I always had a lot of faith in this country, in its leaders and its courts. I guess you'd have to say I've lost some of that. Not that I don't love this country— I do. I just find it hard to believe that these were people who would not, or do not have the courage to, face not only the issue of the death penalty, but the issue of discrimination as well—economic and racial....

John A. Spinkelink
May 22, 1979
The excited grin on my husband's face warned me that something was in the air. The last time he had looked like that was when a neighbor had given him a burnt-out motorcycle to work on. I waited.

"Have you talked to the people from Argenta? They want us to consider applying for the position of house-parent-teacher at the Friends School."

Oh, no. Worse than I had thought. Since we had left Costa Rica where we had been teaching in another Friends school, I had been wishfully yearning for a farm of our own in Ontario, close to numerous relatives. Now this opportunity threatened to shatter my cherished dream.

Still, I was curious. The teachers and students we had met from Argenta Friends School seemed happy and relaxed with each other. The six staff children, ranging in age from six to twelve years, were equally at ease with adults and teenagers. All radiated the warm geniality of a large extended family. What made their school so special to them? It would be worthwhile to learn more about the purpose of the school and how they tried to achieve it. I
wouldn’t have to commit myself.

At this time we were attending a gathering of Friends in Western Canada. Instead of participating in the business meeting, we found ourselves surrounded by Argenta Friends. Brimming with enthusiasm for their school, they extolled the benefits of teaching and living in their rural community.

Argenta Friends School, we learned, was started by the Argenta Monthly Meeting as part of its peace testimony. If a peaceful world were ever to be created, people would have to change their ways of interacting. They would have to learn how to live and work in group situations and to make decisions based on the needs of all involved. Assuming that students of upper high school age would be most receptive to this kind of experience, it was decided to open a school for people in grades eleven and twelve.

Having collected twenty-five dollars for postage with which to begin, members sent out letters stating the goals of the proposed school to individuals or groups who might be interested. Helen and John Stevenson agreed to teach and coordinate the school program. There would be no authority figure; the functions normally assigned to a principal would be carried out by a joint student-staff meeting. Jonathan Aldrich, holding an honors degree from Harvard, arrived to volunteer his services. Thus, in 1959, school was begun with ten teenagers attending classes. An old school building, erected in 1919, was rented for five dollars a month. This was used until it burned in 1967. Students lived with families in the community.

The disciplinary branch of the school is the personnel committee and school ministry and counsel committee. The former is made up of monthly meeting members. The latter is a committee of students and one staff person and is chosen by the entire school. The two committees work together interviewing prospective staff and students, and attempt to iron out problems that arise during the year.

By 1961, the number of students had risen to twenty-three. Except for the peak enrollment of twenty-seven, numbers have been kept around twenty. (This year, with the addition of a junior high program, there are twenty-six students. The junior high was developed to take care of the needs of local children.) Regular class sizes are usually between three and ten—quite a change from public secondary schools.

My appetite whetted, I plunged into the main course. “What is expected of the houseparent?”

The houseparents offer their homes to students for ten months. During this time, they are legally and morally in charge of household patterns. The two to four students in each home are expected to contribute equally in the work of the family, participating in such tasks as food preparation, wood chopping and animal husbandry.

Family conferences function as a clearinghouse for conflicts which arise, and also for planning family recreation. Decisions concerning the operation of the household are generally reached by consensus of the group, with the houseparents having the final say. One of the main tasks facing the houseparent is that of keeping the pantry, root cellar and fridge from going bare before the onslaught of a swarm of voracious teenagers.

Now I was ready for the dessert. “How does one get paid for this?”

The Argenta Friends School has never had a reputation for overpaying its staff. In fact, it has prided itself on keeping salaries at a minimum, in accordance with Friends’ testimony on simplicity, and in order to keep tuition low. Last year, nine staff members received a combined salary equivalent to that of one Ontario Argenta student Kathryn Wallace and friend
secondary school teacher. "This," laughingly stated Betty Polster, the coordinator, "includes four principals!" Yes-four principals: for finance, academics, administration, and overall coordination. (This was an innovation to further emphasize the non-hierarchical nature of the school.) However, good news for this year: the school community decided to raise staff salaries from a maximum of $260 to $320 per month per couple. Mentally, I saw my dream farm receding into the distance.

The bulk of funds come from students or their families. Other sources of income are individual and group donations. For the 1978-79 school year, tuition is $2100. Room and board is an additional $900 per year. But no student is refused for lack of money. If, on the basis of their interviews and four references, it is felt that they and the school could benefit from their being here, students are accepted regardless of finances. As there is no scholarship fund per se, the budget is geared toward the students' ability to pay.

(Money seems to materialize when it is needed. Last year a van was badly needed to transport the students on school trips. Despite lack of budgeted funds for a van, one was purchased. The next day a check for half the amount arrived.)

Holding onto my dream, I was still evasive. We did promise to think it over and, if seriously interested, visit the school. However, despite all my efforts to resist, the magnetic force of the community, as strong as the iron in the mountains surrounding it, pulled me toward it.

Thus, incredibly, we found ourselves riding along the winding highway beside Kootenay Lake. At the north end we saw some houses and fields across the lake, sprinkled along the side of a mountain. Other snow-capped peaks hovered like majestic sentinels. Leaving the highway, we bumped along a dirt road, avoiding some fallen rocks, for about four miles. A sign saying, "Slow, Children at Play," welcomed us to the community. Climbing a few more miles along the twisting road, we finally came to a stop at the Hawkins' gate.

John and Alaine Hawkins, transplants from Ontario, want to live here forever, a sentiment shared by all the other staff and many former students, even though land is scarce and prices are prohibitive. Besides their new goat
barns, John is proud of the print shop in their basement. This is where the Canadian Friend and other Quaker literature are printed. A darkroom provides an opportunity for interested students and community members to learn and perfect techniques of developing photographs.

John guided us through the two houses operated by the school. The Beguin house, named after the original settler who built it in the early 1900s, is situated on ten acres of land. There are apple, pear, cherry and plum trees scattered about the property. The large garden area once provided the best vegetables around. The other school-owned house was built by students and staff, thus receiving the name of Student Home. It has a stone fireplace and plenty of windows to capture all the sunlight that filters through the stately evergreens. To our relief, we learned that the houses have electricity, telephones and running water. However, wood is used for heat and generally for cooking. Both houses were in need of repairs, one of the reasons that Bill's skills as a handyman were required.

We were then handed over to Donna Sassaman who completed our tour. Returning to the shore of the lake, we saw the meetinghouse, the hub of most of the school's activities. Here daily, with the exception of Saturday, meetings for worship are held in silence between the crackling fireplace and the panoramic view of lake and mountains. According to the student handbook, "the basic purpose of AFS which makes it different from most other schools is to give an opportunity for a group of people to try to reach some kind of spiritual, intuitive maturity as part of the experiential educational process."

In the silence, people can gain an inner calmness and unity with each other and all of creation.

In the meetinghouse, too, are held some classes and the student-staff meeting. In the latter all voices are heard. Clerks are rotated so that each student and teacher has an opportunity to conduct the meeting. Decisions are approved only when all are in agreement. People are listened to without interruption. If the issue under discussion raises a lot of emotional dust, the clerk will ask for silence to allow the dust to settle.

Between the meetinghouse and the road lay blackened scars of ruined buildings. A second school building had burned in 1975, and the Stevensons' home burned in 1976. Most of the fires had been caused by electrical failures. There is a safety committee, headed by John Stevenson, which inspects all the school buildings and homes to alert school people to possible hazards. The Stevensons moved on to other activities in 1976.

Turning our glance from the sad spectacle of gaping holes and a desolate chimney, we beheld the almost completed new school building. This had been the fruit of student and staff labor and love. A major project for the 1977-78 construction class was to be the installation of a new wood-burning furnace, which would replace the electric heaters. New shelves would also be built during the school year to house the expanding collection of books in the library. Liz Tanner, the librarian, has visions of a larger room with reading tables and well-stocked shelves on the second floor. This vision may become a reality within the next year.

From the school building, we were conducted over a winding dirt road to Johnson's Landing. There a warm reception awaited us at Ruth Burt's place. Her lovely home was constructed, in part, by draft resisters, who had chosen to come to Canada rather than fight a war repugnant to them. Ruth Burt and Phil and Marguerite Wells, along with Donna, wanted to interview us on behalf of the monthly meeting. As the school is under care of the meeting, its members set up the policies governing the school. They also provide continuity and lend emotional and spiritual support in a kindly, mature and objective way.

The weekend we visited was the weekend of the end-of-school hike. Most of the staff families and students had already reached Fry Creek Point, about ten miles away from Argenta, by foot or canoe. After our interviews, we embarked in a motorboat for the Point. Our girls, Maria and Elizabeth, were greeted by Heather, Tracy and Zilla, children of staff couples. They...
immediately started to build houses among the driftwood on the beach. Scott, the lone boy, refused to participate in their activities. My husband, Bill, soon had a bevy of students around him, all eager for their palms to be read. Looking at him in his glory, I knew my dream had to be shelved. In a last-ditch effort, I told our daughters, “Now, we won’t have to come here to live if you don’t want to.” “But we like it here, Mommy,” was their reply.

So in August we moved into the Beguin House. The dust of unpacking had barely settled when the students arrived. At first, two girls and one boy stayed with us. Then in October, David Wekselblatt arrived from New Jersey, increasing our family to eight. With Carol Ross from Newfoundland, Kathryn Wallace from Portland, Oregon, and John Holliday from Vancouver, British Columbia, we had quite a geographical representation.

We also had a wide variety of tastes in food. Between Carol, who is a strict vegetarian, and David, who loves steaks, we had an interesting assortment of meals. Sometimes the boys would cook two meals at once, one for vegetarians and one for carnivores. Consequently, waistlines expanded. Carol took the Foods 12 course, which meant she must prepare many kinds of food for the household’s approval. Besides this, she must help put in a garden, care for our livestock, and buy the groceries at least once. Most of our food shopping is done through the Willet Farmers’ Institute (named after “our” mountain) or the Fed-up Co-op. Through these, we can order bulk supplies of nuts, grains, dried fruits, powdered milk, cheese and other goods. The Fed-up Co-op tries to stock only foods that are not grown by the exploitation of others. In this way we are learning about the politics of food. We are also learning yet another way to develop community, and to work together.

Fortunately, most of the students at the school are very conscious of the nutritional value of foods. Chemical additives are frowned upon. Whole wheat is the preferred ingredient for the bread we bake. A favorite breakfast food is crunchy granola with yogurt topping, both produced regularly by households. Although some students are trying to reduce their intake of sugar, cakes still abound at birthday times. From the spray-free orchards come a winter’s supply of apples and fruits. In the fall, we all have a chance to gather windfalls and work the Valentines’ cider press. The cool cider tastes delicious straight from the press.

Most students take an active part in animal husbandry. In addition to the poultry, the households either have goats or share a cow. (When one cow got into the oats by mistake, each of her three households took turns walking her day and night until the bloating subsided.)

Three of our students were also involved in the homesteading course offered that year. In this course, alternatives to a consumer-oriented life style were discussed, and students worked on projects. For Carol, this meant saving onion skins, beet peelings and carrot tops for making dyes. Then she spun some sheep’s wool into yarn which she dipped into the dye and hung up to dry. Finally, she crocheted the wool into a sweater.

David and John helped to butcher the three cows for school households’ use. They removed the hide and soaked it for days in water and ashes in an old washing machine in the basement. Next, they rinsed the hide and hung it on a pole frame to scrape. Unfortunately, December does not have the easiest hide-scrapping weather. After weeks of leaving it outside, they finally decided to bring it into the cellar, where its “aroma” attracted curious cats and other creatures. In desperation, they quartered the hide in order to have smaller pieces to work on. The snowshoes they had envisioned never materialized.

With the arrival of spring, other homesteading projects, planned throughout the winter months, could be started. Plans for a greenhouse were drawn up, and construction work on the foundation began on the Student Home property. John Holliday gathered material to build a cedar canoe he had designed. Everyone had an opportunity to create something “from scratch.”

Besides the regular courses required for B.C. or U.S. graduation, the school offers the possibility to experiment with unusual courses. One year a course was taught on social ecology. Its goal was to discover the patterns which foster the greatest human satisfaction and to study the nature of conflict. The students were to try to determine what makes a spiritual community. An offspring of this course is the Core-Outer program required of everyone. During the year, we have heard speakers on a variety of subjects, ranging from the treatment of Japanese-Canadians during the second World War to the physical signs of old age. We have explored the problems of drug use, and have worked out conflicts interfering with the group process. Students have described their own spiritual journeys.

The spiritual center of the school is described in the Core Package. To quote from the description:

At AFS, we consider it just as important to develop spiritually and in community skills and awareness as it is to strengthen our academic skills. Therefore, meeting for worship (weekdays and Sunday or midweek) and meeting for worship in the form of “Circle” (student-staff) are required activities. This package is designed to enable us to develop in these non-academic areas, and will involve these required activities as well as study in these fields. We want to reaffirm that our reason for inviting students here is that we want to share in the living of a com-
Learning community skills involves, in part, physical labor. The work crews in construction, graphics and office practice provide a chance for a credit in each of these areas; needed work is accomplished as well. The construction crew does everything from digging a ditch for a waterline to helping John Stevenson build his house. All the necessary rudiments for putting a magazine or pamphlet together are learned by the graphics class. And the office crew performs much of the secretarial work such as answering letters, filing materials and keeping the mailing list up-to-date.

Our music teacher, Edith Gorman, keeps the houses resounding with singing students. Besides those taking the class in music history, several of the students are studying different instruments. Kathryn’s recorder, David’s fiddle, and the ubiquitous guitar vied with the stereo last year for sound effects in our house. Our daughter Maria and Alicia Hawkins are taking piano lessons, but studying elsewhere.

Students are encouraged to accept responsibility for their education by making suggestions for future courses and evaluating their present ones. If an adult skilled in a particular field can be persuaded to offer tutorials, a student may take a special interest course on his or her own. A staff counselor is assigned to each student. His or her function is to assist in the selection of courses, observe the student’s academic progress, act as an intermediary when conflicts arise between houseparent or teacher and student, and to be a sympathetic ear when needed. Much encouragement is given to maintain academic excellence, and to work out conflicts directly.

The school gets drawn into issues that concern the wider community. When a logging company received a permit to do some cutting a few miles up the road in a community watershed, residents went into action. After two years of negotiation, the people here have a voice in planning of local logging and one of the staff members, Bill Sassaman, a forester, monitors it. This was one of the first instances of a logging company agreeing to cooperate with a community in British Columbia. Students took part in the many community meetings which were held regarding this issue; it was another way of learning community skills.

Through Norman Polster’s vigilance, we have been kept informed of the government’s proposed plan to operate three uranium mines in B.C. Since we feel the possible damage caused by nuclear energy far outweighs any of its benefits, we are adamantly opposed to these mines. The school community has also actively participated in protesting the building of the Trident submarine base in Bangor, Washington, with its potential for global destruction. Two years ago the school group spent a week with the Pacific Life Community in New Westminster, British Columbia. After studying the techniques for nonviolent protest, the school organized and staged a demonstration against the Trident submarine, parading through the streets of Vancouver and performing street theater at different points. This year, the school will again be working with Pacific Life Community, this time at “Ground Zero” (the anti-Trident campaign’s center for information and nonviolence training workshops).

Each year the school spends one or two weeks doing intersession projects. This is when students and staff are involved in alternative educational experiences. Projects have involved work with Pacific Life Community, crafts, and service projects. Last year one group did some court-watching in Vernon, British Columbia; its purpose was to learn more about our system of justice. Another group visited the Colville Indian Reservation in Washington state. Besides casting off our misconceptions of native peoples based on history texts and television programs, we learned a lot from their spiritual leaders and elders. Floyd Westerman, a well-known Sioux singer, informed us that justice means “just us—the white people.” He stressed the importance of our learning to relate to plants and animals in the Indian way—spirit to spirit. We gained a deeper insight into the spiritual lives of native people and a feeling of unity in a common relationship to our Earth.

Three service projects are planned for this year’s intersession. One is working with Pacific Life Community in its campaign for a nuclear-free world; and one is working with native people in Calgary, Alberta. One of the goals of our intersession projects is always that the participants will become interested in continuing to work in those areas of service.

After intersession, the organic gardens will be prepared and planted. Work weeks will be spent cleaning and raking the yards, digging out drains, repairing houses and gathering wood. As well, students will have essays to finish and final exams to prepare for.

Now after almost two years of living here, I can think back on our decision without regret. There have been times when the emotional strain of trying to blend eight disparate personalities into a family has been especially difficult to bear. But we have the support of other people in a quest for harmony and peace.

With the newly-born white goat kids leaping over me to be petted and fed, I feel content. The property is not ours but we can reap the benefits. The apples and raspberries taste sweet when they are ours for the picking. As I saunter down the tree-lined path to the meetinghouse, I pause to greet a favorite fir tree. When its spirit whispers to mine, a surge of joy bubbles up from my inner wellspring. Life unplanned can bring unsought blessings.
We had come to meeting for worship. There were a few people seated at first, somewhat scattered. You could hear the utterances and ritualized greetings in the distance, as additional people came into the gathering hush of our time together.

After a while, a certain settledness had blanketed whatever it was we were doing. The quiet was of some intensity now, punctuated by the stirrings the human creature makes in relative repose. Body shiftings, gastric rumblings, respiratory issuances and the like. And there were sounds of movement elsewhere, though modified.

At one point well along, someone got up to speak. My brief and clumsy paraphrasing of what was said is that this Friend felt appreciative of God's gifts and inspiration. He also called attention to the benefits to him of an area Friends' gathering the previous day whose main topic was "New Call to Peacemaking" concerns and activities.

We returned to quiet.

Toward the close, as is our custom, the little band of young people filed into the room to expand our numbers. Then something remarkable took place. I'll not attempt many metaphors that would even begin to describe it.

But what had started to happen was a rippling, beginning with one cluster of children having just come in and spreading to the others. Soon our young people had become locked in uncontrollable giggling, fairly swaying on the benches in the sheer excitement and delight of it.

Its effect on our corporate condition was a felt thing. Once again, we had somehow been saved from ourselves. A certain perspective, and sanity, had been restored by the youthful laughter of those still willing and able to use fully the instinctual balances God gives us.

It wasn't long before another Friend arose to acknowledge the potential isolations and denials of the lofty, and too often somber, path of one's religious convictions and searchings. And the lurking paralysis of the specialness we tend to attach to our Quaker ways, traditions, and accomplishments.

We closed with a hymn of praise.

I wouldn't want the job of having to sit in final judgment on the quality of our Friends' meetings and worship. But I do feel that the soberly deliberative tendency is apt to be fraught with walls of ice and the capacity to isolate.

It has been said that such expectations as purity and saintliness have got to be allowed to die, for the most part, if one is to make much headway in improving one's response to life. And I believe it.

Thank goodness (and God) for the giggles!

Wilfred Reynolds is a former clerk of Illinois Yearly Meeting and currently on the regional executive committee of the AFSC. A "handyman and putterer" and small entrepreneur, he is a member of Evanston (IL) Meeting.
VISIT TO PULAU BIDONG REFUGEE CAMP

article and photos by Julie Forsythe and Tom Haskins

We looked over the railing of the boat toward the island, where a huge throng of people stood under the tropical sun. We had been told that Bidong Island, on the east coast of West Malaysia, was crowded with "Boat People" from Vietnam, but we had not anticipated this crush of humanity in the dessicating heat. The American Friends Service Committee had sent us to Malaysia in March, 1979, to evaluate what the AFSC might do to assist these people during their transient stay in Malaysia, or to expedite their emigration to other countries. Even though we had talked with many officials, and even visited a small transit camp of Vietnamese refugees bound for the United States and Canada, we were not prepared for Bidong.

We knew that over 96,000 people had arrived in various countries by boat from Vietnam in 1977 and 1978. Some of these had already emigrated to permanent settlement countries such as the United States, Australia, and Canada. But in Malaysia alone over 54,000 were still in camps waiting for the United States or other countries to take them in. [Since this report was written, thousands more of refugees have arrived, Church World Service listing Malaysia alone as having received 78,000. -Eds.] They have not been invited to stay in Malaysia for religious, racial, political, and economic reasons. While Malaysian national organizations, such as the Red Crescent Society (the regional equivalent to the Red Cross), supported by contributions from the United Nations High Commission on Refugees, are tending to the needs of the refugees, these "Boat People" are clearly uninvited guests and their imminent departure is hoped for by most Malaysians. In the meantime, 30,000 of them are on Bidong Island, with thousands of others in other camps.

Our craft was a fishing boat hired by the United Nations for their High Commission on Refugees personnel. We were welcome to ride along. The UN staff person noted that this fisherman was being paid so well that he will find it difficult to return to casting his nets. There are numerous islands off the east coast of Malaysia, and we passed a few rocky piles on the way to Bidong. There is a small island beyond Bidong where 200 Malay fishermen live and another island that serves as a resort with a pleasure beach, golf course, and the like. These islands are not deserts, but lush green oases rising out of the sea. The island of Bidong itself resembles a half-submerged mountain with tall wooded peaks, and an intermittent fringe of beach about the circumference. Our boat approached the long jetty over the clear shallow lagoon, and here were the people. People clinging to rocks by the shore; people in dense long lines along the beach; people swimming, fishing, hauling water; people swarming on the dock; and people sitting, waiting. We had never seen so many people in such a small area. The island is reportedly a mile square, but most of it is high peaks, lush with trees and bamboo. All of the low land spaces are covered, literally packed, with one-and-two-story bamboo, thatch, and burlap bag houses with tiny tracks in between.

We threaded our way through the mass of people who were waiting for their water ration, pursuing the UNHCR representative up to the Malaysian police office to sign in. We followed our leader past the Red Crescent supply house, where people were lined up for rice, and along a densely crowded corridor between makeshift shacks. On our way we passed a group of 300 new arrivals whom the Malaysian police were in the process of signing onto Bidong. One woman was lying under a tree fanning herself, and seemed to be in a state of near shock. She related in Cantonese, and then in broken Vietnamese, that as their boat from Vietnam was nearing the shore, they were robbed by Thai fishermen looking for gold on the refugee boats. The refugees had lost everything, including their extra clothing.

We came up to the interviewing shed, which is one of the few buildings on the island with cement floors and a tin roof. Long wooden benches and tables fill the space. Here piles of paper get stacked and the interviewing teams from each permanent settlement country line up to pre-screen, screen, interview, trouble-shoot, and even...
A screening interview was with a young electronics engineer who had studied in New Zealand for five years and wished to settle there. He was advised by the interviewer that there should be no problem, except that the team from New Zealand was not expected until early June, two full months away. He had no choice but to wait for their arrival.

A second screening interview was with a former ARVN sergeant who had been on the island twenty-one days, and had just completed his house and carried in a supply of water. He spoke very good English, and was vocal in his unhappiness over learning that he might have to wait six months before even being considered by U.S. immigration. He had no immediate relatives in the United States, and he had not been directly employed by the U.S. government during the war. He and perhaps 4,000 other former ARVN on Bidong Island learned that they were receiving no special privileges at this point. He was asked if he would be willing to use his English skills as a volunteer interpreter working with the various interviewing teams. He snapped that he was too busy to give his time free in that fashion. He reluctantly planned to apply to Canada for immigration in hopes of being able to move off Bidong sooner.

The long lines of those waiting to be interviewed advanced slowly: some seeking clarification, others having their hopes fulfilled, others sorely disappointed.

The Bidong Vietnamese Camp Committee chairman welcomed us, served us tea, and introduced us to his two deputies. He explained that the camp is organized into seven zones, each with its own committee members and health station. There are camp committees that also deal with health, information, building, water, food.

Loudspeakers over the island, run by gasoline generators, blare out announcements such as what team would be visiting that day and whom they would talk with next. We were amazed at the societal infrastructure in this seemingly amorphous mass of people. The committee chairman gave us the statistics for Bidong as of March 27, 1979: 31,375 persons, including the 214 infants born there, forty-three persons who had died since arrival, and thirty-six listed as “missing.”

The chairman suggested that a couple of members from the committee go around with us so that we wouldn’t get lost.

The incredible pedestrian traffic along the main alleyway was going to and from the beach. The mass of people on the beach had been waiting in long lines in the sun for from four to six hours to collect their share of one gallon of water per person per day. This was supplied by the water barge that is towed out to the island every other day.

People were carrying their ration of water by any means possible—garbage cans, gerry cans, and even plastic rice sacks. Two youngsters in front of us were carrying a ten-gallon can of water on a pole between them. One of them slipped in the mud created by spills from other cans, and their family’s two day water supply was done. They stood silently at the empty can. Hot and aggravating as this water-barge process is, it is superior to depending on the wells on the island. Over twenty wells have been hand-dug since the people first arrived. Six months ago, when there were fewer than 1,000 refugees on the island, the well water was sweet and plentiful.

Today, with the population swollen thirty times, the wells are contaminated by surface drainage, are brackish because of intrusion of sea water, and are virtually dry.

There were people and shacks everywhere. Every refugee is responsible for her or his own housing. A limited supply of lumber is available, but only for community buildings such as the projected clinic shed. New arrivals either purchase a house from someone leaving, climb up the mountain to get bamboo or saplings for material, or hire someone else to do it. If they haven’t enough strength or money, and have no relatives to take them in, they sleep in the paths. But this is not common. The shacks themselves showed the ingenuity of the Vietnamese that we were familiar with from refugee camps in Quang Ngai. Simple, strong, ingeniously put together, some structures had a stark beauty to them.

There is no gross malnutrition to be seen, even though the rations are simple. The Red Crescent distributes the equivalent of a condensed milk can of rice, that is a bit less than a half kilogram per person, per day. They are given canned fish, one can per person, given anywhere from every three days to every two weeks. Twice weekly vegetables and meat, of variable freshness, are distributed.

At the moment, there is no special food for pregnant women or infants, although the Red Crescent shipment of infant formula was due to arrive three days after our visit. In one area there were a few rows of women crouched behind baskets of black market goods: cigarettes, packets of noodles, cans of milk and powdered milk, and cans of Coca Cola. A few enterprising souls with cash have paid bribes to get these goods on the island and were selling them to their fellow refugees for fat profits.
FRIENDS AND REFUGEE SPONSORSHIP

Friends need not be reminded of their historical participation in this country in refugee settlement. Long before the League of Nations and the United Nations, Friends have demonstrated a deep concern and commitment to helping the world’s homeless. Today, the need continues to grow.

During this year, the thirtieth anniversary of the signing of the United Nations Universal Declaration of Human Rights, we see the geopolitical strife increasingly creating situations that uproot thousands upon thousands: from Chile and Haiti to Indochina, Eastern Europe and Iran. Refugees are an ever-present reminder of our failure to approach a sense of global harmony or understanding. President Carter, before the U.N. General Assembly on 6 December 1978, said:

Our country will do its utmost to ease the plight of stranded refugees from Indochina and Lebanon and of released political prisoners from Cuba and elsewhere. I hope we will always stand ready to welcome more than our fair share of those who flee from their homelands because of racial, religious, or political oppression.

Under present U.S. immigration law, refugees cannot enter the country unless a sponsor is found for them. Sponsorship is a moral, not legal, obligation of an individual, church congregation or meeting, the goal of which is to help that refugee and his or her family become an integrated and productive member of their new community. It’s not an easy task, but you’re helping an individual or family find a new life in this country.

Our Judeo-Christian heritage has a rich and rewarding history of service to the homeless: “for there will never cease to be needy ones in your land, which is why I command you: open your land to the poor and needy kinsman in your land.” (Deuteronomy 15:11) “I was a stranger and you took me in” (Matthew 25:36). We are a nation made up of the “tired and homeless.”

Friends, in the past, have participated in the Immigration and Refugee Program of Church World Service, and today they are observers in that program, utilizing the national denominational network of other resettlement offices. Friends can obtain information on sponsorship by contacting: David Elder, AFSC, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. (215) 241-7000.

—John Tenhula

We entered a house that had a few pieces of tin roofing, some blue plastic provided by UNHCR, and burlap rice bags covering a bamboo frame. There were three women and a young girl sitting on the platform that served as a bed. We were warmly invited in and seated. The innate hospitality of the Vietnamese was evident, even in these stark surroundings. Hot tea was offered us, even though water is precious and it has to be served in tin cans recycled as tea cups.

The first woman immediately asked what had brought us to Bidong, with the implied hope that there could be some immediate benefit from a visit by Americans. We explained that we were there in no official capacity, but only to encourage more Americans to offer sponsorships. We spoke at length with the second woman, a thirty-four-year-old Vietnamese woman who recently left Cholon in Saigon where she was working in a shop. She had left her mother and married sisters behind and fears she will never see them again.

Why did she leave? She said she had “no free time under the new system.” On weekends she had to participate in political re-education classes, which are long lectures. Vacations are spent doing work in their neighborhood in Cholon. “There was no time to do the things I wanted to do.” She introduced us to her friends with whom she had left Vietnam. They were a Chinese family that had been her school friends and agreed to bring her along. The young Chinese woman had been an elementary school teacher, and she complained more clearly about three-month holidays that were lost to political education or neighborhood work. Had they been forced to go to the new economic areas of farming out in the countryside? No, the work was all in the Saigon area. But she had no time anymore to study English as a foreign language or in any way better herself for advancement, so she was glad that they had left.

The first woman was clutching the post with eyes full of tears. Perhaps she had been convinced to leave for what looked like a better opportunity to her more highly educated friends and now she was having second thoughts. But there is no turning back.

Later a twelve-year-old child grabbed us by the hands and asked if we wouldn’t come and visit her family. We struck up a steep, dried mud path past the large heap of burned, unburied garbage, and on to a small group of houses with tiny vegetable gardens in front. Inside the hut, made of bamboo framing and palm fronds, there was an older man sitting cross-legged on the bed, a platform made of bamboo and saplings lashed together that formed the center piece of every shack (and most peasant housing in the Vietnam countryside). The area was barren, with no shade, and very hot. The man was a landowner and rice farmer from Ca Mau, at the most southern tip of the Vietnam mainland. He left
because he was fed up with the government rice tax which only left him with enough rice for seven months of the year. He said that the government was demanding that all the male youth from eighteen to forty-five and women from eighteen to thirty-five serve the country, and he was not going to send his children off anywhere.

So he came to Bidong with twelve family members. He has no relatives in the United States or anywhere else. We asked if he had known in advance that the trip would be dangerous and the conditions on Bidong severe. Yes, he said. He knew it was dangerous, he had heard about others. "But dead is dead, here or there, what is the difference?" He is looking for "freedom," and that is all that matters. We asked what he hoped to do when he got to his new country. "Any work at all."

During this whole time, the rest of the family was absolutely quiet and let the old man do all of the talking. We spoke about the problems that older people have learning a new language, and told him he would have to struggle to learn English. "My lips are stiff," he said. "It will be hard."

One of the young students asked us if we could talk with a family that had been robbed by Thai pirates. Of course we were interested, and off we went up the hill. Like the newly arrived woman we met under the tree, this family was still shocked that the Thai would have treated them like that. This was a family of four with a brand new baby, and the father kept repeating that they had even taken the baby's sweater. The father was dressed in an old military uniform that someone else in their shack had given him. They had moved in with acquaintances from Saigon on their arrival at Bidong, and after ten days were slowly getting adjusted to the idea of living on the refugee island for six months.

We next visited a family of Chinese merchants from Bac Lieu. They had come as part of a large shipload last fall. Their structure was higher than many, more airy than any we visited, and very large. Three women and several children were resting underneath the bed platform, directly on the floor. This was not simply from overcrowding, they explained, but it was cooler down there. There were thirty-two family members in this shelter, an extended family indeed! They had left together, and expected to settle together in the United States. Some of the young men showed us a fishnet they use to catch fish. They are not allowed boats so they fish by standing in the sea at the turn of the tide. We asked one young man why he had left Bac Lieu. He said he was not opposed to the way things were going in Vietnam. But he and his family were Chinese, and the Vietnamese want to keep the Chinese at the lowest level of society, and he could not see staying on there with no hope of advancement.

Another family is one with a woman as head of household. She is from Long Xuyen, and is traveling with her sister, niece, and her three children. She had been a secretary for the United States government in Long Xuyen for five years. Her husband is still in re-education, and she decided to leave because she has not worked since 1973, and she was offered the place in the boat. She had been in the camp for several months and is confident about her future. Apparently she will be accepted by United States immigration, so she knows where she is going, and having worked for Americans, she has some idea of what she is getting into.

We came up to the Buddhist pagoda, and felt the cool sea breeze for the first time in awhile. We walked up the few steps to the pagoda, which had the only cement floor we saw except for the interviewing shed. This building was also built of bamboo poles and tin roofing, but it was assembled with care and in an effort to reflect the lines of a traditional pagoda. Some people were settled around the edges cooling off.

One old woman was praying, and in the corner was a memorial for those they knew were lost at sea. How many lost? No one knows for certain. Many people we talked to guessed that perhaps that five percent of all of the boats that left Vietnam were lost, but some people claim that as many as seventy percent never reached shore. We went into what appeared to be the general offices, which had a small acupuncture clinic and a large classroom filled with people. The blackboard at the far end had the English language sentence: "He is a lawyer," and underneath it the translation into Chinese ideographs. There was no Vietnamese language used at all. We sat on the wooden bench for a while, felt the breeze, and listened to the students of all ages chanting out the English phrases. One of the camp committee members was there, cooling himself as well. We were served tea in small cups crafted from the bottom of Coca Cola cans. We were told that the pagoda had English classes for Vietnamese half the time, and for Chinese half the time. They do not care if people follow the Buddha or not, they said; they help everyone. Apparently some of the classes on Bidong are more exclusive.

We came down the steep embankment and back toward the camp English language school which was then in session. The rooms were full of long benches packed with students. There were even people outside the flimsy structure, craning their necks over the walls, notebooks in hand, trying to see the blackboard. (There is a great lack of materials of all kinds. They need pencils, pens, and copy books.) We were told that 1,000 people are studying language, which, out of 31,375, is not that many. People often have to buy pencils and paper, which can be relatively expensive and is prohibitive for some.

We met a young woman who had worked with the Jesuits and, through her job at an orphanage, had known
the British Quakers of the Barclay Fund in Saigon. After chatting about the people we knew in common, she explained that she left because she had not been able to work for four years. The orphanage she was in was nationalized, and she stopped working at that time. All she wants to do is work again. She has a sister in the United States, which should allow her to move there. She had been on Bidong for four months.

She took us over to the local health clinic, birthing room, and hospital tent. The birthing room has two wooden beds and a small dispensary. There have been 214 births on the island, and there are now 200 pregnancies. A new feeding program for pregnant women and infants is to begin shortly. The hospital has six beds but reportedly has insufficient antibiotics and anti-parasitic medicines. The clinic area had wooden benches for waiting, a wooden stall with a bed, and a cupboard for medicines. Two nurses were dispensing medications.

On the island there are at least sixty medical doctors and over 200 trained nurses. Hence, this area has one of the highest doctor/population ratios in the world. While there is a rudimentary health system, there has, as yet, been no real adequate organization of health personnel. One problem is that the Malaysian government is reluctant to acknowledge that the doctors can practice, because they might be tempted to come to the towns on the mainland. Another factor is that these doctors left Vietnam in part because their practice was regulated; therefore any attempt to organize them must be done diplomatically.

The main health problems are scabies—a parasitic skin disease relating to crowded living conditions and not enough water for washing—and infectious hepatitis, a viral illness transmitted because of unclean hands, food, and drinking water. At the moment, malaria is not a problem, primarily because the transmitting mosquito is not on the island, which is too dry.

Then we visited, of all places, a coffeehouse! The typically Vietnamese cafe was run by a man who was a former public prosecutor and his wife, a former school teacher. They had put a canopy over the area, had small tables, tree stumps serving for stools, a small gasoline generator powered a tape recorder, and they served Coca Cola and beer! We had tea. The proprietor purchases his Coca Cola from a mainland merchant who brings it out by boat, at the cost of the equivalent of US$0.5. It then sells for the equivalent of US$7.5 to a dollar. We asked the former school teacher why she had left, and she stated that she had not really wanted to go, but she followed her husband who could not find work. He had finished re-education after a month, and then had settled into Saigon with nothing to do.

As we left the cafe, we could not help staring at a small boy with a bag of loaves of bread slung over his back, selling fresh bread! This is a classic scene from Vietnam. We were invited into the home of the Chinese who make the bread, and they proudly showed us their oven. It was a relatively small structure made out of local mud with soda cans used to insure ventilation and as a flue. There was a firebox below and the oven above. They get ingredients from mainland merchants and then sell five loaves for US$0.5. Several sources said that this was marvelous bread, and the mother of this large family from Bac Lieu told us why. They had arrived on the island last fall and—whatever else one might say about Bidong—it happens to have just the right kind of firewood for making bread better than in Vietnam. “We cannot get this good wood in Vietnam.” One of the American interviewers humorously described Bidong as “the last bastion of free capitalism in the world.” Here life is laissez-faire, simple supply and demand—if you have the funds!

It was nearing 5:30 p.m. and we began to head back to rendezvous with the boat. The water barge had not finished unloading, and people were still lined up on the beach. The place of the arrivals that we had seen in the morning was taken by 200 more new arrivals.

The Red Crescent is responsible for transporting food on four boats, all of which made the trip from Vietnam to Malaysia. Three of these are now in dock for repairs. The lone functioning boat just cannot keep up with the need. While there are no prospects for a new boat for the Red Crescent’s use, the UNHCR had developed food “packets” with enough food and water for one person for one day, or three people for one meal. These will be supplemented by fresh meat and vegetable twice weekly. Also, the Joint Voluntary Agency Representatives (administered by Church World Service) is hoping to move as many as 3,000 people each month to permanent settlement countries, and eventually 4,000 people each month. This is a tremendous job, but is what is needed to resolve the situation.

At the risk of making generalizations, the people who have left Vietnam often seem to be those who feel there is no place for them there anymore, no role in their native land. Many were involved in business or the professions, or had hopes of advancing themselves in these fields, and perceive that this is not possible for them in modern Vietnam. The alternatives which are open to them are often farming or physical labor, and these are not appealing. So people put their lives on the line, and sail away in small boats toward a shore where they hope their chances are greater. Today these people are in great need: that need being sponsorship from citizens of permanent settlement countries so the Boat People can get off Bidong and similar camps, and about the business of starting over.
by Stephen W. Angell

The state of Florida, with the approval of the United States Supreme Court, killed John Spenkelink by electrocution on Friday, May 25. This killing greatly saddened death penalty opponents, including many Friends, among whom opposition to capital punishment has been a long and deeply held conviction. There are still 520 people on death row, and Spenkelink's death brings the nation closer to a widespread bloodbath in the form of frequent executions.

Friends must prayerfully consider how we can do more to halt the hateful, vengeful practice of executions, now that the need for action is again urgent. Both the American Friends Service Committee and the Friends Committee on National Legislation oppose the death penalty on the basis of Friends' belief that every person has value in the sight of God and our testimonies against the taking of human life. As FCNL Legislative Secretary Don Reeves wrote to the Senate Judiciary Committee:

We believe that there are a few sparks of goodness in every person and that the administration of justice should be directed toward helping offenders become good, useful members of society... We see [capital punishment] as something which only furthers feelings of hatred and revenge, rather than bringing healing and reconciliation.

Mindful of these Friends' advices, I, along with many friends and fellow workers, began to organize a protest in my home city of Washington, D.C., when I learned that Florida Governor Bob Graham signed death warrants on May 18 for John Spenkelink and Willie Darden. I was particularly concerned about Spenkelink, because he was the first person to exhaust all his appeals against a death sentence since a de facto moratorium on executions was established twelve years ago. (In a grotesque spectacle, Gary Gilmore was granted his wish to be executed by the state of Utah on January 17, 1977, but he waived many of his appeals.)

The Washington, D.C., protest was one of many organized throughout the country in a last ditch effort to spare the lives of Spenkelink and Darden. Five hundred people camped peacefully outside the state prison at Starke, Florida, where Florida's electric chair is kept. They were there for most of the ensuing week, singing spirituals and holding candlelight vigils. Eight other demonstrators occupied Governor Graham's office in Tallahassee. Telegrams, letters, and phone calls protesting the governor's decision and urging him to reconsider came from throughout the world. From Washington, D.C., senators and representatives sent telegrams in protest. Also, the D.C. City Council passed a unanimous resolution against the executions.

On Tuesday night, May 22, with the killings scheduled for 7:00 a.m. the following morning (Wednesday), more than 200 people gathered across the street from the Supreme Court, prepared to vigil throughout the night. We were addressed by Representatives John Conyers and Robert Drinan and D.C. Mayor Marion Barry, and sent off a final telegram to Governor Graham with the names of more than 100 local organizations and individuals.

A stay was issued for Willie Darden's execution at 5:00 p.m. on Tuesday. Willie is still alive as of this writing.
Statement of John A. Spenkelink

1:10 p.m. Tuesday, May 22, 1979

My request for an interview with the news media today has been denied, and I am therefore making this statement as my only means of communication.

I have no special requests for any special meals or anything like that, but I would like to see Governor Graham or Attorney General Smith personally before my execution, and I would like to have a contact visit with my whole family. I have also asked to be allowed to have communion given by my own clergyman and to have my clergyman present with me tonight.

I always had a lot of faith in this country, in its leaders and its courts. I guess you'd have to say I've lost some of that. Not that I don't love this country—I do. I just find it hard to believe that there were people who would not, or do not have the courage to face not only the issue of the death penalty, but the issue of discrimination as well—economic and racial. I've learned a lot since I've been in prison, with all the reading I've had time to do and the people I've gotten to know. The things that were said in my legal papers were not just issues brought up by my lawyers—they had to do with facts about the death penalty and discrimination in this country that I can see, that I know about.

I would like Governor Graham to come see me. It seems to me that if he is to judge me, he should know me. He cannot know me through papers or the words of my lawyers. That's just common sense. If he had investigated my case, he wouldn't be doing this. If he's so sure of himself, he wouldn't be afraid to come. I know who I am, I know the changes I've made since being here. I want him to know who he is killing—the real person, not some idea he has in his head about me.

In some ways, this whole thing has been rougher on my family than it has been on me. However the state may feel justified in punishing me, I cannot understand why they cannot be more considerate of my family and their need to be with me now. Maybe the hardest thing for me is to see my family suffering—to see my mother losing her health, to see the worry and pain on the faces of my sister, her husband, Carla, and the kids. I wish there were a way to spare them.

I don't know if I'll get the chance to make another statement, so I guess there are things I better say now. I want the people who have worked so hard to stop this thing to know how much I appreciate them. Not only for their endless work, but for being good people—for sharing with me, and supporting me, and looking out for my family in these hard days. I want them to know their friendship has been important to me. They know who they are. It helps me to know they will keep on with the fight, no matter what.

Then, unexpectedly, two stays were issued at midnight to halt the killing of John Spenkelink. They proved to grant John only two extra days of life. In its regular conference on Thursday, the Supreme Court lifted the stay that Justice Thurgood Marshall, one of the members of the Court, had issued. At 6:00 a.m. Friday morning, I awakened horrified to the news that the U.S. Court of Appeals had lifted the stay against Spenkelink's execution, and that was scheduled a scant four hours later.

After some frantic telephone calling, I returned to the sidewalk across from the Supreme Court. Since the events had unfolded so suddenly, we had no permit to gather there, but the capitol police helpfully obtained one for us without any prior notice. By 9:30 a.m., about fifty people, all of whom had been called just that morning, came to join the vigil. We all carried signs. Mine read, "Thou shalt not kill." Other signs read, "You can't stop violence with violence." "How many deaths will it take 'til we know that too many people have died?"

Eight Supreme Court justices were meeting inside their marble chambers to consider John Spenkelink's final desperate appeal, which was being argued by former Attorney General Ramsey Clark. Representatives of the news media, including several television crews, were waiting for the decision on the Supreme Court plaza. On the sidewalk across from the Court, we agonized and prayed. I prayed (as did Saint Francis) that God would make me an instrument of peace and (as did Jesus of Nazareth) that forgiveness would prevail, not seven times, nor seven times seventy times, but every time that one human being does violence to another.

At 9:45 a.m., seven of my friends and I decided that we could no longer conscientiously allow other people, even Supreme Court justices, to make this God-like decision of life and death without a peaceful civil disobedient protest. We decided to take our witness across the street to the sidewalk directly in front of the Supreme Court, where all protests and demonstrations are forbidden. Some of us were warned immediately that our civil disobedient action was in violation of the law, but for a few minutes we were allowed to walk in a circle there while carrying our signs. At 9:55 a.m. a court reporter emerged from the building and told the waiting news people that the Supreme Court had denied Clark's plea for a stay by a six to two vote, with only Justices Brennan and Marshall voting to halt Spenkelink's execution.

Hearing the news, we protesters calmly began walking up the Supreme Court steps, and we were immediately arrested. A Supreme Court policeman grabbed my arm and hastily ushered me into the Supreme Court building, while I still clutched my sign reading, "Thou shalt not kill." Five other people from the Community for Creative Nonviolence in Washington, D.C. unfurled banners in the Supreme Court building in an indepen-
dently planned act of civil disobedience, and they, too, were arrested, bringing the total of arrestees to thirteen—eight men, four women, and a three-year-old child (released half an hour later).

The most distressing part of our first hour in custody was that we did not know whether John Spenkelink lived or died. The Supreme Court officers who were guarding us could not tell us. Through the windows of the ground floor security room where we were confined, I was glad to see that our forty remaining friends had decided to continue the vigil where the permit allowed, and they still lined the street with their signs facing us and the Court building. At 10:30 a.m., Ramsey Clark, upon coming out of the Court, was greeted by a swarm of news people, with whom he seemed to be quietly talking. Finally, in response to our gestures, a newsman came over to the window where we were unhearing spectators, and told us that Spenkelink had died at 10:18 a.m.

John Spenkelink did not die quietly. He had been convicted more than five years earlier of killing a traveling companion who had treated him brutally and had, according to John, threatened him at gunpoint just prior to John's killing him. The court rejected Spenkelink's argument of self-defense, and John was convicted of first-degree murder, then sentenced to death. It was the opinion of many who knew him that John had grown greatly during his years on death row, where he provided calm, positive leadership to his fellow death row inmates. However, Governor Graham rejected all pleas to grant Spenkelink clemency.

John Spenkelink's fellow prisoners loudly expressed support for him all during the week, banging tin cups on their bars, and by mirrors flashing sunlight to the demonstrators outside the prison. Hopes for more time to fight John's execution, raised high in the early hours of Wednesday morning, were dashed less than forty-eight hours later.

Spenkelink asked his lawyer and minister to witness the execution, so that he would be able to see two friends during the final moments. As John was carried, struggling, to the death chamber, he shouted, "Murderers! Murderers!" His mouth was taped shut. When the curtain was raised for the witnesses at 10:12 a.m., Spenkelink was tightly strapped to the electric chair, with two hooded executioners off to the side. His eyes searched for his two friends in the witness gallery, and found them standing in the back, with upright clenched fists, in a sign both of support for himself and a pledge of a continued struggle against the inhumanity of executions. John then clenched his own right fist, even though it was strapped to the side of the electric chair. It was his final act. A few brief seconds later, two switches were thrown, and one sent an extraordinarily massive electric current through John Spenkelink, which singed his flesh and blackened his skin.

In continuing to use the death penalty, the United States is far behind Canada and the countries of Western Europe, all of which have abolished it, with the exception of France and Spain. The U.S. also imprisons far more people per capita than any Western, democratic nation which purports to protect human rights. Our imprisonment rate of 250 per 100,000 is third in the world, with only the Soviet Union and South Africa with a higher percentage of persons behind bars. Both our high rate of imprisonment and our unconscionable use of capital punishment can be directly traced to U.S. racism. In Florida, with more than 130 people on death row, the chances of a person's receiving a death sentence are twenty times greater if his or her victim was white, instead of black. None of the 120 white persons convicted of murder of black victims since Florida's constitutional

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An Open Letter

The use of the death penalty distresses our minds and hearts.

We feel that we must declare our unwavering opposition to capital punishment, and our absolute commitment to the sanctity of life and to the use of alternative means to meet and overcome crime.

We feel that a government does not have the right—any more than a murderer has the right—to determine the point at which a person ceases to exist in this world.

We feel that the endorsement of the death penalty by the state has a debasing effect on the community and tends to produce the very behavior it seeks to prevent.

We feel that the law of the land must regard life as inviolable, if we are to expect individuals to regard it so, and that the law should represent the highest degree of moral integrity of which we are capable.

Capital punishment requires serious consideration, and we encourage you to:

- speak out publicly on this subject
- promote the reconsideration of this matter by those public officials who are in favor of executions
- share this message with your meeting

We look forward to receiving your response to our entreaty so that we may benefit from your insights. May we thus hasten the day when punishment by death shall be wholly abolished.

Palm Beach Monthly Meeting
Lake Worth, FL
death penalty was passed in 1973 has received a death sentence. The racial disparities in imprisonment in the U.S. range from Mississippi, where blacks are incarcerated at a rate three times that of whites, to New York and Minnesota, where the black imprisonment rate is thirteen times greater than the white rate. Not only must we abolish the death penalty, but we should stop imprisoning those accused of nonviolent crimes, using instead the wide range of alternatives now available, such as community service and restitution to victims.

Evidence of the inequality of the treatment of blacks and whites before the law became apparent to us in the ten hours we spent in cells in the D.C. police station after the thirteen of us were arrested for protesting at the Supreme Court building. Having been released on citation, the twelve adults were arraigned in the District of Columbia Superior Court on June 11. All but one of us pleaded guilty or "nolo contendere" to the charge of unlawful entry before Superior Court on July 9. Each of us was permitted to make a statement, and I explained that my action was based on my pacifist religious beliefs. Observing sympathetically that many persons, "even some judges," agree with our position, the judge sentenced each of us to a five day suspended sentence. Our remaining co-defendant will go on trial the last week of November.

Those of us arrested at the Supreme Court at the time of the execution of John Spenkelink have taken the lead in forming a D.C. Coalition Against the Death Penalty, and we are now contacting the churches, the black community, colleges and universities, the Congressional Black Caucus, and many other groups to invite them to become actively involved in the movement in opposition to capital punishment.

There is much to be done, even without an immediate crisis like the Spenkelink execution. Legislators must be contacted, asking them to either support abolition of the death penalty, where it already exists, or voting against its reinstatement. (The District of Columbia is unique in having its executive and legislative body, the mayor and the city council in unanimous opposition to capital punishment, but the Congress is considering death penalty legislation.) Positive alternative legislation can be supported, such as that providing for compensation to victims of violent crime.

We must explain our opposition to the death penalty to all our friends, and encourage them to reconsider if they support it. One reason that there were only two executions in the past twelve years was that the majority of people in the U.S. opposed capital punishment in the middle 1960s. That is no longer true.

Please search your hearts to see what you can do to stop these killings by our own U.S. and state governments.

Blessed Are the Peacemakers
by Richard Kanegis

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Matthew 5:9-10

It has been more than a year since Quakers and other concerned peace workers sought to provide a "friendly presence" during a confrontation between Philadelphia city officials and an anarchistic back-to-nature, black religious sect called MOVE. In August, 1978, the culmination of months of antagonism reached its climax, bringing scenes of angry confrontation before the nation every evening for days on the evening news.

Today one of the peacemakers at the scene, Richard Kanegis, has been convicted of "Obstructing the Administration of Law or Other Government Function" by interfering with an arrest. He has been sentenced to six to twenty-three months in Holmesburg prison in Philadelphia. He is currently out on bail pending an appeal.

Lillian Willoughby, a member of the Central Philadelphia Meeting remembers the events of August 8, 1978, this way:

In the early morning Richard called me and told me there was a very tense situation in the area around Thirty-third and Spring Garden streets, where the streets were cordoned off by the police. He urged me to help get some concerned nonviolent persons to the area. Around 9:15 a.m. twelve of us arrived to be a presence to help diffuse the situation. We, along with a number of men and women, did this by quietly standing by, quietly speaking to some distraught people in a reassuring manner, and helping to move people away from the barricades.
This peacemaking effort failed, however, when someone from behind the crowd threw a cherry bomb into the midst of the mounted police. In the ensuing melee, police arrested not only those who had confronted the police, but bystanders and several of those who were trying to keep the peace as well.

Dropped charges or suspended sentences were the standard fare handed out by the Municipal Court. But Richard, who was convicted and given a suspended sentence, refused to accept his conviction. In his view, peacemaking is a citizen responsibility, not a crime. So he appealed his case to the Common Pleas Court. The Common Pleas judge not only upheld the conviction, but dramatically increased the sentence as well—six to twenty-three months in prison.

Letters requesting reconsideration of sentence or other appeals on Richard’s behalf can be sent to the Court c/o Richard’s attorney, David Rubovisky, 1425 Walnut St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. Letters received in early September may be particularly helpful. Much needed contributions toward Richard’s legal defense can be sent to Richard Kanegis Legal Defense Fund, Rt. 1 Box 409A, Jefferson, Maryland 21755.

The following article was Richard Kanegis’ statement to the court before his sentencing. It describes, in his own words, the events for which he has been sentenced to spend up to twenty-three months in prison.

On August 8, 1978, I left my home before 5:00 a.m. to take the 5:45 a.m. train from Tenth Street Station in Philadelphia to Washington, D.C. to visit my relatives. I never made the train, however, because I was distracted by the commotion around the MOVE headquarters.

I walked up to the barrier, concerned about what was going on. As a Quaker, I have been well aware of the efforts of Quakers and other nonviolent concerned citizens to provide a “friendly presence” near the MOVE headquarters to help keep a volatile situation from erupting into violence. I was hoping that they were aware of the brewing tensions so early in the morning.

Young black children, many with bicycles and portable radios, were gathering in front of the police line, watching the police prepare to close in on the MOVE headquarters. The children began taunting the one black policeman, demanding to know why he was on the police side of the barricade instead of standing with “his own people.”

In this very youthful crowd I saw no community leaders, and none of the advocates of nonviolence, either black or white, who might have had a calming effect on the escalating anger. I felt I was needed there, but I did not want to be just one voice crying out in the wilderness. I went to a pay phone and called Lillian Willoughby at the Philadelphia Life Center, telling her of the tensions, and suggesting the immediate need for people skilled in nonviolent ways to diffuse the violent atmosphere.

Back at the police line things began to get ugly. Suddenly several children began taunting me, telling me, “You belong across the street with your kind of people.” Rather than be the center of a mini-confrontation, I soon agreed to leave, and started to cross the street, but a white policeman raised his club as if to hit me and said: "No one crosses the street." The kids started laughing, and I played along with the ironic humor of the situation, attempting to depolarize the situation and calm things down.

Several kids said, “When the riot starts you are going to get it from both ways, from the back and the front,” but the anger was completely gone from their voices, and tempers had temporarily cooled. I must admit that I felt the urge to leave, but I knew I could never forgive myself if a disaster happened when I might have been able, at least, to lessen its intensity.

At this point, the crowd’s attention focused on the MOVE headquarters a block-and-a-half away. Police, cranes, and bulldozers began to close in. As we watched, we got a verbal description of the unfolding events from the transistor radios the children had. When firemen began pouring water into the basement, two or three women around me expressed the fear that the babies in the house might drown. Suddenly the radio announced that a cry of “My baby’s being drowned!” came out of the basement. While this later turned out to be untrue, the crowd did not know this, and tensions surged even higher. Several women began crying. Some children began shouting “baby killers” at the police. The police officers took this abuse and managed to maintain a calm stance.

A man began urging the crowd to break the blockade. But fortunately, a Muslim leader arrived on the scene and began arguing with him, saying: “What are you trying to do? Get your women and children killed? Don’t you care about them . . . ?” Then he announced to the crowd: “Get your women and children off the street.” Turning back to the angry man, he continued to argue, while skillfully moving backwards. Thus he succeeded in taking much of the listening crowd with him, away from the police line.

Another angry man began inciting the crowd. Two motherly looking women gently took this angry man by the hands and led him away as a mother would a small child. Both women looked amazingly calm and peaceful. He broke away and again urged the crowd to free MOVE. But they gently led him away again . . .
I was impressed that in this crisis situation these two women and others, with no apparent previous nonviolent background or training, arose to the needs of the situation, and attempted to calm the explosive situation. Without fanfare, several people began picking up young children, and removing them from the police line. These little “balls of fury” quickly cooled down when they were gently but firmly carried away by concerned adults. By this time people from the Life Center began arriving, diluting the tensions still further.

Even with the efforts of myself and others to prevent violence, someone in the abandoned house behind the crowd was not restrained. Someone threw a cherry bomb and a rock over the crowd, and into the police line. The police horses reared, and the police ended up tearing through the barricades. The crowd scattered, police on horseback in hot pursuit.

I felt that running was the worst thing to do in a panicky situation, so I stood there trying to remain calm, as did the two motherly looking women.... One was crying, “Why? Why? Why?” at the police. More police came hurrying along. One ordered me to the paddy wagon, and another patrolman handcuffed me and told me to get in. I cooperated fully, and spoke no words of protest, believing this was a temporary error, and that complaining would just add to the tensions.

Others were thrown in, several with injuries. A man was thrown in who looked totally terrified. He said he was surprised to be alive. He soon calmed down, and then began to brag about the incident. He told us that he stopped a police officer from hitting his friend by flooring the officer with a Judo pull. “They thought I hit the cop with a pipe,” he told us, “and another cop yelled ‘kill the cop-beater.’ I thought I was a goner. But then this other cop shielded me from him all the way to the paddy wagon.” Instead of appreciating this second officer, he merely shrugged it off as an attempt to avoid bad press photos. During the time in jail, he taunted me about my nonviolent views, and said he hoped prison would teach me “the facts of life.”

Jail was a mass of confusion. At 4:00 p.m. we were sent to the booking room, where things were especially chaotic. The fingerprinter couldn’t find the forms. The typewriter ribbon was so light that the type was barely visible. They had to ask us what our charges were. In the confusion it was announced that everyone arrested at Thirty-third and Spring Garden Streets would be charged with assaulting an officer, rioting, and resisting arrest.

By 7:00 a.m. the next morning, the confusion had settled. In a much more orderly procedure, I was booked again. The forms were pre-dated, and I was given new charges: Obstructing justice, refusing to disperse, and being part of a disorderly crowd.

When my case came to trial, I was surprised to find that I was was charged with having attempted to block an officer from arresting the hot head. I did not. I was already in the police van when the incident occurred. I did not even see the incident, much less try to block the arrest. Could the policeman have confused me with someone else? In such a chaotic situation it would not be surprising for an officer to be confused about details.

My lawyer pointed to the inconsistencies of the police officer’s testimony, but not its lack of reasonableness. We all appreciate it when a police officer acts in a restrained, polite manner. However, to refrain from knocking a spectator aside who three times was purposely or inadvertently blocking his path, preventing him from aiding a fellow officer who was being clubbed, then to politely escort that spectator to the patrol wagon, would not be reasonable. If a spectator persistently blocked an officer’s path, in a crisis situation, wouldn’t he at least push him aside? And if he arrested that spectator, would it be reasonable for him to waste valuable time to be polite? It is evident that something was confused.

I realize that this is to be expected, that anyone who sticks his or her neck out, no matter why or how, faces the possibility of getting in trouble. I also realize that I was not the only one to get in trouble because conscience was getting in the way of the intense polarization that was going on. A prison doctor was fired after he allowed the MOVE members to refrain from receiving their shots. A policeman was forced to resign. Others were transferred to patrol rough beats. And a judge was ridiculed for allowing the “On the Movers” to be released on their own recognizance.

My conviction, of obstructing justice, stemmed from the confusion of that August day. Many people, individual police officers, community leaders, and other citizens did their best to restore order and prevent violence. It is not surprising that in this extremely polarized situation, a person like myself who was seeking to prevent violence should have been swept up with those fomenting it. But now we have the opportunity to step back from the tensions and confusions of that day and appraise the situation more clearly.

Correcting the record is important, not only for me personally, but also as an example to others. Too often today citizens are reluctant to fulfill their civic duty, for fear of “getting involved.” “Why report or attempt to avert a mugging or a fire,” some will ask, “when you might get mistaken for the mugger or arsonist?”

The court can help restore citizen confidence and faith in the need of each citizen to take some responsibility for helping in public situations, by setting aside my conviction. I appeal to the court, not to take my word for what happened, but to examine carefully all the evidence in pursuit of truth.
YEARY MEETING REPORTS

Southern Appalachia

The ninth annual meeting of the Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting and Association (the twenty-first Annual Gathering of the Association) was held at Lutheridge Conference Center, Aden, North Carolina, May 17-20, 1979. From all the tiny, far-flung meetings and worship groups across an area stretching from mid-Alabama and western Tennessee to mid-South Carolina, and north to Charleston, West Virginia, Friends came again to renew their life in the Spirit together.

Using a technique called "creative listening," SAYMA explored, through workshops and sharing groups, the theme "That of God In Every Child, Woman, and Man." Reactions to the technique varied, some finding it reopoly potential for peacemaking, Colin told SAYMA Friends, "and there is not very much time."

During business sessions a statement on the draft and registration was approved which was a modification of the statement recently adopted by Baltimore Yearly Meeting. Five hundred dollars was approved for involving Young Friends of high school and college ages in FCNL through a workshop at William Penn House, with monthly meetings to provide as much financial assistance as possible. The report of the Nominating Committee was approved, including new clerk George Oldham of Asheville Meeting. A deficit budget was accepted for 1979 with the understanding that a budget reflects possibilities, not actualities. Monthly meetings are asked to consider increasing their assessment for 1980 unless a ten percent increase can be made through increased membership.

A minute on disarmament and the SALT treaty was reworded twice by a committee of concerned Friends. During the subsequent prolonged and difficult struggle to reach unity, the prophetic utterance of Herb Lape recalled us to deep worship and to renewed dedication to our commitment to live in that life and power that makes peace possible. Unity was achieved on a minute in which our peace testimony was not compromised; and the meeting for worship which followed was a profoundly gathered one.

Young Friends in four age groups enjoyed activities suitable to their ages, and presented their reports to the adults the last day with puppets, songs, and signs protesting the length of the final business session. Pre-teens and teens enjoyed a Saturday hike, and a discussion with Colin Bell and Lyle Snider on the draft. They disliked the food, but liked the teen dorm. Adult advisor Doug Price called the latter "a smashing success" and said they were the "most outstanding young people I've ever been associated with." The Young Friends made their own rules and kept them.

We utterly deny all outward wars and strife, and fightings with outward weapons, for any end, or under any pretense whatsoever; this is our testimony to the whole world... We are standing at another moment like that, when our forebears took an absolutely unequivocal stance and we don't know what to do. Are we looking for something easy, he won-dered, suggesting that it probably should be tax resistance. Accepting the title Historic Peace Church, he declared, makes it sound like a worthy option, rather than it being at the entire heart and core of Christendom. We must repeat this to the other churches, whose louder voices ought to be swamping ours! Colin hopes that if draft registration is reinstated, females will also be called, because it gives them the right to say no! "You have a tremendous potential for peacemaking," Colin told SAYMA Friends, "and there is not very much time."

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developing a strong "family" feeling—something many adults also carried with them when yearly meeting was over.
Doris B. Fern

California Yearly Meeting of Friends Church met for its eighty-fifth annual session on the campus of Point Loma College in San Diego June 20-24, 1979. Members and representatives attended from Friends Churches in California and Arizona.
Mark Lee, president of Simpson College, brought a series of messages based on the book of Philippians. He challenged his listeners to increase their faith, to set measurable goals and expect to achieve them, and to be yokefellows with Christ. He encouraged all to rise above mediocrity.
Jack Schwartz, minister of music at Granada Heights Friends Church, led the music for the sessions and provided outstanding special numbers from the church. "Selah," the youth choir, presented a musical drama based on the life of Queen Esther. The eighty-voice choir, presented a musical worship service, "The Gathering," on Sunday morning.
Kara Cole, executive secretary of Friends United Meeting, spoke to the representatives and led a special interest group on the subject of FUM. Additional special interest groups were "New Call to Peacemaking," led by Duane Hansen and Eric Mueller; "Missions," led by Mark Ocker, Lois Lund and John and Diana Lubeck; and "Local Meeting Finances," led by David Miller. A special pictorial presentation of California Yearly Meeting missions in Alaska, Long Beach Inner City, Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras and El Salvador was the highlight of the missionary banquet.
Friends youth enjoyed a program of meetings, discussions and recreation under the direction of Billy Lewis, yearly meeting secretary of Christian education and youth.
The business meetings were well attended, with increased interest and participation by representatives.
BOOK REVIEW

The Tax Dilemma: Praying For Peace, Paying For War by Donald D. Kaufman, Herald Press, Scottsdale, PA 15683, 1978. 101 pages. $3.95 ($4.60 in Canada)

Modern warfare requires money at least as much as people. War machinery of the kind experimented with in Indochina (the electronic battlefield) and nuclear weaponry are capital-intensive. Thus money (tax money) is as much a part of war as is the draftee or enlistee: an important consideration for Friends.

Donald Kaufman offers a concise look at the religious perspective on payment of taxes for war. What is the individual's responsibility in the face of biblical teachings and the history of tax resistance since the early Christian centuries? Some biblical passages have been used to justify the payment of any and all taxes. But Kaufman warns us to consider these passages in their historical context and in the light of the primary New Testament message: love for God, oneself, one's neighbor, and one's enemy. For the historical record, he notes that both Paul and Peter advocated obeying governmental officials including paying taxes, but both were martyred by those same officials, thus raising question about any absolute interpretation of obedience to human authority.

The Tax Dilemma is not a how-to guide to war tax resistance, although it does provide some initial direction on technique. Kaufman's book is a "why-to?" from a Christian perspective. As such, it is a good companion piece to G.H.C. Macgregor's The New Testament Basis of Pacifism and John Ferguson's The Politics of Love: The New Testament and Non-Violent Revolution. All three emphasize the uneasy mix of spiritual life in a material world—and attempts to justify away the contradictions. Because of the power of human authorities (IRS, etc.) to disrupt one's life, it is tempting to define spiritual obedience as regrettably unobtainable. Yet, the prime message of the New Testament is clear: one's foremost allegiance is not to Caesar but to God.

Stephen M. Gulick

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ANNC ANNouncements

Births

Kanewski—On December 1, 1978, Rachel Kanewski, daughter of Bert and Kathleen Kanewski of Portland, OR. Her father is a member of San Francisco, CA, Meeting.

Marriages

Cundiff-Dodson—On June 16, 1979, Dave Cundiff and Shirley Dodson under the care of Central Philadelphia (PA) Meeting, where they are both members. In the fall, they will move to Richmond, IN, where Shirley will begin graduate work at Earlham School of Religion and Dave will complete coursework leading to a medical degree from the University of Pennsylvania.

Eaton-Batson—On April 28, 1979, in San Francisco, CA, under the care of the San Francisco Friends Meeting, Robert Eaton and Wendy Batson. Robert is Executive Secretary of the AFSC’s San Francisco office.

Hidell-Murawsky—On June 2, 1979, Christine M. Murawsky and Timothy Brock Hidell at Willistown (PA) Meeting. The bridegroom and his parents, Henry and Faith Hidell are members of Willistown Meeting.

Hidell-Toth—On April 21, 1979, Cynthia Elizabeth Toth and Henry Robinson Hidell III at Willistown (PA) Meeting. The bridegroom and his parents, Henry Robinson, Jr. and Faith Jenkins Hidell are members of Willistown Meeting.

Juliard-Eckroth—On May 12, 1979, Nicola Eckroth of Sweden and Christian Juliard at the home of Lynmar and Claudie Brock under the care of Willistown (PA) Meeting. The bridegroom is a member of Radnor (PA) Meeting.

Deaths

Jones—On June 1, 1979, Ashton Bryan Jones of Vista, CA. He was born in Butler, GA, in July 1896. Before becoming a member of Palomar Friends monthly meeting in September, 1977, Ashton for forty years had been an itinerant ordained minister campaigning against racial injustice and working for peace. His speeches and marches for peace and civil liberty had often ended inside some jail. His courage in the face of the harsh treatment that he endured in the struggle for social justice and against war taxes was the theme of many of the tributes read at a memorial service held June 24 in the meeting place of Palomar Friends in Vista.

He is survived by his wife, Marie, a member of Palomar Monthly Meeting; a son, Ashton Jr., of Columbus, GA; a daughter, Florence Lathbury; and a sister, Leah Jones, both of Atlanta, GA. Anyone wishing to give a memorial gift, may send it to: Habitat For Humanity, Inc., 419 W. Church St., Ameri
cus, GA 31709.

Marshall—On June 26, 1979, E. Howard Marshall, aged eighty-five. For thirty-six years, Howard and his wife, Eurah, treasured their fellowship among Friends in the Chicago area. With seventeen others, they united with local General Conference Friends to form the Fifty-seventh Street Meeting.

He was a stalwart worker in Quaker service, serving at various times as a Quaker House trustee, an assistant treasurer and as a member of both the finance and house committees. For an extended period, the meeting sent Howard as representative to the area council of churches and synagogues.

In addition to his many Quaker activities, Howard worked as a physics teacher at Calumet High School in Chicago.

He is survived by his wife, Eurah; two sons, Harvey and Philip. A third son, John, died in 1954.

Thomas—On June 18, 1979, in a nursing home, Claver S. Thomas of Montclair, NJ, aged eighty-three. He was a birthright
member of Chester (PA) Monthly Meeting and had been an active member of Montclair Meeting for thirty-three years. A graduate of Westtown School and of Haverford College, he was one of the American Friends Service Committee team which served in Russia during the famine after the first World War. While there he met and married Nadya Bratishko who survives him. Also surviving is a sister Grace Thomas of Troy, NY. A son Sergei preceded him in death.

Tonge—On December 21, 1978, in Maine where she had spent her retirement years, Mildred Tonge, aged eighty. For her first twelve years in the U.S. she taught in Newcomb College and Tulane Graduate School, commuting each year to England, her home. During this time she wrote for English publication more than 200 articles and stories interpreting life in the U.S. A child prodigy, she began reading at two, and mastered nine languages including Celtic. Her degrees were a double-first B.A. from Cambridge, an M.A. from Bryn Mawr where she later taught, and a Ph.D from Trinity College, Dublin.

She was an out-speaking pacifist while on the faculty of Wellesley College, helped to organize the Farm and City Exchange, and worked for peace through the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

In 1940 she joined Cambridge Friends Meeting. As a resident staff member of Pendle Hill in 1954, she wrote “A Sense of Living,” a Pendle Hill pamphlet, and “The Sisters,” a Jungian approach to relationship. The students at Pendle Hill and the Philadelphia Center for Older People felt her joy in being a path to “that of creativity in every person.” Her own lifelong creativity was shown by the diversity of her accomplishments: Organic farm work in Maryland, adoption of Foster Parent children, Audubon Society bird-studying, acting in plays, puppeteering, paintings exhibited in Philadelphia, NYC, and in Maine, and toward the end the writing of poems reflecting her soul's resolutions.
Communities

Friends community, Southeast Arizona near Douglas and Mexico. Land trust. Economical living and no entrance fee. Establish mobile home or build and garden one acre. Nine families and Friends Meeting. Also, RV space for rent, vacation. Year-round moderate climate. Brochure available. Friends Southwest Center, Route 1, Box 170, McNeal, AZ 85617.

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Near Friends community (south of Boston). Share house with Friends active in Quaker concerns. Private room, good transportation, Virginia Towle, North Easton, MA 02356, 617-238-3959 or 7879.

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Personal

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Wider Quaker Fellowship, 1506 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19102. Quaker oriented literature sent 3 times/year to persons throughout the world who, without leaving their own churches, wish to be in touch with Quakerism as a spiritual movement. Also serves Friends cut off by distance from their Meetings.

1979-1980 Friends Directory. Meetings for Worship in the Western Hemisphere. Convenient cross-reference between name of meeting and town. Also Friends Centers, Schools and Colleges, Friends Homes, Handy reference during summer vacation and year-round travel. $2.00 plus 75c postage and handling. Order from Friends World Committee, 1506 Race Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102 or P.O. Box 235, Plainfield, IN 46188.

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Executive Secretary—Nations' Office American Friends Service Committee (Philadelphia) by February 1980. Responsible to Board of Directors; general oversight of staff and phases committee; staff consultative process, personnel, program development, interpretation, financial development. Qualifications include ability to interpret goals AFSC, administrative experience, member of Society of Friends. Send suggestions or resume to: Margaret Rumsey, Chairperson Search Committee, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

Secretarial Opening, Friends Council on Education. Typing, mimeographing, administration and maintenance of small film library, mailing list, and other general office work. Start mid-September. 21 hours/week, medical benefits, two weeks paid vacation. Send qualifications to David Brown, Friends Council on Education, 1507 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.


Cambridge Friends School seeks a new Head to begin September, 1980. CFS is a coeducational urban day school, 200-students K-8. Write: Search Committee, Cambridge Friends School, 5 Cadbury Road, Cambridge, MA 02140.


Staff needed for Friends House, Toronto, Canada. 1. Experienced Friend or couple as full-time Resident - commencing immediately. 2. A Friend to serve (part-time) as Associate Resident. Beginning immediately. Each is a two-year term (renewable). Friends preferred. Accommodation and modest salaries provided. Positions include supervision of active Friends Centre with guest rooms, offices, etc. Write with full details of experience to: Roll Kreher, Jr., Clerk, Personnel Committee, 80 Lower Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M5R 1C7.

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Anything old, small and pretty. Not too fragile, please: (mailable). Send list, price, postage. Box 163, State College, PA 16801.

Mature female seeks simple cooperative group living in or near Santa Fe starting fall 1979. Details supplied by mail or phone. Box 103, Neptune, NJ 07753.

Treasure Valley, Idaho. Anyone interested in forming an unprogrammed Quaker worship group in southwestern Idaho contact Kate O'Neal, 2405 W. Idaho, Boise 83706, 208-342-2503.
MEETING DIRECTORY

Argentina
BUENOS AIRES—Worship and monthly meeting one Saturday of each month in Voceca Lopez, suburb of Buenos Aires. Phone: 791-5550.

Canada
TORONTO, ONTARIO—60 Lowther Ave. (North from Cox) Bloor and Spadina. Meeting for worship every first-Friday 11 a.m. First-day school same.

Mexico
MEXICO CITY—Unprogrammed meeting, Sundays 11 a.m. Casa de los Amigos, Ignacio Matiasc 135, Mexico 1, D.F. Phone: 535-27-52.

Peru
LIMA—Unprogrammed worship group Sunday evenings. Phone 221-101.

Alabama
BIRMINGHAM—Unprogrammed Friends Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Sunday. For information phone Nancy Whitt, clerk, 205-623-3637.

Alaska
ANCHORAGE—Unprogrammed meeting, Firstdays, 10 a.m., Mountain View Library. Phone: 333-4425.

Arizona
FLAGSTAFF—Unprogrammed meeting, 11 a.m., 420 S. Birch Ave. (near Home Economics Lounge, third floor, Eleison Building, Univ. of Alaska, Phone: 792-9878.

California
BERKELEY—Unprogrammed meeting. Firstdays, 11 a.m., 2151 Vine St. 843-9726.

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

DAVIS—Meeting for worship, First-Day, 9:45 a.m. 345 L St. Visitors call 753-5824.

FRESNO—10 a.m. Chapel of CSPP, 1350 M St. 222-3796. If no answer, call 237-3030.

GRASS VALLEY—Discussion period 9:30 a.m. Meeting for worship, 10:40 a.m. John Woolman School Campus (12605 Jones Bar Road). Phone 273-5435 or 273-5256.

HAYWARD—Worship 10 a.m., 22502 Woodrow St., 94541. Phone: 892-3600.

LA JOLLA—Meeting 11 a.m., 7380 Aeds Ave. Visitors call 459-9000 or 277-0737.

LONG BEACH—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., Garden Room, Brethren Manor, 3339 Pacific, Call 434-1004 or 831-4068.

LOS ANGELES—Meeting, 11 a.m., 4187 So. Normanda, Visitors call 266-0733.

MALIBU—Worship 9:30 a.m. Phone: 231-457-9929.

MARIN COUNTY—10 a.m. Room 3, Congregational Church, 8 N. San Pedro Rd., Box 4411, San Rafael, CA 94903. Phone 415-472-5577 or 863-7665.

MONTEREY PENINSULA—Friends meeting for worship Sundays, 9:30 a.m. Call 378-3837 or 624-8821.

MEETING DIRECTORY

ORANGE COUNTY—First-day school and adult study 10 a.m., worship and child care 11 a.m. University of California at Irvine (Univ. Club, Trailer T-1, park in P-7). Phone 714-552-7691.

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

PASADENA—Orange Grove Monthly meeting, Unprogrammed worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. 520 E. Orange Grove Blvd. Phone 792-6210.

REDLANDS—Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m., 114 W. Vine. Clerk: Peggy Power, 714-929-9787.

RIVERSIDE—Discussion, 10 a.m. Unprogrammed worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Phone 714-781-0984, 714-785-1397.

SACRAMENTO—YWCA, 17th and L Sts. First-day school and meeting for worship 10 a.m. Discussion at 11 a.m. Phone: 922-0838.

SAN DIEGO—Unprogrammed worship, Firstdays, 10:30 a.m., 4848 Seminole Dr., 299-2826.

SAN FERNANDO—Unprogrammed worship Firstdays, 10 a.m., 1506 Bledsoe, Sylmar. Phone: 892-1586 for times.

SAN FRANCISCO—Meeting for worship, Firstdays, 11 a.m., 2160 Lake St. Phone: 752-7440.

SAN JOSE—Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. Singing 10 a.m. 1041 More St.

SANTA BARBARA—501 Santa Rosa Lane, just off San Ysidro Rd., Montecllo, (YMCA) 10 a.m. Phone: 707-539-1783.

SANTA CRUZ—Meeting for worship Sundays, 10:30 a.m. Community Center, 301 Center Street, Clerk: 408-423-2005.

SANTA MONICA—First-day school and meeting for First-days 11 a.m. 1340 Highland Ave. Call 922-4069.

SONOMA COUNTY—Redwood Forest Meeting Worship and First-day school 10 a.m., 840 Sonoma Ave., POB 1831, Santa Rosa 95402. Clerk: 707-539-1783.

TEMPLE CITY (near Pasadena)—Pacific Ackworth Friends Meeting, 8210 N. Temple City Blvd. Meeting for worship, First-days, 11 a.m. Phone for information call 867-6880 or 798-3458.

VISTA—Unprogrammed meeting 10 a.m. Call 724-9555 or 757-9372. P.O. Box 1443, Vista 92083.

WESTWOOD (Los Angeles City)—Meeting 10:30 a.m. University YWCA, 574 Hilgard (across from UCLA bus stop). Phone: 472-7050.

WHITTIER—Whitfield Monthly Meeting, Administration Building, University of Southern California, Worship 9:30 a.m. P.O. Box 122, Phone: 698-7538.

Colorado
BOULDER—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Phone: 449-4060 or 494-2682.

COLORADO SPRINGS—Worship group. Phone: 303-397-7380 (after 6 p.m.)

DENVER—Mount View Friends Meeting, worship 10 to 11 a.m. Adult forum 11 to 12, 2260 South Columbine Street, Phone: 722-4125.

FORT COLLINS—Worship group. 494-5537.

GRAND JUNCTION/WESTERN SLOPE—Travelling worship, 3rd Sunday monthly. Phone 242-7004 or 242-8361 for location and time.

Connecticut
HARTFORD—Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m., 144 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford. Phone: 232-3531.

MIDDLETOWN—Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Russell House (Wesleyan University), corner High & Washington Sts. Phone 349-3614.

NEW HAVEN—Meetings 9:45 a.m. Connecticut Hall, Yale Old Campus.

NEW LONDON—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m. Thomas Science Ctr. Clerk: Battie Chaff. Phone: 442-7847.

NEW MILFORD—Housatonic Meeting: Worship 10 a.m. Rte. 7 at Lakeville Rd. Phone: 233-3725.

STAMFORD-GREENWICH—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Westover and Roxbury Roads, Stamford. Clerk, Royce Packard, W. Old Mill Rd., Greenwich, 06830.

STORRS—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., corner North Eagleville and Hunting Lodge roads. Phone: 429-4639.

WATERTOWN—Meeting 10 a.m., Watertown Library, 470 Main St. Phone: 274-8596.

WILTON—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m., 517 New Canaan Road. Phone: 792-5669. Marjorie Walton, clerk, 203-647-4086.

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Ohio

AKRON—475 W. Market St. 8:30 Sunday. Pot-luck dinner and business meeting, first Sunday. Child care, 253-7151 or 336-6872.

CINCINNATI—Clifton Friends Meeting. Wesley Foundation Bldg., 2717 Clifton Ave. Meeting for worship 10 a.m.; Contact: Ruby Browning, 486-8973.

CINCINNATI—Community Meeting (United) FGC and FUM-Unprogrammed worship 8:30 a.m., 3690 Wilkshire Rd. Phone: 513-452-5229. Phone: 513-861-4833. Edwin Moon, clerk.

CLEVELAND—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. 1961 Magnolia Dr., 717-2220.

COLUMBUS—Unprogrammed meeting. 10 a.m. 1954 Indianapolis Ave. Call Copherie Crossman, 486-4742, or Ruth Browning, 486-8973.

DAYTON—(FGC) Unprogrammed meeting for worship and education day, 10:30 a.m., 1518 Cetace Drive. Phone: 278-4015 or 270-2364.

FINDLAY—Bowling Green area—FGC. Contact Joe Davis, clerk, 422-7666. 1731 S. Main St., Findlay.

HUDSON—Unprogrammed Friends meeting for worship, Sunday 4 p.m. at The Old Church on the Green, 1 East Main St., Hudson. 216-965-1386.

KEEN—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10:30 a.m., 1106 Fairchild Rd. Phone: 673-5733.

OBERLIN—Friends Monthly Meeting, unprogrammed, 11 a.m. YW Lounge, Wilder Hall, Sept. 178-5135.

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


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

WILMINGTON—Campus Meeting (United) FUM & FGC. Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m., College Kelly Center, Sterling Olmstead, clerk. 392-4116.

WOOSTER—Unprogrammed meeting and First-day school, 10:30 a.m., 5571 19th St. First-day school, 10:30 a.m. Phone: 319-204-6611 or 345-7650.

YELLOW SPRING—Unprogrammed worship, FGC, 10:30 a.m. Rockford Meetinghouse, Franklin Meetinghouse, Presid- ent (Antioch Campus). Clerk, Ken Odom, 517-767-1039.

Pennsylvania

ABINGTON—Meetinghouse Rd./Greenwood Ave., Jenkintown. First-day school, 10:30 a.m. School 7:30 a.m. AFSC. Phone: 235-8554.

PORTLAND—Multnomah Monthly Meeting, 4312 S.E. Stark St. Worship, 9 a.m. Meet- inghouse Rd. 524-2226.

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


DOWNTOWN—800 E. Lancaster Ave. (south side old Rt. 30, 1/2 mile east of town). First-day school (except summer months), and worship, 10:30 a.m. Phone: 269-2899.

DOYLESTOWN—East Oakland Ave. Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Phone: 269-2899.

EASTON—Meetinghouse Rd. off 562, 1 and 6/10 miles W. of 562 and 562 intersection at Yellow House.

FALLSINGTON (Bucks County)—Falls Meeting, Rt. 130. 10 a.m. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. No First-day school on first First-day of each month. Five miles from Pennsbury reconstructed manor home of William Penn.

FRENCH CREEK—New meeting 10:30 a.m. in Meadville. Contact: Clemente Ravacon Marth, 814-387-3479.

GETTYSBURG—Friends Meeting 10 a.m. at Gettysburg College Planetarium.

GOSHEN—Goshenville, intersection of Rt. 332 and Paoli Pike. First day school, 10 a.m.; meeting for worship 10 a.m. Phone: 513-333-3382.

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

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

HARRISBURG—212 Pine St. Worship, 10 a.m. Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Phone: 361-2200.

LEHIGH VALLEY-BETHLEHEM—On Rt. 512 1/4 mile north of Rt. 22. Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m.


LONDON GROVE—Friends meeting for worship Sunday 10 a.m. Child care/First-day school 11 a.m. Newark Road and Rt. 526.

MEDIA—125 W. 3rd St. Worship 10 a.m. every Sunday through September 9.

MERRION—Meetinghouse Lane at Montgomery. Meeting for worship 11 a.m. First-day school 10:15 (includes school meeting 10:15) or 11 a.m.

NEWTOWN—DeLaurence Rd., 352 N. of Lines. 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. Pamela Kinger, 717-498-5244.

MUNCY at PENNSADELL-Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Brickhouse and Michael Gross, clerks. Phone: 577-584-3324.

NEWTOWN-BUCKS CO.—Meeting 11 a.m. First-day school 10 a.m. Meeting for first-day Family Meeting 10:45 a.m. Jan./Feb. First-day school 11:20. Summer worship only, 988-3811.

NEWTOWN SQUARE-DEL.—Rte. 252 N. of Rte. Meeting 11 a.m. Phone: 215-595-7226.

NORTHFRONT—Friends Meeting, Swede and...
Rhode Island
BLOCK ISLAND—Unprogrammed meeting for worship, 11 a.m.; Sundays 8 a.m., May 20–September 16. Phone: 406-2050.

NEWPORT—In the restored meetinghouse, Marlborough St., unprogrammed meeting for worship on first and third First-days at 10 a.m. Phone: 849-7945.

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

SAYLESVILLE—Meeting, Lincoln-Great Rd. (Rt. 126) at River Rd. Worship 10:30 a.m. each First-day.

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

South Dakota
SIOUX FALLS—Unprogrammed meeting 11 a.m., 2307 S. Center, 57105. Phone: 505-334-7884.

Tennessee
CHATTANOOGA—Worship, 10:30 a.m. Sunday. 516 Vine St. Larry Ingle, 529-5914.

NASHVILLE—Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m. 2904 Axtlen Ave. Clerk, Nelson Faison, 615-329-0253.

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

Texas
AUSTIN—Worship and First-day school, 10:30 a.m. Forum 12:00. 3014 Washington Street. 452-1841. Ethel Barrow, clerk, 459-6376.

DALLAS—Sunday, 10:30 a.m. Park North YMCA, 4434 W. Northwest Highway. Clerk: Kenneth Carroll. Phone: 214-368-0295 or 214-361-7487.

EL PASO—Worship 10 a.m. 1100 Cliff St. Clerk: William Combs, 588-1286.

HOUSTON—Live Oak Meeting, Worship and First-day school, 10:30 a.m. 1540 Sul Ross. Clerk: Malcolm McCorquodale, 628-4979.

MIDLAND—Worship 10:30 a.m. Trinity School, 3500 W. 10th. Clerk, Peter D. Clark, phone: 697-1522 or 697-5000.

SAN ANTONIO—Unprogrammed meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Sundays. WYCA 318 McCullough, 78215. Houston Wade, clerk: 512-734-2567.

TEXARKANA—Worship group, 832-4788.

Utah
LOGAN—Meetings irregular June–Sept. Contact Robert Roberts 753-2762 or Cathy Webb 752-0962.

SALT LAKE CITY—Unprogrammed meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m., 232 University Street. Phone 801-387-1539.

Vermont
BENNINGTON—Worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m. Monument Elem. School, W. Main St. opp. museum. Mail P.O. Box 221, Bennington 05201.

BURLINGTON—Worship, 11 a.m. Sunday, back of 177 No. Prospect, Phone: 802-882-8440.

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

PLAINFIELD—Worship 10:30 a.m. Sunday. Phone Gibson, Danville, 208-664-2281, or Lowe, Montpelier, 208-323-3742.

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

WILDERNESS—Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. Sunday. Farm and Wilderness Camps near Plymouth. N. entrance, Rt. 100. Kate Brinton, 228-6942.

Virginia
ALEXANDRIA—1st & 3rd Sundays, 11 a.m. Unprogrammed worship and First-day school.

Arlington Meeting House, 2817 0 St. N.W., Alexandria, near U.S. 1. Call 703-765-6404 or 703-990-3380.

CHARLOTTESVILLE—I-Num Porter Barry School, 410 James St. Adult discussion, 10 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m.

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

McLEAN—Langley Hill Meeting, Sunday, 10:30 a.m., junction old Rts. 123 and 183.


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

WINCHESTER—Centre Meeting, 203 North Washington. Worship, 11 a.m. Phone: 667-5497.

Washington
SEATTLE—University Friends Meeting, 4001 9th Ave. N.E. Silent worship and First-day class at 11 a.m.; ME 1-7006.

SPokane—Silent meeting. Phone 327-4066.

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

TRI-CITIES—Mid-Columbia Preparatory Friends Meeting. Silent worship and First-day school 11 a.m. Clerk: Leslie Nieves, 582-5592.

West Virginia
CHARLESTON—Worship, Sundays 10-11 a.m., Exchange Row, 1114 Virginia St., E. Steve Welton, clerk: Phone 342-5537 for information.

MORGANTOWN—Monongalia Meeting. Unprogrammed meeting for worship and First-day school 1st & 3rd Sundays 11 a.m. Bennett House, 221 Willey. Contact Lurlene Squire, 304-599-3272.

Wisconsin
BELOIT—Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m. Sundays, 811 Clary St. Phone: 906-366-5995.

EAU CLAIRE—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. Call 833-0094 or 215-5892; or write 612 13th St. Menomonie, WI 54751.

GREEN BAY—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 12 noon. Phone: Sheila Thomas, 506-5886.

MILWAUKEE—Sunday—11 a.m., Friends House, 200 Monroe St., 256-2249; and 11:15 a.m. of Yahara Allowed Meeting, 2201 Center Ave., 249-7255.

MILWAUKEE-TEN—10 a.m. worship sharing; 10:30 meeting for worship. WYCA, 610 N. Jackson, Rm. 502. Phone 963-9740, 973-2100.

OSHKOSH—Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m. Sundays, Phone 414-253-5960. P.O. Box 463.

WAUSAU—Meeting in members' homes. Write 3326 N. 11th or phone 842-1130.

Wyoming
SHERIDAN—Silent worship Sundays, 10 a.m. For information call 672-6386 or 672-5004.
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