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***T**HE symbol of Christmas—what is it? It is the promise of tomorrow at the close of every day, the movement of life in defiance of death, and the assurance that love is sturdier than hate, that right is more confident than wrong, that good is more permanent than evil.*

—HOWARD THURMAN

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Letter from London

Friends and Sanctions

THE crises over Rhodesia and South-West Africa have raised once again, and acutely, the problem of ends and means and specifically the problem as to how far the international community is required to go, and is justified in going, in coercing governments that contravene fundamental principles of the United Nations Charter.

In view of U.N. decisions to apply selective mandatory sanctions to Rhodesia and at least the theoretical possibility of similar action against South Africa, this is an unavoidable issue for all Friends in countries that are states-members of the world organization. It presents itself with peculiar sharpness, perhaps, to British Friends because of the special relationships which Britain has with both Rhodesia and the Republic of South Africa. Joint discussions on these questions within the appropriate groups of the Friends Peace and International Relations Committee of London Yearly Meeting have resulted in the preparation of a working paper on sanctions for the information and guidance of Friends in this country. Similar discussions, one recognizes, have been going on within the Quaker U.N. Program in New York.

What are the main questions confronting Friends in this matter? Is there a clear moral duty, as distinct from any legal obligation, resting on states-members of the United Nations and their peoples, to avoid complicity in immoral situations and policies by refusing aid and comfort to the offending country or government? Must we pursue, at the state level and in modern terms, the kind of personal action John Woolman took in deciding not to use slave-grown sugar? (Probably this question, so formulated, would elicit a positive answer from most Friends.)

We want to dissociate ourselves in some way from policies aimed at the indefinite prolongation of white supremacy in Rhodesia or the continued denial of fundamental human rights elsewhere in Southern Africa. But what are the implications and the likely consequences of an affirmative answer? Can we comfortably limit ourselves to measures that do not risk or involve military action, especially if to do this may be to make the worst of both worlds by insuring that the sanctions we apply are ineffective? Is there in fact a clear moral line to be drawn between forms of coercion? What is the difference of principle between economic and military sanctions? If, as is often asserted, sanctions are not an end in themselves but only a means to the achieving of an acceptable solution of the dispute, what of the undeniable fact that usually sanctions stiffen the resolve of those against whom they are applied and decrease the prospects of a peaceful and equitable settlement? Moreover, how do we reconcile our need to keep open the channels of communication with our support of measures likely to make communication more difficult?

Such questions as these are exercising the minds of Friends here in Britain. It would be valuable for us to know how American Friends are seeing these matters and to what personal and corporate judgments they are being led.

GERALD BAILEY

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Editorial Comments

The Little Green Box

IT stands on a whatnot shelf—the little green box—green and gold and white. Once it was filled with sand tarts—about twenty, I should say—the thinnest, most delicate sand tarts I have ever eaten. The box that held them represents the strangest and most significant Christmas of my life.

As our family group—mother, father, and child—were returning home to join our other children for the holiday, we found ourselves traffic casualties in a small Virginia hospital, administered (as one of a number of minor miracles of the whole affair) by a cherished Friend. According to our schedule we had expected to have just about twenty-four hours to cope with the trappings of a “simple” Quakerly Christmas: turkey, candles, wreath on the door, toys that had been hidden away early in December, last-minute stocking stuffers, display of Christmas cards, tree, a few new ornaments, tinsel, extra bulbs, wrapping paper, candy canes. . . . Suddenly there was all the time in the world and nothing to do but to think and to be thankful for life itself.

“What a terrible experience!” our friends said, after it was all over. “And especially at Christmas!”

I could never explain to them how it really was. The Magi brought gifts: a white fuzzy duck, my green-gold box of cookies, and a necktie that still hangs on the rack and defies every old-clothes collection. A friendly stranger from the town dropped in with an offer of hospitality; we refused it with appreciation, almost with relief that we need not just yet leave the realness of this strangely unreal world. And at that early evening hour when nurses decree that everyone should go to sleep, a few stars could be seen over the Blue Ridge Mountains as the heavenly choir filed through the hospital corridor. The half-dozen choristers might have been assembled from the far corners of the world, so oddly assorted they were. Their first carol swelled as they passed my door; the second one trailed off into the quiet of Christmas Eve. There was Christmas dinner, of course, with a sprig of holly on the tray. There was much love and kindness. And that was all.

“What shall I do about Christmas?” I asked a Friend well advanced in the wisdom of years. “Here we are on the brink of another orgy of religion and commercialism,

and this year particularly, in the shadow of Vietnam, how can I bear the hypocrisy?”

Since I had expected some Quakerly platitudes, her reply was startling. “I solved that problem a long time ago,” she said quietly. “I simply disregard the religious part and think of Christmas as a folk festival, a time of family reunions, general good will, and holiday fun. That way I keep my sanity about the whole thing.”

* * *

Are these, then, the options? Or aren't they options at all? The road back to that little hospital in Virginia is an impassable one, even were I willing to pay the price of that incredible journey. And the ingredients of a Bethlehem-size Christmas simply cannot be transferred to city or suburbia of 1967. What sleight of hand, what trickery, what facts of destruction would be required to limit the number of cookies to twenty, the gifts to three, the carols to two? As for the stars, they are quite obliterated by the brightness of man's plastic universe.

My elderly friend's advice seemed disarmingly simple at first. Surely joy and festivity have their place in God's scheme, but if the thoughtful person insists on a bit of deeper meaning to add savor, that is not impossible: try the concept of the Christmas season as a blending of all sorts of religious and pagan rites, their origins half forgotten, taking place at the dark of the year when all mankind looks toward the coming of new light and new life. Such inclusiveness may add rather than detract.

Yet the traditions of centuries are hard to slough off. Indeed, the traditions of one's own childhood are difficult, if not impossible, to dismiss lightly. Old refrains keep coming back, but, as in a poorly made movie, the music does not quite fit the action. If God is dead, there is no babe in Bethlehem. Even if I should want to nod in agreement, I am still left with the problem of an extravagant celebration in the midst of an anguished world.

Quakers of an earlier time would have solved the problem by turning away from the creaturely conceits of a special day, but I belong to this day and my children to tomorrow. Their spokesman is Lucy (of “Peanuts” fame), who asks Santa Claus for “some of everything—the more the better,” and then hums philosophically: “Tis the season to be greedy. . . .” As each day passes and no rational plan of action suggests itself, I am pulled

along with the hurrying crowds and in spite of myself go through the old familiar motions. Maybe next year. . . .

In the meantime I think of a little book that has long stood on my bookshelf: *Ceremonials for Common Days*. Here perhaps is a hint: If I cannot celebrate a true Christmas on the twenty-fifth of December, there are still three hundred and sixty-four other days to be ennobled by the single star, the single song, the single gift. Perhaps it is well to be forced back into what Quakers must never forget—the sacrament of the daily bread, the observance of the mass of the Christ on a rainy day in February.

E.L.C.

Is a Quaker Miner a Freak?

By HARRY LETCH

"Do we really believe it [our Quaker faith] is only for the few—for the few who, God help them, are a bit like us?" Hugh Doncaster's question in his keynote speech at the 1967 Friends World Conference takes on new significance in these thoughts (here slightly abridged) from Quaker Monthly (London).

IT is now two years since I was invalided out of the pit through a spine injury. Since that time I have been trying to assess what impact I, as a pitman Quaker, had on my workmates.

My hardest job was to try to find a common meeting ground on which to discuss Quaker ideas and usage. I was always most careful to explain any item they asked about, but everything seemed to puzzle them, eager as they were to know. It felt as if they just could not take it in. Absence of priests, preachers or leaders, creeds, service, music, or singing they could not absorb. Like *Alice in Wonderland*, it got curiouser and curiouser. On the subject of meeting for worship they wondered how anyone could sit still for an hour. On ministry, how did one know when to speak or what to say?

Their biggest hindrance was our peace testimony. To them, might is right; no one in his right senses would stand and let someone walk over him.

Believing and trusting they partly understood. Where are there more trusting men than pitmen? The very nature of their work makes them so. They never blamed God—man was the villain of the piece.

They contended that man must have some rules to live by. When in this connection I spoke of the *Advices and Queries*, I was told that they are not binding and that it was too, too easy. I was keenly watched in my conduct and behavior, but in lots of ways I was odd man out. Their life was bound up in sport, horses, dogs, football, bingo; pubs and working men's clubs were the hub. The herd instinct is very strong among them.

One of my mates even said I was a freak and that he didn't think the Quakers would get very far among us with their ideas. Was it my fault that I did not get across to them? The Lord knows I tried. It is said that Friends are always ahead of their time. If so, how can my class ever hope to catch up with them? Must this division always remain?

To make it even worse, I feel I have failed to get the image of the working class across to my fellow Friends. I have met Friends over a period of thirty years, and they are still a source of admiration and wonderment to me. There is never any question of putting on side or of looking down their noses at you. One is treated as an equal, and I thank God that I was able in this life to become a member of the Society of Friends.

But here it ends. Friends do not seem to know anything about the working class. Dare I ask: do they want to, or do they try? Many know more about the Africans than the English. A concern overseas gets more help and attention than one here. We pitmen may be coarser than Friends, but we enjoy life robustly. We like a good deep belly laugh—a thing rarely heard among Friends. We may not be as friendly, but we are more pally. I know we do almost everything that Friends don't, but somehow they don't seem able to grasp our pattern. Ought they not to know what makes the working classes tick?

Greetings at Christmas!

At the Christmas season, as at all seasons, the board of managers and the staff of the **FRIENDS JOURNAL** are grateful

- ☆ to the many readers whose appreciative comments hearten them in their work
- ☆ to the Friends Journal Associates whose loyal financial support enables the magazine to carry on
- ☆ to the precious volunteers whose work is of immense assistance to the staff
- ☆ to the percipient advertisers who, year after year, find in the JOURNAL'S readership a selective and select audience for their message
- ☆ and, above all, to the writers, artists, and photographers who, through the generous contribution of their work without financial return, are the ones who make the JOURNAL possible

**Thank you all . . . and
Merry Christmas!**

The Donkey

By ELIZABETH H. KIRK

OFTEN in literature the lot of the donkey is not a happy one. He is made to bear burdens far beyond his strength; he has a mistress of generous proportions but ungenerous nature; he is beaten when he stumbles and cursed when he falls. A fable out of Greek literature (Aesop), retranslated here from LaFontaine's fifteenth-century French version, tells the sad fate of one humble donkey.

A terrible malady, a malady that Heaven sends to punish the crimes of the earth—one that can fill the cemeteries in one day—spreads through the animal kingdom. Many die; all are sick; desolation reigns. No longer do animals search for food; the wolves and the foxes let the prey pass without seizing it.

The lion calls together all the animals and says: "My dear friends, I believe that in sending this malady to us Heaven is punishing us for our sins. The most guilty of us must sacrifice himself to obtain pardon for all. Throughout history there are examples of this sort. Now, let us honestly confess the state of our conscience. For myself, I confess that I am a glutton for eating so many sheep. Why? I do not know. What do these sheep do to me? Nothing! And even, sometimes, it happens that I eat the shepherd. I am willing to sacrifice myself if necessary, but I think that everyone should accuse himself as I do, for justice requires death to the most guilty."

"Master," says the fox, "you are too good a king. Your scruples show too much delicacy. To eat the sheep, that stupid species—is that a sin? No, no! It is a great honor you do them. As for the shepherd, he merits his misfortune, for he is of that species which has the audacity to wish to reign over the animals."

At these words, the flatterers applaud. No one dares criticize the enormous crimes of the tiger, of the bears, or of the other powerful animals. All the quarrelsome animals, even the dogs, are proclaimed to be saints.

The donkey [l'âne] in his turn says: "I recall that one day, starving, while passing a meadow of tender grass (a devil pushed me, without a doubt), I ate a patch of grass as large as my tongue. It is a sin; I confess it."

At once all the other animals cry: "What a scandal! Punish this donkey!"

A wolf, who has all the talents of a prosecutor, pleads and demonstrates that it is necessary to sacrifice this cursed animal, for it is from him that all the harm comes. His sin is declared mortal. To eat the grass of his neighbor—what an abominable crime! Death alone can punish an action so black. And they put him to death.

Elizabeth H. Kirk of Willistown (Pa.) Meeting is a member of the Meeting on Worship and Ministry of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting and of the Friends World Committee for Consultation.

The illustration is the work of Carl E. Andrews, production director of the American Friends Service Committee's Information and Publications Department.

Now in the cool of the morning the Lord of All Beings walks through the Heavenly Kingdom, and, calling His animal subjects together, says: "My dear friends, I have need of help from one of your earthly brethren. Before the choice is made, let us review their qualifications."

The lion comes forward first, as is most fitting. "Master," he says, "on earth my kind is proclaimed by all to be first in the animal kingdom. No other boasts such distinction for grace, strength, and dignity."

The tigers, bears, and other powerful animals bow and say: "Our kind are beyond dispute the greatest. Men tremble at our coming, but we fear nothing."

The fawning wolf takes his turn: "Your majesty, the voice alone of my kindred spreads terror to the hearts of men and beasts alike. Is not this proof of superiority?"

The cricket jumps forward to say: "All the beautiful days of the year are set singing by my kindred."

The birds and all the singing ones echo "Singing, singing, singing."

The Lord of All Beings hears them until the time of rest. Seeing in the background still another animal, he calls: "You there, with the long ears, what say you?"



"My Lord," says the timid one, "among men my kind is despised and rejected. Regard well my ears; and now, hear my voice! Are these worthy of aught else? It is true that our backs are strong and can carry a man (if he climbs not atop his basket). And for love, we know no load too great nor path too steep."

Turning to the powerful animals, the Lord says:

"Strength and courage are rightly to be prized, but of themselves they bring not joy to the heart. And he who brings fear to others has no reward for himself."

And to the singing ones He says: "Your song through the sunny days gladdens the ear, but the song heard through the winter's cold strengthens the heart."

Then, touching the long ears, He says: "There will come one among men in need of such a companion from

the beginning of his life to its end—such a companion with a willing back (he will own no basket) and a faithful heart. You will be despised no longer among men, but loved for his sake."

And so it was that on the night of the Holy Birth the Child Jesus opened his eyes in the starlit stable and beheld his tender mother and the watchful Joseph, and beyond them a patient beast with long ears.

A Call to Creative Encounter

By L. HUGH DONCASTER

L. Hugh Doncaster, for twenty years lecturer in the history and principles of Quakerism at Woodbrooke College, Selly Oak, Birmingham, England, is now Woodbrooke's extension secretary and has traveled widely in that capacity during the past three years. A few excerpts from his keynote address at the Fourth Friends World Conference last summer at Guilford, N. C., are published here in response to requests from a number of Friends.

WE come with differences of cultural background, of nationality, of race, of previous religion, of language. Friends of the Evangelical Alliance say one thing, and Friends of the United Meeting say another, and Friends of the General Conference say yet another, but of course we are all Friends. This has been a good thing as far as it goes, because it has brought us together to a point where we are a more representative group of Friends of all the world than ever has been before. And this has been the mood of Friends in the world Quaker setting over the last thirty to forty years. But I venture to think that we must move on beyond either of those attitudes, each of which is in its own way relatively easy, into another which is more difficult.

It is possible to recognize that sameness is death, that difference involves tension, which may be destructive but may be very creative. I am asking you to try, willingly and with your eyes wide open, to develop an attitude that I am going to describe in the words "creative encounter"—an attitude which combines the positives of both of the others—which is genuinely humble, genuinely receptive, genuinely seeking to understand the point of view that is alien to us and at the same time to try to be faithful to the truth we have known, not to lean over backwards for the sake of a superficial unity, but to speak the truth as we have known it. This is, in fact, the only attitude consistent with our Quaker belief, because if we truly believe in that of God in every man, this surely means that we are going to seek for His guidance through the experience and insight of every other man and also in faithfulness to what we have known directly in our own hearts.

I believe we are called at this stage to move forward into an attitude which combines tolerance and understanding with faithfulness—an exercise in charity and faithfulness. This is very much harder than it sounds. This kind of encounter hurts, and hurts horribly. I don't think anything has hurt me more in the last month than a

continuing struggle to understand and communicate truth with my best friend. Truth and love are part of one whole and cannot live without each other, and suppression of truth is patronizing; it implies that we can take this but he can't, and there is no room for patronage in love. I believe we are close enough now in the world Society to take for granted this real caring one for another and to reach out in the exercise of faithfulness that is the opportunity for something creative to happen.

It is difficult to leave things at this general point without being a little evasive, so I am going to exemplify by taking one of the more obvious problems—the pastoral system. I have very slight personal acquaintance with it within Quaker circles; therefore I am speaking out of a measure of ignorance. I have met a considerable number of pastors and have an immense regard and affection for many of them. I believe that through their ministry they are more successful than we are in London Yearly Meeting in many fields—particularly the fields of outreach, pastoral care, and religious education. But, with all the prejudices of a Friend of London Yearly Meeting, I have to add that in my present state I believe the pastoral system to be a backward-pointing bypass off the main road of Quakerism that at best leads to a blind alley and at worst right away from that which I believe to be essential in Quakerism.

What I have said is trivial, I believe, compared with a much more insidious mood that is prevalent in London Yearly Meeting—a mood of vague permissiveness affecting matters of belief and social witness and moral testimony; this masquerades under the influence of those who are pleading for freedom of the individual, but it very easily runs from Quakerism into Ranterism, so stressing individual faithfulness and freedom that it undercuts corporate testimony. And this, I believe, is a far more serious ill than the one to which I have just referred.

The words of the World Conference's "Seek, Find,

Share" theme might possibly be altered in order, insofar as we are considering our relationships one to another. I believe that "Seek, Share, Find" may be the order while we are looking inwardly. But if we had come only to look inwardly, I for one would not have come. Our function is surely to come here in order that we may help to make the Society of Friends a more finely tempered instrument in the service of the Kingdom of God; that we may in our little way try to clarify our vision and see its relevance in the great world in which we are set. Just as there is no time but this present, so there is no situation that does not have its personal reference. And if we do honestly believe that something of God's spirit is at work in the heart of every single human being, there is no tiny part of the world and its relationships that is secular. Every single bit of it is of concern to us and to God.

The Need for Solidarity

Each one of us cannot touch life at every point. Collectively we go out to a whole lot of frontiers between our faith and the world in which we are living. And each of us has to choose his own particular frontier—the point at which the impact is made. But each must go with the knowledge that there is solidarity—there is the whole thrust of the Society of Friends behind him in the work to which he feels he is called. And whether we are working at the higher levels of diplomacy or in the desperate fields of ghettos and block workers, whether in East London or in teaching—wherever we are making our impact may we feel the thrust of the whole society with us in our concern! Because the world as I see it is dying, literally dying, for lack of Quakerism in action.

Now does that sound absurd? Let me paraphrase it. The world is dying for lack of the Christian gospel. Is that more acceptable? There is only one salvation for the sins of man, and that is his personal savior, Jesus Christ. These are three ways of saying the same thing, because Quakerism surely is the Christian faith as we understand it, and the world is dying for lack of it. And every one of us must go forward filled with a tremendous concern to share the redeeming, saving faith that we believe in.

We should have faith in our faith. Is it trite and silly and unnecessary [to say this]? I hope for many of you it is. But I believe we have to get away from an attitude that is apologetic and rather self-conscious, that is aware we are so small and so few and in a little minority. I believe we must rediscover the joy and the sureness of Christian conviction—of the converted, if you prefer it in that language. And when we sometimes recall the phrase used by the first generation of Friends as they went out, that they were the publishers of truth, we tend to recall it with a measure of embarrassment. We tend to disassociate ourselves from it because—well, we are a little

humbler than that. But I wonder whether we are all that much more humble than those remarkable men and women who gave their lives on Boston Common. Have faith in our faith! Do we really believe it is only for the few—for the few who, God help them, are a bit like us? Or do we believe that it really is for the many?

It is not my purpose here to try to put into a nutshell what I think Quakerism is, but surely it contains among other things the assertion that there is in the heart of every single human person something of the spirit of the Christlike God Himself at work. If we take this seriously it has tremendous implications. Quakerism is, indeed, as we often say, a way of life, and, by inference, a way of life different from the world's way, involving its own disciplines of thought and feeling, of will and restraint—disciplines that are accepted because we are seeking discipleship; not discipline for its own sake but because, once one has been touched by the love of God and felt passionately for the needs of another person, certain things just drop away and are impossible.

We must not be afraid of being peculiar. It is easy to denigrate all righteousness as self-righteousness, and this is a destructive thing to do. We must be prepared to be peculiar, to accept the disciplines of a way of life that is an expression of integrity, of something that really matters desperately to us for the sake of the wider world.

In our attitudes to one another we are called to creative encounter, an exercise in charity and faithfulness. We should never for one moment forget the claims of the world upon our understanding of the Christian faith in action. We should go back to our own particular frontier able to communicate our Quaker conviction with the backing of the whole Society behind us in the very lonely places that some of us live in. We should reproclaim our faith as relevant for many and not be too much bothered by the particular formulation but get deep down into the spirit behind it, so that to turn everything we possess into the channels of universal love becomes the business of our lives.

It Is More Blessed . . .

A child writes, letting

Santa Claus know what he wants.

Childhood is getting.

Years of wise living

bring knowledge. True joy is not getting, but giving.

Old age achieving,

we face a harder lesson—
graceful receiving.

LUCY MILBURN

The Longest Stride

By COLIN BELL

TO put "the longest stride," in its proper perspective, let me remind you of Christopher Fry's *A Sleep of Prisoners* and of its words of challenge:

The frozen misery
Of centuries breaks, cracks, begins to move. . . .
Thank God our time is now, when wrong
Comes up to face us everywhere,
Never to leave us till we take
The longest stride of soul men ever took.
Affairs are now soul size.
The enterprise
Is exploration into God. . . .

If there is "that of God in every man," part of the exploration into God of which Fry speaks is exploration into our fellow man and his condition and his message for us. When he speaks of huge strides of soul I am sure he is thinking of the soul's constant search for truth and of the triumphant certainties which come from truth possessed—but he is also asking for action in this world. What are some of the long strides of soul the Christian community must take now?

National sovereignty has so far been thought of as a sacrosanct ingredient of nationalism. Many a nation has lost or tarnished its national soul by overattention to its national sovereignty. We always refer to reduction of national sovereignty in terms of defeat; the common phrase is "the surrender of national sovereignty." Now we must begin to think of the transmutation of national sovereignty. It is the transcription into today's history of Cain's ancient question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" So far our answer has been cloudy, muffled, uncertain.

Here is one long stride we must expect to take—the stride into the beyond of nationalism, of the nation state. It is complicated by the fact that many peoples are just tasting—savoring—nationhood, while we and others ought to be preparing to enter a wider fellowship among men. Are we thinking about that stride?

We have to contemplate another long stride of soul in connection with the possession, use, and distribution of the world's resources; with man's productive vigor and acquisitive instincts; with his genius of mind and its application to men's needs. In other words, with the economic condition of humanity.

We know that we are in lots of trouble—material resources overexploited, land and water polluted, rich

nations getting richer and poor poorer, a huge subsistence economy of very poor undermining the health of our predominant consumer economy, the dehumanizing influences of bigness and the machine, the prostitution of our scientific and technological genius to produce engines of destruction rather than of construction. Why do we treat our economic systems like sacred cows, as above the criticisms normally directed at human institutions? It is often suggested that any doubt cast on our economic system is subversive. I know of no activity more subversive than resisting the constant appraisal of our economic system and failing to recognize that something that formerly worked well must now be revamped. The rise in world population, the immense incubus of the world's arms budget, the volcano of frustrated longing for the good life among two-thirds of the world's people—all conspire to utter one cry; nothing less than all we have is enough for all we have to do. What a long stride is before us here!

What stride of soul must we take regarding the social order, the family of man? And what stride will banish war? Down the centuries men have been saying: "Of course I hate war and want peace, but . . ." That "but" is blasphemy. Amid the welter of fear and hate and distrust in the Middle East we read of shipments of new arms pouring into the area within *hours* of the end of the Arab-Israeli war. And what was the response of the West? "Since 'they' are shipping arms it behooves us to do likewise, to insure stability."

Are we totally mad? What would have happened if our government had offered to aid the establishment of a West Asia Regional Development Agency for the economic benefit of all, to build fifty new hospitals in the several countries, to found technical schools and colleges, to build fertilizer plants, to research new crops and soil conservation, to plant trees, to start fish-meal factories to provide precious protein from the sea, to bring the blessing of desalinated water to those parched lands, and to welcome large numbers of refugees to these shores? What sort of result might flow from our offer of such armaments of peace at no greater cost than the arms we now are sending? Would our national prestige suffer, and would we be accused of adding by these gifts to the instability of the area or of using our affluence for evil purposes? I would take a risk on the offer of such a package.

May I remind you again of Christopher Fry's words? He says: "Thank God our time is now . . ." We never have had it so good in terms of opportunity. The frozen misery of centuries can break, crack, and begin to move with this enterprise, this exploration into God, for whom the other name is Love.

This article is excerpted from the Stony Run Lecture delivered in August at the joint sessions of the Baltimore Yearly Meetings. Colin Bell, after retiring in mid-1968 as executive secretary of the American Friends Service Committee, will become codirector, with his wife, Elaine, of Davis House in Washington, D. C.

How Joe's Barber Shop Was Integrated

By JHAN ROBBINS

DEMONSTRATIONS, leaflets, and political pressures are not the only paths to desegregation. It can come unexpectedly—and perhaps more effectively—with just a small change in the thoughts and feelings of a fairly simple man.

It was a Thursday afternoon. I was driving from New Jersey to my home in Connecticut. I remembered that my wife and I were going to a local charity benefit that night and was acutely aware of my need for a haircut. Traffic was moving slowly. It was shortly after five o'clock; our local barbershop would be closed before I got there.

I turned off the highway at a promising-looking town, where a policeman directed me to Joe's Deluxe Barber Shop. "I go there myself," he said.

There were no other customers. Joe, a pale, long-legged, slender man was sprawled on a stool tilted against the wall.

"Not much business today?" I inquired.

"Thursday afternoon is always slow," he said. "I let my helper take a half day off."

As I climbed into a chair I admired the stainless steel comb-and-brush sterilizer that perked and steamed on the shelf in front of me.

"Just bought it," he said. "I didn't used to be so fussy. Now it's different."

"What do you mean—now?" I asked.

"You must be from out of town that you didn't hear," he said. "Six months ago this shop was integrated. It sure was big stuff at the time."

I was surprised. Somehow it didn't seem like the place for it. "You mean you had a sit-in or something?"

"Nah," he said, his clippers now busily whirring. "One guy did it all by himself. A big, dumb truck driver. A white fellow. His brother's a good friend of mine—but the brother had nothing to do with it."

"What happened?" I asked.

"This truck driver—we call him Stretch because he's so big—he suddenly took it into his head that I should have colored customers. So now I got them. Not a lot. This week, there was hardly any. So far, none of my regulars have quit me. But I got to be careful. You know what I mean?"

Jhan Robbins, clerk of Wilton (Conn.) Meeting, is an international reporter now writing largely for magazines. He is a former president of the Society of Magazine Writers and a member of the National Press Club and the Overseas Press Club. With his wife, June, he received the annual award of the National Society for the Brotherhood of Christians and Jews for an article on racial strife in Cambridge, Md.

The illustration is by Eileen Waring of New York Monthly Meeting and the JOURNAL's board of managers.

Still curious, I paid Joe for a not-very-expert haircut. He told me that the truck driver worked for a freight company with its depot four blocks down the street. The story intrigued me, and as I drove back toward the highway I saw the freight company sign. On an impulse I turned into the yard.

I didn't expect to find the man there, but when I mentioned his name he was pointed out. "They're loading his rig now," someone told me. "He's got a night run."

Stretch, who looked about thirty, was well over six feet and slim. He was sitting on top of a large packing case, smoking under a "No Smoking" sign, and yelling at a man pushing a dolly.

I introduced myself. I told him I was a magazine writer who wanted to know more about the integration of Joe's Barber Shop.



"How about that?" he marveled. "I must be getting real famous. You want to write a story about me?"

"Maybe," I replied.

"I still got a half hour before I take this load out. C'mon. Let's get some coffee and we can talk."

We walked across the street to an old-fashioned diner and sat down at the far end of the counter.

"Until it happened," he said, "I swear I hardly even knew what the word 'integration' meant. The only thing I ever did that anybody noticed was to grow. I'm six-four when I put my shoulders back. Jean (that's the wife) says I slouch too much."

"We been married eight years and have two kids. I was with the company even before we got married. I heard they weren't too happy over all this barbershop business, but they never said a word to me. They know

I'm a good driver and could get a job a dozen places. Knock on wood—I got a ten-year-perfect driving record. Maybe I ought to shut up about telling you all about this? It's not that I'm scared of losing my job, but me and Jean like living here."

When I told him that if I wrote the story I would change names and places he continued without further reservations.

"When I was a kid my family never talked about colored people. I didn't personally know any. I guess we had a few in school, but they minded their own business. They hung around by themselves.

"A couple months ago I'm coming back from Philly on a Friday. It's pouring. You can hardly see ten feet in front of you. Suddenly I nearly hit this guy walking practically in the middle of the road. I swerved just in time. Boy, was I sore! I stopped the truck and yelled 'What's the matter—you blind?' I had a good mind to get out and belt him.

"It was a colored kid. Real skinny. He looks about twenty. Maybe even younger. He's wearing a raincoat but even so he's sure soaked. He don't yell back or nothing but just says, 'I'm sorry. I guess I got a little groggy. I been walking a long ways.'

"Well, it's hard to slug a guy who's just apologized. So I just roll the window up and start on. Then I stop. The company has a rule about no hitchhikers, but even so all the drivers pick one up once in a while. When I open the door this one jumps in. He sits at the end of the seat. You could fit a piano between us. We go about a mile and he don't say anything so I ask him where he's from and he says 'Richmond.' I ask him where's he headed and he says 'New York.' He tells me he goes to college.

"He seems almost too polite. At first I think he's acting uppity, but then I think it's because he's shy. We talk about Cassius Clay and Floyd Patterson and the Black Muslims. He knew a lot. Imagine a twenty-year-old kid—colored, too—knowing the names of all the Supreme Court judges. I let him off at the George Washington Bridge.

"While me and the family are eating supper Jean says that tomorrow I got to take our kid Pete to the barber because he's getting to look like some kind of a beatnik and that she wants him to look nice for his birthday party. He was going to be six years old. She says she read someplace that taking your son to the barber is a father's job. So the next morning I did. I saw Joe working the first chair in the barbershop and his helper, Carl, working the second.

Pete and me sat down to wait. I remember I rubbed the back of my neck and thought I might as well get a haircut too. Only two other guys were waiting. Then

the door opens and in comes Frank Wilson, who lives next door to us. Right after him comes a colored lady with a young kid.

"We're all pretty dumbstruck. There are maybe a hundred and fifty colored families in town. Even though the law says you got to serve everybody I never remember seeing a colored person in the barbershop before. They go somewhere else—I don't know where.

"Only one empty seat is left—it's the stool. The colored lady sits down on it and picks up a magazine. But the third barber chair had no one in it so the colored kid starts to sit there when Joe yells, 'No one is allowed there!'

"I know that's a lot of baloney. Lots of times I sit there myself. Anyway, the kid goes and stands by his mother and she shows him some pictures in the magazine. I hear Joe and Carl start to make cracks at them. I guess they were trying to make the lady understand that they don't want her business. But she acts like she don't hear.

"Pete is finally called by Carl, and a couple of minutes later I go into Joe's chair. While he's putting the sheet over me he says to the colored kid's mother, 'Lady, your kid is going to have to wait a long time. I got a dozen reservations coming up that are all before him.'

"I know it's a lie but I don't say anything. The woman answers, 'We'll wait,' and goes on reading. The boy found a comic book. Pete got finished and Frank took his place.

"All of a sudden Joe says to me, 'Stretch, if that colored kid's head was cut any shorter he'd be real bald.' Now I could see this colored kid in the mirror. He's about the same age as Pete. I could see his mother put her fingers on his arm to keep him quiet.

"I'll never know what made me do it but I tore away the sheet and jumped to my feet. 'Enough's enough!' I say. 'You guys ought to be ashamed to pick on a little kid. How would you like it if someone acted that way to *your* wife and *your* kid?'

"I stood over Joe and said, 'The kid's turn comes next—cut his hair!'

"Joe don't say a word. He just looked at me like I'm nuts or something. I sat down and he went on cutting. When the colored kid saw I was through he looked over at his mother. She nodded and he walked over to the chair. I put the money for Pete's and my haircut on the counter, but I figure I'll wait around until Joe has finished up with the colored kid. Nobody says anything.

"When the kid gets done his mother pays, and we all walk out the door at the same time. She says, 'Thank you. Our boys look real nice with their haircuts.' And

she went on down the street, holding her boy by the hand. Suddenly I feel Pete reaching for my hand.

"On the way home I stopped to pick up the birthday cake. As soon as we got back to the house I don't even have a chance to say anything to Jean about it when the doorbell rings. In walks my brother, Ted, Joe the barber, and Frank Wilson. Joe and Ted bowl on the same team, so I guess Joe called him right up.

"Ted says to me, 'Have you gone completely nuts? Where did you ever get them ideas? Not at our house!'

"Then Frank chimes in. 'Next thing you know,' he yells, 'you'll want some of them living next door!'

"That really did it. I got real sore. I said, 'What I'd really like is a neighbor who minds his own business!' I told them about the twenty-year-old colored fellow I picked up and how he's already ten times smarter than any of them will ever be. How he even knows the names of the Supreme Court judges.

"Frank yelled back. It got real thick. Then Ted says, 'When you get this way there's no point talking to you.' Then they all went home.

"This was six months ago. There was some excitement about it at first. The next week a grown colored

man came around to Joe's, and he cut his hair without any argument. Now a few of the colored people go there—the ones that want to pay his prices.

"Jean was all mixed up at first at what happened, but she got over it. Frank Wilson and my brother Ted didn't talk to me for a while. It was like I had chickenpox. Frank got over it first. He came over to borrow our bridge table. Then I saw Ted at my Aunt Ethel's funeral and we started talking.

"It was pretty much the same way with a lot of other people in town. At the beginning they were sore. It was like they were scared of how things would soon start to change. But when they saw that the town is still a good place to live in they calmed down.

"Let's face it. It really wasn't such a big deal. I didn't set out to fight for anything. But what's so wrong with giving a little kid a haircut?"

Stretch got to the bottom of his second cup of coffee. I walked back with him to the truck depot. He promptly found something to object to in the way his truck had been loaded. I said goodbye and headed back onto the highway. "Big, dumb truck driver?" I kept thinking to myself as I drove along. Maybe not!

Talking with the "Enemy"

By ROSS FLANAGAN

IT was my privilege to participate in September, as one of three Friends (with Bronson Clark and Russell Johnson of the American Friends Service Committee), in a week-long conference in Bratislava, Czechoslovakia, with the Czechoslovakian Peace Committee as host. The meetings, arranged by David Dellinger, editor of *Liberation*, brought together forty-one Americans generally representative of the "New Left" with eight members of the National Liberation Front and eleven citizens of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam. History may record this as a highly significant meeting in that it involved the largest number of Vietnamese to attend a conference outside their country since the Geneva Conference of 1954 and also represented the first time a group of NLF representatives had sat down with a group of Americans.

The conference sessions were largely devoted to the presentation of formal statements, professions of mutual admiration, and the enumeration and exchange of questions for further discussion. The NLF placed major emphasis in its statement on the historical development of the Front's struggle for independence and the quality

of life in its "liberated zones," while the North Vietnamese focused their presentation around their country's extensive and imaginative arrangements to cope with stepped-up American bombing. The American delegation presented an assessment of the effects (political, social, and economic) of the war in the United States and an explanation of the role of various constituencies active in the antiwar movement.

However, it was the humanity of the Vietnamese delegation that spoke most forcefully to me. There was Vu Thi Hao, a twenty-year-old schoolteacher who had received two hundred wounds from a U.S. antipersonnel bomb while on her way to school. There was the color film of life in North Vietnam before the bombing began—a heart-rending contrast to the more recent films of the war. There was the cable that arrived during the conference to inform one of the members of the North Vietnamese delegation that six of his children had been injured in an air raid. So much carnage and misery—and yet, far from being brutalized and bitter, the Vietnamese I met seemed to have more understanding and less hatred of Americans than had some members of our U.S. delegation.

At Bratislava we were given a clear understanding of Vietnamese attitudes toward Friends' diverse relief programs. Of particular interest were the remarks of Madame

Ross Flanagan of Berkeley (Calif.) Meeting, a sojourning member of New York Monthly Meeting, is project secretary of New York Yearly Meeting's experimental Project on Community Conflict. He has been assisting meetings concerned to extend Quaker relief to all parts of Vietnam.

Nguyen Thi Binh, chairman of the NLF delegation and a member of the Front's Central Committee, who spoke with Bronson Clark, Russell Johnson, and me for approximately two hours. Taking note of the *Phoenix* mission to North Vietnam and the AFSC program in South Vietnam, Madame Binh raised the issue of obtaining Quaker relief for the Front to assist those hurt by the war in and around the liberated areas in South Vietnam. "We welcome your material assistance," she said. "For the time being, your help on medical aid and money is in a good direction."

Madame Binh's associate, Ha Thanh Lam, the NLF representative in Prague, clarified a further reason for the Front's interest in Quaker relief. "Your activities," he pointed out, "though proceeding from good motivations, can be used by the U.S. and Saigon Governments to enhance the prestige and the 'pacification' efforts of the Saigon puppet regime." Wherever voluntary agencies choose to establish relief operations in cooperation with Saigon, he said, they inadvertently encourage and enable U.S. and Saigon military forces to evacuate and destroy nearby contested villages and to herd people toward new "approved" locations adjacent to the relief facilities. The Front, therefore, seeks outside aid to give an alternative to those whose villages are razed.

Informed of Friends' continuing concern that Quaker medical or relief personnel accompany our relief supplies, Madame Binh explained that "the time is not right"—that it was unlikely that our personnel could speak Vietnamese, operate by flashlight in underground caverns, keep pace with the Liberation Forces, and survive on the basic diet of the Vietnamese. Already the Front's experience with American prisoners has revealed how much "special attention" foreigners require. In concluding, Madame Binh said gently: "I suggest you re-examine your plans." Perhaps, she suggested, Friends could find "another way" to extend relief to her people. "We hope," she added, "that these words may give you some food for thought."

Possible Nourishment for Friends' Peace Witness

"Food for thought"? Yes, I brought back quite a bit from Bratislava. I offer these final observations for Friends' further digestion.

First, I am convinced that the Vietnamese with whom I met value the witness of Friends as a distinct contribution toward ending the war. They made it clear that they welcome the medical supplies of American Friends both as a contribution to the relief of their suffering and as a confrontation with the U.S. Government's strategy of attrition. I realize that some Friends have felt no medical aid should be extended save on our terms, while others urge that we shift the focus of our energies to "more

political" efforts to stop the war. Still others have expressed concern at mixing what they perceive as our religious responsibility for relief with our political responsibility for protest. For myself, I should merely like to urge that while we continue to deliberate over what a more relevant, more radical, more Quaker action toward the war should be, we do not lose sight of the very real and distinct witness we can make now. For if indeed it has become the national interest of these United States to bleed the Vietnamese to death or the conference table, then surely the least we can do is to put our government on notice that Friends are in the business of giving transfusions.

A Different Commanding Officer

Second, while striving to maintain our unequivocal opposition to hatred, violence, and bloodshed on both sides of the war, we dare not overlook the implications of our relief work in connection with the political struggle for peace. We cannot continue to "help wherever we are permitted to help" without asking political questions—or answering our own religious queries. Every humanitarian act we perform has political consequences. Obviously, with the recently announced cutbacks in USAID funds to South Vietnam and the shift of village work from civilian to military command, U.S. voluntary relief agencies are likely to find themselves under increasing pressure to become ever more seriously implicated and involved in our government's "pacification" program. If Friends feel that it is important for us to stay and minister to the sufferings of our brothers in South Vietnam, then surely it is essential that we minister to persons of all backgrounds and beliefs who suffer there, including the millions of people living in areas controlled by the NLF. When one reads of an appeal by General William Westmoreland (November 22, 1966) on behalf of Quaker relief in South Vietnam, one readily sees how important it is for all concerned that Friends, Friends' agencies and Friends' programs make clear by their actions that Quakers serve a different Commanding Officer.

Third, again at Bratislava I was reminded of how cheap words are—how easily we Americans intellectualize the war and ignore our real responsibilities for ending it. Talking with the Vietnamese, one could not help but be struck by the contrast between the total commitment of their lives and the shallowness that has typified so much of our own protest. "I'm prepared to suffer through the war in Vietnam if that will bring people to a realization of the futility of war," remarked one Friend recently, urging his Yearly Meeting not to act lawlessly by extending relief to all parts of Vietnam. Yet surely we fool no one but ourselves if we think we can successfully adopt such a detached and unfeeling posture toward the human tragedy of Vietnam and still survive the war as Friends.

Letters from German Friends

Voices of the Streets

THIS fall has been warm, almost like a belated summer, and on a Saturday night the Kurfürstendamm, Berlin's most beautiful boulevard and the meeting place of many tourists, presents a colorful picture. People sit in sidewalk cafés, crowd the movies, and congregate before show windows. Everybody wants to experience something and to be with people; yet everybody is alone. Tradition and good behavior demand of us that we should not approach strangers in the street. Or should we?

At the famous Café Kranzler, the busiest corner of the Kurfürstendamm, people stop, form groups on the wide sidewalk, and loudly and passionately engage in discussion. Our university students, who for weeks have demonstrated against our government, against the Vietnam war, against the visit of the Shah of Persia, and against other things, have announced that they will be in the street on weekends to speak with us citizens about their philosophy and their aims. Thus they are converting this meeting place of idle elegance into a small Hyde Park.

In the midst of roaring traffic a street corner becomes a place of encounter for all age groups, vocations, and ideas. All of a sudden strangers are speaking to each other about the things that move them. A student at the Technological University explains to me why scientists are much more revolutionary than are the scholars in the Germanics. A jurist asks, "Do we have the right to reject the Vietnam war at a time when the United States is protecting Berlin?"

A young man with a long beard, an anti-atom button, and a guitar would like to see more love among politicians. Alas, he has no recipe for bringing about this change! But someone else comes along who has the precise answer: "We'll have to abolish the police and remove the government, and then everything will become good and right all by itself!"

I try to mediate, and it is surprising how democratic these revolutionaries are. They listen; they welcome an answer and seriously search for new ways. But where do they find real partners in conversation among the older set? It is true I hear a pastor speaking about labor problems or a journalist about newspapers and democracy, but there are also wild fanatics and former Nazis. One man shows his war wounds; he wants the lost German territories back. Another shouts, "The young ones first ought to learn to work!" Before criticizing everything they ought to have four children, as he has.

A fat woman favors a liberal dealing out of physical punishment; she also wants to pray for the souls of the students. Strangely enough, the disturbed faces of the students light up when they talk with this woman, who

is, after all, like a mother and has a warm heart. How many of these young people no longer have a father, or have a mother who is exhausted from life's struggles?

Suddenly shrill whistles and loud-speakers are heard. Two hundred radical students are sitting down on the street to block traffic. The police can remove them at last only by using jets of water. I flee into a house entrance and sit, again with strangers, on a dark stairway. A somewhat sad mood is spreading, and a woman student says, "I have been on a demonstration march this afternoon against the war in Vietnam. Newspapers said we were 8000, an orderly and respectable demonstration. For me it was a great experience. But now a few hours later some silly boys, in their hatred against any kind of order, are destroying our success. Which will people remember?"

A conservative journalist, who until now has always agreed to the war in Vietnam, answered this question the next day: "Some faces in the demonstration—some groups of people, German and American—I shall never forget: the silent ones. Silently they marched through the noisy streets; their silence was the strongest appeal against war."

Perhaps in the cold of the winter these street discussions will cease, but we have learned to speak with one another spontaneously. And, as Albert Schweitzer said, "None of us knows what effect he has and what he gives to other people. This is hidden to us, and it should be that way. At times we are permitted to see a bit of it in order to keep up our courage. The workings of power are mysterious."

Berlin

ANNI SABINE HALLE

Yearly Meeting

FROM October 12 to 15 the members and friends of Germany Yearly Meeting were assembled in Bad Pyrmont. The old Quaker meeting house there, built in 1802, has lost nothing of its historic appearance, despite the addition of an annex and the making of other renovations. The graveyard, too, with its shady trees and quiet, flower-covered lawn and the wall where the names of the Friends buried there are listed, is always a place of rest and peace.

In attendance there were about eighty Germans, among them four from East Germany and eleven children. There were also delegates from Switzerland, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, England, and Scotland, as well as some foreign Friends who came to see people they knew. The Richard L. Cary Lecture was given by Margaret S. Gibbins. The highlight of the Yearly Meeting was a gathering of 140 persons to hear the reports of the World Conference.

We owe special thanks to the Friends who took care of our children. Under their guidance the children produced all kinds of handicraft to be auctioned off for the benefit of Friends' work in Algiers; with the proceeds of

DM 500.00 twenty Algerian children will now be enabled to attend school for one year.

We heard many messages from foreign Yearly Meetings, shared with all Friends our concerns about Vietnam, and had several detailed discussions on international peace. Again we realized our own difficulties and the limitations of our best efforts. Slides from Algiers shown by Lena Daimling, as well as colored pictures from the World Conference, were a living salute from Friends to Friends.

Berlin

OLGA HALLE

Christmas

Again the year runs toward its longest night.
When earth is barren man looks to the sky;
when ways are darkened man will seek the height
of mountains or of stars to wander by.

Man cannot walk alone: he has to share.
O brother, brother, let me find your hand
in want or wealth, in glory or despair,
while hate and darkness cover all the land.

Come, let us kindle fires, that their light
again give joy, warmth, gladness to this night;
bear our gifts, of plenitude or need,
of our nakedness, of dream and deed.
Come, child, and take your gift. Then let us bring
Joy to the world.

Come, child—and let us sing!

HERTA ROSENBLATT

Who Now Is Sane?

Who now is sane among the sons of men?
We cage and treat the broken minds of those
Who hear a voice not noted by their peers.
Above the burst of bombs and scream of shells,
The sobbing cry of babies born to die
Escapes the radar of our listening ears.
Our minds are set for louder sounds than these.
The zoom lens of our nervous world is set
And focused now on stuff in outer space.

We tune ourselves to hear the beams bounce back,
By telestar, of frenzied earth-made noise,
The inner voice, the baby's cry, the shift
Of silent sands that drift and cover o'er
Mankind's mistakes in ages long ago—
What man hears these or tries to hear?
In Bethlehem the streets run red with blood
As when King Herod feared a baby king
But could not see a star shine in the east.
Who now is sane among the sons of men?
Who sees the star and hears the angels sing?

ROBERT G. VESSEY

Friends in the Middle East

From the London office of the Friends World Committee come the following reports (drastically cut because of space requirements) of Ranjit Chetsingh of India and Harold Smuck of the United States, who recently visited Middle Eastern Friends under FWC sponsorship.

MIDWEEK meeting [at Brumanna, Lebanon] brought together some nine local Friends. The simple message of love and good will Harold and I conveyed on behalf of the world family of Friends was received with touching warmth and appreciation and opened the way for much exchange of news, views, and feelings. In subsequent contacts with individuals we were impressed by the concern of Lebanon Friends for their fellow members in occupied territories.

Many talented Arabs, particularly Palestinians, find themselves overwhelmed and almost laid out by grief caused by the lack of concern for human rights and for the Palestinians as people on the part of millions of foreigners, notably of the West, who admire the Jews for their technical skills and determined drive and their use of modern weapons. Even though Lebanon is a prosperous land and its sophisticated ways go on, there is a deep underlying current of concern that one cannot miss. This, with a measure of detachment that some of the other Arab countries and their statesmen lack, should make the Lebanese exert more influence than they have done in this crisis.

Where are the younger Quakers coming from? [This] was a question with which I left Brumanna and Beirut.

RANJIT M. CHETSINGH

WEST Jordan is not only a different world from Lebanon but almost a different world from what it was before June 5. The war has left its full and expected harvest of bitterness, resentment, injustice, and suffering. While there have been touching personal reunions of Arab and Jew, there is no real healing of the wounds of 1948. Israeli seem to try; Arabs are polite and rather fatalistic; but the hurt is deep and evident.

The reopening of Friends' schools (they were two of only four schools in all West Jordan to open on schedule) is a blessing to the children and seems to be appreciated by parents.

The economic depression of the West Bank, including East (i.e. Arab) Jerusalem, is obvious and serious. One example: When we walked into the office of an East Jerusalem travel agent there was utter surprise and confusion over having one customer. Clearly none were expected. Merchants who have food and manufactured goods imported before June are doing well. And those catering to tourists spoke hopefully of European Christian tourists' returning. But building—once a booming activity—is at an absolute standstill. A barber whom I have known for years said people don't care how they look now. They wait two months instead of one for a haircut.

Both Friends and others seemed almost pathetically grateful to see people they had previously known. They almost physically clung to such evidence that they were not forgotten by the world.

HAROLD SMUCK

Congress on the Lay Apostolate

Reported by DEAN FREIDAY

QUAKERS have a vigorous new partner in matters pertaining to peace and international affairs if the ideas put forward by the Third World Congress of the Lay Apostolate, held in Vatican City in October, are any indication of what is taking place in the Roman Catholic Church. And a 3,000-member Congress with delegates from 103 nations is quite likely to be representative.

The Congress developed sophisticated insights at a number of points. Racial discrimination was unanimously declared an evil which the Church should "make clear without equivocation" in the interest of promoting the "equal dignity and rights of all men." Only two abstentions marred the unanimity of a companion resolution declaring the responsibility of Christians to side with the oppressed regardless of their ethnic or religious background or social class. And an extremely well-worded resolution on world peace deplored "the scandal of all wars at present in progress and urged their speedy termination" with a humane and equitable solution to the problem of refugees, particularly in Palestine and the Near East. Another Congress resolution called for a "radical transformation of the world's economy" to stimulate the developing countries which need assistance "free of economic and political contingencies" (in plain English, with no strings attached).

Undergirding the resolutions were reports from workshops and plenary sessions calling for a gradual replacement of compulsory military service by a compulsory peace service.

A plenary panel session on the world situation was presided over by a Protestant, Dr. Klaus von Bismarck, director of the West German broadcasting chain. Non-Catholics shared, too, in the planning of the Congress.

Today's religious situation puts a particular premium on witness, placing a great deal of emphasis on the style of Christian life. Congress workshops dealt with all that goes into shaping a Christian for his life "in the world." Family workshops considered sexuality (defined as full expression of masculine or feminine character) and family development that would insure realization of the maximum potential of each individual member. Although the question of birth control was divisive, there was admission that the majority present practiced family limitation.

The non-Catholic observer-consultants were welcomed so genuinely and the Congress was so open to broad Christian action and insights that it was easy to forget that this was a Catholic conference. The one great specifically Roman Catholic question was that of how the laity should be brought into partnership with the clergy and the hierarchy. At the Congress, clergy and laity mingled freely, but 2,000 years of sacralization of the episcopacy and the nearly complete elimination of the laity from the church's legislative, teaching, and administrative functions are difficult to overcome. How does one proclaim the divine right of bishops and the sacred priesthood of the clergy, yet give the layman a meaningful role in the church?

Dean Freiday of Shrewsbury (N.J.) Meeting was one of approximately a hundred non-Catholic observer-delegates at Vatican City, having been appointed by the Friends World Committee.

The question will not be solved easily, yet the change already has begun. There is an amazing variety of lay organizations which do as effective a job as their Quaker counterparts. More and more bishops are calling on laymen for advice on secular and administrative matters. The role of the clergy will increasingly be that of equipping and counseling laymen for their own ministry. What is needed more than ever in this transitional period is prayerful attention to the Holy Spirit and to the development of gifts bestowed, wherever they may occur. Catholics are attentive as never before to the leadings of the Spirit and to God's will for mankind.

Book Reviews

THE TEILHARD DE CHARDIN ALBUM. Compiled and edited by JEANNE MORTIER and MARIE-LOUISE AUBOUX. Harper & Row, N. Y. 223 pages. \$12.95

THE VISION OF THE PAST. By Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. Harper & Row, N. Y. 285 pages. \$5.00

Spend an evening alone with the *Album*. Excellent photographs of the priest-scientist from childhood to maturity are blended with quotations from his writings. Scenes of the paleontologist searching rocks of desert places for fossils of the distant past are interspersed with the thoughts of a man of God who tells us "the past has revealed to me how the future is built . . . we are carried along by an advancing wave of consciousness. Evolution . . . is the hand of God drawing us to himself."

What is "seen" in these pages will depend on the level of spiritual evolution the reader has attained, for the book can only suggest the emotions of the author as he writes of "the marvelous Translucence that has so transfigured everything I see."

Johannes Kepler, the great mystic-scientist of the seventeenth century, was guided to discovering the orbits of the planets through his unshakable faith that creation had plan and purpose. In 1613 he wrote of "God, whom I can almost touch with my hands when I contemplate the universe." In the twentieth century Teilhard de Chardin, another mystic-scientist with an unshakable faith, studied fossil rocks and wrote: ". . . some instinct, developed in contact with life's long past, tells me that for us salvation lies in the direction of the very danger that so terrifies us. . . . We are like travelers caught up in a current, trying to make our way back: an impossible and a fatal course. Salvation for us lies ahead, beyond the rapids. We must not turn back."

In *The Vision of the Past* we have Teilhard's more detailed comments on his basic concept. Although the book is too technical for easy reading and too brief to qualify as a scientific treatise, those who make the effort to read it will be rewarded. Through the eyes of this scientist they will see more clearly the complex process in which they are playing a part.

"We are a prey," Teilhard writes, "to the forces of divergence. But let us not despair. . . . A process as vast as the synthesis of races is not realized at a single bound . . . For order to establish itself over human differentiation, it will undoubtedly need a long alternation of expansions and concentrations, separations and comings together. We find ourselves in a phase of

extreme divergence, the prelude to such a convergence as has never yet been on earth . . . the thing that our action stands most in need of: an international ethic."

Perhaps the average reader will profit by first becoming familiar with such other writings as Teilhard de Chardin's *The Phenomenon of Man* and *The Divine Milieu*.

WALTER D. VOELKER

CONSTANCY AND CHANGE IN THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS. By KATHLEEN M. SLACK. Swarthmore Lecture. 1967, London. 88 pages. Obtainable in U.S.A. from Friends Book Store, 304 Arch Street, Philadelphia. \$1.50 (paperback)

Kathleen Slack is a lecturer in Social Administration at the London School of Economics. Her Swarthmore Lecture, delivered at this year's London Yearly Meeting, is based partly on the results of a survey of British Friends which reveals that sixty-one per cent of the Friends in the sample were those convinced in their adult years, that single women represent nearly twenty per cent of the membership, that more than half of the adult members of the Society in England may be fifty years of age and over and more than a quarter of them over sixty or sixty-five. Financially they are revealed to be "people of some substance."

Kathleen Slack believes that, after a wide swing between extremes of constancy and change in its 300-year history, the Society "has come to rest in freedom not authority; in the normal not the peculiar; in tolerance not assertion of discipline; in variety not conformity; in social participation not exclusiveness." She suggests that Friends might well examine why it is that, despite an almost embarrassingly glowing reputation for good works, they still have a reputation for being "peculiar in habits and glum in outlook." In her judgment, however, the Society seems constant in spiritual value—"a harbor and a goal, a bulwark and a spur, a comfort and a challenge. Despite occasional fad and foolishness, pomposity and pettiness," she finds and is "helped immeasurably by Friends who have achieved lasting faith and those who are continuously seeking; those who have a capacity for self-criticism and a humility not to criticize others; those who never demand a belief beyond the compass of another's experience and those who can support others out of the overflow of their own conviction."

R.A.M.

THE FIRST EMANCIPATION: *The Abolition of Slavery in the North.* By ARTHUR ZILVERSMIT. U. of Chicago Press. 262 pages. \$6.95

"The history of the early abolitionist movement," according to this study's author, "is essentially the record of Quaker antislavery activities. The Society of Friends was the only group to advocate emancipation in the years before the American Revolution."

Protests against slavery by individual Friends kept bobbing up regularly at Quarterly and Yearly Meetings from 1688 on, meeting with plenty of opposition from conservatives, despite the tireless efforts of such leaders as Woolman and Benezet. Finally in 1776 Philadelphia Yearly Meeting warned its members that if they would not give up their slaves they would

be disowned. The other northern states moved more slowly, but by 1787 there were no slave owners left among Friends.

After winning their crusade among Friends, the Quaker abolitionists set themselves a new goal: they sought to make abolition universal. Even in the North this was no small task, for slavery was much more widespread and deep-rooted in the northern way of life than is generally realized. The big dilemma was how to deal with the institution of human bondage in a society dedicated to both human equality and property rights.

Arthur Zilversmit, who teaches history at Lake Forest College in Illinois, writes knowledgeably of this and kindred problems, disagreeing strongly with the frequently advanced theory that slavery was unprofitable in the North and that hence its abolition was an economic necessity. On the contrary, he insists, the most important factor was one of ideology—an ideology toward the ultimate triumph of which the Quakers' collective renunciation of slavery was a powerful force.

F.W.B.

THE HUTTERITES IN NORTH AMERICA. By JOHN A. HOSTETLER and GERTRUDE ENDERS HUNTINGTON. Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, N.Y. 119 pages. \$1.95 (paperback)

This is one of a series of case studies in cultural anthropology. The authors (both anthropologists) are particularly qualified for their task: Hostetler by Amish parentage; Gertrude Huntington by studies of Old Order Amish and by extended residence in a Hutterite colony.

The Hutterian Brethren (survivors, with the Mennonites and the Old Order Amish, of the Anabaptist groups that originated in central Europe in early Reformation days) are the largest and most successful communal group in the Western world, with 16,500 members in 170 colonies scattered over the Great Plains area of the United States and Canada.

Their history for more than four hundred years has been one of persecution—none worse than the savagely brutal treatment of some of their young men who, as non-resistant Christians, were objectors to war in 1917. Succeeding generations of conscientious objectors owe an enormous debt to these (and other) sufferers for the faith.

Hutterite society, a rigid hierarchical structure based on age and sex, determines behavior and relationships for all members of the community from birth to death. Education is designed, not for self-improvement, but for submission of the individual will to the will of God as expressed by the community. Its methods—granting their unlikeness to those of "the American way"—seem psychologically sound.

The Hutterites regard themselves not as an "experiment in community" but as maintainers of the only proper social order for realization of the New Testament ideal. Nevertheless, there is a constant temptation to note resemblances to other groups such as the Doukhobors, the Oneida Perfectionists, and the Shakers.

This scholarly study will be of interest to all students of the relations between the church or individual and the state, of the values of non-conformity in a homogenized society, and of man's persistent search for "a city that hath foundations."

NORMAN J. WHITNEY

Friends and Their Friends

The photograph on the cover is the work of Tom Martin, a young member of Gwynedd (Pa.) Meeting. It was taken on the plaza neighboring Philadelphia's City Hall at Christmas time last year during a vigil held by the Friends Peace Committee and other groups to protest the irony of officially suspending slaughter in Vietnam for only forty-eight hours in honor of Christmas. A similar vigil is planned for this Christmas season at the same site from 7 to 8:30 P.M. on December 21.

Southern California Quarterly Meeting's Peace and Social Order Committee is holding an all-day open session on December 16 in Santa Monica to discuss a possible Meeting for Sufferings that would deal with problems arising out of the war. This is a "threshing session" in preparation for the regular Quarterly Meeting on February 17-18.

Among the possible activities of such a Meeting for Sufferings, according to Charles Hubbell, one of its organizers, might be assistance for families experiencing economic suffering or reprisals, care of children while their parents are traveling in peace work or are imprisoned, food and shelter for traveling peace workers, advice and counsel for draft resisters, and economic relief for suffering in war areas.

Concern for a Meeting for Sufferings arose in Santa Barbara Meeting, whose original letter pointed out that "it is conceivable, in our opinion, that modern society could be moving into a period of governmental repression resembling in important respects the repression of Cromwellian times, in which the Society of Friends first emerged. . . . It is not our intention that such a meeting be concerned only for the sufferings of Friends."

In short supply at the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting Office is the pamphlet "Selected Readings on the Quaker Method of Conducting Business Meetings." Friends with copies to spare are urged to send them in to the office at 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia 19102.

The Friends Historical Association held its annual business meeting on the evening of November 27 at the meeting house at 20 South Twelfth Street, Philadelphia. This was a highly suitable meeting place in view of the fact that the topic of the evening's speaker, Henry J. Cadbury, was "The Role of the AFSC in Quaker History," and 20 South Twelfth Street was the Service Committee's headquarters from the time of its inception in 1917 until the organization's growth forced it to move to more spacious quarters in 1960. The well-filled meeting house indicated not only that Henry Cadbury is a deservedly popular speaker but also that the association's membership maintains a lively degree of interest. However, it was noted by the president, Arthur E. James, that the membership roll is not quite so long as it might be; anyone wishing to join should notify the membership committee's chairman, Eleanor Price Mather, at 475 Bancroft Road, Moylan, Pa. A subscription to the semiannual *Quaker History* is included in the association's \$4.00 annual dues.

Before conservative Friends took note of Christmas, according to a tale told by Anna Brinton, a generous Friend who had not looked at his calendar put a bright red apple by the breakfast plate of each child at Friends Boarding School in Ohio on the 25th of Twelfth Month. He was elder for it!

A Quaker Action Group's yacht, Phoenix, sailed November 14 for Da Nang, loaded with medical supplies, with the avowed intention of delivering half to the South Vietnamese Red Cross and half to the militant Buddhists of that country. Visas and permission had been issued at Hong Kong by the South Vietnamese consul.

However, at Da Nang an official South Vietnamese boat met the *Phoenix* to announce that the Government had changed its mind and canceled the visas. No explanation was given. As the JOURNAL went to press, the Quaker craft was on its way to the port of Saigon in another attempt to bring medical assistance to sufferers on both sides of the conflict. If delivery of supplies to both the South Vietnamese Red Cross and the Buddhists could not be assured, the crew had permission to donate the cargo to the Red Cross Societies of the North Vietnamese and the National Liberation Front via the International Control Commission's plane from Cambodia.

Still at the warehouse at Hong Kong was \$5,000 worth of surgical instruments to be delivered by some means to the Red Cross in North Vietnam, which states that direct delivery to Haiphong is not possible under intensified bombing conditions.

The Quaker Project on Community Conflict has moved its office to 217 Second Avenue, New York City 10003. It is seeking volunteers for its fund-raising, Peace-Squad, and Homeless Peoples projects.

Swarthmore College took a hard look at itself the first week of December. Classes were suspended to enable all members of the college community to read and ponder a 468-page special report of three study groups appointed in the spring of 1966 by President Courtney Smith. Subjects of the South-eastern Pennsylvania Quaker college's studies (of equal import to other liberal arts colleges) were educational policy (does the college curriculum lack relevance for today's world?), library policy (are there more effective ways to arrange and use canned wisdom?) and student life (why is it being frustrated by campus brass?). Reports of these three studies are published by the college as a paperback book under the title *Critique of a College*.

A project generously supported by a Danforth Foundation grant, the reports are the result of the combined efforts of interacting groups of students, faculty, alumni, members of the Board of Managers, and education experts not connected with Swarthmore. Now, after faculty and student conferences, followed by divisional and faculty meetings, a faculty vote will determine what kind of college Swarthmore wants to be in the future and what changes it will have to make to reach its goals. Final action will be up to the Board of Managers.

A new Friends Meeting in Columbia, South Carolina, meets for worship every Sunday at 10:30 A.M. at the Baptist Student Center, 700 Pickens Street, near the university. It is at present the only Quaker Meeting in the state, where less than two hundred Friends remain, although once they were South Carolina's dominant religious group. Worship is held on the basis of silence, but the Meeting is open to semiprogrammed arrangements upon occasion. The ten regular attenders represent almost as many different Yearly Meetings in background, and the Meeting hopes to use this diversity to advantage. A separate Young Friends organization is also being formed at the University of South Carolina.

Further information may be obtained from William Medlin, 2801 Bratton Street, Columbia, S. C. 29205. (Phone 256-1002.)

The "Letter from London" on page 646 is the first of a series of such communications from Gerald Bailey that the JOURNAL hopes to publish every month or so. Their author, a British Friend, is editor of *World Issues*, a quarterly digest published by the Peace and International Relations Committee of London Yearly Meeting.

A package of Christmas cards sent by a friend back in 1962 brought joy to children in the American Friends Service Committee center in Hong Kong who had very little to work with in their handicraft classes. So Ruth Dross, formerly a social worker at the center, has been sending a package each year since then. Last year a visitor from Kansas mentioned in her Christmas letter to friends around the world that she had noticed the children using Ruth's cards. Result? This year the Hong Kong center received 269 packages of Christmas cards, and over 400 packages arrived at the Philadelphia warehouse. "Now let's tell her we need crutches for Quang Ngai," says one amazed AFSC executive.

Old Town Meeting House in Baltimore, Maryland, built in 1781, the oldest surviving house of worship in the city, has been rescued from deterioration and restored to its original condition (plus electric heating!) at a cost of \$50,000 by the McKim Community Association. On November 26 the building (located at Fayette and Aisquith Streets) was opened to the public as an assembly hall for neighborhood and community services, with a dedicatory service in the manner of a Friends meeting. Participating were members of Baltimore's entire religious community, as well as of the Maryland Council of Churches and three historical associations.

In return for the restoration of this long-unused structure (now designated a "historical landmark") where Johns Hopkins, Moses Sheppard, Philip E. Thomas, and the McKim and Tyson families once worshiped, the City of Baltimore has promised to build a recreation lot, ball field, and park on adjacent land and to lease the property for use by the nearby McKim Community Center.

Leadership of the Old Town Meeting House restoration project has rested largely on the shoulders of Philip Myers of Baltimore Monthly Meeting (Stony Run), a frequent contributor of poems to the FRIENDS JOURNAL.



Photo copyright © 1967 Philadelphia Bulletin

The Free Quakers Meeting House on Independence Mall, Philadelphia, has been moved, at enormous expense to the State of Pennsylvania, to make room for the widening of the street adjacent to Independence Hall. Erected in 1783 by public subscription for the use of several hundred former Philadelphia Yearly Meeting members who had left the Society of Friends shortly before 1776 to be free to fight for independence, the meeting house was kept in repair until it was sold to the Commonwealth recently by a group of descendants, the Free Quaker Society.

Rented for use through the years as a schoolhouse, a factory, and a trade school, the building is now being restored to its pristine appearance as a Quaker meeting house at an estimated cost of \$254,000. The Junior League of Philadelphia, which will provide volunteer guides, expects to move into its new headquarters in the building's basement next spring. The last survivor of the original founding group of Free Quakers was Betsy Ross Claypoole (mother of the American flag), who died in 1836.

In the photograph above, which shows part of Independence Mall, the Free Quakers Meeting House is the small, peaked-roofed building in the center, close to the mammoth new U.S. Mint (still under construction). Not shown is the Friends meeting house at Fourth and Arch Streets, only a block away.

An international Congress on Religion, Architecture, and the Visual Arts, held in New York and Montreal in late August and early September, drew six hundred delegates from twenty nations and almost every religious faith. Sponsored by the National Council of Churches, the Union of Hebrew Congregations, and the Roman Catholic Liturgical Conference of North America, it called for a moratorium on "the building of little cathedrals and 'country-club' churches," stressing instead the need for availability, convenience, ministry to people of all classes and conditions, multiple functions of buildings, and their ecumenical use by people of all faiths.

Norman J. Whitney, widely known Quaker leader who contributed a book review printed on page 660, died suddenly on December 1. An obituary will appear in a later issue.

Doctors Needed! The Friends Medical Society's November *Newsletter* issued a call for doctors interested in (1) an eighteen-month term of service at Hôpital Albert Schweitzer in Port-au-Prince, Haiti (write the hospital at P.O. Box 2213-B), (2) service as general practitioners in East Africa or as teachers in the new medical school in Dar es Salaam (write Dr. Charles R. Swift, P.O. Box 23011, Oyster Bay Station, Dar es Salaam, Tanzania), or (3) clinical service in an expanding small-community hospital in rural Michigan (write Dr. Robert H. Painter, Deur Clinic, Grant, Michigan).

A "Meal of Reconciliation," similar to many such sacrificial meals being held by Friends' groups across the nation at this season, will bring together Friends of Flushing, New York, Meeting December 24th at noon to share rice, tea, and prayerful readings for the benefit of all those who are suffering in Vietnam. The cost of a regular meal—and the proceeds from a more extensive project of the same kind being planned for January—will be donated to a peace effort to be decided on by the group.

"There's Santa Claus on his vacation!" exclaimed a little girl as she observed James Iden Smith of Buckingham (Pa.) Meeting enjoying the pleasures of a canoe ride. Writes a friend of his, telling of a birthday celebration held recently in the Buckingham Friend's honor: "Who else, at eighty, would roguishly astonish everyone by suddenly growing a beard, symbolically sprouting a brand-new identity? Picture our patriarchal subject—clad only in said beard, fluffy and white, a ruddy coat of tan, and his bathing trunks—perched with his paddle in a canoe. The little girl summed it up nicely."

Quaker Leadership Seminars

Two Quaker Leadership Seminars jointly sponsored by Friends United Meeting, Friends Committee on National Legislation, and William Penn House will be held in Washington January 21-25 and April 22-25. On each occasion about thirty Friends drawn from meetings and agencies throughout the nation will meet with leaders of government for searching discussions on problems of war, economic development, and human rights.

This will be the sixth year in which such groups have had three days of fellowship and study in the nation's capital. The newly established William Penn House will be the conference center, and participants will be housed either there or in the immediate neighborhood.

At the January seminar on "The Challenge of War and Militarism," seminar participants will visit officials in the Pentagon, the State Department, and the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. They will meet with Senators Joseph Clark and Ernest Gruening, as well as with their own congressmen. An evening session will be devoted to cooperation among the churches in the quest for peace.

Friends are encouraged to register as soon as possible with William Penn House, 515 East Capitol Street, Washington, D.C. 20003. There is a \$10 registration fee (\$15 per couple). Scholarship aid is available for living expenses in Washington and for transportation from more distant points.

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Letters to the Editor

Letters are subject to editorial revision if too long. Anonymous communications cannot be accepted. Opinions expressed in letters are those of the authors, not necessarily of the FRIENDS JOURNAL.

Saying No to Mass Murder

Those of us who are writing this letter believe that cooperation with the draft, even as a recognized conscientious objector, makes one part of the power which forces our brothers into the military and into war. It matters little what men say they believe when their actions are inconsistent with their words. Thus we Friends may say that all war is wrong, but so long as Friends continue to collaborate in a system that forces men into war, our peace testimony will fail to speak to mankind. Let our lives show that we oppose not only our own participation in war but any man's participation. We can stop seeking deferments and exemptions; we can stop filling out Selective Service forms; we can refuse to obey induction and civilian work orders. We can refuse to register, or can send back draft cards if we've already registered.

We Friends need not fear we are alone in our refusal to support mass murder. Over a thousand men returned draft cards on October 16; many more will follow this example. Perhaps the burning of draft cards could be a meaningful part of Quakers' Christmas celebrations.

We may not be able to change our government's genocidal policy in Vietnam. But *we can try to change our own lives*. We must be ready to accept the sacrifices involved if we hope to make a real testimony for peace. We must make pacifism a way of life in a violent world.

Chicago, Ill.

JEREMY MOTT, KEVIN BERLAND,
PETER KAPLAN, RICHARD M. BOARDMAN

Two Questions, Two Answers

The Reverend James H. Laird is reported in the *Detroit Free Press* as having said, "Those who bomb women and children in Vietnamese villages would probably enter the same excuse [as the Germans under Hitler]—only carrying out orders. . . . Have we created a society so complex that human responsibility has been programmed out? Will history accept that answer and judge us guiltless?"

I feel that responsibility has not been programmed out. However, fear has been programmed in—fear of standing up for something that is not majority opinion, fear of being branded "traitor" for not following blindly the orders of the administration in power, even when those orders are immoral. It is this fear that makes most Americans into sheep following their leader to the slaughter.

As to the second question: the answer is "No." We most certainly will *not* be found guiltless if we stand idly by and allow the barbaric atrocities of war to continue unquestioned and unchallenged.

Ever-increasing numbers of people are speaking out against this heinous war in Vietnam, but they still are not enough. If we are to avoid World War III, there must be millions who throw off their fear and cry for peace. If we sit idly by, what have we to lose? Everything that man has created over the millenniums.

Providence, Ky.

RICHARD A. CHINN

Draft-Card Refusal: One Young Friend's Reasons

On October 16, 1967, along with other young men throughout America, I turned in my draft card to a representative of the Federal government, thereby indicating my refusal to cooperate in any way with the Selective Service system. I believe the present Administration to be acting in defiance of constitutional and treaty obligations. My gesture is an affirmation of life and love in the face of a system and a policy that bring only suffering, destruction, and death.

Attempts at protest and persuasion have failed. The conflict goes on and the casualties mount. It is time for a more profound and decisive break with such war-making. Our government must be denied the manpower necessary to carry on the bloodshed in Vietnam.

I shall return any new card issued to me and shall ignore directives from my draft board. I shall encourage and support others who undertake civil disobedience against the Selective Service process. Further cooperation has become complicity in a monstrous crime. I trust that those in authority will enforce the appropriate statutes, as they must in good conscience, or else resign, acknowledging the unjustness and folly of present policy.

Ithaca, N. Y.

JAMES H. MATLACK

A Call for Quaker Moderation

Da Nang, Vietnam—(AP)—South Vietnamese sailors forced their way aboard the Quaker yacht Phoenix today, hauled up the anchor, and towed the craft into the South China Sea. . . . The South Vietnamese government rejected the medicines because they were originally intended for the North Vietnamese. . . . One of the pacifists stalled an attempt to tow the Phoenix out last night by swimming ashore. [He] was taken into custody by U. S. Marines. . . . He told Lt. General Hoang Kuan Lam, the area military commander, that. . . he swam in because he felt the pacifists had been dealing only with minor military officials and he wanted to talk to the top government representative in Da Nang. Lam replied that the ban on the Phoenix had come from central government in Saigon.

I submit the enclosed clipping from the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin in the hope that the FRIENDS JOURNAL will print this account in its entirety. [The JOURNAL regrets that space limitations make this impossible.] Friends should know why they are being ridiculed, and exactly who caused it.

This, plus the accounts of the Washington "Peace Mobilization," points up very clearly the great damage that can be done by those who blindly and determinedly maintain that they and they alone are right and everyone else is wrong. They seem to forget the principles that there is that of God in every man; also the teaching that "in my Father's house are many mansions" and that our principles advocate moderation in all things.

One can hardly credit the crew of the *Phoenix* with moderation, and certainly those who mobilized for peace were not moderate, nor did they show any respect for the young members doing their sworn duty for the armed services when they were under orders to stop and control the marchers. Unless reason and balance are exercised, Friends may become so prejudiced they will lose all they have gained.

Mainland, Pa.

JOHN A. STEES

Proposal for Meditation-Action Groups

The Peace Committee of Pacific Yearly Meeting is persuaded that the inhumanity of man to man which increasingly characterizes our civilization does not derive primarily from any inherent demonic nature afflicting men of power; the present rate of technological growth is simply too great for the humane and democratic processes developed to this point. It is no wonder that our young people are floundering a bit. The technological revolution pursued in neglect of commensurate and controlling moral maturity has left us all morally blinded, deeply confused and frightened, in countless moral dilemmas, and, most tragic of all, like Archimedes, without any ground on which to place our fulcrums other than outmoded moral codes and out-of-date and scattered consciences.

Therefore, we feel called to renew our efforts to search out and to join with "that of God" in every man, not only with those whom others would have us consider "enemies." But we shall not have the unselfish moral resources needed to do this unless we become much more skilled and self-disciplined than we are now in the art of developing such resources, i.e. the art of meditation at its best. Mostly we have only dabbled in meditation. Now we must concentrate on it and become skilled in it, not to the exclusion of discussion and other action, but as stimulator and guide.

The Peace Committee, therefore, is directing its appeal and encouragement to persons, particularly within Monthly Meetings, who feel that this message speaks to their condition. It suggests that we begin meeting regularly for action-seeking meditation—meditation directed at so reforming our personalities and characters that our practical lives are transformed as well and we can increasingly really reach that of God in every man. It is hoped that such meditation-action groups will share their experiences with each other and with other Friends in whatever way is deemed appropriate.

5840 Camino de la Costa
La Jolla, Calif. 92037

J. STUART INNERST,
Acting Chairman

Contributions Sought for New Publication

Friendly visiting and entertaining related to the recent World Conference, while still fresh in memory, provide a new source of material for a projected publication describing hospitality among Friends around the world. For the past few years an American and a British Quaker have been collecting stories, recipes, and other information on this topic from both visitors and hosts.

How did you reach the deeper levels of fellowship on a short visit? Under what circumstances do you welcome (or not welcome) the guest's offer of help in the home? What are some of your favorite recipes for company dishes? What meal patterns leave time for visiting? If you are a working wife, when and how can you best entertain? What part do your children take in entertaining guests? Does your Meeting have some interesting customs to use when Quaker visitors arrive?

You can help those who are compiling this book by writing fully about your own experiences to Ruthanna Hadley, 7018 Clearview Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19119.

Philadelphia

RUTHANNA HADLEY

The Battle of the Doves

Who is *really* backing the boys in Vietnam? The hawks want the "boys" to do the fighting over there and win with bombs and body-count. Some people think that most of the fighting is going to have to be done right here in the United States by the doves battling against ignorance, clubs, and sticks with dove weapons of understanding and persuasion.

Thinking citizens in the United States will finally understand that this war—killing our boys and other men, women, and children by the thousands, threatening the rest of us with nuclear war, and, incidentally, costing this country \$1,000,000 per second around the clock—is an illegal, unconstitutional war of aggression. When, like masters in their own house, they demand that their public servants—the President and Congress—stop the war, the public servants will obey. The boys will be brought home with honor and general rejoicing—and they will like it, whether or not they get around to saying "thank you" to the doves.

Philadelphia, Pa.

ARTHUR BERTHOLF

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.

DECEMBER

16—Annual Nazareth-to-Bethlehem (Pa.) Christmas Peace Walk, sponsored by Lehigh Valley Meeting. Park before 11:30 a.m. at Lehigh Valley Meeting House (Rte. 512, 1/4 mile north of Rte. 22, Bethlehem). Start from Center Square, Nazareth, 1 p.m. Caroling at Zinzendorf Park, Bethlehem, 4:30. Hot soup at meeting house at 5:30. All welcome.

20—Worship and carol singing at Marlboro (Pa.) Meeting (road south of Rte. 842, about two miles south of Unionville), 7:30 p.m. All welcome.

21—Christmas Candlelight Vigil for Peace at City Hall, Philadelphia, sponsored by Friends Peace Committee and six other peace organizations, 7 to 8:30 p.m.

29—January 1—Pendle Hill Midwinter Institute. Subject: "Can Quakers Learn Anything from Hippies?" Cost for students: \$15; for others: \$25. Address Midwinter Institute, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pa. 19086.

JANUARY

6—Ohio Friends' World Conference follow-up: a "conversation" at Timken Science Hall, Malone College, Canton, 10 a.m. Keynote message by T. Canby Jones: "Implementing Creative Encounter," followed by group discussions.

13—Green Pastures Quarterly Meeting at Ann Arbor (Mich.) Meeting House, 9:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. Committee meetings in morning; business meeting in afternoon; speaker or panel in evening.

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

CLEWS—On November 12, at Durham, N. C., a son, HENRY ALEXANDER CLEWS, to Henry M. and Henrietta Clews. The mother is a member of Abington (Pa.) Meeting; the father and paternal grandmother, Margaret Strawbridge Clews, are members of Uwchlan Meeting, Downingtown, Pa.

JENKINS—On November 18, a daughter, MARGARET ELLEN JENKINS, to David F. and Joy H. Jenkins of Houston, Tex. The

maternal grandparents are Fred and Marcella Hindman of Houston; the father and paternal grandparents, Howard M. and Elsa P. Jenkins, are members of Swarthmore (Pa.) Meeting.

KELLER—On October 2, in Baja California, a son, PAUL HENDREN KELLER, to Robert and Margaret Auble Keller. The parents and maternal grandmother, Joy Auble, are members of Palo Alto (Calif.) Meeting.

MERRITT—On November 17, a daughter, KAREN ALICE MERRITT, to Andrew and Eleanor Merritt. The mother and maternal grandparents, Lewis B., Jr., and Alice Walton Merritt, are members of Lake Forest (Ill.) Meeting.

MARRIAGES

HIDELL-GREEN—On June 16, in Woodbury, N. J., DOROTHY KELLERHER GREEN, daughter of Frank and Dorothy Perkins Hoagland of Woodbury, N. J., and THOMAS MIFFLIN HIDELL, son of Henry Robinson and Faith Jenkins Hidell of Newtown Square, Pa. The bride's maternal grandmother, Helen Perkins, is a member of Moorestown (N. J.) Meeting. The groom (a grandson of the late Willis Charles Jenkins of Wyoming, Del.) and his parents are members of Willistown (Pa.) Meeting.

HIDELL-HARRY—On November 25, in Grover, N. C., MARGARET ALICE HARRY, daughter of David and Gladys Harry of Grover, and WILLIS JENKINS HIDELL, son of Henry Robinson and Faith Jenkins Hidell. The groom (a grandson of the late Willis Charles Jenkins of Wyoming, Del.) and his parents are members of Willistown (Pa.) Meeting.

DEATHS

HOOD—On November 10, in Germantown, Philadelphia, MARY G. LAWSON HOOD, aged 81, of Springdale, New Hope, Pa. She was a member of Solebury (Pa.) Meeting. Surviving are a son, William D., and a daughter, Kate Hood Bodine.

MEETING ADVERTISEMENTS

NOTE: This is not a complete Meeting directory. A directory of all Meetings in the United States and Canada is published by the Friends World Committee, 152A North Fifteenth Street, Philadelphia 19102. (Price 75 cents)

Arizona

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

TUCSON—Pima Friends Meeting (Pacific Yearly Meeting), 739 E. 5th Street. Worship, 10:00 a.m. Barbara Elfbrandt, Clerk, 1602 South via Elnora, 624-3024.

California

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

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

COSTA MESA—Harbor Area Worship Group. Rancho Mesa Pre-school, 15th and Orange. Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. Call 496-1563 or 548-8082.

FRESNO—Meetings 2nd, 3rd & 4th Sundays, 10:30 a.m., 847 Waterman St.

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

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

MONTEREY PENINSULA—Friends Meeting for worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m., 1057 Mescal Ave., Seaside. Call 394-5178 or 624-8434.

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

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

SACRAMENTO—2620 21st St. Meeting for worship Sunday, 10 a.m.; discussion 11 a.m. Clerk: GA 8-1522.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Colorado

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

KNIGHT—On October 6, MARY CRANSTON MARSHALL KNIGHT of West Chester, Pa. She was a member of Central Philadelphia Meeting.

MARIK—On November 7, at Friends Hall, Fox Chase, Philadelphia, IRENE KATSCHER MARIK, aged 77. She was a member of Central Philadelphia Meeting. Surviving are a sister, Josephine Hirschfeld of Baltimore, Md., and several nephews and their families here and in Europe.

MARSHALL—On November 16, ELLEN EYRE MORGAN MARSHALL, aged 89, of Palo Alto, Calif., wife of the late Stewart Marshall. A lifelong Friend, born in Wilmington, Del., and a long-time resident of Johnstown, Pa., she was a member of Palo Alto Meeting.

RHOADS—On November 24, REBECCA SAVERY RHOADS, aged 82, of West Chester, Pa., wife of the late William B. Rhoads. She was a member of West Chester Meeting.

SUPLEE—On November 21, at Friends Boarding Home, West Chester, Pa., FREDERICK PAXSON SUPLEE, aged 84, husband of Susan Sheppard Suplee. A member of Goshen Meeting (formerly of Lansdowne Meeting), he had been a trustee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. Surviving, besides his wife, are two sons, Edward B. of Wilmington, Del., and J. Reed of Warrington, Pa.; a daughter, Elizabeth Fisher of Grosse Isle, Mich.; eight grandchildren; and thirteen great-grandchildren.

WALENTA—On November 10, MADELINE JONES WALENTA, wife of the late Reverend George J. Walenta and daughter of Richard M. and Virginia C. Jones. She was a long-time resident of South China, Me., and a member of Haverford (Pa.) Meeting. Surviving are a sister, Virginia J. Webber, and two grandchildren, Margaret and Christopher Hodgkin.

YARNALL—On August 30, ANNA BIRDSALL YARNALL of Stapeley Hall, Germantown, Philadelphia. She was a member of Central Philadelphia Meeting.

DENVER—Mountain View Meeting, 9:00 a.m., June through August; 10:45 a.m., September through May; 2026 S. Williams. M. Mowe, 477-2413.

Connecticut

HARTFORD—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.; First-day School and adult discussion, 11 a.m., 144 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford; phone 232-3631.

NEW HAVEN—Meeting, 9:45 a.m., Conn. Hall, Yale Old Campus; phone 624-3690.

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

STAMFORD-GREENWICH—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10 a.m. Westover and Roxbury Roads, Stamford, Clerk: George Peck. Phone: Greenwich TO 9-5265.

WILTON—First-day School, 10:30. Meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m., New Canaan Road, Wilton, Conn. Phone WO 6-9081. Jhan Robins, Clerk; phone 762-8583.

Delaware

CAMDEN—2 miles south of Dover. Meeting and First-day School 11:00 a.m.

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

MILL CREEK—One mile north of Corner Ketch. Meeting and First-day School, 10:30.

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

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

WILMINGTON—Meeting for worship at Fourth and West Sts., 11:15 a.m.; at 101 School Rd., 9:15 a.m.

District of Columbia

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

Florida

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

DAYTONA BEACH — Meeting for worship, Sunday 10:30 a.m., 201 San Juan Avenue.

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

JACKSONVILLE — Friendship Corner, 201 East Monroe St. Meeting 10 a.m. Phone contact 389-4345.

MIAMI—Meeting for worship at Sunset and Corsica, Coral Gables, on the south Miami bus line, 11 a.m.; First-day School, 10:30 a.m. Harvey T. Garfield, Clerk. 821-2218.

ORLANDO-WINTER PARK — Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 316 E. Marks St., Orlando; MI 7-3025.

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

SARASOTA — Meeting, 11 a.m., in Sanford House, New College campus. Phone 922-1322.

ST. PETERSBURG — First-day School and meeting, 11 a.m., 130 19th Avenue S.E.

Georgia

ATLANTA — Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10 a.m., 1384 Fairview Road, N.E., Atlanta 6. Phone DR 3-7986. Frank Burford, Clerk. Phone 373-0914.

Illinois

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

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

PEORIA — Meeting, Sundays, 11 a.m., 912 N. University. Phone 674-5704.

QUINCY — Meeting for worship, unprogrammed, 906 South 24th St., 10:30 a.m. Clerk, Randall J. McClelland. Phone 223-3902.

URBANA-CHAMPAIGN — Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.; 714 W. Green St., Urbana. Clerk, phone 367-2677.

Indiana

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

Iowa

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

Kentucky

LEXINGTON — Unprogrammed meeting for worship 10 a.m. Discussion group following. Phone 278-2011.

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

Louisiana

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

Maryland

ANNAPOLIS—Worship 11 a.m., at Y.W.C.A., on State Circle. 263-5332 or 647-0469.

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

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

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

SANDY SPRING—Meeting House Rd., at Rt. 108. Classes 10:30 a.m.; worship 11 a.m.

SPARKS (suburban Baltimore area) — Gunpowder Meeting, Priceville and Quaker Bottom Roads, near Belfast Road Exit of Route 83. 11:00 a.m. 666-1632.

Massachusetts

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

CAMBRIDGE—5 Longfellow Park (near Harvard Square, just off Brattle Street). Two meetings for worship each First-day, 9:30 a.m. and 11 a.m. Telephone 876-6883.

NORTH DARTMOUTH—265 State Road. Meeting Sunday, 11 a.m.

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

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

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

WESTPORT — Meeting, Sunday, 10:45 a.m. Central Village: Clerk, J. K. Stewart Kirkaldy. Phone: 636-4711.

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

Michigan

ANN ARBOR — Adult discussion, children's classes, 10:00 a.m. Meetings for worship, 9:00 and 11:15 a.m., Meeting House, 1420 Hill St. Clerk, Herbert Nichols, 1138 Martin Place. Phone 663-4668.

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

DETROIT—Friends Church, 9640 Sorrento. Sunday School, 10 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m. John C. Hancock, Acting Clerk, 7911 Appoline, Dearborn, Mich. 584-6734.

Minnesota

MINNEAPOLIS — Meeting, 11 a.m.; First-day School, 10 a.m., 44th Street and York Avenue S. Mervyn W. Curran, Minister, 4421 Abbott Avenue S.; phone 926-9675.

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

Missouri

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

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

Nebraska

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

Nevada

RENO — Meeting Sunday, 11:00 a.m., YWCA, 1301 Valley Road. Phone 329-4579.

New Hampshire

HANOVER—Meeting for worship and First-day School, Friends Meeting House, 29 Rope Ferry Road, 10:45 a.m.

MONADNOCK — Southwestern N.H. Meeting for worship, 9:45 a.m. The United Church Parish Hall, Jaffrey, 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 35 at Manasquan Circle. Walter Longstreet, Clerk.

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

PLAINFIELD — First-day School, 9:50 a.m., meeting for worship, 11 a.m., Watchung Ave., at E. Third St. 757-5736.

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. Clerk, Doris Stout, Pittstown, N. J. Phone 735-7784.

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

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

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

SHREWSBURY—First-day School, 10:30 a.m., meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m. Route 35 and Sycamore Ave. Phone 872-1332 or 671-2651.

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. Marian B. Hoge, Clerk. Phone 255-9011.

SANTE FE—Meeting, Sundays, 11 a.m., Olive Rush Studio, 630 Canyon Road, Sante Fe. Jane H. Baumann, Clerk.

New York

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

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

CHAPPAQUA—Quaker Road (Rt. 120). First-day School, 9:45 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m. 914 CE 8-9894 or 914 WI 1-6996.

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

CORNWALL—Meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m. Rt. 307, off 9W, Quaker Ave. 914 JO 1-9094.

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

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

PURCHASE—Purchase Street (Route 120) at Lake Street, Purchase, New York. First-day School, 10:45 a.m. Meeting, 11 a.m.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

North Carolina

ASHEVILLE—Meeting, Sunday, 11:10 a.m., Fr. Broad YWCA. Phone Philip Neal, 298-0944.

CHAPEL HILL — Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11:00 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 Fillmore, 1407 N. Alabama Ave., Durham, N. C.

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

Ohio

CLEVELAND—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., 10916 Magnolia Dr., TU 4-2695.

CLEVELAND—Community. Meeting for worship, 8 p.m. Lila Cornell, Clerk. JA 6-8648. 371-4277.

E. CINCINNATI — Meeting for worship, 11 a.m., joint First-day School with 7-Hills Meeting 10 a.m., both at Quaker House, 1828 Dexter Ave. Horatio Wood, clerk, 751-6486.

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

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

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, 10 a.m., First-day School at 11 a.m., in Thomas Kelly Center, Wilmington College. Henrietta Read, Clerk. Area code 513-382-3172.

Oregon

PORTLAND-MULTNOMAH—Friends Meeting, 10 a.m., 4312 S. E. Stark Street, Portland, Oregon. Phone AT 7-9194.

Pennsylvania

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

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

CONCORD — at Concordville, 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.

FALLS—Main St., Fallsington, Bucks County. First-day School 10 a.m., meeting for worship, 11 a.m., open house 2:30 to 5 p.m., no First-day School on first First-day of each month. Located 5 miles from Pennsbury, reconstructed manor home of William Penn.

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

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

HAVERFORD — Buck Lane, between Lancaster Pike and Haverford Road. First-day School 10:30 a.m. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

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

LANCASTER—Meeting house, Tulane Terrace, 1½ miles west of Lancaster, off U.S. 30. Meeting and First-day School, 10 a.m.

LANDSOWNE—Landsowne & Stewart Aves. Meeting for worship 10 a.m., First-day School 10:30. Adult Forum, 11 a.m.

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

MEDIA — Providence Meeting, Providence Road, Media, 15 miles west of Phila. First-day School, 9:30 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

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

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

MILLVILLE—Main Street, meeting 10:00 a.m., First-day School, 11:00 a.m.

MUNCY at Pennsdale—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m., Mary F. Bussler, Clerk. Tel. LI 6-5796.

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

PHILADELPHIA—Meetings, 10:30 a.m., unless specified; telephone LO 8-4111 for information about First-day Schools.

Byberry, one mile east of Roosevelt Boulevard at Southampton Road, 11 a.m.
Central Philadelphia, Race St., west of 15th. Cheltenham, Jeanes Hospital Grounds, Fox Chase, 11:15 a.m.
Chestnut Hill, 100 E. Mermaid La., 10 a.m.
Fair Hill, Germantown and Cambria, 10 a.m.
Fourth and Arch Sts., First- and Fifth-days.
Frankford, Penn and Orthodox Sts., 11 a.m.
Frankford, Unity and Wain Streets, 11 a.m.
Germantown Meeting, Coulter Street and Germantown Avenue.
Green Street Meeting, 45 W. School House Lane.
Powelton, 3721 Lancaster Ave., 11 a.m.
University City Worship Group, 106 S. 42nd St., 11 a.m.

PITTSBURGH—Meeting for worship and First-day School 10:30 a.m.; adult class 11:45 a.m., 4836 Ellsworth Ave. Mid-week worship session Fourth day 7:30 p.m., at the Meeting House.

PLYMOUTH MEETING — Germantown Pike and Butler Pike. First-day School, 10:15 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

South Carolina

COLUMBIA—Unprog. worship 10:30 a.m., University Baptist Center, 700 Pickens St. Information: Wm. Medlin, 2801 Bratton St. 256-1002.

Tennessee

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

Texas

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

DALLAS—Sunday 10:30 a.m., Adventist Church, 4009 N. Central Expressway. Clerk, Kenneth Carroll, Religion Dept. S.M.U.; FL-2-1846.

HOUSTON—Live Oak Friends Meeting, First-day School, 10 a.m., meeting 11 a.m. Cora Root Peden Y.W.C.A., 11209 Clematis St., Clerk, Allen D. Clark, Parkview 9-3756.

Vermont

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

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

Virginia

CHARLOTTESVILLE—Meeting and First-day School, 10 a.m., Hope House, 903 Sixth St., S.E.

McLEAN—Langley Hill Meeting, Sunday, 11 a.m., First-day School, 10:30 a.m. Junction old Route 123 and Route 193.

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

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SEATTLE—University Friends Meeting, 4001 9th Avenue, N.E. Worship, 10 a.m.; discussion period and First-day School, 11 a.m. Telephone ME1rose 2-7006.

West Virginia

CHARLESTON—Meeting for worship, Sunday 10 a.m., Y.W.C.A., 1114 Quarrier St. Phone 768-4581 or 342-1022.

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

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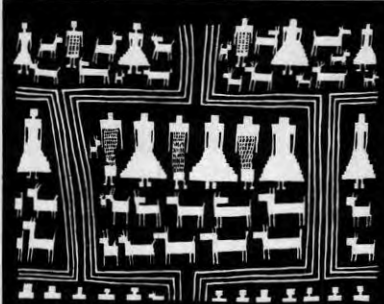
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