From a Facing Bench

THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE COVER and those on pages 94, 95, and 96 were taken by Richard Jeffery, a member of Fifteenth Street Preparative Meeting of New York Monthly Meeting. They illustrate aspects of the work of Toward Community, a social service and community involvement project of the Meeting. So as not to hinder efforts of the project's volunteer patrol, Richard Jeffery, a professional photographer, relied on the illumination available from street lights, automobile headlights, and store windows, without additional lighting. He used Royal X-Pan film, rated ASA 3000. In the scene depicted on the cover, a Toward Community patrol approaches a man lying in distress on the sidewalk.

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Today and Tomorrow

Two Letters

Smith College,
Northampton, Massachusetts 01060

DEAR FRIENDS:

As a freshman in college, I have been involved in a learning process. Washington, D.C., was one lesson, rapping with Panthers and policemen, Communists and communists, Quakers and SDS members, everything from straight social chicks to freaks to apathists. I also spoke to a lot of people who are pretty flippant out on the American way but do not know what to do or to be, the same as I am.

As a person who has been attending (rather erratically, I admit) Friends meeting for the past seven years or so, I tried getting my head into what you Friends actually are. You're a beautiful people, afflicted with a fine madness called pacifism, and I really dig that—but conceptualizing a personalized benevolent Deity who had a son named Jesus as His mediator in the flesh, who died to give life, is amazing and stirring, I'm sure—but I cannot believe in it.

I believe in the Pattern, and the deep, still Peace beneath it all. I believe life is flux; it is opposites changing to opposites. I believe love, compassion, and empathy are subpatterns—as are hate, bloodlust, and the molecular composition of a caterpillar's nerve cell. All one can do is further the pattern one likes best. All Truths are true; there was a Jesus as surely as there was a Hitler. And so on and so on. Unity in disunity; death and rebirth.

If personalizing one piece of the cosmic flow gives you the determination to enlarge the pattern of love, that is a cool thing to do. But I don't dig limits—even when in a story it's a beautiful union of human and godlike values. I don't want to accept as my special Truth any truth, as emotionally tempting as it may be some day.

So now you can see what my head is feeling and thinking. I dig what you do but not what you do it for, which is more than I can say of any other Christian religion. All patterns are true, but you've been intensely loyal to what I find as the pattern of greatest Beauty—Love itself. Your love of life, love of men, and love for your God are shown actively, and the beauty of it is in many of your faces. I have seen such beauty elsewhere too, but each time is the first, you know?

Enough rhapsodizing, Anyhow, gentle people, I hope you dig what I'm saying. I wondered if you could give me some arguments, or persuasion, for your lovely belief in a God.

With love, SUSAN TANAKA

DEAR SUSAN:

We dig you, you may be sure. At our age we should not use words like "groovy," "heavy," and "out of sight," but we do use them—please translate them into their newest equivalents if necessary—to describe your welcome letter.

Some of us have been trying for years to say what you say but have done it far less well than you do. You have the frankness and honesty to say what many of us are too afraid or too self-deceptive to say.

Very likely everyone at one time or many times in his lifetime questions in his heart the existence of God. That dozens of books still are written to prove His presence and shore up our sometimes lagging faith seems to us to be evidence that we have not found the certainty we are seeking.

Surely many of us find comfort in what Jesus told the father of the epileptic boy: "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth. And straightway the father of the child cried out, and said with tears, Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

A large part of a course in religion we once took was devoted to "proofs" of God's existence: Facts, arguments, exegesis, appeals to "reason"; history, internal evidence—Q.E.D.

We remember one of them (and we still think that it has merit), that people of all times and places and accomplishments have believed in a Supreme Being.

To us, that means that whatever or whoever it was that endowed us with marvelous bodies also endowed us with the instinct to believe. Puny though it is sometimes is, and the brains and sensitivity even to question the basis of that belief.

Beyond that, we doubt whether anybody can prove there is a god, God.

Or should try to. Like goodness, sorrow, happiness, doubt, reassurance, having children, loving, growing up, rapping with Panthers and policemen, learning, and a fine madness, God is something to be experienced.

The experience may be on the road near Damascus or Main Street in Northampton, alone or in a multitude, in a moment or in years. Wherever and whenever, though, it will be your God that you experience. No one need tell you who He is. You will know.

You dig us, too?

Thine, Susan, in love and Friendship.

Ready, Get Set . . .

MEETING (crowded) was drawing to a close when an unexpected piece of "ministry" came from a very small boy sitting with his slightly older sister on a front bench.

"Ready, steady, go," he said distinctly.

A pause. Then, more emphatically: "Ready, steady, go."

Finally, crescendo: "Ready, steady, GO."

The elders hurriedly shook hands.

from The Friend

FRIENDS JOURNAL  February 15, 1970
Toward Community:
Meaningful Involvement

by Ned Towle and Janice Koch

ONE COLD WINTER MORNING a Toward Community volunteer approached a busy New York City street corner and knelt beside a man huddled on a doorstep. The man was dead.

An afternoon in early spring, a Toward Community staff member found a man crawling between the benches in the park across from the Fifteenth Street Meetinghouse. He was too weak and shaky to stand, had only a T-shirt on, and didn’t know where he was.

Down the street from the meetinghouse an elderly woman was found clinging to a gate. She had been put out of her hotel; she had no money or home. Her hotel didn’t want her—she had become too weak and disoriented to obtain food for herself or to use the bathroom down the hallway from her room.

Toward Community, a committee of the Fifteenth Street Preparative Meeting in New York City, was formed to help people in distress on the streets of the community. Some of these people are alcoholics, some are drug addicts, many are injured or physically debilitated; most are homeless, friendless, and defenseless. All of them are subject to injury from exposure, to robbery, to beatings, and to further physical deterioration and even death in the absence of medical attention.

Many such men and women are to be found in the area around the meetinghouse. Three years ago, some Fifteenth Street Friends became upset at the experience of stepping over unconscious bodies on the way to meeting. They were concerned not only for those in distress—but also for themselves, as part of a community that had become depersonalized. They felt that the distressed on the street were perhaps only the most visible evidence of the breakdown of human feeling in the neighborhood. Their own lives and that of their neighborhood were being brutalized by the uncaring treatment afforded these fellow human beings.

In response to this concern, a group of a dozen or so Friends began the “Homeless People Project,” working out of the office of the Quaker Project on Community Conflict. Their original efforts to give immediate care to those in distress on the streets were soon expanded to include follow-up work with those aided. This involved escorting people to agencies where they could find help and visiting people in hospitals and hotels. When the project came under the direction of the Fifteenth Street Meeting and was retitled “Toward Community,” Meeting members aimed to increase the depth and scope of the initial efforts. As a result,

Toward Community now operates with two full-time staff members and several dozen regular volunteers. Its administrative office is in the Fifteenth Street Meetinghouse, and a new neighborhood center and counseling office has been opened one block away, in the basement of a building managed by the First Moravian Church.

Who volunteers to do work with derelicts and alcoholics? A wide variety of people. A good many of them, of course, are members or attenders of the Fifteenth Street Meeting. Others are members of nearby churches, or people who live in the neighborhood, or even people who live at a distance but feel a concern about this problem. There are high school students and retired people; blacks and whites; business executives and people who are on welfare; housewives, artists, lawyers, day laborers, social workers, secretaries, teachers. Significantly, there is also a small but growing number of ex-alcoholics and ex-derelicts—people who first came into contact with Toward Community when they needed help themselves, and who are now ready to reach out and help others.

Several nights a week, volunteers patrol the neighborhood streets looking for people in distress. If they find someone who is hungry, they give him a meal; if he is hurt or sick, they take him to a hospital and see that he receives medical attention; if he has no place to stay, they see that he gets lodging for the night.

When possible, a volunteer or one of the staff meets with him the next day to offer counseling and support. If he is interested in rehabilitation, the staff help him to get into an appropriate program; if he needs and can hold a job, they take him to an agency that has jobs of the kind for which he can qualify; if he is unable to work, they help him to apply for public assistance; if he needs a permanent
In a small town there are only a few places to turn for emergency help, and everybody knows what they are—the police station, the nearest hospital, maybe a few doctors or ministers. But in the city, emergency services are so numerous and so specialized that we aren't even aware of the existence of most of them. When the Toward Community project first started, the Friends who were involved—many of whom had lived in New York City for years—had little idea that there was anything that could be done for a derelict lying on the streets beyond putting a blanket over him to keep him warm. Fortunately, before going very far with the blanket scheme, Friends decided to consult people with professional experience in the field: Policemen, members of Alcoholics Anonymous, social workers, ministers from skid row missions. They were told that, in the first place, a blanket wouldn't be likely to stay over a man very long—there are people who'd walk off with a blanket whether or not there was somebody under it—and, in the second place, what was the point of just putting a blanket over somebody when instead you could rouse him and take him to shelter? This possibility hadn't occurred to them—a derelict lying on the street looks totally unconscious and unmovable. But they found that such people can indeed be roused and gotten to their feet. They learned to approach a man gently, kneel beside him, and speak in a friendly way: “Hello, friend. How are you? Do you feel bad? Are you hurt? Would you like some coffee? I have some in a thermos here. It's pretty cold out here—do you want to go someplace where it's warm? Do you have a place to stay? Can I help you find a place?”

And they found that there were places where such people could stay. They discovered the city's Men's Shelter at 8 East Third Street—only twelve blocks from the meetinghouse—where a man could get a ticket for a flophouse or where, if he was in such bad shape that a flophouse

residence, they help him find a suitable place that he can afford.

What happens in individual cases?

In the case of the woman who had been put out of her hotel, the volunteer who found her tried first to get her admitted to a nearby voluntary hospital. The hospital wouldn't take her. Most hospitals aren't eager to take people who are senile and destitute, when there isn't an immediate life-and-death emergency involved. The volunteer then went back with her to her hotel and persuaded the manager to let her in temporarily, assuring him that Toward Community would be responsible for her. From there the volunteer went to the Toward Community office and, with the help of the staff, made a series of calls to the Department of Welfare and to hospital social-services divisions. Finally a doctor recommended by the Department of Welfare agreed to pay a call at the hotel. When he arrived, he was shocked by the physical evidences of malnutrition and neglect, and he immediately called an ambulance to take her to a city hospital. She needed several weeks of hospital care, during which time Toward Community workers visited her frequently and consulted with the hospital social workers about her future. Eventually, she recovered her strength to the point where a place could be found for her in a nursing home.

In the case of the man who was found crawling in the park, the Toward Community staff member was able by patient questioning to get his name and to find out that he'd been released from a hospital recently. With this slim lead to go on, the staff member called a number of hospitals, but none seemed to have any record of such a patient. Finally the staff member took him to a city shelter for homeless and destitute men, and stayed with him until he was seen by a caseworker and a doctor. The man was put temporarily in a dormitory in the shelter, and two days later he was admitted to a hospital for long-term care.

In the case of the man found on a doorstep—well, the man was dead. There was nothing to do, except call the police and report it. If someone passing by a few hours earlier had bothered to stop, the story might have been different. But no one had.

It is this indifference in the face of human distress that Toward Community is trying to combat, an indifference that seems to be part of modern urban life. Or maybe “indifference” is the wrong word—“uneasiness” might be closer to the truth. Most of us who live in large cities are uneasy when we see a person in trouble on the streets. We do sense that something should be done; but we don't know how to do it. We don't know whom to ask or where to go or what number to call. We're afraid that if we do try to intervene, we'll get in trouble for acting without authority or for doing the wrong thing.

In a small town there are only a few places to turn for emergency help, and everybody knows what they are—the
A Toward Community volunteer visits a Salvation Army Hotel. Toward Community workers offer the supportive and caring atmosphere that is essential for an individual to regain his sense of meaning and direction in life.

 wouldn't accept him, he could spend the night on the floor in the "big room." They became acquainted with the flop-houses. They learned about mission programs. They found a detoxification unit for skid row alcoholics, and they located neighborhood centers that assist drug addicts. They discovered emergency services for destitute women, for runaway teenagers, for people suffering emotional crises.

Very soon, they also discovered that one-shot assistance wasn't enough in many cases. A person who had been saved from freezing to death one night might be back lying on the street in the same danger the next night. An injured person admitted to the hospital might be discharged with instructions to "stay home in bed and take it easy for a while"—with no home to go to, and without even the bus fare to get to a city agency that could help. An addict or an alcoholic might be treated for withdrawal symptoms and then sent away, without any effort to do anything about the basic problem.

Programs that provide long-term care or genuine rehabilitation are not numerous. They do exist, but they're hard to find, hard to get into, and there's often a wait of days or weeks even after an applicant has been accepted. A person who already feels beaten and rejected often can't face this process alone. He needs somebody to help him make the appointments, somebody to go along and give him support, somebody to encourage and reassure him during the days of waiting. And if he does finally get admitted to a treatment program, he needs friends who'll visit him while he's there and who'll be ready to help him to take the next step when he's completed the program.

Many of the people with whom Toward Community is working haven't ever had anybody that they could count on for this kind of long-term support:

"You're the first people who ever visited me in a hospital," one man said shyly to the two Toward Community volunteers who came to call on him. "I've spent the past fifteen years in and out of hospitals, and you're the first visitors I ever had."

"Do you realize that you Quakers are the only people I know who can talk about anything except where their next drink is coming from?" said another man, who was trying to stay sober while his financial circumstances forced him to go on living in a skid row hotel. "If it weren't for you, I'd be ready to give up."

"I wouldn't go through with all this just for myself," said a man who was going to a physical-rehabilitation clinic for his crippled leg, "but all you people are in there fighting for me. I can't let my friends down!"

Toward Community works within a climate of human warmth and a sense of fellowship. Aiding persons on a one-to-one basis, Toward Community workers can offer the supportive and caring atmosphere that is essential for an individual to regain his sense of meaning and direction in life. In practice this means visiting a person at his lodging house, and inviting him to meeting for worship and to the coffee hours in the meetinghouse. It also means having an open door at the program's community center, where a person can find fellowship and a sense of community with others from the meetinghouse neighborhood. Often it means inviting the person to one's home or going to a movie or a concert together. In all of these efforts, the emphasis is on welcoming the person back to community—to people who care, who need friends and fellowship themselves, and who are willing to go an extra mile for someone who needs aid.

In their concern for community, the staff and volunteers have sought to let the neighborhood residents know that there is something they can do to help their brothers lying on the street. Information cards giving the address and telephone number for Toward Community and for lodging, emergency care, and rehabilitation services, are distributed to people in the neighborhood. Toward Community is on twenty-four-hour call to give advice and assistance to those seeking aid or seeking to give aid. Also, through visits to nearby churches and other organizations, Toward Community is helping to make these groups more aware of the problem and of the resources available to cope with it.

Toward Community obviously does not have the facilities or the professional staff of many public and private agencies. It has something different—something that is needed and unique. The Toward Community workers feel that the problems of destitute and disoriented people are human problems, rather than purely medical or psychiatric problems. Conventional medical and psychiatric treatment has generally failed to touch the homeless and derelict person. Going beyond conventional methods, Toward Community offers human warmth and caring, a person-to-person concern, and an acceptance which helps bring life and love into the community, even into bleak alleys and doorways.

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A Memorable Meeting

by M. C. Morris

IT WAS NOT the most impressive meeting for worship I have ever attended, but it was different and perhaps one of the most revealing.

It happened in Cleveland. I was visiting the Meeting of which I am still a member. About ten minutes after meeting started, I became conscious of a heavy step, which advanced along the walk, up the steps, across the hall, and around the room toward the rear seats, boldly, with none of the accustomed tiptoe cautiousness of the latecomer.

Ten minutes or so later, a voice was raised in song: "Jesus is a friend to all . . . ." The heavy heels retraced their course around the room, crossed the open space in front of all of us, circled around behind the facing seats, and continued to march back and forth across the semicircle formed by the chairs. We saw a man of average height, blackbearded, darkskinned, welldressed.

The song gave way to a baritone speaking voice. He had come, he said, without invitation other than the one painted on the signboard outside: "All Welcome." But he had come with a message for us. It was this: "Get right with God and do it now for the time is short!" This was the central, and, with minor variations, endlessly repeated theme. As he paced back and forth in front of us, his voice grew louder. As it rose, his gestures became more emphatic. Soon he was jumping in the middle of the floor so that the whole room shook.

When it became apparent that this procedure was going to continue indefinitely, a member of Ministry and Oversight arose and walked up to, and then along with, the visitor, inviting him in quiet tones to sit down and worship with us. He shook her off at first, but she persisted. Suddenly he broke off in the middle of a sentence, walked back for his hat, and left the room. The member went with him. The clerk followed. Both accompanied the visitor down the street.

After what seemed to me a pregnant but inadequate pause, the speaking within the meeting began. A young married man compared the visitor to George Fox, who, in his day, had also walked uninvited into meetings to proclaim in a loud voice: "I see a people gathered . . . ." It had been a valuable experience for us, and he, for one, had been "touched."

An elderly woman Friend marvelled that it had happened, for "we cannot realize how it is not to have been free all our lives." She was misunderstood by the young married man who immediately started to argue that one did not (or should not) think of the visitor primarily as black. For some minutes an unfortunate dialogue ensued.

Another member then welcomed the visit as a sign to us that "we need to be more vocal."

Still another was glad that the man had come "with an evident message," but regretted the exaggeratedly evangelistic manner in which it had been presented.

Another had been impressed by the statement: "We don't even tell each other our dreams," interpreting this as a warning that we should be more concerned with our neighbours' troubles and problems.

The clerk, who had returned during the brief silence that followed these vocal expressions, soon closed the meeting, after he had summed up by quoting the visitor's theme sentence first, then adding the visitor's words: "God is not the beguyman up there in the clouds. God is within you."

Days of Preparation

The number forty in the Bible symbolizes a time of purifying, learning, and preparation.

It rained for forty days and forty nights to cleanse and purify the earth, while Noah and his family rode out the storm in the ark, a place of withdrawal, where they could grow more fully aware of God and His will.

Moses was on the mountaintop (or in prayer), apart and in silence for forty days before he received the Ten Commandments.

The children of Israel wandered in the wilderness for forty years, apart from the world, purifying, learning, and preparing themselves for the new life into which God was bringing them.

Jesus sought the purifying, learning experience for the forty days in the wilderness before he considered himself ready to return to the world, teaching and preaching and healing.

Christians each year commemorate the purifying, preparatory, learning experience of the forty days. Special services and observances remind us that we, too, need a time of withdrawal and renewal, a time of preparation to receive what God offers us.

This time of Lent can be the beginning of a new life in us. We may use it as a time for abandoning idle and unworthy thoughts and careless and unkind speech—a time when we really learn what silence means and what it means to have ourselves lifted into the light and love of God.

These forty days may be used to reinforce and strengthen our habits of prayer and meditation. We shall find ourselves better able then to live and love and worship. We shall find also that we are unwilling to give up this communion with God and will return regularly to our own place of withdrawal to listen for guidance and blessings.

Catherine Roberts
BRINTON TURKLE has written and illustrated six books for children. When I asked him about his philosophy as a writer, he said: "In my books are things I am very serious about: Indestructibility of the human spirit, respect for truth, reverence for life, and sensitivity to mutual needs. But I don't write sermons. My style is to delight."

We met for the first time in the home of Ezra Jack Keats, the author-illustrator, who was about to go to Chicago to accept the Caldecott Medal. A few of us were having a going-away party for the nervous winner. We were saying reassuring things to him, but nothing seemed to help. Then Brinton Turkle arrived with a couple of garishly painted T-shirts that sent Ezra Keats into gales of laughter. I don't remember the inscription, it may have been a private joke. Whatever it was, it was right.

That was five years ago; as long as I have known Brinton, he has always consciously or subconsciously done the right thing.

He is sensitive to the feelings of others, I suspect, because of his own great sensitivity. He is a religious man, a member of the Fifteenth Street Preparative Meeting of Friends, a resolute pacifist, and a friend. He is honest, but not to the point where it hurts (he would rather be quiet). He has a keen sense of humor and is a splendid storyteller. These qualities come through in his books.

His first "written and illustrated" book prompted Lavinia Russ of Publishers' Weekly to say, "I'll come right out and say that Obadiah the Bold is my notion of a perfect picture book."

Its sequel, Thy Friend, Obadiah, won a first prize in the 1969 Children's Spring Book Festival Contest sponsored by Book World and was a runner-up for the Caldecott Award.

About Obadiah, Brinton tells this tale:

"Obadiah began as a valentine to a very small friend in Chicago. I drew a picture of a redheaded boy, dressed in the clothes of an old-fashioned Quaker. He was shyly holding a valentine on which was written: 'Will thee be mine?' From the first, he looked as if he should have a story. On a short visit to Nantucket a couple of years later, I found out all about him, and he became the hero of two books."

"I had been staying at an inn that had been a private home for many years, since it was built in the eighteenth century. In the middle of my second night there, I awoke with a start—and a story: Obadiah the Bold. I have often wondered if a redheaded Quaker boy might have once lived in that house. The next day, I saw a sea gull in trouble, and that became an important part of the second Obadiah book: Thy Friend, Obadiah."

Brinton's own childhood was spent far away from Nantucket, in Alliance, Ohio. "I was sidetracked into studying drama at Carnegie Tech. after high school," he told me. "It was to prove a most valuable training for an illustrator. I studied art history, architecture, history of costume, stage design, and color, and my training as an actor surely sensitized me to an awareness of dramatic situations. Then I studied art in Boston. As far as I could see, there were even more starving actors than starving artists."

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After four years of this training came a job in advertising in Chicago. Then he moved to Santa Fe, where he remained ten years. During this time, he illustrated textbooks and a few trade books. He came to New York in 1957. He illustrated a number of picture books for several publishers. And then, Obadiah.

"I showed the book to Ezra Jack Keats, who insisted that I take it to his publisher, The Viking Press," he said. "After what seemed like a year (it was actually about two months), it was accepted. That's how it all began."

Besides the two Obadiah books, Brinton Turkle has written and illustrated *The Fiddler of High Lonesome*, a mountain legend that appeared last year. A critic in the New York Times Book Review wrote: "This story, with its color, romance, truth, and tragedy, matches any of the old legends in power and entertainment . . . . The book is like a deep draught of mountain dew."

*The Magic of Millicent Musgrave* is a turn-of-the-century story that appeals to girls. It has some of the most stylish drawings in contemporary children's literature. Brinton last year wrote a book about a young boy and a phantom dog, called *The Sky Dog*, and *Mooncoin Castle*, a story for older children, inspired by a trip that he made to Ireland last year.

Brinton Turkle occasionally is asked if he intends to write books for adults.

"I do not," he replies. "I love the combination of words and pictures that is possible today only in children's books. More important, I want to be part of the hopes and dreams of children. It is a privilege to be able to use my arts to try to engage their attention.

"If, along the way, I help the younger generation dream of a better world, they just might fashion one. Who could ask for more?"

**Without Birth Control, It's a Lost Cause**

by Lawrence McK. Miller, Jr.

I TRAVELLED through the state of Karela in southern India, whose rural areas have the highest population density in the world. The tiny, individually owned, palm-bordered lots form a quilted pattern mile after mile. Villages and towns merge into each other without discernible boundaries.

In Karela I could see what all of rural India probably will look like before the end of this century if the present growth of population continues. Poverty, already indescribable, in a few decades will be incredible. A warning came to mind: "Whatever your cause, it's a lost cause unless we control population."

The urban situation in India is no better. An estimated half-million persons eat, sleep, and die in the streets of Bombay. Their huddled figures on the sidewalks and the throngs of poor people in the streets and alleys bring home to one the urgency of the population crisis. India has an excessive number of people by any standards, and the number is increasing by more than one million a month.

Population statistics are important in understanding the world population problem, but they can be cited within a misleading frame of reference. For example, we can compare the overall population density of India (327 per square mile) with the density within the corridor from Washington to Boston (2,000) or with the density of Hong Kong (12,700). We might conclude that India needs only economic and social development.

There also is the tendency in considering demographic statistics simply to link population and food: Population can grow safely to the limits of a country's ability to feed its people—as long as mass starvation does not occur, there is no population crisis. This type of Malthusian thinking frequently prevents us from understanding the full dimensions of the problem.

The current growth rate in developing countries is due not to a higher birth rate but to a decline in the death rate. Death rates have been reduced by advances in biomedical sciences and technology, such as improved sanitation and nutrition; high yields in agriculture; and new drugs, medicines, and medical skills.

In countries like India, therefore, the birth rate has remained the same as it has for generations (41 per thousand), while the death rate has dropped from approximately 35 per thousand to sometimes as little as 11 per thousand. This decline sometimes has occurred within two decades. The population growth rate is the difference
between the birth and death rates—the percentage increase in population for one year. In India the growth rate is 2.5 percent; in the United States, 1 percent; in some European countries, as little as 0.3 percent.

The rate of population growth in the developing countries jeopardizes the best efforts of governments to spur social and economic development. The developing countries also have large proportions of their population in the dependent years; for those young people, who consume but do not produce, investment is required in such services as education and health. In many developing countries, more than 40 percent of the population is under 15 years of age, as against 25 percent in developed nations.

It is true that agriculture has entered a revolutionary phase in the developing nations and that assistance by the United States and other countries is beginning to pay off. Two remarkable developments, for example, are highly productive strains of rice and wheat.

This green revolution buys precious time needed for family planning programs. The pessimistic predictions of a British writer, C. P. Snow, that soon on our television screens we shall be viewing mass starvation, may not occur in the near future. Most experts agree, however, that sooner or later starvation will occur in some countries unless growth of population is checked. If the birth rate does not come down significantly in India, that country, which has one-third the land area of the United States, will have a population of one billion by the end of this century. It is now about 525 million.

A developing country seemingly can support a larger population than a developed one, because the key factor is not simply the number of persons but their disposable income. Rich people occupy much more space, consume more of each natural resource, disturb the ecology more, and create more pollution. As American Friends Service Committee points out in its new publication, *Who Shall Live?* (Hill and Wang, New York, $1.75 paperback, $3.95 cloth), what matters most is quality of life. Since overcrowding may cause emotional illness, social unrest, and political instability, we must seek ways of stabilizing population or even reducing our numbers.

The impact of population growth in the United States is felt in terms of urban sprawl, pollution of air and water, reduction of open spaces, and hardships among disadvantaged groups. Many of these problems will exist even without an increase in population, but the increase aggravates the problems.

The day of reckoning is inevitable. What we are learning is that we need a population policy that is based not on a nation’s capacity to enable its people to survive but on a nation’s ability to enrich the quality of human life.

On that basis, it is clear that the United States now has the maximum population it should have. Our national goal should be stabilization of population, a growth rate of zero. Actually, that may be relatively easy to achieve. Some experts believe that in the United States the estimated number of unwanted children and the number of births in excess of those necessary to maintain a stationary population are similar.

Planned Parenthood-World Population estimates that 3.3 million American women in the reproductive age (15-44 years) are too poor to afford existing family planning services and devices. They need subsidized services; such services would further reduce the birth rates. The legalization of abortion in the United States would reduce further the growth rate.

In the developed countries, it probably is possible to bring about population stabilization through voluntary family planning, assuming liberalization of abortion laws, but the prospect is quite different in countries where low agricultural production, high illiteracy, and low standards of living are barriers to the achievement of significant reductions in the birth rate through family planning.

India has had a national policy of family planning for fifteen years, but the birth rate has not significantly changed. Among the reasons are almost universal and early marriage, so that nearly all of a woman’s reproductive years are available for childbearing; the subordinate status of women; the desire for sons, as security in old age; low literacy, so that informational programs are handicapped; absence of social support for family planning; lack of privacy in housing; lack of distribution facilities; occasional religious, moral, or ideological objections; and inertia, apathy, and resistance to change.

If voluntary family planning will not work, then social inducements and controls must be tried. Voluntary family planning will not work if the number of children desired by couples is so high as to produce a serious growth rate. It is reported that Taiwanese women, for example, want an average of four or five children. If they achieve exactly that, the result will be a growth rate of about 3 percent a year, and the population of Taiwan will double in 25 years. It is for such reasons that India is stressing the two- and three-child family in its educational efforts, instead of talking about “family planning” in the Western way.

All sorts of social controls are being considered. India has adopted a program of “disincentives” that amount to economic sanctions against couples who have more than three children. India is thinking of raising the legal marriage age, although this may push women into a labor force already too big, and is experimenting with incentive programs, such as payments for practicing contraception.

What the underdeveloped countries are looking for is the “perfect” contraceptive. All existing methods of con-
traception have drawbacks for uneducated villagers. Voluntary sterilization, especially vasectomy, has yielded the most significant results in India. Sterilizations already have prevented the birth of some eleven million babies.

Calling the population crisis a problem only of the underdeveloped nations is like saying to a fellow passenger, “Your end of the boat is sinking!” If the underdeveloped world does sink into famine conditions, the West will suffer, too. The United States alone uses half of the raw materials consumed on this planet; many of the materials come from developing countries. We are one world. Since there is a limit to the number of persons the world can accommodate, with any quality of life and spirit, the entire world must begin to think seriously in terms of zero population growth. We need to remind ourselves that a one-percent growth rate in the United States means that there would be three hundred million persons by the year 2000 and four hundred million—or twice the present population—by 2015. Highways already cover an area the size of six of our smaller states. A million and a half acres of open land each year are submerged by the sprawling growth of American cities. It is doubtful that the United States can afford runaway population growth any more than can poorer countries.

What can Friends do?


Friends can support the efforts of Friends Committee on National Legislation to encourage the Congress to adopt progressive legislation, such as making family planning services widely available, making grants to other countries for population control, and financing research to discover better contraceptives.

Friends should know about the nongovernmental organizations that work in the field. American Friends Service Committee has family planning programs in a number of developing countries. Planned Parenthood-World Population is an international agency. Planned Parenthood societies help provide family planning services to the disadvantaged in the United States.

Quaker couples should plan the size of their own families within a frame of reference that embraces the world population. Probably some day there should be a query in our books of discipline on this subject.

It is important now to remember that the population bomb keeps ticking and that whatever your cause, it’s a lost cause unless we control population.

Citizenship Eternal in God’s Kingdom

by W. Fay Luder

MANY WHO CALL THEMSELVES Christians dispute the statement that Jesus by his resurrection shows us that our citizenship in the Kingdom of God is permanent and does not end at death before it can be fully realized.

Such doubters may assert, “In these days of twentieth century man’s coming of age, faith in the resurrection of Jesus—or my own—is no longer tenable.”

To a citizen of God’s Kingdom, however, the assumption of the maturity of modern society on which this assertion is based is typical idolatry. Whether in the twentieth century, or the nineteenth or eighteenth, modern man has self-righteously believed that he has come of age. On the contrary, the citizen of God’s Kingdom might regard society not only as extremely immature but as a juvenile delinquent.

Juvenile delinquency is one characteristic of our society that perpetrates the Vietnam war, racism, poverty, and the degrading of sexuality and that spends more money on tobacco and alcohol than it does on education.

Living in this delinquent society, church members often are victims of its sickness. Some advocate the perversion of love called “the new morality” or “situation ethics,” which teaches that any crime can be excused if its perpetrator is able to convince himself that it was done in the name of love. How readily one’s self-worship permits this rationalization is obvious to a citizen of God’s Kingdom.

Another idolatry that has infected many is society’s juvenile worship of science. Many accept without question the science-worshiper’s assertion that if he cannot understand something he cannot accept it: “Because I cannot understand God he is no longer intellectually respectable; therefore, we must develop an atheistic Christianity.”

That statement contains two fallacies.

First, the essence of the teaching of Jesus is primary loyalty to God as citizens of his Kingdom. Thus “atheistic Christianity” is a semantic absurdity.

The second fallacy is the assumption that we have to understand something in order to accept it. Some people tell us, “I would like to continue to believe in a loving God, but I cannot understand the Christian faith in the resurrection of Jesus; therefore, I cannot accept it.”

The fact is that we cannot understand anything fundamental. We cannot even understand the physical universe.

Before proceeding to a justification of this statement, I note that not all scientists are science-worshippers. One
has said, "Science is the substitution of unimportant questions that can be answered, in place of important questions that cannot be answered."

Another has written, "Science is a goddess who can teach us nothing fundamental. With fair promises about the view from its peak, she leads her worshipers up the sunny slopes of a tall mountain; but when they reach the top, everything is shrouded in mist."

Galileo, a scientist of the sixteenth century, saw that we cannot understand the universe: "Not even the least effect in Nature can be fully understood by the most speculative minds in the world." This idea has been restated by a scientist of the twentieth century, J. B. S. Haldane: "The universe is not only stranger than we imagine; it is stranger than we can imagine."

Without going into detail about the impossibility of answering fundamental questions (How large is the universe? How old is it? What is gravitation? What is magnetism? How can we be conscious?), J. S. Wheeler, writing in American Scientist (56, 1, 1968) supports in this way the conclusion of Galileo and Haldane:

"One takes up such suggestions and allows himself such commentaries not in any hope that they will provide answers, but only with the thought that they will suggest to us how deep are the questions that confront us—and how we may perhaps go about formulating the issues. Deep though they are, and almost theological in character though they seem, they are still questions which we could not and would not pose as we do if the concept of super-space were not at hand as framework for the discussion."

We cannot understand the universe, but a sane person cannot reject it. In like manner we can say, "Being unable to understand the resurrection does not compel us to reject it." To quote from one of my own books (A New Approach to Sex):

"Exactly how the resurrection took place we can never know in this life. Speculation about it is futile. The resurrection will remain an inscrutable mystery. We cannot know how it occurred any more than we can know God. Yet this ignorance need not bother us any more than does our ignorance about any other aspect of the nature of the universe."

According to that argument, people who have abandoned faith in their own resurrection and faith in the resurrection of Jesus, have debased themselves unnecessarily. If they continue to talk about the love of God, they are logically inconsistent. If He really loved His children, could God permit them to be extinguished at death? What human being could love that kind of God? Such a God has been repudiated by a host of citizens of God's Kingdom, most of them possessing intellects as keen as those of the science-worshippers, "Christian atheists," "new moralists," and form critics. Citizens of the Kingdom believe that God's love is universal and eternal.

In a beautiful expression of this faith, The Hound of Heaven, Francis Thompson maintains that God loves all His children so much that He will never let one of them escape from Him. Similarly beautiful expressions have been given us by the Brownings, Sidney Lanier, and George MacDonald—all people of high intellect.

George MacDonald was a poet, novelist, and Christian writer; his early training was scientific. In the last of his Unspoken Sermons, "The God of the Living," he writes: "... What God-like relation can the ever-living, changeless God hold to creatures who partake not of His life, who have death at the very core of their being, who are not worth their Maker's keeping alive? To let His creatures die would be to change, to abjure His Godhood, to cease to be that which He made Himself. If they are not worth keeping alive, then His creating is a poor thing, and He is not so great, nor so divine as even the poor thoughts of those His dying creatures have been able to imagine Him..."

MacDonald believed a person who cannot hold to some hope in his resurrection should abandon his faith in a God of love. But, even if he could believe in a resurrection, how, in this juvenile society, could he have any faith in a God of love? How could such a God permit its delinquency?

One answer might be that society's sickness is caused by its refusal to accept the remedy of Jesus—citizenship in the Kingdom of God. Anyone who sincerely tries this experiment will learn that loving his neighbor and his enemy is the most practical and the most satisfactory way of life.

The experiment of love works. The way of hate does not. People who reject citizenship in God's Kingdom sooner or later suffer the inevitable consequences—psychological and social decay, destruction, and death.

When we learn that love really does work, then we may dare to hope that God really does love us. We may hope that death is not the end, but a greater opportunity for us to become better citizens of God's Kingdom.

We Come Together

We come together in the silence, so that we may hear the Word of the Lord more clearly and compellingly.

We come together without forms, so that we may more distinctly see the Divine Pattern of the Creation.

We come together without anyone set in authority, so we may all feel equally our responsibility to our fellow men.

We come together without any special sacraments, so that we may be better able to treat every day and every occasion as holy.

We come together without creed, so that words will not come between us as we seek the communion of true fellowship, one with another.

—From a message given at Langley Hill Meeting (Virginia)
Why Not Listen?
Mozart and Telemann say it
in the dynamics of their concertos,
They say it,
but how can people not hear?
The thousands of benevolent, aching,
hurtful tears cried every day,
they are shouting it
but how can others of their kind not hear?
Thousands are born every minute,
In the child's first breath
and
movement of life,
He is saying it, hear Me,
listen to Me.
Why don't they hear Him?
They die.
in their dying moments
they ask, why did you never recognize me?
They pass
and are never heard
We say, why listen?
We have our secure, warm worlds.
I say, why not listen:
why not listen to those who need to be heard?
Why not listen to the concerto of life.
every day?

Sanctuary of Sound
Great music is a sanctuary of sound:
Its showers of notes
cascade in blessing on reluctant hearts,
mixing old happiness and new demands—
majestic chords that crystallize conviction
and dominate our dwindling doubt;
glissando trills like childhood afternoons
by summer waterfalls
in a green wood;
patterns repeated like the panicles
of waving meadow grass,
altering and echoing
as the repeated ritual of our days.
Surges of melody turn long Saharas
to dewed oases
where fresh dreams can flower,
and offer promise where a worn hope died.
It dies away into our yesterdays
leaving a silence pregnant with new plans.

A Gift of Tongues
Silence, more eloquent than speech: the unspoken word
wiser than our earnest trials
to say, to find
in the mind's hoard praise that reveals
perfections known
and not diminished
by the telling—in the silences
between halting speech and speech, beseech
a gift of tongues that words bear witness to
what we hear chiefly in silence
before and after speech now, as on this page
these letters
whiten the space
surrounding them.

The Song of Youth
Teach me
That I may learn
And fill the hungry caverns
of my mind.
Guide me
With infinite patience
Through the myriad steps to manhood.
Encourage me
To try again
When I would falter from despair.
Listen to me
To the words I speak
And listen to the words I cannot find.
Understand me
My seekings and my longings
As I strive to understand myself.
Love me
For I am a child of God
No less than you.

Reservoir
Surrounded by oceans of noise
I strive to keep
islands of quiet
within myself . . .
Some sounds are kin to silence—
birdsong, wind,
and gentle laughter . . .
but these are easily overwhelmed
by the raucous sounds
which define our cacophonous age.
My integrity of being
requires close alignment
with that majestic silence
in which our sphere revolves.

Riddles
A light that pierces every gloom,
A fire that does not consume;
A lion that does not devour
The lamb that is within his power;
A tree that grows from hidden ground
And shelters all the life around;
The water that is turned to wine,
The humble things that are divine.
Reviews of Books

Parfit Research-boy
by Elizabeth Yates McGreal

A HANDSOME, satisfying book that surely is one of the events of the current publishing year is The Poetry of Robert Frost, edited by Edward Connery Lathem and published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc.

Within its covers is all of Frost's poetry, eleven books in one, with notes bibliographical and textual that provide material on each poem, changes undergone, variations, and appearances over the better part of a century. It is a volume that fits the hand as comfortably as an oft-used tool and with its types and format is as kind to the eye as a range of hills.

Poetry and documentation blend as easily as Frost felt avocation and vocation should "as my two eyes are one in sight." For this, Edward Connery Lathem is responsible. Let us take a look at the man who has so honored a long friendship, a look that will bring us to Hanover, New Hampshire, in the late forties.

They might have been two students walking down Main Street, except that one did all the talking and the other all the listening. Half a century rolled between Robert Frost and the Dartmouth undergraduate, but they had New Hampshire in common—Bethlehem, where one had lived and the other had been born in 1926. They had books in common, too, and each in his way had a commitment to the future.

Edward Connery Lathem, when he was a student at Dartmouth College, came under the influence of mentors toward whom he still feels warm indebtedness, including Robert Frost. When Lathem was in his final year—a senior fellow working on his self-assigned project—Robert Frost wrote him, "Research-boy, chronicler, historian all are worth being in an ascending scale. You are certainly off to a good start for the first and even second—yes, and even third. It seems to me for you to decide how far you want to go."

After graduation, Edward Lathem earned a master's degree in library service from Columbia in 1952. He joined the staff of Baker Memorial Library of Dartmouth in 1952 and successively became assistant to the librarian, assistant librarian, associate librarian, and librarian.

The monographs and books that bear Edward Connery Lathem's name grow out of the past and through his skill as an editor. Creative writing he gladly leaves to others. The skills he feels happiest in using are those employed in the search for information that enables him to feel his way into the lives of others and then present a man as seen by his contemporaries (Meet Calvin Coolidge) or as revealed by his own words (Interviews with Robert Frost). His style is felicitous, and the material, assembled with an eye for beauty, an ear for humor, a heart responsive to enduring good, rises as a building from its foundation.

As he once told me, "A sense of the past gives a certain serenity in the midst of present problems, and often makes it easier to face them."

Der Luxus des Gewissens, Erlebnisse und Einsichten in Atomzeitalter. By Hedwig and Max Born. 201 S., Leinen. Nymphenburger Verlagshandlung. 10.80 DM in the July, 1969, issue of Der Quaker, its editor, Otto Czierski, reviews a book by the late Max Born, the German scientist, and his wife, Hedwig (both friends of Friends), the subtitle of which—"Experiences and Insights in the Atomic Age"—promises fascinating reading for Friends and scientists.

Born dropped a course in radioactivity which did not satisfy his mathematical needs, and failed to master nuclear physics. Thus, he did not participate in the splitting of the atom and its use in the atomic bomb. "Therefore I was able to observe the ethical and political questions with which it is bound up from an impersonal and objective point of view."

After directing the Institute of Theoretical Physics in Frankfurt and Göttingen for a number of years, Max Born was forced to take refuge in Scotland from the Nazi dictatorship. "Again a misfortune was turned into a blessing, for there is nothing more salutary and refreshing for a human being than to be uprooted and transplanted into entirely different surroundings."

Born sums up the plight of our world today as follows: "If the human race is not to be extinguished by a
nuclear war, then it will degenerate into a herd of dull, inane creatures under the tyranny of dictators who control it, with the help of machines and electronic computers. This is no prophecy, it is a nightmare. Although I have not participated in the application of natural scientific knowledge to destructive purposes, such as the production of the A-bomb or H-bomb, I feel responsible. If my philosophy is correct, then the fate of the race is a natural consequence of the way humans are constituted: Creatures of mixed animal instincts and intellectual powers. It may be, however, that my reflections are completely wrong. A man may appear one day who is wiser and cleverer than anyone in our generation and able to lead the world out of its blind alley."

Czierski believes that Dr. Born's account of his friendship with Albert Einstein alone makes the book worth reading. Hedwig Born asked Einstein during his last days whether he was afraid of death, and Einstein is reported to have said that he was not. He felt such a solidarity with all living beings that it seemed immaterial to him where the individual one began or ended.

M. C. MORRIS

Erasmus of Christendom. By ROLAND H. BAINTON. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 283 pages

THAT TRUTH finds her best expression in a paradox is a concept many philosophers have taught. Erasmus understood the ways of truth, and the comprehending of Erasmus involves paradox, also. He was a Roman Catholic, yet in the best sense of the words he was protestant and catholic. Apparently this is the reason for the title, Erasmus of Christendom.

Presentation of an idea through a person still is the best method of conveying that idea. Roland Bainton, a Quaker, accomplishes this by showing us a more excellent way than the diverse paths now being trod.

His pen gives us a vivid word portrait of an historical personage who will command the esteem of many, even those disdainful of anything ancient. Erasmus was considered to be "the exponent of the fusion of the Christian man and the cultivated man, the foe of the barbarians, of the logic choppers and the stolid legalists."

This is a timely publication of the endeavor of Erasmus, a marriage of current and ancient ideas.

STEPHEN SEBERT

FRIENDS JOURNAL  February 15, 1970

A Connoisseur's Delight

A new edition of Dylan Thomas's classic story, A Child's Christmas in Wales, is illustrated with five wood engravings by Fritz Eichenberg, a member of Scarsdale Monthly Meeting, New York, and chairman of the art department of the University of Rhode Island.

Fritz Eichenberg commented: "I seem at home in the British countryside—bleak, homely, lovely, forbidding. Wood (maple, boxwood, cherry) is my medium. It could come right out of the Welsh soil—I feel Dylan Thomas would have approved of it as a medium. That means much to me. And the graver brings out of the wood the finest nuances—all the intimate textures—the snow, the wind, the frostbitten skin, the thick wool, the curling smoke, the drifting clouds."

New Directions, New York, published the trade edition and also a deluxe edition limited to one hundred copies in portfolio form for collectors at two hundred dollars each.


The final twenty-six chapters of the Book of Isaiah are among the richest in the Bible. Claus Westermann's commentary, while carrying the scholarly freight of comments regarding word definitions, comparative styles, and textual corruptions, enhances this richness by freeing us to hear the prophets speak for themselves.

Isaiah 40-55 (Deutero-Isaiah) speaks from Israel's exile in Babylon. Westermann holds before his reader the realization that the prophecy to Israel "that her warfare is ended, that her iniquity is pardoned," is a divine act certified for tomorrow as well as an interpretation of yesterday. The message is in the perfect tense, yet Israel still is captive. No matter, God has promised it. His people are to view it as done.

Friends, whose heritage comprehends souls such as Fox and Woolman who lived on God's promises as certain of achievement, should find spiritual muscle and bone in this prophet-in-exile. Yet the words easily slide by without catching on smooth spirits. Westermann resists this; his book ruffles the soul.

The treatment of chapters 56-66 is also provocative. Here, however, textual problems make heavy going for author and reader.

The translation is only adequate. Points addressed to German readers are mechanically rendered, as if translation were primarily a change of language rather than audience. This contrasts starkly with Westermann's translations from Hebrew, which are not addressed to Jews of the sixth century B.C.

This is an excellent book. Its rewards are restricted to students, but not to academics.

ELLIS RECE
Books in Brief
by Bess Lane

The Fantasy Worlds of Peter Stone and Other Fables. By Malcolm Boyd. Harper & Row, New York. 120 pages. $3.50

Malcolm Boyd speaks to the new generation in exploring the myths of American society. In his title story, he tells about Peter Stone, son of a Southern Baptist minister, who had learned never to question God’s wisdom. Then he was chosen to play the part of Jesus in a Hollywood spectacular. He now faces unlearning. The fables pertain to religion and politics, church services, business, and advertising.


Americans need to be reminded frequently that their greatest national blessing—the civil liberties spelled out in the Bill of Rights and in various court decisions—can be preserved only by continual resistance to attempts on the part of the government to silence its critics. That is the value of this brief and elementary, but chilling, account of one of the saddest episodes in the history of American freedom.


EAST BURLAP is an imaginary church but real to many who have had experience with the sacred cows portrayed in the word pictures of Richard Rinker. This book can bring revelations to any church that is able to open its doors and windows and let fresh air penetrate its murky corners and a clear light shine into its unexplored recesses.

The East Burlap Parables. By Richard N. Rinker. University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln. 169 pages. $1.95 Paperback

East Burlap is an imaginary church but real to many who have had experience with the sacred cows portrayed in the word pictures of Richard Rinker. This book can bring revelations to any church that is able to open its doors and windows and let fresh air penetrate its murky corners and a clear light shine into its unexplored recesses.


In this time of rapid change, if religion or any other source of human progress is to make a contribution to people or to society, it must change with the times.

Gustave H. Toddrank writes, “Christianity has not kept pace.... It is largely irrelevant to the current world situation.”

He says that this book was not one written for those who cling to the past but for those who are searching. There is new material in the book, some of it quite startling and all worth reading and pondering on.


Frank Boaz, the noted anthropologist, and many other specialists in the field made the claim that racial groups are statistically equal in potential power. Carleton Putnam and others theorize that the evidence collected shows clearly that in abstract reasoning power whites are superior to blacks and that this difference is not environmental, but genetic.

We think that the last word has not been uttered on this score and suggest that we continue to treat all men as brothers even though they may differ as brothers differ.

---

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Letters to the Editor

Integrated Housing

WHY AREN'T QUAKERS doing some dramatic brainstorming on the matter of integrated housing?

We could invest our lives, our bodies, our families, our Quakerism, to live in integrated housing in urban centers. Or we could draw black people out to a ring of suburban integrated communities, built by black construction companies, open to black business enterprises.

It will always be a case of them and us until we live side by side and go to church or meeting, school, and swimming pools together.

There are many obstacles and rationalizations for delay, but is there really any good reason why sincere Quaker brainstorming could not overcome them?

AMY WEBER
Bordentown, New Jersey

Natives of Alaska

THE ASSOCIATION of American Indian Affairs (432 Park Avenue South, New York 10016) has devoted a newsletter to the question of the land rights of the indigenous peoples of Alaska, sixty thousand Indians, Eskimos, and Aleuts—twenty percent of Alaska's population.

The issue involved is just compensation for some three hundred million acres of land that have or will be taken from them, and the granting of legal title to forty million acres, ten percent of the land that was once theirs.

This matter is urgent, as alternate proposals will come before the Congress in 1970. The Association urges passage of H. R. 14212 and the Senate Bill known as the APN version of the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Bill.

Interested persons should write to the Association of American Indian Affairs for their newsletter 75, Alaska: Deadline for Justice.

A. DAY BRADLEY
Hastings on Hudson, New York

Love, Brotherhood, and Pacifism

IN SEVERAL recent articles and lectures I have attacked “pacifism” as an unnecessary intellectual construct that limits our membership to the educated classes and have argued that we should do as earlier Friends did, and think in simple terms of love and brotherhood. I have also made the statement that it is possible under “bizarre” circumstances to imagine cases where killing can be recognized with love and brotherhood but that on the positive side these words say tremendously more than “pacifism.”

This assertion evidently bothers some Friends a lot, as letters to Friends Journal indicate. May I expatiate upon it?

The first and most self-evident case is euthanasia. From my days as a conscientious objector doing hospital work, I remember all too well instances where people were kept alive by artificial means, when they were suffering and were longing for death. I have seen the destruction of spirit that unremitting pain can bring. To me, mercy killing in such a case is a moral imperative. Probably most Friends would agree, unless they subscribe to the Schweitzer heresy that it's life as such that we revere, rather than the human soul.

However, if we admit the principle that it is the soul that matters over the body, we are admitting the principle in terms of which the horrors of the Inquisition were justified. The answer, of course, is that the first Christian principles are love and brotherhood, which would permit euthanasia but would not permit an Inquisition. These principles provide the focus in which all other principles find their place.

A more difficult set of problems revolves around all those “what if” questions pacifists are always being asked, the gist of which has to do with whether one has the right to make a pacifist decision not on one's own behalf, but on behalf of someone else. It's one thing to decide that one chooses to suffer rather than to cause suffering, another to make the same decision on behalf of a child, or another adult who may not share one's principles.

These problems are always wilfully hypothetical and unlikely, and pacifists usually dodge them on those grounds or by saying they'd have to wait until the problem arose and then see what they would do, and afterward try to decide if they had done right. But these questions ought not to be dodged; they possess legitimacy.

My view is that the decision to suffer rather than to cause suffering can only be made on one's own behalf—though it should be respected on behalf of another who one knows has also made it. In such cases one interposes oneself, lovingly and nonviolently if possible,
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"The power of ideals is incalculable. We see no power in a drop of water. But let it get into a crack in the rock and be turned to ice, and it splits the rock; turned into steam, it drives the pistons of the most powerful engines. Something has happened to it which makes active and effective the power that is latent in it."

—Albert Schweitzer
in Cuba. To my mind, the Castro revolution, perverted though it is by the violence that accompanied it, has produced a regime immensely the lesser evil to what it replaced. I think I would enough Christians had done so might have come out differently.

What pacifists do not like to face is the fact that our present status quo floats upon a sea of violence done to those at the bottom of the prosperity heap, and most pacifists are numbered among the beneficiaries of that violence.

Is passive and pacifist acceptance of the benefits of violence really very pacifist?

Why are pacifists horrified by the violent reactions of some elements in our social order to their environment?

How many of us have earned the right to oppose such violence by first having opposed the violence of the status quo?

A true sense of loving brotherhood would long since have awakened us to the desperate condition of people in the black ghettos who are now starting to turn to violence. One feels injustices done to one's brother whom one loves much more acutely than one feels injustices done to oneself.

Where is the commitment to radical social change that true brotherhood would long since have imposed upon the Religious Society of Friends?

Where is the Quaker involvement in revolutionary movements, not in terms of violence, but in the spirit of Christ, which is a spirit of openness, innocence, and love?

Where are the storefront meeting-houses in black neighborhoods, which such a commitment would have produced as a byproduct?

Pacifism is a middle-class and comfortable cult for most of us. True Christian love, true faithfulness to Christ's direct leadership, is most uncomfortable, not least in the way it requires us to confront our own dogmatisms.

R. W. TUCKER  
Philadelphia  

Morality of War

I know of no readable book that deals with the morality of war. I came across, in the Catholic Worker, a simple statement by Dorothy Day. According to her, the side which is aggrieved has the right to go to war if and when there is a grievance that negotiation cannot resolve. The war is then just, and a Christian is supposed to support the state. Once the conflict has started, the war becomes just for the unjust since the church cannot take away the natural right of defense.

On this basis, so-called moral theology has stuck the so-called Christian with any and all conflicts as moral.

I think few understand this; more will not do so until this sort of information is available in multiple copies in small pamphlets. I have been unable to smoke out any refutation that this simple account is the basis by which most of our denominations have supported war. If this is correct, then we have been had.

Thomas Merton, in Seeds of Destruction, talks about the desperate need to restructure society. I think the Society of Friends can help. For, in the democratic sense of not having a highly structured organization, there is room for voices from the people to be heard.

I am sad that more do not follow the way of Friends.

HOWARD ROGERS  
The Dalles, Oregon  

Ways to Peace

THE GOAL of the United States should not be "victory" in this or that war, but an end to all war. The United States, as a supposedly moral nation, should take the lead in showing the world the way to peace. For if we obtain only a "pax Americana" in Vietnam are there not sure to be other Vietnams?

Let the United States press for the revision and strengthening of the United Nations into a democratic, limited, federal world government to provide the machinery to settle conflicts between the nations without violence.

A friend writes me that "marches will never bring peace." Of course marches alone will not, but the peace activist must witness to his belief in the world's desperate need for peace by doing many things: Joining and contributing to peace organizations, writing articles and letters, leafleting, vigiling and withholding taxes, marching, demonstrating, and so on.

Perhaps no single act accomplishes much, but enough acts, nonviolently and prayerfully undertaken, by enough people, surely will have an effect. "Progress is not automatic," and peace must be worked for.

In the last analysis, it comes down to one's religion. As I like to consider myself a follower of Jesus, I was impressed by a passage from the writing of Maurice McCrackin:

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“What would Jesus want me to do in relation to war? If I can honestly say that Jesus would support conscription, throw a hand grenade, or with a flame thrower drive men out of caves, if I believe he would release the bomb over Hiroshima, then I have the right to do such things . . . But if I believe Jesus would do none of these things, I have no choice but to refuse, at whatever cost, to support war.”

FRANCES EVANS LAYER
Vacation Village, Florida

Request for Help
LASZLONE BUDAI, a former secretary and interpreter for the American Friends Service Committee relief team in Hungary at the end of the second World War and a member of Wider Quaker Fellowship, has sent me an urgent request. Her brother, Iszlay Laszlo Delerii, who lives in Rumania, has three sons, aged sixteen, fourteen, and twelve years. The middle child’s brain was damaged when he was an infant. Iszlay Delerii has always had a weak heart and it has been difficult to earn a living for his family. Now he is too ill to work at all. Laszlo Budai sends assistance from Hungary, but more is needed.

I have sent twenty dollars at Christmas, 1969, and expect to send a similar amount in each quarter of 1970. Are there other Friends who would like to give twenty dollars one or more times this year? If so, I will undertake to coordinate the support given, hoping to send sixty dollars each quarter. Checks may be made to Herbert M. Hadley and sent to me in care of Friends World Committee, 152-A North Fifteenth Street, Philadelphia 19102. No tax deduction; only human compassion!

HERBERT M. HADLEY
Philadelphia

The Whole and Its Parts
DURING the height of the resort season, our meeting for worship at the Mohonk Mountain House is visited by a goodly number of deeply spiritual guests of varying backgrounds and religions. It frequently leads to meetings in which the air is electric with inspiration.

On the first Sunday of the fall season we were down to our small nucleus of faithful attenders, and I found myself wondering how much I had withheld during the season of plenty. I frequently had hesitated to share my thoughts, knowing that others would speak better, and with more wisdom. More important, perhaps, on some occasions I withheld my spiritual support by maintaining myself in a state of expectation—who would speak next, and what would he have to say?—instead of in a state of meditation, in which I would be contributing to the overall concentration and unity of the meeting.

Perhaps that is why religion sometimes is called a crutch for the weak. We expect others to do our spiritual setting-up exercises for us, and deliver the results in sugar-coated sermonettes (please keep them short, lest our thoughts wander) each First-day. But let’s have a variety of subjects, too, because it could be a very dull morning if we were not interested in the one chosen.

Is not this what makes Friends’ worship different?—the feeling that when we reach the core of meditation, every message is a part of us, and is partly formed by us? Isn’t there the remote possibility that by maintaining our own integrity of meditation we are contributing more fully to the sense of the meeting, so that we are all part of the whole, and the whole is in each of us? If this is so, is wisdom or facility of articulation more important than dedicated participation in a meeting of any size?

VIRGINIA V. SMILEY
New Paltz, New York

The Organisation of Friends
I USED TO THINK George Fox a very clever fellow to organise us in First-day, Monthly, Quarterly, and Yearly Meetings because this was the best way of binding the Society together in days when roads were all but impassible and communities were scattered.

Then I discovered that George Fox had visited Scotland and that his was the organisation of the Presbyterian Church from its foundation in the 1560’s until late in the 1600’s.

And then occurred the thought that the Scots had lifted the idea from the witchcraft cult of the Middle Ages—a notion that you will not find in any reputable history of either the Society of Friends or the Church of Scotland.

Friends do not like the concept but this is the way human societies develop, in England at least, where we preserve the form and alter the content of our institutions.

In any case, does not Le Bon Père bring good out of evil?

ROTHWELL BISHOP
Slough, Buckinghamshire, England

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THE 1970 GENERAL CONFERENCE for Friends, June 22 to 27 in Ocean Grove, New Jersey, (on the Atlantic Ocean about a hundred miles north of Cape May) will use for its focus a familiar quotation from the Journal of George Fox: “You will say, Christ saith this, and the apostles say this; but what canst thou say? Art thou a child of Light and hast [thou] walked in the Light, and what thou speakest, is it inwardly from God?”

The assembly, open to Friends and attenders, will include traditional “Cape May Conference” features and innovations. Planned for the five evening programs are speakers, meaningful entertainment, and a panel, “Coffeehouses” will follow the evening program in the auditorium.

Early morning worship-sharing groups and meetings for worship will include adults and young Friends. Lectures, panels, workshops, and discussion-interest groups are planned for the late morning and late afternoon.

The Junior Conference will be under the coordination of Joseph Vlaskamp, former assistant secretary of FOC. The Senior Conference (for those entering tenth, eleventh, and twelfth grades next autumn) will be under the direction of Dale Miller of George School. College-age young Friends will have inexpensive accommodations and meals on a self-help basis. Geoffrey Kaiser is coordinator.

Information on housing and camping is available from the Conference Office, 1520 Race Street, Philadelphia 19102. Ocean Grove has ample hotels and rooming houses at low rates and, like Cape May, has excellent bathing facilities.

Meeting on Indian Affairs

BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS will welcome the annual meeting of the Associated Executive Committee of Friends on Indian Affairs at its one hundred-first session, which will be held May 1 through 3. Sessions will be held in the Homewood Meetinghouse, 3107 North Charles Street, Baltimore 21218. Reservations for hospitality will be received by Mrs. John P. Stewart, 1101 McHenry Drive, Glen Burnie, Maryland 21061 or by Oscar E. Bonny, executive secretary of the Meeting, at the meetinghouse address.

All who are interested in the work of Friends with Indians in Oklahoma are encouraged to attend, as well as representatives from Yearly Meetings.

Town Meetings in a Psychiatric Setting

by Ada Rose

THE AUDITORIUM at Friends Hospital is almost filled, as more than a hundred people gather for a session that has come to be called the town meeting. It is held every two weeks to promote communication among all those connected with the hospital program. Each patient soon after his admission to the hospital gets a printed invitation, which describes the gatherings as “open discussion between patients and staff” and says that “small gripes and big problems have been brought up at town meetings.”

As the town meeting convenes, the attenders do not sit in segregated groups, and there is no taking of the roll. People come and go, but almost all stay for the entire meeting. Nearly all have the feeling of belonging there. A surly expression indicates a chip on the shoulder. Fine; that’s one of the reasons for the meeting.

The only rule is that only one person speaks at a time. For the first few minutes the meeting may be fairly quiet. The privilege of being first to bring up a problem usually is accorded to patients, and the initial topic tends to focus on some minor detail. A woman from one of the “getting better” halls may rise and state that she has been wondering why there couldn’t be some hair dryers in her section—or, would it be possible to get the piano in the sitting room tuned?

The chairman of the town meeting is one of several staff members who have had group-work experience but is not closely identified with the hospital administration. As topics are introduced, the chairman acknowledges each inquiry, and response is called for from the housekeeper, the nursing staff, the business manager, or a member of whatever department assumes responsibility for the matter which has been brought up.

The request for hair dryers is reasonable; the piano will indeed be tuned. Complicated or expensive ideas are discussed—sometimes at length—and then referred to administrative staff; a report will be brought back to the earliest possible future meeting.

It is made clear, by everyone’s attitude, that the town meeting is not a decision-making body; it is a forum where anyone associated with the hospital may bring up any subject that appears to need clarification through communication with others within the hospital environment.
It is understood that the purpose of the meeting is to help the hospital in its effort to help the patients; there are to be no recriminations for disclosures that may prove embarrassing to patients or personnel. Anything may happen. Do nurses have a right to search patients for drugs, or are a patient's civil rights denied if he is searched? This topic calls for a lively discussion and proves especially interesting to several younger patients. In the discussion, the staff members show no tendency to lay down the law; however, in this discussion, it is pointed out that civil rights in a hospital cannot be identified with civil rights on the streets.

The meeting has now warmed up. Hands are raised. The chairman points to a patient who is especially anxious to speak. What about the closed halls—the locked areas where patients sometimes are taken in order to protect themselves and others?

The patient feels that some nurses and aides employ the possibility of using a locked hall as a threat. The complaint may not be valid. Disturbed minds often feel threatened, even when no threat is intended. On the other hand, no body of personnel is made up of perfect people, and perhaps someone has been using the closed hall as the lever for bringing patients in line. A nurse replies to the patient's inquiry by saying that sometimes a doctor orders the nurses to remind certain patients that it may be necessary for them to be moved to closed halls if their condition requires surveillance.

This statement calls for some detailed remarks about the needs of psychiatric patients at various stages of their treatment. A doctor speaks to the topic. The matter is not resolved to everyone's satisfaction, but it does finally seem clear that at Friends Hospital all possible privileges are granted to patients and no indignity is ever intended when privileges must temporarily be withheld. A statement is made, however, that personnel will be reminded again that locked halls never are intended as punitive places.

The town meetings are a difficult means of adapting the hospital program to modern concepts of self-determination. A psychiatric hospital, like other social institutions, is caught up by the zeitgeist, the spirit of the times. In this era, when self-determination appears to be a vital need of social entities, psychiatric facilities are subject to the same pressures for change that are manifest in schools, service agencies, business, and even in home environments.

Friends Hospital, founded by Quakers in 1813, has a long history of leading the way in concerned care of the mentally ill. The original concept of the hospital was a pioneer step in changing attitudes, under which disturbed people had been cruelly restrained and treated with measures that were more punitive than curative. The "benign revolution" that prompted the Quakers' work at the York Retreat in England, and then at Friends Hospital in Philadelphia, has gained momentum in the years since the early nineteenth century, and the principle of concerned treatment of the mentally ill has become rather well established.

As further developments have been made in the professional areas of psychiatry or in mental hospitals as part of the whole social structure, Friends Hospital has continued its response to that of God in everyone, including an individual who is disturbed. The town meetings, not unique to Friends, are a part of this response, made manifest by the presence of members of the medical and administrative staffs, patients, and those whose jobs bring them into contact with patients.

The town meetings have been organized under the leadership of Dr. William Camp, superintendent, who recognizes that great confidence in the hospital on the part of patients is required if such a forum is to serve its purpose. On the part of personnel, the success of the meetings depends also on disciplined responses. Having the large meetings—instead of smaller, representative gatherings—is a hard way to establish the desired communication between the hospital and those in its care, but it is perhaps the best way of making clear that the discussions are truly open to all.

In recent months, some of the items discussed and resolved at the meetings are new reading lamps for patients' rooms; new pay telephones for patients' use; long mirrors in women's halls; suggestion boxes in all the halls; and an extension of hours of snack bars. The age limits of children visiting the patients have been removed. Women patients are welcomed on softball teams, along with the men. Men and women patients who eat in the cafeteria are encouraged to eat together if they wish. A pool table was installed. A patient-staff committee was appointed to make tentative selections of movies to be shown in the auditorium.

The meetings are planned as one-hour sessions. As the hour draws near, it becomes apparent that patients and personnel alike are ready to postpone further discourse.

The accomplishments credited to the meetings would seem to be benefits accruing mostly to patients. Friends Hospital, as a service agency, however, gains more than any individual gains from the establishment of reasonable communication within its environment. The meetings bring about changes that patients call for and sometimes provide an important part of the remedial treatment. Group therapy sessions are made up of small units, supervised by members of the medical staff; the town meetings are more concerned with hospital routines in general.

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Having a hair dryer provided for a patient makes her life easier and a bit more pleasant, but the important factor is that she may ask about it. She has been disturbed to a point where she has been removed from society for a while, but she is still a person, encouraged to speak up. This is not only a manifestation of the zeitgeist, which calls for more self-determination within social groups; this is Quakerism in operation.

(Ada Rose, a member of Moorestown Meeting, has been doing volunteer work at Friends Hospital for the past six years, mostly in preparation of the annual report and other publications. Her report on town meetings at the hospital is made from a layman's viewpoint and is of interest to Friends because the meetings are a manifestation of ways by which Friends Hospital is kept up to date; benefits of the town meetings from a psychiatrist's viewpoint would be another kind of paper. Friends Hospital is at Roosevelt Boulevard and Adams Avenue, Philadelphia.)

News from Scotland

Scottish Friends publish a seventeen-page newsletter that started during the second World War as a four-page printed quarterly. From the Spring 1969 number, we excerpt the following items:

Border meeting for worship, bringing Scottish and English Friends together, continue to be held. The fellowship is appreciated although the numbers (six to ten) are small. These meetings are similar to those held on the Continent, notably between Germany and the Scandinavian countries and between France and Spain or France, Belgium, and Germany.

Glasgow Meeting held a Quaker-Humanist Dialogue, adjudged a success qualitatively as well as quantitatively. A Quaker speaker gave his view of Humanism and vice-versa. The Friends present were surprised at how strongly the Humanists felt they must attack the established churches. They had difficulty in conveying that Quakers do not make a distinction between spiritual and material in the human condition.

However, common ground was found in an open-minded approach to problems and questions, an attitude of experimentation and the value of experience.

Glasgow Young Friends were totally responsible for meeting for worship on two occasions. On one of these, there was an opening program of music, then a Bible reading juxtaposed to newspaper items, in an attempt to relate past insights to present realities.

There were four hundred ninety-eight Friends in Scotland in 1968. In 1935, the membership totalled three hundred fifty-seven; in 1955, there were four hundred three.

Pithy Scottish Comments on London Yearly Meeting—"Must we say 'London' when speaking amongst ourselves of our Yearly Meeting?"—and allied topics deserve to be appreciated on this side of the Atlantic as well. William Marwick, editor of the Scottish Friends Newsletter, and the contributors to its Summer, 1969, number are to be congratulated on their terse, appendix reportage.

There is, for instance, the Yearly Meeting Sunday session "when our testimony concerning simplicity was considered. . . . what was said by many of those called on to speak left some Friends with a feeling of disappointment. At times it appeared that the Society was well pleased with itself."

And then there is "Dissembly '69."

"For a long time a number of the more radical members of the Church of Scotland have felt that the General Assembly gave an altogether inadequate expression to new directions in faith and practice. This year their dissatisfaction reached its logical outcome in a rival meeting timed to coincide with the services in the living room.

The report continues by outlining the three issues of greatest interest considered by the "Dissembly." Of the first of these it states: "Several ministers present had profound doubts about the role of the 'paid ministry.' They were nearing the point—very costly to themselves—of leaving it. Paul the Apostle, we were reminded, was also Paul the tent maker.

Much distress was expressed about the fact that church fabric funds took more from congregational pockets than did Christian aid. Does the Church need buildings at all? What's wrong with services in the living room?"

The second issue was how to help the third world effectively; the third was long term thinking in husbanding the world's resources. "In Edinburgh, short-term saving on the rates means that we dump our sewage in the Forth. As things stand, nothing but short-term expedients are ever presented to us by people with power and real influence." (What a familiar ring that has!)
Friends, Indians, and the Black Manifesto

ROBERT L. HAINES, Chairman of the Indian Committee, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, has expressed in a letter some "thoughts concerning the Black Manifesto, Friends and Indians."

"If we are to consider our actions in relation to the Black People on the basis of past as well as present inequities between majority and minority groups," he writes, "then the American Indian is in a position to make demands far in excess of the Black man." Although we did not enslave the Indians, it is important to us that we as Friends did try "conscientiously and with misplaced good intentions" to "indoctrinate them with our idea of civilization, thereby partially destroying their cultural and spiritual identity." It is still more important, in these days of the pollution problem, that we are indebted to the American Indian for potential values we have not yet adopted, absorbed, or learned to put into practice: Their habit of sharing, their concept of hospitality, their spiritual approach toward all living things, particularly generations yet unborn.

He concludes with the plea that

Friends (in the words of Ray Fadder, a Mohawk) "not walk blindly among the dark peoples of the world" when considering the Black Manifesto, but act "from a sense of the dignity of man."

The Pursuit of Justice

SPEAKING ON BEHALF of Friends Committee on National Legislation before a subcommittee of the House Committee on the Judiciary regarding "preventive detention," George E. Sawyer, an attorney and Friend from Indianapolis, pleaded for recognition of the dangers to our liberty and system of justice inherent in H. R. 12806.

He emphasized that arming a judicial officer in a criminal case with the words "substantial probability" did violence to our concept of criminal law. He felt that application of the clause "to the extent practicable" to the giving of an "expedited trial" violates the guarantee of a speedy trial. He said that to invoke a judicial proceeding to determine whether a person should be deprived of his liberty nullifies constitutional guarantees that protect the rights of the accused. He reminded the subcommittee of the provision in the Eighth Amendment that excessive bail shall not be required as safeguarding the right to give bail at least before trial.

"We must not allow ourselves," he said, "to be consumed by the cry for 'law and order,' ignore our Constitution, and plunge into the awful chasm of the era of the Concentration Camps." He cited "poverty and being Black in a White Racist society" as the underlying causes of crime and asked that legislation be introduced "that would supplement income and guarantee all citizens an income on which they could live and raise their family."

Those American Quakers

THE FOLLOWING ITEM appears on the title page of De Vriendenkring, journal of the Religious Society of Friends in the Netherlands, for October, 1969:

"The sect of Quakers in America cherishes a strong aversion to all worldly diversions. A few days ago the appalling news was reported to the Council of this sect that one of the brothers had been practising on a bicycle. The tool of corruption was confiscated and demolished 'by the axe.'"

This paragraph is quoted from the Daily News of Leiden, dated September 3, 1869.

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At the Receiving End of Shipments to Refugees

by Margaret Tesdell

IN THE EARLY CHILL of a First-day morning, we drove into Cairo to a palace that now houses offices and the Social Affairs Ministry. There a pleasant young man, who kept his prayer beads in motion between his fingers at all times, met us. He had a comfortable automobile waiting for us.

The trip from Cairo to the Fayoum Oasis took us about an hour of fast traveling south through sandy desert. Nearing Fayoum, the traffic thickened with shepherds and their flocks and farmers with donkeys, camels, goats, horses, and carts.

The road wound among farms and villages. In the distance were palms. In the foreground the lush, colorful, sun-washed oasis life throbbed in contrast to the sand wasteland we had just crossed.

At a turn in the road, a UNICEF microbus and driver awaited us. Following it, we went down a walled street to a community center, where the efforts of the ministries of health, agriculture, education, and social affairs are represented. As we stopped at our destination, we saw that people were waiting unobtrusively and quietly. They had expected more guests to represent the Ecumenical Council of Cairo, but we were the only ones to arrive on behalf of this distribution of clothing sent by American Friends Service Committee for evacuees and refugees.

On entering the well-swept courtyard through a gateway in the wall, we noted gardens, play areas, and a room containing cardboard boxes, a long table, and chairs.

We were welcomed graciously by the director of social affairs of the Governorate of Fayoum (which has a population of one million) and the director of the center and his staff, among which was a pretty, young photographer, chic in scarlet suit. Only when she persisted in taking picture after picture did I realize that we were a focus in the formal ceremony featuring refugees and evacuees who were receiving AFSC clothing; the Social Affairs Ministry, which was distributing the clothing; the Ecumenical Council in Cairo, which had received the clothing; and the AFSC, which had sent the shipment of clothing from the United States and Canada.

After tea and conversation, which fulfilled the niceties of social exchange, in the director’s office, we were taken to the scene of the distribution and ushered to seats at the table. We faced twenty persons, each representing his or her family, sitting in the twenty-one chairs in the center of the room.

After a short speech by the local director, we stood up as a box was handed across the table, one to a family. The recipient arose, approached the table, shook my hand, my husband, Loren’s, and those of the administrators, exchanged an identification card for a box of clothing, touched his heart with his hand in token of appreciation, and spoke a greeting and a thank you. Some kissed our extended hands.

In only a few minutes the boxes were given out. A woman all in black hurried in at the end of the proceedings and took the twenty-first chair, where she received her box, the last one given at this time.

I could not have singled out from the general population the people here identified as displaced persons. I wondered how and why each had arrived at this place—homeless and dependent on the Ministry of Social Affairs for means of living in this time of emergency. What disruptions in their lives have made them evacuees or refugees, so that instead of shopkeepers or workers in Suez or Gaza, they are now listed on diagrams of the ministry as productive or nonproductive occupants of this or that temporary relief housing? What is in store for them?

We were shown one-room homes in a converted school. In one, a middle-aged couple from Suez were making lampshades to sell. One young mother of two young children volunteered the information that two are enough family.

Asked what we would like to see, we expressed interest in a social center. There we were entertained in the office of its young woman director. After some discussion about the work of the center, we were taken on a tour of sewing shops, handicrafts for handicapped, and a nursery for children of working mothers.

We were told that there is a clinic for mothers and children and family plan-
Vacation in Florida

In a charming old house in a neighboring village near Mount Dora, Florida. Rooms with or without kitchens. Everything furnished, including fruit from our groves. Rates reasonable. For more information write OAKLAWN, E. KING, Box 165, ZELLWOOD, FLORIDA 32794.

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of the clamorous world.
A shred of silence
lives within you. -
Listen, listen.

BEATRICE MILLER
February 15, 1970 FRIENDS JOURNAL
What They Don't Know

THE POOR are largely unaware of Federal food programs, and few officials consider it part of their job to seek out people who might need their services. Thus Federal food programs reach fewer than half of those who need them.

This is a major finding of CRASH (Call to Research and Act to Stop Hunger), an American Friends Service Committee project designed and operated by young people. Interviews in fifteen states also revealed that regulations make it difficult even for well-informed poor people to use the programs.

Until a guaranteed adequate income program is developed, several improvements should be made in existing programs, according to the CRASH report, which has been sent to top government officials. Food stamps should be free for those with no cash income. Purchase of the stamps in smaller units should be allowed, and stamps should be valid for the purchase of soap and necessary paper articles as well as food. The Federal commodity program should provide supplies acceptable to various ethnic groups and make them more readily available. Guidelines against discrimination in the lunch programs should be enforced, and state matching funds should be appropriated.

Quaker Leadership Grants

THE CLEMENT and Grace Biddle Foundation of New York provides an annual sum of money to assist Friends who need encouragement to prepare themselves more fully, by special studies or other broadening activity, to serve the Society. Applications must be in hand by March 10 for grants to be made this year. For details, address: Quaker Leadership Grants, Friends World Committee, 152-A North Fifteenth Street, Philadelphia.

Kill, Quakers, Kill!

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE sports news release on the reactivated squad of cheerleaders for football games reproduces the following yell:

Smash 'em, bash 'em, crash 'em,
Quakers
Grind 'em in the mud!
Shake 'em, break 'em, quake 'em,
Garnet,
We want blood!

It continues: "This lively collection of seven girls and four boys hope to intensify the team spirit. . . . (They) are hopeful that their chants will provoke an enthusiastic response during home games."

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, social 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 12-11 and 12-24 insertions within a year. A Friends Journal box number counts as three words. Address Classified Department, Friends Journal, 152-North Fifteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19102.

Positions Vacant

IS THERE A FRIEND ANYWHERE—mature woman, experienced in good health—who would like a live-in job at New England Friends Home (retirement home) assisting the Director? Applicants should be willing to take responsibility and do, some light work, cooking, etc. Also enjoy fellowship with older people. Write or visit Wade Mackie, New England Friends Home, Turkey Hill Lane, Ringham, Massachusetts 01964.

QUALIFIED FRIEND to direct two-year-old Friends residential camping for the elderly. 140 members, in Maryland countryside between Baltimore and Washington. Overall responsibility for finances, management, construction, and welfare of residents. Ursuline Quaker trustees. Apply with statement of training and experience, business and personal references to: Chairman of Personnel, Friends House, 17461 Norwood Road, Sandy Spring, Maryland 20866.


OPPORTUNITY—OPENING FOR COUPLE at Friends boarding home. General maintenance work for man; part time work for woman as assistant cook, practical nursing help, cleaning, and so on. Comfortable apartment available in addition to salary. Friendly atmosphere. Write to Friends Home, Box 262, Newport, Pennsylvania 18940.

CONCERNED PERSON wanted as live-in resident manager at small half-way house for women. Salary generous. Convenient to Friends meetinghouse. New York City suburb. For details write Mrs. H. Gordon, P. O. Box 41, North Station, White Plains, New York 10603, or telephone collect, after 6:30 p.m., 914-491-2797.

DIRECTOR FOR WESTURY FRIENDS SCHOOL. (18 students, nursery through third grade). Experience supervising and teaching at early childhood level desirable. Friend or someone familiar with and sympathetic to Friends' beliefs preferred. Salary: $8,500 per year. For further information, write E. Hicks, 61 Dexter Avenue, Westbury, New York 11159.

TEACHERS and other staff for innovative black-American school, integrated, coeducational, non-sectarian, private, suburban Philadelphia. Salary: $5,500. Experience and qualifications required. Write: Friends School, 1 Rose Avenue, Jenkintown, Pennsylvania 19046.

SUMMARY

FRIENDS JOURNAL February 15, 1970
MEETING ANNOUNCEMENTS

Arizona

FLAGSTAFF—Unprogrammed meeting. 11 a.m., 408 S. Humphreys near campus. Mary J. Minor, Clerk, 2114 N. Navaajo Dr., 774-3796.

PHOENIX—Sundays: 9:45 a.m., adult study; 11 a.m., meeting for worship and First-day School. 17th Street and Glendale Avenue, Cleo Cox, Clerk, 4728 North 24th Place, Phoenix.

TUCSON—Friends Meeting, 129 N. Warren: Sunday School, 10 a.m.; meeting (semi-programmed) 11 a.m. Clerk, Harry Prervo, 297-0594.

TUCSON—Pima Friends Meeting (Pacific Yearly Meeting), 739 E. 5th Street, Worship, 10:00 a.m., Arline Hosen, Clerk, 1585 W. Greenlee St., 887-3050.

California

BERKELEY—Unprogrammed meeting. First-days 11 a.m., 2515 Vine St., 943-9725.

CLAREMONT—Meeting for worship 9:30 a.m. Discussion 11:00 a.m. Classes for children. Clerk: Martha Dart, 421 West 6th Street, Claremont 31711.

COSTA MESA—Orange County Friends Meeting, Rancho Mesa Pre-school, 15th and Orange. Meeting for worship, 10:00 a.m. Call 548-8002 or 833-0261.

FRESNO—Meetings 2nd, 3rd & 4th Sundays, 10 a.m., 847 Waterman St. We will only have potluck on second First-day in the month.

HAYWARD—Worship group meets 11 a.m., First-days in attendance at home. Call 882-3632.

LA Jolla—Meeting, 11 a.m., 7380 Eads Ave. Visitors call 296-2204 or 454-7459.

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

MONTEREY PENINSULA—Friends Meeting for worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m., 1057 Mescal Ave., Seaside. Call 384-5178 or 375-7477.

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

PASADENA—526 E. Orange Grove (at Oakland). Meeting for worship, Sunday, 10:00 a.m., 114 W. Vine. Clerk, 792-3238.

SACRAMENTO—2620 21st St. Meeting for worship Sunday, 10 a.m.; discussion 11 a.m.; Clerk, 455-6531.

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

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

SAN JOSE—Meeting, 11 a.m.; children’s and adults’ classes at home. Call 10:00 a.m. 1041 More Street.

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

SANTA BARBARA—400 Santa Barbara St. (Neighborhood House), 10 a.m. Enter from De La Guerra. Go to extreme rear.

SANTA CRUZ—Meeting for worship, Sundays, 11:00 a.m. discussion at 10:00 a.m. 323 Walnut St.

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


Colorado

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

DENVER—Mountain View Friends Meeting, worship 10 a.m. to 11 a.m. at Forum 11 to 11:22, 2260 South Colombine Street. Phone 722-4125.

Connecticut

HARTFORD—Meeting and First School, 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m., 144 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford. Phone 232-3631.

NEW HAVEN—Meeting, 9:45 a.m. Conn. Hall, Yale Old Campus. Phone 776-5554.

NEW LONDON—Mitchell College Library, Pequot Ave. Meeting for worship at 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m. Clerk, Hobart Mitchell, RDF 1, Norwich 06360. Phone 889-1924.

NEWTOWN—Meeting and First School, 11 a.m., Newbrough Junior High School.

STAMFORD-GREENWICH—Meeting for worship and First School, 10 a.m. Westover and Roxbury Roads. Janet Jones, Phone: Area Code 203 637-4428.

WATERTOWN—Meeting 9:30 a.m. Watertown Library. Phone 744-2038.

WILTON—First School 10:30. Meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m., 317 New Canaan Road, Wilton, Conn. Phone 729-9451.

Delaware

CAMEO—2 miles south of Dover. Meeting and First School 10:45 a.m.

HOCKESSIN—North Friends Meeting, 10 a.m., 144 N. Warren: Discourse 11 a.m., 144 Warren: Adult study 10 to 11 a.m., 115 a.m., 317 New Canaan Road, Wilton, Conn. Phone 729-9451.

District of Columbia

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

Florida

CLEARWATER—Meeting 10:30 a.m., Y.W.C.A., 222 S. Lincoln Ave. Phone 584-7451.

DAYTONA BEACH—Sunday, 10:30 a.m. 201 Sam Juan Avenue. Phone 253-8890.

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

JACKSONVILLE—Meeting 10 a.m., Y.W.C.A. Phone contact 389-4345.

MIAMI—Meeting for worship at Sunset and Coral Gables, on the south Miami bus line, 11 a.m.; First-day School, 11:10 a.m.

ORLANDO—Meeting 10:30 a.m., 316 E. Marks St. Orlando. Phone 241-4601.

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

SARASOTA—Meeting, 11 a.m., College Hall, New College campus. First-day School and adult discussion, 10 a.m. Phone 956-3293.

S. PETERSBURG—Meeting 11 a.m. 130 19th Avenue, S. E.

Georgia

ATLANTA—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10 a.m., 1348 Fayette Rd. N.E., Atlanta 6. Noyes Collinson, Clerk, 395-8761.
DUNNINGS CREEK—At Fishertown, 10 miles north of Bedford; First-day School, 9:30 a.m.; meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m.

FALLS—Main St., Fallsington, Bucks County. First-day School, 10 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m. No First-day School on first First-day of each month, 8 months of the year; meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Remodeled manor home of William Penn.

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

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

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

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

LANCASTER—Off U.S. 340, back of Wheatland Shopping Center, 1/2 mile west of Lancaster. Meeting and First-day School, 10 a.m.

LANSDOWNE—Lansdowne and Stewart Aves. Meeting for worship 11 a.m. First-day School and Adult Discussion 10 a.m.

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


Lancaster—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Clerk, John Sharpless, 861-4353.

LEWISBURG—First-day School, 10 a.m. Meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m. Phone 546-6205.

LINDENWOLD—Auditorium, 221 S. Broadway, Lindenwald, Pa. Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m. Phone 221-0868.

LOOMIS—Meeting, 513 Main St., Loomis. Meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m. Phone 929-3458.
McLEAN—Langley Hall Meeting, Sunday, 10:30 a.m. Junction Old Route 123 and Route 193.

RICHMOND—First-Door School, 9:45 a.m., meeting 11 a.m., 4500 Kensington Ave. Phone 395-0697.

ROANOKE—Blacksburg—Meeting for worship 1st and 3rd Sundays of month, 11 a.m., Wesley Foundation Bldg., Blacksburg, 2nd and 4th Sunday, 10 a.m. Phone: Roanoke 349-6769.

Washington

SEATTLE—University Friends Meeting, 4001 9th Avenue, N.E., Worship, 10 a.m.; discussion period and first-day School, 11 a.m. Telephone 767-0388.

Wisconsin

BELoit—See Rockford, Illinois.

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

MILWAUKEE—Sunday, 10 a.m.; meeting and first-day School, 9:07 N. 15th Street, 7-1692.

Counseling Service

Family Relations Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting

For appointments call counselors or call Rachel Gross, W1-7855.

Christopher Nicholson, A.C.S.W., Philadelphia, Pa. 19144, call VI 4-7076 between 8 and 10 p.m.

Annemargret L. Osterkamp, A.C.S.W., 154 N. 15th St., Philadelphia, GE 8-2328 between 8 and 10 p.m.

Holland McSwain, Jr., A.C.S.W., CH 7-1602.

Ruth M. Schelbner, Ph.D., Ambler, Pa., call between 7 and 9 p.m. MI 6-3598.

Ross Roby, M.D., Howard Page Wood, M.D., consultants.

Coming Events

February

20-22—“Renewal”—A Search and a Celebration, Powell House, Old Chatham, New York 12136.

20-22—Senior High Conference, led by Bob and Betty Bacon, Powell House.


March

1—“Can Persons Be Rehabilitated in the Community?” Panel discussion. 3 P.M., Frankford Friends Meetinghouse, Unity and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia.


13-15—Western Yearly Meeting, Union Street Meetinghouse, Kokomo, Indiana. Write to Lowell E. Mills, 6325 Mills Road, Indianapolis 46241.

17-19—United Nations Seminar to acquaint Friends with the work of the U.N. and the Quaker U. N. Program. Registration, two dollars. Scholarship assistance and economical YMCA housing available. Friends may come to Philadelphia as guests of Friends World Committee and stay at the homes of Friends in that area on March 19. Before February 20, write to: Friends World Committee, 201 South East St., Plainfield, Indiana 46168.

24—“King: A Filmed Record... Montgomery to Memphis,” to be shown in theaters throughout the United States for the benefit of Southern Christian Leadership Conference, to continue the work begun by Martin Luther King, Jr. Tickets, five dollars, from local support committees.

Announcements

Adoption

WETHERILL—On December 29, a son, STEVEN JAMES WETHERILL, aged six months, by John M. and Eleanor L. Wetherill. His parents are members of Chester Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania. His maternal grandparents, Stanley and Marjorie Stratton, are members of Middleton Monthly Meeting, Columbus, Ohio.

Marriage

LANIER-BERTSCHE—On December 27, in Augusta Meetinghouse, Georgiana, Virginia, BERTSCHE, daughter of Faith and Edwin Bertheatsch, and WILMER DEAN LANIER, Jr., son of Wilmer and Martha Lanier. The bride and her parents are members of Augusta Monthly Meetings.

MCCULLOUGH—On December 27, in Somerville, New Jersey, JANICE IRENE LARIVEE, daughter of Paul Andri and Rauha Hanilla Larivee, of Somerville, and KENNETH SCOTT MARSHALL, son of Russell Timmons and Lillian Michener Marshall, of Poughkeepsie, New York. The bridegroom and his mother are members of Plainfield Monthly Meeting, New Jersey.

MCKEE-TOMPKINS—On December 27, in Purchase Meetinghouse, New York, DEREK TOMPKINS, daughter of Howard and Betsy Tompkins, and RICHARD MEADOW, son of Henry and Mary Meadow. The bride is a member of Swarthmore Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania.

PLATT-OSBORNE—On August 2, HELEN M. OSBORNE, of Newton Friends Meeting, and DAVID SELLERS PLATT, son of Joseph and Edith Platt. Both are teaching in Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania.

WILHELM-KANWIT—On November 26, in Poughkeepsie, New York, MARTHA KANWIT and RICHARD MEADOW. The bride is a member of Poughkeepsie Monthly Meeting.

Deaths

REACOck—On December 26, in Staple Hall, Philadelphia, PRISCILLA WALKER HEACOCK, daughter of the late Joseph and Elizabeth Walker Heacock, of Abington Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania. She is survived by a sister, Esther Hallowell Heacock.

FURNIS—On January 3, in Waynesville, Ohio, LAURENCE W. FURNIS, aged 78, a birthright member of Miami Monthly Meeting, Waynesville, Ohio, and for fourteen years clerk of Miami Yearly Meeting. He is survived by his widow, Altha Bailey Furnis, two sons, Willard and Richard, and two grandsons.

PASSMORE—On December 20, in Philadelphia, ARTHUR IGNATIUS PASSMORE, aged 70, a member of Goshen Monthly Meeting, Goshenville, Pennsylvania. He is survived by a daughter, Margaret P. Trickey, and two grandchildren, members of Frankford Monthly Meeting, Philadelphia, and a sister, Helen Passmore, a member of St. Petersburg Monthly Meeting, Florida, and formerly a member of Goshen Monthly Meeting.

SMITH—On December 31, in Chetwynd Nursing Home, West Newton, Massachusetts, CAROLINE VAIL SMITH, aged 90, a member of Story Run Monthly Meeting, Baltimore. She is survived by a son, William Vail Smith, of Acton, Massachusetts, and a daughter, Estelle S. Nauman, of Wilmington, Delaware; six grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

SPELMAN—On December 23, suddenly, after an accident, LESLIE PRATT SPELMAN, 3rd, aged 11, son of Leslie P. and Annette Spelman, all members of Central Philadelphia Monthly Meeting but attendees of La Jolla Monthly Meeting, California.

WICKES—On December 13, in Poughkeepsie, New York, GEORGE WICKES; aged 71, a member of Poughkeepsie Monthly Meeting. He is survived by a son, Charles, and a daughter, Gladys Knickerbocker; six grandchildren; and a great-grandson. For many years he was employed by Vassar College.

WILSON—On December 19, at Nampa, Idaho, MABEL E. WILSON, a member of Green Plain Monthly Meeting, Selma, Ohio. She is survived by a sister, Edith W. Hyslop, of Idaho.

ZIMMERMAN—On December 27, in Chestnut Hill Hospital, Pennsylvania, MARK LORENZO ZIMMERMAN, aged 22, a member of Gwynedd Monthly Meeting. Pennsylvania. He is survived by his parents, C. Edward and Blanche; a sister, Mary Edna Ott; and a brother, Paul.
An Unusual Investment Opportunity

The Friends School of the British Virgin Islands offers twenty to twenty-five vacation and retirement homesites as 99-year subleases on 150 acres of unspoiled pasture and forest land in the “Quaker Lease” at Long Bay, Virgin Gorda.

Three Unique Features:

(1) This is not a commercial venture, but a means to provide funds for building a truly integrated school, which the Territorial Government strongly supports. Projects sponsored by the School will provide much of the annual revenue for the School and give its students practical experience.

(2) These sites can never be crowded or overbuilt. Everything in sight (except offshore islands) belongs to the School or to a new National Forest of 500 acres. Most of the School land will remain farm and forest reserve. Its experimental farm will produce fresh vegetables, fruit, and poultry. This is one of the most beautiful areas in all the Virgin Islands. Swimming, snorkeling, and scuba diving are excellent.

(3) This investment should appreciate steadily in value. It will be a fabulous present to all your family—a facility which, when some sort of dwelling (even a tent) is ready, can be made to pay for itself through renting when you do not need it.

For details and pictures write

KENNETH B. WEBB, Plymouth Union, Vermont 05057
or
Smiths Gore, Roadtown, Tortola,
British Virgin Islands