

L'EQUIPE

(THE UNIT)

Published by members of the American Friends' Reconstruction Unit No. 1

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LE PERSONNEL DE L'EQUIPE

RECONSTRUCTING

Morris Leeds, Just Returned, Describes the Work Before the Unit.

Morris Leeds, one of the two Friends who have been investigating conditions in France preparatory to sending over the American Friends' Reconstruction Unit No. 1, returned to America last week, and talked to the Unit on Thursday evening.

Building the huts—maisons demontables—somewhere in the Jura near Dole, he said, would absorb the services of more men than any other task. The new factory will probably be an abandoned absinthe factory. Probably the whole Unit will go to Dole on its arrival, and camp in factory sheds. All the men can be put to work there while awaiting the necessary permissions to go nearer the war-scarred regions.

Canned goods will be taken over with the Unit; potatoes and other vegetables can be bought anywhere. Every town, however small, has its own public bakery and the same grade of semi-black bread obtains all over France.

Many of the English workers live in their own portable houses; some going into new districts, live for a time in tents.

All sorts of unforeseen obstacles confront the reconstruction worker. The Government is assuming responsibility for war damages; individual property owners, therefore, want no reconstruction done until the damage has been sat-

isfactorily assessed. The owners, who may be at war or refugees, and the mayor and the prefect must be consulted before work can be begun.

The demountable houses can be put anywhere on a man's lot, preferably where they can be used later as some sort of outhouses. Their estimated life as homes is seven to ten years. Meanwhile these houses give the owners a start; and once French peasants have a start, nobody can save or build up his property more rapidly.

At Red Cross headquarters in Paris Mr. Leeds said, no methods were more or more favorably quoted than those of the English Friends. There are 150 persons in the work, of whom about 50 are conscientious objectors who are not Friends.

BEWARE OF WHITE BREAD

And Don't Waste Your Spud-skins, Says Dr. Harvey Wiley.

"I believe white flour is a greater curse to our country than alcohol, though I'm a great Prohibitionist," said Dr. Harvey W. Wiley—"Farmer Wiley," as the former Federal food expert asked to be introduced, when he talked on Dietetics to the men of the Unit last Tuesday evening.

"There's a huge percentage of American youth unfit to serve their country because their teeth are bad," he continued. "One of the curses of this country is feeding children and mothers on food that has no tooth-building ca-

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(THE UNIT)

Published by members of the American Friends' Reconstruction Unit, No. 1.
"When the spirit moves"

Editors - - - Lewis S. Gannett
Henry H. Strater
Horace B Davis
Business Manager - - - Charles F. Brown
Contributing Editors - - - The hundred men
in the Unit

EDITORIAL

THE IDEAL OF LES AMIS

Nobody knows yet exactly what the American Friends Reconstruction Unit is going to do when it gets to France. Plans are being made for definite lines of service in definite places. But what the Unit stands for has been clear from the beginning and has become increasingly a part of that fellowship and common loyalty which unites those who have lived together at Haverford. As a protest and as an example the Unit stands for construction, not destruction; for good will, not hate.

In a world of nations organized to the last degree of cruelty and invention, a small group of men cling to another ideal, and a still smaller group are striving to give that ideal concrete expression. War has been called "the real thing"—that means it is concrete. It is the expression, in forms that men have developed in over six milleniums, of group rivalry, suspicion, jealousy, greed and hatred. These motives are not always present, for the expression of the motives has outlived the motives themselves. And new motives of group friendship, mutual confidence and good will would take their place if we knew how to express them.

Our first efforts to express these new motives look feeble, as feeble as the club of a neolithic man beside a modern 16-inch cannon; but it is a beginning. And the beginning, says the Greek proverb, is half of the whole.

"Somewhere in France" we shall build in the hearts of men the first rude huts of the future spiritual city of brotherly love.

H. J. CADBURY.

ARE WE SLACKERS?

Dr. Wiley said in friendly form what many people think with less friendship of the men in this Unit. When we arrive in civilian costume in France, there is every probability that some of us will be hissed in the streets. And when we get our uniforms, the reason people will cease to hiss us will be because they will not understand our work or our purpose.

To the vast majority of Frenchmen, and perhaps even of our own countrymen, a sturdy young man who is not carrying a rifle today is a slacker, a *sâle embusqué*. The newspapers have treated us with a curious respect so far; but there have been glints of the treatment we may receive when they realize the import of our position.

For most of us are in this Unit not merely because we ourselves refuse to fight, but because we believe that the course of our country in entering this war is an unrighteous course, and we refuse to share in that guilt. We are going to France because, sharing the idealism which sends volunteers—futilely, as we believe—to muddy death in the trenches, we seek such arduous service as we can conscientiously render. If we believed war, and in particular this war, just and right, we would have no business outside the army of the republic. If we believe, with Dr. Wiley, that this is a war that will end war, and a war that will establish world-democracy, we would be slackers to be members of this Unit.

Probably there are men in this Unit who are, perhaps unconsciously, such slackers. Probably there are men whose indignation will be so roused by the sight of the destruction which the Germans have wrought in France, that they will leave the Unit to join the army, believing with Dr. Wiley that only force can answer the Prussian challenge.

For the rest of us, who read in history that the decisions of force are futile and evanescent, who believe that the Bible phrase, "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword," applies to us as well as to the Germans, and remember Jesus' words which precede it in the Scripture—"Put up thy sword"—we shall face a task with less of romance and less of adventure, with more of suspicion to be met and

more distrust of our motives, than we expect. Our only justification will lie in the manner in which we go about our work. We have not yet risen to the height which our task demands of us.

Our families and friends have given us a comfortable sense of heroism in our undertaking. We must not forget that arduous though our task be, it is less dangerous than the service to which a half million of our fellow-countrymen are called, and that the world regards us as quitters. It is for us to prove that we are not quitters, to demonstrate the positive character of our internationalism and pacific ideals. The test is still before us. Every slip we make will be a betrayal of the trust our friends have in us, a betrayal of the mission the Society of Friends and its sympathizers have confided to us.

We do not believe that Kultur, German or Anglo-American, can be imposed on another people by force. A war to force a democratic form of government on a people is to us a contradiction in terms. We believe that an army of reconstruction may become a mightier factor for peace than an army of soldiers. If we meet the scorn which will be directed against us with anger and antagonism, we shall fail. If we face our task calmly and steadily, in a spirit of friendship and co-operation, we may help point the way to what the world has long been seeking—a Moral Equivalent for War.

L. S. G.

EQUIPE SAKE

A low whistle sounded. Nell put on her White Hood and Brown Vail, and stole downstairs. The Sommer Moon shone on her lover in his new Haines.

"You are Laity," whispered. "Let us fly, my Darling;" and they sped over the Heath toward Mont Gummere. Suddenly she gave a Howl and turned pale. "Give her gas," she cried; "we are followed."

Past the Hayes and thru the Wood they sped, scaring a Lamb as they Preston. But before Travissing the dangerous Marshall right an explosion sounded.

"A blowout," he cried. "But I will cope with the situation!"

There were Burdsall round. He drew a bead on a Webb-foot Gannett and brought it down with a Russell. With great Carey used the Webster patch the fire; but just then he heard a bullet Buzby.

"Would we had drowned in the Myers," said he with a hoarse Goff. "It must be your Parnell."

"Ha," said a stranger stepping up, his stalwart body Strater than a Speer. "I saw you Binder, Cooper, and try to Carter off. Die then!" And raising a Macy made as if to Kellum.

"Hold!" cried our heroine. "Spare him. My father is willing. A Crowder people saw us go. No wedding bills for him, he Betts!"

"Hussey," cried her lover. "And shall a Hornbrook such deception? Never!" "Amickitia vobiscum," said the stranger, "and cease your Warren. For I am a member of the A. F. R. U. of the R. C. No. 1, and where I am there must be no fighting."

Thus did the Unit Zavitz face. And the camera clicked on.

H. B. D.

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EVERYTHING TO WEAR

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NEWS OF THE WEEK

A house sprang up almost overnight on the Campus, and then it disappeared even more suddenly. It was not a grand mansion, or even a finished house, but it was built far enough so that a score of the men of the Unit could train their hands and get a working knowledge of how we will put up houses in France.

Plans made by the English Friends, with considerable modification, were used. The house was not much more than a shell, but it was a house that would be welcomed by thousands of French families next winter. It goes up in sections—so that most of the carpentering can be done in the sawmill. There the different parts can be cut out and nailed together, and then transported to the point of erection.

Now a garage is being built of the same lumber, giving an idea of how to rework used lumber.

Our boss carpenter, Alan G. Smith, had to leave the Unit because, not being a Quaker, the Government refused to let him leave the country. Several other men fear they may find themselves in the same position soon.

A gentle hint from the Council to certain individuals that their services were no longer needed, has further reduced the Unit. This notice put the rest of the men on their mettle—but they are glad to know that the Unit is being sifted down to get the best men.

Thirteen men sailed for France last week—Joseph Haines, William Whitall, Weston Howland, Caleb Balderston, Edward Webster, Clark Smith, Robert Metcalfe, Cheston Carey, Ralph Bruner, Louis Morrison, Horace Davis, Alfred Wetherald and Harold Myers.

The rest are wondering what will be their fate. Barclay Hall must be vacated September 1st. It is doubtful if all the men can obtain their passports by that time. Of course, they are hoping to get away then. The Unit may go in several installments.

Nothing is certain yet about Provost Marshal General Crowder's reported ruling that Friends and others exempted by the Draft Law must go to the mobilization camps. A delegation of Friends headed by Isaac Sharpless, has been to Washington, but the situation remains uncertain.

Thomas Raeburn White, international law expert, talked interestingly for an hour on Monday, the 20th, on the League to Enforce Peace.

Parvin Russell talked on Road-Building Monday morning; Dr. Packer gave a First Aid review on Tuesday; Carroll Binder told of tuberculosis conditions in France on Wednesday; Dr. Cadbury gave a definition of Pacifism on Thursday; and Saturday morning the men of the Unit took the regular First Aid examination. In addition there were two Social Service lectures by Miss Elizabeth Kite; two by Miss Libby, of the Organized Charities of Philadelphia, and a talk by Dr. J. H. House on the Balkans.

Squad assignments last week were as follows:

Automobiles — Balderston, S. F. Brown, Bruner, Carey, Collins, Hornbrook, Hussey, Laity, Lippincott, Metcalfe, Traviss, Vail, Webster, Wetherald, Zook, Greist, D. H. Marshall.

Elementary Carpentry — Hinshaw, Hood, Howland, Macy, Morrison, Vlas-kamp, Zavitz.

Advanced Carpentry—Cholerton, Darling, Davis, Griffith, Hayes, Hobbs, Johnson, E. H. Marshall, L. H. Marshall, Moon, Reynolds, Preston, Sommer, Stephens, R. P. Smith, Southworth, Titcomb, Whitall.

Masonry—Binder, C. F. Brown, E. P. Chambers, Cooper, Gannett, Garrigues, Haines, Lamb, McClure, Clark Smith, Webb.

Roadmaking—Amick, Betts, Bowerman, Morris Burdsall, Carter, W. C. Chambers, Elliott, Hadley, Kellum, MacDowell, Meyers, Parnell, Quigg, Russell, Walter Smith, Strater, Warren, White.

Surveying—Jenkins, Speer, Chawner, MacFadden, Mesner.

Photographic—Heath, Richard Burdsall.

Office—Sharpless, Taggart, McKinsty, Crowder.

Commissary—Buzby.

Physician—Packer.

G. C. J.

ECHO DE LA TRANCHEE

Depuis le 30 Aout 1914, qui est la date où le Ministère de la Guerre a pris sa décision, Botrel fut chargé de se rendre "dans tous les cantonnements, casernes, ambulances et hôpitaux pour dire et chanter aux troupes ses poèmes patriotiques." Depuis là le bon chansonnier circule au milieu de les troupes amusées et intéressées. On trompe la fatigue en faisant résonner ses mélodieux appels à l'héroïsme, au devoir et au sacrifice. Botrel les attendrit puis il les fait rire:

La France a subi les ravages,

Messieurs, de trois hordes sauvages:

Goths, Ostrogoths et Visigoths;

Il lui manquait les Taligoths!

Avouez que ça n'est pas mal.

C. D.

(Ce joli fait, si gracieusement constaté par une de nos lectrices à laquelle nos remerciements sont dus, nous donne une idée d'encore une service que puissent rendre les membres de l'Equipe lors de leur arrivée

à l'étranger. Il y a parmi nous plus d'un chanteur de force, même tout ce qu'il en faut pour toute une choeur, y compris les guitaristes pour faire l'accompagnement, et il ne faut que jeter les yeux sur n'importe quel numero de ce journal pour y découvrir des chansonniers d'un talent jusqu'ici ingrate.

Beau tableau enfin, que de se figurer les Amis qui chantent aux hôpitaux, aux camps etc, leurs chansons de "geste" en y rendant du coeur aux blessés tout en desennuyant en même temps.

Et quant à les faire rire aux français, Botrel *would have nothing on us*, pour ainsi dire.

Peut-être les historiens de l'avenir attribueront-ils à l'Amérique, à part l'invention des sous-marins, l'introduction en France de l'ukelèle Hawaiien!

W. C. T.

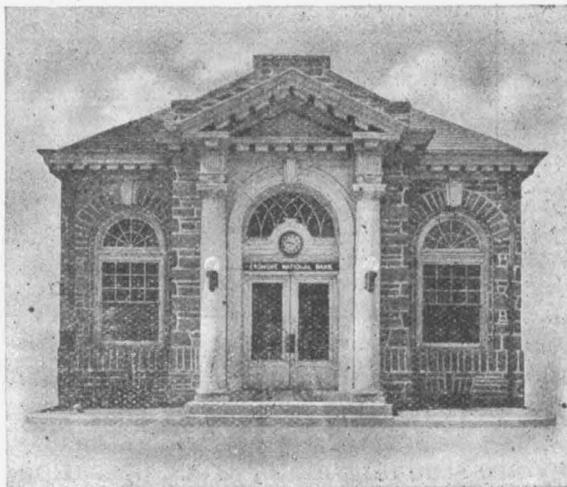
UN BEAU TOAST

Pourrait-on lire le "Message aux amis de Cedar Lake" sans vouloir exprimer la profonde admiration qui s'éveille en nous en voyant parmi les Haverfordiens cet esprit de corps, cette bonne camaraderie, ce geste admirable! Et comme devant la vie vraie, ils constatent que le meilleur de leur philosophie ils le puisent, à cette source profonde de humanité!

Que je voudrais qu'on mit au front de toutes les classes, "Ici on enseigne la vie," et qu'on tint promesse. Nourrir le cerveau, c'est bien; meubler l'intelligence de faits précis, c'est utile; mais ouvrir le coeur, développer le corps, apprendre la beauté de l'action, la nécessité de se rendre utile, voilà le sens vrai de l'enseignement et celui qui nous ramenera au triomphe de l'éducation, au culte de famille.

La santé du corps entretient l'équilibre et la vigueur du cerveau! J'éleve ma coupe: Vive les Haverfordiens, gloire et heureux succès d'une oeuvre d'amour et de fraternité!

C. D.



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BEWARE OF WHITE BREAD

(Continued from page 1)

capacity in it. Ninety-five per cent. of our school children have defective teeth.

"Every bag of white flour, and the candy and cake a child gets, is a curse. We bring up our children on curses—white flour, candy, cake, ice cream and coca cola. Let me feed the children of a nation and I don't care who makes its laws.

"We throw away the most valuable parts of our food. I read in the paper that the American troops in France have at last got their white bread—when France and England have forbidden the milling of white flour because it wastes 28 per cent. of the wheat. We need the bran we throw away—we need its mineral products. Those soldiers thought the dark bread of France a hardship—it was the greatest blessing that ever happened to them. If I were Food Administrator, the first thing I would do would be to close every white flour mill in the country. Instead of telling people to eat less bread, I'd give them plenty of brown bread."

Dr. Wiley criticised the army and navy rations as giving the men too much to eat, and giving them too much meat and white bread, and not enough starch and mineral food. "Steak," he said, "is the poorest food a man can eat if he is going to do hard work. The man who does the hardest work in the world is the man who eats the most cereal." He added another epigram: "Let me feed our soldiers and sailors and I don't care who makes the munitions."

He told how the Japanese soldiers in the Russo-Japanese war suffered from berri-berri because they ate polished

rice, which lacks the same mineral elements which white flour lacks; and declared that white flour leaves an acid residue in the system, which is responsible for many typically American ailments.

Then he turned to potatoes. "Whenever I see a potato skin thrown away, I weep," he said. "I'd rather be able to cook a potato well than to paint the frescoes of the Vatican. Very few see the frescoes, and millions eat poorly-cooked potatoes. There are only two ways to cook a potato—to roast it and to steam it; boil it and you take good out of it."

Dr. Wiley's rugged sincerity won every man in his audience. No speaker at Haverford has been better liked. And for nothing was he better liked than for the straightforward way in which he told the men that he thought they ought

to be in the army fighting. The men in the Unit are weary of compliments from speakers who say they wish they could go, too; they listened with respect as Dr. Wiley hit from the shoulder.

Germany, he said, has violated every principle of humanity and broken every international law. "She sought her place in the sun, and I hope she will find her place in the sod. I remember my Bible: 'They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.'"

"I wish that every one of you were carrying a rifle instead of a spade or a shovel. I believe that there is a prayer on the point of every shell, a vow on the tip of every bayonet, and a purpose in every groove of every rifle. Almighty God has put His purpose into nitroglycerine. To fight this war to the very end is the one and only way to end war for all time and forever."

ANNOUNCEMENT

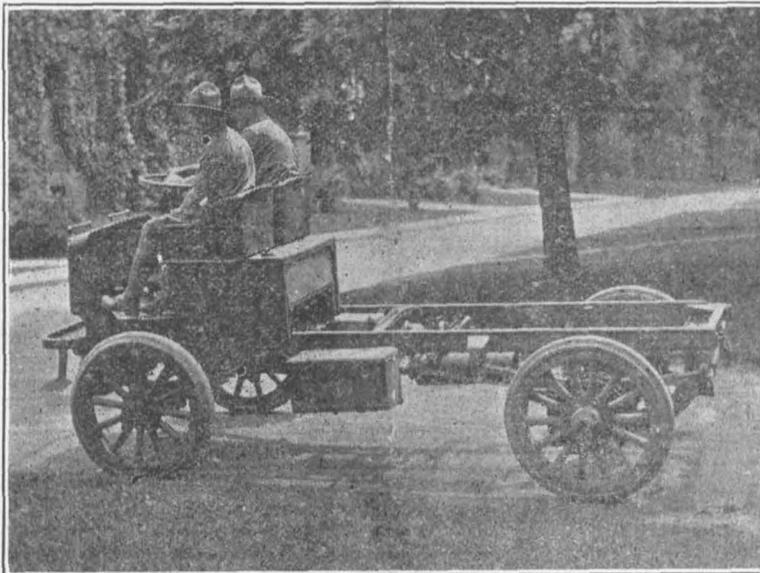
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