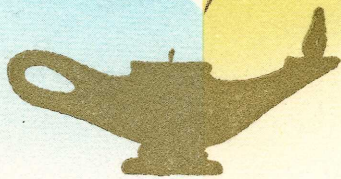


Season's Greetings



CHRISTMAS • 1950

KVP PHILOSOPHER

KALAMAZOO VEGETABLE PARCHMENT COMPANY





Christmas in Kindleberger Park, Parchment, Michigan



KALAMAZOO VEGETABLE PARCHMENT COMPANY

Makers and converters of PARCHMENT • WAXED • WRAPPING • LAMINATED • HOUSEHOLD PAPERS
SPECIALISTS IN FOOD PROTECTION PAPERS

This section lithographed on 80-lb. KVP Egyptian Parchment.

Peace on Earth

With two World Wars behind us and the third one in the making, our generation cannot point with pride to the progress we have made in solving the age old problem of living together in peace.

Now we are told that if we raise and equip an army and prepare ourselves to resist aggression, we may have peace because others will be afraid to attack us. This may result in peace for a few years — it certainly is not the foundation for the everlasting peace that we all long for.

When the hearts and minds of men are dominated by envy, greed, selfishness, and fear, we can only look forward to individual and collective actions of crime and violence.

Two thousand years ago God sent to the world His Son to tell us in simple, understandable terms how to live together in peace.

My, how things would change if a spirit of love would spread throughout the land! What a difference there would be if everyone had faith in each other and, most of all, faith in God! Smiles and happiness would be everywhere if the heart of every individual could be filled with hope, not only for a better day tomorrow but for a joyous everlasting life.

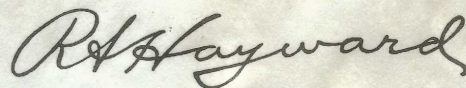
All of these things could be real if a true spirit of charity prevailed — if each person were willing to give not only of his substance but of his self, and would be charitable in his thoughts, actions, and deeds.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if all of us gave all of our Christmas presents to people we didn't know?

This spirit of universal love flickers faintly each Christmas-time when we celebrate the birth of our Saviour. Some day this flickering candle will burst forth into a consuming flame and will burn in the hearts of men throughout the year; the confusion that has settled over the earth like a blanket of fog covering the sea will disappear, and joy will fill the hearts of all people.

It is with this spirit of faith and hope that we express our wish to everyone that he will have a very MERRY CHRISTMAS.

We in Parchment will try our level best to preserve this spirit of Christmas throughout the year.



President

talk together, talk together
O ye peoples of the earth;
then and only then shall
we have Peace

SAHAKRIT



PHILOSOPHER

Glenn Stewart, Editor

Sent to the customers of the KALAMAZOO VEGETABLE PARCHMENT COMPANY
PARCHMENT • MICHIGAN

with the hope that it may aid to a better understanding between man and man.
Not copyrighted. If there is good here, we want to share it.

VOL. 19

DECEMBER, 1950

NO. 12

A Shepherd Watched...

Arcadia was a sleepy, unkempt village that belied its glamorous name. Rows of frame houses with wide yards fronted Main street. They needed paint, and only here and there a flower of some neglected perennial poked its stunted bloom through a riot of undergrowth.

Two outstanding buildings relieved the dreary thoroughfare.

How far that little candle throws
his beams! So shines a good
deed in a naughty world.

SHAKESPEARE

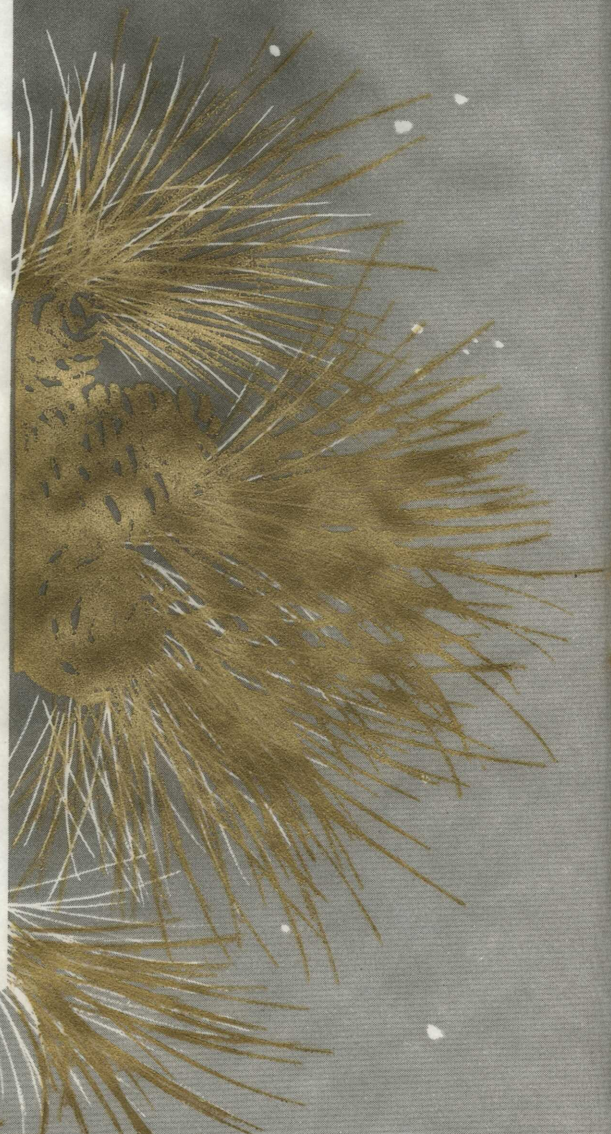
One was an old post-road tavern, now called *The Inn*. The other was the church. It stood well back from the street, a relic of remote grandeur. Its tall steeple pointed heavenward. The edifice and the manse next door were of the earth, earthy.

The minister was an old man. He had been its pastor for forty years. He knew he was out of date. Rumors had reached him of clamor for a younger, more progressive man. People complained that always he was looking after some outcast, or visiting the riff-raff "across the tracks" instead of visiting his parish and preparing interesting sermons.

He often had thought of resigning, but somehow could not force himself to do it. "I am no good any more," he often mused. He lived in a single room of the manse, doing his own housework and cooking his meals.

It was Christmas Eve and he had come to the study in the church to write his Christmas sermon. It was cold and he wore his old overcoat against the chill. He had had a busy day. There had been the funeral of the drunk who had staggered across the tracks in front of *The Flyer*; and the sick child he had gone to see in a squalid home. Also he had been called to settle a family quarrel, and there had been a discouraging meeting of the church board. No money, and they were two months behind on his small salary. He was late with his sermon and it *must* be ready by Christmas morning. He had hoped to have something new to say, but he decided to use the old story about the shepherds. From his worn Testament he read Luke's tale of it. He wrote the text at the top of a sheet of paper, using all seven of the thrilling verses. But he could get no further. What should he say? Ideas simply would not come tonight. He prayed for help. Something else was there in his subconscious mind, other than a sermon.

Then he remembered! A note had been under his door when he had come in that afternoon. It asked him to come and see a sick old lady who was dying. So the note said. He had forgotten! It was not yet too late! It was only ten o'clock. He lighted his lantern and went outdoors. A strong wind was blow-



Fear knocked at the door...
faith answered it...
no one was there

ing and it was getting cold. Biting snow crystals cut his face.

He found the house on the far edge of town and inside a man and a woman he had not known before. The woman was dying, it was plain to see. He stayed with them a long time telling them the story of God's redeeming love, and giving them the Communion and praying with them.

It was hard to buffet the wind and snow when he came out, and it was getting very, very cold. But inside his heart was warm. He was of some use, after all.

He reached the tumbled steps of the manse and was about to enter when he noticed something in the corner of the porch that looked like a human form. Then he heard what seemed to be a baby's cry.

"Who is there?" he called. No answer! He held the lantern high, and there, in the corner was a young girl of perhaps twenty. Wrapped in a blanket, she held a tiny baby. She looked pleadingly up to him.

"I mean no harm," she said, "only at the Inn they told me you might help me. Will you?"

"Come with me, inside." He took the child in his arms and lifted up the girl. Inside his little room, he placed her in his large easy-chair. It was difficult work to build a fire, but finally he had the wood glowing in the cook stove.

"Tell me," he said, when the room was warm, "tell me all about it."

"I fear you will think I have been quite wicked. I guess I have done wrong. But I was deeply in love with George. We planned to be married. Then his call to the army came suddenly. We had only two days together and he was gone. I never intended any wrong, but I loved him and we had planned a home together when he came back. A month before our child was born, word came to his mother that he had been killed at Anzio. I never told her my secret. I had saved just enough money for the hospital, and when they released me this morning, they told me there was a preacher in Arcadia who helped people like me. I hitchhiked a ride. I had thought to stay at the Inn tonight and

B

Be at war with your vices, at peace
with your neighbor, and let every
new year find you a better man

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

see you in the morning, but it was crowded with a merry Christmas party and I was afraid to go in. They told me where you lived and I came right out here. I gave up hope when I saw your place was dark. I was trying to think what next to do, when you came."

"My dear child, don't worry any more. Of course I'll help you. You shall stay right here until I can find a place for you. Cease being afraid. The loving, forgiving God will take care of you, and I will be His helper for you. Tomorrow is Christmas, you know, Christ's Day . . . a good time to make a new beginning. Rest now and be comforted."

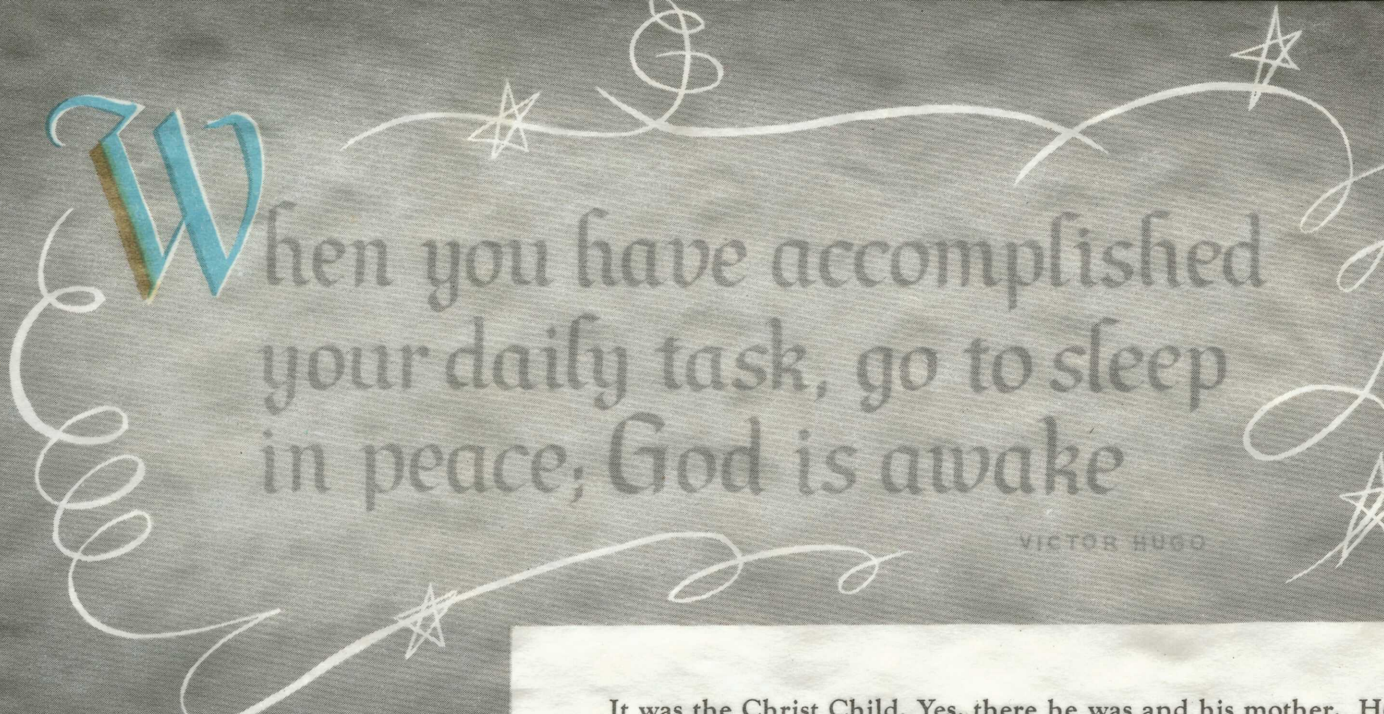
He bundled her in a blanket from his bed, warmed milk and gave it to her. He did not speak, but watched the couple tenderly. The child slept and the mother dozed. Then he said: "Tomorrow is Christmas Sunday, and I have my Christmas sermon to write. I'll leave you here and will come back soon. Be at home and at peace. You are safe and secure, now."

It was cold in the study. He looked at his watch. Past two o'clock! There on the desk was his sermon, with only the text written. He would put his thoughts together quickly, and then try to get some rest. But thoughts would not come. He felt a strange weakness and his mind would not work. He was very, very tired. He put his head down on the desk and pondered his text.

What was he going to say about the shepherds? Oh, yes! It was a dark, snowy night and they were watching their flocks on the Bethlehem hillside. It seemed as if he, himself, were there among them watching. He lifted his head. Everything seemed to be getting bright. It could not yet be dawn. Again he leaned his head upon his arms on the desk. The night seemed to be growing brighter all the while. He was out on the hills again. There were shadows on the hillside and there was a star in the sky he had not seen before.

What was that? Singing! And a voice saying not to be afraid. Something wonderful was happening! Angels! And they were telling of a child born in a manger down in the village. Oh, yes!





When you have accomplished
your daily task, go to sleep
in peace; God is awake

VICTOR HUGO

It was the Christ Child. Yes, there he was and his mother. He was beside them now. They looked strangely familiar. He had seen their faces somewhere before. He was all confused. Where was he? In Arcadia or in Bethlehem? He could not understand it all. But his heart was glad, very glad. His spirit exulted!



When the milkman came through the snow to the manse on Christmas morning, he entered the minister's unlocked room, as always he had done, to leave milk in the icebox. But the minister was not there. Instead, a strange sight! A young woman fast asleep in the pastor's big chair, a tiny baby cuddled in her arms.

Later they found the old man in the study of the church. His head was resting on his arms spread out upon his desk. His eyes were closed, but on his face was a gleam of joyous, hallowed ecstasy, as though he had seen something beautiful or had been listening to sweet music.

His arms and face were resting on a sheet of white paper at the top of which was written:

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

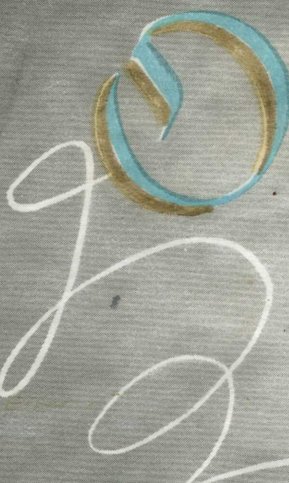
For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

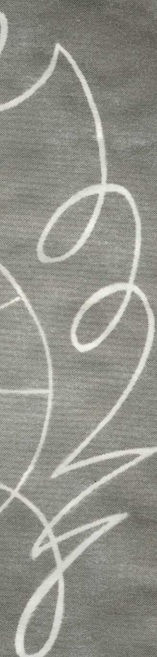
Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.

—John W. Dunning



God, give the world
common sense,
beginning with me

PRAYER OF A CHINESE CHRISTIAN



Hand Power General Electric was here the other day with their fabulous *More Power To America Special*. It is a 10-car train full of some 2000 electrical dinguses ranging in size from the mammoth 2250-hp turbocharged diesel engines that pull the train down to a tiny "grain of wheat" light bulb which doctors use to explore our innards.

The power engineers from all over town were in their glory, but when it comes to an understanding of what makes anything electric tick, we'll stack our ignorance of such things up against the average six-year-old and win every time. So it was all very deflating. But that didn't take the edge off our interest in what we saw. Indeed, two of the gadgets were worth the whole trip.

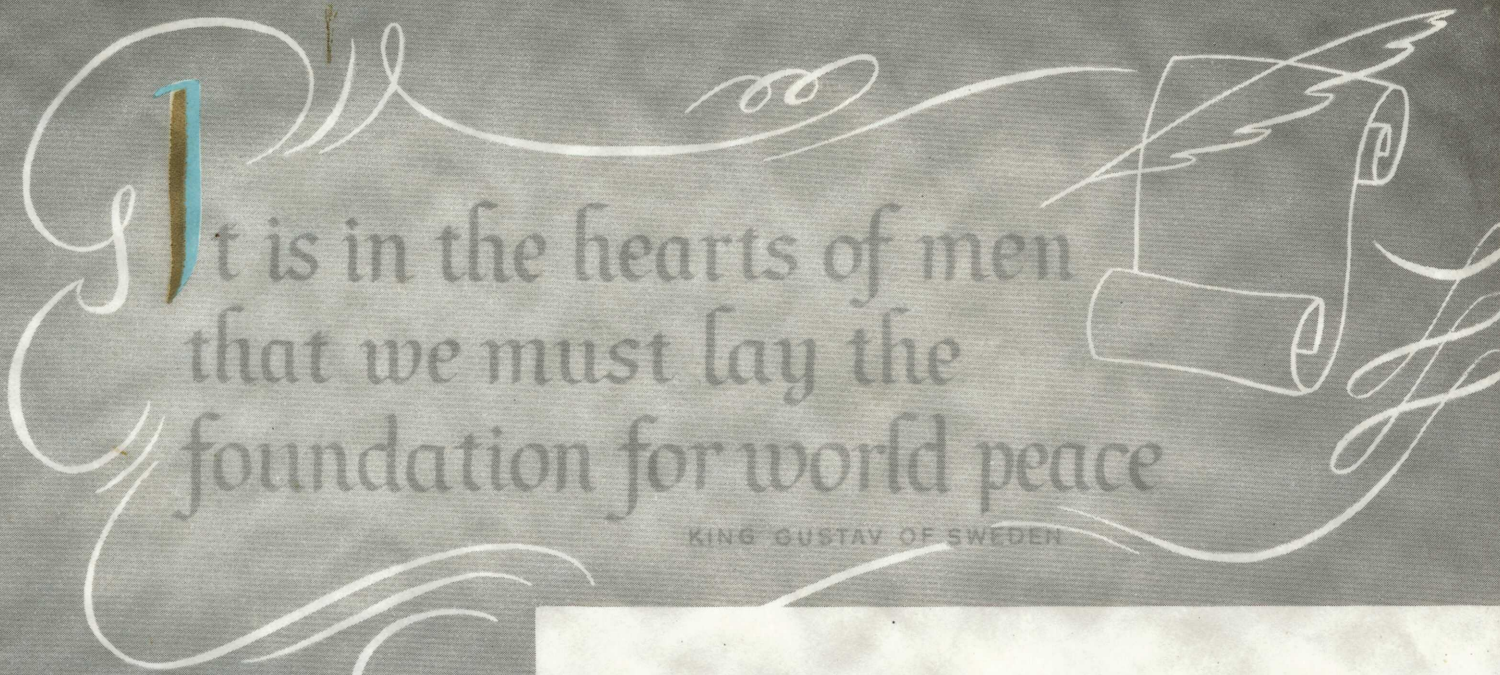
One was a hand-cranked generator. If we turned it hard enough and fast enough, we were told, we could light a 40-watt bulb. A little needle would show us our progress. So we started to crank, and we huffed and we puffed, and the little needle kept edging up, and just about the time we were ready to run out of huffs and puffs, the little light came on. A cigar popped out of a near-by machine to award us. We gave it to a fellow who had enough wind left to puff it.

A lot of pretty good sized men tried it, but only a few could light the lamp. They could get almost up to the required amount, but could bring out only an occasional flicker, or none at all.

Later on, we came upon a metal device, shaped roughly like a human hand. The sign said to shake hands with it. If our grasp was warm enough, we could light a 200 watt lamp. We took hold of it lightly, just a touch, not even a firm grasp. In two or three seconds a little dial showed a rapidly mounting wattage, and almost immediately, the big bright light came on, to stay lighted as long as the slight warmth of our palm touched the gadget's hand. Where great energy had been expended to light the little 40-watt lamp, now a little warmth, multiplied a million times by the electrical device, released more than five times as much energy.

Human contacts are much like electrical contacts. Some of us bull our way through life by sheer strength. Sometimes we





It is in the hearts of men
that we must lay the
foundation for world peace

KING GUSTAV OF SWEDEN

manage to generate a flicker of light in the world about us. Much of the time we fail altogether. Our frenzied efforts seem only to add to the darkness.

Others have the faculty of producing light wherever they go. The warmth of a handshake here, a pat on the back there. A smile, a kindly word. Things as simple as that.

There is more power in the warmth of the human hand and heart than in all the electric generators in the world.



No Room

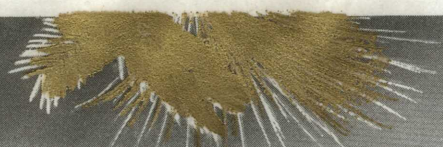
Some years ago a friend who was engaged in some mining operations in Korea told us of an experience shortly after reaching that country. He was walking down a road with a fellow engineer who had been in Korea for some time. Ahead of them, perhaps a hundred yards, a young woman was trudging along with a bundle of sticks balanced on her head. Suddenly she set down her burden and disappeared into a roadside thicket.

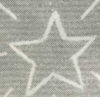
"Let's sit down for a smoke," the older man said. "I think you will shortly see something that will astonish you."

About 20 minutes later the woman emerged from the thicket. In her arms was a lustily wailing new-born baby. Balancing her fagot on her head, and cradling the child tenderly in her arms, she once more walked sturdily ahead of them, finally to enter a humble dwelling in the next village.

"Life can be very simple out here. If that baby is ever famous, do you suppose they'll make a shrine out of that thicket?"

Shrines are built the world over at the birthplaces of famous people. We all make pilgrimages to see them. There was a time in American political history when not to have been born in a log cabin was a terrible mistake. Ever since Andy Jackson came roaring out of a wilderness cabin to upset Washington society with the crude manners of the frontier, on down through Lincoln and Garfield and other presidents, politicians have made capital out of birth amid humble surroundings. It is the





On earth peace, good will toward men

ST. LUKE

old rags-to-riches theme so popular in America. The more humble the surroundings, the greater the virtue.

Two thousand years ago, lacking fifty, a young Jewish couple set out on what was for them a long journey. Sixty miles as the crow flies, perhaps 15 or 20 more the way they had to make it. The man was a carpenter. He was making the journey because it was time to pay his taxes. The Roman law was very strict about paying taxes. You had to pay them at the county seat where you were registered. The Jews were registered by their tribal ancestry. The carpenter was of the tribe of Benjamin. A little town called Bethlehem, hardly more than a wide place in the road, was the tribal headquarters.

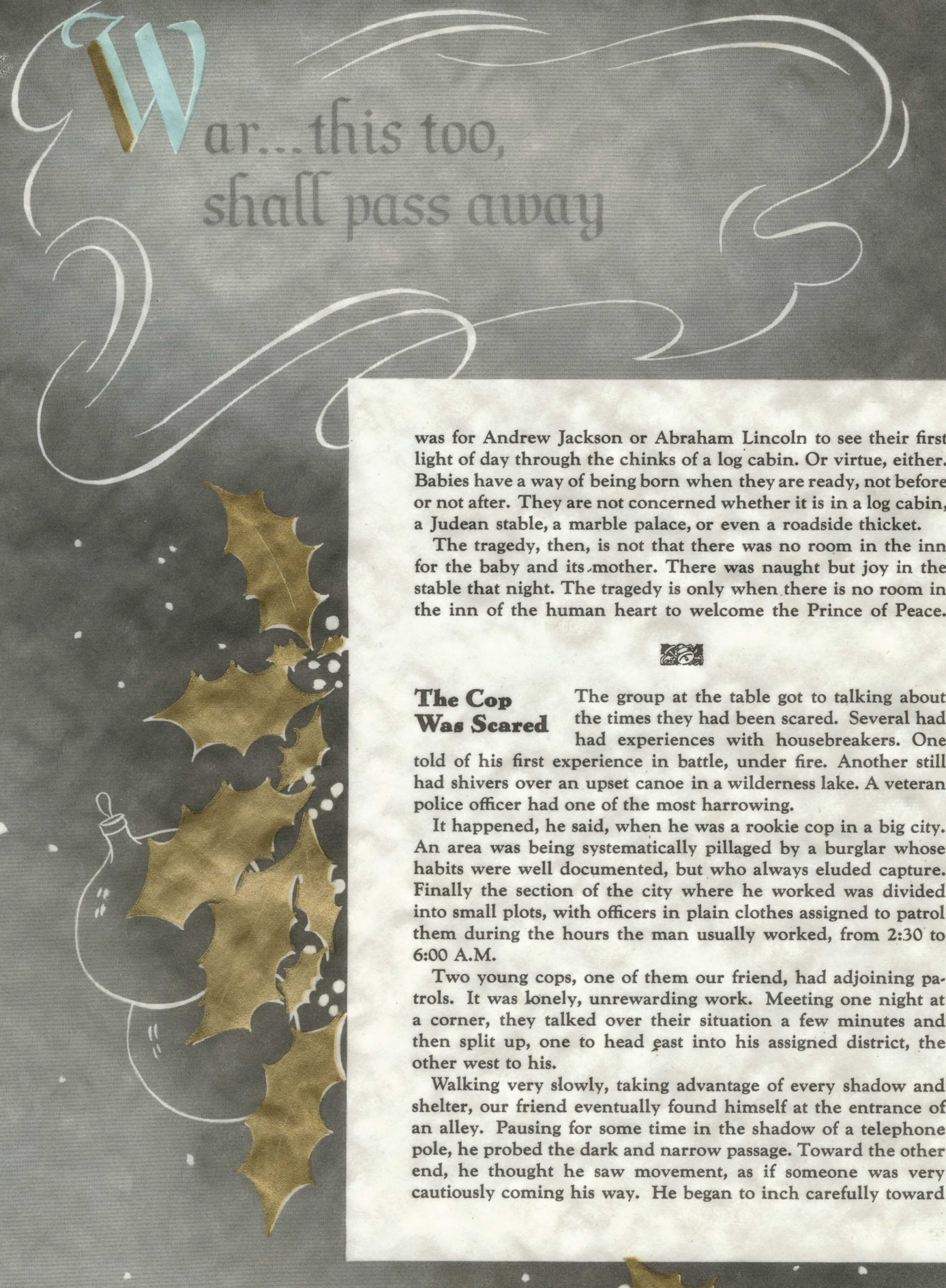
In spite of having to pay taxes to the hated rulers of the country, the young couple probably looked forward to the journey. They would meet a lot of friends and relatives. Long ties of love and friendship and religion would be renewed. But there were complications. The young wife was going to have a baby. As they neared the town, it became evident that there would be three of them to make the journey home.

The town had a hotel. It was full. Folks were already assigned space in the corridors and sample rooms. There wasn't a single vacancy. But the room clerk was an exception. He was sympathetic. It will never do for you folks to sleep out in the street. You're from the country. You're not afraid of horses and cows. Suppose we clear out a stall, throw down some clean hay, and let you sleep there. Mighty poor way to treat a guest, we know, but it's the very best we can do. If you'll let us do that, we'll try to make you as comfortable as possible.

And thus it came about, through the kindness of some inn keeper whose name has long since been forgotten, a birthplace was provided for a baby whose life was to have the greatest influence for good this world has ever known.

They'll show you a place in Bethlehem today where they say the birth took place. We rather doubt it, but neither our doubt nor the actual spot itself is important. There was no more tragedy about that baby being born in a stable than there





W

ar...this too,
shall pass away

was for Andrew Jackson or Abraham Lincoln to see their first light of day through the chinks of a log cabin. Or virtue, either. Babies have a way of being born when they are ready, not before or not after. They are not concerned whether it is in a log cabin, a Judean stable, a marble palace, or even a roadside thicket.

The tragedy, then, is not that there was no room in the inn for the baby and its mother. There was naught but joy in the stable that night. The tragedy is only when there is no room in the inn of the human heart to welcome the Prince of Peace.



The Cop Was Scared

The group at the table got to talking about the times they had been scared. Several had had experiences with housebreakers. One told of his first experience in battle, under fire. Another still had shivers over an upset canoe in a wilderness lake. A veteran police officer had one of the most harrowing.

It happened, he said, when he was a rookie cop in a big city. An area was being systematically pillaged by a burglar whose habits were well documented, but who always eluded capture. Finally the section of the city where he worked was divided into small plots, with officers in plain clothes assigned to patrol them during the hours the man usually worked, from 2:30 to 6:00 A.M.

Two young cops, one of them our friend, had adjoining patrols. It was lonely, unrewarding work. Meeting one night at a corner, they talked over their situation a few minutes and then split up, one to head east into his assigned district, the other west to his.

Walking very slowly, taking advantage of every shadow and shelter, our friend eventually found himself at the entrance of an alley. Pausing for some time in the shadow of a telephone pole, he probed the dark and narrow passage. Toward the other end, he thought he saw movement, as if someone was very cautiously coming his way. He began to inch carefully toward

W

hat doth the Lord require of thee,
but to do justly, Love Mercy, and
walk humbly with thy God ~

the oncomer, hardly daring to breathe. The dim figure kept coming. He was sure now that it was a man. He continued his stalk. The figure drew closer and was almost opposite him.

He had some time previously drawn his gun and cocked it. With the oncomer not six feet away, he suddenly stepped out from his cover and threw his flashlight full in the man's face. At the same instant, the prowler did exactly the same thing. Both men were in the full spot of a flashlight. Both men had drawn, cocked pistols!

For one terrorizing moment, his heart stood still. Then he recognized his supposed burglar. It was his fellow rookie cop, who had decided to do some investigating of his own in our friend's territory. Both men were on the police pistol team, and could not possibly have missed at such point blank-range.

The shock was equally great to the other. Their knees went limp, and they sat down on a curbstone, both breaking out in a cold sweat. It was half an hour before they could resume their patrols. Our friend has been shot at, and has engaged in numerous brawls with unsavory citizens in connection with his job, but never before or since has he felt himself so close to the Pearly Gates.



A local city park has excellent picnic facilities and the tables and stoves are in constant use during the summer months. Ample parking place is also provided.

One day this summer a woman drove up, but instead of parking in the allotted space, drove her car full length on to the nicely kept grass. The park superintendent happened by, stopped, got out of his car, and went up to the lady.

"May I ask your name?" he queried. She told him. "And your address?" She told him that, too. Then she said, "Why do you ask me? Isn't this a free picnic grounds?"

"Oh," said the superintendent, "I just wanted to know where you live so I can drive up and park on your lawn sometime."

A very red faced lady got back in her car and parked it where it belonged.



Beggar's Rhyme

*Christmas is a'comin'
And the geese are getting fat;
Please to put a penny
In an old man's hat.*

*If you haven't got a penny,
Then a ha'penny will do;
If you haven't got a ha'penny,
Then God bless you!*

—Old English

The Companies

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