"Cannot we learn to see children as 'solitudes' given us for a time to protect, to touch, and then to salute as they go their way?"

see page 69
Centering Down...

IF WE do not yet see the way, perhaps we should wait for the Light rather than walk in the dark.

Newton Garver in a letter in The Friend

FOR ME the world is weird because it is stupendous, awesome, mysterious, unfathomable; my interest has been to convince you that you must assume responsibility for being here, in this marvelous time. I wanted to convince you that you must learn to make every act count, since you are going to be here for only a short while; in fact, too short for witnessing all the marvels of it.

Carlos Castanada, The Teachings of Don Juan

The SOCIETY of Friends is rooted in the premise that God, the unfathomable Mystery, Which Yet is manifest in all of creation, is the only source of all life, intelligence, knowledge, and inspiration and that every outward action should spring directly from the closest attention to the Ground of all being Whose Light is within us. If Friends faithfully hold to this belief—always in a spirit of utmost love and unity—then in all the years still numbered for this planet they will be guided, come what may, to contribute truly, justly, and effectively to the ultimate establishment upon earth of the oneness of the whole of mankind. For that oneness most surely is the will of God. Man's waywardness may retard its realization, but nothing can prevent it in the end. God is supreme and His Will shall come to pass.

from Illinois Yearly Meeting's newsletter

And Witnessing...

THE MINISTRY and Counsel Committee of Twin Cities Monthly Meeting is trying out a new internal structure whereby the chairperson will be replaced by a system of rotating conveners and recorders. One person each month, the convener, will form the meeting's agenda; another will record the meeting's minutes. The recorder for one meeting will become the convener of the next. One reason for the change was the tendency to place undue responsibility for the work of the committee on its chairperson. It is hoped that the new system will help the committee to share responsibility and the membership of the meeting to share concerns with any member of the committee.

CURE (Citizens United for the Rehabilitation of Errants) is the name of the new Texas state lobby for prison reform whose recent convention in Huntsville was attended by the two members of South Central Yearly Meeting who are responsible for editing its monthly newsletter.
In and Of the Spirit

FOR MORE than a year, Quaker meetings for worship have been conducted in two prisons in New York State. One of the worshippers at Auburn Prison was George W. Brehm whose article about the meeting was published in the Journal in the January 1, 1975 issue. Since then, George and I have corresponded about how his experience with Quakerism has affected his spiritual life. What follows has been extracted and is shared, with George’s approval, from some of our correspondence.

Dear George:

... I realize how important it is for you in your situation to be in contact with others and to be able to communicate your deepest feelings. I hope that sometime you will feel free to share some of those feelings and how you are able to feed and nurture your spirit while you are in prison. Somehow it seems to me that spiritual growth can take place anywhere, and that sometimes it may even be facilitated by difficult circumstances. For example, the pain of grief and of death can be an enlarging experience if we absorb it and grow through it. Can the same thing be done with the pain of losing your personal freedom? Can the walls that contain you physically also help shape and direct your inner travelings so that you deepen spiritually not only during, but partly because of, your being in prison? Obviously, since I have never been in prison I have no answers to these questions from my own experience. But I am vitally interested in what you have to say about them. I also would be interested in anything you might care to write along these lines for our readers.

Dear Jim:

... I should be writing my observations down daily of all I see occurring, perhaps in a diary with an eye toward publishing them in some form. But while I’ve done a fair amount of that, I find when I focus on the stimuli to which I’m exposed, day by day, the mere act of focusing heightens my awareness of pain I see others suffering and intensifies my own agony. So, in a sense, I anaesthetize my perceptions to lock out the suffering. Can you understand what I’m attempting to express?

In one way, we can consider that I’m too deeply enmeshed and entwined in a dark forest to clearly see each of the trees. That was why I found the company and worship services of the Friends so refreshing. The Light banished some of that darkness, easing the pain and enabling me to see a little more clearly without undue anguish. But now being cut off from the comfort of the companionship of those gentle Friends [George was transferred last fall from Auburn to “Greenhaven” Prison in Stormville, New York] I find the darkness closing in again, a gnawing feeling of isolation grows within me and my creative edge has been blunted and dulled.

But the problem goes deeper than the separation from these Friends. It relates to the very nature of confinement, which is the larger question you raised .... I can truly say that my return to serious religious meditation and prayer has had a most comforting influence in my life since this dread experience engulfed me. Without the sense that God was present, that all of this was a manifestation of His will, that out of this adversity the needs of new fruit, new benefits, a new awareness, a higher sense of good, would unfold—without this faith I am not sure I could have endured this torment. I’ve come closer to God: At night, when I awake in my solitude, I turn to prayer, pondering the words of the scriptures, the lessons of Christ Jesus, for peace and assurance. “Peace, be still…. Peace I leave you…. My peace I give unto you…. Do not let your heart be disturbed, neither let it be afraid… For God has not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind…. “ are but a few of the words of the Bible from which spiritual strength can be drawn.

Perhaps this is an example of what you meant when you wrote on November 4th: “I hope you continue the spiritual journey on which you have embarked. There is a great potential for anyone who begins to travel inward.” I have and do as often as I can. But while there are moments of quiet when one can meditate and pray, there are others when it is totally impossible; for prison often is most noisy, full of loud, discordant shouting and vile swearing which shatters the stillness, fragments concentration and interrupts meditation. Prison isn’t a quiet sanctuary. Here at Greenhaven there are 1800 men living in close proximity under tense and oppressive conditions; the threat of violence is a constant companion; men tend to be strangers to each other; proffered acts of kindness are mistaken as signs of weakness which frustrates the person who may wish to do good deeds (but I try to find suitable outlets for my Christian impulses, for example, tutoring the illiterate). These are quick glimpses into the negative aspects of my situation to which you allude. They are often over-bearing forces which inhibit the journey inward.

But those are the immediate distracting situations. Of greater import are the concerns for one’s loved and beloved—a man’s wife, his children, his family. In these troubled, precarious times a man with natural desires to protect and care for his dear ones finds confinement frustrating and debilitating. He can feel impotent to do
for them what any normal father or husband feels he should do. This has been one of the awful crosses I've had to bear, as I'm closer in love and loyalty to my wife and children than I've ever been. So that has been a blessing and a curse, a blessing in that I know I'm not alone, a curse because I cannot help as my urges prompt. The bachelors do not feel these pangs, but they often suffer from loneliness and estrangement, losing their identity in the process.

There also exists the cruel tendency of society to heap added punishment upon the convicted man after his confinement has ended. This manifests itself in job discrimination and other forms of social rejection. You can understand how a man functioning under this ominous shadow comes to view the future with uncertainty and trepidation.

This then is a broad overview of the impact and corrosive force that imprisonment has on the mind, the self and almost the very soul of a man. But it is his spirit and its integrity which can keep him whole in spite of all the forces which daily chip away. And reflection, thought and prayer serve as fuel for his spiritual light....

Illustration by Joseph Levenson

Dear George:

Like you, I have allowed considerable time to pass before responding to your last letter. I did so because I wanted—no, needed—to let the thoughts and feelings and experiences you shared with me slowly work their way into and through me so that I might be able to reply, as you wrote, in spirit and in truth.

First, let me thank you for what is one of the most moving letters I have ever received. As I read it, I felt very close to you even though we were physically separated by miles and walls, and despite the fact that we have never met. I want to share with you something written by Henri Nouwen in his book, Reaching Out, that describes the same type of exchange he and a friend once had. It captures what I believe is the essence of what happens during the deepest spiritual communications between two people.

I vividly remember the day on which a man who had been a student in one of my courses came back to the school and entered my room with the disarming remark: "I have no problems this time, no questions to ask you. I do not need counsel or advice, but I simply want to celebrate some time with you." We sat on the ground facing each other and talked a little about what life had been for us in the last year, about our work, our common friends, and about the restlessness of our hearts. Then slowly as the minutes passed by we became silent. The silence which grew between us was warm, gentle and vibrant. Once in a while we looked at each other with the beginning of a smile pushing away the last remnants of fear and suspicion. It seemed that while the silence grew deeper around us we became more and more aware of a presence embracing both of us. And as a deep peace filled the empty space between us he said hesitantly, "When I look at you it is as if I am in the presence of Christ." I did not feel startled or surprised in need of protesting, but I could only say, "It is the Christ in you, which recognizes the Christ within me!" "Yes," he said, "He indeed is in our midst," and then he spoke the words which entered into my soul as the most healing words I had heard and years, "From now on, wherever you go, or wherever I go, all the ground between us will be holy ground." And when he left I knew that he had revealed to me what community really means.

We have touched each other's deepest inner being in our sharings, George, and it is that being which is "the Christ in you" and the Christ in me, or what Friends describe as "that of God within." Therefore, I deeply believe that the space between us is holy space.

The second insight that came to me as I absorbed your letter is that in the process of sharing at the level you and I have wondrously, joyfully reached in our correspondence, we are not only exchanging but also confirming the very existence of that of God within us. I confirm that in you, George, and I pray that from now on, wherever you go and whatever befalls you, whenever you need strength, support, or any other gift of the spirit, you will allow that of God within you to provide it.

To do that, as I am slowly learning for myself, we must stop thinking, struggling, trying to reach God. Instead, we must be quiet and allow the Christ in you and the Christ in me, or what Friends describe as "that of God within," to do the work of reaching out. And how easy it is to write these words but how much more difficult it is to do—or rather to allow it to be done to and through us. The outer, superficial world that is not only around but within us makes many demands on us. And we are so ill-equipped by our traditional upbringings and training to go beyond that world. Indeed, much of that very upbring and
training, especially as provided by organized religion, helps to keep us at that superficial level.

Yet deep within us is that still small voice, speaking in the quiet reaches of our hearts and urging us to open ourselves to it. You have heard and tried to respond to that voice, George, and I affirm and confirm you for it. I also tell you from my own experience that the power and the presence and the reality that can come to you from within can hold and sustain and support and comfort and empower you so that no one or no thing can prevail against you. What's more, that same presence can enable you to reach out and share and support and minister to others so that they, too, can come to realize that same power and presence and reality within themselves.

And that, George, is what the religious life is really all about.

Inside most readers of this page there lives a small light of hope, which silently says, "This life so free is the life for me." Hardy put those words into the mouth of a convict in handcuffs. This small light of hope can flicker on through captivity, adversity or sorrow, and so long as it does survive very much can be endured. The most primitive and precious possession that we have, it is not to be confused with a matured belief in God. It is something older, more instinctive, even than that. It is the will to live, to go on.

Remember that there are those who for the time being at least have felt that light go out, and like Hamlet—"wherefore I know not—unaccountably have lost all their mirth and cannot by thinking or wealth find it again. Let us remember them. In our great wealth at having that small light, let us spare one thought for those who, lacking that light, however rich in talent or adventure, are most wretched.

It is no good shouting to such people: "Believe in God!" The best we can do is to reach out a hand, if only in the secret and anonymous guise of praying for them.

At any moment now we may meet such a person, and there will be nothing to tell him or her by. It is a good plan to be always praying, not for goody-goodness but (as is all too likely) in case we shall not notice what needs have brushed close to us and gone.

Bernard Canter
New Zealand Friends Newsletter
reprinted from The Friend.

Growing
Into
Wholeness

by Elizabeth Watson

OVER THE years I’ve had half a dozen interesting jobs that I loved, but the most fun job of my life came seeking me last fall. Out of the blue I was asked to work at the birthplace of Walt Whitman, who was born in Huntington, New York, May 31, 1819.

I’ve always loved Whitman’s poetry, but Whitman himself has now become very much a living presence to me. He’s alive and well (and that phrase comes out of his Song of Myself) and still living in the house where he was born, as I share his words with classes of school children, scout troops, scholars, poetry lovers, and all kinds of people who come to the cedar-shingled house his father built.

Whitman longed to be whole, and he has much to say about growing into wholeness. I share his words with you:

Henceforth I ask not good-fortune. I myself am good fortune.
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,
Strong and content I travel the open road . . .

From this hour I ordain myself loos’d from limits and imaginary lines,

Listening to others, considering well what they say,
Pausing, searching, receiving, contemplating,
Gently, but with undeniable will, divesting myself of the holds that would hold me.

I inhale great draughts of space,
The east and west are mine, and the north and the south are mine.
I am larger, better than I thought,
I did not know I held so much goodness.
All seems beautiful to me.
I can repeat over to men and women, You
have done such good to me, I would do the
same to you,
I will scatter myself among men and women
as I go.

All of us long for wholeness. We see someone—perhaps a friend, perhaps some great charismatic person—responding out of personal authenticity, totally present. We long to be like that. Or we read in the 5th Chapter of John’s Gospel of the man who had been paralyzed thirty-eight years, lying by the pool of Bethesda. Jesus looked at him with understanding and asked him if he really wanted to be whole. And looking up at the tremendous wholeness of Jesus, the man accepted the challenge, rolled up his sleeping mat and walked—walked the long, hard, open road to fuller living.

Sometimes we are whole for a time. We are undivided, confident, creative, responsive. But much of the time our old hurts and conflicts and problems get in the way. Or we feel we must make a good impression and so we calculate the effect of what we do or say. Or the old frantic effort to manage too many activities closes in again, and like jugglers with too many balls in the air at once, we feel at the mercy of forces outside ourselves, and can’t give undivided attention to anything. Sometimes body or mind rebels, and we’re really ill, or unable to function.

Our own longing for wholeness pushes us. And speaking across the centuries, Jesus challenges us to be whole. Like the man at Bethesda, let us roll up our sleeping bags, and get on with it.

We begin by believing wholeness is possible, by faith in our ability to change and grow. We begin by taking responsibility for ourselves, no longer feeling we are at the mercy of circumstances beyond our control. Much of the early work must be done alone, I believe.

We need to turn off the television or transistor radio, and find some time and space to be alone—no easy thing these days. By contemplation, meditation, introspection, by keeping a journal, by prayer—whatever process is congenial—we need to take off our masks, step out of our roles, and stand before God—open, simple, vulnerable. We need to ask: Who am I?—that unique, never-to-be-duplicated product of heredity, environment, experience, inner growth—that part of the creative process of the universe, with something to contribute no other human being can provide. Basic to growing into wholeness is our self-image, the realization of authenticity, the belief in our potentiality.

I am larger, better than I thought,
(said Whitman)
I did not know I held so much goodness.

Back of the wholeness of Jesus was his self-image. He knew with unshakable certainty that he was God’s beloved child, God’s co-worker. Friends, he told us that we too are sons and daughters of the Living God, and that all the things he did we can do, and more also. He said, “Be ye perfect!”

When we truly accept ourselves as authentic, beautiful, capable human beings, we can then bring into the open all the things that hurt, all we are afraid of; we can name these things, accept them honestly as part of ourselves, but as parts that no longer need to dominate us. Our hurts and fears help us grow, if we learn what they have to teach us, and go on to other things.

For most of us this is on-going, not accomplished once and for all, and we do need help and encouragement. We all need a supportive community to help us reaffirm our self-image, over and over. And help is available now as probably never before. Many Meetings have supportive groups in worship-sharing, search groups, prayer groups. Many of us find help in Zen, or in Yoga. I know a whole family whose lives were changed in positive ways by Transcendental Meditation. This last year I’ve seen a young woman’s life transformed by Transactional Analysis. A Re-evaluation Counselling group in our Meeting in Chicago helped Carol, our youngest daughter, and me discharge much of the grief and fear built up in two serious automobile accidents.

I am the poet of the body and I am the poet of the soul... said Walt Whitman. Growing into wholeness necessitates liberating attitudes toward our bodies. Do we want wholeness of body enough to eat a healthful diet, get enough rest and exercise, cut out habits and addictions that we know are harmful? How many times is illness a convenient escape from drudgery or responsibility? We can find more mature ways of coping than having flu or headaches. We can learn to say no to too many activities. We can take charge of our lives.

When illness comes, it helps to relax, quietly trying to understand what the body is telling us. I do not like to dull pain with aspirin until I have learned something from it, accepted it, come to terms with it. We can be defeated by pain, or we can grow through it into wholeness. We can learn to use it for repair, for growth, for re-evaluation, and finally for transmutation into love. Sometimes when we have learned its lessons, even in so-called “incurable” illnesses, the miracle of healing is given to us.

One of the most profound books I have read in the last year is The Wounded Healer by Henri J. M. Nouwen, Dutch priest, teaching at Yale Divinity School. He says that out of our own woundedness we can offer hospitality to others. He defines hospitality as “the ability to pay attention to the guest.” In offering hospitality we are not to talk about our own wounds, but to give our guests our full attention while they talk about theirs to someone who understands. As Nouwen puts it, we “create space for another to be himself [or herself] and to come to us on his [or her] own terms...” “When we have found the anchor places for our lives in our own centers, we can be
free to let others enter into the space created for them and allow them to speak... without fear. Then our presence... is inviting and liberating...."

Or, as Whitman says,

I do not ask the wounded how they feel,
I myself become the wounded person...

The other side of self-validation is humility. Without an affirming self-image, humility is Uriah Heapism. With it, we gain the perspective to see ourselves as part of the human family, part of the universe, no more—as well as no less—important than anyone else. With our basic belief in our potentiality, we can reach out in liberating ways to others, particularly to those who are denied wholeness arbitrarily.

For our personal hurts and fears and pain are not the only barriers to wholeness. Some of us are oppressed by arbitrary second-class status because we are women, or black, Spanish-speaking, Asian, native American, because we are from another country, or because we are poor, or migrants, or because of our sexual orientation, or because we are old, or because we are children.

But there is tremendous hope now. The new world is struggling to be born. Many who have been denied wholeness for generations are coming together to liberate themselves from the stereotypes society has placed on them. They are naming and reclaiming their own experience, their own identity.

Speaking more than a century ago, our of his Quaker background, Walt Whitman proclaimed

I am the poet of the woman, the same as the man,
And i say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man...

This is the most exciting time in history to be female. Although some women do not feel oppressed (and I am one of them), this does not change the fact that in most places throughout human history, women have been assigned second-class status by law, custom, and religious belief. They could not vote, own property, make decisions about their bodies or choose their work and often had no voice in choosing a husband. Oppression, both overt and subtle, was all-pervasive, at all levels of society. Most of us have had to struggle with doubts about our competence. We've learned to be manipulative, to get what we needed or wanted by devious or debasing means. Or we've learned to give in quietly, to avoid hassles. But now women are coming together to share their experience and identity, conscious of themselves as full human beings, not to be defined merely in terms of men (as daughters, wives, mothers of men) but as authentic and capable and intelligent persons.

Men as well as women need to work at liberating themselves from sexism, for all of us are victims of it. We all need to become aware how our language, religion, customs, legal codes, and advertising perpetuate sexism and constantly brain-wash us all. The Playboy mentality that sees women as sex objects, not full human beings, permeates our society from top to bottom.

With the help of liberated men, women must demand equal treatment—under the law, by institutions, in social situations—awkward, harrowing, embarrassing and time-consuming though it may be. And we all need to work on our language to bring it into conformity with our belief in universal personhood.

As women gain rights and become whole human beings, men too can grow into wholeness, no longer having to carry the whole burden of responsibility for running the affairs of humankind, but in humility accepting the vast resources, as yet not very much drawn on, and the wisdom of women in solving the colossal problems of the world. And our commitments to each other can become, as Walt Whitman said,

A union of equal comrades... the most fulfilling kind of relationship.

In truth, all of us have both masculine and feminine components, with one usually predominating. Let us accept ourselves as we are, and liberate others to accept themselves. The emergence of Gay Liberation gives new hope to an oppressed group who need help in securing legal rights and social sanctions to be themselves, to value themselves as authentic and beautiful people. Our Meetings should be liberating communities where everyone is comfortable and accepted.

Eliminating sexism will also help liberate children, perhaps the most oppressed group of all, with few legal or social rights. Most of us are guilty of using them for our own ends, as pawns in family conflicts, as an unpaid source of labor. We sometimes ask them to lie for us. We expect unquestioning obedience, ride rough shod over their scruples and fail to ask or to value their opinions. We expect them to fulfill our frustrated ambitions. We forget what it is like to be young and defenseless. Or we remember and feel, "It's our turn now!" Often, all this is in the name of love. "Mother knows best!" we say.

Rilke in his Letters to a Young Poet speaks of "...the love that consists in this: that two solitudes protect, and touch, and greet each other." Cannot we learn to see children as "solitudes" given us for a time to protect, to touch, and then to salute as they go their way? They are not means to our ends. Liberating them, perhaps, is the only sure way of keeping in touch with them. Rilke has another word, a hard one to accept:

For this is guilt, if anything is guilt: not to augment the freedom of one we love by all the freedom we can afford. For when we love, we have only one choice: to let each other go.

Children have much to teach us. If we cultivate the habit of dialogue and mutual learning, our children could
keep us growing, and in a measure could bring us into their future, so that in middle age we would not stand on the sidelines bemoaning the terrible behavior and inconsiderateness of the younger generation. Is it possible, even, that our grandchildren can keep us learning and growing, right down to the gates of death? As Whitman sang,

Out of the cradle, endlessly rocking...

I have spoken of sexism first, because I know it from the inside, know the limitations growing up female puts on one. As an insider I believe I know best what I need to grow into wholeness.

Victims of racism and nationalism know from the inside what they need most to grow into wholeness. Those of us not so oppressed need humility to recognize this, to let them validate themselves and their own experience.

Racism is as subtle and pervasive in our society as sexism—part of our language, thought-patterns, habits, institutions. Even those of us whites who have spent much of our lives in interracial activities, working to open up job and housing opportunities, marching side-by-side in civil rights demonstrations, must work to liberate ourselves from institutional racism. We have arrogantly assumed white middle class society was the norm toward which all should strive. Black, Chicano, Asian, Native American are all beautiful on their own terms, when they are true to their own heritage, not when they conform to white standards. Our brothers and sisters of other races and nations needed to stand apart from us, to seek liberation without our help for a while. Otherwise we would have kept on trying to make them like us and would never have let them validate their own beautiful heritage, their own uniqueness.

Our primary task is to work on ourselves, to free ourselves of the insidious racism laid on us from childhood on. We need to dig out all the cliches, fears, prejudices, see them for what they are, and then get rid of them—a life-long task.

Many of you are working with concern on behalf of people who need liberating. Part of growing into wholeness is finding our special concern. Who or what is laid on our hearts as needing our special skills, gifts, insights, love? Who has first claim on our time and energy? All oppressed people need us, are worthy of our attention. But if we scatter ourselves in too many directions we are less effective than if we concentrate time and energy. When we are too scattered we are not whole.

Imperialism and patriotism also stand in the way of liberation into wholeness. The rest of the world does not exist so that Americans can live in luxury. Nothing short of the entire human family should claim our loyalty. Walt Whitman stated it in ringing lines:

Whoever degrades another degrades me,
And whatever is done or said returns at last to me.

I speak the pass-word primeval, I give the sign of democracy.
By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms.

Walt Whitman reminds us in the last line that materialism, too, stands in the way of wholeness: too many things to take care of, to worry about, to keep under lock and key, to collect dust. What if we scaled down our possessions to just what we really need for health and well-being, sharply limiting those things we keep for sentiment, for beauty and inspiration? (For George and me the hardest thing to let go of is books—and my piano.)

As I think back on the times I felt whole, able to practice the presence of God on a sustained basis, able to respond fully, it was almost always when life was stripped down to essentials: on a camping trip, or in a hospital, or on a journey when things were limited to what one could carry, and regular activities were suspended temporarily. Have you known what it is to be loved by strangers as you pass?... asks Walt Whitman.

Hand in hand with materialism goes competition. I believe competition is the root of most of the world’s problems. We teach our children to be competitive from early childhood. They must be the prettiest, the cutest, the best dressed. They must get the top grades, win the athletic contests, stand out. Winners acquire a false sense of superiority that makes them uncaring and indifferent. Pressure to remain at the top makes dishonesty, wiretapping, Watergate seem justified.

Losers are not unimportant. And yet feelings of inferiority, inadequacy, lack of self respect often damage them for life. Everyone—and this of course includes the retarded—is of precious value, has something to contribute, can teach us something. Everyone needs to be cherished, encouraged, allowed to blossom. We need to cultivate a non-competitive spirit, helping our children find and enjoy activities that do not involve winning.

Beyond the human family, we need to liberate all God’s creatures, all green and growing things, and the earth itself, from our wasteful, polluting habits. Our Judeo-Christian tradition says that God gave dominion to humankind; we have used this to sanction our exploitation. Our Native American friends have much to teach us. Their tradition teaches them their dependence on earth, water, air, trees, and animals. They lived on this beautiful land for generations without polluting air and water, without endangering species of birds and animals, without despoiling the land with concrete and automobile graveyards.

Let us hear again the words of our own John Woolman:

May we look upon our treasures and the furniture of our houses, and the garments in
which we array ourselves and try whether the seeds of war have any nourishment in these our possessions . . .

May we also look upon the food we eat, the energy-consuming gadgets we own, our means of transportation, our pets, our sources of income, our paying of taxes, our funeral customs, and try whether the seeds of pollution, as well as war, have any nourishment in them.

I think the final step in growing into wholeness is accepting our finiteness. Life is a gift of time—of uncertain length, but of certain end. As we recognize the fragility of life, we live in the present, accepting each day as a gift to be fully savored, fully experienced. Growing into wholeness involves not worrying too much about the future, but “proceeding as the way opens,” or as C. S. Lewis says, “accepting the adventure life sends.”

We are part of the universe, part of the process that is God at work in the world. We are aware of the living presence of people we have loved and who loved us who are no longer physically with us. We, too, are part of lives we touch. The atoms and molecules that have come together for a time to make our bodies were in existence from the beginning of the world, and in time they will go back to the earth we love, to be part of the continuous cycle of life. As Walt Whitman said:

I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love;

If you want me again, look for me under your boot-soles . . .

I began with a statement of his longing for wholeness, and I close with his prescription for growing into wholeness, taken from the preface to the 1855 (first) edition of *Leaves of Grass*:

Love the earth and sun and the animals,
Despise riches, give alms to everyone who asks,
Stand up for the stupid and crazy,
Devote your income and labor to others,
Hate tyrants, argue not concerning God,
Have patience and indulgence toward people,
Take off your hat to nothing known or unknown,
Or to any man or number of men,
Go freely with powerful uneducated persons,
And with the young, and with mothers of families . . .
Re-examine all you have been told,
At school, at church, or in any book,
Dismiss whatever insults your own soul,
And your very flesh shall be a great poem.

Illustration by Herbert Pullinger

WINTER SANCTUARY

The snow covers
The cold, soiled earth
And convoluted designs in white
Strews everywhere.
A benediction of silence
Fills the air.
Tread softly as you go slowly by
The inaudible, holy treasures
Of the snow.

Edna Pullinger
Dear Friends,

As many of you know, we have been struggling with our concern for David since February. When we finally received a diagnosis in July, with a poor prognosis (five percent chance of one year with chemotherapy), we realized that we needed to make some decisions based on our beliefs concerning the quality of life, not just existence, and about death with dignity. As we had earlier prepared ourselves with knowledge and mutual support for childbirth and parenting, so we were able to prepare ourselves and our children, through loving support, for death.

We were able to have a lovely symptom-free, non-hospitalization summer. David enjoyed learning to swim and started learning to ride a bicycle. He planted petunias this year and picked out pink tulip bulbs for next spring. David was very cooperative in staying on his diet, and we felt we kept him as healthy as we could for as long as we could. The ear infection he had in August might have killed him if his infection-fighting mechanisms had been depressed by chemotherapy. The infection and the leukemia weakened him so that he needed six units of packed cells, (blood with most of the liquid removed) in a three week period. When the transfusions began losing their effect, and we could see the disease process was continuing to progress rapidly, we felt that the best way we could help David was to give him our love and keep him home where all four of us could be together.

We did special things. Suzanne blew huge soap bubbles while David watched...I collected some milkweed pods and we blew the fluff all around...David saved some seeds to plant. We celebrated Suzanne's birthday two weeks early and Halloween on September 18th because David was looking forward to these events and we knew he would not be here with us. David also got to ride to school on the bus the first day of school.

Wednesday evening, September 24th, when I noticed a distinct change in David's breathing, I asked Bob to help me wrap David in his blankets and bring him out into the living room. We sat in the favorite big chair, David on my lap and Suzanne cuddled beside me...I felt the need to hold both of them close. In about an hour, David stopped breathing. We all had a good cry. I continued holding him until the people came to get his body.

IT PIERCES TO LOSE WHAT IS LOVED, BUT ALL THAT IS LOVE REMAINS. If this makes you want to cry, don't try to hold it in. It's the holding it in that hurts, not the crying.

All this is our way of saying thank you for all the loving support you have given us these last eight months. The peach pits, the meals brought in, the dishes, laundry and housecleaning done, all have been much appreciated. The sharing of reading materials, both on adult and child levels, have helped me work through my own feelings and be able to help the children with theirs. I can still hear David say, "I’ll be angry with you if you take me some place while I’m asleep. I don’t want to wake up in a strange place where I’ll be frightened.” and “Mommy, can I have some Kentucky Fried Chicken before I die?” and “You loved me even before I was born.” Bob said recently that we had David for six years, because we were sure of the pregnancy even too early to have it confirmed.

At no time during this did we ever really feel alone. The people in Bryn Gweled are there because they care and share, and we all felt this support. Both David and Suzanne enjoyed receiving mail, and even when David was too sick to get up, he enjoyed looking at his pretty cards and drawings from his friends. We reached out when we needed a helping hand and got a lot of hugs, in the form of blood donations, friends coming with us to the hospital during David’s blood transfusions, donations to charities in David’s name, many beautiful thoughts and prayers, some expressed in notes, others by a phone call. We have a lot of happy memories of a loving child, and we feel that as much as possible, we were able to make this a positive instead of a totally negative event in our lives. We also appreciate that so many of you were able to share in the Memorial Service with us. As Dr. Elisabeth Kubler-Ross discusses in her book, we feel we helped David live until he died.

Thank you,
Carolyn, Bob, Suzanne, and David Eckel
Butterflies, Babies... and Bombs

Joan Cavanagh and Debbie Daniell were among twenty-two people arrested October 4 for participating in a witness for peace at Pratt and Whitney Corporation's fiftieth anniversary airshow, East Hartford, CT. Joan spent 30 days in prison, while Debbie was sentenced to 30 days imprisonment (suspended) and one year's probation.

I WOULD simply like to share some personal reflections concerning some very meaningful events in my life. Events which led me to decisions about my life, and which brought me to the Pratt and Whitney Air Show, and today to this courtroom.

Years ago, I lived in Vermont. High in the mountains. We grew our own food, kept animals, heated only with wood; in short, a sylvan existence. Devoid, by choice, of whatever to confront a systematized evil, which I understood not at all, and felt powerless to change. I chose to withdraw from any possible confrontation, either with the power of evil in the State, or with decisions which I must make regarding my tribute to that power. I created my own separate world, and lived in it. Removed and content in my ignorance.

Three years ago I became a mother. I gave birth to a boy child, and called him Ivan. Soon after his birth I stood over him watching. I realized the fullness of his perfection of body and mind. I felt a protective instinct within myself which I had never known before. I said to myself: "You are responsible for this child's life. You must take care that it not be injured or destroyed. You must ensure that this child have the opportunity to grow to maturity."

Through his flesh, I began to see with new vision the photographs on the front page of the newspapers, on the T.V. screen. The photographs of the Indochina war, brought home. I was no longer callous to the terror on the Asian woman's face, as she clutched her child to her breast and ran. Or as she stands facing us, watching us, eyes full of rage, indignation, pain. Could we really hope to win her heart in this way? The perfection of life which she had created and which she holds to protect, lay in her arms: dead, burned, mutilated, napalmed, bombed, screaming or in deathly silence. I feel her agony inside of myself, by identification. And a rage was born in me, a rage that I will never forget.

Since then I have seen many more such horrors. The children in our ghettos, in our schools, malnourished, starving. The children of the greatest country in the world. I have seen children from all over the world, their bellies swollen from starvation, condemned by their birth. While the architects of abstract expendability talk of regulating the population of the world by "natural selection." Food is our newest and subtest weapon.

I have seen pictures taken in the hospitals of Indochina, of children disfigured by the fire of napalm, of children with their limbs blown off by American bombs fashioned to look like butterflies, to be caught by the children and then explode. I have seen children in the fields, clutching at their mother's breast for nourishment and life, and the mother lying dead, and the child not understanding... I have seen medical films of the survivors and victims of the Hiroshima bomb. A woman exposed to the explosion, at the time nursing her child, who partially shielded her body from the burns. She was marked in her flesh with the outline of where the child had lain across her. The child: dead. She carries on her body an indictment against the first nation in the history of the world to use an Atomic weapon against a civilian population. These images are burned forever into my conscience. The smell of the burning flesh permeates the air, the blood spills upon us, it cannot be washed away. There is no forgetting the slaughter of the children. That they may live is the aim of my life; to insure that they are not robbed of their future. For the children are ultimately the victims of war.

In going to Pratt and Whitney, I wanted to make evident their blood upon the instruments of their deaths. Sounding a warning to all who would hear: "This blood is our children's. We have already sacrificed them. Stop the murder. Redeem the times!"

All that we have done to date has not insured us that we will not commit suicide as a race. We are armed for total nuclear destruction. All efforts to stop this insanity have failed. The children continue to be sacrificed to the idols of war and violence. We cannot afford to view these idols on display, in an airfield, on a sunny day, and continue to be blind to the consequences of what we are engaged in: A cultural worship of death.

For my actions I stand prepared to deal with the consequences imposed by this court. But know: there will be no punishment extracted, there is no possible "rehabilitation." Nothing can erase what I have seen and will continue to see. We must prepare ourselves to pay the price of Peace with our lives. Rather than die a spiritual death as we stand by silently, pretending that we don't see, or that we are powerless. The children have begun payment.

We must seek ways as a community, to resist and end this reign of terror which makes us all complicit in a biological betrayal.

We remember the children.

Debbie Daniell
Butterflies, Bombs and Babies continued

I AM CHARGED with something called "criminal trespass"—I assume that charge has something to do with having been asked to leave and not having done so. I was never asked to leave. I was merely tackled by Pratt and Whitney security guards, kicked, and dragged to a waiting police car with my arm twisted behind my back, which I thought was fairly strong as a first request to quit the premises.

There were a number of people arrested at Pratt and Whitney on October 4 for doing nothing which was technically illegal, given the fact that the public had been invited onto the grounds to view this obscene show of military hardware. Two people were literally arrested because they "looked suspicious." Two others were taken because they wore black costumes symbolizing death.

I think it should be obvious that we are a death economy, that we need to make war and preparations for war in order to survive economically, at the expense of our moral survival. Yet economic conversion—conversion to a Peace economy—has been shown to be both possible and desirable. Peace or pro-life production—everything from commercial airplanes to schools, houses for the poor, hospitals, and homes for the elderly—makes for much greater long-term economic security and provides for more jobs on a long-range basis than does the production of military hardware.

But we do not address this reality at all. Instead, we continue from year to year, building newer and better weapons with which to kill people and continuing to intervene in the internal affairs of other nations in order to further our own self-interest. From the beginning, the United States was founded on militarism and imperialism—witness most, if not all, of the wars we have fought and realize that from those wars we sought mainly to gain territory or economic advantage. Yet today these policies are made more terrifying than ever, for the United States and the Soviet Union are engaged in a suicidal nuclear death race.

Let me assure you that in a nuclear age, this is the reality we live with; this is the reality we bring children into the world to face. American children, Soviet children, Indochinese children; all face the same threat tomorrow.

As a pragmatist, I consider this threat to be intolerable. As a pacifist, I consider all killing and preparations for killing to be immoral. I consider the glorification of military hardware to be a glorification of murder. This past October 4th and 5th, parents brought their children out to Pratt and Whitney to, among other things, view planes which dropped bombs which killed similar parents and similar children in Vietnam.

There is a deep, deep irony there, made most devastating by the fact that it is largely the result of lack of consciousness, lack of awareness. I continue to believe that if those people who came out to admire the F-15, the F-14, could actually see the horror which those planes are capable of producing, they would join us in demanding that such instruments of death be forever banned. I continue to believe that if the people of this nation really understood, understood in their guts, the true meaning of war—that is burned babies and murdered parents—they would demand that their nation turn its policies, priorities and institutions toward life-sustaining ends.

I continue to believe that there is hope, hope which lies in awakening our people, all people, to the truth that all human beings are part of one community and that all human life is sacred. I continue to believe this. But beliefs must be translated into action, truths must be tested, or they die. Someone must ask questions, and someone must be willing to face the consequences, the inevitable consequences, of asking them.

I suppose, Judge, you must answer for yourself what your job in a case like this is. In a very real way you are my brother, and though I was nearly jailed several weeks back for contempt of court, I have no contempt for you or any other person in this room, though I hate with all my heart the violence of the system which you serve. I respect you as a human being, and I believe that, like anyone with a heart and soul, if you could truly see the results of Pratt and Whitney's work, there would be no question in your mind as to a verdict in the case. It has been said by many judges, lawyers, and other court officials that there is no room for morality in a court of law. If this is the case, my friend, then you and I and everyone in this room should, for the sake of our own humanity, leave this place now and meet outside these doors, where we can once more become the whole, loving, nonviolent people we were intended to be.

To close I'd like to read a poem of hope and life, written by Thich Nhat Hanh, a Buddhist monk long an exile from his native Vietnam because he worked for peace. The poem is called "Peace Child."

The child is born
Light floods from the horizon
Rise, grasses and plants
Come back to life, forests and mountains
The long and frightening night is really over

The weight of sunlight on
The butterfly's fragile wings
The mustard green's golden flowers
Blaze along the old path

The day I return
and pass by the front gate
will that familiar branch of plum
be smiling at me with tears of crystal dew?

O Earth be reborn
so that color and perfume be re-united
making our land rich and fresh again

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More on the Green Lie

by John Staib

A RECENT article, “The Green Lie” (FJ 4/15), described the proliferation of near-perfect artificial flowers in our culture as a sinister business. A humorous “putdown” of that article followed (FJ 8/15). The original article made me smile: after all, there are so many so much more sinister forces abroad today that a serious attack on artificial flowers can hardly be regarded seriously. On the other hand, the humorous putdown—once its colorfully made points are allowed to percolate—must be taken seriously, for they force a second look at the green lie.

First, the author of the putdown suggests that the green lie is an innocent lie: that it causes no harm to the deceived; rather, that its intention is to “delight the observer.” Granted. But does it do harm to the propagator of the lie? When the “delightee” is delighted by plants some of that delight is automatically transformed into admiration for their grower. Is not the owner of the green lie somehow corrupted each time the “delightee” is delighted? A woman one day delighted her observers with a homemade cake. She enjoyed their delight at first, but soon it embarrassed her. Finally she blurted out, “Oh, it’s not a scratch cake, it’s just a mix.”

Furthermore, it is not entirely clear that the green lie does no hurt to the deceived. Suppose as a child that I am delighted and delighted and delighted by the green lie until in time I come to accept it almost on a par with the real thing. And suppose that my entire generation has been so conditioned. Question: Will we vote for cleaning up the environment, or will we go for the cheaper plastic dome over an artificial environment?

There is also the matter of stewardship: Are we using our natural resources wisely? It may some day be against the law to use non-renewable resources in

YOUTH

My experience with the young people of today has been limited to the casual encounters that come in the course of everyday living. These encounters have brought me to the conclusion that their problems are formidable and their courage magnificent!

The world’s ferment has stripped them of confidence in their future. Hope is all they have left. It is the buoy that keeps them afloat on a stormy sea.

With good reason, they reject the legacy left them. They have learned that maturity is no assurance of a man’s wisdom and justice; that all too often he is in pursuit of his own individual benefits—more power, more money. His concern is not humanity.

The fine spirit of youth cannot but languish in a climate so laden with materialistic thinking. And so they rebel. They are not lawless—they are firm in their efforts toward a better world.

The crime and riot which are rampant are symptoms of world turmoil—not sheer malevolence on the part of youth. People of all ages participate. Let us not put too much of the blame on our boys and girls.

Their unconventional dress means no more than did the campaign buttons worn by their fathers—merely a declaration of attitude.

The discouragements of youth are overwhelming. If they seek momentary solace in means not generally approved, let us help them with compassionate understanding.

Polly Francis

give both your hands, sister and brother
for this chance is one in a million
let us protect the seeds of life
bursting on the cradle’s rim.

I wish you peace, judge, but above all I wish you freedom.

Joan Cavanagh
applications where renewable resources would serve as well. One thinks of the use of aluminum rather than wood in lawn furniture. If we were asked to think of the most ironic example of this sort we might come up with the use of oil in the manufacture of the green lie.

A second point in the putdown is that it is human nature to beautify, and that brightening a dark corner with the green lie is just as valid as covering a dirt floor with a warm, colorful rug. I think not. The problem here is that the green lie mimics life. Many of us draw a line between stylized representations of living things and outright replicas: we are at ease with Greek and Roman marble but somewhat nervous about the forms in a wax museum. This may be a consequence of our Jewish heritage. For ancient Jews it was taboo to create likenesses of living things, and to this day it is prohibited among Orthodox Jews. An extreme position, no doubt, but there is plenty of room to draw a line somewhere between this position and that which would encourage eerie fac-similes of life.

Then there is the question of beauty itself. I can regard a rug as an improvement over a scruffy patch of earth, but I am not thereby forced to so regard a stretch of astroturf. And I do not have to enjoy apparent life in a dark corner that cannot sustain life; rather, I can view it either as a malicious attempt to confuse children with regard to photosynthesis or as a naive and poorly conceived attempt at beautification. When people compete with nature in matters of beauty, we should tread most lightly. At best we do no harm; at worst our role is unspeakable. I cannot help but think of the many Japanese women who under the postwar sweep of western culture have been led to believe that their bosoms are less than perfect. Must I admire the genius of the surgeons who are busy “beautifying” with silicone?

Finally, the author finds fault with those who seek simplicity at the expense of “artistic norms.” What this has to do with the green lie is obscure. After all, is not the selection of a well-proportioned plastic plant dictated by a desire for clean trim lines along with minimal maintenance, that is, a desire for simplicity? Filling in between the lines we might guess that what the author is really annoyed with is the threat to our way of life that is implicit in the modern call for simplicity. But let’s be fair. This call does not ask us to throw away the baby but only to assess our current lifestyle and try to decide—however painfully—which of its elements are in keeping with our highest ideals. I know, for example, that a suspension bridge is both good and beautiful. I’m pretty sure that the green lie is neither.

**“Tena Koutou”**

AS WE met together for our first session, expectation was already partly fulfilled in the warm satisfaction of seeing “one another’s faces.”

*Tena koutou, tena koutou, tena koutou.*

With this Maori greeting (translation; there you all are), the Clerk caught up this thought and embraced us all. In our worship in sharing groups and as a whole meeting; in our business sessions; in the shared experience of a living group brought to us from their camp by Young Friends; in meal-time talk and conversations snatched from sleeping hours, we celebrated that we were there together.

We welcomed the continuing contact with Friends overseas from the presence of David Hodgkin, the Australian Friends’ representative. Margaret McLennan from England, and Hubert and Mildred Mendenhall, American Friends from Costa Rica; from greetings to us from many parts of the world; and from the shared experiences of Kenneth Staynes’ attendance at Friends World Committee for Consultation’s meetings in London, and Peter and Ngaire Newbys’ four months at the Quaker United Nations Office in New York and Geneva. We recognized our sharpened awareness of belonging to the world family of Friends.

*Tena koutou, tena koutou, tena koutou.*

The Clerk reminded us of the enrichment of living in a bi-cultural society, and we are grateful to our Maori friends

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for their continuing help as we try to understand the problems of our own race relations.

Friends also gave their support for the work of the Peace Committee with the New Zealand Foundation for Peace Studies and for the development of the Wanganui Friends Settlement. We encouraged the Friends Service Committee in its thought that there has never been a time when we could use money and effort more effectively in Indo-China. We were reminded of the continuing need to educate ourselves as to our place in the developing world. We questioned the value of aid that relies on inappropriate technology and that does not carry out on a personal level its aim of reducing the gap between affluent and poor societies. We reminded ourselves again that the responsibility rests with each one of us in the minutiae of our daily lives to reexamine how far our standard of living absorbs an unfair share of the world’s resources.

Our experience at Yearly Meeting made real William Sewell’s prayer for us in his letter of greeting: that as we met we might have a sense of belonging not only to each other but to the great family of people everywhere.

Jill Henderson

South Central

Yearly Meeting

A Quaker Way of Life

ONCE AGAIN at Thanksgiving Friends of South Central Yearly Meeting met, holding their fourteenth gathering at the Soroptimist Club Camp near Dallas, Texas. About eighty-five members and attenders came from Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Texas—with all of our meetings except Baton Rouge represented. We were joined by Margaret Gibbins of Scotland (representing the Friends World Committee for Consultation), Paul and Esther Goulding (of Friends General Conference), and Terry Provance (from the Philadelphia AFSC office). Also present were Narciso Aleman from the AFSC project in the Rio Grande Valley, Svea Sauer of the AFSC Peace Education Division, and David Nagel from the Indian Center at Hominy, Oklahoma. The presence of these visitors added very much to our meeting.

The theme of our yearly meeting this year was “The Quaker Way of Life.” Reports of the various Quaker organizations were all tied into this theme, so that they had a life and a power which all too often is missing. Margaret Gibbins especially made the work of the FWCC come alive for many of those present. Her two addresses also were very helpful to all of us: “Belonging to the World Family of Friends,” given on Friday night, and “Quest for Living,” on Saturday afternoon.

Three worship-sharing sessions and several hours of unprogrammed worship enabled us to view our business sessions as “meetings for worship held for the conduct of business.” As our epistle reported, “There was little feeling of rush or pressure, and agreement was reached easily. Problems that arose were approached in a loving and positive way.”

Friends were especially moved by some problems which stemmed from the alienation of some of the Young Friends from the program which had been provided for them. One special evening session delved deeply into the situation. The following day, an Ad Hoc Committee of sixteen worked hard on this matter and brought forth some concrete suggestions to our final business session.

There seems to have been a widespread agreement among Friends that this was a good yearly meeting, perhaps even among our best. Those who came were glad that they had made the effort, and some of them have already reported this view to their local meetings. There was a real sense of fellowship, seeking and finding, all of which helped to produce a spirit of joy. In some way we had become more of a family of Friends. What better way, then, to bring our annual gathering to a close than by having Margaret Gibbins present a “Ban the B-1 Bomber” T-shirt to our beloved Paul Goulding as the rest of us joined in a loud and joyous rendition of “Happy birthday, dear Paul.” No wonder some Friends are already looking forward to gathering next Thanksgiving at Austin!

Kenneth L. Carroll

Friends House Bombed

AT 8:55 on the evening of December 15, in Des Moines, Iowa, part of Friends House, which is the American Friends Service Committee North Central Regional headquarters, was wrecked and much of the attached Des Moines Valley Friends Meeting House was blown to pieces by some kind of bomb placed in a strategic spot against the two buildings. Although as of this writing, almost a month later, there still has been no officially verified police or the U.S. bomb laboratory in Washington, D.C., to which police sent materials from the blast site, it is obvious and the police unofficially admit that the destruction was caused by a deliberately placed explosive, perhaps as much as fifteen pounds of dynamite.

Although there were three persons in Friends House at the time, miraculously no one was even injured. The blast shattered windows and wrecked some doors in nearby churches and other buildings and was heard almost ten miles away.

We are a very small meeting, perhaps thirty to thirty-five in attendance, counting the children. And, ironically, we had just made our final loan payment to the Friends General Conference Meeting House Fund.

Structural engineers say the buildings can be salvaged and “repaired”—if such a term can be applied to such a major reconstruction job. Cleanup work was begun within hours after investigating police turned the property back to us. It is hoped that the way will be cleared for reconstruction to start soon.

We had volunteer cleanup help from many sources. A group of men from a Mennonite “disaster team” came up from Leon, IA, and spent a long hard day clearing up and making out debris; groups from Earlham, Paullina and Ames Meetings and many individuals pitched in, and tons of debris were carted to a huge disposal truck. AFSC staff spent untold hours. Meeting members, of course, helped when they could. It was a heart-warming experience even under the horrifying circumstances.

Friends Meetings and many individual Friends and acquaintances have sent checks to help rebuild both buildings.
is when groups such as the AFSC actually try to do something about it—particularly when they try to help to remove the causes of injustices and suffering being inflicted on the powerless and oppressed—that violent fear and hate may be stirred up.

There are many questions in our minds. What kind of persons could perform such acts of violence? How would we wish to deal with such persons? Would knowing who did it help us or hinder us in feeling compassion? Will we really learn what it means to develop an understanding and forgiving spirit? How can such persons be reached with the message of non-violence, or is this impossible?

If an individual with a few pounds of dynamite—that he or she can easily carry in one hand, in a brief case or small package—can do as much damage to buildings as happened in Des Moines, or the damage to life and property which occurred in New York's LaGuardia Airport, then consider what planes do in warfare when they carry hundreds of thousands of TONS of much more highly explosive material and drop it indiscriminately over heavily populated areas. How could anyone expect Quakers to "live their religion" if they did not oppose war with all their strength?

With another place to gather for worship, our meeting can have been able to carry on with little loss of momentum, but for the AFSC it has been a major disruption. Executive Secretary Warren Witte and the staff have tried to keep abreast of the region's work in spite of eighteen-hour days that include everything from conferences with builders, insurers and lawyers through moving equipment and supplies and the hard work of cleanup and temporary repairs.

But the bombing has many implications. To quote one member of our meeting, "We feel that the temporary loss of our Meeting House is of minor importance as compared to the fact that anyone would endanger the lives of so many people in the community as well as wantonly destroy property. Even more important is the fact that the freedom to worship and to live one's beliefs has been placed under attack. To deny Friends the right to outwardly express the inner convictions that each human life is sacred and each individual is a child of God, is to deny all religious groups the freedom to follow their religious faith."

Lawrence O. Hutchison

Reviews of Books

Lahu Wildfire, 144 pages, $3.50, and Boomee and the Lucky White Elephant, 87 pages, $3.50, both by Jane Hamilton-Merritt; both published by Charles Scribner's Sons, and both distributed by The Garuda, Box 50, Redding Ridge, Connecticut (multiple orders, $2.95 each).

Here are two fine, much-needed new additions to the small collection of really readable children's books dealing with life in a little-understood (by Americans) but much-in-the-news part of the world. In addition to offering superb illuminations of how the people of two cultures—Thai villagers, and mountain tribespeople of Burma, Laos, and Thailand—think, feel, and believe, Jane Hamilton-Merritt has, in Lahu Wildfire, given us a new and startling slant on the far-away roots of the opium traffic and what it does to those whose lives get caught in its sticky meshes. From either viewpoint, or simply for the charm of the stories, these books are first-rate choices for young people.

As I set about reviewing these two stories, as a teacher I took advantage of my 5th-6th grade class as a built-in source of bona fide opinion. Of course children are primarily interested in one main criterion: "Is it a good story?" Both books came away with high marks on that score; and in particular, Lahu Wildfire evoked an intense response. They found it quite absorbing, and were very caught up by the ending. Children of this age are intensely concerned with justice and the struggle between right and wrong, in their own developing personal values and in the world as they become aware of it. Lahu Wildfire catches and reflects this struggle very successfully.

From an adult's viewpoint, there are other important criteria in choosing a book of this type for a child or for a class... "What issues does it raise; what values does it reflect?" "Is it historically or culturally accurate?" "Is it well written?" As a one-time resident of
Southeast Asia myself, I read with an especially critical left eye for an accurate and convincing portrayal of the “feel” of life in that part of the world. And as one who often snaps a so-called “children’s” book shut in disgust with all its patronizing, vacuous, or simpering style, I read with a critical right eye. By all criteria, to my gratification, I can affirm my class’s high marks for the author. Whether you might be a parent or friend looking for a suitable gift, or a teacher looking for a text or supplementary reading, both Boonmee and Lahu Wildfire are excellent choices.

Nancy Ewald


The authors of this book are a Danish lecturer at the University of Copenhagen, and a Research Administrator at the Richardson Institute for Conflict and Peace Research, London. The book is a very thorough discussion and analysis of the possibilities of resistance to attack or invasion by unified action without the normal weapons of war. There is no attempt to claim more than is historically justified for such methods of non-violent resistance. There are many references to the forms of resistance offered by European nations during the German occupation in the period of the second world war, and to other recent conflict situations.

Horace Alexander


British Friends now have a splendid history of their relief work abroad, from its first beginnings during the Napoleonic Wars through the end of the Second World War. Unlike the bare chronicles of participants in one or another relief project in Europe, Africa, or Asia through the years, this is a fully rounded, even critical account, written by a Friend who is also a Cambridge history scholar and a professional writer. The result is most satisfactory.

Almost every war since Napoleon’s time and most of the great disasters, natural and man-made, have found Friends engaged in trying to succor distressed people regardless of race, creed, or political affiliations. It is an extraordinary story and a most involved one, but John Ormerod Greenwood manages to tie the details together into a coherent whole with remarkable success.

American Friends will find much to interest them. Anthony Bennet’s efforts to relieve the suffering Acadians who stopped in Philadelphia in 1755 appear as the prototype of what Friends would do so often during the next two centuries. And whenever the work of British and American Friends touched each other—from aid to the Russian Dukhobors at the turn of the century through World War I and the inter-war years into World War II and after—the Americans are given their due, although not in such detail as is devoted to British Friends.

The author’s comments and questions as to the nature, effectiveness, and future of Quaker relief have pertinence for us all. Was it simply in fact a Quaker manifestation of nineteenth-century evangelical Protestant philanthropy? Is it to give way in our time to the more general and secular relief bodies which have sprung up in such numbers since the last war, and which in certain respects have been inspired by Quaker theory and practice? These are questions to ponder as Friends try to bring justice and mercy into a world which has precious little enough of either.

Thomas E. Drake


This book is a monument to the author’s erudition, much of the crates and packing still intact. It is an Irish sociologist’s appraisal of the Jewish social attitude as influenced less by modernity than by the teachings of Freud, Marx, and Levi-Strauss, one or two generations ago.

Naomi H. Yarnall

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Accommodation at Glenforsone, the Quaker Guest House in the English Lake District.

The cost for the week will be about £ 36 (plus VAT). Applications, not later than 1 April 1976, with a non returnable booking fee of £ 5 to George H. Gorman, Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, London. NW1, ZBJ, U.K.
Celebrate the Truth

Upon reading about "A Celebration of Children" (FJ 9/15), I felt led to introduce a similar idea to the staff at Amarillo Community Center, a non-profit day-care facility where I am teacher of twenty four-year-olds.

Altering the focal point from a newborn infant to all one hundred children at the Center, we planned and in fact delivered a celebration of children, involving all teachers and aides; most parents and brothers and sisters of the children attending our Center. The concept was difficult, at first, to relay to most parents. They couldn't get ready for the idea of coming together simply to celebrate the truth of our all being blessed with their children. Everyone expected a "deeper" meaning—but finally realized the beauty of the idea.

The evening consisted of parent-child-teacher art projects (fingerpainting, clay, etc.) in classrooms, then a combined medley of games in the gym (musical chairs, sack races, Pin-the-Tail-on-the-Donkey, etc.) with nearly everybody participating—and finally each class making a circle of its own on the gym floor, with each teacher stating a positive, unique aspect of each child. Parents, children and teachers seemed to be more closely united afterwards. Then cupcakes and cookies and home to bed.

Before, our only parent-involvement had been through barriers of programmed, structured performances on holidays—mostly choral recitation. Now, I've heard so many positive comments about the celebration that I expect it to become an annual event.

As isolated Friends, my husband and I absorb the Journal ravenously. Perhaps we will again be able to become a minute linkage between Quakerism and Amarilloans through excerpts read from FJ.

Robyn Turner
Amarillo, TX
meet. Our relationship also is in the framework of Editor, Author, Subscriber of a particular Journal. To go from “Unfriendly Titles” to first names skips the opportunity to explore The Friendly Use of Titles. Now if I were an author I should have responsibility for clarifying what those terms might mean for Friends in formal organizations such as Schools and Committees and Corporations—also, responsibility for the meaning for Friends in relationship to persons in all sorts of positions in organizations, Friendly and otherwise.

Andrew R. Tow

P.S. While I missed any information about Jennifer other than Tiffany, that was consistent with “a first name basis.” Leaving my letter with just my name seems inconsistent with my plea for Friends to accept the dual task of relating to others as individuals and as persons in a particular set of organization positions. Listing positions I have held, however, again oversimplifies the dual objective of simultaneously accepting the person and the position in the transactions of daily life. That is where the fun of living is, but it is a challenge. I have tried to meet it as Clerk of Friends Meeting at Cambridge, Clerk of the Permanent Board of New England Yearly Meeting, etc., and as Director of the Intercollegiate Clearing House and Director of Case Development at Harvard University, etc. Such an introduction immediately creates stereotypes that block communication and brings sympathy to starting off with just James, Jennifer and Andrew. Eventually, however, if Friends are going to manifest their testimony to the integrity of the Spirit in the world, we must learn to deal with persons and positions together. Now in retirement, I find the challenge greater than ever.

Veterans’ Yellow Pages

Vietnam-era veterans who are interested in such things as changing the GI Bill so that they can pursue alternate learning experiences of all kinds—from carrying out a self-designed learning project to apprenticing in a craft—should get in touch with me. I am a veteran who’s working on “New Directions for Veterans: the first nationwide Veterans’ Yellow Pages,” to be written entirely by and for veterans around the country. Proposed topics include education and learning, changes needed in the Veterans Administration, men’s consciousness-raising, alternative lifestyles, veterans in prison, spiritual growth, women veterans and full-color features on veterans’ work in art, painting, photography, crafts and creative writing.

To take part in this skills-ideas-friendship exchange network, write to me at P. O. Box 865, Lawrence, Kansas 66044.

Lawrence Morgan
Lawrence, KS

Good and Bad Freedom

First, “Good music is the music we enjoyed when we were kids. Bad music is the music our kids enjoy.” I was reminded of this remark on reading Peggy Changnay’s diatribe against Freedom (FJ 10/15). She thinks there is too much freedom in the world. Some of it is good, but much of it is bad. And which is which? Good freedom is the freedom she enjoys. Bad freedom is the freedom her kids and others enjoy.

Second, the snow job that Betty-Jean Seeger did on the United Nations in “A Vision of Hope” (FJ 10/15) leaves that illusion smelling like a rose. The fact is the United Nations has a wart on its nose, and several other striking blemishes. An un-retouched photograph would be more recognizable, more realistic, and more acceptable.

Finally, cheers! And then more cheers! For the best article on education I ever read. Spencer Coxe’s “Why Keep Compulsory Schooling?” (FJ 10/1) finally tells it like it is, and gets away from all the euphemisms that obscure most of the thinking about so-called education. This deserves the widest possible audience. I wonder if you or he would offer it to the Reader’s Digest?

Morgan Harris
Culver City, CA

Learning is the goal...

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Announcements

Births

Murphy—On November 17, Ellen Anne Murphy to William J. and Karen Ratner Murphy. Karen is a member of Birmingham Monthly Meeting, West Chester, PA.

Reed—On December 4, Derek Russell Reed to Jesse Thomas and Lorraine Varela Reed of Great Falls, MT. The grandparents are Russell Hayes and Florence Carter Reed, also of Great Falls. Derek is the great-grandson of Esther Hayes Reed, formerly of the Swarthmore (PA) Friends Meeting.

Saladino—On October 28, to Peter and Mary Hull Saladino, Lee Hull Saladino of Rockville Centre, NY. Mary and the paternal grandfather, James D. Hull, are members of Moorstown (NJ) Monthly Meeting. Lee's great-grandfather is Chester L. Reagan of Medford Leas, NJ.

Marriages


Reynolds-Ramee—On December 6, under the care of Springfield Monthly Meeting at the Meeting House, Springfield, PA, Ethel D. Ramee and Edwin J. Reynolds. Both Ethel and Edwin are active members of Springfield Meeting.

Yates-Horak—On November 22, at East Vassalboro, ME, under the care of the meeting, Annette Marie Horak and Roger Michael Yates. Both are members of the East Vassalboro (ME) Meeting.

Deaths

Bittle—On November 29, at his home, Delmont Kirk Bittle, Sr., aged 71. He is survived by his wife, the former Alta Baily; a daughter, Mrs. Harold Hoffman; a son, Delmont K. Bittle, Jr.; and three grandchildren. Delmont was a member of Birmingham Monthly Meeting, West Chester, PA.

Hilles—On August 26, Amanda Chase Hilles, aged 89, at Friends Hall in West Chester, PA, after a long illness. She was a member of Frankford Friends Meeting, a graduate of Friends Select School, and served many years on the Family Relations Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting as well as on the Board of Managers of the Penns bury. She is survived by two sons, R. Webster Hilles, Jr., of Haverford; Hugh Chase Hilles of Newtown Square; a daughter, Amanda Hilles Fraser of Richmond, IN; three grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Hollingsworth—On August 28, Grace Huff Hollingsworth, aged 88, at the Newark (OH) Convalescent Home. She was a member of the North Columbus Friends Meeting. She is survived by a daughter, Margaret, of Columbus; a son, Marion Hollingsworth, Jr.; and a granddaughter, Linda Diane of Granville, OH.

Phillips—On November 19, Thomas Wolden Phillips, Sr., aged 87. He was a...
member of Central Philadelphia Monthly Meeting. For many years he was a professor at Hahnemann Medical College and a dedicated physician. He is survived by his wife, Kathryn Weller Phillips; five children; and sixteen grandchildren.

News Notes


I AM A teacher of Hankook High School in Seoul, Korea. If any school boy or girl in your country wants to be a pen friend with a Korean school boy or girl, please inform us his or her name, address, age, sex and hobby. We will in turn pass this information to our students and they will write the letter.

Miss Lee, Jung-ja
P. O. Box 20, Central Seoul, Korea

Coming Events

February


March

7—“1976—Year of Rebirth?” by Father Daniel Berrigan. Lecture on Sunday at 3 p.m. Frantford Friends Forum, Unity and Waln Streets, Philadelphia, PA 19124.
Classified Advertisements

Classified Rates

Minimum charge $4. 20¢ per word. (A Friends Journal box number counts as three words.) Add 10% if boxed. 15% discount for 3 insertions, 25% for 6.

Accommodations Abroad

Mexico City Friends Center. Please, reasonable accommodations. Reservations, Casa de los Amigos, Ignacio Mariscal 132, Mexico 1, D. F. Friends Meeting, Sundays, 11 a.m. Phone 535-27-52.


Books and Publications

Wider Quaker Fellowship, 152-A North 15th Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102 offers 3/year mailings of Quaker-oriented literature.

Read “A Famine Fund Raiser’s Report.” Factual, revealing. Send check or money order for $3.00 to ARFC, Box 602, Cleveland, OH 44101.

A truly Quaker approach to funeral reform: THE COST OF DYING: A consumer’s alternative to the $3000 American funeral. By Raymond Pavlo Arnic. $6.95 at your bookseller or Harper & Row, 10 E. 53rd St., NYC 10022.

Camps

Camp Regina, 6-14, Apple Jack Teen Camp, 14-16, a creative and friendly coeducational community located in beautiful lake and mountain country of the Adirondacks near Olympic Village of Lake Placid, NY. Activities include sailing, water skiing, mountain and canoe trips, performing and fine arts, plus all land sports. International staff and campers. Staff ratio 3 to 1. Enrollment limited to 120. Quaker leadership since 1946. A.C.A. accredited. Earl and Pauline Humes, 107 Robinhood Rd., White Plains, NY 10605. (212) 761-9326.

Teen Philosophy Camp studying Utopias and Communities while experiencing the reality of creating a community of 20 coeds, ages 14-16, in Liberty, Maine. Based on a successful college program using the same materials and staff. 6 weeks in July and August at cost of $750. Recreational opportunities as well as intellectual and real-life challenges. For full information, write: Prof. J. R. Stager, Box 142, Manchester, Conn. 06040.

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Single booklovers enables cultured, marriage-oriented single, widowed or divorced persons to get acquainted. Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081.


Vibrant, intelligent, healthy Quaker woman, 59, needs male companion 57-63 bracket. Must be well read, good health, preferably skier, bridge player, with enough income to support himself. I have the most beautiful place to live in the Colorado Rockies and adequate income to support it, but no free loaders. My interests are ecological and political. Good hunting, fishing and skiing country. Send resume of past and present interests and personal description with recent picture to Box F-663, Friends Journal.

Positions Vacant

Resident couple for 1-3 years, beginning in late summer 1976, at Quaker Center, Ben Lomond, CA. Must be Friends and/or have had experience with AFSC or other Quaker organization. Couple should be capable of assuming responsibility for a variety of tasks at the mountain retreat center. Salary and personal accommodations. Reservations, Casa de los Guros.

Primary Care Physicians—Southern Maine community-generated health center seeks 2 physicians. Existing structure will house supportive health services and dentist. Potential professional affiliation with Maine Medical Center, in Portland, 45 minutes away. Contact: Sacopee Valley Health Center, c/o B. Wehmeyer, R.P.D. 2, Kezar Falls, Maine 04047.

World-wide opportunities in Christian service. All skills needed: Ages 18 to 70. Single or families. Two-year term. Write Christian Service Corps, (Dept. Y), P.O. Box 9336, Washington, D.C. 20005.


Schools

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Services Offered

Land use consultant. Land use planning, management, plant-soil relationships. Grounds management (turf, arboriculture, gardening); ecological landscape planning. Wm. Harold Heritage, 515 Jackson Avenue, Magnolia, N.Y. 10604. (609) 763-6443.


The Yearly Meeting Committee on Aging Friends acts as cleaning agent for those seeking employment as “living in” companions and those desiring such services. Applications should be addressed to the Committee at 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

Happy feet = happy people, pinched feet cause pinched nerves. Ancient pressure technique, acupressure, no needles! Foot therapy, certified reflexologist. Phone (212) 663-7038.

Vacations

Your own Swiss Chalet-apartment for an idyllic 3-12 weeks next summer—with advisors to help you see and do what you want. Write Idlyd, Box 405E, Media, PA 19063.

Wanted

Funds for degree program, research on consciousness. Details, write: Box M-684, Friends Journal.

Cambridge Friends Meeting seeks Quaker books to replace those lost from its library. Friends willing to donate or sell such books, please get in touch with Friends Meeting at Cambridge, 5 Longfellow Park, Cambridge, MA 02138.
Meeting Announcements

Alabama
BIRMINGHAM—Unprogrammed Friends Meeting for Worship 10:00 a.m. Sunday. For information phone Joe Jenkins, 879-7021 or 324-9068.

Alaska
FAIRBANKS—Unprogrammed worship, First-days, 9 a.m., Home Economics Lounge, Third Floor, Eielson Building, Univ. of Alaska. Phone: 479-6760.

Argentina
BUENOS AIRES—Worship and monthly meeting one Saturday of each month in Vicente Lopez, suburb of Bs. Aires. Phone: 781-5880.

Arizona
FLAGSTAFF—Unprogrammed Meeting (Intermountain Yearly Meeting), 736 E. 5th St. Worship 10:00 a.m. Helen Hintz, clerk, phone 689-0491.

California
BERKELEY—Unprogrammed meeting, First-days 11 a.m., 2511 Vine St., 943-9735.
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, 5:45 p.m.; 345 L St. Visitors call 753-5924.
FRESNO—10 a.m., College Y Pico Del Chapel, 2311 E. Shaw. 237-3030.
HAYWARD—Worship 10 a.m. 22502 Woodrow St., 94541. Phone: (415) 651-1543.
LA JOLLA—Meeting, 11 a.m., 7380 Eads Avenue. Visitors call 459-9800 or 459-6866.

LONG BEACH—Meeting for worship, 10:00 a.m., Garden Room, Brethren Manor, 3333 Pacifie. Call 434-1004 or 831-4606.
MALIBU—Worship 10 a.m. Phone: (213) 457-3041.
MARIN—Worship 10:30 a.m., The Priory, 217 Laurel Grove, Kentfield. 303-5333.
MONTEREY PENINSULA—Friends Meeting for worship, Sundays, 11 a.m., 1057 Mascal Ave., Seaside. Call 324-9091.
ORANGE COUNTY—Worship 10:30 a.m., University of California at Irvine, Univ. Club, Trailer T-1. 548-8082 or 552-7691.
PALO ALTO—Meeting for worship and First-day classes for children, 11 a.m., 857 Colorado.
PASADENA—526 E. Orange Grove (at Oakland). Meeting for worship, Sunday, 10:30 a.m.
REDLANDS—Meeting and First-day School, 10 a.m., 114 W. Vine. Clerk: 792-6216.
RIVERSIDE—Unprogrammed worship, First-day School, 10:30 a.m. Phones: 682-5364 or 863-4988.
SACRAMENTO—YWCA 17th and L Sts. Meeting for worship Sunday 10 a.m.; discussion 11 a.m. Clerk: Laura Magnani, 2322 F St. Phone: (916) 442-9668.
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. 15066 Bledsoe St. 367-5928.
SAN FRANCISCO—Meeting for worship, First-days, 11 a.m.; 2160 Lake St. Phone: 754-7740.
SAN JOSE—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. Discussion, 11 a.m. 1041 Morse Street.
SANTA BARBARA—581 Santa Rosa Lane, just off San Ysidro Rd., Montecito (Y.M.C.A.) 10:30 a.m.
SANTA CRUZ—Meeting for worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m. 303 Walnut St. Clerk, 338-8333.
SANTA MONICA—First-day School at 10; meeting at 11. 1440 Harvard St. Call 828-4099.
SONOMA COUNTY—Redwood Forest Meeting, 11 a.m., worship and First-day school, 61 W. Cotati Ave., Cotati, CA. Phone: (707) 795-6903 or 823-0561.

VISTA—Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m. Call 726-4437 or 724-4666, P.O. Box 1443, Vista 92083.
WESTWOOD (West Los Angeles)—Meeting 11 a.m., University YWCA, 574 Hilgard (across from U.C.L.A. bus stop). Phone: 747-7590.
WHITTIER—Whittier Monthly Meeting, administration Building, 1340 E. Philadelphia. Worship, 9:30 a.m.; discussion, 698-7538

Colorado
BOULDER—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.; First-day School, 11 a.m. Margaret Ostrow, 404-9453.
DENVER—Mount View Friends Meeting, worship 10 to 11 a.m. Adult Forum 11 to 12, 2290 South Columbine Street. Phone: 722-4125.

Connecticut
HARTFORD—Meeting and First-day School, 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m., 144 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford. Phone: 232-9631.
NEW HAVEN—Meeting, 9:45 a.m. Conn. Hall, Yale Old Campus. Phone: 286-2399.
NEW LONDON—622 Williams St. Worship, 10 a.m.; discussion, 11 a.m. Clerk, Betty Chiu, 722 Williams St., New London 06320. Phone: 442-7447.
NEW MILFORD—Housatonic Meeting: Worship 10 a.m. Route 7 at Lanesville Road. Phone: (203) 775-1861.
STAMFORD—GREENWICH—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10 a.m. Westover and Roxbury Roads, Stamford. Clerk, Barbara T. Abbott, 151 Shore Rd., Old Greenwich, CT 06870. Phone: (203) 637-0645.
STORS—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. corner North Eagleville and Hunting Lodge Roads. Phone: 429-4459.
WATERBURY—Meeting 10 a.m., Watertown Library, 470 Main Street. Phone: 274-8598.
Wilton—Meeting for worship, and First-day School, 10 a.m. 317 New Canaan Road. Phone: 966-3040. Robert E. Leslie, clerk, (203) 938-2184.

Delaware
CAMDEN—2 miles south of Dover. Meeting and First-day school 11 a.m. Phones: 697-6910; 697-9642.
HOCKESSIN—North of road from Yorklin, at crossroad. Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m.; First-day School, 11-10 a.m.
NEWARK—Worship, Sunday, 10 a.m., New London Community Center, 303 New London Rd., Newark, Delaware.
ODESSA—Worship, 1st Sundays, 11 a.m.
WILMINGTON—Aiapacca, Friends School, Worship 9:15, First-day school 10:30 a.m.
WILMINGTON—4th West Sts, 10 a.m., worship and child care. Phones: 652-4491; 475-3063.

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

Florida
CLEARWATER—Meeting 10:30 a.m., Y.W.C.A., 222 S. Lincoln Ave. Phone: 447-4907.
DAYTONA BEACH—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., 201 San Juan Avenue. Phone: 677-0457.

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

JACKSONVILLE—Meeting 10 a.m., 1714 S.W.C.A. Phone contact 369-4345.

LAKE WALES—At Lake Walk-in-Water Heights. Worship, 11 a.m. Phone: 690-1380.

MELBOURNE—Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m. Discussion follows. Call 777-0418 or 724-1162 for information.

MIAMI—CORAL SABLE—Worship and First-day School, 10:30 a.m. Kenworthy, clerk. Phone: 355-2592.

LAKE SANTANA—for information. Phone: 373-7986.

ORLANDO—Peoria Meeting, 11 a.m., 724 W. Green St., Urbana. Phone: 236-3824 or 367-0951.

PEORIA—Galesburg—Unprogrammed meeting 11 a.m. in Galesburg. Phone: 343-7097 or 245-2598 for location.

QUINCY—Friends Hill Meeting, unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m. Randall J. McClelland, Clerk. Phone: 223-3902 or 222-6704.

ROCKFORD—Meeting for worship every First-day, 10:30 a.m. at 326 N. Avon St., Rockford, IL 61013. Phone 964-0716.

SPRINGFIELD—Worship, 10 a.m. Phone Robert Wagenknecht, 522-0833 for meeting location.

URBANA—Champaign—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m., 714 W. Green St., Urbana. Phone: 344-6510 or 367-0561.

Indiana

INDIANAPOLIS—Lanthorn Meeting and Sugar Grove. Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m. Sugar Grove Meeting House. William Heiss, 257-1081 or Albert Maxwell, 639-4649.

RICHMOND—Clear Creek Meeting, Stout Memorial Meetinghouse, Earlham College. Unprogrammed worship, 8:30 a.m., discussion, 10:30. Phone: 476-7214, or 987-7387.

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WEST LAFAYETTE—Worship 10 a.m., 176 East Stadium Ave, Clerc, Horace D. Jackson, Phone: 463-5920. Other times in summer.

Iowa

DES MOINES—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., classes, 11 a.m. Meeting House, 421 Grand Ave. Phone 274-0453.

DUBUQUE—Meetings in members’ homes. Write: 1810 Grandview Ave. or telephone 556-3865. Worshippers meet at 176 East Stadium Ave, Clerc, Horace D. Jackson, Phone: 463-5920. Other times in summer.

WICHTA—University Friends Meeting, 1504 University Ave. Unprogrammed meeting 8:45 a.m., First-day School 9:45 a.m. Meeting for worship 11 a.m. David Kingrey, Minister. Phone 285-0471.

Kentucky

LEXINGTON—Unprogrammed worship and First-day School, 4 p.m. For information, call 268-2053.

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

Louisiana

BATON ROUGE—Unprogrammed meeting for worship, in Baton Rouge call Quentin Jenkins, clerk, 343-0019.

NEW ORLEANS—Worship Sundays, 10 a.m., Pressy Student Center, 1122 Broadway. Phone: 522-3411 or 861-0822.

Georgia

ATLANTA—Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m., 1384 Fairview Road, N.E., Atlanta 30306, Sue Kinworthy, clerk. Phone: 939-4717, Quaker House, Phone: 373-7986.

AUGUSTA—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10:30 a.m., 340 Telfair Street. Lester Bowles, clerk. Phone: 730-4220.

Hawaii

HONOLULU—Sundays, 2428 Oahu Avenue. 9:45 a.m., hymn sing; 10 a.m. and First-day school, Over-night inquiries welcomed. Phone: 988-2714.

Illinois

CARBONDALE—Unprogrammed worship, Sundays, 10 a.m. Phone: 549-4010 or 401-5542.

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

CHICAGO—Chicago Monthly Meeting, 10749 S. Artesian. Phones: Hl 5-8649 or BE 3-2715. Worship 11 a.m.

CHICAGO—Northside (unprogrammed). Worship 10:30 a.m. For information and meeting location, phone: 477-5660 or 684-1923.

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

DECATUR—Worship 10:30 a.m. Phone Mildred G. Protzman, clerk, 422-9116, for meeting location.

DEKALB—Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 424 Normal Road. Phone: 758-2660 or 758-9675.

DOWNERS GROVE—(west suburban Chicago) Worship and First-day School 10:30 a.m., 5710 Lomond Ave. (3 blocks west of Balmont, 1 block south of Maple). Phone: 968-3681 or 852-9561.

EVANSTON—1010 Greenleaf, UN 4-6511. Worship on First-day, 10 a.m.

LAKE FOREST—Worship 10:30 a.m. at Meeting House. West Old Elm and Ridge Roads. Mail: Box 95, Lake Forest 60045. Phone: 312-724-3975.

MCNABB—Clear Creek Meeting. Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m. First-day school 10 a.m. Meeting House 2 mi. So., 1 mi. E. McNabb. Phone: (815) 882-2361.

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Nevada

LAS VEGAS—Paradise Meeting: worship 11 a.m., 3451 Middlebury, 458-5817 or 665-8442.

RENO—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m., Friends House, 500 Cranleigh Drive, Telephone: 323-1302, Mail address, P.O. Box 602, Reno 89504.

New Hampshire

CONCORD—Adult study and sharing, 9 a.m. Children welcomed and cared for. Merrimack Valley Day Care Center, 19 N. Fruit St. Phone 783-9382.

DOVER—Dover Preparative Meeting—Worship 10:30 a.m., 141 Central Ave. Anna C. Stabler, clerk. Phone: (603) 888-2594.

HANOVER—Meeting for worship, Sunday 10:45 a.m. Friends Meeting House, 28 Rope Ferry Road. Phone: 643-4136.

PETERBOROUGH—Monadnock Meeting, Worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. IOOF Hall, West Peterborough. Children welcome.

New Jersey

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

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

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

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

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

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

HADDONFIELD—Friends Ave. and Lake St. Wor­ship, 10 a.m. First-day school follows, except summer. Baby sitting provided during both. Phone: 428-6524 or 227-8210.

MANASQUAN—First-day school 10 a.m.; meeting 11:15 a.m., Route 55 at Manasquan Circle.

MEDFORD—Main St. First-day school 10 a.m. Meeting for worship 10:45 a.m. Summer months—Union Street.

MICKLETON—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. First-day school, 11 a.m. Kings Highway, Mickleton. Phone: (908) 469-5039 or 429-3000.

MONTCLAIR—Park Street and Gordonhurst Ave. Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m. except July and August, 10 a.m. (201) 744-3320. Visitors welcome.

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

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

MULLICA HILL—First-day school 9:40 a.m. Meeting for worship 11 a.m., Main St., Mullica Hill, N.J.

NEW BRUNSWICK—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m., Quaker House, 33 Remsen Ave. Phone: 483-9271.

PLAINFIELD—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10:30 a.m. Watchung Ave. at E. Third St., 757-5736. Open Monday through Friday 10 to 12 noon.

New Mexico

ALBUQUERQUE—Meeting and First-day school, 10:30 a.m., 815 Girard Blvd., N.E. Alfred Hoge, clerk. Phone: 255-9011.

GALLUP—Sunday, 10 a.m., worship at 1715 Helena, Dr. Chuck Dotson, convener. Phones: 863-4687 or 863-6725.

SANTA FE—Meeting Sundays, 11 a.m., Olive Rush Studio, 630 Canyon Road, Santa Fe. Leila Smith and Candeo, clerk.

New York

ALBANY—Worship and First-day school, 11 a.m., 727 Madison Ave. Phone: 465-9084.

ALFRED—Meeting for worship, 9:15 a.m. at The Gothic, corner Ford and Sayles Streets.

AUBURN—Unprogrammed meeting, 1 p.m., 7th day worship. By appointment only. Auburn Prison, 123 State St., Auburn NY 13021. Requests must be processed through Phyllis Rantauke, Coordinator, 21 N. Main St., Moravia, NY 13116. (315) 479-9540.

BROOKLYN—375 Pearl St. Worship and First-day school Sundays 11 a.m.; adult discussion 10 a.m.; coffee hour noon. Child care provided. Information phone: (212) 777-8686 (Mon-Fri 9-5).

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

CHAPPAQUA—Quaker Road (Route 120). Meeting for worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. (914) 293-8844. Clerk. (914) 928-8127.

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

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

ELMIRA—10:30 a.m. Sundays, 155 West 6th St. Phone: (607) 733-7272.

GRAHAMSVILLE—Greenfield and Neverink. Wor­ship, 11 a.m. Sundays at Meeting House.
HAMLTON-Meeting for worship Sunday, 10 a.m.
CHAPEL House, Colgate Univ.

HUDSON-Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., Union St.
0th and 4th Sts. Margarita G. Moeschi, clerk.
Phone: (518) 943-4105.

ITHACA-10 a.m., worship, First-day school.
nursery; Anabel Taylor Hall, Sept.-May.
Phone: 256-4514.

LONG ISLAND (Queens, Nassau, Suffolk Counties)-Unprogrammed Meetings for Worship, 11 a.m.
1st Days, unless otherwise noted:

FARMINGDALE-BETHPEACE-Meeting House Rd., opposite Bethpage State Park Clubhouse.

FLUSHING-137-16 Northern Blvd. Discussion group 10 a.m. First-Day School 11 a.m. Open house 2-4 p.m.
1st and 3rd First Days except 1st, 2nd, 8th and 12th Months.

HUNTINGTON-LODD HARBOR-Friends World College, Plover Lane. Phone: (516) 423-3672.

LOCUST VALLEY-MATINEE-Duck Pond and Piping Rock Rds.

MANHATTAN-Northern Blvd. at Shelter Rock Rd.
First-Day School 9:45 a.m.

ROCKLAND-Meeting school, 9:15 a.m. Contact Mary Lea Bailey, 369-4153 or Dottie Cophine Crosman, 382-6265.

ROCHESTER-Meeting and First-Day School 11 a.m. at Quaker House, 233 Side Hill Ave. Phone: 485-3213.

SOUTHAMPTON-EASTERN L.I.-Administration Bldg., Southampton College, 1st and 3rd First-days.

SOUTHOLD-Co lony Village, NY, 10274.

ST. JAMES-CONSCIENCE Clubhouse. Phone: (516) 767-1476.

ST. JAMES-CONSCIENCE Clubhouse.

TOPLEDO-Allowed meeting, unprogrammed. Sundays, 10 a.m., The Ark (U. of Toledo), 2286 Brookside Rd. Information: David Tabor, (419) 878-0641.

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

WILMINGTON-Campus Meeting (United) FUM & FGC. Unprogrammed worship, 10, College Kelly Center.
Contact: Canby Jones, clerk. (513) 382-0107.

WOOSTER-Unprogrammed meeting & First-Day School.
10 a.m., 930 a.m., 5th corner College & Pine Sts.
Phone: 254-5681.

YELLOW SPRINGS-Unprogrammed worship, FGC, 11 a.m., Rockford Meetinghouse, President St. (Ani loch Campus). Clerk: Gay Houston (513) 176-1476.

O FENDARY

PORTLAND-MULTINOMA MONTHLY MEETING, 4312 S.E. Stark Street, Worship 10 a.m., discussions 11 a.m. Same address, AFSC. Phone: 235-8664.

Pennsylvania

Child care. TU 4-2685.

BRIGHAM—1245 Brigham Rd. S. of West Chester on Route 20, turn W. to Brigham Rd., turn S. ¼ mile. First-Day School 10 a.m., meeting for worship 11 a.m.

BRISTOL-Meeting for worship and First-Day School, 11 a.m., Market and Wood. Phone: 789-3324.

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

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

DOLINGTON—MAKEME—East of Dillington on Mt. Eyns Road. Meeting for worship 11:00-11:30.
First-Day school 11:30-12:30.

DOWNTOWN—800 E. Lancaster Avenue.
South side old Rl 30, ½ mile east of town). First-Day School (except summer months), and worship, 10:30 a.m. Phone: 289-2699.

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

EXETER—Worship, 10:30 a.m., Meetinghouse Rd. of old W. 662 and 562 intersection at Yellow House.

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

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

GOSHEN-Goshenville, Intersection of Rts. 352 and Paoli Pike. First-Day School, 10:30 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m.

GWINN—Summertown Pike and Route 202. First-Day School, 10 a.m.; except summer. Meeting for worship 11:15 a.m.

HARRISBURG—Sixth and Herr Streets. Meeting for worship and First-Day School, 10 a.m. Forum, 11 a.m.

HAYEFORD—Ruck Lane, between Lancaster Pike and Peavert Road. First-day school and meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m., followed by Forum.

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

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

LANCASTER—Off U.S. 462, back of Wheatland Shopping Center, 1½ miles west of Lancaster. Meeting and First-Day School, 10 a.m.

Rye-Milton Rd., one-half mile south of Playland Parkway, Sundays, 10:30 a.m.; some Tuesdays, 8 p.m.

Scarsdale-Meeting for Worship and First-Day School, 11 a.m. 133 Popham Road. Clerk, Harold A. Norner, 131 Huntly Drive, Ardsley, NY 10502.

Schenectady-Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. United Church, 80 Nott St. Jeanne Many Hall, clerk, Galway, NY 10524.

SYRACUSE—Meeting for worship at 811 Euclid Avenue, 10:30 a.m. Sunday.

North Carolina

ASHVILLE—Meeting, French Broad YWCA.
Sunday, 10 a.m. Phone Phillip Neel, 296-0644.

CHAPEL HILL—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.
Clerk: Edwin L. Brown, phone 967-6010.

CHARLOTTE—First-day School, 10 a.m.
Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. 2227 Remount Road. Phone: (704) 329-8465 or 537-5450.

DURHAM—Meeting 10:30 at 404 Alexander Avenue. Contact David Smith 688-4406 or John Stratton 833-5371.

Fayetteville—Meeting 1 p.m., Quaker House, 223 Side Hill Ave. Phone: 485-3213.

Greensboro—Friendship Meeting (unprogrammed). Guilford College, Moon Room of Dana Auditorium, 11 a.m. George White, clerk, 294-0317.

Guilford College, Greensboro—New Garden Friends’ Meeting: Unprogrammed meeting 9:30 a.m. Phone: 269-4528.

Woodland—Cedar Grove Meeting: Sabbath School, 10:00; meeting for worship, 11:30. Janie O. Sams, clerk.

Ohio

CINCINNATI-Citizen Friends Meeting, Wesley Foundation Building, 2717 Clifton Ave.
Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Phone: 861-2929.

CINCINNATI—Community Meeting (United) FGC & FUM—Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m., 3960 Winding Way, 45219. (513) 861-4353.
Wilhelmina Branson, Clerk. (513) 221-0868.

LEVELAND—Meeting for worship and First-Day School, 11 a.m. 1016 Magnolia Drive. Phone: 767-1220.

DELWARE—at O.W.U. Phillips Hall, 10 a.m. Twice monthly unprogrammed meeting for worship. Contact Mary Lea Bailey, 363-1353 or Dottie Woldorf, 343-3701.

FINDLAY-BOWLING GREEN AREA—F.G.C.—Contact John Davis, 422-7660, 1731 S. Main St., Findlay.

HUDSON—Unprogrammed Friends Meeting for worship, Sunday 4 p.m. at The Old Church of the Green, 1 East Main St., Hudson. (216) 768-6595.

KENT—Meeting for worship and First-Day School, 9:30 a.m., 1995 Fairchild Ave. Phone: 673-5330.

N. COLUMBUS—Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m. 1964 Indianapolis Ave. Call Coiphine Croman, 846-4472 or Roger Warren, 496-4949.

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

TOLEDO—Allowed meeting, unprogrammed. Sundays, 10 a.m., The Ark (U. of Toledo), 2286 Brookside Rd. Information: David Tabor, (419) 878-0641.
Tacoma Friends Meeting, day School, 10:30. Clerk’s Hope. Worship, Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m. Ann Kimura, First-day Schools.

RADNOR-Conestoga and MUNCY:
(717) 323-5498. Jacoby 4836 Forum, 11:15. Worship, Meeting, 11 a.m. First-day School, 10 a.m.; worship, 10:15 a.m.

PHILADELPHIA-Meetings, 10:30. Adult class 10:20. Meeting for worship 11 a.m., First-day School.


MIDDLETOWN-Delaware Co., Route 352 N. of Lima, Pa. Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m.

MIDDLETOWN-At Langhorne, 453 West Maple Avenue. First-day School 9:30 a.m., meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

MILLVILLE-Main Street. Worship, 10 a.m., First-day School, 11 a.m. A. F. Sollenberger, 78A0267.

MUNCY at PENNSDALE-Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Ann Kimura, Clerk, Phone: (717) 996-2462 or (717) 323-5498.

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

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

PHILADELPHIA-Meetings, 10:30 a.m., unless specified; phone: 241-7221 for information about First-day schools.

Rhode Island

NEWPORT-In the restored Meeting House, Marlborough St., unprogrammed meeting for worship on first and third First-days at 10 a.m. Phone: 849-7345.

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

WESTERLY-57 Elm St. Unprogrammed worship, 11 a.m. First-days. Westerley, 11:15 a.m. First-days.

South Carolina

COLUMBIA-Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m., 3303 Brevet St., Phone: 983-2034.

South Dakota

SIOUX FALLS-Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m., 2200 S. Summit (57105). Phone: (605) 334-7894.

Tennessee

CHATTANOOGA-Worship, 10:30 a.m., Forum 11:30, YWCA, 300 E. 8th St. Larry Ingley, 629-8914.

NASHVILLE-Meeting and First-day School, Sundays, 11 a.m., 2042 Asklen Ave. Clerk, Bob Lough. Phone: (615) 289-0225.

WEST KNOXVILLE-Worship and First-day School, 10 a.m. D. W. Newton, Phone: 683-8540.

Texas

AUSTIN-Worship and First-day School, 11 a.m. Forum, 10 a.m., 2014 Washington Square, 22-1941, Otto Hoffmann, clerk, 442-8328.

DALLAS, Sunday, 10 a.m., Park North YWCA, 4434 W. Northwest Highway, Clerk, George Henney, 2127 Bisita Dr. Phone: FE 1-548.

DALLAS-Evening Meeting for Worship and Community, Sunday 5:30 p.m. 4803 Lover’s Lane. Pot luck supper, Call 352-3496 for information.

EL PASO-Worship and First-day School, 8 a.m. Esther T. Cornel, 584-7259, for location.

HOUSTON-Live Oak Meeting, worship and First-day School, Sunday 10:30 a.m., 1540 Sulf Ross. Clerk, Ruth W. Marsh. Information; 729-2756.

SAN ANTONIO-Unprogrammed meeting for worship, 11 a.m., first and third Sunday, Central YWCA. Phone: 732-7240.

Utah

LOGAN—Meeting 11 a.m., CCF House, 1315 E. North. Phone: 572-2702.

OGDEN—Sundays 11 a.m., Mattie Harris Hall, 525 27th. Phone: 729-3666.

SALT LAKE CITY—11 a.m. unprogrammed meeting, 323 University, 84102, Phone: (801) 582-6703.

Vermont

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

BURLINGTON—Worship, 11 a.m. Sunday, back of 17 No. Prospect. Phone: (802) 662-8449.

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

PLAINFIELD—Worship 10:30 a.m. Sunday, Phone Gilson, Danville, (802) 684-2281 or Love, Montpelier, (802) 223-3742.

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

SHREWSBURY—Meeting for worship Sunday, 11 a.m., home of Edith Gorman. Cuttingsville, VT. Phone: 492-3411.

ST. JOHNSBURY—New worship group, Sunday, 4:00 p.m. South Congregational Church parlor. Phone: (802) 684-2281.

Virginia

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

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

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

RICHMOND—First-day School, 9:45 a.m. meeting 11 a.m., 4500 Kensington Ave. Phone: 262-9062.

ROANOKE—BLACKSBURG—Leslie Nies, clerk, 905 Preston, Blacksburg 24060. Phone: (703) 552-2131.


Washington

SEATTLE—University Friends Meeting, 4001 6th Avenue, N.E. Silent worship and First-day classes at 11. Phone: 455-7006.


West Virginia

CHARLESTON—Worship, Saturdays, 9:30-10:30 a.m. YMCA, 114 Quenier St. Pam Callard, clerk. Phone: 342-8638 for information.

Wisconsin

BELOIT—See Rockford, Illinois.

GREEN BAY—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 12 noon. Phone Sheila Thomas, 336-0986.

MADISON—Sunday, 11 a.m., Friends House, 202 Monroe St., (603) 226-2249; and 11:15, Yahara Allowed Meeting, 619 Riverside Drive, 224-7255.

MILWAUKEE—10 a.m. YMCA, 610 N. Jackson, (414) 260-4000. Phone: 276-0580 or 810-2110.

OSHKOSH—Sunday 11 a.m., meeting and First-day School, 502 N. Main St.

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

the B-1 bomber or peace conversion?

The B-1 Bomber system, including weapons, maintenance, fuel and a new tanker fleet, may cost the taxpayers $92 billion.

The B-1 further distorts our national priorities away from meeting real human needs.

The B-1 is a serious threat to the environment.

The B-1 will create windfall profits for corporations of the military-industrial complex.

The B-1 is a manned strategic bomber designed for nuclear and conventional Vietnam-type wars.

The B-1 can be stopped...

INSTEAD OF BUILDING
244 OF THESE BOMBERS...

think what this nation could be doing with the human and natural resources to be wasted on this weapons system, which could be spent more creatively on solving America's domestic problems.

One B-1 Bomber costs $86 million, one year's operating cost for 9 community colleges, each serving 10,000 students.

Two B-1 Bombers cost $172 million, the sum required by the vetoed Environmental Protection Agency plan to depollute the Great Lakes.

244 B-1 Bombers cost $20 billion, the amount needed by Medicare and Medicaid to provide health care for 47 million aged, disabled, and low-income people.

The B-1 Bomber weapon system will cost $92 billion in its lifetime, an amount which would provide low-cost houses for 6 million families.

HOW YOU CAN HELP DEFEAT THE B-1 AND PROMOTE PEACE CONVERSION:

- Form a study-action group to work in this campaign.
- Show the campaign's slide show to your local Congress person, church, school or meeting.
- Write your Congress people and the corporations about your position on the B-1.
- Write AFSC for more information and make a donation to this important campaign today!

American Friends Service Committee
1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102
or your nearest regional office

☐ Please send me information about the Stop the B-1 National Peace Conversion Campaign.

☐ Enclosed is a contribution for the B-1 Peace Conversion Campaign.

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