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December 15, 1973 FRIENDS JOURNAL

Accountability and Power

by Stewart Meacham

Editor's note: The following is reprinted from AFSC's Quaker Service Bulletin.

Morally, the crimes of war in Vietnam are of a different order from Watergate. If we were going to get upset about possible criminality in an Administration, why would it be over so modest a venture into crime as bugging phones, stealing letters, falsifying letterheads, forging letters, lying, bribing, and engaging in character assassination? What President Nixon and his predecessors have done in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia is far more criminal and indecent. Why is he allowed to wear the Vietnam crimes as a badge of honor and a symbol of peace, yet Watergate threatens his impeachment? It doesn't make sense.

Beyond Our Reach

The clue, I think, lies not in the immorality of the crimes and their relative degrees of wickedness, but in our own natures and capacities. Vietnam, when we come right down to it, is too much for us. The crimes are monstrous and beyond our reach, emotionally. I can imagine what it would be like to do the Watergate thing, but I really cannot imagine the reality of a napalmed carpet-bombed village. It is true that hundreds of thousands have felt strongly enough about Vietnam to march on Washington again and again. But for most of us that was feeling strongly about what we thought, not what we knew in our guts about what our planes and pilots were doing.

Watergate is an example of the same phenomenon. Its crimes are accessible to us emotionally; they trigger a relevant and powerful response. At the feeling level we are dealing with something that falls within the range of our emotions.

“Gestapo Mentality”

Watergate had little or no effect when it first occurred. Only gradually, and thanks largely to two men—U.S. District Judge John J. Sirica and Senator Sam Ervin—did it become an effective counterforce to Nixon’s new “Gestapo mentality.” Each in his own way used the opportunities at hand to force the truth of Watergate into the open. There turned out to be a resource in American life, partly embodied in these two men, a capacity to halt the consolidation of the “Gestapo mentality” into the structures of government. This resource, however we may understand or explain it, made it possible to think realistically again about the United States as an arena, and even an agency, of radical social change. We are a long way from being there, but it is possible to believe that

(Continued on page 651)

Stewart Meacham is director of International Seminars in Southeast Asia for American Friends Service Committee.
Today—October 28—has been a most remarkable day. It has included a trip that for me was almost a pilgrimage, then a memorable meeting for worship, followed by a discussion of crucial questions about Quakerism. Finally, it has brought an experience that has reminded me again of the thin line between life and death.

It all started with my taking three of our children to Haverford to visit friends and to share in meeting and the adult forum. Because Haverford was the home meeting of Thomas Kelly and Rufus Jones, the two Quakers who have meant the most to my spiritual development, I reread before going some of my favorite passages from both men’s writings.

This, for example, by Thomas Kelly: “The energizing, dynamic center is not in us but in the Divine Presence in which we share. Religion is not our concern; it is God’s concern. The sooner we stop thinking we are the energetic operators of religion and discover that God is at work, as the Aggressor, the Invader, the Initiator, so much the sooner do we discover that our task is to call men to be still and know, listen, hearken in quiet invitation to the subtle promptings of the Divine . . . too many well-intentioned people are so preoccupied with the clutter of effort to do something for God that they don’t hear Him asking that He might do something through them.”

“Below our Ideas”

Ideally, that is what the Journal should be—a channel through which the Divine can be communicated. Thomas Kelly reminds me of my own preoccupations and “clatter of effort” and encourages me “to be still and know.”

I have received even more help through the years from Rufus Jones. Here is a particular favorite of mine: “There are deeps in us all far below our ideas. There is in fact a substratum which is the mother-soil out of which all our ideas and purposes are born. . . . To feed or to fertilize that sub-soil of our conscious life is far more important than to capture and to organize a few stray thoughts. To discover how to flood with power and to vitalize this fundamental stratum of our being is, after all, to uncover one of the master secrets of life. Just that is what seems to happen to some of us in the hush and mystery of intimate contacts with Divine currents, in the living silence of corporate worship.”

As I prepared to enter into that “living silence” in the same meetinghouse where both of these men had “hearkened in quiet invitation” and been in “intimate contact with Divine currents,” I wondered whether meeting for worship would meet my expectations. Oh me of little faith!

It turned out to be a meeting where the first person who spoke introduced a theme—imagination—that carried through the entire time together and produced a steadily deepening sharing of insights and experiences as both the silence and the ministry continued. Death, nature, the universe, awareness, the changing seasons were all related to imagination and to the Divine Presence in them and in us. It was quite a meeting. I couldn’t help thinking that Thomas Kelly and Rufus Jones would have thought so, too.

After meeting we talked in adult forum about many topics of interest to Friends, including the search for common links between the different branches of Quakerism and whether it was desirable or even possible to attempt to define a common basis of Quaker belief. Everyone agreed that it seemed impossible to express the essence of religious experience, even if we use our imaginations to the fullest. Everyone also agreed, though, that each of us undoubtedly would continue to try.

After forum, I strolled past trees glowing in autumn splendor and into the small cemetery where Thomas Kelly and Rufus Jones are buried. As I watched leaves drop onto their graves and recalled what Mary Hoxie Jones had said in meeting about her father’s comment about autumn leaves—that they drop off to make way for the buds of spring—my thoughts and the day’s experiences seemed to come full circle. I had indeed had my own “sub-soil of conscious life” fed and fertilized and in a very real sense these two men had been there and participated in the process as surely as if they were still alive.

Where is the line, then, between life and death? In a physical sense, the answer is fairly obvious. But in a spiritual sense who can separate them? Could this be one of the essential meanings in the life and death of Jesus?

With impressions and thoughts and experiences such as these filling my mind, I piled the children in the car and headed home from Haverford. Less than a mile from home, I pulled up to a stop sign to wait until a car approaching from the left on a four-lane highway and another car coming head-on toward me had both passed. But the driver of the car coming at me apparently never saw the stop sign and came across the highway directly in front of the car approaching from the left. Suddenly, we were face to face with death and unable to do anything about it. If the car heading toward us veered or was hit by the other car, we were right in its path. And at the speed it was traveling, the crash would be disastrous.

A Precious Tomorrow

With a searing screech of brakes the car on the four-lane road tried to stop. It couldn’t. And the car headed toward us kept coming. All I could do was sit and watch. Then, in an instant, it was over. The drastic slamming on of brakes had slowed the one car just enough that it missed by inches striking the side of the second car which sped past without even slowing down.

For us, life that had hung in the balance for a moment continued. More slowly and not quite so matter-of-factly, I drove home thinking about how the event-filled day might have ended, how tomorrow will be very precious just because we will be here to see it, and how I could never adequately describe everything that had happened on this remarkable day, but, like Quakers trying to express the inexpressible, I would have to try. JDL
I didn’t want to go get scallions in the first place. I’d already tried, at Winn Dixie—no, A&P—and they hadn’t had any, and Ellen and I both had already been to Hoggly Woggly (El’s pet name for Piggly Wiggly), and they didn’t either, but we forgot the soy sauce, so Ellen started cooking and I went back out, still in flannel shirt and long johns and mud-caked boots and sweat from work. I picked up two bottles of soy sauce but they were out of scallions. Hell, I thought, singing “Silent Night,” onions ought to be enough . . . I won’t be eating any anyway . . . I could go to Winn Dixie . . . ah, forget it. Onions will have to do.

wandering, and a decisive “being found”; now knowing that all that is required of me is to be still mentally, to stop all wandering and wondering and oops! Caught myself again. Without pausing in song, I try once again to quiet my mind, to pull it back to that silent—and for me, so momentary, so elusive—being-aware-of-one’s-awareness that Krishna calls abiding in the Self and Christians call resting in Christ. An instant later I am off again, wondering, and after awhile thinking as I sing: “Come and behold Him/Born the King of Angels/ Venite adoremus . . .” Meanwhile I arrive at Rose Manor, jump out, set a cautious clodhopper on the electric doormat, subconscious-

A Christmas Carol—Number Two

by Sandy Bonder

But when I got back Ellen said that she really would like some scallions; the sukiyaki wouldn’t be right without them. So out I go again, the possibility of a decent meditation and leisurely dinner becoming dimmer and dimmer. I have to be at the drugstore to help Mrs. Davis at 8, and now it is 6:30 and counting. I try the Winn Dixie downtown, but it is closed. I try the open-air market. No luck. Ho hum. Last chance: the Winn Dixie at the Rose Manor shopping center, five miles outside town. Off I go—without too much hesitation. By now I am beginning not to care.

Speeding down the dark road, I begin to get into the singing. “O come, all ye faith . . .” Last Christmas, in Myrtle Beach, S.C., I’d gone to a Christmas Eve service at an Episcopal Church, and even my self-consciousness (among all that Christmas finery and propriety I’d sat alone at the end of a pew in a bulky ski sweater and probably these same baggy corduroys) and uncertainty (I’m not, after all, an “Episcopalian”) had been unable to lessen for me the extraordinary power, the presence which then nearly bowled me over as I entered the church and even now brings a memory of that indefinable Something moving me to pray, “Oh, Christ, be born in my heart right now, today!” And though I am not given to the extraordinary, when we sang “Oh Come All Ye Faithful,” it did sound like choirs of angels.

Now, driving along, I wonder what will be in store for me this year. So much has happened since then. Much ly rejoice to see the door open for me, find some scallions looking a bit brown and marked down for quick sale, buy them, and split.

Turning onto the highway, I listen to myself singing. Not a bad voice. I hit on one of those recurring fantasies: the Singer. There I am, singing praises to God—had listened earlier to Dylan’s simple and beautiful “Father of Night”—and teaching the people. Oofs! Caught again. And then the reflex, the reaction: thinking how glad I am I haven’t yielded to those ideas of setting up a meditation group or something. Boy, what an ego trip that’d be—Shh! Retreat into silence again—and then hearing the singing again: “Venite adoremus . . . Dominum!”

Then I notice a man hitchhiking so I honk and pull over, surprised at the immediacy of my response. I’m an old hitchhiker myself, but . . . sometimes I tell myself I’m going too fast to stop. And sometimes I don’t even make excuses. Especially for ragged middle-aged men like this character running up now from behind. But in silence we find grace to accept the fact that nothing can affect what we truly are . . . Adeste fideles . . . the man climbs into the car, I detect a faint odor of liquor, and we’re off.

He’s sort of a grizzled fellow, has an Indian look to him—Cherokee or Lumbee, maybe?—fine thick hair either light brown or grayed, an old nondescript sports jacket that serves well enough this warm evening but probably didn’t yesterday and won’t tomorrow, for Decembers are
fickle in eastern North Carolina. He introduces himself, offering his hand:

"Preciate the lift. I'm James Gibson."

I take his hand and give my name. He doesn't quite get it so asks again, face screwed to concentration on the sounds, his hand still holding, neither grasping nor shaking but holding softly on to mine; then he catches the name—"Bonder, Bonder"—and lets the hand go.

I glance at him again. Seems harmless enough.

"Where ya heading?"

"Orlando."

Orlando! Hell, he's on an east-west road; I'd have figured more like Goldsboro, maybe Wilmington.

"Well, I'm only going to Smithfield. Now I can give you a ride on out to I-95 if you want..."

"Naw, that's all right, I wanna stop in town for a beer anyway. This town's Smithfield, huh? You know Ava Gardner's from Smithfield?"

"Yeah; yeah, I'm aware of that." And I'm about to get off into thinking about my second- or third-hand memories of Ava Gardner and her folks when James Gibson, jubilant and almost conspiratorial, announces:

"And I'll tell you what: Ava Gardner is trash. Ain't she?"

I don't look toward him, but only shrug queasily—oh, boy, one of these— and mumble, "Well, uh, don't really know 'bout that—"

"Well, she is! With that Sammy Davis, Jr."

I'm trying to round a curve and I trip up on that one, keep getting an image of Frank Sinatra, Jr., but thinking sure it was his old man she was with, and a brief flash on what does a Cherokee have against Italians? Anyway, I don't reply. I've given up arguing most timely topics, and race was one of the first to go. I feel tense in the silence, but James Gibson looks toward the road and reiterates:

"Hell, yes, she's trash."

"Well, like I say, I just don't really know how to, ah, judge something like that, uh..."

He looks toward me again, squinting.

"What'd you say your name was?"

So as I wonder if we're gonna have to go through a whole Jewish scene now...

"Bonder."

"Ponder."

"No, Bonder, 'B' as in 'boy.'"

"Oh, yeah."

Silence again. Suddenly I remember what I'm supposed to be doing. The silliness deepens.

James Gibson stirs. "Say, fella, what's—uh, what's your nationality?"

Now that's a good one. Here I am trying to learn that what I am isn't limited to anything, body, country, religion, or what have you— but then all the Heavies do warn against formalism—

"Why, I'm American, y'know; like you, I guess."

"Where your folks from?"

I smile. I'd really rather avoid all this.

"Well, my grandparents came from Russia..."

"No kiddin'? That's sumpin'." As James Gibson pauses I reflect on how prejudice needs to gird and defend and reassure itself. Strange vine, that one, a real choker. James Gibson turns to me again, conversational in tone:

"Now my folks, y'know, are German."

I am surprised at that. "German? H'm—funny—I'd 've thought!—what would I have thought?—"I'd 've thought Gibson was an English name, Anglo-Saxon."

"Nope. German. From Germany."

Well, I'd wondered at how light his hair color was for a Cherokee. He continues:

"What about your other folks?"

"Well, uh, they're from Poland. Eastern Russia now, I guess."

"Uh-huh."

I'm listening for what'll come next. James Gibson clears his throat.

"Now I'll tell ya what, them Communists, they don't like niggers; don't have no truck with 'em, no sir."

He awaits a response. I drive on, squirming again inside. He elaborates.

"I mean, they don't kill 'em or run 'em out, or nothin' like that; but they just don't like 'em and they don't let 'em get outa hand, know what I mean?"

He knows by now that I'm not going to get into that with him one way or another, so he continues. We are slowing down now, crossing the river bridge and coming into town, and in between half-verbal reflections and un-
spoken responses I wonder where James Gibson might want to be let off; but he comes up with another good one:

"Lemme tell ya sumpthin' else: them Kennedys—you may think they like niggers, but they don't; hell, no, they don't. They just don't want 'em to get what they got. That's exactly what it is: they don't want 'em to get what they got."

I can't begin to deal with that, and I don't even try because for some reason I like James Gibson, even though he's in the middle of throwing out this garbage to convince himself he's worth something. I find myself wishing we can get the discussion over to Christmas, to Christ. To God. I wonder if he—this is hard to put down exactly, since I don't really do all this thinking in words, but I wonder if he—is at least a little aware that God is, or that he needs to be aware of God's presence. But James

Gibson, still friendly and quite harmless, continues his exposition:

"Yes, sir. Y'know, I heard that from a policeman in St. Louis, just made so much sense, know what I mean? Don't like 'em—they just don't want 'em to get what they got.

"Now ole Wallace, he don't like 'em and he tells 'em so. He don't fool around wit 'em. Tells 'em right out—"

I'm trying to think of the last time I heard Wallace sing that tune, and I can't.

"—and Elvis Presley, hell, he don't need 'em fer nothin'; hell, he made four hundred million without 'em, he don't need 'em, no way!"

I am pulling to the side of the street near the corner where I'd normally turn for home, uncertain that Presley sold all those records to white folks—then giving up. The streets are empty now of people and half-lit with that bleak incandescence peculiar to small towns on dead evenings. The day's work is long over; the night's Christmas shopping hasn't yet begun. Gathering myself back into silence, into that simple presence, I watch the car come to a halt. Then I turn to James Gibson.

"Listen, I don't really know where the beer halls are in this town—."

He looks at me a bit timidly. "Well, you can let me out right here"—then he warms with an idea—"Hey, man, come on, have a beer with me. Don't you want a beer?"

I smile, pleased to be invited and amused thinking about what a trip it'd be if we got into why I don't like to drink, what with meditation and physiological sublification and other such topics I'd long since wearied of explaining to anyone, and instead I lean on a simple fact:

"Naw, man, thanks a lot, but I can't do it. Dinner's cooking right now."

James Gibson looks at me with a curious uncertainty. I think of inviting him to dinner, then picture him embarrassed and uncomfortable and my sister perhaps plain frightened and my folks coming home late to find their son feeding a bum in their home and tolerating it, but freaking a bit, and it's not really my house to open to him—

"You sure? Come on, lemme buy ya a beer."

And beneath these fleeting imaginings I am aware that it is I myself who don't really want him in my house, and I answer again:

"Naw, man. Just can't do it."

We are quiet for a moment. I do not pause to consider fully what has just happened but move on, considering where to take James Gibson for his beer.

"Listen, there aren't any real taverns here that I know of—I mean there's one but it's back by the bridge—but there's a pool hall that serves beer but"—I remember that there are two such pool halls so I try to figure which one is most likely to be congenial for James Gibson—"well, yeah, how about if I take you down there?"

"Well, that'll be fine, I guess. Yeah, just fine."

The light turns green and we head off again. Bailey's Pool Hall is six or seven blocks away. James Gibson seems to be lost in his thoughts; I, driving, am still seeing that uncertainty on his face a moment ago, but I am not aware of what it is that strikes me so about it. He turns to me again, suddenly confident.

"We're not—you 'n me, that is—we're not Com-

munists, are we? No, sir. We're Americans, we're children of God."

Once again I'm not really able to respond on short notice. James Gibson seems to have a knack for stunning me with just a few words that leave me mentally gasping and tongue-tied while driving intently down the main street, beneath the Christmas decorations, of a small Southern town. James Gibson continues:

"D you know them Communists—you know, they don't believe in God?"

By now I'm ready. "Well, I tell you what, they're children of God, too, even if they don't admit it and don't know it, even if they don't believe it. We're all children of God."

I was going to say, "Blacks, too," but didn't. James Gibson sits still for a moment, then works on that last one out loud:

"Yeah . . . we're . . . we're all children of God, aren't we?" He thinks for a moment, then turns to me, beaming. "And hell, I'll bet you some of the Communists, I'll bet you they do some quick praying 'bout the time they come to die, don't they? Hell yes! We're all children of God! Put 'er there, man!"

Grinning, he thrusts his hand towards me. I shake it, delighted.

"You better believe it. Some of 'em are bound to turn to God for strength about the time death rolls around for
'em." I'd never thought about it before, but figured it had to be true.

James Gibson is deep in reflection.

"Yeah ... got to pray to God ... when that time comes, shoot ... you know you can't do nothing on your own . . ."

"Nobody can turn death away when his time comes, man . . ."

"That's right ... just got to pray to God for strength, don't ya?"

"Yes, sir."

We are quiet for a moment. I am very happy at the way the conversation has turned. 'O come, all ye faithful . . .'

I hope we'll get more into it. Then James Gibson turns and asks quietly, not at all desperately but yet with unmistakable vulnerability, as one slightly uncertain child of God to another:

"Hey ... there is a God up there, isn't there?"

Well now. Here we are. If I could answer from unshakeable certitude I would, but that's not yet been given to me, so I answer from where I am, with my glimpse-at-the-peek-hole knowledge and my mounting but still flickering fire of faith:

"No doubt about it. And He's not only up there"—I reach over and pat him just to the left side of his chest—"but God's right in there, too!"

James Gibson is overjoyed, and so am I. He nearly leaps off his seat offering me his hand, with a "Yeah! Put 'er there! Put 'er there, man!" I take it and we shake and shake, both of us grinning and laughing. Without even trying I find myself swept back into that silent place, now brimming with joy.

I want to pursue this one, about where God really is, in some imaginary heaven or right here in our hearts. I even plan to do a little casual preaching right quick, as we are now only a block from Bailey's. James Gibson speaks first.

"Yeah. That's something, ain't it?" He is speaking more to himself than to me. "Jus' got to pray to God for strength . . ."

"Yeah. Y'know, that's the thing about Christmas"—I am going to tell him how the spirit of Christmas creeps into us no matter who we are and reminds us of our need for God, and of God's Grace, and so on, but James Gibson interrupts me in no uncertain terms:

"Not only Christmas! Every day! Every day is a day of Thanksgiving! You got to give thanks to God every day. Preacher at a New Orleans mission said that . . . yes, sir . . ."

As I turn the car into Bailey's, I feel stunned, both at the simple truth of this reminder and who it came through, and I am struck by the work of a New Orleans mission preacher and a pauper named James Gibson. One more time I think of what I've had to learn over and over: you can't choose your mounts on this road, because sometimes you'll be made to ride along in outward silence and secrecy and then sometimes you'll be required to speak, even to preach. (Maybe even to start meditation groups, who knows?)

I stop the car while I wonder what could ever do more good for my inner work than these moments of struggling to commune in faith with a "bum," and the lessons given me through him. Then he breaks through my thoughts:

"Hey, listen, sure you don't want a beer or two? Come on, it won't take long; have a beer with me."

I realize he isn't so much interested in the beer itself; I know what he really means, but I do after all have to get on home with the scallions. So I refuse again, smiling. James Gibson climbs out of the car and buttons his sports jacket, looking uncertainly toward the pool hall.

"Well. I sure appreciate the lift."

"Yeah, man. I really enjoyed talking with you. Listen—be well now, OK?"

"Yeah. You too. 'Bye."

James Gibson walks toward Bailey's door. I pull out of the driveway, sinking back into the silent Self, the Christ. Later, haunted by that one image of his uncertain face and by my failure to respond, I would return here and look for him, to offer him at least a hamburger and a cup of coffee at a joint down the road, and he would be gone, having no doubt drowned God in his beers and sorrows; but now, as I accelerate onto the road toward home, the truly dominant theme of the whole evening picks itself up where I'd left it off and comes up and out from the heart:

"Glory to God
In the Highest!
O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord!"
Silence Is Our Stream Bed

by Elizabeth C. Cook

The process by which a Friends meeting for worship moves through its appointed portion of time and, more likely than not, reaches toward a working worship experience, continues to be a source of fascination, even awe, for its participants. Why is this process, born in silence and unique to Quakerism, so much more meaningful than a cogent sermon, lonely withdrawal or sublime music? And why, when we absent ourselves from it, do we diminish the essence of our faith?

Silence is our stream bed. Its substance is resistant, perhaps even rocky, and yet our trickling in, each one of us, to meeting for worship adds to the motion of the whole stream of which we become a part. It may even erode that substance. As the natural processes about us are continually changing, converted and being converted, for nature is both generous and parsimonious with nothing ever lost to it, so our spiritual activity may change pace but is ever on the move. Yet silence is that supportive ledge over which our spirits pass and, joined by others, becomes a stream that surges toward that “ocean of darkness and light” glimpsed by George Fox.

At a recent meeting for worship a Friend brought forth thoughts focussed on the book of Ezekiel, including the allegory of the dry bones, that passage which anticipates the restoration of Israel. You may recall that Ezekiel is asked by the Lord to prophesy to the bones and when he does so they fall in place and are clothed with flesh and sinew. Only when he is again charged to prophesy to the wind does the multitude live and breathe. God then repeats the promise of the previous chapter: “a new spirit I put within you” . . . (Ezekiel 36:26).

Later another Friend rose and, gathering in the winds of the spirit-thought, embellished it gracefully from her own insights. Finally a third Friend spoke of an anguished acquaintance, struggling to redeem herself, for whom the winds of the spirit seemed cold and chilling. At that point the meeting deepened into a breathless, barely voiced moment of prayer. Silence lapped over and about our gathering until the intensity eased away and the meeting broke in its accustomed way.

I use this particular instance because it was just an ordinary meeting for worship at work, with the element of Biblical focus inducing a play on phrase and sensitive imagination. At one point it could have ebbed off into shallows. Yet the impact of concern for suffering of one individual, voiced by the third speaker, tugged the meeting into shoals, squarely into the current of dilemma— that to be exposed may heal, or it may shatter. To return to the first offering, God not only promised to “put my Spirit in you”, but added . . . “ye shall live. . . .” (Ezekiel 37:14). And prayer, as in this instance, is the struggle, the plea for true life.

Meeting for worship with its tension between focus and freedom is penetrated by the Light most effectively when it abandons speculation and plumbs anguish. Agony is always intensely personal, always a heavy, private burden, but when shared in worship, a deliverance to all. Just as the boulders in a brook momentarily slow the stream, they are in turn smoothed by passing waters. Each of us encapsulates our own droplet of understanding and in worship releases it to join others, bearing differing measures of Grace, and then silently all offerings, spoken or unspoken, merge with the still waters.
ADVENT

Thanksgiving sound the prelude:
We take out the harp
and tune the guitar, counting our blessings, pondering
ways of sharing, of scattering
the seeds in our keeping.
This is the gentle season, of turning inward:
to reach—to call:

COME!

The Season, spanning end and beginning,
when rush into midnight
to emerge with clanging cymbals
and a new song—O God, a new song!—
on the morning of the first day;
we stand, still, in the doorway
between going-out and coming-in, looking back
and looking forward, into mist and morning;
when we go, as we must, boldly or hesitantly,
and the wishes (from all pasts and all presences)
shield and thrust, unseen companions, ready
with ward or weapon, with comfort or courage,—

In our sleep we dream—at midnight, a small voice,
a gentle song—a message and a command:

GO!

May we wake, with grace, and be ready . . .

HERTA ROSENBLATT

No “Miracle”

There was no “Miracle”—
Or, none more wondrous than surrounds us now.
We miss the truth, in yearning so for magic.
A baby, born of man,
Grew, willing self to be so God-imbued,
To tell He’d use us too, if we but will.
This miracle we shun
By hugging (or rejecting) “Miracles”
Would flood us with more power than we dare.

Austin and Wilberta Hardy

Renewal

Sweeter than bird-notes or the flutter of wings
There came a stirring in my breast;
A promise, it seemed, of life and peace
Mingling brightly with love divine.

I thought of Jesus among the sick
And nurses now among the dying,
Till a song came trembling out of the ages:
“The Lord is my light . . . Whom shall I fear?”

Anon
Only Then Can I Run

Editor's note: Before entering school in September, Bruce Letten, a freshman at Earlham College, spent several weeks in a wilderness experience. What follows is part of his first letter to his parents.

WILDERNESS, that is being on your own in a life and death situation, becomes so real it is unimaginable. When you are steering a canoe with two other people in it, in waves and wind that you think will capsize you any minute, human life—that is, human spirit—seems to be the only thing of any importance. All material things and all personal trouble are forgotten, and you become a link in a human chain to which you were always a member but rarely a practicing one. Human warmth flows, people flash through your mind, your life is unimportant. The only thing of importance is being a strong link in the chain. Everyone is vitally concerned about you and you about them.

This concern is not predicated on your being a good, bad or likable person. It is your inalienable right as a human. This spirit spills over into a love affair with the trees, rocks, sand, air, birds and everything else which comprises God's great earth. You have bad times of despair, worry, fear (not just flashes but sustained fear), bone tiredness, but it all seems fair and it all leads to an end. No longer can life be looked upon as a lonely place although loneliness may pervade your existence.

Take this feeling and bring it in contact with society, however, and delusion and confusion can be the only result. How do you integrate this intense living into your life?

I have not found a way. My efforts are not ceasing, but depression is deep on my soul. My soul wants to reach to each person it sees and grab him and shake him and say, "We're all together here and all we need is each other. Why the defenses? Why the misery?"

I, for the first time, despise my rigidity and coldness. I want to cut out all fears and yell "I love you" to the world, but instead I hide. I think I am lonely. The only thing that quenches the thirst is long walks and short glances where I feel at peace with myself or a peace between myself and another friend. These times have become my bread of life. I cannot live or operate without them. I am faced with the feeling of wanting to love and having to crawl and then to walk and then, only then, can I run. I must learn to be a human. But now that sounds like the noblest task on earth.

(Continued from page 642)

We Americans need to let our minds expand just a little in thinking about Watergate and the possibility of impeaching Mr. Nixon. People in other parts of the world are considering the effects as well as we. An Indonesian friend recently said regarding Watergate, "People in Southeast Asia just don't believe it is possible to hold people accountable for their crimes while they are in power. It requires first a revolution. If the United States can do it through constitutional means, many authoritarian regimes would be brought into serious question in people's minds." The United States would come to represent something quite different from military force and multinational corporations. It is something for Americans to think about.
Reviews of Books

Doing Your Own School, A Practical Guide to Starting and Operating a Community School. THE GREAT ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC SCHOOL CONSPIRACY. Beacon Press. $2.95

CHILDREN sprawled and curled with heads buried in books fill comfortably stuffed sofas and chairs. One kid slumped over a table writes about the mysterious golden arm, oblivious to misspelled words, and occasionally takes time out to doodle in the margins. On the floor in the corner there is a lively exchange among three kids and one adult. Most of us who served close to six hours a day for at least twelve years sitting erect in stiff wooden desks facing front probably would not, on first guess, identify these scenes, which are three among a group of photos at the beginning of Doing Your Own School, as classroom scenes.

The six people who collectively wrote this book gained their expertise from schools that they "did"—The Learning Place in San Francisco, The Group School in Cambridge and the East Harlem Block Schools—and from information they solicited from over twelve other new schools representing "different educational ideas and social values." The product of this cooperative effort is a practical guide for setting up your own new school.

As the word "guide" might suggest, each chapter presents a problem the organizers of a school will very likely meet and suggests possible solutions. The guide also contains different curriculum models, a section that is swiftly brief. On the other hand, I was happy to find a chapter on fund raising that was realistic and thorough—down to a list of state and federal forms that must be filled out for incorporation. Also included in the book is a very helpful resource chapter on books, schools and organizations.

So whether you are a student, parent or community who has decided the present learning system is intolerable; a teacher who is being forced to compromise her own educational values, or a person who has read Illich, knows about Maria Montessori, Summerhill and open class rooms and feels that the present system is at least ineffective and that people are entitled to a choice, Doing Your Own School will present you with the problems and alternatives you should consider to find the school that's right for you or your child, or to start and successfully operate a school that reflects your community's needs and values.

SUZANNE C. Poyse

Erinnerungen an Etwas (Recollections of Something). By MARIA INGEBORG KAUFMANN. Gerhard Rautenberg Press, 2208 Gluckstadt, Germany. 98 pages. 5 West German Marks

HERE is a very special book, the proceeds from which will go to the Polish Children's Health Center to finance the construction of a children's hospital near Warsaw as a living memorial to the children of many nations who died on Polish soil during World War II.

The plan has met with approval throughout the world, including that of Quakers in Germany.

The book deals with the fate of a young girl, Monika. At the age of three, she gets separated from her refugee family while they are fleeing the occupied zone as the war is ending. She is discovered by a Polish soldier who takes her to his parents' home where she finds love and security until, eleven years later, the search and identification service finally catches up with her. Without being consulted as to her own wishes, she is then transplanted from the simple life of a Polish peasant family into that of a German welfare organization entirely foreign to her and where she does not feel at home. Recollections from both sides of the border highlight the narrative and explain Monika's behavior and reactions toward her German and Polish "parents." Copies of Recollections of Something can be ordered from or contributions made to Hertha Abraham, Berlin 33, Bingerstr. 85, West Germany.

IRMGARD SCHUCHARDT

Tall Tales by a Tall Quaker/The autobiography of Emmett W. Galley. Available from the author, POB 606, Brookings, OR 97415. 116 pages. $7

FEW MEN and WOMEN have given such widely varied service to God and humanity as Emmett Galley. He has had to deal with Protestants and Catholics, Jews and gentiles, Mohammedans and Dukhobors, millionaires and beggars, kings and peasants, Arabs and Indians, and with Quakers of all the different varieties.

This many-sided Friend tells his story simply. Another writer could have made the story more dramatic; he could not have made it truer. His life has been of real significance to Friends. The book should have a wide circle of readers.

LEVI PENNINGTON

H. G. Wells. By NORMAN and JEANNE MACKENZIE. 487 pages. Simon and Schuster. $10

IF THE LIFE of H. G. Wells warrants another re-telling at this date it may well be because the writer is more interesting than his writings. Who now reads such comic-sounding titles as Love and Mr. Lewisham, Tono Bongay, or The History of Mr. Polly? As science fiction writer—The Invisible Man, The Time Machine, The War of the Worlds—he has been supplanted by such as Ray Bradbury, and as historian—The Outline of History—he's little more than a source of reference, having been dwarfed by the awesome scholarship of Toynbee.

Yet his life remains relevant because of the epoch of which he was a part and because of his relationship with those whose names—T. E. Huxley, Shaw, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, Galsworthy, Beerbohm—are synonymous with that epoch. Humbly born, he was apprenticed at an early age to a draper's shop from which he eventually escaped to acquire a university education and to begin earning his living as a writer. He remained sensitive of his origin, and despite efforts to do so could never erase the trace of cockney from his speech—which Shaw so condescendingly reminded the world in his obituary of Wells. In appearance—a pudgy little man—he looked anything but the sensualist and libertarian who gained access to more boudoirs than any writer of his time with the possible exception of Theodore Dreiser.

As a prophet he was the perennial pessimist, although his mood brightened briefly in 1918 when he hailed the end of the "war to end wars," but within a few years he reverted to his usual gloom and was predicting World War II and the use of nuclear weapons.
As an artist he could never emulate Shaw but as a thinker he sometimes made Shaw look foolish—the Shaw whose patron saint was Napoleon, who called himself a communist—which he wasn’t—and who until his dying breath sang the praises of Stalin.

Along with Churchill and a few others he perceived the Hitler menace long before the Shaws, the Lords Lothian and Astor and the Henry Luces learned the hard way that you can’t without rue play footsie with dictators. A quarter of a century has passed since Wells’ death, and we have not only continued playing footsie but have crawled between the sheets for a real orgy.

James R. Boland

C. F. Andrews: Representative Writings. Compiled and edited by Marjorie Sykes. Published by National Book Trust, India, New Delhi. May be ordered through Friends Book Store, Phila. $2.50

Charles Freer Andrews was an intimate personal friend of Mahatma Gandhi and of Rabindranath Tagore.

Marjorie Sykes, one of the two authors of an earlier biography, has undertaken the difficult task of compressing into a volume of 250 pages some “representative writings”; those who admire Andrews could have done with more. She has succeeded in showing the range of his knowledge and his concern for the well-being of millions of voiceless, oppressed human beings.

In her brief “biographical sketch” Marjorie Sykes says of him: “Andrews was a rebel not only against race prejudice and foreign domination, but also against his own middle class security.” When he first went to India, in his thirties, as a missionary on the Staff of St. Stephens College, Delhi, he was so impressed by the lives of Hindu sadhus, holy men who renounced all temporal security, that, recalling the words of Jesus, “the Son of Man has nowhere to lay his head,” he thought of becoming a Christian sadhu. Bad health prevented this; but in all his later years he lived with no assured income. Marjorie also says: “Andrews was a great teacher, with the two essential qualities of a teacher—a great love of youth and a great love of knowledge.”

Here is the life of a modern saint, presented to us mainly through his own writings.

James R. Boland

German Friends have traditionally translated a large number of English and American Quaker books. It is, therefore, all the more gratifying to see now Heinrich Otto’s original work published in German. It is based on German as well as English sources and traces the origin of some Continental groups, which Rufus M. Jones includes in the spiritual ancestry of Friends, to mystics like Eckehart, Tauler, Franck, and Böhme, before narrating the story of early Friends in England and America.

Otto’s history also deals with the social reform activities of later Friends, their concern for education, and the relief projects after World War I. The German Yearly Meeting was established in 1925 against the background of a lost war, famine, and inflation. After a semblance of recovery and order the widespread unemployment and political unrest produced the Nazi regime leading to the disasters of World War II, including suffering by a number of German Friends in concentration camps, prisons or in labor or battles. The activities of British and American relief organizations greatly strengthened German Friends after 1945 to rally again.

Otto’s book is a remarkably full and accurate work, making wide use of sources, including the first historical study, “The Quakers in the German Past,” which the undersigned published in Germany in 1929. Otto’s attempt to set the story of Friends in the context of political, social, and especially educational concerns is of special merit. This book in the German language enriches Quaker literature with a work of lasting value.

William Hubben

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Extra Cranks Free, Quakerana in Pictures. By CANDIDA PALMER. Quaker Independent Publishing, P.O. Box 176, Rio Grande, Ohio 45674 26 pages $1.50, or 4 for $5

IN THIS little picture book, Candida Palmer pokes gentle fun at our Quaker foibles, beliefs and practices by transforming them into Rube Goldberg type devices with a distinct Victorian flair. There is the “Instant Mailings and Mulch Machine with phylactic and compost attachments from Frrs. Publishing and Rent-a-machine Co.,” the “Inner Light Machine, glow now, pay later, battery or day-glow,” and the “Revolving Door: Membership, gain a few, lose a few, no great sweat.” Meeting for business, Yearly, Quarterly, Monthly, is represented by a hot chestnut cart labeled “The Body and Soul Mobile” and comes complete with bagels, soft pretzels, balloons and “hot air free.”

The booklet is simple, inexpensively produced and should inspire established as well as closet writers to dig out their stuff and ship it off to Quaker Independent Publishing.

BETTY BOARDMAN

The Innocent Assassins, New Poems by Loren Eiseley. Charles Scribner. 123 pages. Illustrated. $6.95

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series. And honesty, wherever it raises its timid head these days, is not to be overlooked.

In “Where to go for help” and “Hope for the future,” the last two sections of the booklet, a number of practical suggestions are given.

One reservation about this otherwise timely and helpful booklet: By implication, wise use of prescribed drugs seems to be indicated as the wave of the future. Perhaps relatively more emphasis could have been placed on how to avoid even the most regenerative of the new discoveries by turning to healthier and more natural ways of living.

Drinks, Drugs, and Do-Gooders. By CHARLES E. GOSHEN. Free Press. 268 pages. $7.95

PROFESSOR GOSHEN’S VIEWPOINT is stated in one paragraph of his introduction as follows:

“The current issue of drug abuse is essentially indistinguishable from the problem of alcohol. The only significant difference is the fact that the drug problem is insignificant in size compared with the alcohol problem. Otherwise, the differences are merely a matter of taste—in the same way that some alcoholics drink too much beer and others consume too much Scotch. Equating the two sets of problems in no way diminishes their importance, but it will serve to rid the present system of many of the inconsistencies that impede rational solution.”

The author agrees, essentially, with the conclusion of the recent report of the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse that “alcohol-abuse” is the worst drug problem. However, his use of the expression “too much” indicates that he is unaware of recent findings that alcohol, even in small amounts, causes irreversible brain and heart damage.

The book describes the partnership between the American Medical Association and the drug industry, which has resulted in the vast buildup of both prescription and over-the-counter drugs, most of which are useless or harmful.

One of Professor Goshen’s solutions to the drug problem is to undertake a large-scale public education program to combat advertising of alcohol and prescription drugs; the program should be financed by taxes on drugs and their advertising.

Having gone so far as to suggest a tax on advertising, one wonders why the author did not consider what now appears to be an attainable goal, the outlawing of all advertising of tobacco, alcohol, and other drugs. The banning of cigarette advertising from television is an encouraging precedent.

In the end, the author does say that there must be a “cultural transformation,” and the first to be educated are the leaders who control the “instruments of power.”

Grace F. Luder

The Salvation Tree. By JOHN KILLINGER. Harper and Row. 169 pages. $5.95

These perceptive and readable recollections of “the plan of salvation” impressed on the author during a small-town boyhood strike a familiar note. But the tree of his title is the withered, leafless tree of Beckett’s Waiting for Godot, suggesting any or all trees of life in traditions now dismissed as dead.

In the second act, a few new leaves appear, which the play never explains.

Dr. Killinger reassesses the concept in terms of contemporary movements:

The War on Poverty, the Peace Movement, Earth Day. With a few conspicuous exceptions, these current new versions are mostly secular. Our world is “brimming with surrogate salvations—education, science, psychoanalysis, physical culture, philantropy, black magic, group therapy. . . . we can’t get over our deep seated urge to find personal fulfillment and to save the world.”

He points out the healthy aspects of the sexuality revolution, the effort to redress the centuries-long imbalance between mind and body. The revolutionary Jesus revered by some youthful Marxists, he finds, has as much claim to Biblical support as the traditional Jesus of the Jesus movement. We should include all these movements as part of the “secular consummation of the divine will.”

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No Conforming Pressure

AND THEN THERE'S RUDYARD KIPLING, re-incarnated in Quaker flat hat, with a new imperialism in his grasp—the "white man's burden" has been hiding close at hand all these years—it's the woman beside him who needs to be remade in man's own image of God!

What triggered this fantasy? Why, Friend Luder's strange article (FJ 10/15) of course.

"A Christian man should be generous enough to admit his inferiority . . ."

Nonsense. One of the main thrusts of the woman's movement is to set forth a perspective on both sexes; each fully developed in a peer relationship, and anything that makes either sex inferior or puts either on a pedestal is retarding the growth of human potential.

Yes, we bear young and nurse them. Admittedly the result is often deeply satisfying. On the other hand, reproductive ability is a mixed blessing. Friend Luder should know, from the female blood-stained history that still echoes in the current abortion contro-

versy, that we have paid a high price for male insistence that motherhood is our one true glory. There is no need for Friends to take sides in the question of which sex has more powerful genitalia.

Playboy pushes its ideal and Friend Luder sets forth his perceptions. Neither trusts woman to find her own way. Freedom to determine the use of one's own sexuality is not an immorality. Freedom doesn't mean we have to fornicrate: we're also free not to do so.

This is a choice men have always been free to make and that the true chauvinist is careful to deny to women.

GIVE AMNESTY FOR CHRISTMAS

WITH AN UNDERSTANDING that amnesty means to wipe the slate clean after a given historical situation has passed and recalling the words in Leviticus 19: 17-18, "You shall not take vengeance or bear any grudge against the sons of your own people . . ." can we not lay down the sword of revenge and grant a complete and full amnesty for all those who took actions against the deplorable war in Indochina?

For over 300 years many Quakers have refused to participate in war and have supported those who oppose it. Now we invite all of you to join us in requesting our Government to grant amnesty this Christmas and not permit this opportunity to pass us by. In so doing would we not help to heal, at least in some measure, the wounds of this painful period in our nation's history?

HAROLD E. SNYDER, Clerk
Friends Meeting of Washington

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The question of woman's relationship to Christ is deep and serious. We have precedent for one view: that Christ Jesus will, in fact does, speak to our condition directly.

The sisterhood of women is a beautiful concept even though, alas, Cynthia Adcock in her book review in the same issue assumes that the "liberal middle-class married woman of forty or over" has retired mildly to the confines of traditional marriage, thereby forgoing this joy. Only by loving each other, roaring and even weeping together regardless of age will we come to appreciate not only our bedrock femininity, but the potential within us for reaching out past words, past stereotyped roles, past genetic sex to the Kingdom of God where we shall be persons linked by love into a gigantic tapestry that is indeed the image of God.

In freeing men and women to be fully human, the new consciousness will also free Christ from the deceptions history has overlaid upon Him. Christ, as God, bridges the whole of reality and is an Integrating Force behind our
Certainly she became a Friend but the inference is that she was a Friend from the very outset of Swarthmore. Your article likewise mentions the author's error of confusion in Margaret Fell and Elizabeth Fry. I, like you, extend my thanks to Jan de Hartog for that.

The pamphlet on Joseph John Gurney is equally poor. "The next two decades saw Mrs. Fry and her brother, Joseph John Gurney, traveling or corresponding on an international level in an effort to better prisons." That is the extent of Gurney's work!

The pamphlet continues with an explanation of Quaker education, naming a number of colleges and Earlham School of Religion and then stating that Pendle Hill "is recognized as the Quaker graduate school." Unless I am mistaken, the Earlham School of Religion is the Quaker graduate school while Pendle Hill fails to give graduate degrees of any sort.

The author then states that "many Friends are nonproselytizing, meaning they are not inclined to verbally defend their central beliefs." My experience both as a Quaker and my exposure to other Friends makes me see this statement as highly questionable.

His concluding explanation of Quaker worship is fraught with generalization and is further taken from Richmond Miller's *Friends and Their Beliefs* with neither an acknowledgement or quotation.

Miller's pamphlet states that the meeting for Worship "takes place in a Meeting House without a steeple,

Nancy Breitsprecher
Fort Madison, WI

Medal Pamphlet "Unfruitful"

I have read with considerable interest the Letter From The Past 267, "Fruits of the Peaceable Kingdom" (FI 10/1) and its mention of the pamphlet on the Society of Friends published by Presidential Art Medals Inc., in conjunction with their World Religion Medal series.

I find the inaccuracies in the pamphlet sufficiently troubling to merit further comment. Quakerism has always been subject to misconception and can hardly afford to allow such wide-read misstatement.

The pamphlet begins by rooting Quakerism in Anabaptism: "Known as Anabaptists they were persecuted by both Protestant and Catholic. In England a large number of their counterparts came to be called ‘Quakers.’" Hardly a brilliant beginning.

As mentioned in your article, the author's reading of Margaret Fell is incredible. He states that "By 1651 other Quaker preachers had joined Fox in his ministry. They headquartered at Swarthmore Hall, near Ulverstone, home of Justice Fell, whose Margaret was a Friend."
stained-glass windows, altar, reredos or organ."

The Art Medal pamphlet states: "All Quaker Meetinghouses are simply designed, without a steeple, stained-glass windows, altar, reredos or organ."

This simply is not true of all meeting houses. He adds insult to injury by stating that meetinghouses "are always painted gray." Incredible.

Much of the problem lies in out and out misinformation. It is rather too bad that Friends General Conference could not have insisted on accuracy when they reviewed this booklet. It will receive wide and general readership, and there lies the tragedy.

RICHARD CABOT DYER
New Haven, CT

No “Unity” Necessary

IN RESPONSE to John Yungblut’s "Soundings for Bridge-Building" (FJ 10/1) I am opposed to the kind of bridge-building that consists of intellectual translations of one set of beliefs into terms of another. I think it is unsatisfactory to everyone concerned. It reminds me of my own efforts to convince Jehovah’s Witnesses that we also are pacifists. In the end everyone feels short-changed.

One of the great virtues of the Society of Friends is that people with many variations in belief can feel comfortable in it, so long as they are willing to respect the beliefs of others. As an experiment in dealing with divergent views the St. Petersburg (FL) Meeting last winter held discussions on several controversial subjects: views on God, views on Jesus, and views on sex. We started each discussion with written one-sentence statements of three or four possible positions on the subject, as indication that we did not look for uniformity. The discussion was lively and concerned but not acrimonious and there was agreement afterwards that people felt closer to each other, with more understanding and respect for divergent opinions. In the months that have followed there have been several expressions of pleasure in the variety of “real” opinions expressed in Meeting.

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As human societies evolved from slavery to serfdom to a capitalist system, each step was an improvement. In our present world development, our capitalist system retards rather than helps the elimination of war and the establishment of world government and world citizenship that could lead to a world cooperative community. As my father used to quote: "Wise men learn by reason, men less wise only by experience, the fools learn not at all." Why not be wise men and women?

PHILIP W. SMITH
New Hope, PA

A Vanishing People
I HAVE A CONCERN that I'd like to share with any American Friends who might be interested.
I have just returned from Israel and the occupied territories, and in Samaria I went to Nablus to visit the Samaritan's Synagogue. There are only just over 400 Samaritans left in the world. The majority live on Mt. Ginzim in Nablus and a few in Holan and Jaffa. They read, write and speak the language of the first five books of the Old Testament.
The Samaritans are neither refugees nor immigrants so they claim no special help from anyone. By their loyalty to their own laws they are gradually destroying themselves; for instance, because of intermarriage some are deaf, dumb and mute. They have their own small school in which some very young children read and sang to us in the language of the Books of Moses.
The existence of the Samaritans is of the greatest value to Bible scholars in understanding the tenet of the Scriptures.

JACK K. NUTLEY
Tonbridge, Kent, England

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Friends Around the World

Iowa Yearly Meeting:
A Tension Held in Love

by Lois Laughlin

IOWA YEARLY MEETING (Conservative) met in the golden haze of rural Whit­tier, Iowa, August 14 to 19, 1973. A recurrent theme was concern to reach outward, to work toward the Kingdom, to increase unity with mankind, even to inclusion of other Friends.

Reports from Robert Runsey of Friends World Committee for Consultation, Paul Brink, representing Friends Committee for National Legislation, and Warren Witte, executive secretary of the Northwest Regional Office of America Friends Service Committee, all reminded us that truly outward, to work toward the Kingdom,

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reports from Robert Runsey of Friends World Committee for Consultation, Paul Brink, representing Friends Committee for National Legislation, and Warren Witte, executive secretary of the Northwest Regional Office of America Friends Service Committee, all reminded us that truly outward, to work toward the Kingdom, growth, and outreach.

Two members reported on the Pendle Hill seminar on prisons and social justice; another reported on an Iowa ecumenical conference particularly concerned with racial minorities.

One afternoon group discussed how individuals and small groups can reach other seekers to form worship groups. Some persons, i.e. prisoners, regardless of cultural or educational background, seem able to participate fruitfully in meeting with very little "training." Another group finds that study and community action introduce and bind members from different religious back­grounds. Inspired by these young groups, members of longer duration were reminded that habit and ritual are sometimes hindrances.

Culminating five years of work, the meeting agreed to print a new edition of the discipline. There was unity as members were reminded of the good sense and generosity of Isaac Penning­ton.

"Even in the Apostles' days, Christians were too apt to strive after a wrong unity and uniformity in outward practices and observations, and to judge one another unrighteously in these matters; and mark, it is not the different practice from one another that breaks the peace and unity, but the judging of one another because of different practices ... For this is the true ground of love and unity, not that such a man walks and does just as I do, but because I feel the same Spirit and Life in him, and that he walks in his rank, in his own order, in his proper way and place of subjection to that; ..."

Although truth never changes, understanding, language and the uses of truth do change. It is heartening to observe the increased variety of thought and lifestyles which the Yearly Meet­
ing has been able to accept with more loving, less judgmental attitudes. When one meeting honestly admitted that some found it difficult to accept young people in peculiar dress, we were gently and ironically reminded that Friends should not be afraid of the peculiar. On the other hand, do not those who consider themselves the vanguard owe courtesy and consideration toward others? Differences are a two-way right­

tension, if held in love, is good for all.

Income Tax and AFSC

THE AMERICAN Friends Service Committee, one of its employees and a former employee went to court July 30 against the United States of America to ask that AFSC not be required to with­
thold taxes from its employees who have scruples against supporting war.

The complaint that originally was filed May 26, 1970 alleges that 51.6 percent of the taxes withheld from employees was devoted to war purposes in violation of their religious training and belief.

The employee in the case is Lorraine Cleveland of Newton and the former employee is Leonard Cadwallader of Germantown.

Others testifying for AFSC were Frances Neely, lobbyist for Friends Committee on National Legislation, from Washington, D.C.; Cushing Dol­bear, Philadelphia; Tom (John T.) Flower, San Antonio, TX; Henry Cad­bury, Philadelphia, and Bronson Clark, executive secretary of AFSC. The gov­

ternment presented no witnesses and no evidence.

At issue is whether the government has the right to compel the AFSC as an employer to withhold 51.6 percent of its employees' taxes that go to support war. By so doing, the complaint alleges, AFSC is in the position of violating the freedom of conscience and religion guaranteed its employees under the First Amendment of the U.S. Constitution.

A decision is forthcoming from Judge Clareace C. Newcomer, who heard the case.

ASIA A. BENNETT, a member of University Meeting, Seattle, has been appointed Ex­
cutive Secretary of the Pacific Northwest Regional Office of the American Friends Service Committee. Formerly a Com­
munity Relations Associate of the region, she helped write a handbook for de­

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December 15, 1973 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Iowa Yearly Meeting: Growth Through Commitment

by Jeanette Hadley

When Friends of Iowa Yearly Meeting gathered in annual session, August 8 to 12, 1973, they faced the challenge of the banner across the platform of Spencer Memorial Chapel on William Penn College campus — "Growth Through Commitment." Often a speaker has dominated the times of the gathered meeting in these sessions, but this year the local leaders were much more in the limelight, and no one person dominated the development of the declared theme, although "growth" was reiterated time and again.

One of the highlights was the service of Dedication of the Superintendent and Consecration of Missionaries. Mahlon Macy, who has been General Superintendent since July 1, most recently had served as pastor of the new Friends Church in Omaha, Nebraska. Bob and Ethel Watson, who may nominally be termed missionaries, will serve with East Africa Yearly Meeting where Bob will help develop a co-

Growth through commitment speakers Del Coppinger (left) and Mahlon L. Macy.

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- Please address inquiries to R. Barret Coppock, Director of Admissions, Box 350, George School, Newtown, Pa. 18940.
Ordinated plan of accounting and will train workers.

Throughout the week sparks of challenge and stimulus were introduced by: Gordon Clarke, one-time pastor in Indiana Yearly Meeting, now executive secretary of the American Bible Society's 13-state Central Region; Henry L. Parker, campus minister at Berea College, a black Episcopal clergyman who ministers on a predominantly white, Baptist-oriented campus and finds opportunities to give leadership in civil rights activities; Ben Brantingham, a Friends pastor from Oregon who is meeting head-on the challenges of urban ministries; David Stanfield, associate general secretary of Friends United Meeting; and Paul Brink, editor of the Washington Newsletter of Friends Committee on National Legislation.

It was, however, the leadership from within the yearly meeting itself which carried the main burden of making this challenging week. Besides those who guided workshops and presented reports in business sessions, there were faithful young people working with the children, junior high and high school groups, and, as an innovation, a college group inspired by the concern of a college student ably assisted by Penn's Campus Minister, Bill Griggs.

Bernard White has faithfully and constructively guided the business of the Yearly Meeting for several years. At the end of the 1973 sessions he passed over that responsibility to Levi Willits, who comes to this post with 21 years experience as chairman of the Quakerville Board of Trustees and active Quaker leader over many years.

After years of attending Iowa Yearly Meeting as a visitor, I have returned "home" and now, as a full participant, hope to share in Iowa Yearly Meeting's future "Growth Through Commitment."

Friends Select:
A Search for Answers

"QUAKER DAY" at Friends Select School this year centered around the search for answers to queries posed by Foster Doan, chairman of the Religion Department at Westtown School who addressed students and faculty on "Living In The Light."

Some of the basic questions "those of us who care and are deeply involved in Friends Schools have to keep asking," Foster Doan said, include: "Should our course offerings follow traditional aims so that students end up with the proper credits? Or should we who teach be struggling more with helping students become more human—to live more easily with self—to accept the self and to be delighted with who you are? Should we be helping people to learn to live fully in an inevitably structured world?"

He continued, "What about you who are students? Is your responsibility any different at a Friends school than a public school? Dare we ask ourselves—or our schools — whether we want genuine community? Do we prefer the independence and the money, which are the power of our middle-class society, even though we might take a reasonable interest in each other's problems and needs? How far are we prepared to face consequences in everyday economics and the mutual responsibility of becoming a genuine community? How would this school have to change if it were a community in which the dignity of every individual associated with it were affirmed? How would your own individual life have to change if it were such a community? How many of us are willing to forgo our precious individualism to become a part of a community? even a community of the family? in which each person has integrity?"

"The answers," Foster Doan concluded, "aren't to be found in some neat and organized way—whether the rule book is as revered as the Bible or as controversial as the Playboy philosophy. Each person must seek the light by which he lives and none of us is going to find it if we don't sit down and learn to pay attention to those things in our life which have the greatest meaning."

Students and faculty explored these issues in smaller discussion groups before ending the annual activity with meeting for worship.
A Profitable Project

THE "CARD PROJECT" of The Pacific Northwest Regional Office of the American Friends Service Committee, now in its fourth year, produces and sells greeting cards and notepaper to benefit the work of the AFSC. It has been a popular and profitable volunteer activity. There are now six designs in the series, all by Northwest artists, representing a variety of motifs and media. The committee planning the project decided to use designs that are affirmative in nature, based on positive and strengthening themes in the relations of people to each other and to the natural world.

The "Owl" is from the sumi painting by Morris Graves and owned by a friend of the committee. Graves, who grew up in Seattle, is a well-known painter who is represented in private collections and museums throughout the United States, Europe and Asia. He is especially noted for his birds and for an oriental, mystical feeling for nature.

Gray Pedersen, a young Friend and teacher living in Oregon, designed and executed the "John Woolman Quotation" in calligraphy. The "Northwest Indian Motif" was designed by Bill Holm, Seattle artist and a curator of the Northwest Indian collection at the University of Washington. The "Salmon Design" by Alex Jackson, Tlingit totem carver, is adapted from his drawing for the book, An Uncommon Controversy, published by the Friends Service Committee. The "Owl" is from the sumi painting by Morris Graves and owned by a friend of the committee. Graves, who grew up in Seattle, is a well-known painter who is represented in private collections and museums throughout the United States, Europe and Asia. He is especially noted for his birds and for an oriental, mystical feeling for nature.

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Report from North Pacific: A Friendly First

by Connie Jump

FRIENDS from Oregon, Washington and British Columbia shared fellowship, concerns and spiritual renewal with one another and with visitors during the first North Pacific Yearly Meeting, held July 19-22 at St. Martin's College in Olympia, Washington.

Formed last year because Pacific Yearly Meeting had grown too large, the new yearly meeting has eight monthly meetings. Many members come from isolated areas so that contact with other Friends is especially meaningful. Thus, much time at yearly meeting was allowed for informal discussion, play, sharing skills and interests, and general fellowship. Worship in small groups and two meetings between persons who shared similar interests also helped Friends draw closer.

Two speakers addressed the yearly meeting during general sessions. Hugh Campbell-Brown, Friend-in-Residence from British Columbia, spoke on “What That of God in Every Man Means to Me.” Ultimately, spiritual development in his view comes through an ability to discern and to accept the will of God, to consider now rather than later, and to accept people as they are rather than as one thinks they ought to be.

John Sullivan, associate executive secretary of the American Friends Service Committee, spoke on the “Essential Optimism of Quakers.” He explored the necessity of undergoing change, both individually and corporately, in order to respond to change. He also described current AFSC programs and how local community resources are utilized to develop programs with long-range plans and long-lasting impact. He spoke of Quaker optimism, determination and durability as important qualities in a process which often has stepping backwards as a part of moving forward.

A special event was a movie made by Tom Weidlinger of Multnomah Monthly Meeting about the meeting and its members. The movie stimulated much discussion including the query about who it was designed to reach. It will be available for other groups to view.

A high point was Family Night, a long-cherished Pacific Yearly Meeting tradition continued in the new yearly meeting. It was a time for young and old to do and be together, sharing funny games, lilting songs and good feeling.

Meetings for business were kept to a minimum and the steering committee coordinated much of the organization work.

All in all, it was a rich mixture of fellowship and searching, of fun and discussion. The realization that there is much more to establishing a new yearly meeting than deciding to meet separately from the parent body makes us already look forward to next year and our second yearly meeting. Come join us!

Good Exercise Especially for Those Over 70

“TO PETITION the government” is in the Quaker tradition, from the followers of George Fox to the Friends Committee on National Legislation and the lone Quaker war demonstrator standing with his anti-war sign in front of the White House.

Among less dramatic methods of appeal is the letter. With or without official Quaker auspices, letter writing groups have sprung up composed primarily, although not exclusively, of older men and women. These groups seem to provide sources of information, encouragement, and a sense of comradeship not available to the lone writer.

One such group, composed of residents of Stapely Hall, a Friends Home in Philadelphia, and of the neighborhood, has just finished its fourth year. It has a registration of 32 active members and a regular attendance at the monthly meetings of about 26.

Two other lively groups in the Philadelphia area are one at Foulkeways, and one that meets at St. Martin's in the Field Episcopal Church, Chestnut Hill.

"Do you get any answers to your letters?" the skeptic always asks. The answer is an emphatic "yes." Few form letters are received and many answers portray a real exchange of views and "concerns" between the recipient and the petitioners.

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SINGLE QUAKER wants to join Friends community. Seeking caring and positive people as first priority; a job is secondary. Two years experience in Quaker project, college degree, very flexible. Wishes to relocate soon. Contact Quaker House, 223 Hillside Ave., Fayetteville, NC. 919-685-3213.

Books and Publications

QUAKER MONTHLY: What are those British Friends thinking? Enjoy this monthly menu of seven thought-provoking articles. Not too Little, not too much. Subscription $2.75; Sample on request. Quaker Monthly, Friends House, Euston Road, London NW 1, 2 B. England.

AN INSPIRATION for many seekers: Meditations on the Advices and Queries of New Yearly Meeting, by Edmund P. Hilltopp. 30 pages. Published by an ad hoc committee of Morningside Heights Meeting (Columbia campus, NYC) to celebrate the 50th birthday of the author, a psychologist and chairman of the New York subcommittee on counseling. Stresses daily meditations as important for a wholesome life. Order from Livia Lucas, treas. 432 Armand Rd. South, Venice, FL 33054.

Schools

THE MEETING SCHOOL, Rindge, New Hampshire 03461 — communal, coeducational, college preparatory, Farm and family living. Grades 10 to 12. For information, write P. Stine Schultz.


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THREE FULL-TIME FACULTY (interests and/or family practitioners) with solid clinical skills and experience, a desire to teach, and community interest. Write to: Eugene S. Farley, Jr., M.D., Professor and Director, Family Medicine Program, 315 Mt. Vernon Ave., Rochester NY 14620.

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PENDLE HILL offers a managed retained income plan which can speak to your present needs and its future needs. Contact: Brett Write, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, PA 19086.

WEEKEND WORKSHOPS for single men and women, recently divorced persons, engaged couples, married couples, and for anyone on awareness and expressive movement. Write Bob and Marilyn, 5058 Penncrest, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48103 for details.

Personal

MARTELL’S OFFERS YOU friendliness and warmth as well as fine foods and beverages. Oldest restaurant in Yorkville. Fireplace—sidewalk cafe. Serving lunch daily, Saturday and Sunday brunch. American-continental cuisine. Open seven days a week until 2 a.m. 3rd Ave., corner of 83rd St., New York City. 212-661-6110. “Peace.”

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS, with members in 42 states, enabled culture, marriage-oriented single, widowed or divorced persons to get acquainted. Meetings have not only risen, but can be expected into an irrevocable trust—the income only of which will go to help maintain our local monthly meetings; the monthly meeting to freely exercise its will and judgment as to how the income will be used:

1) Our membership generally is declining, with a marked absence of young people to carry on the responsibility which we presently should:
2) Membership in the Society of Friends, and religion in general, should be a free institution unencumbered by the continual reminder of the need for worldly possessions; and
3) In fact, the per capita costs to each monthly meeting have not risen, but can be expected to rise—thus burdening the future generations with financial pressures with which they may or may not be able to cope. Signed: John M. Barney, Media, PA.

For Sale


Announcements

Births

REISTLE — On September 14, a daughter, JOY LYNN, to Jean E. (Haines) and John Reistle. The parents are members of Mickleton (NJ) Meeting.

Marriages

CANDIA-SMITH—On August 11, under the care of Goose Creek Meeting, Lincoln, VA, HENRIETTA STEWART II, daughter of Frances Heacock Smith and the late J. Stewart Smith, and RANDALL CANDIA, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Wilson of Hariaton Park, NJ.

MOODY-MAYNARD—On August 18, in Small Point, ME, STEVEN WILLIAMS MOODY and CAREY MAYNARD. The groom and his parents are members of Birmingham (PA) Meeting.

Deaths

COLEWORTHY—On October 8, in West Chester, PA, THOMAS GRAY COLEWORTHY, aged 85, a member of Birmingham Meeting. He was a county surveyor and engineer for forty years. He is survived by his wife, Lauretta Hall Coleworthy and three daughters, Lauretta, wife of John B. Hickman; Jane, wife of Thomas Hutchinson, and Louise, wife of Dale Christopher.

GAVEN'TA—On September 30, in Underwood Memorial Hospital, Woodbury, ALVIN L. GAVEN'TA, aged 83, a member of Mickleton (NJ) Meeting. A retired farmer, Alvin Gaventa was a member of Swedesboro Grange for 50 years and also was a member of the Gloucester County Board of Agriculture and the Farm Bureau. He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth; two sons, Clinton and Elbert of Swedesboro; a daughter, Myrte Gray of Toronto, Canada; a sister, Myrte Gaventa of Woodbury; 9 grandchildren and 6 great-grandchildren.

Too Late To Classify

ASSOCIATE SECRETARY WANTED. Work with Young Friends, Religious Education, Peace and Social Order Committees. Baltimore Yearly Meeting, 1710 Quaker Lane, Sandy Spring, MD 20860.

USE OF COUNTRY HOME offered to writer or artist. All conveniences, 12 hours from New York. References requested. Box C-581 Friends Journal.

ONE AND A HALF acre Maine rocky shore lot including part ownership surrounding 640 acres permanent wilderness preserve. Magnificent view Bar Harbor area. Road and Electricity available. $20,000. Heath, 21 Mattlock Lane, Villanova PA 19085.
MEETING ANNOUNCEMENTS

Alaska
ANCHORAGE—Unprogrammed meeting. Phone: 344-3208 or 688-2498.

Argentina
BUENOS AIRES—Worship and Monthly Meeting, one Saturday each month in suburbs, Vicente Lopez. Phone: 791-5880 (Buenos Aires).

Arizona
FLAGSTAFF—Unprogrammed meeting, 11 a.m., 4298. Campbell, Clerk, 310 E. Cherry Ave., 774-4298.

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

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

CLAREMONT—Worship, 9:30 a.m. Classes for children, 727 W. Harrison Ave., Claremont, CA 91711.

DAVIS—Meeting for worship, 9:45 a.m., 345 L St. Visitors call 753-5890.

FRESNO—10 a.m., College Y Pax Dei Chapel, 2311 E. Shaw. 237-3030.

HAYWARD—Worship, 11 a.m., Old Chapel, 390 Fargo, San Leandro. Clerk 658-5789.

LA JOLLA—Meeting, 11 a.m., 7330 Eads Avenue. Visitors call 296-2264 or 454-7459.

LONG BEACH—Meeting for worship, 10:00 a.m. 1950 Knoxville Ave. 431-4015 or 831-4066.


MARIN—Worship 10 a.m., Mill Valley Community Church Annex, Olive and Lovell, DU 3-5303.

MONTREAL PENINSULA—Friends Meeting for worship, Sundays, 11 a.m., 1057 Mescal Ave., Seaside. Call 394-9991.

ORANGE COUNTY—Worship 10:30 a.m., Univ. of Cal. at Irvine, Parking Lot 7.

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

PASADENA—526 W. 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.

RIVERSIDE—Unprogrammed worship, 1st-day school, 10:30: 682-5364 or 683-4698.

SACRAMENTO—2620 21st St. Meeting for worship, Sunday, 10 a.m.; discussion 11 a.m. Call 457-8923.

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, 752-7740.

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

SANTA BARBARA—591 Santa Rosa Lane, just off San Ysidro Rd., Monte Carlo (Y.M.C.A.) 10 a.m.

SANTA CRUZ—Meeting for worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m. 303 Walnut St. Clerk, 338-G333.

SANTA MONICA—First School at 10, meeting at 11, 1440 Harvard St. Call 451-3885.

VISTA—Palomar Meeting, 10 a.m. Clerk: Gretchen Tuthill, 1633 Calle Dulce, Vista 92083, Call 724-4966 or 728-9408.


Colorado
BOULDER—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.; First-day School, 11 a.m. Margueret Owst, 494-9453.

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: 272-3631.

NEW HAVEN—Meeting, 9:45 a.m. Conn. Hall, Yale Old Campus. Phone: 288-2359.

NEW LONDON—Meeting, 10 a.m., discussion, 11. Clerk: Betty Chu, 720 Williams St., 68320. Phone, 442-7947.

NEW MILFORD—Housatonic Meeting: Worship 11 a.m. Route 7 at Lanesville Road. Telephone: 203-775-1861.

STAMFORD-GREENWICH—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10 a.m. Westover and Roxbury Roads, Stamford. Clerk, Peter Bentley, 4 Cat Rock Road, Cos Cob, Connecticut. Telephone: 203-70-9545.

STORRS—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., corner North Eglevile and Hunting Lodge Roads, 439-4459.

WATERTOWN—Meeting 10 a.m., Watertown Library, 470 Main Street. Telephone: 274-8598.

WILTON— Meeting for worship, and First-day School, 10 a.m., 317 New Canaan Road. Phone: 966-3040. Robert E. Leslie, clerk, 203-936-2184.

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December 15, 1973 FRIENDS JOURNAL
**Delaware**

CAMDEN—2 miles south of Dover. Meeting and First-day School 11 a.m. 697-6910; 697-6642.

CENTREVILLE—Center Meeting, one mile east of Route 52 at southern edge of town on Center Meeting Road. Meeting, first-day, 11 a.m.

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

NEWARK—Worship, Sunday, 10 a.m., New London Community Center, 303 New London Rd., Newark, Delaware.

ODESSA—Worship, 1st Sundays, 11 a.m.

WILMINGTON—4th & West Sts., Meeting 11:00 a.m.; School Rd., Meeting 9:15 a.m. Nursery at both.

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**District of Columbia**

WASHINGTON—Meeting, Sunday, 11 a.m.; worship group, 9 a.m.; adult discussion, 10 a.m.-11 a.m.; babysitting, 10 a.m.-12 noon; First-day School, 11 a.m.-12:30 p.m. 2111 Florida Ave. N.W., near Connecticut Ave.

WASHINGTON—Sidwell Friends Library—Meeting, second Sunday, 11:00, during school year, 3825 Wisconsin Avenue, N. W.

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**Florida**

CLEARWATER—Meeting 10:30 a.m., Y.W.C.A., 222 S. Lincoln Ave. Phone: 733-9315.

DAYTONA BEACH—Sunday, 10:30 a.m. 201 San Juan Avenue. Phone: 677-0457.

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

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

LAKE WALES—At Lake Walk-in-Water Heights. Worship, 11 a.m. 676-5397.

MIAMI-CORAL GABLES—Meeting, 10 a.m., 1185 Sunset Road. Thyrza Allen Jacocks, clerk, 361-2862; AFSC Peace Center, 443-9836.

ORLANDO-WINTER PARK — Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 316 E. Marks St., Orlando. Phone: 241-6301.

PALM BEACH—Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 823 North A. St., Lake Worth. Phone: 585-8060 or 848-3148.

SARASOTA—For worship, First-day School, 11 a.m., Music Room, College Hall, New College Campus. Adult discussion, 10 a.m. Leon L. Allen, clerk, 743-9683. For information call 955-9589.

ST. PETERSBURG—Meeting 10:30 a.m. 130 19th Avenue, S. E.

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**Georgia**

ATLANTA—Worship and First-day School, 10 a.m., 1384 Fairview Road N.E., Atlanta 30306. Margaret Kaiser, Clerk, Phone: 634-0452. Quaker House. Telephone: 373-9786.

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

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**Hawaii**

HONOLULU—Sundays, 2426 Oahu Avenue, 9:45; hymn sing; 10: worship; 11: adult study group. Babysitting, 10:15 to 11. Phone: 988-2714.

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**Illinois**

CARBONDALE—Unprogrammed worship, Sundays 10 a.m., usually at the Student Christian Foundation, 913 S. Illinois. Phone: 457-6542 or 549-2029.

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

CHICAGO—Chicago Monthly Meeting, 10249 S. Artesian. HI 5-8949 or BE 3-2716. Worship 11 a.m.

CHICAGO—Northside (unprogrammed). Worship 10 a.m. For information and meeting location, phone: 477-5660 or 327-1307.

CRETE—Thorn Creek Meeting, 10:30 a.m. 700 Exchange. 312-481-8068.

DECATURE—Workshop 10 a.m. Phone Mildred G. Pottler, clerk, 422-9116, for meeting location.

DEKalb—Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 424 Normal Road. Phone: 758-2561 or 758-1985.

DOWNERS GROVE—(west suburban Chicago)—Worship and First-day School 10:30 a.m., 5710 Lomond Ave. (3 blocks west of Belmont, 1 block south of Maple). Phone: 960-3861 or 663-0864.

EVANSTON—1010 Greenleaf, UN 4-8511. Worship on First-day, 10 a.m.

LAFAYETTE—Meeting, 10 a.m. at Meeting House. 320 North Main St., South Bend, Ind. Phone: 296-2474.

LAKE FOREST—Worship 10 a.m. at Meeting House. 5200 Old Oak Road. Phone 312-481-8068.

PEORIA-GALESBURG—Unprogrammed meeting 10 a.m. in Galesburg. Phone: 343-7097 or 245-2959 for location.

QUINCY—Unprogrammed meeting, 10:00 a.m. Phone: 223-3902 or 222-6704 for location.

ROCKFORD—Rock Valley Meeting. Worship, 10:30 a.m. Meeting Room, Christ the Carpenter Church, 522 Morgan St. Information: call 964-0716.

SPRINGFIELD—Worship, 10 a.m. Phone Robert Wagenknecht, 322-2083 for meeting location.

URBANA—CHAMPAIGN—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m., 714 W. Green St., Urbana. Phone: 367-0951.

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**Indiana**

BLOOMINGTON—Meeting for worship 10:15 a.m., Moores Pike at Smith Road. Call Norris Wentworth, phone: 336-3003.

HOPEWELL—20 mi. W. Richmond, Ind.; between I-70, US 40; I-70 exit Wilbur Wright Rd. 1 1/2 mi. S. 1 mi. W. Unprogrammed worship, 9:30, discussion, 10:30. Ph. 476-7214, or 987-7367.

INDIANAPOLIS—Lanthorn Meeting and Sugar Grove, Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m. Sugar Grove Meeting House. Willard Heiss, 257-1081 or Albert Maxwell, 839-4649.

RICHMOND—Clear Creek Meeting, Stout Memorial Meetinghouse, Earlham College. Unprogrammed worship, 9:15 a.m. Clerk, Mary Lane Hilt 626-6857. (June 20-Sept. 19, 10 a.m.)

WEST LAFAYETTE—Worship 9:45 a.m., 176 E. Stadium Ave. Clerk, Merritt S. Webster, 743-4772.

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**Iowa**

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

IOWA CITY—Unprogrammed worship, 11 a.m., 311 N. Linn, Iowa City. Phone 338-7250. Clerks, Pam and Mark Stewart, phone 338-2062.

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**Kansas**

WICHITA—University Friends Meeting, 1840 University Avenue. First-day School 9:45 a.m., Meeting for worship 11:00 a.m. Richard P. Newby, Minister; Thomas Swain, Director of Christian Education. Phone 262-0471.

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**Kentucky**

LEXINGTON—Unprogrammed worship and First-day School, 4 p.m. For information, call 277-2928.

LOUISVILLE—Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. Children's classes 11:00 a.m. 3050 Bon Air Avenue. 40205. Phone: 452-6812.

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**Louisiana**

BATON ROUGE—Worship, 10 a.m., Wesley Foundation, 333 E. Chimes St. Clerk: Quentin A. L. Jenkins; telephone: 343-0019.

NEW ORLEANS—Worship Sundays, 10:30 a.m., Community Service Center, 4000 Magazine Street. For information, telephone 368-1146 or 822-3411.

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**Maine**

CAPE NEDDICK—Seacoast meeting for worship, Kuhnhone, Cape Neddick, 11 a.m. Phone 207-363-4139.

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**Mid-Coast Area**—Regular meetings for worship. For information telephone 882-7107 (Wiscasset) or 236-3064 (Camden).
PORTLAND — Forest Avenue Meeting, Route 302. Unprogrammed worship and First-day School. 10 a.m. Phone: 773-6964. Adult discussion, 11:00.

Maryland

ADELPHI—Near University of Maryland.
  2303 Metzott Road, First-day School, 10:30 a.m.; worship, 10 a.m. Deborah James, clerk. Phone, 422-9260.

ANNAPOLIS—Worship, 11 a.m., former St. Paul’s Chapel, Rt. 178 (General’s Hwy.) and Crownsville Rd., Crownsville, Md. Lois Cusick, clerk, (301-757-3332).

BALTIMORE—Worship 11 a.m.; Stony Run 5116 N. Charles St. 435-3773, Homewood 3107 N. Charles St. 235-4438.


EASTON—Third Haven Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m., South Washington St. Frank Zeigler, clerk, 634-2491; Loraina Clay, clerk, 762-0669. June to Sept., worship, 9:30 a.m.

SANDY SPRING—Meetinghouse Road, at Rt. 108. Worship, 9:30 and 11 a.m.; first Sundays, 9:30 only. Classes, 10:30.

UNION BRIDGE—Pipe Creek Meeting (near—Worship, 11 a.m.

Massachusetts

ACTON—Meeting for worship and First-day School, Sunday, 10:00 a.m., Women’s Club, Main Street, Sibylle J. Barlow, Clerk (617) 369-9299.

AMHERST-NORTHAMPTON-GREENFIELD—Meeting for worship and First-day School 10:30 Mt. Toby Meetinghouse, Route 63 in Leverett. Phone 584-2788.

BOSTON—Worship 11:00 a.m.; fellowship hour 12:00, First-day. Beacon Hill Friends School, 6 Chestnut Street, Boston 02108. Phone: 227-9118.

BOSTON—Village Street Friends, Boston’s first, 48 Dwight St., First-day, 3:45 p.m.

CAMBRIDGE—5 Longfellow Park (near Harvard Square, just off Brattle Street). Two meetings for worship each First-day, 9:30 a.m. and 11 a.m. Telephone 878-6883.

LAWRENCE—45 Avon St., Bible School, 10 a.m., worship 11 a.m., Monthly Meeting first Wednesday 7:30 p.m. Clerk, Mrs. Ruth Mellor, 189 Hampshire St., Methuen, Mass. Phone: 682-4677.

Cremation

Friends are reminded that the Anna T. Jones Fund will reimburse cremation costs. (Applicable to members of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting only.)

For information write or telephone

HENRY BECK

412 Carlton Avenue

Wyckoff, Pa. 19095 — RU 4731

MARIAN—Sunday, 9:30 a.m., First-day School, corner Main and Pleasant. 748-1176.

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

WELLESLEY—Meeting for worship and Sunday School, 10:30 a.m.; at 26 Benvenue Street. Phone: 237-9268.

WEST FALMOUTH, CAPE COD—River St., meeting for worship, Sunday 11 a.m.

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

WORCESTER—Peaceful Street Friends Meeting, 501 Pleasant Street. Meeting for worship each First-day, 11 a.m. Telephone: PL 4-3887

Michigan

ANN ARBOR—Worship-Sharing, 9:30 a.m.; Meeting for Worship, 10; Adult Discussion, 11:15. Meetinghouse, 1420 Hill St. Clerk, John Musgrave, 2460 James, (phone: 761-7264).

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

DETROIT—Meeting, Sunday, 10:30 a.m., University Center, W. Kirby at Anthony Wayne Dr., Correspondence: Friends School in Detroit, 1100 St. Aubin Blvd. 48207. Phone: 962-6722.

EAST LANSING—Worship and First-day School, Sunday, 1 p.m., Discussion, 2 p.m. All Saints Church Library, 800 Abbot Rd. Call ED 7-0241.

GRAND RAPIDS—Friends Meeting for worship, First-days 10 a.m. For particulars call (616) 363-2043 or (616) 868-6667.

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

Minnesota

MINNEAPOLIS—Unprogrammed meeting 9 a.m., First-day School 10 a.m., Programmed meeting 11 a.m., W. 44th Street and York Ave. So. Phone: 926-6159 or 332-5610.

ST. PAUL—Twin Cities Friends Meeting, Unprogrammed worship, 9 and 11 a.m.; programmed activity or Friendly conversation, 10, Friends House, 295 Summit Ave. 222-3350.

Missouri

KANSAS CITY—Penn Valley Meeting, 4405 College Rd., 10 a.m. Call (816) 931-5236.

ST. LOUIS—Meeting, 2539 Rockford Ave., Rock Hill, 11 a.m. Phone: 721-0915.

Nebraska

LINCOLN—3319 S. 46th. Phone: 488-4178, Sunday Schools, 10 a.m., worship, 11.

Nevada

LAS VEGAS—Paradise Meeting; worship 11 a.m., Church of Nutritional Science, 10th and Carson. 457-7040.

RENO—Meeting for worship 11 a.m., First-day School and discussion 10 a.m., Friends House, 560 Cranleigh Drive, Telephone 323-1302. Mail address, P.O. Box 602, Reno 89504.

New Hampshire

CONCORD—Adult study and sharing, 9 a.m., worship, 10 a.m. Children welcomed and cared for. Merrimack Valley Day Care Center, 19 N. Fruit St. Phone, 783-6382.

DOVER—Dover Preparative Meeting—Worship 10:30 a.m. 141 Central Ave. Caroline Lani er, clerk. Phone: (207) 439-9811.

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

MONADNOCK—Worship 10:45 a.m., (July-Aug.) 9:30 First-day School same time. Library Hall, Petersborough. Enter off parking lot.

New Jersey

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

BARNEGAT—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Left side of East Bay Ave., traveling east from Route 9.

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

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

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

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

HADDONFIELD—Friends Ave. and Lake St. Worship, 10 a.m. First-day School follows, except summer. Babysitting provided during both. Phone: 428-6242 or 429-9186.

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

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

MICKLETON—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., First-day School, 11 a.m. Kings Highway, Mickleton, N.J.

MONTCLAIR—Park Street and Gordon-hurst Ave., First-day School, 11 a.m., except July and August. 10 a.m. Phone: 201-744-8320. Visitors welcome.

MOORESTOWN—Main St. at Chester Ave. Sunday School 10:30 a.m., Oct. through May (except Dec. and March). Meeting for worship 9 a.m. (9:30 a.m. June

December 15, 1973 FRIENDS JOURNAL
through Sept.) and 11 a.m. Visitors welcome.

MOUNT HOLLY—High and Garden Streets; meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. Visitors welcome.

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

PLAINFIELD—Meeting for worship and First-day School 10:30 a.m. at Wachuteng Ave., at E. Third St., 757-5736. Open Monday through Friday 11:30 a.m.—1:30 p.m.

PRINCETON—Meeting for worship, 9:30 and 11 a.m. Summer, 9:30 only; First-day School, 11 a.m. Quaker near Mercer St. 921-7824.

QUAKERTOWN—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m. Clerk, Robert M. Cox, R.D. Box 342, Fréntown, N. J. 08625. Phone: 996-4491.

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

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

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

SHREWSBURY—First-day School, 10:30 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m. (July, August, 10:00 a.m.). Route 35 and Sycamore, Phone 671-2631 or 431-0637.

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

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

WOODSTOWN—First-day School, 9:45 a.m. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. N. Main St., Woodstown, N. J. Phone 358-2532.

ALBUQUERQUE—Meeting and First-day School, 10:30 a.m., 815 Girard Blvd., N.E. Ham Brown, clerk. Phone 256-9345.

GALLUP—Sunday, 9:15 a.m., worship at 102 Viro Circle. Sylvia Abeyta, clerk.

SANTE FE—Meeting Sundays, 11 a.m., Olive Rush Studio, 630 Canyon Road. Santa Fe. Miriam Stohr, clerk.

NEW YORK

ALBANY—Worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., 727 Madison Ave. Phone 465-9094.

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

CHAPPAQUA—Quaker Field. Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10:30 a.m. 914-328-9894. Clerk: 914-238-9031.

CLINTON—Meeting, Sundays, 10:30 a.m. Kirkland Art Center. On-the-Park. UL 3-2243.

CORNWALL—Meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m. Rt. 307, off 9W, Quaker Ave. 914-534-2217.

ELMIRA—10:30 a.m. Sundays. 155 West 6th Street. Phone: 607-733-7972.

FLUSHING—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.; open house, 2 p.m. to 5 p.m., Sundays, 137-16 Northern Blvd.


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

ITHACA—10 a.m., worship, First-day School, nursery: Arabel Taylor Hall, Sept.-May. 256-4214.

JERICHO, LONG ISLAND—Unprogrammed worship, 11 a.m., Old Jericho Turnpike.

LLOYD HARBOR, LONG ISLAND—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m., Plover Lane. (516) 423-3672.

LOCUST VALLEY, LONG ISLAND—Marinecock Friends Meeting for Worship, Sundays, 11 a.m., Duck Pond & Piping Rock Rd.

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

NEW PALTZ—Meeting, 10:30 a.m., Elting Library, Main St. 658-2363.

NEW YORK—First-day meetings for worship, 9:45 a.m.; 11 a.m., 15 Rutherford Pl. (15th St.), Manhattan. Other 11 a.m. only.

NEW YORK—First-day meetings for worship, 9:45 a.m.; 11 a.m., 15 Rutherford Pl. (15th St.), Manhattan. Other 11 a.m. only.

2 Washington Sq. N., East Hall, Columbia University 110 Schenorrhon St. Brooklyn Phone 212-777-8866 (Mon.-Fri. 9-5) about First-day Schools, Monthly Meetings, suppers, etc.

ONEONTA—Worship and First-day School 10:30 a.m., 11 Ford Ave. Tel: 433-2367.

POUGHKEEPSIE—249 Hooker Ave. 454-2670. Silent meeting, 9:30 a.m.; meeting school, 10:30 a.m.; programmed meeting, 11:15 a.m. (Summer meeting for worship, 10 a.m.)

PURCHASE—Purchase Street (Route 120) at Lake Street, Purchase, New York. First-day School, 10:45 a.m. Meeting, 11 a.m. Clerk, Walter Haase, 88 Downs Ave. Stamford, Conn. 06902; 203-324-9736.

QUAKER STREET—Mid-Oct. to Mid-Apr. Unprogrammed worship followed by discussion, 8 a.m. 2nd and 4th Sundays, Cobleskill Methodist Church lounge, Cobleskill, NY.

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

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

RYE—Milford Rd., one-half mile south of Playland Pike, Sundays, 10:30 a.m.; some Tuesdays, 8 p.m.

SCARSDALE—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m. 133 Popham Rd. Clerk, Harold A. Nomer, 131 Huntley Drive. Ardsley, N.Y. 10502.

SCHENECTADY—Meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m. Old Chapel, Union College Campus. Phone 518-456-4540.


ST. JAMES, LONG ISLAND—Conscience Bay Meeting, Moriches Rd. Worship and First-day School, 11 a.m.

SYRACUSE—Meeting for worship at 821 Euclid Avenue, 10:30 a.m. Sunday.

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

North Carolina

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

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WILMINGTON—Friends Meeting, Mulberry and Locust Sts.; 10-10:45 a.m., Meeting for Celebration; 10:45-11:30 a.m., Adult and Youth Learning Experiences; 10-11:30 a.m., Children's Program. Lawrence Barker, minister, (513) 382-2349.

YELLOW SPRINGS—Unprogrammed worship, FGC, 11 a.m., Rockford Meetinghouse, President St. (Antioch Campus). Clerk: Gay-Houston (513) 767-1476.

Oregon

PORTLAND-MULTNOMAH MONTHLY MEETING, 4312 S. E. Stark St., Worship 10 a.m., discussions 11 a.m. Same address, A.F.S.C., Phone: 235-8943.

Pennsylvania


BRISTOL—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m.; Market and Wood, 783-3234.

CARLISLE—Dickinson campus. Worship 7:00 p.m., First and Fourth Days, 243-8253.

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

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

DOLINGTOWN—Makefield—East of Dolington on Mt. Eyre Road. Meeting for worship 11:00-11:30. First-day School 11:30-12:30.

DOWNTOWN—500 E. Lancaster Ave. (south side old Rt. 30, 3/4 mile east of town). First-day School (except summer months) and worship, 10:30 a.m. Phone: 269-2899.

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

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

EXETER—Worship, 10:30 a.m., Meetinghouse Rd. off 562, 1 and 6/10 mile W. of 562 and 562 intersection at Yellow House.

FALLSINGTON (Bucks County)—Falls Meeting, Main St. First-day School 10 a.m., meeting for worship, 11. No first-day School on first-Friday of each month. Five miles from Penhallow, reconstructed manor home of William Penn.

GETTYSBURG—First-day School and worship at 10 a.m. Masters Hall, College. 334-3005.

GWYNNEDD—Summertown Pike and Route 202. First-day School, 10 a.m., except summer. Meeting for worship 9 a.m., and 11:15 a.m.
Fourth and Arch Sts. First- and Fifth-days, Frankford, Penn and Orthodox Sts., 11 a.m.
Frankford, Unity and Wain Streets, 11 a.m.

Germantown Meeting, Coulter Street and Germantown Avenue.
Green Street Meeting, 45 W. School House Lane, Powelton. For location call EV 6-5134 evenings and weekends.

PHOENIXVILLE — SCHUYLKILL MEETING — East of Phoenixville and north of juncture 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 a.m., 4836 Ellsworth Ave.

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

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

RADNOR — Conestoga and Sproul Rds., Ithan. Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10:30 a.m. Forum, 11:15 a.m.

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

SOLEBURY — Sugar Rd., 2 miles NW of New Hope. Worship, 10 a.m.; First-day School, 10:45 a.m. Phone: 297-5054.

SPRINGFIELD — N. Springfield Road and Old Sproul Road. Meeting 11 a.m. Sundays.

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

SUMMEYOUNT-GREEN LANE AREA — Unami Monthly Meeting — Meets on Walters Rd., Summeystown. Morning and evening worship alternating First-days, followed usually by potluck and discussion. For information, call 234-8424.

SWARTHMORE — Whittier Place, College Campus. Meeting & First-day School, 10 a.m. Forum, 11 a.m.


UPPER DUBLIN — Ft. Washington Ave. & Meeting House Rd., near Ambler, Worship and First-day School, 11 a.m.

VALLEY — West of King of Prussia; on Old Rt. 202 and Old Eagle School Road. First-day School and Forum, 10:00 a.m. (except summer); meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m. (summer, 10).

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

WEST GROVE — Harmony Rd. Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., followed by Adult Class 2nd and 4th First-days.

WILLERS-BARRE — North Branch Monthly Meeting, Wyoming Seminary Day School, 1560 Wyoming Avenue, Forty-Fort. Sunday School, 10:15 a.m., Meeting, 11:00 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 during winter months.

Rhode Island
WESTERLY — 57 Elm St. Unprogrammed worship, 11 a.m.; except June through Sept., 10:30 a.m. Sunday School, 11.

South Dakota
SIOUX FALLS — Unprogrammed meeting, 10:30 a.m., 2307 S. Center (57105), 605-338-5744.

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

WEST KNOXVILLE — First-day School, 10 a.m. worship, 11 a.m. D. W. Newton. Phone: 588-8876.

Texas


DALLAS — Sunday, 10:30 a.m., Park North Y.W.C.A., 4434 W. Northwest Highway. Clerk, George Kenney, 2137 Sierra Dr. PE 1-1348.

EL PASO — Worship and First-day School, 9 a.m. Esther T. Cornell, 584-7259, for location.

HOUSTON — Live Oak Meeting, worship and First-day School, Sunday, 11 a.m., 5650 Fannin St., Houston, Tx. Clerk, Polly Clark, 729-3756.

Lubbock — For information write 2007 28th St., Lubbock, TX 79411 or call 747-5553.

SAN ANTONIO — Unprogrammed meeting for worship, 11 a.m., First-days. Central Y.W.C.A. Phone: 732-2740.

Utah
LOGAN — Meeting, 11 a.m., home of Allen Stokes, 1722 Saddle Hill Dr., 752-2702.

Vermont
BENNINGTON — Worship, Sunday 10:30 a.m., Bennington Library, 101 Silver St., P.O. Box 221, Bennington 05201.

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

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

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


Virginia
CHARLOTTESVILLE — Janie Porter Barrett School, 410 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. 7632 13th St. N.W. Phone: 241-8111.

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

ROANOKE-BLACKSBURG — Genevieve Waring, clerk, 3992 Bosworth Dr., Roanoke 24014. Phone, 703-343-6769.

WINCHESTER — Centre Meeting, 203 N. Washington St., 11 a.m. Phone: 667-8497 or 667-0500.

Washington
SEATTLE — University Friends Meeting, 4001 9th Avenue, N.E. Silent worship and First-day classes at 11. Phone: ME 2-7006.

West Virginia
CHARLESTON — Worship, First-days, 10-10:45 a.m., YWCA, 1114 Quarrier St. Raymond Stone, clerk. Phone 342-3774 for information.

Wisconsin
BELoit — See Rockford, Illinois.

GREEN BAY — Meeting for worship and First-day School, 12 noon. Phone Sheila Thomas, 437-4202.

MADISON — Sunday, 11 a.m., Friends House, 200 Monroe St., 256-2249; and 11:15, Yahara Allowed Meeting, 619 Riverside Drive, 249-7255.

MILWAUKEE — First-days, 2319 E. Kenwood Blvd. 414-292-0040; 414-962-2100 Call for alternative time June-August.

OSH KOSH — Sunday 11 a.m. meeting and First-day School, 1336 N. Main.

WAUSAU — Meetings in members’ homes. Write 3320 N. 11th or telephone: 842-1130.

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