Christmas
  by Walter Kahoe
The Rich Inner Life
  by Charles F. Wright
The Meaning of Membership
  by Thomas R. Bodine
A Quaker Girlhood
  by Lydia C. Cadbury

George Fox on Christmas
New Jersey Friends Center Opens

"...there am I in the midst of them."
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**International Peace Corps?**

WHY has the United Nations not established an international peace corps? This question is often put to the Quaker UN team.

In one sense, the thousands of skilled persons working under the UN technical assistance programs do constitute such a corps. Drawn from nearly every nation in the world, these "missionaries of modern technology" are imbued with a spirit of internationalism; often they make personal sacrifices to take salaried jobs with the UN in "hardship posts." In a more restricted sense, the more than a hundred volunteer "junior experts" now serving UN agencies form the nucleus of a peace corps. Though they are not recruited or directed by a central UN agency, these young assistants operate under general rules set down by the Economic and Social Council.

The nub of the question is that "volunteers" are expensive (AFSC's VISA costs $3,600 a year per member; U. S. Peace Corps, $10,000). Training, transportation, administration, and maintenance of volunteers are far more costly means of assisting nations than university scholarships, local training institutes, or material aid. Since, under present UN practice, expenses are met by the donor country, volunteers come only from wealthy nations.

Could the United Nations set up a special fund to provide opportunities for volunteers from all countries? Some developing countries say that lack of money is less a problem than their shortage of skilled persons available for UN service; others say they would rather have the money invested in regular technical assistance programs. The UN itself has very limited resources and therefore has taken no initiative. In the meantime, interested countries having sufficient resources have formed an international cooperative agency to encourage the growth of national peace corps programs.

The issue has not been on UN agendas since 1961, partly because the communist countries have indicated deep suspicion; they question whether this is not a new form of cultural imperialism and suspect that an international volunteer corps may have a strong anticommunist bias. However, the youth conference held last summer at Grenoble, France, under UNESCO auspices urged a reconsideration of the idea of a UN youth volunteer program. At the UNESCO General Conference this past fall a study of "voluntary technical service" was authorized in the hope that young people who have had professional training as teachers, doctors, and engineers could be recruited on an international basis for specific pilot projects in the developing nations.

Several voluntary organizations are proposing UN volunteer programs as their contribution to International Cooperation Year. Some of these proposals do not seem to meet realistically the difficulties of finance and administration. Are there any concerned Friends qualified and willing to contribute their thinking to this search for a viable international system of volunteer service?
Christmas

A guest editorial by Walter Kahoe of the Friends Journal's Board of Managers (member of Providence Meeting, Media, Pa., and Director of Medical Publications Division, J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia)

Now that we are again immersed in the tide of Christmas, we try, as in Christmases past, to think our way through the obvious commercialism and tinsel which surround this ancient festival—the greatest of the fixed feasts of the Christian community. This is difficult. No matter how much we remind ourselves of the "real meaning of Christmas," the nonreligious overlay is hard to penetrate.

Those of us who are markedly skeptical of the historical accuracy of the Christmas story as told in Matthew and Luke may have special problems.

At the Christmas season, I sometimes find myself thinking of a conversation between a farmer and a well driller which I overheard when I was a country boy in Ohio many years ago. Not often did we get the chance to watch a well driller at work, and none of us neglected this opportunity. I can remember very well that water was found unexpectedly close to the surface. This was the occasion for earnest discussion between the well driller and the owner of the land. Finally they agreed that the water was too close to the surface to be trusted. It seems that things called "germs" might be in this water. The drilling rig was moved some distance, and the operation was started again. At a good safe depth, a new stream of underground water was found, and this became the water supply for the farm.

Modern Christmas seems somehow to resemble a shallow well. There is much surface contamination, and we must drill deeper to drink of the religious meaning of Christmas. Those of us who are long past our years of easy faith must give thought to the meaning which Christmas has for us. If we really believe there is little basis, and perhaps none at all, for the traditional story of the first Christmas, why does it still claim our allegiance? Most of us have willingly given up the traditional Easter story. We do not sigh at Easter tide over our general lack of interest in the doctrine of the Vicarious Atonement, but we hold devotedly to the Christmas story. It is this devotion which makes us critical of current commercialism.

For many of us Christmas is still part of our faith in the link between the Divine and the human. The Christmas legend may have no relation to fact, but we seem to bear up very well under this. We still feel that the birth and the prophetic life of Jesus provided a historical instance, a specific event, when the Divine and the human sought and found a link with each other. We take comfort and, as it were, annual reassurance that there is an interpenetration of the two spheres.

The true Christmas remains for us one of the streams of the spirit which flows serenely, far enough below the surface to be safe from the contamination of the marketplace. In this quiet, the inner eye of the spirit does see a Star, the inner ear does hear the song of the Heavenly Host. We take comfort that the Christmas story tells us much more about the nature of man than about the historical events surrounding the birth of Jesus of Nazareth. That which the legend of Christmas preserves is good. It is our human hope and our conviction that Heaven always has a window open toward earth. W. K.
The Rich Inner Life

By CHARLES F. WRIGHT

The rich inner life is within each of us. It begins when we begin and ends when we end, but it has a forelife and an afterlife. It is not immortality in the sense of physical persistence after bodily death, but real immortality, I think—immortality which is accessible to appreciation.

Each of us knows that he comes from life before and that his life will extend on into the future, not only through family descent but also through the prevailing mental, spiritual, and cultural life from which each of us takes and to which each contributes. The inner life we live every moment is a mirror of the world, perhaps imperfect but nonetheless the very reflection of our being.

The life we live is first an inner life; it is a kind of living instrument which shapes us by its character but which we, in turn, have the ability to shape within the limits of our inheritance and environment.

We do not know much about this inner life of ours; we only suspect what its possibilities may be. One of the values of Friends meeting is the regular opportunity it affords to explore the intimate riches of the inner life; but meeting should be only the beginning, the regular to-be-counted-on time of the week for review, retrospect, and introspection. Outside of meeting is all the rest of time.

The great resources of the inner life are seldom consciously used to their full extent. Perhaps none of us could bear the constant re-examination which this might require, the kind of constant indwelling which a true mystic might achieve; but I feel that each of us might use these forces more meaningfully than we do.

I enter into my particular inner world by simply closing my eyes or else in some way shutting out the exterior life, as though I were in meeting. Inside, I see a nothingness which becomes shadow and darkness and in time a dim landscape, a sort of vast valley across whose great width I seem to gaze. My awareness goes beyond the landscape of which I am a feature. I have entered this inner world, but I have not left the other behind. What went on in that other world becomes subject for musing, for recall, for anticipation.

There seems to be a purposefulness to the procedure. Feelings of sorrow or of disappointment need to be assuaged, anger needs to be relieved, a knotty problem solved. Jubilation needs tempering; sometimes misgivings overcome it.

The concerns of my inner world seem nearly infinite. Grist for my mill is an endless stream of grains, each kernel an incident.

Within me are anxiety and fear, dread and trembling. Some call our time “the age of anxiety.” They draw a picture of a man with face distorted by his inner dread and his worry that he may not rank up where he would like to be or where his cultivated self-esteem takes him.

What is there about my profession, business, family, or way of life that requisitions worry? Is it security? What is secure? What is permanent, is solid and substantial?

Is everything as transitory as I fear? Is there no lasting worth? Is not this life of family, friends, and career all I should want? If it is not, then who am I?

They say that those who can endure anxiety best will live through, will survive as though the mere act of surviving were all that is required of any living thing. Has the feat of surviving become the measure of immortality?

Survive for what?

When I stop to think about me, I feel small, frail, weak, and immature, hardly suited for the struggle for survival. I am ephemeral, a mere colony of transient cells, here today, perhaps not tomorrow.

I’d like to be immortal, literally: walk the eons, ride a rocket to the moon and beyond; live everywhere and for all time; savor space, taste time; enjoy it all; live every moment with gusto, gladness, glee.

Anxiety is not easily dismissed; it is real. A mood must be kept from wearing thin by a constant re-examination which this might require, the kind of constant indwelling which a true mystic might achieve; but I feel that each of us might use these forces more meaningfully than we do.

Anxiety is very real and necessary, for, without some apprehension of my plight, how would I be moved to action against my devils and the imps of circumstance?

Anxiety is not easily dismissed; it is real. A mood must work its way clear through, be lived with, disclosed, dealt with, and disposed of. Within the mind is means to take a set of circumstances and make them serve, seek a way and find it, light a candle instead of cursing darkness.

We have within us abilities unduplicated yet by any electronic devices: transistors by the billions and circuitry beyond our understanding, neatly packaged in a bony box. We can call on ourselves and on the indelible recorded

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Charles F. Wright is a staff member of the Welfare Council of Metropolitan Chicago, engaged in community organization and social planning. A member of Twin Cities (Minn.) Meeting who currently attends Lake Forest (Ill.) Meeting, he is a member of the executive committee of Friends General Conference. This article is excerpted from a talk at Illinois Yearly Meeting in August.
work of many minds more able than our own to find the answers for enigmas.

I am made of contradictions. I have a problem with myself. My life against my death within me produces strange results: doubt and delusion, fear and trepidation. I desire confidence and a bold attack upon my foes, a will to do and a determination to succeed.

I know that fear gives way to full exposure to the light. I have not only fear but faith, dogged and man-stubborn, determined to go on, insisting to be heard, taming my wildness, tying me together. If I fear death, there is nothing strange about it. It is a natural condition.

Ignorant as I am, and little able to perceive what is truly true, is it in fact possible that truth is available to me? I despair of tuning myself so accurately and well that I can receive those messages from beyond; I do not know the code.

If my values are false, where shall I get good ones? I want true substance, not the false, and would abjure those substitutes of greed and pride, ambition, status, and their kind. I want to leave the rat race, get out of the salt mine, get off the treadmill, forfeit the career.

There is no pat answer, I suppose. Many have tried a variety of ways: withdrawal from the world, saintly detachment, denial of the problem, evasion, acceptance of mediocrity, abandon, hypocrisy, belligerence, crime.

Somehow there must be answers; otherwise, why live? Without some meaning, what’s the point?

These questions have been queried by Quakers many times. I think of Pennsylvania and New Bedford and other places and what affluence did to those good Friends, so that some left plain ways and a careful regard for mediocrity, abandon, hypocrisy, belligerence, crime.

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same system. Several systems were devised before Fox's time and written up in published manuals. (One entitled Short Writing, published in 1678, was devised by a Quaker schoolmaster at Bristol named Laurence Steel.)

I write now to report that an English Friend, while sojourning in Ethiopia, by concentrating on samples of this sort of Quaker writing, has deciphered several pieces, including the one I mentioned in 1943, and has allowed me to quote the result.

You that be observing the day and days called Christmas, with your fooling, with your cards, with your Yule games, with your disguisings, with your feastings and abundance of idleness and destroying of the creatures and abundance of pleasures and abundance of fulness, with your harps and viols, and your fiddles and music, see if these be not fruits of Sodom and Comorrah and Egypt that crucified Christ spiritually. For [those] who live in pleasures kill the just and live rottenly upon earth, and in pleasures are dead while they live, and glutonness and drunkeness. Woe is the end of them, woe is the portion of such! And you that do observe Christmas day and days with your cards with your pleasures with your Yule games and merriments and disguisings and gamings, see whether Christ be in your thoughts and in your mouths when you are in your exercises. To the light in your conscience I speak, etc.

I have quoted only seven lines of the manuscript—less than a third of the piece, which, when transcribed, seems much longer than in cipher. In any case, it has the frequent repetitiousness and biblical echoes characteristic of Fox. It is at least nice to know that what for so many years has roused my curiosity can be solved.

I had supposed that shorthand was used, as in some other seventeenth-century manuscripts, to hide the delicate and indiscreet, but, to my disappointment, no instance so far deciphered confirms that idea. It would perhaps be unlike the early Quakers to conceal. Rather the shorthand appears to be used where the space for writing is cramped, a , as in a margin, or where the copyist finds it less tedious to write so than in longhand.

Elsewhere, also, Fox frequently condemns Christmas observance, usually as associated with Catholic and papal degeneracy—emphasizing “mass” rather than “Christ” in the name. This was the view of many Puritans. Shortly after the Anglican and royal restoration of 1660 we have from Fox a denunciation of the priests and people who in former days had denounced Christmas and holy days as set up by the Pope but who now set up what they had formerly denied.

The reasons against Christmas offered by Fox are perhaps not so urgent in our times. I find later Friends mention the day without approval or disapproval (as lately I read of William Dilwyn at Charleston, South Carolina, at Christmas, 1772). Frivolity and waste (destroying the creatures) there still are. There is also now commercial exploitation, especially in an affluent society. Perhaps this is another of the early Quaker concerns where the negative aspect is becoming based on a different reason and is being supplemented by a more inclusive and conscientious positive expression.

**NOW AND THEN**

**Joseph's Acknowledged Son**

**By Sam Bradley**

After dark racking pain, light's soft increase: to Joseph's kiss, the wan-faced girl awakes. His bride . . . Still gently smiling, now, she takes the doubted one (and hears his fretting cease).

Mary . . . the tenderness, the shining fleece, the innocence . . . She dreams that suffering makes claim on God's Self! But Joseph, sleepless, quakes with dread of princes. (Where will we find peace?)


For love, what price? Swords bargain. Can they spare a herald cradle placed too near a cross?

Too many foundlings, Caesar's! Scornfully the count's begun . . . Whose child? Come forth. Declare!

**Him**

**By Glenn Thomas**

Glenn Thomas, aged eleven, is an associate member of the Friends Meeting of Louisville, Kentucky

A babe lay in a stable
As the animals stood near,
A star shone brightly overhead,
But there was nought to fear.

Mary was there
With the babe and everything so still.
Joseph had to go to get some food
Up and over the hill.

Everyone under the spell—
The cow quit munching the hay,
The sheep quit ringing his bell.
This was the Savior where he lay.

Christ gave his life for us,
Now on the cross he hung.
Not shouting contempt nor cursing those few,
He said, "Forgive them. They know not what they do."
The Meaning of Membership
By THOMAS R. BODINE

For the first eighty-five years of Quaker history there was no such thing as formal membership. In those days no one ever applied for membership, was accepted into membership, or resigned. George Fox and William Penn and their contemporaries were not officially members of any Meeting of Friends. There were no formal membership lists until 1737. Friends did not need membership lists. Both within and without the Society, their status was unmistakable. A person was known as a Quaker, he attended meetings and was prepared to suffer for his beliefs. The persecution of Friends was so severe that there was not much to induce a man to associate with the Society unless he really belonged there. In the words of Thomas Howgill: "The Kingdom of God did gather us all and catch us as in a net." Friends who felt that way about their Society had no need for formal membership!

But, even from the earliest times, the Society felt it had to protect its reputation by disowning people who were a disgrace to Friends. The offenders might be regular in attendance, they might be ready to suffer for their beliefs, they might believe themselves to be Friends, they might even have thought that the Kingdom of God had caught them as in a net, but if they were considered by early Friends to be unbalanced in some expression of their religious enthusiasm, Friends would say, "He is not one of us. We disown him."

Although the early Friends had no membership lists and no procedure for admitting persons to membership, they were meticulous about recording births, marriages, and deaths. They had to be. In those days the Established Church attended to such matters, and Friends were outside the Established Church.

It was in 1737 that Friends first began to keep lists of members and to record children as birthright members. It was at about the same time that the first Discipline, as we know that term, was written, presumably to establish a sort of basis of membership.

In New England we have been struggling to write a new Discipline that would be acceptable to the many different kinds of Friends who belong to our Yearly Meeting without being so watered down as not to describe what Quakerism is all about. How shall we describe our religious experience? Who should be taken into membership? What shall we require of an applicant for membership?

In describing our religious experience, we should use words which liberate rather than words which imprison the spirit. Jesus said "I am the Way." He did not say "I am the End of the Road." We say to the applicant for membership: "We expect you to have a belief, but we don't require that you accept a particular statement of belief. You need not have formulated a full theology, and you need not subscribe to a particular theology, but you must be sincerely seeking truth. We expect you to be a humble learner in the school of Christ. You must study, you must be trying to formulate your beliefs, but you need not be perfect, you need not have arrived at truth; all we ask is that you be trying to learn and that you be sincere."

We are or we ought to be a sustaining community whose membership is open to all who will seek the truth with openness and integrity and a willingness to experience whatever reality brings us. Our Society should be ready to experiment, to discover, to evolve. We say to both new and old members: "The Meeting does not presume to have all answers to life's perplexities, but it helps us to find the answers in the company of those who care."

We believe in continuing revelation. We believe in the possible breakthrough of the God of love into the world of men. We believe that what happened to very ordinary people in the north of England in the seventeenth century can happen again. We believe that each of us and each of our Meetings may from time to time receive fresh incursions of the Holy Spirit.

A belief in continuing revelation does not mean a description of God. We think it is impossible to define God, to describe Him in words. God is real; we know He exists, but He is unknowable. He cannot be described in words; He can only be experienced.

Membership in the Society of Friends commits us to a way of life. Friends talk about the priesthood of all believers. Admission to membership in the Society is something like ordination in other denominations. But, in our view, it is not the bestowal of a gift by the group. It is the recording of a gift already in existence. Membership is simply the recognition of a condition of life that has sprung up in the individual. He was already operating as a Friend; we are merely recording his name.
on our lists. We are merely noting the fact that the applicant has become one of us, that he is a full participant in the life of the Meeting.

Thus we insist that the prospective member attend our meetings for some time and have an appreciation of Friends' form of worship. He must be able to say that for him the meeting for worship is central. He must know something about us. He must be able to say that he believes in God and knows at least a little of what is meant by the word "God."

We welcome anyone who wants to be a follower of Jesus. We welcome everyone, including the sinners and the outcasts. All are welcome. The criteria is intent. The applicant must want to be a follower of Jesus, to seek truth, and to live according to the revelation he receives. But how do we test a person's intent? How do you prove intent? By attending regularly, by trying to understand the testimonies. You have to be there and, ideally, you should be on time. You need not necessarily subscribe to all the testimonies, but you must know something about them and you must be willing to let others witness to them until you yourself are ready for them.

We ask that the new member try to follow the testimonies: about family life, the education of children, simplicity, equality, war and peace. But, above all, we ask for integrity. Do you live a life of integrity? Do you at least try to make your life fit what you say you believe?

Quakers are called to be perfect. A little bit of sinning will not do. More is expected of Quakers than of other folk. A potential Friend discovers what Friends' testimonies are and what their meaning is for the twentieth century by participating in the life of a Meeting. He learns that a Quaker does not stand alone; he is part of a community.

The new member needs to feel a sincere responsibility to the group. Once he joins, he takes on that responsibility. If absent or nonresident, he should communicate occasionally. He must share financially to the extent of his financial ability. If a person does not want to do his share, he should not become a member. He needs to feel in harmony with the community he is joining. He must accept the diversity of Friends, both locally and at the national and world levels. Because membership in a Meeting means membership in a community, the test of membership should be compatibility with that community. Even if he is born into the community, he should, to remain a Friend, feel a desire to fit into the pattern of behavior of that community.

It would look as if we expect a lot from our new members, but actually our tests are not so severe. I once heard of a man who said that he became a Quaker because "you don't have to believe anything, you don't have to do anything, and you don't have to pay anything." This is not our standard of membership. If a person attends meeting regularly, if he knows our faults but also knows what we are trying to achieve, it is time to suggest membership to him unless he has already applied on his own. We expect him to have a belief in God, but we do not require him to accept a particular statement of belief. We accept those whose intentions are good and whose way of life is such that they may be expected to enter into the life of the Meeting. The message we have to communicate, the central purpose of the Society of Friends, is to help people to know Christ, their teacher. With George Fox, we would say that our purpose is to lead men to Christ and leave them there.

In conclusion, let me quote part of the paragraph on the basis of membership adopted by New England Yearly Meeting last June, to be included in our new Discipline or Book of Faith and Practice: "Membership in the Religious Society of Friends, as a part of the Christian fellowship, is both a privilege and a responsibility. Ideally, it is the outward sign of an inner experience of the Living God and of unity with the other members of a living body. It implies a commitment to enter wholeheartedly into the spiritual and corporate activities of the Society and to assume responsibility for both service and support, as way opens. Faith in God and a humble effort to follow the life and teachings of Jesus under the guidance and authority of the Light Within are the bases of our Quaker faith."

For Grace Lowry
(1891-1964)

In the sun-dappled woods of spring
A bank of adder's-tongue
Stretches above the stream.

Among the unfolding fronds of fern
A thousand leaves, trout-speckled,
Are uncrowned. Only there beneath
The elm a single blossom,
Flares saucily upon its slender stalk,
Improbably large and bright,
Yellow as sunlight, gay as a butterfly.

In the black leaf mold of the
Forest floor, the tiny bulbs form slowly;
Each season in the whole wide woods
Only a few trumpets flourish.

Shall I, then, greedy for blossoms,
Curse the barren plants? Or instead
Rejoice, that I have seen one living
Thing, brought to full flowering?
A Quaker Girlhood

By LYDIA CAROLINE CADBURY

Yearly Meeting

"Quaker week," as Philadelphians called the great annual business meeting of Friends at the Fourth and Arch Street meeting house, was always sure to be rainy. This was the favorite joke of the conductors and motorists who witnessed the unexpected number of bonnets on the street when the sessions began each Spring. Rainy it often was, to the sad confusion of the new hats and light gray coats among the young members, but weather never interfered with the contingent from our family, which always went in daily on the eight-thirty-two and laid carefully on the lap, leaving the net cap alone to adorn the female head. Up into the lowest of the three gallery benches, however, there had intruded bonnets of other designs—bonnets Methodist in appearance, of a decided plainness, certainly, but far from the ultra plainness of the sugarscoop. On account of striking spiritual attainments, the owners of these innovations had been promoted to the rank of minister or elder in spite of their headgear, and they were thenceforth eligible to seats in the gallery. They looked a little odd, but not so odd by any means as a solitary hat that resided on the head of the assistant clerk, who was so good an executive that, hat and all, she was placed on the very top gallery next to the clerk.

The headgear of the clerk and her two assistants were distinctly less plain than the sugarscoops that surrounded them, and this was because the spiritual type, such as takes to very plain bonnets, is not a good one for executive offices. Such spiritual persons would be too likely to preach and interrupt the progress of business. The clerks were chosen from the more Martha-like women, with the capacity to recognize spiritual gifts and at the same time to conduct a business meeting. The character of their bonnets reflected exactly the function and personality of the clerks. They were small, neat, businesslike, and black, but they were not sugarscoops.

The very first rows on the floor facing the gallery were even plainer than the lowest gallery seats where sat those Friends whose spiritual stature was advanced but whose dress was lamentably tinged with this world's vanity. In the front rows were the very plain Friends, often from country districts, sprinkled here and there with deaf Friends of all degrees. By the time my mother's bench was reached the type of bonnet very nearly approximated her own. Here bonnets had light gray trimming and they were larger. The typical Quaker shawl was not to be seen as far back as the ninth row; it had given place to substantial gray coats hung across the backs of the seats.

Immediately behind us the real hats began. First on the right side. Her family must have sat there for generations, for all her aunts and cousins might be seen each year scattered about in the near vicinity, and as I grew up I also infallibly selected this bench.

The choice of a family bench was not usually conscious, but was an unconscious adaptation to coloring in the matter of bonnets. It was really the degree of plainness of the bonnet that decided where the head of the family should sit. The front gallery was full of sugarscoops, though in very hot weather these were removed and laid carefully on the lap, but not so odd by any means as a solitary hat that resided on the head of the assistant clerk, who was so good an executive that, hat and all, she was placed on the very top gallery next to the clerk.

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Immediately behind us the real hats began. First
there were very plain felt hats; then came dark velour hats with little or no trimmings. Soon hats were springing everywhere, with all varieties of ribbon on them. The really gay ones were seen in the rear gallery, where every style and color were in evidence.

"Why is thee sitting so far back here?" A Friend asks a solid member whom she has found hidden in the rear gallery.

"My new hat this year is so gay," she replies, "that I really felt ashamed to go up to my usual seat."

Little girls who, like me, sat with their mothers in the bonnet section were very conspicuous. My mother was more interested than I was that I should have a hat suitable for Yearly Meeting, and "suitable" meant reasonably dark and simple. As I took it off immediately upon sitting down the matter was really of little importance. The sessions were very long and some of the speeches inaudible. Frequently some Friend preached on the care of young people and exhorted parents to keep their children from "pernicious reading" (the term was almost a technical name for novels); and here my mother gave me a gentle push with her elbow; or to dress them in modest and suitable apparel. My mother then gazed reproachfully at whatever I might have on that she disapproved of.

When I grew a little older I was taken in to more and more sessions, and by the time I was fourteen, perhaps, enjoyed the entire week, with its three-hour session every day. With my family I too traveled in on Monday morning for the solemn opening session, settling down upon our bench and waiting in silence as the great room filled. Into the three facing galleries in front came the ministers and elders one by one, sitting in a magical order of precedence of which one hardly knew the origin.

Familiar faces looked down from their usual seats as they waited for the meeting to gather. The clerk and her two assistants sat in immovable devotion before their desks in the top gallery. Bench after bench filled up back to the far depths of the long, white-painted meeting room, and the upstairs galleries running along the back and sides were bright and gay with young people.

Shortly after ten, at a signal from the clerk, the appointed doorkeepers simultaneously closed the five entrances. The street noises and the passing of feet died away. The clerk arose to read the "opening minute." The clerk sat down and a solemn hush prevailed. For twenty minutes the meeting engaged in worship. When the sensitive clerk felt that Friends' minds were now prepared for business, she rose again, to say, "The doors will now be opened."

A large crowd of belated women surged in at every entrance and filtered down among the benches. When all was again quiet the clerk arose to announce the first business of the Yearly Meeting.

In regular order we considered the minutes of the Representative Meeting, the "Queries" into the state of the meeting, the list of deceased ministers and elders, the reports of our Indian and colored schools, the peace report, and a multitude of other matters, extending through five long sessions.

As the women deliberated in their room, the men in theirs followed precisely the same routine of business. Originally the women's meeting was separated from the men's to give the women greater freedom and independence, but that object was now lost. We often felt that we were only a rubber stamp to the men's decisions. If they disapproved of a concern it was a foregone conclusion that the women would record a similar decision, even though a few spirited leaders spoke to the contrary. This was one of the reasons why the two meetings eventually joined in one. In these joint affairs the women, although rather overshadowed by the men and more timid about speaking, really had a more independent authority.
in the pause that followed various Friends arose in different parts of the room and approved of the concern. "I unite with the concern of our Friend." "I should be very glad to have our Friend" (the masculine pronoun was avoided). "It seems to me a very suitable time to receive such a visit."

When the expressions of unity had died down the two men departed, hats still on their heads. In a very short time the man Friend with the concern appeared, accompanied by another as support and chaperon. They sat down in the seats just vacated by the ambassadors and engaged in solemn devotion. Then the Friend arose to preach.

It often seemed to me as if the message he brought was not at all commensurate with the time and ritual of preparation. However, I was immensely entertained by it all, though I hoped the sermon would be short.

There were many mitigations to the long sessions that a little girl appreciated, and chief among these was the twenty-cent dinner that was served upstairs. The more fastidious of the meeting went away to Strawbridge and Clothier's or to other restaurants, but I was never one to leave the sociable, suffocating jam that slowly mounted the steps to the dining room and was admitted one by one as fast as earlier Friends had left. I had a vast acquaintance and knew a very large number of the thousand or more who came to Yearly Meeting, and it mattered little at what table I sat, for acquaintances were everywhere. I ate cold ham and cold beef with relish, pickles, cheese, cocoa, peas, and canned peaches. The peaches so invariably accompanied our dinner that we all called them "Yearly Meeting peaches." Then we passed out, depositing twenty cents at the door.

Very often I was asked, along with many other Westtown girls, to serve as waitress. This was even jollier than eating as a guest. The waitresses who were attending the regular sessions were requested by the clerk, when the proper time came, to retire to the dining room, and a pause was allowed for us to make our retreat. We had early dinner and were thus fortified to wait on the hungry rush of meeting-goers. Bringing cocoa or tea and replenishing empty serving dishes were our chief occupations. We engineered our families and friends to our tables, and when the last diner was done we cleared off and rushed down to the two o'clock session or to the lecture at the Twelfth Street meeting house.

The waitresses were each paid three dollars and a quarter could buy a wealth of twenty-five cent books.

One of the delightful elements of Yearly Meeting week was the free run it gave me of the city between sessions and in the evenings. Very often there was a four o'clock lecture, followed by a free supper and an evening lecture. All the afternoon and evening affairs were held at the other meeting house at Twelfth and Market Streets, eight blocks away. The city was so crowded with Friends that I could not board a trolley without encountering a bonnet. Bystanders were curious and amused and pointed us out to each other. "Quaker week," they said. Parties of girls sauntered gaily up to the Twelfth Street meeting for the four o'clock lecture and reluctantly left off chattering as the speaker began.

The topics were such Quaker interests as temperance, Negroes, Indians, education, or peace. Peace night, which was Thursday, became such a monumental affair that the smaller house at Twelfth Street was overcrowded and the lecture was held in the Arch Street house. A free supper was handed about on plates, but although it was much more elegant (usually creamed veal or croquettes, and ice cream) I always liked our twenty-cent dinners better, with their cold meats and "Yearly Meeting peaches."

Very often I stayed in town for the night with some relative or friend and was saved the dreary journey out to Westtown on the nine o'clock local. Then I could sit out the meeting to the close and travel by subway or train to some interesting house where I was put immediately to bed. Nearly all the Quaker residents in Philadelphia were overflowing with "Yearly Meeting visitors."

My parents, along with many older Friends, were too exhausted by the business sessions to stay in for the free supper and the evening lectures. They traveled home to rest. Great were our discussions and arguments over Yearly Meeting activities. When it was all over a brother could say, in view of the press of business and the great number of persons trying to get a hearing, "This year I was favored to keep silent." I always wished, however, that he had not been so considerate, for I was sure his utterance would have been more valuable than many who had felt no compunction. My mother never said a word in meeting, but I had many strong-minded relatives who "spoke to business" and many of the more spiritual type who preached and prayed.

Yearly Meeting was the greatest time in the year to find out who had developed in the intervening months new gifts in the ministry, or perchance to work off a "concern" which might have been coming to a head for a long time. For little girls I fear it was largely considered as an opportunity to wear new clothes, to visit friends, and to escape from the oversight of home. It did, however, give even children a survey of the Society of
Friends which attendance at their little scattered meetings could never accomplish. It encouraged in us a feeling of solidarity and loyalty even without our knowing it, and when we were grown we found ourselves treading in the paths of our fathers, sometimes to our own surprise.

Why?
By Richard H. Farquhar

I put the finishing touches to a countryman's monument to autumn. It stood twelve feet high and ten feet wide at the base. It was the accumulation of a gardener's year: shrubbery prunings, fallen limbs, etc. Examining proudly the result of my labors, I said to a seven-year-old friend beside me: "At four o'clock we can burn it."

"Not until four? Why?"
"Because it is unlawful to burn before four p.m."
"Why?"
"Oh, somebody told me that."
"Who?"
"I think it was my neighbor."
"Who told him?"
"The local firemen, I guess, or maybe he read it in the paper."
"Who made the law?"
"Oh, the government, or the Supreme Court, or . . ."
"Why?"
"Well, because . . . it's the law. That's all I know."
"Why?"

With the peremptory disdain of the tired adult when the going gets rough, I created the diversion necessary to bring to an end this alarming sequence.

Twenty-four hours later I perceived that the word "why" was not born in idleness but was a spontaneous reaction integral to a live young human being. Answering irritating questions is the office of educators who are expected to turn out products so sated with knowledge that further inquisitiveness becomes impolite. Adult seekers who retain this exasperating quality are the ones who enlighten our world with their discoveries, material and spiritual.

At a time of year when the final harvests of nature so eloquently forebode the cruel sleep of winter, I wonder at the tiny, explosive three-letter word, for God surely put it here; is he wrathful and particular, or benevolent and compassionate, or what? And why cannot people get along together? Why do I have more than somebody else? Why is nature bountiful and unkind? Why am I living? Why? . . .

Richard H. Farquhar, a member of Sandy Spring (Md.) Meeting, is postmaster of Ashton, Maryland.

“Look What My Parents Gave Me!”

A new plan in Christmas giving was inaugurated last year by the Friends Neighborhood Guild, a long-established, Quaker-sponsored settlement house in Philadelphia. It seems to be worth reporting for the possible use of similar organizations elsewhere.

"For some time," writes Francis Bosworth, the Guild's executive director, "we have been examining our program and asking if our efforts were weakening or strengthening family life, the relationship between our parents and their children. We have tried to work with the parents of delinquent youth, the parents of school drop-outs, and now we asked ourselves if our Christmas giving could not make its contribution to this basic purpose of the settlement.

"We sent letters to 118 of our families explaining our plan. Their children would get no Christmas gift from the Guild this year, but on one day between 10 in the morning and 8:30 at night mothers were invited to come and pick out one gift for each of their children to be given to them in their home on Christmas morning. We turned our third floor into a small, attractive 'department store' with new clothing, bright mittens and socks, dolls, games, and all the treasures of a child.

"As the mothers came, they were met by the staff and given coffee. They were told of the family workshop and party, where each could make a wreath for her door and little Christmas ornaments for the home. Then, in groups of four, five, or six, they went up to 'the store,' where another staff person 'waited on them.' That day 92 mothers selected 337 gifts for their children, and we have never known our mothers to be so grateful nor so unable to express their gratitude. But we knew. Possibly the most heartening of all were the two mothers who came to thank us and tell us they had money enough to buy their presents this year and asked us to give their share to somebody else.

"When Christmas was over, we knew we had given one new gift to all of our members: we had used Christmas to make our mothers and fathers more important in their children's eyes. In the holiday parties after Christmas, we did not hear: 'The Guild gave me ---,' but rather, 'My parents gave me ---.' It will be the same next year."

Our task appears to be the closing of gaps: between past and present; between what we profess and what we actually believe and practice; between the sacred and the secular. This may mean that the sacred will become more secular in order that the secular may again become sacred.

—Epistle of London Yearly Meeting, 1964
New Jersey Friends Center Opens

QUAKER House at 33 Remsen Avenue, New Brunswick, New Jersey, is now officially established. Its inauguration came in two stages: first, an informal opening on November 22, with meeting for worship, First-day School, and lunch, "punctuated," according to Miriam Brush, secretary of the New Jersey Friends Center Committee, "by trips to all parts of the house for extra chairs—a good omen"; and second (following meetings for worship and other activities in intervening weeks) an open house on the afternoon of Sunday, December 13.

This new Quaker House is the result of a concern for extended outreach to students and faculty members at Rutgers, New Jersey's state university, on the part of the New Jersey Friends Center Committee, which is made up of representatives of all New Jersey's Quarterly and Half-Yearly Meetings in Philadelphia and New York Yearly Meetings. It is hoped that the Center will make it possible for Friends not only to interpret their principles and practices to the university community and to provide a spiritual home at Rutgers for Friends and friends of the Friends, but also (since this is an interracial neighborhood) to demonstrate a constructive interest in interracial and international living.

New Brunswick Meeting is renting Quaker House's public rooms for its meetings for worship and business and its First-day School activities, while other rooms will be rented to graduate women students of diverse nationalities as living quarters, with the hope that income from rentals may offset the costs of owning and operating the building. If present plans mature, there will also be, in time, an eating cooperative open to male graduate students as well.

The Friends Center Committee is anxious to have Quaker House's facilities used for a wide variety of Quaker activities, such as meetings of the New Jersey Committee on Social Order, American Friends Service Committee regional programs, and Friends' high-school groups.

Changes Brewing in Philadelphia

FRIENDS in the Philadelphia area are confronted by problems posed by what is commonly called progress. City plans for the redevelopment of central Philadelphia stipulate the widening of Fifteenth Street—a process that, lamentably, will involve the demolition of the building now housing the national and Middle Atlantic offices of the American Friends Service Committee at Fifteenth and Race Streets and also of the former Whittier Hotel at Fifteenth and Cherry Streets constructed over half a century ago by the Philadelphia Young Friends Association and now occupied by International House. Activated by this prospect, the Committee on the Use of Friends Properties in Central Philadelphia recently authorized publication of a brochure outlining possibilities for the rebuilding of the "Quaker Quadrangle" along Fifteenth Street from Race to Cherry. This brochure, prepared by an architectural firm, envisions not only the construction of a new office building abutting the widened street to house nearly all the Quaker offices in the city, including those of the AFSC, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, Friends General Conference, Friends World Committee, Friends Journal, etc., but also the demolition of the Race and Cherry Street Meeting Houses, built in 1856, and their replacement by a new and much smaller meeting house which, the architects feel, would be more suitable for contemporary purposes.

It is hardly surprising that there are many Friends who are deeply disturbed at the possibility of the destruction of these famous old meeting houses, and that "save-the-meeting-house" groups are springing into action. There can be little doubt that before the architects' proposals can be accepted in their entirety they will be subjected to long and careful study and discussion. The FRIENDS JOURNAL will be glad to publish (within limits) letters commenting on these proposed changes.

Would you care to give the Journal a Christmas present by joining Friends Journal Associates? (See p. 570.)
A Different Road in Vietnam

The United States government is not in Vietnam because it is dependent on the freedom and independence of the Vietnamese people. It has supported a succession of ruthless and tyrannical regimes. It has supported the refusal of the Diem regime to hold free elections, even though this refusal defied the Geneva agreement of 1954. It has supported both religious and political persecution and even has helped train the men who carried out such persecution.

The United States is in Vietnam because making that country a battleground appears to be in American power interests. The fact that the Vietnamese have lived on a battleground for over twenty years, with scarce periods of relief, has been largely ignored. Would the American people tolerate a war on US soil year after year, only to be expected to fight still more for the sake of another power?

We are not convinced by the frequent official statements that the United States is there because of the invitation of the Vietnamese government. Vietnamese governments go and go, but the United States remains in Vietnam.

American involvement in Vietnam has been harmful to both the Vietnamese and the American people because it rests on a negative theory of national purpose. We got into Vietnam in the first place because we needed a bastion "against Communism" in Southeast Asia. It would be far better for Americans to be for freedom and democratic values.

Military means in Vietnam have completely overshadowed constructive social and economic improvements. At least three years ago in high circles in the US government some were convinced that the American effort in Vietnam was too negative, too much oriented to military means. Yet this emphasis has not changed. Even as we write this, while the South Vietnamese are trying to evolve a civilian, representative government, some Americans are expressing their impatience because the American effort in Vietnam was too "escalation." Escalation would be tragically shortsighted and self-defeating, for very probably it would lead us, at a minimum, to large-scale conventional war with the Chinese and, at a maximum, to nuclear war. There is no need to spell out the suffering and the loss of democratic values which would result from such a course. The alternative of "more of the same" is futile; it will lead only to defeat for the US both militarily and psychologically and to defeat of the democratic forces within South Vietnam itself.

Editor's Note: A high official of the State Department recently called the National Council of Churches to ask how the churches feel about US involvement in Vietnam, explaining that a knowledge of grassroots feelings would be helpful in the major re-evaluation of the Vietnam situation that was occurring in Washington. A number of peace groups, hearing of this move, are now busily urging "grassroots" sentiment to make itself clearly heard.

Mississippi's Burned Churches

According to a mimeographed Report on Friends Visitations among the Burned Churches of Mississippi, prepared by Ross Flanagan of the Friends Mississippi Project (see FRIENDS JOURNAL, October 1) it is anticipated that at least four or five hundred thousand dollars will be needed to rebuild the known total of thirty-six Negro churches in Mississippi that have been totally or partially destroyed since the beginning of last summer. The report outlines other problems "even more pressing and profound," including that of finding temporary housing for these churches, most of which, having little or no insurance coverage and being faced with a notable lack of hospitality on the part of white congregations, have sought shelter with a desperation that has compelled at least one of them to hold services among the ashes of its former building. Another, whose social hall was burned just as construction of a new church building was about to begin, went ahead as planned, only to learn that the new edifice—built of wood—was unsalvageable. Furthermore, the congregation was deprived of police protection when the apparently well-founded rumor got about that the man who had set the fire was the local deputy sheriff.

On the other hand, encouraging signs have been found in the fact that a few publications of Southern white churches (notably the Baptist Record, the Mississippi Catholic Register, and the Mississippi Methodist Advocate) have forthrightly denounced the burnings and are assisting in raising money for the church rebuilding fund.

Ross Flanagan's report, which concludes with suggestions for "what Friends can do" and "what outsiders can do," may be obtained from the Friends Mississippi Project, 218 East Eighteenth Street, New York 3, N. Y.
Book Reviews


History is a lively discipline. Good historians can disagree about what happened 200 or 2000 years ago; they can also disagree about why it happened and what it meant. William S. Hanna would have us believe that Friends dominated Pennsylvania politics for seventy-five years chiefly to protect their own rights as a religious minority and to prevent any other group from sharing their power. “Preservation of power was the paramount interest of most Quakers,” he writes; “religious principles came second.” Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, he says, was in part a political caucus, in which plans were made for legislative action.

Benjamin Franklin, it seems, though no Friend, was an opportunistic politician who “associated himself . . . with the faults and weaknesses of the Quakers, as well as their advantages.” This association gave him prominence as leader of the Quaker party, but also caused him to be mostly on the wrong side of most major political issues between 1750 and 1766 and even later. Like the Quaker politicians, he concerned himself largely with local issues in the midst of a vast imperial struggle. “He was not a symbolic historical figure but a very human Philadelphian engaged in a passionate, often dirty business that elicited from the combatants more hot temper than cool reason.”

All this may be true. Most Quaker historians (such as the present reviewer, who, says William Hanna, holds high “the torch of Quaker idealism”) have given us a different story. But Hanna cites much unimpeachable evidence from the best historical sources for his view, which is less than complimentary to both Franklin and the eighteenth-century Friends. Probably the truth lies somewhere between these two divergent accounts. There are some points in Mr. Hanna’s book on which I should like further evidence; for example, his often-repeated statement that Friends, who had withdrawn from the government in 1756 at the outbreak of the French and Indian War, came back after the war, either by serving in the Assembly or by nominating non-Quakers who would serve. Nevertheless, his scholarly book is a sobering reminder to us that, even for idealists, politics is a game in which one often compromises with principle in order to win a point.

FREDERICK B. TOLLES

THE TROUBLE WITH BEING A MAMA. By Eva Rutland. Abingdon Press, Nashville, Tenn., 1964. 143 pages. $2.95

“The trouble with being a mama is, you worry too much.” This is the theme Eva Rutland carries through her charming account of the ups and downs of raising four children. What is special about the Rutlands? The father is a highly qualified, sought-after program engineer. Attracted to suburban living, the parents share the concerns for superior education, community organizations, etc., that characterize the middle-class way of life. They are Negroes. The mother weaves many strands into this personal account, adding her own light touch to the familiar home-front situation. She includes the many encounters with insidious forms of racial discrimination and her efforts to shield her children from the hurts. It’s “easy” to live integration in a white suburb with six-year-olds; when they grow to be teen-agers even the most liberal neighbor is confused, ill at ease, and without guidance about interracial dating. And there’s the constant pressure: “A ‘Nigger’ can’t afford to fail!”

How do you live all this in a California suburb? Eva Rutland’s book is part of charting this vast uncharted ocean, with hope and wisdom to spare for all other mamas who worry too much.

CANDIDA PALMER

BIBLE ENCYCLOPEDIA FOR CHILDREN. By Cecil Northcott. Illustrated by Denis Wrigley. Westminster Press, Philadelphia, 1964. 176 pages; 850 entries. $3.95

If I am typical of most mothers, as well as of most First-day School teachers, then there is a great need for a book such as this. We volunteer teachers are frequently untrained and too busy to have as much time to study as we should like. What we need is a course of instant knowledge; since science has not yet provided this, the next best thing is an easy-to-use, appealing Bible reference book. Here we have it!

Cecil Northcott has written the entries with imagination, using both Biblical references and cross references, and thus providing both the information needed at the moment and the impetus to look a little further. The entries, in narrative form and free of any denominational bias, are frequently complete stories. The vividly descriptive illustrations enhance the book greatly.

The Encyclopedia is written for children of all ages and should be of great value in developing in them an appreciation of the Bible as a book to be treasured. It would be a valuable addition to any First-day School or home library.

ALICE W. WADDINGTON


Erica Anderson has done a word portrait of this great man in such a simple and straightforward way that he comes alive in her pages and makes even a person who previously has read but little of the “Grand Docteur” want to read more and to see the film about him which she has prepared. Fifty excellent illustrations add considerably to the book’s charm. The Doctor’s eyes, always affectionately amused when he is with animals, at other times show sadness and a particularly searching insight. A few of the photographs have caught him smiling; in one he is actually laughing. According to the text this is a rare event.

The author, with devoted regard, carries Schweitzer through many months of his hospital work at Lambaréné, then accompanies him through parts of Europe, always stressing his vigorous approach to life—his “reverence” for which is evident throughout the book.

KATHERINE HUNN KARSKER
Friends and Their Friends

The cover sketch, made in North Meeting House, Easton, New York, is the work of John Geoffrey Jones, a member of Easton Meeting, whose sketches of historical buildings and landmarks also illustrate Our Yesterears, a recently published book about his home town, White Creek, New York, where he is the founder and director of an annual art festival. Geoffrey Jones's plans for a career in art do not prevent him from being interested in writing, as well; he contributed an article to FRIENDS JOURNAL of May 15 and is preparing for publication a small book of poetry which he wrote and illustrated.

The colophon and Christmas decoration on page 571 were contributed several years ago by Fritz Eichenberg and Gerard Negelspach, members, respectively, of Scarsdale (N.Y.) and Central Philadelphia Meetings.

The index to the 1964 issues of FRIENDS JOURNAL (Volume 10), is being published separately and will be available early in January for 10 cents a copy from FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia 2.

In the hope of encouraging young people to give constructive thought to the problems of solving international conflict, the Baltimore Life Insurance Company, headed by Henry E. Niles, a member of Baltimore Monthly Meeting (Stony Run) who serves on the American Friends Service Conference's Board of Directors, is sponsoring a contest among high school students for essays of 2000 words or less on the subject, "What Steps Should the United States Take Toward Insuring World Peace?" All students enrolled in public or private high schools in Maryland, Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Jersey, Ohio, Virginia, West Virginia, or the District of Columbia are eligible. Winners of first, second, and third places will receive awards of $2,500, $1,500, and $750, respectively, to be applied toward the costs of their college educations. The contest deadline is February 28, 1965. Further details may be obtained from the company, whose address is simply Baltimore, Maryland.

Media (Pa.) Friends School, which formerly offered only a four-year course of instruction, has added a fifth grade this academic year and hopes to add a sixth in 1965-66.

George Willoughby, a member of Haddonfield (N.J.) Meeting who returned last spring from India, where he was a participant in the Delhi-to-Peking Friendship March, has become director of training development with New York Friends Group, Inc., 218 East Eighteenth Street, New York City, a non-profit organization for the furtherance of Friends' charitable concerns. His new duties will involve the planning of a training program in nonviolent leadership for workers in peace, civil-rights, and other social movements. It is hoped that a center for this program will be open by September, 1965.

Without their own prior knowledge, the FRIENDS JOURNAL and its contributors have just passed through a popularity contest. This was revealed by receipt in the mail of two clippings: tables of contents from recent JOURNALS, with the various titles in these listings bearing such annotations from a contributor as "Good," "Helpful," "A+," "Delightful," "Interesting," "A scoop," "Needed saving," and (alas!) "This is a lot of space for a minor issue."

Perhaps the revelation that scorekeeping of this sort is going on will serve to keep the editors on their toes.

The Social Order Committee of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting is planning two Family Weekend Work Camps, one for January 15-17 and the other for January 22-24. The camps will be held at the YWCA, 1805 Catharine Street, Philadel­phia, starting with supper on Friday at 6:15 and ending at 5 p.m. on Sunday. Parents are invited to bring their children for these ventures in cooperative living and cooperative working, although the announcement suggests that "children under 8 better wait a while." A work camp for adults without children will be held January 8-10. At this a former work camper, Ray Hatcher, who is now Inter­group Relations Officer of the Public Housing Administration, will share his experiences and observations with the campers.

Reservations for any of these three camps should be made as soon as possible with David S. Richie, Friends Social Order Committee, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia 2, who will be glad to furnish further details upon request.

Incidentally, David Richie has been invited to make a speaking tour to Mississippi's Freedom Schools. He plans to leave for Mississippi soon after Christmas.

Two high-school teachers from Moscow, Tamara Sergeyvna Tsareva and Margarita Nikol'evna Dobronravova, are spending two months in the United States as observers and language consultants to schools participating in the American Friends Service Committee's School Affiliation Service, which arranges student exchanges between public and private schools here and abroad. The Russian visitors are attending assemblies, sports events, art programs, and other school affairs, with hospitality arranged by local AFSC committees and host schools. The Service Committee plans to send two American teachers to Russia in 1966 on a reciprocal visit to schools there.

The seventh annual Rufus Jones Lecture, sponsored by the Religious Education Committee of Friends General Conference, will be given on January 29 at 8 p.m. in the Friends Meeting House, 2111 Florida Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C., by Robert L. James, Jr., a member of Concord Meeting (Concordville, Pa.), who is minister to Protestant students and director of the Church World Institute at Temple University, Philadelphia. His topic will be "A Call into the Future."
Hugh Moore, known to Friends and many others all over the country for his many years of devoted work for the American Friends Service Committee, chiefly as a fund-raiser, has now retired from the AFSC staff, but he plans to maintain an informal relationship with the Committee, which he has served for thirty-four years.

The New Letter of Providence Meeting, Media, Pa., reports that their members Phil and Betty Jacob are spending two months in Asia studying influences that cause leaders to make decisions which "integrate" their politically developing societies. They expect to work with Indian collaborators in inaugurating programs at Pooni, New Delhi, and Kanpur. They also hope to stop in Hawaii, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Bangkok, and Cambodia. Phil Jacob is professor of political science at the University of Pennsylvania; Betty is an active member of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

G. Norwood Comly of Moylan, Pennsylvania, an eighth-generation Quaker whose great-great-etc-grandfather came to America in 1682 (the year of Philadelphia's founding), was guest of honor at a luncheon given on his ninetieth birthday on December 1 by his fellow trustees of Central Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, of which he is the invaluable and still very active treasurer.

The Friends Prison Service Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting is sponsoring a program designed to persuade business executives to assist in the orientation of prisoners prior to their being paroled. Volunteers are asked to give short talks at the prisons three or four times a year in order to tell prospective parolees what to expect in the world outside and how to prepare themselves for it. Their talks deal with such topics as getting and keeping jobs, budgeting, labor unions, and the uses of leisure time, but do not necessarily involve any definite promises of employment. Leaders in this program are Arthur W. Clark, executive secretary of the Friends Prison Service Committee, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, and John C. Coombe of Alpha Associates, One East Penn Square Building, Philadelphia, for the business men's group.

UN Television Dramas Scheduled

The "UN We Believe Award," given annually to the American business corporation judged to have made the most significant contribution to fulfilling the objectives of the United Nations, has been presented to the Xerox Corporation of Rochester, New York. The award is based on Xerox's $4,000,000 underwriting of a series of television programs about some of the UN's less familiar activities.

At the award ceremonies Sol M. Linowitz, chairman of the Xerox board, said, "We are somewhat embarrassed to be hailed for having undertaken a project which we regard as so clearly in our own self-interest" because "the field of Xerox is the field of communication, and for people to communicate we must have the kind of world in which people can communi- cate. There would be no future for Xerox in a world devastated by an atomic war." He added that the series of programs for which Xerox is being honored "may well prove to be the biggest bargain in all television history," inasmuch as Xerox benefits from the work of outstanding stars, producers, directors, writers, and composers who contribute their time and talents.

The programs are being developed by the Telsun Foundation, Inc., a nonprofit, tax-free organization. The first of these programs, Rod Serling's "Carol for Another Christmas," is scheduled for televising on the ABC network on Monday evening, December 28, at 9:30 (EST). It is a modern version of Dickens' Christmas Carol, emphasizing the necessity for all men to become involved in today's world. Stars include Peter Fonda, Ben Gazzara, Sterling Hayden, Eva Marie Saint, Peter Sellers, Robert Shaw, and others.

The second program, at 9:30 p.m. on Friday, February 19, is Don Mankiewicz' and Tad Mosel's "Who Has Seen the Wind?" It deals with a family of stateless refugees, forced to spend their lives aboard a tramp freighter because their native country was written out of existence as an aftermath of World War II. Among the featured actors are Maria Schell, Stanley Baker, Edward G. Robinson, Theodore Bikel, Victor Jory, and Gypsy Rose Lee. Other dramatic programs will follow in the spring.

An effort is being made by opponents of the UN to dissuade local stations in the NBC and ABC networks from showing the Xerox-Telsun series. The Quaker United Nations Program suggests that letters of support to local stations and visits to local program executives would be of great help in securing maximum network participation.

Friends Honored for UN Work

At the celebration held in October to mark the twentieth anniversary of the United Nations, two Friends, Esther Holmes Jones and Richard R. Wood, were honored by Philadelphia's Mayor Tate and the World Affairs Council for their twenty years of dedication to the UN's principles.

Richard Wood of Moorestown (N.J.) Meeting, a regular contributor to the Friends Journal, attended the UN's founding conference at San Francisco in 1945 as a representative of the National Peace Conference; since then he has helped to prepare the excellent reports of the Commission to Study the Organization of the Peace, besides doing much other writing in the field of international affairs.

Esther Holmes Jones, who, representing Friends General Conference, was also present at the San Francisco Conference, has just withdrawn as Friends General Conference's accredited observer at the UN—a capacity in which she had served ever since 1945. Throughout these years she has introduced several thousand people to the United Nations and has arranged numerous conferences there for Friends. With her husband, Edward Morris Jones, she has made two round-the-world trips having as an objective the seeing and photographing of UN technical-assistance programs in many countries; her illustrated talks on the work of the UN's specialized agencies are widely known to Friends and others.
Letters to the Editor

Letters are subject to editorial revision if too long. Anonymous communications cannot be accepted.

"A Dissenting View on Ecumenism"

As a member of the Executive Committee of the US Section of the World Council of Churches and chairman of the Committee on Christian Unity of Friends General Conference, I was quite amazed at "A Dissenting View on Ecumenism" as printed in the FRIENDS JOURNAL of November 15. I would like to comment on certain implications which appear to be inherent in the point of view of Messrs. Buchanan and Brown.

I have attended many sessions of the US Section of the WCC and never have found any expressed intention of creating a "superchurch." There has been no thought, at least officially, of organic unity except within a particular "confession." The unity that is sought is the unity of the spirit, so the end that all religious groups bearing the name of Christian shall bring the weight of their love and work to the development of a world more closely patterned after the life and message of Christ. In that world there is still ample room for diversity of belief and practice.

A bulletin of the World Council of Churches recognizes that when it says: "The Churches of the World Council are extremely diverse in forms of organization and worship. They are as different as the Eastern Orthodox, with their elaborate liturgy and priesthood, and the Quakers, with their simple informality. They all increasingly find, however, that the things which they share with one another by reason of their common relation to Christ are of far greater moment than the things which have kept them apart."

In 1961, in the city of Fairbanks, Alaska (population 18,300), we found forty-three different Christian denominations listed on the hotel's church bulletin board. Fractionation of that type becomes increasingly divisive and destructive. One doubts if that is the way of Christ.

Chatham, N. J. 

ROBERT SCHULTZ

What Is Our Answer to Seekers?

We live in a land of deeply troubled persons, troubled because of problems not only physical and mental, but spiritual as well. One way I have discovered this is through being the contact person in the phone book for our Mountain View Friends Meeting. Two significant calls in the past six months have raised questions in my mind as to what is the responsibility of our Meeting and of the Society of Friends to these individuals.

Both were from young women who had been searching unceasingly in their hearts for a direct experience of God which they had not found in their own churches. One, who had been graduated from a seminary in the south and had married a preacher, had spent long periods in prayer and fasting and in seeking the answer. Both, seemingly by chance, had gotten hold of The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life by Hannah Whitall Smith (1832-1911), and from prayerful study of it they had received what they called a new birth. (One called it "the baptism of the Holy Spirit." ) Their lives had been completely changed; peace and happiness flooded their souls. Both now had the soul hunger to associate with groups who had experienced this direct communion with God.

Logical reasoning led them to search out Friends in this city. One had already made contact with a programmed Meeting, but did not find there the hoped-for fellowship. One asked to come and talk to me. We talked for two hours. It was a disillusioning experience for her to discover that we did not often have vocal prayers in meeting and that our theological beliefs were quite different from those of George Fox or Robert Barclay, whose writings she had read extensively. Toward the close of our communication she said, in seeming desperation: "But aren't there any Friends' groups today that meet to receive the guidance and outpouring of the Christ Spirit, as did the early Quakers who sometimes quaked?"

How would you answer that? Would these seekers feel at home in your Meeting?

Denver, Colo.

MILDRED E. MOWE

Children in Meeting

I concur heartily with every word of Helena M. Shewell's "Children in Meeting" in the November 1 issue of the FRIENDS JOURNAL. If families eat together, work together, and play together it seems only natural and right—in fact it is particularly appropriate—that they should worship together.

Our meetings are enriched by the presence of our children, even when they wiggle. A great many of them comprehend much more than they are given credit for.

Learning to listen and to sit still for an hour cannot harm them. It may teach them a control that will be helpful in their adult lives.

Westtown, Pa.

KATHERINE HUNN KARBNER

BIRTH

POTTER—On November 6, to David and Marcia Potter of Kennett Square, Pa., a son, STEPHEN MARSHALL POTTER. The mother and paternal grandparents, Wilmer and Martha Hannum, are members of Kennett Meeting. The father is a member of Gwynedd (Pa.) Meeting.

MARRIAGE

PASCHKIS-PENNEY—On November 29, in the Fifteenth Street Meeting House, New York City, MARJORIE PENNEY of Fellowship House, Philadelphia, and VICTOR PASCHKIS, a member of Morning-side Heights Preparative Meeting, New York City.

DEATHS

BROOKS—On July 14, at Bel Pre Home, Silver Spring, Md., MARY BRIGGS BROOKS, in her 89th year. A birthright member of Sandy Spring Meeting, she is survived by a niece, Mary Farquhar Green of Kings Mountain, N. C.

HARRY—On October 10, suddenly, in Christiana, Pa., MARGARET WALTER HARRY, wife of the late Thaddeus B. Harry. A member of Sadbury (Pa.) Meeting, she is survived by two sons, Thaddeus B., Jr., of Swarthmore, Pa., and David Walter, of Media, Pa.; three brothers, Robert B., J. Gharles, and George Walter; a sister, Jean W. Thayer; and four grandchildren.

HARRY—On September 26, after a long illness, THADDEUS BIRCH HARRY, aged 71, recorder of Sadbury (Pa.) Meeting. He was survived (until her death on October 10) by his wife, Margaret Walter, and by two sons and their children (see above notice for Margaret Walter Harry).
Grace Bacon Lowry

Grace Bacon Lowry, for many years associated with the work of the American Friends Service Committee, died at her home in Washington, D.C., on November 24, after a long illness. She was 73 years old.

With her husband, Alfred Lowry, Jr., Grace Lowry was director of the Paris Center of the American Friends Service Committee from 1923 to 1931. After the death of her husband in 1935 she returned to work for the Service Committee, directing the International Student House in Washington until 1943. During World War II she took a year’s leave of absence from this job to do relief work for the AFSC among Spanish and Central European refugees in Montauban, France. For nine years, from 1943 to 1952, she served as manager of Davis House, a center for international hospitality maintained by the Service Committee in Washington. A lifelong traveler, she conducted several groups of students to Europe for the AFSC during this period. In 1952 she went overseas to work for the AFSC in the Paris, Calcutta, and Delhi Centers.

Grace Lowry lived at Haddonfield Friends School, Westtown School (her alma mater), and Moorestown Friends School. For many years she was clerk of the Friends Meeting of Washington, and at two periods had served as resident hostess at Pendle Hill.

She is survived by two brothers, Francis R. Bacon of Lansdowne, Pennsylvania, and George Bacon of Haddonfield, New Jersey; two sons, Alfred Lowry, III, and Peter Lowry of New York City; and two daughters, Marjorie Cope of Moorestown, New Jersey, and Elizabeth Brache of Washington, D.C.

Coming Events

(Deadline for calendar items: fifteen days before date of publication.)

DECEMBER

19—Fifth Annual Nazareth-to-Bethlehem (Pa.) Peace Pilgrimage, sponsored by Lehigh Valley Meeting, Bethlehem. The ten-mile walk starts at 12 noon at Nazareth. Cars provided for those unable to finish on foot. All are invited. For details, write Cynthia G. Ruckle, 634 Fiol Ave., Bethlehem; phone Bethlehem 865-2046.

29-January 1—Midwinter Institute at Pendle Hill, from 6 p.m. to 9 p.m., Tuesday, through 12:30 dinner, Friday. Theme: “The Quaker Message for Today.” Evening lectures, 8 p.m., open to the public at no charge: Howard H. Brinton, December 29; Douglas Neice, December 30; Chris Downing, December 31. Morning and afternoon discussion groups for Institute participants only. Room and board for full period: $17.25. Send reservations to Midwinter Institute, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pa.

JANUARY

3—Frankford Friends Forum, Unity and Waln Streets, Philadelphia, 3 p.m. Debate, “Medical Care for the Aged under Social Security.” In favor: Ira Leo Schamberg, M.D., assistant professor of dermatology, University of Pennsylvania. Opposed: Paul S. Friedman, M.D., president, Philadelphia County Medical Society, 1902. Moderator: W. Park Woodrow, administrative manager, AF-CIO Hospital, Philadelphia. Social hour with tea follows meeting.

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NOTE: This is not a complete Meeting directory. Some Meetings advertise in each issue of the Journal and others at less frequent intervals, while some do not advertise at all.
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