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The contributors to this issue

ELEANOR STABLER CLARKE became interested in the beginning of Quakerism when she attended Friends World Conference in Oxford, England, in 1952. A member of Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, Meeting, she is a member of Representative Meeting of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting and on the boards of Pendle Hill and Friends Journal. She has served American Friends Service Committee since 1931.

GUNDA KORSTS, a member of Madison, Wisconsin, Meeting, writes, “My special concerns flare up as I look around: Prison reform and eradicating; justice for the mentally ill, the poor, females, children, people; the nurture of silence; conservation; war prevention, resistance, and redemption of soldiers.”

WILLIAM A. GROSS belongs to Palo Alto, California, Meeting, and is a member of the Northern California Regional Office of American Friends Service Committee. He is vice president and director of research of Ampex Corporation and has written many professional papers.

HEBE BULLEY, a member of the staff of Friends General Conference, has been working for Friends almost fifteen years. “Although,” she writes, “I have never felt led to join the Society of Friends, I felt moved ten years ago by my Quaker ‘inward guidance’ to join the Russian Orthodox Church.”

GILBERT C. PERLEBERG, a member of Fifteenth Street Preparative Meeting, New York, is a retired electrical engineer. If he could have one wish, it would be “that there might be many publications in which people, simple people as well as erudite ones, could express themselves.”

ELIZABETH YATES MCGREAL has written many books for children and for adults, including Lady from Vermont and Sarah Whitcher’s Story. She is a member of Monadnock Meeting, Peterborough, New Hampshire.

BERNA RAUCH is a writer and former teacher and is a part-time librarian in Beth El Religious School Children’s Library. She is Jewish but feels close to Friends. She has been greatly influenced by Mulford Q. Sibley, who was her “mentor in political philosophy, advisor, a friend, and a Friend.”

ROSE WARDLAW, a member of Morningside Heights Preparative Meeting, New York, wrote her essay when thinking of her son, who had died suddenly. “I was thinking about a life extinguished that was near and dear to me. I am wrestling with the ultimate question: Am I?”

TRUDY GRIMES is a writer and is caretaker of a two-hundred-acre farm in Vermont. She believes that in many families, even those of Friends, violence and tyranny are in the home; and frequent spankings, punishments, and humiliations occur. How, therefore, can we produce peace-loving adults?

MARTHA DART lives in New Delhi with her husband, Leonard, who works for United States Agency for International Development. She wrote her meditation while she was traveling in southern India.

BARBARA FRITTS, a housewife, is clerk of Pima, Arizona, Meeting. “After two years of clerkship,” she said, “I am feeling rather Cinderella-ish—hoping to leave the ball before my First-day dress turns to tatters and my coach into a pumpkin!”

THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE COVER was taken at Wilmington College. A story on page 365 describes the program offered by the college for a degree in agriculture.
Today and Tomorrow

Letters from Friends

NOTHING Friends Journal has ever printed has brought a greater outpouring of love and concern than the “Letter from a Friend” in the issue of April 1. It told of one Friend’s loneliness and despair and her yearning for a bit of affection. It was a cry for a comforting word in the wilderness of life.

We always have regarded the Religious Society of Friends as a sodality of friends—friends of Jesus and of each other as children of God; the preoccupation with investments, property, “social concerns,” works and work, and Meeting finances (and more like them) have seemed beside the point. The letters seem to bear that out: First is love, and love starts at home.

Far better than spending unending hours on matters of money, putting mother hubbards on naked natives, “What is the Future of the Society of Friends?,” and Unity Amid Diversity, we think, is to ask ourselves: How have we demonstrated our love today to another child of God? Have I this day added a small star to my crown by being good, decent, sensitive, lovable, and loving?

Oddment

FOR OUR DOSSIER of strange references in strange places to Quakers, Maurice A. Mook, who is professor of anthropology in Lycoming College, sent what follows.

Pavel Petrovich Svinin, a Russian “diplomatic officer, artist, and author,” visited the United States for twenty months in late 1811, 1812, and early 1813. As secretary to the Russian consul general, he spent most of the time in Philadelphia.

He wrote a book, A Picturesque Voyage in North America (St. Petersburg, 1815), in which, more energetically than accurately, he described Americans and their customs for the benefit of his countrymen. In Picturesque United States of America, a Memoir on Paul Svinin (New York, 1930) Avraham Yarmolinsky has translated large portions of Svinin’s account.

Svinin was twenty-four years old at the time, and he showed some interest in Philadelphia Quaker girls. He describes them thus: “The grey color of their bonnets lends their snowy languid faces a lovely conventual shadow, a kind of melancholy which heightens the seductive charm of their blue eyes and fair tresses. Generally speaking, the Quakeresses are distinguished by fine figures and small feet.”

(If I had to look up “conventual,” and, sure enough, it means “pertaining to a convent; monastic.”)

Svinin was also impressed with the “charitable spirit” of Quaker men. “You will always find a Quaker in charge of a charitable institution, [such as] a hospital [or] a prison.” He added: “They are always first on the scene when a fire breaks out.”

Svinin was an artist as well as an author. His water color “Sunday Morning in Front of the Arch Street Meeting House” is owned by The Metropolitan Museum of Art (or at least was in 1950). It shows two Quaker young ladies with fine figures and small feet leaving Arch Street Meetinghouse, accompanied by their more statueque and larger-footed parents. It is reproduced in black-and-white in American Processional, 1492-1900, a catalog for a special exhibition, published by the Corcoran Gallery of Art (Washington 1950, page 97). It is also reproduced in color as the frontispiece to the Yarmolinsky volume.

Svinin’s account contains other juicy morsels on Friends as he saw them. On Sunday morning in Philadelphia [in 1812] “one meets in the streets of Philadelphia only gloomy faces, the faces of people sunk in meditation, and one does not see a single smile—it is as though the city were in mourning.”

About a Quaker meeting, he wrote: As the speaker, moved by the Spirit, becomes “wrought up—to cool himself he often removes first his hat, then his caftan, and finally his camisole.”

Purpose and Action

JOHN L. P. MAYNARD, who identified himself as chairperson of the committee, sent us a copy of the first (and last) yearly report of the Thirteenth Street Book Fund Committee of the Peace and Social Action Program of New York Yearly Meeting. It is:

“We began and ended our year in two months, which is a new record so far as most committees’ work goes. In that year, we collected the amount we were going to spend, spent it, spent nothing to spend it, and gave away that on which we spent it. That is also a new record: One hundred percent efficiency of purpose and action.”

Miscellany

V If the geometric cost increase for weapons systems is not sharply reversed, then even significant increases in the defense budget may not insure the force levels required for our national security.—The Senate Armed Services Committee.

V Dietrich Bonhoeffer from his prison cell shortly before his execution by the Nazis: “We should find God in what we do know, not in what we don’t know.”

V “Countries want independence, nations want liberation and the people want revolution. This has become an irresistible trend of history.”—Chiao Kuan-hua, head of the Chinese delegation to the United Nations.

Ave, Frater

Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit
Atque vale, Amici.
Some Historical Questions About “The Peaceable Kingdom”

by Eleanor Stabler Clarke

THERE IS GREAT INTEREST among Friends in Jan de Hartog’s new novel, The Peaceable Kingdom. Although the author states that he has “used the novelist’s prerogative of being inspired by historical facts rather than governed by them,” he includes between Part I and Part II an “Historical Note,” which the reader presumes to be historically correct and which has the effect of giving historical authenticity to the story.

In order to set the record straight, I have consulted George Fox’s Journal and histories and biographies of early Quakerism and direct the attention of Friends to some of the differences between historical fact and the novel, particularly the historical note.

It says, “Margaret Fell and her household held out against the rising tide of persecution until, in 1660, Judge Fell died.” Judge Fell died in 1658.

The note continues: “Almost that very day Justice Sawrey moved in upon them. They were expelled from the Hall [Swarthmoor, their home]; Margaret Fell’s property was confiscated; she and her daughters moved from house to house in the twilight of the Quaker underground until, in 1664, she was arrested and sentenced to six years in Lancaster prison.”

The facts are: We first hear of Justice Sawrey in 1652; the last we hear of him is in 1656. He was one of George Fox’s special persecutors, so we can understand Fox’s uncharitable satisfaction when he wrote, “This persecuting John Sawrey . . . was drowned.” This was two years before the death of Judge Fell, so Sawrey was not around “almost that very day” (of Judge Fell’s death) to move in upon Margaret Fell and her household, Margaret Fell was brought before Judge Twisten in March 1664, six years after the death of her husband. She was sentenced by Judge Turner to imprisonment for life (not six years) and forfeiture of all her property to the crown. None of this was carried out. She spent four years in prison and never lost her home or her personal property, although efforts were made in that direction.

The word “underground” is modern. The early Quakers never went underground. They held their meetings openly; holding meetings was against the law, and they were often arrested. The Catholics and other sects held their services in secret but not the Quakers.

The statement, “Many Friends were sentenced to exile in Massachusetts” should read (to be historically correct), “A few Friends were banished to the West Indies.” Friends who went to Massachusetts did so of their own accord to test the law in that Colony that would not permit Quakers within its bounds. Nor did the Massachusetts Colony send them to the “penal colony” of Rhode Island. I doubt if Americans whose forebears lived in Rhode Island with its practice of religious freedom will appreciate having their ancestral colony described as “penal.”

Philadelphia was indeed an important city in colonial days, but the statement, “Before the turn of the century [1700] it had grown to be the largest port in North America,” is not correct. Boston then was the largest; Philadelphia was of the same size as New York.

The historical note further states that after Margaret Fell was released from prison she and George Fox were married. She was released in June 1668, and they were married in October 1669. She spent altogether six years in Lancaster prison, the four years described above and two more, in 1670-1671 and 1683. The cause of her imprisonments was that she held Friends meetings at her home and refused the oath of allegiance. (Friends would not swear.)

In McCall’s Magazine for January 1972, which reprinted the story of Margaret Fell and the children in Lancaster prison, an accompanying note says: “The years in prison had broken her health.” As she lived to be almost eighty-eight and continued to travel in those difficult times, visiting Quakers throughout England, her health could not have been too poor. During her lifetime, she went to London ten times—by horseback and stage—two hundred fifty miles—in all kinds of weather. One trip she made to visit meetings totaled one thousand miles.

The story of Margaret’s work for the children in Lancaster prison is pure fiction. I am inclined to believe that the author’s imagination has borrowed from another famous Quaker woman, Elizabeth Fry (1780-1845), who worked with women prisoners and taught their children in chapel prison, London, Elizabeth Fry first visited Newgate in 1813, one hundred sixty years after the story told in The Peaceable Kingdom about Margaret Fell and the children of Lancaster. The great concern of the early Quakers was for the Friends who were in prison, not others; with more than fifteen thousand Quakers in prison until the passage of the Toleration Act in 1688, Friends were busy with their own. The note in McCall’s says: Margaret Fell “became the first woman in history to work for prison reform . . . . She lived to see her life’s work rewarded by the establishment of the world’s first humane prison system . . . . The prison instigated by her pupil, William Penn, was located in the American colony of Pennsylvania.”

Margaret Fell’s lifework was Quakerism, not prison reform. It would be at least three quarters of a century after Margaret Fell’s death before the beginning of concern for prison reform among the English-speaking people. There is no evidence to substantiate the statement that William Penn was a pupil of Margaret Fell. William Penn visited Swarthmoor Hall in 1676; he was devoted to George Fox; it was Penn who wrote Margaret Fell Fox about the death of her husband (which had occurred in London) and he wrote the beautiful preface to George Fox’s Journal. Margaret Fell was called by the early Friends “the nursing mother of Quakerism” and never, I believe, thought of as a “teacher.”

One of the strange items in the historical note is: “Dur-
ing a brief lull in the persecution of the Quakers she [Margaret Fell] organized a women's brigade to help the prisoners in Brixton prison in London. . . . She dressed them in red and green, so they might stand out in the perpetual dusk and thereby escape assault," Elizabeth Fry did organize Ladies Prison Committees throughout England; no mention is made in her biography of a special costume for them to wear.

The historical note says: "One of the last things she [Margaret Fell Fox] did was to oversee the publication of George's Journal." There is no record that she had anything whatever to do with it; it was carried out by a group of Friends in London. The "final responsibility" was definitely not Margaret's.

The statements that during his lifetime George Fox and Margaret Fell "had battled for supremacy in the Society of Friends, each trying to impose a different concept of love on the movement," and that "sly old Maggie" finally had her way so that Quakerism resembled a service organization rather than a religious sect seem to me so far from fact that I wonder how the author could have thought such to be the case. The emphasis on service did not begin until the late eighteenth century, and only in the twentieth century did it reach its present development. The word "sly" seems to me to be completely foreign to Margaret Fell's personality.

The most obvious mistake in the historical note is that William Penn came to America in 1681—not 1682.

These are some of the questions raised in my mind by The Peaceable Kingdom. I have not mentioned Part II, which, however, does not use well-known historical characters, except John Woolman. The question remains: How far does a novelist's prerogative go in changing the personalities of historical personages and remaking history?

Take Therefore No Thought for the Morrow . . .

BEHOLD the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.—Matthew 6: 26-34

A Personal Vision of Women's Liberation

by Gunda Kors

MY PRESENT EXISTENCE is a quiet success story of graduate study. My department thinks I'm bright, I have my Ford money, I can read Greek better and better, enough to pick up at least Xenophon, and read a few pages before resorting to the dictionary—oh, blessed freedom!—and the Latin is reviving from dim memories of high school introduction twelve years ago.

It has been a hard year of learning about being a woman, however, and that learning has taken much of the joy out of returning to earnest full-time study at a university. I have been stripped of my insulation and now understand that every woman's burden is my own.

The firm conviction that I can achieve anything I want—what I want being eminently achievable, no more than a doctorate well earned, and an eventual professorship in a school where I can communicate my love for Greek and Latin culture, language, and literature to students willing to learn—is no longer enough. I have gained other wants.

If I go ahead and become a professor someplace and even get all my pay and promotions at the same rate a man would (and I think I'm strong enough for that), it would be an abandonment of myself, like that of a black businessman twenty years ago, who lived white to make it in a white world.

What I am struggling with is a loss of personhood, the result of having had to abandon my whole machinery for functioning, because it required me to think of myself as a man. (Translate: "I'm the exception.")

The sexual definition of a man is a very small part of it, so it was not at all farfetched for a woman to make that identity her own. What choice is there, when the divisions are of men doing, thinking, learning, being; and women waiting, confused, hearing, despairing of learning, and reflecting instead of being? To identify myself as a woman is to give up all my goals.

Having become aware of that choice, I can no longer keep up the front. A woman living as a man cannot admit that, for if it comes out in the open, the mere biological difference is enough to shatter the illusion. What I need are models, which are only now in the making, of women being complete in themselves. All my goals and ideals are derived from male thinkers and doers. I still hover near the frightful idea that womanhood equals nothingness.

Functionally, that can be true. Too many years in a row of dishes and diapers and being locked in the house away from all stimulation to the mind does indeed atrophy the mind, so that when childbearing/childrearing pressures ease, it is no longer possible to pick up a life of intelligent action.

A girl can identify with female characters in literature and give up her hopes for excellence or can identify with the males and pretend that there is no conflict there. I
know this does damage, from my own personal experiences.

I realize that men grow up through their own series of
traps—if women are denied minds, men are denied emo-
tions, and so forth. When I see a group of businessmen
downtown, in elaborate camaraderies and sycophancy, I
am pained at their lack of freedom, until rage enters with
the memory of the cost to others of this ugly game they
play; then comes futility, with the knowledge of how
great are the changes needed. I am then tempted to

That eventually is what I hope to do anyway, but with-
out any inconsistency.

The Process of Being

LIFE seems to be a process having different stages through
which each one of us passes. I think of this process as
being like a flowing stream.

At any instant in time, we can liken our situation to
that of a drop of water at some point in the stream. As
we flow along, through day and night, we pass light and
dark regions, periods of tranquility, and periods of splas-
hing, dark water. At times we may be bashed against
rocks; at others, we may soar over cliffs in waterfalls.
Sometimes we find ourselves in whirlpools going around
and around and getting nowhere. At other times, we seem
to have drifted off the main flow and seem to be com-
paratively stagnant in pools alongside the stream.

The stream has its times of exultation and its times of
frustration.

We start with a few drops of pure water high in a
mountain, then flow down toward the sea, where we
eventually lose our individuality and become a part of
the universe from which we sprang. In this process, we
may become polluted or even dry up.

Fortunately, we do not know what is ahead. We there-
fore can best flow through this process by accepting what
comes, being authentically a part of it, living fully through
receiving and giving as is appropriate for the place in the
process where we are, at any given instant. Being in tune
with "that of God" in us seems necessary for us to live
vibrantly in this process.

WILLIAM A. GROSS

Not So Gray

THIS SOUNDS apocryphal but nevertheless is told as some-
th ing that happened. A five-year-old Quaker child asked
permission of his parents to stop attending First-day
school and go to regular meeting with them instead.

"That is all right," the father said, "but why does thee
not want to go to First-day school?"

The reply: "Because I'm tired of coloring Jesus."

BEULAH ATKINSON, of Wrightstown Meeting, is credited
with having given a suitable reply to someone's observa-
tion that Friends seem to live to be very old.

Beulah's remark: "Well, you know it takes Quakers
longer to do everything."

—ADA C. ROSE

A Quaker Portrait: Frances Richardson

by Bebe Bulley

AS THE SHINY GREEN Southdown Tour bus trundled along
England's coast road from Penzance toward St. Ives, three
of its most enthusiastic passengers were Frances Richard-
son, Mildred Purnell, and I. Intent, eager—all of us in
love with England—we drank in all that we saw with the
joy of explorers of a new world. Frances was in her
eighties, Mildred in her fifties, and I in my forties, yet
we were one in spirit on our three-week tour of Great
Britain.

Gray sea lay to our right, the coast of England was
ahead, and the clouds scudded above in shades of gray
and white—beautiful effects of cloud and stormy sky. Our
spirits were as high as the clouds, as light as the wind.
As we rode along, Frances quoted something we all knew:

"As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives,
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?"

Frances has a special capacity for exaltation of the
spirit, for joy in little things. To travel with her, and with
Mildred, was for me a great happiness. It was typical of
Frances that she would quote aloud a poem of childhood,
just fitted to the occasion. In her, the adult has not left
the child behind. The mature adult is there, a loving and
sensitive person, and there is also the child's simplicity.

As we rode north into the Highlands of Scotland, the
weather was cold, the skies gray, and the mountains of
Scotland beautiful; on the lower slopes heather was in
bloom. A blanket felt cozy over my knees and Mildred's,
but Frances dispensed with such luxury. When I asked if
she would like to use her blanket, she replied no, she
wanted to harden herself against the weather. Frances, I
learned, at eighty-five takes a cold shower each morning
on arising.

A Philadelphian by birth, Frances is a birthright
member of the Society of Friends. In 1970 she published Hark
Back With Love, which tells of her growing-up years. This
book is a history of the community of Byberry as it used to
be, told through the experiences of five orphan children
(Frances and her brothers and sisters), who were brought
up there. Hark Back With Love was on the best-seller list
in Philadelphia for many weeks.

Frances attended Byberry Friends School, Friends'
Central School, and George School. She was graduated
from Swarthmore College in the class of 1908. Graduate
courses in agriculture were taken during the summer at
Pennsylvania State University, and for some years she
taught at Byberry Friends School.
Frances Richardson

Children and animals love her. At times when she has been in a doctor's waiting room, on a bus, or in any place where children might be, a child to whom she was a stranger has approached her trustingly, somehow knowing instinctively that she was a friend. Animals also sense in her the same warmhearted appeal; and cats, dogs, and horses (and even a turtle, as she has described in her book) are drawn to her at once. Riding horses was for many years one of her real enjoyments—in Kentucky, West Virginia, North Carolina, and on the back roads of Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

On the walls of Frances's room in Stapeley Hall, in Germantown, are watercolor paintings of the homestead in Byberry. Frances is an excellent artist in water colors, and is mostly self taught. Artistic talent has run through her family; she is a direct descendant of three Richardsons, noted silversmiths of Colonial Philadelphia. She did illustrating for the Presbyterian Publication Company for some years.

Frances was a member of the staff of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, first when the Museum was located at Memorial Hall and later in its present location. Here she came to know well Dr. Samuel W. Woodhouse, Jr., acting director of the Museum. Her first trip to Europe was with Dr. and Mrs. Woodhouse in 1929. Since then, Frances has traveled a good deal in Europe, several voyages having been made on a freighter, and once she visited Poland.

Frances has a deep religious faith—a Quaker faith of the old-fashioned, Christ-centered variety, like that of Fox and other early members of the Society of Friends. She believes in the moving of the Spirit in each human being. Her religious convictions are expressed this way in Hark Back With Love:

"The followers of Fox sought to convince all who would listen to them of the sincerity, simplicity, and sufficiency of a vital experience of the Holy Spirit in the individual heart. The love and grace and mercy of Jesus Christ were in their hearts for all men; they longed to bring all men, not to Quakerism, but to the feet of Christ."

Throughout her life, Frances has been an active Friend. Her Quaker activities have included Committee of Inter-Visitation of Abington and Bucks Quarterly Meetings, the Corporation of American Friends Service Committee, Friends Peace Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting Epistle Committee, Peace Committee of Abington Quarterly Meeting, and Friends Journal Associates. She is at present a Trustee and an Overseer of Byberry Monthly Meeting.

Frances is game for almost anything. If friends asked her to join them in a trip around the world tomorrow, she would probably go. If someone requested her company in a flight to the North or South Pole, she would probably accept—and look forward to living in an igloo or riding on dogsleds. Her spirit is free and full of youthful zest for life. She loves plants and trees and the whole world of nature. She has a quiet sense of humor and relishes telling stories, like that of a raccoon that got into Stapeley Hall and was found on one of the stairways.

How I have enjoyed the opportunity to travel with and share the recollections of Frances Richardson! What an inspiration to those of us who are younger are her keen enjoyment, her adventurous spirit, her courage, and her capacity to see events and scenes with the eye of the artist!

Praying the Hem

Lord, she needed only to touch the hem of your robe to be healed and comforted.
And I need reassurance so often and sometimes insatiably as if my soul were a bottomless vat, only taking but never filled. No day goes by without your gifts of laughter and joy, grace manifest in beauty and friendship, and in my impossible dog's comical antics—teaching new insights on mud, and cats, and flowerbeds for digging bones. Still I fret irrationally over one particular critical word, one troubling failure to communicate, one manuscript that didn't go right. Forgive this unreason, Lord, and allow me, too, to break my heart over the hundredth sheep that went astray, when ninety-nine are safe in the pen. Help me to accept gladly forthcoming support (though it be not from my own) and to let it erase all griefs and slights. (I know the difference between long-suffering and suffering, but have not the temperament to put up with both, and be sporting about it, too!)
I do not think I seek public acclaim, Lord, or successes, or admiration. But I seem to require always more than she who needed only the touch of your hem, or I am left desolate:
I want the assurance of others when my surest instincts tell me to quit. Sometimes I have to see the clearing in the woods to go on; and occasionally I'd like to know the pattern and purpose of it all—when it seems too hard to go forward, faithfully, alone and in the dark. Till such time, Lord, when to touch your hem will be enough and all I ever need or want.

Amen.

CANDIDA PALMER

June 1/15, 1972 FRIENDS JOURNAL
C. F. Andrews

Letter from the Past—259

Since these letters pretty regularly notice Quaker persons or events that are memorialized on postage stamps, they may well include notice of similar connection with "friends of the Friends." In 1935 I alluded to the Turkish semipostal stamp portraying Jane Addams. Today I belatedly mention an Indian 20-paise stamp issued February 12, 1971 to mark the hundredth anniversary of the birth at Newcastle-on-Tyne of Charles Freer Andrews.

It is perhaps presumptuous of Friends to claim him. His death in 1940 was too early for him to have been enrolled officially in the Fellowship of the Friends of Truth, and he was not a member of Wider Quaker Fellowship. He was, in fact, a true friend to all. Born in a pious Irvingite family, he was educated and ordained in the Church of England.

He was a man too broad to be classified by any one religion or nation, however. He will be remembered as an early British spokesman for Indian independence, and it was in this cause that he was associated intimately with such British Friends as Carl Heath, Agatha Harrison, and Horace G. Alexander. The Alexanders made a visit, precisely planned to celebrate the centenary of C. F. Andrews's birth, as guests of the government of India. Another Quaker connection is found on the list of Fellows at Woodbrooke where "Charlie" Andrews's name appears for the year 1932-1933.

He was an incessant traveler and writer. His beautiful autobiography, What I Owe to Christ, is dated in part each from India, from Woodbrooke, and from St. Helena Island, South Carolina, where in company with Hubert Peet, editor of The Friend, he was learning of the race question in the United States. Yet more intimate than with these English Quakers was his longstanding friendship with Tagore and Gandhi. His home, if he had one, was with the former's ashram at Santiniketan.

He was a man of a universal spirit, the embodiment of human love to all mankind—especially to those exploited by race, or caste, or economics, or nationalism. I cannot say here all that should be said. His life was an interpretation of that of Christ but far beyond usual Christian claims. The Indian word on the stamp, Deenabandhu, means, "Friend of the Poor." An English nickname, based on his initials, given him, I believe, by our friend from Pendle Hill, Gurdial Mallik, was "Christ's Faithful Apostle."

But why try to say more, and so inadequately? There are his own books to read, and biographies, including a new one by the Rev. I. D. L. Clark and the new life of him and collection of his writings edited by another Friend, Marjorie Sykes. In contrast with recent violence in Asia—southern, western, and southeastern—this memory and example from the less recent past is instructive and encouraging.

NOW AND THEN

Our Few, Simple, Urgent Needs

A friend of San Diego Meeting told of finding near his home a thirteen-year-old boy in complete drug collapse. The Friend called the police, who took the boy away to be treated. They handcuffed him "to protect him from himself." The Friend said he had laid upon the Meeting the concern, "What have we done or not done to let this happen to a boy of thirteen?"

I draw on an analogy for a possible answer. A few days before I attended meeting in San Diego I had visited Palm Springs and been impressed by its groves of date palms, such as can be found nowhere else in our country. I was told that date palms, to live and produce fruit, need only sun, sand, and water. In the North African oases, where date palms were first cultivated, thousands of years ago, the roots practically stand in water, some ten feet below the surface of the desert sand.

I wonder. People, especially young people, seem to need only a few simple things but need them urgently: Kindness, encouragement, understanding—not only to receive care but to feel needed to care for others and identify themselves with them and perhaps even to suffer with them, voluntarily.

And here I recall the date palms in their groves, sheltering each other from the hot desert winds. I remember also that they stand some twenty-five feet apart so that each can develop to its own full stature.

As for material sustenance, it is strange how little the human being really needs—hardly more than the equivalents of the sun, sand, and water that the date palms require. But we need them, as do they, without too much else that gets in the way—such as perhaps a heavily-handed affluence that could keep the real problems of life remote and let the soul starve.

What we have done or failed to do for our young people is (if I may return to the analogy once more) as if an imprudent or fearfully distracted date grower would provide a great deal of fertilizer but fail to insure the simple but very basic things through which, alone, good fruit can be grown.

GILBERT C. PERLEBERG

June 1/15, 1972 FRIEnDS JOURNAL
**Simple—Simple Before God**

by Elizabeth Yates McGreal

Willa Cather, in her preface to Not Under Forty, said the book will have little interest for people under that age. These words, which have to do with the cumulative quality of the things of life, will be of no interest to anyone under fifty.

Up to that time, or thereabouts, we tend to be acquisitive. From then on, it is a way of wisdom to follow another course. To simplify becomes a challenge: Highly creative if taken up, a hound sniffing ever at heel when avoided; for everything that has to do with the business of living has a tendency to increase in inverse ratio to living itself, and what decreases is time and energy. Take up the challenge while it can be faced with a certain felicity, or forget it.

Thoreau had foresight when he said we fritter our lives away with detail; so had Woolman, when he said the way free from much cumber was the most agreeable.

In the midst of the pressures around us, their words ring clear and compelling, for to draw the line between necessities and superfluities is to underline what is of real value. The same line does not apply for all, however: One man’s cumber may be another’s dearest boon. And to be simple—free from complexity—is not so simple as it sounds.

“When the mathematician would solve a difficult problem, he first frees the equation of all encumbrances, and reduces it to its simplest terms,” Thoreau wrote in a letter to Harrison Blake in 1848. “So simplify the problem of life, distinguish the necessary and the real. Probe the earth and see where your main roots run.”

So we, too, find the rule that is best for ourselves.

Make a start with the daily mail. It may well be loaded with lures to buy, to give, to do. Decisions made quickly can be liberating and are often the nearest right. We know what is essential for ourselves and can leave the enticements to buy at that. Among the appeals to give, many are worthy; fully as many are bogus. We cannot afford to be taken in by sad stories and pitiful pictures, but we can look into the various organizations, be stout hearted, and give to those that speak especially to us and can make a contribution do the greatest amount of good. And the requests to serve: If it is something that spirit and mind can be given to as well as time, then it deserves consideration. Here, however, as with the ads and the appeals, the word is to be wary of fragmentation.

As much as can be dealt with promptly, should be. To put off only adds more, and heaviest of cumber are the things that build atop each other on desk and table and in the mind. Keep a folder handy and into it put those (not so important) things that can be delayed to the day when there is nothing to do. Keep the mind free by eliminating the weight of bothersome details. A notebook and pencil in the pocket and pads and pencils around the house can receive the reminders.

Books are cumulative. Oh, never those that are a permanent part of our lives and that have long supported and enriched and have the power to exalt—but the many that have only current interest. Having served, let them continue to serve. Libraries with limited budgets welcome gifts of books and periodicals, as do elementary schools, hospitals, and retirement homes. Better that the printed word inform, amuse, and inspire than lose itself in a clutter.

Clothes are, often unconscionably, cumulative, and a rule with them is apt. When something new or needed comes into the wardrobe, give it place by dispensing with something that has given service. It may have use elsewhere, or a thrift shop might turn it into useful cash. Exercise and discipline go hand-in-hand when closets, drawers, and cupboards are gone through and things that have not been used for a long time or may never be used are winnowed out.

An earlier generation had words for that: Use it up, wear it out; make it do or go without.

Our word today is recycling.

Pounds can add cumber but not for those who accept the fact that there is less need to eat heavily when over fifty and that practical protein is more important than tempting carbohydrates. There’s a gentle reminder in another adage: “For a body lissome and light, feed hunger and not appetite.”

But things, just everyday things, unneeded, unwanted, flow into our lives from many sources and for many reasons. What to do with them is a continuing question. A gift drawer is one answer, and for each item in it a time and occasion will come. The household article for which there was no place may be what the young couple just getting their first home established will prize.

A potbound plant has lost the freedom to grow. Bound by our possessions, we become like the plant. And, over fifty, we need freedom to grow as never before, and, with freedom, time: Time to think and read, time to dream and plan, time to listen.

Think of what Katherine Mansfield meant when, in one of her impassioned outbursts to her Journal, she wrote: “To be ‘simple’ enough, as one would be simple before God.”

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**One Act**

Water gives pot its meaning,
Pot lends water its form;
Pot without water is empty,
Water sans pot is gone.
Mind without sight is vacuous,
Seeing sans thought is chaotic.
Help us to see with the mind,
And think with the sight of our eyes.
Let one act be both,
That we may be One.

Scott Crom
**War Makes a Man Crazy**

by Berna Rauch

"War makes a man crazy. After the Army, a man needs to be quiet. A man needs time to think."

Eli had been a captain in the Israeli Army. Now he is studying philosophy and electronics—philosophy to try to understand and electronics because Israel needs people skilled in technology.

My son and I were on board an El Al plane, en route from Tel Aviv to New York, when Eli told us his story.

"I know every inch of Israel—every stone in Israel. We who have fought in the war talk over and over about what we have done. All the time, we talk about the war. If we did not talk about it, we might go crazy."

An Israeli soldier is a special breed of soldier. He is not proud of having killed. He is horrified that he has had to kill. To be forced to shed human blood is a terrible thing.

Eli is a "sabra," a native-born Israeli. Although he is only twenty-five, he thinks of himself as a "father" to new immigrants.

"To be a sabra is to be a father to all the new people. We are all fathers, and we are all men before our time. We do not have time to be children. We must become men when we are very young. By the time a sabra is twenty, he is a man." Eli, at twenty-five, is already mature.

Eli cannot forget the first time he killed a man.

"During the war, we came to an Arab village. There were no Arab men about. Only women and children. And they were so frightened. They shook with fear. The children were all standing huddled like this (he imitates a child cringing with fear) and they looked at us with eyes like this (he opens his eyes wide and makes them look like round, scared saucers). Those Arab children thought we were so frightened. They shook with fear. The children would not hurt them. They did not know that Israelis do not harm women and children."

"I was in command. I wanted to show them that we would not hurt them. I saw a little boy about the same age as your son. I walked over to him. I began to rumple his hair, just as I am messing up your son's hair right now. (Eli playfully tousles my son's shaggy mane). The boy understood the meaning of what I was doing. He looked up at me and there was such relief in his eyes. The little boy was beginning to smile and maybe to trust me."

"Then I heard something behind me. I turned, and there was an Arab coming for me. I killed that Arab. The little boy began to cry. I think I shot the boy's father, I think I shot his father. I shot his father."

"After that, I had trouble sleeping for many weeks. I would wake in the middle of the night with bad dreams. It haunted me. But a man must go on living and fighting."

I asked Eli how many men he had killed.

"I do not think about that. I do not ever want to know how many men I have killed."

"You see, we marched through a little Arab town. It was deserted. And there—right in the middle of the main street—I saw the body of my best friend. The Arabs had left him where we would be sure to see him."

"And the Arabs had done this to him. (Eli motions to show a head partially severed from a body.) The Arabs had mutilated him like this. (His motions show arms cut from sockets.)"

"Then I went crazy. I wanted to kill and kill and kill. And I do not remember anything except that I went out and killed." Eli's eyes indicate that he wants to stop talking about killing.

The conversation turned to politics. I pointed out that Israel could very well be another Viet Nam—a small country at the mercy of larger and stronger nations in the never-ending game of international power politics. Will Israel be the next Viet Nam?

Eli was not at all threatened by the question.

"Of course, in theory, it looks like a similar situation, but no one has any idea of how strong we are. No one can imagine our strength. I hope it will not be tested, but if they try us, they will find out." Eli smiles a big smile.

He is so certain of Israel's ability to survive that there is no point in further questioning. He seems to know of this strength from some deep inner conviction.

My son is getting bored and restless. In a little while, our plane will land.

Eli checks to be certain my son is warm enough. Then he asks, "Have you been to Gehenna?"

"Yes," I reply.

"That is good," he tells me. "Everyone should be in hell at least once."

The plane begins circling for a landing, and we bid each other a simple "Shalom."
Can, Must, Do, Have, May

by Rose Wardlaw

AUXILIARY VERBS: Words that help express distinction of mood, time, voice, and aspect of other verbs.

Verbs: Words that express an action.

Is that all there is to the distinction of words like can, must, and may—or is there something they do to us by themselves? Do they not, at times, seem bigger, more commanding than the action words, when all along we thought it was our actions that counted?

I was looking back over the course of a life and I thought of the tyranny and growth and hope that may reside in the little auxiliaries.

It started at the awakening of consciousness when I found out I can crawl along the floor, I can pull myself up to stand erect in the crib, I can feed myself and make mother angry by blowing spinach over the tablecloth. I can was the most important term in my not-yet-developed vocabulary; it made me independent from the rule of the nursery world.

Soon I must took over. I must leave brother’s horse alone, or he will kick me in the shin. Before long, I must get up in time to go to school. I must do my homework. I must feed baby sister. I must study for the finals. What follows then in a long line of consequences is that I must do my house cleaning every day, cook and bake and wash and iron to keep my husband contented, and, just a little later on, keep the children clean and in good health. There follows the must of taking them to school, to the dentist, to ballet class, and the must of not forgetting to post the checks in the mail to cover all these activities.

Right into middle age we keep on “musting,” because there is so much we have to do, we say.

But doing is a horse of another color, an auxiliary that “forms other moods.” I do the dishes, I wash the floor, bake a ham, dust. I do take the kids to a party. I do talk to my husband at night, resting and enjoying the quiet communion with him.

A world of difference lies between the life of I must do and the life of I do. This story has many versions and attributions; I heard it told by Norman Cousins on his return from Lambaréné. Albert Schweitzer, on a footpath in French Equatorial Africa, met a porter squatting on the wayside. The doctor asked what ailed him, and the African answered: “I am waiting for my soul to catch up with my body.”

The time in life when I must takes over also burdens us with another auxiliary: Have. I have a family, I have a house. I have a washing machine. I have a car. I have a speedboat. I have a mink cape. All of this troubles me not because it is too little or too much, but because I cannot run out of having—and yet, how can I keep it up?

Between I must and I have, our life is a great burden.

Old Man at the Beach

Again this morning sunshine warms the sands after many days of cold and fog and people appear along the promenade. Swift, chittering sea-gulls peck at crumbs near the line of horizon where tan sand turns to blue ocean; off to the north and west the mountains rise toward the clear sky.

Down the promenade comes limping an old man, an overcoat slung over his shoulder and a book in his hand:

On down the line of beach until he finds an empty bench, where he settles himself and starts to read.

Old man—let me touch your graying head, and tell you how full of joy I am this morning, just to see someone not trapped in a mass electronic prison; but here at the beach, enjoying the sun and air, listening to silent words found in a book.

JOEL CLIMENHAGA

indeed, and we do not know how to control its speed. Slowly and mostly unnoticed the must loosens its grip and allows a little more freedom. Slowly and mostly unnoticed the have becomes less demanding and easier to bear—or to part with?

No, we cannot let go of either the must or the have without another auxiliary that will shape our life: Be.

Now this is a great challenge: When must and have and do have gone out of our lives, and, after a period of pedaling furiously and coasting a while longer, we are faced with the most serious question of all: Are we?

Are we really the person we have always believed to be in our attempt to cope with life, when there was so little time to look inside? Can we live with ourselves, after the steam has been let out and, timidly, we have looked in the mirror for other reassurance than the perfect hairdo and well mascaraed eyelashes? A cartoon in the New Yorker, some twenty years ago, is still fresh in my mind: A man looking in the mirror; the caption read: “You’re all I’ve got left!”

That is the time of the greatest challenge: You do not must anymore. The family has outgrown your responsibility; you may have been left alone when they moved on before your time was up. All doing is of your choice and having has largely lost its meaning. You are yourself, and never did you really know yourself. Can you accept to be?

And still we go on, and we grow old, and we learn how to let go. And now, at last, I can becomes all-important again: I can still walk; I can still hear the birds singing; I can still see the stars in the sky.

As I think of how auxiliaries rule our lives and ask how much freedom is left to our conscious will to control them, I find that, right in the end of our journey on earth, the little verb may becomes the promise of our old age: I may make this a better day for my roommate; I may take up a pen and write a loving letter to a lonely soul, in the hospital, in prison, in a rented room lost in midst of the teeming life of the city—someone for whom can or have may have lost all meaning.
Children Belong in Meeting for Worship

by Trudy Grimes

WHEN RUFUS M. JONES was feeling low and spiritually empty, he would visit the home of a neighbor who had a young baby. By holding it, he would feel spiritually renewed. Children are as vital to the meeting for worship as are the Elders. The inspiration we can receive from them is of an order comparable with that which we receive from the sages of our “Quaker saints.”

Why, then, do we separate parents from their children during meeting for worship? If this separation is considered a “break” for the parents from their little ones so that they can gain strength to deal with them in the forthcoming week, a parent-versus-child situation is set up—the beginning of a generation gap.

When I ask other Friends about this practice, they tell me: “The children would not profit from attending,” or “It would not be practical; they make too much noise.” I believe that children are more receptive than older persons to silent worship. An infant is far more spiritually oriented than an adult. He is almost entirely so in the womb. When he enters the material world his spiritual awareness is bombarded and gradually smoothed by physical stimuli and by pressures to conform.

The behavior of the children provides a gauge of the spiritual temperature and value of a meeting for worship. They are particularly restless and discontented when the silence is mere emptiness. When the Spirit moves and a meeting is “gathered,” the children are at one with the adults, and the generation gap is closed.

If our children do not attend meeting, where can they find spiritual fuel? Rufus Jones wrote that one of the greatest influences on his spiritual life was the daily family worship. And we do not even allow our children to have this experience once a week! As for the practical considerations and the noise children may make, I believe that with patience and love such difficulties can be overcome. The adjustment to silent worship is harder, of course, for the child who has not been reared as a Friend. The rapport between parent and child also is a prime factor. Still, it is amazing how quickly children become aware of the spiritual “vibrations” in a meeting.

A Meeting as a whole must deal with careful consideration on the problems of the toddler who has not yet learned to whisper, for instance. Ignoring such a child makes him feel abandoned in an unfamiliar situation. Gentleness is needed and reassurance: A whispered word, a book to look at, a cup of raisins, a doll to hold, a lap to sit on. Surely such efforts are not too much trouble to help preserve the spiritual health of our youngsters—the most sacred trust parents are given.

When I defend the presence of children in meeting, I am told that an hour is too long a time for a child to sit still. I can only reply that there is no magic in an hour. When a child indicates that he has worshiped long enough, one of the parents can take him outside or to another room. He is a child for such a precious, short time. And he may well have a more spiritual reason for being ready to leave than “by the clock.”

I feel that if the whisper of a child or the cry of an infant inhibits an adult from praying or prevents him from receiving the word of God, there must be something wrong. There are few prayers more beautiful than the sound made by an infant as he looses his grip on his mother’s breast and falls into slumber. The sounds of God’s little ones are prayers to be incorporated into ours.

For guidance and inspiration for all age groups and to bring the family into closer spiritual unity, let us bring our children with us into meeting and be sensitive to their needs and to their contributions.

Fresh Garlands for Our God

NOT LONG AGO I was traveling by bus in southern India through a forest area frequented by wild elephants. At the point where we entered the forest, a small, simple Hindu temple stood at the side of the road. Our driver got out and went into the temple to pray for our safe passage through the forest.

When he returned, he carried a fresh garland of fragrant flowers to hang over the picture of Krishna he kept in front of him. He did this simply and naturally, and somehow I felt comforted. Not that I felt any fear—there was too much beauty for that, and I am not accustomed to thinking in terms of elephants! The comfort, I think, came from the knowledge that people in this land still believe in the spiritual nature of the universe and take it into consideration in the ordering of their daily lives.

As we drove over the countryside in the state of Mysore, we saw fields of bright flowers—grown not only to grace a dinner table or living room as we would do—but also as offerings to God in the temples or at the altars of shrines at home. Great care is taken not to partake of the fragrance of the flowers until they have first been offered to God.

Hindus express their desire to bring their best selves to God by rising before dawn and bathing before worship. We may say that this is physical purity only, but what care do we take to purify our spirits before starting the day? In what ways—if any—do we put God first in the living of our daily lives?

We Friends commune with God in spirit and rarely use outward symbols. In what ways then do we bring fresh garlands to our God?

In avoiding the outward symbols, do we always find a spiritual substitute or do we sometimes just do nothing? Can we perhaps offer fresh garlands to God by bringing new creative ideas to take the place of wornout, old ones? By finding new attitudes to replace old prejudices? By being “open to new truth wherever it may be found”?

MARTHA DARBY

June 1/15, 1972 FRIENDS JOURNAL
On Boxes

by Barbara Fritts

Boxes are somehow reassuring. Full ones may guard various secrets—out-of-season ornaments, old photographs, or mending to be done sometime. Empty ones are a kind of insurance that life can go serenely on: Future riches or procrastinations can be neatly cubiced in them and stacked away in the closet, safely out of conscience's reach.

Even those who do not share this predilection—whose possessions are immediately sorted and mended or discarded—cannot escape the idea of boxes—which is, after all, more important.

Boxes are, in fact, so important, that Jesus, that young, misunderstood revolutionary, expounded on the very subject. When did Jesus ever preach about boxes? Probably never, literally; but, figuratively speaking, references to them abound in his ministry.

Consider the parable of the empty house. An evil spirit, apparently bored with his work, leaves a man for a time. The poor man, perceiving his miserable circumstances, commences to put his house in order. He organizes his values—boxes them, so to speak—and stacks them in order for future use.

The evil spirit upon his return is disgruntled at finding the house clean and swept and put in order (or garnished, if you prefer the older translation). "Um!" he mutters. "All this is too neat, too neat!" Then his eyes grow big and wild with hope, for the man himself is nowhere to be found. Overjoyed, the evil spirit invites seven of his fierce little friends to come join him. In they troop, bearing placards with various mottoes—Disruption for Disruption's Sake, Raise Hell Now, and the like. Then follows the wildest party you can imagine, and the careful order swiftly loses any semblance of same. Off the shelves and out of the corners come all the neat boxes, and they are bashed and battered and their contents flung about. Such a tangle of morals, precepts, hypocrisy, codes, routines, and rituals! And, alas, the poor house! This chaos is worse than the previous one.

The point of the parable seems to be that a properly functioning household requires a manager present. "Well," you might say, "whatever happened to the owner of the house?" It's my guess that he got carried away with his project and became so enmeshed in organizing that he laid himself out neatly in a just-right box on the floor of the bedroom closet! What, after all, could be better arranged than that poor, lifeless body, so graciously clasping a pink flower to its middle? Surely, the extremes of order can constitute a by-passing of life and an invitation to that very disorder so fearfully avoided!

The well-ordered life must lie somewhere between a static order and chaos. How each life is ordered depends upon the use and choice of assets with which one is endowed and which one has attained or developed. Some of those assets, if we are truly living, are in the making. Many of them are boxed—that is, over the years of learning and observing, perceptions and emotions are collected and generalized into words and more complexly, into concepts and into habitual patterns of daily activity. These boxes are organized and ordered for past, present, or future use by our intellect, by our emotions, by our culture, and perhaps by forces deeper and higher than we know. Boxes help us in our daily living; we cannot do without them. But just as surely, boxes hinder us, too.

This is the lesson, then, of the parable of the empty house, with its extremes of chaos and order: Be there, and mind your boxes—but not too much!

How often we find ourselves serving some aspect of our culture instead of serving God and man! The priest and the Levite of the good Samaritan parable were caught in this misunderstanding. For all their superior, active management of their beautifully arranged religious boxes, they could not bring themselves to care about a suffering human being. Yet, the Samaritan, whose theological shelves were considered a shambles by many Jews, saw the suffering stranger as a neighbor—as one near to him by the simple virtue of being human!

The enigma of box-managing is most readily solved by ceasing to give it priority. Before Christianity was so neatly divided and wrapped up into its various manifestations, Jesus had a dream. Although he talked a lot about boxes, albeit not directly, he was in reality trying to tell us about a great unbox, the Kingdom of Heaven.

Because we conceive of ourselves primarily as physical beings, we box ourselves up, as we do our possessions, our talents, our time and ideas, and we spend our sojourn here shuffling boxes about, hoping somehow to find a satisfying arrangement for everyone. Too easily we become so boxy that we forget to help a suffering neighbor or to look for beauty in the everyday.

All the box-managing in the world cannot approach in impact and importance the simple necessity of recognizing that we all are primarily spiritual beings.

As Friends, we have a peculiar treasure in our quiet hour. We can cease, for a time at least, thinking and acting like the Friend who believes in Service or the Friend who believes in Peace, or the Friend who believes in Knocking Down the Walls. We can come emptyhanded and open-minded. We can cease gathering each to himself and instead we can gather together and feel the deeper reality of life around us and through us. Return to our boxes we must, yet with the knowledge that life and life's promise always will be too big and too exuberant for the biggest, strongest, neatest box imaginable.

Photograph by J. M. Cooper

Potomac River, Monongahela National Forest
FRIENDLY HERITAGE
by
Henry J. Cadbury

Friends Journal, Friends Publishing Corporation, and Silvermine Publishers joyfully announce the publication July 1 of this anthology of 240 Letters from the Quaker Past that Henry Cadbury has contributed to Friends Journal since 1941. A handsome, 352-page, illustrated book—one to read and cherish.

Its price to the trade will be $9.95. The generosity of several Friends makes possible a price of $5.95 (plus 50¢ for postage and handling on each order) to Friends, their friends, and attenders who use this coupon or one printed in a publisher's brochure.

(please print or type your name and address in the coupon so it can be used as a mailing label.)

Reviews of Books

Friend. The Story of George Fox and the Quakers. By Jane Yolen. The Seabury Press. 179 pages. $5.95

Jane Yolen has found a freshly attractive way to tell the story of George Fox. Instead of taking the reader back into England in the 1600's, she has brought young George into our midst today. She has done this without tricks of writing. Instead, she tells what George Fox did rather than quoting his words or those of his contemporaries. What did this "militant pacifist," in his early twenties, do?

He refused to join the army and denounced war. He was arrested and put into prison for demonstrating and disrupting the peace at large public gatherings. He wore his hair shoulder-length, wore leather clothing, and refused to take off his hat in court. He was put on trial for conspiring against the government, based on charges made by an informer who was also a judge. He protested conditions in prisons and sought to improve them.

George Fox was born and spent his early life in Leicestershire, where his father was a weaver and his mother was "accomplished above most of her degree," more educated than the poor villagers among whom she lived. The parents apprenticed their son to a shoemaker, George Gee, who also kept sheep, and the boy spent much of his time with the flocks.

Jane Yolen writes: "It was an employment that seemed perfect for George. . . . In the quiet, solemn hills, alone with Gee's sheep, the teenage George began his search for direct inner communion with God, a communion without benefit of church or clergy. In the silence of the Leicestershire hills, the Quaker silence was born."

It was the beginning of tumultuous, momentous years and events which Jane Yolen describes in clear, direct prose, at times almost lyrical. She avoids seventeenth-century quotations, since language does change in three hundred years. (For example, the "professors" George Fox sought out to hear their ideas were not teachers. A professor at that time was anyone who was a church member—that is, a person who professed a belief.)

Yet William Penn's words about George Fox are as clear today as when they were written: "He was an original, being no man's copy," Jane Yolen amply demonstrates this.

George Fox's immense strength in enduring prison and punishment is described tellingly in many situations. His fascinating personality expressed itself in his encounter with Cromwell, King Charles, William Penn, and many others. His wisdom in dealing with Quakers who went astray (notably in the moving chapter about James Nayler) is told in detail, and so are his friendly dialogs with Indians in America. The visible result of his complete commitment is the Religious Society of Friends. The prolog, which simply deals with the use of silence in meeting, and the epilog about Quakers today connect the beginning with the present life of Friends and bring out the many spiritual and social activities that are working, humbly but consistently, for a better world united in harmony and peace.

Fittingly, Jane Yolen dedicates her book: "For the Friends of Acton Meeting, Acton, Massachusetts." If anyone should tell you that Friend is a book for young adults, try it on some older adults and see if they are not equally captivated.

Laura Lou Brookman


Children are pictured at play and the word "people" is in large print on the cover. A car is a car, and a wheelbarrow is a wheelbarrow. Parking a wheelbarrow in a garage does not make it a car, either. The editor's preface says it is a people-oriented book and a hopeful book. He also says that no reader will come away satisfied that all is well. I do not feel very hopeful after reading the book, and I do not feel all is well, either. Perhaps this was my frame of mind before reading it, and very little between its covers convinced me that this was a people-oriented book as much as it was an agribusiness-oriented one.

Clifford M. Hardin, the Secretary of Agriculture when the book was in preparation, wrote in the foreword that it is part of the response of the Department of Agriculture to the new era of change in America and to President Nixon's new policy of growth for the nation. Its readers will gain a better insight into the thinking of persons making farm policy today and will un-

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understand why an executive of a corporation would be a logical choice for the office of Secretary of Agriculture to succeed Clifford M. Hardin.

The Greening of America can also stand for the increased role of corporate America in the production of America's food bill of eleven billion dollars in 1970. The outgoing Secretary of Agriculture accepted a high-salaried job with Ralston-Purina; the new Secretary arrived from the board of directors of the same corporation. As I recall, President Eisenhower reminded us when he left office that a ticking bomb was in the basement; he referred to it as the military-industrial complex. Maybe we shall hear more someday about the agribusiness complex.

Many authors have contributed the four- to six-page articles that make expect all these specialists to agree with the major aspects they agree quite consistently.

Their findings, however, will not agree with those of many ecologists and the more general ecologists outside of the United States Department of Agriculture. The editor cautions us that the authors are more accustomed to dealing with current fact and short-range forecasts and that their reserve will lead to a certain solidity and authority. We are told to expect little of Jules Verne or science fiction from such authors.

I expected to find in the chapter, "Energy Sources for the Future," a discussion of practical, conventional, and conservative ways. After all, we are beginning to read and hear about this crisis even in the advertising of oil and electric companies. We are told, though: "The imagination and ingenuity of a Jules Verne, combined with the practical, persevering genius of a Thomas A. Edison, may be required to resolve the energy dilemma of the future. Such imagination, ingenuity, practicality, perseverance, genius are at hand today."

I, myself, fail to see how the answers are to be found in a Verne-Edison duo. If the answers are not to be found in the scientific community of today, they are also very unlikely to be found in science fiction and "practical" technology. Many of the major problems are scientific ones, and yet the author states that the best hope for the future lies in the new technology in the fields of energy sources and application. He concludes: "We looked at the moon and went there. We certainly should be capable of maintaining ourselves happily on earth."

As I left on my vacation last summer, I tuned in a radio program that was devoted entirely to the potential for an ecological catastrophe. The thoughts of many men were shared on this program by means of taped interviews and quotations from their books. The program provoked thought. By no means did the situation look hopeless for mankind. Perhaps one reason that I remember this so well is that on the return trip, several weeks later, I listened to another radio program. The speakers then referred to the "Doom and Disaster Lobby" of ecologists who were about to wreck the free-enterprise system of the "American Way of Life." To them, freedom, prosperity, and health are endangered by the consumer movement and the ecologists.

Kenneth E. F. Watt endeavors to provide natural historians with a handy kit of powerful arguments in the February 1972 issue of Natural History. Natural historians often feel defenseless when confronted with the arguments of developers, which are clearly supported.

PENDLE HILL

A Quaker Center for Study and Contemplation

A unique opportunity is offered to Friends and others of all ages during the academic year 1972/73 to follow a course of individual creativity and study within the framework of the Pendle Hill community. Among those serving as teachers and consultants will be:

Robert F. Scholz, Dorothea Blom, Bob Blood, Eugenia Friedman, Maurice Friedman, Maurice and Eugenia Friedman, George Gorman, Mary Morrison, Jack Shepherd, Steve Stalonas, Stan Zielinski.

(Staff member to be announced).

For further information write: Dorothy Fradley, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pennsylvania 19086

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by short-term benefits, at least for a few investors.

He states: “The rapid loss of diversity in the world is a serious and pervasive phenomenon. Everywhere we look, we see examples of a large number of diverse entities being replaced by a small number of similar entities. . . Similarly, in agriculture large numbers of small farms have been replaced by small numbers of gigantic farm corporations.”

I felt as if I needed to examine this kit while reading one of the articles in the Yearbook:

“The whole history of agriculture and forestry is basically man’s efforts to create simple systems in which preferred crops are kept free of insects, diseases, nematodes, weeds, and other competing species that reduce yields through competition for light, moisture, and other growth factors or interfere with harvest. In general, the more productive the system is, the simpler it must be.”

Further along, it is interesting to follow the development of pesticides as antipollutants. It is stated later that if these valuable resources get out of place, in excessive concentrations, they also become pollutants. I wish that the following statement could have been expanded, “Excessive levels of plant nutrients may also cause undesirable changes in the chemical composition of food crops.” Statements such as these caused me to feel that all is not well.

I, as a consumer, should be interested in cheaper foods. I could not quite explain why words such as “efficiency” and “increased output” (count the number of times that these words are used by one of the economists) caused so much concern on my part until I read an article by René Dubos in Audubon Magazine, of March 1972, “The Pursuit of Absurdity.”

René Dubos made the point: “Efficiency has become an end unto itself, destructive of diversity and of the quality of life; economic growth, which originally produced more goods for more people, is now largely pursued for its own sake, even when it means ecological degradation.”

I realize that the Yearbook writer was using the words to show that our farms will be able to produce the required capacity to satisfy our future needs. I am concerned about increased efficiency, sometimes called the agricultural revolution or just plain technology. This technology in turn will increase greatly capital requirements for more large-scale efficient farming. Some of the sources of this future efficiency created by more large-scale, efficient technology are: agricultural chemicals (fertilizer nutrients, pesticides for weed and insect control); breeding programs for plants and animals; equipment (for seedbed preparation, minimum tillage, and more efficient harvesting); irrigation; sex control of animals; and improved feeding conversion. There are many variations of these technological innovations, but all are basically the same. I might add at this point that I have recently read that plastic trees are more efficient than natural trees along certain city streets.

The purpose of the book was to discuss the problems and needed changes required to evolve a new lifestyle for the twenty-first century and to offer some pathways to the future.

The last article gives us an idea of the vision of these writers as we examine their model 2000 A.D. One of the authors makes this point, “There is no such place as Utopia—that’s what the Greek stem word means, ‘no such place.’”

I believe we do get there in the last chapter. Somehow we manage to get through the year 1984, but if this was much of a problem it was not even mentioned in the planner’s scenario. We get our one hundred million increase in population, and agriculture is able to feed, house, and clothe them quite well. It was also stated that the people “voted with their feet and elected life in the cities, even the ghettos, and the suburbs.” The “Doom-Disaster Lobby” caused only the slightest amount of trouble and everything worked out just as all of us knew it would. Don’t we all like a happy ending?

LEON F. ZIRKEL


IN A MANNER reminiscent of Hal Borland’s style, this booklet, tastefully illustrated by a number of photographs and line drawings, leads the reader along on a personal philosophical thread through the four seasons, as experienced in the beauty of Lake Mohonk and its surroundings.

Even in a person unfamiliar with the region, these forty-five short essays evoke a nostalgia to share the joys of nature, so vividly experienced and transmitted by the author. To be sure, it is one of those privately printed
Saint Gurudayal. By DILP KUMAR ROY. Published by Dr. K. G. Phulwar, 23 Sindhi Society, Chembur, Bombay 27, India. 84 pages. 50 cents.

GURUDAYAL MALLIK will be remembered by those who listened to his discourses and songs at Pendle Hill and at many Quaker Meetings. He was instantly beloved by those in his presence. This homage to him is rightly entitled Saint Gurudayal.

Mallikji was the subject of controversy when he applied for membership in the Society of Friends. He revered Jesus of Nazareth, but he was not inclined to say that he was not a Hindu. His application provoked thought among those who had never asked themselves if a person might be a Friend and also a Hindu. He was accepted into membership.

This memorial volume relates fragments in the life of Mallikji. Moving passages tell how he was drawn to Rabindranath Tagore and Mahatma Gandhi. Excerpts from his book of songs, The Hound of the Heart, and accounts of mystical experience are given.

Sophia Wadia wrote in her preface: "He was a genuine mystic, and for all the altruism and saintly simplicity of his visible life, his real life was within, some intent awareness that was never placed on view."

ROBERT STEELE

Books in Brief

by Ben Lane

Hope is the Last to Die; A Personal Documentation of Nazi Terror. By HELINA BIRENBAUM. 246 pages.

AN ALMOST incredible story starts with the bombing of Warsaw when Helina was ten years old. Her family's house was burned to the ground. Warsaw surrendered. Life went on—a life of fear, torture, horror, until the liberation by the Allies in 1945.

Helina watched the departure of her friends for the extermination camps at Auschwitz and elsewhere. She saw her mother struggle to get food, medicine, and water for her family and others: she lived through cold and hunger, all kinds of torture, and the threat of death day after day. Over the years she lost her mother and many friends, relatives, and helpers. One reads the book in agony but with a kind of hopefulness in humankind because of the generosity, love, and beauty exhibited by those in such deep trouble.

Nuremberg and Vietnam. By TELFORD TAYLOR. Quadrangle Books, 224 pages. $1.95

TELFTORD TAYLOR was the United States chief counsel for the prosecution at the Nuremberg War-Crimes Trials. Therefore when people see a disturbing parallel between Nuremberg and Vietnam, he knows what they are talking about and can point up likenesses and differences between the two tragedies.

He asks many perplexing questions, gives us many known facts, and often leaves us to squirm while we try to put the facts together in such a way that America's good name is preserved. True, those who can believe that this war is just, claim that we are merely an intervener to protect South Vietnam against aggression. Many of the facts seem not to confirm this trust. On the other hand, the facts would give us to believe that it would be a greater honor if a President, instead of saying that he does not want to be the first American president to lose a war, would admit that a gross error has been made and would end the carnage at once.

A New Book

"A CIVILIAN DOCTOR IN VIETNAM"

by FRED GLOECKNER, M.D.

Fred Gloeckner, M.D., was born into a family of doctors. He graduated from German-town Friends School, Princeton University, and the Medical School of Temple University. His mother graduated from The Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania and was the first woman vice president of the American Medical Association (1969). His grandfather and great-aunt were general practitioners, and his great-aunt, Mary Louise Thornton, M.D., was Professor of Anatomy in Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania.

With a deep moral conviction, Dr. Gloeckner left his wife and two children traveling to that war-ravaged country to assist its people. He ministered to medical needs of the sick and wounded, interviewed and recorded the feelings of both Vietnamese and Americans.

Working in a small hospital in Ben Tre, Dr. Gloeckner studied the anguish of a people involved in their second major struggle occurring within a few short years. In his book, Dr. Gloeckner expresses the reactions of these people caught between opposing forces in a conflict where every city, village and hamlet is on the front line, in an unforgettable way.

Frederick Gloeckner is now a practicing physician in 100 Mile House, British Columbia, Canada.

Order your copy from Friends Book Store, 302 Arch Street, Philadelphia 19106, 215-MA 7-3576—De luxe paperbound copy $5.

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Letters to the Editor

Voting in Presidential Elections

ROBERT R. SCHUTZ (Friends Journal III. 15) made an intriguing and challenging statement: "By cooperating with the state in these sometimes mitigative but always coercive functions, we also become accessories after lesser crimes than genocide."

My concern is: "How do we avoid becoming accessories and thus relieve our consciences of a sense of personal guilt as individual citizens?"

We apparently become personal participants members of the Government by the act of voting in national elections. Some branches of our pacifist Mennonite friends consider it inconsistent to help elect the Commander-in-Chief of our Armed Forces, in which they refuse to serve. Thus they refrain from voting for the President. Their position is known as political nonparticipation, and logic seems to be on their side.

By voting we become individually and proportionately responsible for the acts of the Government, including its wars and all other forms of violence, even though we personally oppose war, because we are ultimately obliged to accept the decision of the democratic majority. Such political nonparticipation is a form of passive resistance, which can have a powerful influence on governments, as history so abundantly testifies.

I should like to see this subject discussed for the enlightenment of all of us Quakers and other pacifists to enable us to arrive at a logical, consistent, and realistic position in this matter.

LOWELL H. COATE
San Diego, California

An Easter Afterthought

TEN TO TWENTY worshipers usually gather in our meetinghouse for expectant waiting. Easter Sunday, only one attender arrived. The like has certainly happened before, elsewhere as well as in Tacoma. I think I know why.

Those otherwise self-reliant Quakers were simply starved. The austerity of what they would have experienced in the meetinghouse was no match for the pageantry, color, and music at any Catholic or Protestant church in America on this occasion. Each took off to quench his thirst at a more sparkling waterbrook; Friends meeting by comparison would have seemed a dry and thirsty land. Have we erred?

Seventeenth-century Quakers doubtless had good reasons for their rebellion against the pomp and emptiness of the established church. They swung the pendulum back about as far as possible.

Have we conspired in our day to push it further to absurd limits? Sometimes I think so. My data are incomplete, but I have seen some meetinghouses that repelled me from the moment of entry, they were so unkempt or studiously austere.

I contrast this with an experience I had some years ago. I had occasion to go into a small Baptist church during the week and discovered that I was not alone. Sitting in a pew was a boy of about fifteen years. Soon I was in conversation with him. He had come in, not for the first time, to sense what to him was the beauty and the atmosphere of the church to which he belonged, devoid at the moment of remembered song and story but strong in its appeal to the needs of his soul. He poured out to me his sense of satisfaction in this meditative experience.

Does a Quaker often repair to his meetinghouse on a similar errand?

I cannot forget the great cathedrals of twelfth- and thirteenth-century Europe, which (despite infancy and superstition involved in their construction) remain the architectural triumphs of mankind. They only point the way, but Quakers can learn some things they need to know by reading the fascinating story of their building.

I recall the inscription over the entrance to the Nelson Gallery of Art in Kansas City: "The soul has more need of the ideal than of the real; for it is by the real that we exist, but it is by the ideal that we live." Man shall not live by bread alone.

STANLEY T. SHAW
Tacoma, Washington

A Meeting for Blessing

ON THE EVENT of our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, the Los Angeles Friends Meeting in which we were married held a Meeting for Blessing for Carroll and me. The suggestion that they do so was sent to them by my mother, Mary F. Kershner, a member of Los Angeles Meeting and their clerk for many years, although she now lives in Grass Valley, California.

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Los Angeles Meeting wrote to us that: "The Meeting for Blessing... was in a real sense a blessing to all who were there. Only Warren Huff had actually attended your wedding twenty-five years ago, and he reminisced about that occasion. Several others spoke about the wonder of blessing, which is an attribute of God that is shared by mankind. It was pointed out that a blessing can be made by words, by loving thoughts, and merely by a presence, as when there is a little baby in Meeting.

"We send you both our love and greetings and trust that you may have many opportunities in the future to be both blessed and to share your blessing with others."

It was truly an experience for us of being blessed, and we felt the uplift in spirit and morale that the experience can bring. All through these years we have felt the love and support of our relatives and our Meetings, and the ever-present power of God for good.

DOROTHY K. GARNER
Cobleskill, New York

The Fertile Pastures of Peace

HUMOR has a certain saving grace. It is a weapon for peace in human affairs. When we laugh we are disarmed.

Men hide behind their institutions. Potentates and soldiers, scientists and businessmen have their images, which they uphold before the world but which suppress their humanity. This prevents them from communicating with mutual empathy, man to man. It can lead to fear, misunderstanding, and war.

When we become too serious about our concern for peace we are ripe for the god of war who sees just another castle against which to try out his armaments. With humor in our arsenal we can ridicule armed aggression and expose it for the pompous, insane exercise in futility that it is.

There are many civilized, constructive pursuits to which men can repair. They may be found in the fertile pastures of peace where there are no pentagons of war.

RICHARD H. FARQUHAR
Ashton, Maryland

Living Without Things

FRIENDS often tell themselves and each other to live more simply and to “do without things.”

If these two ideas are followed, how are the people, who are thus put out of work, going to live?

I could do without television because I am deaf, but so many homes have two or more television sets. Certainly that means more people employed.

If people stop buying, are these people thus put out of work going to be supported by dole?

ELIZABETH P. S. SATTERTHWAI
Mohnton, Pennsylvania

A Glorious Light Shines From Them

The spirit blows where it will, and the crusading zeal for a multitude of causes and ideals shown by thousands of persons determined to build a better world society is surely a manifestation of the Power "not far from each one of us," wherein we live and move and have our being.

The name of Jesus can have no meaning except to those who have searched the books recording what we know of his life—or have seen the acts of his apostles today. A glorious light shines from them, but the light becomes clearer for many (although disillusioning for others) as they learn of the divergences that caused the writers of the Gospels and Epistles and later ministers to give differing and at times mistaken versions of the message.

It remains for each individual, scholar or not, to decide, or to find in his heart, what he thinks of the Christ (although it is for those who see this light to "proclaim" what others "worship as unknown" or without consciousness).

The fact that the unconvinced find a welcome in Quakers' nonauthoritarian tolerance, without preliminary agreement on a Biblical form of words, and perhaps only on the need to find what is right in one's own life, proves that there is as much power as ever in the Friends' way—in wordless "stillness to look, listen, feel, and respond."

JOHN C. WEAVER
Pittsburgh

A Glance, A Touch, A Smile

I was moved by the letter from the aged friend who appealed for love and attention (Friends Journal IV. 1).

What a pity that our senior Friends are so neglected and forgotten by the younger ones!—those to whom we owe a debt of gratitude for their years of faithful testimony. And yet, after all they have given us, we neglect them as though they had never been.

What a little thing it is to give a friendly glance, share a smile, or for a brief moment touch the forgotten souls
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—Letter from India

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about us. It is bad enough that we fail to touch our non-Christian neighbors, but to forget our own brethren, this is a more serious sin.
I must ask myself, "What would George Fox have done if hearing of such a one?" No doubt he would have gone far out of his way, in the name of Jesus, just to bring a little light to this poor soul.
How little she requested! Only a note, only perhaps a handclasp, a look, a jar of jelly. I am weeping inside. Both sadness and shame are my present lot. I only hope when my time comes, when I reach the twilight years, that I will not be forgotten by those I clung to through the years.

Volunteers for Technical Services
VITA (Volunteers for International Technical Assistance) was started more than ten years ago (as far as I know) by a member of Schenectady, New York, Meeting. It comprised engineers willing to help in their spare time, without remuneration, self-help projects in technologically underdeveloped countries.

It has expanded in two directions: It extends its help to projects in the United States and helps to provide experts not only in engineering but also in agriculture, community organization, crafts, architecture, and so forth. VITA can use continuously volunteers in a variety of fields.

Since heat and furnaces are my technical field, it may interest readers to know that within the past one-and-one-half years I have been called to help on a pottery kiln in South America, a wood-drying kiln in Korea, and a bread-baking oven for developing a self-help project in a Boys Town in Lagos, Nigeria.

Interested Friends may write to VITA, College Campus, Schenectady, New York 12308. VICTOR PASCHKIS
Pottstown, Pennsylvania

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Friends Around the World

Friends United Meeting
Looks to Green Lake

THE TRIENNIAL SESSIONS in Green Lake, Wisconsin, July 8 through July 15, are the next important milestone for Friends United Meeting.

The Program Committee has finished most of its work and is now concerned with registrations. Friends are urged to register without delay.

Inquiries for further information should be addressed to Program Committee, Friends Central Offices, 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, Indiana.

The General Board, in its spring meeting, accepted Southeastern Yearly Meeting into membership. Fifteen Yearly Meetings are now members. The budget for the fiscal year 1973 was approved, but the proposed guidelines for membership in FUM were not adopted. Further attempts to draft and adopt an "Affirmation of Faith" were dropped.

The General Services Commission, which deals with the management, funding, publishing, and marketing affairs of FUM, has created a Friends United Press Board, which will be responsible for all publishing of Friends United Meeting. The commission also recommended to the General Board a new comprehensive "self-allocation" approach to Yearly Meeting and FUM program funding in place of the "current piecemeal, handed-down assessment approach."

To Exemplify
Moral and Spiritual Values

A SELECTION COMMITTEE in Pennsylvania of the National League of American Pen Women chose Sarah Pratt Brock, a member of Willistown Monthly Meeting, Edgemont, Pennsylvania, as Mother of the Year. The award is made to one "outstanding mother who has exemplified the moral and spiritual values of a home as well as participated in religious, educational, and community life."

Sarah Brock is known for her activities with the National League of American Pen Women, of which she was president during 1964-1966. She helped found Friends of the Caleb Pusey House in 1960 to assist in the restoration of the oldest English-built house in Pennsylvania. Two years ago she organized an arts and crafts program for women prisoners in the Delaware County Prison.

Final Plans for Ithaca Conference

by Howard W. Bartram

PERSONS who attend the 1972 General Conference for Friends, June 24 to July 1, in Ithaca, New York, will have a choice of twenty-seven workshops and discussion groups dealing with religious life, personal development, and many aspects of the social issues we face.

Four lecture series will deal with national policies, major international issues, education in the seventies, and peace and nonviolent social change.

Roundups give a chance to discuss the work of Friends World Committee, Friends Committee on National Legislation, Friends Coordinating Committee on Peace, Friends for Social Justice, and the Quaker United Nations Program.

Seminars will deal with "New Religiosity," "Opting Out?," "Christianity—Where To?," "Oriental Mysticism," and "Meetings for Suffering."

All participants will meet for several rich personal messages. Saturday evening, Jan de Hartog will give us the challenge of the past. Sunday evening, three young men whose spiritual perception has been sharpened by prison experience will help us find a religious platform for the week to follow. On Tuesday morning, the Rev. Andrew Young will speak, from the background of his involvement in the civil rights movement, on the evolving role of minority groups.

Under the title, "Celebration," Wednesday evening will be spent in "music and movement," led by Christopher Beck and Nancy Brock, who are known to many Friends for their music and dance. Thursday morning, Ira Proffitt will help us understand ourselves more clearly as we take "The Next Step in Social Consciousness." On Friday, Olcutt Sanders, Dorothy Hutchinson, and others will talk about ways in which the insights of the conference can be carried forward as we go our ways.

Junior Conference sessions for the very young will be in a nearby elementary school, beautifully located in the open country.

Friends in Ithaca are planning trips for conference attenders, by bus and private car, to explore the natural beauty of the campus and the surrounding Finger Lakes area during free times.

Further information and application blanks are available from Friends General Conference, 1520 Race Street, Philadelphia 19102.
The papers management strip, This is a compilation of papers which were first presented in a series of “Peacemaker Workshops” held within the Mennonite brotherhood across the United States. The papers deal with the question, How does a Christian fulfill his responsibilities to God as a peacemaker, a minister of reconciliation, in a world filled with racial strife, church strife, labor-management strife, nationalism, poverty, and warfare? What should his responsibilities be to broken relationships (strife) in his home community, in Vietnam, in Biafra? 160 pages, Paper, $2.50.

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Vacationing in Colorado?
Rockcleft Retreat Center, eighteen miles west of Colorado Springs, announces two Family Camps for this summer.

June 19-23: Adventuring in the Family, led by Jim and Elaine Higgins
August 11-15: Communicating in the Family, led by Tom and Nancy Mullen
Registration limited to ten families. Simple, cooperative living to keep cost low—about $50 per family. Responsible child care during sessions.
June Webb, #53 Kuesters Lake, Grand Island, Nebraska 68801

The Actions at Leonardo, New Jersey
by Phyllis E. Taylor
A flag flying upside down, the international symbol of distress. Seven sailors leaping board in protest against the war in Asia. A Quaker man throwing himself in front of a moving train to try to stop the movement of arms from an ammunition depot to the ship carrying it to Indochina. A group of Quakers being water hosed as they tried to dialog with the police guarding the roadway to the ammunition depot. The sight of bombs lying on train cars being taken out to the ship, the U. S. S. Nitro. Canoes trying to block the docking and sailing of the Nitro with its lethal cargo.
All these elements were present at the actions in Leonardo, New Jersey, April 19-24. Sponsored by the Movement for a New Society, Resistance, and the Vietnam Veterans Against the War, the actions showed that there is opposition to the escalation of the war, it is possible to form supportive alliances with active duty servicemen; and nonviolent confrontations are a viable way of raising the truth about what is happening in this country over the war.
The hopes of the participants in the actions in Leonardo were that we could support the men on the ship and show them they were not alone in their opposition to the war (we were able to provide military counselors and to help about one dozen men fill out conscientious objector forms); that we could put a spotlight on what was happening at Leonardo; that we could slow the movement of munitions to southeastern Asia; and that we could encourage other concerned persons around the country to find creative, nonviolent ways of blocking further transportation of munitions from the manufacturers to the depots, from the depots to the ships, and from the ships to the people in Southeast Asia.

A Folk Dance Festival
THE SECOND GRADE in Atlantic City Friends School presented a program of folk dances, “An Excursion Into the World of Folk Dancing.”
Each dance was performed in appropriate national costumes. They included La Raspa of Mexico, der Kinderpolka of southern Germany, the shoemaker dance of Denmark, the carousel of Sweden, an Irish jig, and the Hokey Pokey of the United States.

Uncomfortable Enough to Keep Our Search Alive
by L. Brett White
SOUTHEASTERN YEARLY MEETING gathered again this year at Lake Byrd Lodge, Avon Park, Florida, with a new format that included fewer business sessions.
Instead of the usual preliminary workshop, we held a retreat on “The Art of Meditation,” led by Helen Hole of Earlham College, in which we were challenged to search for a Quaker method of meditation. Most of us were surprised to learn we do not have one.
During the opening session, we explored the possibility of furthering the theme of the retreat through sensitivity and encounter groups, with the help of representatives from each Monthly Meeting who shared experiences in group techniques of worship-sharing.
The Yearly Meeting accepted—our previous hesitancy overcome—the privilege of joining other Friends in endorsing the One Percent More Fund. It also accepted, with quiet curiosity, the fact that our applications for affiliation with Friends General Conference and Friends United Meeting awaited the further consideration of the latter.
Most ongoing committee work was thoroughly documented in advance reports and required little time, but the exploratory committee on Friends education caused some excitement. It has converted itself into a body to explore the establishment of an intentional Quaker community to embody all aspects of a controlled community—from schooling to retirement needs.
We had lively sessions with Barrett Hollister, of the Quaker United Nations Office; Lorton Heusel, of Friends United Meeting; and Herbert Hadley, of Friends World Committee for Consultation. An impromptu lakeside session that dealt with changing male/female roles was especially successful.
Honey Knoopp, of American Friends Service Committee, brought us a powerful call to “Spiritual Empowerment in an Age of Crisis”: The need for the individual to accept personal responsibility actively to change society.
We were lifted to another level of consciousness by a devotional session on the impact of silence, led by Kenneth Hall, of Jamaica Yearly Meeting, and by a reading by Jan de Hartog from Part Three (which has not yet been published) of his The Peaceable Kingdom.

June 11/15, 1972 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Community Resources in New Bedford

by T. Noel Stern

REGINA PACIS SPANISH CENTER, in the South End of New Bedford, Massachusetts, is an educational, social service, recreational, and religious facility.

Founded in 1959, the center has had a succession of priests as directors, who have been burdened with poor plant, poor equipment, weak finances, and insufficient staff.

Father William Petrie, the present director, has a staff of two nuns, a seminarian from the Philippines, and a Spanish-speaking lay person.

Blacks and others speak highly of Regina Pacis and of Father Petrie. Although they sometimes find him too trusting with unscrupulous residents of the ghetto, they admire him for his honesty, devotion, and leadership.

Robert Mollard is pastor of Trinity Methodist Church, another New Bedford center, a well-built structure with large gymnasium-social room on the ground floor and a number of meeting rooms.

Robert Mollard now hopes to convert the church into an interracial house of worship. He speaks frankly of difficulties in winning approval of conservative members of the congregation for work in the ghetto.

Mollard is assisted part-time by the Rev. Kenneth Stiegler, who divides his time between Trinity in New Bedford and Center Methodist in Fairhaven, across the Acushnet River. Ken Stiegler is backed in his work with blacks, youths, and drug addicts by Bishop James Mathews of Boston, and is financed by the Methodist Fund for Reconciliation. Ken is chairman of the New Bedford Religious Coalition, an umbrella organization embracing social activists of the three faiths.

Trinity Methodist Church donated space during the 1970-1971 school year to the Black Panthers for a breakfast program, which provided breakfasts for thirty-five children. Those who cooked and served (and helped eat) the breakfasts each morning were black youths, sixteen to eighteen years of age.

Last summer Trinity offered a recreational and cultural enrichment program for thirty children, ages four to nine, from the ghetto. One of the directors was June Pina, who continues as a part-time community developer at Trinity Methodist. Her program includes field trips to Boston, crafts and recreation,

Tell It to the President

FRIENDS who wish to register their feelings about Southeast Asia with Richard M. Nixon have been urged by the Friends Peace Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting to telephone the White House.

For a few cents, the committee says, Friends may dial this number: 202-456-1414. A special White House representative will answer. The committee advises: Give him your name, address, and perhaps your occupation. Make your message brief and to the point; call him any old time, again and again and again.

A Joint Effort

SPARK, Newsletter of New York Yearly Meeting, quotes from the minutes of Brooklyn Preparative Meeting, Schermerhorn Street: "A proposition was received from the Women's Meeting for joint sessions in conducting the business of the Preparative Meeting and after due consideration it was approved and referred to the Monthly Meeting...."

The minute was dated "Twelfth Month 20, 1900."
"Miss Frieder writes with the soul of a poet, a heart that is open to all humanity, and a mind dedicated to the search for the eternal verities."

—William J. Fielding

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and teaching in black history and arts. David Rankin, minister of the Unitarian Church in center city, reports that he has raised eight thousand dollars for the New Bedford ball fund from private contributors. The fund lends money to persons who have been arrested and who lack the means to raise bail from bondsmen. The ball fund is part of the Community Assistance Project, which counsels the families of arrestees and tries to secure releases on personal recognizance, in addition to lending money.

Administrator of the bail fund is Peter Antone, assistant director of Onboard, Inc., the city's Federally financed poverty program. Antone, one of New Bedford's more militant blacks, is respected for leadership by black youths—including those who have gotten in trouble with the law.

The Community Assistance Project has lent a total of seven thousand dollars to twenty persons who could not otherwise make bail. They had been arrested for charges ranging from disorderly conduct and drunkenness to statutory rape and armed robbery. No bailiff, thus far, has skipped bail.

Quaker projects in race relations in New Bedford have been sponsored by the Quaker Caucus and by the New England Regional Office of American Friends Service Committee. The Quaker Caucus consists of thirteen Friends from six meetings in the New Bedford area plus several friends of Friends. Participants include professors from Southeastern Massachusetts University and their wives, other professional people, and students.

The New England office of AFSC, at 48 Inman Street, Cambridge, has been represented in New Bedford by two staff members, David Spinney of Somerville and Richard Wilson of Concord.

Last spring the Caucus and AFSC started a court monitoring project, led by Andrew Grannell, doctoral candidate at Boston University and pastor of Allen's Neck Friends Meeting, south of New Bedford. Four other participants were high-school-age students. Three were on leave during their senior year in independent schools—Concord Academy and Pomfret School, and the fourth was a temporary dropout.

Court monitors observed a high percentage of young persons and poor persons on trial in District Court in New Bedford. The percentage of blacks on trial was high in comparison with the percentage of blacks in greater New Bedford.

Although the Quaker Caucus-AFSC project found the court fairly consistent in informing defendants of their right to appeal to the Superior Court for a lowering of bail, the District Court did so in a perfunctory manner. The District Judge was remiss in informing defendants of their right to jury trial in Superior Court.

The survey they made stressed the need for professionally trained interpreters for Spanish and Portuguese speakers and the need for signs in the courthouse in foreign languages. The report criticized the rundown condition of the courthouse.

Court monitoring has been continued on a twice-a-week basis by adult members of the Quaker Caucus. As a result of the monitoring, there has been some improvement in the court procedures. Defendants are now informed of their right to jury trial. Bristol County Commissioners have promised representatives of the Quaker Caucus that they would paint the detention cells for male and female juveniles in the District Court basement.

During the past summer, AFSC sent a team of nineteen young volunteers, black and white, to the city. Project members came from points as distant as California and England. They were housed in a building donated by the New Bedford Standard Times. The volunteers worked at Regina Pacis and Trinity Methodist Church in recreation and education and did some court monitoring.

Our Lady of Assumption Roman Catholic Church, in the South End, last summer had a recreational project for one hundred ten children, mostly Cape Verdean. Thirty percent of its congregation is white.

The New Bedford Religious Coalition, chaired by Kenneth Stiegler, serves as a link between faiths and between black and white clergy and laymen.

The coalition has been hampered by sharp differences in philosophy—liberal, radical, and strongly conservative. Nevertheless, the Religious Coalition provided in a building donated by the New Bedford Standard Times. The volunteers worked at Regina Pacis and Trinity Methodist Church in recreation and education and did some court monitoring.

The New Bedford Religious Coalition, served as a cooling force in the summer of 1970. Clergymen from the Coalition visited blacks in prison who had been arrested in the Black Panther raid, and their families, and sat in the hearing in Third District Court. The Coalition served as a cooling force in a city heated by rhetoric and fear. More recently, the Coalition worked with New Bedford school officials on integration in education.

New Bedford has seventy churches in
the city proper and more than one hundred churches in the city and environs. Most of the churches have been apathetic in the face of the racial crisis in the city.

The present surface calm in New Bedford is a result of the work of the churches and the giving of city and other jobs to black leaders. A further peaceful influence has been the example of other cities—the general calming of the ghettos throughout the nation.

Serious tension and disorder hide beneath the calm, however. Continued burning of buildings, robberies, and flareups of violence are signs that much more needs to be done by church and lay groups to prevent future mass outbreaks in New Bedford.

(T. Noel Stern is professor of political science in Southeastern Massachusetts University. He is on the Permanent Board and the Executive Council of New England Yearly Meeting and is a member of North Dartmouth, Massachusetts, Meeting.)

Classrooms in the Fields and Barns

by Stephen D. Iseman

WILMINGTON COLLEGE is one of only twenty private colleges in the United States that offer a degree in agriculture and is the only private college in Ohio where a student can major in agriculture.

Wilmington College has five farms that cover about one thousand acres of fertile land in Southwestern Ohio, sell in the competitive market, and are used as the main classrooms for courses in agriculture. Stock operations, including dairy, beef (a fine Angus herd), and swine, are carried out on three farms; the other two are for crop production and the study of agronomy.

Academic work in the agriculture department includes the usual courses and several of a broader nature—for example, World Hunger and the Green Revolution, which deals primarily with agricultural approaches to solving the problem of worldwide hunger, and Organic Gardening.

Many of the courses are scheduled for late afternoon or evening, so that persons in the Wilmington community can take courses free under the college’s adult continuing education program.

Several combinations or cross majors in business and science are offered. A program in agriculture education is planned.

Students have many work-study opportunities on the farms. A campus social service club, the Aggies, of which Jane Cleveland is president, carries out several projects with considerable enthusiasm.

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One is the annual 4-H and FFA livestock judging contest, the purpose of which is to help high school students develop their judging abilities in dairy and general livestock categories.

A Carnegie Foundation study referred to Wilmington's department as "among the most notable of private college agricultural programs."

**An Army of Volunteers**

THOUSANDS of volunteers help American Friends Service Committee do its work. One is the mother of two children; she commutes from her home in Connecticut to serve as a staff executive in Philadelphia. She works nine to ten hours each day and lives in a hotel during the week.

Another volunteer has made eighty dresses in one year to donate to persons in need. A former teacher of mathematics and banker is programming computers to keep track of AFSC operations.

Others do everything from folding secondhand clothes to entertaining diplomats. Without their help, the organization, which spent eight and a half million dollars last year for services in nineteen countries, could not have operated.

More than one-fifth of the staff of two hundred men and women in AFSC headquarters in Philadelphia are volunteers who work on a regular basis. Another fifteen are called in for specific jobs. Many young persons come after school. Summer projects are staffed by volunteers. Several hundred other persons serve on committees and in the warehouse.

In ten regional offices, about twenty-five regular volunteers are on staffs, which total three hundred persons. Several hundred others do part-time work.

All of the persons on assignment commute from their homes, and live in hotels during the week. Nearly four hundred high school and college students took part in the present program. Some participants wore shoes, others sat or stretched out on the floor.

The present program did not come into being until November 1969, when QPCC trained four hundred young marshals in three days for the Mobilization in Washington. They were so successful in keeping the peace demonstration nonviolent that the program began to expand rapidly, and in 1970 they trained nearly five thousand people on the eastern seaboard. Quaker Project on Community Conflict has also been asked to help relieve tensions among police, parents, and teenagers in a number of communities.

Six workers, from moderate and subsistence salaries, staff the New York office, 1 East Seventeenth Street. They see themselves as "resource people" who share their experience with others, in the common search for a more fraternal world, rather than as "leaders" or "trainers." Most are in their late 'teens or in their twenties, and many of them belong to the counterculture.

The Montclair, New Jersey, encampment, in May 1971, is an example of QPCC in action. More than half of the thirty-five participants were students from three high schools in the vicinity, yet the age range spanned the generation gap: There were college students, teachers, middle-aged activists, and a few veteran members of Montclair Meeting. The oldest participant was in her seventies. The youngest was eleven and had come to the workshop on his own.

The encampment began Friday night, with an informal get-acquainted session. Some participants wore shoes, some went barefoot; some took chairs, while others sat or stretched out on the floor.

QPCC workshops begin with interpersonal roleplays that make individuals conscious of their own violence and
The gathering, therefore, broke up into small groups for role-playing. After the drama, players and spectators sat down in a circle to analyze their feelings, movements, verbal language, body language, and the way all these had contributed to escalation of violence.

That evening and the following day participants worked on other roleplays. Gradually, trainees realized that the real challenge was to play the parts of people with whom one had no instinctive empathy. Persons whose attitudes we may want to change must be understood on a feeling level.

The event that more than any other brought workshop participants together was a silent hour of worship-sharing. Young men and women who before this weekend had never entered a Friends meetinghouse mediated like experienced Quakers — contemplating, listening, or waiting for an "inner light" to urge them to speak out.

The workshop broke up into three groups to make plans for the future. One group decided to approach local draft board members with an invitation to a communal supper, so that they could meet the youths they were going to press into service. Another group mapped out preliminary steps for a draft counseling program. The third worked on plans for a training program in nonviolence for local high schools. Participants felt, however, that they had not learned how to deal with racial strife. No blacks had enrolled for the workshop, and almost everyone agreed that in handling delicate, explosive problems, such as they faced in Montclair, it was important that black people take the lead.

The three groups met in following weeks to implement plans made during the encampment. The encampment also affected the behavior of many trainees in their own lives.

Quaker Project on Community Conflict efforts to develop indigenous decentralized leadership have had varying success. Some groups have moved prematurely and have foundered. Others have made impressive achievements in a relatively short time.

In Poughkeepsie, New York, for example, Quaker Project on Community Conflict people became aware of a potentially explosive problem: High school students were "hanging out" on the meetinghouse lawn, using and dealing in drugs. Neighbors and some members of the Meeting were disturbed; police had harassed the students. A QPCC staff member had several talks with the police and later with Meeting members. Trainers conducted long sessions with the high school students. At a workshop attended by police, neighbors, Meeting members, and "lawn kids," it became apparent that one cause of the trouble was that the students simply had no place to gather.

Meeting members decided to allow the young people to occupy some parts of the lawn, on condition that they use no drugs there. Police have been cooperative. Newly-trained QPCC people have opened a storefront meeting place for Poughkeepsie youth, known as Mid-Hudson Nonviolence Center, and a project to work with the local Model Cities program.

QPCC people have engaged in a wide variety of other projects, such as helping to write a manual on nonviolent direct action, working with American Friends Service Committee to apply pressure on exploitative landlords, and training of marshals for nonviolent demonstrations of the Jewish Defense League. Last year, when a rock concert on Randall's Island in New York nearly erupted in violence, eight hundred newly trained QPCC volunteers averted a riot. QPCC has also set up small dialog teams to confer with leftists and rightists and sometimes to act as mediator.

QPCC seems to enjoy a unique credibility: It is accepted by a spectrum of groups, from the Black Panthers to the Mayor's office.

Because QPCC seeks to work long-range at the roots of violence, and because it only tries to plant seeds and then move on to organize new groups, it is too early to measure its success. But the project seems to be offering something meaningful to an increasing number of students who feel a social concern but have been "turned off" by the destructiveness of some groups. These are the young people who recognize that, although the most insidious violence in our society is the institutionalized exploitation of human beings, real changes will not be accomplished simply by shifting power to another group.

QPCC is a response to the compelling need of our society for root changes — and a response to the personal need of our young people for a sense of community.

(Marjorie Hope has written several articles for Parents' Magazine. James Young, her husband, is a member of Montclair, New Jersey, Meeting.)
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Bringing Words and Acts Together
TO RECONCILE its investment practices with its work for peace, the General Board of the Church of the Brethren has voted to divest itself of investments in corporations that produce military goods.

The board also voted to sell its United States Treasury bonds and not to buy new government securities that may channel funds into military appropriations.

A paper on the board's philosophy of investment said words and acts should be brought together "so that the clearest possible witness can be given to the inclusive reconciling love of Christ."

The statement recognized, however, that "at any given moment the commitment can be of direction only—it cannot be one of absolute achievement."

The Church of the Brethren has one hundred eighty thousand members.

Beacon Hill Friends House
FOR FIFTEEN YEARS Beacon Hill Friends House has provided a Quaker Center for Boston, a place of worship on First-days, and a unique living arrangement for young persons.

Friends House is a private corporation directed by Friends appointed by the eight Quarterly Meetings of New England Yearly Meeting. Its programs are planned for the Yearly Meeting as well as the residents of the house and the community. It is self-supporting, although additional funds are required for program activities and outreach.

"If you know of young people coming to the Boston area," says director Ernest Weed, "please tell them of Beacon Hill Friends House."

Friendly Crafters and the Combined Appeal
A GROUP of Bucks County Friends, who call themselves Friendly Crafters, are raising money for the Combined Appeal of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting by selling items they make. They took in three hundred seventy dollars during sessions of Yearly Meeting this year. They have raised five hundred eighty-four dollars.

Candle ends, leather scraps, yarn, beads, macrame string, fabric, and more are needed by the craftsmen. Persons with items should get in touch with Peg Brinton, 8210 Jenkintown Road, Elkins Park, Pennsylvania 19117.

A New Law on Toys in California
THE LEGISLATURE of California has adopted an addition to its health and safety code relating to toys: "No person shall knowingly manufacture, sell, or offer for sale any toy which is designed to depict torture or which specifically resembles a bomb or grenade."

Richard Goldman at Germantown Friends School
RICHARD P. GOLDMAN, who has studied at Yale, Middlebury, Stanford, and Temple, and was a teacher of English, and director of studies at Wilbraham Academy, has been named principal for planning and development of Germantown Friends School.

Q is for Quaker
THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of National Quaker Men has adopted as a national emblem a design that includes a Q for the word "Quaker," a triangle that represents the Trinity, and a cross.

The emblem is available (from Quaker Men, 403 South D Street, Indianapolis, Indiana, 46204) as a tie tac, lapel pin, or charm.

The Sidney Lanier Postage Stamp
WILLIAM A. SMITH, a member of Westtown Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania, was honored with a dinner by the one hundred thirty-six postmasters of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, for his design of the Sidney Lanier postage stamp.

The Great White Glove
ANNA FORBES and Frederick Crumrine, Westtown students, produced a musical comedy, "The Great White Glove," for their senior project. They collaborated on the writing and production, and Fred Crumrine composed the music.

June 1/15, 1972 FRIENDS JOURNAL
**Classified Advertisements**

**Summer Rentals**

**SAILBOAT:** 1972 Irwin 37-foot cruising sloop, fully equipped for a comfortable vacation abroad. Diesel auxiliary, two heads with shower, two entirely separate berths forward and aft with connecting inside companionway. Available bareboad for $600 per week, $275 Monday through Thursday. If you have limited sailing experience, she is also available, all provisions included, with for $250 per week, Sunday. Will consider trading time for a winter mountain cottage. Box B-354, Friends Journal.

**JORDANS:** Fully equipped, three-bedroomed cottage, with sunny garden on village green, to let July 22 to August 31. Write Armairch Craddock, 13 The Green, Jordans, Beaconsfield, Bucks, England.

**FAMILY REUNIONS, SMALL CONFERENCES**

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**ORIGINAL BUCK HILL FALLS "cottages"** in the Poconos, Short walk to swimming pool, tennis courts, golf course, bowling greens, inn, five bedrooms, two bathrooms, Modern kitchen, dishwasher, washer, dryer. $125 per week (two-week minimum), $620/30/20/10. Telephone 91/721, Write P.O. Box 381, Yardley, Pennsylvania 19067. Telephone: 225-493-3641.

**POCONOS, Pennsylvania, 2.5 miles east of Stroudsburg.** Good roads, seclusion. One hundred acres, woods, meadows, brook plus hiking. Rambling older house. All conveniences. Sleeps four, two and a half hours from Philadelphia, and swimming pool, sun room, balconies, studio wing adjoining has fireplace, kitchen, bedroom, bath—sleeps two. $250 per week. A. Dyk, 2603 Landor Avenue, Louisville, Kentucky 40205. 502-452-1010.

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CAPE COD, near water. One or two paying guests to share house and kitchen. Reasonable. Call Dean, 617-248-6674, or write Box S-546, Friends Journal.

**FRIENDS VACATIONING** in Cape May, New Jersey, are invited to stay at The Kay Route. For a brochure, write to the Carplets, 24 Jackson Street, Cape May, New Jersey 08204.

**VACATION WITH A PURPOSE** at Circleville, West Virginia, Craft Center. Community living, development of craft skills, camping. Limited private accommodations. Instruction and use of equipment at reasonable rates. Daniel Houghton, potting and woodworking, Anna Houghton, weaving, creative stitchery, batik, macrame. Reservations to: 919 South Sixth Street, Huntington, West Virginia 22020 or Box 98, Circleville, West Virginia 26804.

**WOOLMAN HILL, EDUCATIONAL WORKCAM, July 16-August 27.** Communal, coed. Ages 16 to 19. Salary $130 monthly. Excellent opportunity for student attending Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana 47404.

**WANTED:** Two couples to be houseparents. Teachingshought in either Spanish or History. Contact The Meeting School, Rindge, New Hampshire 03461. 1/1/5, 1972.

**INDUSTRIAL ENGINEER/ MANAGEDCATOR,** or similar specialist to teach principles of management to junior managers in developing Zambian. Write Dorothy Giesler, 37245 Woodside, Fraser, Michigan 48026.

**RESIDENT HOUSE MANAGER, 57th Street Meeting, Chicago, near University of Chicago.** Work in exchange for rent. Write: John Garo, c/o Quaker House, 5615 Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago 60637.

**HOMEKEEPER, for one. Near Newton, Pennsylvania.** Two bedrooms, one bath, adjoining has fireplace, kitchen, bedroom, bath—sleeps two. $260 per week. Needed, other employment possible. Box S-544, Friends Journal.

**SOMEONE WHO ENJOYS CHILDREN, to conduct a half-day program while we are organizing a village community on our farm. May bring own child. Write Jim Descaze, R.R. 4, Perth, Ontario, Canada.

**NEEDED: TO HELP OTHER FRIENDS meet the challenge of elimination of institutional racism from our Quaker institutions and those in the wider community, a person of demonstrable maturity, knowledge of policies and procedures of Friends, external knowledge of community problems and resources, to provide leadership for Philadelphia Yearly Meeting Committee for Community Engagement. 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia 19102 (215-3-7705).**

**Positions Vacant**

**YOUNG FRIENDS SECRETARY to coordinate activities of college-aged Friends. Commencing eighth month 1972. Salary $130 monthly. Excellent opportunity for student attending Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana 47404.**

**WANTED:** Two couples to be houseparents. Teaching skills sought in either Spanish or History. Contact The Meeting School, Rindge, New Hampshire 03461.

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**Positions Wanted**

**YOUNG FRIEND, fifteen, desires summer babysitting position. Experienced. Call Robin Plummer, 215-458-3638; or write 1215 Birmingham Road, West Chester, Pennsylvania 19380.**

**EMPLOYMENT ON FAMILY FARM for seven-year-old Friend, male. Available June 18. B. Delchamps, 3001 Atlantic Road, Bethesda, Maryland 20031 (301-229-6888).**

**LIVE-IN MOTHER'S HELPER, July and August.** Position desired by Quaker high school girl. Experienced baby sitter, will do light housework. Salary negotiable. 516-711-9294.

**COUPLE, experienced teachers, seek position for eight or both of their children at a Quaker summer camp. Can handle a walk around kitchen, will do light housework. Salary negotiable. 516-711-9294.**

**CHALLENGING POSITION in academic administration desired. Male, late 30's, Ph.D., with teaching, research, and administrative experience. Background also includes responsible Federal government role, contact with all levels of government, of freedom and trust. Box N-543 Friends Journal.**

**GERMAN GIRL, arriving August, Loves farm life, horses, children. Hopes to work for family with similar values. Meanwhile, telephone 215-MA-7939.**

**SUMMER POSITION desired by George School graduate, 18, to help toward education in Boston University. Good theater experience, French (five years). Loves children, outdoors, travel. Katie Bond, Chaska 474, New Jersey 08009, 609-243-3555.**

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**Accommodations Abroad**

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**MEXICO CITY FRIENDS CENTER.** Pleasant, reasonable accommodations. Reservations, Casa de las Amistades, 1875 Cordova 122, Mexico City 1, D. F. Friends Meetings, Sundays, 11 a.m.
MEETING ANNOUNCEMENTS

Alaska
FAIRBANKS—Unprogrammed worship, First-days, 9 a.m., Home Economics Lounge, Third Floor, Eielson Building. Discussion follows. Phone: 479-6801.

Argentina
BUENOS AIRES—Worship and Monthly Meeting, one Saturday each month in suburbs, Vicente Lopez. Phone 791-3680 (Buenos Aires).

Arizona
FLAGSTAFF—Unprogrammed meeting, 11 a.m., 406 S. Humphreys near campus. Mary Campbell, Clerk, 310 E. Cherry Ave., 774-4298.

PHOENIX—Sundays: 9:45 a.m., adult study; 11 a.m., meeting for worship and First-day School, 1702 E. Glenlade Avenue, 89005; Mary Lou Coopock, clerk, 6620 N. Culver, Scottsdale, 85257.

TUCSON—Friends Meeting, 129 N. Warren; Sunday School, 10 a.m.; worship (semi-programmed) 11 a.m. Clerk, Harry Prevo, 213-0094.

TUCSON—Pima Friends Meeting (Pacific Yearly Meeting), 739 E. 5th Street, Worship, 10:00 a.m.; Barbara Fritts, Clerk, 9709 N. Lady Lane, 857-7291.

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

CLAREMONT—Meeting for worship 9:30 a.m. Discussion 11:00 a.m. Classes for children. Clerk: Clifford Cole, 239 West 10th Street, Claremont 91711.

COSTA MESA—Orange County Friends Meeting. Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. Call 548-8082 or 897-5916.

DAVIS—First-day School and adult discussion, 9:45 a.m.; worship, 10:00 a.m., 345 L Street. Visitors, call 753-5989.

FRESNO—Meeting every Sunday, 10 a.m., College V Pox Dei Chapel, 2311 E. Shaw. Phone: 237-3200.

HAYWARD—Worship, 11 a.m., Old Chapel, 890 Fargo, San Leandro. Clerk 582-9632.

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

LONG BEACH—Marion Meeting and Sunday School, 10:30 a.m., 647 Locust. 424-5735.


MARIN—Worship 10 a.m., Mill Valley Community Church Annex, Olive and Lovelli, DU 3-3303.

MONTEREY PENINSULA—Friends Meeting for Worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m., 1087 Mescal Ave., Seaside. Call 394-9991 or 375-1776.

PALO ALTO—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m., First-day classes for children, 1115, 957 Colorado.

PASADENA—525 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—Family sharing 10 a.m. Unprogrammed worship, 10:20 a.m. 15056 Bledsoe St., 367-5288.

SAN FRANCISCO—Meeting for worship, First-days, 11 a.m., 2160 Lake Street, 752-7440.

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

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

SANTA CRUZ—Meeting for worship, Sundays, 10:45 a.m. Discussion at 11:00 a.m. 305 Walnut St.

SANTA MONICA—First-day School at 10, meeting at 111440 Harvard St. Call 451-3865.

VISTA—Palomar Meeting, 10 a.m. Clerk: Gretchen Tuthill, 1631 Calle Dulce, Vista 92083. Call 724-9866 or 728-2666.


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Colorado

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

DENVER—Mountain View Friends Meeting, worship 10 to 11 a.m., Adult Forum 11 to 12, 2280 South Columbine Street. Phone 722-4125.

Connecticut

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

NEW HAVEN—Meeting, 9:45 a.m. Conn. Hall, Yale Old Campus. Phone 775-7590.

NEW LONDON—Mitchell College Library, Pecout Ave. Meeting for worship at 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m. Clark, Horday Mitchell, RFD 1, Norwich 06360. Phone 689-1924.

NEW MILFORD—HOUSTONIC MEETING: Worship group, 8:30 a.m., Adult Forum 11 a.m.; discussion 10 a.m. Margaret Badus, clerk. Phone: 955-9589.

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

Georgia

ATLANTA—Worship and First-day School, 10 a.m. 3478 Fairview Rd. N.E., Atlanta 30306. Margaret Keiser, Clerk. Phone: 634-0542. Quaker House, Telephone: 373-7986.

HONDO—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10:30 a.m. 340 Telstar Street. Lester Bowles, clerk. Phone: 733-4220.

Hondululu—Sundays, 2425 Oahu Avenue. Phone 725-5645. For information and meeting location. Phone 477-5606 or 372-6308.

CARBONDALE—Unprogrammed worship, Sundays, 10 a.m. Student Christian Foundation. 913 S. Illinois, Clark, Jane Staine, 949-2029; Peg Snagel, 457-6542.

CHICAGO—Meeting, 10:30 a.m.; worship 11:15 a.m., 6151 Woodlawn. Monthly Meeting every Friday, 7:30 p.m. Phone: BU 8-3066.

CHICAGO—Chicago Monthly Meeting, 1049 S. Artesian, Illinois 60605. Phone 394-4137 or BE 3-2715. Worship 11 a.m.

CHICAGO—Northside (unprogrammed). Worship 10 a.m. For information and meeting location. Phone 477-5606 or 372-6308.

DECATUR—Worship, 10 a.m. Phone: Agita Wright, 877-2914, for meeting location.

DEKALB—Meeting, 10:30 a.m.; dance 12 noon, 424 Normal Road. Phone 759-2251 or 566-8543.


EVANSVILLE—1010 Greenleaf, Union Bank. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Phone 477-5606 or 372-6308.

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North Carolina

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

CHAPEL HILL—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Clerk: Robert Mayer, phone 942-3316.

CHARLOTTE—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. First-day education classes, 10 a.m. 2039 Vail Avenue. Phone: 529-2501.

DURHAM—Meeting 10:30 at 404 Alexander Avenue. Contact David Smith 489-6029 or Don Wells 489-7240.

FAYETTEVILLE—Worship, 1 p.m., 223 Hillside Ave., Phone the Arrigs, 485-3213.

GUILFORD COLLEGE, GREENSBORO—New Garden Friends Meeting (unprogrammed). Guilford College, Moon Room of Dana Auditorium, 11:00, Mal Zuck, Clerk.

HANOVER—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. First-day School, 10:30. Address: 215 N. Main St. Phone (704) 622-5849.

RALEIGH—Meeting, 11 a.m. Phone 919-723-4690.

WINSTON-SALEM—Unprogramed worship in Friends’ homes, Sundays, 11 a.m. Call F. M. James, 919-723-4690.

Ohio

CINCINNATI—Community Friends Meeting (United) of FUM. Unprogrammed meeting, Worship 10:00, Sunday School 11:00; 3960 Winding Way, 45229. Phone: (513) 861-4535. Edwin O. Moon, Clerk. (513) 861-4195.

CLEVELAND—Community Meeting for worship 7 p.m. at the “Clive Tree” on Case-W.R.U. campus. Elliott Cornell, clerk, 932-8049 or 821-7456.

CLEVELAND—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m. 1016 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 751-5336.

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

SALEM—Walter Friends, unprogrammed meeting, First-day School, 9:30 a.m.; worship, 10:30.

TOLEDO—Rowing Green Area—Allowed meeting, unprogrammed, Sundays 10 a.m.: “The Ark” (Toledo University), 2086 Brookdale, Toledo. Information or transportation: David Taber, 811-8787 or Alice Nauts, 802-2056.

WAYNESVILLE—Friends Meeting, Fourth and High Streets. First-day School, 9:30 a.m.; unprogrammed worship, 10:45 a.m.

WILMINGTON—Campus Meeting of Wilmington (F.U.M.) and Indians (F.G.C.) Meetings, Unprogrammed worship, and First-day School, 10 a.m. 1011 Cochran Road, Wilmington College, Elizabeth H. MacNutt, Clerk. 513-382-3328.

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

Oregon

PORTLAND-MULTNOMAH MONTHLY MEETING, 4312 S. Stark St. Worship 10 a.m., discussions 11 a.m. Same address. A.F.S.C., Phone 235-8954.

Pennsylvania

ABINGDON—Greenwood Ave. and Meeting House Road, Jenkintown. First-day School, 10:30 a.m.; meetings for worship, 11:00 a.m.

BRISTOL—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., Market and Wood, 788-3234.

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

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

DOLINGTON—Makefield—East of Dollywood on Mt. Eyer Road. Meeting for worship 11:00-11:30; First-day School 11:30-12:30.

DOWNINGTOWN—800 E. Lancaster Avenue (South side old Rt. 30, ½ mile east of town), First-day School (except summer months), and worship, 10:30 a.m. Phone, 269-2899.

DOYLESTOWN—East Oak 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.

ELKLANDS—Route 154 near Shunk. Meeting for worship 11:00 a.m. Philip Henning, clerk Phone: (717) 924-3966.

EXETER—Worship, 10:30 a.m., Meetinghouse Rd., off Rt. 892, 1/2 mile W. of 662 and 562 intersection at Yellow House.

FALLINGTON (Bucks County)—Falls Meeting, Main St., First-day School 10 a.m., meeting for worship. First-day School on first First-day of each month. Five miles from Pensbury, reconstructed manor home of William Penn.

GWYNEDD—Sumneytown Pike and Route 102, Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m.

HARRISBURG—6th & Herr Street, meeting for worship and First-day School 10 a.m.; Adult Forum.

HAVERTOWN—Buck Lane, between Lancaster Pike and Haverton Road. First-day School and meeting for worship 10:30 a.m., followed by Forum.

HORSHAM—Route 161, Horsham. First-day School and meeting, 11 a.m.

LANCASTER—On U.S. 340, back of Wheatland Shopping Center, ½ mile west of Lancaster. First-day School, 10 a.m.

LARSDOWNE—Larsdowne and Stewart Aves., First-day School and Adult Forum, 9:45 a.m.; worship, 11.

LEHIGH VALLEY-BETHLEHEM—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 Philadelphia, 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 10:20. Baby sitting 10:15.

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

MIDDLETOWN—At Langhorn, 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. A. F. Sorenberget, 794-0267.

MUNCY at Pennsdale—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Mary Ja Kirk, Clerk, Phone 846-4592.

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

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

OLD HAVERFORD MEETING—East Eagle Road at Saint Dennis Lane, Haverton. First-day School 10 a.m., meeting for worship 11 a.m.

PHILADELPHIA—Meetings, 10:30 a.m., unless specified; telephone LO 4-1111 for information about First-day Schools.

PHILADELPHIA—Meets, 10:30 a.m., unless specified; telephone LO 4-1111 for information about First-day Schools.

Byberry, one mile east of Roosevelt Boulevard at Southampton Road, 11 a.m.

Cheltenham—Jeans Hospital Grounds. Fox Church, 200 N. 20th Street, 10:30 a.m. Central Philadelphia, Race St. west of 15th.

Chesnut Hill, 100 E. Mermaid Lane. Fair Hill, Germantown and Ambler, 10:15, second Sundays.

Fourth and Arch Sts. First- and Fifth-days.

Frankford, Penn and Orthodox Sts., 11 a.m.

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

Germantown Meeting, Coulter Street and Germantown Avenue.

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

University City Worship Group, U. of P. Christian Assn., 3501 Locust, 11 a.m.

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

PITTSBURGH—Meeting for worship 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 St., First-day School, 10 a.m., meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m.

RADNOR — Conestoga and Spruol Rds., Ithan, Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10:30 a.m.

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

STRoudSBURG in the Poconos — Worship group meets every first and third Sunday, 10 a.m.; Strouds Mansion, 900 Main Street, Visiting children & adults.

SUMNEYTOWN-GREEN LANE AREA — Unami Valley Monthly Meeting — In Friends homes. Morning and evening worship alternating First-days, followed usually by potluck and discussion. For information, call 234-8424.

SWARTHMORE — Whittier Place, college campus. Adult forum, 9:45 a.m.; First-day school and worship, 11 a.m.


VALLEY — West of King of Prussia; on Old Rt. 202 and Old Eagle School Road, First-day School and meeting for worship, 10:15 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m. Monthly meeting on second Sunday of each month at 12:15 p.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 11:30 a.m.; through May.

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

WRIGHTSTOWN — First-day School, 9:30 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m.; Route 413 at Wrightstown.

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

TENNESSEE

NASHVILLE — Meeting and First-day School, Sunday, 10:00 a.m., 1108 18th Ave. S., Clerk, Hugh LeFollette. Phone: 255-0332.

WEST KNOXVILLE — First-day School, 10 a.m., worship, 11 a.m. D. W. Newton. Phone 588-0676.

TEXAS


AUSTIN — Worship and First-day School, 11 a.m. Forum, 10 a.m., 3014 Washington Square, Gl. 2-1841. William Jeffers, clerk, 476-1375.

DALLAS — Sunday, 10:30 a.m., Park North Y.W.C.A., 4454 W. Northwest Highway, Clerk, George Kennen, 2137 Sierra Dr. FE 1-1348.

EL PASO — Worship, 9 a.m., Phone Hamilton Gregory, 584-9507, for location.

HOUSTON — Live Oak Meeting, worship and First-day School, Sunday 11 a.m., Peden Branch YWCA, 11209 Clematis, Clerk, Allen D. Clark, 729-2376.

LUBBOCK — Worship, Sunday, 3 p.m., 2412 13th. Patty Martin, clerk, 762-5539.

Vermont

BENNINGTON — Meeting for worship, Sunday, 10:00 a.m., Bennington Library, 101 Silver Street.

BURLINGTON — Worship, 11 a.m. Sunday, back of 179 Ho. Prospect. Phone 902-985-2810.

MIDDLEBURY — Meeting for worship, Sunday 11 a.m., St. Mary’s School, Shannon Street.

PUTNEY — Worship, Sunday, 10:30 a.m. The Grammar School, Hickory Ridge Rd.

SOUTH LONDONDERRY — West River Meeting, Worship, Sunday 11 a.m., in the home of Carlton and Marjorie Schlichter, West River Road. Phone 624-3743 or Anne Comper Werner — 824-5231.

Virginia

CHARLOTTESVILLE — Janie Porter Barrett School, Ridge St. Adult discussion, 10 a.m.; worship, 11.

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

MCLEAN — Langley Hill Meeting, Sunday, 10:30 a.m. Junction old Route 123 and Route 192.

RICHMOND — First-day School, 9:45 a.m., meeting 11 a.m., 4500 Kensington Avenue. Phone 359-0697.

WINCHESTER — Centre Meeting — 203 N. Washington, Worship, 10:15. Phone 667-8497 or 667-0500.

Washington

SEATTLE — University Friends Meeting, 4001 9th Ave., N.E. Silent worship, 10. Phone ME-2-7606.

Wisconsin

BELOIT — See Rockford, Illinois.

GREEN BAY — Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10 a.m. Phone Barbara McClurg, 864-2204.

MADISON — Sunday, 10 a.m., Friends House, 200 Monroe St., 225-2245; and Yahara Preparative Meeting, 619 Riverside Drive, 249-7225.

MILWAUKEE — Sunday, 10 a.m.; meeting and First-day School, 3074 N. Maryland, 272-0040.

WAUSAU — Meetings in members’ homes. Write 5350 N. 11th or telephone 842-1300.

Sufferings

Meetings, families, and friends are encouraged to help make this column a more complete record of the Friends and attenders facing difficulties because of their beliefs. Information for these listings should come from great financial hardship should it proceed to seize such unwarranted sums from me.

Benjamin Makin, London Yearly Meeting, and eleven Friends from the Philadelphia area: Arrested in Leonardo, New Jersey, for sitting in front of trucks and railroad cars used in loading bombs and rockets on an ammunition ship bound for Vietnam. Because Ben was placed by prison officials in a separate dormitory from the other men who were arrested, he was repeatedly beaten and sexually assaulted during his stay in Monmouth County Jail. The following day all twelve were convicted of trespassing and fined fifty dollars. Because they did not feel they had acted wrongly, six Friends felt unclear to pay these fines, and their cases are still undecided.

David Martin, Australia Yearly Meeting: Pledged guilty to refusing to register under the Australian conscription law and was fined forty dollars. Under Australian law nonregistrants are automatically called up. Failure to appear entails two years in prison.

Virginia O’Rourke, Berkeley Meeting, California: Faces seizure of alimony payments to her and her six children for the next ten months by the IRS, with subsequent severe family hardship during that period. Virginia has felt unable to file IRS forms since 1966.

Released from prison:

John Braxton, Gwynedd Meeting, Pennsylvania: Released on parole May 15 from Federal Prison, Petersburg, Virginia, after serving fifteen months of a thirty-month sentence for refusing civilian work under the Military Conscription Law.

Friends who remain in prison:

Russell Hayes, Westtown Meeting, Pennsylvania; and 12 others, Green Valley Meeting, Arizona; and 9 others, other meetings.

June 17, 1972 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Announcements

Notices of births, marriages, and deaths are published in Friends Journal without charge.

Adoption

UMILE—A daughter, BARBARA LYNN UMLE, by Amohny and Laurel Umile, of Jackson, Kentucky. The father is a member of Berkeley Meeting, California.

Birth

KINSEY—On March 21, a daughter, HOLLY SUSAN KINSEY, to Beverly and Henry D. Kinsey of Cooperstown, Pennsylvania. The father, paternal grandparents, and great-grandmother are members of Richland Monthly Meeting, Quakerstown, Pennsylvania.

Marriage

ONDRA-ORT—On April 8, at and under the care of Richland Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania, LAUREN JANE ORT, daughter of Frederick Ort and the late Ellen Ort, and MICHAEL DAVID ONDRA, the bridegroom and his parents are members of Richland Monthly Meeting.

Deaths

BIEBER—On April 5, VICTOR R. BIEBER, aged 68, of Douglassville, Pennsylvania, a valued member and former clerk of Exeter Monthly Meeting, Pottstown, Pennsylvania. He was active in Caln Quarterly Meeting and on several Philadelphia Yearly Meeting committees. For many years he served as a board member and treasurer of Janes Hospital, Philadelphia. He is survived by his widow, Edna May Child Bieber; a daughter, Susanne R. Sauer; a son, William J. Bieber; and three grandchildren.

WILSON—On March 16, following an automobile accident, ROBERT E. WILSON, a valued member of Decatur Monthly Meeting, Illinois. He was chairman of Ministry and Counsel. A graduate of Millikin University in 1943, he served in Civilian Public Service in 1944. He studied at Pendle Hill for a year, then farmed in Missouri for ten years. He was chairman of ministry and counselor. A graduate of Millikin University in 1943, he served in Civilian Public Service in 1944. He studied at Pendle Hill for a year. He will be remembered for his keen intellect and his analytical mind. He was known for his love of music and his interest in all things about him. His funeral will be held at 2 PM on March 26 at Pendle Hill. Burial will be in the Pendle Hill Cemetery.

In Memoriam: Melvin Patterson

MELVIN PATTERTON, Tuscarora Indian, Quaker, and newspaperman, died April 26 following a heart attack while visiting Toronto, Ontario. He and his wife, Nancy (Welch), lived in suburban Buffalo. For most of his career he had worked for newspapers in and near Buffalo. Melvin identified himself with many humanitarian and educational projects.

In Memoriam: Barbara S. Jacobson

BARBARA SCOTT JACOBSON died April 4 in Doylestown, Pennsylvania, Hospital of cancer. She was a member of Wrightstown Monthly Meeting, of which she was a former clerk, and a representative of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting on Friends World Committee for Consultation. She was fifty-seven years old.

For your calendar:

June 1-15, 1972—FRIENDS JOURNAL

NEW YEARLY MEETINGS

June 4—Open house and tea, The McCutchen, New York Yearly Meeting Boarding and Nursing Home, 2:30-4 P.M. 21 Rockview Avenue, North Plainfield, New Jersey.

June 10—Daniel Bergman, speaker, at garden party, 2:30-6 P.M., benefit Camden 22 Defense Fund, home to Randolph and Mary Eve Church School Road, Spring Valley, Pennsylvania, on Route 202, near Doylestown. (Watch for arrows.) Music, refreshments; talk at 4:30. Donation, $3; students, $2.50. Sponsored by Friends Peace Committee, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.


July 1—Peacemaker Orientation Program in Nantucket, Wannanoa, North Carolina. Write Tom Harman, 10208 Sylvan Avenue (Gano), Cincinnati, Ohio 45241.

At Powell House, Old Chatham, New York 12136

June 2-4—Junior Yearly Meeting Staff.

June 9-11—Worship Sharing Leaders Workshop.

At Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pennsylvania 19086

Early Interpreters of Jesus, Henry J. Cadbury. Monday evening, 8 P.M. in the Barn.

June 5—Radicalism or Revolution.

Yearly Meetings in June

1-4—Nebraska, Central City, Nebraska. Write Don Reeves, Central City, R.D. 1, Box 61, Central City, Nebraska 68826.

8-11—Lake Erie, Bluffton College, Bluffton, Ohio. Write Flora S. McKinney, 140 N. Cassingham Road, Bexley, Ohio 43209.


23-27—California, Whittier College, Whittier, California. Write Glen Rains, Post Office Box 1607, Whittier, California 90603.

For your calendar:

August 13-20—AFSC Family Camp, Public Education Confronts the Family, Camp Innisfree, Michigan. Write to AFSC, 1414 Hill Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104 before July 1.

Levnius K. Painter
Pacification

Pham Thi Toi was 24 when American troops visited her village of My Lai. Her family was working near their hut when the Americans took them away from the village. Later the remains of Ba Toi's mother, old uncle, oldest brother and sister, and two younger boys were found in a pile of bodies. Ba Toi and her sister had not been near the hut when the soldiers arrived. They ran and hid, and survived.

None of the survivors of the massacre were allowed to return to their village. They were rounded up by the South Vietnamese government and ordered to build a fence around an American outpost. Though the people protested that the site chosen for the camp was heavily mined, the American and ARVN soldiers forced them to go ahead with the work of gathering bamboo for the fence and driving stakes into the ground.

Ba Toi was bending over picking up bamboo when she triggered a mine that blew off both her legs. Both her arms were badly damaged as well and had to be amputated at the province hospital.

Ba Toi remained in the province hospital for several months, and then began to receive treatment at a Quaker rehabilitation center on the hospital grounds. There she had another operation on her stumps and was fitted with artificial legs and arms. One of the arms had a hook that could be manipulated like fingers, and the other had a plastic hand that could carry objects.

Ba Toi made a great effort to master her artificial legs and arms, and by the time she left the rehabilitation center she was able to walk quite well and was very proud of her achievement. When she left the center, the Quakers also gave Ba Toi a small amount of money—the equivalent of ten American dollars—to buy what she would need to start a small concession.

Ba Toi returned to the refugee camp where the survivors of My Lai were being kept. She and her sister built a small lean-to which became their home and shop. They soon began to earn a little money, selling canned milk, tobacco, and cooking supplies to their neighbors in the refugee compound. They did not make enough, however, to buy all the rice they needed.

Last April, the NLF began to advance rapidly down the road toward My Lai, burning the refugee camps and telling the people to return to their villages. During the fighting ARVN troops lobbed American shells into Ba Toi's camp. One of the shells landed in Ba Toi's hut. Her sister was killed, and shrapnel hit Ba Toi in the stomach. As she struggled to put on her legs and get into the bunker, she was caught in a cross fire, and a bullet penetrated the stump of one of her arms.

It was several hours before a friend could get Ba Toi to the province hospital. She didn't complain of pain but repeated that she was "tired, very tired." She said, "I'm tired of war and being hurt. I'm tired of death. Please give me something to sleep."

After another operation on her stump, Ba Toi lay in the province hospital for two days. She lay nude, a heavy blanket thrown over her mid-section, her breasts and three remaining stumps lying bare. She was hitched up to an intravenous bottle, but the nurses at the desk didn't notice when it stopped running. On the night of the second day, she died.

The same day, two A37 subsonic jets flew from Danang and dropped bombs on the refugee camps near My Lai.

The story of Pham Thi Toi was taken from reports written by staff members of the Quaker Rehabilitation Center in Quang Ngai. A Quaker worker who knew her gave the text of this story, along with Ba Toi's picture, to a representative of the President during a Quaker vigil for peace outside the White House on May 3. At that time, an American Friends Service Committee position paper on the war was also offered for the President's consideration. If you would like a copy of this paper, INDOCHINA 1972: PERPETUAL WAR, fill out the attached coupon and mail it to American Friends Service Committee.