Do not look at these temptations, confusions, corruptions, but look at the light which discovers them, and makes them manifest; and with the same light you may feel over them, to receive power to stand against them. ... For looking down at sin and corruption and distraction, ye are swallowed up in it; but looking at the light which discovers them ye will see over them. That will give victory, and ye will find grace and strength; there is the first step to peace.

—George Fox
A Mother Prays

By DOROTHY M. WILLIAMS

This is Mary of the line of David, Lord.
Unworthy am I, yet chosen one,
A mother imploring grace
To bear and cherish the seed of God.

Grant me now a Nautilus ear
To hold the song of these quiet stones
That heap Judea's fields:
Only plant intent on fruit yields here.

Grant me a telescopic eye
To pierce the present pain with vision
That embraces time and man
And stars beyond this ceiling sky.

Grant me a discerning scale
To value what a small boy treasures:
Broken things, a chisel,
Some mica, bird's egg, and dreams more frail.

Grant me patience from a hidden spring
Of purpose to wear great boulders smooth
For riverbed of caring.
Grant me the peace for listening.

A humble mind that feeds within
On faith, joyousness, and whimsy
For a child's togetherness
With his mother when walls are thin.

Lord, grant me then one greater gift:
Remembrance of all loving acts
I ever knew to fashion
Secret wings for prayers I lift.

Christmas in Surrey

By GERHARD FRIEDRICH

When I was on my country walk
In Surrey and the English moon
Transfixed the stars of holly leaves
To bits of burnished ebony:

When I was on my Christmas walk,
A thin snow came out of the night
Transfiguring the contoured earth
By silent drifts of subtlest white.

I looked upon my awkward hands
To see them made a miracle:
O Christ, I called, translate thyself
While I am on this pilgrim walk!
Odds and Ends

Good old Aunt Rebecca was a thrifty woman. She used to be most careful about bits of string that came from parcels or boxes and arranged these pieces of cord according to length in various shoe boxes. These were labeled "very long," or "short," or "one yard." There was also one box with the designation "Too short to use."

The following items are of the same category. They are part of an editor's collection from which various items are taken during the year. But like Aunt Rebecca, at year's end we are reluctant to discard even the smallest odds and ends although they seem "too short to use."

We read, for example, an imaginary conversation between Khrushchev and the Polish Cardinal Vishynski, who is now at greater liberty to speak up for his church than he has been for many years. Khrushchev is supposed to have asked the Polish Cardinal, "How does it happen that the people continue to trust you after 2,000 years, whereas they no longer believe in us even after these short forty years?" The Cardinal is reported to have replied, "That, dear sir, is simple enough: we only promise them the paradise, whereas you also demonstrated to them what it is like."

Even the grim events of the cold war leave some room for humor. The British Lord Alastair Graham, very much concerned for the welfare of his church, remarked recently, "If the church could shoot off a Sputnik with a bishop sitting in it, the result would be that millions all over the world would occupy themselves again with religious problems." Advertising and sound publicity have been very much in Friends' minds lately. Yet we are likely to consider this particular British suggestion somewhat extreme. Anyway, we would have no bishops to send off on a satellite.

The latest revolution also seems to allow for a bit of subtle humor. A New York reporter derived some profound bits of human psychology from his observations at San Marino when this oldest and smallest European republic underwent a revolution this past fall. For twelve years the Communists had been in power when the moment appeared ripe for a counterrevolution. The democratic rebels armed themselves, yet both sides would not seriously consider the actual use of their arms. A leading member of the anti-Communist group said to the reporter, "You must know that in this small country we all are related to one another. And everybody knows everybody else, of course. It would do no good if anybody were harmed in a revolution. Such things are always remembered for too long a time." The good man was right even when we apply his insight to wars and revolutions of large proportions: we are all related, and such incidents are, unfortunately, a most persistent part of our racial memories.

In case you are making travel plans for a longer trip, we want to quote in conclusion from the letter of a New York travel agency which recently mailed us an invitation to avail ourselves of their services. The opening sentence read as follows: "Today we are in a new era of travel—to the moon perhaps! In the interim, before arrangements for bookings to the moon are being made, we can satisfy your desires in travel to most countries on this planet . . . "

The Meditation Room at the United Nations

This fall the organ of the Laymen's Movement for a Christian World, The Christian Layman (147 Madison Avenue, New York 17) reminded us of the significant place which the Meditation Room at the U.N. occupies. It was enlarged, redecorated, and accepted as a permanent part of the U.N. The Friends of the Meditation Room presented a check for $12,600 to Mr. Hammar- skjold for the changes made in the room. In his speech Mr. Wallace C. Speers, Chairman of the Laymen's Movement, stressed the beneficial effect of silence, the only mode of worshipful meditation permitted in the Room, by mentioning the helpful effect of silence in heated union debates and at other controversial occasions. He expressed satisfaction that the U.N. headquarters had this room "dedicated to silence in the outward sense and stillness in the inner sense." No religious symbols are used, except a block of iron ore, "glimmering like ice in a shaft of light from above . . . ," in this house where "we are trying to turn swords into ploughshares." Mr. Speers stressed the endeavor to "bring back the stillness.
which we have lost in our streets and in our conference rooms, and to bring it back into a setting in which no noise would impinge upon our imagination." Christians, Jews, Buddhists, Hindus, and Moslems—in this Meditation Room they all may turn their thoughts to God.

**Leadership Among Five Years Meeting Friends**

Sumner A. Mills, in this year’s Ward Lecture given at Guilford College in November, 1957, revealed some interesting data concerning leadership problems in the Five Years Meetings. According to him there are about 400 Meetings or Friends Churches employing pastoral leadership. Only 180 of these have full-time ministers whereas part-time ministers serve in about 200 other groups. He says, “This situation is a commentary on our weakness, especially in rural areas.” In too many cases the Society has to “resort to finding it [pastoral leadership] outside in order to maintain even the weak coverage which this survey indicates.” Only 35 per cent of the pastors who replied to his inquiry attended a Quaker college. The wide background of pastoral training is illustrated in the fact that the pastors studied in 71 different colleges; 96 attended 43 different seminaries or graduate schools. Only a minority of them hold an M.A. degree, but some are anxious to continue with their education.

**Banishing Mental and Spiritual Doldrums**

**By MARGARET M. CARY**

In a long life of many contacts with people of early and late middle age and with older men and women I have become increasingly aware of an unwillingness to grow and develop mentally and spiritually. Some have reached a development with which they appear satisfied and except for attendance at a few meetings and reading a few books have settled down more or less comfortably into the status quo. Chief among the reasons is the pressure of home, outside jobs, and social responsibilities, and they have ceased to make new and creative contacts either with people or with great minds through reading. They push away the thought of concentrated study even in their favorite field, being reasonably satisfied with levels they have achieved. The pressure and haste of our lives are so heavy that the initiative for further mental development is sapped. An interesting test is to write down a list of all the books one has read in a year. Most of us will discover a grand mixture, a potpourri without distinction or goal. Even worse, many will be brought up with a start, realizing that most of their reading is done in newspapers or current magazines.

At least three influences in my life have contributed to my determination to grow mentally and spiritually. I am an active entomologist engaged in research and have had to keep abreast of developments in evolution and genetics. I am a fortunate member of an active poetry group where I have continually enjoyed opening vistas of modern as well as classical poetry. Also I am a member of an active and dedicated prayer group, having been held before me ever deepening levels of spiritual development. Added to these is a most important fourth “shot in the arm,” which happened when I was spending a few days three years ago with a brilliant and mentally pioneering young friend who opened to me wholly new avenues of cultural growth. This young woman gave to me the immense volume of Jacques Maritain called *Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry,* eliciting from me a promise to study it in the coming summer months. So began what has proved to be the greatest adventure of my life. It has been followed by a careful study of Simone Weil and Martin Buber, and I shall try in this very brief paper to give certain quotations from each of these three—quotations of special significance along a definite line—in the hope of whetting appetites for further investigation of these three masters of spiritual awareness.

Setting aside definite hours for study, after I had read and pondered a few pages of Maritain I became convinced that I must share what I was finding, and also get help with some of the difficult passages. So I wrote to a friend who had a trained mind and a deep spiritual awareness, asking her to spend a day with me in sharing and clarification. My joy was great when I discovered that she knew Maritain well. All that summer we studied together, our own friendship deepening and expanding in the process. We began to see that if we really wanted to write better poetry, the root of the matter lay in this great, revealing book. We found this root in the following quotation:

And because poetry is born in this root life where the powers of the soul are active in common, poetry implies an essential requirement of totality and integrity. Poetry is the fruit neither of the intellect...
alone, nor of imagination alone. Nay more, it proceeds from the totality of man, sense, imagination, intellect, love, desire, instinct, blood and spirit together. And the first obligation imposed on the poet is to consent to be brought back to the hidden place, near the center of the soul, where this totality exists in the state of a creative source.

What intensely vital and really staggering sentences for the minds of women who were devoting two afternoons a month to the writing of poetry and to the study of great poetry and poets—women caught in the mesh of active twentieth-century lives, of varied interests, pressing responsibilities, a constant sense of living in the next day or the future, and an almost total lack of the kind she allowed nothing to stand in the way of her working and spirit. To leave this great master with only one quotation is hopelessly inadequate, and yet if we truly learn what it means to be brought back “to the hidden place,” the hours of study will have borne fruit.

I next turned to Simone Weil, that young spirit of our day who is crowned with sainthood by all who endeavor to penetrate her profundity or examine with love and fear and amazement her passionate message for this twentieth century. Endowed with poor physical health, she allowed nothing to stand in the way of her working arduous hours in the vineyards of France because she could not tolerate the thought that she had special privileges beyond those of the most lowly laborer. Although practicing the way of Christ in love, sacrifice, and suffering, although holding His image always before her in worship and adoration, she could join no Church, as she passionately longed to do, because she refused to be separated from any human being. For her, the beloved community of the church meant separation from those who could not or would not join. Her integrity is such that in “cleaving to the line” she sometimes seems to us warped and forbidding. If there is one thing above all others Simone Weil has to teach us in middle or older age it is the supreme necessity for discipline, and how gloriously good this is for us who are satisfied with a comfortable mediocrity!

Now as soon as we say the word “discipline” we think of a mighty effort of will, but this is not Simone Weil’s discipline, nor should it be ours. She puts it this way:

The effort that brings a soul to salvation is like the effort of looking or of listening; it is the kind of effort by which a fiancée accepts her lover. It is an act of attention and consent; whereas what language designates as will is something suggestive of muscular effort.

In our acts of obedience to God we are passive; there is only waiting, attention, silence, immobility, constant through suffering and joy. The crucifixion of Christ is the model of all acts of obedience.

... We cannot take a single step toward heaven. It is not in our power to travel in a vertical direction. If however we look heavenward for a long time, God comes and takes us up.

... it is desire that saves.

There is much of the Quaker in Simone Weil!

If I could read but two chapters of her Waiting for God I should read the chapter called “Reflections on the Right Use of School Studies with a View to the Love of God,” which is really a dissertation on attention, and her chapter called “The Love of God and Affliction.” Of attention she says:

... a quarter of an hour of attention is better than a great many good works.

Attention consists of suspending our thought, leaving it detached, empty, and ready to be penetrated by the object.

... The intelligence can only be led by desire. For there to be desire, there must be pleasure and joy in the work. The intelligence only grows and bears fruit in joy.

Her chapter on affliction should be pondered by every one of us because we “pass by on the other side” so many afflicted people. What she says about the afflicted, with such insight and crystal clarity, strikes deep:

Affliction makes God appear to be absent for a time, more absent than a dead man, more absent than light in the utter darkness of a cell. A kind of horror submerges the whole soul. During this absence there is nothing to love...

Affliction hardens and discourages us because, like a red hot iron, it stamps the soul to its very depths with the scorn, the disgust, and even the self-hatred and sense of guilt and defilement that crime logically should produce but actually does not...

Another effect of affliction is, little by little, to make the soul its accomplice, by injecting a poison of inertia into it. In anyone who has suffered affliction for a long enough time there is a complicity with regard to his own affliction. This complicity impedes all the efforts he might make to improve his lot...

Men struck down by affliction are at the foot of the Cross, almost at the greatest possible distance from God.

She then goes on to say how one afflicted, separated from God by the infinity of space and time, may be finally won to God:
... God crosses the universe and comes to us.

Over the infinity of space and time, the infinitely more infinite love of God comes to possess us. He comes at his own time. We have the power to consent to receive him or to refuse. ... If we consent, God puts a little seed in us and he goes away again. From that moment God has no more to do; neither have we, except to wait. ... the growth of the seed within us is painful.

I have left Martin Buber till last not only because within the year he has been my last discovery but because I believe that I shall adventure with him in ever new discovery for the rest of my life. Although his mind is crystal clear, although he has something very definite, I believe that I shall adventure with him in ever new discovery within the year he has been my last discovery but because of the only words we could find that were adequate to describe what happens in the first eleven verses of this poem is that it seemed to us to be a revelation of a "divine encounter." It is an illumined, breathless revelation whose impact makes one tremble, yet leaves one with an awareness of the Presence. Buber's relation with "Thou," he calls a "meeting"; but he is forever changed by it.

The moment of meeting is not an "experience" that stirs in the receptive soul and grows to perfect blessedness; rather, in that moment something happens to the man. At times it is like a light breath, at times like a wrestling-bout, but always—it happens. ... The reality is that we receive what we did not hitherto have, and receive it in such a way that we know it has been given to us. ...

Man ... receives not a specific "content" but a Presence, a Presence as power. This Presence and this power include three things, undivided, yet in such a way that we may consider them separately. First, there is the whole fullness of real mutual action, of the being raised and bound up in relation. ... Secondly, there is the inexpressible confirmation of meaning. ... Thirdly, this meaning is not that of "another life" but that of this life of ours, not one of a world "yonder" but that of this world of ours, and it desires its confirmation in this life and in relation with this world. ... As we reach the meeting with the simple Thou on our lips, so with the Thou on our lips we leave it and return to the world. ... even the mystery ... has become present to us and in its presentness has proclaimed itself to us as salvation. ...

... All revelation is summons and sending.

To have touched these three masters so lightly seems sacrilege. If by any chance this superficial and brief sampling should lead the few who read this paper to adventure on their own voyage of discovery, it will not have been in vain. If perchance it should lead one to a "meeting" or to a divine encounter as described below in the tenth verse of Hopkins' "Wreck of the Deutschland," there would be a measure of pure joy.

With an anvil-ding
And with fire in him forge thy will
Or rather, rather then, stealing as Spring
Through him, melt him but master him still:
Whether at once, as once at a crash Paul,
Or as Austin, a lingering-out sweet skill,
Make mercy in all of us, out of us all
Mastery, but be adored, but be adored King.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The quotation from Jacques Maritain, Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry (Bollingen Series 35.1), p. 111, is used with the permission of Pantheon Books, Inc., New York, given on behalf of the Bollingen Foundation.


The quotation from Martin Buber, I and Thou, translated by Ronald Gregor Smith (1957), pp. 109-111, 115, is used with the permission of the publisher, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Out of the Cloud of Long Waiting

By SAM BRADLEY

Break, cloud of me. O Lord, be
Light surpassing. Each day to be
Lived into light, as if the first.

Eden unguarded, never accursed!

Dominions prepared anew for me
Need no swordmen. The Shining Tree
Is herald of entry, last made first.

O Lord, living Spring is this light in me!

Such seeing past belief, and such I be
That belief is less than light I see,
Calls back again the love that is first.

Rays, rising, rush! The cloud must burst!
Sputnik's Questions
By STEWART MEACHAM

UNIVAC, the electronic brain, and Sputnik, the man-made satellite, come from opposite sides of the Iron Curtain, but they have much in common. Both represent great technological achievement. Both are portents of change in human society.

Univac promises the automation age, when factories, offices, and transportation systems, staffed only by a few skilled technicians, will operate by push button. Sputnik promises the outer space age, when space platforms, trips to the moon, journeys to Mars, and no one knows what else will be commonplace. Univac answers the most difficult questions at lightning speed. Sputnik asks the most difficult questions at 18,000 miles per hour.

Some of Sputnik's more obvious questions reflect our own frustration. Why did Russia “beat us to the punch”? Was it because of rivalry among the armed forces? Is this the price we must pay for belittling and harassing scientists as eggheads and subversives? Is more money needed for research and experimentation? How much political hay will the Democrats make at the expense of the Republicans, and vice versa?

Other questions are less obvious, but possibly more important. We are told that we must be prepared for economic sacrifice and belt tightening if we are to “catch up.” If this is true, who will sacrifice what? Will airplane, rocket, and munitions makers sacrifice some of their cost-plus profit margins? Will the steel industry, the automobile manufacturers, the appliance companies, and the food processors sacrifice their skyrocketing prices? Will the oil companies sacrifice their special tax concessions? Will the loan companies and the banks sacrifice their recent rate increases on mortgages?

Or is the sacrificing all to come from the working people, some of whom already are being forced to sacrifice jobs and savings until new defense appropriations are made, or rockets replace aircraft on the assembly lines, and they are rescued from the ranks of the unemployed? Or is the sacrificing to be done by the people with fixed incomes whose small salaries and pensions shrink as prices spiral upward?

What about diplomacy and our friends overseas? Will winning the race to the moon solve Asia's economic problems? Will it feed Pakistan's landless villagers? Will it build hydroelectric dams in India? Will it bring self-government to the people of Kenya or the Belgian Congo? Will it end the terror in Algeria? Will it solve the question of Middle East oil? Will it set the slaves of Saudi Arabia free, bring free trade unions to Spain, protect freedom of the press in Formosa, or provide security from the police to the legislators of South Korea? Just who will be remembered and who forgotten as we race Russia into outer space?

During the days of our supposed preeminence in weapons, we felt that our “position of strength” made diplomacy unimportant. We became masters of “brinkmanship” which is another word for bluff and bluster with a loaded gun. Today, in the period of our supposed deficiency in weapons (it would take us all of three hours to wipe out every city in Russia) our “position of weakness” makes diplomacy impossible. We must play it tough until we can catch up.

At this rate when does diplomacy become possible? One day we are so strong we don't have to bargain. The next day we are so weak we cannot afford to. Where does this process lead?

And what about that troublesome word “morals”? What kind of morality is it where right and wrong are decided by the lastest rockets and the biggest warheads? If this is morality, what is immorality?

These are Sputnik's questions. But Sputnik, a man-made thing, can do no more than pose them, flinging them far out into space, and fly on. The answers must come from man himself, reached in terms of faith in God and belief in humanity and justice, which alone can provide the freedom and security that the people of the world are hungry for today.

Journey in Philadelphia
By PETER HILL

We care for the people that no one else will care for,” Mrs. Bringhurst said, and added, “There is no place for the truly helpless person in Philadelphia.” On caved-in couches and lined-up wooden benches sat some of the unwanteds of Philadelphia. They did not talk. They did not move, except for one man who raised and lowered his shoulders time after time. Here sat about twelve of the castaways of Philadelphia, men and women no one wants, not even the jails. They are not usually so diseased as to seriously endanger others, not usually so mad as to seriously threaten others, not so criminal as to be caged away, these the homeless and futureless, aching and sick, rejected and alone. But here these few, who represent hundreds or perhaps thousands like them in Philadelphia, were sheltered by three frail Christian women.

Peter Hill has studied at Pendle Hill, worked for a year with David Richie in the depressed areas of South Philadelphia, and is now studying and working at Wainwright House in Rye, N. Y., the retreat center of the Laymen's Movement for a Christian World.
One of the women, Mrs. Brinthurst, is old. She has been told by her doctor not to raise her arms above her head. If she did, it might strain her heart perilously. Her sister, who is older than she and more burdened by arthritis, is too enfeebled to help. But Mrs. McLean, a rounded, pleasant lady whose doctor will allow her to climb the stairs three times a day, assists in managing the shelter. For seventeen years Mrs. McLean has given time to St. Martin’s, and the Brinthurst sisters have given their lives and all they possess. The shelter is a three-story stone affair, a former school built in 1870, with the gutters long since rusted away, and many of the windows wearing blind patches of cardboard.

Mrs. Brinthurst told me of two very sick men whom, very recently, she had sought help for from the city hospitals. One of the two men suffered from severe chest pains and had a constant temperature of 103 degrees. After a clinic visit during which he waited seven hours for examination, he was given a token and told to find his own way back to the shelter. It was over three weeks more before the hospital would admit him, and it might have been longer, or never, had it not been for the repeated appeals of Mrs. Brinthurst. He lies in serious condition in a tuberculosis ward. The body of the other man was found in a city park. None of the Philadelphia institutions had taken effective interest in him despite Mrs. Brinthurst’s urgings.

On leaving Mrs. Brinthurst and Mrs. McLean, I walked to Seventh and Vine Streets. I stopped by a man who crouched on a doorstep. The whole front of his white shirt was bright red. “How were you hurt?” I asked him. “I begged money from a man in a car that stopped for a red light. He hit me in the mouth.” Half a block up the street, I saw another man sitting in a doorway, his head nodding between his knees. Drops of blood fell from his nostrils at intervals of a few seconds. He stared at me through filmy, vein-tangled eyes. Around his right eye an area the size of a small saucer was bruised purple. “Your nose is bleeding,” I said. “Someone hit me three days ago,” he replied. I asked him if he knew any doctor he could go to. He laughed softly, almost unbelieving that I should be so naive as to ask such a question. “No one thinks we are worth caring for that way.”

Men were lining up at Sixth and Vine. Soon the doors of purgatory, a large room with a pulpit and lined-up benches, would swing open. Here they would barter time for soup and bread.

I entered a lunchroom for a glass of milk. A man behind the counter told me that all the employees were alcoholics. My companion, an alcoholic, told me that alcoholics constantly lie. I said, “You can say you are anything here, and no one knows the difference.” He agreed, amused by his own situation. He had been traveling from skid row to skid row for nine years, hitchhiking and hopping freights between, taking this circuitous path to death.

I walked north from Vine Street through the jumble of factories, warehouses, railroads, and decaying two- and three-story tenements. I stepped up beside two boys who were peering through broken windows at shrieking animals. We were looking in upon the systematic killing that takes place in a slaughterhouse. One after another, fully conscious pigs were shackled by their hind legs, hoisted on a chain about fifteen feet to an overhead rail, and cut across the neck with a boning knife. They bled to death. It was many moments before each pig ceased its struggles. I had just read an article in which a scientist claimed to have shown that pigs have finer sensitivity and higher intelligence than dogs. Later I learned that some two hundred million sensible animals are slaughtered each year by this incredibly cruel method.

These victims of indifference, the helpless people and the helpless animals, were presented to me by chance, by fate, or by God all in one four-hour period. There is plenty of need for compassion here in the heartland of Quakerism.

Books

POINTING THE WAY. By Martin Buber; translated by Maurice S. Friedman. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1957. 239 pages. $4.50

This book of essays is remarkably in that each one has a central thought original, provocative, and timely. Although a philosopher, Martin Buber is at heart a poet, whose images lead on the reader to make his own discoveries. Although diverse in subject matter there is here an underlying unity, truth clear, simple, and profound—a truth that Buber is under compulsion to pass on.

He says, “The hope for this hour depends upon the renewal of dialogue,—real immediacy between men.” And again, “Those who build the great unknown front across mankind shall make it known by speaking unreservedly with one another, not overlooking what divides them, but determined to bear this division in common.” In very truth when you lay down this book you know that Martin Buber “feels on the palms of his hands the blood-warmth of togetherness.”

MARGARET M. CARY


This book contains selected readings from Genesis through Revelation, with reading and commentary for each day of the year. A very enlightening introduction aims to integrate both the Old and the New Testaments as the product of the life of “the people of God.” The Old Testament portrays a community limited by race; the New, a supraracial and supra-
December 28, 1957

FRIENDS JOURNAL

The service of a long-time Wilmington, Ohio, College professor and the generous support to the college by an industrial firm and an individual benefactor have been recognized by Wilmington College in the naming of three new buildings dedicated on the Quaker college campus.

Thirty-five years of service on the Wilmington College faculty by Dr. W. R. Pyle, professor of mathematics and physics, are being recognized by the College in the naming of the new student center as the Pyle Student Union. Dr. Pyle has been a leading force in the ten-year development of the permanent facilities on the campus. The center is an example of the Wilmington College student “self-help” spirit, for many hours of work were given by students during construction of the building.

A new four-story dormitory for men, the second building on the campus to be constructed with funds raised during the now renowned Kettering Challenge, will be known as Austin Hall, in honor of the late Dr. George McK. Austin, physician and scientist.

The Kettering Challenge was a campaign resulting from the challenge by Dr. Charles F. Kettering, world-renowned inventor and scientist, who pledged $100,000 to Wilmington College if it could raise an additional $800,000 among its friends, alumni, church, and community supporters; the fund was oversubscribed. The first building constructed with the funds so raised in the Kettering Challenge was Friends Hall, a dormitory for one hundred women.

The third building is an Armco Steelox building given to the College by the Armco, Inc., of Middletown, Ohio, to be used for college maintenance.

Three new attendance records were set in November by members of the Friends Peace Committee, Philadelphia. This Committee, whose history reaches back into the nineteenth century, now has 65 members; 44 were present at the regular meeting. Twenty persons attended the meeting of the Policy Subcommittee, which is now concentrating in the field of disarmament. Nine of the ten members of the Executive Board were present at the Board meeting. These figures reflect the increased interest in the Committee’s work, and the expansion of programs. In addition to membership on the Committee, each person also serves on a subcommittee or a special working party.

The 1957 Christmas greetings mailed by the American Friends Service Committee to Friends and supporters of its work is a reproduction of the painting The Peaceable Kingdom by Edward Hicks (1780–1849), the original of which is part of the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Collection at Williamsburg, Va. The front cover carries a prayer which Rufus M. Jones delivered at the close of the 1937 Friends World Conference.

As of January 1, 1958, “Friends Central Bureau,” at 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia 8, Pa., becomes “Yearly Meeting Office”—a name more exactly descriptive. The telephone number is Rittenhouse 6-8263.

The Women’s International League for Peace and Freedom announced in the December issue of Four Lights its Jane Addams Children’s Book Award for 1957—Blue Mystery by Margot Benary-Isbert, translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston, with illustrations by Enrico Arno (Har­court, Brace and Company, New York; price $2.95). The book is reported to be a sensitive and engaging story of an eleven-year-old and her family, friends, and pets, full of excitement and humor, that has met with the absorbed approval of at least one eleven-year-old.

Boutros I. Khoury, Headmaster of the Daniel and Emily Oliver School at Ras el Metn, Lebanon, expects to be in and about Philadelphia from the middle of January to the middle of March. During this visit, he will be available for talks before Friends’ groups or schools. Inquiries should be addressed to A. Douglas Oliver, Girard Trust Corn Exchange Bank, S. Penn Square, Philadelphia 2, Pa., through whose office the arrangements are being made.

Mr. Khoury accompanies his talks with colored slides of the school and of life in the Near East. In his work he travels extensively in Lebanon and Syria. Against the background of the present Near East situation, the school’s opportunities stand out impressively. The curriculum is being revised to include technical and vocational courses to fit its graduates for work as foremen and skilled mechanics in the oil and other industries now being developed in the Near East.

The old castle at Ras el Metn, which has housed the school for nearly half a century, was so badly damaged by an earthquake last spring that plans are under way to remove the school to a more convenient site in a nearby town.

During December, Boutros Khoury has been visiting friends of the school in the Middle West and in North Carolina. Early in January he plans to visit Friends in Canada, returning to Philadelphia by way of New England. After the completion of his American visit he is due to spend some time in England, where support originated for the work of Daniel and Emily Oliver in the Near East, and where there is keen interest in the school.

RICHARD R. WOOD

This year’s Religious Education Association Convention in Chicago proved to be a model of friendly inclusiveness. A richly robed choir of a hundred young people from a Lutheran parochial school sang a newly discovered primitive Negro spiritual to open the first general session on the evening of November 24. Catholic clergy in their formal gowns in their varied costumes, and professors from their universities were conspicuous for their creative cooperation in the great mass meetings as well as the sixteen specialized seminars held in the public rooms of the Palmer House. The most brilliant of all the papers presented had been prepared by Jewish rabbis and Hebrew scholars.

The Friends delegates included George Watson, Dean of Roosevelt University and Clerk of the 57th Street Meeting in Chicago; J. Floyd Moore from the faculty of Guilford College, N. C.; and Catharine Cain, Secretary for Christian Education.
for the Five Years Meeting headquarters in Richmond, Ind.

But the Friend who will be remembered as really representing us was Kenneth Boulding, Professor of Social Science at the University of Michigan and a member of the Ann Arbor Meeting. His newest book, *The Image*, had sounded the keynote for the convention theme, “The Images of Man in Current Culture.” His address at the opening session will be long remembered by seven hundred listeners, and will be eagerly read when it appears in full in the next number of the *Religious Education Journal*. So important was his thought that the Friends General Conference has arranged to handle orders for special single copies of the issue containing it, plus the full account of the proceedings of the convention, at $1.00 a copy, to all who mail in their paid requests to the Religious Education Secretary, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia 2, Pa.

**Bernard Clausen**

**Southwest Conference**

The Friends Southwest Conference was held again this year at Camp Cho-yeh, in Livingston, Tex., on November 29-December 1, 1957. Fifty-five Friends from Austin, Dallas, and Houston, Tex., New Orleans, La., and Oklahoma City, Okla., were present. Baton Rouge, La., and Lafayette and Little Rock, Ark., were not represented. Spahr Hull, High School Secretary for the Middle Atlantic Region of the American Friends Service Committee, was in charge of the teen-age program and Jean Fairfax, who was in this region at the time, attended and spoke to us.

The theme of the Conference was “A Call to Action for Peace.” Spahr Hull spoke on the topic “Disarmament through Peace Education.” Warner Kloepfer, a geneticist from Tulane, spoke on “Fallout and Your Children,” and Kenneth Carroll’s topic was “Faith and Practice for Peace.” Interesting reports of the Pendle Hill summer session and the Wilmington Conference were given by members who had attended them.

Concerns were expressed about disarmament and peace, also about the cessation of the H-bomb tests. Two letters were drafted on these subjects to be sent to the President and others. An Epistle, the first from the Conference, was prepared and will be sent to the several Yearly Meetings.

The forming of a Yearly Meeting was discussed, but members felt they were not ready for the step at this time. A committee was named to study the possibility and report at the next meeting.

Kenneth Carroll was named Clerk of the Conference for the coming year.

**Lida G. Helson, Clerk**

**Letters to the Editor**

*Letters are subject to editorial revision if too long. Anonymous communications cannot be accepted.*

Recently a Friend introduced me with the words: “V.P., a refugee professor….” After almost twenty years in this country, working and raising my family here, I feel I “belong,” while the term “refugee” has the connotation of being here only on sufferance. Experience has taught me that if “all life is sewed up in a bundle” national boundaries are too small. But the term “refugee,” while barring one from the unity of the host country, does not put one into the world but rather back into the old country, where one would “rightfully belong.” I would not write this letter if the incident were an isolated occurrence, but both personally and with regard to other “new Americans” I find all too often this adherence to the past. In professional circles, however, I have never heard reference to a former refugee status in introductions or conversations.

This letter is written in the hope that Friends and others who are “birthright Americans” may see that, certainly unknowingly and unintentionally, they are touching here on a point of sensitivity of many “Americans by convocation.”

**Neshanic Station, N. J.**

**VICTOR PASCHKIS**

I read with deep interest and appreciation the editorial “Our Religious Revival” in the *Friends Journal* of November 16. There can be no question that as far as the teachings of Jesus are concerned our churches (all denominations), have largely failed to reach the hearts of their congregations. The indifference in the church has its counterpart in the political field; we boast of our “great country,” but half of us are not sufficiently interested in its welfare on election day to go to the polls. We do contribute from our surplus to relief, but we offer no practical solution for the problems and misery of the poor. We must remember that it was these to whom Jesus poured out his love; they were the chief concern of his ministry while here on earth.

If Christ should come again, in our time, as a poor carpenter, it is very likely that within a few days he would be in jail, and he would be fortunate indeed if he did not find another Pilate and another cross.

**Gisco, Tex.**

**W. B. STARR**

**BIRTHS**

**ADAE**—On December 8, in Chattanooga, Tenn., to Frank R. and Betty Lou Adae of Signal Mountain, Tenn., a daughter, REBECCA JANE ADAE. Her parents are members of the Eden Avenue Meeting, Cincinnati, Ohio, and associated with the independent Friends group in Chattanooga. Her maternal grandparents, Douglas L. and Rebecca Lane Parker, are members of Wilmington, Ohio, Monthly Meeting.

**FORSYTHE**—On November 30, to Susan Emmott and Jesse Garrett Forsythe, Jr., their first child, JESSIE GARRETT FORSYTHE, III. His mother is a member of Providence Monthly Meeting, Pa., and his father of Media Monthly Meeting, Pa. He is the second grandson of Walter Gordon and Miriam Stackhouse Emmott of Providence Monthly Meeting and the third grandson of Jesse Garrett and Emma Thorp Forsythe of Media Monthly Meeting.

**Coming Events**

(Calendar events for the date of issue will not be included if they have been listed in a previous issue.)

**DECEMBER**

28 to January 1—Pendle Hill Midwinter Institute, “The Holy Spirit and the Meeting for Worship.” For program and registration write: Secretary, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pa.

29—Planning Committee, 1956 American Friends Race Relations Conference, in the meeting house, Race Street west of 15th (entrance 148 North 15th Street), upstairs, 1:30 p.m. Interested Friends welcome, especially Young Friends of high school and college age and those from outside the Philadelphia area. Philadelphia area Friends check with Florence Kite, Rittenhouse 6-4175. Bring ideas for Conference theme, lecture and discussion topics, speakers and resource people, methods of selecting conferees.

JANUARY

5—New York Meeting, Open House, in the cafeteria of the meeting house, 221 East 15th Street, New York, 3:30 to 6:30 p.m. About 4:15 Barbara Heizman will speak on Ceylon, where she recently spent a year. All invited.

5—Frankford Friends Forum, at the meeting house, Unity and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia, 3 p.m.: Donald Grant, “Dynamic Forces Transform the World.” Donald Grant, a Scotsman, has been traveling throughout the world and lecturing for thirty years.

5—Philadelphia Young Friends Fellowship, supper for college age and older, at 1515 Cherry Street, 6 p.m. At 7:15 Leon Rabbin will speak on “How Strong Is Your Belief in Democracy?”

REGULAR MEETINGS

ARIZONA

PHOENIX—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., 15th Street and Glendale Avenue, James Dewees, Clerk, 1928 West Mitchell.

TUCSON—Friends Meeting, 129 North Warren Avenue. Worship, First-days at 11 a.m. Clerk, Johnny A. Salyer, 145 East Fifth Street; Tucson 2-3262.

CALIFORNIA

CLAREMONT—Friends meeting, 9:30 a.m. on Scripps campus, 10th and Columbia. For further information call Herbert Golding, Clerk, 715 East 4th Street.

LA JOLLA—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m., at the Meeting House, 7550 Edits Avenue. Visitors call GL 4-7877.

LOS ANGELES—Unprogrammed worship, 11 a.m., Sunday, 932 W. 36 St.; RE 2-5480.

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

SAN FRANCISCO—Meetings for worship. First-days, 11 a.m., 1830 Sutter Street.

COLORADO

DENVER—Mountain View Meeting. Children’s meeting, 10 a.m., meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. at 2029 South Williams. Clerk, WE 4-0224.

CONNECTICUT

HARTFORD—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. at the Meeting House, 144 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON—The Friends Meeting of Washington, 211 Florida Avenue, N. W., one block from Connecticut Avenue, First-days at 9 a.m. and 11 a.m.

FLORIDA

DAYTONA BEACH—Social Room, Congregational Church, 261 Volusia Avenue. Worship, 3 p.m., first and third Sundays; monthly meeting, Fourth-Friday each month, 7:30 p.m. Clerk, Charles T. Moon, Church address.

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

JACKSONVILLE—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m., Y.W.C.A. Board Room. Telephone 893-4435.

MIA—Meeting for worship at Y.W.C.A., 114 S.E. 4th Street, 11 a.m., 10 a.m. Clerk, Miriam Toepel, Clerk, T 8-6859.

ORLANDO-WINTER PARK—Worship, 11 a.m., in the Meeting House at 216 East Marks St., Orlando. Telephone MIL 7-9265.

PARK BEACH—Friends Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 812 South Lakeside Drive, Lake Worth.

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

ILLINOIS

CHICAGO—The 67th Street Meeting of all Friends. Sunday worship hour, 11 a.m. at Quaker House, 3610 W. 36th Street. Monthly meeting (following 6 p.m. supper there) every first Friday. Telephone Butlerfield 8-3906.

DOWNERS GROVE (suburban Chicago)—Meeting and First-day school, 10:30 a.m., 1800 Quaker Lane, 1400 Maple Avenue.

INDIANA

EVANSVILLE—Friends Meeting of Evansville, meeting for worship, First-days, 10:45 a.m. CST, YMCA. For lodging or transportation call Herbert Golding, Clerk, EA 6-5171 (evenings and week ends, GR 7-7770).

IOWA

DES MOINES—Friends Meeting. 2540 Third Street, South entrance. Worship, 10 a.m.; classes, 11 a.m.

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS—Friends meeting each Sunday. For information telephone UN 1-3262 or TW 7-2179.

MASSACHUSETTS

AMHERST—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., Old Chapel, Univ. of Mass.; AL 3-5900.

CAMBRIDGE—Meeting for worship each First-day at 9:30 a.m. and 11 a.m., 5 Longfellow Park (near Harvard Square). Telephone 5-5902.

WORCESTER—Pleasant Street Friends Meeting, 901 Pleasant Street. Meeting for worship each First-day, 11 a.m. Telephone PL 4-8887.

MINNESOTA

MINNEAPOLIS—Friends Meeting, 41st Street and York Avenue South. First-day school, 11 a.m. Telephone GR 3-6267.

MISSOURI

KANSAS CITY—Fenn Valley Meeting, 306 West 9th Street. Unprogrammed worship at 10:45 a.m. each Sunday. For information call HA 1-8328.

ST. LOUIS—Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m., 2338 Rockford Avenue, Rock Hill. For information call TA 2-0378.

NEW JERSEY

DOVER—Randolph Meeting House, Quaker Church Road. First-day school, 11 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m. Telephone 2-9797.

MANASQUAN—First-day school, 10 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m. Route 35 at Manasquan Circle. Walter Longstreet, Clerk.

NEW MEXICO

SANTA FE—Meeting for worship each First-day, 11 a.m. at 1700 Galleria Mexican, 551 Canyon Road, Santa Fe, Sylvia Loomis, Clerk.

NEW YORK

ALBANY—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. at T.M.C.A., 232 State Street; telephone Albany 8-4243.

BUFFALO—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11 a.m., at 1272 Delaware Avenue; telephone EL 6292.

LONG ISLAND—Manhasset Meeting, Northern Boulevard at Shelter Rock Road. First-day school, 8 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

NEW YORK—Meetings each Sunday, 11 a.m., First-day school, 11 a.m., 218 Florida Union.

WASHINGTON—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11 a.m., 218 Florida Union.

Saratoga Springs—United meeting for worship October—April: 221 East 15th Street May—September: 44 East 26th Street.

SYRACUSE—Meeting and First-day school at 11 a.m. each First-day at Huntington Neighborhood House, 612 Almond Street.

OHIO

CINCINNATI—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m., 3001 Victory Parkway. Telephone Edwin Moon, Clerk, at JC 1-4984.

CLEVELAND—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m., 1611 Magnolia Drive. Telephone TU 4-2995.

PENNSYLVANIA

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

LANCASTER—Meeting house, Tulane Terrace, 1/2 mile west of Lancaster, off U.S. 30. Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m.

PHILADELPHIA—Meetings for worship are held at 10:30 a.m. unless otherwise noted. For information about First-day schools telephone Friends Central Bureau, Rittenhouse 6-2625.

SOUTHERN PENNSYLVANIA—Meeting house, Tula ne Terrace, 1/2 mile west of Lancaster, off U.S. 30. Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m.

STATE COLLEGE—218 South Atherton Street. First-day school at 11 a.m., meeting for worship at 10:45 a.m.
PUERTO RICO

SAN JUAN—Meeting for worship on the second and last Sunday at 11 a.m., Evangelical Seminary in Rio Piedras. Visitors may call 2-3664.

TENNESSEE

MEMPHIS—Meeting for worship each Sunday at 9:30 a.m. Clerk, Esther McCandless; Jackson 3-3765.

TEXAS

AUSTIN—Meeting for worship, Sunday, 11 a.m., 407 West 27th Street. Clerk, John Barrow, GR 2-5322.

DALLAS—Worship, Sunday, 10:30 a.m.

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SALT LAKE CITY—Meeting for worship, First-day, 9:30 a.m., 232 University Street.

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