

August 1/15, 1976

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THE FRIENDS SCHOOL
BUCK LANE
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FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker Thought and Life Today



EXPRESSIONS OF IMPRESSIONS OF VIRGINIA STATE PEN

ANY THURSDAY, 9:00 A.M.

Hassle at the gate
New guard on the second
Ten minute wait
While they discover
That armed guard
I don't need isn't available
And decide
Maybe someone else
Can walk me down.

School desk: "Would you please call
Larry Wright down for me?"
"Yes, he's expecting the call."
"No, I don't know his number."

Classroom: "Where's Monk?"
"His cold got worse."
"Where's Diggs?"
"Treatment Center, tryin' to see his
counselor."

"Hey, man, where's that big section on
spirit...spiritu...whatever?"
"Only three poems left after Dog got
done."

"This one's on love...
Who got love?"
"Sherman's got love."
("Wish people'd quit sayin' that.")

"This one goes,
Circle and an X."
"Wait man, what you be doin' wid my
poem?"
"Well, it needs work."
"We needs a Needs Work pile."

"You two goof-offs there,
What you doing?"
"I'm discussin' my premarital problems
with Che-ko."
"Premarital and Pre-mature, Willie."

"It's time to go."
"Your clock is fast."
"Lady, here only my clock counts."

*A rat just bit my sister Dell,
And dem white folks on de moon,
Her face and arms begin to swell,
And dem white folks on de moon.*

*She was rushed to get medical care
And dem white folks on the de moon
That fool-ass nurse said the doctor
warn't there*

"No, I mean warn't..."
But dem white folks on de moon.

"You have to leave now."

"OK, we're just straightening up."

*My granny lives in a rickety shack
And dem white folks on de moon.
All de clothes she's got is on her back,
And dem honkeys on de MOON!*

Across the yard
Second gate clangs
First gate clangs
Hate-look from one guard
Who thinks I'm crazy.
Key in the locker,
get my purse.
Walk out the door and
Leave
Part of me behind.

Joy N. Humes

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The photographs and illustrations in this issue are the work of Joseph Levenson of New York, Norma Lighttower of Toronto and courtesy of Joy Humes of Virginia and Ruth Kilpack of Chester County, PA.

Centering Down...

LOVE IS the most important ingredient in nonviolent work—love the opponent—but we really haven't learned yet how to love the growers. I think we've learned how not to hate them, and maybe love comes in stages. If we're full of hatred, we can't really do our work. Hatred saps all that strength and energy we need to plan. Of course, we can learn how to love the growers more easily after they sign contracts...

*Cesar Chavez in
Autobiography of La Causa*

THE END of words is to bring men to the knowledge of things beyond what words can utter.

Isaac Penington

ARE WE seeking power for power's sake? Or are we seeking to make the world and our nation better places to live? If we seek the latter, violence can never provide the answer. The ultimate weakness of violence is that it is a descending spiral, begetting the very thing it seeks to destroy. Instead of diminishing evil, it multiplies it. Through violence you may murder the liar, but you do not murder the lie, nor establish the truth. Through violence you may murder the hater, but you do not murder the hate. In fact, violence merely increases hate. So it goes...

Martin Luther King, Jr.

AT THE risk of offending, it must be emphasized that the victims [of Nazi extermination camps such as Auschwitz and Buchenwald] suffered more, and more profoundly, from the indifference of the onlookers than from the brutality of the executioner. The cruelty of the enemy would have been incapable of breaking the prisoner; it was the silence of those he believed to be his friends—cruelty more cowardly, more subtle—which broke his heart.

*Elie Wiesel
Legends of Our Time*

...And Witnessing

"IN THE past year," notes a State of the Society Report (of San Francisco Meeting), "we have had a special exercise in regard to the meeting for worship: the difficulty of dealing with disruption by visitors intending to use the worship as a forum for lectures... As it became evident that Friends were not clear about the right course to follow, a special evening gathering called by the Ministry and Oversight Committee endeavored to unite in a better understanding of Quaker worship which accepts the disruptor but not the disruption by turning our attention to God who gathers us together."

"Letting Your Life Speak"

by Janet Lugo

THE QUAKER MEETINGS in three prisons in New York State—Auburn, Wallkill and, more recently, Green Haven—represent an historical first, since they grew up in state prisons among prison populations with no previous connection or experience with Quakerism. As a result of their fame, I have received inquiries about them from as far away as Canada, California and even England, and everybody asks: How do you start a meeting in a prison?

My answer is that you can't just walk up to a prison and start a meeting. For one thing, for such a purpose you couldn't get past the gate. Proselytizing is forbidden by most prison systems. Breaking into prison is almost as difficult as breaking out and is most easily accomplished by participation in some program having a "rehabilitative" purpose and the approval of the prison administration. For another thing, people in prison have been, and are being, preached at *ad nauseum* by everyone from their mothers to the warden (with the Day of Judgment reserved to that great and God-like drama critic, the Parole Board), and they are mostly alienated from organized religion. The religions that do "speak to their condition" are those such as Islam, which give them a sense of identity and self-worth for one thing, and shared struggle to maintain and fulfill their own humanity for another.

But it is the translation of Friends' belief in "that of God in everyone" into social action that best "speaks to their condition." If Friends sincerely and persistently reach out to them on this level, and if we share with them their struggle for justice, acceptance and self-fulfillment as human beings, then they will respond with an interest in the religion that makes us do this. It is a matter of "letting your life speak" in such a way that it can be heard behind prison walls. And it is a matter of reaching out to work *with* them, never *for* them, in every way you can. To work *for* them is a gratuitous act of charity, in its own way as dehumanizing as the prison system itself. It says that they are too weak, incompetent and generally far gone to take responsibility for their own lives. The difference can be very subtle, but people in prison are trained to survive by subtleties, and they can easily sense the difference.

There is a real question in my mind whether the institution that dehumanizes—the prison—can itself be humanized. There is a clear-sighted and sensitive community of people, within and without the Society of Friends, who see prisons in the same light as war and slavery—as inherently destructive, exploitative and unredeemable. Prisons are by nature total institutions, and in a real sense are instruments of social control used by the powerful to

control the powerless. Crime is well-nigh universal in our society, and runs through all social classes—witness, for instance, the corruption of government, the pollution of the earth, the manufacture of unsafe automobiles and other products, embezzlement, income tax cheating, and other crimes of the rich and middle class. But it is the poor who go to jail. Prisons are full of the black, the indigent, the socially deviant—those who cannot afford an effective legal defense, and whose crimes are violent because they have no access to the use of fraud.

Prisons do not deter crime; they do not rehabilitate; they perform no socially useful function except temporary incapacitation of a small minority of truly dangerous offenders. They are not intended to perform useful social functions, but only to warehouse and control. They do punish; they do hurt; they do dehumanize and they do contribute to the level of violence in our society. And they cost the taxpayer millions of dollars annually in wasted money. They are instruments of oppression and, all too frequently, attempts to reform them lead only to their refinement as such. John Woolman wrote, over 200 years ago, that "oppression in the extreme appears terrible, but oppression in the more refined appearances remains to be oppression, and where the smallest degree of it is cherished, it grows stronger and more extensive."

Some of us see the business of Friends, therefore, and of the whole Christian community, to desist from prison reforms that result only in reinforcement of the system. We call for the virtual abolition of prisons, except for a small hard core of the most dangerous offenders. We call for the development of alternatives to prison, and for the investment of society's energy and resources to build a caring community, characterized by economic and social justice and institutions which meet the needs of all the people. Such a community will not produce people angry enough to commit violent crimes, nor fearful enough to respond with violent punishments.

I realize very well that there are many Friends who do not share this vision or this position. From the starting point of the middle class, to which most of us belong, this vision is not seen easily, and only through experience not open to most of us. But all Friends can understand that the God in everyone goes with him or her into prison, and is no less God for that. And the God in us must speak to the God in them as equals. How could it be otherwise?

Janet Lugo is director of Quaker Information on Criminal Justice in Syracuse, New York, and spends much of her time working with Friends as well as with prisoners.

Nonviolence in a Violent World

by George W. Brehm

*"And Jesus said unto the sea, 'Peace be still.'
And the wind ceased and there was a great
calm." Mark 5:39*

DURING THREE morning, afternoon and evening sessions last summer, a workshop for nonviolence was held at Auburn Prison's Osborne School under the sponsorship of New York Yearly Meeting. The sessions covered a wide range of topics, but the central theme dealt with how a man controls the situation when confronted by a conflict or physical violence.

The workshop was led by Lawrence S. Apsey, a retired attorney, a Friend, who has stood vigil outside the White House in protest against the Vietnam war and who recommends Gandhi's and Martin Luther King's nonviolent methods to affect social change, cope with oppression and deal with violence.

Assisting him were Bernard Lafayette, a Freedom Rider and personal friend of Martin Luther King; Charles Wilson, a Boston University attorney concerned with criminal justice and a former teacher in Ethiopia for the Peace Corps; Ellen Linoop, a Quaker prison reform leader from East Chatham, New York; Janet Lugo, of Syracuse's Quaker Information Center; and Gary Eikenberry, who teaches nonviolence courses at Syracuse University. Twenty-two inmates, members of Auburn's Friends Worship Service, participated in the sessions, parts of which were video-taped and played back as a training aid.

Lectures were given by the visitors, combined with role-playing by the inmates in which guard-inmate and inmate-inmate typical confrontations were acted out with emotional realism. After each role-playing scene, discussions followed. The participants' behavior was appraised and suggestions made on how the conflict situation might have best been handled had it been real.

And what could Lawrence Apsey and these other teachers of peace have to say to the entombed men of Auburn who live with the constant threat of violence? Listen!

"Nonviolence doesn't mean passiveness...peace at any price. It's just the opposite; it's changing tyranny and

oppression," Larry Apsey said. "Nonviolence is a poor word.... We are really talking of a power that transforms and changes. It is the study of a process, one which we can all apply....

"It is an *inner search*," he added, "a power we can feel.... Follow it with *faith*. George Fox found it...he escaped many situations through it.

"Quakers believe that everyone has something divine within. The spiritual factor is the power which transforms. When two conflicting forces are clashing, without the spiritual factor, there may not be a resolution of differences," he said, holding the men's attention. "Do not violate the mind, the spirit of another individual."

The words of this slender and gentle man had made an impression. There was a profound silence when he finished. Had his message penetrated beyond the outer layer of ordinary listening?

Bernard Lafayette, arrested twenty-three times for civil demonstrations but now a professor at a Minnesota college, told how Martin Luther King, he and other civil rights leaders had *overcome* in the South in 1963. "We won because we never gave up," he said. "Nonviolence has the power to paralyze guns. Our Freedom Marchers walked right past the troopers who had guns and tanks.... Women and children and men...we had no guns but we walked right past them...right into Montgomery, Alabama."

Lafayette continued, "All religions provide a base for nonviolence. We don't understand enough about our *spiritual qualities*, how to develop our *inner resources*. We can develop an inner freedom which cannot be caged. Jesus, Gandhi and King were spiritual powers who cannot be caged within a time span, within the confines of a calendar.

"We have to decide the quality of our lives while we are here. Men who have the courage to be violent can be effective in nonviolence.... It takes the same kind of thinking and ability.... To be treated as a human being,

treat other people as human beings."

He also offered practical tips on what to do when face to face with violence. "If a person is going to attack," he said, "be conscious of 'body English,' keep your hands at your side, don't touch the other person even in a friendly manner, keep a distance between you and him, and don't take your eyes off his eyes." He added, "Eyes represent humanity; they can say, 'I'm not going to hurt you, but you're not going to reduce my dignity.'"

He revealed that the night Medgar Evers was murdered, he himself was a target for assassination. When his would-be killer approached him, Bernard Lafayette applied nonviolent principles. "He beat me on the head with a .45, but I got up, brushed my clothes off and looked into his eyes. Soon his hands trembled, his gun shook," Lafayette said. "Nonviolence training saved my life: I refused to lose my dignity; I kept looking right into his eyes, though blood was pouring from my head wound, but it was he who turned, ran to his car and fled." Later, the F.B.I. informed him that he had been marked to die, not just be pistol-whipped.

What Lafayette related had an impact on the men of Auburn, many of whom acknowledged that violence was no stranger. It had followed some of them from childhood. "We live in an unnatural world," one man said. "We step out of unnatural bedrooms each morning... our cells. We have to practice nonviolence every day to survive because we never know who may suddenly erupt out of control... in the crowded mess hall... in the stone yard..."

Then Larry Apsey spoke again: "To most of us there must be something abhorrent about violence. It is possible to graduate to a higher level of behavior. We should strive to improve our interpersonal relations... open up our consciousness. We all have life within us... an inexplicable thing... the *God within*. In nonviolent practices we are trying to find the *God within ourselves*."

The men who participated in the workshop expressed general satisfaction with the program. One man said, "There was an air of professionalism without any hard-sell." Perhaps these men who have been treated harshly by life, who have been rejected and hurt, who live engaged, will find themselves reflecting on some of the last comments of Bernard Lafayette:

"I live in an environment of *black skin* from which I can never escape. But I will never stop fighting... I live in a racist society... It takes skill and courage to resist that system... You have to be self-critical, aware of your perceptions, stretch your mind..."

"So when I was arrested and thrown into a cell: *My cell became my chapel*." □

George W. Brehm was a member of the Friends Meeting in Auburn Prison when he wrote this article. He was transferred to Green Haven Prison, where he helped begin a meeting for worship. In June he was transferred to Arthurkill Prison on Staten Island.

From a forum consisting of two articles on gun control in the St. Louis Friends Meeting Newsletter, the following facts give food for thought:

25,000 Americans are killed by bullets in an average year. Of these, 12,000 are homicides, 10,000 suicides and 3,000 fatal accidents.

In 1973 a criminal used a firearm almost every two minutes. There were 179,169 crimes involving the use of firearms.

The number of deaths by firearms has risen 50% in the last five years.

There are more deaths by guns in the United States than in any other country in the world. The United States' homicide rate from firearms is ten times that of Canada, eighteen times that of Germany, one hundred thirty-six times that of England and two hundred seventy-five times that of Japan.

In the United States, the murder rate is highest in those geographical areas where firearms are most plentiful. In the South, where ownership is highest, the murder rate is 10.4 per 100,000 persons. In the Northeast, where ownership of firearms is lowest, the murder rate is 5.2 per 100,000 population.

The author of one of the forum articles hopes to help organize an active citizens committee which he feels could be very helpful in obtaining gun control legislation. The author of the other article points out that "if we take the guns away from ghetto youth and not from the white police, we have moved away from justice, not toward it."

Change From Within

by R. Namu Whitfield

WE STOOD under the one tree in the yard. I was the only non-pacifist, the only one in prison who was there as the result of no distinct purpose or principle. My act was without doubt an act of violence. There were seven men in the group, from different parts of the country, who up until this time and to some degree had lived essentially different lives. Levy had been a captain in the Green Berets of the United States Army and had refused to train other soldiers in the medical field for reasons of principle and conscience. Johnson was a Jehovah's Witness and had refused induction into the Armed Services as well as refused to perform a comparative community service in lieu of military service. Watkins had burned his draft card, and so had Roberts and McDougle. Then there was this little frail fellow who had told us all the story of rowing a canoe out into the harbor of some eastern port to prevent a battleship or carrier from sailing. Each of these men in his own way was deeply involved in a personal and social commitment against the war in Vietnam. I remember them, for they are the misfits of the American society: not only were they opposed to war and violence, but they acted out of principle to express their opposition, and thus I was able to meet them in the Federal Penitentiary at Lewisburg. It was only in later years that I could really appreciate and understand their personal sacrifice, for my own life was the epitome of the American drama—violence.

Whenever we are confronted with the words non-violence or pacifism, symbolic images rise to the surface of our consciousness, images which for many of us (especially those in prison) are very negative and unmanly. We not only reject the images but condemn equally so those who conjure up these images in our minds. This is done without ever once taking the time to investigate the premise from which the nonviolent or pacifist person operates. H. Rap Brown once said: "Violence is as American as apple pie." In *The Heart of Man*, Erich Fromm discusses the different forms of violence in which America has played a significant role. A violent posture has been easier than one that is nonviolent; for each day of our lives we rationalize the killing or death of another living creature, be it human or beast.

I am not afraid, I am a man, I can and will fight—statements of affirmation. That we may be none of these or all of these is not relatively important if we have established a place in our being for the world, as opposed to a place in the world for our being. These are visionary aspects of our world; some of us manage to live with them and function, and some of us do not. We all have the potential to understand them and this is what we must try to do—understand our violence as a response to the possibility of becoming nonviolent. It was this need on an unconscious level which gave me interest in the training for nonviolence while in prison. The prison community to me has always been synonymous with social violence, for it maintains a high level of direct and indirect aggression. And it is within such an atmosphere that the negation of fear and the prevalence of imagery takes on a living form of reality. More so than any other place in the world, here is where men and women will deny themselves a chance to be free to maintain and protect their image. The structure and operation of a prison (though necessary) is not less guilty than the individual or society on the outside. As such, what better place to begin rebuilding one's personal life than to start in the place where fear is submerged through the use of violence and imagery.

I can still remember the looks of bewilderment from the other prisoners as I began to explain to them about our receiving training in nonviolence. Though none of us ever expressed it, I am sure that some, if not all, of us wondered about our personal vulnerability within the prison community by being associated with nonviolence in any form. Our eventual acceptance of this training was based upon our interest and work with juveniles, but I am certain that each one of us viewed it as a personal challenge—the exact opposite of all we had ever been.

Over nine years in prison and only one act of violence is symbolic of more than a desire to avoid trouble or the need to maintain an unblemished prison record. Seemingly I could say that I also had an unconscious desire to remove myself from the cultural realm of violence, from a mental and emotional state of existence which gave me the potential to cause the death of another human being. It was more than my being the leader of the

Think Tank Concept; I had a personal need to understand fully the change in my own life and whether in fact I had really changed at all.

A nonviolent posture in a prison environment is no different from trying to maintain the same nonviolent posture in society. Both arouse feelings of fright, accompanied by the same adverse possibilities and conditions. Each situation carries with it others' tendencies to leave you alone or forces you to seek out those who think, feel and believe as you do. In reading *The Essential Gandhi*, edited by Louis Fischer, the one thing that impressed me about the satyagraha (truth-force) was that it was something to be shared among the wolves; the clear position of saying that in spite of your hatreds and violence, I shall walk amongst you, you shall experience this "truth-force" whether you will it or not. Seeing this nonviolence training spread to men in other prisons, and soon to women prisoners, I have a very human feeling, for violence is a re-affirmation of human alienation at its peak, containing all the elements of greed, lust, anger, dominance.

I would like to believe that each man and woman receives something socially significant from this training

experience that will hopefully increase his or her chance for a living survival when again released from prison. As we move into our third training seminar here at Green Haven, in which I will be a part of the training team, I think we do so with an understanding that though we may not be able to change the prison, we may be able to change some of those within it. □

Several other workshops on nonviolence have been held in other prisons in New York State under the sponsorship of New York Yearly Meeting. A workshop for trainers in nonviolence also was conducted at Oakwood School. But these and other programs face curtailment because of a lack of funds. Contributions are needed now by the New York Yearly Meeting Sharing Fund, 15 Rutherford Place, New York, NY 10003. Earmark your contribution for "Peace and Social Action Program."



Joseph Levenson

Willie and the Children

An Experiment in Love

by Joy Humes

WHO ADOPTED whom has never been quite clear to me—the group of inmates in the Virginia State Penitentiary with whom I work, or the children of Miss Kitty Pettit's fifth grade class at Broad Rock Elementary School here in Richmond. It all began in February of this year, when one of my little neighbors, Michelle Simmons, asked me to come to her class and talk about what I was doing in the prison. (I should add, parenthetically, that I don't really *know* what I'm doing there, only that what started as a volunteer creative writing class I was asked to teach last summer is now a three-hour college credit course sponsored by the University of Virginia's School of Continuing Education, and that in the process the men put together a book of poetry, *Soul Landscapes*, edited by inmate Willie J. Williams, which has since been published and is selling well.) So I went to Broad Rock School, taking along some pictures of the men, the then-unpublished manuscript, and a portrait done by one inmate, Larry Wright (who is not in my class—just a friend). What was to have been an hour's chat went on for two hours. But perhaps it would be best to let one of the children tell it as she remembers it:

One day our fifth grade class was talking about the Penitentiary and my friend name Michelle Simmons said "Miss Pettit I know a friend name Joy Humms and she works at the Penitentiary and I will try to arrange for her to come to school and let her talk about how everything works." Miss Pettit was please so, it was a long time before Joy come. We had forgotten about it. So one day Joy had come and we wasn't expeaking her we was getting ready to go outside and Michelle said, "That's Joy." Miss Pettit said hi Joy we wasn't expeaking you. Joy said it was a long time for me to come to Broad Rock and I am glad to see such a nice lady like you Miss Pettit. She smile. She started to talk about Willie, Omar,

Larry, and she gave us the rest of the names of the men at the creative workshop. She told Michelle to get a picture and when we seen the picture that Larry made. It look like a real baby. Then she read some of the poem that Willie had wrote. So our class listen at the poem. And the poem were so good. Everybody like it. And then she ask us to wright to Willie and we did. He wrote us back and the letters that he wrote was very good. We are still righting Willie, Omar, and Larry.

By Lilly Goode

That was the start of a love affair. Next week, before I went to my Thursday prison class, I was presented with a packet of letters to Willie, Larry and Omar (whom I had singled out because he had had the misfortune of getting into a fight and being transferred to the notorious C cellblock—maximum security). Included was one from the teacher explaining to Willie that it was not necessary to answer all the letters. Just one to the whole class would be fine.

Surprise! The next week I received a packet from the men: Omar wrote one letter, Larry sent a plaster cat he had made, and Willie answered each and every letter, many with little poems. One, to a little girl named Yvette Tyler, started like this: "I regret/we have never met/but Yvette/I am pleased that you did write me..." Lilly Goode had written a poem and had asked him to finish it for her. His reply: "Okay, Lilly: You asked me to finish the poem, you know that's not fair (smile) but for you, I will try, okay?" And here it is, the first stanza Lilly's own:

Don't look silly
Big boy Willie
look brave like me
and soon we'll see
that you would be
what you want to be.

you could be an engineer
or pioneer
or drive a plane
or operate a crane,
you can be
what you want to be.

I'll tell you Lilly
big boy Willie
might look silly
but he is trying
and sighing
and crying
to
do
what he can
as a man
to make you understand
that he is not what
they say he is but
just another person just like you
who needs
and bleeds
and is human too...

In my next batch of mail the children sent colored pictures of themselves, and asked for a picture of the prison class. Since Willie has no money (he makes fifteen cents a day) he obliged by sending a negative, and of course, more letters, answering everything from "Who are your favorite (musical) groups?" to "Can you roller skate?" (He never learned, but promises to make it his first undertaking when he is released!) The children responded, this time with posters. One child drew her hand with the simple legend: "Willie, take my hand." Miss Pettit and myself were privileged onlookers at a small miracle. She said children were staying in from recess to finish their letters, which they wrote throughout the week and slipped into a large manila envelope. One little boy whose reading level was below grade level and who had never read aloud before the class screwed up his courage to read his very own letter from Willie. (Many of the children had never received a letter until then.) Meantime, I lost another inmate, "Monk," to C cellblock, and the children began writing to him, he to them.

Miss Pettit next informed me that the children were making an Easter basket and needed the names of each man. (The list I supplied read something like this: Moose, Dog, Goldfinger, Jabari, Che-ko, Dynamite and so on and on—20 names in all.) But I had to warn her that there was just no way I could take an Easter basket past the second gate (the entrance to the compound). All food must be minutely chopped in search of drugs or weapons. "They already think I'm crazy. If I turn up at the second gate with Easter eggs..." "Then I'll take them in," she said. She felt if the eggs were not allowed, that, too, would be a lesson to the class about our penal system.

Faced with this kind of determination, I agreed to try. I

approached the head of security, a most understanding gentleman, with this little problem. He smiled. "Don't worry about it. The eggs are in." He promised to "hang the paper" necessary (there must be paper hung in four different locations authorizing my entrance and whoever or whatever I'm bringing in with me). When the basket arrived at my house, another shock. I had authorization for hard-boiled eggs. But the children had included chocolate eggs, jelly beans, and worst of all, masses of cellophane grass—just the place to hide contraband. But luck was with me. A woman guard came to search me and my basket. Instead of going through it thoroughly, she gave a few tentative pokes and said simply, "That's beautiful." So me and my enormous basket, decorated with Easter cut-outs, crossed the prison yard. Every few steps I was stopped: "How lovely!" "Where does it come from?" "Who is it for?"

By now the children thought of the men as close friends. Several drew pictures of how they imagined the penitentiary to look, even assigning cells to each of the men. But they wanted to meet them personally. This seemed beyond the realm of the possible, since no one under eighteen is allowed to enter, except for relatives, in the visiting room. Even the Director of Corrections couldn't break this rule for me. We decided, as second best, to bring Miss Pettit to the class. I arranged to "put her on my paper" and then found she had been approached by a reporter, Jann Malone, of the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, who wished to accompany us and do a story on this most unusual relationship. That is just what we did.

Such a lot of different things go on in the class, which is really a workshop, that the two women were receiving so many and varied impressions they didn't even know that Willie was busy making a tape for the children out in the hall. Several other men added messages, and one, "Dynamite," dedicated a poem to the class. So interesting and intense was the contact that on leaving I did the unpardonable, and forgot to call for a guard. Of course, we had a large inmate escort, but the "back office" doesn't consider that protection, and I was properly chewed out on my next visit.

Back at Broad Rock School the children could scarcely contain their excitement. They gave me a little child's chair, crowded on the rug around me, and listened to the tape. It was simple and very beautiful. Willie's main concern was for their future; that they must never end up in a place like prison. And there were individual messages and a big kiss for his "girl friends." The following Sunday a very sensitive story appeared in the paper—the kind of publicity prisoners need.

Willie is by no means the only inmate worried about the children's future. All the other men who have written have expressed the same concern. Larry Wright is parting with his favorite picture—one very close to him. It is a large oil which shows a black man on his knees, arms chained. Said Larry, "I want them to have it, to look at it, and to decide they will never do anything to get themselves in here."

Nor are the children now the only ones at Broad Rock School interested in the prison. One of the secretaries, Mrs. Norma Winfree, is visiting an inmate who had had no visitors, and is bringing friends and family into the act, attending prison functions (plays, music nights, etc.) and arranging for others to visit inmates. The curriculum specialist of the school sat in on our tape-listening session, and a reading specialist wants to examine the letters to study the phenomenon.

Willie, meanwhile, pulled off another minor miracle. He arranged to put Miss Pettit on his visiting list, and got special permission for her to come in for four weeks, bringing children each time. I didn't guess how nervous he was until he called the Friday before the first scheduled visit. When was she coming? 10:15? Awful early. Besides, Saturday was a bad day. Why was Saturday a bad day? "Willie's got a lot to do Saturday." It turned out Willie had so much to do Saturday that he visited three hours with three children, and gave one his silver bracelet.

In all this, I've been nothing more than observer and unpaid mailman, on top of which it is, of course, interfering with our workshop. For how are you going to get work done when the men are gathered around, listening to the tape the children made in response to theirs (complete with song, yet!)? The friendship and love that have grown up between these two so disparate groups—I've been privileged to see it but find it difficult to convey. Willie's answer to Deborah Smith's poem, in which she wrote that maybe she'd see him uptown one day, expresses it much better:

See me uptown?
that you might
one spring night
rain pouring down
and your face in a frown
and you are all set
on getting wet
hey, the fellow
with the umbrella
will be
 me
 naturally
that's what friends
are for...

□

*I know people who are absorbed in "social activity"
and have never spoken from being to being with a
fellow-man.*

Martin Buber

FOR MY FRIENDS IN ROOM 208

This world of adults,
mature fantasies, mature—
impure illusions corrupting
the soul in youth
will someone tell those kids
some truth?!?!?!?

Okay, Joy, you did—
Miss Pettit, you did,
that's good, but have
they understood
those doses?
Yes!

for reaching out
beyond the covers of
books, beyond the crayon,
blackboard, lunchbox
and on across town
into this, this square/round
sphere of gloom
this cement-cellous
prison room,
you've come!

You have made much brighter
and lighter
my burden—wow!
you've done it again!
You all have given me a spark
left a mark
of concern upon my heart—
will "thank you" be enough?
Maybe I'll pour my soul
into a golden bowl
and let each of you drink of me?

Yvette, Lilly, Tyrone, Keith,
thanks for the belief
you have in me.
Michael, Birchard and all of you
thanks too
for your thoughts thinking
of me...

to each of you
i sigh a prayer
for your care
to grow, for the blue
sky of your concern
to burn
away the "stories" told

of old, 'bout convicts
and the tricks
they say we play...

realize,
recognize
relate to ME
as you see/feel me,
not me
as they
say
i
am...

grow wise
and knowing
that for all things
there is a cause
there is an effect

there is logic
in all we do.

sometimes right is wrong,
wrong seems right,
but take delight in knowing
that you're showing me an answer
i have never glimpsed before...

room 208
i can't wait
to meet all of you
to thank you
with my heart...
in your hands/wear a rainsuit
I might rain on all of you (my long
suppressed tears and fears)
again, thankyouthankyouthankyou!!!

willie j. williams



Following the Years of the Locust

by Anne Cooper

I AM a Friend, married to an ex-con.

It is not unusual among Friends to have a prison record for a draft-related offense or for an arrest resulting from an act of civil disobedience. But Tom's record is 26 years long and includes convictions for petty theft, burglary and armed robbery. He has been called a misfit and incorrigible. He is one of the people the righteous seem to have it in for.

I met Tom five years ago in Philadelphia. He had been out of prison nearly two months on a pre-release program. The fact that he was on pre-release indicated that, although he was not yet eligible for parole, the prison authorities adjudged him ready for rehabilitation in the community. He was living at a pre-release center, housed on the fourth floor of a run-down YMCA building in a high crime rate neighborhood. He had no money and no job. The pre-release center didn't serve food (in an attempt to encourage the men to become self-sufficient, they said), so Tom was eating only sporadically. My first impression was of a gaunt, pale man, obviously under great stress.

One person had shown Tom great kindness. A Catholic priest, Father Guy Murville, supplied food and used clothing to men at the center. But he did more—he showed Tom he could see through the scars and the labels Tom carried to the essential, warm and loving and wonderfully alive human being Tom had locked inside. Father Guy understood that I saw the "real" Tom, too, and he gave us great support in our decision to marry after a three-week period of becoming acquainted. Other people we knew were understandably leery, so Father Guy's joy in our union and optimism for our future gave us comfort and the strength to proceed.

Our wedding was delightful, though it bore no resemblance to the traditional Friends wedding I had looked forward to as a girl. Tom was out of touch with his family, and no one from my family showed any enthusiasm for the ceremony, so we headed for a justice of the peace with Frank, a family friend; Tim, a friend of Tom's from prison; and Tim's wife, Carla.

I had seen a picturesque plaque advertising a justice of the peace in lovely Bucks County, outside Philadelphia, and thought his cottage on the Delaware River would be a charming place to be married. When the five of us arrived at his door, I realized we might not be in the right place

for a wedding. A second sign read: "Trespassers will be shot and survivors prosecuted." Sure enough, the J.P. took one look at us and announced he didn't do marriages any more. As he said this, he was looking hard at Tim and Carla, who are black. He suggested we try Squire Somebody in Plumsteadville, which he said was just over the hill.

The only edifice we could find in Plumsteadville was a tavern, and we almost didn't get married because we couldn't get Frank and Tim away from the beer and the pool table.

We drove next to Doylestown, the county seat, and found a judge willing to perform the ceremony. He was so anxious to begin, he lined another couple up and began on them before they could explain they weren't in the courthouse to be married. Once we were organized, the judge raced through the text, not even pausing between "I pronounce you man and wife" and "ten dollars please." We ate our wedding supper at an Italian deli—pastrami on rye.

In October Tom and I will celebrate our fifth anniversary. In five years we have had two daughters, moved five times (including one coast-to-coast trek), held eighteen jobs between us, survived major surgery and several accidents, and developed a wonderfully strong, loving relationship.

It hasn't been easy, and it hasn't been what we expected. When we met, Tom hadn't spent a whole year out of prison since he was fourteen years old. Walking on congested city streets made him jumpy, telephones (particularly the push button variety) fascinated him, and I don't know which gave him greater pleasure: walking the aisles of a supermarket or eating the food when we got it home.

The difference between being away for a lengthy stay in prison and being away the same period anywhere else is that the person who has been in prison wants to close the door firmly on the past. At least this is true of Tom. He rarely talks about the lost years "behind the wall" except to share funny "On the Rocks" stories with close friends.

Tom never fudges, though, on the fact he has been in prison. Every job he has applied for has had a question on the application form regarding felony convictions, and Tom always fills in the dates and convictions. The consequence has been that he is rarely hired, and then

only to do work that most other people won't do. Usually he is underpaid.

A stickier problem than getting a job is keeping one. Tom isn't the most pleasant, easy-going fellow, particularly under pressure. How could he be? He grew up in foster homes. At fourteen, already with a record as a runaway, he was sent to reform school as an incorrigible adolescent. By the time he was eighteen, he was doing time in a state prison. He is deaf in one ear from a beating he took from a guard. His body is a patchwork of scars. Following a prison riot, he once spent nineteen months at a stretch in deep solitary. He had no visitors in prison. His only mail was an annual Christmas card from his sister.

The amazing thing about Tom isn't that he only occasionally admits to being happy, but that he can experience happiness at all.

Like the rest of us, Tom needs acceptance and appreciation. This hasn't always been easy for me. I had been so carefully conditioned to discriminate between good and bad English, good and bad music, good food and junk food, tastefully tailored clothes and clothes in poor taste. I even thought it was sensible to drive a Mercedes but ostentatious to drive a Cadillac. Then I married Tom, who speaks ungrammatical, sometimes coarse English, prefers Muzak to Mozart, loves plastic bread and garish clothes and dreams of driving a Cadillac. The teacher in me, the reformer, put up a terrific struggle to remake Tom into the kind of man I'd grown up with—and chosen not to marry. Fortunately, our marriage survived that phase. We have both grown because we are so different. And I think my reforming instincts are nearly weeded out, though it's been difficult pulling them up—the roots run deep.

I appreciate Tom more than ever, certainly more than I imagined possible when we were married. He is simply the bravest, strongest, most honorable and generous person I know.

I recently came across a Biblical passage, which has become my prayer for Tom and for all the other men and women who have been put to the trials Tom has: "I will restore to you the years that the locust has eaten... and you shall eat in plenty and be satisfied and praise the name of the Lord your God that has dealt wondrously with you..." (Joel 2:25, 26).

To this I add: may we all become instruments in restoring in abundance to these brothers and sisters what has been so brutally taken from them. □

Anne Mayerding Cooper is a birthright Friend who attended various meetings in the midwest before moving to California, where she attends Orange County Meeting. She is a reporter for a daily newspaper in Orange County and she and Tom are the parents of two daughters.

Friends Suburban Project began in 1969 as a small Quaker program (mandated by the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting) with an ambitious goal: to combat institutional racism in the suburbs. Their confrontation with racism in Delaware County led them into the courts, prisons and youth shelters, where they found the same appalling conditions that exist in thousands of U.S. communities.

The attempts of this small group in the community to monitor court procedure, help some of the defendants and visit the prisons were met with hostility, threats (from judges and police) and massive resistance. Some landed in jail for such offenses as attempting to speak to friends of defendants in court or in the hall outside. But their persistence brought many abuses to light, forced the Magistrate's Court to put in a few seats (where formerly everyone had to stand) and led to public hearings of the Pennsylvania Crime Commission on such local abuses as routine kickbacks to judges from favored bail bondsmen. FSP helped individual prisoners in many ways and eventually set up a Youth Advocate program (one to one pairing of committed adult and young person in trouble) that keeps young offenders out of institutions. What they did in Delaware County was begin to open up a tightly closed system that was grossly unfair.

The ripple effect from their courageous and persistent efforts is still spreading, this one small project having become a model for people near and far who would challenge the abuses of their own courts and prisons. FSP's publication, *The County Jail: A Handbook for Citizen Action*, became a source book for community groups working in the criminal justice area, while its monthly newsletter, *The Friendly Agitator*, found its way into offices, homes and prisons all over the U.S. Earlier this year, FSP issued a second book, *Five Years of Friendly Agitation: Combatting Racism in Delaware County*, a collection of good pieces from the newsletter. (The books are available from the FOR, Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960, at \$1 each.) The Friends Suburban Project can be reached at Box 54, Media, PA 19063.

Reprinted from Fellowship, November, 1975

"They Are People"

by Elaine Bishop

THE LONG-TERM goal of the Yonge Street Prison Committee (a committee of Yonge Street Half Yearly Meeting) is the abolition of prisons. The vast majority of people presently in prison (estimates of up to 90%) do not need to be there. The minority, who must be segregated from society because they threaten people's safety, are still human, and any institutions we devise to contain them must respect the rights, responsibilities and human dignity of both those incarcerated and those whom we employ to care for them. This is not possible in our present prison system.

Abolition of prisons does not mean abolition of responsibility. It is, rather, an acceptance of responsibility—the responsibility of society to those people, both staff and inmates, presently trapped in a violent system that breeds, rather than prevents, crime, as well as to the victims of crime who are largely ignored in the present system. It is also the responsibility of the offender to alleviate, in some meaningful and creative way, the harm done by the offense.

When the Yonge Street Prison Committee became active, very few of us had had any experience with prisons or jails. Since the only institution in our vicinity was the Don (Metro Toronto) Jail, we approached the authorities at the Don with a program proposal. We would try an initial eight-week program focusing on Eastern religions, since we had heard of an interest in this topic among some of the men. The format was that the first part of each session would focus on the topic as presented by resource people, followed by small group discussions. Our participants would be men over the age of eighteen.

The first week the six volunteers were joined by two resource people from the Arika Institute. They spoke of their involvement with the Institute and the benefits they felt. Then we all—twenty some odd men, six volunteers and two resource people "Raam"ed in high, middle and low tones to vibrate various energy centres in the body. We all felt foolish together—a good ice-breaker. The small groups—one formed around each volunteer—went in various directions: everything from beefs about jail conditions and prisoners' rights to the continued exploration of the scheduled topic. The first session was facilitated by one of the men, Raleigh, who was able to translate our thoughts to the men and relay back their responses. Our lack of facility in jail jargon was acute!

As the weeks progressed we shared Tai Chi, Hinduism and Zen. One week we did Yoga exercises and one session was on Quakerism and Struggle for Justice, since the men wanted to know who we were and why we came. As time passed we started doing small tasks for the men—phoning lawyers, friends and relatives; writing letters to those

who never receive mail—the sorts of things one is unable to do in jail but which we take for granted outside. Institution security forbids phone calls, drastically restricts visits and letters one can write; those incarcerated are maintained in a state of helplessness without avenues to vent frustration or anger. We have become more deeply involved with some people we've met, resulting in our acquaintance with the bail system, courts and the difficulties of re-entry to society.

Several "miracles" have happened in our program. We took some flowers into the jail. When we shared these with the men they became great treasures. One man cradled an iris, examined it carefully, and said, "This is a miracle." He then went to hand it back to the volunteer and was deeply moved when told, "It's really for you." We had two sessions with Anna, a Sufi woman, both of which involved singing and dancing. At the end of each session Anna hugged each participant. Hugs—warm and caring human contact—are rare in jail.

Our eight weeks passed and we have continued this program. We are now doing four sessions on non-violence. In our last session we focused on the institutional violence of mercury pollution that has affected those living on two Indian reserves in Northwestern Ontario. Concern for these people was real and deep, as was the questioning of why the polluting has not been condemned by society as have their own crimes.

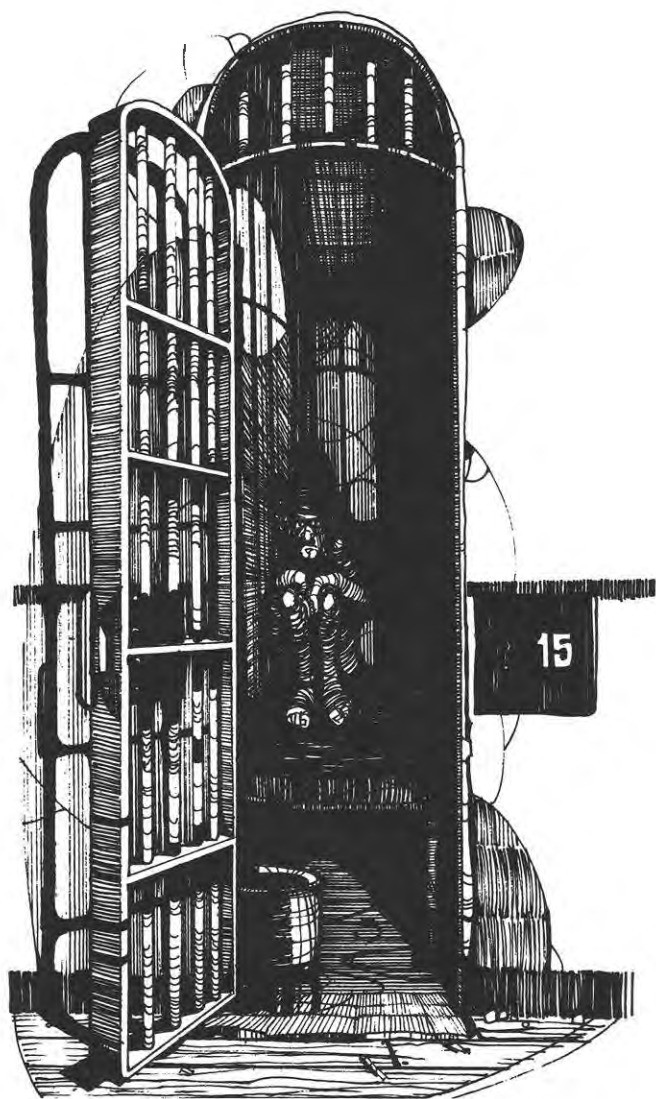
Other developments have also taken place. One of our resource people, our yoga person, is interested in establishing her own program at the jail. We have maintained contact with some of the men who have moved from the Don and are in the process of establishing a program at Milton Jail, about 40 miles from Toronto. Some of the people we've met during our program have contacted us upon their release and offered their services so they can give to others what they feel they received through our program.

Perhaps the major value in the program is its contribution to our own awareness. The stereotype of an "inmate" cannot withstand contact with the participants of our program. Yes, most of them have committed an offense of some sort, but then, according to the President's commission on crime, so have 92.8% of the United States (and, I surmise, Canadian) public. They are also sons, fathers, husbands—they are people.

We are experiencing in a small way the violence to which we commit these people by keeping them caged in badly overcrowded conditions with nothing to do. We are becoming aware that the middle class faith we have in the justice process is not shared by many of these people. It is not necessarily the person who is right who wins, it is the

person with money (for bail and/or a good lawyer) and who can best manipulate the law. One's sentence does not necessarily reflect the absolute value of the harm done. It tends to reflect your social and economic status and perhaps also the mood and prejudices of the sentencing judge. We are learning, too, that the staff of the institutions are also "serving time," albeit in more manageable chunks. They are people and need our prayers and understanding.

One can read about these facts for years, but contact with living human beings caught up in the web of our weaving—our justice system—brings a sense of personal involvement. A Quaker concern can grow from involvement. We need not await the concern before entering our jails and prisons. □



This graphic and the article which follows are reprinted from the Quaker Service Report, published by the Canadian Friends Service Committee.

Toronto (Don) Jail

Glimpse of a Nightmare

JANET LUGO, Director of the Quaker Information Centre at Syracuse, was invited to Toronto during the last November weekend of the General Meeting, to share concerns, insights and wide experience gained in her New York prison work. The Prison Committee arranged an evening discussion on prisons and heard some frank and shocking statistics about overcrowding in Ontario's prisons from Bob Fox, Co-ordinator, Volunteer Programs, Ministry of Correctional Services.

Fox, genuinely concerned about the prisoners, was anxious that Friends have the opportunity to become familiar with and active in places like Don Jail, invited Janet Lugo and others to visit the prison the following day, November 24th.

The following description, taken from rough notes made at the jail falls far short of the reality. There is madness in a system that sustains a facility such as the Don.

The November *Toronto Life* gamely featured the 6-page account of an ex-inmate: "Glenn Forsyth's Don Jail Sketchbook". When we called Glenn's wife, Norma Lightower, who teaches school in Mississauga, to request permission to reprint the graphic you see next to this report, she warmly agreed: "I have a tender spot in my heart for Quakers."

Fred Franklin, of the Yonge Street Half Yearly Meeting Prison Committee, Janet Lugo and I went to the Don in the late afternoon—the weather was bitterly cold, with a wind blowing and snow on the ground. Despite the weather, after an hour in the prison one yearned for the cool breath of outside air. The prison was terribly hot all the time. The tension is incredible; clanging doors, blaring TV, burning eardrums and eyes; the hard echo of shoes on open iron stairs. Grim zoo.

Two resource people gave us a generous briefing. J. G. Walter, Deputy Superintendent of Programs, seemed

more like a humanities prof.—a sort of pleasant “front man” for the prison-tourers. Gwen Heffernan, intuitive, appealing, concerned, who faces insuperable problems in trying to do what she can to lessen the prisoners’ anxiety, is in charge of programs and volunteers for the prison.

She mentioned that her position had been created for the first time—recently, before the budget cuts, and that she had to “go very slowly.”

Given the extremely tight scheduling of the inmates’ day, programs had to be designed to fit a rigid timetable. Guards and other personnel were made uptight by any kinds of changes because of the severe security risk involved in maintaining a prison so overcrowded, with such limited facilities. Gwen told us it takes all day to get everyone a turn in the yard. No more than 30 men at the most are moved at once for any activity, making it difficult to achieve more flexible programming, which she would like to see happen. One hour is allowed for recreation in the yard.

J. G. Walter showed us first “the most typical cells in the old section.” We were appalled. News accounts just don’t do it justice. I walked into one of the cells and placed a hand against either wall, and discovered my arms could not be stretched out. The cell could be no more than a meter wide!

The cell is very dark and deep, with a single metal-frame bed; a pail sits on the dingy floor. The walls are no colour one can remember and a wire mesh grate above the bars of the door helps (?) circulate the air. No more than an animal stall. Fred adds: “if used at the new Toronto zoo, there would be an outcry!” Four hundred men live in cells identical to that one, at Don Jail.

“Capacity is five hundred and eighty,” said Walter. “Present population? Well, about seven hundred and fifty, forty of whom are women. They are kept all on a single floor in a separate wing.”

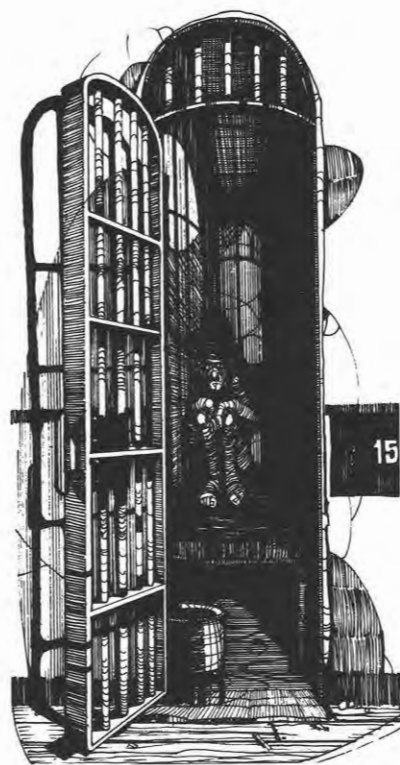
Sixteen to eighteen year olds are also in a separate wing from the older men. Maximum and minimum security inmates are in this prison together. Most are enroute to other prisons or are awaiting trials—the population figure isn’t stable—the stay can be as much as two years.

Not much exercise or recreation. Fred points out that people are locked out of their cells during the day—fear of homosexuality. The only place an in-

mate can go is the narrow corridor outside his or her cell. There seem few solid walls—mostly bars everywhere.

Visiting is now possible on Sundays for the first time, but still no human contact is allowed. Relatives sit in phone-booth-like boxes with a glass front between them and the prisoner. They “visit” through a telephone.

Gwen said there were a few programs going now in the prison: (1) remedial reading, she said, was the best one. Why that? She felt that would aid those seeking a job and some were at grade four



reading level. She added that only those who indicate the desire can take the program. Four inmates are being helped. (2) George Brown College has volunteers with a program there. (3) Neighbourhood Legal Service has an excellent program. “Youth and the Law” run by lawyer Allan McChesny for 16-18-year-olds. Gwen said that while inmates are ‘on remand,’ anxieties are high. Lawyers help the younger men understand what questions to ask their legal defenders or their own lawyers, help them to grasp the whole process better—many don’t know what’s going on at all. At this juncture, Janet mentioned the U.S.

Program, *Threshold*. This reinforces the ability of the prisoner to decide for her/himself. (4) Fred describes this next program as the “ray of light”—the Manpower-Rotarian Program for inmates who are listed to get released within two weeks, to obtain training in how to make applications for jobs and interview practice sessions—how to fill in forms—not to leave blank spaces. All the job interview is videotaped and played back for the subject so that he can see what sort of impression he made, etc. Representatives from the business community are volunteers in this program.

Gwen stressed the fact that since anxiety is high in Don Jail, the aim is to relieve anxiety. It is not useful to start long-term projects, she said, since the average stay is three months; maximum stay two years. Self-image is low (we saw three young men come up the stairs and quickly avert their faces as they hurried by us, following a guard). She said the foci of the programs would be three things: entertainment, religion and education.

There are four social workers, four classification counsellors (they decide for the inmate: temporary absences; work release programs; destinations of the inmates, for example, House of Concord, either of two Forestry camps, or other). Bob Massarello is in charge of classification reports. There is one psychiatric nurse who handles three to four or five people at a time. Imagine this, out of a population whose anxiety pitch must be the highest—five, out of 750!

Janet observed that the primary problem seemed to be that of overcrowding. She and Fred spoke of the following approaches: (a) Jail surveys to see on a given day how many people are in need of bail, why and how long they’d been there, whether things could be speeded up. In Philadelphia, Janet says, there is a church contract for a bail fund. Only 5% of prisoners jump bail. She said that jail surveys could determine what portion of the prison population might be better served by other sorts of programs, because the evidence was that a small number of programs was serving a tiny portion of the Don Jail population. (b) Put on the bulletin boards (for example): “Elizabeth Fry—do you know what we do, how we can help you?”

Ann Buttrick

Harry Seth Found Hanged in Chester Jail (Signal of Disaster)

by Ruth Kilpack

In the dead of night on March 26, Harry Seth, black, 26 years old, was found hanging from the cross bar of his cell in the Chester (PA) city jail. Police said he had made a noose out of his thermal underwear and hanged himself. A report from the Criminal Investigation Division of Delaware County and the inquest jury both corroborate this report.

Yet these reports can in no way allay the controversy that has boiled up in Chester over this most recent "jailhouse hanging," the sixth in twenty years (not a bad record, Chester authorities maintain). The black community is determined that this most recent death will not sink into the darkness and oblivion which has been the fate of some of the earlier hangings in the city jail.

Rising to the emergency, a group of about one hundred people began meeting together directly after Harry (Bobby) Seth's death, forming The Committee to Oppose Police Oppression (COPO), based upon the strong conviction that indeed Seth had been the victim of such oppression. Friends Suburban Project is among the organizations which are aiding the group, which continues to press for a full investigation.

COPO has been meeting regularly in the third floor conference room of the YWCA in Chester, and one such meeting, as a sample, reveals a mostly young, mostly black group that shows determination to act responsibly in the crisis. The meeting proceeds under strict parliamentary procedure, and one senses an almost desperate orderliness in

the face of the powerful undercurrent of passion. There are several young attorneys present, both black and white, young people fresh from college, working people, reporters, Bobby Seth's family.

His brothers and sisters, all young adults, sit quietly with their mother, Madeline Davis, obviously a strong woman, but worn by worry and grief to the breaking point. A young woman sits with a child on her lap, a little boy of four months in a blue suit, his eyes peering out questioningly from under his dark, curly hair—Bobby Seth's son. Jeff Sherman, the white defense attorney, holds the child on his lap before the meeting begins, touching him affectionately before he releases him to his mother, preparing to use all the resources of his training and experience to the advantage of this group struggling to find its way.

As the meeting progresses, the Legal Committee details its efforts: discussions with the police chief; the gathering of witnesses who will testify to the beating of Bobby Seth, both on the street and in the jail; the efforts to obtain an inquest after the refusal of a report on the autopsy; how best to proceed without arousing undue animosity in the white community; appeals to the greater community for involvement and support.

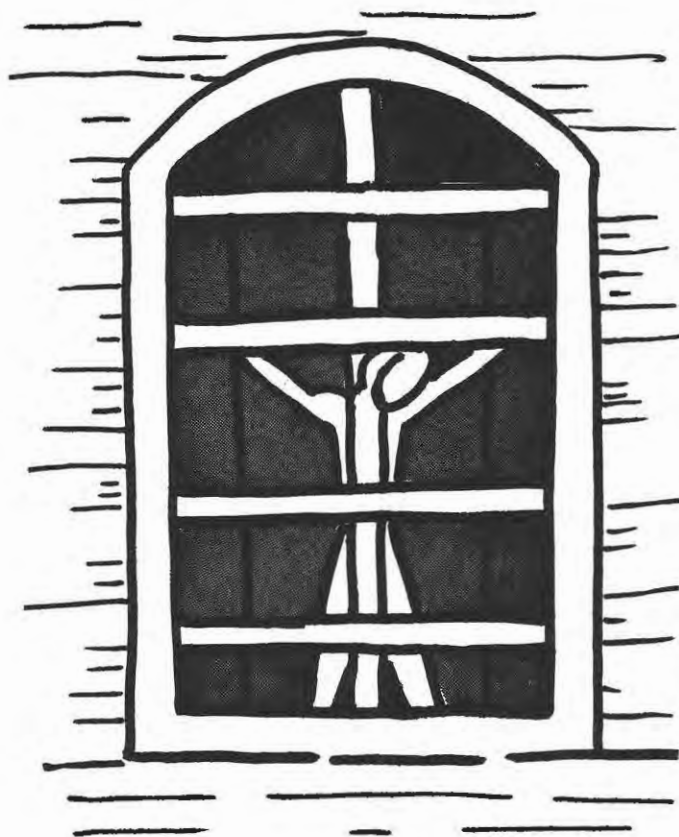
A slight young woman, chairperson of COPO's Fund-raising Committee, describes in southern accents its plans to raise money: selling chances, chicken dinners, dances, appeals to local church groups.

The Finance Committee reports a total of \$47.00 on hand. Forty-seven dollars to finance the pursuit of justice and freedom from police abuse for the black citizens of Chester in a county whose government has been rigged against them for almost a century!

The assistant pastor of a local black church keeps his eye on the meeting as it continues, even as he runs the YWCA elevator, watches the desk, answers the phone, mops the halls and lavatories, and talks to visitors about the city he loves and the great needs of his people. The sweat runs down his cheeks as he talks.

What is the history of this hanging that has sparked the boiling-up of such passion, such determination to achieve justice at last? To answer that question, we must turn back nearly eight years to October, 1968, when Harry Seth, along with fifteen other young black men, was arrested after a disturbance at a Chester High School football game. "The Chester 16," as they came to be known, were charged with riot, conspiracy to riot, aggravated assault, and other charges arising from the incident. They were brought to trial, convicted by an all-white jury, and sentenced to prison terms ranging from 4½ to 11 years.

Incidentally, one of the most damaging aspects of the Chester 16 case (outside of their all being black) was that a few refused to rise during the singing of the Star Spangled Banner during the football game. Remember, this was October 1968, at the height of the Vietnam War. Such unpatriotic actions could not be tolerated, both on principle



and as a warning to others who might be tempted to imitate them.

Thus Harry Seth, at the age of 19, went from the football game to prison, and stayed there for over two and a half years, until the earlier decision was reversed by the State Supreme Court in December, 1971. Meanwhile, during his incarceration at Dallas State Prison (near Wilkes Barre), Seth contracted tuberculosis. But it was not until pressure was brought to bear by Friends Suburban Project and others that he was transferred to Landis Hospital in Philadelphia for treatment and care.

Such are the bare bones of Harry Seth's history—until March 26th this year. That night he was arrested in Chester on a warrant for shoplifting, an incident which had occurred six months earlier, in early October 1975. According to the Delaware County Daily Times, Harry had allegedly stolen some packages of meat from a store in Chester and hidden them under his belt.

The police version of the arrest in late March is that Seth resisted arrest, requiring the police to subdue him. However, several witnesses report that he offered no resistance, but was beaten with

fists, a flashlight, and blackjacks, and that the beating continued even as he was being taken away in the police car to the city jail. Other witnesses say that he was also beaten at the jail.

According to jail officials, a routine check of the cells at midnight showed nothing amiss. But fifteen minutes later, Harry Seth was found dead, hanging from the cross bar of his cell. So ended the life of a Chester youth who, until the football game, was a nineteen-year-old who lived with his mother, was holding down a job, and who, up to that point, had never been in prison.

A tragic story, yes. But what does it have to do with those of us who habitually read Friends Journal? We—and most Quakers in America—are not black. Nor do we live in Chester with its 25,000 or more blacks, embroiled as they are in what we term "the criminal justice process"—arrest, judicial procedures, imprisonment. True, as Quakers we do have some interest in the problems of imprisonment, though rarely nowadays are we ourselves subjected to the process, except as we have been involved as conscientious objectors to war, or for participating in demonstra-

tions. As Friends we honor Elizabeth Fry, that crusading Quaker woman who went poking around through the prisons of Europe a hundred years ago. In fact, we honor her so much that one meeting-house in the area contained, at last count, seven impressive portraits of her. We might, therefore, put it this way: What would Elizabeth Fry have done if she had known Harry Seth?

Or what would she do now that Harry Seth is dead? Would she recognize the magnitude of this most recent tragedy? Would she get involved with the group of people working together so courageously in the disaster-ridden morass of Chester? Would she come to their aid? That aid is needed now, for it is undeniably clear—despite the efforts of the young attorneys, all the bright young men and women involved, the chicken dinners, the sweating pastor, the broken but loyal family, the young blacks called off the streets by the emergency, the sheltering wing of the YWCA for meetings—it is undeniably clear that, without help from others, from others with long-ingrained know-how (such as Quakers possess), these efforts will falter and be crushed by the power that has held sway in Chester for so long.

I grant you, we are not all Elizabeth Frys. I'm not, and maybe you're not. But are there those in the Quaker community who care about what is happening to the Bobby SETHs of Chester? Are there those who will join in the effort with COPO? If there are, I urge you to call or write to Friends Suburban Project (a Testimony and Concerns program of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends), Box 462, Concordville, PA 19331, telephone 215-459-4770.

Quakers have long been famous for their readiness to come to the aid of those who have met with disaster, and equally for their quickness in recognizing the signals of disaster. And what are those signals? A shirt, a rag, anything at hand, tied to a stick and raised aloft as a signal of despair, an S.O.S., a mute plea for help. Harry Seth, tied in the dead of night to the cross bar of his prison cell in Chester, Pennsylvania, is such a signal. Ignominious and alone, he is also a symbol.

Ruth Kilpack

Ruth Kilpack, a former staff member of Friends Suburban Project in Delaware County, Pennsylvania, is an increasingly frequent contributor of articles to Friends Journal.

Moments

A Sketch

by Reva Griffith

THERE ARE moments in human lives that are forever poignant memories, permanently woven into the fabric of life. Such were the moments of that 10th of July.

From the glassed-in waiting area of the airport, our eyes anxiously searched the sky for the plane bearing the man we were to meet. The night before a shower had cleaned the air making the sky seem high and deep. No clouds obscured the brightness of the early morning sun.

On the runway planes taxied purposefully to and fro, some finally lifting burdens up into the sky and others gracefully gliding to some pre-determined point.

Even in the early morning, there were people moving about the airport, some striding toward a destination, others hesitantly reading signs, scanning boards, and testing directions. A man riding a mopping machine buzzed past leaving a damp train behind him; uniformed men and women dressed for flight casually strolled by.

My son and I were almost alone in the waiting area at Gate 34. Occasionally we exchanged conversation but most of the time we looked toward the morning sun, from whence the plane would come. Finally it appeared, and we silently watched it descend, touch down, and like a giant green fly creep down the runway to the gate. We glanced at one another—the moment had arrived.

"The plane's stopped," my son said. "Let's go."

We walked toward the stairway where the plane's passengers would enter and stationed ourselves near the top of the stairs where we could see each passenger come through the door. None of the early passengers answered the description we had been given of the man.

And then a man started up the steps and we knew he was the one. The woman who had called the night before had assured me we would know him.

"He is a tall, black man and he'll have a smile on his face," she had said. Together my son and I approached the tall,

black man when he reached the top step.

"Frank Harris?" I said, tentatively extending my hand.

"Sister," the man said, grasping my hand, and I knew it was he. His voice was deep, full and vibrant and the hand-clasp firm. I looked into his face and saw the smile.

"And this is my son," I said, gesturing toward the tall, bearded young man beside me.

"Hello, Brother," he said, taking my son's hand.

We stood there for a moment looking at one another—the tall, black man in the green cotton suit, the young white man with the beard and faded jeans, and the middle-aged woman in the white pantsuit—three people suspended in a moment of life.

Then I asked, "Do you have luggage?"

"A box," he answered, almost apologetically.

He limped slightly as we walked to the baggage claim carousel. The box appeared and when offered help with it, he declined, though it was soon apparent that carrying it was an effort for him.

We moved out of the airport building toward the parking lot. The rain the night before had washed the cement, leaving small puddles in the low spots.

Frank Harris turned to me as we reached the car and asked, "Am I your first?"

"Yes," I replied.

My son deposited the box in the car trunk and took his place in the driver's seat. Our passenger rode in the front seat where he could better stretch legs we knew gave him pain.

From the back seat I observed Frank Harris, for months a name, now a man. He was indeed black; no, he could more accurately be described as a rich chocolate brown. His build was that of an athlete. He sat tall in the seat and there was strength and dignity in his bearing. His deep set dark eyes were rimmed with long curling lashes; his black hair was closely cropped. When he spoke, there

was a slight twist to his mouth except when he smiled. The smile signaled the appearance of deep creases in his cheeks that played there until he became serious again. He didn't look his thirty-nine years.

However, on the way into the city, he talked with an obsessive earnestness about his experiences. He seemed not to notice where we were going; his thoughts were still where he had been. He talked of a world that seemed unrelated to the cars, streets, homes, green trees, and people we passed as we drove through the heart of the city. And as he talked, the life events he told brought a sadness and weariness, and a hint of bitterness, to his face, that thirty-nine years could not encompass.

In the midst of a day strikingly bright, warm and clear, we heard a story of struggle, pain and endurance. As we bore him away from the place of which he spoke, he took us into that world. And we silently, almost unwillingly, felt his reality, in some measure, become ours.

When we arrived at our destination, a small white house on the edge of the inner city, my son took the box from the trunk of the car and carried it. Frank Harris cautiously got out of the car, stiffened and pulled himself to his full height, and, limping a bit, began a slow and dignified walk to the house. We followed him.

From inside the porch, we heard a woman's voice crying softly, "Lord, have mercy, look who's here!"

As we drew closer to the house, we saw her sitting in a chair on the porch. She was wearing a robe; her black hair was pulled back from her slender face. A thin fragile-looking woman, she bore a striking resemblance to the tall man almost at the door.

He opened the door, dropped slowly and carefully to his knees beside her chair, cradled her in his arms and murmured, "Mama, it's so good to see you! Mama, Mama!"

After much of twenty years in prison,

Frank Harris was home again.

Addendum

The sketch above is only part of a story beginning with the imprisonment over twenty years ago of Frank Harris, Jr., a young black man from Mobile, Alabama. While in the army in Japan, he was convicted of killing a white sergeant in a fight. After four and a half years in death row, his sentence was commuted to life in 1959. In 1964, he was paroled, only to be incarcerated again in November, 1965, on a parole violation. During this second stint in prison, Frank came to feel he should resist the prison system as an oppressive institution. He was confined to the "hole" on numerous occasions and gained a reputation among prison authorities as a resister.

In October, 1973, he was transported from Leavenworth, Kansas, to Marion, Illinois, in leg irons he repeatedly complained of as being too tight. Subsequently he developed phlebitis thrombosis in both legs. Clots from this condition lodged once in a lung and twice in his heart and as a result he developed a serious heart malfunction in addition to the phlebitis. In July, 1974, he was transferred to Springfield Medical Center.

In his last few years in prison, Frank Harris became active in a prison church group called The Church of the New Song and was bishop in this organization. He also became acquainted with writings of nonviolence and found that philosophy attractive. These influences, together with his horror at the violence done to human beings within the prison system, made him resolve that should he be released, he would try to "make it" and do something to help alleviate the suffering of those left behind the walls.

After a year of hospitalization at Springfield, he was released on probation in July, 1975, through efforts of the Prison Visitation Service and others. His coming into Kansas City is described above.

The story from the time of Frank's arrival in Kansas City has been one of dogged survival. The ex-offender with good health often finds his efforts to rejoin the mainstream of society rebuffed. The additional burden of poor health with the requirement of regular medical

care considerably magnified the problems. To narrate the step-by-step story to Frank's current enrollment in a vocational rehabilitation program in college (a program designed to prepare him for counseling in corrections) would require much too much space. A glance back over the road from there to here shows a jagged path of disappointment, pain, and laborious achievement. To finally get a portion of what has seemed "just" from the "system" has required tremendous energy and endurance. And the struggle for justice goes on!

Frank Harris is a regular attender of Penn Valley Meeting in Kansas City. Caring concern from Penn Valley Friends has been important as he maintains his resolution to "keep on keeping on" so that he might channel his life in an acceptable and productive way to benefit those "brothers" still in prison. And because of his presence and spoken words, Penn Valley Friends are often painfully aware of the inequities of our "way of life" and of the violence perpetrated in the name of justice. □

We welcome Reva Griffith as a new contributor to the Journal. She presently lives in Kansas City, MO, and is a member of Penn Valley Meeting in Kansas City.

FOR HUMAN JUSTICE

Beloved, I am writing no new commandment to you, but an old commandment which you have had from the beginning. I John 2:7.

He who says he is in the light and hates his brother, is in the darkness still. He who loves his brother abides in the Light and there is no cause of stumbling in him. I John 2:9, 10

WHO IS my brother? God has made of one blood all races of men to dwell on the earth and has granted to all the equal opportunity of being called children of God. Therefore they are my brothers and sisters.

Friends say, "There is that of God in every person." How is it, then, that we

allow our dark-skinned brothers and sisters to be deprived of equal opportunities with us, to live where they choose, to send their children to schools of their choice, to use their God-given capabilities to earn a decent living, and to enjoy equal protection under the laws of our land?

Since 1970 Friends for Human Justice has struggled against setbacks and frustrations, but we see as great a need now as there was then to speak to our fellow American Quakers on the issue of racism in ourselves and in our institutions. We point no finger of condemnation at any individual or meeting but seek to "Speak Truth to Racism" with love and patience.

Two immediate goals are to help Friends identify and recognize attitudes which indicate racism, conscious or unconscious, and to provide meetings and individuals with a number of tasks which will get people involved in the area of racial justice.

We hope each yearly meeting will appoint two representatives to make up a board of directors, to give us their thinking and hopes; to attend once-a-year meetings, and to keep in touch in the meantime through correspondence and the newsletter; we also hope there will be financial support to help with operational expenses, pay for the newsletter, and provide transportation to meetings.

Note our new address. We once more appeal to Friends in the USA to remember our heritage with thanksgiving and to abide in the Light as ambassadors of Christ.

Friends are urged to write to Friends for Human Justice, Box 44, Whittier, IA 52360.

Eva L. Stanley, clerk



According to the Stamford-Greenwich (CT) Friends Meeting bulletin, there are 30,000,000 firearms in the hands of private individuals today.

Mothers in Prison

by Margaret H. Bacon

THE SCENE could have been replicated in any one of a dozen institutions: the large, impersonal day room, the color TV set blaring away without listeners, the women wandering about aimlessly, many in bathrobes and with curlers in their hair. I had to remind myself that this was not the maternity ward of a large city hospital, which it resembled, but in fact the women's division of Chicago's notorious Cook County Prison.

I had come to visit with Marti Shock, director of the AFSC's Mothers in Prison program, then just starting up. As Marti began to explain to a few women the nature of the program, a small, eager circle gathered around us. "Can you get my mother to bring my children to see me?" one young woman asked. "I sure wish I could see my baby boy."

Every day in these United States women are arrested and put into prison to await trial, or are sentenced. Most of them are charged with victimless crimes: prostitution, drug abuse, or some combination of the two. The majority are young and poor, and either black, Puerto Rican, or otherwise of the minority community. Perhaps as many as fifty per cent of them are mothers. When the prison doors clang shut behind them they are cut off from their children, for weeks, or months, or years. A few unlucky ones may never see their children again. If children are left inadequately cared for in the eyes of officialdom, the state may step in and place them in foster homes, and before the mother knows what is going on they are up for adoption.

Even when a mother manages to arrange care, serves her term, and is released, the psychic damage caused by the long, unexplained separation may have scarred the child and interfered with the ability of mother and child to relate. Beset by a multitude of other problems, the mother may abuse the child and the whole vicious circle then starts again.

When a woman is picked up by the police, she has no time to arrange for the care of her children. If they happen to be in the safekeeping of a responsible mother or sister she is lucky. Often, however, they have been left under the care of a young babysitter, or a friend, or the oldest may have been left temporarily in charge. The frantic mother will often use her one phone call to try to make some sort of arrangement for her children; even perhaps to find out where they are. Then a wall of institutional silence closes around her, and she is left to worry and brood. Some women respond to this intense anxiety and frustration by attacking sister prisoners or even the

guards. Others turn the anger inward, and attempt suicide.

"Many of these women are very young and have never had a chance to learn how to become good parents," Marti Shock says. "Yet their children are the most important tie they have to their best feelings. We need to support that tie by giving them the help they need."

The AFSC's Mothers in Prison program is an effort to find ways to provide help on a day-to-day basis, and at the same time to look for long-range changes that might be recommended in the handling of mothers in prison. The program is affiliated with a group of social agencies trying also to provide transitional care for women re-entering and trying to readjust to society. A center where ex-prisoners could come together for counselling, sistering, and training in parenting is a goal for the future.

That keeping in touch with one's children while one is in prison can make an important difference is attested to by Carolyn Moon, an ex-offender now running an AFSC program in Des Moines, Iowa, for taking children to see their mothers in prison. Carolyn, herself the mother of five, is arranging for weekend trips to nearby Rockwell City Women's Reformatory for twelve to fifteen children each time. "Seeing my own children three or four times a month gave me a sense of my own self-worth like nothing else could," Carolyn said of her own prison sentence.

Not all the women in prison of course share the same depth of concern for their children. Some have been inadequate, even abusive mothers. Nevertheless once they are incarcerated, their children become doubly dear. "You know all the noise kids make?" one paroled woman said. "My friends ask me how I stand it. Well, I'll tell you, it's the most beautiful thing in the world. The hardest part about prison is knowing that your kids are growing up and changing and you're missing it all."

Prisons are not good places for anyone, man or woman. Studies continually reveal that they do not rehabilitate, but instead actually encourage crime. We need to find a better system of criminal justice for everyone, not just make prison a little more human for some women. Nevertheless a focus on the plight of mothers in prison can serve to raise public consciousness of the faceless bureaucracy we have created in our prison system, and push us all a little harder to look for workable alternatives.

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Mothers in Prison CONTINUED

In addition to the programs in Chicago and Iowa, AFSC sponsors thirteen other programs of grassroots work with prisoners, ex-offenders, and their families, as well as two prison moratorium programs:

—The Washington Pretrial Justice Program focuses on implementation of the Bail Reform Act of 1966, which provides for a variety of alternatives to bail, including third party custody, 10% court bond, and release on own recognizance. Currently the program is in the forefront of a struggle to protect this Act from attempts of law-and-order forces to weaken or destroy it.

—The Pittsburgh Pretrial Justice Program commits a major portion of its work to juvenile justice, seeking to gather and disseminate information about the rights of juveniles and the problems of the present juvenile justice system.

—The Pennsylvania Pretrial Justice system works with groups throughout Pennsylvania, making bail funds available and carrying on community release programs and experiments in community-based dispute resolution as an alternative to the courts. Its publication, *Pretrial Justice Quarterly*, has achieved nationwide circulation.

—The Justice Action Program of the New England Regional Office has developed model parole legislation and works with prisoner and ex-prisoner groups to assert the rights of prisoners.

—A Community Resource Center provides residential and community support and services for men leaving the Michigan City State Prison and also seeks to educate the wider public on

prison and justice issues.

—Coordinated Volunteers in Madison, Wisconsin, seeks to meet the short-term needs of people in jail. Creation of a Justice Center is planned.

—The Denver Justice Program provides information, counseling and services to the Chicano community of Denver, with a base in a community center.

—In Ann Arbor, Michigan, the Justice Program works on bail issues and has been instrumental in litigation questioning bail procedures and the basic constitutionality of money bail.

—The Criminal Justice Project in North Carolina is a summer, 1976, youth effort to educate a broad public about the case of the Wilmington 10 (see separate article in this issue), a case in which AFSC has joined in an amicus brief to support release of ten prisoners, nine black, one white, in what appears to be clear punishment for political dissent.

—Newark Criminal Justice Program provides transportation for families of prisoners to often-distant New Jersey prisons and has facilitated the organization of a group of families of prisoners to share information and support and to develop an agenda for changing the prisons.

—The New York Regional Office plans to initiate a program in East Harlem to provide services to youth in an effort to divert them from the juvenile justice system.

—In Northern and Southern California, Prison Moratorium Programs have built coalitions in many counties to oppose planned construction of prisons and to stimulate consideration and use of alternatives to incarceration.

—The Friends Intervention Service in Oakland, California, seeks to connect mentally ill offenders with appropriate services and to assist in their release from jail.

—The Seattle Justice Program is assisting in developing an organization controlled by prisoners and ex-prisoners to serve as advocate for their concerns and positions on corrections issues. The program is also pursuing implementation of the findings of last year's study on the crucial matter of parole procedures and policies. □



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Who Is Ministering To Whom?

Friends and Prisoners

IN VIRGINIA #1

by Carolyn Worrall

FOR SEVERAL years Quakers from seven Friends Meetings have been visiting with inmates at the Federal Prison in Petersburg, Virginia. Here is what a visit is like for one Friend.

It is Sunday, one o'clock, and a carload of Friends is on the last leg of its trip—a three-mile road that cuts through beautiful Tidewater Virginia landscape. The road ends abruptly at a watchtower, the first grim checkpoint of the federal prison. We announce our arrival through a microphone set by the sidewalk; and, by an answering loudspeaker, are allowed to pass to the main prison building. In the bleak waiting room one becomes aware of iron bars, guards, and an encroaching feeling of loss of identity.

There is a short wait until the Chaplain comes to escort us in, with numerous openings and closings of electrical doors. Inside the compound men are lying on the grass, playing ball and idling about. We approach a small square building that looks like an army barracks but carries the sign, "Chapel." It doubles as a movie theater. Neatly dressed Blacks are entering the ground floor level for a meeting of Islam. We ascend rickety wooden steps to an upstairs unadorned hallway. There is just room enough to accommodate sixteen assorted chairs pushed back against the walls.

It is a good feeling to mount the stairs and to anticipate greetings from the young men. They are as glad to see us as we them. Yet we are all a bit shy and tentative, not knowing what to expect. Where to sit? Somehow we find a chair, settle down and begin to look around at one another.

As Charlottesville Friends travel to Petersburg, we muse about what we would like to hear or say or learn, or ask or wonder about. By the time we have settled down and begin to introduce ourselves, some Friend will venture, "Coming down here today, I was wondering: What trait do you value most in fellow inmates?" Or, "What do you say, we each ask a question we'd like answered as we introduce ourselves?" Whatever the beginning, as our defenses fall genuine communication develops and we are drawn together.

Determination is the trait most admired in fellow prisoners—determination to move ahead despite a system which daily robs them of their self-respect and negates hopes and dreams. We speak of trust, and there is none. Yet, something moves the men toward Sunday meeting—perhaps a determination to seek something which transcends their present reality. I feel, in that room, an unspoken desire to trust others and to believe in oneself.

Some laughter and lightheartedness also develop. A few are led to speak of their past, or present problems and things they hold dear. Some of the men, especially newcomers, are shy and silent. They have come "just to listen."

About two o'clock one of the men reminds us it is time for worship. An inmate describes meeting for worship as it is for him and how he enters into the silence, so that the new attenders will know what to expect. Most feel at ease as silence begins to fill that small hallway, and we are not disturbed by the Muslims exhorting below.

Out of the stillness a hesitating voice responds to the urgings of his heart. On one visit an inmate stated that he wanted to know more about the objectives and purposes of "this religion." After a short pause and during worship, a young woman Friend rose and, moving about the circle with grace and dignity, embraced each worshipper. It was a beautiful and authentic encounter with the spirit of love and called forth that of worth in each of us. We were a gathered family.

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Consultants: Ross Roby, M.D.,
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Meeting ends. Our last minutes together are full of questions about Friends' principles, locations of meetings, addresses to exchange, memos to be noted. The Chaplain appears—overdue—it's nearly time for roll call. Will the men chance walking us back to the main building? (They do.) Goodbye. Goodbye. See you again soon. □

helped a great deal within this world we have to live in. I can put no value on a hand extended amidst the turmoil, which at times was overwhelming.

To those I am able to see again, it will be a very welcome sight. To those I don't meet again, I hope that you never underestimate the value of your little bit of sanity.

With much love,

Gary Alan Hendrix
34681-118

IN VIRGINIA # 2

Dear Friends,

For two years and eight months I have attended Quaker meetings at the Petersburg Federal Reformatory.

For me attendance started because of a lack of things to do and a counteridentification to the over four years of military ideology that I had been subjected to. Months later, it was still unthinkable that I could accept a religion that was basically Christian or consider such abstract ideas/concepts as nonviolence, non-sexual love, humanity, or non-superficial friendships as feasible.

The months became years. You never pushed God or your ideas/concepts on others, only explained them. At times the raps got very intense and very disturbing. We on the inside continued many of the discussions after meeting or through letters. What was especially perplexing was your lack of pat answers or dogma. Ask five Quakers one question and you get five answers! But I eventually found that if you look deeper, you will find that the motif is the same for most Friends. I don't think that it is coincidence that most Friends believe in what George Fox was saying in his "there is God in each of us," with the interpretation of the word God left up to the individual.

As the years went by I gradually learned to understand, cope with, and change some of my basic values. Most of this was largely due to the individuals I met on Sunday, both from the inside and out. I would have been unreceptive towards the Friends' subtle doctrine if you had pushed or been regimented. You do neither, and hence I was able to learn to grasp a reality that differs from that of the "Gun."

Now I leave what has become one of the most important parts of my life for another institution. To express thanks is an understatement. Many times the need of the worship serenity and calmness

IN TRENTON

Editor's note—A small group of Friends from meetings in Pennsylvania and New Jersey have been visiting and corresponding with persons in Trenton State Prison, a maximum security prison that is infamous as "the bottom of the barrel." Here are excerpts from writings by both Friends and prisoners about their experiences.

IN A LETTER dated December 7, 1975, Jerry Wright wrote to Hannah Hendrickson, a member of Crosswicks Meeting in New Jersey.

"All in all, Hannah, you have been my inspiration in holding on this long and I will continue to do so, to the very last if possible, and I want to say that if not for you there would be a lot of wrong moves on my part that would have put me in the hole or seven wing [a "management control unit" that amounts to solitary confinement]. But things definitely are worse. And the more they back us up to a wall the more they are making us realize that after a while there will be no place left for us to go and that means it will have to be forward, which will bring about a physical battle which none of us want at all. That's the reason why I have submitted so many letters to the Warden concerning the fact that I would like to be transferred to another prison where I could work for minimum status and the opportunity of working my way to getting paroled. It can't be done with the way things have been going on

in here and it is no doubt in my mind that sooner or later something more worse than what happened October 16 [when a small group of prisoners fought, resulting in the entire prison being totally locked up for weeks] will occur here and believe me I don't want to be here when it erupts."

On January 20, the headlines in the Trenton Times read "Jailbreak Foiled, 1 Dead, 4 Injured." Friends believe a more accurate headline would have read, "Suicide Attempt Successful," because John Clark, the black inmate who was shot and killed, must have known that no escape was possible. But conditions in Seven Wing, where prisoners were locked in cells twenty-four hours a day, had finally become intolerable.

TRENTON #2

I APPROACHED prison visiting with some misgivings. I was afraid mainly of the commitment that I would feel toward someone that I might want to desert after he had become dependent on me. However, I have long had a feeling of wanting to become involved in prison work. I feel we have shut away people and then forgotten them.

The whole problem of prisons is so vast, it is hard to see what to do to correct it.

But reducing the question to, "How will I spend my life?" reduces the problem to manageable size. I feel that visiting the prison is restoring something that we have lost of ourselves. I find that the time I spend with the friends I have made there is spent in conversations on a deeper level than most conversations on the outside, and some of the changes I have seen in them have been very gratifying.

Perhaps in a sense life has stopped for them, much as it does when someone dies and trivialities drop away. Anyone who is held back by a feeling they would not know what to talk about should be reassured by anyone who has visited.

A friendly visitor can do much for an inmate—like contacting families or lawyers. Many have little or no contact with the outside world, and sometimes it is just very difficult to get the simplest things accomplished.

Dorothy Eaton

TRENTON #3

I AM PRESENTLY serving a life sentence at New Jersey State Prison, Trenton, New Jersey, and I am confined to the Management Control Unit.

On December 2, 1975, I woke up and got ready to go to the mess hall. When the doors did not open at the usual time I asked the officer why. I was informed that the whole prison was locked in again. Later the officer came around and served me two sandwiches and cold coffee for breakfast. On December 5 I was wakened in the middle of the night when 20 to 25 officers were located outside of my cell. They told me to come out, and three officers with clubs and mace took me to Seven Wing. In the same manner I saw other prisoners taken to Seven Wing.

On or about December 10, my cell was searched and everything I had in glass containers was changed into plastic. The wood in the cell was taken, and any electric cords.

The first few weeks of this lockup I was not permitted any recreation. Now I am permitted to go to the yard about twice a week for an hour or two.

I am not fed the same amount of rations as when I was in the general prison population. The food is cold and uncovered when served.

I asked officers working in Seven Wing why I was transferred. They stated they did not know. I was never informed by anyone why I was transferred.

I am searched every time I leave my cell except when I take a shower. I receive a shower every second or third day, and at times every fourth day. I have been permitted to clean my cell once since I was locked up.

I am not permitted to receive counseling from the prison psychologist as directed by the New Jersey State Parole Board so that I may eventually receive parole. I also am not permitted to work to earn money, go to college, make telephone calls, or go to the prison store to order items, and money is taken out of my account without my receiving the items I do order.

Vasile Dovan
49793



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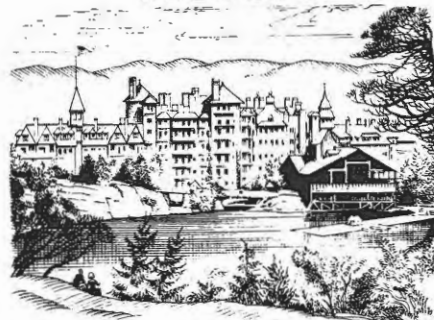
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Books and Publications

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

Free out-of-print book search service. Request details or send wants. Yellow House Books, East Chatham, NY 12060.

Metric System of weights and measures. The change is coming quickly of American adoption of the SYSTEM INTERNATIONAL. New Manual by Neil Holland, \$2.00 Ppd. PIKES ENTERPRISES, P.O. Box 5730, Pikesville, MD 21208.

"Iskra", bi-weekly publication of the Union of Spiritual Communities of Christ (Doukhobors). Russian, with Youth Section in English. \$10.00 per year. Write: "Iskra" Publication, Box 760, Grand Forks, B.C., Canada.

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Positions Vacant

Married couple to teach Spanish and be house parents for 8 students for one year. Write or call The Meeting School, Rindge, NH (603) 899-3366.

AFSC Staff Openings—In Philadelphia. Financial Analyst: Initiates compilation of AFSC budgets. Helps design and provides control of financial reporting. Prepares internal audit procedures. Qualifications—strong background in management accounting, budgeting, auditing experience, college level accounting education. In Israel, Director, Educational and Vocational Trng Prog for Mentally Retarded Children: Two year overseas assignment. Qualifications—training in mental retardation diagnosis and therapy, initiative and creativity to start new program and develop community involvement and support. **Contact John Borden**, American Friends Service Committee, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102; 215-241-7105.

Building coordinator needed for new hostel in Kansas. Do carpentry, painting and creative activities. Excellent for personal growth and spiritual retreat in peaceful rural setting. Must be resourceful and interested in ecology and humanistic psychology. Send resume. Nancy Hendricks, Route 1, Marion, Kansas 66861.

Positions Wanted

Retired Friend, counselor, M.S. in Counseling Psychology, wants employment one day per week, interviewing, individual or group counseling. Box M-683, Friends Journal.

Mature caretaker desires resident position: man/couple, experienced, meetinghouse, cemetery, school; references. Will relocate. 109 Mechanic Street, Doylestown, PA. 18901

Schools

The Meeting School, Rindge, New Hampshire 03461. A closely knit community and school committed to the development of each individual's potential. Coeducational, accredited by New England Association of Schools and Colleges. Grades 10-12. Students live in faculty homes sharing cooking, house cleaning, farm chores. Work-study programs—animal husbandry, horticulture, forestry. Ceramics—studio art—weaving.

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Meeting Announcements

Argentina

BUENOS AIRES—Worship and monthly meeting one Saturday of each month in Vicente Lopez, suburb of Buenos Aires. Phone: 791-5880.

Alabama

BIRMINGHAM—Unprogrammed Friends Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Sunday. For information phone Joe Jenkins, 879-7021 or 324-9888.

Alaska

FAIRBANKS—Unprogrammed worship, First-days, 9 a.m., Home Economics Lounge, third floor, Eielson Building, Univ. of Alaska. Phone: 479-6782.

Arizona

FLAGSTAFF—Unprogrammed meeting, 11 a.m., 402 S. Beaver, near Campus. Mary Campbell, Clerk, 310 E. Cherry Ave. Phone: 774-4298.

PHOENIX—1702 E. Glendale, Phoenix, 85020. Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. Olive Goodykoontz, clerk, 751 W. Detroit St., Chandler, 85224. 602-965-5684.

TEMPE—Unprogrammed, First-days 9:30 a.m., Danforth Chapel, ASU Campus. Phone: 967-3283.

TUCSON—Pima Friends Meeting (Intermountain Yearly Meeting), 739 E. 5th St. Worship 10 a.m. Helen Hintz, clerk. Phone: 889-0491.

California

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

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

DAVIS—Meetings for worship: 1st-day, 9:45 a.m.; 4th-day, 7 p.m., 345 L St. Visitors call 753-5924.

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

HAYWARD—Worship 10 a.m., 22502 Woodro St., 94541. Phone: 415-851-1543.

LA JOLLA—Meeting, 11 a.m., 7380 Eads Avenue. Visitors call 459-9800 or 459-6856.

LONG BEACH—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., Garden Room, Brethren Manor, 3333 Pacific. Call 434-1004 or 831-4066.

LOS ANGELES—Meeting, 11 a.m., 4167 So. Normandie. Visitors call 296-0733.

MALIBU—Worship 10 a.m. Phone: 213-457-3041.

MARIN—Worship 10 a.m., 1195 Tamalpais (at Mission), San Rafael, 383-5303.

MONTEREY PENINSULA—Friends meeting for worship, Sundays, 11 a.m. Call 375-3837 or 624-8821.

ORANGE COUNTY—Worship 10:30 a.m. University of California at Irvine (Univ. Club, Trailer T-1). Phone: 548-8082 or 552-7691.

PALO ALTO—Meeting for worship and First-day classes for children, 11 a.m., 957 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: 792-9218.

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

SACRAMENTO—YWCA 17th and L Sts. Meeting for worship Sunday 10 a.m.; discussion 11 a.m. Phone: 916-442-8768.

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

SAN FERNANDO—Family sharing 10 a.m. Unprogrammed worship, 10:20 a.m. 15056 Bledsoe St. Phone: 367-5288.

SAN FRANCISCO—Meeting for worship, First-days, 11 a.m., 2180 Lake St. Phone: 752-7440.

SAN JOSE—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. Discussion, 11 a.m. 1041 Morse Street.

SANTA BARBARA—591 Santa Rosa Lane, just off San Ysidro Rd., Montecito, (YMCA) 10:30 a.m.

SANTA CRUZ—Meeting for worship Sundays 10:30 a.m., YWCA, 303 Walnut St. Clerk: 408-427-2545.

SANTA MONICA—First-day school at 10, meeting at 11, 1440 Harvard St. Call 828-4089.

SONOMA COUNTY—Redwood Forest Meeting. Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. 840 Sonoma Ave., Santa Rosa. Clerk: 404-539-8544.

VISTA—Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m. Call 726-4437 or 724-4966. P.O. Box 1443, Vista 92083.

WESTWOOD—(West Los Angeles)—Meeting 10 a.m. University YWCA, 574 Hilgard (across from UCLA bus stop). Phone: 472-7950.

WHITTIER—Whitleaf Monthly Meeting, Administration Building, corner Painter and Philadelphia. Worship 9:30 a.m., P.O. Box 122. Phone: 698-7538.

Colorado

BOULDER—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.; First-day school, 11 a.m. Margaret Ostrow, 494-9453.

DENVER—Mountain View Friends Meeting, worship 10 to 11 a.m. Adult forum 11 to 12, 2280 South Columbine Street. Phone: 722-4125.

Connecticut

HARTFORD—Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m., 144 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford. Phone: 232-3631.

NEW HAVEN—Meeting, 9:45 a.m. Berkeley Center, 345 St. Ronan St. Phone 878-4721.

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

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 06870. Phone: 203-637-0645.

STORRS—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., corner North Eagleville and Hunting Lodge Roads. Phone: 429-4459.

WATERTOWN—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; 697-6642.

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

NEWARK—Worship, Sunday, 10 a.m., United Campus Ministry, 20 Orchard Rd. Phone: 368-1041.

ODESSA—Worship, first Sundays, 11 a.m.

REHOBOTH BEACH—Worship Sunday 10 a.m., 5 Pine Beach. Phone: 227-2888.

WILMINGTON—Alapocas, 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; 475-3060.

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., YWCA, 222 S. Lincoln Ave. Phone: 447-4907.

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

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

JACKSONVILLE—Meeting 10 a.m., YWCA. Phone contact 389-4345.

LAKE WALES—At Lake Walk-in-Water Heights. Worship, 11 a.m. Phone: 696-1380.

LAKE WORTH—Palm Beach Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 823 North A St. Phone: 585-8060 or 848-3148.

MELBOURNE—Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m. Discussion follows. Call 777-0418 or 724-1182 for information.

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MIAMI-CORAL GABLES—Meeting, 10 a.m., 1185 Sunset Road. Doris Emerson, clerk, 661-3868. AFSC Peace Center, 443-9836.

ORLANDO-WINTER PARK—Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 316 E. Marks St., Orlando 32803. Phone: 843-2631.

SARASOTA—Worship 11 a.m., American Red Cross Annex, 307 S. Orange Ave., Mary Margaret McAdoo, clerk. Phone: 355-2592.

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

Georgia

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

Hawaii

HONOLULU—Sundays, 2426 Oahu Avenue. 9:45, hymn sing; 10, worship and First-day school. Over-night inquiries welcomed. Phone: 968-2714.

Illinois

CARBONDALE—Unprogrammed worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m. Phone: 457-6542.

CHICAGO—57th Street. Worship, 11 a.m., 5815 Woodlawn. Monthly Meeting every first Friday, 7:30 p.m. Phone: BU 8-3066.

CHICAGO—Chicago Monthly Meeting, 10749 S. Artesian. Phones: HI 5-8949 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 664-1923.

CRETE—Thorn Creek meeting (Chicago south suburban) 10:30 a.m. 700 Eschwege. 312-481-8068.

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: 758-2561 or 758-1985.

DOWNERS GROVE—(west suburban Chicago)—Worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m., 5710 Lombard Ave. (3 blocks west of Belmont, 1 block south of Maple). Phone: 968-3861 or 852-9561.

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

LAKE FOREST—Worship 10:30 a.m. at Meeting House. West Old Elm and Ridge Rds. Mail: Box 95, Lake Forest 60045. Phone: 312-724-3875.

McNABB—Clear Creek Meeting. Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m., First-day school 10 a.m. Meeting house 2 miles south, 1 mile east of McNabb. Phone: 815-882-2381.

PEORIA-GALESBURG—Unprogrammed meeting 11 a.m. in Galesburg. Phone: 343-7097 or 245-2959 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. For information call 815-964-0716 (Peters).

URBANA-CHAMPAIGN—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m., 714 W. Green St., Urbana. Phone: 344-6510 or 367-0951.

Indiana

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

HQPEWELL—20 mi. W. Richmond; between I-70, US 40; I-70 exit Wilbur Wright Rd., 1 1/4 mi. S., 1 mi. W. Unprogrammed worship, 9:30, discussion, 10:30. Phone: 476-7214 or 987-7387.

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

RICHMOND—Clear Creek Meeting. Stout Memorial Meetinghouse, Earlham College. Unprogrammed worship, 9:15 a.m. Clerk, Howard Alexander, 966-5433. (June 20 - Sept. 19, 10 a.m.)

VALPARAISO—Worship, Sundays 10:30 a.m. AFSC, 8 N. Washington St. (926-3172 evenings).

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

Iowa

AMES—Meeting for worship 10:15 a.m. Forum 11:15 a.m. Frisbie House, 2330 Lincoln Way. For information and summer location call 292-2081. Welcome.

CEDAR RAPIDS—Unprogrammed meeting. For information and location, phone 364-0047.

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

DUBUQUE—Meetings in members' homes. Write: 1810 Grandview Ave. or phone: 556-3685.

IOWA CITY—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 11 a.m. Sunday. 311 N. Linn. Convener, Judy Gibson. Phone 319-351-1203.

MARSHALLTOWN—Unprogrammed meeting—welcome. Phone: 515-474-2354.

WEST BRANCH—Unprogrammed meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. Sunday. Meetinghouse at 317 N. 6th St. Sara Berquist, correspondent. Phone: 843-5639. Much love and sometimes coffee.

Kansas

WICHITA—University Friends Meeting, 1840 University Ave. Unprogrammed meeting, 8:45 a.m., First-day school 9:45 a.m. Meeting for worship 11 a.m. Jack Kirk and David Kingrey, ministers. Phone: 262-0471.

Kentucky

LEXINGTON—Unprogrammed worship and First-day school, 4 p.m. For information, call 266-2653.

LOUISVILLE—Meeting for worship, 5 p.m. on Sundays during summer through last Sunday in August.

Louisiana

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

NEW ORLEANS—Worship Sundays, 10 a.m., Presbyterian Student Center, 1122 Broadway. Phone: 822-3411 or 861-8022.

Maine

BAR HARBOR—Acadia meeting for worship in evening. Phone 288-5419 or 244-7113.

CAPE NEDDICK—Seacoast Meeting for Worship, Kuhnhouse, Cape Neddick. Labor Day through April at call of correspondent, Brenda Kuhn, 207-363-4139.

MID-COAST AREA—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 10 a.m. at Damariscotta library. Phone: 882-7107 or 586-8155 for information.

ORONO—Unprogrammed meeting, MCA Bldg., College Ave. Phone: 866-2198.

PORTLAND—Portland Friends Meeting. Riverton Section, Route 302. Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Phone: 773-6964 or 839-5551.

VASSALBORO QUARTERLY MEETING—You are cordially invited to attend Friends meetings or worship groups in the following Maine communities: Bar Harbor, Brooksville, Camden, Damariscotta, East Vassalboro, Industry, North Fairfield, Orono, South China and Winthrop Center. For information call 207-923-3078, or write Paul Cates, East Vassalboro, ME 04935.

Maryland

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

ANNAPOLIS—Worship, 11 a.m., former St. Paul's Chapel, Rt. 178 (General's Hwy.) and Crownsville Rd. P.O. Box 3142, Annapolis 21403. Clerk: Maureen Pyle. 301-267-7123.

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

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

COLUMBIA—A new meeting! 5 p.m. Phelps Luck Neighborhood Center. J. McAdoo, clerk, 5209 Elliot Oak Rd. 21044. Phone: 596-5212.

EASTON—Third Haven Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m. 405 South Washington St. Frank Zeigler, clerk, 834-2491; Lorraine Claggett, 822-0669.

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

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

Massachusetts

ACTON—Meeting for worship and First-day school, Sunday, 10 a.m., Donlan Hall, corner Massachusetts Ave., & Spruce St., W. Acton. (During summer in homes.) Clerk: John S. Barlow. Phone: 817-369-9299/263-5562.

AMHERST-NORTHAMPTON-GREENFIELD—Meeting for worship 11 a.m. First-day school 10 a.m. Mt. Toby Meetinghouse, Route 63 in Leverett. Phone: 253-9427.

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

CAMBRIDGE—5 Longfellow Park (near Harvard Square, just off Brattle St.) One meeting for worship 10 a.m. during summer beginning June 13 through September 12. Visitors welcome. Phone: 876-6883.

FRAMINGHAM—841 Edmands Rd. (2 mi. w. of Nobsco). Worship 10 a.m. during summer beginning June 13 through September 12. Visitors welcome. Phone: 877-0481.

LAWRENCE—45 Avon St., Bible School, 10 a.m., worship 11 a.m. Monthly meeting first Wednesday 7:30 p.m. Clerk: Mrs. Ruth Mellor, 189 Hampshire St., Methuen. Phone: 882-4677.

MARION—Sunday, 9:30 a.m. Art Center, corner Main and Pleasant. Phone: 748-1176.

NANTUCKET—Worship 10:45 a.m. Fair St. meetinghouse, June 20 through September 19. Phone: 228-9265.

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

WELLESLEY—Meeting for worship and Sunday school, 10:30 a.m. at 26 Benvenue Street. Phone: 237-0268.

WEST FALMOUTH, CAPE COD—Rt. 28A, meeting for worship, Sunday 11 a.m.

WESTPORT—Meeting Sunday, 10:45 a.m. Central Village. Clerk: J. K. Stewart Kirkaldy. Phone: 836-4711.

WORCESTER—Pleasant Street Friends Meeting and Worcester Monthly Meeting. First-day school 10 a.m.; unprogrammed meeting for worship 11 a.m. 901 Pleasant St. Phone: 754-3887. If no answer call 756-0276.

Michigan

ANN ARBOR—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.; adult discussion, 11:30 a.m. Meetinghouse, 1420 Hill St. Clerk: Thomas Taylor, 324 Hilldale Dr., 48105. Phone: 769-3354.

BIRMINGHAM—Phone: 646-7022.

DETROIT—Friends Church, 9640 Sorrento. Sunday school, 10 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m. Clerk: William Kirk, 16790 Stanmoor, Livonia 48154.

DETROIT—Meeting, Sunday, 10 a.m., 7th floor, University Center Bldg., Wayne State University. Correspondence: 4011 Norfolk, Detroit 48221. Phone: 341-9404

EAST LANSING—Worship and First-day school, Sunday 12:30 p.m., All Saints Church Library, 800 Abbott Road. Call 371-1754 or 351-3094.

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

KALAMAZOO—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.; discussion, 11 a.m., Friends Meeting House, 508 Denner. Call 349-1754.

Minnesota

MINNEAPOLIS—Unprogrammed meeting 9 a.m., First-day school 10 a.m., programmed meeting 11 a.m., W. 44th St. and York Ave. So. Phone: 926-6159.

ST. PAUL—Twin Cities Friends Meeting. Unprogrammed worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. Friends House, 295 Summit Ave. Phone: 222-3350.

Missouri

COLUMBIA—Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Ecumenical Center, 813 Maryland. Phone: 449-4311.

KANSAS CITY—Penn Valley Meeting, 4405 Gillham Rd., 10 a.m. Call 816-931-5256.

ROLLA—Preparative Meeting. Sundays, 6:30 p.m., Elkins Church Education Bldg., First & Elm Sts.

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

Nebraska

LINCOLN—3319 S. 48th. Phone: 488-4178. Sunday schools, 10 a.m., worship 11.

Nevada

LAS VEGAS—Paradise Meeting: worship 11 a.m. 3451 Middlebury, 458-5817 or 565-8442.

RENO—Meeting for worship 10 a.m. October-May, 9 a.m. June-September. Friends House, 560 Cranleigh Dr., Reno 89512. Phone: 323-1302.

New Hampshire

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

DOVER MONTHLY MEETING

DOVER MEETING—141 Central Ave., Dover. Unprogrammed worship 10:30. Sharing at noon. Anna C. Stabler, clerk. Phone: 603-868-2594.

GONIC MEETING—Maple St., Gonic. Programmed worship 10:30 except Jan. and Feb. Edith H. Teague, clerk. Phone: 603-332-5478.

WEST EPPING ALLOWED MEETING—Friends St., West Epping. Worship 1st & 3rd Sundays at 10:30. Fritz Bell, clerk. Phone: 603-895-2437.

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

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

New Jersey

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

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

CAPE MAY BEACH—Meeting (under care of Seaville Meeting), Grant St. Jetty, Sundays 9 a.m. July 4-Sept. 5.

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

CROSSWICKS—Meeting and First-day school, 10 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 Bridgeton. First-day school 10:30 a.m., meeting for worship 11:30 a.m. Visitors welcome.

HADDONFIELD—Friends Ave. and Lake St. Worship, 10 a.m. First-day school follows, except summer. Babysitting provided during both. Phone: 428-6242 or 227-8210.

MANASQUAN—First-day school 10 a.m., meeting 11:15 a.m., Rt. 35 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: 609-468-5359 or 423-0300.

MONTCLAIR—Park St. and Gordonhurst Ave. Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m. except July and August, 10 a.m. Phone: 201-744-8320. Visitors welcome.

MOORESTOWN—Main St. at Chester Ave. Sunday school 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—Meeting for worship 11 a.m. Main Street.

NEW BRUNSWICK—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. Quaker House, 33 Remsen Ave. Phone: 463-9271.

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

PRINCETON—Meeting for worship, 9:30 and 11 a.m. First-day school, 11 a.m. Oct.-May. Quaker Rd. near Mercer St. Phone: 609-924-3637.

QUAKERTOWN—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10:30 a.m. Clerk: Douglas W. Meaker, Box 464, Milford 08848. Phone: 201-995-2278.

RANOCAS—First-day school, 10 a.m., meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

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

SALEM—Meeting for worship 11 a.m. First-day school 9:45 a.m. East Broadway.

SEAVILLE—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Main Shore Rd., Rt. 9, Cape May County. Visitors welcome.

SHREWSBURY—First-day school, 11 a.m., meeting for worship, 11 a.m. (July, August, 10 a.m.) Route 35 and Sycamore. Phone: 741-0141 or 871-2651.

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

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

WESTFIELD—Friends Meeting Rt. 130 at Riverton-Moorestown Rd., Cinnaminson. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

WOODSTOWN—First-day school, 9:45 a.m. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. N. Main St. Phone: 769-1836.

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: 863-4697 or 863-6725.

SANTA FE—Meeting Sundays, 11 a.m., Olive Rush Studio, 630 Canyon Road. Lella Smith Candea, 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 Sts.

AUBURN—Unprogrammed meeting, 1 p.m. 7th-day, worship. By appointment only. Auburn Prison, 135 State St., Auburn, NY 13021. Requests must be processed through Phyllis Rantaneu, coordinator, 21 N. Main St., Moravia, NY 13118. Phone: 315-497-9540.

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: 212-777-8866 (Mon.-Fri. 9-5).

BUFFALO—Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m., 72 N. Parade. Phone: TX 2-8845.

CHAPPAQUA—Quaker Road (Route 120). Meeting for worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. Phone: 914-238-9894. Clerk: 914-628-8127.

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

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

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

GRAHAMSVILLE-Catskill (formerly Greenfield-Neversink). 10:30 a.m. During winter call 292-8167.

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

HUDSON—Meeting for worship 10 a.m., Union St. between 3rd and 4th Sts. Margarita G. Moesch, clerk. Phone: 518-943-4105.

ITHACA—10 a.m., worship, First-day school, nursery: Anabel Taylor Hall, Sept.-May. Phone: 256-4214.

LONG ISLAND (Queens, Nassau, Suffolk Counties)—Unprogrammed meetings for worship, 11 a.m. First-days, unless otherwise noted.

FARMINGDALE-BETHPAGE—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-LLOYD HARBOR—10:30 a.m., followed by discussion and simple lunch. Friends World College, Plover Lane. Phone: 516-423-3672.

JERICHO—Old Jericho Tpke., off Rt. 25, just east of intersection with Rts. 106 and 107.

LOCUST VALLEY-MATINECOCK—Duck Pond and Piping Rock Rds.

MANHASSET—Northern Blvd. at Shelter Rock Rd. First-day school 9:45 a.m.

ST. JAMES-CONSCIENCE BAY—W. of 50 Acre Rd. near Moriches Rd. First-day school 11:15 a.m. Phone: 516-751-2048.

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

SOUTHOLD—Colonial Village Recreation Room, Main St.

WESTBURY—550 Post Ave., just south of Jericho Tpke., at Exit 32-N, Northern State Pkwy. Phone: 516-ED 3-3178.

MT. KISCO—Meeting for worship and First-day school 11 a.m. Meetinghouse Road.

NEW PALTZ—Meeting 10:30 a.m. First National Bank Bldg., 191 Main St. Phone: 225-7532.

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

2 Washington St. N.
Earl Hall, Columbia University

110 Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn

Phone 212-777-8866 (Mon.-Fri. 9-5) about First-day schools, monthly meetings, information.

ONEONTA—10:30 a.m. worship; babysitting available, 11 Ford Ave. Phone: 746-2844

ORCHARD PARK—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. East Quaker St. at Freeman Rd. Phone: 662-3105.

POUGHKEEPSIE—249 Hooker Ave. Phone: 454-2870. Unprogrammed meeting, 9:15 a.m.; meeting school, 10:15 a.m.; programmed meeting, 11:15 a.m. (Summer worship, 10 a.m.).

PURCHASE—Purchase St. (Rt. 120) at Lake St. First-day school, 10:45 a.m.; meeting, 11 a.m. Clerk: Maryanne Lockyer, Sunset Dr., Thornwood, NY 10594. Phone: 914-789-4494.

QUAKER STREET—Unprogrammed. 11 a.m. Sundays from mid-April to mid-October, in the meetinghouse in Quaker Street village, Rt. 7, south of US Rt. 20. For winter meetings call clerk, Joel Fleck, 518-895-2034.

ROCHESTER—Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m. Sept. 7 to June 14; 10 a.m. June 15 to Sept. 6. 41 Westminster Rd.

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

RYE—Milton Rd., one-half mile south of Playland Parkway, Sundays, 10:30 a.m.

SCARSDALE—Meeting for worship July 4th through Sept. 5th, 10 a.m. Meeting for worship 11 a.m. beginning Sept. 12th. First-day school 11 a.m. beginning Sept. 26th, 133 Popham Rd. Clerk: Harold A. Nomer, 131 Huntley Dr., Ardsley 10502.

SCHENECTADY—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Union College Day Care Center, 856 Nott St. Jeanne Schwarz, clerk, Galway, NJ 12074.

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

North Carolina

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

CHAPEL HILL—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Clerk: Robert Gwyn, phone 929-3458.

CHARLOTTE—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. First-day school, 11 a.m. 2327 Remount Rd. Phone: 704-399-8465 or 537-5450.

DURHAM—Meeting 10:30 at 404 Alexander Ave. Contact David Smith, 688-4486, or John Stratton, 383-5371.

FAYETTEVILLE—Meeting 1 p.m., Quaker House, 223 Hillside 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 a.m.; church school 9:45 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Hiram H. Hilly, clerk; David W. Bills, pastor.

RALEIGH—Unprogrammed meeting 10 a.m., 120 Woodburn Rd. Clerk: Nancy Routh, 834-2223.

WINSTON-SALEM—Unprogrammed worship in Friends' homes, Sundays, 11 a.m. Call Jane Stevenson, 919-723-4528.

WOODLAND—Cedar Grove Meeting. Sabbath school, 10 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Janie O. Sams, clerk.

North Dakota

BISMARCK—Unprogrammed worship, 9:45 a.m. Discussion 9 a.m. 1824 Catherine Dr., 58501. Call Joanne Spears, 701-258-1899.

Ohio

AKRON—Meeting for worship, Fairlawn Civic Center, 2074 W. Market St., Sundays 7:30 p.m. Phone: 253-7151 or 335-0593.

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

CINCINNATI—Community Meeting (United) FGC and FUM—Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m., 3960 Winding Way, 45229. Phone: 513-861-4353. Marion Bromley, clerk, 513-563-8073.

CLEVELAND—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m., 10916 Magnolia Dr., 791-2220.

DAYTON—Unprogrammed worship, FGC, 11:30 a.m., 1304 Harvard. Clerk: Marjorie Smith, 513-278-4015.

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

FINDLAY-BOWLING GREEN AREA—F.G.C. Contact Joe Davis, clerk, 422-7668, 1731 S. Main St., Findlay.

HUDSON—Unprogrammed Friends Meeting for worship, Sunday 4 p.m. at The Old Church on the Green, 1 East Main St., Hudson. 216-653-9585.

KENT—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10:30 a.m., 1195 Fairchild Ave. Phone: 673-5338.

N. COLUMBUS—Unprogrammed meeting. 10 a.m. 1954 Indianola Ave. Call Cophine Crozman, 846-4472, or Roger Warren, 486-4949.

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

TOLEDO—Allowed meeting. Meetings irregular, on call. Visitors contact Jan Suter, 893-3174, or Alice Nauts, 475-5828.

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

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

WOOSTER—Unprogrammed meeting and First-day school, 10:30 a.m., SW corner College and Pine Sts. Phone: 264-8661.

YELLOW SPRINGS—Unprogrammed worship, FGC, 11 a.m., Rockford Meetinghouse, President St. (Antioch campus). Co-clerks: Ken and Peg Champney, 513-767-1311.

Oregon

PORTLAND—Multnomah Monthly Meeting, 4312 S.E. Stark St. Worship 10 a.m., discussions 11 a.m. Same address, AFSC. Phone: 235-8954.

Pennsylvania

ABINGTON—Meetinghouse Rd./Greenwood Ave., Jenkintown. (East of York Rd., north of Philadelphia.) First-day school, 10 a.m.; worship, 11:15 a.m. Child cars. Phone: TU 4-2865.

BIRMINGHAM—1245 Birmingham Rd. S. of West Chester on Rt. 202 to Rt. 926, turn W. to Birmingham 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: 757-7130.

CHELTENHAM—See Philadelphia listing.

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

CONCORD—At Concordville, on Concord Rd. one block south of Rt. 1. First-day school 10 a.m.-11:15 a.m. except summer. Meeting for worship 11:15 a.m. to 12.

DOLINGTON-MAKESFIELD—East of Dolington on Mt. Eyre Rd. Meeting for worship 11-11:30 a.m. First-day school 11:30-12:30.

DOWNINGTOWN—800 E. Lancaster Ave. (south side old Rt. 30, ½ mile east of town). First-day school (except summer months), and worship, 10:30 a.m. Phone: 269-2899.

DOYLESTOWN—East Oakland Ave. Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. Also worship, 9:30 a.m. at Plumstead meeting, Ferry Rd., during August.

EXETER—Worship, 10:30 a.m., Meetinghouse Rd. off 562, 1 and 6/10 miles W. of 662 and 562 intersection at Yellow House.

FALLSINGTON (Bucks County)—Falls Meeting, Main St. First-day school 10 a.m., meeting for worship, 11 a.m. No First-day school on first First-day of each month. Five miles from Pennsylvania, 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 Rt. 352 and Paoli Pike. First-day school, 10:30 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m.

GWYNEDD—Sumneytown Pike and Rt. 202. First-day school, 10 a.m., except summer. Meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m.

HARRISBURG—Sixth and Herr Sts. Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Forum, 11 a.m.

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

HAVERTOWN—Old Haverford Meeting. East Eagle Rd. at Saint Dennis Lane, Havertown. First-day school 10 a.m., meeting for worship 11 a.m.

HORSHAM—Rt. 611. 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.

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

LEHIGH VALLEY-BETHLEHEM—On Rt. 512 ½ mile north of Rt. 22. Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m.

LEWISBURG—Vaughan Literatures Bldg. Library, Bucknell U. Worship, 11 a.m. Sundays, Sept. through May. Clerk: Ruby E. Cooper, 717-523-0391.

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

MEDIA—Providence Meeting, Providence Rd., Media, 15 miles west of Philadelphia. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

MERION—Meetinghouse Lane at Montgomery. Meeting for worship 11 a.m., First-day school 10:30. Adult class 10:20. Babysitting 10:15.

MIDDLETOWN—Delaware County, Rt. 352 N. of Lima. Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m.

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

MILLVILLE—Main St. Worship 10 a.m., First-day school 11 a.m. A. F. Solenberger, 784-0267. Dean Gorton, clerk, 458-6161.

MUNCY AT PENNSDALE—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Ann Kimura, clerk. Phone: 717-998-2462 or 717-323-5498.

NEWTOWN—Bucks County, 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.

OXFORD—260 S. 3rd St. First-day school 9:45 a.m., meeting for worship 11 a.m. Edwin F. Kirk, Jr., clerk. Phone 215-593-6795.

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

Byberry, one mile east of Roosevelt Boulevard at Southampton Rd., 11 a.m.

Central Philadelphia, 15th and Race Sts.

Cheltenham, Jeanes Hospital grounds, Fox Chase.

Chestnut Hill, 100 Mermaid Lane.

Fair Hill, Germantown and Cambria. Annual meeting, 10:15, second First-day in Tenth Month.

Fourth and Arch Sts. First- and Fifth-days.

Frankford, Penn and Orthodox Sts., 11 a.m.

Frankford, Unity and Wain Sts., 11 a.m.

Germantown Meeting, Coulter St. and Germantown Ave.

Green Street Meeting, 45 W. School House Lane.

PHOENIXVILLE—Schuylkill Meeting. East of Phoenixville and north of junction of Whitehorse Rd. and Rt. 23. Worship, 10 a.m.. Forum, 11:15 a.m.

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

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

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

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

READING—First-day school, 10 a.m., meeting 11 a.m. 108 North Sixth St.

READING—Maiden Creek Friends Meeting. East of Rt. 61 ten miles north of Reading. Turn east at Leesport on Shackamaxon St. Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., June 20 to Sept. 5. Phone: 215-926-5591.

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

SOUTHAMPTON (Bucks County)—Street and Gravel Hill Rds. First-day school 9:45, worship 10:30 a.m. Clerk's phone: 357-3857.

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

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

SUMNEYTOWN- PENNSBURG AREA—Unami Monthly Meeting meets 1st, 3rd, and 5th First-days at 11 a.m., 2nd and 4th First-days at 5 p.m. Meetinghouse at 5th and Macoby Sts., Pennsburg. Phone: 679-7942.

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

UNIONTOWN—R.D. 4, New Salem Rd., off Rt. 40, West. Worship, 11 a.m. Phone: 437-5936.

UPPER DUBLIN—Ft. Washington Ave. and Meetinghouse Rd., near Ambler. Worship and First-day school, 11 a.m.

VALLEY—West of King of Prussia, on old Rt. 202 and Old Eagle School Rd. Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. First-day school and forum (Sept. through May), 11 a.m.

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

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

WILKES-BARRE—North Branch Monthly Meeting. Wyoming Seminary Day School, 1560 Wyoming Ave., Forty-fort. Sunday school, 10:15 a.m., meeting, 11 a.m., through May.

WILLISTOWN—Goshen and Warren Rds., Newtown Square, R.D. 1. Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Forum, 11 a.m.

WRIGHTSTOWN—First-day school, 9:30 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m. Rt. 413.

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

YORK—135 W. Philadelphia St. Meeting for worship 11 a.m. First-days.

Rhode Island

NEWPORT—In the restored meetinghouse, 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 Olney St. Meeting for worship 11 a.m. each First-day.

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

South Carolina

COLUMBIA—Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m., 3203 Bratton St. Phone: 799-8471.

South Dakota

SIOUX FALLS—Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m., 2300 S. Summit, 57105. Phone: 605-334-7894.

Tennessee

CHATTANOOGA—Worship 10:30, forum 11:30, Second Mile, 516 Vine St. Larry Ingle, 629-5914.

NASHVILLE—Meeting and First-day school, Sundays, 10 a.m., 2804 Acklen Ave. Clerk: Bob Lough. Phone: 615-269-0225.

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

Texas

AUSTIN—Worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. Forum, 10 a.m., 3014 Washington Square. GL 2-1841. Otto Hofmann, clerk, 442-2238.

DALLAS—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., Park North YWCA, 4434 W. Northwest Highway. Clerk: Terry Vaughn, 2119 Poppy Lane. Phone: 214-235-2710.

DENTON—N. Texas. Evening worship. Every other Sunday 4-6 p.m. worship and potluck supper. Campus Ministries Bldg., Texas Women's University. Call 807-382-1200 for information.

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

HOUSTON—Live Oak Meeting. Worship and First-day school, Sundays 10:30 a.m., 1540 Sul Ross. Clerk: Ruth W. Marsh. Information: 729-3756.

SAN ANTONIO—Unprogrammed meeting for worship, 11 a.m., first and third Sundays, Central YWCA. Phone: 732-2740.

Utah

LOGAN—Meeting 10:30 a.m. Cache Library, 90 N. 100 E. Phone: 752-2702.

OGDEN—Sundays 11 a.m., Mattie Harris Hall, 525 27th. Phone: 399-5895.

SALT LAKE CITY—11 a.m. unprogrammed meeting, 232 University, 84101. Phone: 801-582-6703.

Vermont

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

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

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

PLAINFIELD—Worship 10:30 a.m. Sunday. Phone Gilson, Danville, 802-684-2261 or Lowe, Montpelier, 802-223-3742.

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

Virginia

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

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

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

RICHMOND—First-day school, 10 a.m., worship 11 a.m., 4500 Kensington Ave. Phone: 262-9062. June-August, worship 10 a.m.

ROANOKE-BLACKSBURG—Galen Kline, clerk, 1245 Chestnut Dr., Christiansburg 24073. Phone: 703-382-8728.

WINCHESTER—Centra Meeting, 203 North Washington. Worship, 10:15 a.m. Phone: 667-8497 or 667-0500.

Washington

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

TACOMA—Tacoma Friends Meeting, 3019 N. 21st St. Unprogrammed worship 10:30 a.m., First-day discussion 11:30. Phone: 759-1910.

West Virginia

CHARLESTON—Worship, Sundays, 9:30-10:30 a.m., YWCA, 1114 Quarrier St. Pam Callard, clerk. Phone: 342-8838 for information.

Wisconsin

BELOIT—See Rockford, Illinois.

GREEN BAY—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 12 noon. Phone Sheila Thomas, 336-0988.

KICKAPOO VALLEY—Worship 10 a.m. Write Stromquists, R. 1, Eastman. Phone: 608-874-4432.

MADISON—Sunday, 11 a.m., Friends House, 2002 Monroe St., 256-2249; and 11:15, Yahara Allowed Meeting, 619 Riverside Dr., 249-7255.

MILWAUKEE—10 a.m., YWCA, 610 N. Jackson (Rm. 406). Phone: 278-0650 or 982-2100.

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

WAUSAU—Meetings in members' homes. Write 3320 N. 11th or phone 842-1130.

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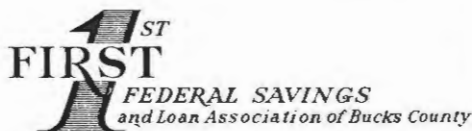
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