'Tis a gift to be simple,  
'Tis a gift to be free,  
'Tis a gift to come down  
Where we ought to be...  

Old Shaker Song
What Can One Believe?

by Lincoln Ellison

Only recently found, this letter to his four young daughters was Lincoln Ellison's attempt to explain his belief in God, the nature of that God, and the evidence for his belief. It was written in 1952, but was never finished. An excerpt is printed here.

E verywhere one looks one sees orderliness in nature. The earth turns at a certain rate so that sun, moon, and stars seem to rise and set, but always regularly; and the seasons change, autumn following summer, winter following autumn, spring following winter, and summer following spring. People go through a regular cycle from infancy to old age; animals and plants have characteristic cycles which happen in generation after generation. If one looks at one's arm and fingers one is reminded of a wonderful mechanism for doing all sorts of things: humankind has made many marvelous machines, but none so marvelous as this. If we look at a branch with leaves and flowers, we see order and symmetry. If we take a microscope and look at a bit of tissue, we find a whole new world of wonder and beauty in the arrangement and structure of the cells. Do I need to go on and describe the latticework models of molecules by which scientists visualize the structure of a cell wall or a bit of chromatin? The same would hold for the structure of the atom—much too small to see—which is supposed to resemble the solar system, with the planets revolving around the sun, and moons revolving around the various planets—much too
big to see. And there are even grander manifestations of order in the arrangement of entire solar systems into still larger units in a space so vast that the human mind can hardly think of it.

There is an order of arrangement in all these things, but there are other kinds of order, too. I mentioned the arm and fingers just to call attention to one part of the body, but consider what a marvelous mechanism the whole body is. Consider first how it grows, from the union of a sperm and an ovum; certain types of cells are cut off to form certain tissues and organs in the embryo. How is it that certain cells go to work multiplying to become skin tissue, others to become nerves, others to become muscles, others to become bone, and so on? Nobody seems to be supervising the job; these various little cells, little microscopic boxes with a kind of jelly in them, seem to know what to do without being told.

By the time the baby is old enough to live outside its mother, it has a whole set of tools for getting along—eyes, nose, fingers, and so on—and, though it doesn’t know how to use these tools, still they are there, ready for the infant when it is ready for them. And, continuing to grow, the child takes in food and voids waste material, his or her body, by some marvelous chemistry, taking the useful part of the food to continue the work of building tissues, making more cells, and growing stronger every day. Even while the child sleeps, the cells of the body are at work, repairing damaged tissue, building new tissue, making ready for tomorrow. If a finger is cut or a knee bruised, new kinds of cells get on the job, blocking out disease germs from the outside, removing broken bits of tissue and knitting new and stronger tissue into place. Think, too, of the baby’s growth in being able to see and feel things, of learning to smile when happy and cry when not, and of how quickly the intelligence begins to work. In growing through childhood the senses and intelligence develop through a regular pattern, much the same in all children.

I have not listed all the kinds of order there are—have not begun to list them all, even if I knew and understood them—but I hope I have listed enough so that your own knowledge can pick up the theme and carry it on. I should say that my own scientific work has shown me levels of order in the way communities change, and the way plant communities and soils are related. From this I infer that the order reported by other scientists—in astronomy and chemistry, for example—is probably much more profound and magnificent than can be told readily by one person to another.

This order either bespeaks an Orderer—God—or some quality of orderliness in things themselves. Call that God, if you will. One must have a name of some sort for it, and the name “God” is more appropriate than any other, in my opinion. The sort of God that I believe in therefore exists in all things—in a grain of salt, in a stick of wood, in a worm, a fox, a person. God exists in more than things alone, existing also in processes, in the dissolving

Lincoln Ellison was a plant ecologist in Australia. He was killed by an avalanche while cross-country skiing in 1958. An attendant at Salt Lake City (UT) Meeting for several years, he served as clerk for two years.
of the grain of salt in water, in the growing of the stick of wood or its turning into humus decaying on the forest floor, or into ashes as the wood is burned by fire; existing in the growing of the worm, fox, and person, both in physical and in such mental or spiritual growth of which each is capable, and then in their growing old, dying, and decaying. But God exists outside of things, too—in the evolution of simple organisms to complex organisms, in the balance of forces that exists throughout the universe. This is a pretty inclusive sort of God, I admit, but to me, the Divine Spirit is more inclusive, more comprehensive, than any outline I can sketch or even think of. It is this sort of belief which leads to reverence for all created things and a recognition of their beauty. But it is a very inclusive sort of belief, spreading so widely and including so much that we may lose sight of the very thing we are after.

I think we have to return to people themselves. This person may be interested in astronomy and see God in the patterns of the stars; that person may be interested in botany and see God in the structure of flowers; another may grow cattle and may see God in their growth and behavior, in the beauty of the range; and so on. But we all must deal with other people, and it seems particularly important that we recognize that of God in them and learn to live with them. There is a danger in restricting our view to humans and talking about God only in relation to them, and this danger is that we may seem to limit God to our own small size. No matter how much we may talk about ourselves, we must not fall into this error. If God exists in every cell and atom in the human body, in every tissue and fiber, in every nerve and muscle, this is equally true of all other animals: God exists there, too. If Deity exists in human intelligence, it also exists in the intelligence of a dog or a horse, or any other animal that has a brain. So humans shouldn’t vaunt themselves too greatly.

Nevertheless, we as humans have been greatly favored. We have been endowed with more intelligence than any other animal. There is a very great gap in this respect between us and other animals, and one would think that we would be able to get much more from the experience of living than other animals can. We get more, no doubt, but perhaps not as much more as our much greater gift of intelligence would seem to warrant. Furthermore, humans have a sense of values, notions of right and wrong, a conscience, an apprehension of God—in a word, humans are moral beings. I do not think other animals can make this claim, though here I am on shaky ground, not knowing what animals may think or believe. It is not really necessary to draw a hard and fast distinction between humans and other animals in this way, but let us let the matter rest as a tentative distinction. My main point is that we have been very greatly favored, and I think we should appreciate this, for it bears on the question as to how we should live.

If we have been given greater gifts, it follows, I think, that more is expected of us. It is well enough for a dog to snarl if another dog comes close while he is eating. This is part of its nature—to fight for food. We have it in our nature, too, for we have had to struggle against starvation, and in parts of the world we are struggling against starvation today. But however necessary food is to survival, we must not forget that other things are important, too. To neglect them is to become no better than other animals. Humankind has to have bread to live, but we live by more than bread alone. What is this "more" that we live by?

Each of us can truthfully say that God lives in us, not only in the physical organization of our bodies, in the accuracy of our sensing the outside world, and our ability to think about it, but in our moral sense and our impulses to do the generous and noble thing. Each of us can also say truthfully that we sometimes have an awareness of something greater than ourselves, that we catch glimpses of an Inward Light or hear echoes of a still, small voice which provide us inspiration and direction. If we make time to watch and listen, to "Be still and know that I am God," (as the Psalm said that I read at the table this morning), we become more sensitive and more frequently aware of God; and it follows that we are able to live more wisely and more nearly in accordance with the divine will.

If I have these experiences, does not the next person also? Of course! We all have them, but for some strange reason we don’t let other people know about them. The people we call "enemies" are people very much like us; they have these experiences, these impulses to do the right
thing, too; but of course, they don’t let us know about them any more than we let them know. Instead, we snarl at each other, like dogs over their food, and, as with dogs, this snarling is often occasioned more by habit than by need.

It is because of the existence of much that is good in all persons, which I have been identifying with God, that Jesus told us to love our enemies—that is, to appeal to the good that is in them, their human nature rather than their animal nature. This plan has been tried, and it works. We can prove it for ourselves. George Fox put the idea into other words: “Walk cheerfully over the earth, answering to that of God in every [person].” Brave words, which should help us all to live more bravely.

We need courage in these troubled days, a faith to live by. Well, this that I have been outlining is the kind of faith I have. It is not something one can assert once and be done with; it is something that must be seen again and again, discovered and rediscovered. We make good resolutions and forget them in the hurry and bustle of every day; suddenly we realize that we missed a golden opportunity to “answer that of God” in someone, and all we can do is resolve to do better next time and be more alert to seize the chance when it comes.

LOREN COREY EISELEY (1907-1977)

Out of the land of the void you came
Into a world of silence, of large emptiness
Swept by harsh prairie winds, full of hauntings
By man and not-man, echoes of speech
and half-speech,
The darkness which pressed by night
and the awesome
Crackling of stars in an endless sky.

Slowly, slowly, out from the heavy silences
Came voices singing strange cadences,
Voices from the dim past and the dimmer
Ages to come, claiming you as their brother,
A fellow-voyager on cosmic journeys
Through sidereal time, all life linked together
By a fragile cord, the tenuous thread of becoming.

And a Presence said, “Write!” Obedient, you
charted the pathways
Wavering through obscurity.
Not by the light of a certain luminary,
But by the glimmering of an inner candle,
The unfailing flame of your longing heart.

Thus all who would cross the boundary
Into the magic circle of your kin
Claim anew their old birthright, hold hands
with primordial creatures
Peering through tangles of black hair,
Gaze into coyote eyes, are brushed lightly
by bat wings,
Listen with ear laid close to the desert sand
To the sigh of a rock as it cools at evening.

A rift opens suddenly in space-time,
and you are gone,
Vanished into a wider landscape, a purer air.
Surely the clouds are lifting for you and larger suns
Beckon from the abyss. We who are left
Peer through the mist, calling along shafts of light.
“Is there singing out there?”

Winifred Rawlins
July 1977
UNTITLED

The old year, leafless now
And freezing in bare valleys
Is rushing to its wintry end.
Yet will it pause
When at the day of Christmas
The cymbals sound
And the waxing sun
Foretells rebirth of spring.

We too will pause at Christmas,
But the light of Bethlehem
Is waning among us
And the words of Holy Writ
Are as forgotten tongues
Of mystery.

Whoever can hear the call
And heed it
Will be reborn
Into a new morning and walk
To friend and foe
Over the perilous bridge of love.

Walter O. Jahrreiss

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Walter O. Jahrreiss
Christmas Morning

Words by Carol Willis
Music by Ross Flanagan

It's winter and light is alive on the Earth. Wake up! It's Christmas morning. Starlight and firelight and sunlight give birth. Wake up! the Christ child's aborning. He's man and she's woman, he's old and he's young, he's Buddhist and Christian and Jew. She's wealthy, she's poor and she's black and she's white. And, oh yes, the Christ child is you.

Sisters and brothers, whatever your sleep,
Wake up! its Christmas morning;
Bring with you dreams for the daylight to keep.
Wake up! the Christ Child's aborning.

Jesus was good and he lived long ago.
Wake up! it's Christmas morning.
You are good, too, and are living now,
so—Wake up! the Christ child's aborning.

NATIVITY

"And Mary goes here,
And the cow goes here,
And baby Jesus
On his birthday."

Small fingers move the painted figures
In the age-old patterns.
Retelling.

I smile that he, too, loves the creche-play,
Dearest story of each year.
Let him someday understand, though,
That the story—
Long ago, far away,
Is here and now and new,
And embodies
Every child,
Every life.
He is young, and a bit frightened, and trying hard not to show it. It is as if he cannot get comfortable, cannot bear to look at me, cannot stop his hands from picking up first a sheet of paper, then the ashtray next to him on my desk, then a book.

I ask his name, his address, and where he is stationed, noting his responses as fast as I can. Then I suggest, as I usually do, that he tell me what his problem is.

The words come out in a rush, in that strange mixture of military alphabet soup and street language common to many enlisted people. GITMO, Med Cruise, MARGE, TOY, XO—I can't follow it all, he is speaking so fast and with such assurance in a speech totally foreign to my civilian mind. I have to stop to translate even now, when I have heard this language a hundred times or more.

But his problem is clear: it is the Navy. He has been in a little over a year, and three months ago he decided he couldn't take it any more. So he left. He is back now—he turned himself in two weeks ago—and facing court-martial. He doesn't know when, or what level, or how much he might be punished. At the moment he is waiting.

He has been here before, but it was after office hours, and the one person in the office could only talk with him briefly and give him some literature. The literature makes things easier: he knows how he might get a discharge, and we can quickly eliminate the ones that don't apply.

Robert Seeley is editor, writer, counselor, typist and visionary for the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors. A member of Plymouth (PA) Meeting, he has worked with AFSC and VISA.

I ask about his family, his medical problems, his military record, and whether he has any psychological problems. Nothing worth pursuing.

His enlistment was the usual story: he signed up on Delayed Enlistment while he was in high school, took a summer to go to California, and came when the Navy called. The recruiter promised him trips around the world, good pay, an exciting life, and training in nuclear power if he qualified. He didn't qualify. Now he is a cook.

Did he have a criminal record, I ask? Nothing. He grew up in a rough neighborhood, but he usually kept out of trouble. Once he was in a car where the police found some hashish, but the charges were dropped.

Did he use drugs? Not to speak of—once in awhile he experimented, nothing stronger than hashish. But he didn't tell the recruiter about it.

I am searching, almost desperately, for a way to keep him out of court.

Did he get any promises in writing from the recruiter? Only the usual ones on the enlistment contract.

It is no good. His enlistment was probably legal. His best court defense is unlawful enlistment; without it or another defense, his chances of conviction are over 90 percent. I drop it for the moment. Perhaps his records will show something he doesn't remember.

How does he feel about conscientious objection, I ask, feeling a bit awkward? It is always like this, no matter how many times I ask it. Conscientious objection is not
just another grounds for discharge. It is a philosophy of life, a way of life, and the question I am asking is really about who he is and what he cherishes most. I cannot ask it lightly, and I always flounder a bit.

So does he. He wants to be a conscientious objector, he says, but he isn't sure he qualifies. Where before he had spoken quickly, angrily, and assuredly, he has become quiet and hesitant.

Why not, I ask?

He is not religious, and the regulation requires religious training and belief. He thinks he may not object to all wars, and the regulation requires him to. No one he knows would give him a supporting letter.

He is going on to list more problems with his beliefs. I have been writing furiously, trying to keep us with the flow of his words, but now I abandon my notebook. One can't write and talk—or listen.

I reflect again, as I often have before, what an awesome business conscientious objection is. It would be easy for a clever person to construct a fraudulent claim, but few do. I can recall one that I was sure of, two or three that I suspected. For the rest, they were sincere, and, oddly, would not submit a claim if they were unsure of their own motivation. It makes counseling, often, a very long process, for no one is as sure as some objectors would like to be. But there is something forbidding, almost sacred, about conscientious objection, even to those who have just learned about it.

I wrench myself back to the conversation. What does he mean when he says he is not religious, I ask? What does he believe?

His story is one I have heard perhaps 40, perhaps 50 times, with variations. He was raised in a major church but has grown away from it. He does not criticize the church, though others I have talked with do; it simply began to mean less and less to him as he changed. Now it means little or nothing.

He is still telling me what he does not believe. That is the easy part—it is much harder to state a positive belief—but it is also necessary. He is clearing away underbrush to plant an oak.

He falters and stops, looking at me now as though I can tell him what he needs to say. I am recalling my own struggle to state my beliefs without trivializing them. Telling him what to say would mean telling him what he believes, who he is. His claim, if he makes it, must be his. It would be easier in many ways if he could simply invoke a creed, but he is one who must find his own way.

His religion, I suggest, is whatever set of beliefs—whatever values, whatever God or non-God—rules his life most deeply. It has nothing to do with church-going or formal piety. There are church members whose religion is wholly different from their creeds, and there are non-church goers who are deeply religious. The law can see, is allowed to see, no difference. Any strong belief, moral, philosophical, theological, is a religious belief for purposes of the law. The real question is why he feels as he does about war.

He is still bothered by the word. Forget about religion for a moment, I suggest. The law still uses the word, but the courts no longer require it. A moral objection is enough.

A moral objection is what he has. He is speaking more confidently now, of his revulsion to killing, of how when he was younger he went hunting and came back sickened. It is not, for him, a question of philosophy. He has no sophisticated rationale, no scripture quotations, no church doctrine. He simply cannot, literally cannot, kill.

That is enough, I tell him, if it leads him to oppose war. But what did he mean when he said he did not object to all wars? When would he fight?

Suddenly I am struck by his youth. He is 18, perhaps 19 at the outside; an absurd age to carry his burden. He should be living, perhaps reading and studying war and peace at leisure, not struggling with such questions in a life-or-death situation. Philosophers do not resolve them in a lifetime; theologians have argued about them for centuries. Yet, as always, old politicians make wars, young soldiers fight them, and those young who question—who choose life instead of death, who refuse to die or to kill for distant reasons of state—those are the abnormal ones. They are the ones who must prove their case, as if war were self-evidently good and peace evil.

He is going on. He thinks he might fight if the country were attacked, but he is not really sure what he would do. He is perplexed by the war against Hitler. I have heard this, too, before. I have been through it myself. There are no answers, for one cannot be responsible for history or predict the future. There are only gropings toward answers.

Leaving aside the past and future, I ask, how does he feel now? He knows he could not kill, he says; he does not know how he would be in some other situation.

Then he should apply for discharge, I suggest, unless he feels dishonest in doing so. The law does not say he must think out all contingencies, or that he has to be a historian who has analyzed every situation. If he has, well and good; if he has not, neither have many others. He is in the Navy now, and he must hew to his own truth now, even if he does not understand that truth completely himself. That is bad philosophy, I reflect, but philosophers have time. They can argue endlessly over a point of ethics because they need not decide. They can wait for consistency because they will not die in battle, or kill, or go insane, if they do not achieve it in time.

He asks me, with an almost resigned air, about supporting letters. He will have problems, he repeats, getting any. He knows no one who could provide them.
Maybe some friends in his old unit, a priest he knows. His parents? Not likely. His father was in the Navy; his brother did two years in Vietnam with the Marines. We discuss it. After thinking awhile, he decides he can get four, perhaps five, letters. I am thinking how difficult all this must be for him. It is simple for one raised in an anti-war atmosphere to form an objection to war. The concept is not foreign; it does not mean violating all one's norms. For most people I have seen, however, it is no easy matter to oppose war. At best it means possible conflict with the family. At worst it can mean terrible self-doubt; am I really a conscientious objector, or am I just afraid of dying? All one's heroes may be military heroes. What other kind of courage does our society reward as highly?

He says nothing about this fear, so I say nothing. But I do not doubt that he feels it. He will not say anything, not yet, because admitting fear is not part of his code. One day, perhaps, we will discuss fear, and I may tell him he is displaying more courage than his brother who joined the Marines because his background told him to—or than I when I became a conscientious objector because it was natural to me. Perhaps I will be able to tell him that not to fear dying is a form of madness, a madness highly regarded in a culture which can kill hundreds of thousands at the touch of a button. Few are unafraid, for it is natural to be afraid. Those who are not often win medals and lose themselves when the shooting is over.

We discuss the questions he must answer in his discharge application. He has read them and found them confusing. I suggest that the problem is not in him, but in the questions. It is easy enough to state the nature of one's belief, and to show how that leads to objection to war. That may entail struggle, but at least about how his beliefs have changed his life, about outward signs that he is an objector. This is impossible: there are no outward signs, and some actions he might take—such as disobeying orders—could lead to court-martial. He violates his conscience every day he remains in the Navy, yet he must remain in the Navy in order to get out.

Or here is a question on the use of force, with force left undefined. How is he to answer it and not appear a fool? I have seen people go round and round on this question, circling endlessly and getting nowhere because one can devise contingencies by the hundreds, plan responses to them, and find that the whole house of cards collapses in the event.

The crucial point, we agree, is that military force is different. It is planned, emotionless, calculated. One usually does not hate the enemy; one kills because that is the order. Hatred, patriotism, even the will to survive, may be there, but they are only instruments of a strategy. Military people are not violent, any more than the rest of us; they have families, most are kind to animals, few actually glory in the killing that is their trade. Yet they plan for, and are instruments of, the most horrific violence we know: indiscriminate, deadly, built on an honor and camaraderie that exclude compassion even for a respected opponent and expect none in return. Enforced with nuclear weapons, it is a code that can mean the end of us. Events have caught up with it, passed it and made it lethal, yet it still remains.

We have wandered off the track, but we are both learning. He is more relaxed than before, and I can talk about war and peace for hours with anyone who wants to talk.

What did I do? he asks. Was I in the military? I explain that I was a conscientious objector under the draft, that my local board recognized me, and that I did alternative service for two years. I add, only half-joking, that I sometimes wish they had turned me down at least once so I could have made an appeal.

It is half-past three, and he must get back to base for a muster. At the door he asks how long all this will take. I estimate three or four months, but it all depends how long he takes on his claim, how quickly he gets the required interviews, how overworked the Navy CO Review Board is this month or next. I suggest he try writing out answers to the questions and bring them back when he has them ready. Meantime I will find a lawyer to represent him. We shake hands, and he is gone.
WE WILL NOT REPEAT THE SIN

by Patrick Lacefield

Every man, woman, and child lives under a nuclear sword of Damocles hanging by the slenderest of threads, capable of being cut at any moment by accident or miscalculation or by madness. The weapons of war must be abolished before they abolish us.

—John Fitzgerald Kennedy

Not so very long ago, I had occasion to speak to a high school class about the causes of war, sharing the platform with a former colonel in the U.S. Army. The colonel, in his presentation preceding my own, tended to emphasize his opinion that we knew very little about what precipitated armed conflicts, and therefore there was very little that ordinary citizens could do to prevent the scourge of war from darkening their own doorsteps and that of the rest of the world. Therefore, he stated, we must arm ourselves to the teeth and prepare for the worst occurrence, thus playing it “safe.” Following my response, in which I elaborated on

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the dangers of the nuclear arms race and the need for unilateral steps by the U.S. towards disarmament, a husky young fellow in the back of the room popped the question I have learned to expect from nearly any audience: "Why should the U.S. make the first moves toward disarmament?"

The purpose to be served by noting this incident is to underscore the lack of responsibility felt by the people of the U.S. as a whole and our government in particular for the runaway arms race. This race poses an immediate threat to our survival at the same time as it drains our coffers of funds desperately needed to satisfy human needs crying out for attention. Our technology and weaponry are space-age and becoming more sophisticated with each passing day. However, our sense of moral responsibility for these implements of destruction which we produce seems stunted and Neanderthal by comparison.

How quickly we have forgotten that the U.S. is, to this very day, the only nation ever to use nuclear weapons against human beings. The recent 22nd anniversary of the atomic bombings of Nagasaki and Hiroshima elicited no comment at all from our government, despite its supposed concern over nuclear weaponry, and merited only passing mention or half-inch filler copy from our broadcast and print media, respectively.

The truth of the matter is that more than three decades after the horrors at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the world moves inexorably closer to the brink of nuclear war. If the U.S. and the Soviet Union have learned anything in the interim, it is how to build bombs bigger, better, and in quantities too colossal to imagine. Our nuclear arsenal includes 30,000 atomic and hydrogen weapons with a total explosive power 600,000 times that of the weapons dropped on Japan. If that does not suffice to alarm you, consider that the Soviet Union has nearly as many weapons. And let's not forget the British, French, Chinese, and Indians. By 1989, as many as two dozen nations may possess nuclear weapons, including Israel and Egypt, Brazil and South Africa, and South Korea and the Philippines. Such prospects for proliferation have led the prestigious Stockholm International Peace Research Institute to predict nuclear warfare before the year 2000. Because of massive horizontal proliferation, the "balance of terror" on which our military planners have based their strategies is rapidly losing whatever slight semblance it ever had in reality.

Nor is this our only problem. The vertical proliferation of weaponry is to be evidenced in current U.S. efforts to develop the cruise missile, neutron bomb, MX intercontinental missile, and the Trident submarine, to name but a few of the weapons systems soon authorized to roll off the assembly line. Indeed, weapons are becoming more accurate and this has, in turn, effectuated a substantive change in U.S. nuclear strategy. Gone are the days of "massive retaliation" and John Foster Dulles. They gave way at first to the theory of "Mutual Assured Destruction" (quite logically acronymed MAD) which would prevent nuclear war by each side's knowing that the other could destroy it even if it struck first. As accuracy became more important, MAD yielded the center stage to counterforce—using nuclear weapons in a "limited war" or "surgical strike" to weaken an enemy without (in the opinion of the military) igniting a holocaust.

General Curtis LeMay remarked a few years back that "we seem to have a phobia about nuclear weapons. I think that military men think nuclear weapons are just another weapon in the arsenal." Therein lies the problem. Military planners, as well as civilian advocates of increased nuclear weapons production and military spending, are being dishonest both with themselves and with the people of the U.S. They assure us that the U.S. has nothing but "peaceful intentions" and "deterrence" in mind when, in fact, official U.S. policy states that we would be willing to be the first to use nuclear weapons in conflicts "if necessary to adequately defend our interests." We have repeatedly declined to join the Soviet Union and other nuclear powers in a no-first-strike pledge, so that we might keep our "options" open. Every year around budget time, we are treated to the spectacle of a scare campaign by the military and their allies in Congress, academia, and the business community, to convince us that we are falling behind the Russians in military preparedness. Misrepresentation, distortion, and hyperbole replace thoughtful and rational discourse on the vital issues of war and peace, the arms race and disarmament. Said one former U.S. delegate to the Geneva disarmament talk: "There would be no particular difficulty in negotiating comprehensive arms limits with the Russians. The roadblock is the Pentagon analysts. Most of them just don't want an agreement."

One of these analysts recently told an Eastern senator: "You misperceive the purpose of SALT. The ideal agreement would be to let us build everything, while they disarm unilaterally." In the labyrinth of officialdom, it is we who point with alarm at the runaway arms race and the distortion of national priorities who are dubbed "naive" and "extremist." The embarrassingly moderate Paul Warnke is denounced as a crackpot for calling the arms race "mindless" by those guardians of rationality who in past years favored counter-insurgency abroad, benign neglect of poor people in the U.S., the ABM boondoggle, and U.S. involvement in Indochina.

In dealing with the arms race and disarmament efforts, we should take care not to expect too much from either President Carter or arms control talks per se. Certainly the president could do much to turn things around and
use the power of the presidency to advance the cause of disarmament. However his track record thus far has not been impressive. Despite campaign commitments of a $5 to $7 billion cut in the Pentagon budget and genuine efforts towards “zero nuclear weapons,” Carter has disappointed on both scores. He rammed through Congress a $10 billion increase in military spending over last year’s levels and, despite his surprising decision to drop the B-1 bomber program, he has called for the production of the cruise missile and neutron bomb, weapons almost certain to put the Soviets on guard and strengthen the position of the Soviet hawks vis-a-vis the moderates in the Kremlin. Arms control talks, on the other hand, have faltered badly since Carter and Secretary of State Vance presented the Soviets with a proposal last Spring which was, in the words of numerous arms control advocates, “born to lose” because of the one-sided advantages which would have accrued to the U.S.

Perhaps Alva Myrdal expresses the matter the most cogently in her new book The Game Of Disarmament. The former Swedish cabinet member and chief delegate to the UN Conference of the Committee on Disarmament pulls no punches in her scathing attack of both superpowers and her belief that citizens must mobilize to pressure their governments to move towards disarmament. From the preface:

It is time to take the disarmament issue from the high level negotiating rooms of all the politicians and out into the streets to the people. For it is the people, after all, who are threatened with obliteration as the probability of nuclear war grows greater day by day. And while the politicians have talked about disarmament for the past 15 years they have surreptitiously spiralled the arms to insane heights of overkill capacity.

The time to begin this movement toward disarmament and a reordering of national priorities in our country is today. Thankfully not everyone in the U.S. allowed the anniversaries of Hiroshima and Nagasaki to pass without notice. In over 125 communities across the country, actions took place under the aegis of the Mobilization for Survival (national office: 1213 Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102) calling for zero nuclear weapons, a moratorium on nuclear power development, a halt to the arms race, and funding for human needs. Though admittedly a small step, it represents a beginning and, indeed, a necessity if we are determined that the inscription on the Peace Arch at ground zero in Hiroshima is not to be proven false.

“Rest in peace,” it says, “man will not repeat the sin.”

Moving Ever Closer

by Michael Marchino

“Drive to a veterans’ hospital. There are people without arms, without legs, with organs that don’t function. In a weird, almost perverse way, the aftermath of a battle using enhanced radiation weapons (neutron bombs) is low-level compared to the aftermath of a conventional battle. In a strange way, you can say these weapons are moral.”

—Samuel T. Cohen, the so-called “father of the neutron bomb concept”

There is now a grade-B movie making its way around theaters in the United States. It’s called “Damnation Alley” and its plot revolves around the struggle for life waged by a small group of people following a global, thermonuclear war. The world that the movie portrays is one in which even the basic undergirding of ecological and climatic balance has been destroyed. Firestorms rage across the planet. Seas of radioactive water wash across what were formerly continents. It’s a science fiction film. But in many ways the film is a warning similar to the one that is inherent in the Pentagon’s attempt to “sell” the neutron bomb.

If we in the U.S. can conceive of such films as entertainment, if we find the idea of nuclear war intriguing, fascinating, we have perhaps moved one more step closer to accepting the concept of a neutron bomb and what its development will mean for making nuclear war a reality.

Since 1945, anyone old enough to imagine the destructive power of nuclear weapons has had to live with, and in a certain sense, accept the notion of nuclear weapons. As a result, many of us have become desensitized to the fact that there exists enough destructive power, in this country alone, to turn this planet into something more akin to an asteroid. That we are so close to the brink of extinction is not a pleasant notion, and one that I personally do not choose to dwell upon very often. It is
not comforting to know that there are majors and colo­nels in South Korea, and other places where the U.S. has repositories of nuclear weapons, who have at their disposal and discretion terrifying weapons.

Perhaps we really have become too hardened to become upset at the thought of a new kind of nuke. Maybe that’s what the Pentagon is counting on now that the neutron cat is out of the bag. I mean after all, even Sam Cohen, the “father of the neutron,” has said that the neutron bomb is “a micro-mini-hydrogen bomb,” with “the explosive release of one-tenth thousandth of an old-fashioned hydrogen bomb.” Now that pales before the idea of a 24-megaton, anti-gravity bomb. (One 24-megaton bomb is equal to all of the explosive bomb power expended during World War II times four. We have hundreds of these.) So why should we be so concerned about the neutron bomb? Primarily, because the possibility of its use brings us that much closer to using the monstrous 24-megaton bombs.

There now exists a very large strategic gap between conventional warfare and nuclear warfare. It’s a gap that most Americans, Russians, Chinese, French, Britons, etc. would not care to bridge if a war broke out. But the ostensible reason the Pentagon wishes to deploy the neutron bomb is so that in case we’re being beaten in a conventional war, say, in Europe, we can use the neutron bomb short of the larger, more devastating weapons. Ever heard of anything quite so mad? Daniel Ellsberg, in a recent speech in Philadelphia, graphically illustrated the idiocy of such a plan. “Think of it,” he said, “a conventional war in Europe, NATO forces are forced to retreat, the decision is made to use the neutron bomb to stop the Soviet advance. Many of the Soviet soldiers that we would immobilize—but not kill—through the use of this weapon, would themselves be carrying hand-launched rockets with nuclear warheads. Would they not then be somewhat predisposed to use these warheads on us, knowing full well that they would, in a week’s time, die an agonizing death from radiation poisoning?” Ellsberg’s sarcasm should not be lost here. The Pentagon is trying to sell us another bomb, a bomb that for military leaders makes nuclear war more possible, more palatable.

The neutron bomb is not just another nuke. The defense experts tell us that it is necessary for the defense of Europe and other places as well. But, common sense tells us, as Ellsberg illustrated, that the stated reason for the neutron bomb just doesn’t hold water. Then what could the military have in mind for this weapon? Let’s look at what it can do. A one-kiloton neutron bomb, if exploded in a metropolitan area, would kill nearly everyone in a half-mile radius of the explosion. People who were further away would be subjected to various doses of radiation, depending on their distance from point zero. They would die, with symptoms similar to those of cancer patients, within hours or days or perhaps weeks. The buildings, for the most part, would remain quite intact. In other words, maybe what we have here is not only a military weapon, but a police weapon. A bomb that could be used with this kind of selectivity in mind might be just what we or other nations are looking for. Many Pentagon critics are coming to believe that the neutron is not really meant for the Soviets, but rather for the Koreans or for export to nations which have serious internal political problems.

In any case, now that the neutron bomb is a public issue, and not hidden somewhere in the federal budget under an euphemism, we must let President Carter, Congress and the Pentagon know that we’re not interested. If we buy this one, they’ll know they can sell us anything.

STATEMENT ON THE “NEUTRON BOMB”

Friends are grievously dismayed that the government of the United States is developing a “neutron bomb” which would kill people and other forms of life while minimizing the destruction of property. We realize that this bomb is only one part of the massive nuclear arsenal which Friends have consistently opposed. But because for us it symbolized an attitude which values property above life, and because of the danger that it could, in fact, be used when other nuclear weapons would not be, and thus might trigger all-out nuclear war, we call upon our country to reject this weapon. At the same time, we reaffirm our conviction that security and peace cannot be achieved by reliance upon any weapons whatsoever.

We believe that all people, including those who are called our enemies, are infinitely precious children of God. Therefore, our consciences are burdened by a national budget nearly half of which is devoted to the costs of war. We are grateful for our President’s call for the eventual eradication of all nuclear weapons. It is imperative that this call be translated into prompt, positive action and that our nation turn away from the destructive and dangerous policy of nuclear deterrence.

We remember the words from the book of Jonah: “Let them cry mightily to God: yea, let everyone turn from his evil way and from the violence which is in his hands.” As a nation we must dedicate ourselves to renewed efforts to find peaceful solutions for conflicts and to build a world community in which every person may live in security and dignity.

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Art and the Arms Race

by Shelly Estrin

There is not a single true work of art that has not in the end added to the inner freedom of each person who has known and loved it.

—Albert Camus

As ancient martial arts flourish as a new vogue throughout the U.S., and numerous people become proficient in karate, judo, and t'ai chi, the government continues to produce sophisticated weapons that cannot be countered with physical or mental skills, but assure the annihilation of all who are their victims. Neither the karate black-belt holder nor the person adept at judo will withstand the neutron bomb, which causes a lingering, agonizing death, in which the central nervous system collapses and the victim dies from a form of extreme shock.

While the majority of U.S. citizens remain passive in the face of the arms race and the proliferation of weapons that can only lead to global suicide, there is a growing network of concerned individuals who respond to official plans for world destruction with modes of nonviolent protest that are essentially forms of contemporary, communal art.

To heighten consciousness of the horror of the Vietnamese War, Philip and Daniel Berrigan, along with other courageous and imaginative war resisters, poured blood on draft files. Since 1968, numerous groups throughout the nation have used blood and ashes as symbols of the fruits of war, with many demonstrations

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against the arms industry evolving into scenarios that include street theater, music, chanting, the use of banners and posters, and acts of civil disobedience that involve the participant in a sacrificial ritual that testifies to their power to bear witness to truth.

There is a striking parallel between the rivulets of blood poured onto the columns of the Pentagon and the canvases of abstract expressionist paintings that appeared shortly after the Second World War in the work of artist Jackson Pollock. War resisters have intuitively employed the language of modern art, in which their own bodies are the paint brush, their gesture the mark of belief, and the actual environment a canvas and a stage. Artists such as Jackson Pollock were called “action painters” by critics. Those who have poured their own blood on the facade of the Department of Defense have unveiled the true purpose of the building, and unmasked the pseudo-classical portico of the Pentagon, as an entrance into a primordial sacrificial center.

On December 28, 1976, the Atlantic Life Community (a network of individuals dedicated to working for peace) performed an action at the Department of Defense that involved a linking of the current arms race to the biblical event of Herod’s Slaughter of the Innocents. Some members of the group chained themselves to the doors of the Pentagon, others poured blood on the pillars, while another group performed a modern variant on a medieval Herod play.

Six members of the Atlantic Life Community were jailed for their demonstration against nuclear weapons, some for as long as three months. Albert Camus described the authentic modern artist as one who “creates dangerously,” and unlike the studio artist, the one who acts on the stage of the real world must be prepared for risk-taking and personal sacrifice. To many people, the blood on the Pentagon columns is not a beautiful sight, but it signals the truth that will issue forth from our “clean bombs”: body convulses, nervous system fails, all body functions break down, death comes within 48 hours from respiratory failure or a swelling of the tissues of the brain. This is what will happen when the neutron bomb drops.

Newspapers will not publish photographs of the blood on the Pentagon. Perhaps the truth is too painful for a public that elects mindlessness and distraction. Artist Joseph Levenson from the Friends Meeting at 15th Street and Rutherford Place, NY, was so moved by the photograph record of the December 1976 action that he created a woodcut to share with Friends and others who choose nonviolent resistance instead of passive acceptance of nuclear stockpiling.

People interested in working against nuclear madness can contact Mobilization for Survival—1213 Race Street, Philadelphia, PA 19107 or the Campaign to Abolish Nuclear Weapons, 1360 Howard Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.

A View of Montreal Meeting

by David Lawson

The city of Montreal always has a certain surface calm, especially after a good snowfall, thus representing an ideal surrounding for its Quaker house and the unusual quietness of its meetings. This may be said in spite of the steady increase, in recent years, in the flow of traffic on Boulevard de Maisonneuve. The meeting is of the Hicksite tradition, and to it, one would suppose, come persons already attuned to at least some early stages of silence.

A charcoal portrait of Rufus Jones has a prominent place in the meetingroom. It was done while he was visiting Montreal in 1944, during the last years of his life. Displayed on the bulletin board is a memorial minute for William Lloyd Garrison Williams, who died last year at the age of 87, and who was, in his time, a member of the mathematics department at McGill University and a founding spirit of the Quaker community in Montreal during the 1930’s. The small library contains a varied assortment of Quaker and extra-Quaker sources.

A friend of Friends, I consider myself to be a member of the Wider Quaker Fellowship, having studied in the libraries at Pendle Hill, and worked with a Quaker social action group during the Vietnam War. This year, I am performing the duties of “resident” while making personal use of the library.

Any resident here will be the recipient of a variety of interesting telephone calls. Not long after the recent political victory of the Parti Quebecois, a French Canadian voice complained that it was not enough for us to have Quaker literature in French, for our pamphlets should be written in French Canadian. More recently, an Anglophone voice indicated some surprise that we were not distributors for Quaker furniture, and during the same week another Anglophone was attempting to contact a representative for the Quaker Oil Company. At their best, telephone conversations arise from an earnest desire on the part of the caller for information on the Society of Friends, and not infrequently it is a student considering the prospect of writing a paper on some

David Lawson has enjoyed a career as professor, poet, essayist and novelist. He currently pursues his work at the Montreal Meetinghouse.
aspect of the Quaker movement. At present, at least three students in the Montreal area are consulting with us for such a purpose.

As is well known amongst Canadian Friends, the Montreal Meeting suffers from a certain geographical isolation. Disregarding the international boundary line, there is to be sure a meeting about 100 miles to the southeast in Burlington, VT, and it is refreshing when Vermonters come bursting up across the border for a visit.

To the east, the nearest meeting is in Halifax, on the coast of the Maritimes, while to the west, where we are closest to Ottawa, there is a relatively thriving situation for Ontario Friends, and this may owe much to the historical influx of Quakers to an English-speaking province. The Halifax, Montreal and Ottawa Meetings are at present outside the geographical areas of any quarterly or half-yearly meeting. Such a situation of detachment could be a factor contributing to small membership in the Montreal Meeting, and where numbers are few there may naturally arise frictions between strong personalities as would be less likely to occur in a larger meeting. To put this in reverse, where many come together, the felt presence of such personalities may be better absorbed, and such frictions thereby eased.

One stressful circumstance recently arose which to the casual observer might have seemed nothing less than quizzical. A young neighbor and frequent attender offered to contribute a wall decoration attached to a frame, consisting of a four-by-five foot spread of red cloth with a faint, wavy design. Bearing in mind Quaker prescriptions regarding simplicity, it is also true that where feelings are concerned, what is graciously offered ought perhaps to be graciously received.

Acting as an individual, while at the same time seeing the possible controversy of such an act, I placed the item as discreetly as possible on the wall well to the back of the meetingroom. On the evening when I did this, a young liberal quipped that any critical objections from conservatives could be forestalled with the explanation that it was Margaret Fell’s dress, on temporary loan from Swarthmoor Hall.

Such a presentiment turned out to be well-founded. The “dress” was twice removed by an upholder of stark simplicity, and twice returned to its place on the wall—once by myself, once by another liberal. The matter generated heated controversy, even tears at the next business meeting. Then, in a somewhat awkward spirit—something still short of graceful consensus—it was relegated to the library. Animosities on this score have now been reconciled, and I personally feel that this was an example of the issue of individual initiative in the context of the group and the process of group decision.

It may not have been for me to make such a decision regarding the item and its placement on the wall. On the other hand, a more careful assessment, on the part of critics, of the motives and feelings of others might have left it right where it was placed. Here, a desire for good human relations collided with felt prescriptions of tradition. In any event, situations of conflict like this one can fortunately lead to personal growth when they occur within an atmosphere conducive to such growth.

Somewhere in his writings, Paul Tillich reflects upon the problems and tensions which especially afflict urban dwellers, and I recall that, in his view, coming to grips with life in cities must be regarded as a spiritual challenge. If so, then for Quakers such a challenge may be a particularly vital one, and because the tradition is profoundly, if not specifically, rural. If I am not mistaken I glimpse, whether in myself as a country-lover or in others, a hungering after what may fairly be called rustic values of community. The contrast between such values and urban realities is pronounced.

If what Harvey Cox has termed “The Secular City” may have special relevance for Quakers, there is another possible source of difficulty which may likewise become amplified in view of Quaker traditions. I refer to a comparative absence of creed and ritual, which tends to result in a heightened emphasis on time-honored procedure. Seen in this light, procedure can take on an importance which could seem exaggerated to the curious onlooker.

Business meetings move forward by consensus, and a method of reaching agreement which questions whether the act of voting contains wisdom and is perhaps a deeply seated expression of the Quaker outlook on life. At the same time, Friends must occasionally experience tribulations over the traditional consensus procedure versus the more usual, businesslike, political-type methods to be found in the world at large, which are commonly adopted for the sake of efficiency. Thus there may be felt a special burden of split allegiance as between “the slow, right way” of doing things and the lure of increased efficiency. Such a burden might even go unrecognized, hence undiscussed. To me it seems fortunate that, in situations of urgency, a consensus can be reached to forgo consensus in order to resort to voting (my source is Leonard L. Kenworthy). In most religious groupings, ordinary voting methods are stock-in-trade. Although no conflict can then result, one dimension of value is thereby missing.

Aside from noting certain physical features of the Montreal Meeting, I have posed two considerations: smallness of number (where it occurs) and the heightened importance of procedures as possible areas of concern. I write not as an institutional or social analyst but rather as a participant-observer (with his own blind-spots) in a given situation, and in hopes that this set of observations may be found useful.
Saving An Old Meeting-House

by Shirley and David Kinsey

The Pennsdale Meetinghouse, nestled in the rolling farm country of the Lycoming Valley, was built in 1799 and has been in continuous use ever since. As the area was first settled by Quaker families, their meetinghouse was the center for much community activity. Later, when a Friends school was established nearby, children attended meeting for worship in the meetinghouse once a week. There are still a few people in the surrounding area who recall attending these meetings for worship.

Over the years, many other families settled in the area and descendants of the original Quakers moved away or affiliated with other religious groups. The Friends school closed its doors in 1915 and meetings for worship dwindled to an alarming few. There were those who thought the meeting should be laid down and the building handed over to the historical society to be preserved for future generations as a museum. Only the faithfulness and determination of Marjorie Nicholson kept the Pennsdale Meetinghouse open for worship. Gradually people drifted in, drawn by a common need to worship in the manner of Friends. All ages were represented in the group which came and found sustenance in caring for, and being cared for by, those with whom they worship.

Today, the lovely old stone building with its simplicity, as well as the friendly warmth of those attending meeting, are cherished assets for those worshiping at Pennsdale Meetinghouse. However, the monstrous oil heater dominating the central portion of the meetinghouse is a liability, with its roars and rumbles intruding upon silent worship and blocking out vocal ministry, especially in cold weather.

In monthly meeting, members decided to look into the cost of replacing the heater with another that would be located in the woodshed with ducts running under the facing benches. When we received the estimate on this, we found the cost prohibitive, even with the group doing as much of the interim work as we could. Regretfully, the project was abandoned. As an alternative, the fireplaces were reactivated, being used on warmer days to replace the heater.

There the situation remained until Dave Armstrong, a young and well known local artist, became involved. The meetinghouse at Pennsdale is the subject of one of his water color paintings, expressing his appreciation of the antiquity of the building as well as its simplicity.

Dave has also painted a picture of Marjorie Nicholson quilting before the fireplace, as she has done for so many years. When he attended the Christmas candlelight caroling at the meetinghouse this year and found it disturbed by the rumbling furnace, he mentioned it to Marjorie. Her comment to him was that she had lived with that monster for 20 years and that she hoped she would not have to put up with it much longer. Because of her words and his own dislike of the oil heater, Dave began planning a way to help Marjorie to be rid of it.

Dave Armstrong has had 750 prints made of his painting of the meetinghouse, on loan by its New Jersey owner. The proceeds from the sale of these prints are to be used to replace the oil heater with a new, concealed heating system. Any remaining funds are to be used for maintenance and restoration of the meetinghouse.

This is Dave Armstrong's gift to the meeting and Marjorie. He hopes his efforts will help preserve the Pennsdale Meetinghouse for the community, thanks to the faith and determination of Marjorie Nicholson. If he is successful, the community will have a living heritage, still an active, functioning meeting.
Creative Uses of the Meetinghouse

by John Mawson

In the United Kingdom there are now more than 100 meetings who employ couples (or more rarely a single person) living in attached accommodation and serving in the manner described below, though there are variations in style and scope of the work, depending on the size and location of the particular meeting, and its premises. This form of British Home Service has grown steadily since the early 1950’s and since then many newly built or altered meetinghouses have deliberately included residential accommodation for this purpose. In March, 1977, we in Bristol organized the first National Residential Conference to evaluate and plan this work and we hope that London Yearly Meeting will be able to consider and act upon the experience we have gathered.

My wife and I were appointed nearly four years ago to develop the use of a large city meetinghouse and to play an active part in a busy meeting. What follows is a sketch of our work as one example of “wardenship” (as it is often called, “resident Friends” being the other title). In return for our services we receive a rent-free flat plus a very modest salary.

We began by establishing personal contact with neighbors, nearby churches, family doctors, shopkeepers, social workers, students—in fact, all who could help us form a picture of the locality and its needs. Through having a toddler of our own, we encouraged a group of mothers to set up a club for parents and children from birth to three years old. This has grown steadily and now meets on three afternoons a week with 45 families participating and running it themselves. Our own family doctors launched a patients’ association which now runs a weekly lunch club for isolated individuals and a yoga circle which also meets regularly. We then followed up an advertisement for the teaching of creative dancing, and persuaded the charming woman from the United States to start classes for our tiny ones (three to five year olds), and these have now grown to four full groups a week, with hopes of taking on a smaller group as the children grow older. Through a social worker we provide the place for a monthly gathering of social workers and others involved throughout the city in a particular aspect of life (e.g., care of children). A specialized group of social workers—those working part-time and calling themselves “Third Hand”—have also met in our premises, as well as small groups of volunteers engaged in local help such as street wardens.

We have established close links through use of the premises with the two main societies seeking to preserve Bristol’s architectural and environmental heritage, as well as with the local Amenity Association which fosters community life in our immediate neighborhood. More recent developments have been the use by an orchestra for under-eleven-year-olds and a drama group for eight-to-fourteen-year-olds, run by a small number of enthusiastic parents, and performing a play written by one of their younger members. No doubt other possibilities will emerge. A children’s summer holiday activities program is now being planned for the area, in which we will act as a wet weather reserve.

In all this activity, our role is to encourage and support, and we hope that a mutual learning process takes place with our learning about the neighborhood, and they about the Quaker approach.

Our own role within the meeting has been as overseer, as representative for Woodbrooke, and for the local council of churches, as part of the Sunday creche rota, as part of the team which organizes summer picnics and winter Sunday evening events, and in offering our flat as a meeting place for fortnightly Open Circle evenings. Nearly all of these tasks are done simply as members of the meeting, and so far we have shown no signs (nor have other wardens in Great Britain) of developing, as some Friends have feared, into pastors—indeed we are far too busy and satisfied with our more modest role. We see ourselves as part of a team, each of whom shares some of the total responsibility carried by the meeting. We find our life continually enriched by this form of service, which has meant that our family with two children under five has remained open and varied.

As a body of Friends, we wardens have been exploring the potential use of our meetinghouses for all kinds of groups and we should be grateful to hear of experiences in the U.S. from readers of the Friends Journal. We already have a small number of U.S. citizens who are acting as wardens in our meetinghouses, and we look forward to having more. To exchange information and experience please write, or visit, John Mawson, 122 Hampton Road, Bristol BS6 6JD England.

John Mawson currently lives at Redland Meeting in Bristol, England, where he performs the duties and enjoys the pleasures of being warden to the meeting, along with his wife Cynthia.
Some Friends, if you listen carefully, can be heard to distinguish between Christ and Jesus. There is an important theological question involved, but certainly one too complex for this season. For, although this is the time of the Christ Mass, the Christ Mass Tide, the questions that should concern us are not complex nor profound. For the central image of Christ Mass is a baby, a baby with a simple name—Jesus; and a baby, while not a simple thing, does not require a philosopher to be understood.

This baby Jesus, so the story goes, was born in a simple place, without benefit of modern medical technology, in the company of simple sheep and horses and donkeys and maybe even pigs, without a proper roof over its head, and was laid asleep in the straw intended for feeding hungry beasts. Except for the lack of room in the inn, it was not unlike in essential details the births of millions of other babies, before and since. Indeed, had it not been for all the celestial hubbub, which frightened the sheep and the shepherds, and drew the attention of philosophers, who got for their pains a long ride on uncomfortable camels, the event would not have made much of a drama at all.

The baby probably should have been enough, by itself: in the manger asleep on the hay, the little Lord Jesus. For babies, especially sleeping babies, touch our hearts, even those of brothers and sisters, with their innocence, their lack of deceits, their candid appetites, their trust that what is going on around them is worth their interest. Babies touch our hearts with the hope and promise, and, indeed, the faith that the process of life, and of learning, and the hope for happiness is a good one, for us as well as for them. What babies need to make good that faith is that it should be certified by experience. What they do not need is to learn cynicism, bitterness, blackness of heart, like the Satanic Scrooge who snarled humbug at those manifestations of the innocent and childlike offered by Bob Cratchit and his family.

All of us, teachers, parents, brothers, sisters are, or try to be, devoted to the same idea, that the faith in the positive process of life which a baby represents is a good faith, that it, like the baby, is worth caring for and nurturing, and that as we live our lives, as adults and sisters and brothers, we can affirm that idea with each other, as well as with simple babies, like Jesus.

Older Friends did not like special holy days, thinking that virtue should be a daily affair. But, there are, at Christ Mass Tide, a particular abundance of important, simple things: giving, different kinds of brotherhood and sisterhood, families, connections between people, peace—a larger human family. And other simple things: kissing, under the mistletoe (or elsewhere for that matter), and food and drink and music and fellowship. And, finally, simple happiness in our lives together. “Happy Holiday,” we say. Merry Christmas.

F. Parvin Sharpless is headmaster of the Park School in Brooklandville, MD. Author of several books and articles, he is a member of Germantown (PA) Meeting.
Thirty-two buffalo at $300 the head, together with 1000 sets of hand agricultural implements for 1000 families returning to the Plain of Jars in Laos are scheduled to be procured by Quaker Service Council Australia (QSCA) and AFSC, according to The Australian Friend.

To plough the war-hardened earth of the Plain of Jars, it takes eight men to replace one buffalo," but "not for much longer, if we can help it" writes the Friend. QSCA is exploring the possibilities of using Australian buffalo, since Southeast Asian ones are hard to come by.

As for the agricultural implements, war scrap is being made into spades, hoes, etc. by a small factory in Laos: literally swords into ploughshares, adds the Friend.

In order to help dispel distortion and incorrect reporting of facts and issues pertaining to the land claims of Maine Indians, the Maine Council on the Arts and Humanities and AFSC are jointly sponsoring a one-hour film produced by Bob Cates in which four respondents answer questions relating to these issues. According to the Orono Monthly Meeting Newsletter, the film will appear over Public Broadcasting and will be available for other showings through AFSC.

From Guatemala comes further news of the efforts of the Friends worship group there to assure cooperative housing for 62 families in San Juan Sacatepequez whose rented homes were destroyed in the February 1976 earthquake—and not rebuilt.

Readers may recall that the German Red Cross had offered to build anti-seismic, cement block houses at partial cost if land could be purchased. After many months of often frustrating searching, and with the help of many contributors, the worship group managed to find and purchase adequate property for $12,000 in the name of the 62 families jointly. A further $1500 took care of the surveying, laying out of streets and plotting of sites. A mortgage is being arranged through the credit union in San Juan to cover $60,000 in loans to pay for the construction—already under way—of the 62 houses which will be adjusted by the Red Cross in size and cost to the size and income of each family (average size: six; average monthly family income: $90).

Excited as the group is to see its project finally being realized, and to see Indians and those of Spanish ancestry working amicably together in common cause, its further dream is an eventual "Centro Comunal-Cuaqueros-Amigos" or community center where literary, sewing, and home industry skills can be learned and preventive medical and dental care offered. For this, the group underlines "we need help!"

The other project to which the worship group invites contributions is its Scholarship Program for young Indian women and men preparing to become teachers, nurses, doctors, and agriculturists. Recipients promise to repay grants in installments, if and when they become regularly employed and thus a permanent revolving scholarship fund is formed.

Typical of many receiving help in this way is the case of Ricardo Tum Cortez, an Indian from Rabinal, of whom the group writes: "[He] is receiving $50 a month to attend first year medical school. He is a young man from a broken family who lived in an orphanage in Guatemala City that recommended him to us. From age 12 he has worked to support himself, while studying at night. First he was a shoe shine boy, then a store clerk, then a machine operator, and finally a factory supervisor. Our commitment to him is $3000 ($500 a year for six years)."

The Guatemala Friends worship group, an allowed meeting under the care of Mexico City Monthly Meeting, now meets regularly in the home of Jackie Stillwell, 38a Av. 4-89, Zone 7, Guatemala City, on the second and fourth Sundays of each month.

To its letter, the group adds the following postscript: "Contributions can be sent directly to Thomas C. Hunt, Apartado Postal 29-C, Guatemala, C.A. Or, for assured income tax deduction, checks can be made out to Orange Grove Friends Meeting and sent to Marjorie Neiswanger, Treasurer, 1340 New York Drive, Altadena, CA 91001—designated for us."

"I recognize I have contravened the law of the country, but I do not feel any moral guilt," stated Richard Knottenbelt, Quaker secretary of the Rhodesian Fellowship of Reconciliation, just before the court sentenced him to five months' imprisonment for having refused repeatedly to serve in either a combatant or a non-combatant capacity in the Rhodesian army. That was on October 3, 1977.

Richard was first called up in 1963, and was refused exemption by the C.O. Exemption Board. Later he was convicted and fined for not reporting for duty in the medical corps. When sentenced this year, he refused to pay a fine (which would "only prove that my friends and I are rich") because the money would "mostly go to finance the war." Conceding that "prison might be tough in many ways," he maintains that "we cannot pretend that this is likely to be more than a very small part of what many other people have suffered in the situation here." Defending his refusal to cooperate with the military, Richard insisted to the court that "there is another way."

According to a letter which Richard, who is 35, wrote to the International Fellowship of Reconciliation, he was born in South Africa but has lived in Rhodesia since he was four. His wife, Pushpa, was born in India, coming to Africa at the age of five. They have two children: David (15 months, adopted) and Sushilla (six-and-one-half months). Their address (for letters of support and encouragement) is: P/Bag 9050, Gwelo, South Rhodesia. Letters on behalf of Richard Knottenbelt should go to: Ian Smith, Prime Minister's Office, Milton Buildings, Jameson Ave., Salisbury, Rhodesia. Further information may be had from: IFOR, Hof van Sonoy, Veerstraat 1, Alkmaar, Holland.
Mr Charles is widely recognised as one of the truly outstanding exponents of his chosen medium and this is a particularly fine example of the sensitive work on which his reputation is founded.

But apart from its undoubted artistic merit Mr Charles drawing must be invested with still greater interest for people who understand the importance of the Hall and its place in history. For throughout the second half of the 17th Century it was the home of Quakerism. For 38 years the Great Hall was a meeting place for Friends, in the parlour George Fox dictated part of his journal, the balcony was his platform and of course it was the home of the “Mother of Quakerism” — Margaret Fell.

For these reasons, before a general availability to the public, we make the announcement in these pages.

The Edition is Limited to 200 copies, signed and numbered by the Artist and authenticated by the publishers seal. Each print has been reproduced to the highest critical standard on the finest heavy matt white cartridge, suitable for framing.

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BOOK REVIEWS


Why bracket these two books, you, the reader, may ask? Well, for one thing, they are both authored by people with good Quaker connections in the nonviolent movement. But the really big reason is that they both intimately have to do with a dynamic extension of Gandhian philosophy and tactics married to Quaker-based process that I believe will challenge us all in the remaining quarter of this century.

Blockade! is a vivid and warming running account of how one particular campaign in effective and direct political action worked in recent memory. In late 1971, some may recall, a nonviolent “fleet” of canoes and kayaks was at least partially successful in turning around U.S. government policy, at that time “tilted” in favor of West Pakistan against virtually defenseless East Bengal, later to be known as Bangladesh.

Dick Taylor, active member of a small group of Quakers and others later to emerge as the Movement for a New Society, gives a fascinating inside description of how this campaign was organized, mounted, and carried to a successful conclusion. With the surprising collaboration of such unlikely allies as the International Longshoremen’s Association, the catalyst group practically tied up East Coast ports for Pakistani shipping, ultimately denying the aggressors much of the arms they needed to finish off East Bengal.

How this particular action was planned, the “people” resources it used, how it called upon new commitments and mobilized them in an effective witness against war and starvation—it all makes heartening reading for even the most armchair strategist among us.

It is a carefully organized book. Not content with simply describing how people power can be put together in an apathetic generation, Dick Taylor suggests many intriguing avenues for parallel work in another time and situation. Thus the final quarter of the book, subtitled “Nonviolent Direct Action: A Manual,” almost encapsulates the “sister” book to follow in this review.

Resource Manual for a Living Revolution is a “how to” book on the Quiet Revolution which almost defies description, being a multum in parvo for all kinds and conditions of folk dissatisfied with our materialist, war-and-profit-obsessed culture and open to new ways to change it fundamentally and nonviolently. I must be content simply to list the sub-sections to indicate its scope: the theoretical basis of change, working in groups, developing communities of support, personal growth, consciousness raising, training and education, organizing for change, exercises and other tools, practical skills, and groups to contact. Thus, every page is packed with down-to-earth but still inspirational ways and methods of working together, each of them tested in practice in training and actions carried on by the Movement for a New Society in West Philadelphia, an organization whose initiators were Quakers.

Get into it, get a feel for the oft-times dense thought and condensed experience, the new vocabulary used to describe a new approach to problem solving, a new spirit. Note the many illuminating charts, the great pictures, even the new songs.

Blockade! and Resource Manual are outstanding examples of tools for change—both personal and social—posing as mere books. Consider their corresponding low cost as you browse or buy them.

Jim Best


“If the world were a global village of 100 people, six of them would be Americans. These six would have over a third of the village’s income, and the other 94 would subsist on the other two-thirds. How could the wealthy six live ‘in peace’ with their neighbors? Surely they would be driven to arm themselves against the other 94—perhaps even to spend, as Americans do, about twice as much per person on military defense as the total income of two-thirds of the
villagers.’

Given these statistics, which vividly emphasize our overwhelming global social, economic and political problems, many people despair that anything they do can make a difference. This important book not only gives facts on how our life style contributes to the world’s problems but also gives suggestions on what we can do. Using queries, analyses and project suggestions, readers are helped to think through their life style and its implications and to take concrete actions. Documentation of facts and a listing of sources of further information follow each chapter.

The book is really an introduction to simple living rather than a complete guidebook, since each person will take charge of her or his life differently. It is the authors’ hope that individuals and groups will use it to begin an ongoing journey of change.

Some of the topics that the authors look at are health care, clothing, work, children, community, food, energy, personal growth, the enslavement of our own lives through commercialism and consumption and the political and corporate structures that influence and dominate us. The book ends with a chapter that offers another view of economics, followed by the Shakertown Pledge to live simply.

For those who want to commit themselves “to lead an ecologically sound life,” “to lead a life of creative simplicity” and to share one’s “wealth with the world’s poor,” and for those who want to consider changes in their life style or who question why it is necessary, Taking Charge is an invaluable book.

Phyllis B. Taylor

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**Deaths**

**Barker**—On August 18, Herbert Calvin Barker, of Media, PA, husband of the late Helen Thorpe Barker, and father of two sons, John and Robert C. Barker, of Chester, PA, and three daughters, Jocelyn (Mrs. W. A. Dewees), of Princeton, WV, Margaret Stratton, of Raleigh, NC, and Dorothy Hall, of Eagle, PA. He is survived by his wife, Ruth Hall, of Media, PA, and five grandchildren. The family requests no visitors.

**Barnett**—On August 20, in Columbus, OH, Llewellyn Barnett, of Columbus, OH, and had lived a rich and exciting life, bringing joy to all who knew him. His family requests no visitors.

**Hall**—On August 23, Foster Hall, of Sandy Spring, MD, and had lived a rich and exciting life, bringing joy to all who knew him. His family requests no visitors.

**Hall**—On August 25, in Greenville, SC, Walter R. Hall, of Greenville, SC, and had lived a rich and exciting life, bringing joy to all who knew him. His family requests no visitors.

**Rhoads**—On September 10, in Wilmington, DE, Ethel Rhoads, of Wilmington, DE, and had lived a rich and exciting life, bringing joy to all who knew him. His family requests no visitors.

**Robinson**—On September 13, Dorothy Phillips Robinson, of Wilmington, DE, and had lived a rich and exciting life, bringing joy to all who knew him. His family requests no visitors.

**Wetherill**—On September 15, in Chester, PA, Steven James Wetherill, of Chester, PA, and had lived a rich and exciting life, bringing joy to all who knew him. His family requests no visitors.

**Shaw**—On September 18, in Prescott, AZ, Henry Fouke Shaw, of Prescott, AZ, and had lived a rich and exciting life, bringing joy to all who knew him. His family requests no visitors.

**Wetherill**—On September 20, in Wilmington, DE, Ethel Rhoads, of Wilmington, DE, and had lived a rich and exciting life, bringing joy to all who knew him. His family requests no visitors.

**Robinson**—On September 22, in Philadelphia, PA, Dorothy Phillips Robinson, of Philadelphia, PA, and had lived a rich and exciting life, bringing joy to all who knew him. His family requests no visitors.

**Wetherill**—On September 24, in Wilmington, DE, Ethel Rhoads, of Wilmington, DE, and had lived a rich and exciting life, bringing joy to all who knew him. His family requests no visitors.
WHAT’S IN THE WINTER WOODS? January 13-15. Nature lovers need not hibernate until Spring any more. There’s lots of winter activity underfoot and overhead if you know how to read the signs. In this program, our nature leaders will take you outdoors to follow animal tracks in the snow and to identify trees when they don’t have their characteristic foliage. There’ll be indoor nature, too, like learning how to identify a bird by the nest it builds. In the evenings, illustrated slide programs and color films will satisfy your nocturnal “nature.” Nature’s winter wonderland is waiting for you at Mohonk. For further information call 914-255-1000 or write:
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Books and Publications

Wider Quaker Fellowship, 1506 Race Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102 offers 3/year mailings of Wider-oriented literature.

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Communities

1978 Directory of Cooperative and Communal Living Groups, Comprehensive listing, $2.00. Special double issue, Communities magazine, Box 426C, Louise, VA 23093.

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Positions Vacant

Providence Friends School, suburban Philadelphia, grades 9-12, seeks head of boarding school. Seeking a head of school with demonstrated leadership skills and a commitment to the Quaker values of simplicity and social responsibility. Send resume to PFS Search Committee, Box 234, Media, PA 19063.

Moses Brown School (Coeducational day and boarding school, grades 9-12) seeks head of school. Send resume to PFS Search Committee, Box 234, Media, PA 19063.
MEETING ANNOUNCEMENTS

Argentina

BUENOS AIRES—Worship and monthly meeting every Saturday of each month in Vicente Lopez, suburb of Buenos Aires. Phone: 791-2580.

Mexico

OAXTEPEC—State of Morelos, Meeting for Meditation Sundays 12:30 to 1:30 p.m. Calle San Juan No. 10. Convener: International Cultural Center (Villa Jones).

Alabama

BIRMINGHAM—Unprogrammed Friends Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Sunday. For information phone Joe Jenkins, clerk, 205-679-7021.

Alaska

FAIRBANKS—Unprogrammed worship, First-days, 9 a.m., Howe Economics Lounge, third floor, Eisenhower Building, University of Alaska. Phone: 473-6782.

Arizona

FLAGSTAFF—Unprogrammed meeting, 11 a.m., 402 S. Beaver, near campus. Frances B. McElister, clerk. Mailing address: P.O. Box 922, Flagstaff 86002. Phone: 928-774-4298.

BOULDER—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Phone: 469-4060 or 494-2983.

DENVER—Mountain View Friends Meeting, worship, 10 a.m., 11 a.m., Adult forum 11 to 12, 2290 South Columbine Street. Phone: 722-4125.

PUEBLO—Worship group, 543-0712.

Connecticut

HARTFORD—Meeting for Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m., 14 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford. Phone: 232-3831.

NEW HAVEN—Meeting 9:45 a.m. Connecticut Hall, Yale Old Campus. Phone: 923-2989.

NEW LONDON—622 Williams St. Worship, 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m., 1st. Clerk, Bettie Chu, 720 Williams St., New London 06320. Phone: 442-7947.

NEW MILFORD—Housatonic Meeting. Worship 10 a.m. phone 203-354-7565.

STAMFORD-GREENWICH—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. west of and north banker, Stamford. Clerk, Dr. Pea, Old Mill Rd., Greenwich, 06830.

STORRS—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., corner North Eagle Hill and Huntington Lodge Roads. Phone: 420-4659.

WATERTOWN—Meeting 10 a.m., Watertown Library, 470 Main Street, phone 274-8588.

WILTON—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m., 517 New Canaan Road. Phone: 782-5669. Marjorie Walton, clerk, 203-847-4069.

Delaware

CAMPEN—2 miles south of Dover. First-day school 10 a.m.; worship 11 a.m. Phone: 284-9636; 697-7725.

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Friends Journal, 152-A N. 15th St., Philadelphia, PA 19102
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, 9:30 a.m.; United Friends School, 19 Old Orchard Rd. Phone: 368-1041.

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

WILMINGTON—Alapocas Friends School, Worship, 9:15; First-day school 10:30 a.m.

WILMINGTON—14th & West St., 10 a.m., worship and child care. Phone: 655-4491; 475-3060.

District of Columbia

WASHINGTON—Meeting, 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 noon. Worship group, Thursday evenings at 7 p.m. 2111 Florida Ave., N.W., near Connecticut Ave.

Florida

CLEARWATER—Meeting 10:30 a.m., YMCA, 222 S. Shore Dr. Phone: 447-4007.

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

GAINESVILLE—1291 S.W. 2nd Ave., Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m.

JACKSONVILLE—Meeting 10 a.m., YMCA. Phone contact 369-4345.

LAKE WORTH—Palm Beach Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 820 Worth Ave. Phone: 565-0030 or 945-3145.

MIAMI-CORAL GABLES—Meeting, 10 a.m., 1105 Sunset Road, Doris Emerson, clerk. 681-3866. AFSC Peace Center, 443-9863.

ORLANDO—Meeting 10:30 a.m., 316 E. Marks St., Orlando 20693. Phone: 843-2631.


SAVANNAH—Meeting 10:30 a.m., 105 E. 10th St. Phone: 786-5621.

HONOLULU—Sundays, Overnight Inquiries welcomed. Phone: 815-652-2214.

INDIANAPOLIS—Lanthorn Meeting, 10:30 a.m.; worship 11 a.m., American Red Cross Annex, 307 S. Orange Ave. Phone: 372-0500.

KENTUCKY

LEXINGTON—Unprogrammed worship and First-day school, 10 a.m.; Information call 299-2023.

LOUISVILLE—Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. Children’s classes 11:30 a.m. 3050 Bon Air Ave., 40206. Phone: 452-6812.

LOUISIANA

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

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

Maine

BAR HARBOR—Acadia meeting for worship in evening. Phone 288-5149 or 244-7113.

MID-COAST AREA—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 10 a.m. at Darumour Library. Phone: 882-7107 or 369-4345. ORONO—Unprogrammed meeting, MCA Bldg., College Ave. Phone: 856-2198.

PORTLAND—Portland Friends Meeting, Riverton Section, Route 302. Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Phone 774-2245 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, Orion, Orono, South China and Winthrop Center. For Information call 207-233-2218, or write Paul Cates, East Vassalboro, ME 04693.

Maryland

ADELPHI—Near University of Maryland. 2303 Metzelt Rd. First-day school, 10:30 a.m.; worship, 10 a.m. Deborah James, clerk. Phone: 422-8920.

ANNAPOLES—Worship, 11 a.m.; former St. Paul’s Chapel, Rt. 178 (General’s Hwy.) and Crownsville Rd. P.O. Box 311, Annapolis 21403. Clerk: Maureen Pyle, 301-267-7123.

BALTIMORE—Worship 11 a.m.; Stony Run, 5116 N. Charles St., Baltimore 16-2773; Homewood, 3107 N. Charles St., Baltimore 16-4428.

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

CHESTERTOWN—Chester River Meeting, Worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. 127 High St. George Garnock, clerk. 839-1756.

EASTON—Third Haven Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m. 507 South Washington St. Frank Zeigler, clerk. 634-2401; Lorraine Caggiati, 822-0969.

SANDY SPRING—Meetinghouse Road, at Rt. 108. Worship, 9:30 and 11 a.m.; first Sundays, 9:30 only. Classes: 10:30 a.m., Randall J. Conover, Judy Gibson. Phone: 391-351-1203.

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

Massachusetts

ACTON—Meeting for worship and First-day school, Sunday, 10 a.m.; Acton Barn Cooperative Nursery, 311 Central St. W. Acton. (During summer in homes.) Clerk: John S. Barlow. Phone: 617-365-9256 or 285-5662.
AMHERST-NORTHAMPTON-GREENFIELD—Meetings for worship 5:30 a.m. and 11 a.m. First-day school at 10 a.m. Summer: meetings for worship at 10 a.m. only. Mt. Toby Meetinghouse, Route 63 in Leverett. Phone 253-9427.

BOSTON—Worship 11 a.m.; fellowship hour 12. First-day, Beacon Hill Friends House, 8 Chestnut St., Boston 02108. Phone: 227-3118.

CAMBRIDGE—Longfellow (near Harvard Square, just off Brattle St). Two meetings for worship each from 9:30 a.m. and 11 a.m. Phone: 876-6883.

FRAMINGHAM—381 Edmands Rd. (2 mi. W of Natick). Worship 10 a.m., First-day school. Phone: 677-0481.

LAWRENCE—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: 982-4677.

SOUTH YAMOUTH, CAPE COD—North Main St. Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Phone: 433-1111.

WELLESLEY—Meeting for worship and Sunday school, 10:30 a.m. at 26 Wenham Street. Phone: 237-3208.

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


Worcester—Pleasant Street Friends Meeting and Worcester Monthly Meeting, First-day school 10 a.m., meeting for worship 11 a.m. Phone: 801 Pleasant St. Phone: 754-3804. If no answer call 756-0278.

Michigan

ALMA-MT. PLEASANT—Unprogrammed meeting 10:30 a.m. First-day school, Nancy Nagler, clerk, 772-2421.

ANN ARBOR—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.; adult discussion, 11:30 a.m. Meetinghouse, 1420 Hill St. Clerk: Berton Meeks. Phone 476-7749.

BIRMINGHAM—Phone: 313-334-3666.

DETROIT—Friends Church, 9608 S. Detroit, Sunday school, 10 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m. Clerk: William Kirk, 10780 Stannard, Livonia 48154.

DETROIT—Meeting, Sunday, 10 a.m., 7th floor, University Center Bldg., Wayne State University. Correspondence: 4411 Norfolk, Detroit 48221. Phone: 341-9404.

EAST LANSING—Worship and First-day school, Sunday 12:30 p.m. All Saints Church library, 800 E. Abbot Road. Phone: 313-301-2028.

GRAND RAPIDS—Friends meeting for worship. First-days 10 a.m. For particular call 616-985-6667 or 616-985-3034.

KALAMAZOO—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Discussion and child care 11 a.m.; Friends Meeting House, 508 Denner. Phone: 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: 728-8519.

ROCHESTER—For information call Sharon Rickert, clerk, 285-8688, or Richard & Marian Van Dellen, 282-4555.

ST. PAUL—Twin Cities Friends Meeting. Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m.; Friends House, 255 Summit St. Phone: 222-3350.

Missouri

COLUMBIA—Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Ecumenical Center, 913 Maryland. Phone: 449-4311.

KANSAS CITY—Penn Valley Meeting, 4405 Gillham Rd., 10 a.m. Call 918-331-5206.

ROLLA—Preparatory Meeting, Sundays 6:30 p.m., Elkins Church Education Bldg., First & Elm Sts. ST. LOUIS—Meeting, 2536 Rockford Ave., Rock Hill, 11 a.m. Phone: 721-0815.

New Hampshire

LINCOLN—313 S. 40th. Phone: 488-4178. Sunday Schools, 10 a.m., worship 11. OMAHA—Unprogrammed worship 453-7918.

New Mexico

ALBUQUERQUE—Meeting and First-day school, 10:30 a.m. 815 Girard Blvd., N.E. Alfred Hoge, clerk. Phone: 256-9011.

GALLUP—Sunday, 10 a.m., worship at 1715 Nebraska. Margaret 321, church. Phone: 786-8869 or 869-8969.

NEW BRUNSWICK—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. Quaker House, 33 Renton Ave., Phone 941-0071.

PLAINFIELD—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10:30 a.m. Watching Ave. at E. Third St. 575-5737. Open Monday to Friday 12:15 to 2:15. PRINCETON—Meeting for worship 9:30 and 11 a.m. First-day school 11 a.m. Oct. May. Quaker Rd. near Mercer St. Phone: 809-924-5837.

QUAKERTOWN—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Phone: 201-956-2726.

RANCOCAS—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.

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

SHERBURY—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 671-2651.

SUMMIT—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.; First-day school, 11:15 a.m. 156 Southern Boulevard, Chatham Township. Visitors welcome.


WESTFIELD—Friends Meeting Room, 130 at Riverton-Moor地區 Rd., Cinnaminson. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m., First-day school 10 a.m. WOODSTOWN—First-day school, 9:45 a.m. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m., N. Main St. Phone: 789-1038.

New York

ALBANY—Worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. 7270 Broadway, 4th Floor. Phone: 943-1950.

ALFRED—Meeting for worship 9:15 a.m. At the Gothic, corner Ford and Sayles St.

AUBURN—Unprogrammed meeting 11 a.m. 7th-day worship. By appointment only. Auburn Prison, 135 State St., Auburn, NY 13021. Requests must be made through Phyllis Randus, coordinator, 21 N. Main St., Mohawk, NY 13348. Phone: 315-497-9540.

BROOKLYN—110 Schermerhorn St. Worship and First-day school, Sundays 11 a.m.; meeting for discussion 10 a.m.; coffee hour noon. Child care provided. Information: 212-777-8886 (Mon.-Fri. 9-5).

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


CHAPPAGUA—Quaker Road (Route 120). Meeting for worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. Phone: 914-236-6864. Clerk: 914-628-6127.

CLINTON—Meeting rooms, 10:30 a.m. Kirkland Art Center, On The Park. Phone: 518-243-2443.

CORNWALL—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Rt. 307, off 9W. Quaker Ave. Phone: 914-534-2271.

ELMIRA—11:00 a.m. Sundays, 155 West 6th St. Phone: 607-733-7972.

GRAHAMSVILLE-Catskill (formerly Greenfield-Newkirk), 10:30 a.m. During winter month 202-8167.

HAMPTON—Meeting for worship Sunday, 10 a.m., Chapel House, Colgate University.
LEHIGH VALLEY-BETHLEHEM—On Rt. 512 1/2 mile north of Rt. 22. Meeting and First-Day school, 10 a.m.


MEDIA—126 West Third St. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

MEDIA—Providence Meeting, Providence Rd., Media, 10 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 a.m. August 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, 784-2287. Dean Girton, clerk. 404-3161.

MUNCY at PENNSDALE—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Rickie and Michael Gross, clerks. Phone: 717-584-3324.

NEWTOU—Bucks County, near George School. Meeting, 11 a.m. First-day school, 10 a.m. Monthly meeting, first Fifth-day, 7:30 p.m.

NEWTOWN—County Road.—Rte. 252 N. of Rt. 3. Meeting 11 a.m. Clerk, 215-588-7238.

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

NORTHWEST PA—New, 7 p.m., 1st and 3rd Sundays. Contact: Dr. R. C. & Ewell, 2nd Sundays in Meadville. Phone: 716-347-5222.

PITTSDALE—Meeting, 10 a.m., 1st Sunday, 10 a.m. Meeting, 11 a.m., 1st and 3rd Sundays. Contact: Francis C. and Lora C. Hunter, 1103 Whipple Rd., 412-384-2868.

PHILADELPHIA—Meetings, 10:30 a.m. unless specified; phone: 242-7221 for information about First-day schools.

Rhode Island

NEWPORT—In the restored meetinghouse, Marlborough St., unprogrammed meeting for worship on First and Third-F Differences at 10 a.m. Phone: 849-7345.

PROVIDENCE—Garland Ave., corner of College St. Meeting for worship 11 a.m. Each First-Day.

WESTERLY—Clayton Ave. Unprogrammed worship, 11 a.m. Phone: 401-783-5001.

South Carolina

COLUMBIA—Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m., 1200 S. Broad St. Phone: 706-334-8540.

South Dakota

SIOUX FALLS—Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m., 2300 S. Summit. Phone: 656-354-7894.

Texas

AUSTIN—Worship and First-day school, 10:30 a.m. First and Third-F D. Church, 10 a.m. Phone: 512-322-7486.

WEST KNOXVILLE—Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. D.W. Newton, 663-6540.

Tennessee

CHATTANOOGA—Worship, 10 a.m., First and Third-F D. Church, 10 a.m. Phone: 429-5914.

WAUSAU—Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Phone: 715-261-6200.

WISCONSIN

BELMONT—Unprogrammed worship, 11 a.m. Sundays, 811 Clary St. Phone: 608-365-5599.

GREEN BAY—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 12 noon. Phone: 414-578-9666.

KICKAPA VALLEY—Friends Group, 10 a.m. Saturday, Easter Sunday, 10 a.m. Phone: 715-261-6200.

Utah

LOGAN—Meeting 10:30 a.m. Cache Library, 90 N. 100 E. Phone: 385-3702.

SALT LAKE CITY—11 a.m. unprogrammed meeting, 232 University, 84102 Phone: 801-367-6703.

Vermont

BENNINGTON—Worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m. Monument Elem. School, W. Main St. P.O. Box 221, 05201. Info: 442-4311.

BURLINGTON—Worship, 11 a.m. Sunday, back of 175 No. Prospect. Phone: 802-862-8449.

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

PLAINFIELD—Worship 10:30 a.m. Sunday, Phone: 802-233-3742.

PLYMOUTH—Wilderness Meeting, 10:30 a.m. Sunday, Farm and Wilderness Camp near Plymouth; N. entrance, Rt. 100. Kate Brinton, 228-8492.

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

Virginia

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

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

MCCLEAN—Langley Hill Meeting, Sunday, 10:30 a.m.; Adult class 9:30 a.m.; 1st and 3rd Sundays.

RICHMOND—First-day school, 10 a.m. Sunday, 10 a.m. Phone: 703-275-9115. June-August, worship 10 a.m.

ROANOKE—Salem Preparatory Friends Meeting, clerk: Venerable Waring, 343-6769, and Blacksburg Preparatory Friends Meeting, clerk: Judy Heald, 532-8256.

GOLA BEACH—Meeting for worship 11 a.m. (Based on silence) 1537 Laskin Road, Virginia Beach, VA 23451.

WINCHESTER—Centre Meeting, 203 North Washington. Worship, 10:15 a.m. Phone: 757-364-8457 or 967-8000.

WASHINGTON

SEATTLE—University Friends Meeting, 4001 9th Ave., N.E. Silent worship and First-day classes at 11 a.m. Phone: 206-726-7070.

SPokane—Silent meeting 10 a.m. Phone: 406-325-2826 evenings and weekends. Skip Welch.

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

West Virginia

CHARLESTON—Worship, Sundays, 10:00-11:00 a.m. YWCA, 1114 Quarter St. P.O. Cullard, clerk. 342-6368 for information.

WISCONSIN

BELMONT—Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m. Sundays, 811 Clary St. Phone: 608-365-5599.

GREEN BAY—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 12 noon. Phone: 414-578-9666.

KICKAPA VALLEY—Friends Group, 10 a.m. Saturday, Easter Sunday, 10 a.m. Phone: 715-261-6200.

MADISON—Sunday, 11 a.m. Friends House, 200 Monroe St., 256-2246; and 11:15, Yahara Labor Meeting, 619 Riverside Dr., 248-7255.

MINNEAPOLIS—Worship, 10 a.m. Phone: 612-332-1650.

OAKLAND—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Monday, 545 Monroe St. 614-233-5804.

WAUSAU—Meetings in members' homes. Write 3320 N. 111th or phone 842-1130.
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