From a Facing Bench

THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE COVER, of Dutchman’s breeches in bloom, was taken by William M. Bliss, a member of Cleveland Monthly Meeting. He is incoming president of the Cleveland Photographic Society and is on the Interpretation Committee of Friends World Committee.

The contributors to this issue:

HOWARD E. KERSHNER is president of the Christian Freedom Foundation and editor of its journal, Christian Economics. He writes a syndicated newspaper column, “It’s Up To You,” and has a weekly radio broadcast. He is a member of Montebello Monthly Meeting, California.

MARGARET M. REYNOLDS is director of development of Abington Friends School and a writer and editor. She wrote “Profile of a Senior Project” in the February issue of The Independent School Bulletin.

VIRGINIA M. STETSER, a member of Abington Monthly Meeting, Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, writes poetry. She was editor of Oak Leaves, a publication of the Home and School Association of Abington Friends School.

R. W. TUCKER, a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia, writes, “When I was asked to speak at New York Yearly Meeting’s Peace Institute at Lake Minnewaska (in April), I decided to surprise Friends with the title, ‘Pacifism must go.’ I discovered that maybe one-third of the Friends never heard beyond my title. However, reflecting on this episode, it dawns on me that I was implying premises which never have been spelled out in print, although they are self-evident to many Friends.”

RUTH VERLENDEN POLEY and her husband, IRVIN C. POLEY, wrote the Pendle Hill pamphlet, Quaker Anecdotes, published in 1946 and now out of print. It was revised and enlarged and published in 1950 by Harper and Row as Friendly Anecdotes, which also no longer is available. Irvin Poley wrote Speaking of Teaching, published by Germantown Friends School.

CHARLES A. WELLS, writer, lecturer, and cartoonist, is editor of the independent bimonthly newsletter Between the Lines. He lives near Washington Crossing, Pennsylvania, and is a member of Newtown Monthly Meeting.

COLIN W. BELL and his wife, Elaine, are directors of Davis House in Washington. He formerly was executive secretary of American Friends Service Committee. He is a member of Swarthmore Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania.

JIM CRANE is associate professor of art in Florida Presbyterian College, in St. Petersburg. He has published On Edge, which deals with race relations, and The Great Teaching Machine, a view of the academic scene, as well as Inside Out, from which the illustrations on page 461 are taken.

In all of his books Jim Crane has tried “to push the cartoon to what Tillich might call its religious dimensions.”
Today and Tomorrow

Tom Mboya

Tom Mboya was studying in England when I arrived in Kenya in 1956. Within a few months he was back, to the excitement of Africans and the forebodings of Europeans. He wanted to hold political meetings, but halls were closed to him. The Friends Centre at Ofafa was available, however—first the hall, then the quadrangle, and finally, as his support grew, the open play area. Some years later, as a Cabinet Minister, he came back to the Centre to open the children’s playground. As he entered, he paused, gazed around the quadrangle, and said simply: “This is where we began.”

Tom Mboya was an outstanding leader and in both his trade union and political activities a brilliant negotiator. His death is a great loss for Kenya and Africa.

Walter Martin in *The Friend*

Annual Report

PROCEEDINGS of Yearly Meetings, we surmise, get only passing attention (as minutes of sessions long since past or as a dull historical record of a prescribed board meeting) from those for whom they are intended. Too bad; these Friends are missing something.

An example is *Proceedings, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends, 1969*, which should be a bestseller—or at least have careful reading—among the sixteen thousand members of the Meeting and others. Its two hundred fifty-six pages contain much to nourish the soul, uplift the spirit, and worry the statistically minded.

Yes, even the statistics in this beautifully prepared and produced book are worthy of the careful perusal that leads to self-questioning and a determination to do something. Why did ten Quarterly Meetings have net losses in memberships and two gains? Why were there one hundred eight releases of members in the Yearly Meeting? What do figures of enrollment in Friends schools signify? And finances—which items and how much of the income and outgo reflect tradition, and awareness of today’s changing needs?

From the minutes of day-by-day deliberations we lift some nuggets. That they are out of context or incomplete is all to the good—a sort of invitation to read the rest.

Meeting for Worship is meaningful only when our lives are lived meaningfully in a manner consistent with Jesus’ teachings. Although theological interpretations vary among Friends from fundamentalistic to humanistic, in common we hold the belief which George Fox articulated that there is One who is able to speak to our condition, even Christ Jesus.

The weight of the world’s problems can be carried and lightened only by the presence of the Christ spirit within us. We are inhibited by our secular vocabulary in the revelation of the state of our spiritual health. All the learning of facts about the life of Jesus is no substitute for the experience of the indwelling spirit.

If “to grow is to outgrow,” we must be ready to allow our roots to flourish instead of restricting them against change. The ministry of words is effective only if it is the result of the ministry of deeds. By our fruits will Friends be known, not by what we say about ourselves.

Friends, comfortably secure for the most part, recognize Divine power, but we sometimes forget that it is our responsibility to implement God’s ability.

Coming to First-day school for cookies and juice doesn’t seem to be sufficient reason for retaining them. Being a human being isn’t all dead serious, and religious education should help us enjoy life and savor it in a religious way.

Friends can do much to interpret racial and religious groups to each other. To do so we must constantly strive with humility and love to free ourselves of fear and condescension. We must learn to understand and respect the aspirations and sense of separate identity of all minorities.

We must grow in our capacity to relate that of God in ourselves to that in others different from ourselves.

Twenty cents of every tax dollar is used in actual killing of our fellow man. Friends recalled the 1776 statement by Philadelphia Yearly Meeting on the use of our bodies and our resources, which has never been rescinded. That Minute, reading as follows, might well be our statement in 1969: “It is the judgment of this Meeting that a tax levied for the purchasing of drums, colours, or for other warlike uses cannot be paid consistently with our Christian testimonies.” What is important is that all Friends search their hearts to decide at what point they must take their stand.

The Clerk, in his customary role of school master, gave us a needed lesson in preparation for Yearly Meeting. The Yearly Meeting sessions were successful when we came prepared and informed. If Yearly Meeting is accused of dragging its heels, it must be because some are trying to drag it by the scruff of the neck. A concern for our own frailties should occupy us more than another’s weaknesses; then we could go forward together.

Through our young Friends we were “caught up in the spirit” in a way almost unknown to us, living as we do in these latter days when creaturely activities so often lead us away from the Source. Even though briefly we were aware of the divine inspiration of Paul’s words “So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.”

The right use of our Meeting Houses needs as much thought and care as does the regular cleaning of their gutters and the painting of their outer shells. I belong to that school of Quaker thought that would wish any part of our Meeting House to be open to any activity that Friends found acceptable in any other public building, and also used as much as possible by the local community, for how barren is our trust if an adequate room is occupied but once a week?

*CARE TAKER in Quaker Monthly*
The Trail of Life

by Howard E. Kershner

LIFE MAY BE COMPARED to climbing a mountain. At first one travels a pathway that is not too difficult, among trees and flowers parallel to a merrily singing brook. The trail grows steeper. With the added toil comes a greater outlook, a more interesting view of the country round about.

One occasionally glimpses the peak far above, and the urge is onward and upward. This continues to the top of the mountain, and the moment when one stands at that vantage point, sweeping his eyes around the horizon—other mountains, rivers, lakes, roads, villages—is worth all the hours of the climb.

That moment is compensation and fulfillment for the preceding toil. I believe this is a true parallel to climbing the trail of life.

The peak is the goal—the point of widest outlook, maximum growth and experience, and deepest insight.

If we find the secret of successful living, life should grow ever more interesting as we climb the luminous trail that growth brighter and brighter, even unto the perfect day.

And the end of life will be the beginning of something infinitely more interesting. Did not St. Paul tell us of the "house eternal in the heavens not made with hands?" In youth these are mere words, very vague and unreal. But, with the passing of the years, it draws nearer, becomes plain and seems just a little way ahead. Eager anticipation of moving in becomes very exciting. Did he not also say, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him?" Surely it is worth striving for all the days of our lives.

There is another plane of living that leads not to life and light, but to darkness and oblivion. It is the easy way to live. One need not think or struggle, but just let himself drift.

The two levels of life are the material and the spiritual. We live on both planes. In the Psalms we read that our feet are down deep in the miry clay but that our spiritual potential enables us to stretch upward clear into the heavens. On the material level we are provided with five senses from which to draw satisfaction and enjoyment.

The animals have all of these senses and on that level we are closely akin to them.

If one bases his life on that level, he is destined to certain defeat. Eyes grow dim, hearing difficult, feeling, tasting, and smelling less keen. One faces the certainty of a melancholy anticlimax.

Mount Rainier by E. Sophonisba Hergesheimer

In the beginning, of course, life based on the five senses is very interesting. This may be termed the sensate culture. Living in this manner we are not much different from the animals and, like them, as the senses grow weaker, life becomes less interesting, our bodies are less responsive, with nothing before us but a sad ending in total oblivion.

For man, however, there was a second creation. We read in Genesis 2:7: "And the Lord God . . . breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." This brought into the world a new dimension. It is still quite new and not so well developed as the material dimension of life. Man has been an animal for tens of millions of years. That is why the material world seems so real to us. He has been a spiritual creature for perhaps only a few thousand years or less. That is why this dimension seems less real.

Aristotle tells us that anything is demonstrating its real nature when it is acting at the highest level of which it is capable. An airplane is very graceful in the air; it is awkward on the ground. Its real nature is to fly. A fish is not attractive flopping around on the ground, but it darts through the water with grace and ease. Its real nature is to swim.

We are outclassed by many of the animals. A hawk has much keener vision. Many animals have a much keener sense of smell. Some animals have a much better developed sense of hearing, being able to detect several octaves both below and above our range. Many animals can run much faster than the swiftest sprinter. The real nature of man lies in the spiritual world. In that realm he is infinitely superior to the animal creation.

It was this second creation at which man acquired his status of sonship to God.

St. John tells us, "As many as received him to them gave he power to become the sons of God." To be a son of God and to be in the image of God confers upon man a status far above that of the animal world and far above life based on the five senses. It gives him the capacity to think, plan, contemplate, imagine, remember, project the future, aspire, and to experience the emotions of kindness, generosity, and Godlike love. Life in this dimension is something entirely unknown to the animal world.

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Animals do not remember, plan their lives, contemplate the future, and aspire to nobler things. They do not think about the origin of life or contemplate the possibility of life after death. Such concepts are possible only for man.

Man lives on both the physical and the spiritual levels. The most important decision any one of us will ever make is the choice of which level he will emphasize. We are all animals and we enjoy physical sensations. I still enjoy the thrill one gets when his vigorously swung bat meets squarely a swiftly pitched ball, and when he watches the latter sail out across the diamond. Tennis, swimming, hiking, boxing, good food, pleasant surroundings—all these are interesting, enticing, and rewarding; but, if life stops at that point, it quickly become anticlimactic and hastens us downward to extinction. We can follow the trail to darkness if we choose. It requires less effort. We can relax and coast along quite pleasantly for the greater part of our lives. But then the dark! On the other hand, we can choose to live our lives mostly on the spiritual level and with the results that I have tried to describe. It is downward to darkness and death or upward to light, life, and glory.

Basically, no one can be unhappy who knows he is on the road to glory. The only real tragedy in this world is separation from God. It comes only to those who refuse to answer His call to come up higher.

If a climber lets himself go while standing on the side of a mountain, he will slide to the bottom; if he wishes to rise higher and higher, he must climb. He faces extinction if he lets himself go. But the majestic heights of sublimity are within his grasp if he is willing to climb.

Now we see what our Lord meant when he said: "Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." The broad way downward is easy because it requires no effort. The way upward is narrow and difficult because one gains breadth, height, and comprehension only by exerting himself. Like quicksand, the miry clay of the material world sucks one lower and lower, but the luminous heights of God's infinite world of knowledge, beauty, goodness, and majesty beckon forever onward and upward.

If one chooses the low road, he will spend his anti-climactic days hurrying uncertainly along the dark, shadowy trail, casting furtive glances over his shoulder and from side to side, as with fear in his heart he sinks into the night of oblivion. Fortunately, no man is condemned to that fate. Our Lord has said, "Whosoever will, may come."

As the Scripture tells us, we are all invited to travel the King's highway, where no ravenous beast shall make afraid. We may walk thereon with the ransomed host of the Lord and with them sing songs of everlasting joy and gladness. Sorrow and sighing shall flee away as with faces upward and forward we eagerly follow the sunlit trail to glory.

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**Education for Uncertainty**

by Margaret M. Reynolds and Virginia M. Stetser

COLIN BELL ONCE WROTE about a seldom considered aspect of violence.

He said: "The violence of the status quo is not explosive and crude; rather it is silent, sustained, unbloody, like the violence of the dungeon. It often exists cloaked in virtue and respectability. It is many times at its most violent when it is doing nothing ... It is natural for the comfortable, whether men or nations, to be reluctant to tamper with the status quo, which is like a lush green field on which a herd of sacred cows may graze. As the herd multiplies, the grass grows thinner."

These thoughts are jarring to all, especially schoolmen. Useful traditions can be a force for stability, but the problem of which traditions are valuable and which are stifling is thorny.

Abington Friends School, founded in 1697, a part of Abington Monthly Meeting, in Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, is one of many schools now involved in deep soul-searching as to how it can best serve its students. Its present gradual transition from a girls' school to coeducation makes certain changes imperative. But the question remains: What kind of coeducation?

Adelbert Mason, the headmaster, brought several experts to the school to tackle the question in formal and informal meetings with faculty, administration, students, and parents. Among them were Walter Mohr, who formerly taught in Oakwood School and George School; John Emerson, Germantown Friends School; James Tempest, George School; Douglas Heath, Haverford College; and George Morgan, Brown University.

John Emerson described an ungraded program now in effect through third grade at Germantown Friends School. Changes in the upper school, he said, involve suspension of traditional English courses for the second semester of the year in favor of a variety of "mini-courses" open to grades nine through twelve. Germantown Friends School has no advanced placement courses, although many students do well on the advanced examinations they are encouraged to take if they are prepared. The school is moving further from tracks or ability groups toward ungraded, flexible situations.

At George School, the track system by which students are placed in either college preparatory or general groups has been abandoned in all fields except mathematics. A more flexible system of multiple sections allows some so-
called "slow" students to excel in some areas; in others, although, they cannot excel, they are not pressured. James Tempest stressed that in this country nearly every high school graduate can enter some college.

Douglas Heath, a psychologist and writer, has spent two decades studying the attitudes of young people. He feels that the school is becoming more and more important in shaping these attitudes and that as the world moves toward a meritocracy the predominant influences will be the school, peer group, and the mass media: "The physical world, the mother, family, and the church become less important as life becomes more rational, objective, and scientific."

The greatest need in the future, he predicts, will be for order and purpose: "I want passionate students. Let us prevent creating numb, unfeeling personalities—such as George Orwell describes in 1984—whom we already see in increasing numbers in our schools and colleges.

"Contemporary students are better educated but less educable than formerly—early mastery of intellectual matter comes at the expense of interpersonal relations, sometimes leading to ennui and compulsive sexuality."

"To function in the future, people will have to be educable, able to learn and unlearn quickly. They will need to be open to change, even as their parents and teachers must be.

"We do not listen to our children but manipulate them through 'apparent hearing.' We react to change with simplistic solutions, giving lip service to innovation.

"Our children need authority based on competence—the skills to cope with change but also the judgment to perceive what should be, as well as what is."

He decried the pejorative label "dropout." He urged schools to provide an opportunity for students to break away from the educational structure without stigma through processes such as work terms, in which students can honorably test themselves with action.

An interdepartmental specialist who developed a concentration in human studies in Brown University, George Morgan feels that schools must break down departmental barriers if they are to avoid creating what he calls "the maimed, impartial, prosaic student."

Like Dr. Heath, he wants passionate students. The criteria of a good program, he says, are the ways in which it serves the public and personal life of the student. As a person, one needs answers to the questions: Who am I? What is worth doing? How do I bring up children? As a member of society, one needs competence to deal with the pressing questions of racism, militarism, cybernetics, government, and genetics.

"Our cities are unlivable because specialists cannot see the human being in all his dimensions. Rebellion on the campus has the same roots. Students are fed up with being processed. Education for wholeness involves us in community. It injects moral questions, looks to the imagination in relating knowledge to the totality of life. Anything learned that cannot be lived is dead weight."

After listening to the experts, the faculty of Abington Friends School continues to reassess its program. Already well established is a course in Afro-American history, which is required of eighth graders. Next year, seniors will be offered a black studies course. In the seventh and eighth grades, one afternoon a week will be free for trips, films, special projects, or independent study.

A tutoring program in a city elementary school was started for eighth graders. Older students continue a group therapy project with patients at a nearby mental hospital. A grant from a foundation made possible a program of intersitivation among students in public and independent schools of the city and the suburbs. The project has been continued; representatives from eighth and ninth grades meet for discussions, classroom visits, and informal social occasions.

To some extent the need of students to test themselves with action is met at Abington Friends School by a growing work-study program for seniors, which may become a prototype for a program for younger students.

The subject of the fourth annual senior project was the mental health of our society. Seniors spent a preparatory period learning through discussions, films, and trips; then they left school for three weeks of work and study in mental health facilities and in fields that most affect mental health—education, welfare, and race relations. They had three days of symposia before and after the work period. They were completely free of bells, grades, courses, and written tests.

As former classes had done, they recommended a bigger project for the next senior class. Because a film expert, during their visit to a film study center, described them as "visually illiterate," they ask for more films and more film study. In their literature courses, they want more contemporary works and more black literature. They propose that studies of cities cross departmental barriers to involve science, history, and English.

At a meeting with juniors, parents, the school committee, and faculty, the seniors spoke effectively in favor of more opportunity to test themselves in the world outside and to meet that world oftener in their classrooms.

Much remains to be done, but some of the sacred cows are departing.
Pacifism Must Go

by R. W. Tucker

I THINK I have made a group of discoveries about the problem of faithlessness among Friends about peace.

First, we have no accurate statistical measurement of how pacifist Friends are. The government figure we hear quoted, that more than half our young men are not conscientious objectors or resisters, is grossly misleading. It has to be. Quakerism in every generation has always lost about half its youth and made up the difference by recruitment. (From a long view, this is probably a sign of health.)

Any cross-section of Quakers aged eighteen to twenty includes a huge number formally in membership, but on their way out, who mostly are not pacifists; it does not include those who will join later, many of them very strongly pacifist. A comparable point can be made about paper members, who in time generally get dropped from membership (usually later rather than sooner).

The real question is, how many of our active adult members take our peace testimony seriously? Although we don’t know, I think it is a much higher proportion than we realize.

Second, and therefore: The issue that should be bothering us is not what to do about faithless members who are not really members anyway. The real problem is those many members who take Quakerism very seriously, even when it is difficult—but just cannot buy pacifism.

After querying such Friends as often as I could, over a number of years, I have concluded that the real problem with them is that they never have heard our peace testimony presented in any frame of reference other than pacifism.

This is a discovery of great significance. We must recall that pacifism, as the term is used today, is only about two generations old. Before 1900, certainly, Friends did not use the word; or if they did, they were not suggesting any theory of nonviolence or Gandhian mode of action. Pacifism was evolved in recent times by thinkers, some of whom were Friends, who felt a strong need to turn our nay-saying to war into a positive program for action.

There can be no question that their thinking has been our peace testimony in ways unrelated to official pacifist theories. But some never have met our peace testimony in any other form, and in the form in which they know it, they cannot swallow it.

In my opinion, such Friends are right.

Pacifism, in and of itself, is simply another secular political ideology about how we can make people do what we want them to do. We can religify it all we want, but it is still definable as a body of dogma that somehow got engrafted onto Quakerism; it has its own set of philosophical premises, some of which violate common sense.

There is, for example, the assumption that one never need choose a lesser evil; there is always a third way out; if we do not see it, this is a failure of insight on our part. I think this is balderdash. I know of no Friend who does not choose lesser evils all the time. Very often, there is not a third way out.

There is the related assumption that violence always is the worst evil there is, and that “Thou shalt not kill” is the highest moral absolute to which all others must give way. Wherever this notion came from, it did not come from Jesus. If Jesus taught that there was any one moral absolute that took priority over all others, it has to be “Love one another.” And this is not synonymous with “Thou shalt not kill.” On the positive side, it says enormously more. On the negative side, it is remotely imaginable that loving another can be consistent with killing him. One has to go to bizarre reaches of the imagination to concoct a hypothetical case in which this could be so; in practice, loving one another bars violence. The point is, this bizarre situation can at least be imagined. But for the Friend who thinks in terms of pacifism, it cannot be imagined, and anyone who does imagine it has lost his pacifist union card and has fallen from grace.

Why is it worth making these points? Simply because pacifism no longer is socially functional and may be turning into a handicap.

There is, for example, the urgent need for Friends to widen our class basis. The fact that loving one another—brotherhood—is a way of thinking and talking about human relations is meaningful to people of any background. Pacifism, however, is an intellectual construct, and a difficult one at that, requiring one to admit that people just aren’t good enough to be pacifists. In short, to the degree we cleave to pacifism as an ideology, to that degree we restrict ourselves to the educated middle classes.

Then there is the problem young Friends are having in coping with romantic nihilists, Maoists, and all the other oddities of the New Left. They get told by Marxists that pacifism is a middle-class counterrevolutionary cult, and they reply by saying it is no such thing. But it is. This is our fault—we should have told them this first.

There is a curious problem of reverse generation gap here. Those of us who were young Friends during the McCarthy years—ages thirty to forty-five, say—recall what it was like when Friends were all the resistance movement there was. Our great problem was to get action going in the face of enormous public disinterest. Now we have the much more positive problem of arguing about
modes of action. We can take the half-baked New Left in our stride, because we remember what it used to be like, and we know how much better things are now.

Those of us who think in terms of revolutionary faithfulness are further sustained by a sublime and unshakable confidence that Quakerism, properly understood, is incredibly more revolutionary than anything the new or old Left has come up with. My own response, to take a small but specimen point, to the leftist posters of Che Guevara, with the caption "¡ Che Vive, Viva Che!" is to suggest that Meetings should offer posters proclaiming "¡ Jesus Vive, Viva Jesus!"; for to me Christ is a revolutionary leader who makes Che look like a boy playing cops and robbers.

But our young Friends don't know how to think this way, and pacifism freezes them in to dogmatisms, and they come on as counterrevolutionaries. Or, worse, they are persuaded by the New Leftists, and therefore leave the Society of Friends.

We have long lost children who were not interested in living up to the demands of Quakerism upon them; we are now losing them for the opposite reason, because we do not live up to their ideals. This is our own fault, and the key to our fault is in having made secular pacifist ideology conterminous with our peace testimony.

To Those Who Say That God Is Dead

HAYE YOU EVER seen a fiery sunset and a full moon across a lovely lake, a mountain against blue sky, a beautiful building, a lovely piece of art, lovers strolling hand in hand, the innocence of a child's face?

Have you heard the twittering of birds just coming awake in early morning and seen a mother bird feeding her young?

Have you read a beautiful poem or heard the golden tones of a gifted singer?

Have you felt the arms of someone you love holding you close; heard a child say, "I love you!"; kissed the soft, warm neck of a freshly bathed baby; gazed on a sleeping child; and thrilled to the little things, such as a loving look, a tender kiss, an affectionate pat from the one you love?

Have you listened to a child's prayers, with all the requests at the end for blessings for those he loves or who need help, or felt the blessed comfort of your own prayers when your heart is sad?

You could not have experienced any of these great blessings and still say, "God is dead." They have all taken such tremendous planning—and such constant love.

God provides for us all. Those who cannot hear can still see. Those who cannot see can still hear. Those who can do neither, still have touch, taste, and smell. How fortunate are we who have all the senses! All the more to realize that God is very much alive in every corner of the earth.

HELEN HAUKEDEHL

“Let’s ‘ave a Bit of ‘ush”

IN A SMALL BOOK written for Quaker children on the art of sitting still I came across the following lines:

The most astonishing things of creation can happen without a sound. Did you ever hear the sun rise or set? Do you hear seeds as they push through the earth? Or an apple grow round and fat? Does a flower make any fuss as it achieves fullness? Do your bones creak when they are growing?

and immediately I was reminded of old Mrs. Avon and her "bit of 'ush."

Mrs. Avon, allow me to explain, was a kindly benevolent cleaner lady, who, in our youthful days, used to oblige our mother by sitting-in with us at times. "Let's 'ave a bit of 'ush" she'd say and she would hold up a work worn finger, till her lined old face on one side, and—"'ush" she would repeat with a beseeching sort of earnestness, but firmly too, for as bedtime approached so did our energy, daintiness and clamour increase—"'ush" give t'clock a chance to be 'card" or "Listen to them birds outside" or "Just 'ush for a bit, sit quiet, don't move, while I count up to a 'undred ... now", and amazingly enough quiet we would sit, pausing in whatever devilry we were involved, relinquishing our toys, eyes on Mrs. Avon in a what's-coming-next attitude while gradually silence took over, silence except for the ticking of the grandfather clock in the hall, or the blackbird's notes from the garden, or a fly buzzing on the window panes or the beating of our own hearts.

I'll always remember those moments. They held a special sort of magic I think. Play was good, talk and laughter and fun were good but so was this sudden adventure into silence with Mrs. Avon nodding and smiling at us like a benign old Buddha.

Silence can have a strange exciting quality about it. A sort of tip-toe expectancy. A garden lying becalmed and tranced under a moonlit sky for instance. The interior of a great empty cathedral. Wild creatures glimpsed going about their own mysterious affairs. To receive the particular essence that lies within such environments you must listen, you must attend. In fact it boils down to an awareness of essences perhaps, and applies of course to people as well as places. All of us have our own particular essence. The curious, cuvetting, complicated, contradictory us that we seldom dare entirely reveal ...

Always, it seems, we must pretend, live up to, attempt to twist ourselves into the sort of shapes that are expected of us, instead of being courageous enough to flow into our own shapes.

Some time ago I was watching a sad-looking bird motionless and inert on its perch. "That's an umbrella bird," I was told, "but his 'umbrella' isn't obvious yet because he's unsettled, suspicious and frightened, but if you'll wait patiently and quietly he'll learn he can trust his environment and as he becomes happy and relaxed the umbrella crest will spread itself and you'll see the whole creature."

Wait, watch, listen, attend. "Sit quiet while I count up to a 'undred." "'ave a bit of 'ush." So it goes and call it what you like but to see an animal gradually becoming what it is meant to be, to see a real human being emerge in all its beauty and blemish from under the facade of masks, to know that one is looking at a whole instead of a part ... what a privilege, what a reward.

NANCY NOTT in The Friend

August 15, 1969 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Full Cycle

A tiny yellow butterfly
Circled me, out walking.
Light wings wafted me;
I walked on air.
The butterfly flickered off
Becoming sun, the light
Shining in such magnitude
I could not see
That halo of circumstance
Ripple to the horizon.
Gold circumference of day
Came pulsing round me,
Planets and dominions, powers,
Until I saw, returning,
The butterfly. I walked
The path of earth.

JOHN FANDEL

Friendship

When you reach out to love
and find a friend
you open doors to pain.
Yet knowledge such as this
must not detain
your search.
Each flower, sending sweetened scent
into the air,
moves closer to its doom,
but every bee's caress
another bloom
must bless.
When you desire to know
a fellow man,
move gently closer as you try,
and you may see
in your companion's eye
your minute image.

LISL AUF DER HEIDE

Either . . . Or . . .

Young man
somewhat
Evangelical
for an atheist
He preached
high contrast
Spoke out Earth
in certainties
Direction posts
here down up there
left them us right
As categorical
As white black
Black yes no white
Trimmed hard
for prophetic edge.
Militant with half-tones
His need switched
either
to assent
Or fanatical
to revolt,
I knew a man
that he reminds me of.

ROBERT WARD

A Message

Whence came the Joy of Christ Jesus?
It came from saying
Yes to life and no to death
Yes to love and no to hate
Yes to peace and no to war
Yes to living in the Light
that casts out Darkness—
Not out of hope of reward
or fear of punishment,
but for its very nobleness.

BOB BLANC

The Moving Tide

Vast tide, this life-flow! I come willingly,
yet I will this flow, and will
know what I am yet coming to pass,
to include, and to know.

Can I love more, God at my side?
Light shows the darkness of this tide.
I ask: Will the heaven I put aside out-last
an outcast nothingness?

God's will invites: He speaks through me. "Who more than I sustains immortality?" Immortality is willing life to be amid this flow, and onflow yet to be.

Waters are over me: So soon life goes. I will be sustained. I will sustain. If I am keel of His purpose, how can I die?

I pulse with this tide. His will is forever: why should not love be always? Forever, I say, and full willing, and give me this day.

Tide deepens: Forsakenness swept away, I ask of His kingdom. I will love more.

SAM BRADLEY

The Birch Tree

Come hand me your mysteries
That flow from the deep.
You leap in the sunlight
And hang in the gloom
Of the passing cloud-shadow.
Come hand me your mysteries
That come from the deep;
I, too, want to flow in your current.

JOYCE POVLONY
Friendly Anecdotes

by Ruth Verlenden Poley
and Irvin C. Poley

FRIENDS MAY ENJOY these Quaker stories that came too late for us to include in our book, Friendly Anecdotes, which now is out of print.

After a temperance committee had given its report to Yearly Meeting, William Bacon Evans said, "If some Friends were more temperate in their speaking, there would be less total abstinence on the part of others."

He also sent us two stories of J. Henry Bartlett and Charles Bartlett, which he called "A Bartlett Pair."

On a Philadelphia sidewalk, J. Henry Bartlett, who used to be head of Friends Select School, once noticed that passers-by were pausing to gaze intently into the sky. He did likewise and saw a box kite, from which floated a large American flag. A young man who was standing near recognized that Henry was a Friend, and remarked pleasantly, "Thee doesn't approve of that, does thee?"

"Oh," replied Henry, "I was brought up always to respect the American flag. What I don't approve of is to have a young man like thee shot full of holes."

Charles Bartlett for years welcomed visitors at Atlantic City Meeting. A rather pompous ecclesiastic one introduced himself by saying, "I am the Reverend Doctor * * *, Rector of the First * * * Church, of * * *.

"I am very glad to meet thee," replied Charles, "I am Charles A. Bartlett, assistant janitor of Friends Meeting."

From William Sylvester Smith's old book, The London Heretics, comes this story of pre-Civil War days: "Casually Roger Brooke asked the young preacher (Moncure Conway) what he thought of the farmlands in the Quaker Settlement (of Sandy Spring). To Conway they were obviously superior to other farms in the area. "How does thee explain this?" pursued the Quaker. Conway, at a loss, suggested that it might be due to the length of time their farms had been under cultivation. The old man let him think for a moment, then asked, "Has it ever occurred to thee that it may be because of our paying wages to all who work for us?" Conway, of course, knew the arguments of the Abolitionists against the system of slavery, but this simple economic challenge had never occurred to him.

Among the tales of Quaker thrift is one that comes from a prominent Philadelphia Quaker family. Found in the attic after the contents of the house were being distributed was a paper bag. A label on it said "String too short to use."

Hannah was living through one of those winters when every known calamity descends on the family. She is a buoyant soul, but when her mother broke her hip, Hannah gave vent to a word of bitterness which has become a family byword. "I know the Lord won't send me more trouble than I have strength to bear," she said. "But I do wish He didn't have quite such a good opinion of me!"

George Walton, when he was head of George School, sent this story of Burton Fowler, then principal of Germantown Friends School:

"Here is a contemporary Quaker anecdote. In a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Middle States Association last week we were co-opting. A member with a legalistic mind was inquiring as to the precise meaning of the word co-opt. Said Burton Fowler, 'It is a Quaker euphemism for coerce!'

Here are two stories about another head of a Quaker institution, Isaac Sharpless, of Haverford College.

A young waiter at a public occasion at which Isaac Sharpless was an honor guest spilled a bowl of soup down Isaac's back. In his kindly way and to make the waiter feel less embarrassed, Isaac Sharpless said, "I guess you must be in love."

"Gosh no," was the reply. "I've been married a year."

Lawrence Burgess, of the Haverford Class of 1904, told this one:

Late one Sunday afternoon in September, 1900, the night before students were supposed to return to Haverford to start the academic year, Burgess arrived in a station hack and was standing in the midst of his baggage in front of Barclay Hall. A tall man approached him and said, "What's thy name?"

"My name's Burgess."

"My name's Sharpless. Let me help thee with thy baggage and find thy room."

We still like the quip, often as we have heard it, that ten p.m. is the Quaker midnight.

How to Meditate in Meeting

Silence is Quaker meeting when the traffic outside ceases and the jets stop streaking over, when the little girl upstairs settles down to coloring instead of flat-footedly running, when the "early-bird" latecomers decide to come into meeting, and when the two grade-schoolers sitting in the second row facing me have completely exchanged their conversation.

JAMES BAY

August 15, 1969 FRIENDS JOURNAL
by Charles A. Wells

The Witness of Friends II

BECAUSE OF THE GREAT AMOUNT of protest and dissent abroad today, some persons are saying that Friends should not be participating in public demonstrations or adding to the hubbub.

Amidst so much noise and frenzy, so many voices, perhaps only silence can speak. For silence, like radio waves when properly tuned, has a resonance that can be heard around the world.

The resonance of silence comes from the quiet strength and confidence that are the fruits of our faith. Without this, Quakers might be indistinguishable from Students for a Democratic Society, labor union pickets, or other militants. Indeed, one ingredient absent in the present scene is faith—religious faith—based on the belief that there is a divine force at work in the universe, on this planet, in this nation, in our communities, and in ourselves.

When we believe that, we must act as though we believe it, and that is where the great Galilean comes in; he knew how to act like God’s son. This is the reason Jesus retains the wonder of youthful poets and painters as well as of preachers or priests.

I have noted that even our wildest youth will suddenly pay him reverent tribute. Jesus did not say a word about the virgin birth.

Apparently this concept neither interested nor concerned him, but he did want men to act sons of God.

It might help if everyone repeated to himself during silent grace at breakfast, “I belong to the Religious Society of Friends.” This might help us to “do our thing” because we believe, believe in the divine in all men, not just because we are integrationists, anti-Vietnam-ers, pacifists, or peace advocates.

If we believe that, we will not substitute chaos for law, confronting the law without restraint in ways which can produce only violence and more lawlessness.

If we believe that laws as they exist are wrong or don’t go far enough, we can witness to that belief with a poise and confidence that still honor the principle of law. If this involves breaking the law, then a quiet strength and confidence born of faith becomes imperative, so that we can honor the principle of law as we mend the law we have broken by gladly accepting the penalties that guard it.

Thus Quaker action is needed now more than ever.

If you are the kind of Friend who just can’t get out to picket or demonstrate, you can write letters—to your representatives in Washington, to your editor, and other influential persons. Letters are potent, because words also can throb with silent power.

by Colin W. Bell

Quaker Explosion and Fellow Lingerers

WE ARE ALL AWARE these days of the fantastic multiplication in the numbers of people on the earth, and we use violent phrases, such as “the population explosion,” to describe it. There is something distinctly less than explosive about the increase of Quakers amid this mass of multiplying men.

Our Society’s statistics are nonviolent, unspectacular, and quite depressing. We do not really convince ourselves when we tell each other the half-truth that mere numbers are not the important thing or that our influence as a Society is greater than our size would suggest.

Where are our frontiers, our outreaches, our cutting edges?

I suppose the answer, at least for the urbanized unprogramed segment of the Society of Friends, lies in the suburbs of large cities, in “sophisticated” small towns, and on or near college campuses.

I want to suggest that there is another frontier area, quite small, but one that may be vital to our spiritual health in years to come. I refer to the downtown metropolitan Meetings, which, in the days when citizens customarily lived in the cities that nourished them, formed the lively core and center of Friends’ witness and worship. In these places, where the ghosts of great Quaker souls still walk, there often is left only a prestigious history upheld by a gallant rearguard of Friends, moving along in age, utterly faithful, and often quite conservative.

Let me, greatly daring, name four specific examples of Meetings of which the foregoing may be an exaggerated but not wholly false description. I think of Friends House in London, Fifteenth Street Preparative Meeting in New York, Central Philadelphia, and Friends Meeting of Washington. This does not by any means complete the tale of center-city Meetings history has used harshly, but they are all typical of a frontier on which Quakers are called upon to pioneer.

For here, increasingly, are to be found the people for whom Meetings are held—the eager seekers; the disillusioned who are giving Quakerism a whirl on the chance there might be something for them in it; the young searching for real values, real integrity, and real honesty regarding the state of civilization; the unkempt, who do not choose or cannot afford to care about appearances; the hopeless and occasionally the soapless; too rarely, for our comfort, the racial discriminee, the confused, the one who is at the end of some desperate road.
Friends Meeting of Washington (Florida Avenue) has a short history by comparison with many other Meetings in great cities. It is the parent of three Meetings outside the District of Columbia, and these lively offspring are caught up in the challenges of the suburbs and of international order. Meanwhile, the world itself streams into the National Capital.

At Florida Avenue, visitors are asked to identify themselves at the close of meeting. On any Sunday morning there will be Friends from across the country or the globe and an assortment of others impelled into our midst by divers stirrings of the spirit. The tide of visitors in spring and summer grows to a flood, which on occasion well outnumber the stalwarts of the Meeting, whose ranks are further depleted when the heat and humidity are particularly high.

Here, Sunday after Sunday, is a situation which, in the abstract at least, we Friends long for—part of the "great people to be gathered" is sitting next to us on the hard benches, squirming a little under the strange silence, or wondering if they at last have found a spiritual home, or rebelling against the complaisancy of our ministry, or laying the anguish of their souls before us in a cry for friendship, or reveling in a captive audience, or espousing a cause, while we "natives" sit in judgment on the "appropriateness" of their presentation.

The meeting often is neither cozy nor comfortable and very far from gathered. On a few difficult occasions, the meeting for worship ends with the visitors in varying states of uplift or perplexity and the natives in moods varying from umbrage to a sense of being where the action is. Many visitors tell us that the meeting has given them what their spirits needed. Others slip away with thirst unsated, and not many of these trouble to tell us about it.

The frontier has invaded our citadel. The defenders of the faith, few in number, stand eyeball to eyeball with the very intruders we long to welcome when they are not about. In such circumstances, who blinks first? Who draws the weaponry of love?

Should Friends really try to be more effective, more calculating in our response to those who approach us in this way?

We tut-tut among ourselves over the recurring story of the visitor who came three times to meeting without receiving more than a nod and a guarded half-smile of welcome. (I am not thinking specifically of Florida Avenue, which tries hard to be welcoming to strangers.)

It is not beyond the wit of Quakers to devise nonoffensive ways of asking visitors to identify themselves at the break of meeting and then to have several members at strategic points whose primary post-meeting job would be to ensure that some real communication followed, not effusive but sincere.

It is so easy for us to feel happy when visitors come, to hope at meeting's end that someone will enter into Friendly engagement with them, and then go to talk to our friends.

The problem is exacerbated in a metropolitan Meeting, where the anonymity of the city hides many confused and lonely people or people longing to be useful.

Furthermore, mirabile dictu, many of these drop-ins are young! It is good for them to be welcomed by senior members, but I believe they would appreciate more an approach by our own young people. If we laid this duty more specifically upon all our members, young and old, perhaps the time would come when the need for organizing "coverage" of every stranger in our midst would wither away. Perhaps also in certain instances and at certain seasons the downtown Meeting should be helped in this task by its suburban offspring.

Some years ago a monthly journal published an article on American Quakerism, "The Quakers Linger On." How does that sound to you, fellow lingerer?

Amid an erupting family of man, I believe it would be advantageous to the larger society to experience a bit of "Quaker explosion." At the very least, can we not ensure that when a person takes a step toward us by coming to meeting we do the same toward him?

Center of Our Being

CALL IT RECOLLECTION, call it contemplation, call it what you will. It is what we need to escape this earthbound life, this meaningless existence. We must wend our way slowly to the center of our being instead of whirling at its periphery and letting things ensnare us.

We must learn that tomorrow is today. We can pass from time into eternity and know each other in that which is eternal, now. But how? Just sit down, be quiet. Watch pensively a glorious sunset. Or look into the heart of a rose and so learn to look lovingly into the heart of a fellow human being.

This power cannot open the barred door of a closed heart. Before it can come in and exert itself in our life we must change. We must slow down, learn quietly to listen and hear, to look and see. But how does one come upon this transcendent, mystical experience? We can never know this power directly even though through an unknown process it may come to work through us. Dionysius tells us, "If anyone saw God and understood what he saw, then it was not God that he saw, but something that belongs to Him."

All the great religions seek the same supernal solace. It is achieved only through a quiet stillness, a creative silence that each individual must consummate for himself. The end is a more real and intense life. To develop a soul that can house both peace and intensity is the goal. And the building stones of this heavenly quest are faith, hope, and love.

SUSAN GOWER SMITH

August 15, 1969
The Human Condition

by Jim Crane

Little brown brothers, we have liberated you!

We bring you peace, friendship, freedom and...

Sir!

Yes, Lieutenant.
There are none of 'em left, sir.

Can't win 'em all.

Poor papa.
His only thought was for the family.

I'll never forget the sweet, tired look when we asked him for more money.

Or the joy on his face when he got his tie each Christmas.

It's better this way, sis.
He wouldn't have enjoyed retirement, and he would want us to enjoy the insurance money.

When I was a kid I had the fire of creation in my belly.

Fortunately I was practical enough to see that it gets you nowhere.

I'm forty-five now and I've got it made except for this fire in my belly.

The doctor says it's an ulcer.
Reviews of Books


Despite Hume's and Kant's formidable critiques of metaphysics and theology, such disciplines still live, although they are shunned by modern empiricism and existentialism alike. Happily so, for Eric Rust argues that Christianity today, as before, stands in need of metaphysical concepts to clothe its religious revelations.

Old wrappings taken from Plato by Augustine and from Aristotle by Aquinas no longer will do. They clung to a view of things too closed and static for Christianity's subversive emphasis on historical development and modern man's acceptance of evolutionary change through all levels from the biological to the social.

From Hegel's Dialectical Idealism to Whitehead's Process Philosophy, with valuable assists from Temple, de Chardin, Hartshorne, and others, new metaphysical models for interpreting reality useful to Christianity are unfolding.

Rust knowingly and carefully examines such possibilities. He rejects those that do not preserve the distinctive features of Christian revelation, such as the personality of God and man, divine transcendence and trinitary character, and God's reason for incarnating Himself as Christ. To reinterpret such convictions, however, Rust borrows illuminating notions from the metaphysicians, such as God's bipolarity, in which God has both being and becoming; His personal self-transcendence, in which he is not to be identified with his imminent activity in the world; and His intrapersonal transactions with man, in which they are united through love, suffering, patience, and persuasion.

Friends may learn from this book, but they may wonder about two things. The first is whether Christian theodicy, (which says that God's purpose in creation is self-enrichment through loving and persuasive struggle with man in history and increasing incarnation in the secular realm) throws more light on such matters than do the theories of Hegel, Whitehead, and others rejected by Rust.

From this grows the second: Whether the ultimate mystery to man's being-in-the-world can be pierced by systematic theology. It bears interestingly on both questions that the personal model Rust finds most helpful to Christian thought is taken essentially from the down-to-earth existentialist concerns of such men as Buber and Macmurray.

Erling Skorpen

The Life and Death of Dietrich Bonhoeffer. By Mary Bosanquet. Harper and Row, New York. 287 pages. $5.95

We have been greatly in need of a thorough book that interprets both the life and thought of Bonhoeffer; now we have it. Mary Bosanquet has provided an account of the famous martyr without distortion. So fair is her book that it has won the full admiration of the martyr's twin sister.

Dietrich Bonhoeffer was a brilliant young German theologian who was hanged in April, 1945, shortly before the collapse of the Nazi regime, which he had struggled to undermine. After intense moral struggle, he had decided to be part of the plot to kill Hitler, not because he approved of killing but because continuation of the Hitler terror seemed to him the greater evil.

It has been the misfortune of this great man to be quoted out of context, especially in what he wrote in the period when he was imprisoned. The result has been to make him appear to be a supporter of that prime intellectual self-contradiction of our time, Christian atheism. The term that has been most misused is "religionless Christianity."

Mary Bosanquet has been able to show how deep was Bonhoeffer's faith in the living God—even to the scaffold. She quotes the martyr's best friend, Eberhard Bethge, who remonstrates against those who have presented Bonhoeffer as "the champion of an undialectical shallow modernism which obscures all that he wanted to tell us about the living God."

Part of the merit of this new introduction to Bonhoeffer lies in the author's ability to be appreciative without being sentimental.

D. Elton Trueblood


It has seemed to friends both logically and intuitively right that one should look upon prevalent racism based on skin color as being ridiculous as well as invidious. In the present clearly written essay, illustrated with relevant and elegant photographs (or, equally, in this beautiful photographic essay accompanied by a well thought-out explanatory text), the point is firmly driven home that melanin, a dark pigment, is present to some degree in all human skins, except those of extremely rare "albinos" (who look pink because their blood shows through).

Thus, there really are no white people in the world, just as there are no blacks—only various shades of brown. Consequently, if anyone would segregate people with melanin in their skins, he must discriminate against practically everyone in the world, including himself.

Friends will find this book useful, as the reviewer did, for reading to their children, especially the section on the gradual selective forces (deficiency of vitamin D in the Temperate zones and skin burning by excessive ultraviolet irradiation in the Tropics) that over some forty-five hundred generations (one hundred thousand years) can make first successful, then wealthy, then socially predominant, and finally the sole survivor of, respectively, the lighter-skinned hunter in the temperate zone and the darker-skinned hunter in the tropics. Such a reading can lead also to a happily unrestrained and beneficial discussion of racism in its local festering. This book belongs in every household in America for two reasons: Its illumination of our country's most grievous social problem and its beauty as a work of art.

Francis Holmes

This book—with its footnotes, appendix, and two pages of abbreviations—will be a boon to the student, but for the general reader it is a disappointment. Jasper Ridley, a lawyer, presents the great Scottish religious reformer as he would a court case, in detail and backed by exhaustive research. Unfortunately this book is in a style more likely to please a judge presiding over a case in court than a reader interested in an historical figure.

The author gives a broad, inclusive, historically accurate account of John Knox from his birth to his death. He deals, at length, with such subjects as the correct date of his birth—1514 not 1505—his relationship with his mother-in-law, as well as his controversial flight from England. The first two items are also covered in the appendix—four pages dealing with the change of birth years and six and a half pages listing the dates of Knox’s letters to Mrs. Bowes.

Knox’s refusal to become a martyr has bothered historians for years. It bothered John Knox’s conscience too, a fact which Jasper Ridley refers to again and again. The author has this to say about the initial flight: “Knox decided to go abroad. He has been criticized for this by several modern writers, who contrast his unheroic attitude with that of the martyrs. The criticism is quite unjustified. He was acting on the principles that were accepted by all his colleagues; persecuted in one city, he fled to another.”

FAITH BERTSCHE

Can’t You Hear Me Calling? By LAWRENCE CARTER. The Seabury Press, New York. 146 pages. $4.95

In a series of vignettes, an Episcopalian clergyman tells of episodes in the life of St. John’s, a Los Angeles parish to which he was called. He describes the processes of change in the parish, reveals his own feelings regarding them, and searches for the meaning of the changes.

The title of the book is a question scrawled on a windowless wall in the poor neighborhood in which St. John’s is located.

The theme of urban poverty is one aspect of the broad-ranging thoughts on all aspects of church life, including concepts of the ministry and liturgical innovations.

The key is found in the author’s identification with a current of change in church life: “A new feeling of joy and love is moving in to take the place of de-
Look to the North Star: A Life of William King. By VICTOR ULLMAN. Beacon Press, Boston. 337 pages. $7.50

TO WILLIAM KING (1812-1895), the City of God was a practical approach to the true emancipation of the slaves. His idealism was firmly ballasted by a keen intellect and unusual business acumen.

Before Buxton Mission was started in Canada in 1849, King had pioneered in Ohio, taught the privileged sons of Louisianna slave-owners, worked in Edinburgh slums while obtaining his theological degree. A slave-owner through marriage to Mary Phares, for years he sought an honorable escape from ownership. He could not free helpless people into a hostile society.

Look to the North Star is an account of the man who pioneered the Buxton Mission (named for a brother-in-law of Elizabeth Fry). To readers interested in the perennial questions of justice, freedom, and brotherhood, this book is recommended.

Within ten years, Buxton Mission accomplishments included: two hundred homes built and owned by former slaves; the first brick yard; saw and grist mill in Kent County; a tramway to the shore of Lake Erie for the export of products; schools and churches; graduates in education, medicine, and theology from Canadian colleges; the first integrated public school on the North American continent; and participation in Canadian elections. Between 1865 and 1890, this single community sent about two thousand Negroes into the South as teachers, agriculturists, political leaders, and ministers.

FERN ELIZABETH STOWE

Mind Drugs. Edited by MARGARET O. HYDE. McGraw-Hill, New York. 150 pages. $4.50

THE ASSUMPTION here is that if we tell the common man the truth—the good and the bad, the certainties, and the puzzles—he will be able to make up his mind about "the drug scene." This is a symposium of nine articles, all written in a down-to-earth, nontechnical style, on marijuana, alcohol, LSD, and heroin.


Most of the authors are medical people or psychologists. They see many of the casualties of drug abuse and are concerned to understand it as well as alleviate it. They weigh critically the sometimes dramatic claims to new knowledge about brain or tissue damage.

Some of the writers make useful distinctions between kinds of drug users (the escapists, the social conformist, the seeker after kicks, the religious seeker). Some are critical of the laws pertaining to marijuana. There is almost no exploration of the possible legitimate religious use of the mind drugs.

This book is an excellent, well-balanced introduction to a field that will become more, not less, important.

JOSEPH HAVENS

Jesus and the Zealots: A Study of the Political Factor in Primitive Christianity. By S. G. F. BRANDON. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 358 pages. $7.95

THIS FASCINATING and well-documented book is for the reader who seeks new understanding and is not fearful of suggestions that the Gospel records may reveal some evidence of manipulation of history for understandable human motives. Dr. Brandon is able to draw the reader inside the minds of the actors in the New Testament drama.

The book opens with an intensive examination of the records and the apparent psychology of the times. To what degree was the violent opposition of the Zealots to the hated Roman conquerors and the self-seeking high priesthood based upon the unshakable faith of the Jewish Christians? How much did the historian Josephus lend bias to the Gospel writers and to later interpreters of their message?

In the Gospel of Mark, Dr. Brandon sees startling evidence of remodeling of the history of Jesus and his contemporaries. This remodeling, which apparently made the new Christianity a movement somewhat less unpalatable to the Romans, was particularly destructive to the Jews and was a seedbed for the future propagation of Paul's interpretations. Mark, furthermore, appears to be careful to gloss over any connection between Jesus and the rebellious Zealot patriots.

The concluding part deals with efforts of the other Evangelists to enlarge on
Mark's portrait of Jesus and to introduce the features of a man of peace. Was this also an appeal to the Gentiles and to Rome, divorcing Jesus from the Jews in order to emphasize the ideal of divine leadership for the world?

CHARLES A. DOEHLERT


A MILLION AND A HALF United States soldiers are living overseas. The logistics and diplomatics of United States bases and armed interventions are major factors in the economics and politics of scores of nations. Yet our government has done little to develop coherent policies of military occupation and has invested only minimally in the training of Civil Affairs officers.

This book, by a former Pentagon official and his wife, views the past from the perspective of American interests, not from the perspective of host governments and peoples. It views with alarm the increasing trend toward United States military intervention in developing countries and the consequent failure to strengthen international machinery for peace keeping and peacemaking.

Its attempt to develop a theory of the various types of occupation strategy is of questionable value because of the level of abstract jargon.

The implications of the commitment of men and resources in military intervention are too often veiled from the public. The Kyre's study unveils only a small segment of the vast set of problems. Those interested in peace must go further.

ROBERT CORY


W. E. B. DUBOIS writes in prose, poetically. Sometimes his ideas are obscured with plurality of meanings. Darkwater is not a simply written piece of nonfiction. DuBois is a scholar who has traveled widely. He writes of philosophical, political, and racial issues in depth. His essays are interspersed with poems.

He weaves philosophical thoughts through not only American history but also European history, and always his theme upholds the black man as he often cynically refers to the white man's “superiorities.”

BETTY KAYNOR

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FRIENDS JOURNAL August 15, 1969
A FULL-PAGE ADVERTISEMENT in The New York Times persuaded me to try a Broadway play. It read: "Unanimous Choice—Best Play: Pulitzer Prize; New York Drama Critics Circle Award; 3 Tony Awards; A Theatrical Experience that should not be Missed, Clive Barnes, N. Y. Times; Herman Levin presents James Earl Jones, best actor in Howard Sackler's The Great White Hope with Jane Alexander, best featured actress, directed by Edwin Sherin."

I went. I found that this well-intentioned play, like most recent Broadway productions, is more show business than theater. Had it not been for the high price of my ticket, I would have walked out and spent my time otherwise.

For many the play is a triumph. The audience loved it, and the talk I overheard as I left the theater was glowing. My own thought is that if the director had handled it more as a drama than and extravaganza it would be a great evening in the theater.

Howard Sackler's play (which Dial Press has published) is worthy and well written. Sackler has little competition from other plays this year, but he can be said to be the best playwright having a work on Broadway. His play could be staged by another director and be worthy of comparison with "Deep Are the Roots," "Raisin in the Sun," and "The Blacks." These plays come to mind because they, too, have to do with the anguish of Afro-Americans and the prejudices of whites.

As the First World War is brewing, Jack Jefferson, played by James Earl Jones, wins the heavyweight boxing championship. It is the first time a Negro has had the belt, the symbol of the championship. His winning over the fighter called the Great White Hope causes additional malaise because Jack makes no secret of his relationship with a white woman. The boxing moguls connive to get him on a Mann Act charge, which would send Jack up for three years.

Out on bail, he escapes to London, where prejudice prevents his having the match he expected. He journeys to Paris, Berlin, Budapest, Belgrade, Juarez, and Havana. Step by step, his degradation deepens because of the viciousness he encounters: the world unwilling to accept a black champion who has a white mistress and is being pursued by the law.

Effie Bachman, the woman, throws herself into a well when they are in Juarez. In Havana, Jack has a match that is set up for him to lose to another great white hope. He stagger from the ring bloodied. His opponent, carried on the shoulders of supporters, has such a smashed and bloody face that it is barely visible.

By the end of the first act, you discern that the play is more about a battle between blacks and whites than heavyweight champs. About everything that is ignorant and mean that whites have said about Negroes gets into the script—body odor, Uncle Tomism, sexual prowess of the Negro, sold-out Negro preachers who use Jesus as a weapon to suppress, and all the rest.

Blacks in the audience are the first to get the jokes and laugh the heartiest. Whites are shamed by the savagery paraded before them. The play is a passionate statement about the need for whites to treat blacks like human beings.

**Pamphlets**

**Adjusting to Automation.** AFL-CIO Publication No. 144. 36 pages

AN AFL-CIO ECONOMIST summarizes recent labor achievements negotiated through collective bargaining in regard to wages, hours, and retirement and in respect to working conditions and rights of tenure and transfer.

"The need to humanize corporate planning has become much more acute in recent years and will become even more important as the rate of technological change continues to accelerate," he writes.

On severance pay: "Many employers still feel it is their prerogative to dismiss workers without a second thought. Yet the same employers take for granted the need to amortize their plant and equipment as a natural cost of doing business."


THIS CONDENSED REPORT ON URBAN LIVING CONDITIONS TELLS US WHAT SHOULD BE DONE AND WHY. "ORIENTATION AND TRAINING PROGRAMS SHOULD BE CONTINUED AND EXPANDED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF AND THROUGH FINANCING BY BOTH PUBLIC AND PRIVATE AGENCIES, BUT GOVERNMENT HAS THE ULTIMATE RESPONSIBILITY FOR SUCH PROGRAMS."
Letters to the Editor

A Department of Peace

THE CONGRESS has not kept total silence in regard to the proposal that there be a Department of Peace under a Secretary of Peace.

In 1793 Banneker's Almanack printed an essay on the need for such a department. The editor, Benjamin Banneker, a free-born Maryland Negro, was called the "black Ben Franklin." A plan for a peace office was written by Dr. Rush, signer of the Declaration of Independence, in 1799, but was not published until 1947.

This shows a critical lag in time. Now every citizen should be asking for this new department.

Senator Matthew Neely, of West Virginia, in several sessions of the Congress presented his bills for this cause, the latest in 1939. In May 1945 Senator Karl Mundt, of North Dakota, told his colleagues of the need for a Department of Peace. Representative Louis Ludlow, of Indiana, spoke out in November of that same year, and in 1947 Senator Everett Dirksen, of Illinois, produced a bill for "A Peace Division in the State Department."

In all, there have been eighty-five bills before the House and Senate asking for a Department of Peace. The latest bill was that of Senator Vance Hartke, of Indiana, in 1968.

The time has come for more of us to ask Congress for this critical department. We often ask what we can do. I believe that a program of peace could be taken to our colleges. We who are over thirty must be productive, creative. Billy clubs and tear gas do not serve to subdue anger.

I have heard it said: "Why a Department of Peace?" and I say, "Why not?"

MARIAN K. BAKER
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Pollution of Our Environment

THE AMERICAN INDIAN used to pray for forgiveness for each animal he had to kill for food and would pray to the Great Spirit before he plowed the land.

Are we reverent toward the land on which we live and towards the other life with which we share this planet? The smell of gasoline, the noise of lawnmowers, cars, and motorcycles, and the sight of strewn trash indicate some of our attitudes toward our environment.

Although there are many ways in which we as scientists, teachers, voting citizens, and concerned individuals can help toward finding a solution to these problems, I feel that the Society of Friends has a special role.

As Friends we can use our rural and suburban Meetings as areas to which our city Friends and friends can come to experience a natural environment; hold our Yearly Meetings at camps or other natural areas (as New York Yearly Meeting does); where families might camp on part of the grounds; get in touch with the Indians nearest us and see what we can learn from them; hold an adult forum on the response of the Quaker to his environment; study the plant life on the grounds of our Meetings and schools and plant more trees and flowers if desirable.

As citizens we can find out about the effects of the following: Fertilizers and other chemicals spread on lawns and gardens; use of salt on our roads in winter; burning of leaves and trash; location of our septic tanks and our wells or sources of water in relation to our drinking water supply; disposal of cans and other litter.

Citizens also can vote and economically support local cleanup and anti-litter campaigns, water and air pollution control, prevention, and research. They can find out whether cities have separate sewage and storm water systems. (When they are combined, not all water can be treated during heavy storms and thus is dumped untreated into nearby rivers.)

Teachers should include units on air, water, and land supply and use in their curricula.

MARIAN K. BAKER
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Ocean of Darkness

NED TOWLE'S LETTER in Friends Journal of June 1 about the value of anxiety (in reference to my remarks on "Handholds for Quakers" in the issue of February 15) is a salutary reminder of the possible spiritual value of the "ocean of darkness." I didn't mean to leave this out. I agree that we won't know much about the ocean of light if we are continually fighting against the ocean of darkness. His letter has led me to reflect that when we encounter problems and difficulties, sorrow and pain, we cannot go around them.

If we are truly being subjected to the ocean of darkness rather than letting...
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Adelbert Mason, Headmaster

“A religious education is an education which inculcates duty and reverence. Duty arises from our potential control over the course of events. Where attainable knowledge could have changed the issue, ignorance has the guilt of vice. And the foundation of reverence is this perception, that the present holds within itself the complete sum of existence, backwards and forwards, that whole amplitude of time, which is eternity.”
—Alfred North Whitehead

ourselves be best by self-induced burdens, we would do well to recognize and accept that ocean. I wonder whether the ocean of darkness is possibly the dark night of the soul of St. John of the Cross. I doubt it for myself, because I don’t think I have had anywhere near enough purification to be eligible for the dark night. I expect to meet it in Purgatory, which Friends may consider an illusion!

To recognize the ocean of darkness and, as Ned Towe counsels, to float quietly in it, do not mean being saturated, waterlogged, wallowing in the dreadful, dark waters. There is a nice adage that expresses what I mean: “If you have a bundle of thorns in your pack, there is no need to sit down on it.”

As I understand Christian theology, despondency is a sin. So we somehow have to differentiate, on the one hand, between permitting ourselves to be sinfully despondent; and, on the other hand, being submissive enough under the hand of God to have “great openings” whether by night or by day. “Darkness and light to Thee are both alike.”

These thoughts lead me on to intercessory prayer. However one envisions this (as to form and possible benefit), if we are trying no matter how feebly prayerfully to bear one another’s burdens, we become involved in pain and sorrow. I think we should learn not to go beyond our own strength but to be realistic about our spiritual capacities as it is to be hoped we are about our general strengths and weaknesses.

Everything in life should be grist for the mill. I don’t believe all experiences are willed by God; too many are the result of human frailty (and evil); but I am sure God wills what our reaction to them should be.

All the time that we are learning to know ourselves (using all the help that C. G. Jung can give) and learning to “float quietly” no matter how dark the ocean, the kernel of our job can be put rightfully in a nutshell: “... the self in us must be eliminated as a factor in the determination of conduct; if possible, let it be so effaced by love that it is forgotten; if that may not be, let it be offered ...” (William Temple)

Anne Z. Forsythe
Washington, D.C.

Friends Journal welcomes signed letters that deal with subjects of value and interest to its readers, take issue with viewpoints expressed in its articles, and advance provocative opinions, with which the editors may or may not agree.

August 15, 1969 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Goatbarn into Meetinghouse

by Julia Abrahamson

A YEAR AGO we Friends in Celo Community, near Burnsville, North Carolina, decided to transform the goatbarn—our summer quarters—into a year-round meetinghouse, largely by volunteer labor. Since then, many Friends and friends of Friends have expressed interest in our “do-it-yourself” project. Some have joined us in contributing funds or labor or both. Some, we are happy to report, have come to worship with us in our renovated goatbarn.

The metamorphosis is not yet complete. The dirt floor of the old barn is now concrete, however. We have a new built-up roof. Siding, made of local poplar, frames the former shed. The inner walls are covered with plywood paneling. Insulation and a fireplace and oil heater (gifts to the Meeting) keep us warm in the winter. Fluorescent lights will provide brightness on dark days. We are not so troubled by insect life since windows were installed. Doors now hang over the openings through which dogs formerly wandered in and out or entered to lie quietly at our feet during worship. To meet the challenge of heavy rains and muddy roads, we have spread loads of sand, gravel, and river rock, drawn from the river bed, over the drive to the meetinghouse. We have improved the cabin home of the former owners of the goatshed and added a room for the use of First-day School.

Odd jobs remain to be done: Carpentry, finishing the rough inner paneling, ditch-digging for drains, more road improvement—and we would welcome the helping hands or contributions of interested Friends. We can offer volunteers beautiful scenery and camp sites, cots in our Sunday School room for those who want to get in out of the weather, and fellowship.

We had hoped that all of the work would be finished by July, but we are a small Meeting (fewer than a dozen families), and some of our members are away. Still, our only financial costs have been for materials and for the labor we could not provide, a total expenditure to date of about twenty-four thousand dollars. It has been a joy to watch the work of our hands take shape and to worship in what has truly become our meetinghouse.

A visiting college student recently worshiped with us. He said he was greatly moved by this first experience of a Friends Meeting. Contrasting the beauty of our wooded setting and the simplicity of the meetinghouse with the costly structures of other places of worship, he said, “God would feel welcome here.”

The Peace Center I Know

by Elizabeth A. Morris

THE SOUTH JERSEY Peace Center is just across the street from us here in Moores­town. You have to go into the basement under a store on Main Street to reach it, but you are surprised at the variety of displays and at what is happening down there when you stay long enough to observe.

The secretary, a young and enthusiastic grandmother, seems to know how to make visitors feel wanted—whether they come to volunteer their help for an hour (that’s me!), or whether they are hunting peace buttons (young folks of all ages), or peace literature (high school students for an essay or “to teach their teachers”), or advice (young men who are turned off by what is going on in Vietnam or in this country).

A few days ago, a man from the National Guard seemed glad to find a place “where people understand.” In his riot-control training at Fort Dix, he said, he was being taught “how to control people” and it “made me feel sick.” A mother who had lost a son in Vietnam learned at the Center that there was another way open to young men through alternative service.

Groups of clergymen have come to get acquainted and to get literature, which they want to use for their study groups and sermons. Teenagers meet there twice a month, because they know they can “say what they think.”

Friends are on the executive committee of the Peace Center and are among the contributors. That is what makes me want to tell about the South Jersey Peace Center in Friends Journal in the hope that Friends in other localities will start such a “Grass Roots Search for Peace,” as the brochure about the Center describes it. Such an effort “to support, strengthen, and coordinate the educational activities of individuals and groups interested in promoting peaceful alternatives to war” should be a boon to any community.
Classified
Advertisements
Small advertisements in various classifications are accepted—positions vacant, employment wanted, property for sale or rent, personal notices, vacations, books and publications, travel, schools, articles wanted or for sale, and so on. Deadline is four weeks in advance of date of publication.

The rate is 13 cents a word for at least 12 words; discounts are offered for 6-11 and 12-24 insertions within a year. A Friends Journal box number counts as three words.

Address Classified Department, Friends Journal, 152-A North Fifteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19102.

Accommodations Abroad

Position Vacant

COUPLE TO BE HOUSEPARENTS. Teaching skills sought in either Spanish or history. Contact The Meeting School, Ridge, New Hampshire 03691.

IDEALISTIC OFFSET PRESSMAN wanted by printing company in unusual, progressive college community. Staff members are actively interested in peace, civil rights, and economic democracy. A person needed to be responsible for high quality, relatively small-scale, offset production from stripping and plate-making to four-color process work. Considerable experience valuable. Write Lee Morgan, Anoch Bookplate Company, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

ASSISTANT RESIDENT DIRECTOR for small Friends Home for the aged. A charming country estate for 12 guests. Write or visit Wade Mackie, New England Friends Home, Turkey Hill Lane, High Bridge, New Jersey 08829.

COOK-DINING ROOM MANAGER. Small, elementary boarding school needs pleasant, efficient, competent person to take complete responsibility for meals, purchasing, cooking, serving good meals three times a day, while retaining a pleasant home-like atmosphere. Children help with cleaning. Would consider married couple. Salary, meals, room. William Mesh, Horizon's Edge School, Canterbury, New Hampshire 03224.

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Cairo Journal—1969
by Elizabeth Lok

THURSDAY: It is sixty-three. The sun is up. Outside the window the branches of the jacaranda tree are still bare of their feathery foliage; in another month they will be glorious with clusters of periwinkle-blue blossoms. Now the camel-foot trees are in bloom, and the air is sweet with their orchidlike flowers. The birds are singing—as always in Cairo. When I hear the rock doves I wonder if our eleven-year-old Renata is already out with Thomson, her pet rock dove.

This morning my husband leaves for Kuwait, where he will teach a short course on the evaluation of development schemes. He will also spend a few days in Baghdad and Beirut. I've asked him to bring back running shoes for the kids, as they're difficult to find in Cairo and the ones they are wearing are finished.

I hear a donkey bray in the street somewhere and the jingling jog of a donkey cart on the road behind the house. The harness bells sound like old-fashioned sleigh bells. Mornings are quiet and smilingly peaceful here.

It's time to get moving. I have no cook, and there are breakfasts and school lunches to prepare. I slip into slacks and a sweater. It is cold in the big, bare kitchen with the terrazzo floor. I shiver when I think of refugees crowded into tent villages in Jordan and here, too, in Egypt, where thousands have fled from Sinai.

In Cairo the children go to school Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday and are home on Friday, the Muslim main day of prayer. Then school on Saturday and home on Sunday. Egyptian children go to school on Sunday.

Egyptian schools have exploded into being under the Nasser administration. Authorities estimate that they opened a school a day for the first ten years, but the schools are so crowded many teachers work in shifts and are swapped.

Breakfasts finished and lunches packed, the children start off on bikes. The American school they attend is housed in a former small palace. The few hundred students in the school come from about thirty countries — Africa, the Middle East, Asia, Europe. About half are American.

Before my husband goes, he shows me where he has put the passports, inoculation certificates, and extra funds. The crisis at the canal looks grim. Our organization has asked us to prepare an inventory of our housing possessions, against the emergency.

Our maid, Fatma, comes in about eight-thirty in the morning. She probably has to leave her own house shortly after six-thirty, for travel by bus is tedious in congested streets, which have sprouted automobile traffic and a doubled population in a few short decades. Unlike many Egyptian servants, Fatma wears Western dress. We communicate in a mixture of French, English, Arabic, and gesture. She is trustworthy, intelligent, and diligent. We pay her about fourteen Egyptian pounds a month—about thirty-five dollars—which is very good pay. Servants in Egyptian households get about eight pounds or less a month and may work fourteen hours a day.

Friday: I invite three Peace Corps workers to share our evening meal. They are delightful young people. We discuss with mixed seriousness and hilarity the extraordinary crossed wires that can occur in mixed-culture situations.

We talk about how little the lands and people of the Middle East are known or understood in the West. I suspect this is a mixture of Christian prejudices, plus biased and poor teaching about the Crusades in public schools. Nowadays it is mixed up with guilt feelings about the Hitler era, plus a little cowboy philosophy about the "good little guy" and the "bad big guy."

The Israelis don't seem to appreciate what suspicion and uneasiness their openly expansionist policy causes among the Arabs. How would you feel if the lot next door were appropriated by someone who stated that any of his tribal group or family could come and build their houses there, and then started excavating your sandbox for foundations for a new wing on his house? The Jewish reaction to centuries of persecution is perfectly comprehensible—but is their policy a wise one?

Someone asks what is it like to live in Egypt. We're in our fourth year. We were here during the June war. My reactions to the question go back to my initial feeling that Egypt is a land of contrasts. Contrasts in centuries, culture layers, peoples, everything.

From the ramparts of Saladin's citadel one can look across the vast city of Cairo and see the pyramids of Giza. Donkey carts piled with lettuce or tomatoes jog placidly past the blue-tiled pillars of the modern television building. As your car stops at a traffic light, a barefoot figure in a galabiya darts up to offer to sell a yellow flannelcutter duster or perhaps a

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small garland of jasmine. An amiable-looking young soldier threads his way down the street, carrying glasses of tea to a shop, where he will sip it with the proprietor—possibly a relative. On the cheap, tin tray with the glasses is a perfect rose. A black-garbed mother squats on the pavement with a radiantly beautiful and astonishingly dirty little barefoot child, who has a chain with a blue bead around the neck—protection from the Evil Eye. A man on a bicycle weaves along a busy street balancing on his head a huge bamboo basket of Arab bread.

Near elegant mansions are squalid huts and shops, all shabby. The slums here don’t have the frantic frustration and searing evil one finds in North America. Perhaps the abundant sunshine, the centuries of casual acceptance, and the submission of Islam make the difference. Yet there is change and restlessness and ferment in the air, too.

Monday: I ran into a Dutch friend while marketing and was brought up to date on local news. I learn that automobile owners must paint their headlights blue, there will be cutbacks in street lighting at night, and households must prepare for blackouts. The fighting at Suez is severe. Get stocked up on candles, someone advises me.

Tuesday: After a day of interruptions and small frustrations, I want to soothe my jangled feelings with a hot bath before going to bed. I find that the butane gas bomb—which feeds the flash water heater—is empty. The bombs are too heavy for me to carry alone, and the others are in bed. The kitchen range functions on the same fuel, and so does the small heater that provides heat in December, January, and February. Electricity is expensive and uncertain. We have frequent power cuts and service breaks—hence, the warning to stock up on candles.

Marketing is protracted, often irritating, and now and then diverting. The shops are small and shabby. General grocery stores are a bit like the Canadian and United States shops of sixty years ago. Imported foods are in uncertain supply and often villainously expensive. A box of corn flakes costs almost two dollars. The best import bargains come from the Communist lands. I like Czech, Polish, and Rumanian cheese; Chinese corned beef and mutton; Russian condensed milk; and Chinese “friendship” pencils. There is always a good supply and variety of vegetables. In winter the fruit is oranges, lemons, small sour grapefruit, and tiny Egyptian bananas. In spring and summer we have apricots, peaches, apples, melons, guavas, grapes, and mangoes; in the fall, figs and fresh dates. Meat is mostly imported, quite good, and fairly reasonably priced.

Wednesday: I received a report that American Friends Service Committee is sending another consignment of clothing for distribution among refugees and evacuees. It will be addressed to the Ministry of Social Affairs and involve the cooperation of the Ecumenical Council in Cairo.

I went over to see a Canadian Mennonite friend whose husband is here for two years with the United Nations.

Later I went to a coffee party at the elegant home of a French neighbor, to introduce the wife of a new colleague. The elegance and abundance were a bit startling.

It grew windy in the night, promising a possible sandstorm.

Thursday: Last night’s promise held good. The sky is a sickly beige all day, with a howling wind and clouds of dust everywhere. (It took us three days to clean it all up, even though window and shutters on the windy side of the house were closed.) The bacterial count in the air on these occasions doesn’t bear thinking about in a land where the outdoors is a handy latrine and the culture is pre-Kleenex.

An unexpected letter came from an elderly gentleman in East Germany, who had read about a letter I wrote to Ottawa Monthly Meeting about spiritual adventures that have been unfolding for me in the wake of meetings with an Indian Sage. He asks to hear more about it.

Perhaps the greatest joy in life abroad is the variety of contacts one makes. The frustrations and difficulties help one to question one’s own expectations and prejudices, and the problems and concerns of the land to which one comes lend perspective to those with which one is more familiar.

But imagine a small grocery store whose proprietor speaks Arabic, Greek, French, English, German, Italian. Im-

she can’t learn
all about God in School.

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FRIENDS JOURNAL August 15, 1969
An Appeal from Vietnam

by Pham The Truc

THE REGIME OF Nguyen Van Thieu and Nguyen Cao Ky is, in its basic nature, a military dictatorship.

The present Saigon regime never hesitates to enact repressive measures to banish, detain, and oppress religious leaders, politicians, intellectuals, and students. The principles of democracy in Vietnam are being trampled upon and the morale of the people is facing a fatal crisis. The present government lacks the support of the majority of the people, exclusively relying on a few people who gain profits out of war procurements and exploit the poor.

The United States government supports this unpopular government of Vietnam, and by advocating the "Vietnamization of the war" it intensifies the military actions. Thus, the United States government is making the solution of the war more difficult.

As a citizen of Vietnam and also as a member of the Congress, I request of the United States government that:

The United States government should immediately stop supporting the military regime of Nguyen Van Thieu and Nguyen Cao Ky.

The United States government should withdraw all military forces from Vietnam.

The United States government should be sincere in the Paris Peace Talks. By being "sincere" I mean that Peace for the Vietnamese people, and not the "face" of the United States government, should be the priority. Political settlement, and not military settlement, should be the priority.

I pray from my heart that God and the pious faith in God of the American people will reflect the noble traditions of the United States and will show leaders of the United States the right policy toward peace in Vietnam.

(Pham The Truc, formerly a high school teacher, in 1967 was elected to the Congress of the Republic of Vietnam. He would appreciate comments sent to him at P. O. Box 5169, Tokyo Int. 100-31 Japan.)

Taos Indians Struggle for Justice

THE TAOS PUEBLO COUNCIL has expressed appreciation for public support of a bill (H. R. 471) that calls for return to the tribe of the Blue Lake lands, which they consider sacred.

At a hearing before the House Subcommittee on Indian Affairs, Assistant Secretary of the Interior Harrison Loesche testified in favor of the bill. The road ahead may be difficult, however.

Opposition to the bill came from the Forest Service and from special-interest groups, such as sportsmen. Taos Pueblo officials maintain that Forest Service personnel interfere with tribal religious practices, which are conducted throughout the area and must be practiced in privacy.

The present bill would place all forty-eight thousand acres in a trust for the Taos under supervision of the Department of the Interior. Last year a similar bill passed the House of Representatives but not the Senate Subcommittee on Indian Affairs.

Marie Turner, of American Friends Service Committee, pointed out that the bill offers an opportunity "to make something right for once." Because the land is intact, it can be handed back. Often that is not possible; lands of the Senecas in New York, for example, have been flooded.

Wilmington College Commencement

MAYOR CARL STOKES, of Cleveland, the first Negro to be elected mayor of a major American city, was the commencement speaker at Wilmington College. Samuel D. Marble, a former president who developed a program of self-help in building college facilities, gave the baccalaureate address.

Position de Quakers français concernant les livraisons d'armes à Israël et autres pays

Nous ne sommes pas assez naïfs pour espérer qu'à la lecture (si elle est lue) de cette motion, les gouvernements s'exécuteront. Il s'agit pour nous de répondre à un devoir, de faire connaître la position quaker sur l'important problème de la guerre et des armements. Il convient d'éveiller les responsabilités. Il est, hélas, évident que les buts pourrisuiifs ne seront pas atteints facilement, ni demain. Raison de plus pour y travailler avec persévérance.

Diffusez cette (position) quaker le plus largement possible : journaliers, responsables du gouvernement, etc.

(« L'émotion soulevée par la décision d'embargo du gouvernement français sur l'envoi d'armes à Israël a amené des Quakers à rappeler — en se s'abstenant de prendre parti pour tel ou tel camp — leurs principes de toujours, face aux problèmes de la guerre et des armements.

— Les Quakers condamnent toutes violences, actes de guerre, de représailles, etc., aux qu'ont saient les motifs, même s'ils s'expliquent par des raisons compréhensibles, dites (de défense).»

— Ils constatent que l'accumulation d'armements de plus en plus terribles facilite les états de guerre, déclarés ou non. La suppression des armements de toutes sortes mènerait donc à l'élimination des guerres. En attendant que notre pays — ou tout autre - prenne l'initiative courageuse d'un désarmement réel, celui-ci ne peut que faire l'objet de longues discussions et accords internationaux, qui n'aboutiront que lorsque la confiance et la volonté de paix des peuples l'imposeront...

— Ils pensent que la perspective de ce désarmement devrait donner lieu, dès maintenant, à des études sérieuses en vue de la reconversion des fabrications d'armements en biens d'équipements.

En attendant, c'est un fait que les petites et moyennes nations, notamment celles en voie de développement, ont recours aux Grandes Puissances pour constituer leurs armements et, éventuellement, faire la guerre. Ces grandes puissances sont donc responsables des guerres, effectives ou larvées, accomplies par les petites puissances. Des Anis du Languedoc de l'Assemblée de France de la Société Religieuse des Anis (Quakers) croient donc devoir adresser un pressant appel aux gouvernements des Grandes

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Puissances pour qu’elles font le suivant:

Cessent de livrer, Sans Aucune Exception, des armes de toutes natures à quelque pays que ce soit, notamment à ceux qui sont plus ou moins en état de guerre.

— Enfin, les Quakers pensent que nous sommes tous responsables de la guerre, ainsi que du rétablissement de la paix. Mais il est évident que cette responsabilité est proportionnelle à l’importance des pays et gouvernements. Il ne paraît pas douteux, notamment, que les «Quatre Grands» puissent exercer des pressions susceptibles d’inciter les nations en état de belligérance à faire la paix.

Mais, pour être efficace, les Quakers estiment que la position de ces grandes puissances doit être Impartiale et Neutre dans les conflits en cause.

La paix, ce bien si précieux, est affaire de Justice et non de sentimentalisme.

(Var Quaker, Paris)

Florida Young Friends Project

Florida Young Friends represented Southeastern Yearly Meeting at a peace march in Tampa. It turned out to be a rally with some disappointing features, but they were pleased that the first step had been taken. They went on to a youth conference on white racism in St. Petersburg. They were housed with local families, black and white.

“Our project,” they reported in the Yearly Meeting newsletter, “was interviewing people on the street about their racial attitudes. It was fascinating and discouraging. Answers were gathered to questions about a family of a different race moving next to you, intermarriage, and black power. From the reactions and answers, we are even more sure now that racism pervades our society.”

Action Centre in Melbourne

A CENTRE FOR DEMOCRATIC ACTION has been established near Melbourne, Australia. It stems from the case of a conscientious objector to the war in Vietnam, on whose behalf petitions, protests, and vigils had been organized. The Centre reflects the desire of non-Friends and Friends to promote nonviolence within and outside the Australian protest movement.

Housing is provided for a number of people (mainly students) involved in social and political movements (notably anti-conscription). Plans have been made to operate a bookshop and a printing press.

State of the Meeting

THE INTRODUCTION to the state of the meeting report of Goose Creek Monthly Meeting, Virginia, is:

“In assessing the spiritual condition of Friends Meeting it is not easy to ‘tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.’ For one thing, it is difficult to be objective about our own Meeting. Furthermore, our mood of the day may make a difference, for we may feel elated by some encouraging experience or depressed after a failure. Certainly it is better that the report on the State of the Meeting become the product of more than one person, and that the process be started early enough that it need not be written all at once in whatever mood it catches us. Finally, it should be readable and interesting, for if it is not read it serves no purpose.”

Service Projects for Children

PARENTS, TEACHERS, and group leaders will want to get the 1969 Catalog of Service Projects for Children, which describes packets, booklets, and kits developed by American Friends Service Committee.

The twelve-page, illustrated leaflet lists gifts for Friends nearby, gifts for Friends far away, and activities and resources related to service projects. It is available, free of charge, from Children’s Program Publications, American Friends Service Committee, 160 North Fifteenth Street, Philadelphia 19102. A stamped, self-addressed, number ten envelope should be sent with the request.

Henry Scattergood to Retire

HENRY SCATTERGOOD, for fifteen years principal of Germantown Friends School, Philadelphia, will retire in June 1970.

Stephen G. Cary, clerk of the school committee, said: “Henry Scattergood has given himself unreservedly to serve the children we have entrusted to him. We are sorry to lose his leadership, but we are grateful for the skill and grace which have illumined his long service in a demanding and difficult role.”

Appointments and Honors at Swarthmore College

TWO BLACK EDUCATORS have been appointed to the staff of Swarthmore College: William P. Cline, a graduate of Oberlin College, to be assistant dean of admissions of Swarthmore and a member of an ad hoc black admissions committee; and Horace Woodland, to be a counselor, primarily for black students.

Horace Woodland, a graduate from Lincoln University, has done graduate work in Drew University and the University of Washington. He comes to Swarthmore from the Philadelphia Board of Education, William Cline holds a master’s degree from the University of Colorado.

Two Friends received honorary doctorates at the ninety-seventh Swarthmore College commencement.

Thomas Hallowell, Jr., a descendant of one of the families that founded Swarthmore in 1864, received the degree of doctor of laws. He is president and chairman of the board of Standard Pressed Steel Company and a member of the boards of Abington Hospital, Pennsylvania State University, and Franklin Institute.

Dr. Jonathan Evans Rhoads, chief of the Department of General Surgery in the University of Pennsylvania, received the degree of doctor of science. He is chairman of the board of managers of Haverford College.

George School Looks to Its Past and Future

ERIC G. CURTIS, headmaster of George School, has announced plans for a new science building to replace the science facilities that were built in 1906.

The new building, to be known as the Spruance-Alden Science Center, has been made possible largely through the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. F. Palin Spruance, of Janison, Pennsylvania, and their daughter, Mrs. Francis C. Alden. Howard S. Turner, a 1929 graduate and president of the Turner Construction Company, is chairman of a campaign for funds.

Among alumni honored at the seventy-fifth anniversary celebration of George School were John S. Allen, president of the University of South Florida; Lydia T. Hicks, former head of the Children’s Aid Society, New York; Charles C. Price, professor of chemistry, University of Pennsylvania; and George Segal, who is prominent in the performing arts.

Each received a sketch of a campus scene made by Katharine Steele Renniger and framed in walnut from George School trees.

Peace is that state in which fear of any kind is unknown.

JOHN BUCHAN
News of Meetings

57th STREET MEETING, CHICAGO: Gilbert White, professor of geography in the University of Chicago and chairman of its Public Affairs Program, will leave the University December 1969 to become director of the Institute for Behavioral Sciences and professor of geography in the University of Colorado. Gilbert White continues as chairman of American Friends Service Committee.

CENTRAL PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MEETING: individual members of which have pledged two thousand dollars toward a fund available for bail to members arrested for resistance to the draft and for related peace activities, is working on further coordination with the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting Bail Fund, which totals about twenty thousand dollars. A statement on procedure, including guidelines and persons to call, is envisaged.

ABINGTON MONTHLY MEETING, PENNSYLVANIA: A letter received from Jane Meyering shows the troubles at the time of the Democratic Convention in Chicago last August have been felt long after. Jane was arrested August 28 when she interfered with a policeman who was beating another girl. Both girls were charged with mob action and the felonies of battery and aggravated battery. The felony charges were dropped in court on further coordination with the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting Bail Fund, which totals about twenty thousand dollars. A statement on procedure, including guidelines and persons to call, is envisaged.

ARIBOWEI MONTHLY MEETING, BRITISH COLUMBIA: Two business meetings a month are held at Arigow Friends School in an effort to achieve better coordination among student, faculty, and Meeting groups. Their aim is to include all groups. "We are trying to improve our marksmanship," John Stevenson, principal of the school, said.

FRIENDS MEETING OF WASHINGTON: Two Thursday meetings were arranged on what Quakers need to know about the draft. Parents and teenagers were encouraged to attend. The Meeting peace committee sponsored the sessions and invited William Brubaker, counselor from the Washington Peace Center, to inform young men about problems before them and parents and others—women and men—about becoming volunteer draft counselors.

DAVIS MONTHLY MEETING, CALIFORNIA: The Ministry and Oversight Committee asked each member who had a Meeting task to write a job description. The ressémé will help others who assume the responsibilities.

TWIN CITIES MONTHLY MEETING, MINNESOTA, has purchased property at 295 Summit Avenue, St. Paul, for a meetinghouse. Friends have met in the University YMCA in Minneapolis.

WOODSTOWN MONTHLY MEETING, NEW JERSEY, is cooperating with the women's group of the Interfaith Council in a program, "Adventures Away." The project, co-sponsored by the Mount Vernon Christian Center of Philadelphia, helps a child from the city stay a week in the country.

MOORESTOWN MONTHLY MEETING, NEW JERSEY, has agreed to sponsor a mortgage corporation to plan, construct, own, and operate a housing project for low- and moderate-income families in the township of Moorestown. This action is in the spirit of programs to improve the social, educational, and environmental conditions of the township that the Monthly Meeting, organized in 1802, traditionally has undertaken. Of the nine directors, one must be a member of Moorestown Monthly Meeting during the life of the mortgage.

HONOLULU MONTHLY MEETING: Two groups that have used the facilities of Honolulu Friends Center were the Hawaiian Volunteers International Association and High School Students for Peace. The former, among whom are returned Peace Corps Volunteers, American Friends Service Committee work-campers, and Vista personnel, painted the outside of the house and raised money by preparing a supper. The high school group has had a weekly program of recorded music.

Cleveland MONTHLY MEETING, OHIO, announces in its newsletter: "Open Thursday every week from 2 to 9:30 p.m. Buffet supper at 6 p.m. No reservations. Suggested donation: 75¢. All welcome. Average attendance has been fifteen, and the guests—their minds and hearts opened by the open door and open icebox—have discussed many problems. Paper, envelopes, stamps, and typewriters are available to those who want to write to legislators. Names and addresses of Congressmen are provided. Committees scheduled for Thursday meetings are invited to attend the supper.

STATE COLLEGE MONTHLY MEETING, PENNSYLVANIA: The Freedom Union, an organization of graduate students who study all aspects of the draft and give information to twenty to thirty students a week, has asked that the meetinghouse be made available for their use.

CLEAR CREEK MONTHLY MEETING, INDIANA: Marty Gessler, formerly a teacher in Westtown School, has succeeded Susan Warner as editor of the Meeting newsletter. To interest its members in serving on committees of Indiana Yearly Meeting, Clear Creek Friends publish in the newsletter a description of the positions that are to be filled and ask interested members to get in touch with the nominating committee.

Happening at Clear Creek

City folk finally slept
On the unfamiliar cot.
But two strangers rose,
Met, and chose
To walk up Quaker Lane
Toward a misted country dawn.
Baubles of diverse design
Bent stems on either side.
Beyond the fence sky glory scraps
Kept tall corn tied.
Swallows skimmed a reflection
In the old clay pit
Of chimney bricks disclosing
The earlier use of it.
I pocketed a pebble
From the road we trod.
We talked as strangers do
As women will, as Friends
Even as philosophers
Of families, hogs, and Ends.
We shared far more than sunrise.
Then pulled apart by schedule
Unnamed, not yet aware
That she would speak of mysteries
To all assembled there.
I left, treasuring my small stone.
Dry, I wonder why
I stooped or kept it
But wet again
As then with dew.
The pink translucency returns
Freshening, too,
That memorable encounter.

MARTHA CHESTER

August 15, 1969 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Coming Events

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

August

At Powell House:
12-17—Senior High Camp Conference. Leaders, Bob and Betty Bacon.
17-31—Workshop: Leadership of Small Groups. George Corwin, Joseph Havens, Leaders. (Information on any of the above can be gotten from Powell House, Old Chatham, New York 12156.)

At Grindstone Island:
9-29—September 1—Seminar on Canadian Independence (Information on the above is available from Canadian Friends Service Committee, 60 Lowther Avenue, Toronto 5, Canada.)

Yearly Meetings:
11-17—Kansas, Friends University, Wichita, Kansas. Details from Maurice A. Roberts, 3011 Arnold Court, Topeka, Kansas 66614.
12-16—Wilmington, Wilmington College, Wilmington, Ohio. Information from James Terrell, R. R. 1., New Vienna, Ohio 45159.
12-17—Oregon, Newberg, Oregon. Information from Dorwin E. Smith, Box 624, Camas, Washington 98607.
13-18—Iowa (Conservative), Mapleside, near Paullina, Iowa. Write to Lewis G. Mott, R. 3, Indianola, Iowa 50125.
13-17—Iowa (FUM), College Avenue, Osakalota, Iowa. Details from Lloyd A. Davis, Albion, Iowa 50005.
15-24—Central, Rector Memorial Camp Grounds, Muncie, Indiana. Information from J. Edwin Newby, R. 1, Box 296, Noblesville, Indiana 46060.
16-21—Indiana (FUM), Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana 47374. Write to Harold C. Cope, at the College.
18-24—Cuba, Oriente Province.
19-24—Ohio (Evangelical), Malone College, Canton, Ohio. Information from Harold C. Winn, R. R. 1, Salem, Ohio 44460.
20-24—Ohio (Conservative), Stillwater, near Barnsvilles, Ohio. Write to Edward N. Kirk, R. R. 2, Columbusiana, Ohio 44408.
21-24—Indiana, Pendleton, Indiana. Information from Richard P. Eastman, Box 262, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.
22-24—Lake Erie, Bluffton College, Bluffton, Ohio. Details from Flora S. McKinney, 3451 Menlo Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120.
24-28—Jamaica, Kingston, Jamaica, West Indies. Write to Ronald J. Williams, Port Antonio, Jamaica, West Indies.

Other Events:
20, 27—Brooklyn Field Picnics, 1300 East Fourth Street, Brooklyn, New York. 5:30 P.M.
10-24—High School Seminar-Research Project, Wilmington, Delaware. Inquire from AFSC, 319 East 25th Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21218.
16-23—Midwest Summer Institute, American Baptist Assembly, Green Lake, Wisconsin. Information from AFSC, 407 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. 60605.
17-23—High School World Affairs Camp, Penn Community Center, Frohmgore, South Carolina. Write to AFSC, P. O. Box 1791, High Point, North Carolina 27261.
18-23—High School World Affairs Camp, La Honda YMCA Camp, La Honda, California. Information from AFSC, 2160 Lake Street, San Francisco, California 94121.
18-22—Rocky Mountain Family Camp, Covenant Camp Ground, Estes Park, Colorado. Details from AFSC, 4211 Grand Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa 50312.
23-29—Family Camp, Camp Sky Meadows, Seven Oaks, California. Write to AFSC, P. O. Box 991, Pasadena, California.
31—Meeting for worship, 11 A.M., Old Kennett Meetinghouse, Route 1, east of Kennett Square, Pennsylvania.

September

4-7—Young Friends Fellowship Conference, Robert Ellis, convener, Powell House, Old Chatham, New York 12156.
5-7—Seminar on the Quaker Peace Testimony, Grindstone Island. Write to Canadian Friends Service Committee, 60 Lowther Avenue, Toronto 5, Canada.

Announcements

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

Births

HOUGHTON—On June 24, in Madison, Wisconsin, a son, STEVEN ANDREW HOUGHTON, to David and Barbara Houghton. The father and the paternal grandmother, Sara Houghton, are members of Media Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania; the mother and the maternal grandparents, Abram and Elise Conn, are members of Solebury Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania.

PERLINGIERI—On June 21, a daughter, CHEMYNE ALIDA PERLINGIERI, to George John and Ilya Sandra Perlingieri. The parents are members of New York Monthly Meeting.

Marriages

BOULTON-WILLIAMS—On April 26, at Hartford Meetinghouse, HANNAH R. WILLIAMS, daughter of Ralph M. Williams and the late Lois Dimon Williams, and ALEXANDER O. BOULTON, son of Richard and Agnes Ormond Boulton. The bride and groom and their families are members of Hartford Monthly Meeting, Connecticut.

DICKINSON-MCCARROLL—On June 28, under the care of Los Angeles Monthly Meeting, MARGARET BOWMAN MCCARROLL and ROBERT ELLIOT DICKINSON. Both are members of Los Angeles Meeting.

(Continued on page 479)

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MEETING ANNOUNCEMENTS

Arizona
FLAGSTAFF—Unprogrammed meeting, 11 a.m., 408 S. Humphreys near campus. Mary J. Minor, Clerk, 211A N. Navajo Dr., 774-3975.
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, Clark. 4738 North 24th Place, Phoenix.
TUCSON—Pima Friends Meeting (Pacific Yearly Meeting). 739 E. 5th Street. Worship, 10:00 a.m. Arline Holson, Clerk, 1538 W. Greenlee St. 887-3050.
TUCSON—Friends meeting, 129 N. Warren, Sunday School, 10 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m.; Pastor, V. Sease, Call 294-5178 or 375-7657.

Colorado
BOULDER—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.; First-day School, 11 a.m. Margaret Ostrow, 443-0554.
DENVER—Mountain View Friends Meeting, worship 10 to 11 a.m., Adult Forum, 11 to 12, 2250 South Columbine Street. Phone 722-4125.

Connecticut
HARTFORD—Meeting and First-day School, 10 a.m., Dickinson 11, 1 a.m., 144 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford. Phone 232-3631.
NEW HAVEN—Meeting, 9:45 a.m. Conn. Hall, Yale Old Campus. Phone 776-8584.
NEW LONDON—Mitchell College Library, Pequot Ave. Meeting for worship at 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m. Clerk, Habor Mitchell, RDF 1, Norwich 06360. Phone 889-1924.
NEWTOWN—Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m., Newtown Junior High School.
STAMFORD-GREENWICH—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10 a.m., Westover and Roxbury Roads, Stamford. Clerk, Janet Jones. Phone Area Code 302 677-4428.
WATERTOWN—Meeting 9:30 a.m., Watertown Library, 470 Main Street. Phone 274-8598.
WILTSON—First-day School, 10:30 a.m. Meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m., 317 New Canaan Road. Wiltson, Conn. Phone 966-3040. Jean Robbins, Clerk. Phone 295-0451, Assistant Clerk.

Delaware
CAMDEN—2 miles south of Dover. Meeting and First-day School 10:45 a.m.
HOCKESIN—North of road from Yorklyn, at crossroad. Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m., First-day School, 11:10 a.m.
NEWARK—Meeting at Wesley Foundation, 192 S. College Ave., 10 a.m.
OPPENHEIM—Meeting, 11:00 a.m.
WILMINGTON—Meeting for worship at Fourth and West Sts., 10:30 a.m.; at 101 School Rd., 9:15 a.m.

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

Florida
CLEARWATER—Meeting 10:30 a.m., Y.W.C.A., 222 S. Lincoln Ave. Phone 584-4751.
DAYTONA BEACH—Meeting for worship, Sunday, 10:30 a.m., 201 San Juan Avenue. Phone 253-8890.
GAINESVILLE—1912 NW 2nd Ave. First-day Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m.
JACKSONVILLE—Meeting 10 a.m., Y.W.C.A. Phone contact 389-4949.
MIAMI—Meeting for worship at Sunset and Coral Gables, on the south Miami bus line, 11 a.m; First-day School, 10:30 a.m. Peter L. Forrest, Clerk. Phone 585-3564.
ORLANDO-WINTER PARK—Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 316 E. Marks St., Orlando. Phone 241-6301.
Palm Beach—Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 823 North A St., Lake Worth. Phone 585-8060.
SARASOTA—Meeting, 11 a.m., College Hall, New College campus. First-day School and adult discussion, 11:30 a.m. Phone 953-2923.
ST. PETERSBURG—Meeting 11 a.m. 130 19th Avenue, S. E.

Georgia
ATLANTA—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10 a.m., 1894 Fairview Road. N. E. Atlanta 6. Noyes Collinson, Clerk. Phone 355-8781.
AUGUSTA—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10 a.m., 340 Telfair Street. Lester Bowles, Clerk. Phone 745-4220.

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

Illinois
CHICAGO—57th Street. Worship, 11 a.m., 5515 Woodlawn. Monthly Meeting every first 10 a.m., 7:30 p.m. Phone: BU 8-3066.
CHICAGO—Chicago Monthly Meeting, 1074 S. Artesian. H 5-8949 or BE 5-7215. Worship 11 a.m.
DECatur—Worship, 10 a.m. Phone 422-4511 for meeting location.
DOWNERS GROVE—(west suburban Chicago)—Worship and First-day School 10:30 a.m.; 7710 Lomond Ave. (3 blocks west of Belmont, I block south of Maple). Phone WO 9-3861 or WO 8-2404.
EVANSTON—1014 Greenleaf, UN 4-8511. Worship on First-day, 10 a.m.
LAKESIDE—Meeting at 10 a.m. Phone 424-4511 for meeting House, West Old Elm Road and Ridge Road. Mail address Box 95, Lake Forest, Ill. 60045. Phone area 312, 234-0366.
PEORIA—In Peoria, contact Cecil Smith Dunlap 243-7821.
QUINCY—Meeting for worship, unprogrammed, 506 South 24th St., 10:30 a.m. Clerk, Randall J. McClelland. Phone 222-5902.
ROCKFORD—Rock Valley Meeting, Worship, 10 a.m., children’s classes and adult discussion, 11 a.m., Y.W.C.A., 220 S. Madison St. Phone 964-0714.
URBANA—CHAMPAIGN—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m., 714 W. Green St., Urbana. Phone 344-6510 or 367-0951.

Indiana
BLOOMINGTON—Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. Moores Pike at Smith Road. Clerk, Norris Wentworth. Phone 336-3003.
WEST LAFAYETTE—Meeting for worship 9:00 a.m., ED #4 shelter 2, Happy Hollow Park, June 1 to Sept. 7.

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

Kansas
WICHITA—University Friends Meeting, 1640 University Avenue, First-day School 9:45 a.m., meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m. Richard P. Newby and David W. Bills, Ministers. Phone AM-10041.

Kentucky
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 B91-2584.

Maine
MID-COAST AREA—Regular meetings for worship. For information telephone 682-7107 (Wiscasset) or 256-3094 (Camden). 

Maryland
ADELPHI—Near University of Maryland, 2303 Metzerott Road. First-day School 9:45, worship 11 a.m. George Bliss, Clerk. Phone 277-5138.
ANNAPOLIS—Worship 11 a.m., at Y.W.C.A., on State Circle. Phone 263-3532 or 268-0494.
BALTIMORE—Worship 11 a.m.; classes, 9:45; Stony Run 5116 N. Charles St. I.D. 5-3773, Home wood 3107 N. Charles St. 223-4438.

August 15, 1969

FRIENDS JOURNAL

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**Massachusetts**

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

**BOSTON**—Village Street Friends, 48 Dwight Street, Sunday, 10:30 p.m.

**CAMBRIDGE**—5 Longfellow Park (near Harvard Square, just off Brattle Street.) One meeting for worship each First-day, 10 a.m. June 15 through September. Phone 876-6885.

**LAWRENCE**—45 Avon St., Bible School, 10 a.m., worship 11 a.m., Monthly Meeting 1st Wednesday, 7:30 p.m., Clerk, Mrs. Ruth Meier, 189 Hampshire St., Methuen, Mass. Phone 626-4677.

**NANTUCKET**—At Hampshire Street. Phone 876-6883.

**CAMBRIDGE**—5 Longfellow Park (near Harvard Square, just off Brattle Street.) One meeting for worship each First-day, 10 a.m. June 15 through September. Phone 876-6885.

**EASTON**—3319 S. Lincoln St. Phone 3319 S. Lincoln St. Phone 3319 S. Lincoln St. Phone 3319 S. Lincoln St.

**KANSAS CITY**—Penn Valley Meeting, 306 West 39th Street, 10:00 a.m. Call HI 4-0888 or CL 2-6969.

**ST. LOUIS**—Meeting, 2359 Rockford Ave., Rock Hill, 10:30 a.m. Phone PA 1-0915.

**NEBASKA**

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

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

**UNION BRIDGE**—Meeting 11 a.m.

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**UNION BRIDGE**—Meeting 11 a.m.

**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, Margaret Winter, 1335 Martin Place. Phone: 663-1780.

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

**WEST LANSING**—Meeting, Sunday, 11 a.m., at Friends School in Detroit, 1100 S. Aubin Blvd. Phone 362-6722.

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

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

**Minnesota**

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

**MINNEAPOLIS**—Twin Cities, unprogrammed worship, 10:15 a.m., University Y.M.C.A., Phone SE 5-0872.

**Missouri**

**KANSAS CITY**—Penn Valley Meeting, 306 West 39th Street, 10:00 a.m. Call HI 4-0888 or CL 2-6969.

**ST. LOUIS**—Meeting, 2359 Rockford Ave., Rock Hill, 10:30 a.m. Phone PA 1-0915.

**New Hampshire**

**DOVER**—Meeting for worship 11 a.m., Friends Meeting House, 141 Central Ave. Eleanor Dryer, Clerk. 668-6500.

**HANOVER**—Meeting for worship, Sunday 10:45 a.m. Friends Meeting House, 29 Rope Ferry Road, Phone 648-6181.

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

**New Jersey**

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

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

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

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

**New York**

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

**HADDONFIELD**—Friends Ave. and Lake St., June to September. Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Nursery provided. No First-day School. Phone 428-6282 or 429-9186.

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

**MONTCLAIR**—Park Street & Gordonhurst Avenue. Meeting for worship 10 a.m., in July and August.

**NEW BRUNSWICK**—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11:00 a.m. Quaker House, 33 Ramsen Ave. Phone 545-8283.

**FLANDERS**—Meeting for worship 10 a.m., summer months, Watchung Ave., at E. Third St., 767-5366. Open Monday thru Friday 11:30 a.m.-1:30 p.m.

**PRINCETON**—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. (June 8 through August 31). Quaker Rd., near Mazer St. 921-7727.

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

ALBUQUERQUE—Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m., 1720 Avenida. Phone 465-9084.

BUFFALO—Meeting and First-day School, 10:30 a.m., 3619 Bailey Ave. Phone 293-2645.

CHAPPAQUA—Quaker Road (Rt. 100), First-day School, 6:15 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m. 914 E. 9894 or 914-666-3926.

CLINTONVILLE—Pastoral Friends Meeting—In McIntosh Country," near the New Paltz exit of the New York Thruway. Worship 11 a.m., Fellowship Hour, Gary Stuch, Minister, Crescent Avenue, 914-724-6546.

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

ELMIRA—10:30 a.m. Sundays. For location, phone RE 4-5791.

FARMINGTON—Pastoral Friends Meeting: Sunday, February 18th. Morning worship, 11 a.m. Use New York State Thruway exit No. 43 or No. 44 to the east. Willard, Richard A. Hammond, 140 Church Avenue, Macedon 14502. Phone numbers: parsons (315) 984-7881; church, 5559.

LONG ISLAND—Northern Blvd., at Shelter Rock Rd., Manhasset, First-day School, 9:45 a.m.; morning meetings, 10 a.m. Use New York State Thruway exit 43 or 44, east. Willard, Richard A. Hammond, 140 Church Avenue, Macedon 14502. Phone numbers: parsons, (315) 984-7881; church, 5559.

NEW YORK—First-day meetings for worship, 11 a.m., 15 Rutherford Place, Manhattan.
2 Washington St. N. Earl Hall, Columbia University 110 Schencksnor St. Brooklyn 137-16 Northern Blvd. flushing 3:30 p.m. Riverside Church, 15th Floor Phone Spring 7-9566 (Mon.-Fri., 9-4) about First-day Schools, Monthly Meetings, etc.

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

PURCHASE—Purchase Street (Route 120) at Lake Street, Purchase, New York. First-day School, 10:45 a.m.; Meeting, 11 a.m. Clerk, Robert C. Schuyler, Jr., 27 Ridgeway, White Plains, New York 10605. 914-761-6237.

QUAKER STREET—Worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., Quaker Meeting House, 412 Quaker Street, New York, N. Y.

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

ROCKLAND—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., 133 Popham Rd, Clarkston, 185 East Hartsdale Ave., Hartsdale, N. Y.
STATE COLLEGE—318 South Atherton Street, First-day School, 9:30 a.m.; meeting for worship, 10:45 a.m.

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

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

VALLEY—West of King of Prussia; on Old Rt. 202 and Old Eagle School Road. Meeting for worship 10 a.m. No Forum or First-day School during summer schedule.

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

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

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

Tennessee

KNOXVILLE—First-day School, 10 a.m., worship, 11 a.m. D. W. Newton. Phone 988-0876.

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

Texas

AUSTIN—Worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., Forum, 10 a.m., 3014 Washington Square, Gl 2-1841. David J. Pino, Clerk, H.O. 6-6378.

DALLAS—Sunday 10:30 a.m., Adventist Church, 4009 N. Central Expressway. Clerk, George Kenny, 2197 Siesta Dr., Fe 1-1948.

HOUSTON—Live Oak Meeting, worship and First-day School, Sundays, 11:15 a.m. Univ. of Houston Religion Center, Room 201. Clerk, Allen D. Clark. Phone 729-9756.

Vermont

BENNINGTON—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. Old Benn. School House, Troy Road, Ri 29.

BURLINGTON—Worship, 11 a.m. Sunday, back of 179 No. Prospect. Phone 822-8649.

Virginia

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

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

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

RICHMOND—First-day School, 9:45 a.m., meeting 11 a.m., 4500 Kensington Ave. Phone 355-6972.

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

Washington

SEATTLE—University Friends Meeting, 4001 9th Avenue, N.E. Worship, 10 a.m.; social hour or program at 11 a.m. Telephone Micross 2-7065.

Wisconsin

BELoit—See Rockford, Illinois.

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

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

Friends Journal August 15, 1969

(Continued from page 475)

HENDLEY-BURSON—On June 4, at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, under the care of Charlotte Monthly Meeting, VALERIE LYNN BURSON, daughter of Sherman L. and Theodora N. Burson, and Joyah Higgins Hendley, son of Roy W. and Martha H. Hendley. The bride and her father are members of Charlotte Monthly Meeting.

LANE-NILL—On June 9, in West Germany, MARIA NELL and CHARLES LANE. The bridegroom and his parents, Richard and Anne Lane of Poughkeepsie, New York, are members of Poughkeepsie Monthly Meeting.

THOMPSON-SEEGERS—On June 21, at St. Peter's by the Sea, in Ogunquit, Maine, DONA SEEGER, daughter of Ernest and Ruth Seegers, of New York City, and PETER CHASE THOMPSON, of Andover, Massachusetts.

TRIMBLE-CLEMMER—On June 15, under the care of Lancaster Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania, RUBY CLEMMER, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Markley H. Clemmer, of Norristown, Pennsylvania, and PHILIP WEBSTER TRIMBLE, son of Robert W. and Rachel W. Trimble, of Lititz, Pennsylvania. The bridegroom and his parents are members of Lancaster Monthly Meeting.

WIDOWS—On June 14, under the care of St. Peter's Monthly Meeting, Florida, SARANY Wachter Schoonover, daughter of SARA L. Schoonover, and CHARLES FREDERIC WHITE, son of Edwin C. and Helen K. W. White. The bride is a member of St. Peter's Monthly Meeting. The bridgegroom is a member of Central Philadelphia Monthly Meeting.

Deaths

CADBURY—On April 30, suddenly, at her home in Moorestown, New Jersey, RACHEL REEVY CADBURY, aged 88, a member of Moorestown Monthly Meeting. She is survived by two sons: John W. III, of Browns Mills, New Jersey, and Thomas Lloyd, of Los Angeles, California; and a granddaughter, Alison H. Cadbury.

In a memorial minute, her Meeting said of her: Moorestown Meeting on Worship and Ministry records its gratitude for the privilege of having known and worked with Rachel R. Cadbury. Her sudden death on April 30, 1969, with her mental powers unimpaired, spared her the distress of a long invalidism but deprived us of a friend and counselor whose loss we shall long feel.

Rachel Cadbury was a tremendous help to our Meeting on Worship and Ministry. She was deeply interested in all aspects of religion and helped us to be aware of the continuing validity of basic truth in new circumstances and new forms of expression.

Her sensitive sympathy and her inexhaustible patience, reinforced by her enjoyment of and love for people, enabled her to help many troubled minds to find their ways to renewed confidence and clarity of purpose. She welcomed enthusiasm and helped us to accept it in unfamiliar manifestations. She never quenched the smoking flax (Isaiah 42:3) . . .

Her presence gave inspiration, encouragement, increased confidence, willingness to persevere. Her memory will continue with us—still sharing the fragrance of her gaiety, serenity, eagerness, faith . . .

MARSHALL—On June 11, in West Chester, Pennsylvania, LEWIS H. MARSHALL, a member of Westtown Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania. During the first years of World War I, he served for two years in France with American Friends Service Committee in agricultural rehabilitation work. He is survived by his widow, Ruth Pennock Marshall; a son, Robert P.; of Visalia, California; a daughter, Mrs. Donald W. Cox, of Philadelphia; and four grandchildren.

POST—On June 16, AMY L. POST, aged 81 years. A lifelong Friend, member of Haverford Monthly Meeting (Buck Lane), she was educated at Oakwood School and Earlham College. After some years of teaching, she attended library school at Albany, New York, and in 1926 joined the library staff at Haverford College; she later became librarian. She retired in 1952. Her quiet efficiency and helpfulness won loyal friends. She is survived by a brother, L. Arnold Post, and six nieces and nephews.

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MRS. SADIE P. TURNER
A Student in Mount Holyoke College Writes to Her Meeting in Lansdowne, Pennsylvania:

May 9, 1969

Dear Friends,

I just wanted to write to thank you for the subscription to the Friends Journal. When it arrives, I’m always glad to put down my books and read it from cover to cover. Although there is a Quaker group on campus, I have not been as active in it as I could have been. Quakerly ways and ideals are always with me, but the Journal provides a concrete basis from which I can work. In this day and age, when everyone is so concerned with “doing his own thing”, I find the thoughts and experiences shared by the contributors very stimulating as well as refreshing.

It is so easy to get caught up in the world of academia — and I welcome the opportunity provided by the Journal to rejoin the world at large. Thank you again. I hope that in future years you will continue to send subscriptions to the Friends Journal to the college-age population of the Meeting.

Sincerely,

Pam Scott

Parents and Clerks of Meetings: To give your students “a concrete basis from which to work,” send us their names and college or school addresses. We will enter special nine-months’ subscriptions at $3.50 each and send you the bill.

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