FRIENDS JOURNAL

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CO, in the silent night a child to God is born, And all is brought again that ere was lost or lorn. Could but thy soul, O Man,

become a silent night,
God would be born in thee,

and set all things aright.

—FIFTEENTH-CENTURY POEM

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FRIENDS JOURNAL



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New Books to Go under the Christmas Tree

CHRISTMAS keeps coming, and so do the beautiful new children's books keep pouring from the publishers. What gift is there of such lasting value as a book that comes to be loved and read and reread? Therefore the old favorites deserve priority: Peter Rabbit, Rabbit Hill, Wind in the Willows, Little House in the Big Woods, Adam of the Road, Caddie Woodlawn, The Good Master, The Friendly Caravan. But it is fun to choose a few brand new ones each year, trying to find the ones that will become the classics in the years to follow.

Lippincotts has a fine array this fall for children of all ages. For the 3- to 6-year-olds, Norma Simon's The Baby House (\$2.00) tells with enchanting pictures and gentle humor of how a little girl welcomes baby kittens, baby puppies, and a new baby brother. And for the preschool age is Dorothy Marino's The Song of the Pine Tree Forest (\$2.00). This charming picture book captures the feeling of wonder and natural reverence that children have for butterflies and rabbits, and the singing of the wind in the trees.

For 4- to 8-year-olds, especially boys, select Back and Forth (\$2.00) and Lucky You (\$2.25). The first, written and illustrated by Dorothy Grider, is a story of what goes back and forth from city to country, country to city, day in and night out over the bridge, and of little boats and big boats that go up and down the river under the bridge. An interesting repetitive story is combined with pleasant pictures of things happening. The latest Munro Leaf book, Lucky You, starts with the sentence, "This is a book about things that are real." It goes on to magnify the difference between the life of children in the cave days and those in the well-lighted, overheated, amply nourished world of modern America, where transportation is so common that legs are almost unnecessary. It ends by saying, "Of course, the most important science of all is—knowing how to get along well together."

For 6- to 10-year-olds, or almost any age for that matter, is Pelagie Doane's Poems of Praise (\$2.75). The section on Christmas poems is splendid, for there are favorites by Eugene Field, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Frances Chesterton, Martin Luther, Margaret Deland, C. Rossetti; and new ones-to me at least-by Willis Boyd Allen, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Eileen Dugan, and Elizabeth Goudge. This book is worth buying for the one poem, "God's Dark," by John Martin. "The Dark is kind and cozy / The Dark is soft and deep / The Dark will pat my pillow? And love me as I sleep." Those words and the following five verses were a nightly ritual in our house for several years. Since then I have searched and searched for an anthology including it and found none except a tremendous expensive volume too large and heavy for any pleasant use with children. Now here it is, along with many other poems of praise lovingly illustrated by Mrs. Doane.

For the 8- to 12-year-olds are three good books. A taste for mysteries develops early. And they are a fine way of encouraging slow readers. Elizabeth Honnes' Mystery at the Doll Hospital (\$2.50) is a well-written, exciting story. Lois

(Continued on page 384)

FRIENDS JOURNAL

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Editorial Comments

The Feast of Little Things

HRISTMAS has been called "the feast of little things." Perhaps it is also the season of things for the little ones. Whatever meaning such play on words may have, the spirit of the season works the ever-renewed miracle of revealing to us the greatest of all things: love, care, and good will. We seem busy providing surprises, detecting a chance for the right gift, and creating a festive setting for the hours of joy. These errands of mind and body relieve us from our obsession with world events, politics, and the round of disasters recorded in the daily press. Transplanetary traffic schemes, at once fantastic and frightening, miraculously give way to the presence of the Bethlehem star and its eternal promise. Suddenly we know that man is designed to live by hope, not by security,—as if by magic we are at home in the very town that did not care to offer a home to the child Jesus. A generation of hard realism that has no longer any use for shepherds and cares little for kings readily shares with these biblical characters the surprises of grace that transcends centuries and continents. Our hearts are quicker than the fastest jet planes. They are also wiser than the best Geneva councils. To visit the child we abolish frontiers and follow the universal voice within that makes all Christendom one family in One Father. This season of little things showers, indeed, the gifts of greatness upon us with a generosity that ought to radiate over the entire year.

The Darkened Skies

But does it? Is it enough to let our wistful hearts travel alone? Are we really allowed to suspend our ordinary anxieties so that we are carried away by festive bliss? Can we forget that there is in the Near East discord and bloody vengeance even now as at the first Christmas? Isn't it true that the heavens between us and Bethlehem are being crisscrossed by potential killers which frighten mankind everywhere?

How far we are even among men of good will from the peace on earth that is our promise! The wise men at Geneva and elsewhere will not kneel down with gifts of adoration. Year after year their briefcases are bulging with the same "bags of paper" which George Fox once

decried as useless or harmful. Year after year borderlines remain explosive and occupation armies are becoming as oppressive as the soldiers of Rome were 1,900 years ago. Yet it is also true that even our worst atomic fires have inadvertently lent the mild Bethlehem star an ever-growing incandescence. The greater the threat of catastrophes grows, the more insistent becomes our cry for peace on earth. Nothing, nothing can ever suppress it. Our military experts have been made to speak of it. Our statesmen hear it everywhere. Atheistic Communists have to give it at least lip service. Scientists declare their devotion to the peaceful use of the atom. Wherever we travel, whatever radio station we dial, whatever language we speak, Peace on Earth is the prayer of the millions. This is the great miracle in the season of little things. It collects and magnifies these voices.

Being in Bethlehem

This is also the time for dreaming. Imagine what it would mean if our statesmen could assemble at Bethlehem to confirm their public assurances by a sincere act of good will. One of the Big Four might want to be excused. The three remaining ones might easily be a bit embarrassed. Three ambassadors cannot help being likened to the three kings. Quite naturally they would feel uneasy because "politics is still politics." If we were to interview and photograph them, they would obligingly state, "Of course, we are ordinary men. We are not kings. No, not we." We ask them, "But why, then, did you come here?" They love just that question and smile when they reply, "This is the place to be at Christmas. This is the only right place to be." They are sure that we shall understand such an answer. It sounds almost like a blessing. But we are not at all sure. The important thing is that it is not enough to be in the right place. What matters infinitely more is to be on the right side. It matters more to be blessed than to bless. Are they blessed enough to hear, see, and understand what there is to know? Are we, staying at home, blessed enough in our prayers and insistent enough to strengthen their hands and hearts? Is our good will great enough to dispel prejudice and resentment everywhere? These are the days when much unlived life is allowed to burst forth. How many others will it reach? How long will it last?

Christmas All Year

The poverty, persecution, and hardship that were the mark of the first Christmas are not ours in this richest of all countries. They are, however, present in the lives of uncounted people, especially the little ones who live uncomfortably close to the Holy Land at this moment. Christendom must bring them the magnificent gifts that can neither be bought nor secured by violence: peace, good will, justice, and reconciliation. We must not speak of such demands as frustrating dreams or an impossible

idealism. There is, likewise, little need to repeat old arguments against our statesmen. Our prayers for peace have already moved their hearts. They may not want to admit it, but they, too, are waiting to sense more of our inward energies, to hear more determined calls for peace, and to feel more of our impatience.

This must happen all year. It must happen now in our private Bethlehems so that at long last we, too, may be blessed with fulfillment. Christendom must not presume to triumph. It is weak, divided, and uncertain. When the Christ child can triumph over Christendom, then, and only then, will all of us not only be in the right place but also on the right side.

The Cherry-tree Carol

Joseph was an old man, And an old man was he, When he wedded Mary In the land of Galilee.

Joseph and Mary walked
Through an orchard good,
Where was cherries and berries
As red as any blood.

Joseph and Mary walked
Through an orchard green,
Where was berries and cherries
As thick as might be seen.

O then bespoke Mary,
With words so meek and mild,
"Pluck me one cherry, Joseph,
For I am with child."

O then bespoke Joseph,
With answer most unkind,
"Let him pluck thee a cherry
That brought thee now with child."

O then bespoke the baby
Within his mother's womb—
"Bow down then the tallest tree
For my mother to have some."

Then bowed down the highest tree, Unto his mother's hand. Then she cried, "See, Joseph, I have cherries at command."

O then bespake Joseph—
"I have done Mary wrong;
But now cheer up, my dearest,
And do not be cast down."

Then Mary plucked a cherry,
As red as any blood;
Then Mary she went homewards
All with her heavy load.

As Joseph was a-walking, He heard an angel sing: "This night there shall be born On earth our heavenly King;

"He neither shall be born In housen nor in hall, Nor in the place of Paradise, But in an ox's stall.

"He neither shall be clothèd In purple nor in pall, But all in fair linen As wear the babies all.

"He neither shall be rockèd In silver nor in gold, But in a wooden cradle That rocks upon the mould."

Then Mary took her young son, And set him on her knee: Saying, "My dear son, tell me, Tell how this world shall be."

"O I shall be as dead, mother,
As stones are in the wall;
O the stone in the streets, mother,
Shall sorrow for me all.

"On Easter-day, dear mother, My rising up shall be; O the sun and the moon, mother, Shall both arise with me."

-Sixteenth-century Ballad

The Flight into Egypt

By RALPH HARPER

HOW seldom we notice in our Christmas reading of the Gospel of St. Matthew that no sooner had the Holy Family assembled for the first time than it was forced to flee to Egypt. Our own Christmas joy is callous, and ungrateful, if we do not remember that Christ's life began, as ours continues, with exile and homelessness. Our lives, like his, begin and struggle amid the wanderings and wastes of homelessness.

Waste

For most of us the end of each day offers one more chance to ask how we can stop wasting our lives. Part of the difficulty of answering is due to the fact that we feel the waste not as the heavy heartbreak of tragedy, of the catastrophe following some noble effort, some high ideal, but as the faint malaise, part freedom, part longing, that testifies to the conclusion of a routine which is likely to be repeated on the morrow. And if we get up in the middle

of the night, when all is still within the house, this malaise may swell to proportions of panic as we bleakly look forward to a repetition of petty affairs and exhausted activities.

Not many of us can be comforted - the comfort of tragedy - by knowing that our very failure has erupted from our moral stature. Waste at the end of the day, the waste of foolishness, the small wastes of routines and conventions, the exasperating wastes of an inferior emotional and intellectual effort -what would we not give even to have come aground as victims! And perhaps we shall begin to imagine that we, too, are victims, and that we need only some luck to refill life with meaning and certainty. And so on, into the pit of delusion.

Ralph Harper is chaplain at Kent School, Kent, Conn., and author of *The Sleeping Beauty*, an original religious interpretation of the old fairy tale. We hope to review the book in a later issue.

How complex is waste and the homeless land called by its name! There is the waste of talent, of character, of life itself; there is death. There is the loss of home, of affection, of expectation, of simplicity. There is the loss of friends and relations, of the past, of certainties, of traditions. There is pain in the heart from one's own failure and from the failure of others to see us as we think we are. There is the desolation of being left to wither by God's turning His face from us. There is loneliness, and there is guilt. There is physical suffering that isolates and paralyzes. There is that localized pain in soul or body that shuts down our usual sympathies and comprehensions. And there is the shame of enlightenment from illusions, even the special pain of learning itself. Not all sicknesses are fatal; not all wastes wound the heart deeply enough to leave scars. Yet no one escapes unscathed; everyone is a veteran of waste and bears about him the marks of his inadequacies and his

> mortality. Everyone has a restlessness which no illusions can ever finally appease, even the illusions that loyalty to conventions and a refusal to be alone can quiet uncertainty. Everyone has a gathering of suppressed ideals within him that nothing less than a journey to paradise can make real. This gathering manifests itself in sudden, surprising spillings over of nostalgic longing for bypassed occasions which were better than we were once capable of realizing, better than the weary marking time of the present.

The heart can die by squeezing, by the accumulated pressure of too many failures and sterilities. The heart can come to life if this pressure ignites a nostalgia which we have the strength and mind to pause to ponder on. We may really be exiles from a paradise which nostalgia gives us glimpses of, a paradise which we have made and then



lost. We feel more like orphans in an institution called society. The exile knows his origin; the orphan would only like to know.

The Five Wounds

Could it be that the secret of our own homelessness, the mythical explanation, is that we bear the marks of the five wounds of the resurrected body of that Holy Child who started off his life with a flight? When separated by sin, evil, failure, loss, and pain, these borrowed wounds of ours ache from bewilderment and longing. We cannot explain first principles; we cannot, therefore, explain freedom, evil, love. When we are wounded, the hurt's only meaning is that love has been diminished. If there is no love to be diminished, there is no meaning to the suffering, and the heart shrivels up to malice, madness, suicide. When there is love, our homelessness can be assuaged as each of the wounds is touched by someone interested enough in us to want to believe in us. Like the doubting disciple Thomas, we, too, have to touch in order to know; we have to be touched in order to be known and thus healed. Our live wounds cannot become scars until they are probed and caressed by someone whose interest in us is the beginning of faith in us. And this we beg of him whose life span included flight, healing, and wounding. And so from childhood onward we seek care and caresses from others, and learn bit by bit that the more we ourselves have given and healed the more we appreciate the little we get in return.

And it is not enough apparently to care for single persons. We might keep in mind the symbolic act of embracing the earth. The guilty heart, the wounded, victimized heart, restores life to itself by this first innocent act of its freedom. We are not free to begin life until we have acknowledged our inferiority to nature, of which we are such a minute, throbbing, self-centered particle. From nature we take what in a sense we have given by our acknowledgment, the strength that feeds sympathy with all created things. What more nostalgic effort than embracing the earth? Tears and resolution, gratitude and comfort return to the presence of all that was real before we were. When we acknowledge our five wounds, we are ready for the journey home, if not to a divine presence, at least to a presence as real as we can bear.

The Lesson of Experience

The harshest lesson we have to learn on this journey from paradise is the lesson of tragedy: that we should not expect poetic justice. The tragic hero, the man of character and intellect who fails just because or just when he has tried most, can advise us who are probably not as strong or important as he, that no one can expect what seems to him his just desserts. In our world, jus-

tice is at best artificial, made in courts and friendship, sealed by compassion. At times no court, no friendship, no compassion can prevent our getting worse than we seem to have merited. The play does not turn out well, the good are not rewarded, the bad are not punished, and the victims are not comforted. On the contrary, all goes wrong. We should not, therefore, expect poetic justice; this is the lesson of experience. But why should we not wish for it anyway?

Home

Can we expect to get home? Our arrival is not certain, either. But we wish for it. And why should we not? We cannot expect to get home; home is not just within us. Home means the presence of others, and in some especial sense the presence of him who fled to Egypt and returned to heal men and then be wounded by them. Home is not a part of man; it is superior to him, even if longed for. Home, like presence, is, despite wish and journey, a gift from others. All things are present at home, but we cannot be present with them until they let us. Perhaps they will let us if we are worthy; perhaps, as for the famous but anonymous prince in Grimm's tale, the thorn hedge will part and let some one of us through, so that he can touch the princess who will awake, welcome, and love him. But we must not count on it, or, like the men stronger than we, pride will lead us astray, and our ending be loss and exile as our beginning. Poetic justice, if there be any, is given, not earned. And yet can we believe anyone is given it who has not earned it? Our lives live out a pattern of one who identified himself with us, and our own merits and comfort, our justice and our home, depend on the extent to which we can in turn identify ourselves with him.

Nativitie

By JOHN DONNE

Immensity cloystered in thy deare wombe,
Now leaves his welbelov'd imprisonment,
There he hath made himselfe to his intent
Weake enough, now into our world to come;
But Oh, for thee, for him, hath th'Inne no roome?
Yet lay him in this stall, and from the Orient,
Starres, and wisemen will travell to prevent
Th'effect of Herods jealous generall doome.
Seest thou, my Soule, with thy faiths eyes, how he
Which fils all place, yet none holds him, doth lye?
Was not his pity towards thee wondrous high,
That would have need to be pittied by thee?
Kisse him, and with him into Egypt goe,
With his kinde mother, who partakes thy woe.

The Hieroglyphs of Christmas

BY MOSES BAILEY

A ROUND the ancient Egyptian temples march orderly rows of birds and animals, men and designs, the signs by which men wrote forty centuries ago. Painted in colors still bright, they form the most beautiful writing imaginable. Of course, there is one trouble with these hieroglyphic inscriptions: we can't read what they say. Only those who have studied the language and

all its picture-signs can read them. Artists, nevertheless, exclaim about the perfection of craftsmanship, and travelers find the vastness of the architecture prettily balanced by the little colored pictures. For all of us, ancient Egypt and its hieroglyphs go together in our mind, even though we cannot read a word.

Around the globe of Christendom, like the writing on an Egyptian temple, march the symbols of Christmas: camels and stars, peasants and philosophers, trees, reindeer, Santa Clauses, and department-store windows on a December evening. All these and Christmas go together in our mind. The colors of the Egyptian writing may have

faded through the ages, but the colors of Christmas pageantry sparkle more brightly than ever before. Nevertheless, the hieroglyphic writings about Christmas have become but faintly legible, we have to admit.

As the seasons turn to winter and we welcome the warmth of thick coats, many Friends, with a trace of the Puritans' reluctance, enter hesitantly into the festival spirit. Special days, with family gatherings and traditional foods, special music, and renewed expressions of family affection we do not forget. Yet for many there remains a twinge of conscience with its insistent inquiry: Is it genuine? Have we experienced what we are celebrating? Substitutes we do not like. A printed Bible does not take the place of an inner experience; a bit of bread for communion; a day in the calendar for an event. Is our Christ as *Ersatz* as our Santa Claus?

Crises and Symbols

In the great historic church in Jerusalem has been exhibited now these many centuries a bit of earth which is said to be the world's exact center. Long before Columbus or Galileo or even the crusaders reported on the bigness of the world, this was shown to the traveling pilgrim, and it is still shown. Physically the earth is no

Moses Bailey is Nettleton Professor of the Old Testament at Hartford Theological Seminary.

longer thought to be centered in Palestine. Yet what occurs there is spread, though not always impartially, on the pages of all our newspapers, for we are uneasily aware that the world is a ball of dynamite and that maybe the percussion cap at its heart is in Palestine.

Probably history does not repeat itself; human affairs are too complex for such easy generalities. The crisis

of our time, however, brings sharply to mind that of the days of Herod. That crisis was met with simple human hope for the poor, the hungry, the lover of peace. It must be confusing to children that in America simplicity is celebrated with such luxury.

Out of the peasant poverty of Judea, in sharp contrast to its fortified citadels, came the story of hope. The best things in life are quickly associated with picturesque symbols, the pretty hieroglyphs of the mind, for truth about life is with difficulty put into factual prose. From the barren Judean hills it went out, soon to be associated with other symbols, likewise attractive. Today

our thought about Christmas, like a great, misshapen package of ornaments, bundles together festival things to be said, to be eaten, to be made, to be bought, to be given. Who could guess that it all started by starlight in a stable?

Bethlehem again is crowded with refugees. The whole country is crowded with refugees. All about are arsenals of weapons more terrifying than any possessed by Herod. If by any unlikely chance an empty manger can be found, some poor family is likely to occupy it. The cycle of all the nostalgic symbols of Christmas, coming back in our time to Bethlehem, engulfs that miserable town at a second point in history not unlike the first. The hieroglyphs about Christmas have gone the full circle: shop windows in Bethlehem have Santas and reindeer as well as stars and crêches, and there are those who eagerly fleece the pilgrims who buy gifts.

Recently there has been much discussion, some quite learned, on the subject of symbols. It is suggested that one of our most distinctively human traits is the making of symbols by which to communicate our science and our sense of values. Not a few books have been written on the subject. When Protestant clergymen gather, one is likely to hear the phrase "enrichment of the service of worship with new symbols." Where religious educators

meet, there is reference to "worship-centers" and ways of dignifying them in the mind of the child. Probably at no time in Christian history have the outward symbols of its observance been more discussed. Some are uncritically eager to adopt everything available, even the newly invented, in the hope that ont of the confusion of metaphors our minds may be directed to faith.

We Friends have been traditionally standoffish toward this kind of thing. Probably many of us have taken the bread and wine at some service where we thought refusal might seriously hurt somebody's feelings. So toward the symbols which early Friends iconoclastically swept away we have come to show sophisticated tolerance. These hieroglyphic signs are quite artistic. Maybe in our Pharisaic souls we add that other minds, more childlike than ours, need more concrete idolatry than do we.

Now the error in crêches and crosses and all the Christian picture writing is, I suppose, that they are not sufficiently concrete. The sharing of bread begins to have meaning when our neighbor really gets enough to eat. The lights of Christmas are bright enough only when they bring light where it's really dark. Fifth Avenue is well lighted anyhow. As for the attractive parade of the tokens of Christmas, how can they be brought back to the simple human values?

A little Quaker girl, attending a more liturgical service of worship, inquired, upon seeing the IHS embroidered in gold, "Why the \$ over the pulpit?" IHS is perhaps a meaningful religious emblem to one who happens to know for what Latin words the letters stand as abbreviation. If our Latin is weak and if we get ideas best when they are not abbreviated, the gold embroidery is wasted. [The letters IHS represent an abbreviation of the Greek word for Jesus. The popular interpretation as Iesus Hominum Salvator is erroneous.—Editors]

The hieroglyphic script about Christmas has gone clear around the global temple of Christendom, to return again to Bethlehem. Like the gold threads of the IHS, it has become illegible, unless, for some, it is nothing but a dollar sign. Strange how it all started with something so clear, that man's highest hope is born in extreme simplicity! Maybe it's time to start another line of symbols around the temple, this time keeping the meaning legible to all. It is reported

that the Lord said to Isaiah, "Take a large tablet and write upon it in common characters."

The arid Judean highlands and their people, and all the peoples of that Levantine world are again filled with hatred, not unlike the bitterness in the days of Herod. Many then thought that Herod was their worst enemy, though actually fear and hatred and hopelessness were at the root of their troubles. Today the political situation is quite different, and Arabs and Zionists each assert that the other is the enemy, though again fear, and hatred and hopelessness are the fundamental cause. There are endless political problems, but the trouble at heart is not political. There is overwhelming economic misery, but money and population-control and new industries alone won't make the Middle East a good place to live. Education is urgently demanded, but men reputed wise who speak Hebrew and those who speak Arabic seem in each case to be blind in one eye.

The Way of Light

So the land that three religions have been piously proclaiming "holy" is in about the same unholy desperation that it was when Herod was its master. It's discouraging. Or is it? Out of that time came the light in which seemingly insoluble problems of government, economics, and sociology can be faced in honest friendliness. Until difficulties are met that way, who is to say that they cannot be solved? The story of the star over the stable in Bethlehem is a parable, like the story of the Good Samaritan or of the Lost Sheep or of the Lost Coin. It would be as foolish to argue with astronomers what star it was as it would be to insist that we discover the name and address of the hero from Samaria. A Light shone in the Judean hills by which multitudes of people learned to live in hope. The way of Light was simple, friendly, honest; and the ancient parable says that both urban philosophers and rustic shepherds welcomed it appreciatively, though kings had got the habit of relying upon

> great schemes forcefully implemented. Reliance upon power, it seems, is considerably more habit-forming than whiskey.

> It was for such a dark time as ours that the Light first shone. It is not unreasonable to suppose that it may again shine, perhaps so brightly that another beautiful legend may grow of a Star of Hope in our time. If such a story is reported, it will be romantically simple, something about peasant-villagers of Asia or about workers

in overcrowded cities of the West, and of the birth of children who, in their innocence, are unafraid of the brutal ways of power and money, but persist in making real the hope of humanity.



Friends and Their Friends

We gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness to the several Friends who have permitted us to reproduce some of their artistic contributions in the present issue. Fritz Eichenberg's drawing "Flight into Egypt" on page 377 is one of the eight

portfolio prints published by the Thistle Press (35 West 21st Street, New York City 10) almost a year ago at \$4.50. Ellen Brown, Westtown, Pa., contributed the vignette on page 379; Forrest Crooks, Solebury, Pa., designed the two vignettes on page 380 and page 381.

Herbert M. Hadley, for several years secretary of the Friends Meeting of Washington, D. C., will succeed Ranjit M. Chetsingh as general secretary of the Friends World Committee for Consulta-

tion. The appointment, which covers a three-year period, was made at the meeting of the F.W.C.C. held at Germantown, Ohio, October 28 to November 3.

Mary E. Williamson, a member of Media, Pa., Monthly Meeting, was recently honored by the Media Business and Professional Women's Club when she was selected as the outstanding professional woman of the community for the year. Mildred Pettit, a member of Woodstown, N. J., Monthly Meeting, was elected vice president of the New Jersey Home Economics Council. She is well known for her home economics activities in Salem County, N. J., especially for her leadership in furniture refinishing, quantity cooking, food, color and design.

Robert Walkling, a member of Race Street Monthly Meeting, Philadelphia, has been awarded the John Parker Fellowship by Harvard University for a year's travel and study abroad. Bob will spend one term at Göttingen University in Germany, studying acoustical physics, and will travel for the rest of his fellowship.

Doak Cox, geologist for the Hawaii Sugar Planters Association, responsible for continued study and experiment concerning water supply, last summer carried on a research project at the Scripp's Institute of Oceanography at La Jolla, Calif. Doak Cox has since returned to Hawaii. He is treasurer of Honolulu Meeting.

David and Margot Ensign of Cambridge Meeting, Mass., are now missionaries under the Congregational Board in Beirut, Lebanon.

The Forgotten Birthday

T was in the year Anno Domini 245 that Origines Adamantius, the greatest of early Christian Bible scholars, wrote that it "would be sinful to keep the Birthday of Jesus as if he were a mere king or Pharoah," a reminder that there are only two birthdays mentioned in the Bible, Pharaoh's and King Herod's. But no one celebrated the birthday of Jesus in A.D. 245, for no one had remembered the day.

It was in the year Anno Domini 354 that we hear of Christians, who had thought the Birthday of Jesus should be observed on such days as November 17, March 25 or 28, April 19, May 20, or January 6, beginning to adopt December 25, but there was no festival celebration, probably because December 25 was also the birthday of the military Persian-Roman sun god Mithra, whose long-established and widely observed Saturnalian revelries were alien to the spirit of the Christians.

It was in the year Anno Domini 400 that an imperial rescript states that the birthday of Jesus should be a holy day and that on that day all theaters should be closed, but it was not until Anno Domini 534 that his birthday became a dies non in the law courts.

It was in the year Anno Domini 533 that Dionysius Exiguus, a monk from Scythia, sat down to calculate the year when Jesus was born, so that he might fix for all time the beginning of what was to be called "Anno Domini," "the Year of our Lord," or the "Opening of the Christian Era." Today we know that the monk erred in his calculations. The year which he called "Anno Domini One" should have been at least four, perhaps even seven years earlier. Thus it is that we have not only forgotten the day but also the year when Jesus was born, for there is no certain record.

EDWIN A. R. RUMBALL-PETRE

The Friend, London, in its October 28th issue, reports on the visit made by Albert Schweitzer in late October to the Royal College of Physicians, where he was received by the president, W. Russell Brain, who is a Friend. A group of five Quakers, who were old friends of Schweitzer's, called ou him. John Fletcher's account of the visit is full of the friendliuess, loving kindness, and humor which the world has come to associate with Schweitzer. In the course of the visit Edith Peet showed Schweitzer a message "to the children of England" which he had given to Hubert Peet in 1923 when they had first met. Asked if he would give the same message today, he replied, "Yes, of course," as soon as he had read it. This was the message:

"Tell the boys and girls of England that the truths they feel deep down in their hearts are the real truths. God's love speaks to us in our hearts and tries to work through us in the world. We must listen to this voice; we must listen to it as to a pure and distant melody that comes across the noise of the world's doings.

"Some say, 'When we are grown up we will listen; now, while we are young we would rather think of other things.' But the voice of Love with which God speaks to us in the secret places of the heart, speaks to us when we are young so that our youth may be really youth—and that we may become the children of God."

The Christmas program of "The Greatest Story Ever Told" will be broadcast on Sunday, December 25, 5:30 p.m., EST, over the ABC network.

The United Nations Department of Public Information announced on October 24 that it is placing on sale in the U.N. Bookshop a new book for children, Ride With the Sun, an anthology of folk tales and stories from all countries of the United Nations. The United Nations Women's Guild compiled the book with the assistance of delegations to the United Nations in the selection and editing of the stories, and with the cooperation of the Department of Public Information.

The collection of 60 stories, one from each of the member states of the United Nations, was edited by Harold Courlander for the Guild. Illustrations are by Roger Duvoisin, the artist who created the 1954 UNICEF greeting cards. The title Ride With the Sun is taken from one of the stories in the book in which the question is asked: "How soon may I ride the whole world about?" The answer given is: "You must rise with the sun and ride with the same . . . and in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about." Starting the reader's journey in the Far East, the stories in Ride With the Sun visit each of the countries of the United Nations through a favorite folk tale of interest to all children.

. The United Nations Women's Guild is an independent association of women connected with the United Nations Secretariat or with national delegations to the United Natious.

The book is published by Whittlesey House Division of the McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., of New York and is available at the United Nations Bookshop and at local bookstores. The price is \$3.50. Professor Richard M. Sutton has resigned as head of the department of physics at Haverford College, effective August 31, according to President Gilbert F. White. Dr. Sutton will become professor of physics at Case Institute of Technology, Cleveland, Ohio, where he has taught during several summers.

He is chairman of the committee in charge of Westtown School, a member of the Governing Board of the Institute of Physics, a member of the Science and Arts Committee, Franklin Institute. Dr. Sutton has given the James Mapes Dodge Lectures at the Franklin Institute on several occasions.

A \$150,000 Building Fund Drive is under way at Oakwood School, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Funds raised in this drive will be used to fill several of the school's urgent needs, a new wing for the girls' dormitory, more dormitory space for boys, and increased infirmary facilities.

The 28,000 or more readers of the October Progressive were confronted with "an exciting debate on 'War, Peace and Pacifism' based on the important new statement on American foreign policy, Speak Truth to Power." The magazine began promoting the feature in August. A two-color back cover advertisement appeared in September, and the editorial column announced, "Our October issue promises to be one of our best. Its principal feature will be a head-on clash . . . where some of the sharpest minds in America will speak their ideas."

The symposium was introduced by a summary of the A.F.S.C. study by Robert Pickus. Then follow critiques by Dwight MacDonald, Reinhold Niebuhr, George Kennan, Norman Thomas, and Karl Menninger, speaking from their journalistic, theological, diplomatic, socialistic, and psychiatric backgrounds. Robert Pickus and Stephen Cary make a final response to all five critics. Lively interpretative sketches were by Elizabeth Gruse, who designed the cover for the original booklet. The *Progressive* claims to have the largest school and college distribution in its 46-year history.

Francis Worley, Adams County's Republican member of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives and a Friend, has presented to Dag Hammarskjold, secretary-general, United Nations, a world-wide disarmament resolution, which he and 19 other members of the House are sponsoring. The resolution was submitted to the Pennsylvania Legislature last July, but never came to a vote. Dag Hammarskjold expressed interest in the resolution, and was delighted to meet the Adams County legislator.

The resolution says that a race for supremacy in armaments which exists today generates unrest among nations and takes money that might better be spent for human happiness. It also advocates the total disarmament down to police level of all nations of the world with adequate inspection by the United Nations to insure compliance therewith.

J. Paul and Blanche Brown recently left on a six-month trip around the world. Highlight of their journey will be a month-and-a-half visit in December and over Christmas with their son, Jim, and his family in Delhi, India. Jim, who is making a study of the distribution of powdered milk for the American Friends Service Committee, has been sent to India on a Reid Fellowship. J. Paul Brown is a member of Swarthmore Meeting, Pa.

Part of an article by Lyman W. B. Jackman, "The Harvest," in the *Friends Intelligencer* for February 19, 1955, has been reprinted in the *Christian Science Sentinel* for September 3, 1955, in the department called "Signs of the Times."

Westtown School at Westtown, Pa., reports that it has the largest attendance in its history, with 448 students attending in the first through the 12th grades. In the Boarding Department, 51 per cent of the students are Friends, and in the Boarding and Day School the percentage is 48. Students at Westtown this year come from 30 different states plus the District of Columbia and 17 foreign countries.

George School supplements its recently publicized statistics with the information that 55 per cent of the newly admitted students are Friends. The formerly published total of 44 per cent Friends in the entire school represents the highest figure only for the more recent years.

A.F.S.C. Desegregation Experience in Washington

The nation's capital has a "new look" in race relations, the American Friends Service Committee said on October 7 in a terminal report on its four-year program to eliminate segregation there. "For the individual Negro, there is freedom of movement and greater opportunity; for the Negro community, there is a lowering of barriers, the beginning of a merger with the whole; for the city, and the nation it symbolizes, there is greater dignity," the report said. The 40-page mimeographed report is titled Toward the Elimination of Segregation in the Nation's Capital. It covers the program conducted by the Community Relations Department of the American Friends Service Committee in helping to desegregate the public schools and recreation areas.

The program was terminated September 30. During the four-year period the local staff included Miss Irene Osborne and Mrs. Alma Scurlock. The project was planned to operate for a limited period and received financial assistance from the Fund for the Republic.

The Committee's report gives credit to "unknown and unsung" heroes who worked during the four years in the social-action movement toward desegregation.

"These years . . . proved to be the most dramatic for the history of the city and for the story of desegregation. The city has made changes in its racial practices so rapidly as to be startling to even the most optimistic. These changes grew out of complex social, economic, and political forces world-

wide in scope. They followed the years when all Americans were coming to face the grim trnth that so great a gap between ideal and practice is exorbitantly costly in terms of human pain and loss. The movement has at long last begun to reach its goal."

The organization warns, however, that there are still problems. "The school desegregation program is not yet complete. Hotel policy is shifting and confused. The Metropolitan Police Boys' Club, a semipublic agency, remains segregated despite extensive and continued protest from citizens' groups. Much remains undone in medical service, social work, and religious institutions. Employment and housing are still fraught with discriminatory practices."

When schools opened in September 1954, a total of 122 of them had mixed student bodies, affecting about two thirds of the city's school children. Thirty-eight faculties were integrated. Children had been transferred from overcrowded Negro schools into white schools.

Opposition to desegregation was expressed in three ways: (1) a court suit which failed, (2) a three-day student demonstration which remained peaceful and unsuccessful, and (3) considerable public talk.

The report describes some of the techniques used in the project. Two pamphlets published during the four years outline in detail the program. They are Working Together and The Right of Every Child. Both are available at the national office of the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia.

"Christmas Sharing" Educational Materials

A packet of materials designed to help boys and girls enter into the spirit of Christmas by sharing friendship gifts has been prepared by the American Friends Service Committee.

"Christmas Sharing" packet contains a wide assortment of materials which may be used with children in the home, day or church schools, Scouts, Camp Fire, 4-H Clubs, Juvenile Grange, and other youth organizations.

Materials for the "Mitten Tree Project" are included in the packet. This popular feature is rapidly being adopted throughout the nation. There are directions for trimming the Mitten Tree, and making the mittens and an assortment of program suggestions for adult leaders who work with children. Publicity suggestions list ways in which the project may be called to the attention of newspaper editors and other media of public information.

Among the other projects are a strip of musical notes on which may be pasted coin contributions, a plan to encourage children to give socks, a Christmas star on which may be attached buttons, snaps, and needles, and ideas for a Christmas party to fill Santa's sack for shipment overseas.

Other resources in the packet include a holiday reading list and singing materials.

Projects described in the materials are adaptable to young and to older children's groups.

The packets may be obtained by sending 25 cents to Educational Materials for Children, American Friends Service Committee, 20 South 12th Street, Philadelphia 7, Pa.

New Books to Go under the Christmas Tree

(Continued from page 374)

Lenski's regional tales are so well known and so beloved that it is scarcely necessary to recommend the latest, San Francisco Boy (\$3.00), a splendid story and appreciation of the Chinese neighbors in that large city. Despite tall tales of Davy Crockett and space ships and entertainment through radio and TV, children still love to hear the old fairy stories. Those chosen for this volume are representative of fifteen lands, and furthermore are the ones asked for again and again by each new generation of listeners. I commend The Talking Tree (\$3.00), selected by Augusta Baker and illustrated by Johannes Troyer.

For the 12- to 16-year-olds the series of books called Portraits of the Nations is excellent. Dorothy Loder's Land and People of Spain (\$2.75) holds up well alongside Alan Paton's on South Africa. Indeed, I am giving a copy of this excellent introduction to the geography and history and people of Spain to friends who are traveling soon to that land of enormous diversity.

For young adults—or old—is a well-done historical novel, Farewell to Valley Forge (\$3.75). David Taylor, the author, makes Major André a complete villain instead of softening the judgment on him as do most modern historians; nevertheless, he has a right to his point of view and does give a thrilling account of the desperate year of 1778.

Surely, some of these books of 1955 will continue to be loved by the children of tomorrow.

JOSEPHINE M. BENTON

BIRTHS

HALLOWELL—On November 26, to Ralph P. and Janet Louise Hallowell of Levittown, Pa., a daughter named Victoria Faith Hallowell.

WELSH—On October 8, to David L. and Elizabeth P. Thom Welsh of Salt Lake City, Utah, a daughter named Lucy Shackleton Welsh. The mother is a member of Princeton, N. J., Monthly Meeting.

DEATHS

BALDWIN—On June 8, in the Coatesville, Pa., Hospital, Mary V. Baldwin, aged 78 years. She was educated at George School and Ann Arbor College, Mich. After graduation she served as librarian at George School and later as librarian at Coatesville High School. She was a member of London Grove Monthly Meeting, Pa., and was very active in its affairs, having served on numerous committees. She was also an active member of the Children's Aid Society. Surviving are a brother, George W. Baldwin, with whom she made her home, and several nieces and nephews.

HOLDEN—On November 25, suddenly, Stephen Holden of Hoanjovo Lane, Pleasantville, N. Y., aged 77 years. He was senior partner in Holden Brothers, a law firm, and former city judge of White Plains, N. Y.

Stephen Holden was born in Sherburne, N. Y., and graduated from Colgate University and New York Law School. He was a leader in the Chappaqua Meeting, N. Y., and had served as clerk of the New York Yearly Meeting. A memorial service was held at Chappaqua Meeting House on November 29. Surviving are his wife, Clarissa Angel Holden; two sons, James Holden and Stephen Holden, Jr.; two daughters, Phebe Washburn and Adeline Wheeler; and a brother, Jonathan Holden.

SIMPSON—On November 27, TAZETTA B. SIMPSON of Langhorne, Pa., a member of Middletown Monthly Meeting, Pa. She was a sister of Mayanna B. Tomlinson.

TOMLINSON—On September 29, MAYANNA B. TOMLINSON of Langhorne, Pa., a member of Middletown Monthly Meeting, Pa.

Joan Mary Fry

Joan Mary Fry, who died on November 25, 1955, had her 93rd birthday on July 27. She has been in failing health during much of this year, and when I went to see her on September 18 at her home, 40 Temple Fortune Hill, Golders Green, London, she had had a very distressing night and was too weak to have a visitor for more than ten minutes. But her mind was keen and her interest alert.

She was one of the modern "valiant sixty" who took active part in the summer schools in England and America at the beginning of this century. She was concerned with Woodbrooke and the plans to carry on the Quaker history after John Wilhelm Rowntree's death. She gave the third Swarthmore Lecture in 1910, following William Charles Braithwaite in 1909 and Rufus M. Jones in 1908. Her name will always be associated with Friends in Germany following the First World War and with the Garden Allotments a few years later.

She was deeply loved and respected. She had a scholarly mind and a heart which knew great spiritual depths; yet with it all she had a child's simplicity which one immediately felt. She was a completely genuine and delightful person.

MARY HOXIE JONES

Caroline Roberts

Caroline Roberts, a member of Stony Run Meeting, Baltimore, who died November 22, 1955, was a person of exceptionally strong character made charming by a delightful sense of humor and a wide range of interests. Both in stature and personality she was a great lady.

She was born in 1857 near Moorestown, N. J., the daughter of Josiah and Lydia Roberts. Since 1884 she had lived in Baltimore, spending most of her summers the past 40 years at Buck Hill Falls, Pa.

Whatever she took up she went into with zest, whether it was teaching history in the Eli M. Lamb School, social service, travel, lectures, concerts, entertaining a wide variety of guests, or playing home games.

It is a commentary on the vitality of her life that when she passed away in her 90th year, many of her friends were shocked to hear of her death.

She is survived by four nephews, George M. Lamb of Balti-

more, Robert E. Lamb of Norristown, Philip E. Lamb of Baltimore, and James G. Lamb of Moylan.

Coming Events

DECEMBER

10-Salem Quarterly Meeting at Mickleton, N. J., 10:30 a.m. Speaker, Donald Baker, "The Lessons of Ancient Greece and Rome for Today."

10-Haddonfield Quarterly Meeting at Moorestown, N. J., 3 p.m.; supper served by the Meeting, 5:45 p.m.; at 7 p.m., "Indian Affairs," illustrated with slides.

11-150th Anniversary at Darby, Pa., Meeting House, Main Street above 10th Street. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.; historical meeting, 2:30 p.m.

11-Community tea and lecture at Gwynedd, Pa., Meeting House, corner U. S. Route 202 and Sumneytown Pike: tea,

5:30 to 7 p.m.; lecture, 7 p.m., Douglas and Dorothy Steere, "Some Intimate Glimpses from India and Africa."

11-Race Street Forum at the Race Street Meeting House, Philadelphia, 7 p.m.: Frank C. Laubach, consultant to the World Literacy Committee, Inc., and originator and promulgator of the "each one teach one" programs throughout the world, "Carrying the Torch of Enlightenment."

15-Christmas talk at Twelfth Street Meeting House, Philadelphia, 12:25 to 12:55 p.m.: Hugh W. Moore, A.F.S.C. finance secretary.

15-Chester Friends Forum, 24th and Chestnut Streets, Chester, Pa., 8 p.m.: Clifford Lester, "A Young Friend Serves for Peace."

18-Race Street First-day School, Philadelphia, 11:40 a.m.: Children's Christmas Program; all adults welcome.

REGULAR MEETINGS

ATLANTA, GEORGIA—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m.; discussion period, 10:45 a.m., Y.M.C.A., 145 Luckie Street, N.W. Mrs. John W. Stanley, Clerk, 525 Avery Street, Decatur, Ga.

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA—First-day school and meeting, 11:15 a.m. every First-day, Old Government House, 432 Telfair, Faith Bertsche, Clerk, 2230 Edgewood Drive,

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA—Friends meeting, First-days at 11 a.m., N. E. corner of Vine and Walnut Streets. Monthly meetings, the last First-day of each month, after the meeting for worship. Clerk, William Allen Longshore, Jr.

BUFFALO, N. Y .- Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. at 1272 and First-day school, 11 a.m. at 12 Delaware Avenue; telephone EL 0252.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS-5 Longfellow Park (near Harvard Square). Meeting for worship each First-day at 9:30 a.m. and 11 a.m. Telephone TR 6-6883.

CLAREMONT, CAL. - Friends meeting, 9:30 a.m. on Scripps campus, 9th and Columbia. Ferner Nuhn, Clerk, 420 W. 8th.

CLEARBROOK, VIRGINIA—Meeting for worship at Hopewell Meeting House, First-days at 10:15 a.m.; First-day school at

DETROIT, MICHIGAN—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. each First-day in Highland Park Y.W.C.A. at Woodward and Winona. Visitors telephone TOwnsend 5-4036.

DOVER, N. J.—Randolph Meeting House, Quaker Church Road. First-day school, 11 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m.

GAINESVILLE, FLA.—Meeting for worship, First-days, 11 a.m., 218 Florida Union.

HARRISBURG, PA.—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m., Y.W.C.A., 4th and Walnut Streets.

HOUSTON, TEXAS — Friends Worship Group each Sunday, 6:30 p.m. 2336 North Boulevard; telephone JAckson 8-6413.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA — First-day school, 10:30 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11 a.m.; Y.W.C.A. Board Room; telephone EVergreen 9-5086 and 9-4345.

LANCASTER, PA.—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m., new meet-ing house, Tulane Terrace, off U. S. 30, 1½ miles west of Lancaster.

LONG ISLAND, N. Y.—Manhasset Meeting, Northern Boulevard at Shelter Rock Road. First-day school, 9:45 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

MERION, PA.—Merion Meeting, corner of Montgomery Avenue and Meeting House Lane. Meeting for worship, First-days at 11 a.m.; First-day school, 9:45 a.m. in Activities Bullding.

MIAMI, FLA.—Friends meeting held on top floor of Tuttle Hotel, 11 a.m.; First-day school, 10 a.m. Telephone 88-6629.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA — Friends Meeting, 44th Street and York Avenue South. First-day school, 10 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Richard P. Newby, Minister, 4421 Abbott Avenue South. Telephone WA 6-9675.

MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY — Worship and First-day school, 11 a.m., Park Street and Gordonhurst Avenue, 1.7 miles west of Exit 151 from Garden State Parkway.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Meetings for worship each Sunday, 11 a.m. Telephone GRamercy 3-8018 for First-day school and meeting

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May—September: 144 E. 20th St.
Brooklyn—110 Schermerhorn Street
Flushing—137-16 Northern Boulevard
Riverside Church, 15th Floor—Riverside
Drive and 122d Street, 3:30 p.m.

PASADENA, CAL.—Orange Grove Monthly Meeting. Meeting for worship, East Orange Grove at Oakland Avenue, Firstdays at 11 a.m. Monthly meetings, 8 p.m., the second Fourth-day of each month.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA—
Meetings for worship are held at 10:30
a.m. unless otherwise noted.
Byberry, one mile east of Roosevelt Boulevard at Southampton Road, 11 a.m.
Chestnut Hill, 100 East Mermaid Lane.
Coulter Street and Germantown Avenue.
Fair Hill, Germantown Avenue and Cambria Street, 11:15 a.m.
Fourth and Arch Streets.
Frankford, Penn and Orthodox Streets.
Frankford, Unity and Waln Streets, 11 a.m.
Green Street, 45 West School House Lane,
11 a.m.

Green Street, 45 West School House Lane, 11 a.m. Race and Twelfth Streets held jointly at 15th and Race Streets. For information about First-day schools telephone Friends Central Bureau, RI 6-

PHOENIX, ARIZONA—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., 17th Street and Glendale Avenue. James Dewees, Clerk, 1928 W. Mitchell.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI—Meeting for worship, Sundays at 11 a.m., 1528 Locust Street. For information call FL 3116.

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—Friends Meeting, 130 Nineteenth Avenue S. E. Meeting and First-day school at 11 a.m.

SANTA PE, NEW MEXICO—Meeting for worship each First-day at 11 a.m. at the Garcia Street Club, 569 Garcia Street.

SHREWSBURY, NEW JERSEY—Meeting House at Broad Street and Sycamore Avenue, 11 a.m. For information call S. Fussell, Clerk; Red Bank 6-2040W.

STATE COLLEGE, PA.—318 South Atherton Street. First-day school at 9:30 a.m., meeting for worship at 10:45 a.m.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Friends Meeting of Washington, 2111 Florida Avenue, N. W., one block from Connecticut Avenue, First-days at 9 a.m. and 11 a.m.

WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA-Centre Meeting House, corner of Washington and Pic-cadilly Streets. Meeting for worship, First-days at 10:15 a.m.; First-day School, 10:45 a.m.

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS—Pleas-ant Street Friends Meeting, 901 Pleasant Street. Meeting for worship each First-day, 11 a.m. Telephone PL 4-3887.

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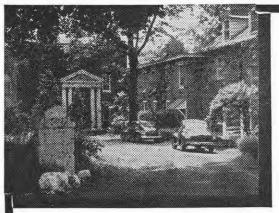
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