“Poem”

“I need a lot of love,” she said.

“Me too,” said I.

“I need a lot of love,” she said.

And so I said, “I’ll try.”

“I need a lot of love,” she said.

“Anything else?” I asked.

“Yes.”

“What?”

“More.”

“More what?”

“Just more.”

Robert Lohaus
Centering Down...

Out of the silences
Come inner strengths
Sitting through the clear air
Without clang or clatter.
Out of the silences and beyond
Come life’s renewals.
God speaks!
In the deep serenity of space
The mind soaks in the stillness.
God moves!
Words and thoughts without sounds
Come out of the distance.
God speaks!
Out of the silences.

—J. O. Schrag

“PRAYER is not a magical device by which we get what we privately want, at the cost of the reliability of the natural order or the common good. Prayer is an intellectual discipline in truthfulness, and a moral discipline in unselfishness. It is the endeavor to find out what is true and right, and then to confess to those realities.”

—Willard Sperry
as quoted in Norristown Monthly Meeting Friendly Notes.

...And Witnessing

STAMFORD-GREENWICH (CT) Monthly Meeting at its monthly luncheons for Friends and friends will be discussing the subject of Friends and the Bicentennial. Did Friends’ thought have an impact on the formation of the government of the United States and the principles it embodies? In what way did it affect the development of the U.S. Constitution? Why were many governmental procedures, taken for granted in the 17th and 18th centuries, opposed by Friends? It was suggested that Friends set aside a day—perhaps Constitution Day—to ponder or do research on the meaning of the Bicentennial.

MEMBERS of Multnomah (OR) Monthly Meeting’s “Brown Bag” Discussion Group are currently grappling with the question of whether, “in their efforts to become liberated,” women are “locking themselves into another set of stereotypes.”
The First Word

Spring, 1975

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times."

IN PHILADELPHIA, it was the time of spring. Daffodils were blooming, grass was beginning to green, pigeons across the alleyway were building nests and generally, nature was about to burst into renewal once more.

Also in Philadelphia, it was a time when the United States Environmental Protection Agency told the city's Water Department that it could dump an average of eighteen million (18,000,000) gallons of raw sewage a day into the Delaware River while a sewer main was being repaired...if the city waited until June 1 when the shad and herring runs up the river would be over.

"It was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness."

It was a time when a handful of Friends and others, trying hard to stop the introduction of a Marine Corps training program in a high school outside Philadelphia, were cautiously optimistic because they had received unexpected support from concerned townsmen. Subsequently, the School Board voted against the program.

Meanwhile, plans for similar programs in hundreds of other school districts throughout the United States moved steadily ahead; thousands of high school students already in such programs were being trained to march, to salute, to shoot; and one thousand (1,000) officers and enlisted personnel from the U.S. Armed Forces were making important contacts for future programs as members of the American Personnel and Guidance Association.

"It was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity."

It was a time when the American Friends Service Committee was preparing to launch a special fundraising campaign to help relieve the suffering in Vietnam, where five members of the AFSC team were at least temporarily safe and the sixth was in Da Nang operating a clinic. It was also a time when AFSC Board Chairman Wallace Collett was urging President Gerald Ford to "immediately halt all war aid to Saigon government until coalition government is established as called for by Paris Peace Agreement"—the agreement for which Ford's Secretary of State had shared the Nobel Peace Prize twenty-six years after it had been shared by the AFSC and British Friends for post-World War II relief. In the same message Wallace Collett urged the president to "immediately commit massive relief and reconstruction aid for all peoples of Vietnam and Cambodia through U.N. and voluntary agencies" and "to remove political prisoners from tiger cages and other prison cells before they are abandoned or slaughtered by Saigon government."

At the same time, the Thieu government informed AFSC that its contract and services at the Quang Ngai rehabilitation center were terminated, effective in sixty days and expressed "sincere thanks for the relevant assistance" provided since 1966 when the center began making and fitting artificial limbs for war victims. Back home, the same prize-winning Secretary of State met to discuss Vietnam with the key advisors to our last three presidents, while in Palm Springs President Ford played golf with Bob Hope before telling the nation he hoped that the United States could "salvage" something from Vietnam and Cambodia.

"It was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness."

It was a time when Charles Wells was writing in his newsletter, Between the Lines, that since World War II American policies toward communism "were rooted in two illusions: that communism was almost entirely a military threat, and that consequently only military might could stop it...Our preoccupation with armed defense...blinded us to the reality that communism was a result of arrested and stifled political and economic progress, a revolutionary force to which nations turned when there was no other way open to them. Thus armed violence offered no solution. Also, in pursuit of arms building, the profit motive had become an overwhelming force that seduced genuine patriotism, shut out rational thought and made the defense program an orgy of greed."

Meanwhile, in Washington White House and Pentagon officials were demanding $530 million to continue the war.

"It was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair."

It was a time when Friends in New York, Chicago, California and other places large and small were trying to develop and promote creative, nonviolent approaches to solving human conflict in home, school and community.

At the same time, the Philadelphia Board of Education was receiving a report that youngsters began moving into gangs from the fourth (4th) grade on and that "by the time they get to junior high they are full-fledged gang members," fifty-five of whom were officially killed in the city last year and the rate is higher this year. "I see that law as a principle by which people conduct their lives is dead," a judge observed.

"It was the year of Our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five" Charles Dickens had written in the first chapter of his classic about the French Revolution, A Tale of Two Cities.

It was the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and seventy-five, one year before the United States would observe the two hundredth anniversary of its own revolution, and twenty centuries since a simple, loving, peaceful man had said, "Lo, I am with you always, to the close of the age." Now, as then, daffodils again were blooming, grass was greening, pigeons were mating and nature was renewing itself.

It was the week after Easter, 1975 and still, as Dickens said, "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times."
I struggled through a snowstorm across town, that blustery Sunday morning in 1936, and wandered lost around the narrow twisting streets of Frankford trying to find the famous working class meeting of Friends. By the time I pushed open the wide door of Frankford Meeting I was chilled to the bone. In the dusk of the interior I tried to focus my snow-blinded eyes to see a small cluster of people on one side of the big room, hovering around a pot-bellied stove.

"Welcome Friend," boomed Walter Longstreth coming toward me with hand outstretched. "Why you poor thing, you must be half frozen." cried Emily Longstreth. "Come sit by me and let me pull off your galoshes." As I sank down into the comforting chair somebody put a steaming cup of tea in my hand. As simply as that I found myself at home and among friends, the first time I set foot in Frankford Meeting, the first time I met the Longstreths.

Frankford Meeting at Unity and Wain Streets is the second oldest Friends Meeting in the Philadelphia area. William Penn is said to have requested its founding in 1658 because he wanted one meeting to be north of his new city. The original building was a log cabin situated within sight of the Delaware River and was surrounded by Quaker-owned farms. That building, of course, is long gone. In its place is a brick one whose oldest part was built in 1775 (with additions in 1818 and 1964.) The lovely old rose-colored bricks came as ballast in an early ship from England.

Times changed. Gradually the farms gave way to textile mills which soon obscured the river view from the meeting house. The neighborhood became flooded with European immigrants brought over to work the mills and as they crowded in, the rural and affluent moved out. Soon the lowlands by the river were covered with tiny row houses and cobblestoned streets.

The new people practiced a wide variety of religions—but not Quaker! More Catholic than Protestant, perhaps nobody thought to invite them to join the meeting. It is said that in those days many Friends thought that silent worship and the Quaker faith appealed only to upper class intellectuals. How anyone could maintain this astonishing conclusion in the light of Quaker history is one of those mysteries that only a long suffering creator could understand, plus perhaps a clutch of social psychologists interested in the interface between church history and the rise of social classes.

By 1930 attendance at Frankford Meeting was down to four, occasionally three, very old ladies. Green Street Quarterly Meeting which held jurisdiction over Frankford considered whether to close it for good. To their surprise a vigorous resistance was encountered.

Those were the days of the early depression when the Socialist Party still lived, with Norman Thomas perennially running for president of the United States and Jesse Holmes sometimes for governor of Pennsylvania. Jesse Holmes was professor of philosophy at Swarthmore College. One of his most enthusiastic pupils had been Emily Longstreth and she and her husband Walter remained Jesse's good friends. He sometimes dropped in to see them in their Germantown home to discuss his experiences in Frankford. Times were hard in the textile district and labor leaders there had asked for his help in rescuing the beleaguered labor unions in that area. He had walked the streets of Frankford and among other things that he gave thought to was the empty, decaying old meeting house with its quiet burying ground in the midst of teeming streets where children had no place to play and working men had no place to meet except the street. And who said Quakers had nothing to offer working people in their religious lives anyhow? How long had it been since anyone tried?

It was Holmes, the Longstreths, some of their close friends and one little old lady who had lived across the street from Frankford Meeting all her life (they paid her taxi fare to the Green Street Meeting) who arose in Green Street Meeting and pleaded that the old meeting house be given one more chance to serve its immediate community. And they won that chance!
One price the Longstreths were asked to pay. They had to promise to attend Frankford's meeting for worship every Sunday, and so they did. It took them two trolley cars and an hour each way, but they did it, lovingly, faithfully, joyously, all the rest of their lives. A person sometimes wondered whether they ever missed their old friends and the peace and beauty of Green Street Meeting. Certainly no clue ever came from them if they did. They sat amidst the constant ruckus of Frankford serenely patient and serenely confident that eventually we would grow up to be good Quakers.

How would you go about resurrecting a moribund Friends meeting? One couldn't very well expect strangers to begin by thronging into a religious worship service. It would take some getting acquainted first, this small group of enthusiasts thought. So, knowing local needs, Jesse Holmes persuaded the others to do two things. First they opened a forum where local people could exchange ideas with selected outsiders. Jesse Holmes himself led the first discussion with his labor leader friends helping to provide the audience and it was a great success. The forum met once a month on Sunday afternoons and expanded from the start. Some of its success may have stemmed in part from the fact that during the depression working people had no other place to go on a winter Sunday afternoon to escape from their overcrowded homes and bleak lives.

The second major activity these Quaker activists tried was opening the meeting house to the children who had no other place to play. The Quaker women went from door to door inviting mothers to allow their children to attend a Saturday afternoon party. Thirty children turned up the first Saturday. The next week it was sixty and the third Saturday ninety children stormed in. And these weren't exactly timid little ones; they shouted and screamed and climbed over the old benches and guzzled lemonade. Nobody had planned on ninety children in this one-room meeting house so the heroic ladies kept pouring more water into the lemonade and still more water but no matter, the kids kept on coming and drinking and loving every minute of it.

When these Quaker enthusiasts perceived that many of these children came from mixed Catholic and Protestant homes and were often going unchurched service, they invited them also to attend Sunday School. At first the children also piled in here, but before long the local Catholic priest became alarmed at this. He might have been glad to see them churched but not so happy to see them Quakerized and he applied pressure. The Sunday School promptly dwindled then slowly began to build again as fathers and mothers who attended the forum began to drift in for Sunday morning services as well and brought their children along. They came for the "Adult Discussion Group" first, which met at ten o'clock and then, timidly at first, stayed on for worship services afterward. Before long the old meeting house rocked with activity. It was open during the week for boys' clubs, children's art classes, mothers' sewing groups. On forum Sundays people would come at nine in the morning prepared to spend the entire day.

How I remember the picnic lunches we ate outdoors behind the meeting house! The innocent newcomers would arrive carrying their bottles of wine and would generously pass them around the table. Emily Longstreth, a strict prohibitionist, would sweetly pass the bottle to her neighbor with never a word of reproach. Similarly in the art classes the children would draw pictures of their favorite topics—dive bombers and planes crashing in flames. We considered their budding spirits more precious than our pacifist squeamishness and the walls of the meeting house were soon covered with these drawings.

One disappointment was with the burying ground. There were some 200 graves in it but only fifty remaining headstones and someone had the bright idea of turning it into a playground, desperately needed in this overcrowded district. The Philadelphia Playground Association generously agreed to put up $1,000 for the conversion if Friends could raise the other thousand. The ever patient and cooperative Green Street Meeting agreed, the Playground Association had the land surveyed and plans were made to bury each headstone exactly where it stood and all was in order. Then everything fell through. A local Episcopalian whose grandmother was buried there threatened to take the matter to court and a quick survey of local judges found that they would back him up. So the playground was never built, the fifty gravestones continued to molder quietly away in place and children continued to be hit by cars out on the narrow streets.

In the 1940's a new kind of person began to come to our meeting. These were conscientious objectors assigned to work at the nearby mental hospital at Byberry. Some were farm boys, some students from colleges and universities, some with their Ph.D's. By now we had a wonderful mixture of types. There were the remaining old Socialists from Green Street, notably Emily and Walter Longstreth. There
were occasional visitors from Green Street and other Friends Meetings, outstanding in their polished and suave state. There were the local working people, all kinds from factory operatives to deep thinkers from the printers union; housewives and militant activists from the Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom. We had anarchists, Socialists, Democrats and even Republicans. At one point I recall the group included an American Indian couple, a family of local Negroes, a French speaking family, plus all the rest of us less exotic folk. We had free thinking young people coming from all over the city. We were a favorite meeting for visits by Dave Richie's weekend workcampers.

Frankford members seemed to be into everything vital going on in the city. The peace movement, labor unions, political reform groups, prison reform, mental health reform, the co-operative movement. I remember one little old lady who at first warmed my heart because she, like myself, didn't seem to have any cause at all. And then one day she arose and in a quavering voice asked us to sign her petition for a bigger and better Philadelphia Zoo.

When the World Conference of Friends was held at Swarthmore College, we had our share of guests, having discovered that among ourselves we spoke six languages. We put on a big dinner for them one happy Sunday. I recall one English woman laughing to see us automatically form an assembly-line to set the tables at noon. We learned later that the next day as the big conference resumed in Swarthmore someone arose and scolded American Friends. They said that over the weekend they had been shocked to see how provincial American Friends had become in their overly affluent and protected lives. And then another person promptly rose to say that his experience was the opposite and told how very happy he had been to visit Frankford Friends and see a genuine working class meeting in full flower.

In full flower it was. We weren't very proficient yet at Quaker style worship. There was too much talking, for one thing. An ex-Jehovah's Witness would rise to speak of an angel's visit. Once an ex-Methodist suggested that if a crucifix were hung on the front wall it might help keep the discussion on a religious theme. The Longstreths, I thought, quivered visibly at that. Perhaps the ex-Catholics were the best Quakers. They seemed to bring a mystical understanding to the worship which strengthened us all. At any rate it seemed to me that George Fox and his friends would have been comfortable with us. After all, they were a mixture of working folk too, and had to struggle at their religious worship. Like them we gradually merged into a truly Christian family, a closely knit cluster of friends who loved one another and who worked for God's kingdom on earth, each in our own bumbling way. And always the Longstreths were there at our side, encouraging, smoothing the way, trying to mediate our incongruities.

We matured, but a funny thing happened along the way. Those of us who became members of the Society of Friends and hence regular attenders began slowly and sometimes imperceptibly to move toward the middle class. The Longstreths were partly to blame, I think. They kept talking education to us. As times improved they encouraged us to strive for whatever it was we wanted in life. Perhaps unfortunately this included material goods as well as prestige and comfort and security. So one by one we drifted off to various schools and colleges, to enter professions or to work our ways up in the jobs we already had.

Today the neighborhood around Frankford Meeting has changed again and has become almost entirely Black. The Longstreths are dead. Like many of the others I moved up in society and away from the Meeting House at Unity and Walnut Streets. I understand it is still there but that once more attendance has fallen off. I wonder how many of the local Negroes come to worship in the old meeting house and to what extent it continues to serve its community.
Indian Fishing Rights

By Robert S. Johnson

There is probably no more controversial ruling in the past half century in favor of Indians that compares with the treaty fishing rights ruling of Judge George Boldt in Seattle February of 1974. It assures the Pacific Northwest Indian fishermen of the opportunity to take half of the salmon caught in Washington State, and has generated page one headlines in the decades-long struggle of the Indians against the state.

This is perhaps not understood as completely on the east coast as it is out west, because the fisheries industry and resources of the Atlantic in no way compare with those of the Pacific. The enormous value of the salmon to the economy of the state, and to the protein-hungry nations that share that resource—Japan, Russia, Canada, Poland, to name the big fleets fishing off the Washington coast—have elevated the Washington Indian fishing controversy to international dimensions.

The Indian fisherman, however, working with his tribal councils under the court's orders, finds himself the target of a hostile state administration and a media being led around by the nose by state news releases. For instance, the governor of the state, Daniel Evans, a few weeks ago asked that a federal "disaster" be declared to assist the non-Indian fishermen, a step he had never taken for Indian fishermen, though their lives have been a disaster for decades. The Federal Disaster Assistance Administration, however, turned him down, saying the "disaster" noted by Governor Evans was man-made and did not qualify under federal law.

Sportsmen are circulating 75,000 copies of a petition to force the Washington congressional delegation to legislate out of existence the federal court's ruling in favor of the Indians. It is backed by the powerful Fishing & Hunting News, which reaches over half a million readers in the eleven western states and Alaska.

A quick glance at the statistics shows the unevenness of the battle for the Indian:

Commercial licenses issued by the state to non-Indians rose from 3,102 in 1965 to 6,690 in 1974.

There are over 500,000 sports fishermen licensed by the state.

Compared to this, the Indian fishermen have about 350 fishermen on the water, and they have 49 gillnetters and three purse seiners operating compared to the 6,690 non-Indian fishermen who outnumber them with gear as well as manpower.

The result has been that the water is overloaded, the fish are being overfished, and the state—charged by the court to watchdog conservation measures—has in fact mismanaged the resource and then blamed the Indian for the decline of salmon.

It appears that this year the Indians may take 8.5 percent of the salmon rather than the fifty percent the judge said they had the opportunity of fishing for. Nevertheless, despite this small take of the Indians, the sportsmen and non-Indian fishermen in the state have escalated the controversy to a violent level.

In one small town on the Skagit River, Sedro Woolley, the Upper Skagit Indians since December 1, when they started fishing, have lost over 50 nets that were either destroyed by non-Indians or stolen. Non-Indian rednecks in the bars of Sedro Woolley brag that they got this or that net last night, and one of them calls himself "a professional Indian net cutter," and carries grappling hooks in his car to snag Indian nets and pull them out with his pickup.

On January 9, 1975, a Skagit Indian enforcement officer, Larry Williams, reported that one young non-Indian was caught red-handed stealing fish from an Indian net. There were two Indian eyewitnesses, Lawrence Boone, a Skagit tribal councilman, and his son, Leonard. The incident was reported to the Game Department, the Sheriff's Office, the Bureau of Indian Affairs, the County Prosecutor and the U.S. Attorney Stan Pitkin.

Nothing came of it, although the young man apprehended said he was "being paid to do this." A few days later the young man was seen again on the Skagit River, untouched by the event.

In the interim, the windshield of Larry Williams' car got a bullet hole through the windshield, the cowling of his outboard motor was punctured by another bullet, and boats of other Indian fishermen had bullet holes in them and they were "shotgunned" when left on the banks.

Other tribes report similar troubles, but the most outstanding was when the Muckleshoot fished the Duwamish River. The State Game Department, acting on a state court's defiant ruling against the federal court, summarily went down in broad daylight, snagged Indian nets and pulled them out of the river with their trucks. Fifteen nets valued at about $750 each were damaged, fish confiscated, and the case came into federal court.

Judge Boldt ruled against the State of Washington, and the Game Department had to return the damaged nets and

Robert Johnson, former national information director for the American Friends Service Committee, is currently working to bring about the peaceful implementation of the federal court ruling of last February 1974 assuring Pacific Northwest Indian tribes of their treaty fishing rights. He is the founder and editor of The Indian Voice.
the fish, and promised to make restitution for the ripped nets.

At this point, with the seasons coming to a close, there is a standoff between the Indians and the state, with the Indians still unable to muster the economic clout to develop the capability in terms of boats and gear for catching the fifty percent the judge said they are entitled to under the federal treaties.

Reservations now have fish committees and are developing tribal codes to govern Indian fishermen. A Northwest Indian Fisheries Commission is trying to get off the ground, and tribes are working together as they have not done in the past. For instance, the Squaxin Island Indians take fish from their aquaculture project to the Skokomish Indian processing plant, developing a joint venture of sorts with their Skokomish neighbors. Other tribes are continuing to develop, and next season may see an even more intense confrontation between Indian and non-Indian.

A definite stiffening of Indian efforts has developed in the controversy, and a pride in being able to do their own thing under the promises of the treaty is evident. The Indians watch the progress of the Boldt decision as it goes through the courts, with it now in the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals, and scheduled after that ruling to go on to the U.S. Supreme Court.

What the Indians need most is economic development to help them pull together the capability to compete with the non-Indian for their half of the salmon resource guaranteed them in the treaties. Some of this economic help is coming to them through other Indians and some banks and the Economic Development Administration, but it is still tentative and in its infancy.

The Northwest Indian cannot forget what he or she has come from. They remember how the frontier was settled, beginning with the Hudson's Bay fur trapper (who introduced scalping), to the missionary (who seduced Indian gods), to the trader (who brought whiskey), to the sheriffs and judges (who threw the Indian in jail), to the Bureau of Indian Affairs (who helped steal the Indian's reservation lands), to the anthropologist (who told the Indians who they were in non-Indian terms), to the social workers (who told them they were dying of alcoholism and tuberculosis because they did not assimilate), to today's "ethnic" experts who have set up shop in media offices where they turn out endless miles of their expertise in type and electronic tape.

Today the Indian is hip to the paternalistic-control devices of church groups and foundations that fancy themselves to be on the "cutting edge of social change" when they go into Indian country. Much of that change is coming from the Indians themselves rather than their "helpers" in non-Indian society. Part of it is the staying power of Indian society, for instance, which has grown from a national estimated Indian population of 25,731 in 1870 at...
the close of the Indian wars to almost 900,000 today. The Indian is a viable American minority that is cut to do its own thing, learn from its own mistakes not those of others, and to occupy a place in the economic sun equal to that of non-Indians in the dominant society's power groups. If concerned groups want to help the Indian, the best way is to find out first whether the Indian wants the help, and then—working with him or her—arrive at how that help can be effectively translated into action. There is no doubt that help is needed, but it needs to be dovetailed with very special and individual Indian needs, character and heritage.

The tendency of missionary zeal to overshadow the substance of the recipient's needs has to be controlled, and serious disciplined efforts must be made to unscramble the network of injustices that have afflicted the Indians for the past two hundred years. A spiritually-motivated bicentennial goal of doing this would not be unworthy of the attempt.

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**Signs of the Times**

**ON THIS house near Cincinnati hang two signs. One is a notice of seizure placed there by the Internal Revenue Service. The other sign, written by Josephine Johnson Cannon and placed on the house by members of Community Monthly Meeting in Cincinnati, supports Ernest and Marion Bromley's refusal to pay taxes as a modern witness to the Quaker peace testimony. The second sign reads as follows:**

**Historical Home of the Gano Peacemakers**

"This house has sheltered a group of people who live by an extraordinary and unusual code of ethics. It has been owned by people who do not condone killing, who do not kill, and who do not support killing with their lives or money.

"The Gano Peacemakers believe in equality, and brotherhood, and PRACTICE equality and brotherhood. They believe in the conservation of natural resources and a simplicity of life, and they PRACTICE the conservation of resources and they LIVE a simple and productive life. They believe in sharing and they SHARE. They believe in the principles and essence of the religions of the world, and they PRACTICE these principles.

This house has a unique significance and should be preserved as a rare historic site for future generations to look upon as a beacon and guidepost for the building of a better way of life."
"You are what you really are when you get old."

In those few words a nationally recognized authority on many aspects of aging, who also directs a private foundation which focuses primarily on the needs of middle-class elderly persons, summed up a wealth of professional experience, observation and research. It seemed a chilling, cold-blooded verdict when I first heard it several years ago. Now that I have only two years to go to qualify for Medicare, that prospectus for the so-called "golden years" leaves me less dismal than it did at the time.

During our most active years many of us manage to keep our fears, antagonisms and complaints under wraps because of social pressures to put our best selves forward. With increasing years and forced concessions to failing health the facades begin to peel. Too often what is left is a burden to ourselves and society. But I see around me, especially within my Meeting, some delightful exceptions to the pattern of crabbed old age. I have had the good fortune to know many older persons—emotionally mature, loving, basically decent human beings—whose lives continue to reveal and share a hard core of inner strength, despite added birthdays and physical limitations. About all they seem to slough off are some pet vanities or a drive to compete.

If possible, I should like to put my future on their side of the ledger.

As I understand physiology, I have been getting older since the day I was born. Or before that, if we accept Chinese reckoning of age from conception. Aging is a normal life process requiring continuous adjustments, some pleasant, others not. How we go about making those adjustments is what matters.

In this country the youth cult is a disease crippling both the young and not-so-young. I cannot imagine wanting to be a teenager again, or a college student or trying to "find my identity" or hunt for a first job. At those ages I, too, packed a large bundle of arrogance and impatience. Plus gawkiness, social insecurity and undisciplined energy. Now that I have had time to survive some of my own agonies and ecstasies I can try to appreciate the woes and talents of newer generations without futilely longing to imitate them.

Not that I accept "the-best-is-yet-to-be" cant about growing older. Who can honestly say it is "best" to look forward to being senile, paralyzed or severely arthritic? Or maybe financially dependent, lonely, unneeded? I see these things with open eyes, not only because of what has engulfed some dear friends and family members, but because I have had a premature foretaste of the inroads of degenerative physical disability.

Taking the days as they come, I prefer to savor as fully as possible the best of what is, managing with as little fuss and fume as possible what I do not like or cannot change.

I think I have learned more from my dog and cat than from poets or doctors about the dignity, indignity, satisfactions and adjustments of advancing age. No self-respecting dog or cat willfully defies nature's life cycle by prolonging puppy/kitten appetites and behavior beyond the bounds of competence. Only human creatures try to ignore or postpone natural changes in the adult years.

If Friends Journal and I are still around in 1995—and I can manage to be more or less coherent—I should be pleased to review with the editor my 1975 opinionated notions on aging or any other subject. It would probably be no more profound than this but we could update the clichés.

Opal Gooden

On Aging

What I have to say first is for young people rather than for those who are already old. If you want to enjoy being old, enjoy being whatever age you are NOW. I remember wondering why girls I knew always seemed to want to be older than they were—at six they were sorry for themselves because they could not do what ten years olds did; and when they were ten they were eagerly looking forward to the wonders of being sixteen. But when they got there life
still looked better ahead than where they were. I do not remember when the looking back came but eventually these same “girls” bemoaned the loss of the joys of an earlier age. Each age has its special compensations and joys that will never be quite the same again. So make the most of where you are now, and be ready to enjoy what comes next. I can honestly say that I enjoy life as much now as I ever did (I’ll be eighty-seven in April). I could not climb Mt. Rainier now, much as I prized that experience at twenty-four. But I do not have to climb Mt. Rainier—or even a few steps if I do not want to. It is taken for granted that I can leave many things to others and be content with the smaller tasks that use the same kinds of abilities on a scale that is within my present limitations. And because I cannot do some things that I used to enjoy I have more time for others that were crowded out earlier—though I still have not fully acquired the habit of feeling the adequacy of twenty-four hours a day!

Entering a retirement home three years ago seemed to me the beginning of my fifth life, each quite distinct and different from what had gone before. I have one room, not an apartment, for this is a relatively simple place—charming, homelike and adequate but without private baths or kitchens.

Making that one room a home has been a challenge and the process has been fun. Of the furniture we had acquired in our thirty years in San Francisco only one chair was really right here, so I sold enough to buy the things I could see as immediate needs and had a good time giving away the rest. Now, because I was out of circulation three times last year with acute arthritis I had to move to the infirmary floor. The new room has been even more fun than the first. Because I know I will not have to move again I have designed and had made two other pieces of furniture that match these I had designed before—all to meet my particular needs. So my room is now the “last word” in convenience and compactness—and truly beautiful as well.

Life here is very different from an apartment. What a joy it is to have food appear without even thinking about what to have! If I want privacy I leave my door closed and no one comes unless for some reason. If I want company I can go to the drawing room (a lovely, gracious room), or to the recreation room with its wide angle view of San Francisco Bay, music and magazines.

This is my first experience of knowing more than a few persons of my own age. But among the eighty residents there are women with varied talents, interests and experience. One thing we have in common is an assortment of handicaps. I find no satisfaction in talking about aches and pains. If anything can be done to help I do it, otherwise I ignore it and do what I can do. One little thing I learned might help others. It was difficult to get off a bus or street car without straining my knees or at least feeling very awkward. I find that by turning and going down backward I can move quickly and easily. The same applies to stairs using hand rail, of course.

The other thing we all have in common is the awareness that “death is just around the corner.” To me that is not depressing. We all dread the possibility of helplessness and hope to avoid it. But we are thankful to be where we know that necessary care will be available without being a burden on family or friends.

Two things make it natural for me to think of my death as a normal event in the life process. First was my grandfather’s death when I was seventeen. He had been as well as usual when I left for my little country school on Sunday. He was dead when I came home Friday. At first I would not go into the room to see him. But when I did, my whole feeling changed. Grandpa was not there—only what might have been a statue lying on the bed. My only thought was, “How glad he must have been to leave that tired, worn out body.” The long, slow drive (horse and buggy days) to the pioneer cemetery in Farmers’ Valley on a rare, warm Christmas day was not sad. It seemed to me more like past trips to visit the cousins who still lived on the old homestead.

The second factor in my sense of the on-goingness of life has been living through several experiences of planned and unplanned change, each of which has reinforced my confidence that there is “solid ground” on the other side of the chasm. I see no more reason to fear the transition we call death than to fear those through which I have passed. I feel no need to know what comes next. Confidence in the Creator and in the whole process of creation gives me confidence that whatever comes next will be a right sequence to the present.

ISABEL GLOVER BACHELS

In the Ambush of My Name

FRANCE has a law, passed ironically enough, after the French Revolution, that prohibits the registering of any infant if that name is not on an officially approved government list.

Suitable names, and the list is a long one, consist of names for female and male infants categorized as ecclesiastically correct and includes names of appropriate Biblical origin, saints, martyrs, beatified persons and others on the route to canonization.

Prime purpose of the list is one of simple precaution. The state wants to insure that people’s names do not perpetuate the regional, provincial and territorial divisions of a France already very much divided by geography, history, custom and fierce sectional pride.

At the same time there was and is a humanitarian desire to protect bastards, or that less harsh designation of natural children, from the wrath of the parent who might want officially to register the unwanted girl or boy as “third daughter or son of a pig-faced bishop” or “tight-wad flower of Count de Angers.”
All of which brings up the absolute iniquity of the legal requirement in many American states that upon marriage a woman somehow loses her name and becomes instead Mrs. Male Moniker Watchermacallit.

Men don't understand this. Some unliberated women decry the fuss. And of course there are women only too happy to abandon their given names to take on the masculine title prefaced by Mrs.

When at 18 I began working in New York my aunt, a fierce suffragette and Hearst employee advised, “Keep your maiden name professionally, it’s easy to remember and besides, you are legally entitled to do so if you wish.”

Now that all of us are being reduced to social security and data bank numbers, the question of women’s rights to their own names becomes more important than ever. Why, for example, is it necessary in so many states to have an argument every three year renewal period with the motor vehicle bureau over what should be one’s own name?

When I moved from New York to Michigan I was forced to abandon my professional name and sign my so-called “legal” name which is not mine but a compromise of given name, middle initial, standing for my maiden name, and husband’s last name, one regularly mispronounced, which has to be spelled out over the telephone.

In effect when I moved from New York to Michigan I became to myself, and who knows, perhaps to others, a non-person. For we are as we appear.

Psychiatrists say that self-identity, that mysterious concept of personhood, is crucial to the realization, rationalization and projection of self. For women to be systematically denied identity by the state itself, as personified by the vehicle department bureaucracy on a plastic card that is most often used for identification purposes, is one of the ultimate insults.

Fortunately, social security still allows a woman to use the name she was born with, despite Internal Revenue Service preference rulings that joint income returns be filed with the woman using her married name.

It’s probably true that with a long list of crucial world problems such as famine, war and slavery, individual identity may not, on the surface, appear important. However, identity loss is crucial to the individual, particularly in a world where mechanized responses deaden the spirit. Let us not forget that in the past, loss of name led directly down the path to the gas ovens of Belsen.

P.S. The title of this vignette or feuilleton is from Act I, Scene Three of Shakespeare’s "Measure For Measure."

JEANNE ROCKWELL

Illustration by Peter Fingesten

Shadows

The tail waving
Black above the green field.
I never saw the dog.

PAT RABBY
The Peace Movement

Perspective and Portents

by Brian Eastman

The Assembly to Save the Peace Agreement met the weekend of January 25-26, followed on Monday by organized lobbying of Congress and a demonstration on the Capitol steps. The most fascinating aspect of the Assembly was the view it afforded of the movement's evolution. In fact, my major reaction to the Assembly came in terms of the movement's changes, and the portents for its future.

Even at the first plenary session [one of three: "Situation in Indochina Today," "The Strategy to End the War," and the "Nuts and Bolts of Organizing."] I could feel and see a difference in our attitudes. No one expressed doubts about our ultimate success in achieving a total cut-off in aid to South Vietnam and Cambodia. We were no longer fighting to win a convert here and there in a crowd of hostile countrymen. "We are now the majority!" said one woman interviewed by CBS. (Even in Congress we have support from both conservative Republicans and conservative Democrats.)

This newfound respectability has profoundly altered the perspective of the organizations behind the assembly. We have become "establishment!" This change was most evident in the Assembly's organization. Every event started promptly, even though the site and schedule had had to be changed at the last minute due to unexpectedly large attendance.

The movement had grown pragmatic in its success. Not only were organizations with disparate views cooperating, but the strategies proposed were pragmatic rather than moralistic. "Find what your Congressman will respond to, and use it."

During the Assembly, I experienced the bustle of people dedicated to gathering knowledge and contacts, but I failed to perceive the overall sense of community that I remembered from previous antiwar gatherings. As with other "establishment" conferences I've attended, one was seldom given a nodding acknowledgment of existence.

The evening of the Convocation for Peace and the Candlelight Walk to the White House — Sunday night — transmuted the cold atmosphere. Both were heavily attended by the public as well as Assembly people. The New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, with its huge sanctuary overflowing and two other halls filled, had people standing outside listening as George McGovern and others spoke. There, the magic sense of community arose, a Phoenix from the flames of Joan Baez leading us singing "Kum Ba Ya, My Lord." Perhaps the strains of that old lullaby awoke the feelings of community that had lain dormant in us. Perhaps Kum Ba Ya works magic with any group. In any case, that spirit continued in the light of the myriad candles that weaved in the wind as the long column walked toward the White House, moving silently two-by-two past the row of unneeded blue uniforms and jabbering Motorolas, hoping to bring some change in perspective to the policy makers.

In spite of the success the antiwar movement has undeniably achieved, I find myself questioning its future. As futile as all the marches and canvassing and letter-writing seemed in the sixties, we saw during the Assembly the very real effects we had had. It is the results of the 'sixties work that enables our strategists to confidently expect victory, if not this year, then within three.

"And then . . .?" I must ask. The antiwar movement has been built largely around the one issue of Vietnam. Saul Alinsky, probably the most effective community organizer America has had this century, always argued that you could never develop a community organization with long-term effectiveness which was founded on one issue. The danger, he insisted, was that once that particular issue was resolved, the organization would disintegrate.

What will happen to the movement when the Indochina war is ended? Components of the movement have broader goals which will keep them functioning, but the coalition of groups, as I perceive it, does not.

We now have a peace-oriented coalition supporting both professional lobbyists and an extended web of grassroots organizations which can bring citizen pressure on policy makers and can likewise influence local public opinion. The furtherance of our interests can best be achieved not through letting the organization lapse when all funding for Indochina is cut, but rather through redefining the goals of the coalition so it can continue to support peace-promoting policies. The Coalition could, in a sense, become a "Common Cause" for peace people.

That the movement has changed as it has succeeded was unquestionably demonstrated by the Assembly. It will be interesting to see what happens after its final victory over war-prolonging policy makers.

We Friends too often discount our effectiveness in achieving changes in society. We as a small segment of society have had a comparatively enormous effect on the beliefs of society.
and actions of government. What we have achieved, though, we have achieved so quietly that even we ourselves are often unaware we've done it. We aren't consciously obscuring our achievement, I believe, but we are hiding them in bushes nonetheless.

For instance, how many of you readers who knew of the Assembly knew that the American Friends Service Committee conceptualized and played a major role in organizing the Assembly? AFSC kept such a low profile that I ascertained its role only by asking questions.

Likewise, Friends Committee on National Legislation served as a major source of briefing data for Monday lobbyists, and itself has regularly lobbied Congress on the peace issue. It works quietly.

NARMIC, a Friends organization parented by AFSC, supplied the Assembly (as it has Congressmen and international organizations) with documented evidence of deceit by those running the Indochina involvement. It also supplies hard data on how the military budgets are actually used. NARMIC's documents are directly credited by Congressmen such as Les Aspin with supplying them with the data they need to oppose the policy makers.

With just these few cited instances at hand, I feel Friends have ample reason to be proud, for—however small and little-known we may be—we have had, and continue to have, a striking effect on the thought and behavior of this society. But, does it benefit us—our work and our faith—that we so consistently hide our lights under bushes?

Friends very effectively helped marshal the people and political clout found at the Peace Assembly. Would we have been more effective by being more visible? Should we be more visible? I haven't even decided for myself.

IN AMONGST all the talk and films and songs and leaflets and prayers and Senators and Congresspeople and policemen and TV cameras—in amongst all the paraphernalia that our social and global concerns seem to generate—one small event seems to me to rise above everything else that happened in those three days. What happened reminds me of some words I once saw stitched onto the back of a friend’s dungaree jacket: “Everybody’s a Star!”

At noon on Monday, January 27, while the big assembly was holding its last rally on the Capitol steps, from a good distance away, down on the south steps of the same huge Capitol Building, came the faint sounds of another demonstration. A much smaller, mostly brown-skinned Vietnamese group was waving the orange and red flags of South Vietnam and chanting “Return Our Sons . . . Return Our Daughters!” and other slogans which called for continued U.S. aid to Saigon, for keeping the Communists out at all costs and for peace.

Down the steps, away from the chanting students a young Vietnamese man wearing a tan jacket, dark glasses and his black hair cut fairly short, was talking with a shaggy-haired, bearded, dungaree-wearing American youth. The Vietnamese man was admitting his dislike for Thieu, whom he considered a lesser evil than the Communists. He said that when he was ten years old he had been given candy bars by the Communists for saying he loved Ho Chi Minh better than Buddha or Jesus.

As the two young men talked, a middle-aged Vietnamese woman carrying a sign saying “Return My Son” walked back and forth along the sidewalk in front of the steps. She appeared to be in a very emotional state and was being supported and comforted by a younger woman.

The Vietnamese and the American youth continued talking about the war, the P.R.G. (People’s Revolutionary Government), about Thieu and our military aid, about the politics and the history of Vietnam. I wished the American would not keep pressing the political issues and would begin to talk a little more personally. I left the two men talking, but later I saw the young American. He said that he had got the man from the South of Vietnam to come over to the Demonstration to Save the Peace Agreement. And he said that he had introduced his new acquaintance to another student who was from the north of Vietnam, and that the two of them had talked and were, perhaps, going to meet later.

To me this is really the essence of it all—getting people—getting ourselves back together into the family of humanness. This is where the struggle for peace begins and ends. This is the front line.

“Hello, nice night out. What’s your name?”

I have talked about both North and South Vietnam in this letter. I am gently reminded of what a Buddhist monk said at the Assembly—“There is only one Vietnam.”

ROCKY WILSON-FEATHER
The Search Continues

by Roger Hansen

AMONG FRIENDS there is a growing awareness of the needs and concerns of gay and bisexual members and attenders. Reflecting this concern, gay and bisexual Friends, and several others interested in gay concerns, met in January in New York for a midwinter conference under the joint sponsorship of Friends Committee on Gay Concerns (Committee of Concern) of New York, and the Committee of Friends on Bisexuality of Friends General Conference.

Participants tended to be from the East coast, under 30, and male, but diversity was evident and challenging. We began with worship-sharing, which provided a way to share initial ideas and feelings in a thoughtful and non-threatening manner. Workshops were held on diverse concerns: the spiritual dimensions of homosexuality/bisexuality; coming out and being out in a Friends meeting; one for those over thirty; the ethics of interpersonal relationships; pastoral care/counseling and support. These were similar to consciousness-raising groups, focusing on personal experiences to make the generalizations meaningful.

Reports were given on what actions were being taken in Friends General Conference, and some of the Yearly Meetings, including Philadelphia, New York, Pacific, Illinois, Baltimore and New England, as well as in monthly meetings. Minutes have been approved on civil rights for gay and bisexual persons and on acceptance within the Friends meeting itself. Meetinghouses have been utilized occasionally by gay groups. The Ministry and Counsel committee in one meeting arranged a time for exploring the needs of gay Friends in the meeting.

As in any conference, particular vignettes stand out in memory:
- A non-gay attender explaining her attendance because of friendship with gay persons in her meeting,
- One who expressed hesitation about coming out as gay at a time when he is applying for membership,
- One who expressed irritation at the heterosexual assumptions when he is applying for membership,
- One who expressed irritation at the heterosexual assumptions which he consistently encountered in meeting.

An underlying thread, often brought to the surface, was the search to relate gay or bisexual identity to spiritual and social concerns as Friends. It was evident that many had given careful attention to this concern. It could lead to exploring eros as an element of community or of finding that of God in another person, or it could lead to celibacy as an option to free oneself for greater commitment to other social concerns, or it could lead to viewing gay liberation as part of a broader movement for human liberation related to traditional Friends concerns for peace and justice.

Gay and bisexual Friends are exploring many paths, yet conferences such as this provide some degree of unity in this common search.

For Some, An Oasis;
For Others, a Port

SOUTH EASTERN YEARLY MEETING has felt a concern to build a model, intentional community after the manner of Friends, both as a witness to an increasingly troubled world (Let your light so shine . . . .) and as a mutually supportive “Koininea,” providing spiritual and moral support as well as a greater degree of physical security for its members.

This concept of an intentional community has evolved from many discussions directed at the needs of the yearly meetings. A Friends’ school in the Florida area has been a concern for a number of years, as has the desire for a retirement community. Continued consideration of these needs has developed into the present concept of a multi-generational intentional community.

The intentional community would be created on a parcel of ground to be owned by South Eastern Yearly meeting. The land would be leased to the
residents on a long term basis. This would help to prevent land speculation and give the meeting a voice in controlling growth and development respectful of the environment.

It is hoped that the community would be of like-minded persons. At the same time diversity is desired. The community would try to develop out of its diversity a unity that would be its sustaining force. For some it could be an oasis, for others a port.

If a community is to be successful it will necessarily incorporate a wide variety of life styles. It is hoped that people of all ages and varied family status can be attracted. Similarly it is anticipated that people will live in a wide variety of living arrangements and work in or out of the community in diverse fields.

The community, while not composed entirely of members of the Society of Friends, will hopefully serve as a Quaker center and possible yearly meeting site. In conception it would use Friends' method of consensus in decision-making as well as the principles of love, mutual consideration and peace.

The initial design of the community might develop from a yearly meeting sponsored competition among qualified architects and planners. Such a competition could develop awareness and encourage the innovation so necessary in our intentional community.

There will of necessity be individual financing of residential construction. Land purchase financing will have to be repaid from land rents or assessments. A community school could serve as a source of cash revenue because outside children could be accepted by day and as boarders. Teachers would add to the multi-generational concept with all ages represented in the faculty.

The retirement community concept will also serve as a cornerstone for the community, providing the service needed; making available channels for active useful involvement. Much of the development of the community will most assuredly be from its more senior citizens who can help in teaching construction and farming, working with young persons, and sharing together.

Some will refer to these plans as a commune. It is hoped that this community will be developed from private dwellings on leased land, and will not be a commune in the sense of total sharing of worldly possessions but rather a sharing of spirit.

South Eastern Yearly Meeting has located a piece of property appropriate for such a community and is now in the process of seeking funds and ideas from members, friends or other interested persons. Our community concept is also subject to further change and refinement under such influence.

The yearly meeting estimates that they will need $100,000 to initiate the sale of necessary securities that will be needed to purchase the desired property. Properties currently being considered would cost between four hundred thousand and one million dollars. Contributions and pledges, even in small amounts are urgently needed in order that we may raise the seed money to bring this idea to fruition.

If you or your meeting, organizations, or Friends feel a "quickening of spirit" at these humble beginnings and a "concern" to encourage them with financial support, please communicate with William Webb, Treasurer SEYM, 2215 Sue Ave., Orlando, Florida 32803. If you wish to contribute in other ways, by ideas or services, or wish further information, please communicate with Jean Irwin, 1460 39th Street, West Palm Beach, Fl. 33407.

Daniel R. Vaughan
Paul M. Lane

It's a SMALL World

Is FOR for You?

"I was shocked," a reader of Fellowship Magazine recently wrote to its editor, Jim Forest, "to hear that there are only 25,000 members" in the Fellowship of Reconciliation. We were shocked, too, because we agree with the letter-writer that FOR provides "a true sense of being of the fellowship of humankind" and that "if they knew, many, many thousands more would join." If you, gentle reader, are not a member of FOR we suggest you write to Dorothy Hunter, membership secretary, Box 271, Nyack, N.Y. 10960. FOR needs all the Friends it can get. And vice-versa.

Help in Guatemala

From Guatemala comes word that Friends and their friends are giving financial help so that five Guatemalan students can continue their education. The students include two eighteen-year-olds, a sixteen-year-old studying to be a bookkeeper, an eleven-year-old orphan and a ten-year-old who had never before been able to attend school. With inflation rampant in Guatemala, support from a wider circle is needed. Contributions should be sent to Tom Hunt, Apartado Postal 29-C, Guatemala City, Guatemala.

Right Sharing

Central America also is the location of projects that received $3,000 from the Right Sharing of World Resources program of the Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas. In its report for 1974, RSWR listed a cooperative self-education and homesteading group in Costa Rica which received $2,500 and a ceramics craft project in El Salvador to which $500 was granted. The bulk of the $15,000 in undesignated contributions and $2,929 in designated gifts went to educational, developmental and health projects and centres in Africa. Last year's totals raised the contributions to the One Percent More Fund and its successor, RSWR, to $82,749 since the program was launched in 1970. More information and a copy of the 1974 report can be obtained from Jennifer Haines, FWCC, 152-A North 15th St., Philadelphia 19102.
Decentralized Food Production, Distribution

by Ed Lazar

FOOD PRODUCTION in the US and many other countries is measured in terms of cash, in terms of pounds, in terms of investment return, all measured on graphs. People, nutrition, and social factors don't graph well and by isolating out social costs, American corporate-agribusiness has contributed to unemployment and the problems of urbanization. Farming is now a business instead of a way of life and agribusiness feeds on consumers' needs and creates new ones as well as partly supplying basic ones. Agriculturally the US seems stronger now than ever before but if there is an extreme gas shortage and long distance trucks can't operate we will discover that agribusiness has created a weaker food production and distribution system than we once had. For example, New England is 95% dependent on outside food supplies and there would be panic if long distance trucks stopped rolling for more than two weeks. Where there once were thriving New England farms there is now brush and other overgrowth and sometimes a shopping center. One of the few benefits of the increased cost of food and gas is that the movement back to small farms makes more sense now and is more economically feasible than in recent years.

A "return" to small farms does not imply a turning back of the clock but rather learning from the past. There is a need for the development of new farm models and of new farm relationships with consumers—farm belts circling urban areas, cooperatively run farms, and cooperating farms which are directly related to consumer food cooperatives. Some such models have long existed in this country and others are now appearing in different parts of the country. To re-energize local farming, people need to work for state and local subsidies or tax protection of farm lands to increase local agricultural acreage and to protect existing farm land from developers. State and local agricultural policy can also consciously favor basic food production as against production of cash crops. And the present huge agribusinesses need to be exposed and transformed.

A decentralist approach favors local production of as much food as possible for the local population, thus cutting out a good deal of processing and trans-
Reviews of Books


The Choice is Always Ours first appeared in 1948, an exhaustive anthology on the "religious way," with selections chosen from world-wide psychological, religious, philosophical, and biographical sources. The book had been at least a dozen years in the making, for I first heard of the project in 1936 at Chicago Theological Seminary from a woman in my dormitory who had the assignment of selecting pertinent quotations from Chicago theologian Henry Nelson Wieman.

Upon publication, it became at once an indispensable source book for people interested in the mystical experience. Here the wisdom of the ages was gathered under logical headings: the search for the Way, with its implications and the stages of progression; techniques of prayer and meditation, with a very helpful section on psychotherapy; the results in inward renewal and outward creativity; and a final section on the Object of devotion. This was a book to live with, to study, to turn to constantly for insight and inspiration. Many passages quoted led me to the longer works of the principal, that was the principal meaning for me. "... the deepest feelings arise [in us] not when we are focusing on our own feelings but when we are really responding to someone else." "Unlived life is something more than the failure to express yourself or to dominate others. ... It is the failure to give our passions direction by bringing them into dialogue with other human beings with whom we live—our family, in the community, in the neighborhood, in the city and in the country." "It is our lack of trust, our existential mistrust, that makes us feel that we have to have the security of like-minded groups, groups based on generalized affinity rather than on the concreteness of open meeting with the real otherness that is present in every group, down to a pair of friends or a husband and wife." "A commune which simply meets every night to inspect the communal navel will be no better off than the person who withdraws each night to gaze at his private navel." "Existential trust does not mean the belief that values already exist 'out there.' But it does mean an openness to finding values in genuine dialogue. ... "It does not matter if a man is an atheist like Camus so long as he is open to what faces him and goes out to meet it." "The revelation in genuine dialogue of the hidden human image is ultimately stronger than all violence."

Two sharply contrasting images of humans emerge by the end of this book: The Modern Job, "... the man who brings his contending within his dialogue with God ... who [has] the courage to trust and contend, the two

religious leaders as Daniel Berrigan, Vinoba Bhave, Martin Buber, Teilhard de Chardin, Erich Fromm, Martin Luther King, and Thomas Merton; contemporary poets like T. S. Eliot, May Sarton, and William Butler Yeats; and such diverse creative writers as Rachel Carson, Nikos Kozantakis, Virginia Woolf. Even Henry Miller is there, with a beautiful account of the creative act of writing. Quakers will be interested in moving quotations from Teresa Company Eichberg; while material in the hardcover edition by Friends Isaac Pennington, Hannah Whitehall Smith, and Elton Trueblood has fallen by the wayside. These last are in good company, for among those in the first edition but not in the second are Karl Barth, Harry Emerson Fosdick, John Haynes Holmes, William James, Albert Schweitzer, Rabindranath Tagore and Leo Tolstoi.

Even if you own the hardcover edition and have loved it and marked it up over the decades, there is enough new material in the new edition to warrant its purchase. For those not fortunate enough to own the hardcover, I believe there is enough valuable material in it not in the new edition that you might watch for it at a second-hand book store. I found a copy for a quarter last summer at a flea market and snapped it up for a friend.

At $1.95 this new paperback is a tremendous bargain, and I recommend it without hesitation. And when looking for an inexpensive, thoughtful gift for someone you love who is a seeker, this choice is always yours!

Elizabeth Watson

The Hidden Human Image. By Maurice Friedman; 402 pages; Delcorte Press; $12.50.

"Ultimately, images of man are relational, and they cannot be known outside of the dialogue between man and man, between man and the situation."

The Hidden Human Image, what this book is about, is not therefore to be defined. Although, from time to time throughout this book, it is defined, at the end what can be said by way of definition does not seem important. Yet the unique human image of Maurice Friedman was revealed, powerfully. It comes through as the total impact of reading the book.

This is not an easy book for a non-scholar to read. When it was sent to me for review my first impulse was to return it and suggest that it be reviewed by a scholar. Then, on second thought, I concluded that that would not serve because I, as a non-scholar, am probably representative of the average Journal reader. And since it was sent to me, I should undertake to review it for the average reader.

What does it mean for a non-scholar to read a book like this?

Maurice Friedman is a "relational" man—that was the principal meaning for me. "... the deepest feelings arise [in us] not when we are focusing on our own feelings but when we are really responding to someone else." "Unlived life is something more than the failure to express yourself or to dominate others. ... It is the failure to give our passions direction by bringing them into dialogue with other human beings with whom we live—in our family, in the community, in the neighborhood, in the city and in the country." "It is our lack of trust, our existential mistrust, that makes us feel that we have to have the security of like-minded groups, groups based on generalized affinity rather than on the concreteness of open meeting with the real otherness that is present in every group, down to a pair of friends or a husband and wife." "A commune which simply meets every night to inspect the communal navel will be no better off than the person who withdraws each night to gaze at his private navel." "Existential trust does not mean the belief that values already exist 'out there.' But it does mean an openness to finding values in genuine dialogue. ... "It does not matter if a man is an atheist like Camus so long as he is open to what faces him and goes out to meet it." "The revelation in genuine dialogue of the hidden human image is ultimately stronger than all violence."

Two sharply contrasting images of humans emerge by the end of this book: The Modern Job, "... the man who brings his contending within his dialogue with God ... who [has] the courage to trust and contend, the two

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Reviews continued

Gandhi and Martin Luther King are given as examples. In contrast, there is Modern Prometheus Man who "... desperately defies the inhuman world ... [with] a desperation that makes him believe that he stands in an all or nothing situation [in which] he has to destroy his enemy or be destroyed by him ... underneath his romantic rebellion lies a philosophy of despair." The Modern Prometheus is seen as the rebel without trust. Captain Ahab is given as the prime literary example. No modern real life examples are given, but we can readily supply our own.

Few of the non-scholars (which is most of us) will contend with the four hundred pages, some of it hard going, that hold the gold that is there to be mined from this book. And fewer still of those who are pressed by the circumstances of life and work (which, again, is most of us) if they read the book would be able to build from the reading of it a more sustaining sense of the hidden human image for themselves. As I read I found myself wanting a modern William James who, without talking down to us, would make real and accessible to large numbers what this book deals with—"how to... reveal the hidden human image while allowing it to retain its concealed depths... an image of authentic personal existence that helps [man] discover, in each age anew, what he may and can become, an image that helps him rediscover his humanity."

ROBERT K. GREENLEAF


OVERFLOW SEWAGE from new housing developments polluting our streams, water shortages in the Southwest, dying metropolitan centers unable to raise taxes to finance urban services, too many families with more children than they can properly care for,—these and related aspects of the population explosion are discussed with much common sense in this pamphlet. Virtually a digest of the report of the 1969-created CPGAF (Commission on Population and the American Future,) this booklet compares a "2-child (population) growth rate" with a "3-child growth rate" and shows how much less of a threat the former would be than the latter to the future of the nation in regard to such questions as poverty, personal income growth rates, job availability, consumption of natural resources, prices of farm foods, outdoor recreation possibilities, public service costs, land-use control efforts and the like. It concludes by observing that human beings are endowed with brains which can presumably be used to predict the consequences of action or inaction....

Much of all this, of course, is bound to remain speculation, for who can foresee to what extent imponderables are going to vitiate all the carefully compiled statistics before the year 2000? Nonetheless, the pamphlet should do a good job of popularizing the CPGAF study. It is readable and well organized. It points to imperatives relative to adoption, pregnant teenagers, sex education, pollution and energy, and asks: when is a crowd crowded? It exposes other embarrassing problems too many of us would like to overlook or wish away. A few illustrative quotations:

"We (the United States) presently make up only 6 percent of the world's population, yet we use up some 30 percent of the nonrenewable resources consumed in the world each year."

"The more Americans there are, with their high standards (?) of living, the
more of the world’s resources they consume and the less is left for the ‘have-nots.’”

“Blacks . . . are far from matching their white counterparts. Unless we make the system work equally for all, we shall fail to curb population growth effectively, and shall face continued racial antagonisms in our cities.”

“Although the United States is not totally dependent on food imports, as the Netherlands is, it cannot indefinitely go on paving over farm lands with suburban roads and housing . . .”

“A new ‘land ethic’ would consider land, not as a mere object of commerce, but as a natural resource subject to public control.”

“To cut down on . . . risky births, all young women, wed or unwed, should have access to contraceptive information and services. It’s a question of health, not morals, and of preventing the birth of unwanted children . . .”

“There is no contradiction in valuing children highly yet wanting fewer of them.”

“Cotton diaper manufacturers . . . are harder hit by the competition of disposable diapers than by the recent drop in the birthrate.”

“Our current environmental crisis is due to the success of technologies designed, not to meet peoples’ needs, but to maximize profits.”

M. C. MORRIS

In the Human Interest, a Strategy to Stabilize the World Population. By LESTER R. BROWN. (W. W. Norton, 1974, 186 pg. Cloth $6.95, paperback $2.45.

LESTER R. BROWN, author of World Without Borders, offers a brief, lucid handbook for shaping individual life styles and social policies to deal with a world whose resources are limited and whose eco-systems are fragile. His outlook is hopeful, for he feels that growing awareness of the precariousness of human’s fate will force a search for more rational and compassionate patterns of living. Yet, underlying his optimistic analysis is the same sense of alarm that the Club of Rome’s report, Limits of Growth, has sounded: humankind must check the wasteful pursuit of ever greater material riches and the uncontrolled increase of world population.

Lester Brown is not an ideological crusader; he is an informed, compas-

sionate, political advisor. He is well aware of the tragic toll the poor in the world pay because of malnutrition, illiteracy, and lack of employment. Only with an improvement in the quality of life, he argues, can the effort to control the quantity of population succeed. As Lester Brown points out, human’s survival may well depend on the achievement of greater social justice.

Though In the Human Interest occasionally mentions the heavy tax on the world’s resources and the heavy burden on society of the arms race, there is no section of the book which brings together our current knowledge on the costs of our so-called defense systems. Yet Lester Brown is certainly aware that choices between guns and butter are crucial in determining the future. One might wish that the excellent list of suggested readings had included recent U.N. reports on the economic and social impacts of humankind’s obsession with increasingly complex, expensive and dangerous weapons.

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George School Graduate, class of 1974

Four years were a constant struggle to establish myself as somebody recognizable. The difference between now and then is that I realize, contrary to what I had been told by my environment, elders, and “knowledgeable folks,” that the most important things to me now are people.

George School Graduate, class of 1974

For more information about George School, please contact R. Barret Coppock, Director of Admissions, Box 350, GEORGE SCHOOL, Newtown, Pa. 18940

George School Graduate, class of 1974

For more information about George School, please contact R. Barret Coppock, Director of Admissions, Box 350, GEORGE SCHOOL, Newtown, Pa. 18940
Letters to the Editor

False Solutions

IN RESPONSE to “In the Beginning” (FJ 12/15) . . . There is only one life-force able to right every wrong, solve every problem, create every masterpiece, and bring harmony to every creature. That vital force is what Friends call “that of God in every one.” It is called by many names: light, love, life, peace, joy, faith, truth, God, Christ, Holy Spirit, Father, superconsciousness, Christ-consciousness. These are all the same thing or different aspects of the same thing.

Every human being is capable of . . . coming into harmony with the vital force of the universe (if) we . . . do two things. First, we must adhere to the faith that all things are possible with God. Second, we must surrender our wills to His will. We must first commit ourselves and then we must constantly renew this commitment, minute by minute. We must pray without ceasing . . . ever turning to listen and ask forgiveness and call for strength, patience and perseverence. In time these disciplines will become a way of life; they will become a great joy, an overwhelming peace. This is the way of peace. There is no other way.

When enough of us do these things, we will indeed change the world. This is the ultimate revolution which God is ever calling for us to perform. This is our purpose in life . . . portrayed for us by the birth and death of Jesus and the resurrection of the living Christ.

Let us give up those false solutions that would regulate the other fellow. Let us look to the faults within. The true path is known to us. The hour is late. Lip service will no longer do. Let each of us put these things into practice in our daily lives this very day. Now is the time to rise to the higher consciousness of the new age.

WALTER E. OLSON
Fairfax, CA

Taxpayer's Bliss

THE UN Committee on Human Rights was debating the workingman's right to leisure and rest when the chairman received amendment submitted by devi­ous route. The amendment read: “Every­one has the right to eternal rest. This right shall be guaranteed by the State.”

Such intervention by government would assure ultimate bliss for the bone­picked taxpayer whose fate Howard Kershner so gloomily forecasts (FJ 1/1).

WALTER LUDWIG
New York

Scylla of Self-Righteousness

RAYMOND IMMERWAHR’s “To Help The Emperor Dress” (FJ 2/1) is an article all Friends should seriously read since it upholds the best in the Christiaan and Quaker traditions. Friend Immerwahr, in focusing on the difference between a tendency and a practice, and in emphasizing the extreme complexity of each individual, set the matter (homosexuality) to rest.

However, this same issue also included one article that used such loaded words as “perverts” and “embarrassing.” The other article asked for “acceptance” and marshalled many of the current theories (certainly not all since even modern psychiatry and psychology are divided) and rationalizations for homosexuality.

Friends in the 20th century have sin-
cereally attempted to avoid the Scylla of self-righteous judgment and the Charybdis of flabby relativism on almost any issue. Friends have also usually depended on scripture, reason and experience to check the leadings of the Inner Light.

A Forum on sexuality is important and necessary and we need more articles on problems facing Friends as individuals. Still, do young Friends have to be subjected to the prudery of the Victorian past or trendiness of the present relativism in your magazine?

Please be more selective the next time you compose a Forum. I'm afraid if you had a forum on plainness you would have one Friend advocating beaver hats and no lapels. The other Friend would tell us of the wisdom of wearing long-lasting, tasteful tailor-made suits.

Let us seek fresh revelations and be open to the Light. Let us heed the wisdom of our Christian and Quaker experience and past.

GARY CARDOT
Erie, PA

Help Needed

I'M EXPLORING some possible implications of the fact that a noticeable number of Friends, or people close to Friends if not members, have written mystery stories. Well known in that field is Stanley Ellin, who may be the best short story writer of them all.

Please let me know of such people. In return I'll send the list when it's compiled.

CHARLES C. WALKER
Box 92
Cheyney, PA 19319

Speaking of the ministry of George Fox, Bishop Westcott said: “The circumstances of the age called for a bold affirmation of this truth of man's personal conversing with God. The upheaval of the Reformation had been followed by innumerable divisions and controversies. Men had lost their sustaining sense of a strong external authority, and they had not learnt the grace of inward self-restraint. ... They endeavored to set up some outward standard by the help of which they might enforce submission to their own judgements. On the one side they fashioned an ideal of primitive antiquity to which thought and practice must be conformed; on the other side they relied on the letter of the Bible as capable of a rigid, mechanical application to the problems of a later time. In antagonism to both schools, Fox judged truly that the new Protestant scholasticism had not reached to the heart of things in any image of past experience, or in any printed Book, however sacred: that academic learning was not in itself an adequate passport to the Christian ministry; that the words of God could not supersede the Word of God. He realized, as few men have ever realized, that we are placed under the dispensation of the Spirit: that the 'power from on high' with which the Risen Christ promised to endow his people was no exceptional or transitory gift, but an Eternal Presence, an unfailling spring of energy, answering to new wants and new labours. He felt that the Spirit which had guided the fathers was waiting still to lead forward their children: that He who spoke through men of old was not withdrawn from the world ... but ready in all ages to enter into holy souls and make them friends of God and prophets.”

WARD HARRINGTON
Flushing, NY

Spiritual Growth

THE FOLLOWING appreciation of the religious message of George Fox is offered as something that may be helpful in these times when, through our Faith and Life Conferences we are seeking ways of spiritual growth and unity.

The statement appeared in 1887, in a Sermon by Bishop Westcott on “the Quakers,” in “Social Aspects of Christianity.” It is quoted in “Early Quaker Christology” by Maurice A. Creasey.
DEATHS

Janet Payne Whitney

JANET PAYNE WHITNEY, biographer and novelist, died at Friends Hall, West Chester, on December 19, 1974, at the age of 83. She had been living at the Hickman Home in West Chester before coming to Friends Hall.

As novelist and biographer, Janet Whitney displayed energy and acumen. She will be remembered by her readers in this country as the author of John Woolman: American Quaker (1942), and in England, her birthplace, for Elizabeth Fry (1936), the first of three of her widely read biographies, describing the career of an English Quaker prison reformer and humanitarian. Her persistent concern to represent the cause of women's independence in the world led her to write the biography of Abigail Adams, the cultivated and articulate wife of the second president of the United States, published in 1947.

In addition to these historical studies, she wrote a number of popular novels representing particularly the experiences of women. Her first novel, Jennifer, was published in 1941. Other titles included Judith, The Quaker Bride, and Intrigue in Baltimore.

Coming to this country as a bride from England just after the First World War, Janet Whitney lived for thirty-five years at Westtown School. During her early years at the school she taught Quakerism and encouraged students in the enjoyment of poetry by organizing a poetry reading group called "The Treasure Seekers." Her life with her artist husband, George Whitney, together with her literary and political interests meant that her acquaintances were many and varied.

She is survived by her husband George Whitney, one son, Gillett, and a sister living in England. A memorial meeting was held at the Westtown Meeting House First Day, January 5, 1975, at 2:00 P.M. For friends who may be interested, contributions in memory of Janet Whitney may be made to the John Martin Trust c/o Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia, Daniel C. Fryinger, R.D. 1, Box 183, Glen Mills, Pa. 19342.

Molly Anderson Morgenroth

ON THE morning of February 17, 1975, Molly Anderson Morgenroth died quietly in her apartment at Pendle Hill, following an especially beautiful day of companionship with her husband, Morgen. We of the Pendle Hill community affirm the deep sense of loss we feel in her going from our midst and are very much aware of the richness and radiance of her life and of her continuing ministry to us.

Molly was born October 2, 1904, in Tomah, Wisconsin. She was educated at the University of Wisconsin, studied at UCLA, USC, New York University and Merrill-Palmer Institute, Detroit. Morgen and she were married in 1934. There are two sons, Peter, who lives in Australia and Christopher, who lives in California, and two grandchildren. Molly was a member of Orange Grove Friends Meeting, Pasadena, and immediate past clerk of Orange County Friends Meeting. She and Morgen were founding Co-Directors at Pacific Oaks Friends School, Pasadena, which became Pacific Oaks College and Children's School. Molly created the Department of Child Development and the Family Teacher Education at California State University at Long Beach California, and was the first to teach each course there. Her book, "Story-Songs That Spin Themselves," established Molly as an author, illustrator and composer.

Morgen shared the following with friends after Molly's death:

"We were in the forty-first year of
our marriage and have spent the last six months as students at Pendle Hill, a Quaker study center near Philadelphia. This time together has been one of amazing beauty and loveliness. It makes my present days bitter-sweet. After we had both been ill several days with an especially difficult influenza, she wakened me one night and said, "I must go to the gathering place." I said, "Not now, it isn't time yet." The next day (Sunday) was an unbelievably beautiful day. No one in the community came to visit us (as so many had before) except those who brought us our food trays.

We sat in front of the big window of our apartment—and talked and talked and talked as if we had to review the total past (which we did) and explore the amazing and wonderful future before us. We had found deeper and newer dimensions in our inner lives and with each other. There was a kind of luminosity which was beyond words and which seemed to, more than ever, carry us into that 'unknown world of remarkable unseen things.'

Dear friends, such astonishing bitter-sweet memories! For example, in sorting through our papers (packing to go home) I found this fragment that Molly wrote November 1, 1974:

'Image. There is a beautiful meadow. Morgen and I are walking into the sunset—joyously—arms around one another—all the family comes to meet us—we rejoice, embrace each other and we two pass through on our way into the sunset, toward a river—which only one of us can cross. We stand wondering who will go first. We are at peace.'

Laura Lou Brookman

ON JANUARY 28, Laura Lou Brookman, a member and former clerk of Wrightstown (PA) Meeting, a former staff member of the Ladies Home Journal, and a member of the Board of Managers of Friends Journal for a number of years.

In addition to being a "journalists' journalist" who never forgot that she was working for her readers, Laura Lou probably was the first person at Curtis Publishing Company to hire a black secretary—about twenty years before most people were aware of any need to carry out their convictions. The working relationship between them was so successful that Viola retired when Laura Lou did, joined her in running a book store at New Hope, and lived in an adjacent apartment. To be Laura Lou's friend was to be Viola's friend, too.

Not ever talking much about her convictions, Laura Lou lived them. Other marked characteristics were her good nature and fun-loving disposition, her readiness to intercede for anyone in trouble, and her overall optimism.

Coming Events

**May**


**June**

5-8—Third Believers' Church conference, Pepperdine University, Malibu, California. Theme will be "Restitution, Dissent and Renewal." For more information write Richard T. Hughes, Conference Coordinator, Believers' Church Conference, Division of Religion, Pepperdine University, Malibu, CA 90265.

10-16—Young Friends of North America, Fellowship Farm, Pottstown, Pa.

28-July 5—General Conference of Friends, Berea College, Berea, Ky.

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**Accommodations Abroad**

MEXICO CITY—FRINDS CENTER. Pleasant, reasonable accommodations. Reservations, Casa de Maria, 5700 Madero, Mexico 1, D. F. Friends Meeting, Sundays, 11 a.m. Phone 535-57-57.


OXFORD, ENGLAND—From fall 1975. New furnished apartment in delightful farm surroundings one mile from city center. 2 bedrooms, lounge, downstairs room, American conveniences. Phone collect (212) M06-8048.

**Books and Publications**

WIDER QUAKER FELLOWSHIP, 152-A North 15th Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19102 offers quarterly mailings of Quaker-oriented literature.


SEVERAL QUAKER GENEALOGIES; many Quaker books (journals, history of the Friends, local histories, etc.) and miscellaneous books. John V. Hollingsworth, R.P.D., Chadds Ford, PA 19317. Phone: (215) 386-6969.

UNUSUAL BOOKS, FREE catalog. Gandhi’s works on nonviolence, religion, economics, women’s, vegetarian cookbooks, IWW Sung book, protest records; much more. Write: Goodbook, Box 4377, Boston, MA 02102.

**Positions Vacant**

FRIENDS SCHOOL, Miami, FL, needs teachers with training and/or experience in an open, ungraded school. 30 children, ages 6-7. Write: Darden, 4007 Trionno St., Coral Gables, FL 33146.

COUPLE to be houseparents and to teach physics and chemistry, September, 1975. The Meeting School, Ridge, NH 03461.

OPPORTUNITIES AT WOODBROOKE. An almost completely new team of warden, tutors, and bursar will be formed at Woodbrooke for the new academic year. The team will include those with knowledge of Quaker interpretation of the Christian faith, of Quakerism in cultural and educational contexts, and with experience of international affairs. Enquiries, preferably before June 1, will be welcomed by Chairman, Woodbrooke College, Woodbrooke College, 1061 Bristol Rd, Selly Oak, Birmingham B29 6JL, England.

**Positions Wanted**

COLLEGE STUDENT seeks summer employment in Northeast. Experienced children’s programming, outdoor maintenance, driver’s license, French, Carl Thierman, Box 1089, Wilmingtion College, Wilmington, OH 45767.


RESPONSIBLE seventeen-year-old seeks summer employment as counselor, cook, or assistant in a camp. Contact Madeline Sorel, 460 West End Ave., New York 10023. (212) 505-5125.

**For Rent**

N.Y.C. SUBLET, July-August. Brooklyn brownstone, 2 bedrooms, charming ceiling-hi, parlor floor, patio, garden. 15 minutes from Manhattan, 30 min from Penn Station. Piano, dishwasher, washer, dryer. $300, including utilities. Owners (Friends). 197 Prospect Place, Brooklyn 11238. (212) 622-6319.

**Downeast Maine.** Rent main and/or guest cabin on shore near wildlife preserve. Cabins sleeps five or four. Each has hot water, kitchen, screened porch. Available: June to mid-Sept. $250 per week, plus utilities. Simple, secluded, quiet. Phone collect (212) 685-9959. Two bedroom furnished home on beautiful ocean coast. 30 feet of windows facing ocean. $275/month or $1000/6 months, or make offer. Contact Hartsough, Box 1321, Dopey Bay, OR 97734.

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SINGLE BOOKLOVERS enabled cultured, marriage-oriented single, widowed or divorced person to purchase. Acclaimed, Swarthmore, PA 19081.

**Care to Comment?**

Ed Muesch of Flushing, New York has suggested a way that Friends Journal might help Friends conserve and recycle things. Why not offer classified “buy-lines” on a pay-when-you-sell basis, Ed asks? Put the ads free, he suggests, and then ask the seller to pay a percentage of the sales price under an honor system. If readers are interested in such a service, let us hear from you.

May 1, 1975 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Meeting Announcements

Spain

MADRID—Worship Group first and fourth Sunday, third Saturday, 6 p.m., San Gerardo 38-5C. Josefina Fernandez, coordinator.

Alaska

FAIRBANKS—Unprogrammed worship, First-days, 9 a.m., Home Economics Lounge, Third Floor, Elson Building, Univ. of Alaska. Phone: 479-6782.

Arizona

FLAGSTAFF—Unprogrammed meeting, 11 a.m., 402 S. Beaver, near campus, Mary Campbell, Clerk, 316 E. Cherry Ave. 794-4296.

PHOENIX—Sunday, 10 a.m., 11 a.m., meeting for worship and First-day school, 7902 E. Glendale Ave. 85020, Mary Lou Coppock, clerk, 1127 E. Delmont. Phone: 944-8923.

TEMPE—Unprogrammed, First-days 8:30 a.m., Danforth Chapel, ASU Campus. 977-3283.

TUCSON—Friends Meeting, 129 N. Warren; Sunday school, 10 a.m.; worship (semi-programmed) 11 a.m. Pastor, Kenneth Jones, 895-6011.

TUCSON—Pima Friends Meeting (Pacific Yearly Meeting), 739 E. 5th St., Worship, 10 a.m. Violet Broadribb, Clerk, Ph. 298-9353.

California

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

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

DAVIS—Meetings for worship: 1st Day, 9:45 a.m.; 4th Day, 9:45 p.m.; 345 L St. Visitors call 752-4982.

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

HAYWARD—Worship 10 a.m., 25802 Woodrow St., Phone: (415) 651-2343.

LA JOJA—Meeting, 11 a.m., 7260 Rads Avenue. Visitors call 493-9600 or 455-6856.

LONG BEACH—Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m., Garden Room, Brethren Manor, 2333 Pacific Ave. Phone: 434-1094 or 431-4096.


MALIBU—Worship Group, Call (213) 457-3941.

MARIN—Worship 10:30 a.m., The Priory, 217 Laurel Grove, Kentfield. 833-5935.

MONTREY PENINSULA—Friends Meeting for worship, Sundays, 11 a.m., 1057 Mesa Drive, Seaside. Call 394-6991.

ORANGE COUNTY—Worship 10:30 a.m. University of California at Irvine (Univ. Club, Trailer T-11). 684-8052 or 392-7699.

PALO ALTO—Meeting for worship and First-day classes for children, 11 a.m., 397 Colorado.

PASADENA—416 E. Orange Grove (at Oakland). Meeting for worship, Sunday, 10:30 a.m.

REDLANDS—Meeting and First-Day School, 10 a.m., 114 W. Vine. Clerk: 732-9218.

RIVERSIDE—Unprogrammed worship, 1st Day, 10:30 a.m., 683-5384 or 693-4056.

SACRAMENTO—YWCA 15th and I Sts. Meeting for worship Sunday 10 a.m.; discussion 11 a.m. Clerk: Laura Magnani, 2323 F St. Ph. 916-442-8766.

SAN DIEGO—Unprogrammed worship, First-days 10:30 a.m., 4848 Seminole Dr., 296-2264.

SAN FERNANDO—Family sharing 10 a.m. Unprogrammed worship, 10:20 a.m. 1000 S. Saticoy St. Phone: 894-8388.

SAN FRANCISCO—Meeting for worship, First-days, 11 a.m., 2160 Lake Street, 722-7440.

SAN JOSE—Meeting, 11 a.m.; children’s and adult’s classes, 10 a.m.; 1641 Morse Street.

SANTA BARBARA—411 Santa Rosa Lane, just off San Ysidro Rd., Montecito (Y.W.C.A.) 10:30 a.m.

SANTA CLARA—Meeting for worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m. 303 Walnut St. Clerk, 356-8330.

SANTA MONICA—First-Day School at 10, meeting at 11. 1440 Harvard St. Phone: 452-4069.

SONOMA COUNTY—Redwood Forest Meeting, 11 a.m., worship and First-Day school, 61 W. Cotati Ave. Cotati, CA. Phone: (707) 795-5932 or 823-0591.

VISTA—Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m. Call 979-0437 or 724-4468. P.O. Box 1443, Vista 92083.


Colorado

BOULDER—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.; First-day School, 11 a.m. Margaret Ostrow, 494-9459.

DENVER—Mountain View Friends Meeting, worship 10 to 11 a.m. Adult Forum 11 to 12, 5200 South Columbine Street. Phone: 725-4125.

Connecticut

HARTFORD—Meeting and First-Day School, 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m. 144 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford. Phone: 322-3831.

NEW HAVEN—Meeting, 9:45 a.m. Conn. Hall, Yale Old Campus. Phone: 288-2259.

NEW LONDON—622 Williams St. Worship, 10 a.m.; discussion, 11 a.m. Clerk, Melville Chu, 720 Williams St., New London 06320. Phone, 442-7947.

NEW MILFORD—Housatonic Meeting: Worship 11 a.m. Route 202, Lakeville Road. Telephone: (203) 775-1861.

STAMFORD-NEWTOWN—Meeting for worship and First-Day School, 10 a.m. Westover and Roxbury Roads. Stamford, Clerk, Peter Bentley, 4 Carick Road, Cos Cob, Connecticut. Telephone: 203-9-3545.

STORRS—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., corner North Eagleville and Hunting Lodge Roads, 843-4409.

WATERBURY—Meeting 10 a.m., Watertown Library, 470 Main Street. Phone: 374-9399.


Delaware

CAMDEN—2 miles south of Dover. Meeting and First-Day School 11 a.m. 697-0109; 697-6648.

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

HOCKESSION—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, 305 New London Rd., Newark, Delaware.

ODessa—Worship, 1st Sundays, 11 a.m.

REESEBONE BEACH—Worship 10 to 11 a.m. 5 Pine Beach Rd. Phone 273-2388.


District of Columbia

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

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FRIENDS JOURNAL May 1, 1975
Florida
CLEARWATER—Meeting 10:30 a.m., Y.W.C.A., 223 S. Lincoln Ave. Phone: 733-9315.
DAYTONA BEACH—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., 201 San Juan Avenue. Phone: 677-0467.
GAINESVILLE—121 W. 2nd Ave., Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m. Discussion follows. Call 777-9416 or 724-1162 for information.
JACKSONVILLE—Meeting 10 a.m., Y.W.C.A. Phone contact 369-4354.
LAKE WALES—At Lake Walk-in-Water Heights, Worship, 11 a.m. 906-1360.
MELBOURNE—Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m. Discussion follows. Call 777-9416 or 724-1162 for information.
MIAMI-CORAL GABLES—Meeting, 10 a.m. 1185 Sunset Road. Darden Aubury Pyron, clerk, 725-0530; AFSC Peace Center, 445-9836.
ORLANDO-WINTER PARK—Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 316 E. Marks Street, Orlando 32803. Phone: 543-3831.
Palm Beach—Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 285 North A St., Lake Worth. Phone: 588-6606 or 649-3149.
SARASOTA—Music Room, College Hall, New York University. Discussion, 10 a.m. Worship, 11 a.m. Mary Margaret McDaid, clerk, 355-3529.
ST. PETERSBURG—Meeting 10:30 a.m., 190th Avenue, S.E.

Georgia
ATLANTA—Worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., 1394 Fairview Road, N.E., Atlanta 30306. Sue Kenworthy, Clerk. Phone: 289-1490, Quaker House Tele. 273-7098.
AUGUSTA—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10:30 a.m., 340 Telfair Street. Lester Bowles, clerk. Phone: 735-4226.

Hawaii
HONOLULU—Sundays, 2420 Oahu Avenue, 9:45, hymn sing; 10 worship and First-day School. Overnight inquiries welcomed. Phone: 985-4714.

Illinois
CARBONDALE—Unprogrammed worship, Sundays, 10 a.m. Phone 549-4010 or 457-5452.
CHICAGO—57th Street. Worship, 11 a.m., 5615 Woodlawn. Monthly Meeting every first Friday, 7:30 p.m. Phone: BU 8-3996.
CHICAGO—Chicago Monthly Meeting, 10974 S. Artesian. H13-5899 or BE-3-2715. Worship 11 a.m.
CHICAGO—Northside (unprogrammed). Worship 10:30 a.m. For information and meeting location, phone 477-3660 or 644-1293.
CHICAGO—Thorn Creek meeting, (Chicago) south suburban) 10:30, 700 Exchange, (312) 461-0066.
DECATUR—Worship 10 a.m. Phone Mildred G. Frosten, clerk, 422-9116, for meeting location.
DEKALB—Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 424 Normal Road. Phone: 785-2601 or 789-1985.
DOWNERS GROVE— (west suburban Chicago). Worship and First-day School 10:30 a.m., 8710 Lomond Ave. (blocks west of Belmont, 1 block south of Maple). Phone: 968-3861 or 832-9581.
Evanston—1010 Greenleaf, UN 4-6511. Worship on First-day School 10:30 a.m.
LAKE FOREST—Worship 10:30 a.m. at Meeting House, West Old Elm and Ridge Roads, Mail Box 93, Lake Forest, 60045. Phone: (312) 224-3395.
MCNAB—Clear Creek Meeting. Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m. First Day School 10 a.m. Meeting House 2 mi. So., 1 mi. E. McNab. Call 615-632-2361.

Kentucky
LEXINGTON—Unprogrammed worship and First-day School, 4 p.m. For information, call 266-2553.
Louisville—Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. Children’s classes 11:00 a.m. 3600 Bon Air Avenue. 40015. Phone: 432-6812.

Louisiana
NEW ORLEANS—Worship Sundays, 10 a.m., Community Service Center, 4000 Magazine Street. Phone 895-5313 or 822-3411.

Maine
BAR HARBOR—Asadi Meeting for Worship, 6:30 p.m. in Maine Seacoast Mission, 127 West St, Bar Harbor. Phone: 288-5419, 288-5414, or 244-7411.
CAPE NEDDICK—Seacoast Meeting for Worship, Kuhnhhuse, Cape Neddick. Labor Day through April at call of correspondent, Brenda Kuhn, (207) 933-4129.
MID-COAST AREA—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 10 a.m. Dametiscottia Library, Phone 627-7107 or 586-6515 for information.
PORTLAND—Portland Friends Meeting, Riverton Section, Route 302. Worship and First-day School, 10 a.m. Phone: 773-9064 or 829-6521.

Maryland
ADELPHI—Near University of Maryland. 2063 Metzrot Road. First-day School, 10:30 a.m. worship, 10 a.m. Deborah James, clerk. Phone: 422-9595.
ANNAPOLIS—Worship, 11 a.m., 1st, 2nd, 3rd & 4th Saturday. Phone: 997-6497.
COLUMBIA—New meeting! 5 p.m. Phelps Luck North Ctr., J. McAdoo, C.R., 9209 Ellicott Oak Rd. 21041. 596-5221.
ESTON—Third Haven Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m., 460 South Washington St. Frank Zeigler, clerk. 634-0461; Lorraine Claggett, 822-0666. Ist Sun. June through last Sun, Sept. worship 9:30 a.m.
SANDY SPRING—Meetinghouse Road, at Rte. 108. Worship, 9:30 and 11 a.m.; first Sundays, 9:30 only. Classes, 10:30.

Massachusetts
ACTON—Meeting for worship and First-day School, Sunday, 10:30 a.m., Donlan Hall, corner Massachusetts Ave. and Spruce St., N. Acton, Clerk, Elizabeth H. Boardman, (617) 283-5562.
AMHERST-NORTHAMPTON-GREENFIELD—Meeting for worship 11 a.m. First-day School 10:30 a.m. Mt. Toby Meetinghouse, Route 63 in Leverett. Phone 253-9427.
BOSTON—Worship 11:00 a.m.; fellowship hour 10:00, First-day, Beacon Hill Friends House, 6 Chestnut Street, Boston 02108. Phone: 227-9118.
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. Telephone 876-5883.
FRAMINGHAM—841 Edmands Rd. (2 mi. W. of Nobsco) Worship 10:30 a.m. First Day School 10:45 a.m. Visitors welcome. Phone 977-0481.
LAURENCE—4-1st Ave., 189 Massachusetts Ave., 189 Hampshire St., Milhuen, Mass. Phone: 243-0677.
MARION—Saturday, 9:30 a.m. Art Center, corner Main and Pleasant. 745-1178.

May 1, 1975 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Fourth and Arch Sts. First- and Fifth-days. Frankford, Penn. and Orthodoxy Sts., 11 a.m. Frankford, Unity and Wain Streets, 11 a.m. Germantown Meeting, Coulter Street and Germantown Green Street Meeting, 45 W. School House Lane.

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

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

PLYMOUTH MEETING—Germantown Pike and Butler Pike, First-day School, 10:15 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11:45 a.m.

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

RADNOR—Conestoga and Spruce Roads, Eden. Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10:30 a.m. Forum, 11:15 a.m.

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

SOLDERS—Squier Rd., 2 miles NW of New Hope. Worship, 10 a.m. First-day School, 11:45 a.m. Phone: 257-5954.

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

STATE COLLEGE—Mt. South Atherton St. First-day School, 1:30 p.m.; meeting for worship, 10:45 a.m.

SUMNER-PORTLAND-NEW ENGLAND—Upland Monthly Meeting meets 1st and 2nd and 5th First-days at 11 a.m., 2nd and 4th First-days at 8 a.m. Meetinghouse at 5th and Macoby Sts., Pennsburg. Phone 675-7942.

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


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

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

WEST CHESTER—40 N. High St. First-day School, 10:30 a.m.; worship, 10:30 a.m.

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

WILKES BARRE—North Branch Monthly Meeting, Wyoming Quarterly Day School, 1560 Wyoming Avenue, Forty-Fort. Sunday School, 10:30 a.m.; Meeting, 11:30 a.m., through May.

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

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

YARDLEY—Yardley Rd. Meeting for worship 10 a.m, First-day School follows meeting during winter months.

YORK—125 W. Philadelphia St. Meeting for worship 11 a.m. First-days.

Rhode Island

PROVIDENCE—29 Morris Ave., corner of Olney St. Meeting for worship 11 a.m. each First-day.


South Carolina

COLUMBIA—Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m., 3300 Bratton St. Phone 251-2034.

South Dakota

SIOUX FALLS—Unprogrammed meeting. 10:30 a.m., 2307 S. Center (57110), 605-398-5744.

Tennessee

NASHVILLE—Meeting and First-day School, Sundays, 10:30 a.m., 2001 Ashleys Ave. Clerk, Betty Johnson. Phone: (615)-286-0353.

WEST KNOXVILLE—Worship and First-day School, 10 a.m. D. W. Newton, Phone 693-8540.

Texas


DALLAS—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., Park North Y.W.C.A., 4834 W. Northwest Highway. Clerk, George Kenney, 2127 Siesta Dr. FE 1-1390.

DALLAS—Evening Meeting for Worship and Community, Sunday 5:30 p.m. 4933 Lovers Lane. Pot luck supper. Call 332-4857 for information.

EL PASO—Worship and First-day School, 10 a.m., Esther T. Counts, 534-7859, for location.

HOUSTON—First-day School, 11 a.m., 1939 Clemens. Clerk, Ruth P. Marsh, 728-3756.

SAN ANTONIO—Unprogrammed meeting for worship and First-day. 11 a.m. first and third Sunday, Central Y.W.C.A. Phone 722-2740.

Utah

LOGAN—Meeting 11 a.m., CCF House, 1115 E. 5th North. Phone 722-3702.

ODGEN—Sundays 11 a.m., Mattie Harris Hall, 627 25th. 627-9877.

Vermont

BENNINGTON—Worship, 11 a.m.; 10:30 a.m., Bennington Library, 101 Silver St., P.O. Box 221, Bennington 9503.

BURLINGTON—Worship, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 12 noon. Church, 1648 Church Street. Phone 443-3315.

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

PLAINFIELD—Worship, 10:30 a.m. Sunday, Phone Gibson, Danielson, 802-894-2301 at Lowe, Montpelier, 802-525-3744.

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

REEDING—Meeting, Worship Sunday, 11 a.m., home of Ethel Gorman, Cuttingsville, Vt. Phone 492-3431.

Virginia

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

LINCOLN—Goose Creek United Meeting for Worship and First-day school 10 a.m.

MCLEAN—Langley Hill Meeting, Sunday, 9:45 a.m.; meeting school, 11 a.m., 4500 Kemington Ave. Phone 359-0017.

ROANOKE-BLACKSBURG—Leslie Nieves, clerk, 303 Preston, Blacksburg 24060. Phone 359-5515.

REDDING—Centre Meeting—203 North Washington. Worship, 11:15; Phone 461-5450 or 667-4530.

Washington

SEATTLE—University Friends Meeting, 401 9th Avenue, U.E. Silent worship and First-day classes at 11. Phone: MR 2-1700.


West Virginia

CHARLESTON—Meeting for worship, Sundays, 9:30-10:30 a.m., YMCA, 1114 Quarrier St. Paul Callard, clerk. Phone 342-4838 for information.

WISCONSIN

BELoit—See Rockford, Illinois.

GREEN BAY—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 12 noon. Phone Sheila Thomas, 677-4108.

MADISON—Sunday, 11 a.m., Friends House, 200 Monroe St., 215-2895; and 11:15, Yahara College Community, 619 Riverside Drive, 646-7200.

MILWAUKEE—9 a.m. Y.W.C.A. 619 N. Jackson, (602) 288-0830 or 668-2100.

OSHKOSH—Meets 11 a.m. meeting at First-day School, 623 N. Main St.

WAUSAU—Meeting in members' homes. Write 3110 N. 11th or telephone: 844-1230.

Do-It-Yourself

This is a do-it-yourself space. And as you do it, you'll be helping yourself, your Meeting, another Friend or Friends Journal. Here's what you can do:

In this space write out a classified ad and send it to us. You'll be amazed at the high response and low cost.

Or in this space give us the name of someone who might want to receive the Journal. We'll send a sample copy and see what happens.

Or if you are changing your name or address, remove the mailing label from the magazine, attach it in this space, make the changes and send it to us. Do this as far in advance as you can because it may take up to six weeks to change the computer.
Help The People of Vietnam

and Other Indochina War Victims

The long-predicted military debacle in Vietnam is happening and, amidst the talk of honor and whose fault it is, the people of Vietnam pay the price. Fleeing the battle zones, panicked by the example of Saigon troops, fearful of possible consequences while one government fines and another sets itself up, people have fled, thirsted, starved, been maimed. Many have died.

The American Friends Service Committee, which for almost nine years throughout the Indochina War, has assisted civilian war victims on all sides, is continuing its work. A young doctor on our staff stayed in Da Nang after Saigon troops fled, to set up a clinic to help homeless civilians. He is working with the monks of the Central Buddhist Pagoda. Other Vietnam team members have been assisting in Saigon, supplying emergency rice to stranded university students and finding other ways to help. Our rehabilitation center in Quang Ngai, in territory now held by the Provisional Revolutionary Government, but formerly under Saigon rule, continues its work. No matter what government rules the province, the victims of war need help as much as ever.

In Laos where a coalition governs in peace, the AFSC has furnished equipment for agriculture and home-building, rebuilt a village market, supplied medical and surgical equipment and mine detectors to clear unexploded bombs and mines in areas where refugees are returning to their homes.

In North Vietnam and in Quang Tri Province in Provisional Revolutionary Government territory, we are providing medical supplies and planning rehabilitation projects for war-wounded civilians.

Vietnam's greatest need in this hour is to end the war. The AFSC believes that the Peace Agreement signed in Paris more than two years ago could have ended the war. It still can. In Hue, Da Nang and Quang Ngai, there are reports of cooperation among former Saigon government officials, neutralist Third Force persons and the Provisional Revolutionary Government in forming local governments of reconciliation as called for in the Paris Peace Agreement. Essential to this political settlement is an end to United States war aid to South Vietnam. The task before us and the Congress is to end the war now.

The American Friends Service Committee believes the United States should shift from military aid which prolongs the war to aid for the people.

As far as resources are available to us, we will continue to assist the people of Indochina, regardless of their politics, responding only to their need.

The help of all Americans is needed finally to end the war and to repair some of the human and physical damage that war has caused.

Help now when the need is greatest!

THE AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE, INC.
WallaceCollett, Chairman
Louis W. Schneider, Executive Secretary

EMERGENCY VIETNAM FUND
American Friends Service Committee
160 North 15th Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102

I wish to assist your emergency humanitarian efforts to aid the Indochinese people.

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□ Please send me information on your continuing work for peace in Indochina.

□ Contributions are deductible for federal income tax purposes.

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