RELIGION is not ours till we live by it, till it is the religion of our thoughts, words, and actions, till it goes with us into every place, sits uppermost on every occasion, and forms and governs our hopes and fears, our cares and pleasures.

—William Law
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The Past Speaks
The wind ruffled the tall grass,
shortly here and there
the low gravemarkers
within the old stone walls
beside the meeting house.
We walked softly among them,
meditating on the names
of those who had gone.
They had builded this old meeting
now "laid down."
We turned the huge key
in the ancient lock;
the door creaked open.
Light went before us
into the darkness
of the old meeting house;
the calm and the beauty of it
hushed our voices.
The potbellied stove
spoke elegantly of the comforts
or discomforts of other centuries
when this place was the center
of the life of the community.
We accepted the hushed silence
with that soft diffused light
in our midst.
The apparently empty benches
were surely bearing witness
to the spiritual depth
that had once come forth
from the generations that knew
and loved to gather in this place,
now hallowed by their worship
 together here.
Slowly the words arose;
we found ourselves plumbing depth
we scarcely realized,
sharing thoughts
never before put into words
for human ears to hear;
silences were rich
and prolonged.
Eventually we went out
from the living silence
of the old meeting house,
so filled with its own light
in the darkness,
into the warm golden sunshine
of almost another world.
In our hearts life and light
held a new meaning.

—ESTHER M. BURKHOLDER in The Friendly Round Robin
Editorial Comments

Cat or Skunk?

"THROUGH you I've learned to think of others," said a Latin American recently, by way of gratitude and farewell, to a young Friend from the United States who was leaving his country after a volunteer service assignment there under the American Friends Service Committee's VISA program. "Before you came I thought only of myself and my family."

To the volunteer these words were the sweetest of music, he tells us, for when he had arrived at his station only two years before he had found himself looked upon with profound suspicion because he hailed from the United States, for which his Latin American hosts felt profound distrust. And why did they distrust us so much? (Remember that his arrival had been almost two years before the euphemism "credibility gap" became the polite way of heralding the shocking discovery that high officials of our country do not always tell the truth.) Such episodes as that at the Bay of Pigs doubtless had something to do with it, of course, but chiefly it was due, probably, to the fact that the United States has grown so excessively powerful as to be for other nations an object of dark suspicion, as seems inevitably the case when a nation becomes too cocksure and too dominant.

We see it happening now with monotonous regularity in Vietnam. The more bombs we rain and the more bristlingly powerful we show ourselves, the more we drive into the arms of those we call our enemies hordes of people who might have learned to look upon us with love and gratitude instead of with suspicion if we had but approached them (as our young VISA volunteer approached those with whom he worked in Latin America) with basketballs instead of bombs, woodcarving tools instead of bayonets, garden seeds instead of napalm.

So many, many times has it been seen to happen, this spawning of hate through methods of violence and the transformation of hatred into friendship through methods of love, that it is hard to understand why the phenomenon's rationale never seems to dawn upon the military mind. Perhaps it is related to the problem of cats and skunks propounded a few weeks ago by Susanne Fried in the Bucks County Gazette, a small-town weekly paper published at New Hope, Pennsylvania.

"When I was a child," she writes, "I used to be concerned over finding dead animals in the road. As the car in which I was riding approached a small form on the roadside I would strain to see what it was: cat or skunk? My horror on recognizing a cat caused almost a physical sickness to sweep over me, but if it was a skunk I would breathe a sigh of relief.

"Why my indifference on finding a dead skunk in contrast to the revulsion at seeing a dead cat? . . . It was because I had never personally known a skunk . . . I had long been familiar with cats . . . True, all of the dead cats were strangers to me, . . . but my close contact with a number of well-loved cats led me to view all dead cats with sick anguish, while the skunks—equally worthy of living for reasons known only to themselves—went unmourned . . . .

"The U.S. is now at war with a small country in Southeast Asia, and the inevitable casualties are counted in a cat-or-skunk type of morality . . . The death of one of 'Our Boys' . . . arouses the sentiment I formerly reserved for a dead cat. The demise of a Viet Cong soldier . . . is tallied up with others of his kind and presented numerically in a sports-scoreboard sort of light. And the civilians who daily coincide with bomb targets—since their way of life seems as distant as the obscure habits of a nocturnal Mephitis, their casualties are regarded with indifference by many Americans."

This "cat-or-skunk" attitude toward the victims of war ("The whole United Nations is not worth the life of one American boy," according to the writer of a recent letter to one of the Philadelphia newspapers) is a curious dualism not unlike that which seems to rule Governor Lester Maddox of Georgia, who won election largely on the basis of his anti-Negro bias, yet on his first day in office announced that he and his staff would begin each day with Bible reading and prayer. Presumably it can be found too in the mental processes of the tens of thousands
of Hindus who recently killed and injured many people while rioting through the streets of New Delhi to demand a total ban on the slaughter of cows.

In each instance it appears to be a bad case of defective vision: seeing skunks in a different light from cats, Vietnamese in a different light from Americans, Negroes in a different light from whites, sacred cows in a different light from unsacred people. Perhaps that young AFSC volunteer in Latin America had an answer that could correct much of this defective vision—an answer which, incidentally, Governor Maddox eventually should encounter if he continues faithfully with those daily Bible readings.

Why Do We Go to Meeting?

By STANLEY CARNARIUS

WHY do we go to meeting? There may be as many specific answers as there are people in the meeting. But under many of these reasons will be the strong current which has drawn the hundreds and the thousands to meeting over the years. This current is the need to take the soul seriously.

In meeting, perhaps more than anywhere else in our too-busy lives, we take the time to act out our deep conviction that there is more to us than just our bodies. “Too much with us,” our world clamors with the concerns of the body—what to feed it, how to improve its health, how to clothe it attractively, what car to drive it in, how to provide it with more luxurious housing than it needs, how to improve its natural aromas, how to entertain it, and how to get the most sensation from it. There are relatively few voices encouraging us to balance and wholeness.

This adds real urgency to our need to grasp clearly the truth that we are both visible and invisible beings, that our lives are formed of both seen and unseen activities. When we talk of the Inner Light, we speak of something infinitely precious in the experience of individuals. The Inner Light is not just a beautiful idea—it is a living reality. It is not something to be argued with the learned materialist or protested to the indifferent. It is something to be welcomed in one’s own inner nature. As we reach out in simple silence in meeting for worship, we hope we shall hear that Voice, see that Light again.

Since we are weak vessels, easily distracted by the needs and habits of the body, it is important to strengthen each other in all possible ways. Our presence in meeting for worship contributes to the intent of worship; our devoted seeking for the Light prepares the soul for the

Stanley Carnarius of Falls Meeting, Fallsington, Pa., is a research director for Opinion Research Corporation of Princeton, N.J.

As we try to cope with the many cross-currents which tempt us to view ourselves in a limited way, in terms of our comfort or discomfort, our responsibilities or our current interests, let us remember that the soul exists. It is our most direct link with God. The fact that this link functions provides the wonder of our religious experience.

Sounds Carry Far

By WALLACE T. COLLETT

SOUNDS carry far across the Ohio countryside. On this clear cold night I can hear the cattle in the barn on the other side of the pasture and the baying of hound dogs in the neighbor’s woods, and as I listen intently I hear sounds from beyond these fields—sounds from beyond the world, from the chatter of machine guns, the crash of shells, the shouts of frenzied men—sounds that erupted in the Vietnam jungles and crackled across the ocean, the mountains, and the western plains, coming from far, far to me, under this quiet moon.

When I awaken at three in the morning, restless, and pull on boots and coat and go out to see the glory of the night, in that still of the night when the only sound is the fall of starlight on the hoarfrost, then do I hear the distant drone of planes coming in high from the sea, droning inexorably towards me, and suddenly the vulgar blasts of bombs, volcanic bursts of fire and fury shattering the villages and the Tonkinese cities, the sound crashing across the Ohio countryside and shaking the very earth where I stand in the starlight.

In the evening, at the dinner table, voices come softly through the cauldglow in this calm room, but gradually I hear sounds that seep around the window frames—sounds from the other side of the world, from a village in the rice paddies: sobbing, the wail of a frightened child, the whimper of a maimed woman.

As I sit reading, my mind removed from this hour, hearing the voices of the book, other voices rise into the room, mingle with the voices of the book’s characters, saying the Washington words, the self-righteous justification words: “free elections,” “willing to negotiate,” “aggressor,” “enemy killed,” and over this tumult of cant and argument I no longer hear the voices of the book.

At high tide of noon, above the busy sounds of men at their occupations, I hear a roar that arises from all over our sweet land: the clatter of preparation, young men grunting at bayonet practice in the Georgia pine woods, fighter planes streaking in test runs over the California desert, the crash of steel-forging machines in a Michigan factory, a deafening crescendo of sound—purposeful, inhuman, brutal—roaring in my ears while I work.

Sounds carry far in this time of deepening despair—frightful sounds of distant war, ominous sounds of preparation for war.

Sounds carry far.

Wallace T. Collett, a Cincinnati business man, is a member of Seven Hills Meeting in Cincinnati, chairman of the board of Wilmington College, and a member of the American Friends Service Committee’s board of directors.
God Begins First to Taste Sweet

By FRANCIS D. HOLE

THESE words are from Thomas à Kempis’ beloved The Imitation of Christ, said to have been written in 1427 at the Monastery of St. Agnes near Zwolle in the Netherlands:

When a man comes to that point in perfection in which he seeks his consolation in no created thing, then God begins first to taste sweet to him, and then will such a man be content with anything that comes to him, whether he likes it or not.

There is a severity of style in this book, but there is also a merriment and a charming spirit that recommend it to seekers like us in 1966.

But who are we seekers who call ourselves Friends, and who are participants in the movement known as Quakerism? Quakerism, like science, wrote Howard Brinton, is a method of seeking truth. The method emphasizes experiment (that is, experience). It is an extraordinary combination of individual spiritual growth and group mystical union in the divine. We are men, women, and children who in a measure become spiritual artists, as spiritual musicians. Friends Meetings would be like little symphony orchestras of God that specialize in improvisation on themes provided by the divine.

How would it feel to be a Quaker? It would be like swinging open a prison gate and walking out into responsible freedom. It would be like taking a walk, not in anybody’s footsteps, and reaching the ocean by one’s own route. It would be like sitting dully in meeting for worship, exhausted from much seeking, and suddenly realizing that God begins first to taste sweet when we really turn to Him.

What would a Friends Meeting be like? It would be the group half of your life. It would be your big family. It would be a fellowship of people and God, meeting the needs of the complete person. A Quaker Meeting would provide a wonderful home for the independent, free spirit who recognizes his needs and goes directly to the source of Life. A Friends Meeting would be like yeast, enlarging and leavening.

Friends have long found help in the writings of such Catholic mystics as Thomas à Kempis, who wrote about our growing up, aging, maturing. We can outgrow primary involvement in “created things” and come to take increasing satisfaction in that which is not yet created. When death robs us of the persons dearest to us, we are thrown into the arms of the Unknown, the Uncreated, the Creator. It is at the moment of mature withdrawal that God begins first to taste sweet. This can be a group experience. It is remarkable that group mysticism, as distinguished from individual mysticism, has persisted in the Society of Friends for three centuries. It is one of the most hopeful phenomena of our life.

I have attempted to distill from Thomas à Kempis’ treatise a list of seven phases of our growth in the Light, represented by as many key words. First, we have at times a feeling of being marooned, without hope of escape. One can sit in a Friends’ meeting for worship, silently calling for help. Offering to God our sense of being marooned is one of the highest, if not the highest, form of worship. It is like planting a hard seed in moist, fertile soil. An entire Friends Meeting can feel marooned and can call for help. May it call persistently!

Second, truth can be discovered and shared. A sense of need is truth. All the bombings in the world cannot put a lever under the Inner Light and pry it, bend it, or harm it. By the grace of God we return each day to dwell in truth. At least we know our need, and that knowledge is a truth that can lead us toward infinity.

Third, “The high tower of virtue cannot long stand except it is based on the low foundation of humility,” wrote Thomas. Humility is a sense of direction (establishing spiritual north), a sense of proportion, an awareness of limitation and infinite possibility. One is amazed both at his own littleness and at the great scope of his potential involvement in the Infinite Goodness.

Fourth, we suffer a succession of ordeals. Half of God’s conversation with us is in the form of tribulation. Inordinate love of things present is ultimately a form of ordeal, for it diverts us from real progress. “No man is here without some trouble. Therefore he who can suffer best will have most peace,” wrote Thomas.

Fifth, we find release from whatever held us back, and we turn freely to the Light. True peace “stands in a man offering all his heart wholly to God.”

Sixth, we exercise ourselves spiritually in order to be prepared to receive the spirit of peace. We train as spiritual athletes, as spiritual musicians. Friends Meetings are little symphony orchstras of God that specialize in improvisation on themes provided by the divine. Harmony is built by intimate conversations and by watching each other in the Eternal.

Seventh, we receive from the Light a blessing, an indescribable taste of sweetness.

We concern ourselves here with the ascent of an inner Mt. Horeb, a Pendle Hill nearer than hands and feet.

Who is our God? We may simply refer to Him in...
traditional Quaker terms as an ocean of Light flowing over an ocean of darkness. Thoughts about the “death of God” need not obscure this Light. Or we can liken our experience of God to drinking of life-giving water. When I drink a glass of water, I experience its temperature and taste. In worship an individual and a whole assembly of people can know directly when God tastes sweet. Or we can liken our experience of God to feeling wind. We are God-billowed across the years. If figures of speech do not help us, we can resort to George Fox’s words “that which.” “Stand still in that which is Pure,” he admonished. “That which” has a wholesome, liberating, uncreated quality about it.

I am glad that there is a committee of Friends that helps Meetings over the country to finance their meeting houses, but after all the building is done it is the empty space in a meeting house that is important. The hollow of the benches, the empty silence in worship, the stillness, and harmony. This takes time and prayer.

How can we set about worship? We can prepare the day before by clearing away duties that might distract. At meeting we can still our bodies as we do when observing wildlife in a forest. We ourselves are a kind of wildlife that is easily frightened off into the forest of distraction and is coaxed back only with difficulty. At meeting we settle into an amicable quiet with our thoughts, which, like friendly puppies, are slow to subside and only reluctantly are content finally to watch us from a distance. At meeting we become aware of our feelings and try so to deal with them as to give place for inner strength and harmony. This takes time and prayer.

Although we are quick to apply the saying that “there is that of God in every man” to instances of man’s inhumanity to man, we raise a formidable defense of modesty against its application to ourselves. We tend to cherish our spiritual underdevelopment, and we allow ourselves to drift inattentively. But when we come to ourselves, as out of a state of confusion, and are ready to give the fullest possible attention to the Inner Light, then our bodies and minds can become quiet, our feelings untangled, and we can experience a simple, natural sweetness of the highest order. We know enough not to disturb this by debating, by making repetitious speeches, or by using difficult or offending language. We can help to fill the room with a spirit of loving truth and to envelop any spoken message with a cloud of prayer. In the space of forty minutes a sense of unity and strength can flow through the veins of a meeting. The body we call our meeting comes to life. Lazarus is not dead! Our “bare understanding is drenched through by Eternal Brightness,” as Jan van Ruysbroeck said.

Insofar as we allow ourselves to be governed by the Inner Light, we become a part of one of the most reliable and creative governing bodies on earth, and we prepare ourselves to share inspired insight with handicapped groups and agencies around us. We can come to live on two levels at once: a lower level of likes and dislikes, and a higher level of God-given contentment, with its attendant responsibilities and strength.

**The Final Mystery**

**By E. Howell Windle**

The awareness of death is something that the individual learns. A child has no understanding of death at all. As we go through life we build up our own attitude toward this final and inevitable episode of life.

I am considering not the philosophy of one who departs, but that of those who are left behind. Here we find ourselves in darkness and confusion. In so far as the departed is concerned, our Christian teaching would tell us that death is but a transition to a better, happier world. If this teaching is in error, then for him who has passed from us there is but oblivion, a surcease from the pains, hurts, regrets, burdens, and problems of mortal life.

But for those left behind this is not the case. The loss of a personality that has been so merged with our own leaves an aching void. Each individual has to let that wound heal, and it is healing that must come from within. It is, as I see it, a combination of forgetting and remembering. Forgotten, or set aside as history, the dependence must be, or there can be no healing of the wound. Healing comes from remembrance of the love shared, the good times together, the amusing episodes, the pleasant jokes shared. All these contribute, and slowly one grows whole; perhaps to our surprise we find the loved one has not left us at all. All the rest of our life we think of him, and he comes back to us. He is there in a little trip we had together, a story he told, a kindness to us, and, praise God, a kindness we did to him.

So we can come to think of death not as a dreadful end but as a part of life that still does go on....

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E. Howell Windle, who died last November, was a teacher in the schools of Morrisville (Pa.) and Philadelphia before his retirement in 1958. He was a member of Falls Meeting at Fallsington, Pa. This is an excerpt from a letter written shortly before his death.
Hiroshima, the Modern Phoenix

By Lynne Shivers

The myth of the phoenix is one of the few legends found throughout the world. The Western myth says that the phoenix is a beautiful bird which miraculously arises from its own ashes. The Eastern idea is that the golden bird is found only in times of universal peace. Both stories seem related, if somewhat ironically, to modern Hiroshima. The city, which suffered the most devastating wartime destruction known to man, has been completely rebuilt from its ashes.

Hiroshima today has a population of more than 500,000. It is Japan's eleventh largest city, built on the delta of the Ota River at the south of the Inland Sea. A myriad of bridges links the five main islands.

While the city's founding dates back to 1589, most people think only of its modern aspects. In its center is the Peace Park, and there is located the Peace Museum, which houses terrible relics of the atomic blast. Next door is the New Hiroshima Hotel. Close by is the cenotaph, in which are placed the 62,000 names of the known dead from the holocaust. Further down the park are the Eternal Flame, the Children's Monument, and the Peace Bell, while across one of the branches of the Ota River is the Atomic Dome.

Within a short walk down the main street is the shopping district, Hondori, with its sheltered and enclosed streets, movie theaters, kimono shops, restaurants, department stores, and the assortment of businesses you expect to find in any modern city.

Also within the city is the A-Bomb Hospital, where most hibakusha (survivors of the atomic bomb) go for examinations or treatment. Hibakusha have continued to die of radiation effects since 1945, and at present there are over a hundred patients in the hospital.

On a rise overlooking the city is the building of the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission, a research center established by the American government to investigate the immediate physical and possible genetic effects of radiation. (As the commission was not allowed to treat patients, it was strongly criticized at first by the Japanese.)

In most respects, Hiroshima looks like any other large modern city, but it has one unique quality: fifteen percent of the population is made up of hibakusha—95,000 survivors in all. While many of these have good jobs and comfortable homes, others are so scarred that they are not employable. Employers know that hibakusha need more rest than do other people.

In Japan, jobs and marriages usually are arranged through "go-betweens," and whether or not a person succeeds depends upon his "suitability." If there is a possibility of defective children, for example, chances for marriage are lowered. Because of this discrimination hibakusha feel themselves to be social outcasts.

Behind the modern exterior of Hiroshima, with its tall office buildings and wide streets, there exist the terrible hibakusha slums along the rivers. Yet in spite of such areas the city has a magnetic spirit that draws people to it. I myself have fallen in love with it.

Certain people of Hiroshima are among the finest I ever have met. Ichiro and Tokie Kawamoto, both hibakusha, are leaders of the Folded Paper Crane Club, which cares for sick hibakusha, tends the Children's Monument, and keeps alive the memory of all who died here as a result of the bomb. Mary MacMillan, a social worker and missionary from Louisiana, teaches at a local college.

Dr. Tomin Harada, a surgeon and the director of a private hospital, has adopted Schweitzer's all-encompassing respect for life in his work. He is also director of the World Friendship Center. Barbara Reynolds, an American citizen who has lived in Hiroshima for parts of the last fifteen years, is the Center's vice-director. She has taken on full-time responsibility for its varied activities,
drawing people of differing cultures together to work for friendship and understanding.

The Friendship Center exists for two main reasons. First, it provides an opportunity for foreigners staying there to learn more about the city than they would from being at a hotel. The Center’s accommodations are in the Japanese style, and the WFC encourages only those people who are concerned about peace to stay there.

The Center’s second objective is to provide hibakusha with jobs in their own homes. During the first week of August, 1966, it held a bazaar at the local YMCA to determine what items would attract foreign buyers. Some of the best they found to be origami kits, models of Japanese houses, calligraphy, and Japanese dolls and souvenirs. These items can be made by handicapped hibakusha and sold for their benefit. It is our hope that this activity will become a “Goodwill Industry” for them.

For my work at the Center I cannot exactly be called “secretary,” “girl Friday,” or “maid.” I shop for food, prepare meals for guests and residents, file newspaper clippings about peace activities in Japan and other parts of the world, answer correspondence, take part in discussion groups, and visit hibakusha as a representative of the Center. These tasks are so varied that they do not become chores, and my imagination and “world education” are being stretched beyond the bounds of my limited experience in the United States. My official title is “peace intern,” which means only that I am sponsored by a group in the United States: Haddonfield (New Jersey) Friends Meeting.

The Center hopes that when my year’s work is completed other Meetings will feel moved to send a representative to work here for an extended time. The Center depends for its existence on individual contributions and the help of volunteer peace workers, and staff members receive no salaries or expense money.

One present activity of Hiroshima’s citizens is a campaign to preserve the famous Atomic Dome, which during the past twenty-one years has been slowly deteriorating. The city government has decided to preserve the Dome permanently as a memorial to the dead and as a reminder to all who see it. Contributions are being requested from peace groups around the world.

Friends’ desire for peace should naturally draw them to a concern for Hiroshima and the hibakusha, for these people have something to say to all of us: “We have no bitterness. We do not want revenge. We ask only one thing: ‘No more Hiroshimas.’ What we have experienced is too terrible for the mind to understand. But we have understood it. Everyone wants peace, but too many want a qualified peace—with honor, with justification, with economic equality. Do not qualify your demands for peace.”

Hibakusha do not set themselves apart from other peoples who have suffered under war. But they are the only people to have emotional as well as intellectual knowledge of an atomic explosion. Surely this entitles them to speak as sincere witnesses to the unimaginably complex tangle of atomic power and its uses. When you speak with hibakusha, when you are present as they relate what they experienced on August 6, 1945, and are still experiencing through countless physical and emotional effects, the lesson of the bomb is suddenly clear: “No more Hiroshimas.”

The Ordeal of Teilhard de Chardin

By Carl F. Wise

TEILHARD de CHARDIN is important to everyone because he is an especially clear illustration of a phrase the existentialists have made popular: predicament of man. The phrase has a modern ring, but the situation is as ancient as man himself; indeed, it is as ancient as life. It is what all life (cows and cats as well as men) is to do about a universe to which it is imperfectly adapted.

Part of the predicament—the part which Teilhard especially illustrates—arises from what Veblen called “the cultural lag.” “Spiritual inertia” may be more accurately descriptive than “cultural lag,” for what constantly recurs is men’s reluctance to change an inherited inward response after outward circumstance is no longer the same. The refusals of the Egyptians to pursue the vision of Akhenaten and of the Israelites to wait for Moses to come down from Sinai were surely not the earliest examples, nor was our grandfathers’ noisy scorn of Monet and his contemporaries the least. The attractiveness of the words “the things which are eternal” is the product of the hunger for rest, a hunger which gnaws no less keenly at the spirit than at the body. But in the nature of outward things there is only one quality which is eternal: change. It behooves the spirit to learn how to cope with it, for it cannot be escaped.

Teilhard, born into Catholicism, in early life so completely gave it his heart that he joined the Society of Jesus. Father Teilhard’s intellectual interest was paleontology, in which his mind became so deeply involved and threatened to quarrel so violently with his heart that he felt he could not go on unless they could be reconciled. That was his ordeal, which lasted most of his life. Perhaps “ordeal” is too dramatic a word, in spite of the dark moods when he despaired of success. Perhaps “predicament” is enough, the same predicament which has led one

Carl Wise of Reading (Pa.) Meeting and the FRIENDS JOURNAL’s board of managers is recording clerk of the Continuing Committee on Worship and Ministry of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.
man to try to be honest to God and another to declare that God is dead.

Although Teilhard’s predicament will involve everyone sooner or later in the process of resolving it, it now touches most sharply the more-than-normally religious man, the one with a lively concern for the validity of the inward response to outward circumstance, of spirit to matter, of heart to mind. To call him religious is not to imply that he is personally better than others. It is merely to indicate the nature of his preoccupation and of his way of looking at the world around him. At the same time or later, he may feel called to grasp specific problems of social justice with his own hands, but that is another subject.

The subject that preoccupied Father Teilhard was how to be simultaneously a good paleontologist and a good Catholic. Early in his scientific career he was lifted inward response to outward circumstance, of spirit to matter, of heart to mind. To call him religious is not to imply that he is personally better than others. It is merely to indicate the nature of his preoccupation and of his way of looking at the world around him. At the same time or later, he may feel called to grasp specific problems of social justice with his own hands, but that is another subject.

The subject that preoccupied Father Teilhard was how to be simultaneously a good paleontologist and a good Catholic. Early in his scientific career he was lifted to a peak of panoramic vision; it seemed to him that all he needed to do was to turn around in order to see the equally breathtaking vision of Christ behind him. This does not always happen. Many men of strong faith, perhaps most of them, succeed in keeping faith and knowledge, the sacred and the secular, in tight compartments, upon the assumed principle that, like oil and water, they do not mix. Others become primarily men of knowledge, and if they do not drop faith into the wastebasket they relegate it to the attics of their minds, as something having only antiquarian value. But Teilhard had seen two visions. He could not close his eyes to either.

What the paleontologist Teilhard saw was a vision of the life of Earth from its birth pangs until now. He saw it, molded by Invisible Hands, being formed in space, at first too hot to do anything but splutter and splash, but after millions of years taking its present form of land and water, sky and cloud. He saw the millions more years of preparation while matter became more and more complex. He saw the primitive forms of life begin out of megamolecules and the further millions of years while one form responded to challenge to survival in this way and another in that. He saw the millions of years from the emergence of the first humanoids to the present condition of man. He saw a magnificent experiment in biochemical physics still taking place in the laboratory of the universe, for presumably Earth has as much time before it as behind. As a paleontologist, this vision provided him with almost enough of awe.

But he was also Father Teilhard, the Jesuit. He had not taken his vows lightly. Either his vision of the evolution of life and the doctrines of the Church must be braided into one strand, or the threads that could not be used must be thrown away. It is difficult to judge which Teilhard suffered the greater pain, the intellectually honest paleontologist or the faithful priest. At first the Church was unimpressed by his lifelong effort at reconciliation. He was denied permission to publish anything with theological implications. Having taken a vow of obedience, he bowed. But the acclaim that has followed posthumous publication has persuaded the Church that he is not as heretical as he was once feared to be.

He found many parallels between doctrine and evolutionary evidence. One doctrine is that the Mass was ordained at the beginning of time, for the Son had always been with the Father and the Father foresaw that the sacrifice of His Son would be needed. So in evolution: when atoms changed into molecules, there was implied in that first advance in complexity the incredibly multiplied complexity called man. Worship was wrapped in the nucleus of the first cell. It is doctrine that the Father entered history at the end of B.C. I through the birth of His Son. In evolution, the historical parallel is the entrance of Man, the bearer of spirit. (He calls it “within,” contrasting it with the mere biological shell, “the without.”) This spirit is the final envelope around Earth’s primordial molten core, an envelope produced by the new force radiating from within persons. Therefore the Father entered human history through the Son that there might be a Person at the apex of evolution to guide it toward its Omega Point, its end.

These few remarks are not intended to reproduce, even in miniature, the sweep and grandeur of Teilhard’s thought, or to declare whether the thought is right or wrong. They are intended only as an illustration of what every living man must do for himself. It is not that our grandfathers were either stupid or foolish but that we and they live in literally different worlds.

One important facet of evolution that Teilhard’s account seems either to overlook or to ignore is the creativity of the creature. In organic evolution the primary problem is survival, for if the organism fails to survive, any purpose behind its creation obviously is thwarted. Organisms, therefore, must and do have the power to react to their environment in a way advantageous to their own survival. But in the process of exercising their power they also change the environment. Whether they achieve their small victories by changing themselves, or whether they achieve them by direct attacks upon the inorganic,
the result is the same. The environment has changed. Gradually it becomes more hospitable, a safer place to live.

The most vivid example of this process is man, the present ultimate in organic evolution. Much of the change is self-change. His eyes are not good, so he extends them with glasses, microscopes, telescopes. His hearing is poor, so he extends it with radar. He adds wheels to his legs and computers to his brain. On the other hand, he also attacks the inorganic directly. He foils uncomfortable changes in climate by building walls around himself; He drills the earth for oil, mines it for minerals, squeezes steam out of the atom, and smooths the surface ruts with ribbons of concrete. Then one day he wakes to the realization that in the endeavor to survive with the maximum of ease his environment is no longer the one to which he thought he was adjusting. The air polluted, the land scarred, the water fouled beyond use by the weight of his own detritus, he sees life condemned to languish toward an ignominious end. Only a threat, perhaps, as yet, but the danger is there. And he made it all himself.

Whatever world this is, it is obviously not the world of John Woolman or George Fox or St. Francis or St. Paul. Also obviously, whatever he may have done to it or still may be doing, the world does not belong to man. Still the earth is the Lord’s and the fullness thereof. Any doubt about that could be very quickly resolved by an erratic comet or the too-close occurrence of a nova. That is not the doubt, not the predicament. The predicament is how to say “The earth is the Lord’s and the fullness thereof” without making nonsense of it by denying or ignoring the process that has brought Earth to its present condition.

Teilhard wanted to do it by a grand marriage of science and theology. Note that it was not a marriage of science and religion. He made a noble effort, but it will not do. The Jesuit and the paleontologist, like the Pope and Galileo, lived in different worlds. As Teilhard writes, one can almost hear a click, like the click of an electric switch, as the paleontologist is turned off and the theologian turned on, or vice versa. The union he was trying to promote will happen some day when the bride is religion. It will happen because it must. But the officiating clergyman will not be Teilhard de Chardin.

Why Are Friends’ Schools Unique?

By William S. Lane

"JUST what is it that distinguishes a Friends' school from any other independent school?" Concerned Friends often have asked this question, but no generally-satisfactory answer has been given. Those answers attempted usually have been in terms of the specific activities offered by Friends' schools which reflect Friends' concern for religion and social welfare. But since many other independent schools (especially religiously-affiliated ones) offer similar programs reflecting similar concerns, answers in terms of activities have not been satisfactory.

Is it possible to find an answer to this perennial question? It would seem so, for our patrons think our schools somehow unique, and our own association with them convinces Friends that there is some quality that sets them apart. But what is this quality?

In the experience of the writer it is the schools' atmosphere—a thing which Friends tend to take for granted because it stems directly from the basic philosophy of Quakerism stated by George Fox as "answering that of God in every one."

More specifically, if the basic philosophy of a Friends' school results in a distinctive atmosphere, what are the things which characterize this atmosphere? Perhaps the fundamental one is the attitude that every person in the school deserves respect as an individual and is expected to exercise his individuality according to his experience and maturity. This respect for the individual makes the pupil-teacher relationship unique and affects the whole tone of the school. Authoritarianism is almost nonexistent, occurring only in isolated instances where organization and efficiency demand it. And when it does occur, it is so tempered by respect for the individual that it is understood and accepted rather than resented or defied. Pupils respect teachers as persons, not just because they have positions of authority; and teachers accept pupils as developing individuals whose attitudes and ideas are worthy of consideration.

Since the basis of all school conduct is respect for the individual, the classroom atmosphere of a Quaker school is relaxed. Discipline depends on friendliness, not on authority. Opinions are freely expressed, disagreements are voiced when there is need to voice them, and occasional banter is expected and allowed. Even a visitor gets no special treatment, unless it be to be considered as a temporary member of the class with all the rights, duties,
and privileges that go with such membership. Of course, the degree to which this spirit is evident varies. A few classes tend to be somewhat authoritarian because the teacher has been brought up that way, but even in the most authoritarian class one can find in a Quaker school there is an undercurrent of friendly cooperation.

It is true that some non-Friends' schools, notably the "progressive" ones, have sought to create an atmosphere which superficially has many of the characteristics of that found in a Friends' school, but there is the great difference that Friends' schools have as their basis George Fox's philosophy, which makes all the difference, for a corollary to this philosophy is the expectancy of self-discipline—a thing which "progressive" schools (with a few exceptions) do not seem to have.

These elements that make up a Friends' school's unique atmosphere are scarcely remarked by Friends when they visit one of their own schools, for they are what Quakers have come to accept as natural and normal. But non-Friends who never have had experience with Quaker schools notice them and are upset because they do not understand them, even after they have been told the basic philosophy on which a Friends' school operates.

A few years ago, for instance, our school was visited (as it is at regular intervals) by an evaluation committee of the Middle States Association of Secondary Schools and Colleges. Members of this committee (in this case largely independent boarding-school masters and administrators) spent several days making a thorough examination of the school to determine whether our accreditation should be continued. In their final report they granted that it should and that ours was an excellent school; but they stated that they were at loss to understand how such accomplishment could come about when our atmosphere was so relaxed and when the conduct of the classes and the relationship between faculty and pupils seemed to be so casual.

When the headmaster read this part of the report to the Senior School Council (an act, incidentally, which would be wholly normal in a Friends' school but rather abnormal in many others) the senior boy who was president of the council came right to the point. "The trouble with those guys," said he, "is that they failed completely to realize that we students regard the faculty and staff as friends and treat them as such, and they regard us the same way. We all work together, and we have fun doing it." Soon afterward, when one of us recounted this incident to two men who are heads of other Quaker schools, they both reported that they recently had had about the same reaction from evaluation committees.

Older pupils new to a Friends' school often have the same difficulty. Recently we had a boy come to us from another independent school; naturally he brought with him the attitudes he had acquired there. He "played it cool," doing his work but making no effort to voice an opinion, to get to know his teachers, or to take advantage of any help or guidance they might be able to give him. With his fellow pupils he pretended to be somewhat worldly and tough, intimating that teachers could not push him around and pretending to be slightly rebellious. But gradually he became aware that his old attitudes did not fit his new situation. Finally he realized, as he told the dean, that he did not have to "fight the faculty," that the teachers were his friends, and that he did not have to put on a front to the other pupils.

"And as for rules," he said, "there's no fun in breaking them in this school. To begin with, there aren't many, and what ones there are make sense." He, like the evaluators, had had trouble realizing how a Friends' school operates.

One more example. In an informal discussion among several teachers after a conference in New York these same old questions about Quaker schools arose. Just what do they stand for? How are they different? When a couple of us tried to answer them the reaction of the group was one of amazement that we could accomplish our objectives with so little authoritarianism. Then suddenly one man broke in, saying "I see—you are permissive both ways!" When we queried him as to what he meant, he explained: "You expect no more from the boys than you do from yourselves. If you relax and make a wisecrack to a kid, you expect to get one back, and you allow him to make one."

"Of course," was our reply. "Why not?"

"No reason why not, I guess, except that I've never seen a school run that way, and I don't know as I'd like it, personally. It would be too hard work. Every teacher would have to rely on himself, not on a system. But it must be fine if you can do it."

Indeed, Friends' schools have thought it fine and have done it for many years. In older times, of course, there was more formality than there is today, but the world was more formal. Yet even in those days, as one may gather if one reads the old records of Friends' schools, there was still the basic Friendly attitude of respect for the individual. The atmosphere growing from this basic philosophy is the distinguishing characteristic of Friends' schools.

If people cannot discuss the war they have got to fight and pay for, who under heaven can? Whose business is it, if it is not yours and mine? If my country is in the wrong, and I know it and hold my peace, then I am guilty of treason, moral treason.

—Theodore Parker (1810-1860)
Oakwood Summer Abroad
An Experiment in International Understanding

By Laurence Jaeger

"BEFORE we left, I didn't know if I was going to fit in. I was afraid I wouldn't get along. I mean, you know, I thought the others were sort of... well, yetchy. But when I got to know them, everyone was great. It was the best summer I ever had."

The speaker was a junior student at Oakwood School. She was talking about the first "Oakwood Summer Abroad" program of work, study, and travel in Europe and the British Isles—an experiment in international understanding carried out this past summer by a group of four girls, two boys, and two faculty leaders who spent a total of nine weeks abroad.

The group's aim, according to Robert F. Swartz, who initiated the experiment and was one of the two faculty members in the group, was to give the youngsters a "concentrated experience" in sharing the problems, viewpoints, and everyday lives of people whose customs and backgrounds differ in significant respects from their own.

Prior to their departure the six youngsters took part in a series of orientation meetings—two weekly for ten weeks. The first of each pair of meetings was devoted to general cultural matters, the second to practice in conversational French.

The group's headquarters for the first two-and-a-half weeks, beginning in mid-June, was at Saffron Walden, the Friends' school near Cambridge, England. There the Americans attended classes with the school's regular student body, gaining firsthand insights into the ways of British education and getting the feel and taste of British family life through frequent visits in homes.

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As for impressions of British school life, another member of the group observes, "The material was much harder than what we get. It was stuff that I'd consider first-year college. And the English students don't have the easygoing relationships with their teachers that we have. It's more formal. They seem to have more respect for their teachers to their faces—but much less behind their backs."

From Saffron Walden the Oakwood travelers (with ten of their new-found British school friends) went for two weeks to La Coume in the French Pyrenees. Here—under the magnetic leadership of Pitt Kruger and his wife, Yves—a fascinating experiment in communal living is being carried out by some forty boys and girls of many nationalities and ages. Youngsters study in the mornings, share in the work which makes the community nearly self-sufficient (cooking, cleaning, repairing, building, farming), and take an active role in the communal self-government. For their work projects the students from Oakwood helped to build a forty-foot retaining wall to prevent erosion of the vineyards and berries on which La Coume is dependent.

"La Coume was great, that's all. Just great," says one of the Oakwood boys. "I want to go back."

"It was something like Arcadia," according to one of the girls. "Just beautiful. So harmonious, and the people were unbelievably nice. We worked like horses, but hard work is good in a group."

Following their stay in the Pyrenees, the young people returned to England, where they spent six days in London and the rest of their time in rural and historic locations. Stopping-points were youth hostels and the homes of Friends and friends. The emphasis was not on sightseeing, but on people. "We wanted to exchange ideas and viewpoints," Bob Swartz explains, "not just to take pictures of interesting sights and monuments."

Was the Summer Abroad project successful? Here is one answer by a member of the group: "I know I got out of it what I needed to learn—how to get along in a group—how to live with other people—how to put up with inadequacies of all kinds. Oh, yes, I learned a lot about Europe, too!"

Exploration has been begun at Oakwood now into the possibilities of a second Summer Abroad project following the close of the current academic year. Toward this possibility the typical attitude of last summer's participants is: "I certainly hope they do it again."

Greater Love

By Pollyanna Sedziol

I had not lived until I loved not just my counterparts but those whose leaded gates were closed, constraining me without.

Their gates? I looked again, and then I trembled, for I saw the leaded gates and airless walls were all my handiwork.

I had not lived until I learned what Christ-directed love can do—it felled the gates and crushed the walls to let my neighbors through.
HOLIDAY GLOW, NAPALM GLOW

Reprinted by permission (and slightly abridged) from "Pen-ultimate's" column in the January 11, 1967 issue of "The Christian Century."

OUR television guide for December 18 said: "Two games are played today, with switches being made to catch the highlights of each game as they occur." Alas, we didn't get to see how this simul-switch system worked out for football. But this fine technological gambit led us to reflect on television's coverage of the Vietnam business and on the public's taste for violence. What could simul-switching do for war on TV? Wonders—witness our scenario for a being broadcast a year from now—if negotiations in Vietnam are not successful or if wars continue elsewhere.

"Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. Today you can watch wars all over the world, without even having to get out of your chair to switch channels! Just pour yourself a Schlamm's beer and settle back... Bronc and I will coordinate on-the-scene reports from the world's hot spots. You won't miss a thing...

"We take you first to the Israeli border. This is a television first—our camera is lined up with a rifle sight. You will soon see death live. See that farmer, right where the two hairs of the sight cross? 8-2-1 pow! That was classic, boys. Keep it up!

"For sustained action there is nothing like Vietnam. Let's see how Pacification is going over there—we call it Pacification in honor of the holidays and the Prince of Peace. But first pour yourself another Schlamm's.

"Hey, Bronc, camera 28 tells us they have a honey lined up! Thanks to Telstar those of you who have color television will get a chance to see the first in-color napalm raid. Two of our cameramen are waiting in a cave near a Vietnamese village, and if this works, they ought to get an Emmy! Here come the planes; watch, now. Wow! That really burns them, doesn't it? There, you can pick out a Vietcong soldier—or what's left of him. That was such a neat hit that we'd like to show it to you again on slow-motion film from our exclusive stop-action camera. Uh oh, that's a group of small children with jelly burning on them... we hadn't meant to include that.

"We wanted to give you a few minutes of U.N. footage, but last time we put negotiations on our program our Nielsen rating slipped. You just can't make a conference table look very interesting, eh? Now a few minutes of live action from Rhodesia. This will have to be in black and white. But don't go away, we'll soon be back to Vietnam in living color! So pour yourself another Schlamm's and let the holiday glow keep you happy..."

THE WAY TO USE LIFE IS TO DO NOTHING THROUGH ACTING: THE WAY TO USE LIFE IS TO DO EVERYTHING THROUGH BEING.

—LAO- TZU (as translated by WITTER BYNNER)
Travel Letter from Rhodesia

November eleventh, the day following our arrival [in Rhodesia], was the first anniversary of the Unilateral Declaration of Independence, and there was an attempt made to get churches to have a special service of prayer and Thanksgiving. The reply of the Dean of the Salisbury Cathedral of the Anglican Church will give a glimpse into the mind of an able churchman as he faced this official request: "I cannot possibly see myself conducting any services in the Cathedral on November eleventh. . . . Let the Government proclaim the holiday, if it will, to commemorate its Declaration of Independence, but save us from the hypocrisy of trying to white-wash it with religion."

The Rhodesian Herald of Salisbury, which insists on leaving blank spaces in its paper for all of the articles which are censored, had a blank space [on this day] where its editorial article was meant to be, but it did manage to put in the middle of this space several quotations "from the sayings of distinguished men." One of them was from Martin Niemoller: 'In Germany, they first came for the Communists, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Communist. Then they came for the Trade Unionists, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Trade Unionist. Then they came for the Jews, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Jew. Then they came for the Catholics, and I didn't speak up because I was a Protestant. Then they came for me—and by that time there was no one left to speak up.'

There was one other incident that caused some amusement among the critics of the regime. It was announced with considerable solemnity over the radio on the morning of this day that five friends of Rhodesia had given Ian Smith a Rhodesian replica of the Liberty Bell cast in bronze, and on it were the words "I toll for Justice, Civilization, and Christianity." There are undoubtedly different ways of defining the word "toll," but this was too much for the wits of the day!

We visited Bulawayo for five days and stayed with Roy and Irene Henson, who are serving as representatives of the Friends Service Council (London) in the Southern region of Rhodesia. It was a thrilling experience for me to find that the Quaker Meeting House in Bulawayo is being so widely used by community organizations for all kinds of purposes and especially for those having a multiracial character. Since it is centrally located and close to the large African housing project, it is easy of access; and this, added to the welcome that Friends give to these organizations and the way that the Hensons and other Bulawayo Quakers have meshed into so many of these groups and underlined this welcome, has done much to bring them there. The Bulawayo Council of Churches, the Ministers Fraternity, the Council for Religious Education, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Bulawayo Prisoners Education Committee, and the Association of Social Workers all use the premises, with occasional meetings also being held there by theYWCA, the National Council of Women, and the Federation of African Women's Clubs. To those in Britain and the United States who gave money to assist in the erection of this building I believe this report will be encouraging.

We had fine visits in the homes of the Garleys and of Ruth Webb and Valerie Webb Gargett. Maurice Webb's death has left a real gap in the ranks of those who can speak for the Society of Friends in Southern Africa. In his will he has most generously provided for the establishment of a research chair in race relations at the University of Natal in Durban and has in this way perpetuated the work of his adult life and witness in this region of the world.

We had a good Sunday with Salisbury Friends, and the meeting for worship was deep and moving even though there were considerable differences in point of view on political affairs among several in the meeting. Terry Parris was there with her fine family. The week before, she had followed the leading that had come to her in a prayer group and had taken Belinda, her own little daughter and her sixth child, together with the son of her African helper, five-year-old Amos, to the front of the parliament buildings in Salisbury in order to protest the complete lack of a school within reaching distance of her home for the African children of the servants that work in the area. She had Belinda carrying a sign that read "I have a future" and Amos one that read "I have no future"; and she carried a larger one saying that fifteen hundred African children are being deprived of an education because there are no schools for them in this Salisbury suburb, the last available mission school for Africans having been bulldozed away by government order a year ago and none appearing in its place.

The Minister of Education, whose name happens to be Smith, approached her and stopped her and looked at her sternly for some time. Terry, in her friendly way, did not flinch in the least. He had been informed of her motivation, and he finally broke the "looking dialogue" with the question, "Are you doing this under some religious concern?" She said that she was. He then asked whether she had hired her servant knowing that there would be no school for his children. Terry replied that when she had hired this servant three years before there had been a school there. He asked her if she had looked carefully into the whole situation, and she told him of the large area where the government, by its determined effort to discourage Africans from being there, had done nothing for the schooling of all of these servants' children; and he turned away and walked into the Parliament buildings. Terry continued his vigil for some time.

Word of the incident was censored from the Rhodesian papers, but we saw it fully reported with pictures in the Zambia press as we passed through and then were able to hear of it from Terry herself. When Friends in other parts of the world wonder what Rhodesian Quakers do in the tense situation in which they stand, it might be well to remember persons like Terry, and, with the stiff emergency legislation there, what courage such a witness takes.

—Douglas V. Steere
THE MUTED REVOLUTION: East Germany's Challenge to Russia and the West. By WELLES HANGEN. Knopf, New York, 1966. 291 pages. $5.95

TWO GERMANIES: Mirror of an Age. By PETER LUST. Harvest House, Montreal, 1966. 238 pages. $2.50 (paperback)

Suddenly there are two good books on East Germany, both based on extensive personal travels and both by journalists who, in addition to conducting interviews and making observations, did a lot of homework with facts and figures.

In the absence of such books in the past, it has been understandable that there has persisted on this side of the Atlantic a simple stereotype of the German Democratic Republic as a non-state, a Soviet puppet, a large concentration camp with twenty Soviet divisions as prison guards and with seventeen million prisoners eager to escape the squalor, poverty, and oppression of the most Stalinist regime in Europe. It will be harder to maintain that stereotype with books like these to make the simple picture more complex—and at the same time more consonant with reality.

Welles Hangen's book is the better one, with greater factual depth, balance, and penetration of judgment, as well as a highly readable and engaging style. Hangen, an experienced foreign reporter who was NBC correspondent in Germany at the time he gathered his material, has a quick wit and a newspaperman's critical eye for the facts behind government handouts. His theme is that the German Democratic Republic has succeeded in establishing itself as an important economic power; that it has "liberalized" its economy—in many respects beyond what the Soviet Union has done; that a new generation of party members is less ideological and more pragmatic and technologically oriented than its predecessors; and that East Germany, like most East-bloc countries, is developing its own style of national, if not nationalist, communism. These important events, none of them dramatic, constitute a "naive revolution" which the West, at its peril, largely ignores.

In Hangen's view, not only has the G.D.R. succeeded in establishing a viable economy and an increasingly autonomous state, but for this and other reasons the cleavage between Germans is deepening. "Time and circumstances have produced two societies, two ways of life, two Teutonic worlds. Both societies speak German, but the words no longer mean the same things. Each way of life professes to glorify man, but each defines him in its own terms. A magnetic field still exists between the two German worlds, but they are now in different orbits."

Both Hangen's book and Peter Lust's are constructed largely around personal experiences in travels, inspections, and interviews with officials and others throughout the German Democratic Republic. Both communicate not only facts and figures, but some of the flavor of their experiences. Both lapse occasionally into pat and superficially humorous or clever comment which, in this reviewer's opinion, tends to be misleading.

In contrast, Hangen's various analyses, particularly of the industrial system, the party apparatus, and the question of Soviet-East German relations, are masterful. For example, in his consideration of how the USSR must view the prospect of what the "man in the street" assumes it wants—a reunified Communist Germany—he writes: "The Russian has yet to be born who relishes the prospect of sharing a continent with a Germany reunited under 'progressive' Prussians. Fortunately for Moscow, it is now clearly impossible to communicate all of Germany, short of war."

Peter Lust's book is somewhat more favorable than Hangen's to the Communist government of East Germany, not so much in that he presents more favorable facts, but because he is less critical of the official government's stock explanations for events which have brought criticism from other sources. What is perhaps more serious is that he tends again and again to equate the viewpoint of East Germans with that of their government; while the discrepancy has been highly exaggerated in the West, treating government and people as identical confuses the issue and the reader.

Lust's depiction of the "agricultural cooperatives" situation in the German Democratic Republic is a welcome antidote to the one-sided portrayals of coercion, squalor, and ineptitude which prevail in the West. Yet he apparently accepts uncritically the official pronouncements, and seems to be unaware of the large-scale movement of East Germany farmers away from their land—many of them through flight to the West—during the days of "voluntary" organization into cooperatives.

But if Lust's book systematically gives the official government the benefit of the doubt and, in this reviewer's opinion, presents the Federal Republic in an unsympathetic light, it does not err in the direction of distortion as much as the material available to us in the past has distorted in the opposite direction.

His one-sidedness, though mild, sometimes reaches humorous proportions. Many East German Communist officials would see the humorous irony (which apparently escapes the author) in his statement that "East Germans are amongst the most travel-minded people of our time."

These minor observations should not deter the prospective reader from a book which is interesting, factual, and well written. Like Hangen, Lust gives some material on the Federal Republic as well, but his book's main contribution is a rich body of personal observation on the details of life in the German Democratic Republic.

Both books are recommended to Friends who are interested in readable, fact-packed accounts of social and political realities in the German Democratic Republic by authors who are more interested in informing than in persuading.

ROLAND L. WARREN

The Index for the 1966 FRIENDS JOURNAL is now available. Requests should be accompanied by ten cents in stamps.
Friends and Their Friends

The ship “Phoenix” and its owner Earle Reynolds will soon set sail again—this time on a voyage from Tokyo to Haiphong on behalf of A Quaker Action Group. It will carry a load of medical supplies consigned to the Red Cross Society of North Vietnam for the relief of suffering caused by United States bombing. (On the first voyage of compassion by the Phoenix, in 1958, when Earle Reynolds and his family sailed into the Enewetok area of the Pacific in protest against nuclear-bomb testing, the boat was stopped and seized by the U. S. Navy.)

On board the Phoenix, in addition to Earle Reynolds and his wife, who is a Japanese citizen, will be a crew of six Quakers from the United States and other countries. Since the shipping lanes to Haiphong are open, no difficulty is anticipated in carrying out the voyage. Several crew members will be prepared to remain in North Vietnam to engage in humanitarian aid to the suffering civilian population; visas for this purpose have been requested from the Democratic Republic of Vietnam.

In undertaking the voyage of the Phoenix, A Quaker Action Group reaffirms its desire to open the way for long-term Quaker assistance to the victims of war in North Vietnam as well as in South Vietnam. “Open the Gates of Mercy,” AQAG’s brochure on the proposed voyage, gives details of the mission and describes the current situation in regard to obtaining licenses to send relief funds through either the International Red Cross or the Canadian Friends Service Committee. Information is available from A Quaker Action Group, 20 South Twelfth Street, Philadelphia 19107.

Two-hundred prominent civil-rights activists presented a petition to Congress on the eve of the present session asking it to prevent the House Un-American Activities Committee from carrying out its plan to investigate uprisings in the black ghettos in this country.” Since HUAC’s establishment, the petition read, “it has always proposed legislation to repress activists rather than to remedy social injustice. . . We see no reason why an investigation into urban disturbances would have different results.”

“Mix two parts wine, two and a half parts beer, four parts soft drink, and twenty-eight parts whisky, rum and liqueur and you have Life magazine’s recipe for “Ho, Ho, Ho and a Merry Christmas,”’ according to an editorial note in The Christian Century, which reports that Life’s December 16th issue had no editorial or graphic material on the Christmas theme but did contain over thirty-two pages (nearly a third of its total space) advertising alcoholic beverages. “We recall,” says the Century, “that in the campaign for the repeal of the eighteenth amendment everybody in any way connected with the liquor industry . . . promised that moderation would be the watchword if prohibition were ended. No one has kept that promise. On the contrary, every day we have more people drinking, more drinking people drinking more, more alcoholism, more deaths from drunken driving, and more liquor advertising. What happened to those promises? What happened to moderation?”

Annual working—not just giving—is in the picture for supporters of Friends’ Boarding School at Barnesville, Ohio. Once a year (according to the alumni quarterly, The Olney Current) members of Ohio Yearly Meeting gather on the campus for a workday when “back, brain, and brawn” are applied in cooperative efforts. This past summer a group of more than thirty-five workers removed one end of the old barn, demolished a brick silo, painted parts of the boys’ dormitory, papered the parlor of Main, and trimmed shrubbery.

The same issue of the Current reports that thirteen 1965 graduates returned for a reunion after only one year’s absence because, among other reasons, “we wanted to help with summer work at the school, thus expressing our continuing interest in Olney.” Each morning of the four-day visit was spent painting, making tomato juice, and cleaning.

From San Francisco comes the above photograph of the Friends Center at 2160 Lake Street (in the northwest part of the city), which serves as headquarters not only for San Francisco Monthly Meeting but also for the Friends Committee on Legislation and the regional offices of the American Friends Service Committee. Seven years ago, when the Center (formerly a private residence) was dedicated, the speaker for the occasion, Howard Brinton, called Friends’ attention to the fine view, to the east, of the Presidio (an army base) and, to the west, of the Pacific Ocean. Like the early Friends, he said, “we meet for worship in a home. Most appropriately for a Meeting in our time, we look back toward the world of the past, represented by the army base, and forward into the world of the future, represented by the Pacific and the lands we call the Orient.”

San Francisco Meeting has found many uses for the Friends Center beyond those of meeting house and offices. It has been a meeting place for groups and organizations in the community. It gives hospitality to conferences of College Park Quarterly Meeting, and, at present, to the office of Pacific Yearly Meeting.
640,000 capsules of antibiotics and antimalarial drugs were sent by the Canadian Friends Service Committee on January 23 to the Red Cross of North and South Vietnam and of the South Vietnam National Liberation Front. The medicines were bought with money contributed by Sunday schools, college student organizations, and Quakers in both the United States and Canada. The total number of capsules sent since early December now has come to more than ten million.

To Friends accustomed to large Meetings it comes as something of a shock to read the monthly newsletter published by the Southern Appalachian Association of Friends, whose correspondents' communications contain such revealing sentences as “At last month's meeting for worship we had a nice group —nine” and “Attendance in our Meeting is sometimes as many as twelve adults and four children” and “Our Meeting did consist of two families and three other adults, but one family has moved away and another is leaving soon.”

Even more revelatory of the scarcity of Quakers in many regions is a recent letter from a Friend in Mexico who, speaking of the strength and comfort which he and his wife derive from the Friends Journal, Inward Light, and The Seeker, says: “They all help us in our loneliness here. There isn’t another Friend in the whole state of Michoacan, we believe.”

The 1949 Geneva Convention Relative to the Protection of Civilian Persons in Time of War provided that: “Each High Contracting Party shall allow the free passage of all consignments of medical and hospital stores... intended only for civilians of another High Contracting Party, even if the latter is its adversary.” In spite of this, the Treasury Department is still holding a number of domestic requests to send medical relief to all sides in the Vietnamese conflict. Several organizations continue to collect money to send as soon as channels are opened.

A biographical “Profile” of Euell Gibbons of Beaver Springs, Pennsylvania, Quaker author of three popular books on stalking the wild asparagus, the blue-eyed scallop, and the healthful herbs, is scheduled to appear soon in The New Yorker. (The exact date of publication has not been announced.) As one of various sidelines to his stalking and writing activities, Euell Gibbons serves as clerk of Worship and Ministry of Millville-Muncy (Pa.) Quarterly Meeting.

Participating in a Quaker meeting in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, is an experience that few of us would think possible, but Paul Spray of West Knoxville (Tenn.) Meeting tells in The Southern Appalachian Friend of how he and his wife recently did exactly that while attending a rehabilitation conference in Ethiopia. The meeting was held on a Tuesday evening, he says, in the home of an American physician on the staff of the Agency for International Development. Other Friends present were connected with Haile Sellassie University Medical School, the All-Africa Rehabilitation and Training Project, and what Paul Spray calls “the Swedish equivalent of our AID program.”

Construction of an armed-forces military-museum park in Washington, D.C., authorized by Congress with a minimum of publicity five years ago, is scheduled to receive a forty-million-dollar appropriation at this session of Congress unless those opposed to glorification of the military are successful in blocking the plan, which calls for use of a 610-acre site along the Potomac. Public information on the park will be available only after the appropriation request becomes official, according to planners at Washington’s Smithsonian Institution. “Women Strike for Peace” urges that objections be sent to Congressmen and to community leaders before the matter receives a vote.

The adoption committee of Friends Meeting for Sufferings of Vietnamese Children (P.O. Box 38, Media, Pa., 19063) announces that a number of Vietnamese orphans under the age of three are about to be released for permanent adoption in this country. Marjorie de Hartog, recording clerk of MSVC, urges Friends who may be considering such an adoption to communicate with her without delay so she may get an idea of the extent of concern among Quakers in this particular area.

Reed College campus in Portland, Oregon, is the site of a new, unprogrammed meeting for worship, open to anyone in the area who is interested. Meetings generally are held on Wednesday or Thursday from 8 to 9 p.m. The time and place are posted each Sunday on the bulletin board at Multnomah Meeting (Stark Street, Portland). Further information may be obtained from Tom Findley at 503-774-9007.

Friends World Committee will be host this spring to two colloquia (one in Japan, one in India) at which Christians will converse with members of other world religions. A Quaker team of five or six persons will be present at each gathering. At Nippon Christian Academy in Oiso (on the sea, two hours’ train journey from Tokyo) during the last week of March, ten leading Zen Buddhists drawn from all over Japan and ten Japanese Christian scholars, ecumenically chosen, will live together for five and a half days as guests of the FWC. In addition to sharing experiences on the method used by each group to achieve spirituality, they will consider the responsibility which Buddhists and Christians bear for guidance of the world around them. Among the Protestants will be President Ariga of Kobe College, who in 1964 was an observer-delegate at Vatican Council II, where he discussed with Douglas V. Steere, chairman of the FWC, the possibility of setting up a meeting such as this one.

In southern India at the hill station of Ooty, near Com- batoire, from April 11th to 18th, ten Hindu scholars and swamis will gather with ten Christian scholars and men of committed life for a week of exchange on the inward experience of meditation and prayer. At this meeting, too, the Christians have been ecumenically chosen and will include three Roman Cath- olics. One of the Protestants will be Professor John Carman of the School of World Religions at Harvard University, who resides in India and is an authority on Hinduism.
As the Journal came off the press five thousand Protestant, Jewish, and Catholic clergymen from all over the country were gathered in Washington for a peace vigil and conferences with government officials on obstacles to peace in Southeast Asia. The aim of this two-day "Education-Action Mobilization," arranged by the National Emergency Committee of Clergy and Laymen Concerned about Vietnam, was to arouse new insight for local involvement through workshops. Its leaders have called on people throughout the nation "to risk the displeasure of the powers that be in order to challenge dogmatisms that imperil ourselves and our world."

Elklands Meeting in north-central Pennsylvania, which was disbanded in 1938, has now been revived to the extent of becoming once again a preparative meeting under Millville Monthly Meeting. Elklands is at Shunk, northwest of Eagles Mere.

The first birthday of the "death-of-God" movement (thousands of words and many volumes later) is commented upon by a writer in the Christian Advocate (Methodist) who notes the positive features of what at first seemed only a negative point of view. The movement has forced a serious evaluation of the meaning of American church expansion in the post-World-War-II era and has posed the question, "What is it all for?"

The dialogue of the death-of-God theologians has made three contributions (in the view of Theodore H. Runyon, Jr.): it has defined the church's theological and pastoral task in terms of man's relation to the world; it has forced a reopened discussion with non-Christian religions; and it has brought the past, the future—indeed the whole cosmos—back into focus as factors involved in man's role in history. "Thanks to the radicals in our midst," says the Advocate article, "we are again learning what it is like to live where Christian faith is not just an accustomed accoutrement to life but where it must mean something if it is to be held to."

Walter Russell Brain, a British Quaker who, after first studying law, was moved by his experiences with the Friends Ambulance Unit in World War I to take up the study of medicine, died in London at the end of December. His distinction as a neurologist had led not only to his becoming an outstanding figure in the British medical profession (serving for seven years as president of the Royal College of Physicians) but also to his being knighted and later being made a baronet. He was, in addition, an author of distinction, known for (among other works) his The Nature of Experience.

Alphonso Hackl of Friends Meeting of Washington, D. C. (publisher of Acropolis Books) points out that one of his recent publications, White House Brides, contains interesting facts about two Quaker sisters, Dolley and Lucy Payne. Dolley became the wife of James Madison, and while she was First Lady her sister Lucy married Supreme Court Justice Thomas Todd at the first recorded White House wedding.

House directors for the International Co-op at Ann Arbor (Mich.) Friends Center are being sought for next year. The positions include free apartment and full board. Preference will be given to a childless couple with Quaker background and some experience in counseling international students.

Cecil Thomas of the AFSC's Northern California office (Peace Section) is taking a leave of absence from the Service Committee to serve as executive secretary of the National Committee on U.S.-China Relations, which has offices both in San Francisco (260 California Street) and in New York. The committee plans to organize a number of "China Conferences" and also to develop mass-media programs on China and to produce materials for use in secondary schools.

Haverford College's new Magill Library, now under construction on the campus of the suburban Philadelphia Quaker college, will have a "cricket room"—a library and collection about the sport of cricket which, according to the librarian's annual report, will be "the only thing of its kind in the United States."

Also mentioned in the report are two amusing notebooks which are included in the library's collections: one the whimsically illustrated chemistry notebook kept by Maxfield Parrish, Haverford '92, widely known artist who died last spring; and the other Robert Louis Stevenson's trigonometry notebook, wherein, although he dutifully set down theorems, he frequently covered the pages with verse.

The Generations Meet at Pendle Hill

Twenty high-school and college students and sixty-seven older adults participated in the Midwinter Institute at Pendle Hill (Wallingford, Pa.) over New Year's weekend to bridge "The Gap Between the Generations." Those who attended felt the walls come tumbling down. There was real communication both in the plenary sessions and in the seven discussion groups where representatives of the old and the young shared their feelings.

Subjects which young people usually feel free to discuss only with their own generation were explored together in frankness and trust. There was role-playing of actual situations which pointed up the conflicting values of the two generations and led to searching and fruitful discussion together. Many older Friends came to understand for the first time what some of the younger people are thinking and feeling as they weigh pressing moral issues. Communication was undertaken not to establish sharp lines of what each group considered to be right or wrong, but in order to come to deeper understanding of how young people felt about issues which are for them daily realities, and why they felt as they did. Older Friends attempted in turn to communicate not only their particular views but also why they considered those views to be of value.

Two interesting points emerged from the discussions. First, adults had a tendency to project their own feelings and experiences, often incorrectly, onto the experiences of the young people. Second, young people wanted a great deal of freedom but sometimes were tempted quite irrationally to hold the
adults responsible if things went wrong—a kind of "why didn't you warn me about this or keep me from doing it?" feeling. The adults considered this attitude unfair, though it pointed up something of significance.

The young people responded enthusiastically to the experiment. One high-school student said: "I came to attend a conference, but it has been more than that. It has been one of the great experiences of my life." There was extensive discussion as to how the spirit of the conference—the process of old and young getting to know each other at a deeper level—could be carried back to the forty or fifty Meetings represented.

George Lakey was clerk of the Institute. Joe Havens shared the leadership and was one of the discussion leaders; the others were Elwood Cronk, Bob Eaton, David Hartsough, Allan Solomon, Bob Morgan, and Ray Hartsough. The panel of high-school and college youths who assisted in planning and in conducting the plenary sessions and discussion groups were John Braxton, Marcy Morgan, Judy Slayton, Alan Grosman, Sally Hemenway, Neil Stoddard, and Bob Frysinger. Gerda and Bill Hargrave led much-appreciated folk-dancing sessions Thursday and Saturday nights.

According to Bainbridge Davis, chairman of the Pendle Hill Extension Committee, which planned the Institute: "It was a major decision to deviate this year from the usual pattern of the Midwinter Institute. This involved some risk, but the experience has been very worth while. It is certainly to be hoped that Pendle Hill will again try this kind of experiment."

RAY HARTSOUGH, Extension Secretary

Letters to the Editor

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

AFSC Anniversary "Party"

R. W. Tucker's letter in the December 1st JOURNAL with respect to the American Friends Service Committee's fiftieth anniversary is a good illustration of the kind of problem that words can create. I can easily understand his concern at the prospect of the AFSC engaging in a series of gay "parties" across the country to commemorate its anniversary on April 29. Actually the occasions we are planning are of quite a different nature and will, I think, be fully in keeping with the spirit and tradition of the Committee.

We know that we must not let anniversary celebrations distract us from the great tasks of binding up the wounds of men and laboring to build the Kingdom in a warring world. On the other hand, it does seem appropriate that we should mark the completion of fifty years of service with an occasion that will bring together friends of the Committee for a renewal of old ties, a rededication to the vision that Friends set for themselves, and a look at the new challenges facing us. Accordingly, we are planning a large gathering, but a simple one with a simple menu, largely self-served. Volunteers are being used to the maximum extent possible, and we are endeavoring in every way we can to make the occasion reflective of Friendly simplicity.

We hope that large numbers of Friends in the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting area will want to join in this anniversary dinner. Details will be forthcoming. Someone in each Monthly Meeting is to be designated as a source of full information, but I want to reassure Friends, on behalf of the AFSC, that the event will be in character with the AFSC tradition and not something elaborate and showy.

Philadelphia

STEVEN G. CARY, Associate Executive Secretary

"Should We Give Our Children War Toys?"

I would like to take exception to Laurence Jaeger's article, "War Toys, Yes" (JOURNAL, November 15, 1966), in that he presents us with false alternatives: "Either we give our children war toys or we cause them to suppress their natural aggressive feelings." I agree that we must recognize that a child is very likely to have hostile feelings which need expression, but this does not mean that he needs toys which can do only this. If he wants to shoot a gun he can pick up a stick and pretend. The stick may be a gun today and a sword tomorrow, but there is a possibility that it may be a climbing staff the day after that. A toy machine gun on the other hand can never be anything else.

Seattle, Wash.

ALICE C. MILES

"A View from the Back Benches"

The authors of the pamphlet, Quakerism: a View from the Back Benches, are surprised and pleased at the wide reception it has had since it was published in June. While we knew we felt deeply about it, we had no idea in advance that so many Friends would respond so favorably and in such a friendly fashion to its contents. It is now being printed for the third time; we have sold around 4200 copies to date, with more orders coming in almost every day.

Will those who had a negative reaction please share it with us? So far we have received nothing of this sort, and we know there must be some!

Box 491
Pomona, N. Y.

CYNTHIA M. ARYIO
For the Backbenchers

Society of Friends Still Religious?

I should like to express my appreciation of the thoughts of Edward W. Beals in his letter in the December 15th JOURNAL. It is regrettable that he no longer desires to be counted a Friend.

My own feelings concur with Edward Beals' statement concerning the apparent imbalance in our spiritual resources and our social outreach: "Our religion has become a spice to add flavor to our activities rather than the fountain and source from which they flow." The "Society of Friends" to an alarming degree has displaced the "Religious Society of Friends."

The early Friends were Christ-centered. Today we are not. Jesus Christ is placed in history with "other great teachers: Buddha, Lao-tzu, Gandhi, etc." Today we are those who are defiant of foreign policies and internal social problems which disturb our sense of justice. It is not implied that it is wrong to oppose such conditions, but it seems to me that such objectives could be vastly strengthened. If we could find our way to offer "a cup of water in Jesus' name" I believe mighty forces would be at work that are not seen with our physical eyes.
Jesus said, “I have come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly.” Do we no longer believe this?

My own experience in coming to the Religious Society of Friends came about in quite an unusual way. My employer would have me type his Monthly Meeting minutes. This aroused a great curiosity within me to learn something about Friends’ beliefs. Over a period of one year I read omnivorously the Journal of George Fox. It was a wonderful opening to me spiritually since I found increasingly the truths in Fox’s experience were expressing many of my own. The Religious Society of Friends has been the means of opening my heart to others in greater love and appreciation of those convictions which Jesus himself taught.

Glen Ridge, N. J.

MAY N. REED

Kind Words

I think every subscriber to the FRIENDS JOURNAL must feel grateful for the issue of December 1. In it, in one way or another, you managed to tackle today’s critical situations head on. You sharpened our attention, deepened our sense of individual responsibility, and made us feel how essential is the search for wisdom and insight to meet these new conditions.

Pomona, Calif.

ISABEL FOTHERGILL SMITH

Korean Orphanages, Bad and Good

Many Americans are interested in the million Korean orphans and send money to help them. This letter is to urge you to do it through CARE, which helps only orphanages whose administrators are not corrupt. Most (not all) Korean administrators of orphanages live in large, elegant homes and drive Cadillacs. Their orphanages are huge and crowded. They employ as few helpers as possible.

The orphan program here has a budget of two million dollars, and the administrators get 10 percent. They don’t want their orphans adopted as long as they are supported by someone else. The children are herded like animals and are not treated as well as heifer calves. This of course injures them not only physically but emotionally. I learned these facts after visiting a few orphanages and talking with Korean Church World Service, a social worker, and CARE.

A good orphanage is the one that was established by Moon, Hee Choong: it is supported out of his meager income and receives no part of the two-million-dollar budget. These twenty orphanages are jailbirds, aged 14 to 22, who have been recommended to Mr. Moon’s Marine Vocational Institute, where they are taught fishing, meteorology, engineering, net making, oceanography, etc. After two years of study and the rough life of fishermen, they get jobs—real, paying jobs—and become self-respecting citizens; there has been only one failure in the last five years. Getting a job in this country where 50 percent of the people are unemployed may be credited to the great concern of Mr. Moon. His school has only the bare necessities. (Bare necessities in Korea are very bare.) If he had another boat he could take fifteen more delinquent orphans. Anyone who wants to help him can send food packages, clothing, a sewing machine, or another fishing boat through CARE, Seoul, Korea for Hop Woo Marine Vocational Institute.

Seoul, Korea

MARGARET UTTERBACK

Friends of the Friends

The Wider Quaker Fellowship office recently has learned of the death of Nina C. Shares, widow of Judge John O. Shares of Daytona Beach, Florida. Letters from several Florida Friends tell of the deep interest Nina Shares had in the WQF and, through it, in the Religious Society of Friends. An active and devoted Methodist, Mrs. Shares often attended Friends’ groups, and some years ago served as secretary of the small worship group which was meeting then in the home of Sara Belle George. Quiet and unassuming, she was instrumental in establishing a religious book store in Daytona Beach and in bringing together the Jewish and Protestant groups in that city for discussion meetings. It was her concern and leadership which led to an integrated church women’s executive committee that finally opened its membership to all women in the city.

Because of the rather casual way in which the Wider Quaker Fellowship is organized (members receive three or four “mailings” a year; there are rarely any planned get-togethers in different communities; and the staff in the Philadelphia office is in communication with individual members only through correspondence), the concerns and activities of these four thousand men and women are largely unknown to us. Now and then Friends write with appreciation of the meaning of membership in the WQF to persons who, they know, are members, and of their work in their communities. And we in this office are frequently moved by brief written comments from members indicating their thankfulness for the Wider Quaker Fellowship.

MARGARET E. JONES, Chairman

Philadelphia

Wider Quaker Fellowship

Announcements

Brief notices of Friends’ births, marriages, and deaths are published in the FRIENDS JOURNAL without charge. Such notices (preferably typed, and containing only essential facts) will not be published unless furnished by the family or the Meeting.

BIRTHS

HOUGHTON—On December 28, 1966, at Boulder, Colo., a daughter, KAREN JEANNINE Houghton, to David and Barbara Houghton. The father and maternal grandparents, Willard and Sara Houghton, are members of Media (Pa.) Meeting, and the mother and maternal grandparents, Abram and Elsie Coan, are members of Solebury (Pa.) Meeting.

HUTCHINS—On December 28, 1966, a daughter, LINDA LEE Elizabeth Hutchins, to Richard and Mary Hutchins of Coralville, Iowa. The mother, formerly a member of Ann Arbor (Mich.) Meeting, now belongs to Iowa City Meeting.

MARRIAGES

BATTEY-ZANCA—On December 26, 1966, JANE ANN Zanca and T. ALBERT BATTEY. The bridegroom is a member of Haverford (Pa.) Meeting.

DAVIS-LANE—On December 21, 1966, BARBARA RUTH LANE, a member of Haverford (Pa.) Meeting, and MARTIN JEFFERSON DAVIS.

LAUGHLIN-WALN—On December 17, 1966, at Crosswicks (N.J.) Meeting, BARRABA WALN, daughter of S. Morris and Alice B. Waln, and CHARLES WILLIAM LAUGHLIN, son of Geraldine Laughlin of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The bride and her parents are members of Crosswicks Meeting.

RICHARDSON-BUSCOMBE—On December 17, 1966, at Canberra (Australia) Meeting, DAWN BUSCOMBE, daughter of William and Royal Buscombe, and JOHN RICHARDSON, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Richardson of Canberra. The bride and her parents are members of Canberra Meeting.
RUCH–MILLER—On December 17, 1966, at Little Hocking, Ohio, SHIRLEY ANN MILLER, daughter of John E. and Virginia Miller, and JOHN STUART RUCH, son of Harold H. and Anna K. Ruch of Wyndmoor, Pa. The bridegroom and his family are members of Chestnut Hill (Philadelphia) Meeting.

SATTERTHWAITE–STOUT—On December 31, 1966, at Orange Grove Meeting, Pasadena, California, CAROL MARJORIE SOUT, daughter of J. Osmy and Marjorie Stout, and MARK ALLEN SATTERTHWAITE, son of Franklin E. and Ruth Llewellyn Satterthwaite. The bride and her family are members of Whitleaf Meeting, Whittier, California, and the bridegroom and his family are members of Wellesley (Mass.) Meeting.

SNYDER–PALMER—On November 20, 1966, at Swarthmore (Pa.) Meeting, and under the care of Chester (Pa.) Meeting, HANNAH PALMER, daughter of Newlin P. and Eleanor Palmer, and IVAN ROBERT SNYDER, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Snyder of Philadelphia. The bride and her parents are members of Chester Meeting.

DEATHS

BANGHAM—On August 27, 1966, at Wooster, Ohio, RALPH V. BANGHAM, a member of Haverford (Pa.) Meeting.

HILLER—On January 1, at Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, HELEN MAY HILLER, aged 91. Formerly a member of Flushing (N.Y.) Meeting, she later attended North Dartmouth (Mass.) Meeting. Surviving are two sons, five daughters, twenty-four grandchildren, and thirteen great-grandchildren.

LLEWELLYN—On November 9, 1966, MABEL E. LLEWELLYN, aged 78. She was a long-time member of Arch Street (Philadelphia) Meeting. Surviving is her brother, William T. Llewellyn of Hatboro, Pa.

SUTTON—On December 29, 1966, at Beirut, Lebanon, JAMES EDWARD SUTTON. For the last forty-three years he had been a member of Haverford (Pa.) Meeting.

Gerhard Halle

German Friends report the recent death of Gerhard Halle, who, with his wife Olga, was one of the founders of the German Yearly Meeting in 1925. He had been greatly influenced by several British Friends who were conscientious objectors in the First World War, in which Gerhard Halle had participated as an officer in the Engineering Corps. His actions at that time stirred later in him a lifelong repentance, and in 1932 he revisited the areas in France where he had operated as an officer directing the destruction of buildings, causing in one explosion the deaths of about 300 persons. There he publicly expressed his profound regret for these deeds of destruction and asked for forgiveness. Back in Germany he repeated these addresses to German audiences and subsequently lost his position in a semiofficial business organization because of his pacifist views. When called to serve as an officer in the Nazi forces, he refused, but he was miraculously spared from persecution.

As a young man his enthusiasm for aviation led him to close collaboration and friendship with Gustav Lilienthal, one of two German brothers who were pioneers in this field. He later published a biography of Gustav Lilienthal's brother Otto, who was killed in a test flight in 1896. This book has become a standard work in the history of aviation.

A man of inborn modesty and sincerity, Gerhard Halle will long be remembered by German Friends, although he had withdrawn his membership in later years to join the Wider Quaker Fellowship. He consistently witnessed to his Quaker ideals, thus strengthening the small band of German Friends whose record in the Nazi period (as yet unwritten) was immeasurably enriched by his loyalty in those times of extreme danger.

W.H.

Coming Events

Written notice of Yearly and Quarterly Meeting activities and of other events of general interest must be received at least fifteen days before date of publication.

FEBRUARY

4—Concord Quarterly Meeting, West Chester, Pa., 10 a.m.
5—Purchase Quarterly Meeting, Purchase and Lake Streets, Purchase, N. Y. Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m.; program (to be announced), 11:30; meeting for business, 2 p.m. Junior Quarterly Meeting and Young Friends, 10:30—2:30.
11—Abington Quarterly Meeting, Horsham Meeting House, Route 611, Horsham, Pa. Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.; Worship and Ministry, 10:45; meeting for business, 11:15; lunch (served by host Meeting), 12:30 p.m.; continuation of business, 1:45. Make lunch reservations by February 7 with Doris Martin, 815 Herman Road, Horsham.
11—Burlington Quarterly Meeting, Hanover and Montgomery Streets, Trenton, N. J., 10:30 a.m.
17—Bucks Quarterly Meeting for Worship and Ministry, Buckingham Meeting House, Route 202, Lahaska, Pa., 6:30 p.m.
18—Bucks Quarterly Meeting, Doylestown Meeting House, East Oakwood Avenue, Doylestown, Pa., 10 a.m.
18—Caln Quarterly Meeting, Lancaster Meeting House, Tulane Terrace, west of Lancaster, Pa., on Route 30. Meeting for worship and business session, 10:30 a.m., followed by lunch, served by Lancaster Friends. Meeting for Worship and Ministry, 1:30 p.m.
18—Potomac Quarterly Meeting, Adelphi Meeting House, 2303 Metzger Road, Adelphi, Md. Ministry and Counsel, 10:30 a.m., followed by lunch (served by host Meeting) and by meeting for business and conference session.
25—Warrington Quarterly Meeting, York Meeting House, West Philadelphia Street, York, Pa. Ministry and Counsel, 10 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11, followed by box lunch (dessert and beverage provided). Meeting for business and conference session after lunch.

MARCH

4—Nottingham Quarterly Meeting, Nottingham Meeting House, Main Street, Oxford, Pa. Ministry and Counsel, 10 a.m., followed by meeting for worship and meeting for business. Lunch served by host Meeting. Conference session in afternoon.
5—Frankford Friends Forum, Frankford Meeting House, Unity and Waln Streets, Philadelphia, 3 p.m.

MEETING ADVERTISEMENTS

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.

Arizona

FLAGSTAFF—Friends worship group, 11 a.m., Campus Christian Center, 610 So. Humphreys.

PHOENIX—Sundays: 8:45 a.m., adult study; 11 a.m. meeting for worship and First-day School, 17th Street and Glendale Avenue. Coo Cox, Clerk, 4378 North 24th Place, Phoenix.

TUCSON—Friends Meeting (Pacific Yearly Meeting), 130 E. 5th Street, Worship, 10:00 a.m. Barbara Elfrandt, Clerk, 1892 South via Kinco, 624-3624.

TUCSON—Friends Meeting (California Yearly Meeting), 129 N. Warren. Sunday School, 10 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m. Bible Study, Wednesday, 7:30 p.m. Julia S. Jenks, Clerk, 2144 4th St. San Diego 4-3835.

California

BERKELEY—Unprogrammed meeting, Saturdays, 10 a.m., 2151 Vine St., 443-4725.

CARMEL—Meeting for worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m., Lincoln near 7th.

CLAREMONT—Meeting for worship and Sunday School, 9:30 a.m., 727 Harrison Ave. Clerk, Isabel F. Smith, 900 E. Harrison Ave., Pomona, California.
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Iowa

DES MOINES—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.; classes, 11 a.m. Meeting House, 4211 Grand Ave. 274-4453.

Kentucky

LEXINGTON—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 10 a.m., First-day School 11 a.m., 475 W. 2nd St. 278-5631.

Louisville—First-day school, 10 a.m. Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m., at the meeting house, 5050 Bon Air Ave. Phone TW 3-7107.

Louisiana

NEW ORLEANS—Friends meeting each Sunday. For information telephone UN 1-4025 or 891-2584.

Maine

CAMDEN—Meeting for worship each Sunday. Contact the clerk for time and place. Ralph E. Cook, Clerk, 236-3004.

Maryland

BALTIMORE—Worship, 11 a.m.; classes, 9:45 Stony Run, 5116 N. Charles St. 2-2772, Homewood 3187 N. Charles St, 234-4328.

BETHESDA—Sidwell Friends Lower School, First-day school 10:15, Meeting for worship 11:00 a.m. DR 2-5772.

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

SANDY SPRING—Meeting House Rd., at TR 108. Classes 11:30 a.m.; worship 11 a.m.

SPARKS (Suburban Baltimore area)—Gunpowder Meeting Priceville and Quaker Bot­tom Roads, near Belfast Road Exit of Route 43. 11:00 a.m. 771-6456.

Massachusetts

ACTON—Meeting for worship and First-day School, Sunday, 10:30 a.m., Women’s Club, Main Street.

CAMBRIDGE—Meeting, Sunday, 5 Longfellow Park (near Harvard, 9:30 a.m. and 11 a.m.; telephone TR 6-8683.

SOUTH YARMOUTH, CAPE COD—Worship and First-day School, 10 a.m.

WELLESLEY—Meeting, Sunday, 10:30 a.m. at 28 Beacon Street, Sunday School, 10:45 a.m. Phone: 235-9782.

WALTHAM, CAPE COD— Rt. 28A, meeting for worship, Sunday 11 a.m.

WESTFORD—Meeting, 10:45 a.m. Central Village: Clerk, J. K. Stewart Kirkaldy. Phone: 535-4711.

WORCESTER—Pleasant Street Friends Meeting, 901 Pleasant Street. Meeting for worship each First-day, 11 a.m. Telephone PL 4-3897.

Michigan

ANN ARBOR—Adult discussion, children’s classes, 10:00 a.m. Meetings for worship 9:30 and 11:30 a.m. Meeting House, 1434 Hill St. Clerk, Janet Southwood, 1526 White Street, phone 660-6454.

DETOUR—Meeting, Sunday, 11 a.m. at Friends School in Detroit, 100 W. Askin Blvd. Phone 862-6722.

KALAMAZOO—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.; discussion, 11 a.m. Friends’ Meeting House, 506 Dunlop. Call FL 9-1754.

Minnesota

MINNEAPOLIS—Meeting, 11 a.m.; First-day School, 10 a.m., 44th Street and York Ave.
Penn Park Street Meeting and Intersection Meeting Southwestern N. H. Meeting Meeting Jleetinc Meeting New Mexico

SHREWSBURY—First-day School, 10:30 a.m. meeting for worship, 11:30 a.m. Route 35 and Sycamore Ave. Phone 672-1332 or 671-2451.

TRENTON—First-day Education Classes 10 a.m., meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Hanover and Montgomery Streets. Visitors welcome.

New Mexico

ALBUQUERQUE—Meeting and First-day School, 10:30 a.m., 815 (Girard Blvd., N.E. Dorell Bunting, Clerk. Phone 344-1440.

LAS VEGAS—828 8th. First-day School, 10 a.m.; worship, 10:45; discussion 11:30.

SAN TA FE—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m., 111 Olive Rush Studio, 636 Canyon Road, Santa Fe. Jane H. Baumann, Clerk.

North Carolina

ASHEVILLE—Meeting, Sunday, 11:10 a.m. Fr. Broad YWCA. Phone Philip Neal, 298-2994.

CHAPEL HILL — Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m. Clerk, Claude Shotts, Y.M.C.A. Phone: 942-3755.

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

DURHAM—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m. Clerk, Rebecca Blaisdell, 1407 N. Alabama Ave., Durham, N. C.

Ohio

CLEVELAND—Meeting for Worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., 10916 Magnolia Dr. TU 4-2693.

CLEVELAND—Community Meeting, First-day School, 10:30 a.m. Lila Cornelii, Clerk. TA 6-6868, 571-4577.

E. CINCINNATI—Meeting for worship 11 a.m. joint First-day School with 7 Hills Meeting 10 a.m. both at Quaker House, 1928 Dealer Ave. Horatio Wood, clerk, 751-0486.

N. COLUMBUS—Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m., 1964 Indiana Ave. AX 5-2768.

SALEM—Sixth Street Monthly Meeting of Friends, unprogrammed First-day School, 9:30 a.m.; meeting, 10:30 a.m. Franklin D. Henderson, Clerk.

WILMINGTON—Campus Meeting of Wilmington Yearly Meeting, unprogrammed worship, 11 a.m., First-day School at 10, in Thomas Kelly Center, Wilmington College, Henrietta Read clerk. Area code 512-383-3172.

Oregon

PORTLAND-MULTNOMAH—Friends Meeting, 10 a.m., 4313 S. E. Stark Street, Portland, Oregon. Phone AT 7-1914.

Pennsylvania

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

BIRMINGHAM—(South of West Chester), on Birmingham Rd., one quarter mile south of Route 252, on second crossroad west of intersection with Route 202. Meeting for worship 11 a.m., First-day School, 10:30 a.m.

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

CONCORD—at Concordville, south of intersection of Routes 1 and old 322. First-day School, 10:00 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m.

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

DUNNINGS CREEK—At Fishertown, 10 miles north west of Bedford, First-day School, 9:30 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m.

GYNEDD—Movement for worship at some Friends Meeting House, 29 Rope 10 .: Phone 326-4537.

ITRIIT—Worship School, 11 a.m., 133 Popham Rd. Clerk, 4421 Broad YWCA. Phone 344-7460.

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

ST. LOUIS—Meeting, 2339 Rockford Ave., Rock Hill, 10:30 a.m.; phone PA 1-0915.

New Hampshire

HANOVER—Meeting for worship and First-day school for worship, 11 a.m., 29 Rope Ferry Road, 10:45 a.m. weekly.

MONADNOCK—Southwestern N. H. Meeting for worship, 9:45 a.m., The Meeting School, Rinnes, N.H.

New Jersey

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

CROSSWICKS—Meeting and First-day School, 9:30 a.m.

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

HADDONFIELD—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.; First-day School, 9:45 a.m., Lake Street.

MANASQUAN—First-day School, 10 a.m., meeting, 11:15 a.m. Route 25 at Manasquan Circle. Walter Longstreet, Clerk.

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

NEW BRUNSWICK—Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m., Quaker House, 33 Remsen Ave. Phone 545-9283 or 549-7400.

PLAINFIELD—First-day School, 9:45 a.m., meeting for worship, 11 a.m., Watchung Ave., at E. Third St. 757-8736.

PRINCETON—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., Quaker Road near Mercer Street.

QUAKERTOWN—Meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m., every First-day School, Doris Stout, Pittstown, N. J. Phone 735-7784.

RANKOCAS—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., 226 Highwood Ave.

SEAVILLE — Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Main Shore Road, Route 5, Cape May County. Visitors welcome.

New Mexico

ALBUQUERQUE—Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m., 727 Madison Ave.; phone 685-9084.

BUFFALO—Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m., 77 N. Parade; phone TX 2-1654.

CHAPAGUA—Quaker Road (Rt. 120), First-day School, 9:45 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m. 914 CE 8-9994 or 914 MA 8-8127.

CLINTON—Meeting, Sundays, 11 a.m., Kirkland Art Center, On-the-Park.

CORNWALL—Meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m. Rt. 367, off 9W, Quaker Ave. 914 JO 1-5904.

LONG ISLAND—Northern Boulevard at Shelter Rock Road, Manhasset. First-day School, 9:45 a.m.; meeting, 11 a.m.

NEW YORK—First-day meetings for worship, 11 a.m. 13 Rutherford Place, Manhattan 2 Washington Sq. N., Columbia University 116 Schenkshein St, Brooklyn 137-16 Northern Blvd., Flushing 3:30 p.m. Riverside Church, 15th Floor Telephone (811) 8-7575 (Mon.-Fri., 9-4) about First-day Schools, Monthly Meetings, suppers, etc.

ORCHARD PARK—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11:00 a.m. E. Quaker St. Phone, Harold Faeth, Buffalo 225-9429.

PURCHASE—Purchase Street (Route 120) at Lake Street, New York. First-day School, 10:30 a.m., meeting, 11 a.m.

QUAKER SEEK—Worship and First-day School, 11 a.m. Quaker School Meeting House, Route 7, nr. Duanesburg, Schenectady County.

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

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

SCARSDALE—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., 137 Poppin Ave. Clerk, Lloyd Bailey, 1107 Post Road, Scarsdale, N. Y.

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

SYRACUSE—Meeting for worship in Chapel House of Syracuse University, 711 Comstock Avenue, 9:45 a.m., Sunday.

North Carolina

ASHVILLE—Meeting, Sunday, 11:10 a.m. Fr. Broad YWCA. Phone Philip Neal, 293-5944.

CHARLOTTE—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. First-day education classes, 10 a.m. 2039 Vail Avenue: call 525-2501.
Meetings -規則りる訪問者
Goose

512 Monthly Meeting, first Fifth-day, 7:1111 A.M., Maple Avenue, 4838 Ellsworth St., Clerk, Kenneth Carroll, Religion Dept., S.M.U.; F.L.

Houstouh-Live Oak Friends Meeting, Sundays, 11 a.m., Chestnut Ave., Y.W.C.A., 11300 and Colington St., Clerk, Lois Brockman, Jackson 8-6143.

Vermont

Bennington—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. Old Benn. School House, Troy Rd., R.D. 2.

Burlington—Worship, 11 a.m., First-day, at quarters of Vermont Conference of United Church of Christ, 285 Maple Street.

Virginia

Charlottesville—Meeting and First-day School, 10 a.m., also meeting First and Third Sundays, 7:30 a.m., Madison Univ., Y.M.C.A.

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

Mr. Leal—Langley Hill Meeting, Sunday, 11 a.m., First-day School, 10:30 a.m. Junction old Route 123 and Route 166.

Washington

Seattle—University Friends Meeting, 4001 9th Avenue, N.E. Worship, 10 a.m.; discussion period and First-day School, 11 a.m. Telephone MErose 7-1700.

West Virginia

Charleston—Meeting for worship, Sunday 10 a.m., Y.W.C.A., 1114 Quaker St. Phone 766-4581 or 348-1592.

Wisconsin

Madison—Sunday 10 a.m., Friends House, 2003 Monroe St., 283-2248.

Milwaukee—Sunday, 10 a.m., meeting and First-day School, 3074 W. Maryland, 277-4167.

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