...the light fades, the will weakens, the humdrum returns... But the Eternal Inward Light does not die... Continuously renewed immediacy, not receding memory of the Divine Touch, lies at the base of religious living. Let us explore together the secret of a deeper devotion, a more subterranean sanctuary of the soul, where the Light Within never fades, but burns, a perpetual Flame...

Thomas Kelly
Centering Down...

If the society of Friends has anything to say, it lies in this region primarily. Life is meant to be lived from a Center, a divine Center. Each one of us can live such a life of amazing power and peace and serenity, of integration and confidence and simplified multiplicity, on one condition—that is, if we really want to. There is a divine Abyss within us all, a holy Infinite Center, a Heart, a Life who speaks in us and through us to the world. We have all heard this holy Whisper at times. At times we have followed the Whisper, and amazing equilibrium of life, amazing effectiveness of living set in. But too many of us have heeded the Voice only at times. Only at times have we submitted to this holy guidance. We have not counted this Holy Thing within us to be the most precious thing in the world. We have not surrendered all else, to attend to it alone. Let me repeat. Most of us, I fear, have not surrendered all else, in order to attend the Holy Within.

—Thomas Kelly in *A Testament of Devotion*

...And Witnessing

Not as a substitute for, but rather as a prelude to silent meeting for worship on Sunday morning, Seattle (WA) University Friends Meeting has instituted a number of small worship-fellowship-breakfast groups in geographical cluster areas around the city. Meeting in private homes from 9:00 to 10:30, these groups will, for a while at least, replace the 10:00 a.m. study hour. These groups will be especially meaningful for families of the meeting by providing an opportunity for children to get better acquainted with the adults in their group.

A member of Wrightstown (PA) Monthly Meeting works as a "frontier nurse" in Kentucky, where frontier days are a thing of the present. Laurie Rendell lives with another girl in a cabin in Wolf Creek District, Yeaddis, Ky., "where," according to the Wrightstown Reporter, "she works forty-five extra hours a week. The nursing service is remarkable in that they go anywhere, anytime, often acting as doctors when there are none available."

The Los Angeles Friends Meeting Newsletter is concerned about the plight of 820 Haitians who are "awaiting deportation in Miami for the crime of having fled the Duvalier dictatorship; 120 of them are in jail. They are desperate for food, housing, money for court costs and for the political support only U.S. voters can give." The Newsletter asks why refugees from repression should not be admitted as political refugees and suggests contacting Congresspeople about it, as well as sending donations to Sue Sullivan, Haiti Fund, YWCA, 100 S.E. Fourth St., Miami, Florida 33131.
Overcome Evil With Good

AN OLD SLATE BLACKBOARD stands in the left rear corner of our meetinghouse, just at the end of the second row of facing benches, and every First-day morning without fail a certain member of our meeting writes a Bible verse on it. More often than not, the verse ties very closely into some closing exercises when the children join us, or during meeting for worship. Once in a great while it and all the other activities seem to merge into a truly beautiful and inspirational whole.

Last First-day the verse was from Romans 12:21—"Do not be overcome by evil, but overcome evil with good." The verse, the discussion, the singing and the silence combined to produce one of those exquisite mornings when a Divine Presence could be felt among us and all seemed right with the world.

Unfortunately, the glow lasted only until I got home and picked up the newspaper. Somewhere between the story of the terrorists who were holding a plane-load of people hostage in Tunisia and Henry Kissinger's announcement that "a cap had been placed on the arms race" in the form of an agreement that perhaps the capability of destroying the planet and all its inhabitants 1,000 times over might just be enough "security" even for the United States and the Soviet Union, the glow changed to gloom.

And it persisted, which is unusual for me although there is something about the combination of current events and my own middle age that makes me wonder if the resiliency of my faith isn't approaching its hardest and longest test. We'll see. Meanwhile, though, the glow has returned.

What brought it back is a book that arrived in the Journal office just yesterday. It is Alphabet of the Imagination, a newly published (Humanities Press, Atlantic Highlands, N.J., $10) collection of remarkable literary essays by the late Harold Clarke Goddard, longtime head of the Swarthmore College English Department.

In his introduction, Leon Edel explains that Harold Goddard's two daughters gathered the "fugitive essays, lectures, formal papers . . . from various journals, old cupboards, filing cabinets so that his message should not be lost." How right they were!

"All of Goddard's essays," Edel continues, "have their particular idea; and if I were asked what his recurring belief is, I would say (in the immortal words that he quotes for us) that he wants us to remember always that the Kingdom of Heaven resides within us. We forge our own heavens and hells, we make and unmake our worlds. Christ said this and so did Buddha, each in his own way: it is an old and a universal message, yet everyone has to learn it anew, and most mankind is still learning it."

But Harold Goddard can speak for himself . . . magnificently so. Here is how the first section of the book, appropriately titled "The Inner Light," ends; and how we at Friends Journal begin our messages of the new year to each of you:

". . . Everyone is acquainted with the all-too-common attitude expressed by the man who keeps saying, 'There will always be war—that's human nature,' or 'Progress is slow,' or 'Life changes gradually; you can't make the world over in a day.' Now these statements are, on the whole, truths, if taken as descriptions of the usual course of events in the past, or if offered as counsels of patience to those struggling against great obstacles (for the virtue patience has no relation to the vice conformity). But if these sentences are taken as statements of a universal law, of a necessity in the nature of things, they are utter falsehoods. For they are the negation of the spirit of life. Such an attitude tends to destroy life at its source.

"'The world can't be made over in a day.' Why can't it? Owing to something in the nature of the world? No. Owing to something in the nature of man? Yes. And what is that something? More than anything else, I venture to say, it is the belief that the world cannot be made over in a day—
a belief the evidence for which, to any one man, consists in the general prevalence of that belief among other men. Justification by—unfaith! If the world were inhabited by men and women who had the faith to believe that the world could be made over—with poverty and war, for instance, eradicated—if not in a day, then in a decade, or even in a dozen decades, who can doubt that it would be made over in that time? But instead, it is inhabited by men and women most of whom think, if they think at all, that Evolution is very safe in the hands of Nature, and Progress very safe in the hands of God . . . and the irony of it is that out of this multitude of men and women a vast number call themselves Christians.

"How much more in keeping with the spirit of Jesus it would be to affirm with William James, as he speaks of the faith that creates its own verification: 'This world is good, we must say, since it is what we make it,—and we shall make it good.'"

JDL
Watering the Deep Roots

by Ann Herbert Scott

WE ARE IN A CIRCLE of floor sitters, gathered before the fireplace of an A-frame mountain cabin. Out of the silence we speak of the day.

"My life is generally so breathless," a student begins. "I seem to live in little gasps. I've never before had any real experience with silence, but here today I am somehow renewed and restored, healed."

"I am alone so much, quiet so much," now it is our host, a Quaker grandmother, speaking from her rocking chair, "but this corporate silence speaks to my condition. I have never known deeper silence."

"I have felt so free being with you all," a young Catholic mother comments. "So much of my life involves playing roles, but today I feel completely free to just be myself. I really didn't know any of you and I didn't know what to expect but all day I have felt surrounded by love."

One by one we share our discoveries: a social concern breaking forth with new urgency, a broken relationship yearning to be healed, an insight from reading Thomas Kelly, the delight of listening to a running stream, a glad sense of the glory of God. "If I were to tell you all that has gone through me today," a mountain neighbor concludes, "it would take me two weeks running. You know, I've been wanting to go on a retreat for twenty years now and I've always lived too far away. I'm so glad to have been here today. I feel as if my deep roots have been watered."

The group sinks back into silence for a few minutes. Then with the shaking of hands, we rise in a circle of celebration, taking a minute to enjoy each others' eyes. Looking at my watch, I am struck by the time—a few minutes after three, less than six hours since we left home —yet I feel that I have been on a far journey. I am flooded with gratitude for the gift of the day.

In this silent day, a specially memorable one of the two dozen or so retreats that Reno Meeting has sponsored over the last few years, there are strands of experience that may interest Friends in other places. Paradoxically, our limitations as a tiny, isolated meeting have led to the strengths of our silent retreats. Because our own numbers are so small, we have warmly invited others to join us, frequently finding opportunities for "mutual irradiation" with persons of other religious heritages. Because of a scarcity of "weighty" Friends, we have minimized the role of retreat leader and relied heavily on the mighty leadership of the Spirit. Because we have no nearby retreat center, we have met in the homes of many different Friends and attenders, enjoying the uniqueness of each host's life style and dwelling place.

Arrangements for retreats are as simple as possible. Mimeographed announcements provide details of place and schedule, listing what to bring: cherished books, two sandwiches, and a piece of fruit. Expectantly upholding each silent day is a committee of three—retreat leader, host, and arrangements coordinator. A treasure chest of resources is available in the "library," a box of devotional classics with special additions chosen by the retreat leader.

Our usual schedule begins with an informal snack time, followed by a review of arrangements, then a brief meditation or reading by the retreat leader, flowing into a 45-minute unprogrammed meeting for worship followed by two hours of unscheduled time, then lunch, then another unscheduled stretch, and a final period of sharing. The leader explains the discipline of silence which we follow throughout the day.

There is a great sense of freedom and spontaneity about these silent retreats. People walk, read, meditate, snooze, do Yoga, write, paint, sit in the sun, whatever they will. The responsibility for direction comes from within. For some who attend frequently, each day has an inner task pressing to be done: a piece of reading, a reordering of priorities in work or service, an uninterrupted stretch of walking to set body and spirit back in tune. Central to the retreats is one simple principle: there should be maximum opportunity for each person present to center down as deeply as that person is ready to go. We recall the words of Isaac Penington: "There is that near you which will guide you; O wait for it and be sure ye keep to it."

Our experience in these "days of recollection" has given us a new appreciation of silence. How limited our single Sunday morning hour sometimes appears! We have discovered that the experience of Presence usually deepens with the unfolding day; it has been a common experience for newcomers and seasoned Friends alike that we are only beginning to enter the depths at the close of the morning meeting for worship. We have learned that far from cutting off communication, silence actually enhances it. Some of us will never forget the afternoon we spent quietly building a split-rail fence, and we have often seen a simple lunch transformed in the silence into a Quaker sacrament.

The combination of silence, friendly hospitality, a rich collection of reading materials, and a place of natural

Ann Herbert Scott is one of six resident members of Reno Friends Meeting in Nevada. She holds a master's degree from Yale Divinity School, has written six books, and for some time "has been wanting to write an article for the Journal on Reno Friends' experiences in holding retreats" as part of the process of religious renewal.
beauty seems to make it possible for people who might appear to have great differences to come together in love. Attendees have ranged in age from high school students to grandparents and in theological position from evangelical Christians to those who feel uncomfortable using any words suggesting deity. Touched by the presence of the Spirit, differences have not disappeared but have somehow been relegated to another level of reality. In the closing sharing we have been able to listen to each other in openness, to celebrate each other's findings, to feel that we somehow belong to each other in our own uniqueness.

We have been reminded that the Society of Friends has a precious heritage both to draw upon and to share. The sense that the whole world is of God, that we may find Him without special ministers or places or postures or liturgies, that He is waiting to renew us in the silence, that we may enjoy Him in company with others whose words and images are not the same as ours—this is the stuff of life, living water for our own deepest roots and for those of our neighbors around the world.

The Garden

We are having food tonight from our garden. Small hands have tended it with care:
Weeding it,
Watering it—
Too little at times,
Too much at other times;
Transplanting seedlings that they may better grow.

Tonight we are having a radish,
The size of a medium pea;
And to garnish a salad
One leaf of Swiss chard
Tender and green.

Our garden is growing.
May it help two young boys also to grow
From watching small seeds become plants,
No radish becoming Swiss chard,
No onion striving to be a sweet pea.
May it help our sons
Feel close to the soil,
Awake to the wonder of watching things grow.

Francis J. Ross
THE SUN was a shimmering coin hanging high in the August sky. It was a beautiful day, filled with cotton-candy clouds that drifted slowly by. Outside the classroom window I could see a lush blanket of grass dancing to the rhythms of a soft summer breeze. As I bathed in the beauty that surrounded me, memories of summer days long past came to mind—bringing with them recollections of walks in the park with a woman I loved. Distantly, I could hear the sound of children laughing as they ran through the meadows of my mind. Then the sound of people around me nudged me back into reality, and my eyes could no longer deny the existence of the prison wall that loomed just a short distance away.

It was Auburn Prison in New York, though the name made no difference because prisons were all the same—cold lonely places, filled with pain and hate. Behind its walls people tried to stay human in an environment of steel and concrete. Each day was an exact replica of the one before: sounds of cell-doors closing, walks in the prison yard, a game of chess and maybe a letter, if you were lucky.

But that summer day was different. People were coming who called themselves Quakers. As I awaited their arrival I wondered what they would be like. Visions of tall black hats and long flowing beards came to mind. Maybe they would be like that smiling face I had seen so many times on cereal boxes while eating breakfast at home.

My eyes were fixed on the gate they would come through. A group of people waited there for an officer to escort them to the school. It was too far for me to make out who they were, but I knew Stan Bennett, a Quaker from Syracuse, would be one of them.

We had met, Stan and I, in the prison visiting room a few weeks before. After seeing Stan my concept of Quakers drastically changed. Dressed in bell-bottoms and sandals, he was the last person I expected to be a Quaker. Even his hair set him apart. It almost touched his shoulders. "Very cool," I remember saying to myself. Yes, he changed many of my ideas concerning Quakers and in the process, some of my negative feelings about religion in general.

As I looked out into the crowd, I saw Stan a little off to the side. Then the gate opened, and Stan and the others were on their way to the school for the first Quaker meeting to be held in a maximum-security prison in New York state.

When they came into the room, we stood there not knowing what to do. I and the other prisoners realized that they were all smiling—saying things like, "Hello, how are you?," "Nice to see you," "My name is Karen, what's yours?" Suddenly, all my fears and apprehensions vanished, and I felt as if a great weight had been lifted off my back. The room filled with the sound of people talking and every now and then laughing. All around me faces that I had known for many years changed as the hardness that was there disappeared, and in its place came a certain warmth I hadn't seen before.

One by one we found seats, and Stan said we would go right into meditation. I had never meditated before, so I didn't know what to expect. After getting as comfortable as possible, I closed my eyes. Silence filled the room. The only sound was the ticking of the clock above the door. During that half-hour a few were moved to speak—giving thanks for the opportunity to come together in fellowship and to worship. For the first time in a long while I felt very peaceful. Prisons are noisy places and even in a cell it is hard to be alone with your thoughts. But in that room I rediscovered that a spiritual part of myself I thought had died actually had only gotten lost beneath a number and a uniform.

The time quickly passed and before I knew it a hand was gently nudging me. Opening my eyes and turning, I saw the smiling face of the person beside me. Her hand reached out for mine and clasped it in a friendly handshake.

The rest of the meeting was spent informing us about the procedures of a Quaker meeting and in getting to know each other a little better. Before we realized it, it was time to end the meeting.

Photograph by Margaret Reynolds

Russell Palmer writes that he is "just beginning to become interested in writing" but expects to have a book of his poetry published in the near future. The address of the Auburn Meeting is % Auburn Correctional Facility, Auburn, New York 13021.
I watched them as they passed back through the sliding gate and inwardly I said to myself that this was the beginning of something good, not only for myself, but for a lot of other guys here behind the wall. And it has been.

In the few months that the Auburn Meeting has been in existence a lot of progress has been made. Committees have been formed to bring about change, not only in here, but in the outside community as well. Soon we hope to start a camp program for underprivileged children. Also, many of the men have become involved in criminal justice. A few of us are on the Logan Jaycees Drug Abuse Committee, which is attempting to implement new techniques in group therapy. All in all, a lot of meaning and purpose has been added to our lives because some people cared enough to come behind these gray walls and show us their concern.

Our meeting has continued to grow, not only in numbers but also in a spiritual sense. There is now a great deal of love and understanding existing between us. New friendships have been formed, and a few of our members have been married in the prison chapel. The outside Quakers that come in each Saturday have seen the needs of many of the men; some are now writing to us, and a few come during the week to visit.

In this vast universe filled with beauty and wonder we see much that is wrong; wars are being fought, people are starving and the Earth's resources are being depleted. But today people are realizing, as never before, that we must work together if humanity is to survive. Being a Quaker means being involved. I have found this to be very true. It is not a one-day-a-week-religion—it is living your life and, giving your life to make this world a better place in which to live.

Now the time I have left to serve behind these walls will not be so empty. There is much to be done in prison and I know with God's strength, and a lot of effort on my part, tomorrow will be a little better. In my cell sometimes I glance up at the barred window. But lately the bars have become smaller and I've noticed that the sun shines brighter than the days before.

New Meeting For Worship
At Auburn Prison

There was a happening at the Auburn Correctional Facility.

A confrontation?

Violence?

No . . . A religious happening!!!

For the first time in the history of the New York State Department of Corrections, the Religious Society of Friends, the Quakers, held religious worship in a state prison for an inmate population. From all indications the worship services were inspirational and enflamed a sense of Christian brotherhood and social concern. Those men who attended found the occasion a moving experience.

One of the inmates had this to say, "It was a good meeting—spiritually enriching. There was an inspirational meditation period. Silence. Long moments wherein the inner self could express Truth and Light. The silence and meditation lets a man realize the darkness that lies in the world today. The Light brightens the paths of the darkness."

The services were conducted with the full approval of the Facilities Administration, the Department of Corrections, and with the blessings of the Rev. Clarence W. Gardner, a Catholic and the prison's senior chaplain, who commented with ecumenical sincerity, "I believe services of all religious denominations should be permitted in New York State Prisons and everyone should be allowed to worship and follow his faith. Religion in all its forms should be promoted, not restricted, in all prisons."

This is another first for Auburn. Now that the Quakers have broken ground at Auburn, they will soon be holding similar religious services at Greenhaven and Wallkill Correctional Facilities.

Ten outside guests of the "Wider Quaker Fellowship" came to add their presence to this community and religious experience. Their Christian and social points of view are perhaps best summarized by one visitor's (Stan Bennett) inspiring words, "The only things that can penetrate a wall are concern and love . . ."

—George W. Brehm
Member Auburn Prison Friends Meeting for Worship

"I think all of us feel as I do that it is a great experience and we all benefit from it."

The Quaker meeting for worship at Auburn Prison has been in operation for nine weeks. I have attended four times and am greatly impressed with the sincerity and depth of each meeting.

Poplar Ridge can only let two or three people go each week, with the number determined by how many want to attend from other Meetings. So far I have seen Friends

(continued on next page)
Auburn Meeting

there from Syracuse (each time), Rochester and Albany.

Only 10 Quakers from outside may attend each week at one o’clock on Saturdays. We are able to go often enough that there is continuity in the Meeting and not all new faces each time.

I think that all of us feel as I do that it is a great experience and we all benefit from it. I would go most Saturdays but I have to wait and take my turn. About 15 inmates attend and most of them regularly. We meet in a classroom and the “residents” stand when we come in and very carefully leave an empty chair between each of them. That way each gets an “outsider” beside him.

The Auburn attenders are great readers and Faith and Practice, and Christian Faith and Practice in the Experience of the Society of Friends are well read. I take in copies of Friends Journal and Quaker Life and they always take them.

Most of our new Wider Quaker Fellowship Friends also belong to the Jaycees within the prison. It is about ten past one before we get through the signing in and the unlocking of gates and get to the classroom. After the handshaking and exchange of names we sit down and settle into silence. It is so nice when I can go back and call my new friends by their names and hear them call me Ruth. Our worship lasts until 2 P.M. and it is the quickest 50 minutes of worship I participate in—it is beautiful! I have heard three or four men speak reverently of thoughts and hopes and prayers that were helpful for the rest of us. The last time three of us non-residents spoke with very fitting messages. It is not a forced thing where people just want to “air their views.”

Then at 2 P.M. we shake hands and they have business to discuss about being a new Friends Meeting and we have time to visit with the men and at 3 P.M. we have to leave.

Each time I go I try to find someone I don’t feel I know or haven’t spoken to, and visit with him. I thought you might like to hear what one person feels about this new venture.

—Ruth B. Stewart, Poplar Ridge

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Tolerate—a Snob Word

by John F. Gummere

I suggest that we be a bit more thoughtful about what we say, mean, and do when we pose as tolerant of others. Are we, then, automatically to be regarded as “better” than they?

Grandma Jones “tolerated” the howls of Dick, whose lungs nobly expressed any emotion from joy to grief, and the mess in Trixie’s room (she never put her things away). Now why did she “tolerate” all this? Because she, in her infinite wisdom (not to mention affection) knew that High-Decibel Dick and Toy-Scatterer Trixie were young, and that a Little Boy may be defined as a bundle of noises (often covered with dirt) and a Little Girl has to be taught to pick up.

But the tolerance proceeded from an obviously superior being who, in the very context of the description of her actions, was better adjusted, wiser.

“He was tolerant of other people’s faults (my italics),” and thus demonstrated that he knew these actions of others were actions which he, in his superior wisdom, would not be guilty of.

We should “tolerate” other people’s acts, indeed, but when we do so, and if we so describe ourselves, we automatically indicate that we are wiser, smarter, and in general “better” than others.

Crabbe gives as synonyms “allow, endure, permit, suffer.” None of these implies any special virtue save possibly that of patience. I would say that Grandma Jones “puts up with” those kids. Indeed, Crabbe goes on to point out that “we put up with much that is disagreeable with forbearance and patience because it is the best present policy to do so.”

Drummle, in “The Second Mrs. Tanqueray” puts it neatly when he says, “Philosophy is toleration and it is only one step from forgiveness.” Quite so, for the tolerator (or toleratrix) feels that the intent of his restraint or endurance of some act or acts is that of philosophically putting up with what seems to him to be clearly a possible subject of forgiveness. He is the kindly and superior soul whose virtue is made manifest to all when he refers to himself as “tolerant.” He is a bit like the fellow who went about maintaining stoutly that he was “tops” in humility.
Tales of a Cat in a Quaker Garret

Journal Entry Number 1: November 17, 1974

I'M JUST AN ORDINARY cat who happens to live in a rather extraordinary attic. First, before we get better acquainted, I have to tell you that I have no name, am part of a cluster family of cats and enjoy the upper regions of a very special house. Down below us live a group who call themselves Quakers. They are an interesting breed if you happen to like humans. To use their unique Friendly terminology, we cats tolerate them and try to continually keep a dialogue open with them on a wide range of mutual concerns.

Just the other day a concern arrived in our attic in the person of Lucretia Cat. She came in directly through the front door and up the main stairs—no slinking through attic windows for this feminist feline. Lucretia is a very twentieth century cat who grooves on nineteenth century role models and even goes around thinking she's associated with an old Quaker family called Mott (hence, her name). Well, upstairs in our attic, life can get pretty dull at times but when Lucretia appears, we forget that we are in staid old Philadelphia. Lucretia has been babbling on (unlike her elegant human role model) for days now about some women's workshop on (horrors!) feminism and Friends. Some of our humans down below were equally enthused and between them all I think I've pieced together most of the story by now.

It seems that there is a group of Quaker women who keep on questioning their role within the Society of Friends (human). They sent out queries in a traditional Friendly fashion but monthly meetings ignored, snickered, and sometimes even fell asleep over these searching questions on sexism and the Society. Well, one Saturday in November, one hundred sixty women showed up to talk about these queries—and they did not get threatened, snicker or fall asleep. In fact, Lucretia Cat keeps mentioning that she even saw MEN there! And men were taking care of all the kids! Arch Street Meetinghouse sure looked different that day. There were women of all ages, lifestyles and religious orientations there working together. After attending all those Yearly Meetings and peeking out at all those gray or balding heads year after year, this was quite a sight. Lucretia Cat, like the humans downstairs, keep asking where all this vitality was during Yearly Meeting week? How did this one women's collective pull together social activists, mystics, conservatives and other Friends into a loving community for one day—and from what Lucretia Cat hears—on a permanent basis? Needless to say, Lucretia Cat is still reeling from the spinoffs of this workshop. It must be difficult to be a feminist feline (or Feminist Human Friend for that matter), so this was pretty heady stuff for our Lucretia and her feminist counterparts downstairs. They keep on invoking the Friendly ghosts of centuries past for inspiration and guidance—but, as I, No Name Cat, see it, they are doing just fine on their own as they follow their Leading of the Spirit. And as Lucretia said it, "Right on, Sisters!"

No NAME CAT

“I am literally dazed by the number of people who pray for trivialities or other personal gratifications. . . . What is God, anyway: a veritable Santa Claus in our game of life? . . . to me God is simply and wholly a Divine Spirit in the world (and therefore) it is utterly impossible for me to make a personal supplication. Still in the deep, dark pockets of night sometimes I feel a strength beyond myself.”

From a Friend in Illinois

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Workers on their way to their jobs moved slowly along the sidewalk like a stream of grey lava, brightened here and there by the flash of a colorful coat or dress, beneath the cold morning sun. A few were talking, but most moved along in preoccupied silence, and none seemed to notice the older man by the curb.

Though it was early April and still quite cold, he wore only a grimy shirt, a thin pair of filthy trousers, and the older man by the curb. His scarred face. His eyes were alive with amusement. He had fashioned a large hoop of stray pieces of wire he had found near a newsstand, and he was trying to toss the ring over a "No Stopping" sign pole.

His condition might have called for pity or disgust, but I found myself smiling with him because he seemed so happy with the game he had invented.

Ahead of me in the crowd was an old man I have watched for years. He invariably wears a tan raincoat and a shapeless brown fedora, and he carries a bulging package tied up with string wherever he goes, just as many men carry a briefcase. At one time or another he has struck up a conversation with nearly all the "regulars" on my commuter train, and one by one they have all learned to shun him because he talks endlessly about a past they cannot remember.

This particular morning he limped along alone, his eyes lifeless behind the dirty panes of his thick glasses. It made me sad to see him, yet I could not bring myself to speak for fear I would lose the torrent of lonely memories that were walled up inside of him.

Farther on, huddled against the rough granite face of a building, sat a demented old woman in a worn Navy pea coat, a faded cotton dress, and sneakers that were gray with age and dirt. She was mumbling some mysterious incantation to herself and glaring at the busy people who passed by without seeing her. Her hands were so dirty they looked almost silver in the cold morning light that filtered down through the grit-laden air. As I passed her I shuddered as I saw she had stuffed the body of a dead pigeon in her pocketbook.

It was a relief to turn in to the warm, clean lobby of the building where I work, leaving those sad realities behind me, but on this day, for some reason, I could not put the pictures out of my head. I was doomed, for some reason I have not yet identified, to spend much of the day thinking about the emotional, mental, and physical poverty of the aged.

Why, I wondered, do we tend to think of the elderly almost as if they were of a different race? How can we forget that we will become them in all too few years?

It could be argued, I suppose, that what we are really rejecting is not the aged themselves, but the fact of aging. Even if that is true, however, it does not excuse the cruelty we thoughtlessly inflict on the older people around us, for they cannot separate their age and physical conditions from themselves. They get the message all too clearly that they have committed some kind of crime against society by having too many birthdays.

If a label could be found for the way we live and think now, it might be "The Disposable Society." We have disposable diapers, facial tissues, table ware, cigarette lighters, clothing, and flashlights. We use them and throw them away; it's a sort of accelerated planned obsolescence.

Other things are becoming disposable, too. Marriages now last only until they become burdensome. Friendships are often used like the rungs of a ladder in climbing upward in society or business. Religious observances are okay as long as we enjoy them, but we break off if they seem to demand that we think seriously about life. Even communities are disposable; the new mobility of families has forced many to accept the idea that they will live in a community for only a few years, and they have to leave each one behind without looking backward.

But worst of all is the disposability of human beings. In our selfish seeking for gratification of our own needs we feel we must sweep away anything that disturbs us or interferes with our pleasure. We have become so acutely aware of our own feelings that we are becoming less and less able to appreciate those of others.

To anyone who has bought the idea that being young and vital and beautiful is what life is all about, old age is probably the worst threat there is. Old age means it's all (continued on page 12)

Editor's note: The articles that begin on these pages continue the exploration by Friends of what it means to grow old in today's society and how Quakers can most creatively and effectively meet this concern. Perhaps somewhere in between the extremes expressed by Jack Maxson and Eleanor Clarke are efforts now being made by several yearly meetings and at least one monthly meeting to establish communities that will include persons of various ages, incomes, skills and

Jack Maxson, a member of Gwynedd Monthly Meeting in Pennsylvania, writes this article "with a sense of identification with people who are forced to live alone by circumstances." It is his first article for the Journal.
I'm old. I've had my sixty-fifth birthday (and then some!). The government says that when a citizen reaches sixty-five, legally that's old age. It also says that at eighteen one is an adult. Neither may be true, but both are legal.

What to do about it? Well, I was lucky: I moved into a Friends' retirement community. (Ed: Kendal at Longwood)

A few years ago I was left alone in a big house. I made a kind of apartment on the second floor and a young couple moved in. Pretty soon they had a baby, which was nice, but not the same as forty years earlier when the baby was mine. The house needed painting. The hot water line got a leak and I was advised to renew the whole system. Termites were discovered and the house had to be made termite-proof. The garden had deteriorated (my husband had been the gardener). So, I divested myself of real estate and moved into an apartment. It was cozy and there was room for visiting children and grandchildren. But an apartment house is not a village or a street. That couple next door whose T.V. I sometimes hear; that woman down the hall whose dog barks every time I pass her door; who are they? I see them now and then in the elevator.

Before the Friends new retirement community was more than a hole in the ground I had signed up, not expecting to become a resident until 1976. Then one day I thought, why do I wait? My name was far enough up the list to make it likely that I could get in soon. So I told the director that if a certain type of apartment became available I would be interested. One day he phoned me. A resident who had decided she did not care for community living had moved out. The only person ahead of me on the list for this type of apartment did not want to come yet. So the space was mine if I wanted it. “Take a week to think it over,” he said. “I don’t need seven days to decide; I don’t need seven minutes,” I replied. “Here I come!”

My first day there, with boxes all over the floor and pictures propped against the wall, two women members of the Board of Directors appeared at my door carrying a vase with yellow rose buds. I felt welcomed! Residents who recognized that I was a newcomer greeted me. “I hope you'll like living here as much as I do.” A friend of mine hailed me with, “The residents’ association has twenty-eight committees!” She knows that I'm a “committee sitter”; I like working on committees. I like the give and take of the good minds of generous individuals as they struggle to find the right answers to questions and problems, large and small, with the final decision by “the sense of the meeting.”

So here I am in the place that will be my home for the rest of my life. It's a pretty place with trees and flowers set among rolling hills. There are all sorts of interests—crafts, study groups, entertainments, socializing. There is an attractive gift shop run by some of the residents. There's a game room and a library of several thousand books. There’s a Meeting for Worship.

What do I think about everything? Well, my worst problem is that I'm going to have to watch calories. When living alone food was not very interesting and a few pounds melted away. Now with delightful dinner companions and food prepared by someone else, the scales tell the tale! I had expected to like the people, quite a few of whom I already knew. But what fun to make new friendships so quickly! Of course I expected to be cared for in case of illness. What I hadn't expected (and a great surprise it was to me) was my feeling that I was starting a whole new part of my life. This was not just moving my home; this was a new beginning, like going away to boarding school and college, getting my first job, getting married. This was new, different, exciting—an adventure! In fact it was very much like going to school and college. Once again I was with my own generation (I rather like my own generation). People ask if we don't miss having younger people around. Well, we don't because there are younger people around: all those boys and girls serving in the dining room; friendly secretaries; thoughtful administrators; all younger than we are. And this is such a delightful place that grandchildren do not have to be coerced.

Eleanor Stabler Clarke, a member of Swarthmore Meeting in Pennsylvania, recently moved to Kendal at Longwood, one of the Friends' retirement homes mentioned in the Forum article in the November 15 issue of Friends Journal.
over; you're disqualified from everything that's important in life. Old age is the last step before death, and we don't want to think about that, do we? Old age is death.

And so we permit the social cruelty of mass rejection. We cease to see old people as individuals; instead, they are members of a class we cannot tolerate. We must turn them out of the working world as soon as they turn 65; we would probably do it sooner if it were economically feasible. We put the squeeze on them by requiring them to live on reduced incomes and by giving them insignificant relief in taxes and costs so that they often have to fly from the communities they helped to build. We ignore inhuman conditions in nursing homes and retirement homes, and we turn our faces away from the ghettos—black and white—where many old people are forced to exist to the end of their days. We cluck sympathetically when we read in our newspapers that a confused elderly couple died of starvation and exposure in their own home when their utilities were shut off for nonpayment of bills, then we turn on to look at this week's specials in the supermarkets. We laugh rudely at an elderly woman who reveals she plans to marry a man 50 years younger than herself, never thinking of the emptiness and loneliness of her life.

But let me be honest: I am afraid of old age, and I am disturbed by the living reminders around me. I'm in vigorous good health and have a challenging job that pays me well. I am comfortable, materially and intellectually, and I thrive on the love and growth of my children, and I have many dear and caring friends. I have respect and position in my community. I am a blessed human being.

But the warnings are there—the first small hints that time is beginning to win the battle. My once-perfect eyes now need the help of glasses to read fine print or make out the face of my wristwatch, and my joints and muscles sometimes protest violently when I exert myself in ways I once took for granted. I am shaken when I see how old some of my contemporaries are beginning to look, and I have seen far too many familiar names in the obituary columns. I have lost that marvelous unconscious belief in my own immortality that I carried with me for so many years.

It crystallized in some ways when an all-too-common misfortune of our times forced me to leave my home and family life and live alone. Very suddenly, it seemed, I was on the outside of many things that had been my life before that. I was no longer needed to replace a leaking washer or run an errand or give advice or encouragement or consolation to one of the children. I couldn't sit down and share thoughts and experiences or discuss plans. There was no one to hold and no one to hold me. I had abruptly lost a very large role that had been a central part of my life for many years. I didn't feel I was needed any more, except in my job and in my community, and those needs seemed to depend more on what I could perform than on what I was.

It occurred to me that what I was experiencing must be very much like getting old and being socially displaced.

Almost all those who had been family friends quickly faded out of sight, and the patterns of my life changed accordingly. Nearly every friend I have today is someone I met since I began to live alone. I have discovered, too, that those friendships must be kept in the present tense; there are no memories to share.

There is fear in the new loneliness, too—the fact that, since no one is intimately involved in my life from day to day, I would be helplessly alone if serious illness or some other trouble overtook me. I must mask this fear, however, and put on a courageous, optimistic front; it is unfair and unrealistic to expect anyone to want to share my worries, my needs, and my disappointments. I am on my own as I have never been before.

Although these are things I share with the elderly, I am far luckier than most of them, for I still have my passport to many parts of life that are denied them. I can find a great deal of personal growth and fulfillment through my job and my community involvement, and I have the curiosity, the energy, and the means to explore new things to enlarge and enrich my job in daily living.

Time has not broken me yet, and perhaps it never will. It could even be that I am fortunate to have been thrown into this adjustment at an age when I have the strength, resilience, and understanding to adjust to the dangers and pressures of a radical change in my life. At least I know how uncertain life can be.

Years ago, when I was a college student, I came upon an accident while walking through a blinding snowstorm in a little New England town. An old man had been struck and killed by a car in front of a tavern where he had been drinking with a friend. As the bent and withered body was gently lifted into a waiting ambulance, the drinking companion watched with tears running openly down his face.

"That's the hell of life," he said. "You never know when you get up in the morning where you're going to be at night." All the fear and frustration of living seemed caught in that brief sentence.

Old age does not ask for pity; it asks for understanding. The aged are not something separate from us, any more than are children, or the sick, or the poor, or those whose minds are broken. When we can begin to understand the oneness of all humanity we will have come the longest part of the way toward healing the hurts and needs that are such a universal part of the human experience.

The old wino with the wire hoop, the lonely man who wished so desperately to share his lovely memories of the past, the mad woman who planned to make soup from a dead pigeon, the old bar-fly who stood weeping in the snow... they are all me, and I am them.

I must rage against everything that hurts them, for it hurts me, too.
to go visit grandma. One of mine announced she was moving in! Well, maybe in fifty years.

A Friend from Northern Ireland was here for a week's visit recently. After a few days she said to me, "The thing that impresses me about this place and which I shall tell Irish Friends about when I go home, is not its beauty nor the many activities the residents enjoy; it's the caring. It is so apparent that the administration cares for the residents and the residents care deeply for each other. They especially care for those who are temporarily or permanently in the medical center." She was right. One problem in the medical center is that the nurses sometimes must keep patients from having too many visitors. How different from the isolation of the typical nursing home!

Near the end of her life, Anna Brinton one day remarked in her bright and inimitable way, "I'm becoming very interested in death." I too sometimes wonder about my next home. Do you suppose there are committees in heaven?

RESOURCES ON AGING

GROUPS

American Association of Retired Persons and National Retired Teachers Association, P.O. Box 199, Long Beach, Calif. 90801. Parallel to the National Council of Senior Citizens, this joint organization tends to be more middle class and less militant. It, too, offers its members a drug service, health and care insurance, group travel etc. as well as many kinds of literature, such as "Tax Facts for Older Americans" and a "Retirement Consumer Guide" and so on. Dues are $2/yr.

Institute of Gerontology, University of Michigan, Wayne State University, 1021 E. Huron St., Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104. Extensive list of publications and scientific learnings in the field.

National Caucus on the Black Aged, 4400 W. Girard Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. 19104. Researches the needs of the Black aged and is developing programs and services for them.


National Center for Voluntary Action, 7733 Eye St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006. Directory of all of the national voluntary organizations which serve older people available.

National Senior Citizens Law Center, 942 Market St., Suite 606, San Francisco, Calif. 94102. A pioneering effort in legal advocacy for and with older people. The center has literature, films and multi-media packets to share with others who wish to start similar efforts.

NOW Task Force on Older Women, c/o Tish Sommers, 434 66th St., Oakland, Calif. 94609. A new group which is beginning to deal with the needs of the older woman whose adjustment to aging is often more difficult than a man's because of the economic structures in which women are made dependent and because of our society's emphasis on beauty.

Life-Cycle Project, Church of the Brethren, c/o Rev. Ralph McFadden, Church of the Brethren, 1451 Dundee Ave., Elgin, Ill. 60120. The missions board is in the process of developing a project for the local church which would enable congregations to deal creatively with the various cycles of life from youth to old age.

Task Force on Aging, Medical Committee for Human Rights, 2251 W. Taylor, Chicago, Ill. 60612. Works for and with older people toward basic changes in the health care delivery system.

Books, Publications


Memorandum, from Special Committee on Aging, U.S. Senate, G-233 Senate Bldg., Washington, D.C. 20510.

More Than Tea and Toast, from Food Research and Action Center, 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. A guide for community and church groups wishing to organize a nutrition program for the elderly. Contains information on where to apply for money, federal regulations, state guidelines, project applications and technical assistance.

Prime Time, 232 E. 6th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10003. A feminist monthly newsletter for women in the "prime" of life, with articles, reviews, information and programs from around the country. $3.50/yr. or $2.60 mos. if not working or on Social Security, otherwise $5/yr. and $3/6 mos.

Self-Discovery: Group Explorations in Life Crises, by Doris Pullen, from Department of Education and Social Concern, Unitarian Universalist Assoc., 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02108. $2.50. An excellent consciousness raising tool for adults of any age on adult development and aging. Organized as a five-session program.

The Bonus Years, by T. B. Robb, from Judson Press, Valley Forge, Pa. 19481. A valuable resource offering a guideline for workable programs through a life-centered ministry. $4.50


Working With Older People: A Guide to Practice, PHS publication #1459, from Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D.C. 20402. Four volumes developed by H.E.W. which discuss the changing character and needs of the older population, necessary programs and other topics. 65¢ each.

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North East General Meeting

North East General Meeting of Friends was formally constituted the weekend of Tenth Month 26/27 at a gathering held at Marlborough Meeting House, Chester County, Pennsylvania. The Marlborough gathering was called by the conference of "Conservative" Friends held last summer at West Grove, North Carolina. North East General Meeting encompasses the area including Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and New England Yearly Meetings, and is an addition to the community of Friends who are organized into Ohio, Iowa, and North Carolina Yearly Meetings.

It will join those Yearly Meetings in sponsoring a new publication—a quarterly, to start with—tentatively named "Quaker Witness." (Many Friends feel uncomfortable with that name, so it may be changed. It was strongly urged by Friends in Ireland.) The publication exists; a first issue is out. Subscriptions cost $2.50, to Editor, Quaker Witness, Monmouth Hills, Highlands, NJ 07732.

The organizing meeting at Marlborough gathered Friends from some thirty meetings from Virginia to Vermont, including, interestingly, two representatives from the unprogrammed Mennonite meeting in Harrisonburg, Virginia, believed to be one of two such meetings in the country. There were a number of visitors from Ohio Yearly Meeting. Roy and Edith Newlin came all the way from Bear Creek Meeting, Iowa, celebrating their sixyninth wedding anniversary on an airplane en route from Des Moines to Philadelphia.

This gathering was viewed with trepidation as "separatist" by many Friends in advance, to the point where many sympathizers stayed away. On the face of it, such fears are not without justification; it was openly a gathering of Friends discontented in their meetings, and of representatives from meetings discontented in their yearly meetings.

Yet, as it turned out, such fears are groundless. It seems that this generation of discontented Friends has learned the lesson of history and is determined not to repeat past mistakes. There was immediate and persistent unity around the thought that the new general meeting must avoid both the reality and the semblance of separatism, and likewise must avoid "church politics" and factional activities and commotions. As one Friend put it, "Let us not organize in a way that will obstruct the motions of Christ, of which there are new quickenings among Friends everywhere."

How, in practice, can North East General Meeting avoid separatisand factionalism? The answer in principle is evident: By having an in-built organizational thrust toward organizing new meetings of people who cannot be reached by existing meetings, and by providing a home for Friends who otherwise would depart from membership entirely; meanwhile maintaining maximum connections with existing regional yearly meetings, perhaps by dual membership. There are various detailed plans as to how precisely this can be accomplished. Some of them are new and creative.

The gathering at Marlborough, however, was characterized above all other things by a concern to move slowly and cautiously. The only substantive points agreed on were: Support for the new publication; a name; a further gathering early in 1975; support for the meeting inside Auburn prison. Primarily the Marlborough sessions may be described as simply a gathering of Friends who agree upon a discipleship emphasis for Quakerism who rejoiced in one another's company and the feeling that they found in one another a home.

The general meeting itself commented on this in its Minute of Exercises: "If we can be as faithful in following the leadings of our Lord, as we have been in not going beyond his leadings, much will be accomplished."

The antecedents of North East General Meeting have long been in plain view. They can be enumerated:

1. The impact of "reconstructionist" Quaker historical and theological scholarship over the past twenty years, and its intimate inter-relation with the parallel renewal movement within Mennonism. The new scholarship has had the effect of legitimizing and strengthening that understanding of Quaker identity which has sometimes been labeled "Wilburite" or "Conservative," and of gathering Friends to it from other backgrounds (Marlborough is traditionally a "Hicksite" Meeting).

2. The appearance, often in unlikely places, of young Friends who are passionately concerned for discipleship community under the direct leadership of Jesus, after the Gospel model; many of whom also have felt required to signal their apartness from the world by assuming plain dress. While of course there are meetings in which this development has been gratefully welcomed, they have also encountered what one attendant at the Marlborough gathering described as "incredible spiritual violence." In many places such Friends have found that whenever they appear in the ministry to exhort faithful discipleship to Jesus Christ, somebody else almost always rises at once to explain that one can be a Friend without subscribing to such language. Their dress and lifestyle has been seen in many places as an embarrassment to their meetings.

3. An analysis of reunion in the yearly meetings of the Northeast as having been, in effect, a redefinition of what unity among Friends is. The very concept of doctrinal unity as something to strive for has been lost. Separate and conflicting understandings of Quaker identity co-exist. The co-existence is based not on hearing and obeying the Lord as a community of discipleship, but on organizationalism; on liturgy (unity on a form of worship but not on its purpose); on a handful of broadly stated common views; and on social concerns which, in such an environment, become matters for political debate at yearly meeting sessions and for implementing through professional staff and professional fund-raising, instead of being the work of individuals
under concern laid upon them by the Lord with the endorsement and support of other Friends.

4. The appearance of independent meetings here and there; the alienation of some meetings from their yearly meetings; a still wider feeling among Friends in many meetings that they have no place to turn to find other meetings that share their understanding of Quaker identity.

These are the ingredients, obviously, for commotions and for separations, and in the past, this is what would have happened. Yet the very Friends who in earlier generations would have led such activities, gathered at Marlborough, found a primary shared concern to avoid such things, and to proceed with utmost care to do only that which the Lord plainly commands, slowly and with caution, and with deep loving concern for all Friends and all meetings. Here is a new and healthier form of discontent than Quakerism has known in the past two centuries. “By their works shall ye know them”—the works at Marlborough were profoundly loving and deeply Christian in conspicuous ways.

R. W. TUCKER

Robert W. Tucker is a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting who has written on a wide variety of subjects for the Journal and other Quaker publications.

Neujahrsspruch

Himmel, Wiesen zeigt dem Kleinen Mutter Erde,
Lässt es atmen Lüfte, süße, rein,
Dass es dankbar und von Herzen fröhlich werde,
Dass es wegen Krankheit niemals weine.

Doch der Unverstand lässt bald los die Hand,
Hört nicht, was die kluge Mutter sagt
Und davon es jagt:
Mit dem Auto schnell davon es jagt.

Und das junge Jahr, ganz wiäs alte Jahr,
Das den Bienen, Vögeln, allen reinen Tönen, allem
guten schönen

Frieden feindlich war—
Den kriegen freundlich war,—
Wird ganz schnell
Ein böses altes Jahr!

Schade!
Fürwahr!

CHARLOTTE E. PAULY

Thoughts in the New Year

The young one learns of skies and fields from Mother Earth,
She lets it breathe fresh air, pure, unpolluted,
That it grow grateful, blest, with joyous heart,
And never have to weep because of illness.

Yet soon imprudence drops the guiding hand,
No longer hears wise Mother's warning voice
Up and away it races:
With hot-rod car—is gone.

And the young new year—just like the old one,
Hostile to birds and bees and horses, to all clear tones,
To all that made for peace,
But friendly to all wars,—
Will quickly, in its turn,
Become a bad old year!

How sad!
How unutterably sad!

CHARLOTTE E. PAULY
Translated by M. C. MORRIS
APPROXIMATELY 50 FRIENDS from the Canadian plains area and British Columbia, including some who traveled more than 1,500 miles, gathered at Camp Rayner, near Birsay, Saskatchewan, over the Canadian Thanksgiving weekend, October 11 to 14 to worship together, to transact business and to renew friendships.

Special topics considered during the Half Yearly sessions included the future of the Canadian Friends Service Committee, discussion as to the desirability of holding a conference in 1976 in Western Canada prior to the Triennial sessions in Hamilton of Friends World Committee for Consultation, and sharing about "Friends and Children: What is our Philosophy?" Friends also considered the possibility of holding an educational conference in Western Canada prior to the 1975 sessions of Canadian Yearly Meeting, which will be held in Edmonton.

Special time was given during the Half Yearly sessions to hear reports of the State of Society in the Monthly Meetings—Argenta, Calgary, Prairie, Regina and Winnipeg, as well as to share information about some of the areas not represented in the sessions. Visitors from outside the Half Yearly Meeting were present and brought greetings from London, Illinois and Iowa (F.U.M.) Yearly Meetings and Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas.

The spring meeting will be at the Sorrento Centre for Human Development in British Columbia, May 23-26, 1975. Margaret McGruther, 180 Gordon Drive, S.W., Calgary, Alberta, Canada T3E 5A8, continues as Clerk of WHYM.

RON MATTSON

Photographs by Ron Mattson

QUNO YOUTH TEAM

FIVE YOUNG PEOPLE comprising this year's Young Adult Team at the Quaker United Nations Office in New York are Clint Hockenberry, 24, of the United States; Robert Rivero, 26, of Uruguay; Charles Davey, 22, of Britain; Nicolas Mukhanya, 31, of Kenya; Mahmoud Diallo, 25, the Ivory Coast. They will study the functions and applicability of the United Nations to various international problems.

Roll out of bomber, photo by Ron Mattson
"THE QUAKER PROCESS of education and decision-making carries an inherent view of the world as it should be. It is assumed that the process is not just a way to reach the destination, but it is in some form the destination itself. The attention to procedure reveals the values that inform and establish the goal. Clearly, loving expectations will bring out the best, and the truth within will be good, confident that there is a creative force in human affairs that will come forth in tenderness and in loving openness and reveal good, not evil. The Quaker vision of the world is a world of simplicity that assumes equality, modest needs and a harmonious balance with nature.

Candor is essential to the process, just as truth speaking is essential to a truth seeking community where ideas can be accepted, advocated and challenged. In such a community one must accept on trust that the scholar is honestly and scrupulously reporting his perceptions, intentions and experiences. Such trust is based in a loving society. A simple society in which candor and integrity dominate relations is a learning society. It is, I believe, the distinctive characteristic of Earlham College. It marks the position from which we depart. It informs the processes of our voyage. We set before ourselves the highest ideal—to learn to live that which ought to be.”

FRANKLIN W. WALLIN

Photograph by Susan Castrator

(l. to r.) Franklin W. Wallin, inaugurated as ninth president of Earlham College on October 19, 1974; Edward G. Wilson, chairman of the Earlham College Board of Trustees; Landrum R. Bolling, former president of Earlham from 1958-1973.
More Friends Around the World

AFSC's Annual Meeting
Stars, Service, Spirit
by M. C. Morris

It has not been many years ago that an elderly member of a mid-western meeting arose to express himself in a quivering, emotionally-charged voice. "Friends," he said, "the red and black star is replacing the Star of Bethlehem . . ."

Along with the red and black star, the program of the American Friends Service Committee's annual public meeting held at the Fourth and Arch Street meetinghouse in Philadelphia on November 2, 1974, featured on its cover the word "Liberation" rising in letters of ever-increasing size from a circle enclosed by another word: "Interdependence." This theme of the "desperate human need to be free from whatever it is that threatens or enslaves," together with the impossibility of achieving such liberation "... so long as people seek freedom for their own group at the expense of others..." (John M. Swomley, Jr.) pervaded all sessions of the "interest groups" in the forenoon. It continued throughout the plenary program in the afternoon to reflect the words of Martin Luther King, Jr.: "Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny." In fact, those last five words formed the title of Executive Secretary Louis W. Schneider's closing address.

"Interest groups" were so numerous that eight of them had to be scheduled to meet concurrently at 10 a.m.; another eight at 11 a.m. Space was so limited that four conference rooms at the Holiday Inn across the street had to be pressed into service. In one of these, the sole wall decoration—"1776" in wooden numerals four feet high—seemed like a somewhat less than fortuitous ironical touch when Ruth Reynolds, who has had 30 years experience with Puerto Ricans in New York and on their home island, quoted: "We hold these truths to be self-evident . . ." and remarked, "Those who signed that document (and those who followed them) didn't live up to it very well."

"We are holding Puerto Rico in bondage," she said, and went on to describe how United States military and economic domination has, over the years, gradually forced the people off their own land and eventually into exile, in order to be able to make even an inadequate living. Graphically she evoked a picture of the west coast of the island being developed as a super-tanker port (since the U.S. eastern seaboard states refused to subject their waters to that pollution threat); the south coast being suffocated with chemical industries that bring the blessings of respiratory diseases; the north coast "developed" with pharmaceutical plants which pollute marine life; the central mountain range being strip-mined for copper. Only the beautiful beaches on the east coast remain untouched. But not for long. High rise apartment buildings to house an hypertrophic tourist industry will soon overshadow them. Thus the 1940 "Operation Bootstrap," designed to lift the population out of its difficulties, became "Operation Boottrap;" thus the 1950 Constitution has given the Puerto Rican rights "only to what the U.S. was no longer interested in."

If a secondary theme ran parallel throughout the sessions to "liberation through interdependence," it perhaps was that of the failure of our government's present policies to deal realistically with the problems of hunger, racism and the many forms of discrimination which concern everyone living in today's world.

Hunger: not only in India and Africa. John A. Sullivan of AFSC's Information Services and skillful moderator of the afternoon panel "Who Shall Eat?" referred by way of introduction to the Seattle newspaper story of a shabbily dressed old man in a public park surreptitiously picking up and eating sunflower seeds which had been thrown on the ground to feed the pigeons. He need not have been apprehensive of being observed, commented John Sullivan, for the bystanders were all too busy appearing not to see him. During the discussion, Anthony Henry, former AFSC staff person in Tanzania and Director of National Tenant's Information Service, picked up this story as illustrating the "growing callousness" in the United States in regard to hunger, both at home and abroad. AFSC's function, he maintained, was to cause people to see what their insensitivity was doing to others and at the same time to try to support who are suffering as a result, as well as to learn to work with them.

Racism: not only in South Africa (although one of the "interest groups" occupied itself with conditions in that country.) Racism in American schools was reported on in another group and the subject recurred frequently in the groups discussing Puerto Rican problems and community development in Mexico as well as in Louis Schneider's remarks. And it was implicit in the afternoon plenary panel on "The Right to be Indian—and Survive," "We're so poor," significantly remarked Mrs. Martha Grass, director of the American Indian Referral Center in Marland, Oklahoma, "that we know how to survive!" She had great hopes for educating the children of the tribe to survive, too; for getting back from the whites Indian babies who had been adopted for "welfare;" for halting construction of the dams that were flooding out Indian homes and destroying Indian lands. But she realized it would take careful organization. In the same panel, Sherwin Broadhead (Idaho) of the Institute for Development of Indian Law and former legislative assistant to Senator James Abourezk, chairman of the Indian Subcommittee of the Senate Interior Committee, reviewed the coercion still practiced against Indians' mineral and water rights, especially on the part of energy companies who use the water to develop coal. Huge irrigation projects

Photograph by Terry Foss
do not even include in their planning the Rio Grande Indians who were irrigating in this country some 2500 years ago. Against such deprecation there is only the "inadequate protection" of the federal government and the Bureau of Indian Affairs whose regional offices are impersonal and bureaucratic and thwart rather than further the Indians' needs. Here, according to Ed Nakawatase, AFSC National Representative for Native American Affairs, the red and black star can play an important mediating role.

Discrimination: not only in Vietnam nor against Women (Courts and Prisoners)—two other "interest groups"—but also along the 2000 mile U.S.-Mexican border. The "discriminatory immigration laws and the economic imbalance between the U.S. and Latin and South America" was the subject of an "interest group" reported to by Bill Baumann who has worked with the Regional Development Agency in Mexico, and Marian Mosle whose experience was with the agribusinesses in California. Alternately, they described from their own vantage points what Louis Schneider later referred to in his address as "the dilemma." Dilemma for AFSC as to whether to support the cause of some 700,000 impoverished Mexican farm workers who have crossed the border illegally to keep themselves and their families alive on the low wages paid by grape growers in Arizona and California (where, often unknowingly, they play the role of strikers), or to support the Farm Workers Union's appeal to the U.S. Immigration Department to enforce the law against illegal immigration. Double dilemma because of double exploitation: on the one hand by the growers (who even deduct for social security although these workers have no S.S. numbers and receive no benefits) and, on the other hand, by the "coyotes" (middlemen south of the border) who represent and procure for the growers and labor contractors. Even more, because "illegals" further depress Chicano farm workers' wages and act as strikers breakers (one group of poor people set against another)—if not deported (often without payment of wages due them.) If fortunate, they can save 80 percent of what they earn and if they bring back $300, it is a fortune in rural Mexico. But at what price to themselves and to the workers north of the border?

Such were some of the topics and problems discussed on November 2nd. "Interest groups" which have hardly been touched upon here considered the Washington situation, the Middle East, the Tripartite Soviet exchange, the Youth Team at the United Nations, the campaign to stop the B-1 Bomber, and the continuing war in Vietnam. In addition, two films were shown: "Why We Boycott" (U.F.W.) and "Vietnam, Still America's War" (BBC.) As if to supply concrete (counter) evidence for the "liberation-interdependence" theme, two vocal Black brothers appeared at the afternoon sessions. Whether they furthered their cause by shouting incoherent imprecations at intervals is a moot question. After the final period of silent worship, one of these brothers got in the last word by shouting "Welcome to our sanctuary. We come here to tell you Quakers that you're not what you think you are!"

Many of us will recall the anecdote about William Bacon Evans, when a teacher at Westtown School, being run into headlong by a hurriedly clad student trying desperately to make it into the dining hall before the final bell for breakfast sounded. The student gasped, then exploded breathlessly "Jee-zus Christ!" Whereupon Bacon Evans with his customary calm replied mildly, "No, just one of his humble servants."

Has the red and black star of AFSC replaced the Star of Bethlehem? Not yet, Friend, if the evidence of this annual public meeting is any indication. But there was abundant evidence that it is trying—sometimes hesitantly, sometimes aggressively, sometimes falteringly, yet with persistence—to be of humble service to the Spirit of that Star. As Wallace T. Collett, AFSC Chairman, who presided, put it, by quoting Henry J. Cadbury's reply to someone who had asked him about the nature of his work for AFSC: "—Continuation of my work in translating the New Testament.—"

Charles Powers, author of The Ethical Investor and associate professor in the Yale Divinity School, shared some of his views on how to equate religious testimonies of "The Church" with the policies of corporations in which "The Church" invests its funds.

Florence Little, treasurer of the United Methodist Church's Board of Global Ministries and chairperson of an interfaith group which has actively engaged corporate management in a dialog, both directly and through resolutions, also shared some of her experiences and ideas.

Various other topics were explored through interest groups, skits, case studies, and resource people. The weekend was a moving one which ended with all participants realizing much remains to be done to live up to Quaker Books of Discipline and to respond to the challenge John Coleman, president of Haverford College, issued at last year's FCER conference that the committee say and do something "uniquely Quaker" in this important area.

Meanwhile, committee members agreed to serve as a clearing-house and to receive from and share with Friends and others information about economic responsibility. The temporary office of this fledgling organization is at the Friends World Committee, 152-A N. 15th St., Philadelphia 19102, under whose care it operates.

Indianapolis

Hemispheric Conference Set

IN CONJUNCTION with the Faith and Life Conference October 13-14 in Indianapolis, representatives of some thirty yearly meetings and other Friends organizations agreed to hold a conference of Friends in the Western hemisphere sometime in 1977.

Although virtually all aspects of the conference are still to be worked out by a steering committee and a larger planning committee, the agreed-upon conference purpose is "for further development and growth of spiritual fellowship amongst Friends in the Western hemisphere. We wish to explore together the ways our faith works itself out in the experience of our lives and in the world around us."
Reviews of Books

The Available Mind. By CAROL R. MURPHY. Pendle Hill Pamphlet 193, Wallingford, PA 19086. 28 pages. 70¢

IT BEGINS AND ENDS WITH A WALK IN THE WINTER WOODS. "How do I know what I think until I've said it?" quotes the author. The woodland walk evidently helped her to say it in this pamphlet.

Carol Murphy is struggling to help readers broaden their sensitivity to what lies beyond. Quietly exploding the secular world of business and science, she proceeds to explore the evidence of the interpenetration of spirit and matter, undeterred by the evidence of fraudulent phenomena. "We don't lose faith in electricity when the lights go out; we seek to re-establish the current."

Thus she begins to establish her own realism, skirting the dangers of "group think, that tacit conspiracy to justify previous decisions by distorting or ignoring the facts and intimidating the dissenters." Nor does her realism shrink from striking a telling blow close to home, when needed, as with the remark: "How many Friends meetings are the powerhouses of shared contemplation they were meant to be?"

Finally, she emerges from the wintry woods with the words of Rabbi Abraham Heschel on her lips: "The meaning of life is to build a life as if it were a work of art." And this could well be supplemented with another of her quotations: "Any object made with love, any object made well, contributes to making the world poetic—to making it mythic, to making it enchanted, to making it worth living in."

This pamphlet has been written in the same spirit.

M. C. MORRIS

The Mind Possessed: A Physiology of Possession, Mysticism and Faith Healing. By WILLIAM SARGANT. J. B. Lippincott. 212 pages, Illus. $7.95

WILLIAM SARGANT, AN EMINENT British psychiatrist, has been following ever since the Second World War his searching interest in a certain type of mental and emotional experience which produces striking effects on the faith and convictions of the individual. The present book brings attention to bear more strongly than his earlier writings on practices associated with possession, mysticism, and faith healing.

The essential moral of the book, as stated by the author, is that convictions arrived at or reality "experienced" under conditions of stress and in states of abnormal brain activity and heightened suggestibility are not to be trusted and must be questioned. The central problem which the book presents, but with-out solution, is that needing faith, we must suspect it; needing to be suggestible, we must recognize the danger of suggestibility; and that we do not yet know very much about how to impart faith and conviction and to control men by appealing to reason rather than by arousing emotion. Dr. Sargent has, among other things, provided a striking physiological confirmation of Tillich's more theological and intuitive conclusions as to the essential role of doubt in the dynamics of faith.

EARL L. FOWLER


THIS BOOK CONTAINS A WEAth of informative material for any and all who are concerned with the future of mankind.

The effect of inadequate diet of the pregnant woman on the anatomy, chemistry and physiology of the developing brain, and the devastation caused by continued malnutrition of the child during the first four years after birth make the reader realize that these deficiencies can never be made up, no matter how favorable the later environment and diet.

Emphasis is placed on the importance of thorough knowledge of the whole gamut of ecology if the human race is to survive.

The book really concerns all of us and should be widely read.

HERBERT E. BOWLES, M.D.

Heaven or Hell, Sick or Well. By ADAM LOHUS, Exposition Press, 50 Jericho Turnpike, Jericho, N.Y. 11753, 462 pages $10.00.

THE VOLUME CONSISTS OF TWO BOOKS, the first, Medical Findings and Comparisons for Natural Health, and the second Personal Influences on Our Present-Day Environment. The first book contains interesting summaries of the work of important naturopathic health leaders particularly in Germany such as Brauchle, Hahn, Schroth, Folke, Knepp, and Friesenitz.

The second book deals with the problems which the author, a member of Purchase Meeting in New York for many years, faced when his marriage fell apart and his health failed. The...

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chapter concerned with his visit to Dr. Albert Schweitzer in Lambarene, Africa is especially interesting. Adam Lo- haus returned with a new outlook on life and a new appreciation of the natural world. He practices in his own life the principles which he has enumerated in this book. As a result he has regained good health and is certain that he has many years ahead of him in which to try to convince other people of the truth which came to him after much travail.

KENNETH B. MORGAN

Early to Learn. By JOY M. CRANDALL. Dodd, Mead & Company. 128 pages. $5.95.

WHAT MAKES A GOOD NURSERY SCHOOL? This book will help both parents and teachers. It suggests to parents what to look for in a preschool or if they are organizing one, what ingredients are important. As a textbook for preschool education it is especially valuable since it is not written in textbookese.

Early to Learn uses literally hundreds of photographs of children actually doing things: balloon dancing, finger painting, hammering, tying a shoe. The author makes it clear that children enjoy learning if the teacher can be a facilitator and not an expert. These delightful photographs were taken at many different preschool programs, including one at Marin Friends Meeting.

Many nursery schools do not use volunteers but Joy Crandall suggests that retired grandmother and grandfather aides are an excellent resource and are much appreciated by children who rarely see their own grandparents. She also suggests using teenage helpers who, she feels, will let preschoolers attempt projects on their own.

The building in which the nursery school is housed matters less than the atmosphere that prevails. Child-sized equipment, raw materials that encourage experimentation, and teachers who give the child a feeling of dignity and a sense of security, all contribute to a good nursery school.

JULIE YOUNG

The Invisible China. The Overseas Chinese and the Politics of Southeast Asia. By GARTH ALEXANDER. Macmillan. 264 pages. $7.95.

GIVEN THE 800 million Chinese of the People's Republic of China and the 15 million in the Republic of China on Taiwan, it may be understandable if Americans concerned about Asia do not think much about the other 15 million Chinese... the Overseas Chinese, ninety percent of whom live in Southeast Asia.

Yet on moral as well as political and economic grounds, these ethnic Chinese are a most significant part of Asia's past, current and future history.

Garth Alexander gives a documented journalistic account of the past and present and warns that an alliance of American economic interests with Asian oligarchs and Overseas Chinese tycoons has come into confrontation with the revolutionary needs of Asia's suffering poor and can lead to the outbreak of further racial bloodshed in the Pacific. Friends concerned with peace in the Pacific will find this a readable and useful addition to their awareness.

JOHN A. SULLIVAN

Briefly Noted

O Mountainaires. By DON WEST. Appalachian Press, POB 8074, Huntington, WV 25705. $3.95. From publisher.

DON WEST is a preacher, teacher, union organizer, farmer and founder of the Appalachian South Folklorie Center in Piptemset, West Virginia. But above all, Don West is a poet. His poetry is simple and clear and comes not from the head but from the heart, not from imagination but experience. Since he has lived all his life close to the land and to its people, his poetry is not complicated or difficult to understand. Instead, it is very real... and very moving.

Unhappy Ending

JOHN MICHENER (FJ 10/15) makes a strong plea for “social justice.” His hope that it can be achieved by force (government) is vain. . . . Urban renewal . . . is a perfect example of the well-proved thesis that all government intervention in the economic activities of the people lessens the total of human satisfaction and creates more problems than it solves. . . . The more we trust to government, the worse our situation becomes. Inflation and astronomical debt is the result of too much government.

Kershner’s first law of economics (I was the first to point it out) states:

“When a self-governing people empower their government to take money from some and give it to others, the process will not stop until the last bone of the last taxpayer is picked bare.”

We are rolling merrily and rapidly toward that unhappy end.

HOWARD E. KERSHNER
Buena Park, CA

Awakened Spirits

THANK YOU for carrying (FJ 10/1) one of the most painful descriptions of a group of devoted Christians I have ever read. We who know of prisons only from far off need to have our spirits stabbed “awake.” I am grateful to the Seven for sharing their experiences.

LUCY P. CARNER
Philadelphia

Denial of Rights

LIKE WILLIAM C. TOOMEY (FJ 6/1), I am bewildered by the failure of Quakers to take a strong position on the subject of abortion. We witness with passion (and rightly so!) against the slaughter of baby seals, the denial of civil rights to minority groups, the ecological problems posed by man’s attempt to over-manipulate our environment, and war in distant lands. Yet we refuse to see that abortion is an even more horrendous expression of this same man-made violence.

Recently Elizabeth Connell, M.D.,
associate director of the biomedical Sciences for the Rockefeller Foundation, said, "On a world-wide basis, nearly one pregnancy in three is deliberately terminated and more than half the money spent on all forms of birth control goes for abortion." Surely the time has come for us to remember our Quaker heritage and demand viable alternatives to this brutality directed against unborn babies and desperate women.

Carolyn Lacey Kline
North Vancouver, B.C.
Canada

Acting in Truth

I am very thankful to Herbert Spiegelberg (FJ 9/15) for being reasonable and true to the facts of life. No one can claim special rights where he wants to build his home.

The Palestinian tragedy, however, is a different matter. Before there was law, truth was always the victim of the lawless; now it is the victim of the strong. This must not stop Friends from acting in truth. The Palestinian tragedy must end.

David Berkington
Bronx, NY

Oases of Silence

North of Philadelphia, in the area bounded by the Schuylkill River, Route 202, and the Delaware River, and circled on a map I have are many historic Quaker meetinghouses.

Since joining the Society of Friends, my wife and I have visited most of them. We have found them to stand out, both on the map and in fact, as oases of silence and tranquility in a world of sound and turmoil. Not oases to which to withdraw from the realities of the modern world, but refuges for meditation; places in which to gather one's scattered thoughts; to look back over the past week and to think how much more we could have done and to look forward to the coming week and plan how much more we could do to try to make the world a better place in which to live.

Let us do all that we are able to do, to help keep meetinghouses open to those who may, in the future, wish to find a quiet refuge from the cares of a tumultuous world.

Werner R. Sonntag
Trenton, NJ
IF YOU ARE OF RETIREMENT AGE AND CONCERNED THAT ONE LONG TERM ILLNESS MIGHT SPELL FINANCIAL DISASTER FOR YOU AND YOUR FAMILY

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Announcements

Births

PASSMORE—On June 25, HEATHER ALICIA PASSMORE, to J. Robert and Carol Ann Passmore of Boulder, CO. The father and paternal grandparents, J. Harold and Elizabeth Passmore, are members of Newtown (PA) Meeting.

HENAU LT—On June 21, SEAN ERIC HEN AU LT to Louis and Sharon Cummings Henault. The mother and maternal grandparents are members of Wrightstown (PA) Meeting.

Marriages

RASMUSSEN-BROWN—On September 21, in Kennett Square, PA, MADONNA JEAN BROWN and WILLIAM S. RASMUSSEN. The bridegroom and his parents, Ruth and Leslie E. Rasmussen, are members of Kennett Square Meeting.

Deaths

ATKINSON—On August 22, at Doylestown Hospital, BEULAH ELLIOT ATKINSON, a member of Wrightstown (PA) Meeting. She served as a member of the Friends Central Committee of the Friends General Conference for many years as well as on the George School Committee. At a memorial service held on September 1, she was remembered for her concern, caring for others, clear intelligence, and generosity of spirit. She is survived by her four children, eleven grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

COONEY—On October 10, at Quaker Gardens, Stanton, CA, WESTINE SHUFELT COONEY, worker for thirty-two years with Oklahoma Friends Indian Centers. Westine Leitzman went to Oklahoma in 1921 following her graduation from Earlham College. She taught at Seneca Indian School, Wyandotte, then led the Wyandotte Meeting before her marriage to Arthur Shufelt. She and Arthur served the Kickapoo Center for five years, then went to Council Meeting where they served until 1951. The Shufelts returned to Kickapoo for two years, then moved to Whittier, CA. Westine served on the staff of Whittier First Friends Meeting from 1954 to 1965. Arthur Shufelt died in 1957 and Westine married Harry

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Westine was elected as an honorary member of the Seneca Nation and at the hour of memorial services held in Whittier, members of three Indian tribes were invited to gather at Seneca Stomp Grounds near Council House to express their appreciation for her life.

GALLUP—On October 31, at Wilmington College, SHAR GALLUP, aged 18. A sophomore at Wilmington College, Shar was a member of the Lehigh Valley Meeting, Bethlehem, PA. She is survived by her parents, Howard and Kris; and by her brothers and sisters, Brad, Joshua, Sonia and Eli. A memorial fund has been started in her name for the Peace Resource Center at Wilmington College. Please contact Harry Tischbién, Vice-President of the college, for further information.

HALLOWELL—On October 3, CHARLES K. HALLOWELL, aged 81, a member of Horsham Meeting. Twenty-five years on the George School Committee, he served as chairman for several years; he also served on other committees of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and for thirty years on the Friends Hospital Board. He is survived by his wife, Helen Rowland of Kendal at Longwood; a son, Ralph P.; four grandchildren; and a sister, Marguerite.

News Notes

HAVE WE AS FRIENDS been faithful to our historic testimony of equality between the sexes?

This query is at the heart of a concern that will send a small group of women from Young Friends of North America on a seven-week caravan this summer to visit meetings and other Friends’ groups in the east, south and midwest.

The caravan of concern will leave on June 16 at the close of the YFNA conference near Pottstown, Pennsylvania, and travel consecutively to the following areas, spending approximately a week in each: Baltimore-Washington, North Carolina, Friends General Conference in Berea, Kentucky; Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Minnesota.

Any meeting or group interested in discussing with these Friends the experiences of women within Quakerism and in carrying out the tradition of Friendly intervisitation should write or telephone Cindy Reichley, 4820 Warrington Ave., Philadelphia 19143 (215) BA 2-7498. The group also is seeking information about a van or other vehicle to use for the caravan.

THE 1975 TRIENNIAL sessions of Friends United Meeting will be held July 5 to 12 on the Wilmington College campus in Wilmington, Ohio instead of Green Lake, Wisconsin. The change in location has resulted in drastically reduced costs.

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Coming Events

January

24-26—Friends Committee on National Legislation, Annual Meeting at the National 4-H Center, Washington, DC, Write to FCNL, 245 2nd St., N.E., Washington, DC 20002.

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Headmaster

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C. Thornton Brown, Jr., Headmaster
“LET YOUR LIVES SPEAK”
Announcements

ALL PHILADELPHIA AREA FRIENDS aged 16-25 are invited to decide the future of FRIENDS INSTITUTE. What is the best use of its endowment? How can the original purposes of the organization—"mutual benefit and cooperation in literary, philanthropic and religious work"—become useful to us or society? Does anyone care? These and other questions will be explored after a potluck supper at 5 p.m., January 8, 1975, 1518 Cherry St., Philadelphia. Meeting begins 7:30. For more information call Susan Shimp, C52-7342 or Bob Taylor, WA3-7363.

A GROUP of Gay/Bisexual Friends who meet monthly for worship sharing, will hold a midwinter conference the weekend of January 18 at Fifteenth Street Meeting House, 15 Rutherford Place, New York City. The program will include worship sharing, workshops, panels, and meeting for concern. Everyone is welcome. For information and hospitality please contact: Committee of Concern, New York area, c/o Paul Conlier, 542 West 112th St., Apt. 4C, New York, NY 10025, Telephone: 212-662-9992.

Positions Vacant


Positions Wanted


COLLEGE ENGLISH PROFESSOR (33) and young family seek new academic/living possibilities in rural area, preferably communal Quaker school. Have administrative experience, varied non-academic skills, flexibility,Quaker-oriented literature. Please contact Box B-631, Friends Journal.


SCHOOLS

THE MEETING SCHOOL, Ridge, New Hampshire 03861—coeducational, coeducational, college preparatory, Farm and family living. Grades 9 to 12. For information, write Dorothy Hagar Albright.

JOHN WOOLLAM SCHOOL, Nevada City, Calif 95959. Founded in 1963, located on 200 rural acres in the Sierra foothills. It has a student/staff ratio of 9 to 1 and provides a demanding academic program for able students. Extra-curricular activities include work, art, music, gardening and shop. Accredited by WASC—Boarded, Grades 9-12. Our educational community is open to persons from all racial, socio-economic and religious backgrounds. Yed Mennour, Principal.

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Wanted

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA. LAND TRUST will pay cash plus tax deductible benefits for good farmland which we want to low income families. Contact Box 356, Berkeley, CA 94701.

How Private a Thing

How private a thing is love and terror and heartrending grief under the sun

How dangerous a thing is love under the sun

How private our destinies under the public sun are

How Private a Thing

How private a thing is love and terror and heartrending grief under the green-green sun

How dangerous a thing is love under the sun

How private our destinies under the public sun are

FREDERIC VANSON

January 1, 1975
## Meeting Announcements

### Alaska

**FAIRBANKS**—Unprogrammed worship. First-days, 9 a.m., Homer Economics Lounge, Third Floor, Eielson Building, Univ. of Alaska. Phone: 473-6762.

### Arizona

**FLAGSTAFF**—Unprogrammed meeting, 11 a.m., 462 S. Beaver, near campus, Mary Campbell, Clerk, 310 E. Cherry Ave. 774-4288.

**PHOENIX**—Sundays: 10 a.m., adult study; 11 a.m., meeting for worship and First-day school, 1122 E. Glendale Ave. 80920, Mary Lou Coppock, Clerk, 1127 E. Belmont. Phoenix. Telephone 944-8923.

### California

**BERKELEY**—Unprogrammed meeting. First-days 11 a.m., 2151 Vine St., 94702-9735.

**CLAREMONT**—Worship, 9:30 a.m. Classes for children. 27 W. Harrison Ave., Claremont.

**DAVIS**—Meetings for worship: 1st Day, 9:45 a.m.; 2nd Day, 5:45 p.m. 345 L St. Visitors call 732-5524.

**FRESNO**—10 a.m., College Y Pak Dix Chapel, 2311 E. Shaw, 227-2030.

**HAYWARD**—Worship 10 a.m. 22000 Wood-roe St., 94541. Phone: (415) 651-1542.

**LA JOLLA**—Meeting, 11 a.m., 7300 Eads Avenue. Visitors call 458-8900 or 458-8866.

**LONG BEACH**—Meeting for worship, 10:00 a.m., Garden Room, Brethren Manor, 3233 Pacific. Call 424-1004 or 531-4665.

**LOS ANGELES**—Meeting, 11 a.m., 4167 So. Normandie. Visitors call 298-8733.

### District of Columbia

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

### Canada

**VICTORIA, B.C.**—Meeting for worship (unprogrammed), 11 a.m. 1831 Fern St.

### Colorado

**BOULDER**—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.; First-day School, 11 a.m. Margaret Ostrow, 464-9453.

### Connecticut

**HARTFORD**—Meeting and First-day School, 10 a.m.; discussion 11 a.m., 14 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford. Phone: 232-2631.

**NEW HAVEN**—Meeting, 9:45 a.m. Conn. Hall, Yale Old Campus. Phone: 238-2295.

**NEW LONDON**—222 Williams St. Worship, 10 a.m.; discussion, 11; Clerk: Betty Seab, 720 Williams St., New London 06350. Phone, 442-7947.

### Delaware

**CAMDEN**—2 miles south of Dover. Meeting and First-day School 11 a.m. 697-6510; 697-6413.

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

**HOCKESSIN**—North of road from Yorklyn, at crossroad. Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m.; First-day School, 11:15 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.

### Illinois

**STAMFORD—GREENWICH**—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10 a.m., 257 E. Postover and Roxbury Roads, Stamford. Clerk, Peter Benton, 41 Cat Rock Road, Cos Cob, Connecticut. Telephone: 203-969-7519.

**WATERTOWN**—Meeting 10 a.m., Watertown Library, 47 Main Street. Phone: 214-8889.

**WILTON**—Meeting for worship, and First-day School, 10 a.m., 217 New Canaan Road. Phone: 766-3040. Robert E. Leslie, clerk, 203-938-2184.

### Marin

**MARIN**—Worship 10 a.m., Mill Valley Community Church Annex, Olive and Lowell, D.U. 3-7523.

**MONTERRAY PENINSULA**—Friends Meeting for worship, Sundays, 11 a.m., 1007 Mescall Ave., Seaside. Call 394-0961.

**ORANGE COUNTY**—Worship 10:30 a.m. University of California at Irvine (Univ. Club, Trailor T). 546-6862 or 552-7691.

**PALO ALTO**—Meeting for worship and First-day classes for children, 11 a.m., 222 Colorado.

**PASADENA**—226 E. Orange Grove (at Oak-land). Meeting for worship, Sunday, 10:30 a.m.

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

**SACRAMENTO—YWCA**—Meeting, (unprogrammed), 11 a.m.; discussion 11 a.m. Clerk: Laura Magnani, 2323 F St. Ph. 914-442-1976.

**SACRAMENTO—YWCA**—17th and L Sts. Meeting for worship Sunday 10 a.m; discussion 11 a.m. Clerk: Warren, 915-232-3631.

**SAN DIEGO—UNPROGRAMMED WORSHIP**—First-days, 11 a.m., 6948 Seminole Dr., 296-2264.

**SAN FRANCISCO**—Worship 10:30 a.m.; children's and adults' classes, 10 a.m.; 1041 Morse Street.

**SANTA BARBARA**—591 Santa Rosa Lane, east of San Ysidro Rd., Montecito (Y.M.C.A.) 10:30 a.m.

**SANTA CRUZ**—Meeting for worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m. 303 Walnut St. Clerk, 335-8282.

**SANTA MONICA**—First-day School at 10, meeting at 11, 1440 Harvard St. Call 828-9849.

**SONOMA COUNTY**—Redwood Forest Meeting. First-days, 11 a.m. worship and First-day school, 61 W. Cotati Ave., Cotati, CA. Phone: (707) 756-0825 or 403-9011.

**VISTA**—Palomar Meeting, 10 a.m. Clerk: Gretchen Tshihli, 1633 Calle Dulce, Vista 92083. Call 724-6955 or 725-9409.

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Florida

CLEARWATER—Meeting 10:30 a.m., Y.W.C.A., 222 S. Lincoln Ave. Phone: 733-5215.

DAYTONA BEACH—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., 201 San Juan Avenue. Phone: 677-0547.

GALENVILLE—1921 N.W. 2 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. 906-1386.

MELBOURNE—Unprogrammed meetings for worship, 11 a.m., 1st and 3rd First Days each month. Call 777-0418 or 724-1162 for information.

MIAMI-CORAL GABLES—Meeting, 10 a.m., 1185 Sunset Road. Darden Asbury E. Zedan, clerk, 663-0620; AFSC Peace Center, 442-9636.

ORLANDO-WINTER PARK—Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 316 E. Marks Street, Orlando 32803 Phone: 843-2505.

PALM BEACH—Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 823 North A St., Lake Worth. Phone: 855-5659 or 849-3146.

SARASOTA—Music Room, College Hall, New College. Adult discussion, 10 a.m. Worship, 11 a.m. Mary Margaret McAdoo, clerk. 305-2972.

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

Georgia

ATLANTA—Worship and First-Day School, 1 a.m., 1284 Fairview Road, N.E., Atlanta 30306. Sue Kenworthy, Clerk. Phone: 326-5767.

AUGUSTA—Meeting for worship and First-Day School, 10:30 a.m., 340 Telfair Street. Lester Bowles, clerk. Phone: 733-4230.

Hawaii

HONOLULU—Sundays, 2426 Cahu Avenue, 9:45, hymn sing; 10 worship and First-Day School. Overnight inquiries welcomed. Phone: 988-2214.

Illinois

CARBONDALE—Unprogrammed worship, Sundays, 10 a.m. Phone 457-4010 or 457-6842.

CHICAGO—57th Street. Worship, 11 a.m., 5615 W. Central. Monthly Meeting every first Friday, 7:30 p.m. Phone: BU 2-3065.

CHICAGO—Chicago Monthly Meeting, 10749 S. Artesian. HI 5-8594 or BE 3-2715. Worship 11 a.m.

CHICAGO—Northside (unprogrammed), Worship 10 a.m. For information and meeting location, phone 477-5600 or 664-1923.

CRETE—Thorn Creek meeting, (Chicago) south suburban 10:30. 700 Exchange (312) 481-8066.

DECURS—Worship 10 a.m. Phone Mildred G. Stroeh, clerk, 422-5116, for meeting location.

DEKALB—Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 424 Normal Road. Phone: 756-2561 or 756-1985.

DOWNS GROVE—(west suburban Chicago) Worship, 1st-Day School 10:30 a.m., 3710 Lomond Ave. (3 blocks west of Belmont, 1 block south of Maple). Phone: 966-0561 or 966-2994.

EVANSTON—16-10 Greenleaf, UN 4-6511. Worship on First-Day, 10 a.m.

LAKE FOREST—Worship 10:30 a.m. at Meeting House. West Old Elm and Ridge Roads. Made Box 25, Lake Forest, 526-6453. Phone: (312) 234-3895.


PEORIA-GALESBURG—Unprogrammed meetings in Galesburg. Phone: 432-9977 or 432-2595.

QUINCY—Friends Hill Meeting. Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m. Randall J. McCelland, clerk, 634-9209 or 634-6704.

ROCKFORD—Meeting for worship every First-Day, 10:30 a.m. at 246 N. Avon St., Rockford, IL 61103. Phone 994-0716.

SPIRIT—Worship, 10 a.m. Phone Robert Sagenknecht. 522-3605 for meeting location.

URBANA-CHAMPAIGN—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. 714 W. Green St. Urbana. Phone: 344-4531 or 367-0651.

Indiana

BLOOMINGTON—Meeting for worship 10:15 a.m., Moors Pike at Smith Road. Call Norris Wentworth, phone: 328-3603.

HOPESVILLE—20 mi. W. Richmond, Ind.; between 1-70, US 40; 1-70 exit Wilbur Wright Rd. N. 1 mile. W. Unprogrammed worship, 9:30, discussion, 10:30, Ph: 768-0304, or 797-9737.

INDIANAPOLIS—Lantern Meeting and Sugar Grove. Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m. Sugar Grove Meeting House. Willard Reiss, 207-1981 or Albert Maxwell, 639-4649.

RICHMOND—Clear Creek Meeting, Stout Memorial Meetinghouse, Earham College. Unprogrammed worship, 9:15 a.m. Clerk, Howard Alexander, 966-0453. (June 20-Sept. 19, 10 a.m.)

WEST LAFAYETTE—Worship 10 a.m., 176 E. Stadium Ave. Clerk, Merritt S. Webster. 743-4772.

Iowa

DES MOINES—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., classes, 11 a.m. Meeting House, 4211 Grand Ave. Phone 374-0463.

IOWA CITY—Unprogrammed worship, 11 a.m. 311 N. Linn, Iowa City Phone 338-7230. Clerks, Pam and Mark Stewart, phone 338-2062.

WEST BRANCH—Unprogrammed meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. Sunday; Meetinghouse 522-2083 or Albert Maxwell, 839-4649.

Maryland

ADELPHI—Near University of Maryland. 2503 Metz Road. First-Day School, 10:30 a.m.; worship, 10 a.m. Deborah James, Clerk. Phone: 422-0990.

ANNAPOLIS—Worship, 11 a.m., former St. Paul's Chapel, Rt. 178 (General's Hwy.) and Crowsville Rd., Crowsville, Md. Donald Siler, clerk. 301-222-3948.

BALTIMORE—Worship 11 a.m.; Stony Run 5116 N Charles St., 413-3773; Homewood 3107 N. Charles St. 225-4341.

BETHESDA—Sidwell Friends Lower School, Edgemoor Lane & Beverly Rd. Classes 10:15; worship 11 a.m. Phone: 332-1156.

COLUMBIA—A new meeting! 5 p.m. Phelps Lock & Clock, Jr., 1 M. Dadoo, Cl. 5265 Elik Oak Rd. 21044. 935-5612.

EASTON—Third Haven Meeting and First-Day School, 11 a.m. 405 South Washington St. Clerk, Zelinger, clerks, 624-2491; Lorraine Claggert, 622-0699. 1st Sun. June through last Sun., Sept., worship 9:30 a.m.

SANDY SPRING—Meetinghouse Road, at Rte. 108, Worship and First-Day School, 11 a.m.; first Sundays, 9:30 only. Classes, 10:20.

UNION BRIDGE—PIKE CREEK MEETING (near)—Worship. 11 a.m.

Massachusetts

ACTON—Meeting for worship and First-Day School, 10 a.m. Donian Hall, corner Massachusetts Ave. and Spruce St., W. Acton. Clerk, Elizabeth H. Boardman, (617) 263-5592.

AMHERST-NORTHEASTERN-GREENFIELD—Meeting for worship 11 a.m. First-Day School 10:00 a.m. Mt. Toby Meetinghouse, Route 63 in Leicester. Phone 532-0427.

BOSTON—Worship 11:00 a.m.; fellowship hour 12:00, First-Day, Beacon Hill Friends House, 6 Chestnut Street, Boston 02108. Phone: 267-8114.

CAMBRIDGE—Longfellow Park (near Harvard Square, just off Brattle Street). Two meetings for worship each First-Day, 9:30 a.m. and 11 a.m. Phone 766-3383.

FRAMINGHAM—841 Edmonds Rd. (2 mi. W of Nobscot) Worship 10:30 a.m. First Day School, 9:30 a.m. Visitors welcome. Phone 987-0841.

January 1, 1975 FRIENDS JOURNAL
**Ohio**

CINCINNATI—Clifton Friends Meeting, Wesley Foundation Building, 2171 Clifton Ave. Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Phone: 361-2932

CINCINNATI—Community Meeting (United) FGC & FUM—Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m., 3960 Winding Way, 45219. (513) 861-4533 Wilhelmina Branson, clerk. (513) 821-3866.

CLEVELAND—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., 1616 Magnolia Dr. 701-2220.

CLEVELAND—Community Meeting for worship, 7 p.m. at Friends School, Magnolia, University Circle Area. Elliott Cornell, clerk. 932-8049 or 312-7456.

DELARAW—At O.W. Phillips Hall, 10 a.m. Twice monthly unprogrammed meeting for worship. Contact Mary Lee Bailey. 369-4153 or Dottie Woldorf, 363-3701.

KENT—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10:30 a.m., 1158 Fairchild Ave. Phone: 673-5336.

N. COLUMBUS—Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m. 1854 Indiana Ave. Call Coffine Cross, 836-8123. Phone: 321-7456.

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

TOLEDO—Allowed meeting, unprogrammed. Sundays, 10 a.m., The Ark (U. of Toled0), 3086 Brookdale Rd. Information. David Tabor. (419) 878-9964.

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

WASHINGTON—Campus Meeting (United) FUM & FGC. Unprogrammed worship. 10, College Kelly Center. Esther L. Farquhar, clerk. (513) 235-9951.

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

**Pennsylvania**

PORTLAND—MONTMOUTH MONTHLY MEETING, 4312 S. E. Stark St. Worship 10 a.m. discussions 11 a.m. Name address, A.F.S.C. Phone: 235-2584.

**Oregon**

**Maryland**

FALLINGTON (Bucks County)—Falls Meeting, Main St. First-day School 10 a.m., meeting for worship, 11 a.m. First-day School on first First-day of each month. Five miles from Pennsylvania, reconstructed manor house of William Penn.

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

GOSHEN—Goshenville, intersection of Rt. 352 and Paoli Pike, First-day school, 10:30 a.m.; meeting, 11:15 a.m.

GWYNEDD—Summertown Pike and Route 202. 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.

HAVERFORD—Buck lane, between Lancaster Pike and Haverford Rd. First-day School and meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m., followed by Forum.

HAVERTOWN—Old Haverford Meeting—East Eagle Road at Saint Dennis Lane, Havertown. 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. 462, back of Wheatland Shopping Center, 113 miles west of Lancaster. Meeting and First-day School, 10 a.m.

LANCASTER—Meeting and Stewart Aves., meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. First-day school 11 a.m.

LEHIGH VALLEY-ALTEHEM—on Route 512 one-half mile south of Route 22. Meeting and First-day School, 10 a.m.

LEWISBURG—Vaughn Literature Bldg. Lib., Bucknell U. Worship, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 10 a.m. Meyer, Clerk, Ruby E. Cooper, 717-523-0391.

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

MEDIA—Providence Meeting, Providence Road, miles east of Phila., meeting for worship, 11 a.m.


MIDDLETOWN—Delaware Co. Route 352 N. of Lock Haven. First-day School, 11 a.m.

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

MOUNT LAKEVILLE—Meeting for worship, First-day School, 11 a.m. First-day School 11 a.m. A. F. Solenberg, 764-0207.

MUNCY at PENNDALE—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Ann Kimura, Clerk. Phone: (717) 998-0362 or (717) 323-5498.

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

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

PHILADELPHIA—Meetings, 10:30 a.m., unless specified; telephone LO 8-4111 for information about First-day Schools.

RYPAL—One mile east of Roosevelt Boulevard, Route 611 at Round Pond Rd. Central Philadelphia, 15th & Race Sts.

SHERMAN—Jeannes Hospital grounds, Fox Chase. 11:15 a.m.

SHENANDOAH Hill, 100 E. Mermaid Lane.

SHERMAN—Cumberland and Cambria, Annual meeting, 10:15. second First-day in Tenth month.

SHERMAN—Meetinghouse Rd. off of College St. W. of 612 and 562 intersection at Yellow House.

**South Carolina**

ASHVILLE—Meeting, French Broad YWCA. Sunday, 10 a.m. Phone Phillip Neal, 209-0944.

CHAPEL HILL—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Professor in Music, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, 11 a.m.

CHARLESTON—Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m., adult forum, 11:45 a.m. 2327 Remount Road. Phone 209-8485.

DURHAM—Meeting 10:30 at 404 Alexander Avenue. Contact David Smith 688-4489 or John Stratos 636-5371.

FAYETTEVILLE—Meeting 1 p.m., Quaker House 203 Hilldale Ave. Phone the Arlings, 688-3213.


BIRMINGHAM—1345 Birmingham Rd. S. of West Chester on Route 202 to Route 926, turn W. to Birmingham Rd., turn S. ¾ mile, First-day school 10 a.m., meeting for worship 11 a.m.

BRISTOL—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., Market and Wood. 788-3324.

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

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

DOLINGTON—Makefield—East of Dolington on Mt. Eyre Road. Meeting for worship 11:00-1:30. First-day School 11:30-12:30.

DOWNEY—Route 610, Lancaster Avenue (South side of Old Rt. 30, ½ mile east of town). First-day School (except summer months), and worship 11 a.m. 962-5139.

DOYLESTOWN—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m.

EXETER—Meetinghouse Rd. off of College St. W. of 612 and 562 intersection at Yellow House.
South Dakota

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

Tennessee

NASHVILLE—Meeting and First-day School, Sundays, 10:30 a.m., 1108 19th Ave. S. Clerk, Betty Johnson. Phone: (615)-251-0322.

WEST KOXVILLE—Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. D. W. Newton, Phone 693-6540.

Texas

AMARILLO—High Plains Worship Group, Sundays, 10:30 a.m. For information write 2401 W, 10th St., Amarillo, TX 79106 or call 606-374-7659.

AUSTIN—Worship and First-day School, 11 a.m. Forum, 10 a.m., 3614 Washington Square, GL 2-1811. Otto Hofmann, clerk, 443-2238.

DALLAS—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., Park North Y.W.C.A., 6484 W. Northwest Highway. Clerk, George Kenney, 2137 Siesta Dr. FE 1-1348.

DALLAS—Meeting for Worship and Community, Sunday 9:30 p.m., 4003 Lovers Lane. Pot luck supper. Call 252-9496 for information.

EL PASO—Worship and First-day School, 9 a.m. Esther T. Cornell, 504-7259, for location.

HOUSTON—Live Oak Meeting, worship and First-Day School, Sunday, 11 a.m., 2319 E. 7th North. Phone 752-2702.

LUBBOCK—For information write 2077 29th St., Lubbock, TX 79411 or call 747-5533.


Utah

LOGAN—Meeting 11 a.m., CCP House, 1315 E. 7th North. Phone 765-2702.

OGDEN—Sundays 11 a.m., Mattie Harris Hall, 525 27th, 655-6979.

Vermont

BENNINGTON—Worship, 10:30 a.m. Bennington Library, 101 Silver St., P.O. Box 231, Bennington 6524.


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

PLAINFIELD—Worship 10:30 a.m. Sunday, Phone Gibson, Danville, 603-891-2961 or Lowe, Montpelier, 802-223-3742.

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

SHERBROOK—Meeting, Worship Sunday, 11 a.m., home of Edith Gorman, Cullingsville, Vt. Phone 492-2431.

Virginia

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

LINCOLN—Goose Creek United Meeting First-day School, 10:00 a.m., meeting for worship. Phone 207-905.

McLEAN—Langley Hill Meeting, Sunday, 10:30 a.m. Junction old Route 123 and Route 193.

RICHMOND—First-day School, 9:45 a.m., meeting 11 a.m., 4500 Kensington Ave. Phone 359-0979.

ROANOKE-BLACKSBURG—Leslie Nieves, clerk, 905 Preston, Blacksburg 24060. Phone 733-2313.


DO-IT-YOURSELF

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