

February 15, 1980

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today



**The greatest service we render each other is to bear
witness to the truth, as we see it.**

Contents

February 15, 1980
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Who Is a Quaker?	2
—Wilbur W. Kamp	
Confessions of a Post-Christian Agnostic	6
—Kingdon W. Swayne	
Mary Ellicott Arnold, As Perhaps	
Only I Knew Her	11
—Arthur Kincaid	
The Elders of My Youth	12
—Jean Hartsock Palmer	
Long Mountain	13
—Barry Morley	
Friends Around the World	17
Letters to the Editor	18
1979 Friends Journal Index	20
Book Reviews	26
Announcements	27
Classified Advertisements	30

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Who is A Quaker?

MUST ONE BELIEVE
IN JESUS
AS THE "CHRIST"?

by Wilbur W. Kamp

To put it simply, a Quaker is a friend of God and a friend of humanity. A Quaker is that kind of person first, because something deep within the thinking, feeling, and willing self says, "Yes" to this friendship. In the second place, a Quaker is that kind of person because Jesus of Nazareth, the greatest teacher and prophet who ever lived, was like that. He summed up all religion in two commandments: You should love the Lord your God with all your heart and mind and soul, and your neighbor as yourself.

I try to be a disciple of Jesus, a learner at his feet, and I feel that Jesus and Quakers have much in common. But what about the Quakers and the "Christ" idea? Can we be Quakers and not believe in the "Christ"?

Some Quakers, like myself, have difficulty believing

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that Jesus, this lowly, humble, gentle, friendly Teacher, was the "Messiah," later called the "Christ." Can we still be Quakers? George Fox, in his letter to the governor of Barbados, says that we cannot. A present-day Quaker writes, "No one has the right to use the term Quakerism to describe a religious system which is not Christocentric."

Yes, the two words "Jesus Christ" belong together in the religion called Christianity and who am I to challenge that? So I have put off asking the question, "Can one be a Quaker, and not believe in Jesus as the Christ?"

But in my silence, I keep hearing the words, "The greatest service we render each other is to bear witness to the truth, as we see it."

This is a very personal and meaningful question to me, and I want to try to share it. Can one be a Quaker, a disciple of Jesus, and not believe in the "Christ" of the New Testament?

I was brought up in the environment of the Five Years Meeting. My boyhood days were spent on and off the Earlham College campus. I became a convinced Friend. At Earlham College, I studied under Elbert Russell, Henry J. Cadbury, Alexander Purdy and other fine professors whom I greatly admired. Later I became a pastor and worked in several yearly meetings. I read in the Gospels about Jesus Christ. These words I said over and over again. Like many pastors I tried to preach Jesus Christ and him crucified, until one day I asked myself the question, what do I really mean by the words, "Jesus the Christ"? I thought I knew something about Jesus, being a learner at his feet, but what about the Christ?

In my search among the libraries for books on Jesus the Christ, I found some on the literary and historical criticism of the New Testament and discovered many interesting things. One was that there is no evidence that Jesus ever wrote down any of his teachings. He may have depended on his disciples to remember and transmit them. However that may be, scholars say that it was at least sixty years after his death before his teachings were recorded. That could be very significant. Are the Gospels what Jesus taught or are they, in part, what others thought they remembered about his teachings?

The Gospel of Mark is the oldest record. It was written because they who had known Jesus in the flesh and had heard him speak were getting fewer in number. There was a growing need for a recorded teaching for new churches some distance away. Also, and this is important to remember, those twenty years after the death of Jesus were times of great religious fervor. There were rival religions, each claiming to be the word of God. There was great emphasis on emperor worship—*power*, the mark of divinity. There were the Greek philosophers—*knowledge* was important and to know the truth was to do it. There were the Jews, teaching the importance of the *Law*. When

everyone obeyed it, the Messiah and the kingdom of God would come on Earth. There were the *mystery religions* of the East, the most popular of all with the masses. They were a charismatic people, believing that through rites and ceremonies God produced miracles and signs and wonders.

Amid all this religious fervor was the teaching of the friendly, kind and gentle Jesus of Nazareth, who shared with the poor, the outcast, and the sinners his great vision and hope of a kingdom of God. His vision of God's kingdom was different from that of his fellow Jews. It was not a political entity—it had nothing to do with Jewish Zionism. It was not a place, not a Jerusalem. The kingdom of God Jesus talked about was the rule of God within you. It was the experience of the presence of a loving and forgiving God. If you felt and recognized this sovereignty of God in your life, repenting of the rule of self, obeying the rule of God, the kingdom of God was at hand. It was now within you—a living experience.

But often the people who felt the power and love of this gentle Jesus would not let him be the simple humble teacher he really wanted to be. They wanted to make him divine—a saint, a savior, a Messiah, a Christ, a God.

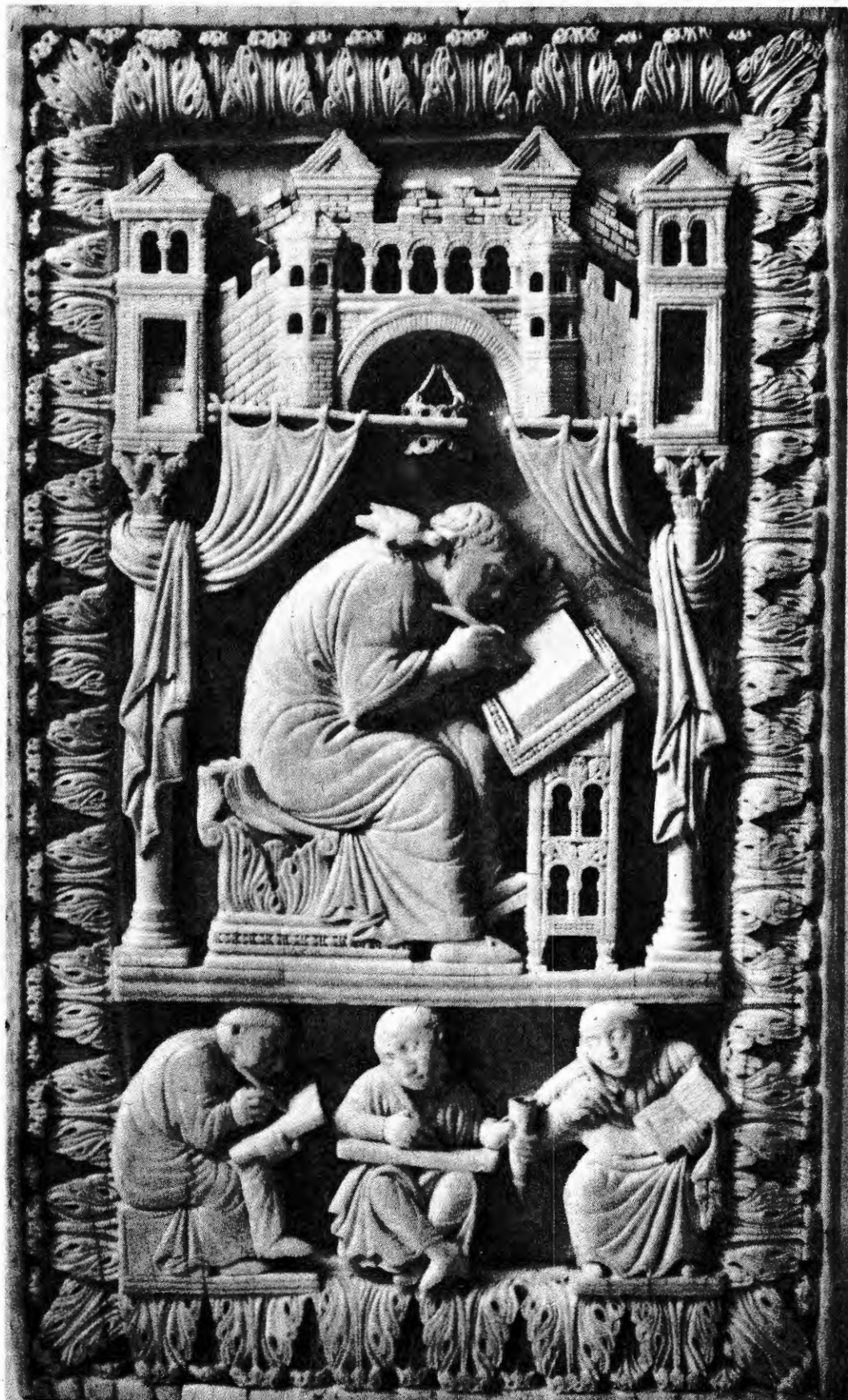
Near the end of his life, when most people had left him because he would not be a Messiah, he retired into the more rural areas of Palestine to be alone, in retreat with his disciples. During that time he asked them, "What are the people saying about me? Who do men say that I am?" They replied, "Some say you are John the Baptist returned to life, others say you are one of the prophets." Then Jesus asked, "But who do you say I am?" Peter answered, "You are the Christ."

But Peter really could not have said that. The word "Christ," *Christus*, is from the Greek language, and Jesus and his disciples did not use Greek. The words "Christ" and "Christian" did not come into use until many years later. Peter really said, "You are the Messiah."

Now this reply of Jesus to Peter is very significant. Scholars say it was not just "Don't tell anyone." Not just "Don't say that about me." Many scholars say that a more correct translation would be "Stop saying that about me!"

It is interesting and very important to contrast this oldest record of Jesus' rejection of the "Messiah" or later "Christ" idea, found in Mark 8:27-30, with a later record of the same incident, found in Matthew 16:13-20. Here Peter answers the question of Jesus, "Who do men say that I am?" with the words, "You are the Christ, the son of the living God," and then Jesus replies, "Blessed art thou Simon Bar-Jona! For flesh and blood has not revealed this to you, but my Father who is in heaven. And, I tell you, you are Peter, and on this rock I will build my church." Then, after these astounding words come

St. Gregory and Scribes, a tenth-century bookcover



the ones recorded in Mark, "Then he strictly charged the disciples to tell no one that he was the Christ."

Scholars say that the Matthew record of this conversation shows the Petrine influence in the Church at Rome 200 years later when Rome was trying to make itself the capital of the Christian world. Jesus could not have said these words. They were inserted into the record much later in the history of the Church.

What I am trying to say is that in my study of the "Jesus Christ" idea, I find that it was not that of Jesus himself, but what other people said about him. Another idea I discovered in seeking the meaning of the words, "Jesus the Christ," is that the Apostle Paul did much to make Jesus something he did not want to be—the Messiah, the Christ.

Paul never saw Jesus in the flesh. He heard about his early followers, known as the "Children of the Way," declaring that Jesus was the Messiah. It angered him. How could Jesus be the Messiah and die in disgrace on a cross? He was so outraged by the idea that he went about the country persecuting the early Church. He consented to the death of Stephen, the first Christian martyr, and was on his way to Damascus to persecute others of this faith, when he had an experience that made him question what he had been doing. He must have had a sunstroke. He was stricken blind and heard a voice saying, "Saul, Saul, why are you persecuting me?" Some scholars think Paul may have been as many as three years in retirement, getting over this sunstroke and thinking through the problem of how Jesus could be the Messiah, the Christ, and still be staked on a cross. The Messiah, God's chosen one, just could not die in shame.

Given Paul's background of rabbinical training and worship in the Temple, he may have recalled that for the forgiveness of sin, some kind of a blood offering on the altar was required from the worshiper. The idea may have grown into a conviction that this Jesus, the Messiah, the Christ, was the blood offering which satisfied the justice of God and enabled his forgiving love to flow out to all sinful people who accepted this "Christ" as Lord and Savior. The "Christ," then, was the propitiate, the appeaser for people's sin, enabling God's forgiving love to flow out to all who would accept this blood offering of Christ, the only begotten Son of God. With great joy Paul exclaimed, "As in Adam all die, so in Christ are all made alive!"

When on one of his missionary journeys, Paul departed from Athens, where he spoke to Greek philosophers, and went to Corinth, he left the "reason" of the Greeks and declared to the Corinthians that he "knew nothing among them, save Jesus Christ and him crucified." This became the message of the Church. This plus the words, "Risen from the dead and sitting on the right hand of God," became the theology of the Church.

And those who do not accept this Christ in these terms? Well, they are still in sin, lost souls, in eternal damnation.

I have had a difficult time over this theology of Paul, for what does it do to my concept of God—experienced in my own soul and confirmed by the teaching of Jesus—about a loving God? Does this not make God's love and compassion less than that of most human fathers?

The God whom I worship and try to obey would not curse all the children of the world because of the sin of the first persons. Nor would the God I worship need to have justice satisfied by the death of God's only begotten son before people could be forgiven their trespasses. The misnamed parable of the Prodigal Son is really the parable of the Loving Father. In it Jesus is teaching about the love of God toward us erring children. Read it: Luke 15.

Also, the God I worship would not continue to curse the children of Adam who do not accept the propitiatory action of the "Christ." Thus it is difficult for me to accept this "Christ" of the Church.

God is an ever new discovery to me. My few discoveries may not seem to be important nor meaningful nor true to many. But I do believe that Christianity has completely changed the prophetic religion of Jesus into a system of theology, in which a priestly religion stresses the importance of a mythical Christ, rather than the teachings of Jesus.

I know George Fox had an experience: "There is one, even Christ Jesus, who can speak to thy condition." But I too have had an experience: there is one, even God, in whom I live and move and have my being, who speaks to my condition. There is no mediator between me and God, just as there was no mediator between Jesus and God. Theologically, we are far apart. Experimentally, are we not together?

But must I believe in this mythical Christ, a mediator between God and humanity, to be a Quaker, a friend of God and a friend of all human beings?

Because I recognize the shallowness of my thinking when compared to the boundlessness of God, I want to conclude with a prayer, written, I think, by a man named Bradley. It has become my own prayer.

*Oh God, into my shallow pools thy infinite oceans
pour, until thy boundlessness has swallowed all my
shores.*

This might become the prayer of each of us. We must all be humble. What we grasp of the wisdom and love and purpose of God is always a small part of God's boundlessness. But I keep hearing the words, "The greatest service we render each other is to bear witness to the truth, as we see it." □

by Kingdon W. Swayne

The substantive content of religion is ideas: ideas about the nature of humans and the universe, ideas about human relations, ideas about the impalpable. Perhaps even more fundamentally, religion is ideas about how and where to find the source of Truth that will validate the other ideas.

I like the terms the Greeks used when thinking about the spiritual component of their lives: goodness, truth and beauty. The search for goodness—to hunger and thirst after righteousness—is for me the essence of the religious quest. But goodness is shaped by one's perception of truth, so let us begin with truth.

Truth may be sought either in authority or experience. I confess to an envy of the mental state of people whose lives radiate a joy and power derived from submission to religious authority. But I am suspicious of it for the horrendous crimes committed in its name, and for its demand that my free will be surrendered. I feel much more comfortable with experience as a guide, though it also has its difficulties, to which I will return later. Those of us who reject authority bring some order out of the resulting chaos in several ways.

First, we place great reliance on the replicable experiment as a dependable source of knowledge.

Second, we accept at least as a point of departure the experience of our forebears in such matters as the common law (by no means universal, but it is where we begin) and "common sense" (which also varies a good deal from culture to culture).

Third, we believe in continuing revelation.

Fourth, we accept a good deal of ambiguity and relativism as inherent in the human condition.

There are, I think, two major difficulties with the acceptance of experience over authority as the guide to truth. The first is that authority provides moral absolutes, while recognition that experiences differ means that truth is different for different persons, and the moral standards they base on their own visions of truth will also be different. Authority also defines the rules for connectedness. Knowledge that one's own experience, and therefore one's own truth, is unique, makes one's philosophical starting point a sense of aloneness. One can revel in the sense of uniqueness, or one can be overwhelmed by the sense of aloneness. The spiritual search is in many respects the search for a satisfying form or forms of escape from aloneness into connectedness. Everyday activities—work, play, service, family life, friendship—can also serve as forms of escape into

connectedness, but they soon pall unless there is a spiritual undergirding.

My own religious life can perhaps best be understood as an effort to build moral stability and connectedness by creating a web of motivation and behavior that is internally consistent and emotionally satisfying. I describe myself as a post-Christian because both my best behavior and its motivations owe much to Christian thinking, though I reject most of traditional Christian theology.

My world is shaped by the ideas of Plato, Copernicus, Newton, Locke, Marx, Darwin, Freud, Einstein, Buddha, Lao-Tse and many others. It is so different from the world of Jesus of Nazareth that I find tedious and unfulfilling the task of fighting my way back through the ranks of reporters, commentators and translators to whatever kernel of universal meaning may be revealed in his words. That task can only be justified by a belief in his special authority, a belief I do not hold. I am interested in Jesus as an historical figure who was the starting point of an immensely significant movement, but there are other people and other ideas that better speak to my condition.

If one rejects the authority and most of the Christian tradition, where does one begin to build a belief system? I think I begin with the existentialist proposition that life without meaning or purpose is intolerable. Therefore one must define the meaning and purpose of one's own life. I believe this task is within my power and is my sole responsibility. I prefer to see myself not as finding and doing God's will but as striving for goodness on the basis of general principles that are derived from my own sense

CONFESSIONS

of the nature of the universe.

Actually, I think I come close to accepting, though only in the broadest terms, the idea that there is a will of God on Earth. To me the most persuasive evidence for the existence of a Supreme Intelligence are the wondrously varied, complex and beautiful animals, vegetables and minerals that have emerged from our common clay of protons and electrons. Building that kind of potential into building blocks so seemingly simple requires a level of creativity beyond my imagining.

It seems unlikely to me that planet Earth was specially or uniquely favored by the Supreme Intelligence. There are probably millions of other places in the universe where some sort of drama of evolution of life is being

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played out. The Supreme Intelligence provided Earth's ecology with the means for both its survival and self-destruction. If the Supreme Intelligence has a wish or a "will" for the Earth, surely it is for survival (at least until the sun burns out) rather than for destruction. And I think it would be for survival in a state in which the full potential of the raw material is realized. That means the greatest possible proliferation of viable life forms. It implies some sort of ecological harmony, though not necessarily a static one. We might define this as a situation in which species flourish or die in response to changes in the inanimate environment rather than as the result of the purposive behavior of other species. This conception of ecological harmony places the ball squarely in our court, for we are the purposive species. If my reasoning has any validity, we are commanded not to be lords of the Creation, as the ancient Jews (and many Christians) have thought, but to apply our unique planning and managerial skills to the tasks of stewardship of the ecology.

Tough questions immediately arise. Does the tuberculosis bacillus have a right to life? Whales are easy, but what about snail darters, whose species is barely clinging to existence, and whose claim to uniqueness is doubtful?

The toughest questions arise in connection with the food chain. We have traditionally viewed the issue hierarchically. No one questions the eating of vegetables; some question the eating of fish; many question the eating of mammals; and almost everyone questions the eating of human flesh. The ecological perspective, which recognizes no hierarchies, cannot repeal our appetites.

"tilt" favoring *homo sapiens* over any other earthly species or Earth over any other bit of matter in the universe. This egalitarian view offers some real moral dilemmas, which perhaps can be expressed in an ironic "moral absolute." The basic rule of ecological harmony is live and let live, except at lunch time!

More seriously, to return to our role as participators, American Indian-style, in an ecological harmony would mean at a minimum reducing our numbers to probably no more than 100 million, worldwide. I find the logic to support that reading of the Divine Will extraordinarily powerful, but I doubt that it will sweep the planet!

My concept of the role of a universal Supreme Intelligence has very serious implications for our sense of the sources of intraspecific morality, that is, behavior toward members of the same species, among the creatures of the Earth. It is perhaps conceivable to me that a universal Supreme Intelligence might intervene in the ecology of planet Earth once in a while to deal with a *species* that was out of harmony with the rest. But the evidence of my life experience argues (persuasively, for me) that the unit of the individual (yes, including the individual human being) is beneath the notice of the Supreme Intelligence. There is too much caprice and accident and absurdity and downright injustice in the way life and death and goods and values are meted out for me to believe that the Guiding Hand reaches down to our level.

If the Supreme Intelligence is too busy to monitor individual behavior, another option is available to it, and that is to build in some controls. "Lower" animals,

OF A POST-CHRISTIAN AGNOSTIC

But it can cause us to ask new questions. Have we a right to kill the tares for the sake of the wheat, simply because we prefer wheat to tares? Have we a positive duty to see to it that our bodily wastes are returned to the food chain in the most usable form? When our turn comes to be eaten, should we commit our bodies lovingly as food for others, rather than burn them or hide them in bronze caskets?

I have deliberately phrased these questions provocatively, to make what is, I believe, a fundamental point. Just as feminists are absolutely right in rebelling against a God-the-Father who made *man* in *his* own image, so I rebel against any kind of anthropomorphism or anthropocentrism, or in plain English, against any kind of divine

particularly those with lethal natural weapons, are known to have such controls as part of their inherited psychic makeup. Were they left out of the makeup of *homo sapiens* because when the species first appeared it was not physically formidable? Was a conscience, or a potential for altruistic behavior, added by divine intervention when it became clear that *homo sapiens* was dangerous to its own species? Does that intervention form the basis for a special relationship between the Supreme Intelligence and *homo sapiens*?

Somehow it seems to me more likely that 1) the Supreme Intelligence hasn't really paid much attention, or 2) the Supreme Intelligence decided that *homo sapiens'* reasoning power ought to come up with an adequate

replacement for the natural controls of other "dangerous" species.

I therefore conclude that rules for dealing among human beings must essentially be made by human beings without divine assistance. The eighteenth century found a middle ground between divine law and human law in the idea of "natural law," the notion that rules of behavior can be rationally derived from the natural circumstances of our existence. I hold essentially to this view. The Golden Rule is a fundamental building block of my moral system, and I accept it as rationally derived, not divinely ordained. I believe Confucius, who first articulated it (as far as we know), saw it the same way.

I hope I have laid the foundation that will permit me to write intelligibly about meaning and purpose in my own life. I have revealed myself as, in effect, a post-Christian, anti-anthropocentric, anti-geocentric, egalitarian, rational agnostic. I was about to call myself pragmatic also, though I am not sure I have satisfactorily laid the ground for that epithet. Perhaps I should make clear that I accept the Golden Rule as pragmatic, not holy.

How does such a person breathe meaning and purpose into his or her life? As I said at the outset: she or he pursues goodness, truth and beauty.

Beyond the obvious civilized virtues of decency, kindness and compassion, goodness for me is two things:

First, a liberal Christian commitment to a life of public, community and religious service, for which I have been embarrassingly well rewarded, both materially and in terms of job satisfaction.

Second, a continuous wrestling with the demands that

art or science, I will respond joyously to the challenge to find new truths, or to appreciate the discoveries of others, as my talents permit. There have been times in my life when my love of truth overcame goodness. This still happens sometimes, particularly when the cause of falsehood is being inadvertently advanced by someone else's failure to communicate or to listen.

I haven't said anything yet about beauty, though it is as important to me as goodness and truth. Beauty is the most elusive of the Greek values. In my childhood goodness and truth marched hand-in-hand. Beauty became important much later. It now seems closer to my religious impulse than either of the others, perhaps because it is intuitive, not rational. I believe its creation and appreciation are intensely spiritual activities. The good Quaker phrase, "the life of the spirit," has its greatest meaning for me in the aesthetic realm. Awe and wonder also belong for me in the aesthetic realm. Creativity, whether aesthetic or rational, is appreciated with aesthetic sensibility.

I don't know where beauty comes from. I don't know what makes a diamondback rattler beautiful and a toad ugly. I simply refuse to believe, with Freud, that the aesthetic sense is nothing more than a sublimation of the sex drive. But I have no satisfactory counter-theory. I would fit comfortably into a society that made appreciation of the arts its religion. In the meantime, I buy opera and ballet and symphony tickets with a comfortable sense of spiritual dedication.

I haven't said anything yet about an afterlife, perhaps because the question seems unimportant to me. If I had

For me the question is this: is virtue its own reward the virtuous, or is virtue *really* its own reward?

an egalitarian, ecological conscience imposes on a host of everyday decisions about the disposal of the absurdly over-generous share of the world's goods that has been placed in my care.

Goodness for me has not, so far, placed much emphasis on divining and responding to the unarticulated psychological "needs" of other people. I am put off by contemporary Quakerism's heavy emphasis on this particular form of goodness, to the exclusion of others that I feel more competent to practice.

Truth I have mentioned quite a bit, but perhaps there is more to be said. I am grateful that a lively curiosity is a strong part of my psychic heritage. As long as there are unknown regions to be explored, whether of inner space,

to choose among heaven/hell, heaven alone, oblivion, reincarnation, or reunification with the Ineffable Other, I am not sure which I would pick. Perhaps I feel most comfortable with the notion that at conception we somehow borrow a bit of a universal spiritual essence (da Vinci, incidentally, built into his concept of male anatomy a separate urethra to transmit the spiritual essence to the fetus!) that is ours until the time comes for it to be reunited with its place of origin. Perhaps this approach appeals because I have no satisfactory theory of the nature of consciousness. But I am really content to leave theories of the afterlife to people who aren't having much fun here.

I also haven't said anything about love. I suppose if I

were to rewrite Paul's letter to the Corinthians I would say that among faith, hope and love, the *least* of these is love. Faith and hope together add up in my mind to optimism, which is for me an absolute moral imperative. I was not exposed until middle life to the idea of the self-fulfilling prophecy. Its power impresses me more and more. If we ever reach the point of not believing in a future, then there is no future. As for love, it seems to me that it is a word, like democracy or communism, that has been stretched to cover such a broad range of ideas that it has lost any clear meaning. And I don't like to use words like that. But I have a moral basic objection. In my religious perspective, love in Biblical terms loses its status as a fundamental value and becomes simply an instrument to promote good human relations (love thy neighbor; love thine enemies). Loving one's neighbor may have had a chance if the neighborhood had remained small and face-to-face, but do we really have the capacity to love our four billion-plus neighbors in the Global Village? And after two thousand years I think we should conclude that loving one's enemies is a non-starter. Let the commandment rather be to raise our awareness of our interconnectedness, and from that awareness will flow decency, reciprocity, and compassion.

Most religious people find some connection or other between the values of goodness, truth, and beauty and a Supreme Being. I guess for me the question is this: is virtue its own reward because God rewards the virtuous, or is virtue *really* its own reward? If you believe the latter, as my life experience tells me to, then that belief is all the personal God you need.

because God rewards

If I had presented this paper to Worship and Ministry of Newtown Meeting 150 years ago, would this meeting still be in session, or would I have long since been sent home in disgrace, branded a heretic? Can Worship and Ministry of Newtown Meeting accept me in 1979? If you can, is this a confession of laxness on your part? Has the Society of Friends lost any semblance of a core set of beliefs? Are we really comfortable with the notion that a sincere seeker may arrive at some bizarre interim conclusions on his or her road to true enlightenment, or that she or he may in fact never find the right road at all?

Well I hope we are, because I would really like to stick around to see whether one day my enlightenment will come more to resemble that of George Fox or John

Woolman. I would also like to stick around because the Quaker ambience does have meaning for me. So let my conclusion be an expression of my reasons for hoping you won't disown me.

I grew up in the Society of Friends, and I feel comfortable with many aspects of it. I like its rebellion against orthodoxy, its commitments to service and nonviolence, its disdain of "hireling ministers," its careful rationality, and above all its de-ritualized ritual.

But the meeting for worship is not for me an unmixed blessing. The concept of worship, for example, has no place in my theology, and I sometimes wonder whether my presence may not, at the unconscious if not the conscious level, interfere with the process of "gathering" among those who are present to worship.

There are, I think, a good many Quakers today who feel they are meditating, not worshipping, in meeting. I am not even sure that I belong with them. I have mastered the technique of falling very quickly into a kind of receptive mental state in the twilight zone between wakefulness and sleep. But I tend to see that state not as an occasion for "waiting on the Lord" or voyaging into inner space, but as a time for special openness to the vocal ministry of others or for disciplined wrestling with my "moral choice of the week" (most weeks I seem to be wrestling with one). I often have a sense of being in touch with some central moral core of my own being. But I am not at all sure that central moral core has outside connections. I suspect it has a home in my subconscious or my right hemisphere.

And yet when I rise to speak in meeting, it is always with a clear and strong conviction, coming from somewhere outside my left hemisphere, that my speaking at that time and place is rightly ordered. I think it is probable that the strong impulse to speak comes from a subconscious sense (primarily aesthetic and therefore of the right hemisphere?) that the ideas that have been floating free-form in my mind are now all in their proper places and ready to be communicated. If I had never heard of the right hemisphere it would be very easy to talk of divine inspiration.

Writing this paper has been a richly rewarding experience. I have been forced to firm up and pull together a lot of ideas that have been floating disconnectedly through my mind. Now that I put it all together, the structure seems quite formidable. Perhaps what needs to be said in conclusion is some acknowledgment of its weaknesses. I note, for example, that I have not so far suggested that there is a gap between my moral aspirations and my performance. Of course there is, every day of my life. Finally, I am very much alive to the possibility that some new truth may come my way that will cause the whole structure to collapse. Then what fun it will be to build a new one! □



SIBURRUS 7/9

Mary Ellicott Arnold, As Perhaps Only I Knew Her

by Arthur Kincaid

It perhaps seems strange to write a memorial of a Friend long after her death. Mary Arnold has been dead for at least ten years now, I should think. She is remembered by most people as someone who worked with and wrote about the American Indians. My association with Mary had a very different impetus. It has passed into my being now, and I thought I had better write down what I remembered before specific memories of this extraordinary Friend had faded.

As a child I often saw Mary in meeting. She was an odd looking person with a weather-beaten face and seemed incomprehensibly old in body. She had a direct and vital and hence, at that time, unconventional way of ministering. These two things aroused my interest in her. I did not, however, meet her in meeting. I met her when I was playing not Indian but, I think, Highland Scot in the woods behind her house. Coming over the brow of the hill, I encountered her working in her garden, and she invited me in to tea. I don't remember precisely what we talked about, but she showed me treasures. Like many people I knew, Mary had an exciting book collection. Unlike anyone I knew, particularly in Friends' circles, she had a weapon collection. Her dining room walls were covered with weapons. I particularly admired one which was in the form of a dagger. It was really a knife sharpener, but this didn't bother me. She gave it to me, and I treasured it for years. It lived with me through boarding school at Westtown and through university. Then I suppose I decided I was too old to keep carrying it everywhere with me, and I suppose I could see clearly at last that it was not really a dagger. I don't remember whether I made a token Excalibur of it and threw into Westtown lake or whether I put it away in a place where it

Arthur Kincaid, who is a Shakespearean scholar and teacher and has toured several countries as a Shakespearean actor, is a member of Oxford (England) Meeting. He stayed in Oxford after completing his doctorate, and runs a local drama group in Oxford.

may yet reappear. Mary was not horrified by my fascination with weapons, and that was a relief. Now my own walls are hung with swords, which I often have occasion to use, and I can enjoy them without feeling guilty.

Adolescent depression struck me with tremendous force at the age of fifteen, when I tried to produce "Hamlet" at school and could not interest enough of my fellow students to bring it off. Again I found myself in Mary's woods. Again she invited me in. We talked about "Hamlet." At the end of the afternoon I didn't feel like killing myself any more. She promised me that, old as she was, she would live until I played Hamlet. I played it first in 1966. She did.

In response to her invitation I went to tea with her, accompanied by a Westtown classmate with whom I had been rehearsing the Nunnery Scene. We performed it for



her in her living room. Then we had tea and pored over her book collection as she discussed the play with us. She was absolutely convinced that Hamlet did not love Ophelia—could not have done so since she was evidently so dull. I was convinced that Hamlet was incapable of being insincere, hence that he must have loved her. Our

portrayal had failed to convince her. I started thinking about the problem of convincing her. Two years ago I published an article called "Hamlet's Cue for Passion in the Nunnery Scene" in *Shakespeare Studies*. Though it did not specifically answer the point of Mary's concern, it did advance a theory explaining and denying Ophelia's apparent dullness. The trouble is, it relied on one's thinking in Elizabethan terms. Mary could not have done that: she was too firmly rooted in the twentieth century.

Just after I finished university I was in desperate financial straits and cut off from family and friends. The small packet of spaghetti and half box of corn flakes which I had to last the week were just about to run out. Suddenly out of the blue Mary sent me a check for \$60. I thanked her profusely and promised to pay it back as soon as I found a job. This was her reply:

Moylan, Nov. 7, 1963

Hamlet, my dear,

"That weren't no loan"!, but the repayment of a debt, money that came to me when I needed it, years, and years ago.

Some day give it to someone else—if you feel the spirit moves you—but so far as I am concerned, you are in the clear.

*Blessings on you, my dear, and remember what
the fairy Blackstick said about a "little misfortune."*

*Affectionately,
Mary*

A few years later when a friend of mine was in desperate straits I multiplied Mary's sum and passed it on. I am still often plagued by the artificial problem of repaying and being repaid. But because of this experience I am capable of learning.

Not only did Mary thus literally save my life twice. She also believed in me. Unlike—I think—most people, who seem not to take children's ambitions very seriously, she believed that I could and would play Hamlet one day. She believed in me also as a scholar. She took the risk of burdening me by keeping before my eyes what she described as my genius. I thought she meant this clinically, in which case it would have been inaccurate. But having lived with the idea for a long time now I have grown comfortable with it in the sense of "guiding spirit." She encouraged me to keep off the academic "merry-go-round," as she called it. She approved of the ways I chose, even when radically unconventional, because she trusted my genius not to have led me amiss. Who dares to trust an adolescent's judgment? Mary was perhaps the single person I knew who consistently did. At an age when one feels looked down on from all quarters just as one's

promise is struggling into bud, I was unusually fortunate because one person accepted me as an equal. To the extent that I believed in myself then, this was largely why. I now have a nine-year-old protege who was writing Eliot two years ago, Marlowe last year, and Stoppard this year. I have never considered regarding him as anything but an equal.

I have one thing left of Mary's, one gift of hers to me that I never used. It is a scenario from which she wanted me to create a play to produce at school. Because I was not interested in the history of the American Indians, I never did. Two weeks ago a former student, who had played the Gravedigger in my first "Hamlet," turned up. He now works in making educational films and is particularly interested in the history of the American Indians and in writing film scripts on this subject. I shall, when he comes back through Oxford, give it to him. It will have taken twenty-one years to find its way into the right hands. In the end, things do.

Mary Arnold (1876-1968) was a member of Providence Meeting, Media, (PA). She was the author of *In the Land of the Grasshopper Song* and was financial advisor and friend of Hedgerow Theatre in Moylan-Rose Valley (PA). □



Theodore Hetzel

THE ELDERS OF MY YOUTH

They are gone now
the elders of my youth.

In the quiet of Meeting
I saw them on the facing benches.
Stern they were, in their meditations,
speaking only when moved
by the Voice Within.

Stern, yes, yet these gentle Friends
seemed mindful of what we young should do,
directing us toward spiritual goals not yet tested,
they said,
foundations of the Meeting, we heard,
foundations on which to build for future generations.

They are gone now
the elders of my youth.

Are we yet that strong foundation?

—Jean Hartsock Palmer



Long Mountain

by Barry Morley

Long Mountain is both longer and higher than Pendle Hill, though it does not have a distinctive shape, like the scar-cheeked whale that characterizes Pendle Hill. Nor does it abound with tales otherworldly, tales of witchcraft, demons, and mystical visions. Yet, like a miser, it gathers stories to itself, stories which say, "This is a special place."

On clear days the view from Pendle Hill seems almost endless. From Long Mountain it is obscured by forest. The land below is visible from only a few places, and these views are limited by forest fringe. Fire towers, built in the thirties by the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC)

Barry Morley is co-director of the ninth grade at Sandy Spring Friends School (MD). He has recently completed Molehills and Mountains, an anecdotal chronicle of twenty years' teaching in Quaker schools. He is a member of Sandy Spring Meeting.

to reach above the trees are gone now, all torn down during the past ten years.

Atop Pendle Hill one feels visible to the whole visible world. On top of Long Mountain is seclusion, solitude, whispering wind, and the eerie night call of owls. On winding dirt roads people and deer surprise each other, staring before the deer bound away. Wild turkeys, less graceful, lumber away without affording the luxury of a stare.

Here, hidden near the top at an intersection of two dirt roads, is Quail Ridge Quaker Camp, Long Mountain's special place. For much of the year, Quail Ridge Quaker Camp lies semi-somnolent, its occasional visitors stopping for ever briefer interludes as Winter deepens, for longer as Spring advances. Then, suddenly, sometime in July, it springs to life. First the summer-camp staff arrives. Bunks are put into primitive shelters deep in the woods, floating lines are set out on the pond, the old, log-walled kitchen is scrubbed until white enamel paint glistens, a fire is lit in the fire circle and meeting for worship goes on and on because no one dares break it.

On Sunday afternoon the campers arrive. On Wednesday they leave for their first overnights. By Thursday supper all but the oldest units have returned. The rest will come back tomorrow and the next day.

On Friday camp returns to normal. The most exciting

event is the homecoming of unit two, back from their hike, sweating from their climb up Steephollow Road. Their counselors, Todd Goodwin and Millie Thomson, encourage them to stack their packs and plunge into the pond while still clothed.

"Damn," says Bart Simmons, long the camp's director, "how many times have I told those two to put their gear away first?"

But Bart's frustration is tempered by his appreciation that there are no better counselors than Todd and Millie, two time-tested veterans.

During the supper that night Todd Goodwin came by the staff table at the front of the dining hall and began a stage whisper conversation with Bart.

"Bart, I think you ought to look at Millie's ankle."

Bart set his glass of iced tea on the table and half turned toward Todd.

"Why, Todd?"

"Well... you just better look at it. I'm not supposed to say anything."

"Okay," said Bart.

Todd got a second helping of American ravioli from the kitchen pass-through and went back to his table.

"I wonder what that's all about?" said Bart.

"I don't know," I replied from my place beside him on the long, backless bench.

We didn't have to wait long to find out. Millie Thomson, walking slowly, came by a few minutes later to refill her milk glass.

"Millie," called Bart, "would you come here a minute, please?"

Millie walked over to Bart and stood where Todd had stood a few minutes earlier.

"Let me see your ankle, Millie."

Millie hesitated, then pulled up her left pant leg and rolled down her sock. The ankle was perfectly normal.

Bart was not to be put off. "Let me see your other ankle, Millie."

Millie reddened. She cleared her throat, started to say something, then thought better of it. She pulled up her right pant leg and lowered her sock, revealing a bulbous mass of green, bruised flesh.

"Sit down, Millie," Bart said.

I got up from the long bench to make room for her. The normal din of supper faded before the awful fact of Millie's ankle.

Bart gently placed a hand on Millie's shoulder. "Take your shoe off, friend. Let's have a look at the whole thing."

Millie's ankle was swollen severely. An ugly, mottled, multi-colored bruise stretched from four inches above her ankle to the beginning of her toes.

"Did you do this on the overnight?" asked Bart.

"No," answered Millie, offering no further infor-



mation.

"You mean it was already like this when you went on the overnight?"

"Yes." Millie's eyes glazed with incipient tears.

"You mean you went hiking with a back pack on an ankle that looked like this?"

"Well, actually it got worse on the overnight."

"When did you hurt yourself?"

"When we were putting out beds," she replied in her soft voice.

"You mean when we put out beds before camp opened?"

"Yes."

"But that was last Thursday. That was a week ago yesterday."

"I know."

"But, Millie. Why didn't you say something? This ankle is a mess."

"That's why I didn't say anything. I thought it was so bad that you'd send me home if you knew."

"So you've been walking around on it ever since."

"Yes."

Bart looked up at me. "Get Lorraine," he said.

I walked to the end of the adjoining table and asked Lorraine, camp nurse for many years, to come gaze at the remarkable sight. She needed only one glance.

"That's terrible," she said. "She should go home."

"You see no other alternative?"

"Not really. That's as bad a sprain as I've ever seen. It'll take weeks to heal and then be weak after that. I'd send her home now except that camp insurance is involved. We'd better take her to the doctor in Highmont first. I can do that tomorrow. In the meantime, Millie, get off that foot."

Millie nodded. I sensed her relief at finally being discovered. She got her glass of milk and, limping now, went back to her place. I sat down.

Bart ate quietly for a few minutes, then looked across the table at Nell Glebe.

"Nell," he said, "Millie is about as important to this camp as anyone here. Half the spiritual strength of this place must come through her. It would be a terrible blow if she went home."

"I know," said Nell.

Bart paused, absently stirring his food with his fork while Nell watched.

"What experience do you have with healing, Nell?"

"You mean faith healing?"

"I guess that's what I mean."

"None, really. How about you?"

"Same," he replied, "but I figure it's worth a try. I don't see any alternative. If we lose Millie, the kids lose more than a counselor."

"That's true. But I don't even know how to go

about... healing."

"I don't either. I guess we'd have to make it up as we went along. Look, Nell. You know the people here really well. Pick out four or five you feel might be helpful with healing. Ask them as indirectly as you can if they'd like to help. I think it would be best not to let Lorraine know. She'd probably think we're crazy. I'll talk to Millie and see if she's willing."

An hour later I stood idly in a grove of pine trees watching a few campers playing in canoes on the pond, their orange life jackets aglow in the last direct light before the sun dropped behind Quail Ridge. I was unaware that Nell Glebe had come up beside me.

"Hi."

"Oh. Hi, Nell."

"I think the light is prettiest this time of day, don't you?"

"Yes, I do. But maybe that's because I don't get up early enough to see the sun at the same stage on the way up."

"Or we're just too busy to watch in the morning."

She paused.

"Millie sprained her ankle."

"I know."

"Bart wants to do something about it."

"I know."

"Would you like to help?"

"I... I don't know. I don't know much about that sort of thing."

"None of us do. We have to figure it out as we go. We'd like you to help."

"I'm willing to do that."

"We'll meet in the staff tent after the evening program."

Without further conversation she slipped away as quietly as she'd come.

It was dark when we gathered in the tent. Bart, Todd, and Millie were already there when I arrived. Todd had brought a kerosene lamp which cast just enough light to see by. I sat on the edge of a rusting steel bunk beside Millie. Todd balanced on an unstable wooden chair at the back of the tent. Bart sat on a bunk across from Millie.

"Hi." Nell came in, closely followed by Sarah Devon, another of Bart's excellent counselors, a broad-shouldered, sensitive young woman in her late teens. Nell and Sarah sat on the bunk with Bart, one to each side.

"I guess we should start," said Bart. "Did Nell explain what this is all about?"

Various forms of "yes" were uttered.

"I thought maybe we'd start by saying the Lord's Prayer together. Then, if it's all right with you, I'd like to read the twenty-third psalm."

It was all right with us.

"After that I don't know what to do."

"I guess after that," said Nell, "we should have meeting for worship and ask that Millie's ankle be healed."

"Shouldn't someone lay on hands?" asked Millie. "I think you're supposed to lay on hands."

Silence followed. No one volunteered to lay on hands. Finally Todd spoke.

"I think you should lay on hands, Bart."

We looked at Bart.

"I've never done anything like that."

"But you're the director," said Nell. "I think Todd's right. You should do it."

Sarah Devon said nothing. She sat quietly, taking in both scene and conversation. The look on her face said, "What am I doing here?" The same question was secretly being asked by each of us.

"Okay," said Bart. "I'll give it a try. Take off your shoe and sock, Millie."

Millie did so, slowly, with obvious difficulty. The gross swelling and ugly discoloration startled Sarah.

Bart began to recite the Lord's Prayer. We joined him. Then he opened a *New English Bible* and began to read. The familiar twenty-third psalm sounded peculiar in its modern translation.

Bart reached over, carefully lifted Millie's leg, and rested it across his lap. We fell silent, each of us trying to touch power in an unfamiliar way. I was not alone in feeling the embarrassment of presumptuousness.

Nothing happened. Bart felt a little disappointed that the swelling had not receded beneath his hand. Sarah Devon continued to wonder why she was here. The rest of us, willing that healing take place, didn't really expect that it would.

"Let's try again in the morning, right after breakfast," said Bart.

"I have kitchen cleanup after breakfast," said Sarah, almost eagerly.

"I'll get someone to take your place," replied Bart.

The next morning, when we tried again, Sarah was there. We went through the same routine. Again, nothing happened.

At nine o'clock Lorraine drove Millie to the doctor in Highmont. They got back at lunchtime.

"What did she say?" asked Bart as they entered the dining hall.

"She said it's a bad sprain, possibly a fracture. She wants Millie to go home and stay off it."

The news, not unexpected, fell like a pall, nonetheless.

"She said we should get an x-ray while Millie's still here."

"Okay, Lorraine. Will you call down to Caldwell for an appointment?"

"I already have. They'll see her on Monday afternoon."

"Monday afternoon? But that's two days from now."

"I know. Apparently they don't consider it an emergency. Meanwhile we're to give her alternating cold and hot soakings to bring down the swelling."

Lorraine went to the pass-through to get some lunch. Millie, leaning on crutches, hung back. She spoke quietly to Bart.

"Let's try again tonight."

That night we tried again. Again nothing happened. Nor did the alternate cold and hot soakings bring down the swelling. The injury was as nasty as when I first saw it.

"We'll try again in the morning," said Bart.

We all nodded, even Sarah.

On Sunday morning we tried again. Nothing happened. Alternate cold and hot soakings continued. But by Sunday night there was still no perceptible change. Again we tried. Again, nothing happened. For some reason, we made no plans to try again. Somehow, with the imminence of the trip to Caldwell for an x-ray, we had resigned ourselves to the end of Millie's summer at camp.

I sat near Bart at breakfast on Monday morning. We hadn't even mentioned Millie when she approached us.

"I want to show you something, Bart," she said.

She rolled down her sock. I looked over, hoping to see some improvement in the swelling, some lessening of discoloration, perhaps. What I saw was a normal ankle.

Bart looked down, looked up at Millie's radiant face, then looked down again.

"This is amazing." He swallowed, then looked at me. Turning back to Millie he said, "Take off your shoe, Millie."

Millie responded eagerly. Her foot was perfectly normal, without any trace of swelling or discoloration.

"You're sure this is the one you hurt? Let me see your other ankle."

There was no difference.

"Let's go show Lorraine," said Bart.

Lorraine looked at the foot, looked up at Millie's radiant face, looked down again, then looked at Bart.

"We work miracles here," she said. Bart only nodded.

That afternoon I drove Millie off Long Mountain to go through the formalities of an x-ray. We laughed all the way to Caldwell. A technician examined her, looked confused, and asked, "Which ankle do you want x-rayed?"

That evening I stood in the pine grove watching canoers in the last sunlight. Sarah Devon materialized beside me. Last light glowed golden in her long, straight hair.

"It worked, didn't it?"

"Something worked," I said, reluctant to talk any more about it.

"No," she said. "It really worked." □

FRIENDS AROUND THE WORLD

More than 200 scientific and religious leaders in the United States and Europe are publicly opposed to the U.S. plan to deploy a new generation of nuclear weapons in NATO nations, the American Friends Service Committee announced early in December. This issue is a matter of intense discussion in Europe, but there has been no public debate in the United States so far.

The plan to modernize and increase NATO nuclear arsenals in Europe is being pushed by President Carter, the AFSC stated, and is designed to introduce ground-launched cruise missiles and new Pershing II ballistic missiles into the NATO nuclear framework. These arms provide the ability to hit targets in the Soviet Union, are easily maneuvered, and raise the threat of initiation of "limited" nuclear wars on European soil. NATO ministries face a critical decision on the deployment of this new generation of nuclear weapons and voted on the issue at a ministerial meeting held in Brussels on December 10 through 14. [Results not available at time of publication. Eds.]

The AFSC reports that leading scientists and church leaders have signed an appeal to stop the introduction of new nuclear weapons in Europe. Signatories include economist John Kenneth Galbraith; Nobel Prize winner Salvador Luria; William Howard, president, National Council of Churches; Rabbi Balfour Brickner of the Association of American Hebrew Congregations; and Albert Vorspan, vice-president of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. The appeal will be presented by the AFSC to President Carter as well as all members of the Senate.

According to AFSC's appeal, "By conservative estimates there is an approximate balance of nuclear forces presently in Europe; neither side has an advantage." The Soviets have an interest in avoiding an escalation of nuclear arms, and are concerned with negotia-

tions around mutual reductions of weapons, the AFSC said.

Demonstrations opposing the expansion of nuclear arms in Europe were planned to coincide with the NATO vote on December 12. An action was held on December 8 in front of the White House in Washington by various peace groups. The event was initiated by SANE, the U.S. Peace Council, Women Strike for Peace, the AFSC, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and a wide array of human needs organizations, anti-nuclear activists, churches and unions.

Flushing (NY) Monthly Meeting News-letter puts it this way:

Iranians are clamoring for revenge against their former shah, and are only too happy to humiliate us. And not without cause, for it was Kermit Roosevelt with our C.I.A. who overthrew Premier Mossadegh and so kept Shah Pahlevi in power, a power that he has maintained by mass imprisonment, torture, and murder, while he siphoned off great wealth into his private coffers. And now we are coddling this man so bitterly hated by his people, for medical treatment they consider unnecessary.

Consequently, a small group has taken drastic and illegal action to force us to turn him over to their retributive "justice." And so far this little handful have succeeded in defying and humiliating the awesome power of the United States, and our people and government officials are quite as angry as the Iranians.

It is an explosive situation. If our government will continue the judicious restraint it has so far exercised, the powerful leverage of world opinion will probably effect the freeing of the hostages. Public anger, however, held in check with difficulty for the sake of the hostages, will press relentlessly for action to avenge the humiliation... and show the world we are not to be trifled with....

As the newsletter points out, we must all use our influence against attempts at reprisal or violent intervention. We must write the President again. And again and again....

The following excerpts are from an open letter to Ayatollah Khomeini from Bawa Muhaiyaddeen, an Islamic "holy man" from Sri Lanka who has been teaching the meaning of "true Islam" for forty years. He is headquartered in Philadelphia.

To the Ayatollah Khomeini:

Islam has now become a disgraced word in the world.

To hold emissaries hostage was not appropriate at the time of Rasul (a Muslim prophet 1,400 years ago), nor is it appropriate to Islam. It would be good if you would immediately release the hostages.

To grieve over what has happened in the past, and then to take revenge, to slander, to have pride, to be angry, to be envious—qualities like these are the qualities of the one who was rejected by Allah.

Embracing one's brothers—not hating them—is Islam.

To harm or kill or to hurt the heart of another is not appropriate to the meaning of Islam.

Because of the present situation it has become my duty to write this to you. What is now called Islam is destroying Islam. Real Islam will not harm or kill any life.

What is known in the world today as Islam—the anger, arrogance, vengeance, pride, slander, false promises and the feeling of "I am the greatest"—is killing faith. Those who truly have accepted Allah will not commit murder.

Imam Ayatollah Khomeini, I have hear some of the speeches given by you and your followers.

I have heard you ask for the return of the shah and his wealth to Iran. You have said that he must be tried and punished.

But when the shah exiled you and some others, he did not try to search you out or pay someone to kill you. He did not act the way you are acting, although you were in France for fifteen years. He left you alone after he exiled you.

But you are trying to bring him back in order to punish him. Is this appropriate to Imam (perfect faith) and Islam?

Furthermore, using the name of Allah you offered money enough for a ticket to Mecca as an inducement for the murder of the shah. This is not suitable to the qualities of Islam, to sabur (inner patience) or to the compassion of Allah.

Fourteen hundred years ago lived a man named Abu Jazl, who was an enemy to the religion of Islam. But

where is he now?

Pharoah ruled Egypt at the time of Moses. Where is he now?

Nimrod lived during the time of Abraham. Where is he now?

Hitler ruled Germany at one time. Where is he now?

Idi Amin ruled Uganda. Where has he gone?

All these people were trying to conquer and rule the world. They hurt others. As a result, Almighty God destroyed them with the very weapons they had chosen for the purpose of conquering the world.

You, Imam Ayatollah Khomeini, must reflect upon this.

No one should rule with the arrogance of a dictator. Those who did died by their own qualities and their own swords. They have become pillars of hell.

Today, Iran has changed into a nation of war, where women, children and men are incited to take up arms, to shout that they are going to kill and shed blood, and to cry out vengeance.

Although the shah ruled with an iron hand for about thirty-five years, other countries and their people were not affected or hurt. But within one year of your reign, there have been considerable disturbances all over the Muslim world, and among other nations as well, causing harm to the hearts of people.

Your words alone are causing pain to the religion of Islam, and to other religions and people.

I am saying what is in my heart. I am explaining to you the difference between what Islam should do and what you are presently doing.

To shout at others, to reject, to ridicule and hurt others, is not Islam. To have patience, gratitude, trust in God, and to praise God, is Islam. To control one's tongue is Islam. You must reflect on this.

Because you have been given the exalted title of Imam, it was necessary for me to say this to you.

Do not teach your followers hostility and fighting; teach them to have faith in God.

Do not put swords and guns into their hands; put patience, inner patience, gratitude, trust in God, the praising of God, and the wealth of God into their hands.

Do not foster in them the pride of "my country"; show them the value of the certitude that there is only one God. This is the message you should hand to your followers.

I am openly telling you this because I

had to convey what I feel is the true meaning of Islam and which actions are not acceptable to Islam.

In your country there are thirty-five million Muslims, but there are 800 million Muslims in the world. So what you say and do in the name of Islam should be in accordance with the Qur'an (Koran) and also be acceptable to the other Muslims in the world.

If you realize this, you will understand Allah and his words, which are everlasting. Then you will have inner patience, gratitude, trust in God, and you will say, "All praise is to God."

Allah is sufficient.

The American Friends Service Committee and the Mexican Friends Service Committee will share in several volunteer service projects in Latin America, primarily Mexico, during the summer of 1980. These projects are for a period of seven weeks, end of June to mid-August. Participants will be between eighteen and twenty-six years of age and an ability to converse comfortably in Spanish is essential. The units will be located in rural villages and approximately half the participants in each unit will be from Latin America. **Applications should be submitted by March 15, 1980.**

Several co-leaders for these projects will be recruited from the U.S. Persons interested and potentially qualified with fluent Spanish, some experience working with young people, and preferably some exposure to Latin America are welcome to inquire. Reply to American Friends Service Committee, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

PLEASE NOTE: The "Meeting Directory" in which the locations and times of worship of many local meetings are listed will appear once a month only, on the first of the month. Look for it then in our back pages.

The Center for the Study of Human Rights at Columbia University, New York City, has established, with the help of the Rockefeller Foundation, a program of fellowships for research in human rights. These are designed to further the Center's research program, with priorities on human rights in national societies—comparative and international perspectives; women and rights; the right to health care and other social services.

Fellowships are open to applicants from all countries (with a Ph.D. or equivalent), both young graduates and established scholars and specialists. Successful applicants will receive a stipend (up to \$15,000 or \$22,000); research facilities and support for publication will also be provided.

To apply, submit a complete application form and statement of financial resources, and a five to ten page description of the proposed research. **All applications must be received by March 14, 1980.** Send to: Deborah Martinson, Center for the Study of Human Rights, 704 International Affairs Bldg., Columbia University, New York, NY 10027, (212) 280-2479.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Resisting Military-related Taxes

Friends contemplating military tax resistance should be aware of how easy it is to do. With very little investment of time and energy, a person can delay the collection of military related taxes for at least a year or two. Meanwhile, the money can be invested in constructive endeavors consistent with responsible stewardship. In addition, the tax court and legal system can be used as a public

forum for communicating Quaker values and beliefs to others, often with enthusiastic coverage in the news media.

My own experience in military tax resistance has been rewarding thus far. By claiming a tax credit for conscientious objection to war on my income tax form, I was refunded \$260 from my 1977 taxes. Now that the IRS has discovered its mistake, I am resisting through federal tax court the recollection of this money. My appearance in tax court has been reported favorably in three local newspapers, providing an opportunity to publicize the Quaker peace testimony, the history of war tax resistance, the economic impact of military spending, the pacifist position on the military draft, the concept of the World Peace Tax Fund, and the legal assistance offered by the Center on Law and Pacifism.

This has been accomplished with a total expense of about \$30 and about thirty hours of time. I have enjoyed the dedicated support of the Committee on War Tax Concerns of Friends Peace Committee and the legal guidance of lawyer Bill Durland at the Center on Law and Pacifism (300 W. Apsley St., Philadelphia, PA 19144). Right now, a decision on my case is pending in tax court. Yet, regardless of the outcome of that decision, I feel that a great deal has been accomplished in the public domain and perhaps just as much in the spiritual.

The ultimate outcome of widespread war tax resistance should include the enactment of the World Peace Tax Fund and the creation of a Peace Academy, increased awareness about the issues of conscience and militarism, and the strengthening of the individual and the Society of Friends to take responsibility for their means, their government, and their religious faith.

Those who desire specific instructions in how to resist military-related taxes should consult Friends Peace Committee or the Center on Law and Pacifism.

Keith Tingle
Allentown, PA

Forty Years After Amsterdam

It was in the mid-thirties that I borrowed a bicycle to visit the battlefields of World War I. The message of that journey to Dante's hell, and the call of Dietrich Bonhoeffer's Fano address

for peace could not have left any doubt about what God wanted us to stand for or die for, certainly we Germans who were to construct or design armaments or otherwise follow the Führer.

But it was at Amsterdam that this message took on life and blood when we were together, praying together, with a bond of allegiance transcending that of all earthly potentates.

And years later, the Ecumene proved to be this reality, alive in the Holy Spirit, amidst a world in terror and violence. Of the many who lit the candle, let me make at least note of some of those to whom I owed my life directly or indirectly, those close to the Ecumene but who have since left us.

Friedrich Siegmund-Schultze, the historian of the Ecumene who, already decades ago, brought help to the poorest, like Jane Addams and Dorothy Day in the U.S.; George Bell, the Bishop of Chichester, who with William Visser't Hooft tried to stop World War II long before it came to an atom bomb, and who helped untold numbers of refugees. Also the dedicated work of Adolf and Elsa Freudenberg and Jeanne Merle d'Aubigne who, with Madeleine Barot, started the work of the Cimade in the most dedicated and immensely effective, but also equally dangerous, life in the Camp de Gurs. Visiting and connecting refugees with the outside world, bringing relief, Suzanne Rette, P.C. and Delie Toureille helped us courageously all through these terrible years. Andre, Magda, and Daniel Trocme, together with the Edouard Theis family, faced the Gestapo in Le Chambon sur Lignon, harboring and saving the lives of many of us, as vividly told in Philip P. Hallie's book, *Lest Innocent Blood Be Shed*, and many dear friends who are still so much with us, thank God. Love and thanks to you all.

Herb Jehle
Munich, West Germany

Nonviolent Defense of a State Considered

Austria is by the Peace Treaty of May 15, 1955, Article 13, forbidden to own, manufacture, and test atomic weapons, projectiles controlled on their trajectory, modern fighter airplanes, even artillery with a range that exceeds thirty kilometers. Thus, to plan a military defense of the country is a hopeless undertaking. It is therefore not surprising that some

Austrian citizens have given thought to preparing their country in peacetime for nonviolent resistance to an aggressor. This is not an idea which the Austrian government and parliament have so far considered and debated.

Very serious consideration, however, has been given to the idea by the Union of Austrian students in institutes of higher learning like universities and engineering schools. The Union is called "Oesterreichische Hochschülerschaft." They published a booklet with the title, "Soziale Verteidigung" (i.e., "Social Defense").

This publication outlines a fairly detailed plan for nonviolent resistance of the entire population in the event of an invasion by an army. Many kinds of non-cooperation and many sorts of nonviolent confrontation are discussed; among others, boycotts of sales, supplies, housing, and transportation. It is stressed that all citizens must remain nonviolent during social defense; this must be emphasized during peacetime training of the population. Citizens also must be prepared to sacrifice their lives in such a struggle. Any invading army will, of course, have advance notice that it will not meet with violence.

This is what the Union of Austrian students have in mind when they write about "social defense" of their country.

Hans B. Gottlieb
Carbondale, CO

Violation of Veracity

The statement on the cover of the October 1, 1979, issue that "In the next generation... a large intellectual task is required of the Society of Friends..." was rather troubling and distressing, when first I saw it.

Then upon reading Kenneth Boulding, there appeared the statement, "In the next generation indeed a large intellectual and spiritual task is required of the Society of Friends..."

You did not represent your statement on the cover as a quotation—but there is here, I feel, something of a violation of the veracity that Kenneth suggests as essential in the traditions of Friends.

R. W. Harrington
Flushing, NY

1979 INDEX

Friends Journal
Volume 25

May 15, 1979

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker Thought and Life Today



Nuclear Power:

We are not only
our lives, but
the sum of all
history,
the future seed.

—page 8

March 15, 1979

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker Thought and Life Today

Quakers and the Arts

February 15, 1979

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker Thought and Life Today

*We utterly deny
all outward wars & strife,
and fightings
with outward weapons,
for any end,
or under any pretense
whatsoever;
this is our testimony
to the whole world....*

October 1, 1979

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker Thought and Life Today



In the next
generation... a
large intellectual
task is required of
the Society of Friends
if it is to fulfill
the promise of
its history
and its message.

—page 8

November 1, 1979

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker Thought and Life Today



"I feel bound to
work... even
through some
discouragement
and opposition; I
mostly find in
such cases that
way has been
made for me, as if
He, who called
me to the work,
was indeed with
me in it."

Elizabeth Curney Fry
page 7

AUTHORS

- Addicks, Mentor, 4/15, pp. 12-13
Alexander, Horace, 2/1, pp. 18-19
Angell, Stephen W., 9-1/15, pp. 15-18
Anthony, Cushman D., 10/15, p. 3
Armstrong, G.A.W., 6/15, pp. 13-16
Arvio, Raymond Paavo, 1/15, pp. 10-11;
3/1, p. 16; 4/1, p. 15
Bacon, Margaret H., 2/1, pp. 4-6; 6/1, pp.
5-9; 12/1, pp. 2-5
Barton, Lois, 11/15, pp. 18-19
Beck, Robert E., 11/15, p. 20
Bell, Edward S., 11/1, p. 16
Best, James S., 1/1, p. 14; 2/1, pp. 6-8
Beyer, George R., 8-1/15, p. 18
Bird, Leonard A., 6/15, pp. 4-7
Birmingham, Walter, 2/1, p. 18
Blanc, Nancy, 5/1, pp. 11-12
Blanshard, Brand, 5/1, pp. 8-10
Boulding, Kenneth E., 10/1, pp. 5-8
Bowen, Francis B., 8-1/15, p. 14
Bradshaw, Russell, 1/1, pp. 19-20; 6/1,
pp. 19-20
Bragg, Carol, and Elmer, Jerry, 10/1, pp.
8-10
Bristol, Jim, 2/1, p. 19
Bronner, Edwin, 4/1, pp. 18-19
Brown, David, Jr., 10/1, pp. 19-20
Carr, Thomas W., 2/15, pp. 9-12
Cary, Stephen G., 11/15, pp. 2-5
Castillo, Fortunato, 3/1, p. 15
Clark, Marie, 8-1/15, p. 19
Coile, Ellen Miller, 3/1, p. 17
Cole, Betty, 8-1/15, p. 19
Collett, Wallace T., 10/1, pp. 14-17
Cooper, Ross, 4/1, p. 18
Corson-Finnerty, Susan, 5/15, pp. 2-5
Cort, John, 2/1, pp. 15-16
Crauder, Elaine J., 11/1, pp. 13-15
Davidon, Ann Morrisett, 5/15, pp. 14-17
Delgado, Carmelo J., 8-1/15, p. 14
Eccleston, Alan, 2/15, pp. 16-17
Eichenberg, Fritz, 3/15, pp. 2-4
Elmer, Jerry, and Bragg, Carol, 10/1,
pp. 8-10
Engeman, Teresa Jacob, 10/1, pp. 20-21
Estrin, Shelly, 4/15, pp. 7-9
Fager, Chuck, 1/15, pp. 13-16; 2/1, p. 17;
3/1, pp. 6-7; 6/15, pp. 8-10; 10/1, pp.
11-13; 10/15, pp. 12-13
Fauteux, Kevin, 10/1, pp. 3-4
Fern, Doris B., 9-1/15, pp. 21-22
Ferris, Elizabeth G., 8-1/15, p. 17
Fingsten, Peter, 3/15, pp. 10-11
Flanagan, Ross, 1/1, pp. 10-11
Forsythe, Julie, 9-1/15, pp. 9-14
Garver, Newton, 2/1, p. 18
Gilbert, Mary, 1/1, p. 19
Gordon, Martha, 12/15, p. 21
Gurney, Wilma, 11/15, p. 19
Harding, Alma and John, 4/1, p. 18
Hartsough, David, 5/15, pp. 21-22
Havens, Joe, 8-1/15, pp. 2-3
Havens, Teresina, 1/15, pp. 23-24
Heavilin, Charles W., 10/15, pp. 10-11

Hess, Dale, 12/15, pp. 21-22
 Hill, Thomas, 5/15, pp. 22-26
 Hinshaw, Cecil E., 8-1/15, pp. 4-5
 Hoffman, Gene K., 2/1, pp. 2-3; 3/15, pp. 23-25; 7-1/15, pp. 8-9
 Hoffman, Jan, 5/1, pp. 12-14
 Hope, John, 8-1/15, p. 18
 Hopkirk, Dorothy, 8-1/15, pp. 20-21
 Hoskins, Tom, 9-1/15, pp. 9-14
 Hough-Ross, Richard, 8-1/15, p. 14
 Howe, Evan, 8-1/15, p. 21
 Hutchinson, Sherry, 8-1/15, p. 17
 Johnson, Dan, 4/15, pp. 17-19
 Jones, Peter, 12/15, pp. 18-20
 Kanegis, Richard, 9-1/15, pp. 18-19
 Kauter, Kurt, 12/15, p. 2
 Keene, Calvin, 8-1/15, pp. 6-8
 Kilpack, Ruth, 1/15, pp. 2-3; 2/15, pp. 3-4; 4/15, p. 3; 6/1, pp. 3-4
 Knoop, Alice, 8-1/15, p. 15
 Koomanoff, Lora G., 1/1, pp. 3-5
 Lazar, Edward, 4/15, pp. 4-6
 Leslie, Kay, 3/15, pp. 12-14
 Linton, John, 10/15, pp. 4-9
 Lister, Lisa, and Osborn, Rachel, 2/1, pp. 9-10
 Lucas, Patricia, 11/1, p. 17
 Ludwig, Walter, 4/1, pp. 6-9
 Mahoney, Mildred, 11/15, p. 19
 Mangelsdorf, Paul, 11/15, pp. 14-17
 Marsh, Ruth, 11/1, p. 16
 Matlack, James, 12/15, pp. 9-14
 Megli, Rosalie, 11/1, p. 17
 Miller, Ken, 3/15, p. 18
 Miller, Michael, 2/15, pp. 13-15
 Morley, Barry, 12/15, pp. 3-5
 Morris, M.C., 6/1, pp. 10-11
 McCauley, David, 11/1, pp. 10-12
 Norman, Liane Ellison, 1/1, 12-13
 Nuhn, Ferner, 1/15, pp. 17-19
 Olds, Storrs, 4/1, pp. 13-14
 Osborn, Rachel, and Lister, Lisa, 2/1, pp. 9-10
 Palmer, R. Candida, 3/1, pp. 2-3
 Payne, Diane, 12/1, pp. 8-10
 Poston, Chip, 1/15, p. 12; 4/1, pp. 9-10; 5/15, pp. 5-8; 6/15, pp. 2-4
 Powers, Sylvia, 9-1/15, pp. 2-7
 Prieto, Jorge, 3/1, pp. 7-12
 Rackoczi, Basil, 3/15, pp. 15-16
 Raines, Robert A., 1/1, p. 15
 Rawlins, Winifred, 3/15, pp. 16-17
 Reed, Mary, 8-1/15, pp. 12-13
 Reid, J. Richard, 11/15, pp. 12-13
 Reynolds, Barbara, 1/1, pp. 6-9
 Reynolds, Wilfred, 6/15, pp. 11-12; 9-1/15, p. 8
 Rhoades, Benton, 12/15, pp. 14-17
 Rickerman, Sally, 8-1/15, pp. 8-11
 Ridgway, Henry W., 2/1, p. 18
 Rifkin, Arthur, 1/1, pp. 16-17
 Rittenhouse, Sara Seem, 5/15, pp. 17-20
 Robinson, Jacqueline, 3/15, pp. 15-16
 Rogers, Howard, 8-1/15, p. 16
 Rowe, Violet, 11/1, pp. 8-10
 Runnings, John E., 2/15, p. 18
 Scott, Anne Farrer, 11/1, pp. 2-7
 Scull, David, 8-1/15, p. 14
 Seeger, Betty-Jean, 1/15, pp. 8-10
 Seeger, Daniel, 5/1, pp. 2-7
 Shants, Frank B., 8-1/15, p. 16
 Shaw, Alice, 11/1, p. 17

Shepherd, Janet, 10/1, pp. 18-19
 Sirotkin, Karl, 8-1/15, p. 16
 Slotten, Ralph, 7-1/15, pp. 10-14
 Smisor, Harold N., 11/15, p. 18
 Smith-Hoffman, S. Jean, 3/1, pp. 13-14
 Spears, Larry, 1/15, pp. 5-7
 Spiegelberg, Herbert, 12/1, pp. 6-7
 Stever, Ann, 2/1, p. 19
 Stillwell, Gardiner, 4/1, pp. 2-5; 6/1, pp. 12-14; 11/15, pp. 6-10
 Stoner, John K., 2/15, pp. 5-8
 Sullivan, John A., 2/1, pp. 17-18; 7-1/15, pp. 3-7; 12/1, pp. 10-16
 Treadway, Don, 11/1, pp. 17-18
 Vaughan, Deborah Cloud, 2/1, pp. 11-14
 Vaughn, Victor C., 5/15, pp. 9-12
 Visscher, Tina St. Clair, 4/1, p. 16
 Walton, Alice, 3/15, p. 6-9
 Webb, June, 8-1/15, p. 20
 Weisel, H.A., 11/1, p. 18
 Wells, Charles, 3/15, p. 21
 Wenck, Peter, 10/1, p. 18
 Wetherill, Alice M., 12/15, pp. 22-23
 Wormer, Katherine van, 4/15, pp. 10-11
 Wright, Edward N., 4/15, pp. 14-16
 Yarrow, Mike, 2/1, p. 18
 Yaukey, Grace S., 11/1, pp. 16-17

BOOKS REVIEWED

Andrews, J. David, *Oh, My Comet, Shine!*, "Found" Haiku and Senryu, 10/15, pp. 26-28
 Appiah-Kubi, Kofi, and Torres, Sergio, ed., *African Theology en Route*, 7-1/15, pp. 21-22
 Baker, James T., *Under the Sign of the Waterbearer (A Life of Thomas Merton)*, 6/15, pp. 26-27
 Barnet, Richard J., *The Giants: Russia and America*, 1/1, pp. 22-23
 Baskin, Lawrence M. and Strauss, William A., *Change and Circumstance: The Draft, the War, and the Vietnam Generation*, 1/15, p. 27
 Biko, Steve, *I Write What I Like*, 7-1/15, pp. 22-23
 Bonner, Ruth E., *Quaker Ways: Pictures of Meeting Houses in Current Middle-Atlantic America*, 1/15, pp. 26-27
 Boston Study Group, *The Price of Defense, A New Strategy of Military Spending*, 4/15, p. 27
 Boston Women's Health Book Collective, *Ourselves and Our Children*, 11/15, p. 27
 Boulding, Kenneth E., *Stable Peace*, 4/1, p. 20
 Brandt, Barbara, *Solar Energy: Putting the Sun to Work*, 12/1, p. 22
 Campbell, W. Reason, *Dead Man Walking*, 4/15, p. 27
 Carmichael, Carrie, *Non-sexist Childraising*, 1/15, p. 25
 Cassidy, Sheila, *Audacity to Believe*, 1/1, pp. 20-21
 Clark, Robert A., and Elkinton, J. Russell, *The Quaker Heritage in Medicine*, 10/15, p. 28
 Coerr, Eleanor, *Sadako and the Thousand Paper Cranes*, 2/1, p. 21
 DeCaux, Len, *The Living Spirit of the Wobblies*, 5/1, p. 22
 Deloria, Vine, *The Metaphysics of Modern Existence*, 11/15, pp. 23-24
 Donne-Smith, Basil, *Far Madder, the Further Chronicles of a Quaker Meeting*, 1/15, p. 26
 Duveneck, Josephine Whitney, *Life on Two Levels: An Autobiography*, 7-1/15, pp. 23-24
 Foster, Richard J., *Celebration of Discipline*, 4/15, pp. 25-26
 Fracchia, Charles A., *Living Together Alone*, 12/1, pp. 23-24
 Friends General Conference, *Travellers' Directory*, 11/15, p. 24
 Galper, Miriam, *Co-Parenting: A Source Book for the Separated or Divorced Family*, 10/15, pp. 24-26
 Greenwood, John Ormerod, *Quaker Encounters: Vol. 2, Vines on the Mountain; Vol. 3, Whispers of Truth*, 7-1/15, p. 21
 Hallie, Philip P., *Lest Innocent Blood Be Shed*, 11/1, pp. 23-24
 Harrison, Eliza Cope, ed., *Philadelphia Merchant: The Diary of Thomas P. Cope, 1800-1851*, 5/1, pp. 21-22
 Hinshaw, Seth Bennett, *Walk Cheerfully, Friend*, 4/1, p. 20
 Hiroshima Jogakuin High School, *Summer Cloud, A-Bomb Experience of a Girls' School in Hiroshima*, 2/1, p. 22
 Hunt, James D., *Gandhi in London*, 12/1, pp. 20-21
 Janney, Asa Moore and Werner L., ed., *John Jay Janney's Virginia, an American Farm Lad's Life in the Early 19th Century*, 11/15, pp. 25-26
 Jaworski, Leon, *Confession and Avoidance: A Memoir*, 12/1, p. 24
 Jones, Ron, *The Acorn People*, 1/15, pp. 25-26
 Kaufman, Donald D., *The Tax Dilemma: Praying for Peace, Paying for War*, 9-1/15, p. 23
 Kaufman, Wallace, and Pilkey, Orsin, *The Beaches Are Moving*, 12/1, p. 22
 Kyodai, Nippon Hoso (NHK), ed., *Unforgettable Fire, Pictures Drawn by Atomic Bomb Survivors*, 2/1, p. 21
 Lammers, Wayne P., and Masaoka, Osamu, *Japanese A-Bomb Literature, An Annotated Bibliography*, 2/1, p. 21
 Langguth, A.J., *Hidden Terrors*, 1/1, p. 20
 Martin, John Bartlow, *Adlai Stevenson and the World. The Life of Adlai Stevenson*, 5/1, p. 23
 Mitford, Jessica, *The American Way of Death*, 12/1, pp. 21-22
 McLaughlin, Eleanor, and Reuther, Rosemary, *Women of Spirit: Female Leadership in the Jewish and Christian Traditions*, 12/1, pp. 22-23
 Nagasaki Prefecture Hibakusha Teachers Assoc., *In the Sky Over Nagasaki, An A-*

Bomb Reader for Children, 2/1, pp. 21-22
 New England Yearly Meeting, Family Life Committee, ed., *Living with Oneself and Others: Working Papers on Aspects of Family Life*, 10/15, pp. 24-26
 Parker-Rhodes, Frederick, *Wholesight—The Spirit Quest*, 6/15, p. 28
 Pike, Frederick B., *The United States and the Andean Republics: Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador*, 1/1, pp. 21-22
 Pilkey, Orsin, and Kaufman, Wallace, *The Beaches Are Moving*, 12/1, p. 22
 Reuther, Rosemary, and McLaughlin, Eleanor, ed., *Women of Spirit: Female Leadership in the Jewish and Christian Traditions*, 12/1, pp. 22-23
 Richards, Caroline, *Sweet Country*, 10/15, pp. 23-24
 Roman, Mel, and Haddad, William, *The Disposable Parent: The Case for Joint Custody*, 10/15, pp. 24-26
 Roszak, Theodore, *Person/Planet*, 6/15, p. 29
 Sampson, Anthony, *The Arms Bazaar*, 1/1, p. 22
 Sharp, Gene, *Gandhi as a Political Strategist*, 11/15, pp. 24-25
 Sider, Ronald J., *Rich Christians in an Age of Hunger*, 1/15, pp. 24-25
 Simkin, Margaret T., *Letters from Szechwan*, 4/15, pp. 26-27
 Tait, Elizabeth Leeds, *Words by Elizabeth Leeds Tait*, 4/1, p. 20
 Turkle, Brinton, *Rachel and Obadiah*, 11/15, p. 26
 Walker, Dorothy Kimball, *Room, Path, and Walking Water*, 5/1, p. 24
 Walters, Ronald G., *American Reformers, 1815-1860*, 6/15, p. 27
 Watson, Bill, and Wilt, Joy, *Relationship Builders: Ages 4-8; Relationship Builders: Ages 8-12*, 12/1, p. 23
 Watson, Elizabeth, *Guests of My Life*, 10/15, p. 23
 Willistown Friends Meeting, *Quaker Flavors, a Cookbook*, 1/15, p. 24
 Wilt, Joy, and Watson, Bill, *Relationship Builders: Ages 4-8; Relationship Builders: Ages 8-12*, 12/1, p. 23
 Wright, Leon E., *From Cult to Cosmos: Can Jesus Be Saved?*, 10/15, p. 24
 Yarrow, C.H. Mike, *Quaker Experiences in International Conciliation*, 11/1, pp. 24-25

POETRY

Aldrich, Vickie, "...But what canst thou say?" 12/1, p. 5
 Andrews, David J., "I Have a Dream," 2/1, p. 16; "Untitled poem," 2/15, p. 2
 Butler, Elton A., "Christmas Chains," 12/15, p. 6
 Carboni, Shawna V., "The Still Morning," 6/15, p. 12

Conant, Elizabeth B., "Reflections on Moving to a New Meeting," 2/1, p. 10
 Cramer, Alice Carver, "Song of Two," 4/1, p. 12
 Crom, Elizabeth, "Untitled poem," 4/1, p. 11
 Dart, Mary, Songs, "Trust Me," "My Little Girl," "Little Stone," 6/1, pp. 15-18
 Deschanel, Ann, "Invitation to the Dance," 6/1, p. 20
 Dyre, William, "Reflection on Lao-tse," 7/1-15, p. 2; "Yes, but how Many 'many mansions' did you say?" 8-1/15, p. 3
 Eldridge, Richard, "Ah, Well, Said God," 12/15, p. 7
 Faulkner, Margherita, "The Tulips," 4/1, p. 19
 Garver, Newton, "The Heel of a Boot," 4/1, p. 2
 Heinlein, Mary, "Faith," 10/15, p. 2
 Hale, Katie, "Flowers," 4/1, p. 11
 Hathaway, Richard D., "In Memoriam—Martha Barnett," 8-1/15, p. 5
 Haworth, Marjorie, "Making No Sound," 4/1, p. 12
 Howe, Patricia, "Untitled poem," 4/1, p. 12
 Moberg, Rebecca, "Heart and Shadow," 10/1, p. 2
 Palmer, R. Candida, "Mount Pleasant, D.C.," "Rain," "New Zealand—December," "November," 3/1, pp. 3-5
 Poston, Chip, "Morning Psalm," 4/1, p. 10
 Purnell, Kathleen, "For the Bloomington Meeting," 6/1, p. 20
 Rawlins, Winifred, "Song for the Dispossessed," "Do Not Go Wrathfully," "Anna Cox Brinton," 3/15, pp. 16-17
 Reynolds, Wilfred, "Gently Homeward," 11/15, p. 11
 Seidzol, Pollyanna, "Disconcordat," 10/15, p. 9; "Glimpses Only," 11/15, p. 11; "Star-shadowed," 12/15, p. 7
 Stevick, Earl, "Untitled poem," 1/1, p. 2
 Swain, Alice Mackenzie, "Mirage of Memory," 4/1, p. 11
 Thomas, J. Charles, "Society is Sweet," 9-1/15, p. 5
 Young, Mildred, "Doomsayer," 6/1, p. 2

SUBJECTS

ALTERNATE LIFE-STYLE

"The Problem of Right Sharing," David McCauley, 11/1, pp. 10-12

ART

"An Art Both Universal and Particular," Alice Walton, 3/15, pp. 6-9

"Art as an Encounter with Silence," Jacqueline Robinson and Basil Rackoczi, 3/15, pp. 15-16
 "Charles Wells," Charles Wells, 3/15, p. 21
 "Friends' Benign Neglect," Fritz Eichenberg, 3/15, pp. 2-4
 "In the Deserts of the Heart: Prisons and the Quaker Peace Testimony," Shelly Estrin, 4/15, pp. 7-9
 "Ken Miller," Ken Miller, 3/15, p. 18
 "Quakerism and Creativity," Gene K. Hoffman, 3/15, pp. 23-25
 "Spirit in Art," Peter Fingesten, 3/15, pp. 10-11
 "Winifred Rawlins," Winifred Rawlins, 3/15, pp. 16-17

BIBLICAL ANALYSIS

"First Corinthians: A Model for Friends?," Chuck Fager, 1/15, pp. 13-16
 "Jesus in Our Times," Calvin Keene, 8-1/15, pp. 6-8
 "Listening to the 'Quaker Gospel,'" Chuck Fager, 10/15, pp. 12/13
 "Mark: Catching on to the Gospel," Chuck Fager, 6/15, pp. 8-10

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

"Quakers and Others Protest Resumption of Executions," Stephen W. Angell, 9-1/15, pp. 15-18

CHILDREN

"Is Love an Indulgence?," Betty-Jean Seeger, 1/15, pp. 8-10

CHRISTOCENTRISM

"Jesus In Our Times," Calvin Keene, 8-1/15, pp. 6-8
 "Quakerism as Forerunner," John Linton, 10/15, pp. 4-9
 "Some Queries on Evaluating Christianity," Charles W. Heavilin, 10/15, pp. 10-11

CITIZEN'S RIGHTS

"Blessed Are the Peacemakers," Richard Kanegis, 9-1/15, pp. 18-19
 "Compulsory National Service and the Return of the Draft," John Cort, 2/1, pp. 15-16

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

- "A Power That Can Never Be Underestimated," Ruth Kilpack, 2/15, pp. 3-4
"Quakers and Others Protest Resumption of Executions," Stephen W. Angell, 9/1-15, pp. 15-18

COMMUNITY

- "Quakers and Community: A Reappraisal," James S. Best, 2/1, pp. 6-8

DANCE

- "Art as an Encounter with Silence," Jacqueline Robinson and Basil Rackoczi, 3/15, pp. 15-16

DEATH

- "On Living and Dying," Cecil E. Hinshaw, 8-1/15, pp. 4-5
"Return from Dying," S. Jean Smith-Hoffman, 3/1, pp. 13-14

DIALOGUE

- "A Quaker-Unitarian Dialogue," Cushman D. Anthony, 10/15, p. 3

DISARMAMENT

- "Costa Rica: Country Without an Army," Leonard A. Bird, 6/15, pp. 4-7
"Has the Salt Lost Its Flavor?," Chip Poston, 6/15, pp. 2-4

ECOLOGY

- "Earth Can Be Fair," Gene K. Hoffman, 2/1, pp. 2-3
"Living in Harmony with Mother Nature," Margaret Bacon, 2/1, pp. 4-6

EDUCATION

- "A Visit to a Funky Friends' School," Raymond Paavo Arvio, 4/1, p. 15
"An Experience in Friendly Education," Sylvia Powers, 9-1/15, pp. 2-7
"Au Revoir, Pascal!," Dan Johnson, 4/15, pp. 17-19

- "Education and the Military: The Future," Thomas W. Carr, 2/15, pp. 8-12
"Is Love an Indulgence?," Betty-Jean Seeger, 1/15, pp. 8-10
"May This Meeting Be Gathered," Tina St. Clair Visscher, 4/1, p. 16
"The Meeting School: A Valued Quaker Learning Center," Storrs Olds, 4/1, pp. 13-14

FAMILY

- "Climbing Pendle Hill," Barry Morley, 12/15, pp. 3-5

FRIENDS' INSTITUTIONS

- "A Visit to a Funky Friends' School," Raymond Paavo Arvio, 4/1, p. 15
"An Experience in Friendly Education," Sylvia Powers, 9-1/15, pp. 2-7
"Deciding Where 'To See What Love Can Do,'" Wallace T. Collett, 10/1, pp. 14-17
"Final Summary of Concerns about the AFSC," 10/1, pp. 11-13
"May This Meeting Be Gathered," Tina St. Clair Visscher, 4/1, p. 16
"New Life for an Old Meetinghouse," Violet Rowe, 11/1, pp. 8-10
"Seeking to Understand the Roots of War," Carol Bragg and Jerry Elmer, 10/1, pp. 8-10
"The AFSC and Quaker Service: A Reappraisal," Chuck Fager, 10/1, pp. 11-13
"The Meeting School: A Valued Quaker Learning Center," Storrs Olds, 4/1, pp. 13-14

GIVING

- "To Friends Everywhere," Ruth Kilpack, 4/5, p. 3
"From Kishinev to Gaza," author anonymous, 7-1/15, p. 15

HEALING

- "Earth Can Be Fair," Gene K. Hoffman, 2/1, pp. 2-3
"Proceeding as Way Opens: A Hindu Who Walks with Friends," Deborah Cloud Vaughan, 2/1, pp. 11-14

HUMAN RIGHTS

- "Human Economic Rights and Wrongs," John A. Sullivan, 12/1, pp. 10-16
"Journey into Nightmare—Kampuchea, 1979," James Matlack, 12/15, pp. 9-14

HUMOR

- "I Hope You're Feeling Plucky," Ruth Kilpack, 1/15, pp. 2-3
"Sixtomania: A New Epidemic," Chuck Fager, 3/1, pp. 6-7

INTERNATIONAL

- "A Family Resemblance," M.C. Morris, 6/1, pp. 10-11
"A Pacific Perspective," Peter Jones, 12/15, pp. 18-20
"Against the Rising Tide," G.A.W. Armstrong, 6/15, pp. 13-16
"Au Revoir, Pascal!," Dan Johnson, 4/15, pp. 17-19
"Christian Peacemaking in Repressive Societies," Benton Rhoades, 12/15, pp. 14-17
"Costa Rica: Country Without an Army," Leonard A. Bird, 6/15, pp. 4-7
"Crossing Borders," Edward N. Wright, 4/15, pp. 14-16
"Forum: South Africa"—
Horace Alexander, 2/1, pp. 18-19
Walter Birmingham, 2/1, p. 18
Jim Bristol, 2/1, p. 19
Chuck Fager, 2/1, p. 17
Newton Garver, 2/1, p. 18
Henry W. Ridgway, 2/1, p. 18
Ann Stever, 2/1, p. 19
John A. Sullivan, 2/1, pp. 17-18
Mike Yarrow, 2/1, p. 18
"Ham Sok Hon," Margaret Bacon, 12/1, pp. 2-5
"Journey into Nightmare—Kampuchea, 1979," James Matlack, 12/15, pp. 9-14
"Proceeding as Way Opens: A Hindu Who Walks with Friends," Deborah Cloud Vaughan, 2/1, pp. 11-14
"Seeking to Understand the Roots of War," Carol Bragg and Jerry Elmer, 10/1, pp. 8-10
"The Challenge of the U.S.-Mexico Border," Jorge Prieto, 3/1, pp. 7-12
"Traveling in the Ministry Today: A Letter," Lisa Lister and Rachel Osborn, 2/1, pp. 9-10
"Visit to Pulau Bidong Refugee Camp," Julie Forsythe and Tom Hoskins, 9-1/15, pp. 9-14

MILITARY

- "A Power That Can Never Be Underestimated," Ruth Kilpack, 2/15, pp. 3-4
"Compulsory National Service and the Return of the Draft," John Cort, 2/1, pp. 15-16
"Education and the Military: The Future," Thomas W. Carr, 2/15, pp. 8-12
"The Influence of the Military on Our Daily Lives," Michael Miller, 2/15, pp. 13-15

MUSIC

- "Vally Weigl: Musical Peacemaker," Kay Leslie, 3/15, pp. 12-14

NATIVE AMERICANS

- "Living in Harmony with Mother Nature," Margaret Bacon, 2/1, pp. 4-6
"The Yellow Bird Story," Diane Payne, 12/1, pp. 8-10

NUCLEAR TECHNOLOGY

- "A High Standard of Living," Liane Ellison Norman, 1/1, pp. 12-13
"A Pacific Perspective," Peter Jones, 12/15, pp. 18-20
"Against the Rising Tide," G.A.W. Armstrong, 6/15, pp. 13-16
"Another View of Nuclear Power," Victor C. Vaughn, 5/15, pp. 9-12
"Consider the Social Costs," Thomas Hill, 5/15, pp. 22-26
"Disaster in Our Own Backyards," Susan Corson, 5/15, pp. 2-5
"Forum: Nuclear Power"—
George R. Beyer, 8-1/15, p. 18
Francis B. Bowen, 8-1/15, p. 14
Carmelo J. Delgado, 8-1/15, p. 14
Elizabeth G. Ferris, 8-1/15, p. 17
John Hope, 8-1/15, p. 18
Richard Hough-Ross, 8-1/15, p. 14
Sherry Hutchinson, 8-1/15, p. 17
Alice Knoop, 8-1/15, p. 15
Howard Rogers, 8-1/15, p. 16
David H. Scull, 8-1/15, p. 14
Frank B. Shants, 8-1/15, p. 16
Karl Sirotkin, 8-1/15, p. 16

- "Is It Treason?," Ruth Kilpack, 6/1, pp. 3-4
"Is Nuclear Power Safe?," Ann Morrissett Davidson, 5/15, pp. 14-17
"Nuclear Power: Unsafe!," Chip Poston, 5/15, pp. 5-8
"The Falcon," Sara Seem Rittenhouse, 5/15, pp. 17-20
"The Power of Nonviolent Action at Diablo Canyon," David Hartsough, 5/15, pp. 21-22

PEACE

- "A Pacific Perspective," Peter Jones, 12/15, pp. 18-20
"A Power That Can Never Be Underestimated," Ruth Kilpack, 2/15, pp. 3-4
"A Quaker Connection," Sally Rickerman, 8-1/15, pp. 8-11
"Christian Peacemaking in Repressive Societies," Benton Rhoades, 12/15, pp. 14-17
"Confessions of a Quaker Vacillator," Gardiner Stillwell, 6/1, pp. 12-14
"Einstein, Quakers, and Peace," Brand Blanshard, 5/1, pp. 8-10
"Has the Salt Lost Its Flavor?," Chip Poston, 6/15, pp. 2-4

- "Is It Treason?," Ruth Kilpack, 6/1, pp. 3-4
"On Creating New Peacemaking Roles," Ross Flanagan, 1/1, pp. 10-11
"Peacekeeping: Keeping It, Living It," Lora G. Koomanoff, 1/1, pp. 3-5
"Responding to the Roots of Violence," Edward Lazar, 4/15, pp. 4-6
"Seek Peace and Pursue It," Elaine J. Crauder, 11/1, pp. 13-15
"The New Call to Peacemaking," Barbara Reynolds, 1/1, pp. 6-9
"The Weight of Nothing," Kurt Kauter, 12/15, p. 2
"U.S. Pacifists and Third World Liberation Movements," Daniel Seeger, 5/1, pp. 2-7
"Updating the Peace Testimony," Herbert Spiegelberg, 12/1, pp. 6-7
"With the Power of God, Let Us Make Peace!," 12/1, p. 17
"Worship, the Bible, and the Peace Testimony," Gardiner Stillwell, 4/1, pp. 2-5

PERSONAL PRESENCE

- "A Decent Encounter," Wilfred Reynolds, 6/15, pp. 11-12
"Go and Touch," Robert A. Raines, 1/1, p. 15
"Traveling in the Ministry Today: A Letter," Lisa Lister and Rachel Osborn, 2/1, pp. 9-10

PERSONALITIES

- "A Family Resemblance," M.C. Morris, 6/1, pp. 10-11
"An Art Both Universal and Particular," Alice Walton, 3/15, pp. 6-9
"Charles Wells," Charles Wells, 3/15, p. 21
"Einstein, Quakers, and Peace," Brand Blanshard, 5/1, pp. 8-10
"Elizabeth Gurney Fry, Quaker Heroine Rediscovered," Anne Farrer Scott, 11/1, pp. 2-7
"Ham Sok Hon," Margaret Bacon, 12/1, pp. 2-5
"Ken Miller," Ken Miller, 3/15, p. 18
"Saint in a Small Place," James S. Best, 1/1, p. 14
"Susan B. Anthony: A Woman Who Dared," Walter Ludwig, 4/1, pp. 6-9
"The Tragedy of Friend Richard," Ferner Nuhn, 1/15, pp. 17-19
"Valley Weigl: Musical Peacemaker," Kay Leslie, 3/15, pp. 12-14
"Winifred Rawlins," Winifred Rawlins, 3/15, pp. 16-17

PLANNING

- "On Speaking Truth to Power with Planning," Larry Spears, 1/15, pp. 5-7

POLITICAL ACTION

- "Against the Rising Tide," G.A.W. Armstrong, 6/15, pp. 13-16
"Blessed Are the Peacemakers," Richard Kanegis, 9-1/15, pp. 18-19
"The Power of Nonviolent Action at Diablo Canyon," David Hartsough, 5/15, pp. 21-22
"U.S. Pacifists and Third World Liberation Movements," Daniel Seeger, 5/1, pp. 2-7

PRISONS

- "Alabama's Justice for Women," Katherine van Wormer, 4/15, pp. 10-11
"In the Deserts of the Heart: Prisons and the Quaker Peace Testimony," Shelly Estrin, 4/15, pp. 7-9

QUAKER HISTORY

- "A Quaker Connection," Sally Rickerman, 8-1/15, pp. 8-11
"Climbing Pendle Hill," Barry Morley, 12/15, pp. 3-5
"Elizabeth Gurney Fry, Quaker Heroine Rediscovered," Anne Farrer Scott, 11/1, pp. 2-7
"New Life for an Old Meetinghouse," Violet Rowe, 11/1, pp. 8-10

QUAKER MEETING

- "A Unitarian Quaker Meeting," Ellen Miller Coile, 3/1, p. 17
"How Do We Use Silence?," Russell Bradshaw, 6/1, pp. 19-20
"The Most Irritating Thing About the Religious Society of Friends Is—," Raymond Paavo Arvio, 3/1, p. 16
"The Risks of Letting Go," Raymond Paavo Arvio, 1/15, pp. 10-11

RACE

- "The Yellow Bird Story," Diane Payne, 12/1, pp. 8-10

RELIGION AND THE WORLD

- "Christian Peacemaking in Repressive Societies," Benton Rhoades, 12/15, pp. 14-17
"Faith, Science, and the Future," Paul Mangelsdorf, 11/15, pp. 14-17
"Holy Obedience and Human Survival," Margaret H. Bacon, 6/1, pp. 5-9
"Quakerism as Forerunner," John Linton, 10/15, pp. 4-9
"Religion and Psychiatry," Arthur Rifkin, 1/1, pp. 16-17

- "The Hope That Is In Us," John A. Sullivan, 7-1/15, pp. 3-7
 "Toward a Rethinking of the Quaker Message," Kenneth E. Boulding, 10/1, pp. 5-8

REPORTS

- "Australia" Yearly Meeting Report, Ross Cooper, 4/1, p. 18
 "Baltimore" Yearly Meeting Report, Grace S. Yaukey, 11/1, pp. 16-17
 "California" Yearly Meeting Report, 9-1/15, p. 22
 "Canadian" Yearly Meeting Report, Edward S. Bell, 11/1, p. 16
 "Faith, Science, and the Future," Paul Mangelsdorf, 11/15, pp. 14-17
 "Illinois" Yearly Meeting Report, Alice Shaw, Rosalie Megli, Patricia Lucas, 11/1, p. 17
 "Intermountain" Yearly Meeting Report, Marie Clark, Betty Cole, 8-1/15, p. 19
 "Iowa" Yearly Meeting Report, Don Treadway, 11/1, pp. 17-18
 "Junior Friends," Alice M. Wetherill, 12/15, pp. 22-23
 "Lake Erie" Yearly Meeting Report, Peter Wenck, 10/1, p. 18
 "London" Yearly Meeting Report, Janet Shepherd, 10/1, pp. 18-19
 "Mission and Service," Edwin Bronner, 4/1, pp. 18-19
 "Nebraska," Yearly Meeting Report, June Webb, 8-1/15, p. 20
 "New England" Yearly Meeting Report, Mary Gilbert, 1/1, p. 19
 Martha Gordon, 12/15, p. 21
 "New York" Yearly Meeting Report, H.A. Weisel, 11/1, p. 18
 "North Carolina" Yearly Meeting Report, David Brown, Jr., 10/1, pp. 19-20
 Harold N. Smisor, 11/15, p. 18
 "North Pacific" Yearly Meeting Report, 11/15, pp. 18-19
 "Northern" Yearly Meeting Report, Dorothy Hopkirk, 8-1/15, pp. 20-21
 "Ohio Valley" Yearly Meeting Report, Mildred Mahoney, 11/15, p. 19
 "Pacific" Yearly Meeting Report, Wilma Gurney, 11/15, p. 19
 "Pendle Hill Jubilee," Teresina Havens, 1/15, pp. 23-24
 "Philadelphia" Yearly Meeting Report, Teresa Jacob Engeman, 10/1, pp. 20-21
 "South Africa" Yearly Meeting Report, Alma and John Harding, 4/1, p. 18
 "South Central" Yearly Meeting Report, Ruth W. Marsh, 11/1, p. 16
 "Southeast" Yearly Meeting Report, Evan Howe, 8-1/15, p. 21
 "Southern Appalachia" Yearly Meeting Report, Doris B. Fern, 9-1/15, pp. 21-22
 "Swedish" Yearly Meeting Report, Russell Bradshaw, 1/1, pp. 19-20
 "The New Call to Peacemaking," Barbara Reynolds, 1/1, pp. 6-9
 "Wilmington" Yearly Meeting Report, Robert E. Beck, 11/15, p. 20

- "World Conference on Religion and Peace," Dale Hess, 12/15, pp. 21-22

SELF-REALIZATION

- "Climbing Pendle Hill," Barry Morley, 12/15, pp. 3-5
 "Quakerism and Creativity," Gene K. Hoffman, 3/15, pp. 23-25
 "The Risks of Letting Go," Raymond Paavo Arvio, 1/15, pp. 10-11
 "Thoughts on Jogging," R. Candida Palmer, 3/1, pp. 2-3

SIMPLICITY

- "A High Standard of Living," Liane Ellison Norman, 1/1, pp. 12-13
 "The Problem of Right Sharing," David McCauley, 11/1, pp. 10-12

SOUTH AFRICA

- "Forum: South Africa"—
 Horace Alexander, 2/1, pp. 17-19
 Walter Birmingham, 2/1, pp. 17-19
 Jim Bristol, 2/1, pp. 17-19
 Chuck Fager, 2/1, pp. 17-19
 Newton Garver, 2/1, pp. 17-19
 Henry W. Ridgway, 2/1, pp. 17-19
 Ann Stever, 2/1, p. 19
 John A. Sullivan, 2/1, pp. 17-18
 Mike Yarrow, 2/1, p. 18
 "More Forum: South Africa," 3/15, pp. 26-27

SPIRITUAL INSIGHT

- "A Chinese Contribution to Christian Thinking," Ralph Slotten, 7/1-15, pp. 10-14
 "Belief or Faith?" J. Richard Reid, 11/15, pp. 12-13
 "Concerning Aspects of Time," Nancy Blanc, 5/1, pp. 11-12
 "Disappointment, a Chariot of Truth," Joe Havens, 8-1/15, pp. 2-3
 "Go and Touch," Robert A. Raines, 1/1, p. 15
 "Ham Sok Hon," Margaret Bacon, 12/1, pp. 2-5
 "Mark: Catching on to the Gospel," Chuck Fager, 6/15, pp. 8-10
 "On Living and Dying," Cecil E. Hinshaw, 8-1/15, pp. 4-5
 "On Silence," Jan Hoffman, 5/1, pp. 12-14
 "Peacekeeping: Keeping It, Living It," Lora G. Koomanoff, 1/1, pp. 3-5
 "Purity's Peril," Wilfred Reynolds, 9-1/15, p. 8

- "Return from Dying," S. Jean Smith-Hoffman, 3/1, pp. 13-14
 "Spirit in Art," Peter Fingesten, 3/15, pp. 10-11
 "The Lion and the Lamb," Fortunato Castillo, 3/1, p. 15
 "The Paradox of Awareness," Kevin Fauteux, 10/1, pp. 3-4
 "The Quaker Proposition," Stephen G. Cary, 11/15, pp. 2-5
 "The Sharpness of Love," Chip Poston, 1/15, p. 12

SPIRITUAL SEEKING

- "A Likely Tale," Mary Reed, 8-1/15, pp. 12-13
 "A Quaker-Unitarian Dialogue," Cushman D. Anthony, 10/15, p. 3
 "A Quaker Upanishad," Mentor Addicks, 4/15, pp. 12-13
 "Blessed Are the Poor in Spirit," Chip Poston, 4/1, pp. 9-10
 "Confessions of a Quaker Vacillator," Gardiner Stillwell, 6/1, pp. 12-14
 "Do Quakers Need Forgiving?" Gardiner Stillwell, 11/15, pp. 6-10
 "First Corinthians: A Model for Friends?" Chuck Fager, 1/15, pp. 13-16
 "How Do We Use Silence?" Russell Bradshaw, 6/1, pp. 19-20
 "Human Economic Rights and Wrongs," John A. Sullivan, 12/1, pp. 10-16
 "Quakerism as Forerunner," John Linton, 10/15, pp. 4-9
 "Seek Peace and Pursue It," Elaine J. Crauder, 11/1, pp. 13-15
 "Some Queries on Christianity," Gene Hoffman, 7-1/15, pp. 8-9
 "Worship, the Bible, and the Peace Testimony," Gardiner Stillwell, 4/1, pp. 2-5

WAR TAX RESISTANCE

- "Quakers and Federal Taxes," John E. Runnings, 2/15, p. 18
 "The Influence of the Military On Our Daily Lives," Michael Miller, 2/15, pp. 13-15
 "The Moral Equivalent of Disarmament," John K. Stoner, 2/15, pp. 5-8
 "War Tax Resistance as a Witness to Peace," Alan Eccleston, 2/15, pp. 16-17

WOMEN'S RIGHTS

- "Alabama's Justice for Women," Katherine van Wormer, 4/15, pp. 10-11
 "Susan B. Anthony: A Woman Who Dared," Walter Ludwig, 4/1, pp. 6-9

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BOOK REVIEWS

William Penn's Legacy: Politics and Social Structure in Provincial Pennsylvania, 1726-1755 by Alan Tully. *Johns Hopkins University Press, 1977. 255 pages. \$14.00*

Alan Tully, a Canadian scholar, doubted the commonly-held opinion that the distinguishing characteristic of the British colonies in the eighteenth century was their factional conflicts. He became interested in early eighteenth century Pennsylvania, decided that its history refuted the factional conflict thesis, and did intensive research in the period 1726-1755. He found that those years in Pennsylvania were relatively free from factional contention. He assumes, perhaps without complete justification, that it was likewise with other British colonies. He gives credit to Pennsylvania Friends for the usual absence of contentious politics in their colony during these years.

Pennsylvania political history 1727-1755 is traced, with due attention to times (late 1720s, 1740-1743, 1754-1755) when contention was strong. The social and economic background is perceptively and interestingly presented. A very detailed analysis of the structure of provincial, county, township, and city government is made. The last chapter describes the Quakers, who were still predominant in the province's politics, though numerically they were a decreasing minority. After close attention to their internal unity and how it was maintained, the conclusion is that this unity was what kept provincial politics relatively tranquil. Especially emphasized is the avoidance of direct application of Friends' peace testimony to England's wars and demands from London for their support by Pennsylvania. Quaker assemblymen voted for funds "for the King's use," but would not support Quaker service in the armed forces. This compromise was discontinued in 1755 when, after Braddock's defeat, the province was for the first time in serious danger of armed invasion. Many Friends now refused to pay war taxes. The policy of temporization

and the unity of Friends had both broken down.

The book is not easy reading; the style is often heavy, and a good knowledge of eighteenth century colonial and Quaker history is needed. Typographical errors are, in several instances, annoying. To many readers the thirty-six pages of appendices will be the most interesting ones, because, being largely in tabular form, they show the characteristics of assembly members and how Friends enforced their own discipline.

Friends have always experienced tension between the absolute nature of their peace testimony and the complexity of actual society and politics. Tully approves of Pennsylvania Friends' early eighteenth century compromise and temporizing, which enabled political tranquility to continue. But was it really the best way, and what applicability does their predicament have to Friends' situation today?

Ralph H. Pickett

The Roots Of Pendle Hill by Carol Murphy. *Pendle Hill Publications, Pendle Hill, PA, 1979, 32 pages. \$1.10*

Fearless Quakers minds have never underestimated the value of adult education. Today at Pendle Hill, simple living, shared duties, and spiritual training prepare the student for better service—community and worldwide.

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school had begun; the "Roots of Pendle Hill" were firmly planted.

Only by careful perusal of this richly informative booklet can the reader appreciate the scores of persistent, dedicated workers. To mention a few names—Cadbury, Jones, Furnas, Walton, Brinton, Trueblood—is unfair to those whose names, for lack of space, are unmentioned. Of "hilltop signifi-

cance is the reflective name, 'Pendle Hill.'"

It was upon Pendle Hill in England that George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends, experienced his "vision." Is it not true that, allegorically, the word "hill" suggests an ever higher level of consciousness?

Bessie Wilson Straight

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Births

Holt—In 1979, *Daniel Edward Holt*, son of Mary Beth Spinks and Edward Holt. Daniel is an Associate Member of Orchard Park (NY) Monthly Meeting.

Mehlberg—On November 14, 1979, *Lindsay Laura Mehlberg* to Allan S. and Elizabeth Rowe Mehlberg of Monona, WI. Lindsay's mother and grandparents, George and Margaret Rowe, are members of Wrightstown (PA) Meeting.

Adoption

Woerthwein—*Matthew Sean Woerthwein*, born January 15, 1978, was adopted August 13, 1979, at York, PA. He joins his parents, Francine and Kenneth, and Charity, Josh and Mandy. They are all members of the Harrisburg (PA) Friends Meeting.

Marriages

Norton-Waring—On December 16, 1979, *Shirley Baldwin Norton* and *Thomas Waring* at the home of Marian Neutra in Sherborn, MA. Both are members of Wellesley (MA) Meeting.

Stuckey-Howarth—On August 4, 1979, in Sabina, OH, *Rebecca Ruth Stuckey* and *David Alan Howarth*. The bride and her parents, Roy Joe and Ruth Stuckey, are members of the Campus Meeting, Wilmington, OH. The groom and his parents, Wilfred and Mary B. Howarth are members of Third Street (PA) Meeting.

Zuck-Frost—On December 28, 1979, *Lucinda Alice Zuck* and *David Michael Frost*, in Erie, PA, under the care of San Antonio (TX) Meeting with the cooperation of French Creek Meeting, Meadville, PA. Lucinda is a member of San Antonio Meeting and a graduate student at Trinity College.

Deaths

Burks—*Minerva Murray Burks*, aged eighty-one, died November 21, 1979, at Walnut Manor in Anaheim, CA. She was a birthright member of Palo Alto (CA) Friends Meeting and for many years was very active in Friends work.

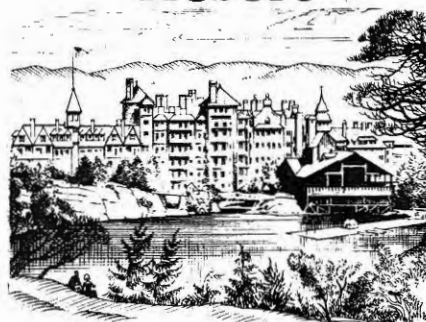
Minerva's father, Augustus Taber Murray, began meetings for worship in Palo Alto by holding them in the family home after its completion in the 1890s.

Minerva Burks is survived by her husband, Dana; and her sister, Lydia Murray Moss, of Pacific Grove, CA. Contributions are suggested for the Palo Alto Friends Meeting.

Carsner—On October 6, *Eubanks Carsner*, aged eighty-eight, in Honolulu, HI, at the home of his daughter. Born in Texas, Eubanks was trained as a scientist and became an internationally known plant pathologist. He was drawn to Quakerism partly through the influence of a colleague in agricultural research, Dr. Howard Fawcett.

Eubanks was once clerk of Pacific Yearly Meeting and served in many activities of the Society of Friends and the American Friends Service Committee. "Banks," as he was called, was a many-sided person: rigorous scientist, wide-reading man of letters, spiritual seeker. A forthright fighter for human rights, he delighted in a fair exchange of trenchant opinions. He loved poetry and theological discourse. Children were a special joy to him.

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THOMAS A. WOOD
Headmaster

Surviving him are his daughter, Connie Sofio; and his grandchildren, Ellen, Beth and Robert Sofio. Memorial gifts may be made to the American Friends Service Committee, 980 N. Fair Oaks Ave., Pasadena, CA 91103.

Hamilton—On December 4, 1979, *Stanley Hamilton*, aged eighty-four, at the Palm Health Care Center, Sebring, FL. He was a member of West-Richmond (IN) Friends Meeting.

All of Stanley's adult life was spent in social and humanitarian services. He was YMCA Boy's Work Secretary for ten years. In 1934, under the auspices of the American Friends Service Committee, he engaged in educational and relief work in the eastern Ohio coal fields for six years. For twelve years he served as Executive Secretary of the Rural Life Association, with offices at Quaker Hill. In the 1950s he began doing field work for the National Farmers Union and later organized Citizens' Committees in several mid-western states and in the Florida citrus belt to help improve the living and working conditions of migrant farm laborers. He was the author of a number of articles that appeared in various religious journals.

Survivors include his wife, Marie; two daughters, Nancy Parsons of Grandin, MO, and Mary Ellen Johnson of Rossville, GA; one son, Thomas of Madison, WO.; seven grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Hilles—On November 8, 1979, *Elizabeth Hilles*, aged ninety-four, at Unitarian-Universalist House, Germantown, PA. Elizabeth Hilles was a life long member of Frankford (PA) Meeting taking an active part in the life of the meeting, serving at one time as its clerk. She was graduated from Friends Select School in 1902. In 1922 she was one of the founders of the Frankford Day Nursery and served as its treasurer for over forty years. She was also director of the Frankford Needlework Guild and of the Frankford Visiting Nurse Association.

Hodge—On May 28, 1979, *Reba Camp Hodge*, aged eighty-six, after a lengthy illness at Kendal-at-Longwood. Reba was born in Chicago in 1893. She graduated from Swarthmore College in 1915 with honors in mathematics, was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and received the Lucretia Mott Award from the Somerville Literary Society. After graduate school at Radcliffe College, she taught mathematics in secondary schools for several years before marriage to Sewell W. Hodge, who survives.

Reba Hodge was a founder and the first secretary of the Swarthmore Public Library in 1929. A devoted alumna of the college, she served for forty-four years as treasurer of the Somerville Literary Society. She was also active in the Books-Across-the-Sea movement of the English Speaking Union and Kappa Kappa Gamma. Contributions may be made to the Swarthmore Public Library.

James—On November 2, 1979, *Anna Elkinton James*, aged eighty-four, in her home at Carmel, CA. Following her graduation from Westtown Friends School, she taught physical education in Philadelphia. Soon after marrying William C. James, a Westtown classmate, they moved to Berkeley, CA, where Anna helped establish the Friends Meeting in Berkeley and the San Francisco branch of the American Friends Service Committee. Anna was active in helping German refugees as well as families affected by the Japanese relocation. Anna always

enjoyed sports. A good athlete, she played field hockey, tennis, swam, loved the sea and sailing.

She is survived by her sons, Walton of Orinda, CA, and Edwin of Pasadena, CA; daughter, Marjorie E. Leavitt of Fresno, CA; and eight grandchildren.

Johnson—On December 20, 1979, *Dorothy Shepherd Johnson*, aged sixty-one, at Madison, WI. Dorothy was a member of Madison Monthly Meeting of Friends and, for the last twelve years, a sojourning member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting at Fourth and Arch Streets, where she was a beloved and active participant. Few, with so few and such quiet words, have made themselves so vitally present to their meeting.

Dorothy Johnson was a convinced Friend who joined Pittsburgh (PA) Monthly Meeting while she was studying for the degree of Master of Science in Social Administration. She and Walter Johnson were married on New Year's Day, 1944, under the care of Florida Avenue (WA) Monthly Meeting.

In Detroit, in Madison, and lately in Philadelphia, Dorothy has followed her profession, and has been active also in the League of Women Voters and other civic organizations, as well as in her meeting. She was a devoted homemaker and mother and a gracious hostess. She and her husband had just retired and had returned to Wisconsin, and were looking forward to busy years of freedom from regular jobs, when Dorothy's brief severe illness intervened.

She is survived by her husband, Walter K. Johnson; by her sons, Timothy Lee, William John, Todd L., and Steven Edward Johnson; by two grandsons and two daughters-in-law; and by two sisters, Sally Thomas of Gwynedd Meeting, Philadelphia, and Mary Ellen Vaillancourt of Washington, D.C.

Peacock—*Edward B. Peacock*, aged sixty-two, former executive director of the Friends Center Corporation on December 15, 1979, at Chestnut Hill Hospital. From 1950 to 1967, Edward Peacock worked for Martin Century Farms Dairy in Lansdale, PA.

A graduate from Earlham College (IN), Edward spent much of his life in Quaker social service work. He was the director of several American Friends Service Committee/Civilian Public Service work camps during the war and worked in the Foreign Service Division of the AFSC from 1946 to 1949. In 1971 he was appointed project manager for the Friends Center Project of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting and was named executive director in 1972 serving until his retirement last January.

He is survived by his wife, Mary Jane Taylor Peacock; a daughter, Carol Peacock Kinne of Baltimore, MD; and sons, Jonathan L. of Madison, WI; and Joseph E. of New Haven, CT. Also surviving are four brothers and a sister. Contributions may be sent to the American Friends Service Committee, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

Schwieso—On November 16, 1979, *Charles Mott Schwieso*, at Palo Alto, CA. During the Memorial Service held for Charles, he was compared to an Old Testament prophet calling us to the true paths. A young lad who lived next door to Schwieso's home told how Charles had taught him the importance of love for others.

Surviving are his wife, Clara; daughter, Gretchen Ferrin of Arcata, CA; son, Chuck Jr. of Miami, FL; and a brother Archie.

True—On December 11, 1979, *Arnold Ellsworth True*, aged seventy-eight, of pneumonia. Arnold was a member of the Palo Alto (CA) Friends Meeting. Arnold had been a military man, reaching the high rank of Rear Admiral. But his experience in World War II, on a ship which sank, causing the deaths of many officers and crew men, convinced him that there must be a better way for nations to resolve differences. He devoted the rest of his life to promoting peace, touring this country and Europe in the unpopular task of speaking against the Vietnam War.

After Navy retirement he taught meteorology at San Jose State University. Upon retirement he was named Professor Emeritus and the new Meteorological Laboratory was named for him.

Surviving are his wife, Corinne; two sons, Arnold Christopher and Robert Ramon; and a brother, Harris C. of Kentucky and a sister, Eula Rogers of Memphis, TN.

Webster—*Dorothy Scott Webster*, aged eighty-nine, of Foulkeways, Gwynedd Valley, PA, died suddenly November 24, 1979. A graduate of the Ogontz School, Dorothy belonged to the Germantown (PA) Friends Meeting. She was cofounder of the Germantown Meeting's Sewing Committee, and was its cochairperson for more than thirty years. Dorothy also served for many years on the board of the Germantown-Chestnut Hill Visiting Nurse Society.

She is survived by her husband, Maurice A.; two sons, Maurice A. Jr. and George S., both of Philadelphia; two daughters, Janet Merrill of Wellesley, MA and Helen Peterkin of Nashville, TN; nine grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

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New England Friends Home will need a new staff member starting in June or September, 1980 as part of our informal intern program. We need help in caring for our thirteen elderly residents. Some knowledge of cooking helpful. Write: Director, 86 Turkey Hill Lane, Hingham, MA 02043.

Quaker directing couple or director sought for Powell House Conference Center of New York Yearly Meeting. Position entails responsibility for program direction, staff supervision, maintaining

Friendly atmosphere. For further information or to submit resume write to: Search Committee, 123 Saxon Wood Road, White Plains, NY 10605.

Beacon Hill Friends House, a student residence and Quaker Center in downtown Boston, seeks director and/or assistant director to start September, 1980. Friends House is an equal opportunity employer. Send inquiries to Don Snyder, 6 Chestnut Street, Boston, MA 02108.

Brummana High School, Lebanon, requires a principal from summer 1980. This co-educational school has nearly 800 pupils. There is a primary section and two streams in the senior school, one leading to the Lebanese Baccalaureate and the other to G.C.E. 'O' and 'A' levels. The new principal will have the task of steering the school through a period of educational change during a time of political tension. Further details available from Stephanie Ramamurthy, Personnel Department, Friends House, Euston Road, London NW1 2BJ. Tel: 01-387-3601.

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Director—Scattergood School, July 1, 1980. Small coeducational, college preparatory boarding school in rural community near university. Write: Lois Laughlin, Search Committee Correspondent, Rt. 1, Box 57, West Branch, Iowa 52358.

Friends School in Detroit seeks a Head to begin July 1, 1980. FSD provides a program of individualized academic and personal growth for 240 K-12 day students in an urban setting. The Head's responsibilities include curriculum development, oversight of financial and business affairs and leadership in developing private funding sources. Write: Henrik Schutz, Chair, Head Search Committee, 1501 Henrietta St., Birmingham MI 48009 before February 15, 1980.

Position available beginning in summer of 1980. Live-in staff for Quaker House in Fayetteville, North Carolina, to provide military counseling, peace education, and coordination of Quaker concerns. Fayetteville is contiguous with Fort Bragg, a comprehensive military complex. An understanding of and appreciation for Quakerism and nonviolence is indicated. Contact Judy Hamrick Dixon, 1551 Polo Road, Winston-Salem NC 27106.

Two administrative openings on Westtown's staff: director of admissions; alumni affairs coordinator. Available mid-year 1980. For both positions, please send suggestions or resumes to C. Thomas Kaesemeyer, Headmaster, Westtown School, Westtown, PA 19395.

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