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Announcements and Coming Events

The contributors to this issue:

Lloyd A. Berg is pastor of Christ Evangelical Lutheran Church, Floral Park, New York, and treasurer of Fellowship of Reconciliation. He feels that "the time has come for the pacifist to ask his neighbors to be realistic and face the facts of what the world is like."... Jim Bradford is past president of Mattachine Midwest (Box 924, Chicago 60690, from whom a bibliography on homosexuality can be obtained) and a member of 57th Street Meeting of Friends, in Chicago. The fact that he is using a pseudonym, he comments, underlines some of the points made in the article... T. Vail Palmer, Jr., is a recorded minister of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia (Arch Street) and is treasurer of Quaker Theological Discussion Group. He is associate professor of philosophy and religion in Rio Grande College... Betty Croom began writing in her sophomore year in Olney Friends Boarding School, Barnesville, Ohio. For the most part she has written poetry, some of which has been published. She is a 1970 graduate of Olney and is now "writing, reading, and occasionally experimenting in pottery." She belongs to Rock Valley Monthly Meeting, Rockford, Illinois... Robert Schutz is the editor in chief of Annual Reviews, Incorporated. A member of Palo Alto Monthly Meeting, California, he is chairman of the Peace Education Committee of the Northern California Regional Office of American Friends Service Committee. He writes, "I should like to see our economic lives become obedient to our moral ideals."... John A. Yeatman, a member of London Grove Monthly Meeting, Toughkenamon, Pennsylvania, is teaching English as a second language to adult students in a private Italian class in Rivoli, Italy. Emil M. Deutsch wrote his article as part of a book, Walking in the Sun—Leaves from a Buckeye Diary. He retired in 1965 after twenty-five years as accountant for Pioneer Hi-Bred Corn Company, Des Moines. He is a member of Phoenix Monthly Meeting, Arizona... Gilbert C. Perleberg, clerk of Fifteenth Street Preparative Meeting, New York, based his article on a message given in January in San Diego Meeting, California. A retired electrical engineer, he has written a number of essays and poems... Kenneth Johnson is caretaker of Wellesley, Massachusetts, Meetinghouse and a member of the Peace and Social Concerns Committee of the Meeting. He is associate professor of English in Suffolk University... Guy DeWitt Chappell II is director of the Ocmulgee Regional Library System, in Eastman, Georgia. He is a graduate of Friends Central School and attended Earlham College. He has received degrees from Florida Southern College and Drexel Institute of Technology.
Four-letter Words

THE YOUNG MAN had come in to tell us what is wrong with us. He had called beforehand for an appointment, apologized that he was a few minutes late, and asked politely if we could spare twenty minutes. The conversation lasted an hour and touched on many things that can and cannot be done in publishing a magazine on a small budget. He reads the magazine now and then, he said.

He had with him an aide-memoire of his salient points, but the indictment ranged widely. We are, for example, dull, insipid, inaccurate, censorious, unaware of the needs of the Society of Friends, unfamiliar with printing practices and typography, smug, unadventurous. Our worst fault seems to be that we do not like four-letter words, and so are out of step with Quakers and young people.

We shook hands cordially, and he left the aide-memoire with us. It reads:

"1. Uncut letters to the editor:
   a. perhaps editor 'answering' some below as is done in some publications.

   "2. Minimum editing of all other manuscripts and unsold materials intended for publication.

   "3. Front covers that are relevant or at least interesting.

   "4. Dropping the rule against 'four letter words.'

   "5. Dropping the rule not to print letters critical of the Journal itself.

   "6. A re-invitation for manuscripts to be submitted for publication. (Some people no longer even think of writing for the Journal.)

   "7. Real news reporting of Quaker world. Bad stuff as well as popular do-good projects.

   "8. Relocation of Journal offices."

Later we thought of some four-letter words we do like: Love, life, pray, time, gold, true, good, seek, hope, star.

A Man's a Man

YOU DO NOT HEAR it much any more, that phrase, "being one's own man," which means self-assurance, self-determination, and selfhood. It meant a lot in the days of Thoreau and Emerson and the pioneers who homesteaded the prairies. The current equivalent, of sorts, is "doing one's own thing."

They could be much the same, really (except for one reservation)—the very thing that makes Americans different from Europeans, say, and makes this generation much like the generation of their grandparents.

It is the dream of men. It is another way of living up to the light one has. It is a disavowal of the organization
The letters to the editor of my local newspaper are not likely to inspire thought. Usually the writers thank officials for something, plug local events, or dispense the half-thrifty, half-pious intensity of the suburban Right, and usually I give their letters an indifferent glance.

One letter stirred a thought in me, however. It seemed to point up a fallacy of contemporary attitudes about war and one of the chief obstacles to a rational analysis of the issues.

"Already more than eleven thousand young Americans have been sent home from Vietnam in military coffins," my neighbor noted. He observed that this somehow occurred "to the jeers of parading clergymen and students and to the tears of their parents and widows and orphans and sweethearts." Shifting to the element of political-ethical judgments, he noted: "There are those who say their very presence in Vietnam was a dishonor. But no one says that who watched how hard they died, or who ever tried to explain . . . why Daddy will never come home again."

The meat of the matter was that so many times a young American has died for something "that something had better be worth it . . . When are we going to win in Vietnam, and why not?"

That sort of feeling may make it difficult for people to consider warfare in a mature way: "It must be worth it! It just must!" We survey wanton desecration and the poignancy of those who suffer, and we know it must be worthwhile. Could these dead have died in vain? Could God be so cruel as to let that be?

The dilemma may be especially hard for clergymen, for we minister to those who have been hurt by death. We have seen death at close hand, sometimes as a merciful release to a mortal life that has passed its milestones and sometimes as a loss that seems to obstruct God's will and man's. We have searched and prayed for whatever words and promises we believe will help heal the agony of mourning. For a soldier's death, it probably would benefit to speak of the great values his death helped bring to the world. But is it true? Dare we ask the question?

I think we must, for that question is neglected, largely because of the illicit liaison between noting the bravery of the participants and evaluating the righteousness of their cause. Could the sacrifice of fine men eager (or at least drafted) to serve their country be for a wrong cause? Or a worthless cause? The idea would seem unacceptable to many citizens. Some would rather not face it. And so, as the presumed nobility of the cause dignifies the sacrifice, cause.

Such feedback may explain some of the disillusionment that follows nearly every major conflict. When an idealist like Woodrow Wilson felt compelled by limited choices to buy the First World War, he could not imagine a world less stable and more anarchic coming out of it.

Twenty-five years later, the victors of the Second World War could not face the reality that, after all the slaughter for the Four Freedoms and the Atlantic Charter, it just meant that when Russia held the balance of power we sold out the freedom of Eastern Europe to buy our own. And so, there came the near-paranoid certainty that we had been tricked and betrayed by Communists in government and under every other bed.

We are still living as if in the dream-world of the early part of the Second World War. So much of our thinking is in the context of the reflected outlines of the apparent choices before this conflict. We are still living and thinking amid the reaction-patterns of those choices when it seemed to make such a tremendously important difference to the world and to all serious values which side "won." It did seem so then. I say seem, because at this point I honestly am not sure. It looked that way, I know, yet when I examine Nazism and then consider the willingness after the Second World War to function cozily within the procedures of the nuclear napalm age, it is by no means clear who "won."

Of course, this is hindsight. It did look in 1940 as if almost everything depended on the way that conflict was resolved. We have not fully divorced our current analyses from the same pattern as further rigidified by the 1940 analysis of "appeasement." It is hard to take the simple step of seeing that the issues in many conflicts are trivialities, in their own right and beside the likely cost of settlement by arms.

Could such deaths be in vain? Why not face an honest answer? For, obviously, they were in vain about fifty percent of the time, since the fighting men of one side "lost" and did not achieve the real or imagined objectives. Add to that the numbers of wars where "victory" is now seen to have led to chaos, bitterness, and further fighting. Add the wars that any serious history book would view as an anachronistic clash of greed and masquerading as slightly differing political superstitions soon to be obsolete. We then see that the past is littered with the bodies of men as fine as any we know, whose lives were thrown away for reasons that are as nearly inscrutable as anything this side of theology—but, at the time, the deaths were their own "rationale" and promise.

Sadly enough, such deaths can still be quite as futile and irrelevant as those of the sometimes brave youths who, with less external compulsion, march off to battle a rival gang for jurisdiction over a garbage-strewn street. Just so,
if brave men die to impose an inept dictatorship of our choosing where eighty percent of the people might have voted for another one, it is terribly sad and terribly useless.

A nearly similar web of self-fulfilling thinking may be in the making when people become entranced with leaders who Burn! rather than Love! The limitations of nonviolence and peaceful pressure are observed bitterly by those who know the despair in the ghetto. They feel they must try something that will work surely and swiftly. Violence must be that something, and the sacrifice and effort it entails could not be in vain.

Relatively little thought has gone into the simple pragmatics of whether this is true—whether further “rebellions” by a clearly identified and nonexpansible eleven percent of our people would not most likely trigger a regime of reaction and repression that would make the disappointments of the last ten years look like a few missed desserts.

Could God be that cruel? One who watched how hard they died—could he say all this? If so many young men we have loved die for something, must it not be worth it?

Rather, could it be that God is that kind? Perhaps we are being led to see beyond the self-fulfilling blindness that damns random generations to dream they are creating nobility by tearing each other’s entrails. Before random generations become the world and all future generations, this may be our chance to reexamine our superstitions and grope toward another way. The kindest thing that could be said about the Vietnam excursion into barbarism is that it is forcing more and more of us to reexamine what abominable nonsense unthinking nationalism must mean.

But how lost we are for the means of communication! How hard, to weep with those who weep for the brave, yet use those tears as motivation for renewed dedication to think as intelligent men and find answers and bind wounds with something more lasting and more real than the promise of more wounds. Can we “support our boys in Vietnam” a little more than those who cheerfully condemn them to more pain and guilt for a cause repudiated by most of the world, hoping only for the self-deceiving abstraction they call victory? We may feel a bit more for the young men we have watched over and have tried to guide than for those who are sure they should be fuel for the fire. At the same time, we can feel for the villagers who can only bleed and die from the napalm and bombs we give our men as tools to build freedom and democracy.

Much might be waiting beyond the step of seeing honestly the ambiguities for which men die if we are willing to face the challenge to move our neighbors to be willing to face the facts. Many might then be less willing to die or to kill. Part of our role today is communicating not dreams and visions but the logical, unemotional truth about the trivialities that get to seem all-important because men die for them.

Toward a Quaker View of Homosexuality

by Jim Bradford

HOMOSEXUAL. What does that word bring to mind? An effeminate young man, walking with the stereotyped “mincing gait”? A dirty old man, preying on youth?

I hope not. Most Friends know better—but just how much do Friends know about homosexuals and their lifestyles? The fact is that the “typical” homosexual may be your brother, a neighbor, or a coworker, passing unnoticed and unsuspected. Since British Friends published Towards a Quaker View of Sex in 1963, Friends have not said much about homosexuality.

This is an attempt to tell it like it is from an insider’s view, so that Friends may be informed and can act creatively.

Most homosexuals look, think, and act like anyone else from the same socioeconomic background. They are in many walks of life and occupations. Within any group will be found conservative homosexuals as well as liberal or radical ones. The only really distinguishing feature is their orientation toward members of the same sex.

Because of society’s repressive attitudes about homosexuality, most of us do not shout our orientation from the rooftops. These repressive attitudes may be laid largely at the door of the church, but it is interesting to note that many denominations now are more concerned with dealing with people as human beings and meeting them where they are rather than treating them as lost “sinners.” Those interested in pursuing theological aspects of the matter may find edifying a book by Derrick S. Bailey, Homosexuality and the Western Christian Tradition. I will avoid this side of the question, except to point out that anti-homosexual passages in the Bible are usually found in the Old Testament verses that are trotted out to justify capital punishment.

Several misconceptions have grown up about homosexuals. It is as important to know what homosexuals are not as it is to know what they are. We are not child molesters. Most homosexual men do not adopt feminine mannerisms in public nor assume “female” sexual or gender roles with one another in private. Homosexual women do not automatically become masculine. In interpersonal relationships with one another and with people generally, most homosexuals react about the same as do most heterosexuals in parallel situations.

Contrary to some psychiatric thinkers, most of us desire and many establish longtime relationships. Many such partnerships, akin to marriage, flourish. Of ten homosexual members of the board of Mattachine Midwest, seven have
partners with whom they live; two have serious relationships going, and one is currently unattached. With all the social pressures against their success, it is remarkable that there are any such relationships.

Recently some homosexual couples have tried to force social recognition of their status by applying for marriage licenses. One couple, Jack Baker and Michael McConnell, the one a law student, the other a librarian in the University of Minnesota, were included in an issue of Look magazine that dealt with the contemporary American family. Such militancy may shock some conservative members of straight (nongay) society and some closet types (supercautious gays), but it provides a thrust towards societal recognition. This would bring legal benefits and a sense of dignity to many homosexuals. The motto, "Gay is Good," like "Black is Beautiful," has grown up in response to a need.

One of our greatest problems is society’s schizophrenic reaction to us: It at once condemns us and denies our existence. Aside from the condemnation, there is no formal societal recognition of homosexuals—no niche in the social structure into which we can fit as homosexuals. Officially we belong and have merit only as presumed heterosexuals, subject to severe sanctions if found out. There is, therefore, an understandable vested interest in maintaining the hidden status (akin to "passing"), since, if discovered, we may face job loss, disinheritance, eviction, and possible prosecution.

For years, many of us have felt uncomfortable leading a double life, especially when we feel happy and well-adjusted as homosexuals. This ultimately gave rise to the homophile movement (our "freedom" movement), which has as major goals the social and legal acceptance of homosexuals and their integration into society and its institutions as homosexuals and not as ostensible heterosexuals.

The homophile movement began in 1950, with the founding of the Mattachine Society in Los Angeles. Donald Webster Cory’s The Homosexual in America, a Subjective Approach (1951) followed, with the first popular breakthrough into polite society. Since then, the branches of the Mattachine Society across the country have become autonomous. Other similar groups have grown up. Most recently, various "gay liberation" groups have been formed, which tend to be militant student types who preach the gospel of total frankness to all about being gay. Upward of forty distinct organizations are currently in existence across the country.

My own Mattachine Midwest, into which much loving Quaker concern has been poured, is basically service- and rights-oriented. We have a twenty-four-hour telephone referral service, which directs homosexuals to lawyers, doctors, therapists, or clergymen. We are militantly watchful of police activities in Chicago and have not hesitated to speak out and to meet with and confront various police officials to try to change their attitudes and policy.

Until recently, few nonhomosexual institutions have been available to us for meetings and recreation. Churches have felt perfectly comfortable with young adult groups, often called "meet and mate clubs," but few churches have recognized our real need in this area. Gay bars and coffee houses and steam baths have been the only places open to us to meet one another as homosexuals, and to con-

"The time is overdue to make the same statement [that marriage is strictly a private affair and that no outside interference is warranted] concerning the personal sexual arrangements of any consenting adults. Homosexual liaisons should not have to be kept hidden, and gays should not have to simulate a "straight" role which violates their true selves. It is time to get out of the business of being judgmental about our fellow humans; especially is this true for those who profess that we are all God’s children. It is important to take a stand in support of homosexuals’ freedom from discrimination and persecution. Moreover, it is essential to move from words to deeds. On this level nothing less than full and complete acceptance will serve: not tolerance, not sympathy—these smack of judgmental self-righteousness. By our attitudes and by our actions we must make it possible for homosexuals to come out of hiding, to live their lives secure in their right to be themselves."—The conclusion of an editorial, "To Accept Homosexuals," in The Christian Century.
Inquiry into Fox's Early Years

Letter from the Past—251

The early pages of George Fox's Journal are of special interest because they contain many of the most revealing of his religious experiences—"openings," he calls them. As to chronology and itinerary, however, they leave much to be desired.

Thomas Carlyle's famous complaint, "George dates nothing and his facts lie 'round him like the leather-parings of his old shop," is particularly true here. It shows perhaps that Carlyle generalized from the opening section of the book, as readers often do and as William James in his Varieties of Religious Experience generalized from the early incident of Fox at Lichfield.

"His Journal abounds in entries of this sort," William James said.

As for the itinerary, Geoffrey Nuttall has shown that the places are named in this part of the Journal in a quite different sequence from Fox's Short Journal, and both are different from a third account which Fox has left. (Bulletin of Friends Historical Association, 1950, pages 27-31.)

We are eager therefore to fill in the picture of those early years with data from other sources. Janet Whitney has supplied us with two imaginative articles with the same title, "The Apprenticeship of George Fox," and Joseph Pickvance has a more recent study of George Fox and the Purefys of Penny Drayton. (Friends Quarterly, 1963, pages 193-206, and Journal of Friends Historical Society, 1965, pages 3-20.)

For my part, I have already tried to supplement the information of Fox's Journal with more nearly contemporary accounts from other writers, whether anti-Quaker, like Thomas Edwards: Gangraena (Letter 76); or Quaker like Richard Farnsworth: The Spiritual Man (Letter 227). These books were published in 1646 and 1655, respectively; Fox's Journal was not written before 1674 and not published until another twenty years later.

I wish now to direct attention to a paragraph published in 1654 and written by two Friends, who, like Farnsworth, had been convinced by George Fox in 1652. It is in answer to a book, A Brief Relation of the Irreligion of the Northern Quakers, published in 1653 and written by Francis Higginson, who, after teaching in Cambridge, Massachusetts, had become a pastor at Kirkby Stephen in Westmorland.

The heading runs, "A reply to some lies and slanders in Priest Higginson's book in Westmorland and something written against one (Gervase) Bennett, a Justice of the Peace in Derby, so called, who hath uttered forth lies and slanders upon one whom the world calls George Fox."
shall omit the personal vituperation and correct the spelling of Came to Camm and of Lumbridge to Lambri. The passage is:

"Whereas we, John Camm of Preston in Westmorland and Francis Howgill of Lambri in the same county, passing through Nottinghamshire, March the 10th, 1653 and speaking of George Fox's imprisonment at Nottingham, and knowing that thou, Francis Higginson, having uttered many lies against him in thy book, we were the more free to inquire of his life and practice, and of the manner of his life before he entered into the ministry, or wherefore he hath been imprisoned of thy generation, Higginson. . . . Divers in Mansfield did confess voluntarily that he had lived in that town three or four years, yea some did confess it who are enemies to him, that they could not in all that time hear an idle word with him nor take him with a lie; and that he wrought as much as two men, and what he did reserve, he gave it to the poor, and did give all his clothes but one suit to the poor when he was in prison.

"And in answer to thy lie, Higginson, who saith he broke prison and run (ran) away and his keeper with him . . . he was set free by the sheriff and the mayor of that town.

"And while he was in prison, many were convinced of the Truth, the sheriff and his family and many more which never came at the priests to this day. And all the while he was at Nottingham and at Mansfield he walked void of offense towards God and towards men."

Such then are some of the early Quaker testimonies on behalf of Fox's exemplary life in the Midlands before he ever started to preach in the North. It is interesting that inquiry into that period was made then as well as now. Indeed, a recent one of these letters (249) shows that even thirty years later Friends were using evidence obtained especially from Nottinghamshire to answer questions of what names Friends were called at the first. We have evidence that again thirty years later Friends in Nottingham were called to supply written evidence about another question from the earliest phase of Quakerism.

**NOW AND THEN**

No winter lasted long, but swelling streams
Rose, and rose, to crest at the hidden heart,
Sandbagged with business against the embarrassing flood.

Embarrassed, he accepted his rebuke
With dripping heart and brain aflame,
In piteous love for misery's fold:
An offering for distant, war-torn shores.
And, having spent his tenderness afar,
He returned to work with humbled heart.

A cold wind rises, thick with snow,
Enwraps him snugly, and waits the thaw.

_Gunda Körsts_

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**The Sabbath Commandment**

_by T. Vail Palmer, Jr._

The ten commandments are given in the twentieth chapter of Exodus and the fifth chapter of Deuteronomy. In Deuteronomy, they are part of the "book of the law," which was published at the time of King Josiah's reform in 621 B.C.

In Exodus, they form a part of the laws compiled by the Jewish priests in Babylonia in the sixth or fifth century before Christ.

With one exception, the two versions are nearly identical. The one major difference is in the commandment on keeping the Sabbath. The priestly version (as translated in The New English Bible) reads:

*Remember to keep the sabbath day holy. You have six days to labour and do all your work. But the seventh day is a sabbath of the Lord your God; that day you shall not do any work, you, your son or your daughter, your slave or your slave-girl, your cattle or the alien within your gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that is in them, and on the seventh day he rested."

The Deuteronomist version:

*Keep the sabbath day holy as the Lord your God commanded you. You have six days to labour and do all your work. But the seventh day is a sabbath of the Lord your God; that day you shall not do any work, neither you, your son or your daughter, your slave or your slave-girl, your ox, your ass, or any of your cattle, nor the alien within your gates, so that your slaves and slave-girls may rest as you do. Remember that you were slaves in Egypt and the Lord your God brought you out with a strong hand and an outstretched arm, and for that reason the Lord your God commanded you to keep the sabbath day."

According to the priests, members of the covenant community should rest one day in seven, because God had rested on the seventh day of creation—according to the priestly version of the creation story (Genesis 1).

The Deuteronomists, a century or more earlier, had pointed not to God's activity in creation, but to His mighty act of freeing the Israelites from their slavery in Egypt. In this earlier version, the command to rest periodically involved a concern for the slaves. It was based on the memory that God had rescued Israel from slavery. In gratitude, the Israelites should therefore release their slaves in turn from at least a part of their harsh servitude.

Seven centuries later, therefore, Jesus was simply being faithful to the original spirit of the Sabbath commandment, when he declared (Mark 2:27): "The Sabbath was made for the sake of man and not man for the Sabbath."
Religion Through a Teenager's Eyes

by Betsy Cron

EVER SINCE a friend commented, "Betsy, you're quite a religious person yourself," I have wondered what that says about a person—being "religious."

Obviously it does not mean my knowledge of the Bible or Quakerism or intense meditation during meeting for worship, for I do not know a great deal about the Bible and Quakerism, and my concentration during meeting is certainly far from holy. Instead, religion must mean the quality and direction of a person's life, the stones he uses to build the foundation of his world.

I think a religious person must have a certain awe of life, a worshipful feeling toward every living being, like the satisfying feeling of watching a mother cat lick her ugly-beautiful newborn family or the feeling one has when one sings "Away in the Manger" in a warm barnful of cows on Christmas Eve.

Being religious is being proud you are alive! In a quiet way, a religious person may try to show others this beauty in living.

Another quality in the life of a stable human being is a sense of humor. This does not mean having a pocketful of jokes but the quality of seeing good moments ahead even from the depths of an emotional low.

An important feeling, too, is trust—trust in others, in yourself, and in the power of love. Trust can bring one out of a suicidal state of mind and unite a person with the beauty of life in this world. No matter how deep the depression, religion lays a path upon which a light always shines.

A religious person is sensitive. Sensitivity can go both ways, though. One who aches with beauty upon seeing a field of wild violets can also sting upon hearing a critical remark directed toward himself. This type of person is aware of the feelings of the people around him and is helpful to those who he senses need his attention. Love can be shown easily, and the more people give, the more there seems to be.

A person who is healthy has also an indispensable factor—communication. He seems to find it easy to get across to others what his feelings and actions are. Someone who is deeply troubled may not improve his condition if he cannot be reached through communication. It is a vital part of living.

I think all people have similarities in emotions, physical reactions, and actions. A reaction felt in everyone, although gruffly ignored by some, is love. It is different from pity, sympathy, or pride. It is unique. When I give love this name, I think of Quakerism. Everything I have spoken of—awe of life, trust, sensitivity, alertness, communication, and love—are part of my life as a Friend.

There is a light in the heart of every person: "There's a light that was shining when the world began, and a light that is shining in the heart of a man." I found this especially true at Olney Friends Boarding School. It seems as if some people have a sixth sense—an awareness that something is wrong at times with schoolmates.

By simply living, one receives the knowledge of many difficult or exuberant moments, and can understand them as they happen to others. Sharing is one of the best cures for loneliness or fear.

My favorite part of living in a Quaker community is attendance at meeting for worship. I find it easy to sit an hour in silence. The most pleasure is that which I receive through the meditation and speaking of Friends as they share an idea or experience. It intrigues me to think that in the room with me are dozens of active, seeking minds. In some meetings I have recognized phrases that are directed toward the wellbeing of a person who is emotionally low at the time, phrases of comfort and strength coming from the heart of concern. Meeting is an exercise of friendship and interrelations between every type of person possible. At times it is a relief to drop all material hang-ups and live just for the moment—studying faces, remembering your past, falling easily into the spirit of worship.

One First-day during meeting I tried to comprehend the meaning of death. For a time my mind was a blank and then for one frightening moment I very nearly comprehended the fact that I haven't always been and that I won't always be. I came up against the long, black wall of infinity; it was startling.

I have found that some of my most creative hours of worship have come in the silence that falls naturally in a group of friends—Friends, too, but not always—in the intervals between bursts of conversation. My class, the graduates of 1970, were especially prone to intersperse among discussions moments of calm, repairing silence. Often we would "focus"—a term used by our Quakerism teacher, Bill Taber—upon a dish of snow or a metronome in the center of our circle to draw thoughts together and push away straying preoccupations.

Also among my most memorable meetings for worship are those that were held outside when we were walking in the snow or sitting half-hidden in the tall grass or when all of Olney was grouped around a campfire, singing favorite songs.

I believe that appreciation of nature is part of religion, for is not religion communion with the power of love? And love, overwhelmingly present in the hearts of young people today, is the most healing power there is. It is clung to by the most insecure person, accepted without conflict by the average religious-minded, and dissected
and analyzed by some of our energetic, searching Friends. Love is understood, or sometimes misunderstood, by all generations, but in the end it comes out as the most precious handhold in life.

Some young Friends admit that they are not certain that God exists in the way our parents or grandparents take for granted. I, myself, am skeptical of some elderly Quakers' beliefs. For them, God is a secure spirit that can be prayed to, depended on, and spoken of as a living entity. My generation is not so sure. It would be nice to have this "spirit" all pinned down to detail and understanding, but that seems too easy. We must question new concepts.

But love is the spirit that does come close to gathering many diverse lives into a pool of similarity. It could be called God, or may make up an element of the universe that is altogether different. We have no proof. No one knows whether or not a being labeled as God exists. This spirit—I prefer to call it love—is contained in everyone; so perhaps I am saying God is love. Named or anonymous, love is. It simply is.

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**Friendly Houseguests**

**Male:**

"My mother doesn't even have time to make a cherry pie; she works."

"My mother works in a machine shop. She isn't like you'd expect a lady to be. She can't cook."

"My father sounds just like George Wallace."

"My mother's always out, at work, and on Friends committees. Why should I stay home when they're never home? I don't worry where my folks are, and they've stopped worrying about me."

**Female:**

"Thank God she's got herself a job! At last she's got enough to do and something else to think about."

"My Dad's sixty, and acts it."

"My brother can do anything, and I can't do nothing."

**Thank-you note, female:**

"Thank you both for a very fine weekend. I enjoyed the relaxation and the laxity of the atmosphere. When I got back to school, I found that my parents had not been hassling the head into action; must have been her own idea. So you needn't worry about your standing with my parents. Thanks again, take care . . . ."

**Bread-and-butter letter, male:**

"Thanks for a fine weekend. Did I leave my records and two books? Also some socks seem to be missing—if you see them. I liked your place. Great when not everyone's bedroom looks like a motel room . . . . Peace . . . ."

**Hosts:**

Apply the hearsay (or teen-talk) rule: Divide by ten, subtract half; it still equals: No time, no pies, no lady, no do anything, nobody home, etcetera.

**EMILIE CARSTENS**

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**Mammon and the Spirit**

_by Robert Schutz_

**JESUS** was wrong about some things.

Fortunately, I will not be thrown out the Society of Friends for saying this because, although our creedal profile is very low indeed, we do believe in continuing revelation.

I say this because a great many Friends, young and old, try to measure their lives against what *Jesus* is supposed to have said and done. If your standard is wrong, where are you? You're a Nowhere Man.

He was wrong in refusing to take responsibility for the distribution of money and power in this world. He called this Satan, or evil, and told it to get behind him. He gave the rich young ruler bad advice: Get rid of all your money, give it to the poor, and then follow me. He gave scientists and capitalists and hippies and baby-makers carte blanche to do their thing when he held up the lilies as a fine example:

Take no thought, then, for the morrow, play with the world, take what you can, enjoy your fine raiment. He alienated Caesar from himself and from God when he advised the Pharisee on taxation. ("Render unto Caesar" can also mean support for war without much twisting.) This advice is widely inconsistent with brotherhood or George Fox's later teaching on the light in every man. There are more examples, but this will suffice.

Christians have been paying for these mistakes for two millennia.

Friends since Fox look to the Inner Light as the first authority. Nevertheless, many of us, especially "Puritans," urge all men to follow Christ in word and deed while we work and plan and pile up all the money we can. Our hypocrisy is transparent and fatal to the value system we would pass on.

We who are Friends suffer particularly when the young go back to Jesus in voluntary poverty and charge their weighty parents with apostasy over property. Friends are wrong in ultra-conservation, but so are poverty-seekers in leeching and wasting.

We live in a world where affluence is possible for many, comfort for all. Few reject this world entirely; even our human lilies enjoy good health, enough food, the telephone, electricity, running water. If we are going to act like men and women toward our world, rather than like children, we have to define some new relationships to property, money, and power. Rejecting the old "render unto Caesar" mistake is only a first air-clearing step. The second is rejecting Caesar in ourselves. These goals can be achieved with the support of friends.

I suggest that we organize voluntarily into small groups.
to deal corporately with unearned income and wealth. Friends Meetings are often too large or too small or too unfriendly to cope with such delicate matters, but the religious body is a good framework. Decisions must be ethically informed, and, poor as the ethics are among religious groups, they are often the best we have. Continuous, open examination of our group dealing with money and property could upgrade our ethics.

Few, perhaps, will wish to commit all unearned income and wealth to Meeting finance committees, as these presently operate. Let us begin with less, then, as we and these ponderous bodies educate ourselves in the light, but let us begin.

When small, ethically conscious groups own and distribute all unearned income and wealth we may then turn our attention corporately to what is earned. Long before this is accomplished, we will find ourselves responsible for welfare, health, education, discrimination, injustice, unemployment, and war in a way that we never have been before.

We will no longer be able to charge all our failures to Jesus or to Caesar or, for that matter, to the corporation or the alienating state. We may even come to love all men as brothers and all women as they ought to be loved.

**An Encounter in Rome**

SHE WAS STANDING in the bright sunshine at the entrance to the university. Her face radiated the sweetness and understanding and fulfillment that seem to come only with age.

I missed seeing her one morning in the classroom in her front-row seat, the one she always occupied in order to hear what was said.

"Where were you this morning?" I asked.

"I couldn't come—the lift wasn't working." She went on to describe her pleasure in the second hour in a course in history.

She was always eager to respond in class and did so in a slow, precise manner, sometimes to the annoyance of the younger ones among us.

The days, the weeks, passed.

She came and she went. We came and we went, each in separate ways.

"I'm leaving today," she said one day.

"When will you return?" I asked.

"Next year, if God wills it. I should be dead now. I'm very grateful."

Her bus came and went and with it the French lady from Grenoble, the little, old lady whose face and voice and being I shall always remember as those of a life fulfilled.

JOHN A. YEATMAN

**A Quaker Teacher in Visakhapatnam**

by Stanley M. Ashton

IF YOU WOULD LIKE to share one of my days with me, you must be prepared to see misery and need, be patient and a good walker, and get up at four A.M.

At that hour, you will be with me on your way toward town. Many others started much earlier; all are going to work. We may be joined by someone I know and greeted with, "What news?"

We pass by the railroad station and look in. We see many little shapes huddled in pieces of cloth, which hardly can be called blankets. Passenger trains are not due yet. We find one who is cold and lost. A cup of tea will cheer him a little. We tell him we shall be back again.

The marketplace already is alive and busy. A boy nods. He looks at us to see if we might have a job for him. He is about to speak, but then he dashes away. A small boy says in small voice, "Namaste!" He cannot manage the sack of potatoes he is trying to sell. Just a smile and a word: "Have you eaten? Yes or no?" I can offer him a biscuit, which is satisfying. I ask if anybody is sick. Many are.

We can think of returning home. You can then have a bath and breakfast of tea and paratas, a flapjack with peanut oil. Perhaps there is an egg or a plantain or a leftover from last night.

From nine until noon you can read or sit or walk. I will have lessons for those who cannot afford them elsewhere. If you walk around, you will see much for yourself. You will be curious and find that people are curious, too. They are friendly. The children are delightful, ready to smile, and very respectful.

For lunch you will get curry and rice. There may be meat or fish or vegetables. If we have any fruit in season, you will share. If we have an apple, a luxury, it will be cut in as many pieces as there are people present. Afterward, I may read or write and await a second batch of students. Some days I am pleased if I can write my correspondence, read, or even lie down for a few moments.

In the evening after an early supper, we shall again visit town, or the station, or sit by the roadside.

You will be surprised who will come to talk. I have only one rule: No caste. You and all who sit with me are equal. If you do not like this, you may leave.

So that is the day. You have seen nothing wonderfully organized. You have not seen all, but you have met many. You will be ready for bed after all this, for there is tomorrow, too.
A Temple to the Divine Immanence

by Emil M. Deutsch

THE ARIZONA DESERT—the "area of pure, dry air"—only a few years back was the Mecca of many sufferers from respiratory diseases. In contrast to the "unhealthy winter climate" in the North, where snow and blizzards clean the air and the contrast of the whiteness of the landscape intensifies the azure light of the firmament, the glowing dark-blue sky that is the sign of a clear, unpolluted atmosphere has become rare now in our winter. We see it mostly in the late afternoon, when the peaks grow clear and distinct from the smoggy haze and the shadows become sharper.

Winter is a time of rest and dormancy. This rest is caused, in the area of frost, by the inability of plants to use water below a certain temperature. Trees and shrubs shed their leaves to lower evaporation and loss of moisture. Here in the desert, where most shrubs and small trees are evergreen and almost all are adapted all year to the prevention of excessive evaporation by small leaves or scale-like ones, waxy surfaces, or a fleshy structure, (so pronounced in the cacti), this rest period is not without exceptions. Mesquite and ocotillos are deciduous, and the latter does not follow the seasons but sheds its small leaves in every long dry period and sprouts new, light-green ones after every heavy rainfall, several times a year.

In the irrigated fields there is no winter rest. Two or three crops are grown, and some trees, whose close relatives farther north are deciduous, have a short leafless time of true dormancy.

There are a few winter bloomers in the desert also. A few brittle-bushes are crowned already with yellow blossoms. In the warm noon and afternoon sun, some squaw bushes are surrounded by the hum of wild bees around their tiny violet flowers. Along the road shoulders, as in the alfalfa fields and along the irrigation ditches, the fresh new plants of a crucifer, whose tiny, yellow flowers resemble the wild mustard, are budding.

The birds are active. The call of the cactus wren is everywhere. Gracious lizards run over the gravel. Occasionally a jack rabbit, frightened by the unusual intruder into its quietude, flees in long jumps.

The Sonora Desert is never dead. It is full of life, a perfect example of adaptation of all living things, of plants and animals to the harsh conditions of extreme dryness and daytime heat.

I wish sometimes we had never intruded into its stillness, had left it undisturbed as we found it, and had never driven cattle into its solitude to feed on the sparse winter and spring grass and leaves of spring flowers and to trample out all new shoots of cacti and blossoming bushes.

Some botanists have worried for years about the threatened extinction of the majestic Saguaro in the flat parts of the desert. There are stretches where only branched, old specimens can be seen—no young plants coming on; no mature pillars without branches, which start growing only after a plant has reached sixty years of its average life span of two centuries.

The different kinds of chollas, hedgehog, pincushion, and pricklypear cactus are gone, as are paloverde, ironwood, dearnut, and other low bushes, except the ubiquitous creosote bush whose penetrating aroma seems to keep animals away.

It is a pity. No sky-reaching cathedral is as much a temple to the divine immanence as is the undisturbed desert. Man pays dearly for his so-called progress.

Daily Thanksgiving

We're thankful for so many things, Dear Lord,
For family, friends, good health;
For memories, music, books, and birds,
For sun and rain, all growing things,
For laughter. Yes—and tears, through
Which the heart can silently show accord.
For all these things,
We are so grateful, Lord.

RACHEL T. THOM

April 15, 1971 FRIENDS JOURNAL
The Old Man

by Gilbert C. Perleberg

I HAVE BEEN THINKING about the old man with the jar of water, the old slave Jesus sent two Apostles to follow to the house where he and his disciples were to celebrate Passover—the one that turned out to be the Last Supper. To understand this, we have to assume that Jesus had sent to tell the owner of the house—according to tradition, Mark's mother—to say: "I am here." (And why should he not send this message, if they were friends?) And she will have replied: "Why don't you have Passover in the upper room? I will send the old slave immediately to get water." This water must not only have been (as I thought for years) to clean up the room, but for the much more important ritual ablutions before eating. We know, of course, that Jesus himself did not think ritual washing of the hands very important, for did he not say: "Men clean the outside of the cup, but it is the inside that matters!" It is the inner life that should concern us. But some of the disciples may well have felt differently, and certainly people in general would have—and Jesus was not one to offend others needlessly.

In any case, we know that the old slave was sent to get water. I think of him as tall and spare, a slave Mark's mother could afford but who, though old, was conscientious and willing—a man who would not mind getting water during the heat of the day. Since few people would be afoot, he could easily be recognized and followed. And, of course, the best way to find one's way through the twisty streets to the house would be simply to follow the old man. I think of him as walking a little carefully with the heavy jar on his shoulder, and with the two Apostles, men in their early thirties, coming along about fifty feet behind, full of youth and enthusiasm and gesticulating exuberantly.

At this point in my thinking, I suddenly remembered that I was leaving California for Mexico early next morning, and found it natural to interrupt myself to pray silently: "Thy will be done, thy will be done . . ."—but, as usual, felt a little frightened at the thought—what would God expect of me?

And then I remembered the old man. What did God expect of him? I think of him as—after, with Mark's mother, preparing and bringing in the food—sitting back, along with Mark's mother and young Mark, up against the wall of that upper room and at first smiling at the Apostles' unrestrained use of the clean, the very fresh water. But after a while, he would quite suddenly be deeply moved. What God expected of him was apparently just this. After all, he had done nothing to bring this situation about; he just happened to be there. Perhaps this is all God would expect of me—not anything spectacular, anything great, but simply to be present at a certain moment and participate in what was happening.

Perhaps the old man had been conscientious and willing for many years and under all kinds of circumstances—and happy about it. And now he had been willing once more.

Perhaps this is all God would expect from us: That we be helpful and willing. And, then perhaps, quite unexpectedly, our lives too may, like that of this old man, be suddenly brought into a great light and filled with a new, a much deeper joy.

What Man Shall Not See Death?

by Kenneth Johnson

ALL TOO RARELY do we face the fact that we will die. Our failure to do so is a mistake, for constant awareness of our mortality is a valuable aspect of life.

It is true that, in one sense, war abroad and violence at home force us to be aware of death. Yet, no matter how vividly these tragic events are reported, they are remote from our daily lives.

When death does come closer, we tend to dilute its impact. When a loved one dies, we may let a funeral director take charge. The next time we see the deceased, he is laid out in his best suit. His face has been touched up with cosmetics. Flowers surround the casket. At the cemetery, we leave before the casket is lowered into the earth.

All these attempts to lessen the grief of the bereaved are understandable, but often they do no more than to help us evade the meaning of death.

Often, also, we fail to accept the fact that someone elderly is moving nearer to death and encourage him to go someplace else away from our daily lives. Whatever the advantages, we suffer loss. We lose a daily awareness of death.

By evading the fact of death, we allow ourselves to live as if we had time enough to do everything. We become absorbed in less important desires, activities, and goals—and postpone the search for the true meaning of life. We waste time—our own precious, miraculous lifetime. In doing so, we forget that it is possible to lose a million dollars and still become a millionaire again, but it is impossible to regain one moment of our lifetime.

An awareness of death need not stifle our lives. On the contrary, it can free us from the trivial. By aiding us to measure more wisely the importance of what we contemplate doing with our time, it can help us to make each day of life more meaningful.
thee has been a true friend

In Memoriam: Wilmot Rufus Jones
1902-1970

just three brief days before he slowly walked along the shore a final time in his mind through early evening fog settling there in the changing valleys among wind-swept dunes silvering driftwood and sparse grass he listened to distant but clear bells on the buoys in the lea passage he felt the fine mist against his broad-beamed face, the gentle wind in his white hair as he walked apace beside the shore — he wondered no more he wandered no more he sought the low, gold sun hanging there just above the far horizon and watched the stars come twinkling on one by one — in an instant the man of peace was gone, leaving in the quiet to each of us a bright message of warm laughter in the face of gnawing fear, silent majesty in the face of adversity, compassion and concern for the family of man — so that when tomorrow comes we may with his thoughts of love be of good cheer; if enough good men do nothing ... will the world ever learn? he has taught the generations — each of us who walks on must not forget there will be another dawn, love never dies it just cries and in those tears wrenches from the soul each of us must pay a private toll ... gently sleep, gently sleep, my friend — you have found at evening the road of life's final bend ... turning toward your first tomorrow you leave us a heritage of treasures we need not ever borrow — each of us must give, each of us must live with memories of you in our hearts ... as we search for our respective chambered nautilus before sand is brushed into new footsteps on the beach — just beyond our outstretched reach; reach, reach for tomorrow, not in sorrow — openly borrow his laughter and his love; thee has been a true friend ... think in memoriam on these few words — as thee watches austere grey streaked birds circling above white caps that curl around and over jagged rocks to finally crash below the wild ripe blueberries on the point ... go in gentle peace my friend, thee will come again to memories of my mind to bring wise counsel and the warmth of understanding in love, joy, and yes, an occasional tear — how is it possible you can be there yet still be here? through the years you followed your star, thee will be near never far my friend, rest in gentleness, you have reached — no, not the end, simply the beginning along another beach

GUY DeWITT CHAPPELL II

April 15, 1971 FRIENDS JOURNAL
In 1969 James Warner published a book of beautiful and impressive photographs: *The Gentle People*, this author's term for the Old Order Amish of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. A year later the same author and publisher issued *The Quiet Land*, which deals with the same people of the same county in southeastern Pennsylvania.

The books are remarkably similar: Both are essentially portfolios of full-page photographs of the gentle people of this allegedly quiet land. Most photographs in the present volume are in color, and many of these are carefully chosen as to subject matter, well framed as to content, consummate in their craftsmanship, and of exquisite beauty.

Some of the portraits and certain interiors, especially those that include living subjects, have the drawing power of paintings of the best Dutch masters. Others, showing things rather than people, have the artifactual verisimilitude of some of the best paintings by Harnett. The picture of a bereaved mother on page 151 is the most poignant photograph I think I have ever seen. In the background, diffused in sorrow, stands the saddest child.

These two books contain the most beautiful photographs in color ever published of these difficult-to-photograph people.

Alas, one cannot similarly acclaim the accompanying text, also by James Warner. Consisting of fewer than thirty pages, it is rambling, chatty, unstructured, episodic, anecdotal, and superficial. The author hopes that he has contributed toward a closer understanding of these Gentle People who live and work in [this] Quiet Land.” This he has distressingly failed to do. Artifacts and customs are treated as entities in themselves. Neither is related to the other nor to the total configuration of Amish life.

In a sectarian society such as that of the Amish, it is utterly impossible to understand life without an understanding of their beliefs. These beliefs are nowhere systematically discussed, and it is thus impossible to show how they serve as bases of the customs.

The author has no interpretive frame of reference in terms of which to “closely understand” and describe for us the religion and the culture of this interesting, instructive, and important people, who are one of the best examples in the world today of a people who, because of their religious convictions, try to live withdrawn from and in conflict with the world.

They, too, have a “Faith and Practice,” and they conscientiously try to practice their faith day by day in every way they feel they can possibly do.

Friends know how difficult it is to live a life of Christian commitment in the modern world. The Amish have their problems, too. Their community no longer is the “Quiet Land” it once was. Cameras click, automobile horns sound, and noisy industries have invaded their area, responding to the blatant invitations of the impresarios of commerce and tourism. Tourists are everywhere.

A whole congregation of more than twenty families from Lancaster County has recently settled in central Pennsylvania in quest of a quieter place in which to live, work, worship, and raise their children. This book gives us no hint of this distressing development in Lancaster County. *The Quiet Land* is a highly idealized picture of Amish life as it once was, and as the Amish still would like to have it in this area.

**MAURICE A. MOOK**

*This Little Planet*. Edited by MICHAEL HAMILTON. Scribner’s Sons. 241 pages. $6.95

**FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL**, churches have been “saving souls”—trying to foster a better man to man ethic—but doing nothing to save the very earth upon which man depends for his survival. It is encouraging, therefore, that a few theologians are now calling upon their fellow clergymen to awaken to this challenge.

*This Little Planet* is such a plea. It is a series of six essays: Three by scientists relating to pollution, scarcity, and conservation; and three by theologians responding to the scientists. The former are unemotional expositions that lack the philosophical punch of Leopold’s *Sand County Almanac* and the drama of Ehrlich’s *Population Bomb*. The latter cite early religious writings as evidence that Judeo-Christian theology does not preach man’s dominion over the earth.

This book will have a limited appeal because of the theological jargon used.

POWELL HOUSE

**SUMMER 1971**

July 2-4

**FOLK FESTIVAL**

July 8-11

**CONFERENCE** by Quaker Theological Discussion Group

July 12-18

**WORKSHOP** for Friends General Conference Committee Members

July 12-17

**WORK CAMP** for senior highs

July 19-24

**CAMP** for 5th and 6th graders.

Aug. 1-7

**UNSTRUCTURED QUAKER LIVING**—Open to all.

Aug. 8-15

**VENTURE IN QUAKER LIVING**, led by George Corwin and Francis Hall.

Aug. 10-15

**ENCOUNTER** for senior highs, led by Robert Rommel

Aug. 10-15

**BASIC CAMPING** for junior highs

Aug. 17-22

**ONE-PARENT FAMILY CAMP**, led by Victor Sabini.

Aug. 22-29

**ENCOUNTER AND THE SPIRITUAL JOURNEY**, led by Joseph Havens and Diedrick Snoek.

Aug. 24-29

**MUSIC CAMP** for juniors, seniors, young adults, led by Robert Rommel

POWELL HOUSE

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The Opportunity is yours

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FUTURES FOR CHILDREN
5612 Parkson Road, Washington, D.C. 20016

April 15, 1971 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Cinema
by Robert Steele

FOR TWENTY-NINE YEARS, hundreds of the finest short films being produced by any nation have been produced by the National Film Board of Canada. Because the government has not financed feature films and the exhibition over Canada has been controlled by distributors from the United States, however, Canadian feature films are almost nonexistent.

The unusualness of a Canadian feature film, then, partly explains the attention and hosannas that Don Shebib's Goin' Down the Road has received in New York.

Since the beginning of film, the United States film industry has drawn Canada's finest actors away from Canada, and in recent times those who wished to direct feature films have also left: Sidney Furie (Little Fauss and Big Halsy); Arthur Hiller (Love Story); and Norman Jewison, among others. These men have become directors of the Hollywood genre, and their work evidences nothing of the distinguished documentary tradition of the finest Canadian films.

Other reasons for the triumph of Don Shebib's modest and minor film are: It is his first feature film. He introduced three new actors, Doug McGrath, Paul Bradley, and Jayne Eastwood, who give beautiful performances. A number of critics are soft on the film, as they should be, because it cost only $82,000. It has been calculated that Goin' Down the Road cost $24,918,000 less than Tora! Tora! Tora!, and all seem to agree that was money down the drain.

Shebib's film has nothing to do with the formulas many of our current American films about young people who have dropped out of society. Violence enters only when three men have a fight at the end of the film. The psychedelic world seems not to have come to Toronto, the locale of the film.

It tells a story that grows out of what happens when two young men leave their homes in Nova Scotia and go to Toronto with the dream of making it big in the big city. A Bruce Cockburn folk song, "Another Victim of the Rainbow," used as theme music, reinforces the odyssey of failure. Peter and Joey find their not having much schooling and their occupational inexperience close the glossy society of Toronto to them. As long as they have jobs stacking crates in a bottling plant, life goes along in Toronto without being totally destructive, but when the summer business ends, they are out of their jobs. Finally, Peter tries to keep Joey and the pregnant Betty on what he makes as a pinboy in a bowling alley.

The film provides a deep and tragic look at the desperation that swamps the denied proletariat. The economic repression of down-and-out laborers, who are victimized by television commercials and "buy now, pay later" merchants, is handled as a humane statement of the dignity and destruction of men.

Don Shebib said at a meeting with critics, "I think that most of the films I have made have had a very strong social message but without my ever consciously thinking about it. This is not a message so much as just a general sort of feeling. Most of the documentaries I've done have been about social outcasts and poor people."

Seeing Goin' Down the Road is like eavesdropping on real people with real problems. Many viewers may find it depressing.

By some standards, I know, it may be amateurish, but we should be generous with any film that is blazoned with the compassion and honesty of Goin' Down the Road.
Letters to the Editor

A Provocative Film


Made in 1969 by NET and the official broadcasting agencies of Great Britain, Canada, and Australia, it traces the hopes of those who dreamed of an international body to solve the problems of war, poverty, and human rights. By constant contrasts, using scenes of UN procedures and speeches in New York against scenes in the outside world, it raises very tough questions about the UN, national sovereignty, and good people engulfed in complex organizations. The film was used to start a searching discussion that will leave its mark on all of us for a long time to come.

The film can be rented for eighteen dollars from NET Film Services, Audio Visual Center, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana 47401.

THEODORE HERMAN
Hamilton, New York

A Draft or Volunteers?

M ost FRIENDS feel that a true expression of their peace testimony means abstention from participation in actions and service that might lead to violence, be it of a defensive or offensive nature.

Friends who have favored the repeal of the draft might think that a goal they have been striving for might be obtained in the near future. Before speaking for the discontinuation of this draft, however, Friends have to face what the alternative—a voluntary army—means.

Such an army will be made up mainly of men who have been driven by poverty to despair and whose moral sensitivity has been lowered in a sick and hostile environment. In contrast to the citizen soldier who is obeying the law by giving two years to the armed services, most of the volunteers will be considering the services for a career. Such an army will be a far more palpable tool in the hands of the Pentagon to fight the type of brutal war that characterizes the present conflict in Indochina.

A volunteer army will perpetuate the present military policies with the support of a more efficient and a less thoughtful soldier. Friends should strive to find ways to make their own personal peace testimony more real, as has Louise Bruyn in her peacewalk.

Friends are urged to consider the realities of a volunteer army before actively supporting draft repeal.

WALTER GROSSMAN
Belmont, Massachusetts

Meeting in Kyoto

THE EAST ASIA CENTER of Friends World Meeting used it to start a searching discussion that will leave its mark on all of us for a long time to come.

The film can be rented for eighteen dollars from NET Film Services, Audio Visual Center, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana 47401.

THEODORE HERMAN
Hamilton, New York

Lib

MY THANKS to Marion Bromley for her article, "Friends and the Equality of Women." The questions raised by the women's liberation movement are basic to any discussion of justice and human freedom. I have been amazed and disappointed by the reaction of many Quaker women to the mere suggestion that women's liberation is a valid topic for debate. Ridicule, impatience, and sometimes open hostility have greeted efforts to introduce the subject for serious consideration.

Friends have not allowed obscene language or trashing at peace rallies to deter them from their opposition to war. In the same way, bra burning on Times Square should not distract us from the real issues at stake. Every woman—and, for that matter, every man—has the right to be accepted as a whole human being first. After that, sexual identity will take its proper place.

LENNA MAE GARA
Wilmingtom, Ohio

Twitchy Knees

R. W. TUCKER'S charming article, "A Case of Twitchy Knees," (February 15) moves me to make a comment on rising when Old Glory passes by or when an insufferably sophomoric poem is played to the strains of some pretty bad music.

I have asked Friends and intelligent non-Friends why they stood and have been told only that their behavior be-tokens respect for the opinions of those who stood because they really did think that they should. This, in my view, is nonsense, for why should men of good will respect evidence of bad will?

The reason that I stand is simple. A
man surrounded by inmates of a mental institution who require him to make some certain gesture will make that gesture if he is wise, for the witness of refusal count for absolutely nothing and, in fact, further disturb the already disturbed.

HUGH J. HAMILTON
Claremont, California

A Growing Fellowship

I RECEIVED the March 1 issue today, and am glad to find myself sharing a page with Francis Hole, who lives three blocks from me. We have a small meeting now on the east side in Madison, sometimes in the Holes' home, sometimes elsewhere, always in the particular joy of a small and growing fellowship, intense with need and response. Most of us come on foot, and then we worship shoeless. The meeting began by geographic accident, when several Quaker families moved into the neighborhood from other more prestigious areas, and by conviction, answering those who wished to grow by division instead of accretion.

The fact of neighborhood also has brought us into new commune-style closeness, perhaps even a Friendly closeness. Our freedom from property releases joy, yet we meet for business as part of the Madison Meeting proper (for we have had no formal separation, nor do we foresee it), and deal with the responsibilities of two houses and great plans.

GUNDA KORSTS
Madison, Wisconsin

Righteous Indignation

NO GENERATION has the right to allow itself to be a lost generation, for the generation that is suffering for the failures of its predecessor bears the responsibility for the generation to come. The time when it feels most burdened and abused is the time when it sows the seeds that will be harvested by its successors. Therefore, let all beware! The temptation to live in righteous indignation at the past spawns the righteous indignation of the future.

BARBARA COAN HOUGHTON
McFarland, Wisconsin

Spiritual Choice

AS A CONVINCED Friend, with two birthright Quaker children, I have always felt faintly sorry for birthright Friends, as their religion does not of necessity represent a religious search. On the other hand, should my children wish to turn to another denomination, their background as Friends will give them something to test a new faith against.

Perhaps we should all rear our children as Baptists, Catholics, Presbyterians, or what have you, and reserve the peculiar pleasures and demands of the Friends faith to them only when they feel that they have no other spiritual choice but to come to us.

SUSAN MEEHAN
Washington, D.C.

The Convictions to Treasure

AS RATHER a newcomer to the Quaker scene, I am a bit bemused by the distinction—apparently considered invidious by many—that is sometimes drawn between birthright and convinced Friends. My tendency is to view birthright Quakers, as such, in much the same light as birthright Democrats or Republicans. If a birthright Friend is not also convinced, of what value is his birthright?

There are convictions on which we should pay inheritance tax because they are simply handed down to us. There are convictions on which we should pay sales tax because we have bought them readymade from a teacher or a book. But the convictions to treasure are those on which we owe income tax, having labored to gain them.

DONALD BAIRD
Princeton, New Jersey

The Character of Membership

THERE ARE "restrictionists," the keepers-out, policies of containment and reservation, those who keep strictly within the "Inner Circle," the "anoointed," the "chosen," the saintly, and the exquisitely "redeemed"—at most, a strict minority. Much attention is given to technicalities; circumspection, at a premium. "Faith and Practice" is exceedingly explicit, far-reaching, and comprehensive; and all eventualities are indexed by chapter, verse, and page. The juice is delicious and well-sealed. All sorts of formalities are imposed.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth." The springs of spiritual consciousness and awareness are not so constructed. Walt Whitman, according to Howard Brinton, was so magnificent that no ties could bind him. His enormous range defied all bounds, bonds, and limitations. Standards of weights and measures plainly do not apply.

I'm a strict advocate of birthright membership; in fact, I belong to just such a breed, a rather extensive pedigree, extinct or not. Public documents may not note it, but it is indelibly written in my mental structure and will continue indefinitely, I trust.

FRIENDS JOURNAL  April 15, 1971
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Ishmael said of Queequeg that he belonged to the First, Everlasting Congregational Church. "There was the true light, even the light which lighteth every man, coming into the world." A birthright Quaker—a birth right, not contingent upon man's foolish demolitions, but a full-heir endowment by the God of all mercies—One, indeed, that giveth liberally. Membership by birth!

We who sit down to worship are all members of one body. Verily, they come from the North, the South, the East, and the West, and we "sit down together in the kingdom of heaven."

- HAROLD MYERS

Cranston, Rhode Island

**The Language of Jesus**

A FRIEND criticized—a composition of mine, saying that my words "could be expressed more effectively, if in less extreme wording." He evidently overlooked the Quaker tradition of "forthrightness" or truth in speech, but he caused me to reflect on the language of Jesus, and I presumed to inquire what his opinion might be in that regard. He apparently withdrew his objections to my language as I never received any reply to my question, and I felt discreetly ignored.

Have Friends forgotten this heritage of frankness, so eloquently exemplified by George Fox? Theodore Roosevelt said: "Speak softly and carry a big stick." Friends are known for speaking softly and not carrying a big stick. What shall we say of him who spoke roughly and carried a little stick? Could this be why the message of Jesus carried less weight with the Pharisees and Scribes?

There are at least thirty-three ungentle references in the four Gospels. People are called "fools, devils, thieves, murderers, fornicators, wolves, vipers, whitened sepulchers, adulterous and perverse generations, blind guides, leaven of the Pharisees, hypocrites, and serpents." How far would we get with such "strong" expressions or insults in these modern times? Has human nature changed in twenty centuries? Jesus himself said (Matthew 5: 22) we are in danger of hell fire if we say "thou fool," but (Matthew 23: 17, Luke 11: 40, and Luke 24: 25) he called his auditors "fools" with impunity. The language I used could not compare, in severity, with that from the New Testament.

WILLIAM M. KANTOR

Havertown, Pennsylvania

April 15, 1971 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Photograph by William Bliss  
Moccasin Flowers

Not with Observation
Not in the wastes of outer space  
But in the sweeps of the fertile mind;  
Not in the strength of armored force  
But in the steeps of the sensitive spirit;  
Not in the color of a certain race  
But in the deeps of the feeling heart;  
Not in the marring of Nature's face  
But in the knowing of her beauty;  
Not in the wasting of Nature's bounty  
But in the feeding of her hungry;  
Not in the crushing of God's children  
But in the comforting of His lonely;  
Not in the affluence of one's country  
But in the sheltering of her homeless;  
Not in the creed of a particular faith  
But in the living of its followers:  
For, lo, here the meanings are;  
And, lo, there the answers lie!

MARGUERITE E. CLEVELAND

Mothlike
Like a crazy sputtering  
frightened moth,  
blind by the swinging  
wickering candle-tongue wings  
close to the light  
stung  
flutters drunk  
darts  
in a final  
desperate crucial flight  
for the heat  
for the heart,  
I burn.

STEFANO BARRAGATO

At the Feast of the Passover
And how came it  
That a mere lad of twelve  
Astonished the elders with his wisdom?  
Was there burning bright within him  
Some promethean flame  
He could not quell?...  
And did this cantid, inner hell  
Demand that he cry out, as well  
As his young life relinquish?  
For is not wisdom sired by anguish?

MARY M. REDFEARN

Thoughts at Evening
With thoughts drifting,  
I spanned decades in moments,  
and watched the sky  
above the setting sun  
from under the pine trees  
I had climbed so purposefully  
during boyhood days  
in other sunsets,  
when the west pasture  
was not yet overgrown with alder-brush.

WILLIAM R. LAMPPA

Hide and Seek
You whom I hide from  
even while I am protesting  
that You are evading me,  
Your origin  
and Your accomplishments  
tingle all my senses  
and flow through the tangled patterns of my cerebral apparatus. Why should I discard You for lack of an identification label  
or because all names I give serve to belittle You?

THOMAS JOHN CARLISLE

First-day
First-day  
Twilight of the week  
When soft remembered shadows  
Gather into fertile darkness  
Where one may seek  
The starry dewdrops  
That proclaim another week.

PATRICIA S. HOWE

Sustenance
I love the little buds just peeking out.  
They invariably ask  
The stranger just passing by,  
"Which way the sun?"
Friends and Their Friends Around the World

The Greening of AFSC
by Margaret H. Bacon

"We dare to believe that we move with the great ideals of human yearning."

These words of Clarence Pickett, repeated during the Conference of Eighty held by American Friends Service Committee in March, seemed to catch the spirit of the profound experience of most attendees.

As Bronson Clark, executive secretary, commented afterward, "We have proved that as an organization we are capable of making the transition so that another generation can come into the AFSC and carry on."

It was what Charles Reich, author of The Greening of America, would call a consciousness-raising experience—in Friendly terms, a deep moving of the Spirit.

To some, the emotional tone, similar at times to that of a revival meeting, made the conference appear chaotic, without focus, and unproductive. To those who were "with it," it illuminated the path ahead. Only time will tell which reading is correct, but to me it was a mountain-top experience.

The Conference of Eighty, which finally became a conference of ninety-three (plus one small dog named Samantha), was the result of a minute of the AFSC that asked the committee to examine itself in the light of the growing polarization in this country between radical left and intransigent right. This concern was expressed in a quotation from William Coffin (paraphrased), "Mankind is approaching a situation in which we will be forced to choose between violence to bring about social change and violence to repress social change. Somehow, someone must provide an alternative."

"We are caught up and compelled," the AFSC board minutes in September, 1970, "by the thought that we may be called upon to help provide that alternative and that we are not doing enough. Should AFSC put a major part of its resources into a set of programs to accomplish change in the present patterns of institutionalized racism and of the military-industrial complex?"

Current programs, spiritual roots, and proposals for change were examined carefully to prepare for the conference. The national board set up criteria for the selection of participants so that each element in AFSC—program divisions, regional divisions, youth, minorities, the national board—was represented.

At the eleventh hour, however, a strong feeling arose that there were too few women and too few people from the secretarial/clerical ranks to make the conference truly representative. The Conference of Eighty then became a conference of ninety-three, as a number of women from the national and regional offices joined the group.

As the time of the conference approached, many groups brought in special concerns: The women, a coalition caucus formed at the Community Relations Round-up, and a group of board and staff members who had a proposal to involve AFSC in more long-range analysis and more nonviolent direct action.

Had the expectations of the conference become unreal? Would there be a clash of ideas, a jangling spirit, and frustration for many participants? Instead, something wonderful began to happen that manifested itself in ever-deepening periods of worship, in the honesty with which issues were faced in discussion groups; in the fellowship of the dining room; in song and dance; and in candlelight sessions late at night, when the middle-aged joined the young in learning to dance to rock.

One participant said, "I am not a Friend and do not consider myself a religious person; I don't know how you can explain what is happening without reference to the Spirit working among us."

As the conference progressed, a sense of a new vision became evident and began to be articulated. The specific elements seemed to me to be: a common vision of the need for rapid and radical change in a corporate state that no longer serves human needs; a willingness to take more risks in the pursuit of ways to bring about change, and a far deeper sense of personal commitment to that change.

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A deeper commitment to nonviolence as the ways of change open to us and a resolution to look for fresh ways with which to press for change nonviolently; to provide to despairing youth leadership in actions that confront oppressive institutions nonviolently.

A conviction that the work of the Community Relations Division of AFSC, which has come to concentrate more and more on empowering the victims of society—whether in ghettos, prisons, or truck farms—is a potent means of social change and needs expansion and support.

A new understanding that the middle class also is victimized by a society that dehumanizes and miseducates all and encourages us to despoil our planet.

A fresh vision that we can organize middle-class youth, housewives, and older men and women in nonviolent action against the military-industrial complex and the corporations that are responsible for ecological disaster and in parallel support action for those minority groups that already are achieving social change without resort to violence.

An understanding that the G.I.'s are the victims of the war effort and that support and organization among them can be an important way of putting a brake on the wheels of the war machine.

An awakening to a message that young people and women’s groups have been trying to deliver for some time—that while we play rigid roles and cast some people as “boss” and some as “secretary” we deny ourselves the dynamics of fresh sources of energy that might be released by a more human and humane set of relationships.

A growing realization that the new society of which we dream must begin at home.

The vision was so strong and its elements burst upon us so rapidly—like a string of exploding firecrackers—that there was not time to spell out precise implementation.

Minutes were passed: To create a new staff position in macroanalysis; to create a new group within the AFSC to look for fresh ways to engage in nonviolent direct action; to support the coalition caucus in refining its objectives; and to reinforce our present efforts and find fresh ways to challenge the military-industrial complex and to stop the war.

Meanwhile, starry-eyed participants have returned to the AFSC offices to try to share their sense of a new begin-

Aid for Students

MINUTE 74 COMMITTEE of New England Yearly Meeting in the past year raised ten thousand dollars for scholarships for thirty-seven disadvantaged students to attend Friends schools in New England. Most of the students are in Lincoln School and Moses Brown School, Providence, Rhode Island, and in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Friends School. One student is aided in Oak Grove-Coburn, Vassalboro, Maine.

Funds raised by the Minute 74 Committee are part of the sum of one hundred thousand dollars New England Friends in their 1970 Yearly Meeting sessions agreed to raise during the next five years for victims of prejudice and poverty.

John S. Taylor, Yearly Meeting treasurer, 140 Main Street, Thomaston, Maine 04861, will accept contributions earmarked for Minute 74 Committee.

T. NOEL STERN

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An Unhurried Visit Among Finnish Friends

by Rosalie and Curt Regen

THREE WORDS—"Turka, kire pois"—on a school poster, that mean avoid unnecessary hurry, epitomize our visits among Finnish Friends.

In a land of vast spaces, long days, sixty thousand lakes, and broad rivers, we had a feeling of ample room to breathe clean air and time to enjoy leisurely encounters with fourteen of the twenty Quakers in Finland.

Starting at the Arctic Circle, we visited Rovaniemi, where Friends in 1945-1949 helped rebuild the war-destroyed city.

The new buildings we saw include a church that has a striking mural showing Christ as the fountain of life against a background of northern lights, wolves devouring a reindeer, and the confluence of two rivers. Good people are separated from the bad, while in heaven, angels on the "good" side blow their trumpets upwards; those on the "bad" side point theirs down. This separation was mild compared to a mural in an old wooden church in Keuruu, where the men enjoy the delights of heaven and the women are tormented by serpents biting their breasts in hell.

Such controversial concepts may have led some Finns in an English class in Viittakivi (an international center sponsored by the Finnish Folk High School Association yet influenced by Quakers on the staff) to state their conviction that money should not be spent on churches but on relief for suffering people. The church they specifically criticized was a new one in Helsinki that had cost more than initially planned.

Later we both visited Tallavallahi, blasted out of natural rock. Its simple cross was lighted against rugged granite. "Biafra" had been painted in enormous letters on the outside walls by students who did not realize they were adding still more to the high expense they were protesting. Because of their action, the paint had to be laboriously removed. We found the church imaginative, inspiring, and elemental, in keeping with Christ's simple birth. Despite the controversies, the building is used throughout the week by groups of all ages.

Two of the Finnish Quakers we visited had learned about Friends in Viittakivi, where they had gone to study English. There they met John and Katherine Ashford, British Friends, who reached out sensitively to religious seekers and who greatly influenced them.

We felt that Viittakivi has some of the qualities of Pendle Hill and Powell House as a wellspring of spiritual enrichment and revitalization. It is on a hill above a birch-rimmed lake with (of course!) a typical sauna.

Finland has excellent social services. Near Sainijoki we visited a village dedicated to the care of retarded and braindamaged children. Instead of white uniforms, the nurses and attendants wore bright-colored dresses; the draperies were of fabric with blue, red, or yellow mushroom designs; the office furniture was lively with color. The young director of this immense undertaking told us it is supported by the citizens of several towns and counties.

Our hostess, Sylvi Venna, who is secretary to the town manager, showed us the stunning church, library, and town hall (with terraces of blue flowers to match its tile walls), all designed by the famous architect, Alvar Aalto. The town planners left open spaces near the main public buildings to provide room for development. And the church people, Sylvi told us, are broad-minded enough to allow her to tell about Quakers in her Sunday School class, provided she does not criticize the creed and sacraments of the state church.

Of the conscientious objectors in Finland, we met a prominent doctor who had based his refusal to serve in the armed forces on humanitarian grounds. After winning his case, he was released to do hospital work with no pay. One Friend had been interned as a CO on an island, and his wife told us delightedly how in winter he was able to elude the prison guards and escape for a few hours of joyous skating with her on frozen Helsinki harbor. One German-speaking couple with four children told us they had joined Friends because every time they became interested in a cause for peace or social betterment they discovered it had originated with Quakers.

The chief problems of Finnish Quakers are their small numbers and their isolation from each other. Only in Viittakivi and in Helsinki are they able to congregate in a group or attend meetings for worship. Of the twenty members who belong to Sweden Yearly Meeting, five attended the triennial sessions of the Friends World Committee at Sigtuna.
Positions Wanted

SUMMER POSITION ABROAD OR STATE-WIDE wanted by mature female completing junior year of college in France. Enjoys travel, children, arts and culture. Box K-6, Pinetop, New Mexico 88343.

FRIEND, age 25, with family, seeks employment at Friends educational institution. Doctorate in music from University of Michigan; two years' experience. Has taught adults in Africa and worked in the Society of Friends, are in sympathy with its ecumenical community. Travel history or college student. Will drive. Box M-513, Friends Journal.


JIM HART seeks part-time work sixteen to twenty-four hours a week. Financial needs small. John Chil­away House, 3121 Baring Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19104, Ext. 2-2721.

YOUNG FRIEND needs full- or part-time job, preferably outdoors. Can type, cook vegetarian, live with kids, be joyful. 11342 Alhambra Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland 21212.

SUMMER POSITION (child care, tutoring, as­sistance with light housekeeping) desired by female student. Will drive. Box M-507, Friends Journal.

Positions Vacant


COUPLE to share home with six students in small, Quaker school-community. Teach history or biology/geometry. Farming, building, or mechanical skills desired. Sara Barish, Abington Friends School, Jenkintown, Pennsylvania 19046.

WOODBROOKE COLLEGE, Selly Oak, Birmingham, United Kingdom, invites applications for a new post that it has created for the holder to collaborate with other members of staff and with students in exploring in an experimental way some of the ways Quakerism and modern technological urban society challenge each other. Appointment may be full or part-time, resident or nonresident. Open to men and women, who, if not members of the Society of Friends, must be in sympathy with its tenets and have appropriate academic qualifications and experience. Appointment will be for two years starting on 1st September 1971 or as soon after that date as possible. Salary according to comparable positions in universities. For further details write to Professor D. J. Scott, Woodbrooke College, Birmingham B29 6JL (Telefon: 021-472 0672.)

Books and Publications

FREE SAMPLE COPY. Disarmament News and Views, biweekly newsletter. Address: 308 West 30th Street, New York 10001.

R. W. Tucker's essay, THE LAMB'S RULE on recent developments, will be discussed at the second in a series of summer evening lectures, June 1. The Lake Erie Yearly Meeting Lecture, reprinted from Friends Quarterly (Spring 1971) (From Friends Journal) available in readable homemade reprint from author: 1016 Ad­ams Street, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49507 (Includes United States or Canadian postage); ten percent discount for ten or more.

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Who Are the Friends?

It is interesting to compare two responses to this question: "Friendly Answers," issued by the American Section of the Friends World Committee, and a leaflet from France Yearly Meeting, published in Vie Quaker.

The first is at pains to reconcile the "two rather different forms of worship" that may characterize American Quakers: The silent and unprogramed meeting "without prearranged singing, Bible reading, prayers, or sermon"; and "the form of worship practiced by Protestant and Evangelical churches generally," which "may include pastoral prayer and responsive reading, hymn singing and choral/organ music, Scripture and sermon."

The French leaflet states categorically that the Society "has neither priests nor pastors," and stresses its universality, based on "equality of rights and duties" of men and women of good will who seek truth and integrity and are "animated by an ideal of peace, reconciliation, and justice regardless of religious or philosophical convictions." It is based also on the belief that there is a "spark of God" in every man.

A synthesizing footnote to these two conceptions is supplied by Evelyn Mooerman, writing in the Canadian Friend. In summing up her impressions of the conference last October on "The Future of Friends," she states that, although there was no unity on what that should be, there was by the close of the meeting "much more of a feeling that at the very least, all Friends should be friends, which is far from the situation among American Quakerism during the past one-hundred and fifty years."

For the Very Young

Plainfield (New Jersey) Friends have placed one wing of their school building at the disposal of the first local Head Start Program. A maximum of fifteen four-year-old children attend five days a week. Head Start enclosed a vacant portion of the cemetery areas adjacent to the school wing with a sturdy fence. Plainfield Friends First-day-schoolers also use the area.

Student from Media Honored

Ken Oye, a member of Providence Monthly Meeting, Media, Pennsylvania, is one of three Swarthmore College seniors who have been awarded Woodrow Wilson National Fellowships for graduate study. His field is political science and international relations.

MEETING ANNOUNCEMENTS

LA JOLLA—Meeting, 11 a.m., 7380 Eads Avenue. Visitors call 292-2264 or 454-7459.

LONG BEACH—Marloma Meeting and Sunday School, 10:30 a.m., 647 Locust. 424-5756.


MARIN—Worship 10 a.m., Mill Valley Community Church Annex, Olive and Lovell, 924-2777.

MONTEREY PENINSULA—Friends Meeting for worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m., 1057 Nescal Ave., Seaside, Cal. 394-3991 or 375-1776.

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

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

REDLANDS—Meeting and First-day School, 10 a.m., 114 W. Vine. Clerk: 792-9218.

SACRAMENTO—2620 21st St. Meeting for worship Sunday, 10 a.m.; discussion 11 a.m. Clerk: 455-6251.

SAN FERNANDO—Unprogrammed worship, 11 a.m. 15056 Bledsoe St. EM 7-2826.

SAN FRANCISCO—Meeting for worship, First- days, 10 a.m., 2160 Lake Street, 782-7460.

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

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

SANTA CRUZ—Meeting for worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m. Discussion at 11:30 a.m., 303 Walnut St.

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

VISTA—Palomar Worship Group, 11 a.m., 720 Alta Vista Drive. Call 724-4966 or 728-2556.


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New Hampshire

HANOVER—Meeting for worship, Sunday 10:45 a.m., Friends Meeting House, 29 Rope Ferry Road. Phone 643-4138.

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

New Jersey

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

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

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

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

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

HADDONFIELD—Friends Ave. Lake St. Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Nursery care. Special First-day school programs and/or social following worship, from October to June. Phone 428-6424 or 429-9186.

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

MEDFORD—Main St. First-day School, 10 a.m. Union St., and Langford 10 a.m. meeting for worship 10:45 a.m.

MICKLETON—Meeting for worship, 12 p.m., First-day School, 11 a.m. Kings Highway, Mickleton, N.J.

MONTCLAIR—Park Street & Gordonhurst Ave. First-day School and First-day Meeting for worship, 11:30 a.m. Visitors welcome.

NEW BRUNSWICK—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., Quaker House, 33 Remsen Ave. Phone 948-0900.

PLAINFIELD—Adult class 10 a.m. Meeting for worship and First-day School 11 a.m. Watchung Ave., East Third St. 937-5756. Open Monday through Friday 11:30 a.m.—1:30 p.m.

PRINCETON—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m., Quaker Rd, near Mercer St. 921-9250.

QUEENSBURGH—Meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m. every First-day. Clerk, Douglas Mesker, Box 464 Milford, N. J. 988-8449 Phone 995-2276.

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

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

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

SHERBURY—First-day School, 10:30 a.m., meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m. (July, August, 10:00 a.m.) Route 35 and Sycamore. Phone 671-2651 or 431-0637.

SUMMIT—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m; First-day School, 11:15 a.m. 158 Southern Boulevard, Chatham Township. Visitors welcome.

TRENTON—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m., Han­over and Montgomery Streets. Visitors welcome.

WOODSTOWN—First-day School, 9:45 a.m. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. N. Main St, Woodstown, N. J. Phone 558-2352.

New Mexico

ALBUQUERQUE—Meeting and First-day School, 10:30 a.m., 815 Girard Blvd., N.E Richard Hicks, Clerk. Phone 977-7352.


SANTA FE—Meeting Sundays, 11 a.m., Olive Rush Studio, 630 Canyon Road, Santa Fe.

WEST LAGAS—Las Vegas Monthly Meeting, 9:30 a.m., 1216 S. Pacific.

New York

ALBANY—Worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., 772 Madison Ave. Phone 465-9084.

BUFFALO—Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m., 72 N. Parade, Phone TX 2-8684.

CHAPPAQUA—Quaker Rd (Rt. 120), First-day School, 9:45 a.m.; meeting 11 a.m. 914 CE 8-9894 or 914-666-3926.

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

CORNWALL—Meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m. Rt. 307, off N.Y., Quaker Rd. 914-354-2217.

ELMIRA—10:30 a.m. Sundays. 155 West 6th Street.

FARMINGTON—Pastoral Friends meeting; Sunday School 10 a.m; Morning worship, 11 a.m. Use New York State Thruway exit No. 43 or No. 44. Write for brochure. Pastor, Richard A. Hart­man, 140 Church Avenue, Macedon 14502. Phones: parsonage, (315) 986-7881; church, 5559.

GILBERTSVILLE—Greenfield and Neversink Meeting, Worship, First-days, 10:30 a.m. From Easter till Thanksgiving, in the meetinghouse during winter, in Friends house. Call 914-985-2852.

HAMILTON—Meeting for worship Sunday, 10 a.m. Chapel House, Colgate.

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

NEW YORK—First meetings for worship, 9:45 a.m.; meeting, 11 a.m. First-day School, First-year School, Pleasantville, N.Y. 10570. Others, 11 a.m. only.

2 Washington Sq. N. Earl Hall, Columbia University 110 Schermerhorn St. Brooklyn 137 16th Northern Blvd. Flushing Phone 212-777-8660 (Mon.-Fri. 9-5) about First­day Schools, Monthly Meetings, suppers, etc.
Conscience Bay
Programmed meeting, 66 N. Mulberry, 9:30 a.m. Church School; 10:45, meeting for worship.

PORTLAND-MULTNOMAH MONTHLY MEETING, 4312 S. E. Stark St. Worship 10 a.m., discussions 11 a.m. Same address, A.F.S.C., Phone 235-6954.

Oregon

North Carolina
ASHVILLE-Meeting, French Broad YWCA, Sunday, 10 a.m. Phone Philip Neal, 298-0944.
CHAPEL HILL-Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Clerk, Adolphe Furth, Phone 544-2197 (Durham).
CHARLOTTE-Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. First-day School through High School, 10:45 to 12:15, Jericho Tp., and Post Avenue. Phone 616 E 3-1176.

CINCINNATI-COMMUNITY FRIENDS MEETING (United, FUM & FGC). Sunday School 9:45; Unprogrammed meeting 10 a.m., Junior Meeting through High School, 10:45 to 12:15, Jericho Tp., and Post Avenue. Phone 616 E 3-1176.

Cleveland—Meeting for worship, 7:30 at the "Olive Tree" on Case-West R.U. campus 283-9410; 268-4822.

CLEVELAND—Meeting for worship and First-Day School, 11 a.m., 10916 Magnolia Dr., University Circle area, 791-2220 or 884-2695.

KENT—Meeting for worship and First-Day School, 10:30 a.m., 1195 Fairchild Ave. Phone 673-9336.

N. COLUMBUS—Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m., 1554 Indianola Ave., AX 6-2756.

SALEM—Willbur Friends, unprogrammed meeting, First-Day School, 9:30 a.m.; meeting 10:30 a.m. Franklin D. Henderson, Clerk.

TOLEDO—Allowed Meeting, Unprogrammed worship, Sundays, 11 a.m.; Information: David Taber, 418-878-6641.

WILMINGTON—Campus Meeting of Wilmington (F.U.M.) and Indiana (F.G.C.) Meetings. Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m., First-Day School, 11 a.m., in Thomas Kelly Center, Wilmington College. Elizabeth H. MacNeil, Clerk, 513-392-3328.

WILMINGTON—Programmed meeting, 66 N. Mulberry, 9:30 a.m. Church School; 10:45, meeting for worship.

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

BRISTOL—Meeting for worship and First-Day School, 11 a.m. Meeting and Market St., 639-6136.

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

CONCORD—at Concordville, on Concord Road one block south of Route 1, First-Day School 10 a.m.-11:15 a.m. Meeting for worship 11:15 a.m. to 12.

DOULTON-Makefield—East of Doolington on Mt. Eyer Road. First-Day School 11:00-11:30. First-Day School 12:30-1:00.

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

DUNNING CREEK—At Fishertown, 10 miles north of Bedford, First-Day School, 9:30 a.m.; meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m.

FALLSINGTON—Meeting and First-Day School, one-half mile north of Route 22. Meeting and First-Day School 9:30 a.m.; meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. followed by Forum.

HARRISBURG—First-Day School, 10 a.m. Meeting for worship, 9:30 a.m., and 11:15 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 miles west of Lancaster. Meeting and First-Day School, 10 a.m.

LANSDOWNE—Lansdowne and Stewart Aves., First-Day School and Adult Forum, 10 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m.

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


MEDIA—125 West Third Street. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

MEDIA—Providence Meeting, Providence Road. Media, 15 miles west of Phila. First-Day School, 9:45 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

MERION—Meetinghouse Lane at Montgomery. Meeting for worship 11 a.m., First-Day School 10:30, Adult class 10:00. Baby Sitting 10:15.

MIDDLETOWN—Delaware Co., Route 352 N. of Lima, Pa. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

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

MILLVILLE—Main Street. Worship 10 a.m.; First-Day School 11 a.m. H. Kester, 458-6061.

Muncy—at Pennsdale. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Mary Jo Kirk, Clerk, Phone 546-6252.

NORTHEAST—Friends Meeting, Swede and Jacoby Sts. Meeting for worship 10 a.m.

Old Havertford Meeting—East Eagle Road at Saint Dennis Lane, Haverton, First-Day School 10 a.m., meeting for worship 11.

Philadelphia—Meetings, 10:30 a.m., unless specified, telephone 84-1111 for information about First-Day Schools.

Raymer, one mile east of Roosevelt Boulevard at Southampton Road, 11 a.m.
Central Philadelphia, Race St. west of 15th.
Cheltenham, Jeanes Hospital Grounds, Fox Chase, 11:15 a.m.

Chestnut Hill, 100 E. Mermaid Lk., 10 a.m.

Fair Hill, Germantown and Cambria, 10:15 a.m.

Frankford, and 4th and Fifthdays.

Frankford, Unity and Main Streets, 11 a.m.

Germantown Meeting, Coulter Street and Germantown.

Green Street Meeting, 45 W. School House Lane. Powelton, 3309 Barings St., 10 a.m.

University City Worship Group, 32 S. 40th St., at the "Back Bench." 11 a.m.

Phoenixville—SCHUYLKILL MEETING—East of Phoenixville and north of junction of Whitehorse Road and Route 23. Worship, 10:15; Forum, 11:15.

Pittsburgh—Meeting and First-Day School 10:30 a.m.; adult class 11:45 a.m., 4836 Elsworth Ave.

Plymouth Meeting—Germantown Pike and Butler Pike, First-Day School, 10:15 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m.

Quakertown—Richland Monthly Meeting, Main and Mill Streets. First-Day School, 10 a.m., meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m.

Radnor—Conestoga and Sprout Rds., 11am. Meeting for worship and First-Day School, 10:30 a.m. Forum 11:15 a.m.

Reading—First-Day School, 10 a.m., meeting 11 a.m. 108 North Sixth Street.

State College—318 South Atherton Street. First-Day School, 9:30 a.m.; meeting for worship, 10:45 a.m.

Swarthmore—Whittier Place, College campus. Adult Forum, First-Day School and Worship, 11 a.m.

Uniontown—Meeting, 11 a.m., 51 E. Main Street. Phone 437-8936.

Valley—West of King of Prussia; on Old Rt. 202 and Old Eagle School Road. First-Day School and First-Day Church School, 10:15 a.m.; meeting for worship 11:15 a.m. Monthly meeting on second Sunday of each month at 10:15 a.m.

West Chester—400 N. High St. First-Day School, 10:30 a.m., worship, 10:45 a.m.

Wilkes-Barre—Lackawanna-Wyoming Meeting. Wyoming Seminary Day School, 1500 Wyoming Avenue, Forty Fort, Sunday School, 10:15 a.m.; Meeting, 11:00, through May.

Willistown—Goshen and Warren Roads, Newtown Square, R.D. 2, Pa. Meeting for worship and First-Day School, 10 a.m., Forum, 11 a.m.

Yardley—North Main Street for worship 10 a.m., First-Day School follows meeting during winter months.

Tennessee
Nashville—Meeting and First-Day School, Sundays, 10:00 a.m., Scarritt College. Phone AL 6-2844.

West Knoxville—First-Day School, 10 a.m., worship, 11 a.m. D. W. Newton, Phone 588-0876.

Texas

Austin—Worship and First-Day School, 11 a.m., Forum, 10 a.m., 3014 Washington Square, Gl. 2-1841. David J. Finn, Clerk, HO 5-5378.
OLD Route 202 and Allstate Insurance Company, west of King of Prussia, Pennsylvania, 2:30 p.m. Three historical presentations, followed by tea. All welcome.

May
7-9—Piedmont Unprogrammed Conference, Quaker Lake, North Carolina. Write to John Hunter, 2040 Gravelly Drive, Durham, North Carolina 27705.
7-9—Annual meeting, Associated Executive Committee of Friends on Indian Affairs, University Friends Church, 1840 University, Wichita, Kansas 67213. (Same address for reservations).
15-16—Spring Representative Meeting of New York Yearly Meeting, Poughkeepsie Meetinghouse, 249 Hooker Avenue, Poughkeepsie, New York.

June
3-6—Nebraska Yearly Meeting, Central City, Nebraska. Information from Don Reeves, R. 1, Box 61, Central City, Nebraska 68326.
4-6—Friends Conference on Religion and Psychology, Haverford College. "Wrestling With The Daimonic," led by M. C. Richards and Dorothea Blum. For information on costs, registration, reading lists, and driving directions please write Betty Lewis, R.D. 1, Box 165, Glen Mills, Pennsylvania 19342.

Advertisements

Birth
PENDEO—On February 7, in Cambridge, Maryland, a son, PAUL JOSEPH PEDONE, to Peter and Prudence Borzella Pedone. The mother and maternal grandmother are members of Mickleton Monthly Meeting, New Jersey.

Deaths
ALLEN—On January 15, RENATE JEANNETTE ALLEN, born October 24, 1970. Her delicate perfection brought us love and joy. It is with awe that we continue to feel her tender spirit present in our lives. She is survived by her parents, Roy and Janet Allen; a sister, Wendy; and a brother, Jesse.
BRANSON—On December 20, at Foulke's, Gwynedd, Pennsylvania, JULIA BRANSON, aged 81, a member of Lansdowne Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania. She was a founding member of the Paoli public schools and in Lansdowne Friends School and then a case worker and district superintendent of the Family Society of Philadelphia. She held executive positions in other social work agencies at various times. From 1919 to 1924 she organized child feeding in Germany for American Friends Service Committee. She worked for AFSC again from 1944 to 1950 in the Foreign Service Section. In 1965 she served as Head of Mission in Germany and Austria. She is survived by a brother, Howard Branson.
BRUNER—Suddenly, on January 14, DAVID K. BRUNER, recording clerk of Delta Friends Monthly Meeting, Stockton, California. He was an active representative to College Park Quarterly Meeting and Pacific Yearly Meeting. In 1962-63 he and his wife, Catherine, were "Friends in the Orient," under appointment of Pacific Yearly Meeting. He was a founding member of the National Legislation and of the Northern California Friends Committee on Legislation, on whose executive committee he served until his death. He taught for thirty-two years in the University of the Pacific. He was a compassionate advocate for unpopular causes before many groups. The members of the Friends of the Battlefields of World War II and the Quaker Lake Conference of 1968 are the beneficiaries of his work. He was the author of Peace, nonviolence, jail and prison reform, child welfare, public welfare, decent housing, racial justice, health care, neighborhood centers, and social legislation. His presence is among us; his spirit compels us to bring his root-nourishing work to fruition.
HAMMARSTROM—On February 9, INEZ HILDEGARDE DAELI HAMMARSTROM, aged 83, a member of Ridgewood Monthly Meeting, New Jersey, "Inez the energetic" was the personification of meeting. Her integrity existed almost to a fault. Ever she was wise, loyal, helpful, fair, and kind, with a remarkable sense of humor and a subtlety that intrigued. She put her faith in 'in the knower,' compassion, hard work, thrift, cleanliness, good nutrition, and exercise. She is survived by her husband, Erik; four sons: Carl, Eric C., a member of the Yearly Meeting, and Allstate Insurance; and all grandchildren.

Coming Events

Entries for this calendar should be submitted at least four weeks before the event is to take place.

April
17—Western Quarterly Meeting, London Grove Meetinghouse, Toughkenamon, Pennsylvania. Worship and Ministry. 9 a.m.; meeting for worship, 10; business sessions, 10:45 and 1 P.M. John Moore, clerk of Yearly Meeting Worship and Ministry, 661 Old Darby Road, to be present.
18—Millville Monthly Quarterly Meeting, Pennsville, Pennsylvania. Worship, 10:30 a.m.; box lunch, 12:30 p.m. (Note change of date.)
24—Medieval Fair, George School, Newtown, Pennsylvania, 10 a.m. to 5 P.M. Lunchbox, entertainment, games, baby-sitting, sale of handcrafts, art, books, food, plants.
25—Centennial commemoration, "Builders through the Years," Valley Meetinghouse, Old Eagle School Road, north of

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

Wisconsin
BELOIT—See Rockford, Illinois.
MADISON—Sunday, 9 a.m. and 11 a.m., Friends House, 200 Monroe St., 256-2249.
MILWAUKEE—Sunday, 10 a.m.; meeting and First-day School, 3074 N. Maryland, 273-4945.
WAUSAU—Meetings in members' homes. Write 3320 N. 11th or telephone 442-1136.

April 15, 1971 FRIENDS JOURNAL
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