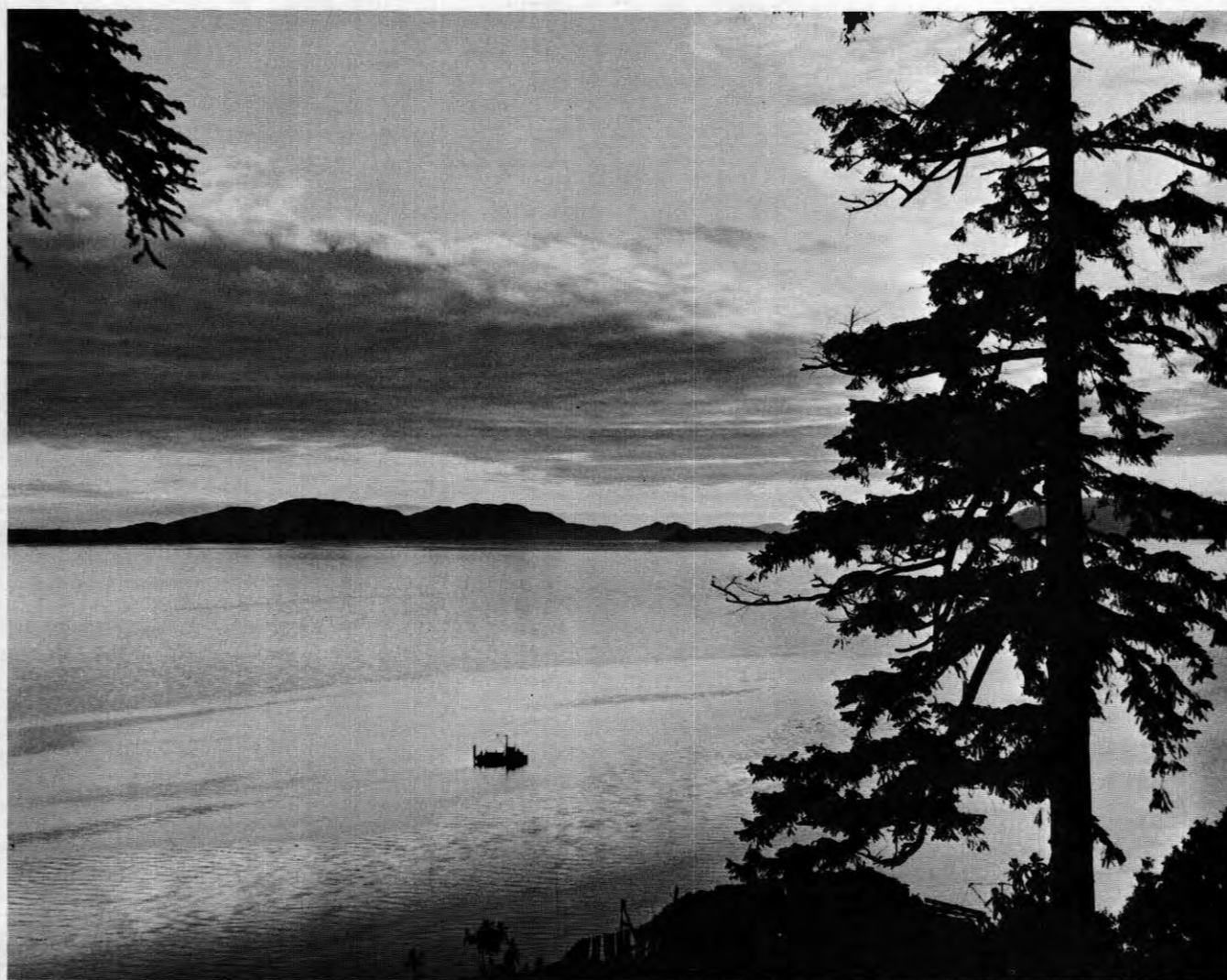


September 1, 1969

# FRIENDS JOURNAL

*Quaker Thought and Life Today*





## FRIENDS JOURNAL

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## From a Facing Bench

THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE COVER, of Chuckanut Bay on Puget Sound, was taken by Victor R. Boswell, a retired horticulturalist, who lives in Hyattsville, Maryland. He worked for many years in the United States Department of Agriculture and has written articles for scientific, popular, and trade journals. He has a deep interest in photography and experiments with photomacrography.

LORD, MAY I BE wakeful at sunrise to begin a new day for Thee; cheerful at sunset for having done my work for Thee; thankful at moonrise and under starshine for the beauty of Thy universe. And may I add what little may be in me to add to Thy great world.

ABBOT OF GREVE

### The contributors to this issue:

W. FAY LUDER, a member and trustee of Cambridge Monthly Meeting, is professor of chemistry in Northeastern University. He has written *The Electron-Repulsion Theory of the Chemical Bond*, *A Different Approach to Thermodynamics*, *A New Approach to Sex*, and *A Pearl of Great Price*. He wrote "Better Citizens of the Kingdom of God" (Friends Journal, April 15), an article on worship that elicited considerable response from readers.

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IRIS F. ROSOFSKY writes, "The Friends meeting I attended on Sunday, July 6, at the Warrington Meetinghouse was a new experience for me. The meeting brought a kind of peace to my own soul and a longing for that kind of communication which is so difficult to achieve in our busy world." She lives in Wellsville, Pennsylvania.

# Today and Tomorrow

## Orderly Space

WE HAD GONE THROUGH the day's grist of news and had found nothing in it to lift the spirit. Vietcong force attacks base, we read; report criticizes anti-crime planning; war foes mar trip of Mrs. Nixon; thirteen policemen wounded in clash; violence erupts in Utica; officials decry ship strike; Bank of America president warns of crisis. Snoopy, also, was having troubles.

All that and more in one newspaper, one day, one world. All pretty black and disorderly and lacking even the penumbra between the perfect shadow and full light.

A ray of light came, though, when we opened the morning mail. In it was a poem, "Orderly Space," written by Allen Reeder. It is:

Satellites go around the planets,  
Planets around a star,  
Stars go around in galaxies,  
How orderly they are!

Allen Reeder is a member of Abington Monthly Meeting, Jenkintown, Pennsylvania. He is nine years old.

"Let all nations hear the sound by word or writing. Spare no place, spare no tongue nor pen, but be obedient to the Lord God; go through the world and be valiant for the Truth upon earth; tread and trample all that is contrary under. . . . Be patterns, be examples in all countries, places, islands, nations, wherever you come, that your carriage and life may preach among all sorts of people, and to them; then you will come to walk cheerfully over the world, answering that of God in every one."

GEORGE FOX from *Launceston Prison*, 1656

## Not My Will

THE GENIUS of the organization is that it leaves its members alone, more or less. They are not asked to memorize ritual and response, repeat rote, or bow thirteen times in a prescribed direction. They are not even required to attend meetings. ("The one who arrives early has nothing better to do. The one who comes late does not care: The one who is on time acts from compulsion.")

Some things are expected of them, as they expect certain things (perhaps too many) of the organization. It is a matter of sharing, however, not preaching; exploring, not arguing; help, not arrogance; tolerance, not softness; frankness, not connivance; knowledge, not prejudice; Thy will, not mine or ours. Sacrifice and compromise, sometimes; that works both ways.

One—or maybe *the*—basis is self-assurance, self-trust, and the inner security of knowing one is in God's hands.

## Spring Song

RUTH L. RICE, who lives in Berwyn, Pennsylvania, and is a member of Valley Friends Meeting, sent us this poem by Arthur W. H. Puff:

### Love For An Old Cherry Tree

Last fall I watched thee shed thy dying leaves  
Until thee stood a barren skeleton  
In black, befitting one who mutely grieves  
A loss of summer and diminished sun.  
I saw thy twisted broken branches bared  
By cold autumnal rainy gales. I cared!

All winter long I saw thee from my chair,  
Beset by ice and snow and driving rain.  
I mutely sensed our mutual despair.  
What I'm about to say may sound inane,  
But I felt love for thee within me flow  
As though thee had a spirit and could know.

And now that spring is here again, I'm sure  
There's more to thee than meets my human eyes;  
For life is precious and it will endure.  
There may be spirit trees in Paradise.  
Vain man, from his top niche in Nature's zoo,  
Denies thee soul—but doubts his own soul, too.

Now tearful April yields to merry May.  
I venture forth and sit not far from thee;  
But thee, with branches blossom-laden, stay  
Preoccupied with new love's ecstasy.  
Each blossom like an ardent, loving kiss.  
I thought thee weak, but thou art strong through bliss.

The beauty of thy love expressed in flowers  
Intoxicates the well-springs of my mind.  
I sit enthralled amid thy blossom showers;  
To revelry, not poetry, inclined.  
So let's be merry in this pleasant place.  
Thy love-spent petals kiss my upturned face.

When we read, "For life is precious and it will endure . . ." there came the intimation of universality that to us is the mark of great poetry, and we had the feeling that the spirit that moved Arthur Puff was the spirit that moved blind Milton three centuries ago and many another poet since.

The feeling deepened when we read the letter that accompanied Arthur Puff's spring song.

Arthur Puff has written a number of poems. He is a valued member of Valley Friends Meeting. Ill with a type of sclerosis, he can no longer utter a sound. In his wheelchair at Friends Hall in West Chester, he "dictated" the poem last May. That he did by having someone recite the alphabet slowly. When the letter he wishes to designate is reached, he moves an eyelid.

Arthur Puff, we thank thee for the poem. Words cannot express our gratitude for the beauty of thy love and thy precious spirit.



# Working Hypothesis: the Kingdom of God

by W. Fay Luder

GALILEO, the Italian astronomer and physicist (1564-1642), wrote:

"I always accounted as extraordinarily foolish those who would make human comprehension the measure of what Nature has the power or knowledge to effect; whereas, on the contrary, not even the least effect in Nature can be fully understood by the most intelligent minds in the world."

For three hundred years Galileo was almost alone in this view—but no longer. At last we are beginning to realize how little we understand the nature of the universe—and beginning to suspect that human beings may never understand it.

No one of us can comprehend either its size or its age. Is its size infinite, or is its radius only twelve billion light years? Has it been in existence forever, or did it begin twelve billion years ago? The alternatives are incomprehensible. Also incomprehensible are a person's own senses or—perhaps most significant of all—his own consciousness.

Facing such ignorance of the universe, how can some people claim that it is possible to understand God? How can they say that we can know Him objectively and directly?

I believe that we cannot know God any more than we can understand anything fundamental about the universe. What then can we do about our inability to know God?

First, we can accept this ignorance as we have to accept our ignorance of the rest of the universe.

Second, we can adopt a reasonable hypothesis about the nature of God—the hypothesis suggested by Jesus that the creator of the universe is a God of universal and eternal love for all His children.

Third, we can test this hypothesis by a suitably designed experiment as suggested by Jesus: To live every moment of our lives as citizens of the Kingdom of God. "Put God's sovereignty first, before everything else, and the rest will come to you also." Paraphrasing a passage of Scripture (John 7:17), if we try to act objectively according to the hypothesis we will learn by experience whether it is justified.

What did Jesus mean by the Kingdom of God? If we answer as a child might, by using his knowledge of an ordinary nation, we might make at least seven statements about the Kingdom of God:

*Its homeland is the whole universe.* Science gives us an awe-inspiring picture of our universe, a picture we do not understand. But Jesus makes us feel at home in it by helping us proceed upon the hypothesis that the creator of the uni-

verse is a God of universal and unlimited love for every one of us.

*Its ruler is God.* Jesus gives us our best idea of God. God is not only the creator of the universe. He is also the loving Father of all humanity. Although most of His children have not yet entered His Kingdom, they are still His children and are loved by Him.

*Its law is the law of love.* Jesus shows us that God's children can be like God in loving everyone. We must be all-inclusive in our good will, just as God is.

*The Kingdom of God has citizens.* Anyone who acknowledges the sovereignty of God can become a citizen of the Kingdom. Jesus shows us the way. Following his teaching, we must be born again. That is, we must accept God as our Father and, therefore, all people as our brothers and sisters. We must then always strive to act toward them with unfailing love and forgiveness.

*The supreme allegiance of citizens of the Kingdom is to God.* Love for all our brothers and sisters stems from loving loyalty to their Father and ours. Jesus gives us the best example of this loyalty. Like him we must replace our self-worship with loyalty to God. Any allegiance that conflicts with this loyalty is idol worship. Although the nation, mammon, science, sex, even the church, often become his idols—false gods created out of his self-worship—a man's primary idol is his own self. This self-worship, this putting one's self first in every situation, this fundamental sin that leads to all others, can be overcome by giving supreme allegiance to God. The Kingdom of God is the one pearl of great price, for which its citizens subordinate everything else.

*Citizens of God's Kingdom pay taxes to it.* Because of Jesus we know that citizenship in the Kingdom of God is the most important end of life. Therefore, its citizens tax themselves as much of their income as they can, through charity and teaching, to promote citizenship in the Kingdom among all men and women.

*The Kingdom of God is eternal.* By his resurrection Jesus shows us that our citizenship in the Kingdom is permanent. It does not end at death before it can be fully realized. Death is a greater opportunity for us to become citizens of the Kingdom of God.

Jesus does not demand that we know God. He does ask us to have faith in God: the willingness to try the scientific experiment to test the hypothesis in everyday life. If we do so, we shall learn that Jesus was the ultimate radical. He taught us the ultimate freedom—the freedom to obey God rather than men. He gave us the ultimate norm—citizenship in the Kingdom of God.

To help one another become better citizens of this Kingdom should be the purpose of our Meetings. This objective is the same as that of Jesus—to enable us to have the love, the understanding, and the courage to put loyalty to God first in our daily lives.



# The Artist and The Crucifixion

by Dorothea Blom

NOT LONG AGO an artist invited me to his studio to see his recent work. He showed me a Crucifixion with a power that made me suck my breath. It showed only the feet nailed to the Cross. It had the spontaneous vigor of abstract expressionism and the symbolic simplicity of medieval stained glass. I told him how deeply it moved me.

Then he put another canvas beside it. "And this," he said, "is the Resurrection." It startled me; I never had encountered a painting in a modern idiom on this subject. But he might as well have set before me a piece of innocuously decorative wallpaper. Embarrassed, I said nothing.

I wrote him later, to put into words what I had been unable to say in his studio: "Why do you artists today give us powerful imagery of the Crucifixion and either ignore or fail when it comes to the Resurrection?"

He answered promptly: "Your letter made me face the whole matter of what art is and is not. Art, I conclude, celebrates what I know and fails when it is only what I wish."

I mentioned this sequence of events to a mutual friend, a creative scholar in the Catholic Church. I finished by saying our artists today understand the suffering of the Crucifixion but fail to grasp the reality of transformation inherent in it.

She replied: "It isn't just modern artists. It's the Western world. Where do you find truly great images of the Resurrection? Compared to the Crucifixion, how often have Western artists even attempted it?"

The fact that artists of this century create more Crucifixion images than any other Biblical subject surely arises out of a sensitivity to suffering that caused Albert Einstein to say that this period would be looked back on as a time of change too fast for human accommodation without inordinate suffering. Yet the Crucifixion implies suffering leading beyond itself, as Einstein's comment does. It is inherently a transformation image, like the other two Bible images modern artists choose most—Lazarus and Jacob wrestling with his angel.

Thinking back over the centuries, I could remember only a few Resurrections and not one that had engraved a powerful image in my memory.

My friend went on to say that Westerners for centuries had credited suffering more easily than transformation. Her church, she pointed out, has Masses the week after Easter, but almost no one attends them. Catholics, she said, like Western Christians generally, follow a continuity from the



Crucifixion by Fred Burkel: "The symbolic simplicity of medieval stained glass"

beginning of Lent to Easter morning. Then, after a token honoring of the Resurrection, they abruptly dismiss the matter.

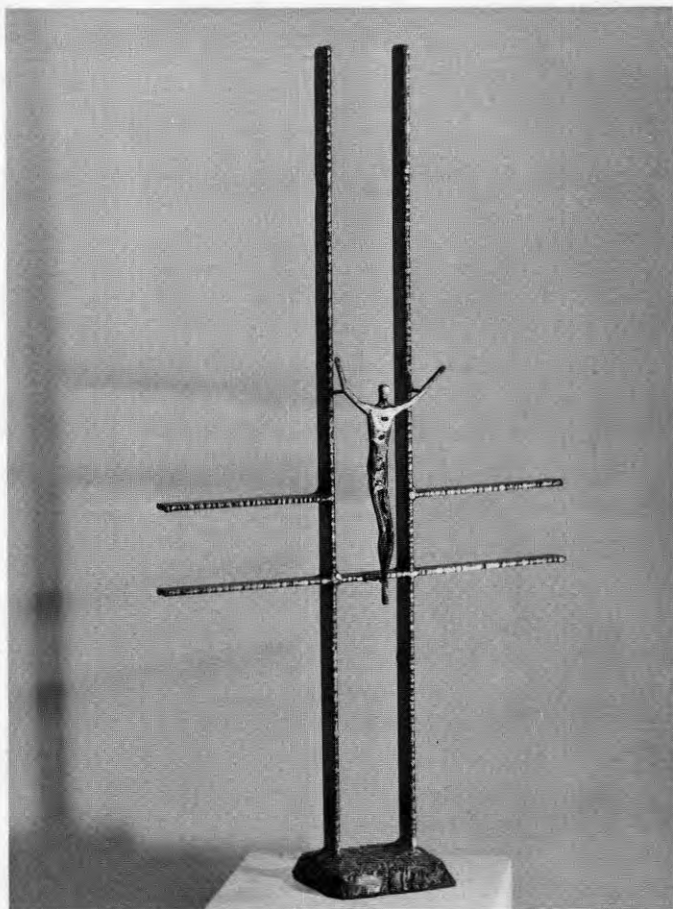
It is different in the Eastern Church, she continued, because Eastern Europeans are not so overimpressed by suffering as Westerners are. For Easterners, the great climax of the whole sequence is the entire week after Easter. People attend Masses, have feasts celebrating the Resurrection, and greet one another, "He is risen."

Shortly after this conversation I went with another artist to a gallery dedicated to contemporary religious art. Inside the gallery, I stopped suddenly. A Christ figure seemed to leap from a Cross to greet me. My artist friend said quietly: "This is the risen Christ. It's a new concept that is attracting a number of young artists now."

I did not answer her. I was rejoicing in the discovery of the first truly existential image of the Resurrection I had ever seen. Not something to wish. Something to know.

Could it be that the experiential risen Christ had found no imagery through the generations of Christian art, until the 1960's?—indeed, until a thousand years, more or less, after the image of Christ on the Cross became a standard image of church art? It seemed so.

But later that month one of my students commented that the figures of the various Crucifixions painted by the



Photograph by Arthur Swoger  
Resurrection Crucifix by Robert Cariola. Reproduced by permission, Contemporary Christian Art, Incorporated.

French artist Georges Rouault had indeed risen. They were not celebrations of suffering at all. The figures stand squarely on their own feet, poised and strong, only symbolically holding their arms out against the Cross. During all the years I had known these Crucifixions, I had never recognized the implications of Rouault's Crucifixions.

The explicitly church-oriented Rouault has done much to infuse New Testament imagery with a focus appropriate to a new, emerging sensibility. More surprisingly, we discover that the "secular" Picasso turned to the Crucifixion. And it is equally surprising to see Abraham Rattner, with his Jewish orientation, go through a sequence of Crucifixions as if haunted by the subject. Obviously the appeal of the Crucifixion for all these artists is extremely existential and experimental.

These images recall Martin Buber's saying: "Scripture is not merely what happened once, but what happens now and always"—an approach some generative persons call "the mythological use of the Bible"—internalizing it, having it happen to us.

Compare post-Renaissance images of the Crucifixion with contemporary versions. Traditional artists illustrated;

they recalled something that happened once by producing a dramatic and convincing illusion. Artists like El Greco and the aging Rembrandt, because they bypassed the illustrational emphasis, were dismissed by traditionalists as either mad or senile. Modern masters have no interest in what things look like or what happened once.

In this drastic world, where one era undergoes death throes and a new age suffers birth pains, we can well rejoice that the artist (who at his best reveals the latent capacities of his contemporaries) gives the Biblical tradition a live, new imagery to anticipate the future. It implies the tradition itself is transforming within man for the new era. Also, we, who in ourselves must live this death and birth so characteristic of our world, have still another help in trusting the transformation process both within ourselves and in our world.

This new imagery emphasizes more than ever before that the Crucifixion is not something by itself but is a part of a process. On the personal level, Westerners have been prone to condemn themselves to perpetual suffering—bearing one's cross, and finding this a noble solution.

Jesus said, "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." To follow implies not resigning oneself to suffering, not getting stuck with the cross, but dying, to be reborn.

### **E = MC<sup>2</sup>**

Tired with the husbanding of energy:  
Saving to spend; spending, to save enough  
For small delight when all the chores are done—  
And always running short—now I would rough  
Out this formula: As if the sun  
Alone could multiply hulk-flesh to be  
Residual power like that of coal or grass.  
Is there no other light to factor mass,  
Illuminated by divinity?

Given divine love, the essential light,  
And human love, incarnate light divine,  
So love by love, so light by light is squared,  
So spirit in the flesh is made to shine,  
So mass by light is multiplied, declared  
In energy transcending our own mite  
Of strength. Love acts on flesh for the release  
Of power, divinely squaring to increase  
The finite human by the infinite light.

SARA DEFORD

### **Vespers**

The congregation of clouds has gathered reverently to  
receive the descending sun's benediction  
Along the shore the leafy choir chants an evening hymn  
of praise

The surface shattering of the lake is a silent patterned  
sermon waiting on the winds of God to move.

POLLYANNA SEDZIOL



# A Deadly Game of Checkers

by George E. Sawyer

LET ME SHARE WITH YOU a little of what it means to be a black man in white America.

I was born in a ghetto in Kokomo, Indiana, moved to a ghetto in Anderson, Indiana, at the age of six months; and moved to a ghetto in Richmond, Indiana, at the age of nine years. My father was born in Nashville, Tennessee, and was forced out of school to help support the family when he was in the fourth grade. My mother was born in Ashland City, Tennessee, and was forced out of school, for the same reason, in the sixth grade. My father could not get a decent job, because he was black.

I shall not forget my first day of school. I had been on the playground five minutes when a white child called me "nigger." I whipped him. (Racism starts early.) In the second grade a little white girl took me to her home for lunch because we had no money to buy lunch meat.

We lived in a rat-infested house. Every evening, after dinner and after the kitchen was cleaned, my mother would sprinkle bread crumbs on the kitchen floor. When the rats began to enjoy their dinner, my brothers and I would run into the kitchen, turn on the lights, stuff rags into the rat holes, and beat the rats to death with sticks. This was imperative because we had younger brothers and sisters—the fewer the rats, the fewer the rat bites.

Few of you have gone to bed fearing that sometime during the night you would be accosted by a rat. Few of you have awakened in the morning relieved that you weren't accosted by the rat, but carrying marks like chicken pox because the bedbugs had enjoyed a hearty meal. These were the signs of the ghetto—signs that exist today.

When I went to work in Indianapolis, with Legal Services Organization, I saw a six-month-old baby's bed. It was a padded high chair, placed each night in a tub of water. This was necessary to keep rats away from the baby. Last November in the northwest section of Indianapolis, a child was killed by rats. From the date of my birth up to the present, I have seen the same insidious game—blacks versus rats.

Rats can't be indicted for murder; the white racist can. Calculatedly, white society has relegated the black man to the rat-infested ghetto. White society is guilty of the murder of hundreds of thousands of rat-mutilated, murdered black children. White society is guilty, but there is no forum that will hear the black man's complaint. There is no grand jury that will indict. There is no judge or jury that will convict.

White America must understand that within the ranks of black society there is a revolution. There are those who

cling to Martin Luther King's doctrine that "love force" is the only way—that the black-white problem is a moral one and that the only solution is love.

"If there be blood in the streets of Birmingham," said Dr. King, "let it be our blood." Dr. Price M. Cobb, co-author of *Black Rage*, said, however, "Nobody but a fool would accept this philosophy." Speaking to a group at Earlham College, Dr. Cobb indicated that Dr. King's death was unfortunate but that the black revolution has been the beneficiary.

The love ethic espoused by Dr. King is impossible idealism. The white man has neither the inclination nor the capacity to love the black man. Today the clamor by followers of Dr. King, Roy Wilkins, and Whitney Young for nonviolence and moderation is being obliterated by the cry that the only ethic that white America understands is the ethic of violence.

The Rev. Albert Cleage, author of *The Black Messiah*, says that the black man has been duped by the white man, that the Apostle Paul reconstructed Christianity to suit the white man's needs, and that Jesus really was a black revolutionary leading the black nation of Israel against the white Roman oppressors. He sees in the "hate whitey" attitude the beginning of a black nation that will, in time, be capable of rising up and overthrowing the white oppressor.

Recently I witnessed the thunder of violence in the streets of Indianapolis. I saw massive bricks landing thunderously upon the fire trucks as a supermarket burned to the ground.

There I witnessed human beings, black and white, "afraid for their very own existence." But I did not hear the voice of God. I did not feel the presence of God. I did not feel the urge to cry out, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

Instead, I had a sort of empty, sick feeling. The feeling was like that I probably will have when death invades the sanctuary of my own family. I know that it is inevitable, but there is no way to be prepared mentally or emotionally.

The riot struck with the fury of a tornado, subsided briefly, and then struck again: I was in the depth of an iniquitous chasm and I saw the possibility of the violent annihilation of the black man. The odds are one hundred eighty million against twenty million. If the white racist juggernaut begins to roll against the black stranger, he may well be wiped from your midst.

It seems to me that America is embroiled in what could be described as a deadly game of checkers. The players are black and white. It is White's move. White has taken all but three of Black's checkers. (They can be named nonviolence.) Black's checker, violence, is near the king's row. White can block the violent checker, but he must be willing to give up his checkers: supremacy, racism, and power. It seems to me it is White's move. God grant that it is made swiftly, decisively, and correctly.

# Black is Beautiful, But Separation is Ugly

by Barbara Grant Nnoka

IN ONITSHA, NIGERIA, in the Inland Town where only black Nigerians live, I am "our wife" or "N'ejima," the mother of twins. The twins are the sons of Nnoka of Ogbeagbu Quarter. When I walked through the gate of the Nnoka compound in 1965, the children called out, "Sistah!" Their parents danced their welcome. Within minutes, just as in 1955 when I had gone there to be married, everyone within calling distance had gathered.

In Metropolitan College, Onitsha; Sapele Academy Secondary School, Sapele; and Urhobo College, Warri, I was the English teacher to about one hundred and fifty black senior boys a year. I was the teaching colleague of about fifteen black men in each of those schools, working under the same black principal they did. Some principals were rogues and thieves and required a tough, united stand among their teachers; others were merely vain and pompous and required obedience and flattery from everybody.

In Uyo, Onitsha, Sapele, and Warri, I also was a neighbor to a variety of families, none of them white, many of them poor. Some had sick children, but some were well off, with large families of robust children. Most of them were more neighborly to me than I was able to be to them. I served on committees when asked. I never was chairman. In Warri, we had youth clubs, an agricultural fair, and a literary society. My teaching colleagues frequently included a few of the first graduates of the University of Ibadan. One of them, John Pepper Clark, spewed out his book, *America, Their America*, (London: Deutsch, 1964) in my Ibadan living room before it appeared in print. These friends and their friends talked about many other things in our various living rooms.

In New Paltz, where I now live, and at Friends gatherings, I have not felt compelled to seek an opportunity to present a public self-portrait.

But in the context of the current discussion about black studies and other forms of black separation I feel I must say that I am not at the core of my being a teacher of literature and sociology, although I teach courses in both. I am not an Africanist—not even most basically a Friend.

I am "N'ejima," the mother of twins, and those twins are black and are part of my experience in black Africa where I went, quite on my own, stayed unsupported by any white political power or community, lived unattended by any white people, and theoretically able to return to the States, but practically quite unable to think of it.

I feel I did my growing up in this black context, and I

speak now out of the human love, fear, hope, satisfactions, and frustrations I experienced among black people.

It may be challenged—this black African basis from which I speak—as being irrelevant or peripheral to the black American experience, but if it is so challenged, and if the challenge results in more precise thinking about the proposals in current circulation, then one of my purposes will have been served.

I went to Nigeria six years before its independence and left in 1966, six years after. I worked as a community development officer, high school English teacher, and finally as principal of a high school for girls in Ibadan, itself a university city and able, by 1966, to staff its schools on its own. By then my parents in America were older, and because the conditions that developed finally into the present Nigeria-Biafra war were obvious and forever intruding into ordinary business, I sought an opportunity to leave.

It rather excited me to anticipate working in an American college. I presumed colleges were still made up of people engaged in a variety of intellectual activities and exercises directed towards the contemplation and analysis of the human experience. Though I could not quite imagine how it would work, I tried to see myself being paid for reflecting on how the African perceptions of the human experience could be examined and discussed and, for me most important, how they could be made available to the non-African world as a source of new understandings.

Now, after three years of work in African studies, I would make the somewhat subtle but nevertheless important distinction between the professional Africanist's attitude and mine. I do not find great satisfaction in analyzing and systematizing African life and behavior. In my courses on African writing (in English) and social change in Africa, I work really as a cultural interpreter. I do not think I ever have said anything to whites in America that I would not have said to blacks in my living room in Africa and much of what I say was said to me. In fact, one of my motives in attempting to speak out now is to make an effort to keep those black intellectual and professional colleagues I have worked with over the years from being relegated to some separate category.

In June 1966, almost as we landed in New York, James Meredith walked down the road in Mississippi and was shot at, after which the black activist movement gathered, and Stokely Carmichael used the phrase, "black power."

The overtones at first were predominately political. At that point I felt rather like a visitor from outer space and was interested but not involved. I was cautious, however, for if we had learned any lesson in Nigeria between 1960 and 1966 it was that power, even when black, has to be used well to become good. Nevertheless, political thrusts by special interest groups are part of the American tradition, so why not "black power"?

After politics (or was it in support of politics?) came



"black is beautiful." And again I stood by, for who can argue with the goal of self-respect and a sense of worth for individuals who have been treated with disrespect and assumed to be worthless until they themselves have taken up the posture.

And then Ray Innes, of CORE, came to New Paltz, and I was one of a small group who had lunch with him before he spoke.

He talked in terms of separateness—Harlem organized by blacks according to some African principles, he said. Even though the purposes of this were those I had accepted as good, the doubts began to gnaw.

I asked each of my children, privately: "If the world were divided black and white, to which side would you go?" One said "black." The other said "white." And then I asked them together over dinner one night, and the "black" one turned to the "white" one and said, "What if they won't have you?"

This, I submit, is the fear that eats at the innards of black people and is the ultimate source of a variety of manifestations, some of which are for black studies, for separate facilities, for black faculty and counselors. The reason given is, "Because we are different."

Now, obviously, my black children are not all that different from me, or very different from the white thirteen-year-olds in the New Paltz Friends Meeting, or from the other faculty children in our community. Any group of us might be sent on contract to Africa, and we might all live there successfully, or we might just as well all be part of the state university system in California.

If this is true, then the "difference" derives from the life experience of whites and blacks, the black experience being all too little appreciated by the whites.

In my black-white family, we are beginning to accumulate our share of the trials and tribulations that so permeate and predominate the life of blacks that Carla Ballentine, a twenty-year-old black student at New Paltz, can write only of dirt and nonsense when she thinks of whites in relation to blacks. Her poem, published in the school paper, calls on blacks to "Remember . . . Remember," but one also must focus on the problem that requires a solution: *The faulty interaction between the racial groups*.

To posit that the faulty interaction will be corrected by no interaction, to say that the reestablishment of relations will be achieved by the separation of the very substances that have been faultily related—that is a great gamble and seems to me very unlikely to succeed.

I stand as I always have against fear and distrust and prejudice and discrimination in society, and I work as I always have for love and trust and justice and acceptance of all people and of every individual I know.

I cannot accept the mystique of race as a reasonable premise for the organization of human study. I am not prepared to give up the goal of extending human understand-

### Yearly Meeting 1969

The talk goes on  
Like rivers in their flood,  
Sticks, branches from the mud  
Uprooted, swirl, while Black  
Confronts the crowded room  
Filled with white faces strained  
Against this rush  
Of words in the attack.  
Outside magnolias bloom  
And spring's resurgent push  
Brings the familiar resurrection back.

The Whites, called hypocrites, are drowned  
By all these words, spat from a bitter tongue.  
Damned by the Black,  
By the Young misunderstood,  
We represent  
The Establishment.

Where is an Ararat of higher ground  
To give us mooring from this flood of sound?

MARY HOXIE JONES

ing around and through all the experienced truths of all our various members—even if some black people think they want their experience separated. I also am doubtful that in the study of human experience it is fruitful to attempt to be both the subject and the object of your own study, as American blacks seem to want to be.

My direct concern here, however, is not the technicalities of the problems faced by colleges. What I am really unable to accept is the idea of black and nonblack studies. No matter what the ends are, the nature of the means will force universities to make distinctions in respect to the races of students rather than on the basis of disregard of racial origin.

When I first thought about this, I hesitated to employ a parallel with Germany, for I can hardly believe it would be true. But the remarks I have just made are quoted almost directly from Bruno Bettelheim, who says, on the basis of his German experience, that even when the decisions based on race are intended to help a discriminated minority, they are dangerous (New York Times, March 23, 1969).

The danger seems to me to be that sooner or later the feelings of racial inferiority/superiority follow, and that these are all too easily joined to political power, from which combination we have thus far had to extricate ourselves by war—only to fall back into the same trap over again.

I acknowledge that politicians can and do make capital of such situations, but Friends as well as the academic community are not basically political and must, I feel, resist the temptation to be politicized on this issue — unless, of course, in response to the criticism of being irrelevant, we are so muddleheaded as to reconstruct our role as political.

# A New God Is Born

by Ellis Rece

IN THE DAYS since July 20, while my understanding has been struggling to recover from the bruising humiliation dealt it by my eyes and ears, I have learned to think of myself in a new way. Now I am one of Cronkite's cynics.

For a good many years I have inched farther and farther into the types of alien behavior with which many Friends are familiar. I am demonstrably a nigger lover, leftist, peacenik. If I was neither at Selma nor on the Phoenix, I did participate in a reading of the war dead, and I marched with Abernathy in Charleston. I am a kind of low-key activist, not unfamiliar with the epithets, hateful looks, and obscene gestures such behavior attracts.

I'm not complaining. I bow to no one regarding my capacity for self-righteousness, and so, as Jesus promised, I have my reward. Moreover, an occasional burst of grace breaks upon me in the form of gratitude, reassurance, love from a friend or stranger—"wine and milk without money and without price."

The climate is changing now, I fear. My days as a harmless nut are numbered. My joy over the moon landing is somewhat qualified, and so I am one of those branded as a cynic by Walter Cronkite. I can stand against Mr. Cronkite, secure in the armor of my obscurity, but the uninhibited public adulation of the Apollo 11 mission, to which his remark did obeisance, promises to be tougher.

A new god is born: Man in Space.

Maybe this will bring us together. Maybe now we will live as brothers. At any rate, we have proved that there are problems we can solve, there are new worlds we can conquer. So goes the new conventional wisdom—the new theology. "Thus were they defiled with their own works, and went a whoring with their own inventions." (Psalm 106:39).

We had been backed into a corner. The old God thundered that we should feed His people. For centuries we could not, and then suddenly we could—but we did not want to.

He cried out to us to heal His children. For centuries we could only weep for them, and then we could heal—and we allowed the healers to form a guild dedicated to those of us who could pay.

The old God said, "Take your foot from the neck of my people." Only a few men of good will had really understood that it was there; then suddenly thousands were aware that we were fighting a war of aggression in Viet Nam, that Latin America was our fief, the ghettos our brothels and bedlams—and the truth was hard to blink.

But now a new god is born. He demands only money,

## Intrepid, at Space Edge

Neighbor to sun, be reconciled.  
A rocket glitters, titanic.  
Wake with fresh will. Be morning's child.

In my sentinel heart I have much to prepare.  
Will legend gold-dust the warm day?

In a mazy mote that triggers tomorrow,  
I feel a Medusa stare:

"Why do you seek outward?  
Why do you care?"

Against that stony, ultimate gaze  
—met here, there, everywhere—  
raising my dust by dark degrees, I raise  
a golden spell of sun-steeped days.

Should we hide out  
in disowned, own earth, we would despoil  
ourselves (we are neighbors,  
though we forget), and perhaps fail to rise  
from one more fall  
that follows love's once primal Fall.

A rocket glitters, titanic—  
or is it a marker of futures set in place  
where there's no armor but the commonplace . . .  
and the tender shield of prayer—?  
Morning's child? Wake renewed here  
or in another morning there.

SAM BRADLEY

technology, and the courage of an elite band of surrogates. All of these things we are more than willing to provide. And the rewards! Problems that have solutions; a sense of personal pride born of unstinting service in the TV room; membership in the largest Church on earth—the worshipers of the Blessed Relief. For now we have transcended the petty and the mundane; we can turn back to daily life secure in the knowledge that more "shots" are in the making, and that no desperate fathers, worn-out mothers, or sick children will be so gauche as to interrupt our worship.

To be faced with such a body of true believers is a clear crisis for us timid, leftist screwballs. But, friends, it is a time for threshing. We must go to the shrines (leaflet the Churches?), as Amos did. We must go into the cities with Jeremiah. To go to the moon is no sin, but to send our hearts there and leave our brothers to die will not be soon forgiven. The word has to be spoken.

If you feel that there is no word from God to you about this, seek again. He will not leave His people without a warning of the bloodbath to come. Those who have sided with peace, with reason, with love must make themselves heard.

The past is past, and may God forgive us. But the new heretics must speak the Word of the old God. We who have known His love have most reason to be certain of His wrath.





## Ballad

### for a Friends Meeting

She sits in Meeting every day,  
Her lifted face serene.  
No strand of hair is out of place,  
Her bearing's like a queen.

Upon the column of her neck  
Her head in balance rests;  
Her tranquil beauty, classic-carved,  
Great inner calm attests.

Each day she sits, contained and cool,  
All secrets locked inside.  
What can she know of loneliness,  
Uncertainty, and pride?

I, sore beset and insecure,  
Am struggling. I am weak.  
From wealth of her tranquility  
I long for her to speak.

I cannot see how, folded, closed,  
Her thumbs rub to and fro.  
Then, shockingly, "Oh, God!" she cries,  
"I don't know how to go!"

The tortured cry, so quickly stilled,  
Awakes my startled fears  
And grips my heart, as when—a child—  
I saw my mother's tears.

If she is lost, so calm, so pure,  
Then where is hope for me?  
No voice of strength can speak through her  
No Light shine forth for me.

The silence now is deeper still.  
This hush I cannot bear!  
A cry for help, a soul in need—  
Is there no God to care?

And then a thought, a baby thing,  
Stirs softly in my heart.  
"You, too, know loneliness", it says,  
"And you must do your part."

A stupid thought, an unformed thing,  
Not worthy of such need.  
How should I dare to break this hush,  
Who've found nor God nor creed  
to help myself—and yet a sense  
of Presence wraps me round.

"Your turn to speak, my child," it says.  
"Just share this truth you've found!"  
"First take your thought, this baby thing,  
And hold it to the Light.

It has more facets than you know!  
Its surfaces are bright."  
My throat is dry, my palms are moist,  
My heart is pounding wild,  
Yet stronger still, the clear command,  
"Now! You will speak, my child!"

And suddenly the gates are loosed  
And blessings overflow.  
I pour out comfort from my heart  
In words I didn't know.

I see the lady's crumpled face,  
No Grecian marble now,  
And as her tears and mine flow down  
Our mingled spirits bow.

Once more, impassive on the bench,  
My turmoil none can tell,  
But like a child I run to God.  
"Oh, did I do it well?"

"You do it well to let me use  
Your hurt to help another.  
I cannot keep your channels clear  
Unless you love your brother."

BARBARA REYNOLDS

# Inward Action and Outward Action

by Keith Smiley

P. W. MARTIN, in *Experiment in Depth*, states that Jung in his discussion of psychological types points out that he does not deal with other "important human characteristics," such as "capacity or incapacity for action."

Martin goes on to say that the extrovert person would seem to be more "action-minded" than the introvert, and adds, "but that is no more than the current prejudice that 'action' is something done in the outside world . . ." His final point in the discussion is that "inward action" on occasion may be just as important as "outward action."

I am persuaded that this view of "action" speaks to the need of Friends today. The ideal of united, social, "outward" action on the part of large groups of Friends should certainly be held up as our goal. It rarely may have been achieved, but that may be because most of us do not appear to be in a sufficient state of "pure wisdom" to let this happen.

But action of an "inward" nature is our great need—the wrestling and the deep expression of concern about an outward situation (often with no charted plan of outward action). Such "wrestling," solitary and in groups of Friends and out in the world with whomever may be involved, is our calling.

On the basis of experience, I deny that "inner action" leads only to chronic quietism, if quietism means waiting merely for fuller, purer Light. If the concern is "in the Truth," like swollen flood waters, it will build such a "head" that it will break its dikes and sweep all things before it.

Paul writes, "I die every day!" Then he tells how men are "raised" from their dying: "With what kind of body do they come? You foolish man! What you sow does not come to life unless it dies. And what you sow is not the body which is to be, but a bare kernel, perhaps of wheat or some other grain. But God gives it a body as he has chosen . . ."

I am persuaded that the concern for what is really meant by sharing the world's resources carries a strong call to all Friends. Much inward action by many of us is needed before God gives it a body, which we may be clear to nurture. If we are to have a habitable world, we are urgently called to wrestle, under the full weight of this calling.

IF IT REQUIRES you to be the agent of injustice to another, then, I say, break the law.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU



Bread by Alexander S. Masley

## One First-day in August

by Iris F. Rosofsky

THE GRAVESTONES say 1795 or 1901. Died, Alice Sarah, daughter of John and Molly Hart, 12th month, 13th day, 1795, aged 1—. Here, a blur.

I stop a moment. I wonder. Aged 1—. A child? If it had been I, I that was dead aged 1—, it would be ten years . . . ten years about . . . ten years approximately. But what would it matter now? I have seen animals dead on the road, rabbits, groundhogs, a black cat fresh killed, lying in its own blood. And I have passed that cat five days later. Decay. Decay. And swarming with flies. It wouldn't matter—matter at all—dead on Monday or Tuesday . . .

Inside, the meeting is beginning. I make my way between the tombstones, between the half-sunk slabs of gray stone, between the 1795's and the 1801's the daughters of Harts and the beloved parents of Maries and Stephens . . . the tufts of grass, shin-high, neglected . . . the ruts worn by two centuries of feet coming, coming to bury, to remember . . . yes . . . coming to remember the buried . . . their buried. Coming to remember a lifetime of Sundays . . . sitting side by side in the stone meetinghouse meditating, or not meditating, perhaps watching the bumblebee on the window buzzing the smooth glass trying and retrying to scale the pane to the top. The pane. Pane. Pain—yes, or Sundays of pain that were supposed to be pleasure.

Picnics, picnics with the mate, long since dead, and the children now grownup and moved away and parents in their own right. Memories of picnics, of Sundays, the whole family together, by a still pond or a river, lying on a huge, moth-eaten, maroon-colored blanket and staring up into the midafternoon sky blue . . . blue with one wisp, one puff of white too lazy to move in the stillness of the Sunday and just suspended . . . or measuring the clover with eyes, eyes in a body on a blanket, eyes barely reaching the tops of the grasses . . . calculating inches perhaps, inches of growth, or maybe hours . . . calculating the hours till suppertime or the weeks till harvest . . . instead . . . instead of releasing the mind to dwell perhaps on other things. . . . What is that . . . you wanted to speak of . . . what—you wanted to share—what—so enclosed, so well-protected . . . by that expression of irritation on your face, or by the chronic fatigue which is bound to overwhelm any attempt you ever make to speak—to really speak to him. So you lie there side by side and worry where the kids are playing or whether the corn will come up good. You worry . . . until the date, the 1795 or the 1801 or the 1920 or the 1972, on your stone no longer matters.



## Reviews of Books

**Your Power To Be: Understanding Yourself and Your Fellow Men.** By J. SIG PAULSON. Doubleday, Garden City, New York. 166 pages. \$4.95

THE UNDERSTANDING of God's power within ourselves as a basic ingredient of our physical make-up and the consequences of such power open up a whole new world of reality. Paulson points up and explains these fluid and interdependent relationships.

Man cannot help achieving a wholeness in his expression of life if he follows this approach because man's basic quality is spirit. When he refuses to allow spirit to function within himself, he blocks the accomplishment of any real purpose in life.

This book concerns itself with the removal of these blocks and the freeing of man from his own hindrances. If this approach seems to smack of self-hypnosis, we should remember that we must convince our usually hidden self of the truth and value of anything we do before it can be realized. Any radical change is usually slow and takes much going over until new ideas gel and are part of us.

MARJORIE HANCOCK

**André Gide—The Theism of an Atheist.** By H. J. NERSON. Syracuse University Press, New York. 210 pages. \$7.00

H. J. NERSON BELIEVES there are two Gidian attitudes that in the mind of the unwary pass for atheism: Anti-idolatry and mysticism.

"From the perspective of religious sensitivity Gide was probably the greatest creative writer of his generation (1869-1951), at least in his own country. He was drawn to religious Christianity under the more delicate phrase, 'unity of spirits without arbitrary unification! . . .' He used every means at his disposal—from insult to sarcasm to persuasion—to do away with Protestant puritanical and Catholic dogmatic rigidity."

Mr. Nersoyan's study utilizes, awesomely and exhaustively, the massive body of former critiques of Gide's life and work and his journals, letters, and novels. Mr. Nersoyan refuses to be as baffled as Gide's other critics and attempts to build a relevant and comprehensible statement of his beliefs and art. To this reader, his effort seems heroic.

A mirror of the theological revolution occurring around him, Gide seemed

quite aware he was living in a period of transition—generally "between the enthusiasm of the nineteenth century and the sober reappraisals of the human situation in the twentieth . . . between Symbolism on the one hand and Existentialism on the other. . . ." In a word, Gide was one of the first great "existentialists."

Repudiating (although not altogether inimically) Catholicism, he had a battle against his natural Protestantism, which was fierce but never really won. Exceedingly literate in almost all religious writing, including the Bible and Oriental mysticism, he was impatient with, and probably incapable of, logical thinking.

It took an existential, ponderously systematic theologian like Paul Tillich to verbalize Gide's avowed "atheistic anti-idolatry": "The name of this infinite and inexhaustible depth and ground of all being is *God*. That depth is what the word *God* means. And if that word has not much meaning for you, translate it, and speak of the depths of your life, of the source of your being, of your ultimate concern, of what you take seriously without any reservations. Perhaps, in order to do so, you must forget everything traditional that you have learned about *God*, perhaps even the word itself. For if you know that *God* means depth, you know much about Him. You cannot then call yourself an atheist or unbeliever."

This "existential atheism" reveals not only Gide's passionately religious fervor but also his "mysticism"—despite his "antimysticism," which really becomes a matter of semantics. "His paradoxical reason for his opposition to mysticism as a doctrine is that being a mystic he was opposed to any doctrine at all. . . ."

Gide's mysticism is revealed in his longing to reach beyond the ambiguities and limitations of his human capacity. "He, therefore, cannot correctly be identified with humanism."

Mr. Nersoyan's view of Gide's natural propensity toward mysticism must be understood in terms of his living within a really discernible transitional period. He states that "Evelyn Underhill is probably correct in her observation that from a cultural point of view a phenomenon of transition is mysticism, mystics being torchbearers who overcome the tergiversations and anxieties that mark the periods between established certainties."

Gide envisages salvation through art. "The 'equilibrium and harmony' [he sought] is to be compared to the peace that believers find in Christ . . ." The world of art, fundamentally, runs parallel with the Christian image of the Kingdom of God.

"The function of the artist . . . is to witness and communicate to the less sensitive an unfolding, while the artist himself experiences in his person the birth pangs of the ever new. This experience is that of a struggle, for it involves a consciously adopted, profoundly hopeful stance against natural evil."

*André Gide—The Theism of an Atheist* will be of interest to those concerned specifically with the personality and art of Gide and generally with the development of contemporary Western theology. It is not recommended for light or sporadic reading.

ELIZABETH WOOD

**The Chance of a Lifetime; An Anthology for the Ageless.** By EVA and BARBARA GREENE. Bond Wheelwright Co., Freeport, Maine. 154 pages. \$6.95

THE REFLECTIVE READER who is growing older (as aren't we all?) will enjoy browsing through this collection of poems, bits of verse, and prose selections ranging from one or two lines to a page or more. They are loosely grouped under such headings as *The New Beginning*, *The Journey*, *Good Resolutions*, *Contentment*, and *Acceptance*. As with all anthologies, the choices are very personal, yet the scope is wide. Some of the selections are so familiar as to seem trite; others come from unexpected sources. In addition to the pleasure of the reading there are dividends, as when Charles Lamb's remarks on his retirement lead us back to the *Essays of Elia*; there may even be capital gains if we are inspired to seek out such a work as V. Sackville-West's *All Passion Spent* or Eiluned Lewis's *Dew on the Grass*.

If the assembly and reference apparatus seem occasionally a bit naive or unscholarly, the effect of the book is all the more charming, like the enthusiasms of a wise but unpretentious friend. Some of these aphorisms will surely come to mind at times of stress, bringing comfort or inspiration.

In putting together this volume, Eva Greene, who is in her eighty-fifth year, collaborated with her daughter, Barbara Greene Strachwitz, who was born in Brazil and educated in a Quaker school in England.

EDITH H. LEEDS

# PENDLE HILL



(Photograph by Ron Raitt)

*Pendle Hill celebrates Howard Brinton's eighty-fifth birthday. Left to right: Dan Wilson, Howard Brinton, Bernie Haviland, Douglas Steere, and Merrillie Towle.*

## Quaker Center for Study and Contemplation

### Coming Events . . .

- |                        |   |
|------------------------|---|
| <i>September 19-21</i> | Meeting Workers Institute, Herbert M. Hadley, Chairman. Considering responsibilities of overseers—all welcome   |
| <i>September 26</i>    | Opening of Autumn Term<br>Maurice Friedman, George Willoughby, Janet Shepherd, Eugenia Friedman, Jack Shepherd, Mary Morrison, Robert O. Blood, Jr., Stan Zielinski |
| <i>September 29</i>    | First Monday Night Open Lecture<br>Maurice Friedman—"Touchstones of Reality"  |
| <i>October 3-5</i>     | Seminar With Narayan Desai<br>Gandhian nonviolence in India today   |
| <i>October 10-12</i>   | Seminar with Douglas Heath<br>parent-youth relationships today  |

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### **THE ATONEMENT OF GEORGE FOX**

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**No. 166      55¢**

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**The Religious Situation 1969.** Edited by DONALD R. CUTLER. Beacon Press, Boston. 1091 pages. \$15.00

A SUBTITLE for this book, as well as for the 1968 volume, might well be, "What is happening on the religious scene?" We understand "the religious scene" to mean happenings throughout the world that have religious significance. In this book we find, for example, a moving chapter on "The Biafran Tragedy," which scarcely mentions religion, except to imply that religious rivalries may have helped to generate the conflict.

We learn that two countries, Maoist China and Albania, are competing for the honor of being "the first completely atheist state in the world." One can, with a kind of horror, acknowledge how far they have gone toward this goal; or one can respond with skepticism, noting that Maoism in China itself takes on all the attributes of a religion.

Michael Bourdeaux offers this opinion: "Religion in Albania has had to go underground—but if the Soviet experience is any guide, this will have the effect of strengthening the faith of the people and sharpening their resolve to fight for their rights."

Perhaps one-third of the forty-five chapters deal with social issues having religious aspects: Birth control, abortion, drugs, war, poverty, organ transplants, the "sanctity of life." These chapters exhibit a high standard of scholarship, carefully focusing the scientific, psychological, and sociological aspects of the questions under discussion.

Several chapters concentrate on ecclesiastical matters: The state of Catholicism, Protestantism, Pentecostalism, and ecumenism, especially in the Americas. I found the chapter on "The Underground Church" particularly interesting and informative.

Theological and philosophical issues form an important minor theme. There is an excellent discussion of empiricism and religious faith ("Elijah and the Empiricists"); there is a chapter on modern doctrines of nature; there are chapters dealing with the theology of transcendence and of the future.

Only one or two of the chapters appear to me to lapse from the generally high level of scholarship and substantiality. This book suggests that religious scholarship is in full vigor in America and in Europe. This does not necessarily mean, however, that religion itself is likewise vigorous.

HOWARD ALEXANDER

**Natural Areas in Indiana and Their Preservation.** By ALTON A. LINDSEY, DAMIAN SCHMELTZ, and STANLEY A. NICHOLS. Department of Biological Sciences, Purdue University, West Lafayette, Indiana. 294 pages

WITHIN THE PAGES of this book is an armchair journey for all who love the beauty of nature—a vivid recital of the almost undisturbed processes of creation, good pictures, and an abundance of scientific data. It is a timely work.

The authors present the type of advice which, if followed, will preserve for us a few of the areas we like to look upon. There are no spectacular, gigantic displays of nature's wealth like Niagara, the Tetons, or the Colorado, but there is a notable appreciation of what may be shared in the flatlands and in the gentle slopes of woodland, where clear, cool creek and brook give life to little animals, wild flowers, fish, and insects.

Between the lines and in a few outspoken paragraphs there lurks the hope that this work may serve as a pilot demonstration to scientists living in other states, who may make the required effort to protect and preserve their original areas of beauty and romantic inspiration.

A. WARD APPLIGATE

**Or We'll All Hang Separately: The Highlander Idea.** By THOMAS BLEDSOE, Beacon Press, Boston. 266 pages. \$5.95

THE HIGHLANDER FOLK SCHOOL was founded by Myles Horton in Tennessee in 1932. From the beginning, the school has worked to help Southerners understand and solve their problems, whether they be labor, education, racial, or civil rights problems.

Because Horton has encouraged people to work together to change long-established Southern prejudices and traditions, the school and its leader have been the object of numerous attacks. These attacks have come from local government officials, the Ku Klux Klan, newspapers, and others. The Highlander Idea nevertheless has grown and spread in the South and has been instrumental in bringing about many advances in human rights.

The effectiveness of the book is marred by the author's lack of skill as a writer. He lets his personal bitterness and anger interfere with the telling of his story. His approach is basically a negative one—he spends more time detailing the attacks upon Highlander than he does telling of its accomplishments.

The Highlander Folk School un-

doubtedly has been and is a vital, moving force for change in the South. It is unfortunate its story did not have a more effective spokesman.

JEANNE GARDNER

**Groups Alive, Church Alive, The Effective Use of Small Groups in the Local Church.** By CLYDE REID. Harper and Row, New York. 126 pages. \$3.95

CLYDE REID is associated with Reuel Howe in the Institute for Advanced Pastoral Studies—a church center near Detroit that is concerned with spiritual renewal.

Small groups within the local church, he says, may be used for education and group study, for enriching existing boards and committees, for social action, for experiments in worship, and for personal growth or therapy.

His book is a brief, practical introduction to methods of setting up a group and evaluating its dynamics, stages in its life, the question of leadership, and special problems—"the dominator," superficiality and frustration, and unconscious group decisions against a leader. The final chapter is an account of non-verbal communications and sensory awareness.

The manual is sketchy, and some will consider the treatment of group problems inadequate. Some weighty ethical questions concerned with small group life are discussed too briefly. There is little attempt to relate the experiences of small groups to the central problem of the renewal of faith, or of the awakening of spiritual experience.

At the human level—and Dr. Reid claims none other—the book deals competently and readably with the local church life, its members, its pastor, and the relationships among them. It will be of use to those who wish to start or to revivify special-purpose groups. Clerks and chairmen of committees also will discover help in resolving hang-ups in getting business done.

JOSEPH HAVENS

**Berdyaev's Philosophy of Hope.** By C. S. CALIAN. Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis. 134 pages. \$2.50

ESSENTIALLY this is a study of Berdyaev's eschatological philosophy—his thoughts about the end of historical time and the coming of God's kingdom. The advent of the kingdom must not be expected to occur in a one-time, cataclysmic event but can even be experienced in the life of each individual and his



## They Loved Her in Norway . . .

This is the report Rosalie Regen brings back from Europe. Her anthology of 14 1-Act plays, "Peaceful Heroes," is being used for English language presentation in Norway, Holland, Spain, Africa, and New Zealand. A German translation has been completed by Claire Stolting of the Germany Yearly Meeting.

You can get the original English version for \$2. It is ideal for reading aloud in groups, or actual production—to give Meeting members a chance to relive the roles of such lively Friends as George Fox, William Penn, John Woolman, Mary Fisher, Rufus Jones, and A. J. Muste.

There is a foreword on Religious Education and Drama by Anne Cooke Reid of University College, Ibadan, Nigeria.

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creative acts of love. The last word in Christianity is not the Crucifixion but the Resurrection, as the end-time (eschatological) mysticism of the early Christians experienced it.

God within man will lead man into another world if he is willing to follow His intimations. There is, then, a constant irruption of eternity into time in the self-transcending dynamics of history: History's meaning lies beyond history itself. The fulfillment of the law is not enough, and Christ came to fulfill the law and attack those whose dull legalistic style of living precluded a creative vision.

This study is a rich and competent source for those interested in the Russian spiritual crisis and the revolution of 1917-1918. There are exciting points of contact between our pre-establishment Quakerism and Berdyaev, who died the same year as Rufus M. Jones. When will our Quaker scholars present us with a study of the eschatological ideas in early Quakerism?

WILLIAM HUBBEN

**The Gathering Storm in the Churches.** By JEFFREY K. HADDEN. Doubleday & Company, Garden City, New York. 257 pages. \$5.95

THIS BOOK (its significant subtitle is *The Widening Gap Between Clergy and Laymen*) gets down to the nitty-gritty of the situation quickly. In a time of crisis, many people are asking, "Why? Why have these troubles come upon us?"

Jeffrey K. Hadden, a sociologist, describes the Christian churches as being "in the midst of a struggle which has evidence of being the most serious ferment in Christendom since the Protestant Reformation."

Closely related to the increasing doubt concerning faith and doctrine is the increasing involvement by some church people and an ever larger number of clergymen in social issues. They seek relevancy in taking a hard look at the church herself and seeing that "eleven o'clock Sunday morning is the most racially segregated hour in America."

One of the "new breed" (those who challenge the church to greater social significance), William Stringfellow, comments: "For centuries the church has in a variety of ways supported the racial status quo." Another, Peter Berger, says: "When religion becomes a solemn ratification of an existence of trying to get along with a minimum of awareness, that is relevant."

Some are alienated by this emphasis

and defend what they consider the traditional church position. One of them, J. Howard Pew, chairman of the board of the Sun Oil Company, indicts the church for "meddling in civil affairs." He adds: "To commit the church as a corporate body to controversial positions on which its members differ sharply is to divide the church into warring camps, stirring dissensions in the one place where spiritual unity should prevail."

Mr. Hadden sees this as a struggle between those who favor "comfort" and those who favor "challenge"; those who favor "comfort" are in a position to withhold funds and political power within the church and the larger society.

The author believes that the church must be challenged to meet more fully the changing times and that the primary responsibility for this lies with the clergy.

MARSHALL SMITH

**According to John: The New Look at the Fourth Gospel.** By A. M. HUNTER. Westminster Press, Philadelphia. 128 pages. Paperback, \$1.65

**Mark The Evangelist.** By WILLI MARXSEN. The Abington Press, Nashville. \$5.50

IN THE BOOK, *According to John*, one of two new publications on single Gospels, an experienced British teacher and writer reviews the changes of thinking in much of the scholarly world during the past thirty years about the most puzzling of the gospels.

Many of its controversial features have found defenses along different lines, and these Dr. Hunter recounts in a series of ten brief chapters. Most concrete are the discussion of the likeness of John's language to the Judaism disclosed in the Dead Sea Scrolls and the vindication of certain topographical features of this Gospel.

Two central contentions of this rehearsal are that John did not know as we do such Gospels as Mark and Luke, and that what he tells us is good independent historical information. If some modern scholars have stressed the existential problems rather than history, the author of John had already done this.

The general reader can learn here what has been happening in the abundant scholarly discussion, but he should remember that Dr. Hunter is more partisan than is the total body of discussion that he is reviewing. Without espousing an early date or an eyewitness for the author, he rehabilitates some of the older sense of assurance that the book of John once enjoyed.

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The second volume, *Mark the Evangelist*, translated a dozen years after its publication in German, is a technical discussion of the underlying motives in the Gospel of Mark. It is thus a pioneer work in the current style of emphasis on "redaction history," as distinct from the history or the "form history" of the gospels. Professor Marxsen tries to divine the theological interests and purposes of the individual author. He believes these personal factors played a larger part than those shared by the several evangelists or by the community tradition behind them. He limits himself to Mark's Gospel and to only four aspects of it. For this reason and because of the inherent obscurity of the subject, his results are necessarily quite tentative.

"From this academic study," the publishers claim, "the Gospel of Mark emerges as essentially an extended sermon on the death of Jesus, a creative interpretation by a theologian-writer-editor." Such attempted mind-reading is fascinating for those who are in a position to follow the discussion.

HENRY J. CADBURY

**Social Change and History:** Aspects of the Western Theory of Development. By ROBERT A. NISBET. Oxford University Press, New York. 335 pages

PROFESSOR NISBET traces the history of Western theories concerning social change from classical Greece to modern times.

The Greek philosophers based their idea of social change on the metaphor of growth. As with a plant, civilizations go through a cyclical change of genesis, then growth, then decay. In reviewing the thinking of each of the principal social philosophers, the author shows that Greek theories have continued, with modifications, to influence Western thought for a long time.

Quakers may especially be interested in the analysis of the Christian theory of social change, as stated by Augustine.

In the last part of the book, the validity of the metaphor of growth is questioned.

The author refutes some major tenets of the Western theory of development, that growth is natural, necessary, and continuous and interrupted only by setbacks due to human ignorance, tyranny, or superstition. He points out errors in thinking that have resulted from the development of social theories outside the framework of actual historical events.

ELIZABETH WOLFF



## Books for Children

**Contrary Jenkins.** By REBECCA CAUDILL and JAMES AYARS. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 34 pages. \$3.50

THIS TALE, said to be appropriate for ages from five to eight, should not, however, be sent off lightly to any child in this age bracket. It would be a delightful gift for a child who is fortunate enough to have parents with a hearty sense of humor, especially if one of them happens to have a talent for dramatic interpretation. It would be a shame to waste such an entertaining book on the wrong family.

Contrary Jenkins is a ridiculous person who simply cannot agree with other people. When his friend, Dan'l, invited him one day to stop and rest a spell, he said, "Don't aim to stop nowhere—not till I get to Kentucky." But when he found that Dan'l's wife had dinner on the table he changed his mind and decided to stay. He stayed for two years and three hundred sixty-four days until Dan'l invited him to help plant corn. Contrary Jenkins said, "No, I got to get on to Kentucky." And off he went. He was always like that, and of course it messed up his life.

The illustrations by Glen Rounds are as wonderful and as funny as the story.

WINIFRED HEALEY

**Nobody Scares a Porcupine.** By JEAN HORTON BERG. Westminster Press, Philadelphia. Unpaged. \$3.75

TALKING ANIMAL CHARACTERS always have fascinated children. Who can forget *The Tale of Peter Rabbit*, *The Wind in the Willows*, or *Rabbit Hill*? To be successful, animal characters should be both human and animal-like, with some characteristic of the particular species illuminating some aspect of our human behavior: Toad's puffed-up arrogance, Peter Rabbit's petty thievery in the cabbage patch.

The creatures in *Nobody Scares a Porcupine* are as undifferentiated in their actions as in their names—Little Beaver, Little Muskrat, Tiny Mouse, Little Porcupine. Only the porcupine has the distinction of being supposedly unscarable, since he is so well armed!

(How do Friends react to that philosophy?)

Children are concerned about being scared. Like the animals in this book, they are vulnerable and have many fears, real and imagined. To show that everybody is scared of something, Jean Berg uses a repeated practical joke that seems irrelevant and of negative value in helping children cope with fears. The preachy moral that follows does not improve the effect. The story does not define bravery.

A test group of kindergartners were bored by the story. An individual child being read to might be carried along by the illustrations. An able first or second grader could read it himself.

JOAN WATTLES

**That Mean Man.** By LIESEL MOAK SKORPEN. Illustrated by EMILY McCULLY. Harper and Row, New York. 32 pages. \$2.95

WHAT A DELIGHT for a four- or five-year old! There are all kinds of opportunities for the acceptable expression by the young reader of his aggressive tendencies as he identifies with That Mean Man ("I mean he was mean") and his flock of mean children.

The book is a sly spoof on various aspects of our society and its standards. That Mean Man (he has no other name) meets a mean woman "sneaking down the street. . . . They knew at a glance they were meant for each other." The mean children engage freely in all kinds of misbehavior and outdo their father's meanness until, "By the time those children were grown and gone, that mean man was worn out. I mean he was pooped."

The language speaks to the condition of the preschooler. The illustrations are apt. The publisher, on the inside cover, assures us that the volume is "gleefully illustrated with malice aforethought."

Liesel Moak Skorpen (a member of the Society of Friends) is to be congratulated for concocting a tale that gives young children a perspective on their own violent urges and a chance to laugh at the awful fate of That Mean Man who, at the end, got "just what he deserved."

JOYCE R. ENNIS

## Books In Brief

by Bess Lane

**Children—Choice or Chance.** By KARL WRAGE, M.D. Fortress Press, Philadelphia. 119 pages. \$2.95

THIS BOOK was written by a medical doctor, with not only a physical but also an ethical and theological frame of reference. It contains practical advice for those interested in regulating or preventing conception.

**Up from Grief.** By BERNADINE KREIS and ALICE PATTIE. The Seabury Press, New York. 146 pages. \$3.95

"UP FROM GRIEF," concerned with the loss of a loved one by death, was written after the authors had interviewed about five hundred grieverers, learned their problems, felt their suffering, and realized the great need of counseling, in many cases, in order to prevent collapse.

## Cinema

by Robert Steele

A MINOR FILM, "I Am Curious (Yellow)," has become notorious. It is breaking box-office records over the nation and has raised such controversy that whether one thinks he will like or dislike the film, approve or disapprove, he feels he has to see it. Probably it is good for us all to see it, and we can regret that because of its X-rating no one under the age of eighteen may be admitted. Persons under eighteen can take the film in their stride more easily than can older persons who are habituated to titillation and dishonesty in their film fare.

Last year when Vilgot Sjöman's film arrived from Sweden, the United States Customs Service seized it. A jury in New York decided that the film was obscene and should not be seen on American soil. Grove Press, the American distributor of the film, brought out a galaxy of film critics, psychiatrists, and sociologists who declared the film is not obscene and who won a reversal in the United States Court of Appeals.

Persons are paying higher-than-usual admission prices to see "I Am Curious (Yellow)." They expect to experience a peak of eroticism, but they come away—and sometimes do not stay until the end—saying that it is a boring and poor

film. They expect to see a skinflick and are annoyed to find out that it has a great deal to do with Martin Luther King, Jr., with a leading lady who tries to live according to his nonviolent principles, and with a challenge to social class, monarchy, poverty, the Vietnam War, and nuclear bombs stockpiled for defense. The film does have more blatant nudity and sex than we usually see in the movies, but these are presented with such candor, humor, and spoofing that they have limited punch. Attorney Herbert Swartz and I estimated that ten minutes of the film presents nudity and sex. That amounts to one-twelfth of the running time.

Sjöman shot a mass of footage *cinéma vérité* (candid-camera style) and leaned on editing to give the film continuity. He discovered that he had too much footage for a single film, so he decided to make two out of it. We are seeing the first part, "(Yellow)," and have yet to see the second part, "I Am Curious (Blue)." The colors are of the Swedish flag.

The film deals with the morals and mores of contemporary Sweden. It is a freewheeling one, combining actuality, fiction, and fantasy in order to criticize and mock contemporary life in Sweden. For fatuous audiences, it is a demanding film. While much that it has to say and show about Swedish life is pertinent to contemporary life in the West, much of its attack is directed to Sweden, and this baffles provincial viewers.

The semi-documentary style and the political message of "I Am Curious (Yellow)" remind one of many of the films of Jean-Luc Godard. It investigates a culture from an ethnological point of view, which reminds one of the films made in Africa and France by anthropologist Jean Rouch. Its stance is the voyeur predicament a film director finds himself in—a problem of which Ingmar Bergman has made us aware. It is a biography of a film director, Sjöman himself, so it reminds us of Fellini's "8½."

Sjöman wished the film to be his "8½." But there is a difference: Guido in "8½" is acted upon and is passive in the course of producing a film. Sjöman brings himself actively into his film, and his actions change the course of the story. We look at Sjöman as a director in the process of making a film. We watch him lose his love, his star, to the male star in the film. We watch him making a film that weaves in and out of the film "I Am Curious (Yellow)." His diary makes it plain that what happens

in the film was happening to him as he improvised much of the film. "8½," while similar, is different in that it was scripted and far less improvised, and we are with Guido, seeing his problems in making a film, rather than seeing him and his problems from *our* point of view.

No wonder the continuity of "(Yellow)" is complex and that it takes a second exposure to the film to comprehend it! (I saw the film twice to satisfy myself that I understood most of it. Then I was asked to see it privately with a judge who was to hear the case when the film was seized; and then I saw it privately with a lawyer to help him make a synopsis of the film in answer to a police report on it. The author of the police report saw what he thought he wanted to see in the film rather than what is actually in the film. Unlike many films, this one wears well with repeated viewings. The seriousness of the intent of the film and its radical trouncing of our mores become increasingly apparent.)

The film is an important one but not a great work of art. Its value lies in its eschewing the hypocrisy with which nudity and sex have been presented on the screen throughout the whole seventy-year history of the cinema. Also it is a social tract about what is wrong with a society. No one in the United States has dared to challenge and indict social evils to the extent this film does. (It would be next to impossible to bring it off in our economically structured film industry because the "villains" of the film would be the ones to finance it.)

Sjöman failed to make an enduring film or an aesthetically satisfying one because his treatment of the material is shallow. He disturbs by asking many questions that need to be asked, but he does not point to or suggest answers. We cannot believe in the reality of his denouement—it seems like comic-strip fiction—and all his sober indictments of militarism and social class come to nothing. But perhaps the second half "(Blue)" of his film will bail out the first.

For over two hours, however, "I Am Curious (Yellow)" gives us fresh and invigorating subject matter, so that instead of our having sat through just another movie, we have seen one which disturbs many and infuriates a few.

Undeniably, it has social values and does not appeal to prurient interests. Only a small portion of the film is devoted to sex; the bulk of it has to do with investigation of a society. It may have abundant redeeming value for those who can comprehend it.



# Letters to the Editor

## Farm Labor

LYDIA H. T. BALDERSTON'S LETTER in Friends Journal of June 15 describes the conscientious way in which farm labor is taken care of on her farm in Maryland. She concludes that "surely all Friends and Christians do this in California!"

We would hope that Friends and Christians would help the Farm Workers Organizing Committee, on strike now for more than two years demanding union recognition from Guimarra Corp., the biggest table grape producers. This is a nonviolent strike of grape pickers under the spiritual leadership of Gandhi, Martin Luther King, and the Catholic Virgin of Guadalupe. It has been supported by Robert Kennedy, McCarthy, and Humphrey and opposed by President Nixon, when he was a candidate.

Lydia Balderston writes that we Quakers want freedom to think, worship, work, and hire. We certainly do, but not freedom to work and hire in such a way as to interfere with others in their search for freedom. During the past hundred years, conscientious farmers have had opportunity to help solve the problems of migrants, and yet today we have nearly a million migrants about half of whom are children—with more than three hundred thousand between ages ten and thirteen. Isn't it time that they try uniting themselves to solve their problems? — and natural that we help them?

Certainly we Quakers "appreciate freedom." So does a farm worker, a migrant; for example, the freedom that comes from earning enough to support a permanent home with his children in it, (instead of in the fields) with regular schooling and a doctor available; also the freedom and sense of dignity which comes to union members who discuss problems and send representatives to discuss with the employers. Of course, unions have troubles and even abuses. Who doesn't? But unions are a long step forward for farm workers, especially migrants. A lone migrant is powerless.

Lydia Balderston's letter mentions a Farm Bureau (organization supported by farmers—not farm workers) report on the California grape picker strike—"there is a fine, friendly relationship between table grape growers and their harvest crews." Who are these "harvest crews" who "voted to not join the union"? Many are "green card" Mexi-

cans whose permanent homes are in Mexico where regular farm wages are fifty cents to a dollar a day. Their families must get regular remittances. They make first class strike breakers, speak only Spanish, can't move far, are helpless without steady work. They must get along with and vote along with the Boss. Besides, the strike has brought their wages up. On the other hand, Mexican-American men and women have proved themselves good union members, undergoing great sacrifice for "La Causa," Freedom for Farm Workers.

If the F. W. O. C. wins this strike, it will be a long step toward unionizing farm labor in USA. That will mean higher wages and abolishing child labor in the ugly sense of the words.

And, if people wish to understand it, they should remember that life must be made more livable for farm labor or we must expect hundreds of thousands of semiliterate, unskilled, almost moneyless, insecure farm people to continue pouring into our big cities.

ARTHUR AND HELEN BERTHOLF  
Philadelphia

## Factories-in-the-Fields

THE LETTER from Lydia H. T. Balderston in the issue of June 15 needs some comment.

It is good to have the views of a

grower and a family-size operator, one who is concerned with human values. However, these views and values are very different from those of the big growers and operators in California and Florida. There the family-size operations are few and far between and the human values are not to be found in the big, corporate enterprises.

Cesar Chavez is to the Mexican-Americans, the chief source of labor in California and the Southwest, as Martin Luther King, Jr., was (and is) to the Negroes. He is an idealist. He believes in nonviolence and urges it upon all of his followers.

The effort to organize the migrant farm workers is supported by the National Council of Churches, The California Council of Churches, the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, and many other groups.

Agricultural workers are excluded from the provisions of the National Labor Relations Act, which gives all other workers the right to organize and bargain collectively with their employers. If farm workers were included, they could themselves correct many of the unjust situations which confront them.

In Florida, as in California and other states, some of the housing for migrant workers is so bad that it beggars description. You have to see it to believe it. Most of the large operations do not provide field toilets. Many of the fields have rows half a mile long with men and women working in the same fields. A

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call of nature has to be answered in the field, and there are no bushes where one may hide. If the migrants were organized, they could bargain for such facilities and other things that would enable them to live as human beings.

I question the idea presented by the Farm Bureau that all is sweetness and light between the grape pickers and their employers. The big operators have pressured the Department of Labor into allowing thousands of Mexican nationals to come into California as temporary workers (green carders). Thus, the strike by Mexican-American workers is broken. The Farm Bureau was once an organization representing the family farmer. For the past twenty years, the national organization has been the voice of agribusiness. In county and state organizations, there are exceptions, for example, the Ohio Farm Bureau. Even now it is more representative of the family farm.

Up to this time the growers of table grapes have refused to meet with Cesar Chavez and members of the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee. As long as the Department of Labor allows Mexican nationals to come in and pick the grapes the growers may continue their refusal. That is the reason for the boycott on table grapes. The grape pickers from Mexico have to say that everything is lovely. Otherwise they will be sent back in a day or two.

It may be hard to understand the collusion that often exists between state agencies and big farm operators. In Florida, Minute Maid or Donald Duck and some other citrus processors have many thousands of acres of citrus groves. Suppose on a given day Minute Maid asks the state employment service for two hundred pickers, and an owner of a small grove of thirty acres asks for ten pickers. Who gets first call for experienced workers? You only need one guess. The big operator with more political muscle gets first choice.

Under existing law, no employer will be forced to join a union. At most, he will need to sit down with representatives of the union and bargain with them as to working conditions, sanitation (field toilets), drinking water, wages, et cetera. Growers are now organized. Why shouldn't their employees have the same right?

Migrant farm workers are exploited in a way that most people cannot understand. During the Senate hearings in Immokalee, Florida, March 10, it was shown that wooden shacks, sixteen by eight feet, two light bulbs, cold water,

no inside toilet, rented for fourteen dollars a week. In fairness, it should be said that most of these shacks are not owned by growers but are put up by private investors who want to make a fast buck.

For nine years my wife and I have been working part time to help get remedial legislation favoring agricultural workers. It is now our firm belief that they can better themselves only when they are organized.

It is a far cry from the family type of operation of the Balderstons and that of Sam Levering to the grape growers in California and the citrus and vegetable operations in Florida. The latter are literally factories-in-the-fields often comprising many thousands of acres. What chance has the individual worker in such a set-up?

As a people, we are paying a very heavy price, socially, politically, and economically for the squeeze on the family farm, the rural exodus to the city ghettos, the so-called efficiency of agribusiness, and the degradation of farm workers and their families.

STANLEY HAMILTON  
Boulder Junction, Wisconsin

### Is a Quaker a Christian?

NOT LONG AGO in a conversation with an older Friend I was met with this statement, "Quakerism is essentially being open. I do not see how a person can possibly be a Quaker and call himself a Christian."

As a young, seeking Friend I am perplexed by this, especially as my theological feelings at this time are largely Christocentric. I shall be interested to read what other readers of Friends Journal think of this.

GEOFFREY KAISER  
Collegeville, Pennsylvania

### Fun Ahead

WE—AT LEAST I—cannot do anything but live at the end of an epoch. The next century will be the discovery of man. I would guess Western civilization in order to discover itself will have to live through a drastic sex revolution (already started) for, say, one hundred years—maybe fifty—so men and women can "leave" their bodies and with this freedom begin spiritual explorations in many directions. "Man" will be the next era, I think.

I am sorry I am so old. It will be much fun—fun! Lucky younger generation!

C. M. SCHWIESO  
Menlo Park, California



# Friends and Their Friends Around the World

## The Third Conference of European Friends

by Joan Hewitt

I HAD a disturbing and inspiring experience at the conference in Birmingham, England, of European and Near East Friends.

There were about two hundred seventy of us. We represented fifteen European countries, the Near East, the United States, and Japan. The setting was the Selly Oak Colleges, among which is the Quaker College of Woodbrooke.

The daily worship-sharing groups deepened our sense of fellowship, and we felt surrounded by an atmosphere of love. Study groups were on four themes: Sharing the world's resources, violence or nonviolence in a just revolution, the stranger in our midst, and spiritual roots in a secular age. It is perhaps significant that the last subject was chosen by twice as many attenders as any of the others.

Nothing disturbing so far, you may say, but there was more than a hint of things to come in the first address, by a non-Friend, Paul Oestreicher. His parents were convinced Friends, but he is now a priest in the Church of England and so can look at the Society of Friends from within and without.

He said that if the Church (including Friends) was not prepared to die, insti-

tutionally, it had no authority to live. He thought that today Friends were more in danger from near orthodoxy than from anarchy. The modern counterpart of the temple, from which Jesus drove the moneylenders, was a combination of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, and the stock exchange. We can affirm spiritual strength only by being totally open.

Revolution was not emphasized in the draft statement on the sharing of world resources, which, however, contained useful recommendations about the one percent fund. The statement also referred to the need for personal service in developing countries and for working together across Yearly Meeting frontiers. In discussion, an underlying unease was expressed by some as to whether these steps were enough to reach the economic injustice at the root of the situation.

The young Friends' panel was not so radical as I had expected, though some of them felt the urgency of the situation, and one young man said that a revolution in society was going on but that the conference had not accepted the fact. Jean McCandless, from America, described an act of civil disobedience by some of those subject to the draft, when files from the Selective Service office were seized and burned. Friends had not supported this action, and, to her, they seemed still to belong to the old order.

It was in a joint session on violence or nonviolence and the stranger in our midst that, for many Friends, the conference really came to life.

Two Friends, who know from personal experience what it is to be this "stranger," brought the problem home to us. First to speak was George Sawyer, a black American. A lawyer, he told us about the double standard of justice that was destroying the faith of American blacks in nonviolent action. At a recent demonstration, many participants walked away when that triumphant song of brotherhood, "We Shall Overcome," was sung. How much longer, I wondered, can George Sawyer himself have faith in the way of love? He begged us to do away with the stranger by getting to know him so he would be no problem.

The black man from America was followed by Abdul Minty, a brown man from South Africa. In a quiet but intense voice, he described how he had seen South African policemen beating up African women and the babies on their backs. He recalls the warning in 1958 of Chief Luthuli, Alan Paton, and Trevor Huddleston that the Africans were coming to the end of their patience. Now those who had practiced nonviolence were being driven to violence.

The words of these two "strangers" were reinforced when we sang on the last evening, "Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?" I cannot find words to convey the depth of feeling of those present.

I have concentrated on what to me



Delegates to the Third Conference of European Friends listen attentively; those in the front row listen, through earphones, to simultaneous translations of the proceedings.



Photographs by Morland Braithwaite  
Conference chairmen, left to right: George Gorman, United Kingdom; Anna Margrete Olden, Norway; and Mario Tassoni, Italy. Far right: Margaret S. Gibbins, steering committee clerk.

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—Alfred North Whitehead

was the vital message of the gathering. From another point of view it was a time of happy fellowship, where no stirring call to action was passed. Perhaps that would have been the emphasis of others present. Even for me, after only two days, the confrontation already is blurred. I hope I have passed on to you, even if only faintly, the impact made on some of us present.

(Joan Hewitt is warden of the Maryport Education Settlement, a center for adult education founded by Friends following the first world war. The premises are still owned by Friends, but they no longer run the center. She formerly was warden of a hostel for overseas students in Cambridge University.)

## Defrosting in Richmond

by Dean Freiday

I WAS ONE of the representatives of New York Yearly Meeting to the 1969 sessions of Friends United Meeting in Richmond, Indiana, July 19-25. The following is my report.

"No, it's the first session I've been to, and I ought to be home defrosting the refrigerator right this minute." That comment, heard on Thursday morning, "spoke to my condition" in several ways. While it was not my first session, it was my first time at Friends United Meeting. There were a few things that I, too, ought to be doing "right this minute." And if I were to pick a key word for the 1969 sessions of FUM, "defrosting" would be it.

Saturday night, the opening meeting, what was supposed to be a major defrosting, proved for me a dud. It was one of those saturation-with-sound-and-pictures affairs: Five movie projectors going at once, and almost as great a variety of sound effects—including the voice that never stopped reading the names of the thirty-nine thousand dead in Vietnam. It was beautifully done and an artistic success, and I hope Friends will try other audio-visual experiments to bring us into the twenty-first century on schedule. It was also an emotional lemon-squeezer (my heart strings tugged as always at the pictures of the starving and the dead) but I couldn't help wondering what the purpose of such a supersaturation in sound and light really is. I wondered if it would work on my unconscious mind. That night, for the first time in my life, I dreamed the same dream twice—some-



one had stolen the silver service from our dining room at home.

As I write now—other than the perplexing oddity of people walking backward—the remaining impression is of the little puppetlike figure that kept nailing up doors, walls, cupboards even, to keep out white-gloved hands that were forever invading his premises. Somehow, all of us keep shutting out others from our lives—even “good” neighbors, and “other” Friends.

Defrosting is a good word for what happened in that area at Richmond, too. Everyone kept talking about how evangelism and service had to be united—how “preaching” and practice were an inseparable team and how one got no place without the other.

Everybody agreed, too, that “the stereotypes are breaking” between the various persuasions of Friends. One discussion group suggested perhaps the best way to get past our hangups over other Friends would be to feel their heads for horns.

After sharing our most intimate thoughts in small groups on “dehumanizing” for five richly blessed times together, the humidity or humanity, or something, took all the glue off the usual labels—they just wouldn’t stick.

Defrosting was as good a word as any for what happened in the Sunday addresses (three of them in one day) and men walking on the moon besides. Eugene L. Smith, associate general secretary of the World Council of Churches, spoke, both from his present background and his former work as head of Methodist Missions, of the agony of the dying—ten thousand a week from starvation alone—and of the irony of the “wall of silence” that separates us from their suffering. For the bleeding and the starving are too weak or powerless to scream or protest, while we continue our gluttony in an affluent economy.

Arthur S. Flemming, president of the National Council of Churches, brought the matter closer to home, scolding the failure to abandon white racism, in spite of the warning from the Kerner Commission that we are in danger of *apartheid* in our own country.

And we were led right into our Monday-to-Wednesday discussion groups on “dehumanization” by the Sunday evening speaker. Channing Phillips, a Negro Baptist pastor from Washington, D.C. (who also served some years ago as a New York Yearly Meeting Friends pastor while at Colgate-Rochester Divinity School) showed us specifically how

the Negro has resisted dehumanization by one dodge or another—taking reflected glory from his master while a slave or his boss on the job now.

A lot of business got conducted at FUM, too, on matters of restructuring and renewal and race relations (establishment of a fund to aid small Negro businesses) and a dozen and one other things. But like all Quaker conferences, this one had a lot of balls in the air. I kept my eye on the Quaker Theological Discussion Group, where most of the discussers kept saying theology wasn’t necessary, but hope was.

And guess what? Conservative Evangelicals have defrosted so much that they—mind you, they—have suggested (through two of their most responsible leaders, and no one can charge them with being stupid, they’re both college presidents) that it’s time to reorganize Friends in the United States. How? On purely geographical lines—scrambling Hicksites and Evangelicals, programed and unprogramed, FUM and FGC, etc., etc. And a Philadelphia Yearly Meeting “observer” suggested that Philadelphia Friends ought to import a few pastors to help them defrost. A Baltimore Yearly Meeting Friend is ready to re-enlist on a reconstituted FGC hymnal committee to produce a hymnal for *all* Friends. We’ve got a good base in the present hymnal, but it needs some gospel songs and some of the newer hymns. Have you heard “How Great Thou Art” (from Sweden) or the Church of the Brethren’s “God of the Moving Years”? You’ll defrost!

But defrosting, necessary as it is, is not the only function of a refrigerator. We “regained our cool,” as it were, in wonderful daily worship periods where Howard Thurman showed us God in nontheological terms. And “the breadth and length and height and depth, and . . . love of Christ.” He got under our white skin and into our hearts, where we met as two creatures seeking their Creator and Reconciler. And he moved us to silence—silent waiting upon God. Such silence as few commentators have been able to precipitate.

Seems strange, doesn’t it, that I who had felt our unprogramed worship was losing its power for a variety of reasons, found it in refreshing and revitalizing depth at the Friends United Meeting in Richmond, Indiana. To God be the glory!

(Dean Freiday, author of *Barclay’s Apology in Modern English*, is on the *Christian Unity Committee of Friends General Conference*.)

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## Letter from Europe

by Rosalie and Curt Regen

WE FOUND that living for a month in Hanna Skolen, a small boarding school for girls run by Danish Friends in Bagsvaerd, a suburb of Copenhagen, was a unique and rewarding experience. It was founded in 1950 by Debora Halfdan-Nielsen and Phyllis Harris. The school tries to educate the whole girl for life, marriage, and motherhood.

During their first year, the girls spend their mornings learning practical skills such as cleaning, washing, ironing, and cooking. In the afternoon they have a free period until two o'clock. They pursue regular studies until eight, with a break for light supper at six.

During their second year, the girls help in an old folks' home next door, take care of babies in their homes (the mother is present, so they get a feeling of being part of the family), and help teach in the kindergarten of the school.

The Danish government considers Hanna Skolen an important experiment and helps with tuition and salaries.

Many students come from broken homes or problem families. One girl had been asked to leave but wanted so badly to remain that after the other girls had been consulted as to whether they were willing to help her with her failings she was given a second chance. Her case was stated openly at suppertime, when she was present. After that she seemed to blossom, make friends, and succeed as part of the school family. Openness is one of the basic principles on which the school operates.

We found the meals quite Spartan. The girls are encouraged to avoid candy and eat apples instead. Raw carrots are available between meals, and we often munched them along with the girls. At breakfast there was silence, Bible read-

ing, singing, and a time to air problems.

We visited several of the fifty-odd members of Denmark Yearly Meeting. Most interesting to Danish Young Friends were the problems facing the Society of Friends in the United States and Spain. Denmark, they felt, is too quiet, and Danish Friends are too apathetic. More than once along our way Friends expressed the thought that difficulties and dangers are needed to bring out the latent strengths of members.

We attended Sunday meeting for worship in Copenhagen and gave talks afterward. Except for a small language difficulty, it was an interesting time.

Our visit to a minimum-security prison in Renbaek was a valuable experience. We observed the healthy, happy faces of the young men as they worked on a large farm with no physical hindrances to their freedom. We were impressed by the understanding attitude of the staff and the remarkable educational facilities. Of inmates allowed a five days' furlough, we heard, only one out of one hundred sixty had gotten into serious trouble. Seventy percent of them make good after they are released.

We enjoyed seeing the first storks preparing nests for their mates, a fishermen's church with ship models suspended from the ceiling, and Hans Christian Andersen's childhood home with translations of his tales in sixty-seven languages.

In Sweden we stayed with Helga Henriksson, an old friend at whose home near Goteborg was gathered an interesting group, including a young boy who was doing his alternative service in a hospital.

The casualness of Norwegian Friends was a surprise to us. The unexpected "happenings" proved delightful, especially housekeeping in the Quaker Center in Stavanger, where we acted as temporary caretakers. Failure of the overloaded electric system often plunged us into darkness.

In Oslo, we had three well-planned evenings, one with Stanley and Ingeborg Walters, who is a teacher and writes Quaker plays; another with a group, to whom we told of our visits in Spain and East Germany and with whom we exchanged ideas on Friends problems; the third with the clerk, Esther Sveen, who took us to the home of Gerd Saue, a new member and author who has a strong concern for peace and edits the International Fellowship of Reconciliation magazine for Norway.

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After thrilling adventures up and down the fjords and many icy lakes, we boarded the beautiful ship *Princesse Ragnhild* for Kiel. Next day we started on a drive across the continent to Florence, Italy.

(Rosalie and Curt Regen spent ten months in Europe as representatives of Friends World Committee, American Section. They are members of Rahway and Plainfield Monthly Meeting, New Jersey.)

## A Quaker Wedding at Fort Ord

by Robert S. Vogel

JET FIGHTERS zoom overhead. In the distance automatic rifles fire. The bridegroom is under military guard in the middle of his court-martial. The silence is punctuated by bugle calls over the public address system. Never before, to my knowledge, has a Quaker wedding been held under such circumstances.

This was the marriage ceremony of Timothy Springer and Monica Case outside the Judge Advocate's office at Fort Ord, California.

Tim Springer was one of the army AWOLs who had been given sanctuary by Orange Grove Monthly Meeting in Pasadena last December. He was arrested in March when he was away from the meetinghouse and had been held in the stockade in Fort Ord awaiting his general court-martial for desertion.

During his stay at Orange Grove, Tim and Monica had asked to be married under the care of the Meeting. The Meeting had approved. His arrest and removal to Fort Ord frustrated plans for the marriage, for the moment. Monterey Meeting became involved. Overtures were made to the commandant of the base and to a sympathetic chaplain for the marriage to be held in the chapel or elsewhere during visiting hours, but to no avail.

Then came the court-martial. The small courtroom was filled with Orange Grove and Monterey Friends. Perhaps the wedding could be during a recess, if it were long enough. The law officer agreed. As the trial droned on, it did not seem that there would be time. And then, at 4:30 in the afternoon, the court adjourned for the day, and Friends began gathering in a circle on a grassy spot under a Monterey pine in the area just outside the two-story wooden barracks that housed the courtroom. There was



Photograph by Neil Reichline

Timothy Springer (far right), who was married at Fort Ord, Steve Davis (far left), and Neal Blanton: The original participants in the Orange Grove "sanctuary."

no time to get chairs. It made no difference.

We were joined by all the military and civilian attorneys in the case as well as by Tim Springer's military guard. Ralph Pinney, of Orange Grove Meeting, presided and opened the meeting with a brief description of a Quaker meeting for worship on the occasion of this marriage. No scroll had been prepared, but we did have a piece of parchment, and the minute had been written in longhand on a yellow tablet.

Immediately following their exchange of promises, there came a raucous blast of a bugle over the public address system. A ripple of laughter passed through the group as the meeting continued. There were many expressions. One Friend made reference to the incongruity of this quiet meeting on a United States Army base, in the midst of all this destructive power. He hoped that the bugle, like this marriage, was sounding the end of the old way of life and heralding the dawn of a new day. Another thanked the young couple for bringing him into fellowship with Friends.

And then the Army's prosecuting attorney rose to speak. He said that he had been married for ten years and knew the joys and responsibilities of married life. He wanted Tim and Monica and all the Meeting to know that, regardless of how the case turned out, there was nothing personal in his role as prosecutor. He

wished them happiness and gave his blessing to the marriage. Then he asked to be excused.

Shortly after his departure, the bugle sounded retreat, and I was sure that somewhere on the base the flag was being lowered for the day. Not one of our military friends moved, and the worship continued. Then a Monterey Friend began singing "We Shall Overcome." On that note, with hands joined in fellowship, the meeting ended. All participants signed the blank parchment.

But it was not over for the military personnel who had remained seated during the flag ceremony. They were upbraided by military police for their breach of base rules, which require all uniformed personnel to salute the flag during this ceremony.

The court-martial? On the following day—June 4—Tim Springer was found guilty of desertion and given a dishonorable discharge. The court gave him no prison sentence. He continued to live on the base, awaiting his formal discharge. Monica returned to live for awhile in the meetinghouse in Monterey. Both are very happy.

(Robert S. Vogel is chairman of Ministry and Counsel of Orange Grove Monthly Meeting, California. An account of the sanctuary in which Timothy Springer participated appeared in *Friends Journal* of April 1.)

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**News of Meetings**

**PURCHASE MONTHLY MEETING**, New York: Anyone who would like to help Glad Schwantes make her forthcoming cookbook "a delight for all waistlines" (says the Meeting's newsletter) should get in touch with her at 64A Heritage Village, Southbury, Connecticut 06448, and send her low-calorie suggestions.

**THE FRIENDS MEETING AT CAMBRIDGE**, Massachusetts: The International Affairs Committee suggests that Friends share with others the American Friends Service Committee's White Paper on ending the war in Vietnam and use it in writing to their Congressmen. The fourteen-page booklet has documented analysis of the situation and contains descriptions by Quaker workers in Quang Ngai of the sufferings of the war victims.

**HADDONFIELD MONTHLY MEETING**, New Jersey, joined St. Andrew's Roman Catholic Church in Gibbsboro in a "folk mass" this summer. A time for fellowship followed the mass.

**LANCASTER MONTHLY MEETING**, Pennsylvania, was among many who have reported successful action in a Requiem Roll Call. According to its newsletter, ". . . For dedication, long hours, and tenacity there was Millicent Holzinger, reading the names of those dead in Vietnam—as early as 5 A.M., as late as 10 P.M.—holding on to the lectern when a brief attempt was made to pull it down. One hundred ten individuals throughout the day read, in cadenced rhythm, the names of 33,527 casualties (to March 1) from the pages of the Congressional Record. Several stayed throughout the day; a few fasted. In the late evening candles were necessary—and effective. In a final period silence was observed.

**SOUTH CENTRAL YEARLY MEETING**: The Spring Conference had a lively program that included the film, "A Time for Burning"; a speech by a Dallas minister, who stressed that one's own community is the most effective place for white Americans to combat race prejudice; a tape recording by Eldridge Cleaver, Black Panther Information Officer; a speech by an Oklahoma Indian, Bill Gover, who spoke about educational and job opportunities for his people in his state; and an animated discussion by Leonore Goodenow, formerly principal of Scattergood School in Iowa, and Gregg Branch, president of the Afro-American Association at Oklahoma City

University on school integration and black separatism.

The SCYM Representative Meeting appointed Kenneth Carroll as delegate to Friends World Committee Triennial Meeting in Sweden in 1970. He is to spend the 1969-1970 academic year at Haverford College as T. Wistar Brown Fellow, completing research and writing his book "Quakers in the Southern Colonies."

**ORLANDO MONTHLY MEETING**, Florida, accepts for filing with the Meeting records any statements of conscientious objection that anyone, whether a member or not, desires to present. The Meeting will produce this record on request. "Depending on its knowledge of the person and its feeling of his sincerity, it might at such time consider some minute on the individual and his statement. It was felt that the attempt by an individual to set down his convictions in writing was very valuable to him, as well as being an advance record of such convictions."

**Quaker Artists Exhibit**

FOUR NEW JERSEY QUAKER artists were represented in an open juried exhibition on display in the Cumberland County Library in July and August and in the Cumberland County Junior College in September.

Three of them are members of Greenwich Monthly Meeting: Frank Ankenbrand, Mildred E. Landis, and Alex W. Lee. The fourth, Kenneth R. Jones, is a member of Salem Monthly Meeting.

**Flanagans at Pendle Hill**

ROSS AND DOROTHY FLANAGAN, who for thirteen years or so have served with American Friends Service Committee, Pacific Yearly Meeting, A Quaker Action Group, New York Yearly Meeting, and Friends Seminary, have made plans to take up residence at Pendle Hill in September.

Ross Flanagan writes, "My reasons for taking this sabbatical year of reflection and renewal are: A concern to deepen my understanding of current thought on violence, resistance, and the police; a desire to do some writing on the subjects of nonviolence, Quaker renewal, and community peacekeeping; a need to spend some time with my family working through some unresolved questions concerning our future life-style and vocational direction; and a hope that I may be able to find some kindred spirits with whom to continue the journey."



## Personal Glimpses from the Wilmington Conference

by Lenore Turner Henderson

### *C.O. or Jail?*

He spoke in the meeting for worship that preceded the Conference, a tall young man, bearded, wearing the worn jeans and sandals which seemed a uniform for his group, and asked with quiet intensity that we pray for the draft resisters in prison. Obviously he was suffering; he felt their deep sacrifice.

Why, I later asked him, was not alternative service more constructive than a sterile protest in jail? He searched his mind before answering:

"It is hard to say it. You think of alternative service in hospitals or prison counseling as helpful, but much of it is useless, meaningless. It's taking the easier way—taking advantage of a privileged position. I have been struggling with this. I am now doing alternative service. It is not effective witness. I feel I must change and I ask myself, can I stand up to a prison term—the loneliness, the loss of my life as I now live it? I don't know how I'll make out, but I have to try."

### *A High School Friend Responds*

Next morning in the worship-sharing service three who had participated in the evening presentation by Young Friends criticized it sharply: It was "too evangelical," "too programed," in fact, not their "thing."

The eleventh grader listened quietly, uncomprehending. He had sat out front, seen the dark stage, heard the single flute with one clear theme of "Green Sleeves," the four modest speakers without notes, the spirituals, the folk songs. He felt it all the way down. He said: "I kept thinking it's like radiant light. Where's the generator? It's white heat—powerful stuff."

### *Speaker at the Young Friends' Evening*

He rose from the silent group seated on the floor of the stage and walked slowly to the podium, his blond hair and sideburns half obscuring his face. He spoke of his excited pleasure in attending such conferences, the brilliant exchanges, the comradeship. "But these are not the deep reason for our coming. We came for new insights and renewal. For unless I change and you change—and unless we can together help to change the world—the Conference will have

failed . . ." Later he sank to the floor as the other speakers before him, his head on his knees in the silence, as each of us in the audience thought: How can I be an instrument of God's peace?



Photograph by Ken Vance  
*Young Friends at Wilmington*

### *Jail Experience—after 70*

She looked like a beloved grandmother, white hair above a kind and gentle face, her voice so low I had to strain to hear even in the small worship-sharing group.

"I took part in a vigil at Fort Detrick, Maryland, against chemical and biological warfare, but after a few days it seemed that too few were aware of that witness. I then went to Washington, believing it was more useful to sit on the steps of the Capitol while the names of the Vietnam dead were read aloud. We were ordered to move on, told that we were breaking the law, but like other Friends I remained and was arrested.

"It was all strange. The paddy wagon was very hot. The policeman who had tried to get me to move said with a shake of his head when we got to jail: 'It's like turnin' in my own mother.'

"They took all my clothes away and even my comb. That was hard. It took several days to learn to get my hair up without a comb. Then there was a de-lousing shower; I wasn't prepared for it, but it was all right. It was just the indignity of it all.

"There were a number of women prisoners and they wanted to know what I was in for. I tried to explain, but they couldn't believe anyone would go to jail to protest against war. Most of them were there because they had been caught stealing to support their drug habit.

"Several days after I got there I found a Bible and they let me have my glasses so I could read; I never read it with more joy. I walked up and down the aisles a lot for exercise; the other women prisoners wondered why I wanted to keep my strength up. The food was starchy and salty, but not too bad. When I was released, I said goodbye to the

women prisoners and they answered: 'You'll be back. We all come back.'

"I don't know how much my action helped. It seems to me that many more will have to do what I did before it impresses our government. But I would do it again if it would help."

(Lenore Turner Henderson, a member of Scarsdale Monthly Meeting, New York, writes, "Except for one Cape May Conference for me in 1964, this was an entirely new experience.")

## New Approaches at Nebraska Yearly Meeting

by AraBelle Patrick

THIS YEAR'S SESSIONS of Nebraska Yearly Meeting, held in Central City, Nebraska, in June, were planned to meet the expressed needs of its scattered members. Chairmen of Lines of Work, who will call for committee help when decisions need to be made or action taken, replaced standing committees. Through correspondence and possible group telephone conferences, it is expected that most members engage in some part of the Christian Mission of Friends.

We gathered daily to listen to resource leaders and to discuss Friends' message for today. A good percentage of the attenders were youthful. Annual reports had been printed and distributed so that there was time for discussion and planning of specific action programs.

Some Quarterly Meetings are now devoted to family study programs and leadership training rather than business. Resource persons often are invited to participate.

Various dates for Yearly Meeting are being tried, taking into consideration the needs of farmers and of older people. The distances between Meetings also affect Western meeting-minded Friends.

The recent development of associate membership in Nebraska Yearly Meeting is strengthening the spiritual vitality and adding courage and inspiration to the entire membership. Two Monthly Meetings in our neighboring Yearly Meeting have become associate members. Thus, they continue with full participation and responsibility in their own Yearly Meeting, and cooperate with Nebraska Friends and Friends United Meeting.

As traditional lines of separation are blended, Friends will expand their fellowship and useful mission in our needy world.

## MEETING ANNOUNCEMENTS



*Cornwall Meetinghouse, New York*

### Arizona

**FLAGSTAFF**—Unprogrammed meeting, 11 a.m., 408 S. Humphreys near campus. Mary J. Minor, Clerk, 2114 N. Navajo Dr. 774-3976.

**PHOENIX**—Sundays: 9:45 a.m., adult study; 11 a.m., meeting for worship and First-day School. 17th Street and Glendale Avenue. Cleo Cox, Clerk, 4738 North 24th Place, Phoenix.

**TUCSON**—Pima Friends Meeting (Pacific Yearly Meeting). 739 E. 5th Street. Worship, 10:00 a.m., Arline Hobson, Clerk, 1538 W. Greenlee St. 887-3050.

**TUCSON**—Friends meeting, 129 N. Warren, Sunday School, 10 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m.; Pastor, V. J. Waldron; Clerk, Winifred Kildow, 1647 E. Seneca 85719.

### California

**BERKELEY**—Unprogrammed meeting. First-days 11 a.m., 2151 Vine St., 843-9725.

**CLAREMONT**—Meeting for worship and Sunday School, 9:30 a.m., 727 Harrison Ave. Clerk, Ferner Nuhn, 420 W. 8th St., Claremont, California.

**COSTA MESA**—Orange County Friends Meeting, Rancho Mesa Pre-school, 15th and Orange. Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. Call 548-8082 or 833-0261.

**FRESNO**—Meetings 2nd, 3rd & 4th Sundays, 10 a.m., 847 Waterman St. We will only have pot-luck on second First-day in the month.

**HAYWARD**—Worship group meets 11 a.m., First-days in attenders' homes. Call 582-9632.

**LA JOLLA**—Meeting, 11 a.m., 7380 Eads Avenue. Visitors call 296-2264 or 454-7459.

**LOS ANGELES**—Meeting, 11 a.m. 4167 So. Normandie. Visitors call AX 5-0262.

**MONTEREY PENINSULA**—Friends Meeting for worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m., 1057 Mescal Ave., Seaside. Call 394-5178 or 375-7657.

**PALO ALTO**—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m., First-day classes for children, 11:15, 957 Colorado.

**PASADENA**—526 E. Orange Grove (at Oakland). Meeting for worship, Sunday, 10:30 a.m.

**REDLANDS**—Meeting and First-day School, 10 a.m., 114 W. Vine. Clerk: 792-3238.

**SACRAMENTO**—2620 21st St. Meeting for worship Sunday, 10 a.m.; discussion 11 a.m. Clerk: 455-6251.

**SAN FERNANDO**—Unprogrammed worship, 11 a.m. 15056 Bledsoe St. EM 7-5288.

**SAN FRANCISCO**—Meetings for worship. First-days, 11 a.m. 2160 Lake Street.

**SAN JOSE**—Meeting, 11 a.m.; children's and adults' classes, 10 a.m.; 1041 Morse Street.

**SAN PEDRO**—Marloma Meeting and Sunday School, 10:30 a.m., 131 N. Grand. GE 1-1100.

**SANTA BARBARA**—800 Santa Barbara St., (Neighborhood House), 10 a.m. Enter from De La Guerra. Go to extreme rear.

**SANTA CRUZ**—Meeting for worship, Sundays. 11:00 a.m., discussion at 10:00 a.m., 303 Walnut St.

**SANTA MONICA**—First-day School at 10, meeting at 11. 1440 Harvard St. Call 451-3865.

**WESTWOOD (West Los Angeles)**—Meeting 11 a.m., University Y.W.C.A., 574 Hilgard (across from U.C.L.A. bus stop). 472-7950.

**WHITTIER**—12817 E. Hadley St. (Y.M.C.A.), Meeting, 10:00 a.m.; discussion, 10:45 a.m. Classes for children.

### Colorado

**BOULDER**—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.; First-day School, 11 a.m. Margaret Ostrow, 443-0594.

**DENVER**—Mountain View Friends Meeting, worship 10 to 11 a.m., Adult Forum 11 to 12, 2280 South Columbine Street. Phone 722-4125.

### Connecticut

**HARTFORD**—Meeting and First-day School, 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m., 144 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford. Phone 232-3631.

**NEW HAVEN**—Meeting, 9:45 a.m. Conn. Hall, Yale Old Campus. Phone 776-5584.

**NEW LONDON**—Mitchell College Library, Pequot Ave. Meeting for worship at 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m. Clerk, Hobart Mitchell, RFD 1, Norwich 06360. Phone 889-1924.

**NEWTOWN**—Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m., Newtown Junior High School.

**STAMFORD-GREENWICH**—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10 a.m. Westover and Roxbury Roads, Stamford. Clerk, Janet Jones. Phone: Area Code 203 637-4428.

**WATERTOWN**—Meeting 9:30 a.m., Watertown Library, 470 Main Street. Phone 274-8598.

**WILTON**—First-day School, 10:50. Meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m., 317 New Canaan Road, Wilton, Conn. Phone 966-3040. Jhan Robbins, Clerk. Phone 259-9451, Assistant Clerk.

### Delaware

**CAMDEN**—2 miles south of Dover. Meeting and First-day School 10:45 a.m.

**HOCKESSIN**—North of road from Yorklyn, at crossroad. Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m., First-day School, 11:10 a.m.

**NEWARK**—Meeting at Wesley Foundation, 192 S. College Ave., 10 a.m.

**ODESSA**—Meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m.

**WILMINGTON**—Meeting for worship at Fourth and West Sts., 10:30 a.m.; at 101 School Rd., 9:15 a.m.

### District of Columbia

**WASHINGTON**—Meeting, Sunday, 9 a.m. and 11 a.m. First-day School, 10:30 a.m., 2111 Florida Avenue, N.W., one block from Connecticut Avenue.

### Florida

**CLEARWATER**—Meeting 10:30 a.m., Y.W.C.A., 222 S. Lincoln Ave. Phone 584-4751.

**DAYTONA BEACH**—Meeting for worship, Sunday, 10:30 a.m., 201 San Juan Avenue. Phone 253-8890.

**GAINESVILLE**—1921 N.W. 2nd Ave. Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m.

**JACKSONVILLE**—Meeting 10 a.m., Y.W.C.A. Phone contact 389-4345.

**MIAMI**—Meeting for worship at Sunset and Corica, Coral Gables, on the south Miami bus line, 11 a.m.; First-day School, 10:30 a.m. Peter L. Forrest, Clerk. Phone 667-3964.

**ORLANDO-WINTER PARK**—Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 316 E. Marks St., Orlando. Phone 241-6301.

**PALM BEACH**—Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 823 North A St., Lake Worth. Phone 585-8060.

**SARASOTA**—Meeting, 11 a.m., College Hall, New College campus. First-day School and adult discussion, 10 a.m. Phone 955-3293.

**ST. PETERSBURG**—Meeting 11 a.m. 130 19th Avenue, S. E.

### Georgia

**ATLANTA**—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10 a.m., 1384 Fairview Road, N.E., Atlanta 6. Noyes Collinson, Clerk. Phone 355-8761.

**AUGUSTA**—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10 a.m., 340 Telfair Street. Lester Bowles, Clerk. Phone 733-4220.

### Hawaii

**HONOLULU**—Meeting, Sundays, 2426 Oahu Avenue, 10:15 a.m. Phone 988-2714.

### Illinois

**CHICAGO**—57th Street. Worship, 11 a.m., 5615 Woodlawn. Monthly Meeting every first Friday, 7:30 p.m. Phone: BU 8-3066.

**CHICAGO**—Chicago Monthly Meeting, 10749 S. Artesian. HI 5-8949 or BE 3-2715. Worship 11 a.m.

**DECATUR**—Worship, 10 a.m. Phone 422-4511 for meeting location.

**DOWNERS GROVE**—(west suburban Chicago)—Worship and First-day School 10:30 a.m., 5710 Lomond Ave. (3 blocks west of Belmont, 1 block south of Maple). Phone WO 8-3861 or WO 8-2040.

**EVANSTON**—1010 Greenleaf, UN 4-8511. Worship on First-day, 10 a.m.



**LAKE FOREST**—Worship 10 a.m. at new Meeting House. West Old Elm Road and Ridge Road. Mail address Box 95, Lake Forest, Ill. 60045. Phone area 312, 234-0366.

**PEORIA**—In Peoria, contact Cecil Smith Dunlap 243-7821.

**QUINCY**—Unprogrammed meeting, 10:30 a.m. Phone 223-3902 or 222-6704 for location.

**ROCKFORD**—Rock Valley Meeting. Worship, 10 a.m., children's classes and adult discussion, 11 a.m., Y.W.C.A., 220 S. Madison St. Phone 964-0716.

**URBANA—CHAMPAIGN**—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m., 714 W. Green St., Urbana. Phone 344-6510 or 367-0951.

### Indiana

**BLOOMINGTON**—Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. Moores Pike at Smith Road. Clerk, Norris Wentworth. Phone 336-3003.

**WEST LAFAYETTE**—Meeting for worship 9:30 a.m. 176 E. Stadium Avenue, Clerk, Michael Rossman. Phone 743-9457.

### Iowa

**DES MOINES**—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., classes, 11 a.m. Meeting House, 4211 Grand Ave. Phone 274-0453.

### Kansas

**WICHITA**—University Friends Meeting, 1840 University Avenue. First-day School 9:45 a.m., meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m. Richard P. Newby and David W. Bills, Ministers. Phone AM 2-0471.

### Kentucky

**LEXINGTON**—Discussion 10 a.m., meeting for worship 11 a.m. 278-2011.

**LOUISVILLE**—First-day School, 9:30 a.m. Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. Meeting house, 3050 Bon Air Avenue, 40502. Phone 454-6812.

### Louisiana

**NEW ORLEANS**—Friends meeting each Sunday. For information telephone UN 1-8022 or 891-2584.

### Maine

**MID-COAST AREA**—Regular meetings for worship. For information telephone 882-7107 (Wiscasset) or 236-3064 (Camden).

### Maryland

**ADELPHI**—Near University of Maryland, 2303 Metzert Road. First-day School 9:45, worship 11 a.m. George Bliss, Clerk. Phone 277-5138.

**ANNAPOLIS**—Worship 11 a.m., at Y.W.C.A., on State Circle. Phone 263-5332 or 268-0494.

**BALTIMORE**—Worship 11 a.m.; classes, 9:45. Stony Run 5116 N. Charles St. ID 5-3773, Homewood 3107 N. Charles St. 235-4438.

**BETHESDA**—Sidwell Friends Lower School, Edgemoor Lane & Beverly Rd. Classes and worship 10:30 a.m. Phone 332-1156.

**EASTON**—Third Haven Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m., South Washington St.

**SANDY SPRING**—Meeting House Rd., at Rt. 108. Classes 10:30 a.m.; worship 9:30 a.m.-10:20 a.m. and 11:00 a.m.-11:45 a.m.

**UNION BRIDGE**—Meeting 11 a.m.

### Massachusetts

**ACTON**—Meeting for worship and First-day School, Sunday, 10:00 a.m., Women's Club, Main Street.

**CAMBRIDGE**—5 Longfellow Park (near Harvard Square, just off Brattle Street.) One meeting for worship each First-day, 10 a.m. June 15 through September 7. Phone 876-6883.

**LAWRENCE**—45 Avon St., Bible School, 10 a.m., worship 11 a.m., Monthly Meeting first Wednesday 7:30 p.m. Clerk, Mrs. Ruth Mellor, 199 Hampshire St., Methuen, Mass. Phone 682-4677.

**SOUTH YARMOUTH, CAPE COD**—North Main St. Worship and First-day School, 10 a.m. Phone 432-1131.

**WELLESLEY**—Meeting, Sunday, 10:30 a.m. at 26 Benvenue Street. Sunday School, 10:45 a.m. Phone: 235-9782.

**WEST FALMOUTH, CAPE COD**—Rt. 28 A, meeting for worship, Sunday 11 a.m.

**WESTPORT**—Meeting, Sunday, 10:45 a.m. Central Village: Clerk, J. K. Stewart Kirkaldy. Phone 636-6711.

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

### Michigan

**ANN ARBOR**—Adult discussion, children's classes, 10:00 a.m. Meetings for worship, 9:00 and 11:15 a.m., Meeting House, 1420 Hill St. Clerk, Mabel Hamm, 2122 Geddes Avenue. Phone: 663-5897.

**DETROIT**—Friends Church, 9640 Sorrento. Sunday School, 10 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m. Clerk, William Kirk, 16790 Stanmoor, Livonia, Michigan, 48154.

**DETROIT**—Meeting, Sunday, 11 a.m., at Friends School in Detroit, 1100 St. Aubin Blvd. Phone 962-6722.

**EAST LANSING**—Meeting for worship and First-day school Sunday at 3:00 p.m. All Saints Church library, 800 Abbot Road. Call ED 7-0241.

**KALAMAZOO**—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.; discussion, 11 a.m., Friends' Meeting House, 508 Denner. Call FI 9-1754.

### Minnesota

**MINNEAPOLIS**—Unprogrammed meeting 9 a.m., First-day School 10 a.m., Programmed meeting 11 a.m., 44th Street and York Ave. So. Phone 926-6159 or 646-0450.

**MINNEAPOLIS**—Twin Cities; unprogrammed worship, 10:15 a.m., University Y.M.C.A., Phone FE 5-0272.

### Missouri

**KANSAS CITY**—Penn Valley Meeting, 306 West 39th Street, 10:00 a.m. Call HI 4-0888 or CL 2-6958.

**ST. LOUIS**—Meeting, 2539 Rockford Ave., Rock Hill, 10:30 a.m. Phone PA 1-0915.

### Nebraska

**LINCOLN**—3319 S. 46th. Phone 488-4178. Worship, 10 a.m.; Sunday Schools, 10:45.

### Nevada

**RENO**—Meeting for worship 11 a.m., 1029 N. Virginia Street, Reno. First-day School and discussion 10 a.m. Phone 322-3800.

### New Hampshire

**DOVER**—Meeting for worship 11 a.m., Friends Meeting House, 141 Central Ave. Eleanor Dryer, Clerk. 868-9600.

**HANOVER**—Meeting for worship, Sunday 10:45 a.m. Friends Meeting House, 29 Rope Ferry Road. Phone 643-4318.

**MONADNOCK**—Worship 10:45 a.m., Library Hall, Peterborough (Box 301). Enter off parking lot. Visitors welcome.

### New Jersey

**ATLANTIC CITY**—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.; First-day School, 10:30 a.m., South Carolina and Pacific Avenues.

**CROPWELL**—Old Marlton Pike, one mile west of Marlton. Meeting for worship, 10:45 a.m. (Except first First-day).

**CROSSWICKS**—Meeting and First-day School, 10 a.m.

**DOVER**—First-day School, 10:45 a.m.; worship 11:15 a.m. Quaker Church Rd., just off Rt. 10.

**GREENWICH**—Friends meeting in historic Greenwich, six miles from Bridgeton. First-day School 10:30 a.m., meeting for worship 11:30 a.m. Visitors welcome.

**HADDONFIELD**—Friends Ave. and Lake St., June to September. Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Nursery provided. No First-day School. Phone 428-6242 or 429-9186.

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

**MEDFORD**—Main St. First-day School, 10 a.m. Union St., adult group, 10 a.m., meeting for worship 10:45 a.m.

**MICKLETON**—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., First-day School, 11 a.m. Kings Highway, Mickleton, N.J.

**MONTCLAIR**—Park Street & Gordonhurst Avenue. First-day School and worship, 11 a.m. Visitors welcome.

**NEW BRUNSWICK**—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., Quaker House, 33 Remsen Ave. Phone 545-8283.

**PLAINFIELD**—Meeting for worship 10 a.m., summer months, Watchung Ave., at E. Third St., 757-5736. Open Monday thru Friday 11:30 a.m.-1:30 p.m.

**PRINCETON**—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m., Quaker Rd., near Mercer St. 921-7824.

**QUAKERTOWN**—Meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m., every First-day. Clerk, Doris Stout, Pitts-town, N. J. Phone 735-7784.

**RANOCAS**—Meeting for worship 10 a.m., June 15th through Sept. 14th, Main St.

**RIDGEWOOD**—Meeting for worship and First-day School at 11:00 a.m., 224 Highwood Ave.

**SEAVILLE**—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Main Shore Road, Route 9, Cape May County. Visitors welcome.

**SHREWSBURY**—First-day School, 10:30 a.m., meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m. (July, August, 10:00 a.m.) Route 35 and Sycamore. Phone 671-2651 or 431-0637.

**SUMMIT**—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.; First-day School, 11:15 a.m. At YWCA, 282 Morris Avenue. Visitors welcome.

**TRENTON**—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m., Hanover and Montgomery Streets. Visitors welcome.

**WOODSTOWN**—First-day School, 9:45 a.m. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m., N. Main St., Woodstown, N. J. Phone 358-2532.

### New Mexico

**ALBUQUERQUE**—Meeting and First-day School, 10:30 a.m., 815 Girard Blvd., N.E. Marian B. Hoge, Clerk. Phone 255-9011.

**LAS VEGAS**—828-8th. First-day School, 10 a.m.; discussion 10:45; worship 11:45.

**SANTA FE**—Meeting Sundays, 11 a.m., Olive Rush Studio, 630 Canyon Road, Santa Fe.

### New York

**ALBANY**—Worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., 727 Madison Ave. Phone 465-9084.

**BUFFALO**—Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m., 72 N. Parade. Phone TX 2-8645.

**CHAPPAQUA**—Quaker Road (Rt. 120). First-day School, 9:45 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m. 914 CE 8-9894 or 914-666-3926.

**CLINTON**—Meeting, Sundays, 10:30 a.m., Kirkland Art Center, On-the-Park. UL 3-2243.

**CLINTONDALE**—Pastoral Friends Meeting—"In McIntosh Country," near the New Palitz exit of the New York Thruway. Worship 11 a.m. Fellowship Hour. Gerald Sutch, Minister, Crescent Avenue, 914-TU 2-6456.

**CORNWALL**—Meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m. Rt. 307, off 9W, Quaker Ave. 914-534-2217.

**ELMIRA**—10:30 a.m. Sundays. For location, phone RE 4-7691.

**FARMINGTON**—Pastoral Friends meeting: Sunday School 10 a.m.; Morning worship, 11 a.m. Use New York State Thruway exit No. 43 or No. 44. Write for brochure. Pastor, Richard A. Hartman, 140 Church Avenue, Macedon 14502. Phones: parsonage, (315) 986-7881; church, 5559.

**LONG ISLAND**—Northern Blvd. at Shelter Rock Rd., Manhasset. First-day School, 9:45 a.m.; meeting, 11 a.m. (July, Aug., 10 a.m.)

**NEW YORK**—First-day meetings for worship, 11 a.m., 15 Rutherford Place, Manhattan.  
2 Washington Sq. N.  
Earl Hall, Columbia University  
110 Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn  
137-16 Northern Blvd., Flushing  
3:30 p.m. Riverside Church, 15th Floor  
Phone SPring 7-8866 (Mon.-Fri., 9-4) about First-day Schools, Monthly Meetings, suppers, etc.

**POUGHKEEPSIE**—249 Hooker Ave., 452-1512. Silent meeting, 9 a.m., meeting school, 9:45 a.m., programmed meeting, 11 a.m. (Summer: programmed meeting only, 10 a.m.)

**PURCHASE**—Purchase Street (Route 120) at Lake Street, Purchase, New York. First-day School, 10:45 a.m. Meeting, 11 a.m. Clerk, Robert S. Schoemaker, Jr., 27 Ridgeway, White Plains, New York 10605. 914-761-5237.

**QUAKER STREET**—Worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., Quaker Street Meeting House, Route 7, nr. Duaneburg, Schenectady County.

**ROCHESTER**—Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m., 41 Westminster Road.

**ROCKLAND**—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., 60 Leber Rd., Blauvelt.

**SCARSDALE**—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., 133 Popham Rd. Clerk, Caroline Malin, 180 East Hartsdale Ave., Hartsdale, N. Y.

**SCHENECTADY**—Meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m.; First-day School 10:30 a.m. YWCA, 44 Washington Avenue.

**SYRACUSE**—Meeting for worship at 821 Euclid Avenue, 10:30 a.m. Sunday.

**WESTBURY, LONG ISLAND**—Unprogrammed meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Junior Meeting through High School, 10:45 to 12:15. Jericho Tpk. and Post Avenue. Phone 516 ED 3-3178.

## North Carolina

**ASHEVILLE**—Meeting, French Broad YWCA, Sunday, 10 a.m. Phone Phillip Neal, 298-0944.

**CHAPEL HILL**—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11:00 a.m. Clerk, Robert Gwyn. Phone 929-3458.

**CHARLOTTE**—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. First-day education classes, 10 a.m. 2039 Vail Avenue. Phone 525-2501.

**DURHAM**—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10:30 a.m. Clerk, Ernest Hartley, 921 Lambeth Circle (Poplar Apts.), Durham, N. C.

**GUILFORD COLLEGE, GREENSBORO**—NEW GARDEN FRIENDS' MEETING: Unprogrammed meeting, 9:00 Church School, 9:45; meeting for worship, 11:00. Clyde Branson, Clerk, Jack Kirk, Pastor.

## Ohio

**CINCINNATI**—COMMUNITY FRIENDS MEETING (United), FUM & FGC. Sunday School 9:45; Unprogrammed worship 11:00; 3960 Winding Way, 45229. Phone (513) 861-4353. Byron M. Branson, Clerk, (513) 221-0868.

**CLEVELAND**—Community Meeting for worship, 7 p.m., at the "Olive Tree" on Case-WRU Campus. John Sharpless, Clerk, 932-2752; 371-9942.

**CLEVELAND**—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10:30 a.m., 10916 Magnolia Dr., University Circle area. 421-0200 or 884-2695.

**KENT**—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10:30 a.m., 1195 Fairchild Ave. Phone 673-5336.

**N. COLUMBUS**—Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m., 1954 Indianola Ave., AX 9-2728.

**SALEM**—Wilbur Friends, unprogrammed meeting, First-day School, 9:30 a.m.; meeting 10:30 a.m. Franklin D. Henderson, Clerk.

**TOLEDO AREA**—Downtown YWCA (11th and Jefferson), 10 a.m. Visitors welcome. First-day School for children. For information call David Taber, 878-6641. In BOWLING GREEN call Briant Lee, 352-5314.

**WILMINGTON**—Campus Meeting of Wilmington Yearly Meeting. Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m. First-day School at 11 a.m., in Thomas Kelly Center, Wilmington College. Elizabeth H. MacNutt, Clerk. Area code 513-382-3328.

**WILMINGTON**—Programmed meeting, 66 N. Mulberry, 9:30 a.m. Church School; 10:45, meeting for worship.

## Oklahoma

**OKLAHOMA CITY**—Friends Meeting House, 1115 S. W. 47th. Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. Visitors welcome.

**STILLWATER**—Correspondent, Clarence Cunningham, 924 Lakeridge Drive.

## Oregon

**PORTLAND-MULTNOMAH MONTHLY MEETING**, 4312 S. E. Stark St. Worship 10 a.m., discussions 11 a.m. Same address, A.F.S.C., Phone 235-8954.

## Pennsylvania

**ABINGTON**—Greenwood Ave. and Meeting House Road, Jenkintown. First-day School, 10 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m.

**CHESTER**—24th and Chestnut Streets. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

**CONCORD**—at Concordville, on Concord Road one block south of Route 1. Meeting for worship 10:15 -11:00, First-day School 11:00-12:00 a.m.

**DOYLESTOWN**—East Oakland Avenue. Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m.

**DUNNINGS CREEK**—At Fishertown, 10 miles north of Bedford; First-day School, 9:30 a.m., meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m.

**FALLS**—Main St., Fallsington, Bucks County. First-day School 10 a.m., meeting for worship, 11. No First-day School on first First-day of each month. 5 miles from Pennsylvania, reconstructed manor home of William Penn.

**GWYNEDD**—Intersection of Sumneytown Pike and Route 202. First-day School, 10 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m.

**HARRISBURG**—Meeting and First-day School, 10:30 a.m., 6th and Herr Streets.

**HAVERFORD**—Buck Lane, between Lancaster Pike and Haverford Road. First-day School 10:30 a.m. Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m.

**HORSHAM**—Route 611, Horsham. First-day School 10 a.m., meeting 11 a.m.

**LANCASTER**—Off U.S. 340, back of Wheatland Shopping Center, 1½ miles west of Lancaster. Meeting and First-day School, 10 a.m.

**LANSLOWNE**—Lansdowne and Stewart Aves. Meeting for worship 11 a.m.

**LEHIGH VALLEY-BETHLEHEM**—on Route 512 one-half mile north of route 22. Meeting and First-day School, 10 a.m.

**LEWISBURG**—Vaughn Literature Building Library, Bucknell University. Meeting for worship 11 a.m. Sundays. Clerk: Euell Gibbons, 658-8441. Overseer: William Cooper, 523-0391.

**MEDIA**—125 West Third Street. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

**MEDIA**—Providence Meeting. Providence Road, Media. 15 miles west of Phila. First-day School, 9:45 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

**MERION**—Meetinghouse Lane at Montgomery. Meeting for worship 11 a.m., First-day School 10:30, Adult class 10:20. Baby sitting 10:15.

**MIDDLETOWN**—Delaware Co., Route 352 N. of Lima, Pa. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

**MIDDLETOWN**—At Langhorne, 453 West Maple Avenue. First-day School 9:45 a.m., meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

**MILLVILLE**—Main Street, meeting 10:00 a.m., First-day School, 11:00 a.m. H. Kester, 458-6006.

**MUNCY at Pennsdale**—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m., Mary Jo Kirk, Clerk. Phone 546-6252.

**NEWTOWN**—Bucks Co., near George School. Meeting, 11 a.m. First-day School, 10 a.m. Monthly Meeting, first Fifth-day, 7:30 p.m.

**NORRISTOWN**—Friends Meeting, Swede and Jacoby Sts. Meeting for worship 10 a.m.

**OLD HAVERFORD MEETING**—East Eagle Road at Saint Dennis Lane, Havertown. First-day School 10 a.m., meeting for worship 11.

**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, 20 South 12th St.  
Cheltenham, Jeanes Hospital Grounds, Fox Chase, 11:15 a.m.  
Chestnut Hill, 100 E. Mermaid La., 10 a.m.  
Fair Hill, Closed for summer. Will re-open Oct. 12.  
Fourth and Arch Sts. Meets jointly with Central Philadelphia until further notice.  
Frankford, Penn and Orthodox Sts., 11 a.m.  
Frankford, Unity and Wain Streets, 11 a.m.  
Germantown Meeting, Coulter Street and Germantown Avenue.  
Green Street Meeting, 45 W. School House Lane.  
Powelton, 3721 Lancaster Ave., 11 a.m.  
University City Worship Group, 32 S. 40th St., at the "Back Bench," 11 a.m.

**PITTSBURGH**—Meeting for worship and First-day School 10:30 a.m.; adult class 11:45 a.m., 4836 Ellsworth Ave.  
**PLYMOUTH MEETING**—Germantown Pike and Butler Pike. First-day School, 10:15 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m.  
**QUAKERTOWN**—Richland Monthly Meeting, Main and Mill Streets. First-day School, 10 a.m., meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m.

**RADNOR**—Conestoga and Sproul Rds., Ithan. Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10:30 a.m. Forum 11:15 a.m.

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

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

**SWARTHMORE**—Whittier Place, College campus. Adult Forum, First-day School, 9:45 a.m. Worship, 11:00 a.m.

**UNIONTOWN**—Meeting, 11 a.m., 51 E. Main Street. Phone 437-5936.

**VALLEY**—West of King of Prussia; on Old Rt. 202 and Old Eagle School Road, First-day School and Forum, 10:00 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m., except for the first Sunday each month, when First-day School and meeting for worship will be held simultaneously at 10 a.m. and monthly meeting will be at 11:15.

**WEST CHESTER**—400 N. High St. First-day School, 10:30 a.m., worship, 10:45 a.m.

**WILLISTOWN**—Goshen and Warren Roads, Newtown Square, R.D. #1, Pa. Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10 a.m., Forum, 11 a.m.

**YARDLEY**—North Main St. Meeting for worship 10 a.m., First-day School follows meeting during winter months.

## Tennessee

**KNOXVILLE**—First-day School, 10 a.m., worship, 11 a.m. D. W. Newton. Phone 588-0876.

**NASHVILLE**—Meeting and First-day School, Sundays, 10:00 a.m., Scarritt College. Phone AL 6-2544.



## Texas

**AUSTIN**—Worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., Forum, 10 a.m., 3014 Washington Square, GL 2-1841. David J. Pino, Clerk, HO 5-6378.

**DALLAS**—Sunday 10:30 a.m., Adventist Church, 4009 N. Central Expressway. Clerk, George Kenny, 2137 Siesta Dr., FE 1-1348.

**HOUSTON**—Live Oak Meeting, worship and First-day School, Sundays 11:15 a.m., Univ. of Houston Religion Center, Room 201. Clerk, Allen D. Clark. Phone 729-3756.

**LUBBOCK**—Worship and First-day School, 10:30 a.m., 2412 13th, PO 3-4391. Richard Foote, Acting Clerk, 829-2575.

## Vermont

**BENNINGTON**—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. Old Benn. School House, Troy Road, Rt. #9.

**BURLINGTON**—Worship, 11 a.m. Sunday, back of 179 No. Prospect. Phone 802-862-8449.

## Virginia

**CHARLOTTESVILLE**—Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m., Hope House, 201 E. Garrett Street.

**LINCOLN**—Goose Creek United Meeting, First-day School 10:00 a.m., meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m.

**McLEAN**—Langley Hill Meeting, Sunday, 10:30 a.m. Junction old Route 123 and Route 193.

**RICHMOND**—First-day School, 9:45 a.m., meeting 11 a.m., 4500 Kensington Ave. Phone 359-0697.

**ROANOKE**—Blacksburg—Meeting for worship 1st and 3rd Sunday of month, 11 a.m., Wesley Foundation Bldg., Blacksburg, 2nd and 4th Sunday, Y.W.C.A., Salem, 10:30 a.m. Phone: Roanoke 343-6769.

## Washington

**SEATTLE**—University Friends Meeting, 4001 9th Avenue, N.E. Worship, 10 a.m.; social hour or program at 11 a.m. Telephone MEIrose 2-7006.

## Wisconsin

**BELOIT**—See Rockford, Illinois.

**MADISON**—Sunday 10 a.m., Friends House, 2002 Monroe St., 256-2249.

**MILWAUKEE**—Sunday, 10 a.m.; meeting and First-day School, 3074 N. Maryland, 273-4945.

## Coming Events

*Friends Journal will be glad to list events of more than local interest if they are submitted at least four weeks in advance of the date of publication.*

## September

4-7—Young Friends Fellowship Conference, Robert Ellis, convener, Powell House, Old Chatham, New York 12136.

5-7—Seminar on the Quaker Peace Testimony, Grindstone Island. Write to Canadian Friends Service Committee, 60 Lowther Avenue, Toronto 5, Canada.

7—Annual Meeting, Adams Society of Friends Descendants, Old Quaker Meetinghouse, Adams, Massachusetts, 3 p.m. Speaker: Francis B. Hall.

14—Easton Day. Area meeting for Upper Hudson Friends. South Easton Meeting House. (Turn east one mile off Route 40 at Easton Fire House) Worship 11 a.m. Covered dish lunch 1:30 p.m. Speakers: Pearl and Francis Hall. Special meetings for High School, Junior High, and Junior young Friends.

19-20—Jeanes Hospital Fair, 7 to 10 p.m. on Friday, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. on Saturday. On the hospital grounds, Central and Hasbrook Avenues, Philadelphia. Pet show, clothesline art exhibit, chicken barbecue dinner, mart, games, entertainment.

19-21—Meeting Workers' Institute, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pa. 19086. Chairman, Herbert M. Hadley.

22-27—Seminar for Yearly Meeting Youth Secretaries, William Penn House, 515 E. Capitol Street, Washington, D.C. 20003.

26-28—Annual Meeting, Friends World Committee, American Section, Columbus, Ohio.

26-28—Missouri Valley Conference, Rock Springs 4-H Ranch, near Junction City, Kansas. For information write to Martin Cobin, 2125 Eighth Street, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

## Announcements

### Births

**BRUCE**—On July 4, a daughter, ELIZABETH CHERYL BRUCE, to Gerald and Sandra Bruce. Both parents are members of Syracuse Monthly Meeting, New York.

**FERRO**—On June 2, a daughter, DANIELLE UPHEMA FERRO, to Peter and Sarah Eves Ferro. The mother and the maternal grandparents, Otis and Elizabeth Eves, are members of Millville Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania.

**ROGERS**—On June 26, a daughter, LINDA HELEN ROGERS, to Joseph and Margaret Rogers. The parents are members of Lewisburg Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania.

**SNYDER**—On July 13, in Doylestown, Pennsylvania, a daughter, JENNIFER JOY SNYDER, to Richard and Gail Snyder, members of Doylestown Monthly Meeting.

### Marriages

**FELL-HOROWITZ**—On July 27, at "The Hedges," New Hope, Pennsylvania, SARAH WOOD HOROWITZ, daughter of Elizabeth Cadwallader Wood and the late John Henry Wood, and EDWARD DOBLE FELL, son of Edward and Anne Fell, of Holicong, Pennsylvania. The bride is a member of Doylestown Monthly Meeting.

**HIPWELL-BALSLEY**—On June 21, at and under the care of Concord Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania, PHOEBE BALSLEY, daughter of Marion and Kenneth Balsley, and PHILIP EDWIN HIPWELL, son of Margaret and Harold Hipwell, of Flushing, New York. The bride and her mother are members of Concord Monthly Meeting.

**IRVIN-NELSON**—On June 22, at and under the care of Clear Creek Monthly Meeting, McNabb, Illinois, KATHRYN LEE NELSON, daughter of Donald and Helen Jean Nelson,

and RICHARD ALLEN IRVIN, son of David and Marian Irvin, of St. Louis, Missouri. The bride and her parents are members of Clear Creek Monthly Meeting.

**MITCHELL-SULPIZIO**—On July 19, in San Francisco, California, SHIRLEY SULPIZIO, daughter of James and Inez Sulpizio, of Sylvania, Ohio, and STEPHEN WALTON MITCHELL, son of Budd and Florence Mitchell, of Troy, Pennsylvania. The bridegroom and his parents are members of Elklands Monthly Meeting, Eaglesmere, Pennsylvania. The bride and bridegroom attend San Francisco Monthly Meeting.

**PERRY-CADBURY**—On June 21, at and under the care of Haverford Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania, MARGARET SHIPPEN CADBURY, daughter of B. Bartram and M. Virginia Thompson Cadbury, of Farmington, Connecticut, and DAVID BUTLER PERRY, son of Charles and Eleanor Butler Perry, of Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. The bride, the bridegroom, and the parents of the bridegroom are members of Haverford Monthly Meeting. The bride's father is a member of Central Philadelphia Monthly Meeting.

**WIXOM-BELCHER**—On July 20, at and under the care of Columbia Monthly Meeting, Missouri, SHARON LEE BELCHER, daughter of Augustus Levi and Merle Elizabeth Belcher, and ROBERT LLEWELLYN WIXOM, son of Clinton Wood Wixom and the late Beatrice Hunt Wixom. The bride, the bridegroom, and the father of the bridegroom are members of Columbia Monthly Meeting.

### Deaths

**BARTRAM**—On May 10, in the Friends Boarding Home, West Chester, Pennsylvania, MARGARET DICKINSON BARTRAM, aged 78, a member of Willistown Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania. She had been a teacher in the Delaware County School System and in Elwyn Institute. She is survived by her husband, Thomas S. Bartram; two sons: T. Smedley, of Philadelphia, and John D., of Elwyn, Pennsylvania; a sister, Marian D. Grant, of Newtown Square, Pennsylvania; and three grandchildren.

**HULL**—On July 2, HELEN LAMB HULL, aged 94, widow of Thomas B. Hull. She was a member of Stony Run Monthly Meeting, Baltimore, Maryland. She is survived by two sisters: Her twin, Elizabeth Lamb, and Margaretta W. Lamb; a daughter, Anna H. Baker; and a grandson, Thomas H. Baker.

**SEIFERTH**—On July 19, in Frankfurt, Germany, WOLFGANG S. SEIFERTH, aged 70, a member of the Friends Meeting of Washington. He is survived by three grandchildren.

## The Penington

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