



The lights of Christmas shine on earth from many sources: from mullioned windows, festive trees, glowing candles . . . and from that same star that marked His place of birth.

The lights of Christmas shine with many meanings: with faith, and love, and warmth, and peace . . . and hope that all these things may endure forever.

May the lights of Christmas shine for you today through the reverent windows of your faith . . . in the flaming candle of your love . . . and in the starry promise of Peace for all mankind.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER

Christmas—1960

Our Four Stores closed today and Monday

Rosenbach: A Rebuttal

Bibliophile's Niece Chides Edwin Wolf On His Biography

By ISABELLA ROSENBACH SACKEY

Continued from First Page

which he was until the desperate depression of the Thirties. And my Uncle Morrie, a handsome, charming man, most suc-

cessful in his chosen field, suffers the same fate. Even those cousins who loved and cherished my uncles, and who were numbered among my Aunt Rebecca's and Aunt Miriam's closest friends, are vilified and derided.

Infant Girl Saved In Camden Fire

Two men braved dense smoke and flames Saturday afternoon to rescue a week-old child from a burning two-story row house at 206 Milton st., Camden.

The men battered down the locked front door of the dwelling, crawled into the living room and snatched the infant, Miriam Matos, from death. The child was treated at Cooper Hospital for smoke inhalation.

ALERTED BY SCREAMS

The men, Harry Condell, 34, of 213 Milton st., and Joseph DeMarra, 54, of 205 Milton st., had been alerted by screams of Mrs. Isabella Cruz, the infant's aunt.

The fire broke out at 3:25 P. M. in the kitchen. Mrs. Cruz led her three young children to safety. Remembering the infant left inside, she rushed back but found the door had locked behind her. The infant's mother, Mrs. Ramona Matos, was away shopping.

DWELLING DESTROYED

A fireman was injured battling a three-hour blaze that destroyed a \$20,000 dwelling at 204 S. Marion ave., **Wenonah**, N. J., Saturday afternoon.

Fire Chief **Walter Kaufman**, 47, was cut on the left hand, by a broken window pane. He underwent an operation at Underwood Hospital, Woodbury, for a severed tendon.

Frank M. Willis, an engineer, had smelled smoke, led his wife and three children to safety and telephoned firemen. Five fire companies were summoned.

MOTHER, DAUGHTER SAVED

A mother and daughter were carried to safety from their burning home at 2047 Appletree st. early Saturday by a man who braved flames and smoke to rescue them.

The women were Bessie Davis, 46, and her mother, Mrs. Margaret Mulvehill, 70. Their rescuer was Robert Webster, 30, a guest at the Starr Hotel, 2037 Arch st., who saw the flames from his room at the hotel.

HEAR EXPLOSION

The two women were asleep in their second-floor bedroom when they were awakened by a muffled explosion. Mrs. Mulvehill looked out of her window and saw flames bursting from the first floor.

Webster rushed to the burning home and saw each of the women leaning from a second-story window. He kicked in the front door, ran up the stairs and picked up Mrs. Mulvehill.

He carried her to the street, then went back to rescue the daughter. He groped through the thick smoke, then heard her cry from another room. He opened the door and brought her outside.

TREATED AT HOSPITAL

Webster had to rush through flames on the stairway as he came down with Miss Davis. He was treated at Hahnemann Hospital for smoke inhalation.

Deputy Fire Chief John Marynowitz said the blaze started in the living room, gutted a bedroom, the dining room and part of the hall.

New Tune Contest

Jersey Songs Lack Bounce

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Dec. 24 (AP).

NO SUCCESSOR has been found to tum, tum, de, dum . . . "remember the Jersey Bounce . . . the song Gov. Robert B. Meyner would like to forget.

"The Jersey Bounce" is not the official State song—there is none—but it has been played so often at official functions that it has practically achieved that status.

The Governor got tired of hearing it and told Arthur Gibbs, one-time "boy wonder cornetist" with John Philip Sousa's band, to see what he could do.

On Dec. 1, in the State capital of Trenton, judges of a contest Gibbs sponsored to pick a State song heard 23 songs from 154 entries from around the State. The prize was \$100.

The judges didn't render a verdict. They felt that none of the entries measured up to a caliber worthy of fair Garden State.

GIBBS announced Saturday that none of the songs heard was appropriate. But he said that it wasn't only his decision but the decision of the individual judges after a "mulling over."

"We'll run another contest," he said. "We'll start it right after the New Year."

He said many songs have come in since the previous contest closed and some are promising.

They've been contributed not only by musicians, but by business people, teachers, doctors, lawyers and an engineer.

A GAIN, under the guise of devoted admirer and biographer, he sneers at what he considers the middle class origins of the family, plays up a supposed pretension to Portuguese ancestry, and imagines a struggle for social standing. He refers to my Aunt Rebecca as a "homely, dumpy woman," whereas in reality she had a lovely, serene face to match her soul.

He also proceeds to deal a subtle coup de grace to Uncle Abie's character by laboriously dragging in the Ellen Brown incident, a brief entanglement of no consequence, to show that Dr. R. could not even be faithful to the woman who had devoted her life to him.

Perhaps Mr. Wolf's unconscious animosity stems from the girlish giggles of my sister and me at his English accent and beatnik beard when he roamed the corridors of the Rosenbach Galleries, or perhaps because he was not among those included in the impromptu lunches, the exciting trips to New York, the lovely, lazy days at Strathmere (or Corsons Inlet, as it was less grandly called in those by-gone days) or the fascinating evenings with Major Bowes (when he and my Uncle Abie drank their Scotch from the beautiful glasses with the false bottoms that held a pair of dice—and then bet five or twenty-five dollars with each turn of the dice in those glasses), or with Oliver St. John Gogarty, that erudite and distinguished scholar, as well as many others.

Or perhaps it comes from the fact that Mr. Wolf was not really a nephew, as somebody once referred to him in an article, and which statement, as far as I know, he never denied.

A S FOR Mr. Wolf's bete noir, Philip Rosenbach, he could be as kind and generous to those he liked as he was mean and cantankerous to those he disliked. I would have expected Mr. Wolf to have been more generous to and understanding of an old man's foibles, in maturity, but apparently old hates, like old soldiers, never die, and in this instance do not even fade away. Of course, P.H.'s version of Mr. Wolf's abrupt departure from the employ of the Rosenbach Company was quite at variance with that told in the book, but since poor Edwin seems to have suffered enough indignities at Uncle Phil's hands when he was alive, I shall not conjure up his ghost to bedevil him now.

Perhaps because Mr. Wolf never really was with them when they were at peace with the world and with each other, with Uncle Abie feeding the dog of the moment, which was always too fat, and Uncle Phil feeding the parrot, which was always too noisy, he could not understand the relationship that existed between them, and between all of us.

PERHAPS because he never knew how my father roamed the streets looking for the little younger brother who was always getting lost, or because he never played Parcheesi or asked questions of the Ouija board with Aunt Miriam, as my sister and I did; because he never received exciting, unexpected presents, like the Spanish dolls that were as large as a 3-year-old girl and walked when you held their hands (an unheard of thing in those days) that Uncle Phil brought us from Europe, or the miniature books and wine bottles from the Queen's Doll House that Uncle Abie produced from his capacious pockets, along with a book describing and illustrating that fabulous, tiny castle; because he never slept in those beautiful bedrooms he describes, and had Ellis, the butler (called Alice, for obvious reasons, by Uncle Abie, although never when he was within earshot), bring glasses of milk and great wedges of Bridgit's homemade cake to him "for a snack before bed time;" perhaps because he never heard Aunt Carrie Price telling Uncle Abie to scold us for getting in so late the night before, like any loving mother admonishing a father to punish his naughty children; perhaps because he lacks all of these memories and many more—Uncle Abie running up and down a quiet street in Ventnor, N. J., shouting: "Help, police, there's a lady stealing flowers!"; while my mother's Cousin Ida tried to extricate herself from a neighbor's rose garden, and my mother and father collapsed in helpless laughter—Mr. Wolf's biography seems to me an ill-tempered, waspish, inaccurate, poor and pallid thing, inadequately bolstered by the sometimes garbled remembrances of others.

Yes indeed, as Edwin Wolf quotes, A. S. W. Rosenbach had "size," and try though he may, Mr. Wolf cannot succeed in cutting Dr. R. down to his own.

In passing, I should like to add how shocked I was that the Trustees of the Rosenbach Foundation would allow free access to its files and archives without first ascertaining that they would not be used in such an inaccurate and irresponsible manner.

When you open your presents today



remember the world's hungry



Every \$1 you give to CARE

sends 22 lbs. of food from plentiful U. S. supplies to help feed a hungry family of four for a month

Carry the spirit of Christmas all through the year by sending a CARE package of nourishing foods to the needy. Remember, a bowl of rice, a lunch of bread and milk are a feast to millions of children and grownups, too.

Share through CARE! From our farm abundance, the U. S. Government gives CARE milk powder, flour, corn meal. Then CARE buys other foods to match the various needs of hungry people in other lands. Every \$1 you give provides one food package based on country conditions. Your packages reach needy families, schools, welfare institutions—delivered with your name and address to bring a personal message of friendship from you and our country.

What finer way to preserve the meaning of the Christmas season?

- Colombia
- Jordan
- Berlin
- Afghanistan
- Hong Kong
- Greece
- Haiti
- India
- Iran
- Italy
- Korea
- Pakistan
- Poland
- Turkey
- Yugoslavia
- Israel
- Costa Rica
- Mexico
- Ecuador
- Vietnam

Phila. Care Mfrs., Lit Brothers, 8th & Market, Phila. 5, Pa.
 Enclosed is: Money order for \$... at \$1 per package to send Food Crusades packages in my name to the needy.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ Zone _____ State _____

CARE to choose _____; or prefer _____
 Mail checks payable to CARE Inc. Contributions are Income Tax deductible. Sales booths on the first and fifth floor at 8th St. Building, first floor service desk at branch stores. NOTE: Food Crusade packages CANNOT be sent to individuals.



Published in the spirit of Christmas