

FRIENDS JOURNAL

A Quaker Weekly

VOLUME 4

DECEMBER 13, 1958

NUMBER 45

IN THIS ISSUE

Big Christmas

..... by Mildred Binns Young

Village Christmas

..... by Natalie Pierce Kent

The Little Inn and Its Keeper

..... by Ellis W. Bacon

Letter from London

... by Horace P.
Pointing

Poetry

by Dorothy M.
Williams, Sam
Bradley, and
Alice M. Swaim



—Johann Baemler, c. 1500

***J**UST for a few hours on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day the stupid, harsh mechanism of the world runs down, and we permit ourselves to live according to untrammelled common sense, the unconquerable efficiency of good will. We grant ourselves the complete and selfish pleasure of loving others better than ourselves. Just for a few hours we "purge out of every heart the lurking grudge." We know then that hatred is a form of illness; that suspicion and pride are only fear; that the rascally acts of others are perhaps, in the queer webwork of human relations, due to some callousness of our own.*

—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

\$4.50 A YEAR

FRIENDS JOURNAL



Published weekly, except during July and August when published biweekly, at 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia 2, Pennsylvania (Rittenhouse 6-7669)
By Friends Publishing Corporation

WILLIAM HUBBEN
Editor and Manager

MILDRED A. PURNELL
Assistant Editor

MYRTLE M. WALLEN
Advertisements

FREIDA L. SINGLETON
Subscriptions

CONTRIBUTING CORRESPONDENTS

RICHARD R. WOOD, Philadelphia

Africa.....Maurice Webb, Durban
England.....Horace B. Pointing, London
Joan Hewitt, London
Germany.....Lottelore Roloff, Berlin
India.....Benjamin Polk, Calcutta
Japan.....Hilary Conroy, Tokyo
Lebanon.....Calvin W. and Gwendolyn Schwabe, Beirut
Scandinavia.....Ole Olden, Stavanger, Norway
Switzerland.....Robert J. Leach, Geneva
Turkey.....William L. Nute, Jr., Ankara
Lake Erie Association.....Winthrop M. Leeds, Pittsburgh
Midwest (Five Years).....Russell E. Rees, Richmond
New England.....Thomas R. Bodine, Hartford
West Coast.....Ferner Nuhn, Claremont, Calif.

BOARD OF MANAGERS

1956-1959: Howard H. Brinton, Sarah P. Brock, Ruth O. Maris, Margaret L. Matthews, Lawrence McK. Miller, Jr.
1957-1960: Mary R. Calhoun, Eleanor S. Clarke, Barbara L. Curtis, Arthur M. Dewees, Irving Hollingshead, Emily C. Johnson, Elizabeth H. Kirk. 1958-1961: Carol F. Brainerd, Daniel D. Test, Jr., Anne Wood, Mildred B. Young.
THE JOURNAL ASSOCIATES are friends who add five dollars or more to their subscriptions annually to help meet the over-all cost of publication.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: United States, possessions, Canada, and Mexico: \$4.50 a year, \$2.50 for six months. Foreign countries: \$5.00 a year. Single copies: fifteen cents. Checks should be made payable to Friends Journal. Sample copies sent on request.

Second Class Postage Paid at Philadelphia, Pa.

Contents

	Page
Poetry	722
Editorial Comments	723
Big Christmas—Mildred Binns Young	724
Village Christmas—Natalie Pierce Kent	726
The Little Inn and Its Keeper—Ellis W. Bacon	728
A Lamb and a Star (poem)—Dorothy M. Williams..	728
Letter from London—Horace B. Pointing	728
The AFSC Material Aids Program	729
Books	730
Friends and Their Friends	730
Letters to the Editor	731

Poetry

Carol for Lambs

By DOROTHY M. WILLIAMS

Hark to the carol for lambs
In the meadow of Christmas morning.
Tenderly, love's shepherd boy
Lifts up his song of caring

To carol for the wandering lambs.
He gathers them lonely, inviting
Their lost and hesitant feet
To follow a heavenly piping.

Child in the manger, lie gently
As new lambs lean close to you, listening
For winds running deep in green pastures
And the call of a shepherd boy blowing.

Child in the manger, rest, knowing
This day is the birthday of loving.

Starshine

By ALICE M. SWAIM

Christmas is love and the chance to show it,
Christmas is joy and the grace to know it,
Christmas is memory, hope, and desire,
Loving hearts at peace round a glowing fire.

Christmas is starshine in every man's sky,
Laughter and wonder in every child's eye,
Shepherds and angels caroling clear,
Heaven come down for a moment each year.

Who Comes to Fulfill?

By SAM BRADLEY

Eight-pointed, perfect, double-imaged Star,
Waken a savior: we need now a Child
Born of our love. And God, be reconciled
Unto our love, a vast responding choir.
O miracles, be bells! let nothing mar
Our carol: be heaven willing to a wild
Rejoicing—not to cease! God's Self has smiled:
Crosses must cease, and this vain hurt of war.

And His peace come. This day, this star, herald all
Plurals resolved, and we may hear the truth
Told simply, as by shepherds come to praise.
O hills, kneel down. And jealous nations, fall!
Let not the Herod-swords destroy our youth;
Let mercy—O please, God!—cloak all our ways!

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Successor to *THE FRIEND* (1827-1955) and *FRIENDS INTELLIGENCER* (1844-1955)

ESTABLISHED 1955

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 13, 1958

VOL. 4—No. 45

Editorial Comments

No Old-Fashioned Christmas

EVEN the most conservative will admit, if only in the silence of their hearts, that the celebration of an old-fashioned Christmas "as though nothing had happened" is no longer given to us. This is the stark truth in spite of the traditional paraphernalia that embellish the holidays with the beauty we would never want lost. Candlelight, the Christmas tree, Christmas songs, and family giving of meaningful presents—these we must never omit. We must never allow the plastic commercialism of our stores to obliterate the simple and telling deeds of this season's warmth, joy, and love. No new geophysical discoveries must ever be allowed to dim the radiance of the Bethlehem star. No Russian or United States sputniks circling our globe can ever arouse more than a strange mixture of fear and wonder, while the Bethlehem star continues in majestic continuity to send its message, without benefit or hindrance of science, geography, or political boundaries. Our children may clamor for space suits and shoot off space missiles in quantities even more liberal than our well-heeled generals can afford. Yet they want the mythical star of Bethlehem preserved as stubbornly as the scientists, about whose readiness again to favor religion and faith one hears such astounding stories.

Christmas has not remained untouched by the circumstances surrounding us. Our fears have become persistent, if not greater, and our joys have become tempered. Gone is the old Christmas formula of men living on earth while in the heavens angels proclaim peace to those of good will, and a single star dominates all others. Suddenly, and too fast for our comprehension, the cosmos has become an area of history, and stars have assumed a metallic, if not hostile, radiance. We have been reminded that they are uncounted light years away, that new galaxies are being discovered, and that those nebulous heavenly mists are innumerable milky ways, fantastically vast systems of unfathomable dimensions—and all this we have learned in a too rapid sequence of time. Our longing to see, explore, and exploit has aroused our boldest desires. And now we are shooting off missiles to circle the moon or possibly remote starry systems. One living being, the Russian dog Laika, was lifted into the cosmos, to die the loneliest death ever experienced by any living creature. Other animals will fol-

low, and there will be no shortage of men and women volunteering to be catapulted into space, either to live or die somewhere up there. As the old juxtaposition of heaven and earth is gone, the old-fashioned Christmas has also disappeared. Should we regret it? Was there not in it a bit too much sentimentality or naïveté of the kind that fails to evoke an act of commitment? Has not Christmas been also too much of a feast of commemoration instead of a season of rededication? W. H. Auden, the poet so eminently capable of reflecting modern man's skeptical indifference and coldness, writes in his ironic poem "After Christmas":

To do more than entertain it as an agreeable
Possibility, once again we have sent Him away,
Begging though to remain His disobedient servant,
The promising child who cannot keep His word for
long.

How long will the child keep his promise? Is the appearance of entirely new astronomical worlds a first threat to the monopoly of the Bethlehem star? Is it a warning to us to become at long last men of good will before we get ready to visit the lawless regions of space? Do we not perhaps need an ultimate reminder to heed the vision because we may not be able to count on it again twelve months from now? Should our vision not be at long last more than an agreeable possibility?

This, then, is our cosmic picture: the Bethlehem star is assuming a prophetic rank greater than ever. Its magnetism is becoming stronger as we are beginning to feel at home elsewhere in the cosmos. And as we return to its mild radiance, we appreciate and understand its message more than ever without computing machines, launching bases, and telescopes. We know that the promise of peace was given only to men of good will. Now, without delay, as the worlds around and above us move closer hour by hour, we must become such men.

In Brief

There are about 500 Protestant colleges in the United States, of which 375 are church-related and 125 independent. Enrollment in 1956 was about 450,000 students. There are also 265 Roman Catholic and five Jewish colleges.

Big Christmas

By MILDRED BINNS YOUNG

FROM the sixteen Christmas seasons that we spent among very poor people in the South, I have remembered two often-repeated phrases. The first, an after-Christmas greeting, was always said by the better-off people who had cash income to spend. It was on their lips wherever they met just after Christmas: "Did you have a big Christmas?" The other saying, which came from the poorest people and oftenest from the Negroes, was in reply to our own pre-Christmas wishes to them. They said: "Us ain' got nuthin' t' make Christmas with." At that, it wasn't much that it took to be enough to make Christmas with—a dozen eggs so Mama could "cook us a cake," or maybe a bag of oranges (for, though few Americans realize it, there are places in our rich country where Christmas is oranges, and oranges are only for Christmas).

These two sayings have made me meditate on what, by the middle of the twentieth century, we have made out of Christmas. The question, "Did you have a big Christmas?" never meant: Did you have a Christmas that was big with hope, big with meaning, big with reverent rejoicing, thankfulness, or new consecration? It meant: How many gifts (and how fine were they?), how many guests at your table, how much cooking and eating, how far and how fast did you travel in order to spend Christmas somewhere else?

On the other side were the people who did not even attempt any celebration because they did not have what they believed it takes to make Christmas: cash to spend at the stores, lights, holiday food (at least oranges), gayly wrapped parcels to open. "Us ain't got nuthin' t' make Christmas with."

Yet the biggest Christmas ever had or held was made without any of these things. Even the inn—no doubt a miserable place enough—was full, and Christmas had to be held in the stable. Later, it is said, there were songs, and lights (at least one star), and even gifts: gold, frankincense, and myrrh. But it wasn't the song and the star and the gifts that made Christmas; those came because Christmas had already been made.

Somewhere we went astray in our commemoration of the night at Bethlehem, so that now Christmas is a matter for the shopkeepers. Looking for a "big Christmas," we rush into the shops (earlier each year, if we are prudent), and buy the best things we can get together the money for (or charge them on the bill and wait until January to face that), and give them to the very people who don't need

them; or we cook rich food and invite people who are not hungry, and sit down and feast with them.

And this is the standard Christmas, the season of things and noise, of crowds rushing from hither to yon, of hurried postal clerks; the season of overspending the budget, and overeating, and forgetting our brothers, who, discouraged by the spectacle of the standard Christmas, go about their stunted lives, leaving themselves out of the celebration, saying, "Us ain' got nuthin' t' make Christmas with."

They are the ones who have been crowded out of all the best places; now they have been crowded out of Christmas because it has become something they cannot afford. The Christmas trees have got taller and taller, the lights on the suburban lawns have grown blinding, the municipal garlands have become ever more garish, up earlier, strung up thicker, and the programs in the proliferating churches more elaborate. The carols that sounded so sweet when played on simple instruments and sung by old and young, deafen us for a week at a time from loud speakers and bell towers, and from radio and TV sets in every room. They ding their commonplace way into our subconscious layers, between cigarettes and soap, or as we haggle in the markets, pushing our way to the counters, stepping on toes.

Is there no one, not even the poor, to call us back to the silent night, the holy night at the inn?

The German poet, Rilke, in a letter once on Christmas Eve, wrote: "It is so truly the mystery of the kneeling man: his being greater, by his spiritual nature, than he who stands! which is celebrated in this night. He who kneels, who gives himself wholly to kneeling, loses indeed the measure of his surroundings; even looking up he would no longer be able to say what is great and what is small."

He who kneels at the manger really kneels, forgets the "big Christmas" in joy and wonder. He who kneels there, really kneels, is unaware of his station in life, or of the greatness or smallness of his gifts and possessions. Did not the shepherds and the princes, the carpenter, and even the dumb beasts kneel side by side? At the manger, really at the manger, and "all kneeling," there is no great vs. small, no rich vs. poor, no wise vs. simple, no multiplicity of races, none who gives a little out of his surplus while another in his need can but accept. At the manger all are receivers. There is one Gift, the same for each, enough for all.

Perhaps, if we have spoiled Christmas, it is because we have loitered too long at the manger, sentimentalizing rather than kneeling, and so have failed to look beyond it and to come face to face, not with the Child, but with the

Mildred Binns Young and her husband, Wilmer Young, Friends, are living at Pendle Hill. For many years they were engaged in a Southern rehabilitation project. Out of these experiences grew Mildred B. Young's Pendle Hill Pamphlet, *Insured by Hope*.

Man who strides straight into the heart of life in the first chapter of Mark.

In those days Jesus came from Nazareth . . . was baptized by John . . . a voice came from heaven, "Thou art . . ." . . . the Spirit immediately drove him out into the wilderness . . . came into Galilee preaching . . . saw Simon and Andrew. . . "Follow me. . ." . . . went into Capernaum . . . entered the synagogue and taught . . . as one who had authority . . . " . . . commands even the unclean spirits" . . . entered the house where Simon's mother-in-law lay sick . . . lifted her up, and the fever left her . . . healed many who were sick. . . And in the morning, a great while before day, he rose and went out to a lonely place, and there he prayed.

The kneeling man, the man who with all that there is of him, has knelt at the manger, must rise and confront that Other, that kneeling, praying Man who taught with that authority. The manger, separated from the teaching and the sacrifice and without submission to their demand, can only lead to sentimentality, to irrelevance, and then to the worm eating at the heart of religious life.

We do not know exactly what Jesus said; his words have come to us distorted and out of context. But that they mean something, meant something to those who crowded about him, have meant something to millions since, and mean something now, and not just something to hear but something to do, this we know. The ring of command is unmistakable, and so is the authority of the certainty. Power is here, power that we have barely tapped, not even so much as we have already tapped the unmeasured power in the atom.

We are told that he said: *So if you are offering your gift at the altar, and there remember that your brother has something against you. . .* (What could my brother have against me? Have I not done this, that, and the other, and all of them good works?)

We are told that he said: *Lay not up for yourselves. . .* (For our children, then? Or does he mean that we should spend as fast as we get, so that the wheels of industry may turn?)

We are told that he said: *I do not say to you seven times, but seventy times seven. . .* (And the rich young ruler was not the only one who went away sorrowful.)

We are told that he said: *So the last will be first, and the first last . . . and whoever would be great among you must be your servant. . .* (Public servant, servant of the Lord, servant of the State,—but *servant*? And who is this last that shall be first, and who this first that shall be last?)

We are told that he said: *. . . the gate is narrow and the way is hard, that leads to life. . .* (But today's ways are broad ways and well-traveled, whether or not they lead to life. Sometimes they are hard ways enough.)

These still-unmastered—nay, these still-unstudied—lessons, this still-unharnessed power, this still-untrodden Way, these are the meaning of Christmas. This is the "big Christmas," big with the future of man in his common life toward God. And there is not one of us, no sinner, no black man or white, no potentate or preacher, no drunkard, no widow with (or without) a mite to cast in, no egoist, no mountebank or demagogue, no laborer in the vineyard, or outside it, no rich man or king or child, no old man and no young man, none of us all, who has not what it takes to make this a "big Christmas." The provision he needs is the seed already planted in every human heart, which makes it capable of growing upward, rejoicingly, into the life of God.

The prayer of prayers at Christmas is: "Be born in us today." Be born in us, not as a babe making no claim upon us except to our tenderness, but be born in us as the calling, exhorting, commanding, healing, and saving (if we are to be saved) utmost Man of the Gospel.



HOW hard it is for us who have everything to accept the Gift once given! When the skies sing with the prophecy, "Unto you a Son is given!" we are embarrassed. Have we indeed been lacking such a Son? When the heavenly host shouts, "Unto you is born this day a Saviour!" our unspoken response may be: Unto me? But I already have all I need. Can something still be missing?

It is similarly hard for us to accept the Gift from a primitive, preurban, preindustrial culture in days when we secretly believe our own culture is by far the highest. Can "have-nots" really be a blessing to "haves"? Yes: it was from among chauvinistic, border-raiding Palestinian Jews that Truth arose. Yes: it was by One born in a back-country stable that there came good news to lift from death to life even a steel-hard, atom-bombing civilization.

In the spirit of the season, it may be that God's "most practical gift" to us is humility to know that we do not, in fact, have everything: we live daily by His grace and not by our heaped-up possessions. Here is the Gift most "original," the most "ingenious," most personally costly of all. Only the humbled heart, too, looks for it breathlessly among all God's people, expecting the Gift to be given anywhere—especially through those who have nothing else to give.—KIRKRIDGE CONTOUR, December, 1956

Village Christmas

By NATALIE PIERCE KENT

AT Christmas in 1949 my husband and I were working in Germany with the American Friends Service Committee, living in the International Refugee Organization's Children's Village in Bad Aibling, between Munich and Salzburg. The Village was, in the time of which I write, the stopping place for 500 displaced boys and girls, month-old babies to 21-year-old youths.

The stores in Germany that year were not filled with ornaments and toys, so we could not shop. Nor could we climb to any attic to fetch the treasured boxes holding the accumulation of Christmases gone by. Christmas began in August for those of us who started then to write letters to all the people we had ever known and even ones we scarcely knew, asking for the makings of a holiday.

As December came to the Village, there was still no snow except on the highest slopes of the Alps, where it had been all summer and all fall. Everywhere in the bleak, echoing corridors, in the bare bedrooms with their narrow cots and wooden stools, it was looking more like Christmas. In every bedroom stood a Christmas tree, sometimes small, sometimes up to the ceiling. One and all had been chopped down by the boys and dragged there from the woods outside the Village fence. Every tree hung heavy with handmade ornaments, colored chains and shiny bells cut from aluminum foil sent from American grocery stores. Packaged icicles from America had been carefully counted and divided so that each child had four strands for his Christmas tree.

Sorka, the Kalmuk boy who had lived six years in refugee camps and had still no hope of moving on because his skin was dark, his features Oriental, and his religion Buddhist, painted a head of Santa Claus for the door of the room he shared with the Russian Niki. A friendly Santa it was, too, with round face, red hat, and thick white beard, but a Santa without mirth, without, one was certain, the kind of laughter that was belly-shaking.

The dining halls were crisscrossed with red streamers and camouflaged with branches of green. Even the policeman at the gate had a little tree attached to the red and white railroadlike barrier he raised each time a car came or went from this former Luftwaffe camp. In the middle of the great field, visible to all the barracks, including the nursery, once the Nazi officers' quarters, stood the biggest tree of all, resplendent in each night's darkness, boasting

the only string of electric Christmas tree lights in the Village.

One damp Thursday in this holiday time, several grammar school classes from a school for American Occupation children arrived in buses to visit. They came to hear our children sing "Silent Night" in English and to sing themselves "O Christmas Tree" in German. The Americans, though self-assured, seemed uneasy in their performance, feeling perhaps with what intent gazes they were being watched. There had always been Americans in the Village, but rarely an American child. Now here were whole rows of them, alive and singing. Whispers about the "amerikanische Kinder" raced through the rooms. To be an American child, or at least to be a child in America, was the dream of many in those days of waiting.

At lunch the American children filled nearly two of the dining rooms, our children eating in hurried shifts around them. The Village fare that day was good: meat, usually found only in soup as a taste, not a substance; gravy, potatoes, cabbage, black bread, and Ersatz coffee with powdered milk, all served as usual in the tin, partitioned eating trays and eaten with the familiar utensil, a fork at one end and a spoon at the other. The guests busied themselves opening metal lunch boxes, spreading the contents on the tables. They drank orange juice from glass jars, ate ham between thin slices of buttered white bread, and finished up with oranges or bananas and cookies. Most Village children under ten had never, except in pictures, seen a banana, and white bread was a novelty to all. Some visitors shared cookies or fruit with their hosts, and more of them would undoubtedly have done so had it occurred to them that such everyday lunchbox fare could have interest.

We, the grownup ones, who stood along the sidelines among the children awaiting a place to eat, were questioned: "Are they all American?" "Do they all speak English?" "Will they go back to America?" Henry, seventeen and Polish, stood quietly watching; then he quietly asked, "Do they all have mothers and fathers?"

A great shyness overcame our little girls, usually so full of talk. Malvina, a Rumanian girl who could speak fluently four languages, including Hebrew, resolved to converse in her fifth language, English. Carefully she rehearsed what she would say, and then approached a girl her own size. Her words were spoken with a voice so small that she was either not heard or not understood, and the strange little girl moved on, never knowing that Malvina was there.

Natalie Pierce Kent is a former social worker. She, her husband, Orlo Kent (who is a graduate student at Cornell), and their four children live at Ithaca, N. Y., and are members of Ithaca Monthly Meeting.

From the dining room the American teachers led their charges by twos in columns to inspect the Village. These stylishly slim teachers aroused the interest of the displaced adults here, where one ate bread and potatoes and became fat but never full, where dieting was unheard of and to be well-fed of great importance. At lunch Mama Anna whispered, "American women really are as thin as in the magazines. Some look as though they have the great hunger!"

The Village children, even the oldest boys, gathered in subdued groups around the grounds, just looking, as the guests strode confidently along the sidewalks. I joined three small girls standing at the edge of a walk, eyes wide with staring. All three were Polish girls, all yellow-haired, all blue-eyed, all wearing—and this I had scarcely noticed before that day—long brown stockings, wrinkled at the knees, and thick, ill-fitting coats made from United States Army uniforms. We walked together, the girls pointing out cowboy boots, bright plaid skirts, colored socks, and shiny patent leather shoes. "American children are so pretty," whispered Ursula, lovely in her olive drab. "And all the girls have curly hair!"

As we neared the sleeping quarters, the girls, flattered that their rooms would be visited, ran in ahead of the guests, certain that now at last they had something wonderful to show. These girls were part of the smallest Village group, the Six-to-Teners—smallest because Six-to-Teners were the children born in wartime when births were few and survivors fewer. These were the children who, lost, abandoned, surviving in the ruins of war, had at last been found. Now, four years after war's end, for the first time in their lives they were settled where there was the certainty of heat in winter and beds for sleeping. Always proud of their bedrooms, they were especially so at this time, when they had displayed with such care their four strands of tinfoil, had made angels for their evergreen branches and tiny paper crèches for their radiator tops.

The well-disciplined columns of school children filed in and out of buildings and bedrooms, orderly and politely curious. The teachers' high-heeled shoes clicked and clacked and echoed through the halls; the teachers' voices told the children to stop pushing or they would have to return to the buses.

One cannot know what these groups of children, separated by barriers of language and experience, communicated to one another that day. The American children, it seemed, had no idea of what this place with the stone buildings, as long as a city block and three stories high, and the many children, quiet and staring, were all about. The Village children were at least as baffled by these outsiders, about whose coming they had been so excited, in

whose presence they suffered such agonies of shyness and unsatisfied curiosity. All sensed, no doubt, some distance, some difference, but what and how great that distance was, they had no way of knowing.

A few of us there knew, at least a little. We were the ones who had started as one of these carefully dressed, well-chaperoned children. We had filed in and out of neat, red-brick school buildings, had been well-nourished, prudently trained, secure in the rightness of our way, unmindful there could be another. We had slept at night in rooms with curtains at the windows and had been tucked comfortably into beds made with sheets. Now we were here, too. Not that we could ever comprehend what being a child here could mean. But we had lived here awhile in this place, where 500 children were termed by the books at headquarters, the rules of the United Nations, "Unaccompanied." These few syllables signified that they had come here alone and would have no one to go with them whenever and wherever they might go. We were the ones who could see, as some few like Henry saw, or almost saw, that it was not having permanently waved hair and bananas that mattered. What mattered was having someone who cared whether these things were had or not had.

In the weeks of December, as gifts poured in from America, predictions spread that the children would be spoiled, that they would, after all, receive more for Christmas than they had thought of wishing for, than they needed or even wanted. I listened to these warnings, half believing, but Christmas night the fear of the children's having too much gave way to the aching knowledge that there could never be enough, not if the gifts were piled to the sky, to make up for the lack of the love that is the precious part of Christmas and of life. These children could have all the chocolates and toys a child could dream of and still be left forever wanting.

Late in the night of Christmas Eve, when all was still, we found Eugeneusz carefully packing a shoebox with oranges, a wash cloth, and candy for the mother who lived in a distant refugee camp. She, who had borne him out of wedlock, was mentally incompetent and therefore ineligible for immigration. He was the privileged one, for there was someone who would care above all to receive a gift from him.

Months after Christmas, in June, I went the last time down the long stone halls, saying goodbye, or rather, "Auf Wiedersehen," since it was the intention that all would meet again sometime, somewhere, in America perhaps. The Santa Claus head still smiled from Sorka's door, a reminder of the Christmas which like this Santa Claus was bright and friendly, yet lacking, too, in some quality of joy.

The Little Inn and Its Keeper

MOST of us still, I imagine, even after more than 1950 years, harbor some resentment against the innkeeper of the small hostel in Bethlehem who turned Joseph and Mary away in the hour of their great need. Each of us today, if we but realize it, is the innkeeper of a tiny hostel of our inner selves. Could this narrative have a symbolic message for us?

Many of the rooms in our own make-up are occupied with nonessentials—one with egotism, another with selfishness, another with ease or indifference. Some are even filled with committees. So crowded are they that there is no room to extend comfort and hospitality to the many stranger-travelers who might like to sup and stop with us, if only we had the room.

Jesus said, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." Let us at this Christmas season examine the kind of abundance with which we are filling our few inner rooms. At the close of his good life, Jesus talked with his disciples on this subject: "Let not your heart be troubled. . . . In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you . . . that where I am, there ye may be also." He who spent all his energies of body, mind, and soul to bring earth and heaven together should be our pattern.

Oh, our Father, may we be careful how, in this era of learning and mechanization and physical comforts, we fill the few rooms of our little lives; may we not repeat the mistake made over 1950 years ago, and send to the stable any in need who knock at our door for hospitality, while the bright star of love and hope shines anew over our own heads.

ELLIS W. BACON

A Lamb and a Star

By DOROTHY M. WILLIAMS

This night and always
The lamb bleats on its lonely ledge,
A desolate wind in the sifting sedge
Nosing its cries.

Oh, where is the seeking one to climb
Our cliff of days,
Ready and precipicewise?

Shepherd of time,
The ninety-nine drowse in the fold,
But out on the edge
Of terror, lost in the iron cold,
A lamb and a star.

Grant us faith to reach where they are.

Letter from London

EVER since 1915, Friends in London Yearly Meeting have had a committee concerned with our responsibilities in industry and the social order. In recent years the sense of direction which started this seems to have been lost, with the result that a new committee has been set up, and a new conference was held in November to define more exactly what such a committee—as well as Friends generally—could do to be more effective in this field.

It is significant that those arranging the conference had some 130 suggestions from local Meetings of subjects for consideration. Out of all this advice certain leads were accepted, and preparatory studies of these leads in pamphlet form have been circulating among Meetings for months past. But in the actual agenda for the conference the organizers tried to focus discussion on one main issue, the real implication of Christian discipleship. Attention [in the conference] would be directed to the Christian responsibility in a changing social order rather than to detailed questions of particular social or industrial adjustments."

That was the hope. There were some 400 Friends present from all over the country (this interest was most encouraging), and a large section was made up of youngish men and women in industry and the professions, including those with managerial and administrative functions. It was inevitable, therefore, that discussions should range widely; too much was said to leave the main issue clear, too little to cover the whole field of social concern in any adequate way.

What soon became evident were the sharp divisions between the ways of approach—the division, for instance, between "going all out" in following the Gospel and "doing the best we can." I will provide an illustration of what I mean. In 1918 the Yearly Meeting accepted what are known here as the Eight Foundations of a true social order. These have been under continual fire since as not being definite enough or as committing Friends to more than they believe. One of these Eight Points reads: "Mutual service should be the principle upon which life is organized. Service, not private gain, should be the motive of all work." A Friend with managerial responsibility spoke about this in the conference. He wanted to substitute: "One should seek to give service and seek to fulfill the reasonable needs of one's family." The difference is revealing. Then there were other suggestions that managers had two selves, official and personal. We had to "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's." Again, it was urged that those in authority had to "think of people as things sometimes; but they must be able to say 'thou' to a man after they had had to treat him as a thing."

Some of this stirred other Friends to strongest protest. They said that a Christian must be a one-standard man in

all his relationships, whatever that might cost him. They recalled some words of the opener at the first session, H. G. Wood: "The worship of middle-class comfort is surely a side-chapel in the temple of mammon. It attracts large congregations, and Friends have been known to frequent it." The social order is un-Christian, and somehow the individual Friend and the Society must make effective witness against its fundamental assumptions—differing standards of life, privilege, unchecked power—on which it is built up. But as the conference proceeded, it became clear that Friends were trying to find some middle place between complacent acceptance of present standards and total repudiation.

Let me restate this main issue, round which the conference went in widening circles as it proceeded: Our industrial system is mainly based on secular motives, on competition as rivals, for instance, rather than on cooperation as brothers. On the one hand, we can accept this as it is and try to take our share in it as honestly, kindly, and fairly as possible. At the other extreme, the Christian will question the basic principles of the existing social order. His test will be: How can a Christian behave in this matter, consistently with the love and self-forgetting which Christ himself exemplified? The logic of that enquiry, of course, could come at last to making him "contract out of" the existing social order to lead a lonely existence of protest, or to share and share alike in a community with others on a basis of need, as early Christians attempted to do.

But, as one of the minutes of the conference had it, most of us, when asked thus to sell out for love of God, have done what the rich young ruler of the Gospels did, turned away, unresponsive. What then? The minute goes on: "Having made our choice, we must do our share of the work of the world to the best of our powers." But we cannot escape as easily as that, and surely there is another alternative, the middle place I have referred to already, which one can occupy for the time being without resting content to stay there. It is still possible to recognize that we are subject to the pressures of the life we live, of responsibilities in families and work, and yet to decline (in some ways and at some sacrifice) privilege and ruthless competition and "success at any cost." We can push against the obstacles that confine us, winning a little ground, now here, now there, accepting and enduring the tensions which are involved. In making this stand for higher motives, we may not seem to do very much, or to be entirely consistent in doing it. But we cannot judge effects, especially if, wherever we can act, we make it abundantly clear why we do so. Christian witness, however imperfect, is never useless.

I suppose it will be seen why the Clerk to the conference could not unify these several approaches into one

statement of foundations and procedures which would have satisfied us all. So the new committee carries forward the dilemma of the old. But that does not mean the conference failed; far otherwise, for, as we listen and discuss in the context of a common Christian and Quaker outlook, subtle changes, psychological and intellectual, take place. We see our own convictions in a new light, and we move, by however small degrees, towards one another. Herein are the beginnings of new ways.

HORACE B. POINTING

The AFSC Material Aids Program

THE Material Aids Program of the American Friends Service Committee responds quickly to emergencies in areas around the world where Quaker workers are active. In the fall of 1956, when Hungarians poured over the border into Austria, the clothing collection centers in the United States immediately expanded activities to meet the desperate situation in Vienna. Likewise, as need decreases, the shipments overseas drop. With West Germany economically better able to care for the continuing stream of refugees from the East, the AFSC is shipping only a small percentage of the volume sent there in the early years after the war. When the Service Committee completed its work in Korea, material aid shipments ceased. Supplies are sent only to those countries where Quaker workers are able to supervise their distribution.

The fiscal year just ended was the first since 1946 that materials shipped through the AFSC warehouses in Philadelphia, Pasadena, and San Francisco totaled less than 600,000 pounds. The number of articles distributed is still impressive: 700,000 articles of clothing, bedding, etc., 21,500 pairs of shoes, 83,000 yards of textiles, 12 tons of soap, almost three tons of sewing supplies, and more than a ton of knitting wool.

This assistance went to Austria, France, Egypt (the Gaza strip), Germany, Israel, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Lebanon, and the U.S.A. Those assisted were primarily refugees, orphans, and disaster victims.

The Service Committee has always insisted upon high quality in its materials. Thanks to faithful contributors over the country, more than 16 per cent of this year's total was new articles, and only secondhand clothing in top condition was received. In past years, too much women's clothing and not enough men's and children's have been contributed. This year, with the cooperation of donors, the percentage for women dropped from over one-third of the total to one-sixth, and other categories increased.

Gifts from manufacturers continued in spite of the business recession. One company donated paint for the work camp in Berlin; another gave 11,700 pounds of overalls (the sturdy "Levi" type); another, 6,000 yards of cotton twill and 182 dozen towels and wash cloths. There were 16,300 pounds of baby food, 73,400 pounds of floor covering, and 7,900 pounds of notebooks and paper sent directly to shipside by the manufacturers, thus saving the warehouses the cost of handling. One

hotel donated 176 woolen blankets. More than three-quarters of all materials received came from individuals and groups.

In addition to the above contributions, the United States government gave the Service Committee more than eleven million pounds of food—flour, rice, dried milk, and cheese—which was sent to Austria, France, Germany, Italy, and Japan.

In the year ahead the Committee hopes to ship a half million pounds of supplies through its warehouses. There is a continuing need for new and good used clothing for men and children (especially boys and babies), textiles, and bedding.

Books

MAKE FREE. By WILLIAM BREYFOGLE. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, 1958. 276 pages, bibliography and index. \$4.50

Admittedly, it is impossible to write the whole story of the underground railroad in one volume; yet here is a book that is delightfully readable. Short as it is, it is rather inadequately indexed; the researcher should not take for granted that a particular phase of his interest is not covered just because it may not be clearly pointed out.

Some of the author's conclusions, intended for a time past, are especially meaningful today: "Considering the number of its voters and its relative importance in the general economy, the South had always had a disproportionate influence in national affairs, and it was not at all backward about maintaining the disproportion." It is difficult not to quote too much from this temptingly quotable book. But it may be only fair to continue with at least one more that is related, one that may seem unkind to our neighbors in the South, but one that could arouse "wishful thinking" north of the well-known line. When the author is writing of the strong feelings engendered by the slavery question, the thought of secession of the Northern states from the South is hinted. But, we are told, "what was indicated was not the secession of the North from the Union but the expulsion of the South. Compel the South to go it alone for a while, and see what would happen. They were fond of talking of nullification and secession; make them an embarrassing present of what they professed to want."

Friends may not be prepared to go to the extreme quoted above, but they will find help in understanding a dark period of American history. Put this book high on your Christmas-giving list; it's good reading.

SYLVAN E. WALLIN

TO HALLOW THIS LIFE. By MARTIN BUBER. Harper and Brothers, New York, 1958. 174 pages. \$3.00

Readers who have found Martin Buber the hard way, by diligent study of his difficult books, often speak of him with awed respect. Robert Culver calls him as important as Einstein; Max Lerner says he is one of the twenty-five "political, intellectual, and moral rulers" of the world. Such enthusiasts would judge Buber as the last man to be anthologized successfully.

Not so with Joseph Trapp. He has tried to transform a humble and grateful discipleship into an eager evangelism to spread the news. Every book of Buber's is tapped for its

treasure. Sentence quotations and a brief summary precede each skillfully titled category. The paragraphs are aptly selected, intelligently grouped, and well woven together into a pattern which does no injustice to the philosopher's most exalted thought. So the book title itself is fully justified. By this small volume the life of Buber is hallowed. And the life of the attentive reader will be hallowed, too.

BERNARD CLAUSEN

THE LOST WORLD OF THE KALAHARI. By LAURENS VAN DER POST. William Morrow and Company, New York, 1958. 279 pages. \$4.00

In the summer of 1957 Colonel van der Post and a small expedition went into the Kalahari Desert in search of survivors of the Bushmen of South Africa. Now almost extinct, these small, yellow, slant-eyed people once, for thousands of years, moved freely over the country, living as hunters in a Stone Age civilization and painting their strange, wonderful pictures of animals on rocks. Then, massacred alike by savage black tribes moving south and rapacious, land-hungry white settlers moving north, the Bushmen fled into the desert, where starvation took a further toll.

Finding Bushmen in their native habitat had been a dream of the author since his childhood, and in this expedition, fraught with innumerable difficulties and at times threatened with disaster and death, that dream becomes a reality, possible only to one who could identify himself with a primitive people and sense their inherent courage and nobility. Finally accepted by the small group of Bushmen he finds, he learns much of their ways and habits and something of their folk tales, songs, and dances.

Colonel van der Post writes in a clear, factual style, infused with a poetic, almost mystic identification with the heartbeat of Africa, which he senses in nature and its ancient peoples. His spiritual perceptions take the reader where no movie camera or sound track can go. The reader will not forget the painstaking skill with which the Bushman draws water from the Sip Wells, hidden under the desert sands. And he will ponder the strange happenings at the Slippery Hills, abode of ancient spirits.

M. A. P.

Friends and Their Friends

The November *Washington Newsletter* of the Friends Committee on National Legislation carried an analysis of the funds voted by Congress in 1958. This year Congress appropriated over 80 billion dollars. National defense and the cost of past wars claim 73 per cent of all regular and supplemental funds appropriated. Less than two per cent goes for nonmilitary foreign aid, and only one-tenth of one per cent goes to support U.N. programs.

The Supreme Court decision in the case involving the California law requiring a nondisloyalty oath to secure property tax exemption, which has involved a number of church groups, including Orange Grove Monthly Meeting, does not involve

the constitutionality of the statute, the Orange Grove *Record* points out. It does, however, rule that the burden of proof of disloyalty rests upon the state. This, in effect, makes the law inoperable. Orange Grove Meeting has received word that it can secure a rebate on all the taxes paid, the franchise tax (on corporations), and the city and county property taxes.—*Friends Bulletin*

George School played host to the 1958 Biennial Conference of Friends School Secretaries on November 12, 1958. Richard H. McFeely, principal of George School, delivered the welcoming address to about 40 delegates, representing 17 Friends schools. Irvin C. Poley, Director of the Friends Council on Education, gave an interesting talk on the Teacher Training Program. The conference ended with a tour of George School and Newtown Friends School, the elementary school adjoining George School campus.

The Religious Education Committee of Friends General Conference has announced the first Annual Rufus Jones Lecture, to be given in Philadelphia in 1959. Professor Ross Snyder of the University of Chicago has been appointed to inaugurate the series, and has chosen for his theme "The Authentic Life—Its Theory and Practice." The time announced is January 30, 1959, 7:30 p.m., and the place is the Race Street Meeting House, Philadelphia. All interested Friends are urged to set aside this date.

The crews of the *Golden Rule* and *Phoenix*, the two ketches which sailed to protest the Eniwetok nuclear tests last summer, left Friday, November 28, for Geneva, Switzerland. They went to encourage and urge the delegates of the United States, the Soviet Union, and Great Britain to act promptly and decisively to end nuclear-weapons testing. They and the Committee for Non-Violent Action believe that "the moral pressures which convinced governments six months ago that the Geneva Conference should be called must now make themselves felt again, and more strongly."

Flying from Honolulu to represent the *Phoenix* are Barbara Reynolds, recently skipper during the 60-day, 4500-mile, headwind passage from Kwajalein to Honolulu, and Niichi Mikami, Japanese bosun. (Earle Reynolds, skipper of the *Phoenix*, is under six months' sentence. His passport has been impounded as a condition of bail, pending appeal.)

They will join Golden Rulers Albert Bigelow of Cos Cob, Conn., William Huntington, mate, of St. James, Long Island, Jim Peck, seaman, of New York City, and George Willoughby, bosun, of Blackwood Terrace, New Jersey. The *Golden Rule* crew served 60 days in Honolulu jail last summer.

"The hopes of mankind," said Albert Bigelow, skipper of the *Golden Rule*, "are centered in Geneva. World-famous moral leaders and scientists have pleaded that nuclear tests be stopped. Each nation has indicated its good intentions for the success of the conference. The anxious hearts of humanity yearn for the end of nuclear tests. We sailed into the Pacific to speak to the conscience of men. We go to Geneva to say now is the time to encourage and support the men at Geneva!"

Letters to the Editor

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

In the FRIENDS JOURNAL for September 27 of this year we read a note about the Quaker Center in Amsterdam that needs a small correction. Up until now [November 20] the Amsterdam Center is still located at Raphaëlplein 2. The new house that we acquired in the Vossiusstraat is not yet free for our use; we have hopes but are not sure yet how soon we shall be able to use it as a Quaker Center. The picture of the newly acquired house that we sent last year probably caused some confusion.

Amsterdam, Holland

JO TEN HAVE

In the interest of accuracy I wish to point out that Robert Simkin served in China from 1907 (not 1917) to 1944. I fear this is an error that may have been in Elinor Ashkenazy's copy.

Los Angeles, Calif.

MARGARET T. SIMKIN

One thing that might be done to prevent old Friends from always sitting in the same seats would be to throw out all the seats. The Russian Orthodox Church, I believe, has done this—very likely for the same reasons. I once attended a funeral service in Paris, where you had either to stand, with a candle in your hand, or kneel on the cold, bare stones of the floor. There was plenty of room for all, and no one could say, "Does thee know that thee is occupying my seat?" No seats, no trouble.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOWARD HAYES

The article "Friends Testimony on Alcohol" by George Nicklin in the October 11 issue of the FRIENDS JOURNAL is interesting but leaves much to be said. The risk, if one does use alcoholic drink, is much greater than one in thirty, and is increasing every year because of brewers' and distillers' ads on

The Gift of Lasting Appreciation

A gift subscription to FRIENDS JOURNAL comes to your relatives and friends every week during the coming year. Week after week they will be reminded of your thoughtful discrimination in selecting it.

Write us NOW so that the subscriptions can start promptly with the first issue in January.

By the way: Gift subscriptions, like all new subscriptions for 1959, cost only \$4.50 if ordered before December 31, 1958. The subscription rate for renewals will be \$5.00, beginning January, 1959. A gift subscription to FRIENDS JOURNAL is not only good taste; it is also good economy.

FRIENDS JOURNAL

1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia 2, Pa.

TV and radio. Since the harm to others is as great as to oneself, would it not be more Christianlike to follow the path of total abstinence? The harm to others comes through the lowered economic status of the family, which makes children suffer, and through traffic accidents, which are increasing.

We must not be self-righteous in our stand, but we do need to acquaint ourselves with the scientific facts, which show conclusively how any alcoholic drink adversely affects the body in every center, brain, nerves, stomach, and heart. We need to pass the facts on to others in a pleasant, interesting manner. Children especially have the right to know, and our First-day schools have a valuable task before them. Friends must move to the forefront in the line of total abstinence, just as they did in the slavery question.

Rushland, Pa.

ELIZABETH E. PARRY

BIRTHS

GARRETT—On November 18, to Buckley R. and Berntine J. Garrett of Clifton Heights, Pa., their second son, **STEPHEN JOHNSON GARRETT**. His father and paternal grandparents, Stevenson P. and Marjory S. Garrett, are members of Lansdowne, Pa., Monthly Meeting.

GOEBEL—On October 24, to Charles and Belle Gorman Goebel, their second son, **JOHN PHILIP GOEBEL**. His parents are members of Rochester, N. Y., Monthly Meeting.

HUNT—On November 21, to Frank and Patricia Dunham Hunt of Moylan, Pa., a son, **TIMOTHY GROVE HUNT**. His parents are members of Media, Pa., Monthly Meeting.

OHLSON—On November 5, to A. Victor and Margaret Gray Ohlson, a son, **ERIC GRAY OHLSON**. Eric has a brother, Thomas, and two sisters, Beth and Linda. The father is a member of Plymouth Meeting, Pa. The paternal grandmother is Elizabeth Jones Christian.

MARRIAGES

DUDLEY-POWELSON—On November 23, at Florida Avenue Meeting, Washington, D. C., and under the care of New York Monthly Meeting, **LOUISE P. POWELSON**, daughter of Mary S. Powelson of New York and the late John A. Powelson, and **ROBERT A. DUDLEY**, son of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Dudley of Auburndale, Mass. The bride and her mother are members of New York Monthly Meeting. The reception was held at the home of the bride's brother and his wife, John and Alice Powelson, members of Florida Avenue Meeting. The young couple will live at 269 Broadway, Arlington, Mass.

HELLEN-RUSHMORE—On November 23, at the Westbury,

N. Y., Meeting House, **CARLY JACKSON RUSHMORE**, daughter of Leon A., Jr., and Caroline Jackson Rushmore, and granddaughter of Arthur C. and Edith Wilson Jackson of Swarthmore, Pa., and of Leon A. and Mary Seaman Rushmore of Roslyn, N. Y., and **JAMES E. HELLEN**, son of James A. and Nettie McKinley Hellen of South Hampton, N. H.

DEATHS

PAUL—On December 3, suddenly, **MARY GRIEST PAUL**, wife of David Garver Paul. She was a birthright member of Central Philadelphia Monthly Meeting. Surviving, besides her husband, are a son, David, Jr., and a grandson, Kirk, both members of the same Meeting.

SHEPPARD—On October 21, at Norristown, Pa., **HARRIET E. SHEPPARD**, daughter of Lewis B. and Carrie Markle Sheppard, aged 37 years. Harriet was a birthright member of Plymouth Meeting, Pa. Interment was in the Plymouth Meeting Friends Cemetery.

Coming Events

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

DECEMBER

13—Haddonfield Quarterly Meeting at Moorestown, N. J. Meeting for worship, 3 p.m.; supper, 5:30 p.m., provided by the Meeting; at 7:30 p.m., Emlen and Lydia Stokes will show colored slides on "Inside Japan"; Christmas carols. Evening meeting in the West Meeting House.

13—Annual Christmas Concert at Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa., 8:15 p.m. in the Clotbier Memorial Hall, open to the public; 150 voices and orchestra. Included are a *Magnificat* by Peter Schickle, Class of 1957, selections from a Bach *Magnificat* and cantata, and portions of Benjamin Britten's *A Ceremony of Carols*.

14—Central Philadelphia Meeting, Race Street west of 15th, Conference Class, 11:40 a.m.: Leon T. Stern, "Religious Enthusiasts Today."

14—Conference Class at Fair Hill Meeting, Philadelphia, 10 a.m.: James F. Walker, Executive Secretary of the Friends World Committee for Consultation.

14—Lecture at Orchard Park, N. Y., Meeting, on East Quaker Road (Route 20A), 4 p.m.: Henry J. Cadbury, former Professor of the New Testament, Harvard Divinity School, "Relevance of Jesus' Teaching for Our Generation."

23—Christmas Caroling at Fair Hill Meeting, Philadelphia, 7:30 to 9 p.m.

MEETING ADVERTISEMENTS

ARIZONA

PHOENIX—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., 17th 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, John A. Salyer, 745 East Fifth Street; Tucson 2-3262.

ARKANSAS

LITTLE ROCK—Meeting, First-day, 9:30 a.m., Clerk, R. L. Wixom, MO 6-9248.

CALIFORNIA

BERKELEY—Friends meeting, First-days at 11 a.m., northeast corner of Vine and Walnut Streets. Monthly meetings, the last First-day of each month, after the meeting for worship. Clerk, Clarence Cunningham.

CLAREMONT—Friends meeting, 9:30 a.m. on Scripps campus, 10th and Columbia. Edward Balls, Clerk, 489 W. 6th Street.

LA JOLLA—Meeting, 11 a.m., 7380 Eads Avenue. Visitors call GL 4-7459.

PALO ALTO—Meeting for worship, Sunday, 11 a.m., 957 Colorado Ave.; DA 5-1369.

PASADENA—526 E. Orange Grove (at Oakland). Meeting for worship, Sunday, 11 a.m.

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

COLORADO

DENVER—Mountain View Meeting, 10:45 a.m., 2026 S. Williams. Clerk, SU 9-1790.

CONNECTICUT

HARTFORD—Meeting, 11 a.m., 144 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford.

NEW HAVEN—Meeting, 11 a.m., Conn.

Hall, Yale Old Campus; phone MA 4-8418.

NEWTOWN—Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m., Hawley School.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON—Meeting, Sunday, 9 a.m. and 11 a.m., 2111 Florida Avenue, N.W., one block from Connecticut Avenue.

FLORIDA

GAINESVILLE—Meeting for worship, First-days, 11 a.m., 118 Florida Union.

JACKSONVILLE—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., YWCA. Contact EV 9-4345.

MIAMI—Meeting for worship at Y.W.C.A., 114 S.E. 4th St., 11 a.m.; First-day school, 10 a.m. Miriam Toepel, Clerk; TU 8-6629.

ORLANDO-WINTER PARK—Meeting, 11 a.m., 316 E. Marks St., Orlando; MI 7-3025.

PALM BEACH—Friends Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 823 North A St., Lake Worth.

ST. PETERSBURG—First-day school and meeting, 11 a.m., 130 19th Avenue S. E.

HAWAII

HONOLULU—Meeting, Sundays, 2426 Oahu Avenue, 10:15 a.m.; tel. 994-447.

ILLINOIS

CHICAGO—The 57th Street Meeting of all Friends. Sunday worship hour, 11 a.m. at Quaker House, 5615 Woodlawn Avenue. Monthly meeting, 7 p.m., every first Friday. Telephone Butterfield 8-3066.

DOWNERS GROVE (suburban Chicago)—Meeting and First-day school, 10:30 a.m., Avery Coonley School, 1400 Maple Avenue; telephone Woodland 8-2040.

INDIANA

EVANSVILLE—Meeting, Sundays, YMCA, 11 a.m. For lodging or transportation call Herbert Goldhor, Clerk, HA 5-5171 (evenings and week ends, GR 6-7776).

FORT WAYNE—Meeting for worship, First-day, 9:30 a.m., Y.W.C.A., 325 W. Wayne. Call Beatrice Wehmeyer, E-1372.

IOWA

DES MOINES—South entrance, 2920 30th Street; worship, 10 a.m., classes, 11 a.m.

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS—Friends meeting each Sunday. For information telephone UN 1-1262 or TW 7-2179.

MARYLAND

ADELPHI—Near Washington, D. C., & U. of Md. Clerk, R. L. Broadbent, JU 9-9447.

SANDY SPRING—Meeting (united). First-days, 11 a.m.; 20 miles from downtown Washington, D. C. Clerk: Robert H. Miller, Jr.; telephone Spring 4-5805.

MASSACHUSETTS

CAMBRIDGE—Meeting, Sunday, 5 Longfellow Park (near Harvard Square) 9:30 a.m. and 11 a.m.; telephone TR 6-6883.

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

MINNESOTA

MINNEAPOLIS—Church Street, unprogrammed worship, 10:15 a.m., University Y.M.C.A., FE 5-0272.

MISSOURI

KANSAS CITY—Penn Valley Meeting, unprogrammed, 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m., each Sunday, 306 West 39th Street. For information call HA 1-8328.

ST. LOUIS—Meeting, 2539 Rockford Ave., Rock Hill, 10:30 a.m.; phone TA 2-0579.

NEW JERSEY

ATLANTIC CITY—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m., discussion group, 10:30 a.m., South Carolina and Pacific Avenues.

DOVER—First-day school, 11 a.m., worship, 11:15 a.m., Quaker Church Road.

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

MONTCLAIR—289 Park Street, First-day school, 10:30 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m. (July, August, 10 a.m.). Visitors welcome.

NEW MEXICO

SANTA FE—Meeting, Sundays, 11 a.m., Galeria Mexico, 551 Canyon Road, Santa Fe. Sylvia Loomis, Clerk.

NEW YORK

BUFFALO—Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m., 1272 Delaware Ave.; phone EL 0252.

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

NEW YORK—Meetings for worship, First-days, 11 a.m. (Riverside, 3:30 p.m.) Telephone GRamercy 3-8018 about First-day schools, monthly meetings, suppers, etc.

Manhattan: at 221 East 15th Street; and at Riverside Church, 15th Floor, Riverside Drive and 122d Street, 3:30 p.m.

Brooklyn: at 110 Schermerhorn Street; and at the corner of Lafayette and Washington Avenues.

Flushing: at 137-16 Northern Boulevard.

SYRACUSE—Meeting and First-day school at 11 a.m. each First-day at University College, 601 East Genesee Street.

OHIO

CINCINNATI—Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m., 3601 Victory Parkway. Telephone Edwin Moon, Clerk, at TR 1-4984.

CLEVELAND—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m., 10918 Magnolia Drive. Telephone TU 4-2695.

PENNSYLVANIA

HARRISBURG—Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m., YWCA, 4th and Walnut Sts.

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

PHILADELPHIA—Meetings, 10:30 a.m., unless specified; telephone LO 8-4111 for information about First-day schools. Byberry, one mile east of Roosevelt Boulevard at Southampton Road, 11 a.m. Central Philadelphia, Race St. west of 15th. Chestnut Hill, 100 East Mermaid Lane. Coulter Street and Germantown Avenue. Fair Hill, Germantown & Cambria, 11:15 a.m. Fourth & Arch Sts., First- and Fifth-days. Frankford, Penn & Orthodox Sts., 11 a.m. Frankford, Unity and Wain Streets, 11 a.m. Green St., 45 W. School House L., 11 a.m. Powelton, 38th and Pearl Streets, 11 a.m.

PITTSBURGH—Worship at 10:30 a.m., adult class, 11:45 a.m., 1853 Shady Avenue.

READING—First-day school, 10 a.m., meeting, 11 a.m., 108 North Sixth Street.

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

TENNESSEE

MEMPHIS—Meeting, Sunday, 9:30 a.m. Clerk, Esther McCandless, JA 5-5705.

NASHVILLE—Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m., Sundays, 2020 Broadway. Call CY 8-3747.

TEXAS

AUSTIN—Worship, Sundays, 11 a.m., 407 W. 27th St. Clerk, John Barrow, GR 2-5522.

DALLAS—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., Adventist Church, 4009 N. Central Expressway. Clerk, Kenneth Carroll, Religion Dept., S.M.U.; EM 8-0295.

HOUSTON—Live Oak Friends Meeting, Sunday, 11 a.m., Council of Churches Building, 9 Chelsea Place. Clerk, Walter Whitson; Jackson 8-6413.

UTAH

SALT LAKE CITY—Meeting for worship, Sundays, 11 a.m., 232 University Street.

WANTED

COMPANION for semiactive lady. Pleasant home, cooking limited, sleep in. No smoking. Convenient transportation. Suburban Philadelphia, Pa. Telephone Turner 7-1042.

APPLICANTS BEING ACCEPTED for Senior Counselor position. Applicants should be over 19 years of age and have had camping and canoeing experience. George P. Darrow, Director, Oakwood School, Poughkeepsie, New York.

ASPIRING VIOLA STUDENT

age 20, needs fulltime work in greater Philadelphia or adjacent counties. Farm chores, proof reading or research aide, ground care, greet visitors . . . you name it. Background Earlham College. Write Box N77, Friends Journal.

• FOR SALE •

COMMEMORATIVE PLATES STATE STREET FRIENDS MEETING KENNETT SQUARE, PA.

\$2.50 includes mailing charges and sales tax. Building soon to be razed. Contact: MRS. L. E. RASMUSSEN
700 Mason Ave., Kennett Square, Pa.

LAURAMOORE HOME, RICHMOND, INDIANA, opening for two retired Friends. Informal family atmosphere, excellent food, small group. Conveniently located, vicinity of Earlham College. Good cultural, social opportunities. Board, \$12 per week; room, \$5 to \$10 per week. Write Mrs. Stella B. Cranor, The Lauramoore, 504 Northwest 5th Street, Richmond, Indiana, for information.

For Sale

HEAVY SAFE

30" high x 24" deep x 27" wide.

Price \$15.00

FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1515 CHERRY STREET, PHILADELPHIA 2, PA.—Phone: RI 6-7669

Furniture Upholstering

THOM SEREMBA, 215 Felton Avenue, Collingdale, Pa.

More than 6 years of references in Swarthmore, Pa., and vicinity . . . first-class work at reasonable rates . . . over 30 years' experience.

Telephone Sharon Hill 0734

A comprehensive, up-to-date coverage of the MANUFACTURING EXEMPTION

for manufacturing companies subject to the capital stock or franchise tax is included in the seventh edition of

STATE TAXATION OF CORPORATIONS IN PENNSYLVANIA

by James J. Mahon, C.P.A., of Lybrand, Ross
Bros. & Montgomery

This publication outlines in detail the salient features of the domestic and foreign excise taxes, the capital stock tax, franchise tax, keynoting every important change made therein, including pertinent court decisions up to January 1, 1958.

Published and for sale by

THE LEGAL INTELLIGENCER
10 South 37th Street
EVERGREEN 6-1535

Cloth bound Price \$3.00 (plus 9c tax)

THE PENINGTON

215 EAST 15th STREET, NEW YORK CITY 3
Next door to the Meeting House

A Friends Hostel in New York for Friends and friends of Friends. Comfortable rooms and wholesome meals for permanent guests. Accommodations for transients limited. Advance reservations requested.

Telephone GRamercy 5-9193

Elnwood Convalescent Home

Baltimore Pike & Lincoln Avenue
Swarthmore, Pa.

Telephone Kingswood 3-0272

Private and semiprivate rooms
Quiet 10-acre estate
24-hour understanding nursing care

Under personal supervision of
MRS. ELLEN M. WOOD

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER



Builders of Confidence
Since 1868

Crabtreebeck at Lowestoff, England, is over 300 years old. John Burnyeat lived here, and George Fox stayed here. The seat on the porch is still known as

COTTAGE, LOWESTOFF, ENGLAND

George Fox's seat. Would be happy to have friends stop over for the night, breakfast and dinner at the cottage, for two guineas, but not more than four guests at a time. If you are motoring to Scotland, you could take in the Lake District en route, stopping off at Crabtreebeck. Write Mrs. May Morrison, Crabtreebeck, Lowestoff, England.

FRIENDS ARCH STREET CENTRE

304 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA 6, PA.

ENJOY REALLY GOOD FOOD
AT LUNCHEON OR DINNER

Rooms available. Guests may park on ground without charge; use driveway on 4th Street below Arch.

Telephone MA 7-2025

PLEASE NOTIFY US THREE WEEKS IN
ADVANCE OF ANY CHANGE OF ADDRESS

COUNSELING SERVICE

of the

FAMILY RELATIONS COMMITTEE

For appointments in Philadelphia telephone John Charles Wynn, MADison 8-8069, in the evening.

For appointments with Dr. Lovett Dewees write him at Glen Mills, Pa., or telephone Globe 9-2474.

For appointments with Dr. Genevra Driscoll telephone WEsh Valley 4-7118 after 3 p.m.

ASK OUR OPINION OF YOUR SECURITIES

HECKER & CO.

Members of New York Stock Exchange

LIBERTY TRUST BUILDING

Broad and Arch Streets

Philadelphia 7, Pa.

LOcust 4-3500

CHARLES J. ERICKSON

Registered Representative

EASTMAN DILLON, UNION SECURITIES & CO.

Members New York Stock Exchange

Investments

WILLIAM EDWARD CADBURY

Representative

PHILADELPHIA NATIONAL BANK BUILDING
Broad and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia 7, Pa.

IN A RUT?

Tired of the same old routine? Need a new approach, a new vision or revision of your goals, activities or work? Telephone or write today for free folder J. S.; Kingswood 3-2022

TOMLINSON COUNSELORS

546 Rutgers Avenue, Swarthmore, Pa.

ARE YOUR SAVINGS INSURED?

They would be in the Lansdowne Federal Savings and Loan Association. Our accounts are Federally insured up to \$10,000.00 and participate in liberal dividends. Accounts may be opened by mail in any amount from one dollar upwards. Legal investments for trust funds.

LANDSOWNE FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

32 SOUTH LANDSOWNE AVENUE, LANDSOWNE, PA.

Literature on request

FRED A. WERNER, President



CRETH & SULLIVAN, INC.

Insurance

324 WALNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA 6, PA.

WAlnut 2-7900

LET US SOLVE YOUR INSURANCE PROBLEMS

ON GRAND LAKE
IN EASTERN MAINE

DARROW

CAMP FOR BOYS
AGES: 12-18
**WILDERNESS LIVING
and CANOE TRIPS**

ARE EMPHASIZED

Small informal group with individual attention given. Quaker leadership. C.I.T. program. Junior Maine guide program.

George P. Darrow, Director
OAKWOOD SCHOOL • POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

? THE NEW SANDY SPRING ? FRIENDS BOARDING SCHOOL ?

Would you like to see a new Friends School at the high school level only 20 miles from downtown Washington?

The time is now: the need is urgent. The land is available, in the beautiful countryside adjacent to the Sandy Spring Meeting House.

Currently, steps are being taken to incorporate the school, obtain the land, and retain the headmaster to work on detailed planning.

We need your moral and financial support. Let us hear from you.

S. BROOK MOORE, Chairman

SANDY SPRING EDUCATION COMMITTEE

SANDY SPRING, MARYLAND

Give yourself and others:

The Map Within the Mind

A Book of Inward Poems
by Gerhard Friedrich

New York, Exposition Press.\$2.50

In Pursuit of Moby Dick

A Quaker Analysis of Melville's Masterpiece
by Gerhard Friedrich

Wallingford, Pa., Pendle Hill. ...35 cents

ORDER NOW from Friends Book Store,
302 Arch Street, Philadelphia 6, Pa.

THE UNIFYING LIGHT

Sir Arthur Eddington, famous English astronomer and long a member of the Society of Friends, has stated that the inner light that George Fox emphasized and the external light of physics and astronomy in some way must be identified. Floyd Irving Lorbeer, M.A., B.D., has attempted to do this both in prose and poetry. In prose read **THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIGHT** (265 pages, cloth \$2.50). In poetry send for **THE OCEAN OF LIGHT** (cloth \$2.50, paper \$1.50). In the words of Tennyson, is there **ONE GOD, ONE LAW, ONE ELEMENT**? Is there one word that can help greatly to bring unity and the reality of God to this divided world? Discounts given to libraries and to college teachers. Free brochure available.

LAUREL FOUNDATION

214 WEST LANCASTER BLVD.

LANCASTER, CALIFORNIA

A Christmas Gift To Last Forever

There is a great upsurge in the number of new Quaker Meetings scattered throughout our country. Many are now searching for ways and means for establishing a home of their own, "built upon the rock" of our Quaker beliefs.

Money is needed to help these Meetings finance the building of their meeting houses. None ask for full financing. Most need only the last few thousand as a loan to start the foundation.

Here is a great opportunity for generous Quakers to help our religion grow. No one could find a better time than Christmas to give a gift toward spreading God's message. Your gift will last forever in the sound structure that will house the "light" that overcomes the darkness.



**SEND YOUR CHECKS, DRAWN TO "MEETING HOUSE FUND," TO FRIENDS
GENERAL CONFERENCE, 1515 CHERRY STREET, PHILADELPHIA 2, PENNSYLVANIA**

FRIENDS' SELECT SCHOOL

THE PARKWAY AT SEVENTEENTH STREET
PHILADELPHIA 3, PENNSYLVANIA
Established 1689

Coeducational Day School
Kindergarten through Twelfth Grade

While college preparation is a primary aim, personal guidance helps each student to develop as an individual. Spiritual values and Quaker principles are emphasized. Central location provides many educational resources and easy access from the suburbs. Friends interested in a sound academic program are encouraged to apply.

G. Laurence Blauvelt, *Headmaster*

The FRIENDS JOURNAL is regularly on sale in the magazine department of the John Wanamaker store and Frank E. Elster News Agencies, N. W. Corner 13th and Market Streets and 1226 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FRIENDS' CENTRAL SCHOOL

OVERBROOK, PHILADELPHIA 31, PA.

A Coeducational Country Day School

Four-year kindergarten through 12th Grade
College Preparatory Curriculum

Founded in 1845 by the Society of Friends, our school continues to emphasize integrity, freedom, simplicity in education through concern for the individual student.

MERRILL E. BUSH, *Headmaster*

FRIENDS ACADEMY

ESTABLISHED 1877

This coeducational day school within 25 miles of New York provides a well balanced college preparatory program designed to stress in the student a desire to live a creative Christian life in today's world.

Kindergarten through Grade 12

A reduction in tuition is available to members of The Society of Friends.

Victor M. Haughton, Jr., *Headmaster*
Box B, Locust Valley, Long Island, N. Y.

The Best Gift Comes All Year Long



FRIENDS JOURNAL

Six months \$2.50

One year \$4.50

For All Orders Received before December 31, 1958

After that date the cost will be

Six months, \$2.75; one year, \$5.00

GEORGE SCHOOL

A FRIENDS COEDUCATIONAL BOARDING SCHOOL, Grades 9-12

Founded 1893

Applications for 1959-60 are now being processed. Special consideration for children of Friends will be given if applications are filed by January 1st.

RICHARD H. McFEELY,
Principal

Address inquiries to:
ADELBERT MASON, *Director of Admissions*
Box 350, George School, Bucks County, Pennsylvania

MOSES BROWN SCHOOL

A Boarding and Country Day School for Boys



Dedicated to Quaker ideals of education and life.
Under the New England Yearly Meeting of Friends.

While the school is strongly college preparatory, it makes every effort to help the individual find and develop his own best capacities.

Boarding students from the 8th grade through the 12th

Robert N. Cunningham, *Headmaster*

Providence 6, R. I.

WESTTOWN REGIONAL SCHOLARSHIPS

In order to encourage the attendance of exceptionally fine students at Westtown, fifteen Regional Scholarships are offered to Friends throughout the United States each year.

Regional Scholarships are honor scholarships and carry with them an automatic grant of \$100.00 per year. A larger sum according to the need of the applicant, and the ability of the scholarship fund to meet that need, may be granted in sums up to \$600.00 per year and in cases of extreme need, \$700.00 or \$800.00 per year.

These grants are offered to students who are entering the 10th or 11th grade. To be eligible a student must be a member of the Society of Friends, or have one parent who is a Friend. There will probably not be any vacancies in the 11th grade in the fall of 1959.

The grants are awarded on the basis of character, leadership, and scholarship. Once granted, scholarships may be retained until graduation, provided the faculty are satisfied with the standard of work and conduct maintained. Application must be made before the end of the year directly to the school, the deadline being JANUARY 1, 1959.

For further information or applications please write:

J. KIRK RUSSELL, *Director of Admissions*, Box #1000, WESTTOWN SCHOOL, WESTTOWN, PA.