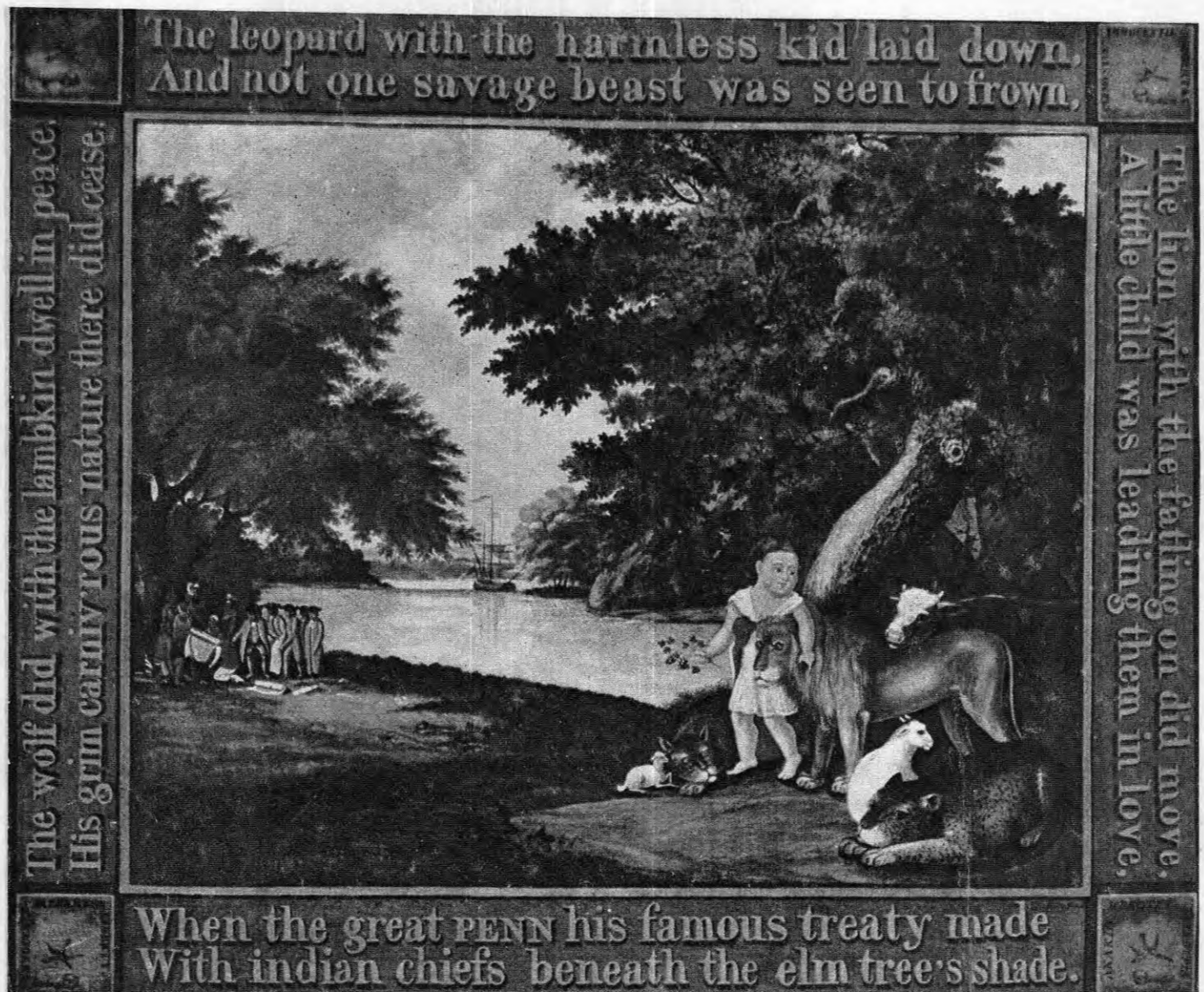


November 15, 1971

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker Thought and Life Today





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The contributor to this issue

JAN DE HARTOG was born in Haarlem, Holland, the son of a professor of theology and a lecturer in medieval mysticism. He ran off to sea at the age of ten. The first vessel he sailed on was a fishing smack that worked the Zuyder Zee. Interludes in school and at sea followed. He wrote his first novel, *Holland's Glory*, during night watches with the Amsterdam harbor police. This story of Holland's oceangoing tugboats became a symbol of Dutch resistance, was a bestseller in Holland, and was banned in Germany. Jan de Hartog escaped capture by the Nazis and arrived in England after a dangerous journey of six months.

When the Netherlands was severely flooded in 1953, Jan de Hartog converted his own ship, *Rival*, into a floating rescue hospital. Later, he sailed *Rival* to the United States and eventually settled here. He has six children, two of whom are Korean orphans he and Marjorie de Hartog adopted. He joined Friends in Houston, Texas, and involved the Meeting there in an endeavor to improve the local charity hospital. His novel, *The Hospital*, describes this involvement. Jan de Hartog and Marjorie now are members of Sarasota, Florida, Meeting.

THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE COVER is of one of the many interpretations of "The Peaceable Kingdom," painted by the Quaker artist, Edward Hicks (1780-1849), a member of Newtown, Pennsylvania, Meeting. This painting is classified by Eleanor Price Mather, in her Pendle Hill Pamphlet, *Edward Hicks Primitive Quaker*, as "a late example of an early type" of "Peaceable Kingdom." The general composition was suggested by a painting of the same subject by Richard Westall. Edward Hicks added a representation of William Penn's treaty with the Indians, borrowed from that of the earlier Quaker artist, Benjamin West. The lettering on the frame of this painting is a paraphrase by Edward Hicks of Isaiah 11:6.

"... Righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

"The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

"And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

"And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den.

"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

"And in that day there shall be a root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign of the people; to it shall the Gentiles seek: and his rest shall be glorious.

"And it shall come to pass in that day, that the Lord shall set his hand again the second time to recover the remnant of his people, which shall be left, from Assyria, and from Egypt, and from Pathros, and from Cush, and from Elam, and from Shinar, and from Hamath, and from the islands of the sea.

"And he shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth."

Today and Tomorrow

Jan de Hartog

Everything Jan de Hartog does he does with élan, sturdy Dutchman and sturdy Quaker though he be.

That ardor, that afflatus that shines in his seaman's eyes, that thread that runs so true showed itself when he ran away to sea when he was ten. It has been revealed many times since in books, plays, causes, adventures, the completion of several major Quaker concerns, the giving of himself to others even when, as the saying goes, he was with book: Always with modesty, the modesty great men have.

"Something there was that rallied to my aid whenever I stuck my neck out," he said in a conversation about his latest novel, *The Peaceable Kingdom*. He did not say so, but we felt he meant it to be capitalized: Something.

We are privileged to print, before publication, a part of *The Peaceable Kingdom* in this issue. We read it, enthralled, in manuscript, at a time when we should have been basking in Ontario sunshine and catching the fish for our supper in Gould Lake (not to mention reading Elizabeth Yates's *Sarah Whitcher's Story* to our grandchildren). Here, we thought, is a masterpiece. Here is another of Jan's contributions to the Religious Society of Friends; here, at last, is a flesh-and-blood account of Quakers that treats them lovingly as human beings, not as pallid dogooders.

Historians may not like the book. Well and good: It is a novel and departs now and then from the letter but not from the truth—the truth that is in life and hope. It is not a peaceful, peaceable book, however, despite the title: In it are the struggles, violence, and challenges that have been part of Quakerism from its beginnings—but also the dedication, hope, and ardor.

The concern from which the book grew germinated when Jan de Hartog was in Houston, a bittersweet time when Jan and Marjorie de Hartog became deeply involved in the Meeting and the horrible conditions in a hospital there. A young man applied for membership in the Meeting. He had not done his homework; he did not know, for example, the place of John Woolman in Quakerism. "He's so boring," he said.

"I determined then to put to Quaker use my gift of making things unboring," Jan told us recently. "The final push came when H. Rap Brown declared that violence is as American as cherry pie. Nonsense! That's a distortion of a half-truth. It is compassion that is as American as cherry pie. Quakers are a good example of that—at least in their best moments. But we must learn how we came to be. We may be a small part of an enormous oak, but we should know our roots. The mystical church that is the

Society of Friends was built on individual lives, on the corporate witness of those who went before. For this book I was inspired by history, but my purpose was not to record history."

It is not for us to review the book before publication; that will come later. Enough now to say that *The Peaceable Kingdom*—in itself a man-sized job of research, writing, and publishing—has a sequel on which Jan de Hartog is now working. Altogether, the author thinks of them as four novels—or parts—that bring out four major testimonies through events of a year or two in four centuries: The origins in England; the Holy Experiment in Colonial America; a peculiar people (Indiana in 1833); and the Lamb's War (New Mexico in 1945).

That Friends Journal can print an excerpt now is another example of Jan de Hartog's élan. He told us long ago that he would see to that, but the matter of contracts, timing, and secondary rights became increasingly intricate. When he learned about the drift of negotiations in August he was in Amsterdam. He promptly cabled his agent and us: "Friends Journal must have the right to publish whatever it thinks best."

Here is a book. Here is a man. Here is a Friend.

Forget-Me-Not

A FAITHFUL reader writes: "Our Meeting had a lovely wedding recently, to which Friends Journal proved an indispensable adjunct. Members contributed two large, beautiful arrangement of flowers. The proper place for them was on the clerk's tables. The tables have a built-in slant, though. We solved the problem by supporting one edge of the containers on back copies of Friends Journal. So, add that as one more way in which this invaluable publication is supportive of the life and work of Friends."

That's nice, we guess. We like to believe that old Friends Journals never die, but fade gently away as treasured parts of readers' libraries. But if die they must, by all means let them be buried beneath flower petals in the happy environment of a meeting for marriage.

Miscellany

✓ "I have learned that human existence is essentially tragic. It is only the love of God, disclosed and enacted in Christ, that redeems the human tragedy and makes it tolerable.

"No, more than tolerable. Wonderful."—The Right Reverend Angus Dun, former Episcopal Bishop of Washington, who died August 12.

✓ "No Church or other association truly thrives unless struggles and differences are alive within it."—*The Life of John Bright*, by George Macaulay Trevelyan.

✓ "There is one worse thing than failure to practice what we profess, and that is to water down our profession to match our practice."—Friends World Conference, 1952

A chapter from Jan de Hartog's forthcoming novel

The Peaceable Kingdom

In a prefatory note in The Peaceable Kingdom, Jan de Hartog wrote:

"Although the characters and events are based on people who lived and events that occurred, I have taken liberties in many respects where the need of the novel, as novel, demanded it. In other words, I have used the novelist's prerogative of being inspired by history rather than bound by it; I have been at pains, however, not to violate its spirit."

The time of chapter six, part two, which is printed here in full, is the second half of the eighteenth century in Philadelphia. The occasion is the annual sessions of Yearly Meeting. The characters:

Jeremiah Best, Clerk of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.

Grizzle Best, his wife.

Peleg Martin, his father-in-law.

Isaac Woodhouse, his neighbor.

Gulielma Woodhouse, an old spinster missionary to the Indians, who has come to Philadelphia for Yearly Meeting.

Mary Woodhouse, Isaac's wife.

Stephen Atkins from Rhode Island, her brother.

Joe Woodhouse, Isaac's son.

George McHair, a young trapper from the frontier.

Himsha McHair, George's Indian half-sister.

Buffalo McHair, a buffalo hunter, their father.

Boniface Baker, owner of a plantation—"Eden Island"—in the Delaware River.

Becky Baker, his daughter.

Caleb Martin, his overseer.

John Woolman, a tailor.

All are Quakers.

To emphasize that The Peaceable Kingdom is fiction, the author changed all names except those of George Fox, Margaret Fell, some of their companions, and (in this chapter) John Woolman. It is not known whether John Woolman actually preached in an empty meetinghouse, but comparable events have occurred.

IT WAS TWO German Friends from a village called Gnadenhütten who, on the eve of yearly meeting, sounded the alarm: a band of Scotch-Irish from the mountains were on a rampage, massacring Indians in revenge for the death of some old man from their village murdered by an Algonquin. The whole countryside was in an uproar, the Friends reported in their highly excited Pennsylvania Dutch: Indian refugees were clogging the roads to Philadelphia—they themselves had hardly been able to get through with their wagon and regretted they were so late.

Jeremiah Best, who received the news in the Meeting House, did not take it seriously. For one thing, the German Friends were not late, they were almost a day early, the first of the rural Friends to arrive asking for a place to sleep. But the hour certainly was late, if that was what they meant; it was past ten in the evening, they were lucky to have found him still there. During the past hour or so he had been about to leave for home several times; each time he had been held up by some petty detail. Had the water jugs arrived yet? Who was supposed to take care of inkwells and quills for the clerks of participating Monthly Meetings? What about that support of the east gallery, was it eaten by termites, in which case the whole of the gallery must be condemned as unsafe? After ten minutes of assiduous peering through his spectacles by the light of a candle, he had decided that it looked like woodworms, but a carpenter had better inspect it in the daylight, first thing tomorrow.

All these preoccupations were the curse of the clerk of Yearly Meeting; they always came to a head just before the convention was about to start. Tomorrow thousands of Friends from the outlying Meetings, of all social classes, languages, temperaments and ages, would descend upon

the city like locusts; to see, just as he was about to leave, a bunch of over-excited country folk turn up in a state of fluster, jabbering about a massacre which they pronounced "mah-sucker," was one complication too many. He dismissed their story as the result of too many steins of beer, put the alarmists up with a local family of Pennsylvania Dutch who had asked for "Friends of their own ilk" and finally left for home.

Walking the dark, quiet streets, he found that the Germans' story did not leave him in peace. Gulielma Woodhouse, who had arrived with the Bakers, had given a disturbing picture of the preparations for war by the Indian tribes of the plains; he wondered whether he should alert her. But when he entered their sleeping street, he could not discern any lights in the Woodhouse mansion and decided it would keep until morning.

Around three o'clock that night he was startled from a fitful sleep by a banging on his front door. He went down in his nightgown to see who it was, stubbing his toe as he went; when he opened the door, he found Philip Howgill, the recording clerk, who had agreed to stay in the Meeting House overnight to receive any new arrivals. "Friend Jeremiah!" the man cried breathlessly. "Come, come quickly! A whole crowd of Indians has arrived! Women, children, old people, all asking for asylum! They say they are about to be killed by an army of Ulstermen and ask the Quakers to protect them! Please come, come quickly!"

Jeremiah felt a quiver in the pit of his stomach; but, despite his inward turmoil, his mind worked with cool precision. "Do we have any confirmation of this?" he asked. "Or is it just the Indians' story?"

"Oh, no, no!" Philip Howgill cried, with the unfortunate dramatization that seemed to afflict everyone prior to yearly meeting, "more German Friends have come in and they all tell the same story: a posse of horsemen, yelling and screaming and firing their muskets in the air, are looking for Indians to avenge an old man killed in a tree. They even fired at the weathercock of the Lutheran church in Gnadenhütten! It's true, all of it! What are we going to do, Jeremiah Best? We cannot possibly protect these people! How do we put them up, where? God only knows how many there may be at daybreak! What's to be done with them all?"

"Philip Howgill," he said sternly, "control thyself. Nobody will be helped by thy losing thy head."

"But—but they're all in the courtyard, right in front of the Meeting House! What am I to say to them? What—"

"Listen to me!" Jeremiah's voice was so authoritative that Philip Howgill, not normally given to hanging on other people's lips unless he was supposed to record what they were saying, swallowed the rest. "Go back to the Meeting House, tell their leader that someone will take care of their affairs in a few minutes, give them water, invite them to join thee in meeting for worship, anything to keep them from getting into the same state of agitation thee is in at the moment. I'll join thee as soon as I have dressed and alerted Gulielma Woodhouse next door. Quick!" His firmness seemed to have fortified the flustered man, who, zigzagging like a winged bat, ran back to the crisis.



Photograph copyright by William A. Smith

Jan de Hartog

Upstairs, Grizzle's voice shrieked from the landing, "Jeremiah! What's going on down there?"

"Nothing, dear," he replied appeasingly, groping his way up the stairs. "Just a tribe of Indians who turned up at the Meeting House, asking for asylum."

"Asylum?! What asylum? I never heard such nonsense in my life! And who was that banging and screaming? One of thy night-owl friends?!"

As usual, she held him responsible for the disturbance. She was a highly strung woman who could not be held responsible for everything she said when excited; the best defense was to divert her with interesting tidbits of information. So, as he climbed toward the light of her candle, he told her about the old man shot in a tree and the weathercock of the Lutheran church in Gnadenhütten. To his surprise, she took the whole thing seriously, which in her case meant emotionally. "Who is there to help them?" she asked, alarmed. "Is there anybody who speaks their language at the Meeting House? They must be in a terrible state!"

"If not, what does thee suggest I do about it? I'm going to have my hands full as it is."

"Oh, *thee*!" she cried, managing to express in the word all she thought of his efficiency, compassion and common sense. "I'm coming with thee! It's high time somebody was there to receive those people and look after them. What's it like outside?"

For a second he recoiled from the prospect of adding Grizzle, shrieking like a banshee, to the confusion in the courtyard of the Meeting House; then he said, "That seems an excellent idea, my dear. I'm sure thy presence would be a help. I think I'll also call Gulielma Woodhouse and

Himsha McHair, as they both speak Algonquin or whatever the language is."

"Is it cold outside? Is it raining?"

"I don't recall," he muttered. He was putting on his clothes when he was brought up short by another banging on the door, reverberating in the empty hall.

"Now, who on earth can that be?" He stumbled down the dark stairs in his stockinged feet.

"Take a light! Don't break a leg on top of everything else!" she shrieked after him, but he was already at the door. When he opened it, he found the familiar figure of his father-in-law, Peleg Martin; an invisible horse snorted and jangled behind him.

"Is thee ready to go, Jeremiah?" the old man asked.

"I—yes, yes . . . But how . . ."

"Philip Howgill alerted me, as chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs. Why is thee not dressed yet?"

Jeremiah mastered an unfilial impulse; then Grizzle was upon them, fully dressed. "Thee has the buggy out there, Dad?" she asked in the tone of wary jollity she always affected in the face of her dour father.

"Yes, I knew thy husband could not be counted upon to purvey thee with a conveyance at this hour of the night."

It was so patently unjust that Jeremiah felt like slamming the door in the old man's face, but he managed to thank him for his foresight while struggling into his coat, which Grizzle had brought down with her.

He was about to climb into the buggy after her when he remembered Gulielma. So he left them, with a sense of liberation, and hurried toward the dark Woodhouse mansion. It was his turn to bang on the door; he heard what Philip Howgill must have heard: a shuffle of slippers approaching, a voice muttering, "Yes, yes, yes . . ." Then the door was opened. "Who is this?" It was Isaac Woodhouse, with a candle.

"It's I, Jeremiah. And a good morning to thee!" In his eagerness to exude calm, he sounded flippant; Isaac reacted accordingly. But once he heard the news, he instantly grasped the potential danger. "Whatever happens, we must not let this thing get out of hand," he said, with surprising briskness. "Whatever thee does, don't let those Indians spread all over town, keep them confined to the Meeting House grounds, at least until we have seen the Governor."

"The Governor?"

Before Isaac could elaborate, the women arrived, in various degrees of nightly attire; the only one fully dressed was Gulielma, but then she had no skirt or bodice to contend with. "What's going on?" she asked.

Jeremiah told her about the Indians and the Irish rough-necks from the mountains.

"Who are these people?"

"Which?"

"The Ulstermen? Who are they?"

"Something with 'boys.' Peace—Pars—Paisley boys."

Gulielma reacted with uncharacteristic alarm. "Those are the men I told thee about! The dead man in the tree must have been old Jim McHair! We had better get going." With those words she strode out the door, down the stoop, and down the dark street toward the Meeting House.

There was nothing Jeremiah could do but follow. He wished he had taken the buggy; he was too old for this. As he ran breathlessly after the vanishing shadow of that impossible woman loping like a stag, he wondered what had possessed him two years ago to aspire with such tenacity to the post of clerk of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.

* * * *

Campfires among the tombstones, whinnying horses running loose inside the gates—the grounds of the Meeting House had been transformed in a matter of hours from a hallowed garden of remembrance into the campground of a tribe of nomads. The Meeting House itself had fared no better; when they arrived in its dimly lit hall after making their way through groups of stony-faced Indian squaws cooking food for their children, they found Philip Howgill in a state of utter frenzy, surrounded by rural Friends and their families, old Indian women, over-excited Quaker children playing tag and even a pack of roaming dogs that must have followed the Indians. Philip was trying to get everybody to camp on the Commons; all the poor man could think of under the pressure of this onslaught was to get them to leave.

Gulielma, with great authority, took control of the Indians in the grounds; Jeremiah helped handle the new arrivals inside; by daybreak they had managed to impose some semblance of order on the chaos. The scattered campfires had been concentrated into a large one in a corner of the yard; there Gulielma, helped by Himsha, Becky Baker, her little sister Abby and a number of other women was now running a communal kitchen. The horses had been rounded up and tethered; Jeremiah had managed to direct most of the new arrivals from the countryside to Quaker families in town; everything gradually came under control, but there could be no doubt that this yearly meeting was going to be an impromptu one, he might as well tear up the agenda. If the armed men were to pursue the Indians right into Philadelphia, then the Meeting would have to decide what to do with the Indians who had come running to them with touching but disturbing confidence in the old treaty with William Penn.

Jeremiah did not have much time to think about it; during the odd minutes he could give it some thought it became clear that, whether they liked it or not, the moment of truth had arrived for the Quakers. What were they going to do? Defend the Indians with force? Impossible. Then what? Load them on ships and spirit them off downriver before the rowdies arrived? There would not be time for that, and it would not solve the basic problem. The Quakers would have to decide whether to adhere to the peace testimony in the face of the approaching calamity; despite his preoccupation with the immediate emergency, Jeremiah realized that he was living through historic hours which would affect the lives of generations of Quakers to come.

For the moment, he tried to salvage the structure of the meeting by pretending that the agenda could be adhered to; but he told John Woolman, who was to give the major address the first day, that urgent business might take precedence over his presentation. The kind little man took it

philosophically, murmuring with a smile that way would open. All Jeremiah could do was to smile back. There were a thousand things clamoring for his attention when he was dragged away to join Isaac Woodhouse, Peleg Martin and Israel Henderson for an emergency audience with the Governor; as clerk of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, his presence was mandatory. It was an awkward assignment; what they were reduced to doing was to ask for the militia to protect the Indians. It was a moot point whether violence furnished by someone else on request was a breach of the peace testimony or not. But what was the alternative? Go for that of God in the ruffians threatening the Indians? How? When? They drove to the audience in gloomy silence.

It seemed that the rumor of the emergency had not yet reached the Governor's palace. When their carriage entered the courtyard after traversing the echoing cavern of the gateway, they found the cloistered garden with its geometrical landscape of hedges and fountains as remote from all strife as the sunken gardens of Hampton Court, after which the courtyard had been modeled. The carriage drew up at a flight of marble steps leading to the front doors. Flunkies observed their arrival through panes of tinted glass. As they descended from the carriage, Jeremiah heard a strident shriek from one of the peacocks which strutted on the lawn like huge, walking flowers. One of the horses neighed; a covey of white pigeons swooped down from the roof of the main building with a loud flutter of wings to alight, a sprinkling of white blossoms, among the flowers of the peacocks' tails. The contrast with the hurly-burly in the grounds of the Meeting House seemed to sum up the political reality: the Proprietors and the Crown serene with self-confidence, the Quakers in a state of total confusion.

Inside the palace, the tranquillity seemed deeper still. They stood waiting in the hall for an uncomfortably long time; finally a door to the hall opened, the Governor's aide-de-camp, Colonel Urquhart, emerged to suggest they make themselves comfortable while His Excellency finished some urgent business that had, regrettably, come up at the last moment. There was nothing else to do but to follow the Colonel's advice and sit down.

Seated on two carved settees in the hall, they found themselves centering down into silence. For the next twenty minutes, while the Governor kept them waiting, they sat united in meeting for worship; the flunkies, gazing at the lawn through the purple-hued glass of the doors, yawned in somnolent boredom.

When at last they were admitted, they felt stilled and strengthened; had they been ushered into the regal quiet of the Governor's chambers without this restorative interval after the frenzy of the Meeting House, they would have been at a distinct disadvantage.

Governor Morris was exquisitely mannered and charming. His massive wig, cut after the latest fashion, befitted an occasion of state more than an early morning audience, as did his carmine velvet coat and the modish lace ruffs that protruded from its sleeves like roses. When Isaac Woodhouse as their spokesman presented the reason for their visit, he appeared highly sympathetic. Of course, he would not have hesitated to send a company of militia to

protect the Indian refugees at the Quaker Meeting House, had any troops been available to him. As ill luck would have it, the troops guarding the city of Philadelphia had been seriously depleted: two platoons were accompanying a wagon train on its way to the frontier, another was on escort duty with the surveying expedition to the Delawares, the rest had been deployed in strategic locations along the western border, since, as the gentlemen undoubtedly knew, the tensions between England and France had increased dramatically of late. Colonel Urquhart hovered in the background, making discreet appreciative noises; Jeremiah saw, with distressing clarity, that this was the chance the Proprietors and the Crown had waited for to demonstrate to the obstreperous Quakers that their fanatical pacifism was an unworldly pipe dream.

He took no active part in the discussion, but he registered every word, planning to write it all down at the earliest opportunity, for future generations. Isaac Woodhouse's composure was admirable; Jeremiah had never thought the moment would come when he would admire his cantankerous little cousin, but Isaac countered the Governor's insincere and almost gloating commiseration with restrained dignity. Governor Morris' exquisite manners could not hide his obvious hope that those ruffians would actually invade the grounds of the Quaker Meeting House, even if it meant the death of a few squaws and papooses.

They took courteous leave of the Governor; he bowed and scraped, humbling himself before them as had become the fashion among magistrates when dealing with Quakers ever since King Charles had said to young William Penn, who refused to take off his hat, "In that case, Master Penn, I'll take off mine; it is the custom that in the presence of the King of England only one person shall wear a hat."

They climbed back into the carriage in silence. No one spoke even after they had left the echoing gateway behind and were making their way back through the crowded streets. There was excitement in the air; the news had spread quickly; to the worldly inhabitants of the city the impending confrontation between the sanctimonious Quakers and a bunch of yahoos from the mountains promised great entertainment. When they finally reached the Meeting House, an even larger number of covered wagons had drawn up outside, hundreds more Friends from the outlying areas must be clamoring for board and lodging. Jeremiah could restrain himself no longer. "Well?" he asked. "What *are* we going to do?"

The silence that followed became awkward; then Isaac replied, "Way will open."

It was a worthy sentiment, but Jeremiah instantly translated it as "Maybe I will think of something." Despite his cousin's canniness, he doubted that anyone could. As he entered the grounds of the Meeting House, he saw among the throng in the lobby the burly figure and lion's mane of Stephen Atkins of Rhode Island. The sight of the famous fighting Quaker, symbol of what was euphemistically called "Holy Violence," filled him with despondency. Stephen Atkins was only forty-eight years old and already his exploits were legendary, the most famous being the occasion when his ship was attacked by pirates; when the first one

clambered on board, he had grabbed him by the scruff of his neck, saying, "Sorry, Friend, thee has no business here," and dropped him into the sea. In the past Jeremiah had secretly relished that story, thinking that no pirates could conceivably threaten the City of Brotherly Love.

Stephen's booming voice hailed him over the heads of the crowd. "Greetings, Friend Jeremiah! Back from thy audience with the Governor? What did he say?"

How did the man know? The whole thing had been arranged in utter secrecy; he himself had told no one except —of course. It was a moment in which he found it difficult to love his wife.

Silence fell in the lobby. Everyone was waiting; he must say something, anything. "We must discuss the matter in our first meeting for business, which I suggest we enter into now."

Stephen Atkins took a deep breath as if to make a retort; but a dry, uncompromising woman's voice cut him short. "I unite!" It was Gulielma Woodhouse, bless her heart. Others voiced agreement; and with a sigh of relief Jeremiah made his way into the meeting hall.

* * *

As the surveying party made its ponderous return to civilization, Joe Woodhouse and George McHair broke away and reached Philadelphia hours ahead of the wagon train. In the outskirts they were struck by a commotion that increased as they approached the center of the city; the crowds thickened as they neared the Meeting House, until in the end they had to force their way through a tightly packed mass of humanity. The atmosphere of excitement suggested an impending spectacle such as the arrival of a circus.

They were in sight of the Meeting House when a hunter friend of George's shouted to him that the Paisley boys from Loudwater were on the rampage, killing Indians, and on their way to the city, where hundreds of Indians had taken refuge with the Quakers. It seemed incredible, but when they arrived at the gate they saw it was true.

Hundreds of squaws, children and old people were camping in the courtyard in teepees and pup tents that must have been provided by the Meeting. Rows of horses were tethered to the iron fence; in a far corner, a field kitchen had been erected, surrounded by trestle tables and benches; a number of Quaker women were busy preparing a meal in huge pots over an open fire; girls were setting out plates and mugs. There must be at least three to four hundred Indians there, but no Friends were in sight, other than the women preparing the meal; there must be a meeting in progress.

Joe and George entered the hall and found the partition lowered; Joe was sorry, for he would have liked to catch Becky's eye to show her that he had returned safely. Somebody was speaking from the rostrum; Joe's uncle Stephen Atkins. He cut a fine figure with his powerful shoulders, his rebellious eyes; what he was saying turned out to be pretty provocative. He was berating the overseers for appealing to the Governor for troops to protect the refugees. He found it intolerable that Friends should

appeal to others to do violence for them. Didn't Friends realize that this destroyed the basis on which the spiritual power of Quakerism was founded? Didn't they recognize the hypocrisy of it? He had had occasion before to say this to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting: "The course of events will force upon you the consequences of the violent reality surrounding you, as it did upon us in Rhode Island. Now the challenge has arrived. Are you going to defend the Indians or are you not? Are you going to tell them that the old treaties are no longer valid because the realities of today are different from the realities of seventy-five years ago? You cannot sit here and deliberate endlessly on what to do. Wake up, Friends! The time has come to face the truth!" He looked about him with hypnotic eyes; the silence in the hall was such that no one dared move. Then he said, "There is no other way: you *must* take up arms and defend the helpless, or the power of the Lord will be drawn away from the Quakers of Pennsylvania, from you in this hall, each one of you! *Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.* What is going to be your answer when, in the after life, He challenges us and asks, 'What have ye done when I took refuge in your temple from the fury of those bent on killing Me?' Will He be satisfied with the answer, 'Lord, we appealed in Thy behalf to Governor Morris'? Answer that question, Friends. Answer it any way you may feel moved, but *answer it!*"

He stepped down from the rostrum; at the foot of the steps he said, looking about him. "Those who want to discuss with me the practical means of protecting those women and children outside, please follow me." With that he strode down the aisle to the doors.

After he had left, it seemed for a moment that no one was going to follow him. Nobody stirred; the silence seemed to be turning into worship. Then Uncle Jeremiah cleared his throat and asked, "Would any Friend present care to comment on this statement?"

A voice came from the audience, "I want to say a few words in loving response to Friend Stephen's ministry." It was Israel Henderson; he made his way calmly toward the rostrum, but Uncle Jeremiah had broken the spell and prevented the meeting from turning inward. The moment Israel Henderson rose, others followed his example, but started toward the doors. They were, without exception, young Friends; Joe knew most of them.

It was a dramatic moment; a clear separation between the generations. When George beside him started to make his way to the doors, Joe followed suit. He had no taste for Uncle Stephen's fighting Quakerism; he was convinced that the worst thing that could happen at this juncture was for Friends to take up arms, but he could see no other solution. How else protect those poor Indian women and children if not by facing down the armed rabble with rifles and swords?

When he reached the courtyard, he saw that the gates had been opened and that riders were streaming out, led by Uncle Stephen on a huge bay mare. He already looked like a general leading his troops; all he needed was a train of cannon and he would be indistinguishable from any

other commander of the militia. Joe saw Josh Baker skitter past and called to him, "Where are they going?"

"The new Meeting House!" Josh answered, then clattered out of the gates in pursuit of the others.

"Well, let's go and join them," Joe said wearily, "we might as well find out what they're up to."

"Whatever it is, I'm game!" George cried, and made for his horse at a run.

As Joe was about to follow him, he was hailed by one of the women preparing the meal. "What is going on? Where are they all going?" It was his mother.

"They're off to the new Meeting House," he replied. "Uncle Stephen wants us to arm ourselves and ride out to meet the raiders for a showdown."

"He would!" his mother exclaimed angrily. "See if thee can hold them up, Joe; I'll go and warn the women!" Without waiting for his answer, she hurried toward the doors, wiping her hands on her apron as she ran.

* * *

The rebellious young Friends gathered in the shell of the new Meeting House among stacks of lumber, drainage pipes and masons' tables. When Joe and George entered, Stephen Atkins was speaking. The solution was quite simple, he said, all they had to do was appeal to the Governor for arms. There might be no soldiers available in the city, but surely there were enough rifles.

Joe's despondency deepened. He was haunted by Chief Running Bull's reply to his confident words, "The Quakers are still your friends"—"Show me!" His uncle Stephen's proposal seemed the only answer to that request, and a few weeks ago he would have joined him enthusiastically; now he sensed this to be wrong. It made no sense that God should ordain that man must not kill without providing an alternative. There must be another way, there must be—but what alternative could he suggest? Flee with the Indians? Too late. Hide them? Where?

He looked about him at the empty hall, the stacks of building materials surrounding them; at that moment they looked inexpressibly sad, like a promise doomed to go unfulfilled. He gazed at the triangular stack of drainage pipes that seemed, in his present somber mood, to stare at him like the muzzles of so many cannon. In a far corner lay more cannon: stovepipes.

"But Stephen Atkins, if we go to the armory and ask for guns and rifles, this would have the most serious consequences in the Assembly, wouldn't it?" It was Israel Henderson, Junior, a level-headed young man. "I do agree we must do something, but the fact remains that if we do as thee proposes, it is our fathers in the Assembly who will have to face the consequences. Can we do this?" But his was a voice crying in the wilderness. The others were irritated by his words, even though they could not answer the argument.

Stephen Atkins did it for them. "It will be your decision, not mine, because I'm only a visiting Friend," he said. "I am fully aware that political consequences for the Society of Friends in Pennsylvania are unavoidable if you act as I propose. But what alternative is there? Go back



High Street, Philadelphia, in the 1700's, seen from Ninth Street. A contemporary engraving, published by W. Birch & Son. (This photograph and those on pages 595 and 598 courtesy Free Library of Philadelphia.)

to the Meeting and leave the fate of the Indians to endless deliberations? What your elders are doing right now is what they have been doing for fifty years: they argue and argue until matters are decided for them by circumstances beyond their control. They do not want to face the dilemma, they want to mark time until a solution is forced upon them; then they can say, 'We have not violated the testimonies, we have been overtaken by events.' Friends, it is not our words that count, it is our *acts*. Nobody will remember in future generations what Philadelphia Yearly Meeting *said* in this year of our Lord —. They will remember how we *acted*, or how we failed to act, when the Indians came to us for protection."

His argument seemed irrefutable, yet Joe knew with instinctive certainty that it was wrong, it was a lie; if Uncle Stephen got away with this, something would be destroyed forever. He closed his eyes in despair, praying for guidance. But all he could do was wonder, idiotically, whether those drainage pipes would fit inside the stovepipes.

"What would be the most effective weapons to use?" somebody asked.

Uncle Stephen replied matter-of-factly, "The best way would be to confront them with a row of cannon across the road, outside the city. But the commander of the militia will not give us any cannon, even if he has them. All we can hope for is muskets, rifles, swords, lances—"

With a quiver, Joe rose to his feet. "Friends," he said, "we have the solution with us, right here in this room! To take up arms in defense of those Indians is the world's solution, not ours. But we can build from the materials we see around us four or five decoy cannon that from a distance will be indistinguishable from the real thing. 'There!' He pointed at the drainage pipes. "I am sure that those drainage pipes will fit into those stovepipes over there. Together they will look exactly like the barrel of a gun. Let's mount them on those bricklayers' buggies and I am sure that from a distance no one will see the difference. If we block the road with decoy guns that can fool the raiders, we shall have lived up to our promise to

the Indians without breaking the peace testimony. We must not let go of our testimonies just because we cannot think of another solution in five minutes. If we cannot use violence, we must use something else: our wits. We will not come out of this as heroes or as saints, but if we succeed in stopping the raiders by training decoy guns on them, at least the world may say, 'With that canniness, who needs violence?' " He looked about him, sure of himself, yet shaking like a leaf.

Uncle Stephen's voice broke the tense silence. "Well, well," he said with dour admiration. "Thee is a true Woodhouse, Joe. All right—let's give it a try."

* * *

Gulielma Woodhouse had joined the Women's Meeting that morning with a sense of detachment induced by exhaustion. She had been up with the Indians all night, to miss a night's sleep was already a debilitating experience at her age, even if that night was not spent leaping about like a twenty-year-old. At this point each snap of a reticule sounded like a pistol shot to her and each cough like an explosion; as she sat there, listening to the fatuous arguments and unworldly proposals of one female orator after another, she blamed herself bitterly for not going to look for the body of old Jim McHair. Now here they were, helplessly arguing in circles while any moment the ruffians from Loudwater might be upon them. She had expected them to arrive before now; obviously, they had made camp somewhere in smug self-confidence, certain of their victory. Then Mary Woodhouse came in with the news that the young men of the Meeting had ridden off under the leadership of Stephen Atkins, to arm themselves for a showdown with the Paisley boys.

The Women's Meeting, which until that moment had been droning on interminably, was suddenly jolted awake; above the clamor of snattering women sounded a calm, quavering voice. It was Hannah Martin; for as long as Gulielma could remember, the old woman had never spoken in meeting; now there she stood, small and shriveled and very German, saying in her heavy accent, "Friends, shouldn't we *do* something now, as women, as mothers? Should we not think of those Indian girls and their babies out there as our own children, our grandchildren? What would we do if they were? Would we not take them home and settle them safely in the cellar or in the attic? Would we not stand in the doorway to wait for those boys with their guns? And when they came, we would say, 'If you want to kill the Indians, you'll have to kill us first.' Wouldn't we do this for our children? Of course we would. So, let those of us who live here in Philadelphia and who have room agree to take in some of the Indians, then let's stand with our families in our doorways and confront those over-excited boys in a spirit of love."

The effect of her calm, sweet little speech was profound. For a minute it was so silent in the Women's Meeting that the voices of the men on the other side of the partition could be heard clearly. Gulielma felt her confidence in corporate witness restored; there could be no doubt that Hannah Martin had spoken in the power of

the Lord. She rose to say, "I unite!" To her surprise, she sat down shaking. Surely she should have said something more? But words had failed her.

A voice asked somewhere, "And if those boys say, 'All right, we'll kill you?'"

There came Hannah's quiet voice again. "It is a possibility, and if it comes to that, we'll have to face it. But I don't think it will. They are just young men in a rage. We have all dealt with boys in a rage, haven't we? And haven't we found that loving, motherly firmness has always been the solution?"

There was a silence in which each of the women visualized the consequences of the proposal. Then Ruth Henderson, the presiding clerk, asked matter-of-factly, "Is this the sense of the Meeting? That we propose to take into our homes a number of Indians and that we shall stand in our doorways with our families to face the raiders in a spirit of love?"

Somewhere a voice said, "It is."

There could be no doubt; miracle of miracles, the Women's Meeting had minded the Light. Gulielma felt tears come to her eyes.

"In that case," the calm voice of Ruth Henderson said from the rostrum, "we shall send a delegation to the Men's Meeting to inform them of our proposition. Will Friends please indicate whom they want to send as messengers?"

"I'll be happy to go," a voice said, after a few moments of silence. It was Mary Woodhouse. "I do not want to impose myself on the Meeting, but I must speak out, as I am under a concern to do this, especially because the young Friends seem to be planning their organized violence under the leadership of my brother."

Before anyone else had commented from the floor, a young voice rang out from the back. "In that case, I would like to join Mary Woodhouse! I feel under a concern to represent the young Friends here. I am speaking, I am certain, not for myself alone when I say that I think it is a wonderful thing to do. I am sure, absolutely sure that we must do this, especially we young people. I beg the Meeting to allow me to accompany Mary Woodhouse, so that the men next door shall be confronted not only by their wives, but by their daughters!" Gulielma's mouth fell open in astonishment; it was Becky Baker. Of all the silly young things . . .

There was a moment of silence.

"May I conclude that the sense of the Meeting is that we send as messengers to the Men's Meeting Mary Woodhouse and Rebekah Baker?"

From the body of the Meeting a voice answered, "I unite. And praised be the Lord."

Despite herself, Gulielma answered with a Methodist "Amen."

* * *

Becky didn't know what had made her do it. Something stronger than her shyness and her self-preoccupation had suddenly brought her to her feet. Now, with her heart in her mouth and shaky knees, she was walking down the aisle of the Men's Meeting toward the rostrum, where, like

judges in a court, the overseers sat scowling down on them, obviously irked by the interruption of their deliberations. Uncle Jeremiah, normally an easy-going man, sat frowning behind his table with unmistakable irritation; thank God that Mary Woodhouse was with her. Becky felt suddenly sobered, almost paralyzed by the disapproving stares of all those men as she walked in an unnerving silence toward the rostrum.

Mary Woodhouse sounded calm and sure of herself when she spoke, yet Becky sensed in her the same insecurity. "On behalf of the Women's Meeting, Rebekah Baker and myself have come to inform you of the following decision. It is the sense of our Meeting that, in view of the temptation to violence to which young Friends are now exposed, our response to the present crisis is the following . . ." She outlined Hannah Martin's proposal in words that suddenly sounded emotional and utterly impractical. It was obvious that their proposition would be turned down without dissent; never before in her life had Becky felt herself exposed to such tacit censure.

After an uncomfortable silence Uncle Jeremiah asked, "Is it the wish of the delegates of the Women's Meeting that they return with this Meeting's response?"

"It is," Mary Woodhouse replied. Becky did not know why, but she was certain now that Mary had given up hope. It was an emotional and impractical proposal. But why had she felt such absolute certainty, such surging joy in response to Aunt Hannah's suggestion? What had made her speak so forcefully, with such conviction? It could not have been just a flight of fancy . . .

"May I invite Friends to comment on this proposal?" Uncle Jeremiah asked formally.

And then it happened. Without warning, something flared up within Becky, something bewildering but irresistible. Before anyone had been able to say a word, she was clambering boldly onto the rostrum, an indecorous act if ever there was one. But she did not care, she was propelled by the compulsion to confront them, not on her own behalf but on behalf of all those women whose sympathy and agreement she had sensed when she spoke. She faced the sea of male faces with love. "I know how you feel," she said, "I know that this is not the moment to do anything impulsive. But believe me, Friends: please, please believe me! What is at stake is not only the fate of the Indians who come to us for help, not only the fate of the political power you—we—have as Quakers. Believe me, Friends—fathers, uncles, brothers—what is at stake is the future of our Society itself. I have, as have all young Friends of my age, heard you talk in meetings, lectures, ministry about 'the future of Quakerism.' But the future of Quakerism is us, the coming generation; yes, us—I, Becky Baker, one of a thousand, but Becky Baker, unique, irreplaceable. I have been talked at for years: Quakerism is this, Quakerism is that . . . But now is the moment to show us a Quakerism that consists of practice, not of preaching. How often have I heard, have we all heard, the story of the Quaker who met a highway robber to whom he said, 'I would not have myself killed for any of my material possessions, Friend, but if it came to thy soul,



Greater Meetinghouse and Town Hall, southwest corner Second and Market Streets, landmarks in mid-eighteenth-century Philadelphia.

I would lay down my life to save it.' What was that, Friends? The truth or a pious story? For years we have been beaten over the head with stories like that one: George Fox said this, Will Penn said something else . . . Now the moment has come for me to ask you: I know what George Fox said, I know what Will Penn said; but what dost *thou* say?"

As she said this, she trembled so violently that she was sure the men must notice it and realize that she was bluffing, that she did not have the strength or the conviction she pretended to have, that she was merely the pawn of something that had risen overwhelmingly within her.

In the silence that followed, someone rose from the body of the Meeting. When Becky saw who it was, her heart sank: dour old Uncle Peleg. All was lost.

"Friends," the dry old voice said, "I am sure that I speak the mind of this Meeting when I say that here indeed is a chance for us to show that we old Quakers are prepared to act upon our convictions. I inform this Meeting that my house will be open to as many Indians as my rooms can hold, and that I and my wife will stand in the doorway to confront those men, in a spirit of love." He sat down.

Suddenly unnerved, Becky groped behind her for the table for support. She heard Uncle Jeremiah say, "It is the sense of the Meeting that we shall unite with the women? Will Friends who do not unite please make themselves heard?"

There was a silence in which Becky prayed; then came Uncle Jeremiah's voice again, formal as ever. "It is the sense of this Meeting that we shall each take into our home a number of Indian refugees, and confront the raiders in a spirit of love. May I now ask for a few moments of silence before we act upon this concern?"

They remained in motionless silence for what seemed to Becky an endless time. She felt drained, yet elated. She had no idea what the consequences would be, but she knew that whatever had happened to her in those moments was irrevocable.

Uncle Jeremiah said, "Friends, may God help us all." Her hand was touched, she turned around, and faced Uncle Jeremiah. His face was full of tenderness and understanding.

With a rumble of seats and a hubbub of voices, the

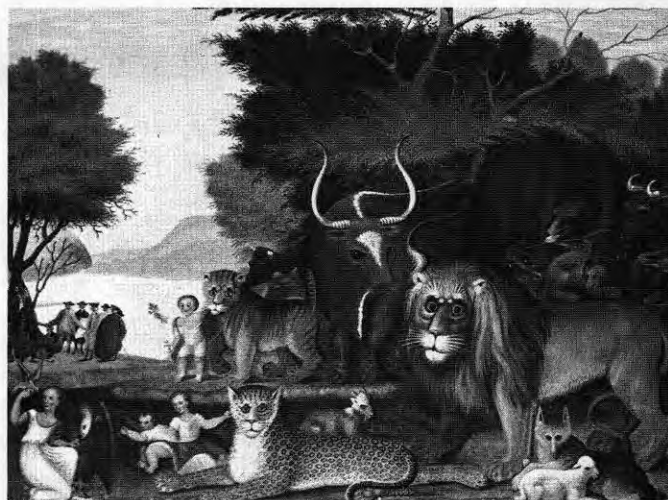
Meeting rose. Mary Woodhouse took Becky back to the Women's Meeting, where all this lofty spirituality would now have to be translated into action. On her way out, Becky suddenly saw her father seated at the end of a row. He was staring at her with a look that made her realize, to her dismay, that he was terribly angry. She felt like rushing to him and begging his forgiveness, asking him to help her, but she could not. As she slowly walked past, she realized for the first time in her life that to go with God meant to go alone.

After Becky had passed him on her way to the doors, Boniface Baker remained seated. He did not trust himself to confront anyone; he was furious. There had been a few regrettable occasions in the past when he had lost his self-control; it was about to happen again unless he kept a tight rein on himself. The impudence of Becky standing there, announcing to the Meeting that all she had ever known of Quakerism was talk! He could not begin to enumerate the instances where he had shown her by his conduct the meaning of Quakerism; he sat there glowering with a sense of outrage. To denounce him as a mere lip servant of the Testimonies! It was despicable; he could not bring himself to leave for fear he might find himself face to face with her again.

Boniface tried to force his thoughts away from Becky and her accusations; but he could not help himself, his thoughts were constantly drawn back to the scandalous incident, like a tongue probing a sore tooth; he had to find a quiet corner where he could recover his senses. He ventured into the crowded lobby, stood for a moment in doubt, then decided to go to the gallery, which by now should be empty.

Upstairs, the noise and the commotion below sounded far away. There was a narrow passage between the wall and the last row of benches; he followed it into the far corner. When attending yearly meeting as a little boy, he had tiptoed down this same narrow passage with a few of his friends, their hearts in their mouths, while downstairs the voice of some speaker droned on, driving all children to distraction. When he reached the corner, he looked at the posts and crossbeams that supported the tier of benches; he remembered seeing rows of feet and hearing a continuous creaking as all those bodies shifted in the torture of boredom. How safe the world had looked then, how decent and reasonable! Would he have challenged his elders in public? Never! the thought would not have entered his head. It was outrageous! She . . .

Hush, Bonny, he said to himself, calm down, come to thy senses. Center down, take thy fury and thy outrage to God. He folded his hands, bent his head; it seemed indeed that the balm of the Presence descended on his troubled soul. The stillness of the ocean of light and love pervaded him with tranquility; God, omnipresent and all-knowing, gathered him in, sheltering him with the wings of the morning. God, he prayed, God, God, Light of my soul, thank Thee, thank Thee. Then, as he stood there savoring the balm of the Presence, a voice intruded. It sounded far away, but was quite clear. "Heavenly Father," it said, "for some reason Thou hast brought me here to speak,



This version of "The Peaceable Kingdom," by Edward Hicks, is in the collection of Holger Cahill, who described the work of the Quaker artist, in a catalog for an exhibition in The Museum of Modern Art, as "naive, but its naiveté is an expression of something which artists are always striving to retain, innocence of vision."

although there is no one present except Thee and me. So, let me speak to Thee."

Boniface opened his eyes and looked about him; he saw no one.

"I am here to explain the color of my hat," the voice said. It seemed to be coming from the well of the hall.

He peered through the forest of crossbeams at the rostrum. At the speaker's lectern a small, slight man in gray clothes was standing, wearing a gray hat. The hat identified him as John Woolman, appointed to give the address of the day. Obviously, he had decided to deliver it anyhow to an empty hall. He really was a crazy little man.

"For those of you who may not know this," the gentle lunatic continued, "the fact that my hat is not dyed is a testimony. For all your hats, dear Friends, as well as your coats and your breeches, have been given their fashionable blue color by slave labor; indigo is grown only in plantations where there are slaves. Let me elaborate on this witness."

Boniface sat thunderstruck; the fact that the madman down below should unknowingly be addressing him personally seemed incredible. For even if the hall had been packed with Friends, he would have been the only one to whom those words applied; owing to the blessing of the warm springs, his was the only plantation in this Yearly Meeting where indigo was grown. The lunatic below began to tell the empty hall about the heinous sin of slavery, and the sense of outrage that had driven Boniface into this hiding place returned with a vengeance. This was unbearable! The crowning impudence! For a tailor, who did not even belong to this Meeting, to berate a member because he employed slave labor . . . He ran down the narrow passage, strode toward the front of the gallery and shouted at the little man below, "John Woolman, stop that nonsense! Stop!"

The man looked up, startled; then he asked, "Who is thee?"

"Never mind who I am," Boniface replied, trembling with fury, "let it suffice to say that I am a landowner growing indigo! I want to ask thee, Friend Woolman, by what

right, what authority thee has the audacity to lecture me about my ungodliness, without thy ever having had a single slave thyself? I might listen to thee if thy conduct had ministered to me before thee raised thy voice!"

The little man below took off his hat and said, "Dear Friend, thank thee. I have not come here to berate thee. Bring thy burden of keeping slaves before God." He turned to go.

But Boniface could not let him get away with this. He cried, "Don't go away, Friend Woolman! Listen to what I have to say!"

The little figure stopped.

"Suppose I were to decide that slavery was wrong," Boniface cried, "what consequences would that have? I am responsible for a family, for the land, the house that has been left to me, for the very slaves that thee urges me to set free! If I were to say to them, 'You are free to go wherever you like,' what would happen to them, once they set foot on the river's bank? As they would have no visible means of support, they would be considered vagrants, a burden to the community, and any owner who happened to be there first would be entitled under the law to re-enslave them on the spot. So, before thee continues telling slave-owners what to do, thee should reflect upon the consequences of the decision thee urges upon us with such presumption! If I want to grant my slaves their freedom, I must provide them with means of support. How, Friend Woolman? There is only one way: by partitioning my land among them. I myself would have to move away with my family across the mountains, to homestead a piece of prairie large enough to feed me and those in my care. That, my holy Friend, is what thee is demanding of me! No man has the right to demand that of another man! Thee is not serving God, John Woolman, thee is blathering in ignorance. Go home to thy tailor shop and return to thy craft, which God has ordained thee to do, instead of telling me to ruin myself, my family, all those who depend on me, and start all over again in the wilderness, like Adam after the fall of Man!" He stood trembling with rage and indignation, glowering down upon the little man below.

Then the gentle voice said, "Forgive me, Friend; it was not I who spoke. It was the Eternal, speaking through me."

"Nonsense!" Boniface cried contemptuously. "What gives thee the right—thee brittle creature, to presume that God would speak through thee and not through me?"

"Because," the little man replied, "something forced me to deliver the ministry I had prepared to an empty hall. I did not see thee. I did not know there was anyone around to hear my voice, yet I was forced to speak. If thee is indeed the only one in this Yearly Meeting to whom my words could apply, whom does thee think forced me to speak, if it was not the Lord?"

Boniface Baker could not accept it. Maddened by the unfairness of it all, he searched for words with which to crush the brittle creature who had now committed the ultimate impudence of claiming to be the voice of God. But all he could do was turn away, stride down the pas-

sage toward the doors and down the stairs into the lobby. When he emerged into the courtyard, he saw a carriage drawn up at the steps, in the process of being filled with squaws and children. He recognized it as belonging to Isaac Woodhouse; the girl who was helping was Becky.

* * *

George McHair, peering down the straight, empty road beyond the muzzles of the six cannon, was the first to see a surreptitious movement on the horizon, as if a swarm of beetles were jerkily crawling toward them. His heart pounded, he prayed it would not be they, but as the scurrying beetles drew closer, he saw a flash of sunlight reflected by a rifle; it was the Paisley boys.

"Friends," he said hoarsely, "here they come."

For a moment the young Quakers behind the clumsy guns stood in doubt; it seemed impossible that adult men, familiar with the tools of violence, would fall for these toys; then Stephen Atkins restored their confidence.

"Quick!" he cried. "Strike the tinder, ready the rods! The moment you see the whites of their eyes, light your torches so they can see them. Lively, now!"

His confidence was infectious; even George, who had never believed in Joe's plan, was almost convinced, but it did not last. He knew the viciousness of the Paisley boys, once they were maddened; they would ride through the lot of them. But he was swept along by the activity of lighting the wicks, readying the torches. Ah, if only these were real cannon! They would hurl their deadly load with a roar, the bombs would explode among the riders, shards of red-hot iron would tear into the horses' bellies, the men's arms, legs, chests, faces . . . He felt a sudden yearning for violence roil in his stomach; he had never suspected he was carrying it inside him. He glanced at the others and saw their jaw muscles work, their eyes flash, their hands turn into fists; then a cool voice above him said, "George McHair, thee knows those men, doesn't thee?" It was Stephen Atkins, astride his horse, a drawn saber in his hand.

"Yes, I know them."

"In that case, ride out and meet them the moment they stop. Tell them that they must either turn back or be blown to smithereens."

George thought he detected a tone of uncertainty in this martial bluster, but to all the world Stephen Atkins looked certain of their impending triumph.

He looked down the barrel of his cannon. He saw the posse of riders quite clearly now; it was hard to judge with one man riding behind another, but there could not be more than a dozen. It gave him some heart; even if they did not fall for the decoy guns, the fact that they were outnumbered might discourage them. But he knew he was whistling in the dark; Polly and Parson Paisley would not be deterred by numbers; if they were mad enough, they would take on an army.

"Ready now!" Stephen Atkins' voice cried in the tense silence; then, "Light the torches!"

The wicks atop the rods sprang to sputtering, smoking life.



"The East Prospect of the City of Philadelphia, in the Province of Pennsylvania," engraved for the London Magazine.

"Present rods!"

Behind the six cannon the flaming torches were raised in view of the approaching horsemen. They were not deterred, but rode on with disdain for the guns trained upon them.

"Lower rods!"

The flames were poised a few inches above the wicks of the cannon; it caused the first hesitancy among the riders. One of them, it looked like Parson Paisley, seemed to be reining in his horse, but he did not stop.

"Halt!" the stentorian voice of Stephen Atkins bellowed. "Stop, or we'll fire!"

This time there was confusion among the horsemen; their phalanx halted raggedly and their horses began to skitter. "Lower your rifles! An emissary will be sent to you!" Stephen Atkins' voice had an unmistakable note of triumph. "All right, George McHair! Off with thee!"

Obediently, George rose to his feet and went toward Betsy, peaceably grazing among the horses by the side of the road. Only as he hoisted himself into the saddle did he realize how weak his knees were. He clenched his teeth and flicked the bridle; Betsy let go of the succulent grass with reluctance and trotted obediently toward the riders in the distance, munching as she went.

George reined her in a few yards away from the parson. The old man was the only one whose eyes seemed to have some sense of reality left; the others gazed at him with the glassy stare of men in the spell of violence.

"Greetings, Parson," he said.

The old man glowered at him. "Jim McHair's own grandson! What are you doing here, coward? You belong with us, to avenge your grandfather's murder!"

"Murder?" George echoed, more shrilly than he had intended. Betsy wiggled her ears, as if pained by that silly voice.

"Why else do you think we have come all this way? We found him in a tree inside our territory, an arrow in his back, the same kind of arrow that killed my son. So make room, chickenheart, let us through!"

"I am sorry, Parson," George said in the voice of a woman servant refusing to open the door to a stranger. "The Quakers have promised the Indians protection. So I must ask thee, in behalf of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, to turn around. All we have in town are women, children and old men—very old men."

The parson, his eyes slits, peered at the cannon. Suddenly George remembered that he was shortsighted. It was a ray of hope; maybe this was where God showed His hand: Parson Paisley had forgotten his spectacles, and he

was the only one in that bunch intelligent enough to spot them as fakes. The old man said, "Well, well! Don't tell me the Quakers are going to behave like men at last?" He said it gloatingly, but he seemed impressed.

"I—I'm sorry . . ." George said, with a giddy rush of relief. "We don't want to do thee any harm, but this is as far as we'll let thee go!"

"Well, I am glad we have forced you Quakers to behave like men at last," the parson repeated with contempt; but he swung his horse around. "Come on boys, let's go!"

Polly Paisley, drained of all reason by the excesses in which they must have indulged, gaped at his father vacuously and cried, "Like hell we will! Let's get them, boys!" But the parson grabbed his horse's bridle; the horse reared and nearly threw its rider. "Come on! Turn about!" The old man dug his spurs in, forcing his own horse and his son's to swing around, hoofs skittering on the cobbles, striking sparks. The others followed suit, and the lot of them rode off at a gallop, yoo-hooing and yodeling as they must have done all along their bloody trail from the mountains.

George, staring after them, heard behind him a wild cheering. It was the young Friends, elated by their victory. He turned to join them, wondering why he should have a feeling of defeat.

* * *

When the jubilant young Quakers rode into town, the crowds which had jammed the streets as they rode out had vanished. There turned out to be no one left at the Meeting House either, even the Indians had gone; it looked as if everyone had gone into hiding, afraid of the coming massacre. As they rode on, they heard a murmur of voices that grew as they approached Water Street; they rounded the corner and found it packed with spectators craning their necks, too engrossed to make room for them. Stephen Atkins commanded, "Gangway! Gangway!"

The crowd parted reluctantly; Joe Woodhouse wondered what was going on. Then he saw, in the doorways of the Quaker mansions, people standing woodenly, as in a vigil; his own doorway was filled with motionless people; he saw Becky among them.

"We turned them back!" Stephen Atkins shouted triumphantly. "We blocked the road with cannon and they turned tail! The Indians are safe, and so are you!"

"Cannon?" someone asked incredulously.

"Yes!" Stephen Atkins shouted back proudly. "It was young Joseph's idea! We made up a set of dummy cannon and they fell for it!"

It was surprising that he could still sound so self-satisfied; it was becoming obvious to everyone that they were being greeted by their families with disapproval.

"Was it really thy idea, Joe?" a girl's voice called.

Joe turned his head and faced her. "Yes, Becky, it was," he replied, no longer the victorious young warrior of the Lord.

Stephen Atkins cried belligerently, "What's the matter with you people? We turned them back, didn't we? And not a shot fired! Where are the Indians?"

"In our cellars and our attics," Joe's father replied. "The raiders would have had to kill us first."

The street fell silent, eerily so. It was as if the old man's words had struck even the most dull-witted spectator. The Quaker guns, divinely inspired as the idea might have seemed, had been un-Quakerly compared to the witness of all these unarmed people in the doorways, united in a testimony of love. Suddenly a ripple ran through the crowd; a voice cried, "There they come!" To Joe's horror, the sound of hoofs came thundering down the waterfront, rounded the corner and a posse of horsemen rode down upon them, scattering the crowd like sparrows, shrieking and whooping in frightening elation.

"Jesus Christ, help us!" a voice cried out somewhere; Joe, after a moment of shameful paralysis, slid out of the saddle and ran to join the people in the doorway of his father's house. He gripped Becky's hand, groped with the other until he had found that of his mother, then he closed his eyes and waited for the confrontation, this time the real one. Then he heard Stephen Atkins cry, "For mercy's sake! Buffalo McHair!"

Joe looked and his mouth fell open. The horsemen now slithering to a screaming, flint-sparking stop were not the men who had been halted by the stovepipes; they were a bunch of outlaws and rowdies on wiry little horses, led by a bearded giant with two bullet belts slung across his barrel chest, on his head a Quaker hat crowned with a bunch of red feathers. "What happened?" the man cried in a voice like a foghorn. "Where are the wounded?"

George hollered back, "Pa! There are no wounded! Didn't thee meet the Paisley boys on thy way into town?"

"That's why! The parson told me there had been a gun battle and that his boys had won!"

Before anyone had a chance to enlighten him, there was Becky's voice, high and strident. "He was right too!" she cried, for the whole street to hear. "We were defeated! By so-called Friends!"

Joe suddenly realized that she was a virago in the making. The guns had been an honest effort, earnestly made; it deserved better than censure by a self-righteous little battle-ax.

Obviously, Uncle Stephen felt the same. "Young woman! Keep thy nose out of this! Thee was not with us, thee has no notion of what happened!"

But Uncle Jeremiah, with the prestige of clerk of the Yearly Meeting, cried, "I unite with Rebekah Baker! To confront those men with guns, real or imaginary, was a brittle thing to do!"

Stephen Atkins turned on him. "I knew that would be the word thee would choose, Jeremiah. I am mortified."

For the second time that day, a gentle old voice quavered in the uneasy silence. It was Hannah Martin again. "May I invite you all to supper in my kitchen? Stephen?"

Stephen Atkins raised his hat, defiantly. "Aunt Hannah," he said, smiling, "for thy food I would ride a hundred miles."

Hannah Martin took Buffalo's hand. "Büffelchen, I can't tell thee how happy I am to see thee. *Glücklich*, I am, real *glücklich*! Come, join us with thy friends."

"All right, men!" the giant bellowed. "The stables are at the back of the house! I promise you the feast of your lives!" His little salmon-colored mustang wheeled around and he clattered off in the direction of the mews, followed by the posse of yodeling rowdies, striking sparks.

Half an hour later they were gathered around the big kitchen table in the old house: Stephen Atkins, Gulielma, Isaac, Joe and Mary Woodhouse, Jeremiah and Grizzle Best, the Baker children, George, Himsha and Buffalo McHair, and the seven wild men from the prairie. Hannah, eyes closed, hands folded, her voice flutelike with its soft German lilt, said, "Dear Lord, let there be peace and love and tenderness among us, even though we shout." Stephen mumbled, "Amen."

After the first glasses of his father-in-law's claret had smoothed out the anger and the exhaustion of the day, Jeremiah Best began to feel thankful for the miraculous way in which they had been saved. Old Isaac, who sat across the table from him, looking like the cat that had swallowed the cream, had been proven right: way had indeed opened. But at the same time Jeremiah began to suspect that canny old Isaac might not have supported the women's proposition so readily had he not known about the plan of the Quaker guns. Be that as it may, the combination of the two had worked wonders. Once again the Quakers had been saved from the ultimate choice, be it in the nick of time; but how much longer would they be able to hang on to their political power without having to violate the testimonies? The decisions would lie with men and women like those now gathered around Hannah Martin's table: the members of his generation, but especially their children, Joe Woodhouse, Joshua Baker, Becky, Abby, George McHair, little Himsha.

The thought suddenly brought him to his feet in an irresistible urge to minister. He tapped his glass until silence fell around the table. He looked at the faces, turned toward him expectantly, took off his hat and said, "Heavenly Father, thank Thee for Thy blessings today. We know that often our efforts to hear Thy voice and do Thy will are faulty, tinged with creaturely desires and wishes. But today once more Thy voice has been heard and we have, each in our own fashion, tried to act upon it. Thank Thee, Lord, for revealing Thyself to us once again as pure love, pure light, the infinite ocean George Fox spoke about. Let us, as we sit here, remain aware of the essence of Thy nature and open to it, ready to let it work through us for the peace of all mankind."

He sat down with a feeling of incompleteness. As always, after he had ministered with true conviction, he ended feeling he had said too much, or not enough. The silence around him was deep, but he could not help whispering in his thoughts, "God, forgive me for failing Thee."

(The preceding chapter from Jan de Hartog's forthcoming novel, The Peaceable Kingdom, is printed with the permission of McCall's Magazine and with the gracious cooperation of Atheneum Publishers and the president of the firm, Simon Michael Bessie; Leah Salisbury, Inc., Jan de Hartog's literary representative; and Jan de Hartog. All rights are reserved. Copyright by Jan de Hartog.)


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Reviews of Books

Confrontation. *Encounters in Self and Interpersonal Awareness.* Edited by LEONARD BLANK, GLORIA B. GOTTSSEN, and MONROE G. GOTTSSEN. Macmillan. 516 pages. Paper \$5.95

ENCOUNTER GROUPS have no corner on confrontation. Quakers have been confronting for years. So have radicals, students, labor unions, soldiers, and spouses. So why read a book that describes encounters in groups—some for hours at a time?

In a prolix condemnation of leaders, participants, and the encounter movement, near the end of the book, Bernard Rosenthal, a social psychologist, relates this bored, alienated, machine-driven search for instant warmth, love, and spiritual stimulation to the decline of our civilization. He abstracts his analogies from Mumford, Toynbee, Spengler, and others, and they are disturbing: Rome in the fourth century, Byzantium in the eleventh, and Paris at the end of the *ancien régime*.

I wish we could read this book in order that we might prepare to go beyond it. If we would not participate in America's debacle and our macabre dance with death, we had better pick up the rhythm of a different drummer. However faint the beat, Friends may be able to hear it in their corporate witness and in their silence.

That rhythm, which will grow to a symphony, it seems to me, will include many themes from the encounter group movement. We have a testimony on honesty, but seldom since the days of George Fox have Friends experienced the pain and the exhilaration of standing up in a Protestant church to tell the minister and congregation they have no light. Seldom since ten thousand of our spiritual ancestors were clapped into seventeenth-century English jails have we Friends confronted kings with our hats squarely on our heads.

We may need John Enright's description of the exquisite skill with which the con artists in Synanon can cut through the obfuscation we all throw out in order to understand what honesty really means in twentieth-century America. We may actually have to go through some pretty brutal confrontation with an expert at peeling off the layers of our defenses before the little, tender, sensitive, free you-and-me that lives inside our concrete character armor can see the light of day and grow.

We may need to go through Paul

Bindrim's regression marathon until we experience ourselves as naked babies, screaming with rage and sucking on a bottle for solace, before we can get rid of the pain we knew as infants—and that still makes us hung-up, buttoned-up zombies on an unfeeling journey through life.

We need to know joy. Some Friends are overconcerned to make life serious, even emphasizing guilt, fear, and a ponderous outlook on life. We speak with approval of "weighty" Friends, and some of us even aspire to be one. I have never been among Friends who, like Herbert Otto (after Abraham Maslow), consciously try to assemble and reproduce for themselves the key components of their peak experiences. Neither have I nor any of my friends taken the time or trouble to psychodramatize our own deaths, a process that pays huge dividends in bringing us face to face with what we want to do with our lives.

Friends are white, as a rule, and perhaps even more disposed than most whites to be defensive about prejudice. Who was more of a friend to the black than John Woolman? Who took more risks in the black's behalf than Friends in the underground railroad? We need especially to participate in a marathon with blacks in order to see where our prejudice lies.

I judge that Friends need as much as anybody to go through the techniques and experiences described in this book. Perhaps more: Our smugness and complacency are so up front; we need to go beyond the techniques and experiences of the weekend encounter group and the occasional marathon. Sensitive, honest, loving people are beautiful people, but if they cannot permit themselves to let down their barriers except in the occasional encounter group setting, then our society is doomed.

Encounter groups show us a way to correct our sickness. They are powerful tools to those who are willing to risk their masks. So far, however, their results have had little effect on the environment back home, the school, the church, the business. The very fact that they produce and allow change during special weekends, unrelated to our everyday lives, lends credence to Rosenthal's charge that this phenomenon is one more copout, one more evidence of decay and decline, one more prop to the system because it permits escape and relief: Its leaders maximize their

money returns and its participants become group tramps looking for ever greater thrills *à la dolce vita*.

Friends should grasp the concept of "encounter" to their breasts and bring it home to their families, their Meetings, their businesses. To do so, they will have to construct and participate in a new lifestyle, new business, a new community, and a new Society.

When we do this, our Meetings will cease stagnating; they will grow instead, with boundless enthusiasm and joy.

ROBERT R. SCHUTZ

The Story Bible. By PEARL S. BUCK. Bartholomew House, Ltd. 526 pages. \$7.95

A "FAMILY BOOK" that would make a memorable Christmas gift, especially in homes where there are children of any age, is Pearl Buck's *The Story Bible*. It is a long book, but broken into short, episodic chapters. The text lends itself to a narrative tradition that includes sustained interest, suspense, humor, and pathos.

All of the important stories of the Bible are there, following in the order of the sixty-six books. In families where time can be used for reviving the lost art of reading aloud, *The Story Bible* offers superb opportunity as *matériel*. It is of such noteworthy quality that it would justify being the one Christmas book in which to invest for this holiday season of 1971.

Pearl Buck's own regard for the Bible comes through in every tale, beginning with the story of Adam and Eve and ending with Jesus' ascent into Heaven. Anyone who has read the author's former books, *The Good Earth*, *My Several Worlds*, and others, may recognize that the poetic, antiphonal style of the King James version is the form in which the author always has written. In *The Story Bible* she has a field day with the narration, so overcome with the style of her model that with given passages she just turns to direct quotations from the Scriptures, although she never neglects the story that is being told. Stripped of the "begats" and other Biblical matter that might be extraneous in a narrative sense, the basic familiar story patterns emerge.

Happily, there are no illustrations in *The Story Bible*. For once, a publisher has found reading matter so solid that readers can respond to and participate in the stories through their own imaginations, without having everything explained to them by means of an artist's interpretations. Even the clear typogra-

phy and the lovely white binding help to make *The Story Bible* a joy to hold and to read.

Any adult who likes stories and is willing to read *with* (not necessarily *to*) children will find *The Story Bible* a real treasure to be shared, without any generation gap problem. Pearl Buck's approach to the Bible, presented with faithfulness to the original narratives, shows that the Great Book is great because it reveals the universal elements of "suffering, struggling, rejoicing human nature."

ADA C. ROSE

Getting Back Together. By ROBERT HOURIET. Conrad, McCann & Geoghegan. 412 pages. \$7.95

ROBERT HOURIET begins his book beyond the middle of the subject and ends without concluding. This is proper, for it is a report, not a history, and success or failure are not yet predictable. Of an estimated two thousand communes, he describes a score that he has studied intimately.

For more than a millenium, monastic orders gave frustrated youth an opportunity to live their ideals in a microcosm so that the terribly crooked straight world might have a better example. More recently among us, summer camps and college dormitories have at their best set similar but more modest goals. In Israel, kibbutz and Moshav have worked out much that this country has overlooked.

The settlements Robert Houriet describes vary considerably. He warns us not to generalize. We trust that we do not transgress, however, if we assume that variation is a general characteristic and if we proceed to say what we like about all that he reports, what we are *in doubt about*, and what we *deplore*.

We like and praise the moral commitment, personal and social, that gives them the courage to break away from home, school, and all the crooked world that is so straight. Theirs often surpasses the courage of the pioneer, whose heroism was primarily physical. Moral conformity with gawdy material competition is evil. We admire those who recognize it as such. That they build and plant and seek higher values is right.

We are often in doubt as to whether courageous dropouts have sufficient common ground to form a Utopian society. In their attractive generosity, their communes have accepted not a few who are merely escapist. They need much wisdom, which belongs to a

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few adults and to even fewer youth. Their mathematical chances of building, planting, and rapping wisely would be increased by wider age spread.

A few things in some communes we deplore. Ignorance and dirt sometimes contradict their ethical courage. Cleanliness and pleasant table manners, though not mentioned in the Gross National Product, are the best heritage of capitalism. For health of body and mind, they should be salvaged. In fact, why not improve upon the gift of the gilded world by having cleanliness without wasting water and pleasant manners with a restricted diet!

Ignorance is a universal enemy of mankind, which none has overcome. We marvel that humanity survives, when each of us knows and feels so inadequately. Nevertheless it is hardly excusable that we should repeat the follies that many generations have proved wrong. Astrology, spiritism, and mythological psychology affront the mind.

Underlying much of the communal life is a pervading religious quality. Its ties with the church are slight. Its earnest search for good in every faith, creed, and ritual must be in the direction of the "true" religion for which we long. Bits of ritual from every part of the world fit together comfortably.

Perhaps with Quaker prejudice, I think that the only "right" ritual is ethical conduct, that anything else takes attention from reality. Each religion has nourished something ethically good, usually too profound to get clearly into its books and liturgies. We hope to learn that the thin ecumenicity of beads and yoga and *om-m-m-m-m* are the merest symbols of the life of Community.

I wonder how many Friends Meetings deserve to be listed among Robert Houriet's two thousand communities. We might add that to our Queries.

MOSES BAILEY

I was Alive—and Glad. By ROSCOE E. TRUEBLOOD. Edited by MRS. LINCOLN BLOOMFIELD. First Parish Book Fund, Cohasset, Massachusetts. 131 pages. \$3.50

ROSCOE TRUEBLOOD grew up on an Iowa farm in a Quaker family. After graduation from William Penn College and Harvard Divinity School, he served Unitarian and Congregational Unitarian churches for more than forty years.

His book, posthumously published by the church in which he held his last pastorate, consists chiefly of poems (many of them sonnets and many in

iambic pentameter), children's sermons, prayers, and other prose selections.

His messages and words have strength and beauty and testify to a life that was joyously lived. His poems, somewhat topical, celebrate Christmas, Easter, and the New Year or stress peace, social justice, prayer, faith, joy.

WARREN AND LOUISE GRIFFITHS

Exploring from Chesapeake Bay to the Poconos, A Wayfarer's Guide. By ANNETTE CARTER. J. P. Lippincott. 255 pages. \$7.95

MOST of the suggestions made in this excellent tour guide are to little known areas, even some historical Friends meetinghouses, and would be valuable to one wishing to explore this country.

A helpful map precedes each section, and each chapter ends with a list of more places to visit—historical buildings and monuments, museums, state parks and forests, working industries and others. Sometimes it is just an area, such as the Pennsylvania Dutch country, with its other way of life and farmers' markets, or Maryland Eastern Shore of boats, seafare, and sunny water. She sieves out the worthwhile from touristy commercialism.

The author is skilled at painting word pictures and highlights with historical facts but sometimes loses the narrative in vivid imagery. Overall, this is a useful book for its purpose.

MELLIE STABLER

Essays in Religion (Second revised edition) and **Altar Fires** (Third revised edition). By EMMA FRIEDER. Hurst Publishing Company, New York. 152 pages and 232 pages. \$5.00 each

THESE COMPLEMENTARY books are exegetical—of religious founders, origins, scriptures, institutions, and history. Special attention is given the succession and confluence of Judaism and Christianity.

They form a strange, luring mix of scholarly scruple and religious devotion. Scruple directs us to Jeremiah as the first prophet of personal religion and to the tragic auto-da-fé victims of the Spanish Inquisition. Devotion redirects us to Micah's "Only to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God," Jesus' "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God," as well as to such exultations as "Alleluia."

Such books testify to a long career turned to the use of such skills as Hebrew, Greek, and Latin in fathoming the river of spiritual Divination, which, like Friends, Emma Frieder believes to

course among all peoples. But in the Judeo-Christian expression of it, though she speaks not at all of such tributaries as Medieval mysticism or the Puritan uprising, she finds the universal stream as richly and truly particularized as anywhere else and clearly shows it to be so in her essentially epigrammatical style.

At times, however, some, even more, of her writing is exasperatingly overlaid with straight factual history—for example, the succession of popes, kings, and queens during the Reformation and Counter Reformation. Yet even as one wearies of this irrelevant pedanticism, Emma Frieder brings us up short with significant comparisons, such as the humane treatment of Jews and neo-Christians by Moslem rulers in contrast to the greedy exploitation of them by Christian monarchs and clergy.

Overall, then, these are books to be taken in small doses and for lonely and repeated reflection.

ERLING SKORPEN

The Black Expatriots. Edited by ERNEST DUNBAR. Pocket Books. 220 pages. 95¢

SEVENTEEN BLACK AMERICANS tell why they left America, the country of their birth, where they went, and what they found or failed to find in their search for identity. Among them are painters, singers, dancers, teachers, actors, doctors, and dentists. The places to which they turned—some temporarily, some permanently—include Ghana, Paris, Stockholm, Rome, Berlin, and Zurich.

These searchers sometimes found lack of resources and sometimes loneliness and hunger for home, but oftener they found self-respect, self-satisfaction, and belief in self. In some foreign port they found themselves accepted on the basis of their humanity and their achievements. This book points up the failures and the successes of the gifted black person in his struggles to be and to become.

And Jesus Said: A Handbook on the Parables of Jesus. By WILLIAM BARCLAY. Westminster Press. 222 pages. \$2.75

THIS BOOK was first published in 1952 and has been republished "for a wider public." Each chapter lists the verses in the Bible that describe the parable in question, explains it in relation to the way of life as lived in the time of Jesus, and points up a suggested meaning for life today. Some would have liked the new edition to present and be based on new Biblical research.

BESS LANE

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Letters to the Editor

Flags

EVERYBODY has the right to speak in this country, just as does Bob Blood (Friends Journal, September 1), when he makes the suggestion that this be our new query: "Is our Meeting property free from the display of the American flag or any similar nationalistic or military symbol?" (Italics are mine.)

Among other things, the American flag is a symbol of Bob's freedom to speak against it—to "say it as he sees it"—and of my freedom to "say it as I see it" in return.

I have known and appreciated five generations of Americans, so far, and I think of them when I see the flag. I also think of the many communities we have lived in, and the way in each of them that consideration for each other and neighborliness were a warm and normal pattern of life.

I think of returning from having lived under other flags and looking up at the American flag, breeze-blown against the sky, and feeling deep gratitude, saying in my heart, "Thanks for the flag, Father, *Symbol of Home*."

HELEN M. WHITE
La Grange, Illinois

Richard Nixon

ABOUT A YEAR AGO, Friends Journal printed my letter in which I pointed out the historical precedent for a Meeting "disowning"—declaring its lack of spiritual unity with—somebody not a member of that Meeting and suggested we start doing that in respect to Richard Nixon. For this I got a lot of criticism and some support. So far as I know, no Meeting has followed this suggestion.

What has happened instead is far worse. I have attended several meetings for worship lately in which Friends felt it proper to appear in the ministry and say venomous things about Richard Nixon. While several Yearly Meeting letters laboring with him have been gentle and conciliatory in tone, the letter from Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, at least, was accompanied by an unprecedented amount of snickering, backbiting, side remarks, and hostile comments of an *ad hominem* nature (most of it outside the formal sessions) to the point where several Friends properly felt a need to labor with other Friends about this and to argue the great sadness of having to send such a letter and the spirit appropriate to it of solemnity and regret.

In terms of purely political hostility by people of pacifist opinion, President Johnson was really much more dismaying than President Nixon, and most pacifists were far more bitter about President Johnson than President Nixon. Yet it is Richard Nixon that Friends feel and publicly express the greater bitterness toward; the reason lies in the fact that we continue to regard him as a Friend, and so we cannot be dispassionate.

Personally, I am appalled at hearing Richard Nixon bad-mouthed in a meeting for worship. I do not go to meeting for such purposes. I am revolted by the backbiting comments Friends make about him. So I feel it proper to reiterate my original suggestion. If we can agree we do not regard him as one of us, maybe then we can manage to be Christian about loving him.

R. W. TUCKER
Philadelphia

Reverence for Life

I SEARCHED the questions the Supreme Court Justices asked and then studied their decisions about the Pentagon Papers, but I found not one reference to life or the lives lost in Vietnam.

I did find many terms like prior restraint, secrecy, travesty, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, national interest, deception, communication, conceal, and control over.

I thought in those words and decisions I might find some reference to that waste. But no; not one reference did I find to that important gift of God, life—not even when lives were sacrificed in deception.

Why this omission to the consideration of life? Is not that which man cannot create more important than that which he can create? It should be. Certainly, then, if (as it has been said) these were acts of deception, then there certainly should have been some concern expressed over those needlessly wasted and maimed lives.

Lives really are unimportant to most leaders, secular and religious, regardless of lip service. We place more importance in words, particularly the wrong kind of words.

What are words, after all? Sincere feelings need no words to convey their meaning. Words are important, though, to the father who awaits the wooden box from Vietnam. Words are important to people who cannot get sincere

consideration of their questions and protests. Words are important to the members of the Congress who abrogate their obligations when they declare war by yielding to pressure and vote for the very questionable resolution which is later repealed.

How important are words to Christian leaders who close their eyes and their ears to this suffering, unmindful of Jesus' words: "Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath?"

No, this precious gift of God is not important, not really. Lives are still wasted while we applaud the President's promise to visit China, and we read: "Only thirteen American dead this week, the lowest number killed since . . ." All of those thirteen American deaths were needless wastes of most precious gifts. Is it any wonder that a returned veteran posed this question, "Who shall be the last to die in Vietnam?"

J. DELMAR CRAWFORD
Pittsburgh

The Real Jesus

IN HIS ARTICLE, "The Witness and the Insight of Others" (Friends Journal, September 15), D. Elton Trueblood said Quaker fellowship "is and ought to be radically Christ-centered."

The question arises: What Jesus Christ does he have in mind? There are so many. Is he thinking of the Jesus Christ in Karl Barth's "Credo"? Probably not. What about Paul Tillich's conception of Jesus Christ? Then there is the Jesus Christ of Paul's Epistles. Is that what he has in mind? Still another Jesus Christ is to be found in the Gospel according to John; it is not the real Jesus speaking in that Gospel, but rather John the Elder, an Asiatic Greek, speaking John the Elder's Christological ideas in the name of Jesus. Thus we get here a bogus Jesus.

I think we get the real Jesus, for example, in Mark 12: 28-32, wherein the narrator tells of a lawyer who asked Jesus, "Which commandment is first of all?" Jesus answered, "The first is, 'Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is the only Lord; love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your mind, and with all your strength.' The second is this: 'Love your neighbour as yourself.' There is no other commandment greater than these."

This latter is the Jesus who did not direct men to himself, but to the "Lord, thy God." Only God is truly alive always, without beginning and without

Friends Calendar

1972

first month

TWELFTH MONTH - 1971

1st Day	2nd Day	3rd Day	4th Day	5th Day	6th Day	7th Day
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

THIS IS OUR PRINCIPAL CROWN AND KINGDOM IN THIS WORLD, TO ENJOY THE FAVORABLE COUNTENANCE OF THE LORD AND ONE ANOTHER IN HIS LIVING AND INTERNAL PRESENCE.

John Richardson

SECOND MONTH - 1972

1st Day	2nd Day	3rd Day	4th Day	5th Day	6th Day	7th Day
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29				

FIRST DAY	SECOND DAY	THIRD DAY	FOURTH DAY	FIFTH DAY	SIXTH DAY	SEVENTH DAY
New Moon 1st Quarter Full Moon Last Quarter	16th 23rd 30th 6th	HE THAT FINDETH HIS LIFE SHALL LOSE IT: AND HE THAT LOSETH HIS LIFE FOR MY SAKE SHALL FIND IT.				1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23 30	24 31	25	26	27	28	29

1972 Friends Calendar

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end. Only God is perfect and all-suf-
ficient, ever present, ever giving, ever
receptive, ever loving, ever creative, the
Author of all cosmic laws, in whom we
live, and move, and have our being.

The attribution of these powers to
Jesus, the man, with his human limita-
tions, causes confusion in people's
minds. George Fox, it seems to me, did
not clear up this confusion, but added
to it, and Elton Trueblood perpetuates it.

ROBERT HECKERT
Philadelphia

Priorities

PRIORITIES of the Minnesota Council of
Churches for the coming ten years were
discussed during the first general assem-
bly, which I attended as delegate of
Minneapolis Friends Church, whose
members had written their priorities.
These included the draft, peace and the
churches, ecology-pollution, the under-
privileged groups, and the churches.

Two major addresses gave direction
to discussions of problems of young
people and peace. They were given by
Bishop Paul A. Washburn of the United
Methodist Church and Governor Harold
LeVander.

Another general assembly of this term
was devoted to minorities, with special
reference to Mexican-Americans, and
recommended greater economic equal-
ity and Christian nurture and educa-
tional opportunities to recognize the
God-given dignity of human beings.

HELLEN DRUMMOND ASHER
St. Paul, Minnesota

Education for Peace

IN READING Norman Wilson's account
of the Conference for Quaker Educa-
tors (Friends Journal, September 1),
I was surprised to find that no mention
was made of what is probably the most
significant educational challenge of our
times, education for peace.

Quaker schools are eminently quali-
fied to include courses on peacemaking
techniques in the curriculum, and per-
haps can even lead the way for the in-
troduction of such courses in public
schools. If there is any area in which
Quaker education can make a unique
contribution, this is it.

CHARLES WOODFORD
Somerset, New Jersey

*Friends Journal welcomes signed letters that
deal with subjects of value and interest to its
readers, take issue with viewpoints expressed
in its articles, and advance provocative opin-
ions, with which the editors may or may not
agree. They should be typed double-spaced,
if possible, and should not exceed three
hundred words.*

Friends Around the World



Photograph by Edmund D. Cronon

Maryland State Senator Margaret C. Schweinhaut, chairman, Maryland Commission on Aging, speaker at the dedication of a new wing for Friends House, Sandy Spring.

Friends House: New Convalescent Center

by Mary Elizabeth Pidgeon

PROGRESS TOWARD realizing a dream long held by Baltimore Yearly Meeting was celebrated at Sandy Spring, Maryland, with the dedication at Friends House of a new wing for nursing and convalescent care.

Friends House, in operation four years, houses retired persons in single apartments, each with a glass door opening on a patio, with its own small garden designed to the resident's desire. The new section will have forty beds, in double rooms with baths. Yearly Meeting hopes to have the building finished, equipped, and staffed in 1972.

The ceremony was led by Robert W. Mills, director of Friends House and the nursing home, and Elizabeth E. Haviland, chairman of the boards appointed by Baltimore Yearly Meeting to oversee the two establishments. Robert Mills greeted those who braved the severe rains "to rejoice with us that we have come this far."

He mentioned a need for more funds to equip properly the facility and spoke of the search for qualified staff.

William R. Martin, who piloted Friends House into existence and served as its first director, paid tribute to many Friends who devoted their time for more than twenty years to plans culminating at last in Friends House. It has been found, he said, that life expectancy

is lengthened when well-earned retirement can be lived in such a community with activities and companions.

The keynote speaker was State Senator Margaret Schweinhaut, chairman of the Maryland Commission on Aging. For nearly twenty years she has fostered plans for care of the elderly, stressing the importance of nonprofit facilities. This was long a most neglected and little realized social need. Even today, some eighteen hundred older Maryland citizens with no mental trouble are housed in the state's mental institutions. She congratulated the planners and architects on their fine building, the first nonprofit nursing home in populous Montgomery County. She noted the value in having such care connected with a community like Friends House.

Dr. Charles H. Ligon, a member of the board and consultant on medical problems, spoke of plans for staff and care. It is planned to have three registered nurses, he said, at least one of whom would be on duty at all times, and four licensed practical nurses. Two levels of care are projected: Extended care requiring expert nursing and intermediate care for those without special medical needs. Equipment and staff will be adequate to qualify the facility for Medicare, but the question as to whether such coverage will be made available depends largely on whether the human resources will be capable of handling the required paper work. This burden has caused some nursing homes to

abandon the contribution of Medicare.

(Mary Elizabeth Pidgeon is former recording clerk of Friends Meeting of Washington and for many years was Director of Research in Women's Bureau, United States Department of Labor. She is a resident of Friends House, Sandy Spring, Maryland.)

A Loan Fund For Released Prisoners

ROCKINGHAM COUNTY Preparative Meeting, Wentworth, North Carolina, took the initiative in the establishing of a loan fund for persons who have been released from prisons and plan to reside in the county.

With the advice and support from the State Department of Correction, the Meeting called together interested persons and helped establish a separate, self-perpetuating board of directors for a chartered, nonprofit corporation, the Rockingham County Ex-Offenders Loan Fund, Inc., which will administer the fund. One of the three Friends on the board is Gloria Best, its president.

The fund is the first attempt in North Carolina to provide small loans to help ex-offenders meet basic needs until a first paycheck can be received. It will collaborate with officials who help released prisoners get jobs. Loans will be repayable thirty days after employment begins. Loans at first will be for twenty-five dollars; that and the small amount received upon release will pay for meals and room until the first week's pay.

Initial experience indicates that most persons needing such loans have little or no contact with families, and, since usually they cannot obtain bank loans, they have no source of immediate assistance in reestablishing community life. Correction officials will help with initial screening of applicants, and the fund has set up a screening committee to make final decision. Emphasis in interviewing applicants will be more on immediate needs and future plans than on past records. A campaign was started to obtain donations to make initial loans. A small amount of money was available, partly from the Meeting, and two loans were made by the Meeting even before the board of directors was named and a separate fund incorporated.

Inquiries from groups that are interested in starting a similar fund may be addressed to William J. Dawson, Jr., Clerk, Rockingham County Friends Meeting, Route 1, Box 3FF, Eden, North Carolina 27288.

WILLIAM J. DAWSON, JR.

Norway Yearly Meeting: Our Responsibilities as Human Beings

by Rakel Lapin

A NEW TOPIC—the preservation of our environment—arose in the business sessions of the one-hundred-fifty-third Yearly Meeting of Friends in Norway, gathered in Stavanger in August. About one-quarter of the one hundred eighteen members were present, with visitors from Britain, America, and Denmark.

A preliminary session was devoted to the question, "How can Friends make themselves better known to the public at large?"

There must, of course, be many individuals whose views are the same as ours but with whom we have failed to come in touch. A lively discussion brought out many theoretical and practical suggestions, but it all boiled down to a need for a more burning enthusiasm on the part of members.

The public address on the first evening, "On Being Fully Human," was given by Wilhelm Aarek, clerk. His theme was the possibilities and responsibilities man has because he is distinguished from other animals. The great difference between them is the degree of consciousness; the great possibility lies in the building of relationships. The Norwegian Free Church Council was asked to try to change the law that prevents members of dissenting churches who also are members of local government councils from acting in questions relating to the State Church.

A recent Act of Parliament decrees that institutions like Lindgrov, a Friends home for mentally retarded boys and men, shall be called "nursing homes" and the inmates "patients." We feel that this is a regrettable step, especially at a time when pedagogic and humane considerations are encouraging a more normal life for handicapped persons.

It was felt that there has been a lowering of the criteria used by the Nobel Peace Prize Committee to select prizewinners. Friends in Norway have approached Friends Service Council and American Friends Service Committee, who as former prizewinners are entitled to make suggestions to the Nobel Committee, and have asked them to suggest that the Peace Prize should be given only to candidates who genuinely are working for peace. Yearly Meeting endorsed this action, and it was also agreed to write to the Norwegian Parliament asking that future appoint-



Photograph by William M. Bliss

A CONCERN to assist Irish Friends was voiced at the Annual Meeting and Consultation of Friends World Committee, American Section. Ulster Quarterly Meeting has been assisting persons fleeing from areas of fighting in Belfast and other places. The consultation drew one hundred eighty Friends from fifteen Yearly Meetings to West Newton, Indiana, in September. Law enforcement and the courts, penal institutions, welfare, and schools were among the topics discussed. Success encouraged the planning of a second

consultation for May 19-21, 1972 in Cleveland, Ohio, on a social topic still to be confirmed. A third is scheduled for November 17-19, 1972 in Wichita, Kansas, on "Quaker Responses to Mission and Service." Friends in the photograph include Marjorie Nelson Perisho, New England Yearly Meeting; Harry S. Scott, Jr., Baltimore Yearly Meeting; Paul Reagan, Lake Erie Yearly Meeting; Marilyn Bell, Western Yearly Meeting; and Margaret Webster, Indiana Yearly Meeting. This photograph is of a session on health care.

ments to the Nobel Committee be of persons with a real understanding of the problems of peacemaking. The clerks of Yearly Meeting are asked, in collaboration if need be with the Norwegian Peace Council, for a list of suitable members for the Nobel Committee.

Excerpts from the epistle follow:

"... Our responsibility as human beings has again been brought home to us, and we have seen that *our attitude* to life is more important than our *outlook* on life. We acknowledge our responsibility towards those who suffer, but are concerned that we do not sufficiently succeed in identifying ourselves with the poor and the suffering. We have recognised the importance of seeing the risen Christ not only in ourselves, but also in our fellowmen.

"We feel strongly that we should stand forth and proclaim our identity as a Quaker society more faithfully than we have done. . . .

"The problem of the world today is that the law of love is everywhere transgressed. We must pray for liberation,

not for ourselves, but to forget ourselves. The essential thing is that the law of love should apply to us all and bind us closer to all mankind."

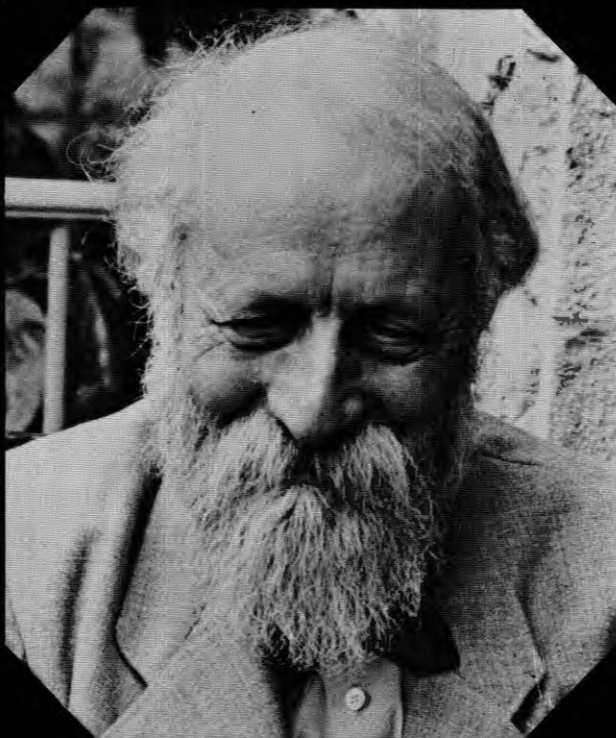
(Rakel Lapin, of Stavanger, is recording clerk of Norway Yearly Meeting.)

From Pittsburgh

A LEAFLET, issued by Pittsburgh Meeting, sums up for visitors and attenders who-we-are, where-to-go, and whom-to-see-for-what. Also included are excerpts from discussion group sessions.

Some samples: "The honesty with which we may face problems is an important part of the Meeting. We cannot perfect the world but we can perfect our inner world. I'm uncomfortable with the term God, but need God for guidance. Simplicity does not mean uniform standards of living or doing; it does seem to mean conscious choosing of one's priorities, allowing time and energy for the important things, including search for truth. Sustained efforts rather than short-term activities would be more meaningful."

Martin Buber



An Intimate Portrait
by Aubrey Hodes

"All real living is meeting." So said Martin Buber, the great philosopher. Now Aubrey Hodes, Buber's close friend and confidant, writes a "warm and unpretentious portrayal of twelve years' close contact with his subject... interwoven with vivid biographical material and lucid explanations of Martin Buber's ideas."

—MEYER LEVIN, *Saturday Review*

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The Unique Problems of the Formerly Married

by John Kriebel

PARTICIPANTS IN THE 1971 conference at Pendle Hill for formerly married people had a deeply moving experience.

Some attenders still were in the trauma of separation; others had been divorced for ten years or more. There were many more women than men, an unfortunate situation.

Some who attended still were trying to grasp the fact of rejection or desertion; others were finding new freedom as individuals. Some were looking for alternatives to married life.

Formerly married people have unique problems. The end of marriage, whether it be death or divorce, does not leave people devoid of feeling. It does not cut off the need for affection or the desire for sex. Many, especially women, are placed in an awkward position. The divorcee sometimes is not considered a good mother, especially if she has dates.

Some parents wanted to know how to answer questions from their children about their parents' sexual relations.

A teenager expressed his feelings about the parent-child communication problem—made more difficult when there is only one parent in the home.

Those who never have felt the grief of separation from widowhood or divorce may not understand some of these problems. Perhaps even some who have lived through it with chin up may wonder why others want to share these very sensitive feelings. The answer may lie in our need to share our grief with others whom we can trust and who share this common experience.

Grief must be discharged. It must be lived as it arises and then lived through. Many persons have had to learn that it is all right to cry—even for men.

Once a couple have separated, their married friends find it difficult to invite one of them for a visit without the other because it seems to be taking sides. It makes an uneven number. Often the hosts feel they must arrange a date. More and more groups are being formed to meet the needs of divorced or widowed people, but many persons get tired of associating only with other single persons.

A few were interested in communes and cooperative communities as well as extended families. Some are willing to tackle the problems of living closely with many other people. Others, who are tired of living alone, want to have

privacy but also to have understanding people around with whom to share feelings, work, play, and other experiences.

At the end of the conference, each attender in turn went around a circle of the others and spoke to and embraced each one. It was a technique Bob and Margaret Blood, leaders of the conference, had used to help participants get in touch with each other. (They had recommended a minimum ration of four hugs a day.)

The word "love" seems to have grown suspect and difficult to trust. At its best, perhaps, it is learning how to accept another person as he is and helping him to become what *he* wants to become.

Vietnam and America

AN EPISTLE was addressed to all Friends in the United States by twenty Quakers who met at the Clergy and Laymen Conference on Vietnam and America in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

They heard Richard Kagan, co-founder and former national director of the Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars; Dr. Egbal Ahmad, one of the Harrisburg Conspiracy defendants; Professor Harvey Cox, of Harvard University; and Fred Branfman, of American Friends Service Committee, discuss the erosion of the democratic concept of the accountability of the executive branch of government, the changing nature of the war, and related subjects.

From their letter:

"The needed lessons include the immorality and futility of basing our foreign policy upon anticommunist paranoia; protecting United States economic investments and special privileges in underdeveloped areas; of 'policing' the world with our large army and navy bases overseas; the spending of tens of billions of dollars annually on outward weapons in a selfish seeking after external 'security'; and conscripting men to uphold these policies by force and the threat of force."

Environmental Education

ALAN D. SEXTON has been appointed to serve as a member of the Committee on Environmental Education of the National Science Teachers Association. He has been teaching environmental science at George School for the past two years, using an experimental course that he helped develop. He is now on a leave from the school. The committee will identify and recommend projects that will give emphasis to various aspects of conservation and environmental problems in science programs.

Toward a Nonviolent World

IMMEDIATE physical punishment, wrote Sidney Perry in New Zealand Friends Newsletter, "can be less damaging to mother and to children than the ridicule or nagging of an exasperated woman." When her children were young, she used "a light switchy stick, and the few minutes it took to find it, gave me time to 'count to ten.'"

Strict physical discipline, combined with as free a mental discipline as possible (including controversial matters) in family life, resulted in teenagers who disliked any display of brute force and who did not "hit back" at school. Although nonviolence, she thought, was difficult for schoolboys, she considers it "a better character developer than boxing lessons."

She therefore believes that schools should have "strong authoritarian headmasters" and "teachers with disciplined classes"; that there should be an "educated and strong police force" and "limited physical punishment for lawbreakers."

In the international sphere, since "hitting back" causes a chain reaction of violence disproportionate to the original indignity or injury suffered, she believes in a strong disciplinary police force (under the United Nations, for instance), but "revolution is best obtained by education and nonviolence."

A New Friends Center

JOHN STEVENSON, until recently headmaster of Argenta Friends School in British Columbia, and his wife, Helen, have embarked on a new venture—to open and develop a Friends study center northwest of Toronto. A hundred acres of woodland, an old farmhouse, and two guesthouses have been donated for the purpose, with taxes, maintenance costs, and salaries of the directors included. Some Friends have started to use the place for a few days of quiet retreat. "By suburban Toronto Friends' standards" the buildings "seem to need improvement," John Stevenson said. The address is: Route 2, King City, Ontario, Canada.

Wheelchairs

WHEELCHAIRS made in the Quang Ngai Rehabilitation Center, South Vietnam, out of bicycle wheels and locally available parts, last four times as long as United States-made chairs and can be produced for one-third of the cost. The Quaker Service team at the center describes the Vietnamese trainees as "more and more competent."

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SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS, large and small, are needed if Scattergood School is to continue to enroll ghetto students who desire a Quaker, rural, college-preparatory, boarding school experience. \$4,200 would make possible the attendance of one underprivileged student for four years. Our current resources may not be able to carry this responsibility much longer. Tom Schaefer, Scattergood School, West Branch, Iowa 52358.

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ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT—major responsibility coordinating conferences of Friends General Conference. Preferably Friend acquainted with FGC. Able to work on variable part-time basis, beginning in January. Friends General Conference, 1520 Race Street, Philadelphia 19102. 215-LO 7-1965.

Books and Publications

DISARMAMENT NEWSLETTER provides focused reporting; convenient library record. For samples, write Cullinan, 211 E. 43rd, New York 10017.

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IMMOVABLE SCHOOL? Immovable nation? Changes needed? Read "Training for Nonviolent Action for High School Students: A Handbook," prepared for Friends Peace Committee by Bidge McKay—how to prepare for and bring about creative nonviolent change. Based on work with many high school groups. Forty-eight pages of ideas. One dollar, from Friends Peace Committee, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia 19102.

QUAKER MONTHLY: What are those British Friends thinking? Enjoy this monthly menu of seven thought-provoking articles. Not too little, not too much. Subscription, \$2.25. Sample on request. Quaker Monthly, Friends House, Euston Road, London NW 1, 2 BJ, England.

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SUPPORT NEW FARM COMMUNITY business! We sell: Educational, cooperative game for children and adults, sixty-eight playing cards, instructions; Booklet of four additional games using the cards; Herb Tea Blend—twelve tasty herbs, hand-picked, unsprayed. Details about products and our community from: Family Pastimes, R.R. 4, Perth, Ontario, Canada.

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INQUIRIES INVITED: A few individual lots in a Pocono Mountain lake family community. Box M-518, Friends Journal.

Schools

THE MEETING SCHOOL, Rindge, New Hampshire 03461—communal, coeducational, college preparatory. Farm and family living. Grades 10 to 12. For information, write Joel Hayden.

From George Fox College

GEORGE FOX COLLEGE, Newberg, Oregon, has had four new members appointed to its forty-two-member board of trustees. They are: Keith Sarver, Phillip Harmon, Jack Willcuts, and Norval Hadley, new superintendent of Northwest Yearly Meeting. Keith Sarver is general superintendent of California Yearly Meeting; Phillip Harmon, an insurance agent; Jack Willcuts, minister of Reedwood Friends Church, Portland, Oregon. Joan L. Adams, of Portland; Leo Crisman, of Roseburg; and board chairman, Wilbert Eichenberger, of Santa Ana, California, were reappointed. The Yearly Meeting selects eighteen members; another eighteen are elected by the board itself. The alumni association is responsible for selecting six.

Robert D. Cross Resigns

ROBERT D. CROSS, president of Swarthmore College, announced he would resign in June. The tenth president of the college, he succeeded the late Courtney C. Smith in 1969.

"I have concluded," Robert Cross wrote in a letter to the college community, "that being president is not my forte."

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For information, write

Kenneth B. Webb

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MEETING ANNOUNCEMENTS

Alaska

FAIRBANKS—Unprogramed worship, First-days, 9 a.m., Upper Commons Lounge, University of Alaska campus. Discussion follows. Phone: 479-6801.

Argentina

BUENOS AIRES—Worship and Monthly Meeting one Saturday each month in suburbs, Vicente Lopez. Convenor: Hedwig Kantor. Phone 791-5880 (Buenos Aires).

Arizona

FLAGSTAFF—Unprogrammed meeting, 11 a.m., 408 S. Humphreys near campus. Mary Campbell, Clerk, 310 E. Cherry Ave. 774-4298.

PHOENIX—Sundays: 9:45 a.m., adult study; 11 a.m., meeting for worship and First-day School, 1702 E. Glendale Avenue, 85020. Mary Lou Coppock, clerk, 6620 E. Culver, Scottsdale, 85257.

TUCSON—Friends Meeting, 129 N. Warren: Sunday School, 10 a.m.; worship (semi-programmed) 11 a.m. Clerk, Harry Prevo, 297-0394.

TUCSON—Pima Friends Meeting (Pacific Yearly Meeting), 739 E. 5th Street, Worship, 10:00 a.m., Barbara Fritts, Clerk, 5703 N. Lady Lane, 887-7291.

California

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

CLAREMONT—Meeting for worship 9:30 a.m. Discussion 11:00 a.m. Classes for children. Clerk: Clifford Cole, 339 West 10th Street, Claremont 91711.

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—Meeting every Sunday, 10 a.m., College Y Pax Dei Chapel, 2311 E. Shaw. Phone, 237-3030.

HAYWARD—Worship, 11 a.m., Old Chapel, 890 Fargo, San Leandro. Clerk 582-9632.

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

LONG BEACH—Marloma Meeting and Sunday School, 10:30 a.m., 647 Locust. 424-5735.

LOS ANGELES—Meeting, 11 a.m., 4167 So. Normandie. Visitors call 754-5994.

MARIN—Worship 10 a.m., Mill Valley Community Church Annex, Olive and Lovell, 924-2777.

MONTEREY PENINSULA—Friends Meeting for worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m., 1057 Mescal Ave., Seaside. Call 394-9991 or 375-1776.

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: 792-9218.

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

SAN FERNANDO—Family sharing 10 a.m. Unprogrammed worship, 10:20 a.m. 15056 Bledsoe St. 367-5288.

SAN FRANCISCO—Meeting for worship. First-days, 11 a.m., 2160 Lake Street, 752-7440.

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

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, 10:30 a.m. Discussion at 11:30 a.m., 303 Walnut St.

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

VISTA—Palomar Meeting, 10 a.m. Clerk: Gretchen Tuthill, 1633 Calle Dulce, Vista 92083. Call 724-4966 or 728-2666.

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.

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WHITTIER—Whitleaf Monthly Meeting, Administration Building, 13406 E. Philadelphia. Worship, 9:30 a.m.; discussion. 698-7538.

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 776-7369.

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.

NEW MILFORD—HOUSATONIC MEETING: Worship 11 a.m. Route 7 at Lanesville Road.

STAMFORD-GREENWICH—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10 a.m. Westover and Roxbury Roads, Stamford. Clerk, Peter Bentley, 4 Cat Rock Road, Cos Cob, Connecticut. Telephone: 203-TO 9-5545.

STORRS—Meeting for worship, 10:45, corner North Eagleville and Hunting Lodge Roads. 429-4459.

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

WILTON—First-day School, 10:30. Meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m., 317 New Canaan Road, Wilton, Conn. Phone 966-3040. George Corwin, Clerk. Phone 853-1521.

Delaware

CAMDEN—2 miles south of Dover. Meeting and First-day School 11 a.m.

CENTERVILLE—Center Meeting, one mile east of Route 52 at southern edge of town on Center Meeting Road. Meeting, First-day, 11 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, 4th and Wests Sts., 11 a.m.; 101 School Rd., 9:15 a.m.

District of Columbia

WASHINGTON—Meeting, Sunday, 11 a.m.; worship group, 9 a.m.; adult discussion, 10 a.m.-11 a.m.; babysitting, 10 a.m.-12 noon; First-day School, 11 a.m.-12:30 p.m. 2111 Florida Ave. N.W., near Connecticut Ave.

WASHINGTON—Sidwell Friends Library—Meeting, Sunday, 11:00, during school year, 3825 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W.

Florida

CLEARWATER—Meeting 10:30 a.m., Y.W.C.A., 222 S. Lincoln Ave. Phone 733-9315.

DAYTONA BEACH—Sunday, 10:30 a.m. 201 San Juan Avenue. Phone 677-0457.

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-CORAL GABLES—Meeting, 10 a.m., 1185 Sunset Road. Thyra Allen Jacobs, clerk, 361-2862 AFSC Peace Center, 443-9836.

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 30306. Tom Kenworthy, Clerk. Phone 288-1490. Quaker House. Telephone 373-7986.

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

Hawaii

HONOLULU—Sundays, 2426 Oahu Avenue. 9:45, hymn sing; 10, worship; 11:15, adult study group. Babysitting, 10:15 to 11. 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.

CHICAGO—Northside (unprogramed). Worship 10 a.m. For information and meeting location, phone 477-5660 or 327-6398.

DECATUR—Worship, 10 a.m. Phone Agnita Wright, 877-2914, for meeting location.

DEKALB—Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 424 Normal Road. Phone 758-2561 or 758-1985.

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 968-3861 or 665-0864.

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

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

PEORIA-GALESBURG—Unprogramed meeting 10 a.m. in Galesburg. Phone 343-7097 or 245-2959 for location.

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

ROCKFORD—Rock Valley Meeting. Worship, 10:30 a.m.; informal togetherness, 11:30. Meeting Room, Christ the Carpenter Church, 522 Morgan St. Information: call 964-0716.

SPRINGFIELD—Worship, 10 a.m. Phone Robert Wagenknecht, 522-2083 for meeting location.

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.

INDIANAPOLIS—Lantern Meeting and Sugar Grove Unprogramed worship, 10 a.m. Sugar Grove Meeting House. Willard Heiss, 257-1081 or Albert Maxwell, 839-4649.

RICHMOND—Clear Creek Meeting. Stout Memorial Meetinghouse, Earlham College. Unprogramed worship, 9:15 a.m. Clerk, Mary Lane Hiatt 962-6857. (June 20-Sept. 19, 10:00.)

WEST LAFAYETTE—Meeting for worship 10 a.m. 176 E. Stadium Avenue. Clerk, Elwood F. Reber. Phone 463-9671.

Iowa

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

PAULLINA—Worship, 11 a.m.; First-day School. 10 a.m. Rachel Hodgkin, Paullina, Correspondent.

WEST BRANCH—Scattergood School. Worship, 10:30 a.m. Phone 319-643-5636.

Kansas

WICHITA—University Friends Meeting, 1840 University Avenue. Semi-Programmed Meeting for Worship 8:30 a.m., First-day School 9:45 a.m., Programed Meeting for Worship 11 a.m. Richard P. Newby and David W. Bills, Ministers. Phone 262-0471.

Kentucky

BEREA—Meeting for worship, 1:30 p.m., Sunday, Woods-Penniman Parlor, Berea College Campus. Telephone: 986-8205.

LEXINGTON—Unprogramed meeting. For time and place call 266-2653.

LOUISVILLE—Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. Children's classes 11:00 a.m. 3050 Bon Air Avenue. 40205. Phone 452-6812.

Louisiana

BATON ROUGE—Worship, 10 a.m., Wesley Foundation, 333 E. Chimes St. Clerk: Stuart Gilmore; telephone 766-4704.

NEW ORLEANS—Meeting each Sunday, 10 a.m., in Friends' homes. For information, telephone UN 1-8022 or 891-2584.

Maine

DAMARISCOTTA—Worship 10 a.m., Public Library, Route 1, Main Street. (See Mid-coast listing)

EAST VASSALBORO—Worship 9 a.m., Paul Cates, pastor. Phone: 923-3078.

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

NORTH FAIRFIELD—Lelia Taylor, pastor. Worship 10:30 a.m. Phone: 453-6812.

ORONO—Worship 10 a.m. For place, call 942-7255.

PORTLAND—Forest Avenue Meeting, Route 302. Unprogramed worship and First-day School, 10 a.m. Phone 839-3288. Adult discussion, 11:00.

SOUTH CHINA—David van Strien, pastor. Worship 10 a.m. Phone: 445-2496.

WINTHROP CENTER—Paul Cates, pastor. Worship 11 a.m. Phone: 395-4724.

Maryland

ADELPHI—Near University of Maryland, 2303 Metzerott Road, First-day School 11 a.m., worship 10 a.m. George Bliss, Clerk. Phone 277-5138.

ANNAPOLIS—Worship, 11 a.m., former St. Paul's Chapel, Rt. 178 (General's Hwy.) and Crownsville Rd., Crownsville, Md. Alice Ayres, clerk (301-263-5719).

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 10:15; worship 11 a.m. Phone 332-1156.

EASTON—Third Haven Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m., South Washington St. Frank Zeigler, clerk, 634-2491; Lorraine Claggett, 822-0669.

SANDY SPRING—Meetinghouse Road, at Rte. 108. Worship, 9:30 and 11 a.m.; first Sundays, 9:30 only. Classes, 10:30.

UNION BRIDGE—PIPE CREEK MEETING (near)—Worship, 11 a.m.

Massachusetts

ACTON—Meeting for worship and First-day School, Sunday, 10:00 a.m., Women's Club, Main Street. Patricia Lyon, clerk, (617) 897-4668.

AMHERST-NORTHAMPTON-GREENFIELD—Meeting for worship and First-day School 10:30. Mt. Toby Meetinghouse, Route 63 in Leverett. Phone 549-0287.

BOSTON—Worship 11:00 a.m.; fellowship hour 12:00, First-day. Beacon Hill Friends House, 6 Chestnut Street, Boston 02108. Phone 227-9118.

CAMBRIDGE—5 Longfellow Park (near Harvard Square, just off Brattle Street). Two meetings for worship each First-day, 9:30 a.m. and 11 a.m. Telephone 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, 189 Hampshire St., Methuen, Mass. Phone 682-4677.

WELLESLEY—Meeting for worship and Sunday School, 10:30 a.m., at 26 Benvenue Street. 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 636-4711.

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—Worship and First-day School, Sunday, 1 p.m. Discussion, 2 p.m. All Saints Church library, 800 Abbot Rd. Call ED 7-0241.

GRAND RAPIDS—Friends Meeting for worship. First-days 10 a.m. For particulars call (616) 363-2043 or (616) 868-6667.

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

TRAVERSE CITY-GRAND TRAVERSE AREA—Manitou Meeting. Unorganized group meets 1st and 3rd Sundays for silent worship and potluck in homes. Phone Lucia Billman, 616-334-4473.

Minnesota

MINNEAPOLIS—Unprogrammed meeting 9 a.m., First-day School 10 a.m., Programmed meeting 11 a.m., W. 44th Street and York Ave. So. Phone 926-6159 or 332-5610.

ST. PAUL—Twin Cities Friends Meeting, unprogrammed worship, 10:15 a.m., Friends House, 295 Summit Ave., St. Paul. Call 222-3350.

Missouri

KANSAS CITY—Penn Valley Meeting, 306 West 39th Street, 10:00 a.m. Call 931-3807.

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

LAS VEGAS—Unprogrammed meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m., 3451 Middlebury Avenue, Phone 457-7040.

RENO—Meeting for worship 11 a.m., First-day School and discussion 10 a.m., 1101 N. Virginia Street, in the Rapp Room of The Center. Telephone 322-3013. Mail address, P. O. Box 602, Reno 89504.

New Hampshire

HANOVER—Meeting for worship, Sunday 10:45 a.m. Friends Meeting House, 29 Rope Ferry Road. Phone 643-4138.

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, 11:15 a.m.; worship 11 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. Lake St. Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Nursery care. Special First-day school programs and/or social following worship, from October to June. Phone 428-6242 or 429-9186.

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

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 and Gordonhurst Avenue. Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m. Visitors welcome.

MOUNT HOLLY—High and Garden Streets, meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. Visitors welcome.

MULLICA HILL—First-day school, 10 a.m.; worship, 11. (July, August, 10 a.m.) North Main Street, Mullica Hill. Phone: 478-2664. Visitors welcome.

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

PLAINFIELD—Adult class 10 a.m. Meeting for worship and First-day School 11 a.m. Watchung Ave., at E. Third St., 757-5736. Open Monday through Friday 11:30 a.m.—1:30 p.m.

PRINCETON—Meeting for worship, 9:30 and 11 a.m. Summer, 9:30 only, First-day School, 11 a.m. Quaker Road near Mercer St. 921-7824.

QUAKERTOWN—Meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m., every First-day. Clerk, Douglas Meaker, Box 464 Milford, N. J. 08848 Phone 995-2276.

RANOCAS—First-day School, 10 a.m., meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

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. 158 Southern Boulevard, Chatham Township. 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 Hoge, clerk. Phone 255-9011.

GALLUP—Sunday, 9:15 a.m., worship at 102 Viro Circle. Sylvia Abeyta, clerk. 863-4697.

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

WEST LAS VEGAS—Las Vegas Monthly Meeting, 9:30 a.m., 1216 S. Pacific.

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, 10:30 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.

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

ELMIRA—10:30 a.m. Sundays. 155 West 6th Street.

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.

GRAHAMSVILLE—Greenfield and Neversink Meeting. Worship, First-days, 10:30 a.m.

HAMILTON—Meeting for worship Sunday, 10 a.m. Chapel House, Colgate.

JERICHO, LONG ISLAND—Unprogrammed worship, 11 a.m., Old Jericho Turnpike.

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

NEW YORK—First-day meetings for worship, 9:45 a.m., 11 a.m., 15 Rutherford Pl. (15th St.), Manhattan. Others 11 a.m. only.
2 Washington Sq. N.
Earl Hall, Columbia University
110 Schermerhorn St. Brooklyn
137-16 Northern Blvd. Flushing
Phone 212-777-8866 (Mon.-Fri. 9-5) about First-day Schools, Monthly Meetings, suppers, etc.

POUGHKEEPSIE—249 Hooker Ave., 454-2870. Silent meeting and meeting school, 9:45 a.m., programmed meeting, 11 a.m. (Summer: one 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, Julia K. Lyman, 1 Sherman Avenue, White Plains, New York 10605. 914-946-8887.

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.

RYE—Milton Rd., one-half mile south of Playland Pky., Sundays, 10:30 a.m.; some Tuesdays, 8 p.m.

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, 11:00 a.m. Old Chapel, Union College Campus. Phone 438-7515.

ST. JAMES, LONG ISLAND—Conscience Bay Meeting, Moriches Rd. Worship and First-day School, 11 a.m.

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, 11 a.m. Clerk: Robert Mayer, phone 942-3318.

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

DURHAM—Meeting 10:30 at 404 Alexander Avenue. Contact David Smith 489-6029 or Don Wells 489-7240.

GREENSBORO—Friendship Meeting (unprogrammed), Guilford College, Moon Room of Dana Auditorium, 11:00, Mel Zuck, Clerk.

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

RALEIGH—Meeting 10:00 a.m., 120 Woodburn Road. Clerk, Lloyd Tyler, 834-2223.

Ohio

CINCINNATI—COMMUNITY FRIENDS MEETING (United), FUM & FGC. Sunday School 9:45; Unprogrammed worship 11:00; 3960 Winding Way, 45229. Phone (513) 861-4353. Edwin O. Moon, Clerk, (513) 321-2803.

CLEVELAND—Community Meeting for worship 7:00 at the "Olive Tree" on Case-W.R.U. campus 283-0410; 268-4822.

CLEVELAND—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., 10916 Magnolia Dr., University Circle area. 791-2220 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.; worship, 10:30.

TOLEDO—Allowed Meeting, unprogrammed. Sundays, 10 a.m. downtown YWCA, Jefferson at 11th. Information: David Taber, 419-878-6641.

WAYNESVILLE—Friends Meeting, Fourth and High Streets. First-day School, 9:30 a.m.; unprogrammed worship, 10:45 a.m.

WILMINGTON—Campus Meeting of Wilmington (F.U.M.) and Indiana (F.G.C.) Meetings. Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m. First-day School, 11 a.m., in Thomas Kelly Center, Wilmington College. Elizabeth H. MacNutt, Clerk. 513-382-3328.

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



Henniker, New Hampshire, Meetinghouse, under the care of Weare Monthly Meeting, North Weare, New Hampshire, was built in 1799. About 1845 it was moved by forty yoke of oxen to its present site, approximately a mile from its original location.

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, 10:30 a.m.; meetings for worship, 9:45 and 11:30.

BRISTOL—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., Market and Wood. 788-3234.

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

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

DOLINGTON-Makefield—East of Dolington on Mt. Eyre Road. Meeting for worship 11:00-11:30. First-day School 11:30-12:30.

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.

FALLSINGTON (Bucks County)—Falls Meeting, Main St., First-day School 10 a.m., meeting for worship, 11. No First-day School on first First-day of each month. Five miles from Pennsbury, reconstructed manor home of William Penn.

GWYNEDD—Sumneytown Pike and Route 202. First-day School, 10 a.m., except summer. Meeting for worship 9 a.m., and 11.15 a.m.

HARRISBURG—6th & Herr Street, meeting for worship and First-day School 10 a.m.; Adult Forum 11.

HAVERFORD—Buck Lane, between Lancaster Pike and Haverford Road. Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. followed by Forum.

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.

LANSDOWNE—Lansdowne and Stewart Aves., First-day School and Adult Forum, 10 a.m.; worship, 11.

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

LEWISBURG—Vaughan Literature Building Library, Bucknell University. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Sundays. Clerk: Freda Gibbons, 658-8841. 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. Worship 10 a.m.; First-day School 11 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, Race St. west of 15th. Cheltenham, Jeanes Hospital Grounds, Fox Chase, 10:30 a.m.

Chestnut Hill, 100 E. Mermaid Lane.

Fair Hill, Germantown and Cambria, 10:15 a.m.

Fourth and Arch Sts. First- and Fifth-days.

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, 3309 Baring St., 10 a.m.

University City Worship Group, 3907 Spruce St. (Enter rear.) 11 a.m.

PHOENIXVILLE—SCHUYLKILL MEETING—East of Phoenixville and north of juncture of Whitehorse Road and Route 23. Worship, 10 a.m. Forum, 11:15.

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.

STROUDSBURG in the Poconos—Worship group meets every first and third Sunday at 10:00 a.m. Strouds Mansion, 900 Main Street. Visitors welcome.

SUMNEYTOWN-GREEN LANE AREA—Worship First-days, 6:30 p.m. Call 215-234-8424 or 234-4670 for location.

SWARTHMORE—Whittier Place, college campus. Adult forum, 9:45 a.m.; First-day school and worship, 11.

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. Monthly meeting on second Sunday of each month at 12:15 p.m.

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

WILKES-BARRE—Lackawanna-Wyoming Meeting, Wyoming Seminary Day School, 1560 Wyoming Avenue, Forty-Fort. Sunday School, 10:15 a.m.; Meeting, 11:00, through May.

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.

WRIGHTSTOWN—First-day School, 9:30 a.m.; worship, 11. Route 413 at Wrightstown.

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

Tennessee

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

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

Texas

AMARILLO—Worship, Sundays, 3 p.m., 3802 W. 45th St. Hershel Stanley, lay leader. Classes for children & adults.

AUSTIN—Worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., Forum, 10 a.m., 3014 Washington Square, GL 2-1841. Eugene Ivash, Clerk, 453-4916.

DALLAS—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., Park North Y.W.C.A., 4434 W. Northwest Highway. Clerk, George Kenney, 2137 Siesta Dr. FE 1-1348.

HOUSTON—Live Oak Meeting, worship and First-Day School, Sunday 11 a.m., Peden Branch YWCA, 11209 Clematis. Clerk, Allen D. Clark, 729-3756.

LUBBOCK—Worship, Sunday, 3 p.m., 2412 13th. Patty Martin, clerk, 762-5539.

Vermont

BENNINGTON—Meeting for worship, Sunday, 10:30 a.m., Bennington Library, 101 Silver Street.

BURLINGTON—Worship, 11 a.m. Sunday, back of 179 No. Prospect. Phone 802-985-2819.

MIDDLEBURY—Meeting for worship, Sunday 11 a.m., St. Mary's School, Shannon Street.

PUTNEY—Worship, Sunday, 10:30 a.m. The Grammar School, Hickory Ridge Rd.

SOUTH LONDONDERRY—West River Meeting. Worship, Sunday 11 a.m., in the home of Carlton and Marjorie Schilcher, West River Road. Phone 824-3783 or Anne Compter Werner—824-6231.

Virginia

CHARLOTTESVILLE—Meeting and First-day School, 10:30 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 Sunday 10:30 a.m., 1st and 3rd Sunday of month, 202 Clay St. Blacksburg. 2nd and 4th Sunday Y.W.C.A. Salem. Phone Roanoke, 343-6769.

WINCHESTER—Centre Meeting—203 N. Washington. Worship, 10:15. Phone 667-8947 or 667-0500.

Washington

SEATTLE—University Friends Meeting, 4001 9th Avenue, N.E. Silent worship and First-day classes at 10. Phone: ME 2-7006.

Wisconsin

BELOIT—See Rockford, Illinois.

MADISON—Sunday, 9 a.m. and 11 a.m., Friends House, 2002 Monroe St., 256-2249.

MILWAUKEE—Sunday, 10 a.m.; meeting and First-day School, 3074 N. Maryland, 272-0040.

WAUSAU—Meetings in members' homes. Write 3320 N. 11th or telephone 842-1130.

Sufferings

Meetings, families, and friends may wish to send to Friends Journal the names of Friends and attenders who are in prison or face other action for their beliefs. Information about writing, visiting, and otherwise supporting imprisoned Friends is available from Peter Blood, New Swarthmore, Clinton, New York 13323.

PAULA AND HOWARD CELL, Germantown Meeting, Philadelphia: Had an automobile seized by Internal Revenue for refusal to pay the war tax on their telephone.

RICHARD EVANS, Albany Meeting, New York: Served a seven-day sentence in Jamesville State Penitentiary for offering his belief that people have a right to hitchhike on roads where no traffic hazard is involved. Richard writes that it was an invaluable but frightening experience to be held in another branch of the New York State prison system during the Attica uprising.

BILL HIMMELBAUER, Pittsburgh Meeting, Pennsylvania: Sentenced to one year in prison for refusal to pay war taxes on his income. To do this he openly altered his W-4 form. Bill is held in Federal Prison, Sandstone, Minnesota 55072.

WAYNE LAUSER, Providence Meeting, Media, Pennsylvania: Sentenced to two years in prison for refusal to do civilian work under Selective Service. Wayne is held in Federal Prison, Allenwood, Pennsylvania 17810.

RALPH SQUIRE, Morgantown Meeting, West Virginia: Detained by federal authorities for violation of release conditions, because he took part in a nonviolent protest at Ashland Federal Prison in early October. The sit-in was to protest actions taken to break up the strike by women in Alderson prison and the denial of rights

to Joan Nicholson. Ralph had been released from Morgantown prison on September 18, when he had completed a sentence for nonregistration under the draft. In Boyd County Jail, Catlettsburg, Kentucky 44129.

SUZANNE WILLIAMS, attender of Mount Toby Meeting, Massachusetts: sentenced to six months in prison and five-hundred-dollar fine for taking part in the sit-in with Ralph Squire at Ashland. Suzanne had been released from prison on September 3, when she completed a sentence for destruction of Selective Service records. In Boyd County Jail, Catlettsburg, Kentucky 44129.

LILLIAN AND GEORGE WILLOUGHBY, Had-donfield Meeting, New Jersey: Had an automobile seized by Internal Revenue for refusal to pay the war tax on their telephone.

Released from prison:

JAMES (BUD) ALCOCK, Wilmington, Delaware: Released after disciplinary transfer from Allenwood to California, when he had completed a sentence for refusal of civilian work.

ROBERT EATON, Annapolis Meeting: Released after disciplinary transfer from Allenwood to Minnesota, when he had completed a sentence for refusal of civilian work.

JANE MEYERDING, Abington Meeting, Pennsylvania: She has completed a sentence for destroying Selective Service records.

DE COURCEY SQUIRE, Morgantown Meeting, West Virginia: She has completed a sentence for destroying Selective Service records.

Transferred for protests inside prisons:

RICK BOARDMAN, Acton Meeting, Massachusetts: Transferred for taking part in a work stoppage at Allenwood prison protesting the arbitrary transfer of many other prisoners. Rick now is held in Federal Prison, Danbury, Connecticut 06810.

JOHN BRAXTON, Gwynedd Meeting, Pennsylvania: Transferred for allegedly organizing other prisoners at Allenwood to disciplinary segregation in Federal Prison, Petersburg, Virginia 23803.

JOAN NICHOLSON, attender of Media Meeting, Pennsylvania: Transferred for taking part in a strike for prisoners' rights at Alderson Federal Prison for Women that followed the Attica uprising. Joan was sent to disciplinary segregation in Federal Prison, Ashland, Kentucky 41101.

Other Friends who remain in prison:

GEORGE CROCKER, Minneapolis Meeting: In Federal Prison, Milan, Michigan 48160.

TODD FRIEND, Orange Grove Meeting, California: In Federal Prison, La Tuna, Texas, P. O. Anthony, New Mexico 88021.

JOHN LUGINBILL, attender of Community Meeting in Cincinnati, Ohio: Sentenced to six months in prison for taking his own draft file. John is held in Allen County Jail, 412 South Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne, Indiana 46802.

VINCE O'CONNOR, attender of San Francisco Meeting: In Federal Prison, Terminal Island, San Pedro, California 90731.

Coming Events

Entries for this calendar should be submitted at least four weeks before the event is to take place.

November

20—Friends Fair, Fourth and West Streets, Wilmington, Delaware, 10:00 A.M. to 3:00 P.M.

21—Cheltenham Monthly Meeting Fifteenth Homecoming on Jeanes Hospital Campus, Fox Chase, Philadelphia. Meeting for Worship 11:15 A.M. Bring box lunch; dessert and beverage provided.

25-28—South Central Yearly Meeting, Dickinson, Texas. Details from Garnet Guide, 2001 Binz, Houston, Texas 77004.

Central America Yearly Meeting. Write Ruben Galvez, Apartado 8, Chiquimula, Guatemala, Central America.

29—Annual meeting, Friends Historical Association, Arch Street Meetinghouse, Philadelphia. Speaker, George A. Selleck: "Boston Friends and the Pastoral Ministry." Dinner in advance, 6 P.M. Write Eleanore Price Mather, Bancroft and Oak Lanes, Moylan, Pennsylvania 19065, for reservations.

At Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pennsylvania 19086:

November 19-21—Married Couples Weekend, led by Bob and Margaret Blood.

December 3-5—Sensitivity Training Weekend, led by Bob Blood, assisted by Jean Feinberg.

At Powell House, Old Chatham, New York 12136:

November 19-21—Friends and Corporate Witness—How are Friends most effective politically? The ways of FCNL or AQAG, or other? George Willoughby, George Bliss, leaders.

Announcements

Notices of births, marriages, and deaths are published in Friends Journal without charge. Such notices (preferably typed and containing essential facts) must come from the family or the Meeting.

Adoption

LEONARD—On July 9, a son, CHRISTOPHER KING LEONARD, born May 8, 1971, by David and Leslie Leonard, members of Nairobi Monthly Meeting, Kenya. The paternal grandparents, Rowland and Mary Jane Leonard, are members of Reading, Pennsylvania, Monthly Meeting.

Births

BEWLEY—On August 24, a son, KEVIN BEWLEY, to Jo and Richard Bewley. The parents, of Friends International Centre, are members of Hampstead Monthly Meeting, London. The maternal grandparents, Rowland and Mary Jane Leonard, are members of Reading, Pennsylvania, Monthly Meeting. The paternal grandparents, Mary and Alfred Bewley, are members of Dublin Monthly Meeting, Ireland.

BROCK—On July 1, a son, JOSHUA HENTZ BROCK, to Stephen and Margaret H. Brock, of Ithaca, New York. The mother and the maternal grandmother, Elizabeth A. Hentz,

are members of Wrightstown Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania.

FISHER—On September 14, a son, TRAVIS SCOTT FISHER, to Brian F. and Jane Miller Fisher, of Milesburg, Pennsylvania. The mother is a member of Dunning's Creek Meeting, Fishertown, Pennsylvania.

PALMER—On September 26, a son, GALEN SCATTERGOOD PALMER, to David and Katherine Palmer, of Eugene, Oregon. The paternal grandparents, Russell and Ruth Coppock Palmer, are members of Gwynedd, Pennsylvania, Monthly Meeting. The maternal grandparents, Robert and Jean Scattergood, are members of Haddonfield, New Jersey, Monthly Meeting.

Marriages

BEAUVAIS-JOHNSTONE—On June 26, in Aulnay s/s Bois, France, ERIKA HARRIET JOHNSTONE and FRANCOIS BEAUVAIS. The bride is a member of Rochester, New York, Monthly Meeting. A religious observance of their marriage was held August 14, under the care of Rochester Monthly Meeting.

MALCOLM-WILD—On May 29, in Huntington, West Virginia, MARTHA LILA WILD and JAMES ARTHUR MALCOLM III. The bride is a member of Rochester, New York, Monthly Meeting, and the bridegroom is a member of Jericho, New York, Monthly Meeting.

SINCLAIRE-CARLSON—On August 28, in Princeton, New Jersey, Meetinghouse, LOUISE E. CARLSON, daughter of William and Dorothy Carlson, of Napierville, Illinois, and HARRY A. SINCLAIRE, son of J. Kennedy and Louise Sinclair, of Rutherford, New Jersey. The bridegroom is a member of Princeton Monthly Meeting.

Deaths

BALDERSTON—On September 20, in Camp Hill, Pennsylvania, MARTHA W. BALDERSTON, aged 87, a member of 57th Street Monthly Meeting, Chicago, Illinois. She had worked with refugees for American Friends Service Committee, both in Europe and the United States. She is survived by a son, Walter Balderston, of London, Ontario, Canada; three daughters: Ruth T. Cope, of Syracuse, New York, Margaret B. Dupree, of Downers Grove, Illinois, and Elizabeth B. Maurer, of New Cumberland, Pennsylvania; a sister, Alice T. Allen, of Moylan, Pennsylvania; eleven grandchildren; and ten great-grandchildren.

COPPOCK—On October 1, in Brook Grove Nursing Home, Olney, Maryland, MABEL CARY COPPOCK, aged 90. Raised on a farm in Clark's Corner, New York, much of her life after her marriage to Homer J. Coppock centered around Chicago Monthly Meeting and Indiana. She is survived by two sons: Paul R. Coppock, of Memphis, Tennessee, and H. Cary Coppock, Ellensburg, Washington; three daughters: Anne Houghton, of Arlington, Virginia, Grace Bibler, of Chicago, Illinois, and Ruth Palmer, of Chalfont, Pennsylvania; two brothers: Heywood Cary, of Fort Edward, New York, and Lucius Cary, of Glens Falls, New York; and a sister, Sarah Norton, also of Glens Falls. Her smile was indicative of the way her life spoke of eternal values.

HENDERSON—On August 27, while attending Ohio Yearly Meeting (Conservative), FRANKLIN D. HENDERSON, aged 40,

a lifelong member of Salem Wilbur Friends Meeting and its clerk for the past fourteen years. The son of Joshua E. and Ellen S. Henderson, of Salem, Ohio, Frank Henderson graduated from Friends Boarding School, Barnesville, Ohio, and attended Wilmington College and Carnegie Institute of Technology. His marriage to Ardith E. Hall, who survives, began a sharing of his trade, carpentry, Ruritan Club responsibility, activities of Salem Meeting, and a love of music. Their children are: A son, David, freshman in Friends Boarding School, Barnesville, and daughters, Heather and Amy, at home. Other survivors include his parents; a brother, J. Edward Henderson, of San Francisco; and sisters, Anna Marie Holloway, of Wayne, Pennsylvania, and Jean H. McClelland, of Quincy, Illinois. Frank's faith in a loving Heavenly Father kept him steadfast through physical difficulties, and his cheerful endurance gained him many friends.

LEWIS—On July 20, HERBERT S. LEWIS, aged 91, a member of Alexandria, Virginia, Monthly Meeting and a charter member of Friends Meeting of Washington. He is survived by two daughters: Ruth L. Normandy and Myra E. Lank; four grandchildren; and twelve great-grandchildren.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION (Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code):

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10. Extent and nature of circulation.

	Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months	Single issue nearest filing date
A. Total no. copies printed	7,980	8,100
B. Paid circulation:		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	30	40
1. Mail subscriptions	7,515	7,650
C. Total paid circulation	7,545	7,690
D. Free distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier or other means	330	315
E. Total distribution	7,875	8,005
F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	115	95
G. Total	7,980	8,100

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

ALFRED STEFFERUD,
Editor and Manager.

STRUGGLE FOR JUSTICE

PREPARED FOR THE AMERICAN
FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE



This is a most timely and thoughtful probing of the state of criminal justice and penal institutions in our country, prepared by a 17-member working party, several of whom have served time in jail themselves. It demolishes the myths of "treatment" and "rehabilitation" as well as the concept of "preventive detention" and shows how too much discretionary power has corrupted the system in the hands of judges and parole officers. Admitting no easy solutions to the mammoth problems, the book does suggest some viable new approaches.
... *Publishers' Weekly*

This is tough-minded criticism which ought to stimulate the ongoing debate and doubtless it will provoke howls from behavioral scientists.
... *Kirkus Reviews*

STRUGGLE FOR JUSTICE
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\$1.95, Hardback \$4.50.

What is the best response to the crisis in America's criminal justice system? More police? More "rehabilitation"? More and better-trained personnel? More money for courts and corrections all along the line?

The authors of STRUGGLE FOR JUSTICE are convinced of the futility of all of these policies. They approach the problems of criminal justice from the perspective of those on the receiving end, balancing the rights and needs of prisoners against the well-being of society as a whole. This leads to strong criticism of present practices and especially of the predominating concept of rehabilitation—a blend of treatment and punishment that fails to rehabilitate but gives a humane veneer to a barbaric reality.

Members of the Working Party on STRUGGLE FOR JUSTICE

G. Richard Bacon Executive Director, Pennsylvania Prison Society.

Richard Boardman Former AFSC staff in the Chicago Regional Office. Serving a three-year sentence for draft resistance.

Spencer Coxe Executive Director of the Greater Philadelphia Branch of the American Civil Liberties Union. AFSC Board Member.

Caleb Foote Professor at the Center for the Study of Law and Society, University of California at Berkeley.

James Giles Served six years in Maryland State Prison, two of them on death row.

David Greenberg Senior Associate, the Committee for the Study of Incarceration.

Mike Ingerman Former staff member for Friends Committee on Legislation. AFSC Board Member.

John Irwin Professor, Department of Sociology, San Francisco State College. Served time on a felony charge.

Alex Knopp AFSC Criminal Justice Intern in Community Relations Division while performing C.O. service.

Sam Legg Professor at Morgan State College. AFSC Board Member.

Jan Marinissen Criminal Justice Secretary, Northern California Regional Office. AFSC visitor for San Quentin.

Charlotte Meacham AFSC National Representative for Administration of Justice Programs, Community Relations Division staff of Working Party.

Edwin Morgenroth President Emeritus of Pacific Oaks College. Chairman of Working Party.

Tom Nelson Director of the new Elizabeth Fry Center, Inc.

George Sawyer, Esq. Coordinator of Urban Affairs Program and Lecturer in Political Science, Earlham College. AFSC Board Member.

Jane Schulman Resident, Institute for Study of Nonviolence, Palo Alto. Husband serving term as draft resistor.



Available from bookstores and ...

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE

NATIONAL OFFICE: 160 NORTH 15TH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19102 or ANY AFSC REGIONAL OFFICES



Conscience Bay Meeting, St. James, New York

Photo: Erasmo Galantino

Some Meeting Houses Are Like Homes

They look like homes, and members of the Meeting feel at home. Some of the earliest Meeting Houses in the Northwest region of England were like this: homelike, tucked in behind a farmhouse.

The Clerk of Mountain View Meeting in Denver, Colorado, recently wrote:

"Ownership has made it possible to have an apartment for a resident which makes the building available for use most of the time. There are many phone calls frequently resulting in attendance. Several persons have responded to our name sign and to the occasional open door to come in and talk. We have an inviting library alcove for those who want to browse.

"There is room, too, for a nursery and First-day School rooms. A kitchen makes possible the serving of Meeting pot-lucks and bread and soup informal meetings around its table. We are able to share our building with kindred groups. It is a joy to be able to schedule affairs at our convenience. These include monthly and quarterly meetings, various committee meetings, social occasions, special and unexpected events, even weddings."

Mountain View Meeting reports that attendance has tripled since it bought its Meeting House in 1968. It received a grant of \$2,000 and a loan of \$23,000 from the Meeting House Fund of Friends General Conference.

More Meeting Houses will be like homes if

- Your Monthly Meeting contributes annually to the Meeting House Fund.
- You include in your savings program the purchase of mortgage pool notes (\$500 each, paying 5% interest per year).

FRIENDS GENERAL CONFERENCE

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