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"... Most people come to a Friends Meeting because they do want their worship to be basically a silent worship. If they want constant speaking they will go to a programmed church. We need to be mindful of the importance of the silence as the basis for our worship.
This is in no way to discourage speaking ... but only suggests that speakers be mindful of the good of the whole meeting ...."—Merion (PA) Meeting Newsletter

OO

"IT isn't the rebels who cause the troubles of the world, it's the troubles that cause the rebels."—Carl Oglesby

QQ

"Man was made for Joy and Woe; And when this we rightly know, Thro' the world we safely go. Joy and Woe are woven fine, A clothing for the soul divine."
—William Blake

QQ

"To my forerunners religion was an experience, to me a tradition, and to my children a nuisance."
—Quoted by the Scottish Friends Newsletter as "said by a farmer in the U.S.A."

QQ

Writing on "The Joy of Being a Senior Quaker," Dr. Edmund Hillpern of New York Monthly Meeting suggests that every meeting should have a "senior Quaker committee" comprised of Friends of all ages. The committee could plan and carry out projects, exchange ideas, experiences and concerns, and generally help encourage older Friends to continue to be vitally involved in the life of the meeting.

By caring for, by contributing to, and by communicating with all members of the meeting, we will give "expression of a loving fellowship, all united by the same ideal," Dr. Hillpern said.

QQ

Hanover (N.H.) Friends Meeting has decided to continue withholding its telephone tax for the present. The equivalent of the monthly tax is placed in the War Tax Alternatives Fund.

To meet requests for additional copies of the July 1/15 Women's issue of Friends Journal, 2,000 16-page reprints have been printed. They are available at 50 cents each (20 cents each for orders of 10 or more). Send payment with order to Friends Journal, 152-A N. 15th St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.
The First Word

In the Beginning...

WHAT, AT THIS traditional time of hope and light and joy, can I say to American Friends that will not, because of the conditions in so much of the rest of the world, sound almost obscenely self-obsessed?

How to speak of love and spirit and compassion in the name of Jesus when thousands who have never heard of him will die of starvation long before or shortly after the sun rises on Christmas Day, 1974?

Which words to choose to touch the hearts of those who see in Jesus not the epitome of a dynamic, self-sacrificial way of life for today as well as for 2,000 years ago, but instead see in him a shelter in which they may escape from the realities of twentieth century America? Or how to reach those who have turned away from him without comprehending that it has been man who has distorted the name of Jesus, and that the reality of the spirit he personified lives on potentially within each of us?

Where will the message come from that will encourage Friends to feel the same care and to show the same respect and to demonstrate the same commitment to love and understanding among one another that they say they feel and that they so often demonstrate for others?

How to frame a message of encouragement to those who struggle not to change the world but themselves, and how to implore others to be sensitive to the damage hostile words and actions can do to the spirit within each human being that arises from a budding sense of self-esteem . . . and what such words and actions signify about themselves?

What words to choose that will encourage Friends to put aside their individual collective accretions of psychological and organizational defense mechanisms and deeply and seriously ponder the significance of the concern Milton Mayer has raised on page 648 that Friends “constitute ourselves, first of all, a mission to the Religious Society of Friends—a mission, in a word, to our own hearts”?

How to compellingly share with others the conviction that Americans in general, religious Americans in particular, and we Quakers specifically need to humble ourselves, to confess and to ask forgiveness for the sins we have committed and are committing in the name of progress and security and democracy and, God help us, of Jesus Christ against humanity? And how to carry out this conviction first within myself—not in words but in deeds and not with a sense of guilt, but because the process of sincere confession is the first step on the way toward emergence of a new and fresh and vibrant soul?

Where will the words come from that will convey to other Friends the vision that it is not too late for renewal, for salvation, for religious life . . . if we can be humble enough to say, as Jesus said, “Not my will, but Thine, O Lord,” and desperate enough, as George Fox was, to mean it?

Which message will help us break through our form and ritual and letter and reach down to where the Spirit is and lift it up so that we can absorb it into our lives and into our meetings and into our Society and into our nation and into our world so that the essence of him who came to give us abundant life will be reborn again in this, the year of Our Lord 1974, and that in us and through us that Spirit will live forever?

The search for answers has led me first to James Nayler who said: “There is a spirit which I feel that delights to do no evil, nor to revenge any wrong, but delights to endure all things, in hope to enjoy its own in the end. Its hope is to outlive all wrath and contention, and to weary out all exultation and cruelty, or whatever is of a nature contrary to itself. It sees to the end of all temptations. As it bears no evil in itself, so it conceives none in thoughts to any other. If it be betrayed, it bears it, for its ground and spring is the mercies and forgiveness of God. Its crown is meekness, its life is everlasting love unfeigned; and takes its kingdom with entreaty and not with contention, and keeps it by lowliness of mind. In God alone it can rejoice, though none else regard it, or can own its life. It’s conceived in sorrow, and brought forth without any to pity it, nor doth it murmur at grief and oppression. It never rejoiceth but through sufferings: for with the world’s joy it is murdered. I found it alone, being forsaken. I have fellowship therein with them who lived in dens and desolate places in the earth, who through death obtained this resurrection and eternal holy life.”

And then comes the prayer of St. Francis:

“Lord, make me an instrument of your peace; where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; and where there is sadness, joy.

“O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood as to understand; to be loved as to love; for it is in giving that we receive, it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life. Amen.”

And these words combine with others by Henry Cadbury: “The real factor in making Friends is not what we say or do but what we are.”

And so as I wait once more to hear those familiar yet ever-fresh words that begin, “In those days a decree went out from Caesar Augustus,” and end, “But Mary kept all these things, pondering them in her heart” . . . I remind myself that I am nothing but potential and that what I can become incorporates spirit that delights to do no evil, and involves a relationship with a Divine Master, and includes not only saying and doing but being, and is forever symbolized by a small babe born in a stable who, despite everything, remains the hope and the light and the joy of the world.

And I find that the asking and the answering are the same. Now let me see this moment as the beginning, not just another ending.

JDL
Finding Anchors of Love
In a Sea of Violence

by Elise Boulding

How to deal with violence in family life has long been a favorite topic at Quaker conferences and family camps, so one can hardly accuse the Society of Friends of ignoring the topic of Steinmetz and Straus’ startling book Violence in the Family. Since we all know that nonviolence should begin in the home, the typical Quaker discussion generates a fair amount of guilt, some examination of the psychological mechanisms involved in the escalation of violence, and firm resolves to manage things better in the future. The word violence is reserved for behavior in relation to children, and “conflict” is used for husband-wife interaction.

Rarely is the magnitude of the problem of interpersonal violence as a macro-system feature of our society adequately faced. Steinmetz and Straus, by bringing together what is known to date about familial violence, enable us to get some new perspectives on the violence-proneness of our country as well as some new insight into what American family life is like. If we are to break the vicious cycles of twentieth century violence, an understanding of the interaction between familial and societal violence is crucial.

Here are a few facts about familial violence. Ninety-three percent of all parents spank their children. There is some evidence that 50 percent of parents are still slapping or giving some form of physical punishment to their children when they are seniors in high school. One quarter of all husbands approve of husbands slapping wives and vice versa. One fifth of all wives approve this slapping. (Probably more actually slap than approve of slapping.) In 1966, nearly one-third of all murders were family murders, one-half of these were husband-wife murders and one-seventh parent-child murders. While men commit more murders in general than women, in families it is the women who do most of the killing. Also, more mothers than fathers commit severe child abuse. I sometimes assign students in my sociology of the family class to stand in a supermarket and observe how many mothers slap small children. Students invariably find this assignment upsetting.

What does all this mean? For one thing it means that just about all of us commit some violence in our families. It is too pervasive in our society for any particular group to be exempt. Indeed, the Christian tradition includes a good deal of moralistic pushing around and beating, going right back to the patriarchal traditions of the Old Testament. If Abraham was prepared to be violent in the best Canaanite tradition of child sacrifice, the women of Abraham’s family were no slackers when it came to punishment either, nor was Deborah, nor Judith, and right on down to John Wesley’s mother.

Familial violence is not new then, but neither is it disappearing in a society that is supposedly increasing its interpersonal skills of dealing with tensions constructively. The sociologists’ myth of middle-class familial competence, as contrasted to working-class familial incompetence, is gradually being demolished. One interesting sidelight on the middle-class myth is that studies of the most violent sector of the SDS generation suggest that their parents were politically oriented and impersonal with their children, engaging in social action at the expense of familial interaction. The divorce rate itself can be read as a sign of diminished interpersonal problem-solving skills, and it is probable that the politicization of family life will increase levels of husband-wife violence in the future.

In order to avoid falling into ideological traps, it is important to distinguish between societally-generated oppression and violence, and family-generated oppression and violence. The brutal facts of poverty and sexual discrimination, which fall most heavily on women who are heads of households and have children to support without adequate economic or social resources, is one important factor in the apparent violence proneness of women. Another is the isolation of nonworking women with small children, of both poverty and middle classes, from spheres of social interaction and civic roles that could redirect energies and tensions. Economic and social deprivation, then, and ac-

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companying frustrations, are a major cause of familial violence.

Is it possible to think of the family today as a breeding ground of love and altruism, or are we stuck with the lesser goals of minimizing violence in the interests of protecting individual autonomy in the family group? I believe it is possible, and necessary, to reconceive what we are about in families in such a way that learning to stand one's own ground and be autonomous without hurting others is seen as one part of a process which involves the creation of love and altruism. What follows is an effort to reconstruct the image of the family, to remind ourselves about the love-generating capacities of family life.

Families can nurture the capacities for love and altruism in all of us through providing: an anchoring in human relationships, in family and extended family groupings; a sheltering from excessive inputs from the larger society formal and informal learning about the ways of society through play, behavior models and "explanations," and anchoring in the divine milieu that encompasses all other experiencing, feeling and knowing.

We are all born with the equipment to reach out to others, and to smile. Instead of viewing the newborn as a naked ape, we should see her as the newborn lover, ready to reach out to others. Turning the mouth of the nurturant breast when the cheek is touched is part of the newborn's instinctual response repertoire. Smiling begins in the first few days, as does reaching out to touch and hold the nurturing other during feeding. These three behavior patterns combine to produce the social infant who has learned to evoke responsiveness in adults. A baby whose only repertoire was crying would not have good equipment for survival! Babies charm us into caring for them; we don't just do it out of a sense of moral responsibility or parental possessiveness. These are the genetic predispositions to non-violence.

Side by side with these of course are the genetic predispositions to aggression. The process of social learning is the process of elaborating behaviors based on some predisposition, and inhibiting others. So we begin by working with the capacity to turn to the other, to smile, to touch. By keeping that foremost in our minds we don't make the aggressive sequences disappear, but they cease to have such overwhelming importance. Preoccupation with children's capacity to aggress has unwittingly led us into an alliance with aggression: we cooperate with aggressive behavior by giving it so much of our emotional attention that it swamps our awareness of love interactions.

Unresponsiveness to the subtler signals of love is a problem among adults too. Since the bulk of adult love behavior lies outside the realm of sexual interaction as such, the amount of emotional attention we give to sex paradoxically can swamp our awareness of the wider arena of adult loving, and negate instead of foster the anchoring process.

Because loneliness has made many women (and also men) feel imprisoned by their home, we have paid less attention recently to the protective and sheltering aspects of family life. Society provides more stimuli than we can take in, more demands than we can respond to. The family is a priority-setting mechanism in a society with few priority criteria. The hours we spend at home, when freely chosen and creatively lived, are hours rightfully withdrawn from society's time budget on behalf of its individual members.

Perhaps the profoundest learning that ever takes place for any of us is the learning through play. "Free play" is spontaneous and improbable behavior that vastly increases our responsiveness to others and to the environment. Major inventions like the wheel were discovered in and used for play long before they became harnessed to everyday needs. Both art and science come out of play. Play itself has suffered from our obsession with structuring free time, and can have all the spontaneity organized out of it. The privacy of the home and the availability of children as teachers make the home a good place for adults to relearn spontaneous play.

Watching children at play we see how familiar adult so-

Photograph by Meg Richardson
ocial roles are experimented with, how new ones are invented. The child's love of making games, sets of rules, secret languages, is evidence of a capacity for experimental learning that is entirely child-initiated. When adults abandon "make believe" and "let's pretend" they abandon a source of their own continuing creativity in social roles. Playfulness, openness and love go together. Do so rigidity and violence.

Play involves trial and error learning in which the play situation itself provides the selective re-enforcement involved in all learning. There is lots of other trial and error learning in the home as children and adults engage in conscious or unconscious selective re-enforcement of each other's behaviors. On the whole we are aware of this process but perhaps we do not have a vivid enough image of the family as a learning community. School, church and outside communities can at best link with learning processes that begin in the learning community of the home.

Opportunities for highly specific preparation for behavior outside the home are relatively scarce in the family, but the place of the family "meeting for business" (or family council) in preparing children for nonviolent political roles is an area crying out for more attention by family groups. It isn't only communes and monthly meetings that need meetings for business!

All this is relevant to our concern for nonviolence. Any anthropologist can demonstrate how each society carries out its own unique re-enforcement patterns for varying degrees of gentle or aggressive behavior in children and adults. If we were to put American society on a continuum from the fiercely aggressive Yanomamo to the mild Arapesh, we would probably be at least two-thirds of the way along towards the Yanomamo. The basic repertoire for fierceness or gentleness is learned at home and practiced outside.

The anchoring in the divine milieu that can take place in family settings depends on being able to conceive the home as a temple for listening, a place for individual solitude and group quiet. Since solitude and quiet are in general the last we look for at home, creative imagination has to be brought into play here. Designated quiet corners in the home, even when there is not enough space for a separate listening room; listening together in silence before meals, by candlelight for a few minutes before bedtime, creates a kind of openness and attunement that is strangely akin to play, and yet delicately centered in a way that play is not. The openness is both horizontal and vertical—to God and to others. The family that sets a high value on listening silence helps put its members in touch with the inward teacher and nurturer of that life and spirit that takes away the occasion of war.

All the openness to other human relationships, sharing of emotional burdens and nurturance, and focusing on the re-creation of society which are sought through alternatives to marriage in non-binding pair and communal relationships can in principle be found in that best of all extended families, the local Meeting. Meetings at their best bind together, never exclude. The decline of the local meeting community as a functioning extended family has paralleled the rising divorce rate. What it would take to recreate this kind of familism in meeting communities that do not have it must be thought about. It is very interesting to observe the range of creative social roles and community activity that the generation of Quaker young people of the 60's have gone into, who knew warm extended-family type meeting communities as they grew up. Today there is a three generation network of open doors around the United States and abroad for the members of those families. I consider the Life Centers very beautiful flowers on that vine. For the family to fulfill all its potentialities for nurturing open, loving persons free to carry out radically new missions in an aching society, some equivalent of this extended family is necessary. No family can do this alone.

To summarize these reflections, there are opportunities in the family setting for the learning both of love, and fear. American society is at present caught in a vicious family-to-society-and-back-to-family cycle of mutually re-enforced violence. Rather than react with guilt and fear to this process, we can tackle the vicious cycle from two sides: we can remove unjust economic and social constraints through direct action on structural deprivations, and we can remove false images of inevitable violence by attending to the human predispositions for playfulness, love, nurturance and altruism. The myth of the naked ape is in part a nightmare fantasy of the isolated nuclear family, and is best destroyed by recognizing how we are anchored in one another and in God.
Selected Books on Alternatives to Violence

For Children


Lucretia Mott: Gentle Warrior by Dorothy Sterling. The story of this Quaker abolitionist and women's rights pioneer and her gentle approach to hostility. Doubleday.


Bang, Bang, You're Dead by Louise Fitzhugh. Illustrated by Sandra Scoppette. Two groups of boys escalate a "play" war into real fighting and in the process learn an alternative to aggression. Harper and Row.

The Fiddler of High Lonesome by Brinton Turkle. The story of a gentle orphan's encounter with cruelty and murder in parable form. Viking.


Adults


The Power of Nonviolence by Richard Gregg. One of the best introductions to pacifism, and the study of nonviolence. Schocken.


Fellowship Magazine. The Fellowship of Reconciliation's monthly magazine containing articles, news and reviews of importance to pacifists.

Many of the above are Fellowship books and may be ordered from the Fellowship of Reconciliation, Box 271, Nyack, New York 10960. A more extensive bibliography is also available upon request at the above address.

The Willis Committee of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102 has recently published an excellent comprehensive bibliography on "Nonviolent Approaches to Social Change" available at the above address. Cost: 35¢.
Peaceful Alternatives to Present Society

by Milton Mayer

WHEN I was first informed of the theme of this Conference I thought I understood it. But I am not so sure now. My perplexity arises from what appears to me to be a series of buried axioms in its three terms, "present society," "alternatives" and "peaceful"—axioms which in turn appear to rest upon the grand axiom of human progress.

It is an axiom which no longer commands much advocacy or enthusiasm. The Renaissance may have crested as long ago as Verdun, where we achieved the miracle of setting a million young men upon each other with a marvellous new device, the machine gun, and when it was over, and a few hundred yards of mud and blood had been exchanged, half of them had killed the other half. Today, pessimism appears to be pervasive and it does not take a Cassandra to prophecy that the human experiment will not be an unalloyed success.

Progress is, as we know, not a universal concept. It is not Oriental—and neither is it universally Western. As the tide of their empire rolled westward, the Romans (some of them, certainly not the Stoics nor the Lucretions) thought they discerned the possibility—at least the possibility—of bringing progress to such savages as the Britons. But the Greeks saw the world (and, indeed, the cosmos) as a cyclical affair. It was nearly 2,500 years ago that the "father of history" observed that those cities which once were nothing were now great, while those that were once great were now nothing. Progress is not a Christian notion in the Gospel dispensation, and such inklings of it as appeared in Hebrew thought subsided with the rise of the prophets.

The Enlightenment gave it a nebulous currency, and Gibbon found it "a pleasing prospect," but it took hold of the generality of men only with the advent of the factory, the American and French Revolutions, and the social Darwinism of the last century. It is a modern vision, and a secular one: Operation Bootstrap.

The expression "present society" then, in the last quarter of the 20th Century, suggests that, as there has been a rising curve, or staircase, of human association, so will there continue to be. But it wasn't a contemporary observer, rather an ancient Athenian, who said that every city is two cities—a city of the rich and a city of the poor, and that these two cities are always at war.

The present world is a political and economic anarchy—as it always has been. And a moral anarchy, too. The low comedy of the United Nations is nowhere more entertainingly staged than in that provision of the UN Declaration of Human Rights which exempts the solemn signatories, each and several, from any of its provisions which violate their domestic statutes. After two world wars fought and won in the name of liberty, it would take a bold man to argue that there is more liberty today than there was before those wars were fought and won. I can testify that there is considerably less in the United States.

Having lost every other claim to their admiration, Friend Nixon can still commend himself to the cheerful acquiescence that he has saved his country men from one particularly spectacular form of destruction. So transfixed have we been by the melodramatic terror of Hiroshima—and the relaxation of that terror—that it does not readily occur to us that the world may actually be ending with a whimper instead of a bang.

For two hundred years there has been an inexorable motion in the direction of the centralisation of power of all kinds—the aggregation of communities, the division and depersonalisation of labor, the disenchantment of rest and recreation, the isolation of the individual, and the homogenization of tastes and sensibilities. I can discern no countervailing motion. I can imagine no way in which this condition will not inexorably worsen. The villains of the piece have escaped our clutches: Euclid, Pythagoras, Archimedes, and the unsung Mesopotamian who discovered that...
the family car rode more comfortably on round wheels than on square ones. I submit on hypothesis that our social progress (if what we mean is socialization) has been marvellous, our human progress illusory.

Any alternative to the present society would, on its face, be an alternative to capitalist parliamentarian nationalism maintained by violence against its offenders domestic and foreign—and similarly maintained in the despotic nationalist socialisms of the East. We Americans, we Englishmen, we Westerners, live in and on and for an economic order that is so innately unjust and inhuman that it is ideologically, not to say religiously, indefensible against the most elementary of its critics. Its only argument against the hostile social organisation that overspreads the earth is that most desperate and unpersuasive of arguments: tu quoque. (thou, also).

We are at once confronted, then, with the axiom buried in the term “alternatives.” To say that we seek an alternative to the present society is to proclaim ourselves revolutionaries root and branch. Do we mean to be? Do we want to be? By and large we Quakers are the servitors and stewards of the present society. More or less boldly, more or less guiltily, we batten on its evils and perpetuate them, accepting from it an occasional privilege (a privilege, mind you) such as our exemption from bearing arms as long as our number is inconsequential. We are not bad men and women—only good Englishmen and Americans, good middle-class, grubbing, dues-paying Englishmen and Americans. How badly do we want to change the present society root and branch? How wholeheartedly could we want to change if we would? Our habituation disheartens our intentions. Each of us is the omnibus upon which our ancestors ride—Nelson and Churchill on you, Washington and Roosevelt on me.

Our Quaker forebears were revolutionaries. Being Quakers they had no choice. They were not bad Englishmen. They were not good Americans. It would have been ridiculous to suggest that one of them might ever be his country's chief executive. It is ridiculous no longer. We are comfortable Quakers, relevant Quakers, and we have been for a long time inextricably involved in the institutions of the present society. I address myself here not to our dreams nor to our honest intentions or our honest professions. I address myself, rather, to the naked condition of our social relationship. How badly can people like us—people like me—want a root and branch alternative?

The alternative we seek here as revolutionaries, is, we say, a peaceful alternative. And here, I suggest, is the last and, for us Quakers, the most cataclysmic of the buried axioms in the theme of this Conference.

Agreed: if the present society rests upon war, an alternative to it would be peaceful. Georges Clemenceau's dictum that war is not the worst of evils but the cause of all others, requires modification now. War was once an inexpensive sport with relatively insignificant consequences to the human lot in general. It consumed a few thousand— or a few hundred thousand—men and a few hundred thousand barrels of gunpowder and a few hundred thousand tons of iron. It was fought, like all respectable sports, on a field of limited dimensions. Today it consumes almost all of our substance. It may not be the worst of evils or the cause of all the others, but it has long since become the preventive of alleviation of starvation itself. These are platitudes, commonplace platitudes. Just as commonplace and platitudinous is the recognition that the prevention of war is the precondition of any real effectiveness whatever in any other area of social concern. We Quakers are not moved in the first instance by the consideration of effectiveness, as if we should lay down a program that was right but ineffective or embrace one that was effective and wrong; but neither do we exercise our energies without the wish that others, more influential, will join their energies to ours.

So the peaceful alternative (and its unremitting evangelicalism) is the only alternative. Nothing in Quakerism comes closer to being a social gospel than the abjuration of violence. Who has a more relentless commitment to the peaceable kingdom than we? But who among us would say that our commitment is as clear, not just to the world, but among ourselves, as it once was? The whole world groaneth in travail until now. The whole world is a mission. But who shall be the missionaries?

George Gorman, in his forthright booklet, *Introducing Quakers*, informs the reader that “Friends are not always able to agree on the ways in which their concern for peace can be implemented. Some Friends would accept the idea of an international “police force” while others would reject this as a denial of their witness for peace.” It is hard for an American Quaker to forget that his government designated Korea as a “U.N. police action.” It may be equally hard for a British Quaker to forget the words of Chesterton: “I am a walking civil war.”

If the voice of 1661, our testimony to the whole world, is the voice of Quakerism, are we not a backslidden Society? Until our eye is single,—turned not today to the Cross, tomorrow to the powers of this world, how shall we see, much less show, the peaceable alternative to the present society? How much less can we do in behalf of that alternative than constitute ourselves, first of all, a mission to the Religious Society of Friends—a mission, in a word, to our own hearts?

The peaceable alternative has never been further from probability than it is now. I am told that your speaker last year said that the only way to educate people for peace was to bring them up in a peaceful society. The circularity of this proposition is as plain to us as it was, I am sure, to the speaker. The circle has got to be broken into, the irresistible logic resisted. There is no other way, for it is still true, as was said long ago, that states are not made of oak and rock but of men, and as the men are so will the states be. Nothing less than an act of faith is wanted to resist the irresistible logic—the faith that says, “And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men after me.”

Erasmus insists that man learns at the school of example and will attend no other. We are all—nolens volens—exemplars. I am an exemplar. How shall I be lifted up? What can a man do, whose faith discourteousnesses the bootstrap...
operation? The princes of this world have shown themselves powerless. They have not been able to disarm the world by so much as one man; but I, if I be lifted up, can disarm the world by so much as one man.

Operation Bootstraps has come to a dead end, a dead and murderous end. We may repair, at its end, to the nature of the fallen angel, neither beast nor god but in potentiality both. Paul's New Man in Christ was still a man, a man whose unbelief was healed. Now we hear the challenge of old: "Where are thy gods that thou hast made thee? Let them arise if they can save thee." Now we hear the olden explosion of all our wisdom: "And the vision of all is become unto you as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee: and he saith, I can not; for it is sealed: and the book is delivered to him that is not learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee: and he saith, I am not learned."

Our faith is not blind. It is illuminated at every step by an inward light and marked again and again in all of history. If there was, not one Christ, but one Socrates, one Woolman, one Gandhi, then it is within the nature of man, neither beast nor god, to become a Socrates, a Woolman, a Gandhi.

So we go about our work, knowing that our work is ourselves; knowing that the social revolution will be a moral revolution or it will not be at all; knowing that it is not necessary to hope in order to undertake, nor to succeed in order to persevere; knowing that His hand is stretched out to us still.

I think that this is my burden, imposed upon me by the buried axioms of the theme of this Conference. I know, at sixty five, that my little life has flown willfully away while I hung on to its tail feathers. I am not a good Quaker, and I never have been. I am a chipped and crumbling pillar of the present society, and for all my fine talk my Quakerism is not my life but an ornament of it. I exert myself sporadically in behalf of the witness that joins us, and, as the years pile their corruption on me and increase my meanness and my peevishness and my timidity and my conformity and my infirmity, I exert myself ever more painfully.

For all my fine talk, and for all my few deeds, I shall leave the world a worse place than I found it. I can not now help pondering that I may have been sent not to change the world but to try to keep the world from changing me. I can not help pondering the centrality of the Scripture that the peaceful alternative is not as the world giveth. I can not help pondering the three strangest words ever addressed to the sons and daughters of Adam: "Be ye perfect."

I am surely no better a man today than I was ten years ago or twenty, but a worse; not a more cheerful man but a less. A settled wistfulness at once informs and disqualifies my standing here. But I once heard a man (a mere man; neither a god nor a beast) say, "If I can not love Hitler, I can not love at all." And hearing him, I knew what it was to be a Friend. And knowing what it is to be a Friend, I do not despair, even now, of myself or of all men. Knowing what it is to be a Friend, I do not despair, even now, of a peaceful alternative to the present society.

Milton Mayer is a self-described "unemployed" newspaper man who manages to keep himself busy writing for such publications as The Progressive, The New Republic and Center Magazine published by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. This article is a speech he gave at a conference of the British Friends Peace and International Relations Committee.

Photograph by John Taylor
LAST CHRISTMAS-SHOPPING SEASON (which runs, including exchanges, from the Thanksgiving Pepto-bismol to the New Year's Alka-seltzer) my wife and I went shopping for a jigsaw puzzle of Edward Hicks' "Peaceable Kingdom," which we had seen at the home of a friend.

The local department store had a few puzzles but they were all juveniles Humpty-Dumpty in seven pieces of cardboard and the like. My wife, all unwary of some recent devaluations of the English language, asked the clerk where we might find some adult puzzles. We were directed to an establishment at the other end of the (alas, no longer "penny") arcade, where we discovered the recommended firm-name displayed over a very dark, very cluttered, extremely odoriferous and slightly oversized closet.

They had puzzles, all right, but nothing resembling any peaceable kingdom I ever heard about. After a cursory examination of a box purporting to contain a life-size jigsaw of a nude young lady ($5 plus tax) I announced to my wife, in the loudest tones I could muster under the low ceiling and limited visibility, that "these are not adult puzzles; these are adolescent puzzles." Whereupon we departed the closet, pursued by vengeful mutton-chops and bell-bottoms breathing bayberry. Very, very carefully, we did not look back.

But this was to be only the beginning of my most recent identity crisis. A couple of weeks later, driving past the marquee of a pornographic movie house, I was assailed by a sign informing me that the performance inside was for the benefit of "Consenting Adults Only."

Stifling my fantasies of pitiful hordes of unconsenting adults, presumably aging-parent types like me, being dragged kicking and screaming through the turnstiles of some less responsible cinema, I drove sadly on to my Quaker committee meeting. If I could not consent to be an adult on society's terms, what would society consent to call me?

This is one of my perennial problems: every time I think I have figured out who and what I really am, some fast-buck operator in our society comes along and snatchers away my definition. Take "man," for another example. The knowledge that I had arrived at the age of manhood, as distinguished from youth, or adulthood, was a piece of self-identification to which I found it difficult to become accustomed, but gradually, over the years, I did come to accept it as one of the facts of my present existence.

Then along came Hollywood with a movie called "The D.I.," put together in a burst of patriotic fervor after a Marine Corps drill instructor had marched his exhausted rookie troops into a swamp and killed several of them. "The drill instructor," proclaimed the posters in front of the cinema near my place of employment, "takes your boys out of the Sunday School and makes them MEN" (those who survive, that is).

Well, I had never had much difficulty in making a choice between the Christian view of man that prevailed in my particular Sunday School, and the view of "man" that seems to pervade the USMC, but still, it made me a bit nervous. After all, I hadn't hit anybody smaller and more powerless than I since I was twelve years old, and that was in a YMCA camp, and I caught hell for it.

And now comes television, on which a young male person (blond hair, blue eyes, fingerprints native American but not quite like anybody else's) perches on a motorcycle while a slightly (ever so slightly) older male person purporting to be his father encourages him that he is "ready." Up the side of a conveniently adjacent mountain roars the young cyclist, to be rewarded at the top with a bowl of cold cereal (also conveniently adjacent), while the sound-track informs me that "he's ready for Wheaties; he knows he's a man." And there I sit, robbed of my manhood as well as my adulthood. I hate Wheaties and motorcycles, and most other cereals, sugarcoated or no. I quit eating them as soon as I left home. I don't even care much for granola.

I once had (or thought I had) occasion to rebuke an old friend and theological adversary with the charge that "In the beginning was the Word . . . and now you come along and say it means something different." It occurs to me that a society that allows important words like "adult" and "man" and "woman" to be defined by a bunch of fast-buck operators and hard-core grifters deserves everything it is going to get.

Christmas Lyric

A love so great
enshrined so small;
Infinity
in a cattle stall.

A babe's frail arms
to lift the earth;
Paradox
in a deathless birth.

Still wisdom kneels,
still angels sing;
Impoverished Prince,
we claim thee King.

R. B. CROWELL
How Chicken Little Brought the Christmas Message to Washington

by John Moses Pipkin

CHICKEN LITTLE (hereinafter referred to as C. L.) lived in a depressed area. He was the youngest of a large family and was forced to sleep in the same coop with a number of brothers and sisters and his grandmother, Henny Penny. Nearby lived a flock of turkeys, and in the forest lurked a very sly fox.

Most of the time C. L. went to bed hungry. But every now and then visitors from the Welfare came and brought popcorn treats and fresh newspapers for the floor of the coop. There were many strange pictures and large headlines on the papers, and sometimes Granny read to them about far away places, one of them a great city called Washington, D.C. where the President (Granny said he was like a king) lived. Nobody C. L. knew had ever been there, but C. L. dreamed of going there some day.

One day while C. L. was out dust-bathing in the sun, he grew drowsy and soon fell asleep and began to dream. In his dream he heard a great Voice saying, "Chicken Little, the sky is about to fall, and you must run to Washington and tell the President how to stop it and save the world."

"But I am only a little chicken," said C. L., "Nobody will believe me."

"Never mind," said the Voice, "you are the only one who will listen to me, and you must do it. I will help you."

"But I am only a little chicken," said C. L., "Nobody will believe me."

"Never mind," said the Voice, "you are the only one who will listen to me, and you must do it. I will help you."

"What shall I do?" he quavered.

"Go to Washington, and give my Message to the President," the Voice replied. "He can get it to the U.N. and all the TV networks, and they can beam it via satellite to all people everywhere. But hurry! The Message must be delivered on Christmas Eve. Go at once!"

C. L. woke with a start. The Voice had been so real, he could not believe he had been dreaming. Might the sky really be about to fall? It was a fearful thought. He must run and warn the world. He dashed to the coop, cheeping at the top of his lungs, "The sky is falling! I must run to Washington to tell the President!" Everyone laughed at him except Granny Henny Penny. She seemed to believe his story.

"You must go," she said firmly.

"But I don't even know the way," he objected. "I don't even know the last part of the Message. The Voice didn't tell me how to stop the sky from falling."

"Perhaps the Message will be given you," said Granny. "Just watch and listen, and don't be afraid to believe. I wish I could go with you."

C. L. set out early in the morning. He had no idea how to get to Washington. The flock of turkeys next door were being loaded onto a truck.

"Are you by chance going to Washington?" asked C. L.

"Yes," the turkeys replied, "but if you go with us to Washington, you must lose your head."

"No thanks," C. L. replied politely, taking a moment to wonder why going to Washington required one to lose his head.

Soon he met the sly fox.

"How do I get to Washington?" asked C. L.

"Are you sure you want to go there?" asked the fox. "I was there once myself, but the people were too sly for me. I had to leave town to save my skin. If you must go, try hitching a ride on one of the army planes at the base over beyond the forest."

C. L. soon came to a large field where planes landed and took off frequently. He ran quickly to a large plane where an important looking person in a uniform was just getting aboard, and slipped unnoticed up the steps and hid behind some baggage.

During the trip C. L. had time to think about the Voice and the Message and wonder again what could be done to stop the sky from falling. When the plane landed and the passengers had gone, he ran down the steps and streaked across the pavement to a waiting limousine and hid under the jump seat. They sped across town behind a screaming police escort and drew up at a large white house, guarded by a high fence and several armed men—and with a number of people marching about in front, carrying signs with large lettering on them.

Assuming this to be where the President lived, C. L. left the car and started toward what looked like the service entrance. But something about the marchers had stirred his curiosity—Granny had told him to keep his eyes and ears open. He was particularly curious about a small child who wore a wide ribbon with letters on it. Squeezing through the fence, C. L. ran up to a little girl and asked...
her what the letters said.

"Be kind and help one another," she replied softly.

C. L. could hardly restrain his triumph. He wanted to crow aloud that this was the Message. But first he must tell the President. He sped across the lawn and seizing his chance entered at the heels of a delivery boy. He kept on down the hall till he saw someone who looked like a housekeeper sitting at a desk. C. L. hopped up on the desk and cheeped breathlessly:

"I have an urgent message for the President. The sky is falling, and I must tell him how to stop it."

The housekeeper shook her head and rubbed her eyes in disbelief.

"This job must be getting to me worse than I thought," she mumbled.

"Come with me, Chicken."

C. L. followed her down the hall to a door leading to an outer office, behind which was a larger Oval Office.

"This chicken has a message for the President," she told the guard at the door.

"The President is at Camp David preparing a Christmas message for the nation, and his secretary is with him," the guard said. "But if the chicken wants to leave a message, he can record it." The guard showed C. L. how to operate the recorder.

C. L. thanked them and watched them go back to their duties. He was crushed. He had failed. What could he tell the Voice? If the sky fell, he would be to blame. Perhaps he should leave the Message. He pressed the record button and chirped slowly and distinctly:

"Mr. President, I am Chicken Little. I have been sent by the Voice to tell you to warn the people that 'The sky is about to fall, and the only way to prevent it is for people to be kind and help one another.' If you get this message in time, you must give it to the world on Christmas Eve."

C. L. turned off the machine and went out into the darkening city. As he crossed the street by the sign-carrying pickets, there was a sudden horn blast and screech of tires as a large black limousine ground to a stop.

"What's going on?" the President demanded.

"I thought I saw a small chicken dart in front of the car," the chauffeur said apologetically.

"Have the guard see to it later," ordered the President.

C. L. found himself fading in and out of consciousness. He hardly realized the guard was holding him in his hand and murmuring sympathetically. C. L. felt he must make one last try.

"The Message . . . on the tape . . . in the office," he gasped.

"Poor little chick. I wonder what he was trying to tell me," the guard mused. "At any rate, I'd better tell the President."

"What was it?" the President asked.

"A little yellow chick," the guard said in a puzzled manner. "He said he left an important message for you on the tape recorder."

"Oh, Miss Jones!" the President called. "Have you checked the machine for messages?"

"Yes Sir," she replied. "There was nothing but some strange chirping sounds. Must have been something wrong with the equipment. Merry Christmas! Mr. President."

"Merry Christmas! Miss Jones."

**EPILOGUE**

Stay in the forest, Chicken Little. Don't bother to run and tell the king the sky is falling. Kings think they hold it up by Divine Right or Executive Privilege. Kings also have a way of making messengers pay for bad tidings—stewing pots and roasting spits. Go tell it on the mountains to simple shepherd folk. They know how love, born gentle, grows great to keep the earth and sky and God and humans in place.

John Moses Pipkin is a member of New Garden Meeting in Greensboro, North Carolina; assistant professor of religion at Guilford College; and often-published poet and writer who "shudders to think what might happen if God didn't have a sense of humor."

The illustrations accompanying this article and on the cover are by Carol Ashton-Miller, a member of Abington Meeting in Pennsylvania, former staff person on the Friends Peace Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting and editor of its newsletter, and a graduate of Philadelphia College of Art.
A Holiday Recipe

How to Mix Joy and Revolution

by Richard K. Taylor

FRIENDS HAVE BEEN concerned for a long time about the commercialization and other desecrations of holidays such as Christmas and Thanksgiving. How can we observe them with integrity and meaning? Our celebration of Thanksgiving last year in the Life Center here in Philadelphia has given me some thoughts on how to “capture” holidays and imbue them with our own meaning. And it has made me think about the place of joyous celebration in all our work for a better society.

Steve and I had been asked by our communal household of nine to plan how we might celebrate Thanksgiving together. Procrastinators that we sometimes are, we didn’t put our heads together until the delicious smells of Thanksgiving cooking were already wafting into my upstairs study. We stared at each other.

“Do you have any ideas?”

“No. Do you?”

“No. And I feel ambivalent about celebrating Thanksgiving anyway. What are we rejoicing in? Europe’s conquest of the American Indian?”

“I feel the same way. But maybe there’s some way we can grab hold of the day for ourselves and make it meaningful. Let’s see if we can list some possibilities.”

Before many ideas had appeared on our sheet of paper, the strains of a violin drifted into the room.

“Hey, that’s Mary Alice’s friend, Jerry. He plays a mean fiddle. Do you think…?” One thought fed another, and soon ideas for a fine celebration took shape.

At one o’clock, we gathered in a circle around our dining room table. Jerry, standing to one side, struck up a lively tune. Mary Alice asked us to hold hands, then led us in a spirited circle dance around the table, with appropriate “Swing your partners” and “Grand right and lefts.”

We ate buffet-style on the floor of our large living room. After dessert, my guitar and Mary Alice’s banjo were added to the fiddle, and we sang from the Life Center song sheet. Then came the real fun.

We frolicked outside into the still-warm November weather, and bounded over to “Villa Villa Koula,” the nearest of the twelve communal households that make up “The Philadelphia Life Center.” We burst in on their Thanksgiving like a surprise attack, violin, guitar and banjo blazing. In a second, both extended families were dancing all over the living room.

Then it was outside again, and over to the “Nashville Hardwood Flooring Company,” another Life Center household. Exuberantly skipping and singing down the city streets, we drew many a surprised look from motorists and shoppers.

The Nashville folk heard us coming and met us on the sidewalk, feet already tapping. P. J. Hoffman, our best musician and song-writer, added volume and sparkle to the music with his guitar. Sue Gowan (who would soon be off to a Farm Workers’ demonstration) locked arms and swung the bicyclist, who had parked and joined us.

Now numbering twenty or so, we headed jauntily for “Hodakka,” the Life Center house that backs up on our central property, called “Stone House.” The latter, a large, castle-like affair, contains a medical clinic, a low-cost dental office, a library, a food coop, and a community of seven adults and three children.

Junco, one of our Japanese exchange people, here for a year of training in nonviolent movement-building, helped bring cider and cookies to Hodakka’s porch. Jim Best revealed hidden talents and startled us with his versatility on Jerry’s violin.

“Hey, how about a Virginia Reel, right here on the sidewalk?” someone shouted.

Jerry tore into a chorus of “The Arkansas Traveller,” lines were formed, and passers-by on the busy street saw a mountain hoe-down suddenly blossom in the city’s midst. Neighborhood children ran to join the lines. Almost an hour passed before everyone had spun, slapped, bounced and doey-doed their way between the laughing, shouting, clapping rows. There were long shadows on the ground and a November nip in the air before we finished.

How does such joyous celebration fit in with our goal of fundamental social change through nonviolent direct action, communal living, and building alternative institutions.

Life Center people originally came together, three years ago, to set up communities to support a nonviolent movement for peace and justice. We’ve since established the dozen or more communal houses in West Philadelphia, helped to form a nation-wide network of activists called “the Movement for a New Society,” paddled canoes in front of Vietnam-bound ammunition ships and freighters carrying arms to Pakistan, set up nonviolent training programs and “macro-analysis” seminars, and helped organize blocks of neighbors in our high-crime area to deal with health emergencies and to find nonviolent means of combating robberies, muggings and rapes.

But who would have thought that the “serious” task of revolutionary change would also involve buoyant musicals, rollicksome touch football and soccer games, carefree communal canoe trips, happy potlucks with Life Center people from 3 years old to 63 participating? And who would have imagined that our sense of celebration would be so great that it would burst into a Virginia Reel on a bustling city street?

Revolution through joy? Well, at least revolution with joy.

December 15, 1974 FRIENDS JOURNAL
TO PASS THROUGH a series of hardships and to languish under oppression brings people to a certain knowledge of these things. To enforce the duty of tenderness to the poor, the inspired Lawgiver referred the children of Israel to their own past experience: "Ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt" [Ex. 23:9]. He who hath been a stranger amongst unkind people or under their government who were hard-hearted, knows how it feels; but a person who hath never felt the weight of misapplied power comes not to this knowledge but by an inward tenderness, in which the heart is prepared to sympathy with others.

We may reflect on the condition of a poor, innocent man, who by his labour contributes toward supporting one of his own species more wealthy than himself, on whom the rich man from a desire after wealth and luxuries lays heavy burdens. When this labourer looks over the means of his heavy load, and considers that this great toil and fatigue is laid on him to support that which hath no foundation in pure wisdom, we may well suppose that there ariseth an un easiness in his mind toward those who might without any inconvenience deal more favourably with him. When he considers that by his industry his fellow creature is benefited, and sees that this man who hath much wealth is not satisfied with being supported in a plain way—but to gratify a wrong desire and conform to wrong customs, increaseth to an extreme the labours of those who occupy his estate—we may reasonably judge that he will think himself unkindly used.

When he considers that the proceedings of the wealthy are agreeable to the customs of the times, and sees no means of redress in this world, how would the inward sighing of an innocent person ascend to the throne of that great, good Being, who created us all and hath a constant care over his creatures. By candidly considering these things, we may have some sense of the condition of innocent people overloaded by the wealthy. But he who toils one year after another to furnish others with wealth and superfluities, who labours and thinks, and thinks and labours, till by overmuch labour he is wearied and
Do we know the hearts of our strangers?
oppressed, such an one understands the meaning of that language: "Ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt."

As many at this day who know not the heart of a stranger indulge themselves in ways of life which occasions more labour in the world than Infinite Goodness intends for man, and yet are compassionate toward such in distress who comes directly under their observation, were these to change circumstances a while with some who labour for them, were they to pass regularly through the means of knowing the heart of a stranger and come to a feeling knowledge of the straits and hardships which many poor, innocent people pass through in a hidden obscure life, were these who now fare sumptuously every day to act the other part of the scene till seven times had passed over them, and return again to their former estate, I believe many of them would embrace a way of life less expensive and lighten the heavy burdens of some who now labour out of their sight to support them and pass through straits with which they are but little acquainted.

To see our fellow creatures under difficulties to which we are in no degree accessory tends to awaken tenderness in the minds of all reasonable people, but if we consider the condition of such who are depressed in answering our demands, who labour out of our sight and are often toiling for us while we pass our time in fullness, if we consider that much less than we demand would supply us with all things really needful, what heart will not relent, or what reasonable man can refrain from mitigating that grief which he himself is the cause of, when he may do it without inconvenience? I shall conclude with the words of Ezekiel the prophet (Chap. 34, verse 18), "Seemeth it a small . . ." etc. ["thing unto you to have eaten up the poor pasture, but ye must tread down with your feet the residue of your pastures?"]

The photograph on the centerspread is by Erica Linton, co-director of the Friends Center in Delhi, India. She took this photograph of a Pakistani refugee in a camp in India during the rebellion in 1971. Dave Bates and Terry Foss reproduced the photograph.
Friends Around the World

Minneapolis

Peace Puzzle

WE SPENT A FEW sleepless nights and decided to do something with what we are calling the "PEACE PUZZLE." And it is a puzzle, just as Peace on Earth is a puzzle. One person in 25 is able to solve it alone, but with the help of instructions it's as easy as tying your shoe laces. Solving the "PEACE PUZZLE" graphically illustrates that communication between opposites, separated by barriers of bigotry, hate, or indifference is possible. It does what Edwin Markham's poem suggests doing ...

He drew a circle that shut me out
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But LOVE and I had the wit to win
We drew a circle that took him in.

The materials to make the "PEACE PUZZLE" cost us only a dime, but it takes a half hour to make one. We'll be happy to send you one for $2; three for $5; or a dozen for $15. Harvey and Vicki Borowski, c/o Peace On Earth Anonymous, 3208 Humboldt Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn. 55408.

Virginia

Friends Conference

FRIENDS FROM VIRGINIA, meeting at Camp Tapawingo, near Manassas, Virginia, October 11-13, agreed that the All-Virginia Friends Conference change its name to the Virginia Friends Conference and name representatives of the Society of Friends to various ecumenical bodies in Virginia. Jay Worrall of Charlottesville was confirmed as the representative to the Virginia Council of Churches.

Efforts will be mounted for visitation to all Friends' Meetings in Virginia to urge their participation in the support of such ecumenical movements, which also include the Council of Church Women and the Chaplaincy Service working with prisons. Hope was expressed that members of the various Yearly Meetings might join in a conference on spiritual values along the lines of national Faith and Life Conferences.

The Conference also welcomes participation of Friends living in Virginia and not currently attending any meeting. For information communicate with Evelyn Bradshaw, 1752 Byron Street, Alexandria, Virginia 22303.

Indianapolis

"But There Is Love"

TO CULMINATE four years of dialogue on the essentials of Quakerism, more than one hundred Friends from thirty-two yearly meetings who not only represented but epitomized the differences that exist within the Religious Society of Friends in the Western hemisphere met in Indianapolis October 13-14.

When their two days of plenary presentations, small group discussions and mutual exchanges on the questions of Quaker understanding of Christ and of authority had ended, the differences had not been bridged or eliminated. But there had been an experience of communion together that strengthened what one participant described as "the inspiration, the spirit behind it all."

"Let's keep communion even while we're searching for communication," Jack Willcuts of the Evangelical Friends Alliance said at the closing meal. Conferences were in agreement that the Faith and Life movement that had brought Friends together in Indianapolis, and had earlier produced eight regional conferences and the historic St. Louis conference in 1970, was indeed worth continuing. The Friends World Committee for Consultation, Americas Section, will continue to serve as facilitator through its Faith and Life Central Planning Committee.

The Indianapolis conference included major presentations by John McCandless of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting on the question of Quaker understanding of Christ and by Milo Ross of Northwest Yearly Meeting on the question of Quaker understanding of authority. The presentations had been precede by publication of papers on Christ and Quakerism written by Ferner Nuhn of Pacific Yearly Meeting; Verlin Hinshaw of Kansas Yearly Meeting, and Francis Hall of New York Yearly Meeting; and on Quakerism and authority, written by Dean Freiday of New York Yearly Meeting and Arthur O. Roberts of Northwest Yearly Meeting.

papers had been distributed in a booklet prior to the conference, and all five responded to the particular presentation in Indianapolis on which they had written.

After each presentation and series of responses, the conference divided into seven groups to discuss in more detail the points raised in the papers and to share their experiences on these two key questions. It was at this experiential level that some participants reported they "began to sense the potential, even unclearly and hesitantly for some, that Christ's spirit can and does live and move and potentially has its being within and among us." On this point, John McCandless earlier had said he suspected the "experience of Christ is always unified; it is only the explanations that are not," and suggested that rather than divisions being caused when Friends "lost sight of the difference between the 'Christ within' and historical Jesus," it seems more plausible to contend exactly the opposite: that factions arose when those who had not shared in the original unified experience tried to adapt its content and language to the necessities of rationalistic logic.

"That can never be accomplished," John McCandless said; "because the total meaning of Jesus Christ can never be fully and adequately expressed . . . That is why we find ourselves constantly going back to the beginning of our tradition, in an attempt to find both the reality of the experience and its currently communicable language . . . Those who have experienced Christian faith most deeply have felt the assurance that at the core of all creation, and all meaning, what is being demonstrated is love and compassion and concern. And so, ultimately, what may be revealed is of less significance than who has been revealed: God has revealed himself."

Dale Brown, a Brethren minister who listened along with Jack Willcuts to all the conference proceedings and then reported at the closing supper, brought laughs from the audience when he said that if God through Christ can find someone like John, living as he does near Philadelphia, He can do anything! Dale Brown also said that what Milo Ross had called the "Quaker troika of authority: Jesus Christ, the Holy Scriptures and human experience" corre-
sponsored with the belief of his own church. And he said it was wonderful to see "Quakers who have taught the world so much about reconciliation and loving your enemies" actually practicing what they preach and trying to love their own enemies—other Quakers!

"There isn't agreement among you, but there is love," Dale Brown said.

New York

Historical Drama

THE EARTH is the Lord's—not the landlord's!—That is the theme of a play written by Walter Ludwig, clerk of New York Yearly Meeting's Legislative Committee and member of Scarsdale Meeting and described as being "rooted in New York history, abounding in rollicking songs... contagious gusto, reprieve from hanging and dramatic rent victories of 1766, 1846 and 1974. Its timely social message is handled with power, authority and humor."

Howard and Lenore Henderson are convinced that it has the potential for N.E.T. television and want Friends everywhere to know that copies are available for $1 postpaid cash or check, payable to Goddard-Riverside Community Center, 161 West 87th Street, New York, NY 10024.

News Notes

VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE, of a new publication, FRIENDLY WOMAN, has appeared. It is a newsletter of, by and for "the community of like-minded individuals who share concerns of and who feel a need to be in touch with other Quaker women."

The first issue contains articles on a Quaker woman's approach to self-defense against rape and on some of the problems facing Meetings in today's diverse society and how we still might be able to grow closer to each other despite ourselves. A bibliography on Quaker women and a few short news items also are included. Subscriptions are available at $3 per year from Friendly Woman, 530 Holly Ave., St. Paul, MN 55102.

THE AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE's Materials Aids operation shipped more than 65 tons of clothing, shoes, textiles, soap and school, sewing and medical supplies during the past year. The bulk of the material, 131,857 pounds, went to the Gaza area of Israel. Other significant events during the past year were the retirement of Dora Preston after serving the program for thirty-seven consecutive years, and the successful move and operation at the new warehouse location, 1515 Cherry Street in Philadelphia.

"In a year of deepening recession here in the United States, it is inspiring," the annual reported noted, "that there has been no recession in the labors of the sewing groups... as well as individuals working alone at home, (who) send in regularly tons of sturdy, attractive handmade clothing."

The report added that four new sewing groups were formed during the year in Florida, Ohio, Maryland and Delaware.

THE FRIENDS COMMITTEE on National Legislation is seeking someone to be a special "Friend in Washington" to lobby for Native Americans. Funding has been obtained for this one-year program that was suggested by members of Nebraska Yearly Meeting and for which they contributed $5,000. Interested persons should write or call Nick Block, FCNL, 245 Second St., N.E. Washington 20002.
Announcements

Births

BRUNNER—On September 20, JENNIFER LYNN BRUNNER to Joseph H. and Eileen T. Brunner. The father and paternal grandparents, Robert and Elizabeth Brunner, are members of North Branch (PA) Meeting.

WALLACE—On April 7, REBECCA Carol WALLACE to James Darrel and Carol Nicholson Wallace of Bryn Mawr, PA. Carol, as well as her parents, Francis T. and Jean Michener Nicholson, are members of Lansdowne (PA) Meeting.

Marriages

BUJOLD-KLABER—DOROTHY ANN KLABER and LANCE JAMES BUJOLD were married in the First Unitarian Church of Duluth with, as officiants, the Roman Catholic chaplain of the University of Minnesota-Duluth and the former ministering secretary of Minneapolis Friends Meeting. The marriage ceremony was marked by simplicity and included a period of silent meditation. The bride is an associate member and her parents, Margot and Donald Klaber, are members of Twin Cities Friends Meeting, St. Paul, MN.

JACOSKI-VAN ARKEL—On November 17, 1973, in an ecumenical service in Great Meadows, NJ, GRETCHEN VAN ARKEL and ROBERT JACOSKI. Gretchen and her family are members of Norristown (PA) Meeting.

NURKSE-PENNELL—On June 22, FRANCIS ELIZABETH FENNEL and PETER DAVID NURKSE, under the care of the Santa Cruz (CA) Meeting, at Quaker Center, Ben Lomond. Frances and her mother are members of the Santa Cruz Meeting.

ROBINSON-CARLSON—On September 7, BEATRICE BARCLAY CARLSON and JAMES ADAMS ROBINSON, in Montclair, NJ, under the care of North Branch Meeting, Forty-Fort, PA. James and his parents are members of North Branch Meeting.

WELSH-BEIDLER—On October 5, at Seatauket, NY, after the manner of Friends, ANNE MORRISON BEIDLER and ROBERT FORD WELSH. Anne is a member and Bob is an attender at Friendsship Friends Meeting, Guilford College, Greensboro, NC.

WOLF-VAN ARKEL—On May 25, 1974, under the care of Norristown (PA) Meeting, at the family garden in Great Meadows, NJ, BETSY VAN ARKEL and DENNIS WOLF. Betsy and her family are members of Norristown (PA) Meeting.

Deaths

COX—On August 25, in Baltimore, ESTHER LAMB COX, aged 102. A memorial service was held at Stony Run Meeting, of which she had been a member. She graduated from Swarthmore College in 1894 and then studied at Oxford, England. She is survived by a nephew, Robert O. Cox, a niece, Elizabeth C. Schmidt, a first cousin, Emerson Lamb, and many greatnieces and great-nephews.

MORRIS—On May 11, DORRANCE NEWBOLD MORRIS in Bristol, PA, aged 67. He is survived by his wife Anna-Gray Lamb, and many cousins and great-nephews.

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Letters to the Editor

Dependency on Spouses

RETURNING FROM AN extended vacation, I have just read the article, “Meeting and the Single Woman, (FJ 7/1-15)” I was sorry to see the issue dealt with on the basis of doing things for the single woman—helping to structure her life, making her feel accepted, included, etc.—laudable as such accomplishments might be. I couldn’t help thinking: How much better if all people could realize that they themselves are single human beings (regardless of their accidental marital state) and that they have developed very poorly if they consciously or unconsciously relate to one another according to stereotypes—by discriminating race-wise, sex-wise, age-wise, marital status-wise, political party-wise, or any other-wise—instead of relating as persons who feel themselves present in everyone they meet. In the August 1974 issue of Psychology Today there is an interesting article entitled, “Interpersonal heroin—love can be an addiction,” which contains the statement, “. . . heroin users . . . are not a race apart. Dependency on drugs is akin to middle-class dependency on spouses.”

OLGA M. WAGBO
Grand Rapids, Ml

Amnesty and the Prodigal Son

A PARALLEL recently was drawn (FJ 7/1-15) between the U.S. war resisters in Canada and the Prodigal Son story of the Bible. Knowing many of these young men, I find the parallel inappropriate since the Prodigal Son, according to Luke 15:13, “wasted his substance in riotous living.” Such behaviour implies that repentance was in order as a first step to being forgiven.

But the young men who chose Canada as their future home rather than serve in an army which was being used as an instrument of aggression are by no means ne’er-do-wells and wastrels. One finds them performing creditably in every walk of Canadian life—teaching, working in libraries, clinics, factories, and scientific laboratories, even some occupying Canadian pulpits.

In general, these young men are above average in character, intelligence, and initiative. They are accepted and respected by their Canadian neighbors. Many have become Canadian citizens, and are grateful for the opportunity to live in a society which is more law-abiding and less militaristic than the one they left.

Americans have been taught to respect, almost revere, the Pilgrim Fathers. It is time they began to appreciate their Pilgrim Sons, who, in leaving home to bear witness against war, have acted in accordance with a very old Christian tradition.

Insisting that they express remorse or pay some kind of a token penalty to secure amnesty is asking them to recant. That is the demand militarists have always made of pacifists, from the days of the Roman empire. Let us expect repentance from those who have committed crimes against humanity, not from those who refused to be accomplices.

BONNIE DAY
Kitchener, Ont.

Irresistible Power

RECENT EVENTS in Washington leading to the resignation of R. M. Nixon prove that the American people have irresistible power under our Constitution if we have the will to use it . . . I suggest that once again the genuine aspirations of the American people must be made known to our representatives in Congress and that we demand full details of prospective foreign aid appropriations before any programs anywhere in the world are funded. For it is our representatives, dear Friends, who provide the funds for our government to supply arms that enable warring factions and dictators to continue their breach of the peace. We know that those funds come from you and me, and that we are entitled to know in advance their intended use. Let us act to find out.

JULIUS F. SACHSE
Centerville, MA

The Leading and the Light

LET BOB MARTIN (FJ 10/1), forget about the masochistic surrender, theology, psychology, sociology and philosophy of religion and trust the Light within which led him to the nightmare of suffering.

That it was a true leading is evident in the fact that his ordeal did arouse public indignation against a vile system, and further that he was led to refuse to prosecute either inmates or officials. If there had been a trace of masochism in his makeup, he would have welcomed that trial.

For those who like that kind of thing, any act at all can be talked and analyzed into dust. Bob doesn’t know and may never know what results can come from this series of events. He doesn’t need to know. He did his part.

“What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?”

VIRGINIA NEFF
San Francisco

Loving Personal Relations

QUAKERISM, SEX, AND THE EMPEROR’S NEW CLOTHES (FJ 9/1) asks some relevant questions and probably could have asked many more. But I disagree with the tone in which they are asked, and I think William Edgerton’s personal position is too undiscriminating.

Take the statement: “in my benighted vocabulary sex with people—plural—is called lechery.” Is it really helpful to lump together under one condemning label such altogether different practices as polygamy, serial marriage, less formalized but yet deeply involving relationships, more casual relationships, and out and out promiscuousness—all of them “plural”? Is that “calling a spade a spade”?

The article also seems to lump together Friends who seek new attitudes toward sex with advocates of the “Playboy philosophy.” It assumes that “liberals” might be inclined to be permissive even to the point of acceptance of prostitution and wife swapping. But Quaker sexual radicals are most unlike-

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ly to advocate those practices, for they presuppose a mind-set that is very exploitative of women (regarded purely as sex objects—it is that state of mind that defines "latchery" to me, not a structural criterion such as "plural sex"). Why is the article fighting straw men, especially scandalized by a madam in literature rather than after reading their account of him, as a killer trade. Give it to them very straight.

One thing seems sure: this hard line we have been pursuing for so many years has cost us our shirts and the lives of too many of our friends, to say nothing of our own. Some have called it murder; we just say "it's spinach—and to hell with it." Why wait for all of Europe to turn Red? Hasn't the time come for us to convince a tired old world there really isn't any dolce vita anymore, only hard work and less government, where socialism of any sort borders on the likeness to just a little pregnancy?

JOE LUCAS
Cocoa Beach, FL

Rathole Diplomacy

THERE IS ONE BIG WAY to reduce inflation that has not even been mentioned by the professionals. It involves a major change in our foreign policy... One way we can go is via Senator Jackson and the military, but more so. We could invest in a steel wall around the world just as China did, and France with her Maginot Line, both of them fascist. Most of us, we believe sincerely, would rather bust inflation than to see our money continuing to go down Jackson's rathole—and take our chances with the great Red Russian industrial machine.

Busting out of our good old rathole diplomacy may not prove as unthinkable as we have become accustomed to believe. Suppose, for example, we chose to allocate (for 1976) 10 percent of what is up for guns for some good old-fashioned Free World communication; for 1977, 20 percent and so on, at the same time reducing the principal amount by five or ten percent each year? Use this money to blast forth the unvarnished facts about the way folks under communism all around the world are faring under the Red utopia. In short, explode the marbles of Marx while we withdraw gradually from the killer trade. Give it to them very straight.

One thing seems sure: this hard line we have been pursuing for so many years has cost us our shirts and the lives of too many of our friends, to say nothing of our own. Some have called it murder; we just say "it's spinach—and to hell with it." Why wait for all of Europe to turn Red? Hasn't the time come for us to convince a tired old world there really isn't any dolce vita anymore, only hard work and less government, where socialism of any sort borders on the likeness to just a little pregnancy?

JOE LUCAS
Cocoa Beach, FL
Reviews of Books


CAN FRIENDS LEARN ANY important lessons from meditative techniques? Would we all profit by carrying back into the meetinghouse those old hard-seated, straight-backed benches? What about mudras (symbolic hand positions) or even obeisances and the like in Quaker worship? Unthinkable or helpful? To be encouraged or eldered? Can one employ a meditative technique for the sake of its psychological benefits, yet discard the philosophy out of which it grows?

Scott Crom's pamphlet addresses itself to such questions as these and makes an honest attempt to answer them. Most valuable, of course, are the observations growing out of the author's own personal experience. Here, what he calls "The Way of Awareness," together with the explanation of its three phases and, in the final chapter, of its possible application to Quaker worship seems to this reviewer to be the most helpful part of the booklet. Not the least interesting feature of this little study are the simpatico illustrations drawn from every day experience.

M. C. MORRIS


IT IS TEMPTING to dismiss this book as a tangled fabric of misconception, a journalist's immodest attempt at setting straight the whole historical record of the Christian establishment by means of modern detachment and knowledge. It would be easier to do so than to contend with it. Teachers, among others, know that it is much harder to identify and to correct the errors in a piece of work that seems to be all wrong than to point out mistakes, even major ones, when there seems to be some common ground between author and critic. It ought to be recognized, however, that the author is representative of an outlook and frame of mind shared by many of our intelligent and influential contemporaries, and that we ought to try to identify just what it is that we find unsatisfactory or lacking in the views put forward and defended in this book. We ought not to avoid this disputations dialogue, for we have much to learn from it.

We can see quite soon that the author's tone is resolutely disparaging as he attempts to reduce every inherited accretion to "plain facts." He speaks of the "obvious failures" of Jesus of Nazareth, whom he refers to most often as Rabbi Jesus, and whose intentions he maintains were "totally misunderstood." He claims that Rabbi Jesus "wanted no more than that his people—and no one else—should be 'redeemed' from the alien rule of the Roman." He writes: "We must remind ourselves over and over again that Paul was only a minor traveling preacher."

It is necessary for the author to insist on reducing the heroic figures of Christianity to ordinary proportions in order for him to support his main thesis. First, he seems not to make any distinction between Christianity as a set of powers experienced and convictions arrived at which constituted the emergence of a new, major, "axial" religion, on the one hand, and the Church, on the other, as the institution which formed itself around the emergent religion. And since he identifies Christianity wholly with the Church, he is bound to see its rise to influence as the result not of inward revelations but of the accidents, timely misunderstandings, happenstances of history, shaped by clever men for their own power and by sincere but ingenuous men because of their own psychological needs. Since we now can see what really happened, he suggests we face the fact that it is all over, and that we let go of Christianity in favor of the deep insights of Rabbi Jesus as to man's relationship to the God of the Jews.

It is possible for one who hasn't al-
read the subject in detail to learn a good deal of church history from this book, for Lehmann does have a clear grasp of what is recognized as the main outlines and is fair in presenting controversial aspects as in dispute. A great deal of his argument seems neither new nor necessary... so that in many Quaker circles we take it for granted that all of this has nothing to do with us.

Without finding and tracing our real relationships to these events in history and in thought, however our knowledge of ourselves as a religious society diminishes. Even the present experience we rely on can’t be understood in its full significance.

That significance includes the possibility that by the appearance of Christianity something was translated from a particular, limited application to a more nearly universal setting, and gained a higher level of power and significance as a result. It seems not to have occurred to Lehmann that the concepts of “incarnation,” “cross,” “resurrection” might not be misinterpretations clung to as excuses to power and authority, but might, instead, signal the entrance into history of a new perception of man in relation to time and cosmos.

One wonders how much we Quakers are aware of these possibilities. If we took time to pay more attention to the disillusioned forms in which the story of Christianity is being told nowadays, we might become aware of the weaknesses in our structures of thought, and might find the gaps in our awareness filling in with discoveries which would strengthen and surprise us. In such an exercise, Lehmann’s book is worthy of our attention.

EARL L. FOWLER

Conspiracy: The Implications of the Harrisburg Trial for the Democratic Tradition. Edited by JOHN C. RAINES. Harper & Row. 179 pages. $6.95

IN AN EFFORT TO ASSESS the real meaning and the implications for today’s society of the “Harrisburg Trial,” John C. Raines has drawn together an impressive and varied collection of viewpoints on the political, moral and legal issues raised by the trial.

Events leading up to the sensational federal trial of the six (and later eight) peace movement leaders is set forth in clear perspective by Robert McAfee Brown, noted peace activist and Protestant theologian.

Strong criticism of the actions of Daniel and Philip Berrigan, accused leaders of the “conspiracy,” is offered by Michael Novak, a leading Catholic writer and political activist, who accuses the two priests of being “politically misguided and morally romantic.”

Other contributors are Arthur Waskow, political scholar and writer, Robert Coles, psychiatrist, and Ronald Goldfarb and Burke Marshall, both former officials of the Justice Department.

John Raines has done a commendable job of drawing together these diverse viewpoints on a critical episode in our recent history which brings shame as well as fear to many of us who believe that human rights are basic to our American system of government. Even though Watergate has now enveloped the national scene, the lessons of Harrisburg should continue to disturb and to challenge us, whatever our political or religious persuasions.

WILLIAM BAGWELL


THE PRINCIPLE of Synchronicity, a deeply profound and complicated concept of C. G. Jung’s, has been skillfully interpreted by Ira Progoff, one of the leading interpreters of Jung’s work and known to many Friends through his Dialogue House Workshops and the use of the Intensive Journal for personal growth.

Jung recognized that some “coincidences” are meaningful—that some further principle of non-causal connection is operating beneath the surface. This principle he referred to as Synchronicity. Friends in various disciplines will find that they can apply the implications of this principle to their own areas of competence or interest.

The book describes Jung’s friendship with Albert Einstein and how as a result of discussions with Einstein he noticed a similarity between the atom and the human psyche. Jung saw the possibility of bringing forth energy from the depths of the psyche equivalent to that released by breaking the elemental unit of the atom.

Friends who have studied the work of Pierre Teilhard de Chardin will see a similarity between Teilhard’s concept of the Noosphere and Jung’s concept of Synchronicity. Those who have become experienced in using the I Ching will be especially interested in the chapter in which Progoff tells of his own personal experience of using the I Ching along with Jung, and how Synchronicity operates in the non-causal sense of patterning in ancient Chinese thinking.

The concept of Synchronicity also helps explain parapsychic events. As Progoff explains: ‘It is inherent in every process of nature, including the psyche, that the seed of each process contains an implicit foreknowledge of the goal toward which it is unfolding... It is experienced as an intimation of things to come.”

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### Meeting Announcements

#### Alaska
- **ANCHORAGE**—4600 Abbott Rd., 1 p.m., Sunday, unprogrammed worship. Phone: 344-3358 or 688-4194.
- **FAIRBANKS**—Unprogrammed worship. First-days, 9 a.m., Home Economics Lounge, Third Floor, Eielson Building, Univ. of Alaska. Phone: 479-6782.

#### Arizona
- **FLAGSTAFF**—Unprogrammed meeting, 11 a.m., 601 E. Cherry Ave., 774-4286.
- **PHOENIX**—Sundays: 10 a.m., adult study; 11 a.m., meeting for worship and First-day School. 702 E. Glendale Ave., Phoenix. Mary Lou Coppock, clerk, 1127 E. Belmont. Phone 944-8923.
- **TEMPE**—Unprogrammed worship, First-days, 9 a.m.; Garden Room, Brethren Manor, 3333 College Ave. Visitors call 753-5924.

#### California
- **BERKELEY**—Unprogrammed meeting. First-days 11 a.m., 2151 Vine St., 843-9725.
- **CLAREMONT**—Worship, 9:30 a.m. Classes for adults, 10 a.m. Visitors call 728-9408.
- **DAVIS**—Meetings for worship: 1st Day, 9:45 a.m.; 4th Day, 5:45 p.m., 345 L Street. Visitors call 264-1012.
- **FRESNO**—10 a.m., College Y Pax Dei Chapel, 2311 E. Shaw. 237-3089.
- **HAYWARD**—Worship 10 a.m. 22204 Woodrose St., 94541. Phone: (415) 651-1043.
- **LA JOLLA**—Meeting, 11 a.m., 7890 Eads Avenue. Visitors call 459-0500 or 459-0656.
- **LONG BEACH**—Meeting for worship, 10:00 a.m., Garden Room, Brethren Manor, 3333 Pacific. Call 424-1094 or 631-4056.

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### District of Columbia
- **WASHINGTON**—Meeting, Sunday, 11 a.m.; worship group, 9 a.m.; adult discussion, 10:15 a.m. Telephone, babysitting, 10 a.m.-12 noon; First-day School, 11 a.m.-12:30 p.m. 2111 Florida Ave. N.W., near Connecticut Ave.

### Connecticutt
- **HARTFORD**—Meeting and First-day School, 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m., 14 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford. Phone: 232-3631.
- **NEW HAVEN**—Meeting at 9:45 a.m. Conn. Hall, Yale Old Campus. Phone: 298-8259.
- **NEW LONDON**—522 Williams St. Worship, 10 a.m.; discussion, 11 a.m. 720 Williams St., New London 06320. Phone 442-7447.

### Colorado
- **BOULDER**—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. First-day School, 11 a.m., Margaret Ostrow, 116-8532.
- **DENVER**—Mountain View Friends Meeting, worship 10 to 11 a.m. Adult Forum 11 to 12, 2290 South Columbine Street. Phone: 722-4128.

### Delaware
- **CAMDEN**—2 miles south of Dover. Meeting and First-day School 11 a.m. 697-6101; 697-6642.
- **CENTREVILLE**—Center Meeting, one mile east of Route 30 at southern edge of town on Chestertown 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, 11:30 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**—Wilmington Meeting, 4th and West Streets, 10 a.m., worship and children’s First-day school; 11 a.m., adult First-day school and child care. Inquiries 652-4651 or 476-4056. Alapaca Meeting as Friends Meeting. 9:15 a.m., worship and child care; 10:15 a.m. First-day School. Inquiries 792-1689.

### England
- **WESTWOOD** (West Los Angeles)—Meeting, 11 a.m., University W.Y.W.C.A. 574 Hilgard (across from U.C.L.A. bus stop), 778-7899.
- **WHITTIER**—Whitleaf Monthly Meeting, Administration Building, 1200 E. Philadelphia. Worship, 9:30 a.m.; discussion, 658-7625.

### Canada
- **VICTORIA, B.C.**—Meeting for worship (unprogrammed), 11 a.m. 1031 Fern St.

### West Indies
- **JAMAICA**—Meeting at Negril, Ricks Avenue 18. Phone 944-3692.
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: 977-0457.
GAINESVILLE—1121 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. 690-2986.
MIAMI—Unprogrammed meetings for worship, 11 a.m., 1st and 3rd First Days each month. Call 777-6418 or 724-1162 for information.
MIAMI-CORAL GABLES—Meeting, 10 a.m., 1185 Sunset Road. Darden Asbury, clerk, 665-0630; AFSC Peace Board, 422-9116, for meeting information.
ORLANDO-WINTER PARK—Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 316 E. Marks Street, Orlando 28003. Phone: 843-2631.
Palm Beach—Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 823 North A, Lake Worth. Phone: 585-0860 or 484-3169.
SARASOTA—Music Room, College Hall, New College. Adult discussion, 10 a.m. Worship, 11 a.m. Mary Margaret McAdoo, clerk, 355-2962.
ST. PETERSBURG—Meeting 10:30 a.m. 19th Avenue, S.E.

Georgia
ATLANTA—Worship and First-day School, 10 a.m., 1301 Fairview Road, N.E., Atlanta 30306. Sue Kenworthy, Clerk, Phone: 286-1489; Fisher House. Telephone: 375-7986.
AUGUSTA—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10:30 a.m., 340 Telfair Street. Lester Bowles, clerk. Phone: 733-4220.

Hawaii
HONOLULU—Sundays, 2446 Oahu Avenue. 9:45, hymn singing; 10 worship and First-day School. Oddfellows inquiries welcomed. Phone: 368-2714.

Illinois
CARBONDALE—Unprogrammed worship, Sundays, 10 a.m. Phone 549-4010 or 497-8842.
CHICAGO—57th Street. Worship, 11 a.m., 5610 Woodlawn. Monthly meeting every first Friday, 7:30 p.m. Phone: BU 8-8366.
CHICAGO—Chicago Monthly Meeting, 10471 S. Artesian. HI 5-8456 or BE 5-2715. Worship 11 a.m.
CHICAGO—Northside (unprogrammed). Worship, 10 a.m. For information and meeting location, phone: 477-5600 or 884-1923.
CRETE—Thorn Creek meeting, (Chicago) south suburban 10:30. 706 Exchange. (312) 481-8066.
DECATOR—Worship 10 a.m. Phone Mildred G. Protzman, clerk, 422-9116, for meeting location.
DEKALB—Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 424 Normal Road. Phone: 775-2451 or 705-1895.
DOWNS GROVE—(west suburban Chicago)—Worship and First-day School 10:30 a.m., 4105 W. Clowes (north of Belmont, 1 block south of Maple), Phone: 968-3861 or 652-9651.
EVANSTON—1010 Greenleaf, UN 4-8511. Worship on First-day, 10 a.m.
LAKER FOREST—Worship 10:30 a.m. at Meeting House, West Old Elm and Ridge Roads. Mail: Box 95, Lake Forest, 60045. Phone: (312) 294-3355.

Kentucky
LEXINGTON—Unprogrammed worship and First-day School, 10 a.m., 2526 North Ave. Phone: 849-0433.
LOUISVILLE—Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m., Children's classes 11:00 a.m. 3050 Bon Air Avenue. Phone 462-6023. Phone 462-8812.

Louisiana
BATON ROUGE—Worship, 10 a.m., Wesley Foundation, 333 E. Chimes St. Clerk: Quentin A. L. Jenkins; telephone: 834-6019.
NEW ORLEANS—Worship and First-Day School, 10 a.m., Community Service Center, 4000 Magazine Street. Phone 985-3531 or 822-3411.

Maryland
ADELPHI—Near University of Maryland, 2903 Metzrot Road. First-day School, 10:30 a.m. Worship, 10 a.m. Deborah James, clerk. Phone: 432-9250.
ANNAPOLIS—Worship, 11 a.m., former St. Paul's Chapel, Rt. 178 (General's Hwy.) and Crownsville Rd. Crovemille, Md. Donald Sills, clerk, (301) 262-3581.
BALTIMORE—Worship 11 a.m.; Stone Run 5150 N.Charles St., 433-3773; Homewood 3107 N. Charles St. 226-4438.
BETHESDA—Sidwell Friends Lower School, Edgemoor Lane & Beverly Rd. Classes 10:15; worship 11 a.m. Phone: 332-1165.
COLUMBIA—A new meeting? 5 p.m. Phelps Luck North Clr., J. McAdoo, Ct., 536 Eilot Oak Rd. 21044. 596-5212.
EASTON—Third Haven Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m., 400 South Washington St. Frederick, Md. Donald Sills, clerk, (301) 262-3581.
LOVETT—Worship, 11 a.m.; Fellowship, 11 a.m.; meeting, 11 a.m. 20712 Chestnut Ave. Phone 203-9107.
SANDY SPRING—Meetinghouse Road, at Rte. 108. Worship and First-day, 11 a.m.; second Sundays, 9:30 only. Classes, 10:30.

Massachusetts
ACTON—Meeting for worship and First-day School, Sunday, 1:30 p.m. (Southwick, Mass.). Phone 265-9552.
AMHERST—NORTHAMPTON-GREENFIELD—Meeting for worship 11 a.m. First-day School 10:00 a.m. Mt. Holy Meetinghouse, Route 191, Greenfield. Phone 333-9477.
BOSTON—Worship 11:00 a.m.; fellowship 12:06. First-day, Beacon Hill Friends House, 4 Chestnut Street, Boston 62106. Phone: 227-2118.
CAMBRIDGE—5 Longfellow Park (near Harvard Square, just off Brattle Street). Two meetings for worship: first, 9:30 a.m. and 11 a.m. Telephone 876-3803.
FRAMINGHAM—841 Edmonds Rd. (2 mi. W. of Nobeoket) Worship 10:00 a.m. First-day School 10:45 a.m. Visitors welcome. Phone 877-9481.

December 15, 1974 FRIENDS JOURNAL
New Hampshire

Concord—Adult study and sharing, 9 a.m., worship, 10 a.m. Children welcomed and cared for. Merrimack Valley Day Care Center, 20 N. Fruit St. Phone: 926-3582.

Dover—Dober Preparatory Meeting—Worship 10:30 a.m. 141 Central Ave. Caroline Lanteri, clerk. Phone: (978) 439-0111.

Hanover—Meeting for worship, Sunday 10:45 a.m. Friends Meeting House, 29 Rope Ferry Road. Phone: 642-4138.

Peterborough—Meeting and First-day School same time. Library Hall, Peterborough. Enter off parking lot.

West Epping—Allowed meeting, Friends St. Worship 10:30, 1st and 3rd First Days. Call Patrick Jackson, 677-2625.

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 Ave., traveling east from route 9.

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

Crosswicks—Meeting and First-day School. 10:30 a.m.

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

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

Haddonfield—Friends and Lake St. Worship 10 a.m. First-day School follows, except summer. Babysitting provided during both. Phone: 426-5242 or 426-5186.

Moorstown—First-day School 10 a.m., meeting, 11:15 a.m. Route 38 at Mantua Circle.

Medford—Main St. First-day School 10 a.m. Meeting worship 10:45 a.m. Summer months—Union St.

Mickleton—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., First-day School, 11 a.m. Kings Highway, Mickleton, N.J. Phone: 463-9387 or 9360.

Montclair—Park Street and Gordonhurst Ave. Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m. except July & August, 10 a.m. 256-9345. Visitors welcome.

Moorestown—Main St. at Chester Ave. Sunday School 9:45 a.m. Oct. through May (except Dec. and March). Meeting School 9 a.m. (9:30 a.m. June through Sept.) and 11 a.m. Visitors welcome.

Mount Holly—High and Garden Streets, meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. Visitors welcome.

Mullica Hill—First-day school 10 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11 a.m., Main St., Mullica Hill, NJ.

New Brunswick—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., Quaker House, 33 Remsen Ave. Phone: (201) 669-4232.

Plainfield—Meeting for worship and First-day School 10:30 a.m. Watchung Ave. at E. Third St., 733-7170. Open Monday through Friday 11:30 a.m.-1:30 p.m.

Princeton—Meeting, 9:30 and 11 a.m. Summer, 9:30 only. First-day School, 11 a.m. Quaker House, 20 Mercer St.

Quakertown—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10:30 a.m. (201) 669-5564.

Rancocas—First-day School, 10 a.m.; meeting, 11 a.m.

Ridgefield—Meeting for worship and First-day School at 11:30 a.m. 547 Highwood Ave.

Salem—Meeting for worship. 11 a.m. First-day School 11:45 a.m. at Broadway, Salem.

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

Shrewsbury—First-day School, 10:30 a.m., meeting for worship, 11 a.m. First FIrst-day School, 11-5 a.m. Route 35 and Sassymore, Phone 671-3561 or 451-0567.

Summit—Meeting 1st worship, 11 a.m.; First-day School, 11:15 a.m. 15th 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 392-2532.
Ohio

CINCINNATI—Clifton Friends Meeting, 2717 Clifton Ave. Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Phone: 881-2929.

CINCINNATI—Community Meeting (United) FGC & FUM—Unprogrammed worship. 10 a.m. 3960 Winding Way, 45219. (513) 861-4263. Wilhelmina Branson, clerk. (513) 221-0858.

CLEVELAND—Meeting for worship and First-Day School, 11 a.m., 16916 Magnolia Dr. 216-722-0270.

CLEVELAND—Community Meeting, 7 p.m., at Friends School, Magnolia, University Circle Area, Elliott Cornell, Clerk. 932-9049 or 351-7455.

DELAWARE—at O.W.U. Phillips Hall, 11 a.m. Twice monthly unprogrammed meeting for worship. Contact Mary Lea Bailey, 381-4113 or Dottie Woldorf, 363-3701.

KENT—Meeting for worship and First-Day School, 10:30 a.m., 1185 Fairchild Ave. Phone: 672-5356.

N. COLUMBUS—Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m. 1914 Indiana Ave. Call Caphine Cross, 366-0407. Also unprogrammed meeting for First Day School, 9:30 a.m. Wes Ward, 466-0496.

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

TOLEDO—Allowed meeting, unprogrammed. Sundays, 10 a.m., The Ark (U. of Toledo). 2065 Brookside Rd. Information. David Taber, (419) 878-6641.

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

WILLIAMSPORT—Campus Meeting. (United) FUM & FGC. Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m., College Kelly Center. Esther L. Farquhar, clerk. (513) 383-6931.

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

FALLSINGTON (Bucks County)—Falls Meeting, 10 a.m. Meeting, Main St., First-Day School 10 a.m., meeting for worship 11. First-Day School on first First-Day of each month. Five miles from Pennsylvania, reconstructed manor home of Willy Westcoat.

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

GOSHEN—Goshenville, intersection of Rt. 322 and Paoli Pike. First-Day school, 10:30 a.m.; meeting for worship 11 a.m.

GWYNNEDD—Summertown Pike and Route 292. First-Day School, 10 a.m., except summer. Meeting for worship 9 a.m., and 11:15 a.m.

HARRISBURG—6th and Herr Sts, meeting for worship and First-Day School 10 a.m.; Adult Forum 11.

HARRISBURG—Capitol, between Lancaster Pike and Haverford Road. First-Day School and meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m., followed by Forum.

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

HORSHAM—Route 611, Horsham. First-Day School and meeting, 11 a.m.

LANCASTER—Off U.S. 422, back of Wheatland Shopping Center, 1 1/2 miles west of Lancaster Pike. First-Day School 10 a.m.

LANSDOWNE—Lansdowne and Stewart Aves., meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m., First-Day School 11 a.m.

LEHIGH VALLEY—On Route 422 one-half mile north of route 22. Meeting and First-Day School, 10 a.m.

LEWISBURG—Vaughn Literature Bldg, Library, Bucknell U. Worship, 11 a.m. Sundays, seven days a week. Clerk, Ruby E. Cooper, 717-533-0691.

MEDIA—313 West Third Street, Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

MEDIA—Providence Meeting, Providence Road, Media, 15 miles west of Palla., meeting for worship, 11 a.m.


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

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

MILLVILLE—Main Street. Worship, 10 a.m., First-Day School, 11 a.m. A. F. Sollenberger, 764-0271.

MURPHY AT PENNDALE—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Ann Kimura, Clerk. Phone: (717) 991-2450 or (717) 322-5496.

NEWTON—Bucks Co., near George School. Meeting, 11 a.m. First-Day School, 10 a.m. Monthly Meeting, first Fifth-Day 7:20 p.m.

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

PFAFF PHIA—Meetings, 10:30 a.m., unless specified; telephone (706) 6-4111 for information about First-Day Schools.

BYBERRY, one mile east of Roosevelt Boulevard at Southampton Road, 11 a.m. Central Philadelphia, 15th & Race Sts.

CHELtenham, Jeanes Hospital grounds, Fox Chase, 11:15 a.m.

Chesterfield Hill, N. Mermaid Lane. Fair Hill, Germantown and Cambria, Annual Meeting, 10:15, second First-Day in Tenth Month.

Fourth and Arch Sts. First- and Fifth-days. Frankford, Penn and orthodox Sts., 11 a.m. Frankford, Unity and Wan Streets, 11 a.m. Germantown Meeting, Coulter Street and Germantown Avenue.
South Dakota

SIoux Falls—Unprogrammed, 10:30 a.m., 2307 S. Center (71705), 605-338-5744.

Tennessee

Nashville—Meeting and First-day School, Sundays, 10:30 a.m., 1100 18th Ave. S. Clerk, Betty Johnson. Phone: (615)-255-6332.

West Knoxville—Worship and First-day School, 10 a.m. W. Newton, Phone 683-6540.

Texas

Amarillo—High Plains worship Group, Sundays, 10:30 a.m. For information write 340 W. 16th St. Amarillo, TX 79106 or call 806-737-7529.

Austin—Worship and First-day School, 11 a.m. Forum, 10 a.m. 3014 Washington Street, GIL 2-1841. Otto Horstmann, clerk, 412-2783.

Dallas—Sunday, 10:30 a.m. Park North Y.W.C.A., 4524 W. Northwest Highway, Clerk, George Kenney, 2137 Siesta Dr. FE 1-1348.

Dallas—Evening Meeting for Worship and Community, Sunday, 5:30 p.m. 4660 Lovers Lane. Pot luck supper, Call 332-2366 for information.

El Paso—Worship and First-day School, 11 a.m. Esther T. Cornell, 564-7239, for location.

Utah

Logan—Meeting 11 a.m., CCF House, 1315 E. 7th North, Phone 752-2702.

Ogden—Sundays 11 a.m., Mattie Harris Hall, 525 27th, 825-6979.

Vermont

Bennington—Worship, Sunday 10:30 a.m. Meetinghouse, 10 a.m., Bennington 05201.

Burlington—Worship, 11 a.m. Sunday, back of 175 N. Prospect. Phone 242-8444.

Middlebury—Meeting for worship, Sunday 11 a.m., 10:30 a.m. Meetinghouse, 10 a.m., Middlebury 05753.

Plainfield—Worship 10:30 a.m. Sunday, Phone Gilson, Danville, 602-684-2261 or Lowe, Montpelier, 602-223-9142.

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

Shrewsbury—Meeting, Worshipt, Sunday, 11 a.m., Perry meetinghouse, 10 a.m., Box 132 and Route 35.

Virginia

Charlottesville—Janie Porter Wallace School, 410 Ridge St. Adult discussion, 10 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m.

Lincoln—Goose Creek United Meeting First-day School, 10:30 a.m., meeting for worship, 11:30 a.m.

McLean—Langley Hill Meeting, Sunday, 10:30 a.m. Junction of old Route 122 and Route 133.

Richmond—First-day School, 1:30 a.m., meeting 11 a.m., 4590 Kensington Ave. Phone 202 Pico, 2005.

Rockingham—Leslie Nieser, clerk, 905 Preston, Blacksburg (sum aust 11) a.m., 2307 S. Center, Box 132 and Route 35.

Arizona

South Dakota

Green Street Meeting, 45 W. School House Lane. Powelton. For business call EV 8-3134 evenings and weekends.

PHOENIXVILLE—Schuykill Meeting—East of Phoenixville and north of juncture of Whitehorse Road and Route 23. Worship, 10 a.m. For information, 11:15 a.m.

PITTSBURG—Meeting for worship and First-day School 10:30 a.m.; adult class 11:45 a.m. 4836 Ellsworth Ave.

PLYMOUTH MEETING—Germantown Pike and Butler Pike. First-day School, 10:30 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.

RADNOE—Conestoga and Scrool Rds., Ithass. Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m. For information, 11:15 a.m.

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

SOLEBURY—Sugan Rd., 2 miles NW of New Hope. Worship, 10 a.m.; First-day School, 10:30 a.m. Phone: 597-5054.

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

STATE COLLEGE—313 South Atherton St. First-day School, 9:30 a.m.; meeting for worship, 10:15 a.m.

SUMMERTOWN-PENNPSURG AREA—Unami Monthly Meeting meets 1st, 3rd and 5th Fridays at 11 a.m. and 2nd and 4th Fridays at 3 p.m. Meetinghouse, 11:15 a.m. and Macedo Sta., Pennsylvania. Phone 679-7512.

SWARTHMORE—Whittier Place, College Campus. Meeting and First-day School, 10 a.m. For information, 11 a.m.

UNIONTOWN R.D. 4, New Salem Rd., off Route 40, West, Worship, 11 a.m. Phone: 427-5538.

UPPER DUBLIN—Mt. 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 10 a.m.; meeting 10:30 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, 10:30 a.m.

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

WILKES-BARRE—North Branch Monthly Meeting. Wyoming Semiinary Day School, 1500 Wyoming Avenue, Forty-Fort, Sun., 10:15 a.m. Meeting, 11:00, through May.

WILLSCTOWN—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 412 at Wrightstown.

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

Rhode Island

PROVIDENCE—99 Morris Ave., corner of Oney St. Meeting for worship 11 a.m. each First-day.

WESTERLY—Elm St. Unprogrammed, 11 a.m., except June through Sept., 10:45 a.m. Sunday School, 11.

South Carolina

COLUMBIA—Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m., 2250 Broad St. Phone 292-3634.

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LAWRENCE PARK OFFICE: At Lawrence Rd. Ent., Lawrence Park Center, Broomall, PA EL 3-2900.

Why not stop and see us today?
FRED A. WERNER, Chairman of the Board

PENDLE HILL
A QUAKER CENTER FOR STUDY AND CONTEMPLATION

WINTER WEEKEND EVENTS:

January 10-12 AN EXPERIENCE IN PERSONAL GROWTH I.
(Second Session April 4-6)
Leaders: Jean Feinberg and Joe Fitzgibbons.

February 14-16 MARRIED COUPLES WEEKEND.
Leaders: Charles and Eleanor Perry.

February 28-
March 2 MOVING TOWARD WHOLENESS.
(A weekend of creative movement)
Leader: Christopher Beck.

March 7-9 DIMENSIONS OF CARING.
(A Retreat)
Leaders: Douglas and Dorothy Steere.

Write or call: Weekend Events, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, PA 19086
215-566-4507