the week two other friends of Allan’s visited the church: Martin Niemoeller, whom Allan saw in Germany in 1956, and Lew Ayres, pacifist actor. In April Allan held a memorial service for Igor Karacauskas, the refugee who spent twelve years as caretaker of the church. On July 10 Allan
and Elizabeth's forty-third wedding anniversary was celebrated by many Mt. Hollywood friends at Julia Raymond's miniature estate in Monrovia.

Allan's seventy-fourth birthday, March 31, 1967, was celebrated in the recreation room at Mt. Hollywood, and it was a sort of homecoming festival. Although the active organizations in the church were diminishing, the ones that survived were the Elizabeth Hunter Women's Fellowship, the youth group led by the Taylors, the faithful choir, the sewing group with a somewhat autonomous existence, and two meditation groups, still enspired by Allan’s teaching. Allan continued to be a part of Mt. Hollywood, and the church remembered him in its activities and looked to him at crucial times.

The citizens of Claremont were not unaware of Allan either. The Claremont Courier, in March 1966, carried a series of interviews with pacifists, five of them, and Allan is called "probably Claremont's best known pacifist." The article tells the story of his "conversion" to pacifism when he saw the Turkish prisoners on the Jericho Road, so many years ago. It quoted him as "affirming," not "objecting" in conscience: "You say no to killing so that you can say yes to saving and enhancing life." The pacifist can solve problems in new, unstructured, and more successful ways. Allan was also a member of the Claremont Peace Council, as one would expect.

He gathered his thoughts on pacifism into a ten-page definition, "Confessions of a Pacifist." He began it with some questions and ambiguities inherent in the pacifist position. 1. One cannot avoid involvement in the country's fighting machine; all our
consuming contributes. You cannot starve the tape worm without
harming the host. 2. The usual accusation is that the pacifist ac-
cepts and profits by the protection of the soldiers. But there is
a question whether the soldier really performs his protecting func-
tion. Further, the pacifist supports the moral integrity of society.
3. The virtues of the soldier—courage, willingness to suffer, fel-
low feeling, and so on—are needed by the pacifist too.

He next tells the story of the soldier that came threatening
him in the night. Because Allan was committed to non-violence he
had strength and creativeness to cope successfully. The psychia-
trist finds a variety of motives for the CO—transferred father
antagonism, masochism, plain funk—and it is true that the springs
of action are mixed. But pacifism as a mode of action is right,
and we can try to act non-violently for the right reasons.

Religion often supports violence, he continues, and incredibly
can even find killing a favor, since it releases the captive soul
into eternity. For the military, war is partly a game, a testing
ground for weaponry and tactics. One should recognize that there
are three levels of action: ignoring evils, retaliating against
them, and reconciling the various interests. From his own life
he tells his experience of the Jericho Road in 1916, his reaction
to the Nazi Storm Troupers in 1938, and his answer to the judge
when questioned about his counseling of CO's in the 1940's.

Questions remain: How is massive evil restrained, and how
is police power defined and applied? But the most urgent pro-
blem for the pacifist, he says, is how he himself may become a
channel of Christ's healing and peace. This unpublished manu-
script is an able summation of a lifetime of thought and experi-
ence of pacifism and should be more generally known.

In the spring of 1967, after the big birthday party at the church, Allan and Elizabeth had laid plans to go to England to see Muriel Lester once again. At the last moment, however, they had to cancel their reservations because of the illness of Betsy. It seemed to have been for the good. For whatever cause, Allan had a coronary attack in June while at Yosemite with Elizabeth and Cedric Emery. But he recovered rapidly and preached three times at Mt. Hollywood during July and August, and held a memorial service for Mrs. Russell, Esther Kinney's mother, during Hugh Anwyl's long vacation in England.

But in the autumn all went well, and they flew to London to visit Muriel Lester, who was in frail health. It was a precious last chance for Muriel and Elizabeth to renew their caring for each other. In Edinburgh they stayed with George McCleod, an old friend with whom Allan had worked for disarmament in 1920, while at Union Seminary, and erstwhile secretary of the International FOR, though he had been a soldier in World War I. He was a liberal economist and the leader of an organization to put his ideas into practice. In more recent years he had become a lord. While the Hunters were staying with him, Elizabeth became ill with a respiratory infection. As a remedy Lord McCleod recommended whisky, but she refused to take it and recovered without it.

When it was time to leave, he took them to the airport.

"Allen, have you ever been in jail?" he asked.

"No. Have you, George?"

"No. Nor I."

They both had a little the feeling that, not having been im-
prisoned for conscience, they had not been truly valid rebels ag

In December, after they returned home, Elizabeth called Muriel

the telephone for her birthday present. In February 1968, on a
Sunday morning, Muriel began a letter to Elizabeth, her "precious
and special pal." "What a lot we learn," she wrote, "as our bodies
grow older and more stubborn. But what a wonderful increase of joy
and serenity occurs...Thank God." She had to interrupt the letter
to get ready for church, slowly, so that there would be no heart
pains. To go to church? No, to enter a greater mystery. A half
hour after closing the letter--not with her own name but with grat-
titude toward God--Alice, her nurse, wrote that she "passed on to
be with the saints."

The women of the Elizabeth Hunter Fellowship took turns, on
pleasant afternoons, taking Elizabeth for a ride. This pleased her,
gave Allan a rest, and was a labor of love and devotion for the
friends from Mt. Hollywood. Elizabeth might forget what she had
just heard, but her unvarying courtesy and good cheer, her social
competence, her interest in one's family and her own, were at a
level much deeper than the events of the moment.

Elizabeth entered the Hollywood Hospital for a time during
the winter and in the following months was in and out of the rest
home. Allan came less frequently to Mt. Hollywood and held fewer
retreats, for it was increasingly important for him to be with
Elizabeth. It was difficult to care for her, but he wanted to
keep her at home. So they arranged to have a housekeeper live in,
to help. The housekeeper had the guest room in their little house,
and when Elizabeth was too restless Allan slept on a a mat on the living room floor. When she wandered about at night, he restored her to bed. One night, after something like the thirteenth time, he dragged her roughly to bed, and she cried, "You have no right to treat me so brutally! It shows you don't care for me any more."

"It's because I care for you so much that I put up with this nonsense," Allan petulantly defended himself. He spoke from his weariness and sorrow, but also because of the difficulty he found in switching roles, hard for any man, from the nurtured to the nurturing.

But in the morning, after their breakfast and silent meditation together, the old serenity and faith could come through. One day almost inaudibly she prayed,

May we be more open to Thee,
more sensitive to others
and more humble about ourselves.

--as succinct a summary of the whole duty of man as one could find.

On Thanksgiving Sunday 1968, they went to church together--it was, in fact, the last time--Elizabeth chic in the blue suit sent by plane from Helen Louise in Washington. Afterward they walked home hand in hand, and Elizabeth looked at Allan and exclaimed, "I married the luckiest man in the world!" Perhaps it was her old humor. Or perhaps she was thinking of his good luck in being more than commonly handsome, intelligent, and articulate. But he knew that forty-five years with Elizabeth was more luck than any man could deserve.

Before the end of the year Elizabeth entered McCabe Nursing Home, a Pilgrim Place facility, as a permanent patient. It was a relief for Allan, and she was assured of appropriate care. But it
meant moving again, this time to a cottage on a quadrangle with a score of other solitary people--two rooms and a bit of kitchen. There were too many indispensable pieces of furniture, books, pictures...too many memories to crowd into the small house. The Chinese rugs, the bookcases, the antique chairs of other days were there, the comfortable davenport, reading stand, ample desk, and the pivots of his life--the speaking picture of his father, the bird painted by his mother, the landscapes of Little Mother, Elizabeth at several vantage points, Gandhi, Muriel Lester, Kagawa, Philippe Vernier, Howard Thurman, a bust of Schweitzer....

Someone came to give the room a weekly cleaning, and Allan could eat his inadequate meals and receive visitors. There were always visitors--old friends, students and teachers from Claremont Colleges, an AWOL marine sheltered for five weeks, people in trouble, happy people. He fed them all with canned soup and toast and tea, and whatever the bounty of the season and other visitors provided.

Allan went on occasional retreats and was sometimes at Mt. Hollywood, during 1969. He was to preach on that painful day when the question of the pastor's tenure came to a congregational vote. There was an attempt, it was alleged, to pad the balloting with new members brought for the occasion. But Allan did not preach his sermon that day. He felt that the time for the prophetic function was past and only the priestly work of reading Scripture and praying was suitable. And that is what he did, before the congregation cast a negative vote. In the pastorless interim following, he was occasionally one of the guest speakers, at Easter 1969 and in June. But again he wanted to remain neutral and non-directive. At the end of 1970 the church called Dan Genung as pastor, a long-time
friend of Allan's and leader of DOC, and its traumas began to heal.

But 1969 was a time of deep depression for Allan, when, as he said, all he could do was entrust himself to the Dead Sea, where one cannot sink lower. He spent as much time with Elizabeth as he was allowed, and was usually there at mealtime to help her with her food. She talked much, but he could seldom find meaning in it. But sometimes she would tell him, "How I love you! I love you so much I can hardly bear it." Or he would ask her, "Why are your eyes so beautiful?" and she would answer, "Because I love people."

Allan patiently explained to her, "I am Allan, your husband, and you are my wife." "Good for you!" she congratulated him. In her random movements she touched a visiting school doctor who was examining her. Lucid and with habitual courtesy, she apologized, "Oh, I'm sorry." Unable to control her superficial life, she nevertheless retained her deep grace and validity. Allan took her the short walk to the solarium in the rest home, and she relaxed beside him on the davenport, listening to Betsy play hymns. Suddenly she began to sing, and it was like the hermit thrush that haunts the woods in the High Sierras.

But most of the time she had to be restrained in bed, to keep her from hurting herself or wearing herself out. Visitors, besides Allan, did not help her, and more and more she was under sedation. This private grief helped him to understand the suffering of others and opened up the reaches of love transcending the body and the mind. Mt. Hollywood Church, realizing the expense Allan was under, set up a Pastor Emeritus fund to pay for Elizabeth's care at McCabe, and Allan appreciated this.

Allan and Betsy troubled each other, and they were both unhappy after being together. But sometimes it happened that he could
make meditation work, so that he could commit these conflicts to God and find his own tensions relaxed and the problems resolved.

In October 1969 Allan went to Washington to baptize Jennifer, his third grandchild. The second was born in 1965, and he and Elizabeth had gone for a visit then. The most remarkable thing about a baby is its is-ness, Elizabeth once said, an ongoing hope.

Family, and especially sexual, relationships were an urgent and deeply significant aspect of Allan's life. After his childhood conviction of guilt he had been abstemious until his marriage, and sex had an exclusive association with marriage for him. But it was obviously a strong force, both in its direct expression and in its redirection into ethical, esthetic, and religious channels. He considered marriage counseling an essential part of his ministry, as we have seen, and he recorded his views several times in books and articles. Records of his counseling show his concern for learning to express caring and moment-by-moment awareness in marriage, and developing a sense of responsibility for all concerned. Monogamy is the ideal, but mistakes are not irreparable, and he was without being judgmental, to marry a couple that had been living together. Even in cases of obsessive sex, he expressed confidence that Jesus communicating with the deep will could transform and bless. In 1971 he invited all those he had married to a Celebration of Marriage at Mt. Hollywood Church, and the testimony of scores of successful couples was reassuring.

Allan never wanted to forget any experience but tried to extract the poison or sorrow and integrate the memory into his understanding of Reality and himself. He was able to ask, almost with detachment, "What have the years with Elizabeth taught me?" He had
learned, he said, that loyalty to one woman sets one free to love all women without guile, and it is possible to be monogamous. Married love has a much greater range of joyous experience than casual sex, because it is a growing relationship.

He pursued the course of this growth by defining four relationships: amoebic exploitation of the environment; parent-child dominance and manipulation; marriage, which starts, he says, as a fifty-fifty balance of power, of giving and taking; and mutuality, in which I become less and less and you become more and more. In marriage one learns, he believes, to give as well as take, and to move from level three to level four, that is, to agape. However, this seems to be a dangerous risk to take. Unless people go into marriage on the fourth level of giving all, an absolute commitment, they probably have little chance of staying together long enough to learn mutuality.

In "The Forty-six Year Honeymoon" Allan in seriousness quotes a rather exploitive old Persian on love: "We do not love a woman merely because she is pretty, possessing a pleasing mannerism. We love her because in an indescribable way she sings a song we alone can fully understand, a voice that lifts our soul and makes it strong." And what if she is no longer able to sing that song? It is with God. This is a pretty sentiment, but no woman wants to have meaning only because she encourages the ego of her lord and by this means achieves immortality. Allan stated the case better at the end of the piece, expressing the mutual caring, communication, recognition of infinite value that spouses can have for each other: "This that you have given us will not die. We are in your hands and you are in our hearts."
In these years when he was living alone, Allan Hunter made several efforts at summing up his pacifism, his views on sex, his theology, in letters to friends, such as those to Larry and to Judy, in articles--"The Confessions of a Pacifist" and "The Forty-six Year Honeymoon"--, but most notably in the tapes he made with Mrs. Margaret Edwards in 1970 and in the unpublished revision of Look with Wonder, renamed Within You, Great Depth. These sources, together with sermons and talks, and oral and written interviews, make it possible to draw some conclusions about his theological positions.

Allan's way of thinking was always to avoid abstraction and deal in specifics. In social issues he drew his data from personal and observed experience. In religion specifics meant starting with the experience of God's love. This empiricism would be related to science and positivism on the one hand and to Wesleyan experiential religion on the other. It leads to service to those in need.

However, we cannot expect a tightly-knit theology, because Allan had slight interest in scholastic or Calvinistic system-making, and because he was moved by strong ideas expressed in aphorism and did not hesitate to accept and use them, though they may have come from unrelated philosophies. Reference has already been made to what he called his sciolism. He meant that he was eclectic, selecting what suited him from various sources. One need not accept or even master the whole of a man's thought in order to appreciate aptly expressed single ideas. Allan responded to splendid statement, and he admits that his addiction may have begun with reading Bartlett's Quotations. The love of aphorism is in an honorable
tradition. Churchill, who could not bring himself to learn his school Latin, memorized a book of Latin quotations for use in the House of Commons. And Matthew Arnold could think of no more sensitive criterion for literary excellence than to compare the work at hand with classic touchstones, great passages from the literary past. The proverb and the purple patch come to us from both folk and elite. Allan's interest in aphorism was encouraged by his remarkable verbal memory.

Allan's sciolism also applies to an eclectic selection among or within sources, mining the discoveries of others. In this Jesus is his pattern. Jesus' great ideas were rediscoveries from the Old Testament, extracted from context and put into a new setting. The Great Commandments his hearers recognized as two widely separated Old Testament texts. Jesus chose the worthy ideas for re-emphasis and let the rest go. Allan continued the process, finding only a little Scripture consistently valuable: Amos, Hosea, the Sermon on the Mount, Gethsemane and the Crucifixion, Paul's letters.

He also selected the most plausible translations of passages of Scripture. "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect?" No, "Be all including in your good will, even as your father in heaven includes all." "All things work together for good to those who love God"? No, "In all things God works for good with those who love him."

He applied the same selectivity in finding, or creating, the personality of Jesus. He takes what he can use from Scripture and fills in from more recent visions of the ideal and his own experience of goodness. Jesus may seem bitter and hostile, but that is Matthew's view of him; we will use "Father, forgive them," "Not
my will but thine," "Love your enemies" in our picture. Jesus may seem to recommend expediency, but not if we recognize the tone of irony or interrogation.

So instead of absolute and definable authority, Allan selected his authority, or selected statements of the truth that witnessed with his spirit. From his early years in college he was haunted by quotations like "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." It was Kagawa who said that religion starts not with argument but with the experience of the love of God, and Gabrielle Marcelle who said that one must carry on an unwearying "war against the spirit of abstraction," the ideas with which this discussion started.

Schopenhauer spoke to Allan through one sentence at the beginning of an essay: "The feeling of kinship is the source of all pleasure and delight"; he remembered Fiske for saying "Half the cruelty of the world is due to our stupid inability to put ourselves in the place of the other person." These remarks, possibly obiter dicta for their authors, are saved for a prominent place in Allan's thinking. It is a sort of cosmic economy, a sifting and salvaging of what is worth while in human thought.

Allan applied the principle to people, too. He remembers one teacher because he said, "If it is a paradox, you can be pretty sure Jesus said it." He could extract the Hollywood trappings and Macpherson overtones from Katherine Kuhlman's performance at the Shrine Auditorium and appreciate her for her healing effect on people.

Allan encouraged the groups he worked with to use the same method, sometimes passing out mimeographed sheets of quotes from Eckhart, Fenelon, Woolman, Rufus Jones, Laubach, and so on, to inspire creative meditation. The church bulletin carried a short
quote, always a fresh one.

So Allan's theology comes in flashes and insights, rather than a logical system, and the insights are not always consistent. But this too is understandable in his philosophy, for Reality is dynamic and changing, and diverse individual personalities--people--may be its chief abode.

Sociology and figurative thinking make it difficult to identify God. In Within You, chapter 3, there is a list of names for the Beyond: Center, of stillness, Atman, real self, Tao, Allah, Enlightenment, the good, essence, being, spirit, inward light, guide, tender care that nothing is lost, cosmic effort of will to lift and save all, mutual irradiation. To this may be added from other Hunter sources: father, ongoing will for good, guiding power, pioneer of light who makes us sensitive and free, the will to communicate love, unlimited caring, the binding force. These terms point to a variety of referents. Allan's favorite figure for God is something like the atmosphere, which we perceive as infinite, in the vast blue sky, and as intimate, in the air we breathe. The common quality of all suggests a caring influence in the universe. Is it sentient? Concentrated in personality? Tangible? With local habitation? (There are indeed enough names!) Willing, suffering, communicating, like man? Ultimates, Allan says, must remain vague. But some would find it enough to say, of man's condition, that we live in a small galaxy generally favorable to our type of life and that human beings have developed some capacity for kindness. It may be that love, instead of being supported by an all-powerful Absolute, is really fragile and scarce, needing our careful nurture, in this lucky corner of the vast bleakness, lest it disappear from the universe completely.
Allan stressed that Jesus thought of God as father—his father—and that his purpose was to reflect God's nature. His final act was to submit completely to what he understood to be God's will for him, to present himself to God in complete openness, so that men might see the way of love. In that sense he died for us. Allan empathizes strongly with Jesus making this decision. The essential quality of Jesus is caring, and we may participate in it as the branches participate in the vine and attain its qualities. Allan's Jesus is universal and representative man and needs no attribution of divinity. Allan rejects the sacrificial, substitutionary, or intercessory theories of the Crucifixion. "Father, forgive them" is not a prayer to shield sinful man from the Wrath, but rather it is a statement of the nature of God as Forgiver: "Father, you are the kind of being that forgives" would be a more precise wording of Jesus' prayer, or perhaps, "Father, help them to be open to your forgiving power." Perhaps there could have been some reconciliation if he had asked sooner that they forgive Him and he forgive them, where there was misunderstanding and disagreement between them.

The other problems of Christology do not trouble Allan. Was Jesus born of a virgin? The significant fact is that he was born. Is he divine? God showing through him is divinity enough. Was there a resurrection of the body? Resurrection of the body is a dangerous idea, Allan says, because of its potential for being misunderstood. It is enough that he is alive in us—a concept equally difficult for some to understand. Allan does not discuss the identity and functions of the persons of the Trinity, but the presence of the Spirit flowing through Jesus, alive in man, could not doubt be thought of as the Third Person. That leaves an unanswered question about the pre-
sent nature of the Second Person except as a vehicle for the Holy Spirit.

God, naturally, is essential to the rest of Allan's theology: prayer, mysticism, and immortality. Prayer depends not only on the existence of God but also on the possibility of two-way communication between man and God. Prayer is directed toward God, meditation is focused within, and telepathy is based in extrasensory perception. These processes are admittedly difficult, and Allan, as we have seen, has given much time and effort to working out techniques and cultivating them. In Audacity of Faith (1949) and Look with Wonder (1962) he lists many kinds of prayer, but in these later years two essential acts of prayer remain. One is learning to be aware of God, open to the Spirit, attending through sense perception, emotions, will, intellect; that is, what can we learn about Reality and the human condition by making an effort to be sensitive to our experience? The other is trying to be helpful to people through intercessory prayer. It must not be manipulative but rather must express the willingness of the intercessor to hear and follow the will of God in the needy one's behalf and to open that one's mind to the will of God. In recent years he prefers to call it the will to bless or to affirm. Healing is a special form of intercessory prayer; it seeks to clear the way of impediments to God's healing power and to help the ill or troubled person to receive it.

Mysticism is a shorthand sign for the figure of the vine and the branches, the formula "I abide in you and you in me," the use of the current of energy between God and man. It is the infilling of the spirit that strangely warmed John Wesley; but modern mystics would be embarrassed by the ecstasy of the medieval saints.
It is the left foot of relationships, the spirit, understanding, contrasted with the right foot of science. But the figure fosters error, for feet must function alternately; there are two, independent, almost antithetical, and the division assumes a dualism. Actually, life may be a unit or there may be a thousand approaches, but dichotomy is too neat and simplistic. The point here is that mysticism assumes perception and communication on two levels, a dualism in the kinds of reality, a spiritual ecology separate from the physical, and perceived only by an elite group, whether by endowment or choice. But the two worlds must be bridged, integrated, reunited, before there is healing in the universe and in man.

If one accepts the dualism, it is not difficult to accept immortality, the hope that something of the person—personality or soul—survives dissolution of the physical structure and maintains a separate existence in the intangible world of the spirit. There is no clear word about the nature of this survival, whether the existence is in God, independent, or in human memory. In the memorial to Ross Detwiler, who finally committed suicide in spite of the efforts of Allan and other friends to save him, Allan said that there is something in us infinitely precious and worthy to be preserved, and nothing in the universe is wasted. In the service for Julia Raymond he said that her love and good qualities of character are part of the eternal world. Immortality is a quality of life, he says, but as to whether it has quantity, extent, as well, he admitted to having no proof. Love is so perfect and wonderful an experience that death is trivial in its course; the value of persons is untouched by death, and long after they
are gone, we feel the presence of loved ones. He rejects the idea of physical resurrection and does not try to answer the question of communication with those who are gone, though keeping his mind open to the possibility. His final word is that we are in God's hands, and we can trust ourselves to God's caring; whatever may be will be right in the universe.

The ethics is dependent on this theology only in the assumption that love and forgiveness are basic qualities of God, and we try to be loving and forgiving to be like God. But there is other motivation in Allan's ethics. Human beings are bound together in an ecology of souls, like the organic ecology of the earth, and we affect each other with every act. At this point a dualism between the two ecologies seems unneeded; the physical world of acts and the spiritual world of relationships naturally intersect and coalesce into one world. We must will the best for all life, says Allan, and share, follow non-violence, forgive, for the well-being of all. The attributes of the first two levels of action—indifference or inattention, and hostility or missing the mark in relating to people—are the causes of sin. But we should not be too impressed with sin nor too oppressed by guilt. We need to commit the beast within to God and sin no more; that is, live on the third level of reconciliation and forgiveness. So do we find the Beyond within. We must recognize our sin, repent, do restitution, forgive and accept forgiveness. As in the old theology, all this is so that we can become valid persons, a contributing part of the Kingdom among men that now is and shall be.
VII-5. The One Word, 1972-73

On Sunday afternoon, October 1, 1972, Allan was in Washington to baptize his fourth grandchild, Allan Armstrong Hunter III, at Allan Jr.'s home. The preceding Sunday he preached at the Church of the Saviour, as unusual church founded and pastored by Gordon Crosby. Crosby was a captain with airborne troops in World War II, and in a foxhole as shells were dropping, he read a book his brother, also a minister, had sent him—*Say Yes to the Light*. Prospective members of this church attend a prayer and study group two nights a week for two years. After becoming members they work several hours a week on a mission—the Children's project, Potter House, Dag Hammarskjold College, Senior Citizens' Housing Project, Dunamus—and they must be able to say to all they work with, "I love you and always will." The membership under such a demanding discipline is small, seventy to a hundred. There was a mutual admiration between Allan and this congregation.

At the end of October he held a retreat in North Carolina and attended the Dunamus Conference at Princeton, a student movement working for the conversion of people of influence. Then he returned to California to a DOC retreat at Ben Leven, November 4 and 5. The calls kept coming to him to lead retreats, more than he had time or strength to meet.

On November 11 he spoke at an FOR dinner at Mt. Hollywood Church at which the question of enlisting the influential in the peace movement was again raised by all the speakers. Allan quoted George McCleod to the effect that pacifism and the pentecostal movement must be joined. He also found some fresh figures: George Fox's image of the ocean of darkness and death that seems to flow
over the Light, but there is also a tide running the other way; after World War I John Galsworthy said that wars will continue until we learn to look for the green hill far away; if we try with our own hands to thaw the world's hate, our hands will only grow colder, but the sun will warm both our hands and the hate.

The next week Allan went to an AFSC retreat at Camp Seeley in the San Bernardino Mountains. Among the participants was the "Italian Gandhi," Alonzo del Vasta. There was also an atheist, who furnished the challenge to reconciliation between atheists and mystics. The atheist responded to Allan's presentation of Felix Adler's idea of Ethical Culture and his quote "transforming the fear of frustration into a shaft of light." The mountains are cold in November, and Allan got thoroughly wet and chilled in a rain. When he returned to Claremont he developed a heavy chest congestion, as good a way as any to die, he thought desperately, alone in the night. Finally the following week he went to the Pomona Valley Hospital for five days of rest and tests. It could be the touchy digestion that always kept him from eating much; or a coronary, warnings of which had interrupted his activities from time to time during recent months; or pneumonia, complicated by a diagnosed chronic emphysema. But it would take more than that to disable him, and the arrival of Allan Jr. hastened his recovery. They came to Mt. Hollywood to Sunday service December 10, and then Allan Jr. returned to Washington.

He felt his weakness and loneliness during the following week, and Elizabeth was failing. Toward the end of the week she fell into a coma. He sat with her all day Friday, marveling at the gift of life and its dissolution. He held her hand, weeping and praying
in gratitude and love, and repeating Scripture, and he felt that she
sometimes gave some recognition of his presence and his longing. He
had a strong sense of the ongoingness of love and faith and person-
ality. All but the center faded away; only Elizabeth remained, though
weighed down by mortality and waiting to be released. Elizabeth died
a little after midnight. It was December 16, eleven days before her
eightieth birthday.

On the last day of the year Allan led a memorial service for
Elizabeth at Mt. Hollywood Church. It began with her favorite
hymns and Scripture and continued with Allan's memories, old and
recent, and his conviction that the road is endless, expressed in
the haunting story of the Presence of Jesus on the road to Emmaus.
He closed with the practical plea to carry forward her desire for
reconciliation, by writing to a congressman in support of amnesty
and cutting off financial support for the war in Vietnam.

Afterward, in the recreation room there was a time of joy, when
her friends recalled and shared her marvelous gifts and abilities,
her unfailing sensitiveness and listening quality, her humor, grat-
itude, and kindness. Allan had the certainty, at that moment, that
such love is the link, the promise of immortality, that love can
never die.

It was the natural thing for Allan to lead a Key 73 Prayer
Breakfast during the week and to come to Mt. Hollywood to church
the next Sunday, to take up his life again. The City Council passed
a resolution in honor of Elizabeth's memory. The church set up a
memorial scholarship fund in her name, assuring the income from
$10,000 as a permanent resource to aid students.
The house at 667 Leyden Lane has become a record of Allan's concerns and the interests of his friends. The outside doors are covered on both sides with mementos: cartoons, ecclesiastical and political, pictures of birds, a tranquil autumn scene, a Korean orphan, the Taj Mahal and a starving child, a post card from Germany, an anti-war poster: "War is not healthy for...," quotes from Kennedy and Gandhi. A bulletin board in the kitchen displays pictures of his grandchildren, Ralph Bunche, U Thant, Odetta, Frank Laubach, an article by Cesar Chavez. A couch in the "hotel Lobby" sitting room accumulates current books, a piece of drift wood, Ross Detwiler's picture of desert rocks, Irene's book of mystical poetry. There are transparencies of flowers and birds in the window and a mobile of birds from the ceiling. The table will be laden with tea things and the chairs will be arranged in an expectant circle in the center of the room, reflecting the constant hospitality to chance callers and planned groups. The little house is on a corner of the quadrangle, easily accessible from three sides; the doors are never locked and a written invitation to enter always lies on the door mats.

These mats are constantly worn by old friends, students and teachers from Claremont and other colleges, singly and in groups. Some come regularly; discussion or meditation groups, a group of seniors and their teacher, a group of neophyte mystics with interests in mental space travel and astrology as well as communication with God. A roomful comes for an evening meeting, and Allan hopes someone will bring the five loaves and two fishes. Some students come to spend a Sunday retreat on peace. Or they come singly for an evening of griping about academia or the seminary, for confession and counseling, for a few minutes of quiet before an exam.
An astronomy professor who has discovered mysticism comes with his wife for dinner. Young people come for a few days to be near Allan and "find themselves." They drop in at odd moments for conversation and a cup of tea. One is in a class in non-violence at Scripps College; they are studying the effects of good will in many areas, from international relations to organic gardening. One man fasted for fifty-one days to get out of the navy and the killing. Friends from Mt. Hollywood and from far and wide stop often to see him, and he is seldom alone for long.

He is sometimes away at retreats, in Colorado, Capistrano Beach, the Quaker Center at Ben Lomond, the DOC at Santa Barbara. For two months, March and April 1973, he was in residence at Dag Hammarskjold College near Washington, D.C. The college was named for the martyred United Nations secretary because of his sacrificial devotion to peace and human welfare, and because of his search for spiritual understanding. Norman Cousins is on the board of the College, A South Vietnamese, once a Hanoi agent who backed away from poisoning his victim because it was the little girl's birthday, is on the faculty. Buckminster Fuller is a lecturer there. And Allan was there during those months as a counselor and friend to the students.

This college represents for Allan a promising new departure in education, a life-long interest for him. He does not lose his concern for economic and racial equality, non-violence, integrity in government. But he turns more and more to the inward life of the person rather than to the outward life of action, and the social concerns have meaning only as they touch persons. Reading and writing too have lost their urgency for him. He wants to spend all of his time with people, their needs, their thinking, their friendship.
He meets them at home, at Mt. Hollywood, at retreats, he treasures the visits of Allan Jr. and his family and Betsy. He sees Jesus as a person first of all, and thinks of God as the Source of personality. Agape itself has significance because it binds people together. Persons are the Word made flesh.

All through his life, Allan says, he has got what he wanted. For more than sixty years he has had the joy of loving Elizabeth, He was concerned for social justice and searched for ways of peace and love, and he was fortunate in having a congregation of like mind that encouraged his search. He wanted to communicate, to write and preach, and he was able to be extraordinarily productive in both fields. He wanted to work with students, and his opportunities for touching the young have even increased in the latter years. And he is surrounded by a thousand friends. Such good fortune flows from many springs—inheritance, family, education, spouse, times and place, besides his own qualities. But the Source of all is the Spirit of God flowing through Jesus, and Allan is able to tap this resource.
Sources for Chapter VII

Articles, published and unpublished

"Forty-six Year Honeymoon," (n.d., 1967) 23 page MS

Letters to Elizabeth, March 16, 1964; to Larry and to Judy, 1971
Sermons, 1963-1973, especially 1971-73; talks, DOC retreat
Within You Great Depth, 1972, MS

Brochures of retreats, 1963-1973
Hudson, Barbara, "Another View of People who are Pacifists," Claremont Courier, (Mar. 5, 1966) 8-9
Mt. Hollywood Church bulletins, 1963-1973
Mt. Hollywood View, esp. 1973

Interviews and letters: Helen Beardsley, Lois Hamer, Betsy Hunter, Elinor Lennen, Charles MacIntosh, Edith Slaughter, Caroline Trask
Letter from Muriel Lester to Elizabeth Hunter, Feb. 1968

Interviews and letters of Allan Hunter, 1971-1973
Edwards Tapes, 1970
BIBLIOGRAPHY

A. Works of Allan Armstrong Hunter

1. Books, published and unpublished

Affirmations. (With Elizabeth Hunter) Private printing, 1951.
Courage in Both Hands, Nyack, N.Y.: Fellowship Press, 1951,
Facing the Pacific. Japan, 1928.
Say Yes to the Light. New York: Harpers, 1944
Secretly Armed. Private printing, 1937.
Secretly Armed. New York: Harpers, 1941. (Not a revision of 1937 title.)
Within You Great Depth. Unpublished, 1972. (Revision of Look with Wonder.)
Youth's Adventure. New York: Appleton, 1925.
2. Periodical, newspaper, and unpublished articles


"Behold the Man," Intercollegian, (October 1941).

"Bethlehem," Palisadian, (Palisades, New Jersey), December 18, 1924.


"Conform or Reform," Intercollegian, (n.d.)


"The Damascus Gate," Fellowship, (March 1940).


"Fear," Adult Bible Class, (July 1952), 13.


"First Four Words of the Bible," Pulpit Preaching, (December 1947), 14.


"A Glimpse of Bethlehem," Presbyterian Banner, (February 21, 1921).

"Good Friday Eve in the Garden," Southern Churchman, (April 8, 1922), 16.

"The Happiest Spot in Old Jerusalem," Presbyterian Banner, (December 18, 1919), 25.

"Have We an American Youth Movement?" Free Youth, (1924).


"In Christ There Is No East or West," Missionary Review, (June 1934), 274-6.
"In the Field of the Shepherds," The Continent, (March 7, 1918), 235.

"I Want to Be Like Jesus," printed sermon, Christmas 1949.


"Lest There Be Strangulation," Pulpit Preaching, (February 1948), 7.

Letter about Russian Women, Enterprise (Riverside, California), October 12, 1918.

Letter from Assiut, Riverside Press, May 12, 1917.

Letter from the Y Camp, Riverside Press, July 2, 1918.


"Love Yourself for God's Sake," Adult Bible Class, (November 1952), 15.


"Millions of Arabs," China Press (Shanghai), February 12, 1921.


"Not that Japan is a Pacific Nation, but...." Peking Leader, April 15, 1926, p.4.


"On the Road to Damascus," The Continent, (January 15, 1920)


"Pushing with the British to Jerusalem," The Continent, (March 7, 1918), 235.
Sermons, 32 mimeographed, 1955-59.


"Southern California is the Holy Land of America," Riverside Press, n.d.


"Ten Years After the Armistice," Presbyterian Advance, (October 25, 1938), 7.


"To Love the Sinner Must We Hate the Sin?" Pulpit, (July 1957), 17-19.

"To One Another," separately printed, n.d., before 1942.


"Unnoticed Irony in Christ," Religion in Life, (Summer 1939), 40.

"A Visit to Kandy," Presbyterian Banner, (October 7, 1920), 9.


"What are Cells for?" Motive, (January 1952), 8.


"Will China Goose Step Too?" Association Men, (June 1926), 463.

"You Can Live on a Mountaintop While in Los Angeles," separate printing, n.d.

B. Other References

Berkeley Gazette, October 4, 1933, Visiting Pastor.


China Press (Shanghai), February, 1920, Saturday Club.


Columbia Encyclopedia, 1940.

Crain, Carl, in New Life News, (September-October 1971).


Cummings, Helen, and Dorothy Ward, A Half Century at Mt. Hollywood Congregational Church, Mimeographed, 1956.

Encyclopedia Britannica, 1911.


Heard, Gerald, "Crisis in Freedom of Thought," Printed commencement address, Occidental College, 1938.


Hunter, Eliza, Birds and Bees and Blossoms of All Seasons, for Your Birthday. Handmade book, 1893.


*Riverside Press*, July 1916. Departure for Assiut


