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The First Word

IN 1941 THE first of two hundred and seventy-seven "Letters from the Past" that were to be published in the Friends Intelligencer and this magazine between then and now appeared over the signature of Now and Then. It was written while the writer, who was in England for the American Friends Service Committee, waited for the weather to clear before resuming his trip. Typically, he took full advantage of the opportunity and wrote: "How many earlier Quaker travelers have waited for favorable weather off the Downs or further westward? In the remarkable odyssey of that Massachusetts-bound ship, the Woodhouse, Robert Fowler describes how it in 1657, while waiting off Portsmouth or South Yarmouth, 'some of the ministers of Christ went on shore and gathered sticks and kindled a fire and left it burning.' This quaint metaphor means that the early Friends used every passing opportunity to proclaim their message and left results to God. What a fine description of our duties and opportunities today."

Daisy Newman relates in her book, A Procession of Friends, that Now and Then "could not preserve his anonymity very long, since there was only one person in all of Quakerdom who possessed the knowledge of the Bible and Quaker history disclosed in these 'Letters' and only one person with that special strain of wit, never sharp, never intended to wound, merely—and this persisted into his eighties—youthfully mischievous. He was none other than Henry Joel Cadbury."

This past September 11 in his last note to the Journal Henry wrote, "I sent some letters from the past and I've quite a list lined up for the future . . . I hope I can meet the readers' interest." How typical it was of Henry to end with a humble hope and to be thinking of the future! If ever a person died ninety years young it was he.

For the record, Henry was born in Philadelphia to Quaker parents, Joel and Anna Kaighn (Lowry) Cadbury. He would have been 91 if he had lived until this December 1. He was graduated from Haverford College in 1903, received his master's from Harvard the following year, and earned his Ph.D. in 1914, also from Harvard.

He was a member of Central Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, helped found the American Friends Service Committee in 1917 and served as its chairman from 1928-34 and from 1944-60, and as honorary chairman until his death. As chairman he accepted the Nobel Peace Prize for AFSC in 1947.

Henry taught at Haverford and Bryn Mawr Colleges and at Harvard, where he was Hollis Professor of Divinity
...And Left It Burning

from 1934-54. He also taught at Pendle Hill for a number of years.

Henry wrote a number of books on the Bible and on Quakerism, three of which were published in 1972. One of these, Friendly Heritage, was a collection of two hundred forty of his “Letters from the Past.” He also was a member of the small committee of translators who produced the Revised Standard Version of the Bible.

He spoke of his experiences as a Biblical scholar when members of his meeting honored him a year ago at a ninetieth birthday celebration. As always, Henry put things in their proper perspective, and with a dash of humor, in just a few words.

“We talk about the way things change today, and say we are in a period of change, but we have been all through this before... As Eve said to Adam, ‘My dear, we are living in a time of transition.’”

A few months before, Henry had been a key witness in AFSC’s legal attempt to stop withholding from employee wages portions of income tax that would be used for military purposes. On the stand in Federal court in Philadelphia, he testified about the meaning of the Quaker concept of bearing witness.

“Bearing witness means primarily I suppose a vocal expression of your belief in certain ideals, but beyond that in the consistent expression in your actions of those ideals.”

“Could you say,” he was asked, “that in a nutshell it means practicing what you preach?”

“Yes,” he answered, “or only preaching what you practice.”

He himself was a living testament to Quaker witness bearing. In 1917, almost sixty years earlier, he had written a letter to the Philadelphia Ledger protesting the hatred of Germans by Americans. The letter created a storm of indignation not only from the general public, but also from members of the Board of Managers at Haverford College, where Henry was teaching, and led to his resignation. A year later this is how Henry described his own reactions:

“I may say that it was a personal experience of unusual interest to be threatened at one time with the loss of my position and income, with imprisonment as seditious, with lynching and the destruction of my house. The latter threats were not fulfilled, and I can view the incident as typical of much that occurred during the war. I am not inclined to change my position that wars, including the late war, are both futile for securing their ideal ends and immoral as debasing human life. For those who disagree with me on these points I feel complete respect if they are sincere, although I do not perceive the logical or ethical basis of their positions.”

Two more things that he both practiced and preached were these: “The real factor in making Friends is not what we say or do, but what we are... the best way of advertising any ideal is to wrap it up in a person, to incarnate it.” And “May those who are younger not resent the discipline of learning and let those who are older be saved from the foolish confidence that they are the people and wisdom will die with them.”

Albert Einstein once wrote that “A human being is part of the whole, called by us ‘Universe,’ a part limited in time and space. He experiences himself, his thoughts and feelings as something separated from the rest—a kind of optical delusion of his consciousness. ... This delusion is a kind of prison for us, restricting us to our personal desire and to affection for a few persons nearest to us. Our task must be to free ourselves from this prison, by widening our circle of compassion to embrace all living creatures and the whole of nature in its beauty. Nobody is able to achieve this completely, but the striving for such achievement is in itself a part of the liberation and foundation for inner security.”

Henry Cadbury was as free from the prison of self and as whole a person as one is likely to find then... now... or ever. In the remarkable odyssey through all types of weather of this Quakertraveler, he kindled fires and left them burning in the lives of everyone he touched. It is with deep gratitude that Friends from England, from Massachusetts, from Philadelphia and elsewhere share in this memorial issue some of the warmth and the glow and the light that is Henry Joel Cadbury.

JDL

“The heart of all history is the little community of those who thoughtfully consider and eagerly practice wisdom and love. Henry Cadbury brought that choice community into new warmth and Light. That Light shines in the dark, and the dark can never put it out. With renewed strength, the community lives.”

Moses Bailey
A Truly Great Spirit

There can be few Friends of international reputation who have left behind them, in so many individuals, such a sense of personal loss. Henry Cadbury was a great scholar, who carried his learning with grace and shared it with humility; a great Quaker, who lived his Quakerism in his daily life; and a great man, who bore the hallmark of the truly great, that meekness which belongs to those whom Jesus called "blessed."

Long before I had the privilege of knowing Henry Cadbury personally, I respected and admired his scholarship. When I first heard him speak at Friends House, London, I felt a profound veneration which was only lightened by my keen enjoyment of his dry humour. For many years I regarded him as one of the outstanding Friends of his generation, but I still did not recognize the "blessed" hallmark. This recognition came when I encountered him in the United States; when he astonished me by attending my course of lectures at Pendle Hill, in fair weather or foul, as if I might have something to offer, when I knew that I had so much to learn from him; when I heard him lecture to a group of women on (for him) a completely new subject, which he treated with immense erudition on the one hand and with a most touching modesty on the other; and perhaps most of all when I realized how vulnerable his tender spirit was, and how even if wounded himself, his constant preoccupation was never to inflict the slightest wound upon the bruised feelings of others. Only a truly great spirit could show such intense caring.

Others will write of his tremendous contribution as a scholar, both to the understanding of the Bible and to the advancement of Quaker historical knowledge. Perhaps this opportunity should be taken to pay tribute to his heart-warming appreciation of even the smallest pearl dredged up by somebody else from some unexpected source. We who owed him so much for those rich finds of his, from his studies of the writings of George Fox and, latterly, of John Woolman's travels in England, to the glowing serendipity of his "Now and Then" papers, could often be taken aback by his expressions of gratitude for the sharing of some insignificant trifle of our own.

Knowing of my close association with the Friends Historical Society of London Yearly Meeting, he would question me eagerly, when we met, about recent presidential addresses or publications. As I recall the eager note in his voice when asking: "Is there something new in it?" I am reminded of the great composer Haydn in his old age saying: "There is always more to learn!" I am also reminded of Rendel Harris's prayer: "Give us this day our daily discovery." When thanking God for every remembrance of Henry Cadbury, we thanked Him for one who never ceased to learn and whose daily discoveries have enriched our lives.

Elfrida Vipont Foulds

Elfrida Vipont Foulds, who shared many interests with Henry Cadbury as a writer, scholar and observer of the Quaker scene past and present, serves as clerk of London Yearly Meeting's Meeting for Sufferings.

Photograph by Ted Hetzel
The four Cadbury brothers at Back Log Camp, Adirondacks, New York in the late 1930s or early 1940s. Left to right: Ben, John, Will, and Henry.
He Was the Message

As I look back over my own life and religious pilgrimage, I think of six people, above all others, whose lives and thoughts have influenced me deeply. Three were of the past: Jesus of Nazareth, St. Francis, and John Woolman. Three have been in my own time: Gandhi, Schweitzer, and Henry J. Cadbury. The lives and spirits of the first three I came to appreciate through the written word, while only Henry Cadbury was known to me in the flesh.

Actually, I knew of Henry Cadbury long before I became a Quaker, for my work in the field of New Testament studies early made me aware of his enormous contribution in this field. I first met him accidentally, while walking near the Barn at Pendle Hill in the summer of 1952. That very day he had received for evaluation a manuscript that I had submitted to the Journal of Biblical Literature. After reading the article that afternoon, he invited me to have dinner that evening with Lydia Cadbury and himself so that we might discuss my paper. Thus began our friendship that continued to grow over the next twenty-two years.

Part of what brought us together over the years was our double interest in New Testament studies and Quaker history. I never knew just when I might receive one of his postcards or letters with a query “Have you run across this?” or “Do you know about that?” as he often thought of things connected with what I was working on in one or the other of these two fields.

Even more meaningful than the correspondence were the visits we had. Sometimes we might both be working at Friends House Library in London. Or we might be at the International New Testament Society Conference at Oxford. There was always time for tea or lunch—and for the advice and information I needed. One of the most rewarding aspects of my year spent working in the Quaker Collection at Haverford College (1969-1970) was the regular visit (once or twice a week) that Henry made by my car. His insatiable curiosity about things Quaker would lead him to ask, “What have you discovered today?” Sometimes, when I had uncovered something particularly significant, I could hardly wait to see him—knowing the excitement that would come into his eyes and voice as we shared our thoughts on the subject.

After my 1970 return to Texas, one of the things that always gave me a lift was the anticipation of trips east in May and December of each year, when one of my first acts was always to go up from my home in Maryland to Haverford in order to see Henry Cadbury. And, to my surprise, he always seemed to enjoy these occasions as much as I did. Last January, we had a tremendous time together—even though he had lost his hearing and all my questions and answers had to be written out. When I returned again in May, Henry’s hearing had been partially recovered, so that we were able to talk to our hearts’ content. And once more, as on so many earlier occasions, I received useful suggestions about how to approach a historical puzzle.

What things really stand out in my memory about this friend and Friend? I think of his words of advice and encouragement, his free and eager sharing of his tremendous knowledge, his concern for Quakerism and for his fellow man. I also remember such acts of kindness as his driving over icy streets (at the age of 86) to visit me in Lankenau Hospital and writing forewords for several of my works. And I always think of his incredible memory. One time, at a New Testament Society Conference at Oxford, we were discussing the great amount of money the United States was spending on the space program, and I said in a joking way that it was ridiculous to spend so many billions of dollars on this project when Friends had sent someone to Venus three centuries earlier for only a few pounds. He looked at me with a twinkle in his eyes and said “You must have discovered that in the Swarthmore Cash Accounts” (at Friends House Library), knowing that was how the early Quaker records spelled Venus!

The Sunday morning before his death, I spoke in the Dallas Meeting about Henry Cadbury’s life and how it had helped me understand a statement that I had heard a week before: “To give the message, one must be the message.” I know of no one who has exemplified the truth of this statement more than Henry J. Cadbury. Today, as I write this brief recollection, I also think of another quotation: What Henry Cadbury was and did “dies not with the body but lives on in the hearts and minds of those who knew him and who loved him.”

Kenneth L. Carroll

Kenneth Carroll, professor of religion at Southern Methodist University, loves teaching, historical research, travel and many other activities that also were an integral part of the life and work of Henry Cadbury. He is a member of the Dallas Meeting of Friends in Texas.

In 1893 at the age of 10 Henry Cadbury stood between his father, Joel, and his mother, Anna, for this family photograph. His brothers and sisters (from left to right) were William Warder, Elizabeth (Mrs. Rufus Jones), Benjamin, John Warder Jr. and Emma.
Guide, Teacher, Friend

OTHERS WILL WRITE of Henry Cadbury as a distinguished New Testament scholar, as one of the best of our Quaker historians, and as a leader in the work of Friends during the last sixty years of tortured world history. But I shall write of him as the kindest friend and dearest mentor that any amateur scholar ever had. Many others are with me in that category, and many professionals as well, because he was indefatigable in the nurture of minds. With the scant formal education I have had, it has not been my lot to sit at the feet of many great scholars, except through their books, but I can boast that I have sat at the feet of one of the greatest, who also was one of the best persons.

Sheer luck (if there is any such thing) seemed to bring the opportunity for a close friendship between the Cadburys and us during the last nearly twenty years, after all of us had reached our “third age.” From our long stay in the South, Wilmer and I came directly to Pendle Hill in 1955 when the Cadburys were in residence, after they left Cambridge. At the end of our first year there, Henry and Lydia moved to Haverford, but for the eleven more years that we stayed at Pendle Hill, plus a few after we left, Henry gave Monday night lectures two terms out of every three. Once or twice, he changed to subjects of Quaker history, but most of the courses were on the New Testament. I never willingly missed a lecture. In the later years Henry used to urge me not to come; he said I had heard it all so often. But I had two reasons: the first and less cogent was that with a large audience coming in to hear him, we needed a few Pendle Hill staff persons on hand. The more decisive reason was that, as with Shakespeare’s Cleopatra, age could not wither Henry nor custom stale his infinite variety.

Henry took a care that was not common to Pendle Hill lecturers to relate his lectures, where feasible, to other courses. He was lecturing on Revelation the first term that I had a class reading Dante with me. In his introductory lecture on general apocalyptic literature he included the Divine Comedy, thus giving my class a background it would not have had without his discussion.

When he lectured on Saint Paul or the Gospels, students sometimes complained that they “couldn’t tell what Henry Cadbury believes” nor could he be trapped with questions about his beliefs. My answer was that we did not need to know what he believed when we could watch how he lived. This was especially true when he and Lydia were with us in everyday situations and in the daily meeting for worship.

Henry always allowed time after each lecture for questions, and he took pains, in spite of his deafness, to understand the intent of each question. He had infinite patience with honest inquiry, even inquiries that arose from inattentiveness, but that rapier wit could flash out at questioners who either were quibbling or showing off.

At the last lecture of one spring term he suddenly left his announced topic and talked from his heart about what Jesus and Paul and the Gospels meant to him personally. Wilmer was in Iowa, and I was in bed with a cold. So we missed it, and it never happened again. From what people said of it, I think it brought the same sense of awe and illumination that one invariably receives in coming upon that last great paragraph in Schweitzer’s Quest for the Historical Jesus (which Douglas Steere read at the memorial meeting for Henry).

It is often said that there are no friendships to equal the friendships of youth, when all is fresh, all subjects and relationships still to be explored. Yet there is a joy in friendships of old age that is heightened by the knowledge that each time we see our friend may easily be the last. This is true in youth too, but then we never believe it. For a long time, we had not parted with Henry without such a thought in our minds.

The day Lydia called to tell us he was gone, I was on my way—as I often am—through the three realms with Dante, and just that afternoon I came to the point at the summit of Mt. Purgatory, where Virgil’s mission as guide, teacher, and friend to Dante is finished. Dante had been warned; he knew that Virgil could go with him only so far. Yet it is the most poignant passage in the whole drama until one comes near the end of the Paradiso. Dante turns eagerly to Virgil to say something to him, and finds him gone. “But Virgil had left us bereaved of himself, Virgil, sweetest father...”

MILDRED B. YOUNG

Mildred Binns Young, a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting of Friends, and her husband, Wilmer, were close friends and associates of Henry Cadbury for 20 years at Pendle Hill, Westtown School and Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. They remain close friends with Henry’s wife, Lydia.
“He comes to us as One unknown without a name, as of old, by the lake-side, he came to those men who knew Him not. He speaks to us the same word: “Follow thou me!” and sets us to the tasks which He has to fulfill for our time. He commands. And to those who obey Him, whether they be wise or simple, He will reveal Himself in the toils, the conflicts, the sufferings which they shall pass through in His fellowship, and, as an ineffable mystery, they shall learn in their own experience Who He is.” Albert Schweitzer’s final paragraph in Quest for the Historical Jesus and read by Douglas Steere at Henry’s memorial service.

His Indelible Ministry

I FIRST HEARD Henry J. Cadbury speak in Meeting for Worship in Cambridge (MA) Meeting in Ninth Month, 1949. Twenty-five years later almost to the day, he would attend Arch Street Meeting, Philadelphia, for the last time; and I would happen to speak; and later we would discuss an idea for a “Now and Then” column for Friends Journal and he would tell me, “I don’t think I’ll get to it; thee write it.” But that’s another story. In Ninth Month 1949 I was a brand-new freshman at Harvard. And I’d heard his name, but I didn’t know him; when he rose in Cambridge Meeting, it was an anonymous stranger speaking, so far as I knew. But, speaking on “now” and “then”:

“Woe unto you, when all men speak well of you,” he began.

And I remember two other things he said:

“The trouble with the Society of Friends is that too many birthright Friends have never become convinced.”

And: “If we were true to our inheritance, we would occupy the place in public despise that is now held by the Jehovah’s Witnesses.”

I felt shaken clear out of my skull. I’d never heard such things said before, in or out of Meeting for Worship.

This wasn’t because I’d led a sheltered childhood. I had been exposed to a number of Meetings already, and to the literature of Quakerism. And to three major ministering Friends somewhat intensively: Bacon Evans, who filled me with delight; Rufus Jones, who bored me; Bernard Walton, the dearest man I’ve ever known. But I’d never heard Friends sharply criticized for enjoying middle-class success, for complacency, for coasting on the faithfulness of previous generations. I think it wasn’t done very often in those days, and if all this sounds unexciting today, that’s because Henry Cadbury and others have been reiterating it for some time now. In 1949, to me, it was wildly exciting and shocking.

More basically, the very idea of an agitational ministry was totally new to me, and enormously startling. Nothing had prepared me for Henry Cadbury. Nor for the idea of a Henry Cadbury.

HJC’s ministry of course was not usually agitational. Yet the contrast between early zeal and modern complacency was an omnipresent theme for him, in casual conversation as much as in Meeting for Worship. Once after some very admiring things had been said by others about early Friends, he told me about the time in the early 1930’s when a woman with “a breathy society voice” called him on the telephone:

“Dr. Cadbury? I’m calling on behalf of the committee to celebrate the tercentenary of the Boston Common, and we’re going to have a pageant, and we’re going to re-enact everything that ever happened on Boston Common, and we’d like you to represent the Quakers!”

“What did thee say?” I asked.

“I said, ‘Er, everything!’ and I thought for an instant about going very quickly to Rhode Island.”

One thing to admire the Boston Martyrs; another to be presented with a chance to emuluate them; this we do not really want, do we?

Do not blame Henry Cadbury for me. His theology was somewhat different from mine. Likewise, the things he felt an agitational ministry is necessary for.

Nevertheless, in Ninth Month, 1949, Henry Cadbury said things that remain indelibly printed on my mind to this day. And abruptly altered my understanding of the Quaker ministry. And of what the Society of Friends is, and what it is for. And of what I could be for.

And altered the course of my life.

R. W. TUCKER

R. W. Tucker, a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting of Friends and onetime student at Harvard while Henry Cadbury was teaching there, shared some of these reminiscences during a memorial meeting for Henry in which members of the Cadbury family and the Philadelphia Friends family participated.
Who But Our Henry?

As we grow older, most of us feel that the world is passing us by. For Henry Cadbury, the reverse was true: as he grew older, the world caught up with him.

He had often seemed in his youth to be standing alone, seconded only by family and friends. Toward the end of the First World War, when he was an associate professor at Haverford College, he was dismissed for criticizing those of his countrymen, including some Quakers, who openly expressed hatred of the German people. In 1935, shortly after he became Hollis Professor of Divinity at Harvard, he was asked to take a loyalty oath. This he could not in conscience do, although he knew refusal might cost him his countrymen, including some Quakers, who openly expressed hatred of the German people.

As we grow older, the world caught up with him. For Henry Cadbury, the reverse was true: as be grew older, the world caught up with him. Generations of scholars have given thanks because the authorities respected Henry Cadbury's courageous integrity and let him continue at Harvard. To this day, many people recognize, as he did so long ago, that love must weary out hate and many are placing their conscience above laws that are, as he described the Massachusetts oath, "un-American in method and dangerous in tendency and tyrannous in application."

When he was in his twenties, Henry Cadbury joined a small group of Friends from both branches—Orthodox and Hicksite—who were trying to understand each other better. This was not, at the time, a popular Quaker concern. Half a century later, rejoicing in the reunion of the once separated Yearly Meetings, he maintained, "Indeed variety is an enriching feature of any Friends' group and is to be tolerated and even encouraged. That such toleration or encouragement is out of favor in many religious and secular groupings, I need hardly remind you. We may well both accept it and glory in it, though our variety may perplex the outsider or the applicant and confuse our own membership." Both within and without the Society, the testimonies to which this Friend was faithful all his life are now widely accepted. The world has caught up with Henry Cadbury.

In the narrower circle, those of us who thought of ourselves as his disciples—and all of us were—saw in him the answer to the question he posed in an article written twenty years ago, entitled, What Makes a Good Quaker? He defined one as a person who enjoys "a simple and genuine confidence in the capacity of all men to discover and respond to the divine call within... The peculiar combination of inner piety and outer serviceableness... two universal languages—collective silence and deeds of love."

He embodied this ideal. But, while he took it seriously, he never, at any time, took himself too seriously. Engaging humor leavened and seasoned his outlook. Who would have said, no doubt with the mischievous smile we'll always remember, "To match the well known Book of Quaker Saints I have toyed with the idea of writing a Book of Quaker Sinners"? Who but our Henry?

What pleasure he took in spotting the funny side of a question, protecting us from pompous thinking! What imagination he had! He could put himself in another's place, be sensitive to others' needs. Imagination was the quality which pieced together those fragments of history and provided so many missing links in our knowledge. Only a short while ago, this genius of a detective performed a most amazing feat. The Friend who lives on the top floor of the Cadbury's house had her handbag snatched as she was walking home from the station in the evening. The thief jumped over a fence and disappeared. Reconstructing the events in his head, Henry asked himself what he would have done with the handbag, were he the thief. He decided that he would have taken the money and thrown the rest away. The next morning, he walked to the spot where the robbery took place, climbed over the fence into College Woods and found the handbag lying on the ground, minus the money, but still containing those items which are often more precious than cash.

He was so endearing, how can we speak of him objectively? It wasn't just that he was an interpreter of Quakerism in word and life, that for fifty-seven years he stood at the heart and conscience of the American Friends Service Committee; it wasn't just his excellence as a scholar, teacher, historian, woodsman, philatelist and—delight of delights!—literary detective—it wasn't excellence alone that distinguished him so much as the grace he brought to all these endeavors and to his relations with people. We who turned to him for enlightenment and verification came away with more than answers—a greater vision, greater openness to alternative views, a greater dedication to accuracy, in short, to Truth. We had been in touch with an
almost Olympian clarity and sympathy, communicated, even at four score years and ten, with boyish wit.
Two years ago, when someone brought Henry Cadbury a little sheaf of papers that had spent centuries reposing in an attic, he saw immediately that he was holding nothing less than *A Plea for the Poor*, written in Woolman’s own hand. What excitement!

“Th’ee’ll understand,” he said, when he showed it to me. “I couldn’t sleep.”

I had come to say that I was embarking on another novel with a Quaker background. Would he see me through this book, criticizing it as he had so generously and carefully criticized the others? For the first time in the three decades that he was my beloved mentor, he hesitated.

How long would it take,” he asked.

Two years, I estimated.

“I don’t know,” he answered. “I don’t want to live to be too old.”

He didn’t. His last conscious act—carrying his Lydia’s breakfast tray downstairs—was consistent with his bearing since youth, that combination of love and “outer service-ability.”

Daisy Newman

Daisy Newman, a member of Cambridge Monthly Meeting in Massachusetts, is the author of seven books including *A Procession of Friends* in which Henry Cadbury is frequently mentioned. She is now working on her eighth book.
Henry Cadbury's passionate desire to know as much as possible about everything which touched his life naturally enough included an enormous interest in the history of the beloved Religious Society of Friends into which he was born in 1883. While his international reputation as a scholar rested upon his work in biblical literature, he began to publish articles in the field of Quaker history on both sides of the Atlantic in 1924 and 1925. He is quoted as saying that writing and teaching about the New Testament was his vocation, and that Quaker history was an avocation, but from the World War II period he published more in the latter field than the former.

In 1947 the Friends Historical Society in London honored Henry Cadbury by electing him president of that body, and from 1953 through 1955 he served as president of the Friends Historical Association in Philadelphia. He served as chairman of the “Historical Research Committee” of the latter body for the last thirty years of his life, and edited two departments of the journal Quaker History for most of that period.

His first article to appear in one of the Quaker historical journals, entitled “A Disputed Paper of George Fox,” in the Bulletin of the Friends Historical Association (now called Quaker History) in 1924, set the pattern for much that he published in the next half century. Two Quaker authors of the day, Mabel R. Brailsford and Margaret E. Hirst, had attributed to Fox a tract entitled To the Council of Officers of the Army ..., published anonymously, and listing no printer, place of publication, or date. Henry Cadbury carefully traced all the known facts, engaged in certain educated guesses, and ended up concluding that Fox had indeed written the pamphlet, likely with some assistance. In the following year he published an article in the Friends Quarterly Examiner on the Norwegian migration to America, entitled “The Quaker Sloopers of 1825,” thus bringing a little known episode in the history of Friends to the attention of his readers. This interest in the obscure, the previously unknown, was also a mark of his Quaker scholarship.

Henry Cadbury was a master detective who loved to fit what appeared to be disparate pieces together to form a coherent and useful picture. His first major work in Quaker history was that type of project, the book which appeared in 1939 under the title, Annual catalogue of George Fox's papers. Geoffrey Nuttall wrote of this study, “Only a remarkable mind would have thought of attempting the detective work necessary to produce it, would have thought this possible, even, or worth doing.” Edward Milligan called it “... a symbol of Henry Cadbury’s passion for detail, his detective instincts, his sleuth-like zeal in discovering what others said could not be discovered, his lucidity in presentation.”

Nearly a decade later he followed this with a volume called George Fox's Book of Miracles. In this book he brought together fragments of Fox's writings which had been omitted from the usual collections because they seemed to suggest that the founder of Quakerism claimed supernatural powers which were suspect, and that he lacked stability. In scores of articles which were sprinkled through a great variety of learned journals, he exposed previously unknown information, exhibited his great powers of detection, and contributed to our knowledge of Quaker history.

He concentrated upon collecting facts, upon digging out unknown facets of history, and never claimed more for his information than the evidence clearly allowed. He did not engage in free-flowing flights of thought on the theory of history, nor was he interested in the philosophy of history. I well remember that my major professor in graduate school dismissed Henry Cadbury as a man who merely collected the facts of the past, and did not endeavor to interpret them for the present. This other famous historian, who was elected president of the American Historical Association near the close of his career, was caught up in the new school of historical thought which dismissed scholars who felt the facts spoke for themselves. Henry Cadbury was sometimes called an antiquarian because he concentrated upon specific, and sometimes seemingly isolated episodes in history. He accepted this label and did not resent it, for Quaker history was only his avocation, and he already had a solid scholarly reputation in the field of biblical studies.

One of the demands of the newer historians was for relevance. History should be relevant to the present. While Henry Cadbury never attempted to draw great sweeping strokes upon the canvas of history to indicate its relevance to the present, he did create some 275 miniatures in his delightful “Letters from the Past” many of which were published in 1972 under the title Friendly Heritage. Some of these brief items had importance, and all of them were of interest to his readers. He loved to indicate parallels in different periods of history, to give examples of how history repeats itself, or to illuminate some forgotten episode in history in a vignette.

If his “Letters from the Past” do not carry much weight in Quaker historiography, the same cannot be said of such valuable works as John Woolman in England, or his perceptive essay in the Journal of Negro History, “Negro Membership in the Society of Friends,” reprinted by Pendle Hill. These two essays, and many like them, were the result of hundreds of hours of careful reading and note-taking, often on both sides of the Atlantic, followed by thoughtful and creative efforts to weave together all of this material into clear, concise, objective recitals of the facts. He did not draw back from revealing the failures of Friends along with their successes. Scholars for many years to come will thank Henry Cadbury for his books, his catalogues, his articles, his “Notes and Documents.”
Scores of budding Quaker historians were encouraged by Henry Cadbury over several decades. Frederick Tolles liked to tell the story of how Henry Cadbury sought him out as a student on the Harvard campus, and of the advice and support offered to him as a young man beginning his Quaker studies. He and Lydia Cadbury often offered hospitality in their home to young men and women who had come to Haverford to work in the Quaker Collection. Through his editorship of the "Research in Progress" section of Quaker History he always knew who was working on what, and willingly gave time to all who sought him out. He wrote introductions to numerous volumes in order to lend his prestige to works of younger, less well-known scholars. Few volumes in the field of Quaker history have appeared in the last quarter century which failed to acknowledge the valuable assistance received from Henry Cadbury, and several have been dedicated to him.

Henry Cadbury's mind was still extremely active during the last year of his life. In an article he submitted to the Journal of the Friends Historical Society he explored a new approach to discovering exactly what George Fox had written in his Journal. In the past, scholars had discussed passages omitted by the first editor, Thomas Ellwood; Henry Cadbury turned this around, and began to explore places where Ellwood added words and phrases! He submitted an article on the legal activities of John Woolman to the American Journal of Legal History, and wrote an essay on George Fox and the Woman Question for the Friends Quarterly. On September 29 he read a delightful paper on the history of Twelfth Street Meetinghouse to several hundred Friends who had gathered to rededicate the old building at its new location at George School. He was fascinated by the obscurity surrounding the history of the various descendants of the Treaty Elm at Shackamaxon, and my last conversation with him on Friday, the fourth of October, concerned his efforts to dig out the facts, and separate the myths from the truth. Seldom does a person appear among us who is motivated by such a passion to know. We are unlikely to meet another like Henry Cadbury in our lifetime.

EDWIN B. BRONNER

Edwin B. Bronner has worked closely with Henry Cadbury at Haverford College, where he is curator of the Quaker Collection, and on many historical matters both in the United States and abroad.

Thoughts Upon Reading an Obituary

They gave you the prize,
Henry Cadbury
and for all of us
you accepted
in a borrowed suit that could not betray
your grace.

When the world suffered, Friend
you suffered
and you showed us how
to push
back at that suffering
with love.

Much of your self will remain with us,
even now
as you finally earn the chance
to rest
in the noble place from which
you came.

TOM TRITTON
North Star

I met him one windy October afternoon on the way to the Haverford Library.

"Thee's working on the Christiana riots, isn't thee?" he asked.

I said I was.

"There's a book thee might read," he told me. "It's called Look to the North Star. I've ordered it for the library."

I thanked him and walked on, enriched by his knowledge and encouraged and strengthened by the fact that he cared about me and my enterprises.

For me, as I am sure for many, many others, Henry Cadbury was the north star, guiding me with his Light—might have said his twinkling Light—leading me forward step by step as way opened. I don't suppose he ever knew the depth of his influence on me, because I never told him.

It began many years ago when I heard him speak one Sunday at Radnor meeting. I can't quote him exactly—and it was he who taught me to try to be exact—but he said in effect that faith without works is dead, and that sometimes Quakers find out what they believe by how they have acted. One need not spend one's whole life studying the seed catalogue; one could plant one's garden and learn from what it grows.

He spoke straight to my condition. Not long afterwards I had a chance to go to work for the American Friends Service Committee for a few months and I took it, little dreaming how it would influence the future course of my life. At AFSC I immediately felt the pervasive influence of Henry Cadbury, although it was many years before I came to understand how much the organization owed to this one slight, puckish, charming, modest man.

During the first year I worked with CBS on a documentary on Quaker work in Algeria. They wanted a religious leader to make a statement about the relationship between Quaker action and Quaker faith, and I asked Henry to participate. We had to go to New York, and work for hours under the hot, brilliant lights, but it was not until I saw him come out of the make-up room, heavily coated with pancake make-up and eye shadow, that I suddenly felt conscience stricken that I was asking too much of a man then in his late seventies.

Perhaps he saw the consternation in my face.

"Well, this is a new experience," he said cheerfully. "I never thought I'd have a chance to wear rouge."

Whenever I was asked to write about the history of the AFSC, Henry was always eager to help, to research any question, to call me back with the exact answer. And when I was asked to write a book of Quaker history, I would never have dared set fingers to typewriter if he hadn't been there, willing and apparently even eager to help, to read draft after draft, to correct, query, commend, backstop. Most of all he made me feel that it mattered, that he was very glad that I was trying in my own way to relate the Quaker then to the now.

After the first book, I tried not to lean on him quite so heavily, but he always wanted to know what I was working on, and he always had helpful suggestions. "Thee might try looking at such and such a book" he would say. "There is a footnote, I believe it might be at the bottom of page 112, that will answer thy question." He was always right; the footnote was on page 112 and it was exactly what I needed.

This last spring I was preparing for a Pendle Hill seminar on Quaker women, and Henry Cadbury was writing a paper on George Fox and Women's Liberation. He would not, he wrote me, be able to attend my lectures but he hoped I would send him a transcript. Meanwhile he was sending me his paper for my comments and criticisms.

I have it still, his beautiful, scholarly piece in his perfect handwriting. It moves me to tears. That a man over ninety would struggle to understand the often baffling contemporary women's movement, that he would reach into our Quaker past for more light, and that he would turn to me, surely one of his newest apprentices, for criticism exemplify the youthfulness, the humility, and the loving kindness of this beautiful human being.

Last night I took a special walk to see the North Star. It was still there, strong and steady, yet twinkling. Just so the spirit of Henry Cadbury remains with us, in the Light he answered in each of us, there now to guide our stumbling footsteps.

Margaret Hope Bacon

Margaret Hope Bacon, a member of Germantown Monthly Meeting in Philadelphia, worked closely with Henry Cadbury as director and special writer for the American Friends Service Committee's Information Services Department and on several books she has written, including a just-published biography of Abby Kelley Foster.
A Darlent Man

MANY YEARS AGO I had occasion to refer to Henry Cadbury in public as “a darlent man.” This is, of course, an Irish phrase, rather precisely reserved for those who go about charming people, giving out affection and inducing it in others. I do not think of Henry without being conscious of a smile within myself, a warm feeling of privilege to have known his “darlentness.” It is a triumphant thing when a man is not only great and good, but lovely like that.

I could not follow him in his erudition, nor savour the depth of his scholarship, and yet he never made me feel conscious of my lack. I remember putting before him a smile within myself, a warm feeling of privilege to have couple of Biblical verses. After a moment’s consideration the depth of his scholarship, and yet he never made me feel one could say that there is no way of proving your idea in public as

Henry Cadbury charm went hand-in-hand with great

strength. Time after time he demonstrated his radical courage on great issues of the day, time after time his courage helped less certain souls to stand up and be counted with him. His commitment to the American Friends Service Committee over a great span of his life was profound. He was one of its architects, and he stayed on to ensure that it was builded well and to guide its endeavors. I look back upon my A.F.S.C. talks with him when he was its chair­man as occasions of richness and purpose, and there was never a dull moment! He shared with Julia Branson (a heroine of mine) the ability to clear away a verbiage-strewn path and go to the heart of an issue. He loved the Service Committee because he held that doing is a path to believing, that deeds are vital to the deepening of faith.

The gap that Henry leaves is great for Friends—likewise the challenge.

COLIN W. BELL

Colin Bell worked closely with Henry Cadbury in the American Friends Service Committee and at Pendle Hill.

Love and Esteem

SINCE THE DEATH of his brother-in-law Rufus Jones, Henry Cadbury, perhaps more than any other American Friend, has personified for us in Great Britain the spirit of American Quakerism: its vitality, its urge to pioneer and experiment, combined with its enjoyment of the Quaker heritage and all that this implies.

For many years Henry and Lydia Cadbury paid an annual visit to England of some weeks’ duration, and these visits were eagerly looked forward to. While in London Henry was to be found nearly every day at the library in Friends House, pursuing one of the multifarious researches into the arcana of the Quaker past in which he so delighted. Well-known to most Friends is his detailed detective work on the “Annual Catalogue of George Fox’s Papers,” by which he brought to light sufficient fragments of Fox’s lost writings to enable him to reconstuct much of their contents. But some of his minor discoveries are in their way equally remarkable. As one of the editors of the Journal of the Friends’ Historical Society in England, it was my privilege to receive at very frequent intervals notes and memoranda for inclusion in the Journal on material that he had just unearthed in such diverse sources as 17th century news-sheets (including one published in French) or the records of the Rome Inquisition.

Henry Cadbury used to express surprise that Friends should read detective stories, and even write them, when the study of Quaker history and its mysteries would supply them with the same stimulus and thrill. His last major piece of detective work was to trace day by day, from local and other records, the story of John Woolman’s jour­

neryings in England in 1772, unravelling by this means almost his complete itinerary. Incidentally, to the delight of British Friends, his research (published under the title “John Woolman in England”) threw doubt on the legend, enshrined in tradition, of Woolman’s initial rejection by London Yearly Meeting.

After Friends House Library, Henry Cadbury’s great love in Quaker England was Woodbrooke, the Friends college at Birmingham. He would usually spend some time there during his visits; he would have wholeheartedly supported its present efforts to adapt itself more fully to contemporary needs and to secure a firm financial basis for its work. He delivered many addresses at Woodbrooke; it is to one of these, dealing with an 18th century Friend and the diary of his travels, that a famous story relates. “We had here a precious meeting,” he read out from the diary; then, without any change in emphasis, but with the familiar twinkle in his eye, “That means, I think, that he spoke.” A few minutes later, having turned a page or two, he read, “We had here a precious and blessed meeting.” “That means that he spoke at some length.”

It would be easy to write at even greater length of Henry Cadbury and the love and esteem with which he is regarded in England, but it is hardly necessary; his memory here, as in America, will remain green.

ALFRED W. BRAITHWAITE

Alfred W. Braithwaite, a solicitor in England by profession, is by avocation a historian. Alfred Braithwaite is particularly interested in William Penn and spoke to the Friends Historical Society about Penn when he visited the United States in 1972.
Dr. Samuel Johnson on the Quakers

I expect other readers of these pages have like myself read this summer the autobiography of our well-known fellow member, Elton Trueblood. Much of its contents we already knew, including in my case the author’s interest in Dr. Samuel Johnson. By the index, I find that Dr. Trueblood quoted him in this short book twelve times.

But what did Dr. Johnson think of the Quakers? This question is best answered in an extended article by the late Dr. Helen P. South in the Bulletin of Friends Historical Association for 1955 (Vol. 44, pp. 19-42). I will not repeat it here. Let me rather advert to the background of Johnson’s familiar remark about Quakers:

“Sir, a woman’s preaching is like a dog’s walking on his hinder legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all.”

Admittedly this is faint praise, but the Quaker practice of women’s ministry is such a valuable contribution to the variety of Christian worship that one does not hesitate to repeat it. How much stereotyped Protestantism misses by not providing opportunity to half its membership to make the kinds of contribution that women are peculiarly fitted to render where spontaneous and informal worship is allowed! Dr. Johnson was, of course, inhibited from appreciation by his conventional ecclesiasticism. The Society of Friends on the other hand has sometimes in its history enjoyed more and better ministry from women than from men.

It is interesting to compare the official form of James Boswell’s well-known life of Johnson with his private diary published in 1950 as Boswell’s London Journal 1762-1763. This is the first of what will be a dozen volumes for general reading derived from the recently recovered papers of James Boswell. There is to be a later series of fifty volumes edited fully for scholars.

The entry runs as follows:

“Sunday, 31 July. In the forenoon I was at a Quakers’ meeting in Lombard Street, and in the afternoon at St. Paul’s where I was very devout and very happy. . . . Mr. Johnson said today that a woman’s preaching was like a dog’s walking on his hinder legs. It was not done well, but you were surprised to find it done at all.”

The diary does not explicitly connect Johnson’s remark with Boswell’s report of his experience that morning as the biography does. But its reference to the specific meeting attended roused my curiosity. On the other hand, the biography does not indicate which meeting in London Boswell attended, while the diary locates it in Lombard Street, which means, I think, Devonshire House meeting. The date (late July 1763) is very soon after Boswell first met Johnson. Four days later, Boswell left London for the Continent. I knew that the Second-day’s Morning Meeting in London almost to the end of the Eighteenth Century kept a record of ministers attending each meeting each week in the London area. So I asked the ever generous custodians at Friends House Library in England to tell me what woman was down for Devonshire House Meeting near Lombard Street on First Day Seventh Month, 31st, 1763.

The answer is as follows. According to the volume of ministering Friends in London 1763-1768 Margaret Bell was at Devonshire House on the morning of 7 mo. 31, 1763 and with her Rachel Trafford in the afternoon of that day at Gracechurch Street Meeting. Both these women were London residents and ministers.

Since Boswell’s attendance was in the forenoon the occasion of his report and Johnson’s response was Margaret Bell.

She was not one of the most famous of Quaker preachers but records tell us something about her. She was born in February 1708, the daughter of John and Anna Falconer of Whitechapel, London. She spent many years living with a relative in the north of England. In 1742 she returned to London and soon married Robert Bell, a Quaker merchant, described as a hosiery, or Long Bow String Maker. She became a minister in 1758 and attended diligently Friends meetings in London, where she died 13 April, 1777. Our Quaker sources attribute to her nothing unique. But if she was, as the evidence suggests, the person who ultimately occasioned this famous remark, that would give her real distinction.
Open to the Light

IN THE PENDLE HILL Bulletin for the winter term of 1958 there appears, among other offerings, the announcement, "Sermon On The Mount," Henry Cadbury, Monday evenings at 8. Recovering from a serious illness, and believing a term at Pendle Hill might provide some direction for an uncertain future, I applied for admission, indicating my special interest in this course of lectures by Henry Cadbury. As a non-Friend from northern New England who knew nothing of the habits and enthusiasms of Philadelphia Quakers, I was astonished that first Monday evening at the eager throng of non-residents who filled the Barn to capacity. As the weeks went by, I realized that Monday evenings with Henry Cadbury were an institution, a tradition, a precious commitment for countless eager, admiring, questioning, devoted Friends, as well as an opportunity for the resident community to share in the wisdom and scholarship and spiritual depth and understanding of this extraordinary Friend.

I came away from the first lecture, on the Beatitudes, and all the following ones, including that dealing with the Lord's prayer, with the conviction that I had never really known anything about the Sermon, although its phrases had been familiar to me throughout my life. Henry Cadbury discussed it within the context of its Jewish background, its relation to early New Testament Christianity, and to Jesus' overall teaching. He always refused to become entangled in theological discussions, nor would he ever reveal his own theological position. Many of his questioners had to be satisfied with, "That is an important point. What does thee think?" or with his disarming smile and quizzical, "perhaps we are both wrong." I was challenged, stimulated, and deeply confirmed by his thoughtful, scholarly presentation, with its emphasis on evaluating the text as given, without embellishments or pre-conceived interpretations.

I returned to Pendle Hill in 1965 as a member of the housekeeping staff, and for three years had the privilege of sharing not only the ever-recurring excitement of his lectures, but the joy of welcoming Henry and Lydia to dinner those Monday evenings, and of having the opportunity to enjoy their generous friendship. The cooks made every effort to provide his favorite desserts, and he never failed to appear surprised and grateful when a certain cake or pudding arrived. The entire community was anxious to sit with him, and his sly wit, kindly humor and sincere friendliness made each meal an occasion to be cherished. He was always astonished to learn of Friends who came regularly from considerable distances necessitating staying overnight, to attend his lectures. He never failed to thank us for meeting the Red Arrow trolley, when driving was difficult, or to apologize for causing us what he feared might be an inconvenience. His humility, his gratitude and his concerned interest in each individual were so completely genuine that I believe he never realized the deep pleasure each of us found in being with him, in whatever capacity.

Later I served on the Pendle Hill Board of Managers and came to appreciate Henry Cadbury in another of his manifold capacities. He had been a member of the small group of Friends who, in the late 20's, shared the vision that developed into Pendle Hill, and he continued on its governing board as an invaluable and dedicated member until his death. He was chairman of the Curriculum Committee for many years and his broad professional background and experience helped to develop courses that continued to attract a constant stream of students throughout the years. Board meetings were enriched by his penetrating wisdom and his seasoned judgments, his deep and wide experience, and his unfailing wit and gentle humor.

At the Board meeting of May 27, 1929, the secretary reports that Henry Cadbury expressed the idea that "a group can expect to obtain more divine guidance than an individual," and that "willingness to receive the light is one of the prerequisites for obtaining it." I shall always be grateful for the eagerness with which he opened his life to that light, and for the brilliance and warmth and beauty that it revealed to me.

EMILY T. WILSON

Emily Wilson, a graduate of Smith College and Johns Hopkins Medical School, was a country doctor in Vermont for a number of years before coming to Pendle Hill, first as a student and then as head resident. She now lives at Kendal at Longwood.
It ended only on Monday, October 7, 1974, when, on dropping in with my wife at the Cadbury house at 774 Millbrook Lane in Haverford, to share a bunch of rare Californian muscat grapes with Henry and Lydia, I was told that he had fallen down the stairs, that he was in the Bryn Mawr Hospital, unconscious, but "all right." Wednesday morning I read in the New York Times that Dr. Henry J. Cadbury, Biblical scholar, Quaker scholar, and humanistic rotten, had died on Monday night. He never regained consciousness. The showers of postcards which had slackened somewhat after I retired at Haverford, and particularly while he was working on his last three Quaker books, which he published in one single year as he moved into his nineties, now ceased.

As all who knew him were aware, Henry Cadbury lived as simply and with as little fanfare as he died. Economy marked everything he did except work. He wrote most of his notes on small 3 x 5 cards, many of which had been rescued from the discard bin of the Library's catalogue department. He used the empty verso of the card! If a note to a correspondent demanded more space than a government postcard could provide, it went forth, in the good old days when the post office offered an economy grade of stamped envelope, in one of the smaller, off-white varieties, with the familiar Buckingham Place return pre-printed in the upper left-hand corner. Never did he use either time or money wastefully, yet he was extraordinarily generous with the one, and, although he brought up a family of four children on a professor's salary, he never seemed to lack enough of the other to do what he wanted to do, and to go where he wanted to go in pursuit of the elusive stuff of which Quaker history is made.

In my early days at Haverford, when HJC would come down to Philadelphia for a Quaker holiday—usually a Board meeting of the American Friends Service Committee—he never failed to drop in at the curator's office, then deep in the vault on the first floor of Roberts Hall. And he never failed to bring with him some Quaker fact or Quaker treasure to add to the manuscripts and books which shared the safety of the steel and concrete vault which then housed the famous Charles Roberts Autograph Collection. Always he had questions as well as contributions—a note or a query on some obscure Quaker title to be sought for, or some new book or pamphlet which he had discovered and purchased himself and was giving to the Quaker Collection. (He often knew better than we what we had and what we lacked!) With his material contributions he always brought with him a quiet word of encouragement as well as an unspoken stimulus, or goad to greater accomplishment on the part of the rest of us at Haverford, including Anna B. Hewitt, the assistant curator, and Amy L. Post and her staff in the library where the regular Quaker books were then kept.

HJC was in those days not only one to encourage by ex-
ample, help and quiet prodding. Sometimes the prod he carried had a bit of a zing. He himself was so able, so competent, so knowledgeable—"Was I into something new?" "Had I made any new discoveries?"—Henry Cadbury was sure to have been there ahead of me! His enormous drive, his phenomenal card-catalogue memory, his extraordinary output, even his suggestions made one feel a little deficient in enterprise and accomplishment. Happily, his implied and sometimes overtly critical attitude toward colleagues and contemporaries changed in midstream. Suddenly, all his cascading energy and output stopped for a while. He took time off from his teaching at Harvard and his many projects, and just vegetated. He came down and rusticated at the Westtown Farmhouse for a season, far from Cambridge. When he went back to it all, with no loss of enthusiasm, knowledge, or judgment, his whole demeanor showed a new mellowness, a sympathy for the human frailties of others, and a willingness to accept people as they were, not as he would have had them be, had they all been HJC's.

A few more revealing glimpses of Henry J. Cadbury in his Quaker incarnation:

**Item:** Now "retired," and living again at Haverford, Henry Cadbury returned to the faculty of that Quaker college which had dismissed him in a moment of excessive patriotic fervor during World War I for being more of a pacifist Quaker than some of the alumni could bear. Two wars later, President Borton asked him to teach the course in the History of Quakerism which former President Comfort had done so successfully in the years after his own retirement.

"But Henry will kill that course; the students won't come!" Dr. Comfort lamented privately in a moment of unusual candor. (I suspect that Henry's early ambition and competence made him even more of a gad-fly to his contemporaries than he had been to us younger folk before his "mellowing." But instead of killing the course, Henry Cadbury gave it new direction and new popularity, as he generously poured into it his own distillation of a lifetime of digging in Quaker archives, and his experience in working with the American Friends Service Committee.

**Item:** I never took a course with him myself, but students told me how much they liked his Quakerism lectures at Haverford and Pendle Hill; and my wife, who went back to Bryn Mawr College as an undergraduate in the late 1950's, after more than thirty years and some eight children, found his course in the New Testament enlightening, fascinating and challenging; and Dr. Cadbury proved to be as kindly as he was stimulating. For example, she told me that when the class took its first mid-term examination, Professor Cadbury waited quietly in the adjoining room in Taylor, and she had a feeling that he was praying for them all.

Henry Cadbury never shirked a professional responsibility if it were humanly possible to fulfill it. One winter morning at Haverford, at a time of his life when most men would have shunned heavy effort like the plague, the snow began to descend in clouds as he prepared to teach his class at Bryn Mawr. It was snow so heavy that some of us younger people who lived off-campus didn't even dare try to drive to class that morning. But Henry walked! In greatcoat and galoshes he ploughed up the center of Lancaster Pike at the height of the storm, to reach the Bryn Mawr campus in ample time to meet his students.

Henry Cadbury was as generous with the Friends Historical Library and its director, Frederick B. Tolles, at Swarthmore, as he was with the Quaker Collection at Haverford. Pamphlets, notes, books, and suggestions went Swarthmore's way as well as ours, all in even-handed balance. Indeed, Swarthmore must have felt that he was as much their property as we believed him to be ours.

English friends, too! Who in his generation did more to reveal hidden aspects of George Fox's extraordinary career; or to recover as many bits and pieces of the history of English and colonial Quakerism, as this American, Cadbury?

Too busy with fascinating details and side trips in Quaker history to spend much time on the overall view, Henry Cadbury left the longer histories to William C. Braithwaite and his own brother-in-law, Rufus M. Jones, the great Quaker historians of his earlier years. Yet he lived on to revise and reprint the first two volumes of their great Rowntree series in Quaker history, and to these volumes he added new facts and insights which he and others had turned up in the years since the first edition was published. But here, as in his emendations and revisions of other people's work, he did not make it appear that they had been his, he simply had discovered something new!

He didn't need to boast. In the later years of his life, when the struggle for recognition and advancement was past, he could even afford to do the simplest routine chores, such as gathering information on "Quaker Research in Progress" for *Quaker History*. He also contributed notes, queries, and minor documents to the various Quaker journals. Altogether, up to about 1960, when he seems to have stopped counting, more than 257 of his Quaker pieces appeared in print, including 16 books and pamphlets, 192 articles in periodicals, 35 book reviews, and 14 miscellaneous items, as well as his more than 200 "Letters from the Past" which he wrote for *Friends Intelligencer* and *Friends Journal* (277 now)!

Thus in his many-sided career, Henry J. Cadbury's special accomplishments as Quaker historian, scholar, and teacher marked him as unique. This quiet, friendly man walked with giants as he walked among us.

THOMAS E. DRAKE

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Thomas E. Drake shared many interests with Henry Cadbury, as this article will indicate. In addition to American and Quaker history, he is interested in politics, international relations and, in general, the entire human spectrum of events.
WE WALKED SLOWLY, singing, out of the warming, morning sun through the doors of the dining hall where the smell of the First-day dinner drifted out to us. As we went, young and old sang a cheerful prayer-song, thanking God for what we were sharing.

What had created an atmosphere in which people spontaneously break into song while going to lunch? I've gone to hundreds of lunches with people and never felt free, nor inspired, to break into song. Yet, here we were, singing. The reason: I think we were sharing in a Quaker pilgrimage. In this case it was a pilgrimage of Friends from three quarterly meetings in southern New Jersey to an annual tri-quarterly meeting for worship, for business and for sharing.

Throughout the afternoon and evening we had drifted in from many different directions to a campsite deep in the pine barrens. We had come together in anticipation of realizing more about ourselves and each other as Friends.

On the first evening as we walked through the dark, my family and I, a voice came to us from behind. “Is this where the Quakers are?” We turned and looked as a young woman appeared out of the night, a blanket around her shoulders and a guitar under her arm. Her eyes were bright with anticipation. A smile broke across her face. Obviously she felt comfortable with herself and where she was. And her smile and comfort spread across the five of us as we headed to the campfire.

The songs she shared with us that night were the beginning of a song that continued for three days. It was the beginning of the song we sang as we entered the dining hall. It echoes still.

The whole property (12th Street Meetinghouse) came to symbolize much more than before a more immediate expression of religion—social service, racial justice, international understanding. ... Though it lived through periods of sectarian strife, it also typified the outreach of a progressive Quakerism. ... Let us hope that what this building symbolized in the past may be the kind of association it will find in the future of George School.”

HENRY J. CADBURY
September 29, 1974
Dedication of the Meetinghouse at George School
warm and welcome to (most of) us poor mono-linguists from English Canada. For the first time bits of our sessions were in French, and we understood more clearly the effort of our "Canadian Friend" to publish Quaker concerns in Gallic French, rather than idiomatic English translated into French.

Special interest groups reflected varying concerns. Friends looked critically at the right use of natural resources, with special attention given to those nuclear wastes which have a half life of 100,000 years. Yearly Meeting raised this concern with government since a nuclear power plant is slated for the New Brunswick area.

The armed protest raised by Indians at Kenora, Ontario brought to mind the likelihood of similar confrontations unless Indians are given some hope for justice. The group centered on this matter met regularly in search of constructive next steps beyond those of writing letters. Other interest groups centered around the need for treatment of offenders rather than prison for punishment, the effect on children of violent entertainment on television, the need for visitation among Friends, and an introduction to Chinese aids to spiritual growth. Friends efforts to support the United Nations were presented by Harold Wilkinson. Herbert Hadley briefed some of us about plans involved in our hosting of the 1976 Triennial gathering of Friends World Committee for Consultation at Hamilton, Ontario.

Friends were exercised by the need for a more unified sense of direction from Yearly Meeting for Canadian Friends Service Committee. Staff changes coupled with a changing global society place our Service Committee at the crossroads. Should we become more regional in the source and direction of our programmes? What is to take the place of giving of relief as the Great White Father? These are some of the questions we face in the coming year.

The closing paragraph of our Epistle for 1974 gives us hope that we have the faith and strength to face such problems:

In the Sunderland P. Gardiner lecture, Vivien Abbott told of Vinoba Bhave. As he talked, he would take a single thread from his shawl, and pulling it, show how it broke. Then, taking several strands, he twisted them together, pulled, and showed the people that it did not break.

"We too must be like these threads."

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**Philadelphia**

**Library Celebrates 100th Anniversary**

A VERY PRIVATE PUBLIC library is celebrating its 100th anniversary this year. It is one of the first libraries in the United States to be opened to the public. Started in 1845 by Germantown Monthly Meeting in connection with the newly opened Germantown Friends School, the Friends Free Library of Germantown originally had all of 41 books available for the perusal of meeting members and any of "our sober neighbours" who might care to read them. Sober they had to be, for there was no fiction. Even when, in 1874, the figure 5,634 replaced the original 41 and the library moved from a fireproof room in the school to a sobriquet room with Roman arched windows high in its walls, there were religious, historical, biographical, even scientific works, but no fiction. In fact, a book trust which provided purchase funds specifically ruled out "works of fictitious characters commonly called novels." The library is rather proud of this record. But there were "wholesome" stories for children. A few highlights between 1874 and 1974 include:

1877: Hours: 10 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. 
$2,099 spent on books; 
$877.50 on combined salaries of two librarians.

1897: Private fund provides additional wing to house many more books.

(continued)

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Illustrated

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**FRIENDS JOURNAL**
December 1, 1974

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1942: Children's department inaugurated; stock room, librarian's office and workroom added. Two large windows. Collection numbers some 40,000 books.


1969: Co-operative merger with Germantown Friends School Library. School materials now available for community use. Over 55,000 books and periodicals in collection. Library still supported by voluntary contributions.

M. C. Morris

**Personnel Notice**

J. TUCKER TAYLOR, a member of Providence Meeting in Media, PA., has been appointed assistant to the president of Partnership for Productivity, an African business development program launched by David Scull of Langley Hills Meeting in Virginia.

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**CREMATION**

Friends are reminded that the Anna T. Jeanes Fund will reimburse cremation costs. (Applicable to members of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting only.)

For information write or telephone

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**AFSC To Buy Books**

IN RESPONSE TO an urgent request from the North Vietnamese government, the American Friends Service Committee is preparing to purchase $50,000 worth of composition books for school children for shipment to Hanoi.

At the same time, AFSC is preparing to send a delegation of four American teachers who will go to North Vietnam in late December or early January to visit schools and observe the needs of North Vietnamese school children and teachers firsthand.

Both projects grow out of the visit of four AFSC representatives to Hanoi in August of 1974. At that time, and in a later and more urgent message, North Vietnamese government officials told the Quaker group that because of a paper shortage, one-sixth of all North Vietnamese school children would be without composition books this school term unless outside help was forthcoming. The officials also said they would be willing to receive the delegation of American teachers.

As AFSC seeks government licenses and begins to raise funds, the Canadian Friends Service Committee has made an initial gift of $2500 worth of composition books.

**FRIENDS ACADEMY**

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December 1, 1974  FRIENDS JOURNAL
Retreat From Sanity. The Structure of Emerging Psychosis. By MALCOLM B. BOWERS, JR., M.D. Human Sciences Press. 245 pages. $9.95

"MARCH 10, 5 p.m.
I'm becoming a monomaniac it's incredible it just doesn't stop there are moments when I can do no more than tear up matchbooks futile futile things and others of greater lucidity when I can see so clearly what went wrong why we were unable to commit ourselves each coming to the brink at different moments..."

That is part of a long account written by a bright 21-year-old college senior and found in his room after he had been admitted to a psychiatric hospital for acute schizophrenia.

Everyone interested in authentic, firsthand glimpses into the minds of articulate young people on their desperate way into or out of psychotic episodes should find Dr. Bowers' book fascinating. The reader is also helped along by the thorough bibliography keyed to the text, and by an adequate index.

Despite a rather unfortunate title (which does not at all characterize it) Dr. Bowers' book is not a Sunday supplement article for the morbid thrill-seekers. It is a thoughtful and professional exploration, contributing to the theory and treatment of serious mental illness.

Dr. Bowers is Chief of Psychiatry at Yale-New Haven Hospital. It is his thesis that a psychosis is an event shaped by the confluence of four factors: 1) the person's own individual personality or character structure; 2) neurobiological factors; 3) immediate interpersonal events attending the onset of psychotic behavior; and 4) the psychotic altered state of consciousness. It is this latter factor which the author sees as particularly significant, and to which he devotes most attention since he feels it has been neglected. Except for a very few pages on theory, medical training is not a prerequisite to the understanding of this book. In fact Dr. Bowsers has the teacher's facility for repeating the essence of his points simply and in several different ways, though without
More Book Reviews

Edward Hicks, Friends' Minister. By GEORGE EMERSON HAYNES. Quixote Press. 60 pages. $3.00 postpaid from author, 20 S. Congress St., Newtown, PA 18940

WHAT ESTABLISHES this study of Edward Hicks as unique is the loving personal bond between the author and his subject. Because these two Quaker ministers have shared certain life experiences and have traveled through similar philosophical and religious territory, there is a peculiar intimacy between them.

The approach is biographical, with emphasis on the development of the spirit through the conflicts of daily living. Hicks' particular problems evolved from an ineptness in dealing with the practical concerns of this life: finding his niche in the workaday world, earning enough money to support his family, paying his debts to his many creditors, reconciling the differences between his dreams and the realities of his station in life, and his constant struggle with his health.

Neither was his spiritual progress free from conflict. Nurtured spiritually in the reverent silences of meeting for worship at an early age, the young artisan departed from the faith for a period of experimentation with worldly pleasures. It was in meeting for worship that he discovered the flame within him, and made the decision to walk in the "path of humble industry" and to devote his life to Quaker ministry. The author conjectures that the artisan's discovery of his talent as an artist may have been the decisive factor that resolved the conflict between his craft and his ministry. He also adds that "The Peaceable Kingdom" and paintings on related subjects have carried Hicks' message of God's love far beyond anything his imagination could have conceived.

With a wealth of research as a basis for this testament of a truly Friendly life, George Haynes has unleashed his imagination—but always within the bounds of fact. For instance, he suggests that Hicks was not a bystander at the time of the Separation, but that he would have rejoiced at the eventual melding of divergent factions in 1955.

A man of parts, who always took part, he did not harbor resentments, but believed in the healing power of Divine Love. Perhaps the finest legacy that Edward Hicks has left is not the wealth of primitive paintings that have escalated in value in our day, but it is his witness to the Light that alone can transform human nature.

George Haynes' tribute to this "brave and loving spirit" was written in his eighty-second year during a period of recovery from a serious illness. All Friends, but especially those of Bucks Quarter, can be grateful for the ministry of these two devoted Friends who have met across a century.

ERNESTINE ROBINSON

The River Killers. By MARTIN HEUVELMANS. Stackpole Books. 194 pages. $8.95

This is a straightforward story that has long needed telling. The author is a retired businessman who lives in Florida and has become deeply concerned with the spoiling of our natural waterways by the civil works branch of the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers. His account begins with river straightening and canal building around Lake Okeechobee, but spreads throughout the United States to describe other "improvement" projects that have ruined many natural functions of streams.

The Corps was begun in 1824 to improve transportation by land and water. Today its activities include flood control, navigation, irrigation, hydro power, recreation and shoreline maintenance. Its staff has 200 military engineers and
32,000 civilian employees who spend over $1.5 billion annually with the widespread support of Congressmen who are anxious to promote water developments in their own districts.

The author has taken on a powerful enemy but he has done so on our behalf.

THEODORE HERMAN

Basic Handbook on Mental Illness. By HARRY MILT. Charles Scribner's Sons. 113 pages. $5.95

THIS IS DESIGNED for laymen and students. The writing is simple, often with technical terms and their non-technical equivalents side by side. The material is presented in terms of prevailing knowledge in the field. Present imprecisions and ignorances are admitted. Relations between psychological and physical factors are explained. Because much is covered in few pages, careful attention to its qualifying words and statements is recommended.

Several common problems are not covered, or not directly. Nevertheless, this is probably the best single book on mental illness for a meeting library or a bewildered family.

KENNETH H. IVES, A.C.S.W.

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Letters to the Editor

The Emperor

CONGRATULATIONS on the publication (FJ 9/1) of the excellent article by William B. Edgerton, “Quakerism, Sex, and the Emperor’s New Clothes.” His thoughts on this vitally important subject, so beautifully expressed, come at a time when they are very much needed.

Helen Bulley Philadelphia, PA

The Prodigal Son and Service

COULD FRIEND Deisenroth (Letter to the Editor, July 1/15) explain what “form of public and social service his Father required of the prodigal son “as evidence of good intent”?

Elizabeth Boardman Action, MA

Husband Syndrome

I AM STILL READING the “Quakerism and Women” edition of (FJ 7/1-15), and I have a strong urge to say some things which have been turning over in my head for some time about the “husband syndrome.”

The women have been complaining—and, generally, with good cause—about the misuse of their brains, their bodies, and their talents. Included in the complaint are generally notions of how women are innocent and beautiful victims of male injustice, and of how men have everything going for them.

My concern here is that men are as much, perhaps more, the victims of assault on their brains, bodies, and talents as women.

I will not here make a lot of suggestions for other people. It will suffice to note that the male in our culture has been the victim of degradation, insult, and sometimes at best, condensation. Probably we ourselves would not have so much trouble with love—doing it and talking about it—if we felt ourselves to be loved and wanted.

Go ahead and promote women’s liberation. But take note that there will be no women’s liberation without men’s liberation. Together. And with a whole heap more open, joyful loving than either men or women seem to be interested in.

CARL NEWTON Raleigh, NC

The Emperor Today

SINCERE THANKS to Friend Edgerton (FJ 9/1) for writing and to you for printing the present-day story of the Emperor’s new clothes.

R. B. BLASS Deal, NJ

Barbarianism

THE SLAUGHTER OF young calves in Wisconsin may point out the inexcusable cruelties inherent in the entire livestock industry. These creatures did not ask to be born and had they been spared they would still have suffered such tortures as branding, castration, dehorning, inoculations, and crowding into trucks or cars for the terrifying trip to the slaughter house where they would be knocked in the head and sacrificed on the altar of man’s carnivorous appetite.

Hopefully the time will come when the raising of millions of helpless animals simply because we have been taught to like the taste of meat better than that of vegetable products, which are equally healthful and far more economical to grow, will be classed with cannibalism, slavery, and war as barbarianisms man has happily outgrown.

Obviously this stage of human morality will not be reached soon. If it ever comes, it will be hastened more by economic necessity than by moral convic-
That's Not All, Folks
CANBY JONES' ARTICLE on innovation in meeting for worship (FJ 9/1) is taken from a longer article, replete with more of his engaging ideas on things such as children in meeting, the real presence and worship as sacrament, which appeared in Quaker Religious Thought, Vol. 15, No. 2, Winter '73-'74. Cost per issue, $1; subscription for eight issues, $7, to Quaker Religious Thought, Rte. 1, Alburtis, Pa. 18011. (All back numbers in print, list on request.)

As QRT's Promotion Manager, let me add—disinterestedly, of course—that here was a sample of the stimulating reading nonreaders of QRT are missing. We have a reputation for being "heavy" and I'm afraid this is because sometimes we are (why do Friends welcome intellectual effort in every subject except their own theology?), but we also manage to print lots of lovely and most entertaining arguments, we gleefully explore outrageous ideas, we specialize in debunking, and sometimes Friends find us inspiring.

R. W. TUCKER
Philadelphia

Nixon and Morality
I TAKE ISSUE with the following quote (FJ 9/1): "If the American people had demanded moral leadership Richard Nixon would have been willing to give them even that."

In view of his record of immoral conduct dating back many years it would, in my opinion, not be possible for him to give "moral leadership." His conceptions of morality seem a far cry from anything I have ever heard or read from Quakers, theologians, writers of the Emerson caliber, etc.

MARGUERITE ERMON
Philadelphia

Liberation and Love
ALTHOUGH I have not read every word of your issue on Women (FJ 7/1-15) I missed an idea I would have liked to see emblazoned across your fine centerfold of pictures. It is something one of the valued members of our Meeting gave us in one of his rare messages recently. He told us of a young, married, educated career woman, who happens to have four children and yet manages a part-time job. Over her kitchen sink she has a sort of bumper sticker reading:

DO NOT LIBERATE ME FROM LOVE!

"Love" in this case meaning caring, concern, helping, sharing, taking responsibility. The sign could be over any mother's stove, washing machine, high chair where she feeds the baby, or bed where she sits to read the children's bedtime stories.

Perhaps it should be a motto for men as well as women, for children as well as adults, because for all persons, the richest role in life is caring and sharing. Administrative and technical skills may need exercise, but "community" and loving responsibility are the sine qua non of happiness, and nowhere can they be found so completely as in the family, or the greater family—the Meeting.

ANOTHER WORKING MOTHER
Classified Advertisements

Accommodations Abroad

MEXICO CITY FRIENDS CENTER, Pleasant, reasonable accommodations. Reservations, Correspondence, Ignacio Margical 132, Mexico 1, D.F. Friends Meetings, Sundays, 11 a.m. Phone 538-37-52.


Announcements

ALL PHILADELPHIA AREA FRIENDS aged 18-35 are invited to decide the future of FRIENDS INSTITUTE. What is the best use of its endowment? How can the original purposes of the organization—mutual benefit and cooperation in literary, philanthropic and religious work—become useful to us or S/our children? Any group, anyone can call these and other questions will be explored after a potluck supper at 6 p.m., January 8, 1975, 1515 Cherry St., Philadelphia. Meeting begins 7:30. For more information call Susan Shimp, 325-7345 or Bob Taylor, WA3-7858.

GAY FRIENDS, meeting for worship-sharing and discussion with potluck simple supper, every 2nd and 4th Saturday at 6 p.m. For information and location call EPH-4200. Philadelphia Committee of Concern.

PENDEL HILL New Year's Gathering: December 29-January 1. Join us this year to explore our "Gifts," to search in fellowship for our true vocations, led by Tom Swan. Write or call PenDelHill for details: 100-4067.

Books and Publications

WIDER QUAKER FELLOWSHIP, 152-A North 13th Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, offers quarterly mailings of Quaker-oriented literature.

A SOMETHING "NOTHING" little present for those wishing children: BY JESUS, 48 Stories and Sayings by Jesus of Nazareth. 75 cents each. 2 for $1.50. Phone 313-308-0669.

SEVERAL QUAKER GENOLOGIES; many Quaker books (journals, history of the Friends, local histories, etc.) and miscellaneous books. John V. Hollingsworth, R.F.D., Chadds Ford, PA 19317. Phone: (215) 386-2568.

POWELL HOUSE COOK BOOK reprint ready soon. Order from Powell House, N.D. 1, Box 101, Old Chatham, NY 12076. $4.50 paid (plus tax within N.Y. State). Gift notice sent.

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Positions Vacant

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REGISTERED NURSE or LPN to live in a therapeutic community-psychiatric halfway house. Housing, utilities, all food and medical insurance included. No prior experience to cash salary. Gould Farm, Monterey, MA 01245. (413) 585-3284.


Positions Wanted


QUAKER EDUCATOR seeks college or secondary position in PA or NY States to qualify for assistance for handicapped children. Humanities, Interdisciplinary American Studies, Sociology, Native American Literature, Women’s Studies. Writing. Michigan PhD. several years’ experience. Box H-639, Friends Journal.

Schools

THE MEETING SCHOOL, Ridge, New Hampshire (6061—community, coeducational, college preparatory, family living) Grades 10 to 12. For information, write Dorothy Hager Albright.

JOHN WOOLMAN SCHOOL, Nevada City, Calif. Founded in 1963, located on 360 rural acres in the Sierra Foothills. It is a Quaker school to which are public education. Windows are open. A staff of 70, with a student/staff ratio of 5 to 1 and provides a demanding academic program for able students. Other offerings include art, music, drama, housekeeping, and agriculture. For information, call 9-12. Our educational community is open to persons of all races, socio-economic and religious backgrounds. Ted Memmert, Principal.

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INNOVATIVE new conference center offers seminars, stimulating program interesting to Friends. For brochure: Doug Wilson, Kings Highway, Rowe, MA 01376.

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ROOMMATE TO SHARE house with others in Trevose. Room plus utilities $70/month. J. Hart, Box 274, Cornwells Heights, PA 19020.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY for newly united Portland Friends Meeting. Should be able to provide spiritual, humanitarian and youth leadership and oversight of meeting-house reconditioning. Contact Harold Barnham, c/o 7 College Street, Gorham, ME 04038.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA LAND TRUST will pay cash plus tax deductible benefits for good farm land which we will lease to low income families. Contact Box 156, Berkeley, CA 94701.


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Graduate students who are Quaker or in close sympathy with Quakerism and are looking for jobs are invited to meet with representatives from Quaker Colleges to discuss teaching opportunities Tuesday and Wednesday, December 17 and 18, at the Quaker Hill Conference Center, Richmond, Indiana.

For detailed information write or call:

The Friends Council on Education 112 S. 16th Street Philadelphia, PA 19102 (215) LO3-1791 or 2752
Meeting Announcements

Alaska
ANCHORAGE—4600 Abbott Rd., 1 p.m., Sunday, unprogrammed worship. Phone: 244-2508 or 698-2490.

FAIRBANKS—Unprogrammed worship, First-days, 9 a.m., Home Economics Lounge, Third Floor, Eielson Building, Univ. of Alaska. Phone: 479-6785.

Argentina
BUENOS AIRES—Worship and Monthly Meeting, one Saturday each month in suburbs, Vicenio Lopez. Phone: 791-5800 (Buenos Aires).

Arizona
FLAGSTAFF—Unprogrammed meeting, 11 a.m., 402 S. Beaver, near campus. Mary Campbell, Clerk, 310 E. Cherry Ave, 774-4262.

PHOENIX—Sundays: 10 a.m., adult study; 11 a.m., meeting for worship and First-day school, 1702 E. Glendale Ave, 85020, Mary Lou Copps; clerk, 1127 E. Belmont, Phoenix. Telephone 944-8023.

TEMPE—Unprogrammed, First-days: 9:30 a.m., Danforth Chapel, ASU Campus. Phone: 957-3285.

TUCSON—Friends Meeting, 129 N. Warren, Sunday School, 10 a.m.; worship (semi-programmed) 11 a.m. Pastor, Kenneth Jones, 888-6011.

TUCSON—Pima Friends Meeting (Pacific Yearly Meeting), 730 E. 5th St., Worship, 10 a.m. Violet Broadribb, Clerk, Ph: 296-9532.

California
BERKELEY—Unprogrammed meeting, First-days: 11 a.m., 2151 Vine St., 643-9725.

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

DAVIS—Meetings for worship: 1st Day, 9:45 a.m.; 4th Day, 5:45 p.m., 345 L St. Visitors call 593-0924.

FRESNO—10 a.m., 301 E. Shaw, 227-2200.

HAYWARD—Worship 10 a.m. 22502 Woodrove St., 94541. Phone: (415) 551-1542.

LA JOLLA—Meeting, 11 a.m., 7300 Ends Ave. Visitors call 459-5800 or 450-6856.

LONG BEACH—Meeting for worship, 10:00 a.m., Garden Room, Brethren Manor, 3335 Pacific. Call 454-1004 or 451-6800.


MARIN—Worship 10 a.m., Mill Valley Community Church Annex, Olive and Lovell. DU 2-9520.

MONTEREY PENINSULA—Friends Meeting for worship, Sundays, 11 a.m., 1097 Mescal Ave., Seaside. Call 394-9991.

ORANGE COUNTY—Worship 10:30 a.m.; discussion 11 a.m. University of California at Irvine (Univ. Club, Trailer T-1). 548-9882 or 552-7981.

PALO ALTO—Meeting for worship and First-day classes for children, 11 a.m., 857 Colorado.

PARADISE—526 E. Orange Grove (at Oakland). Meeting for worship, Sunday, 10:30 a.m.

REDLANDS—Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m. W. Vine, Visitor. 729-6218.

RIVERSIDE—Unprogrammed worship, 1st-day school, 10:30. 628-5964 or 682-4689.

SACRAMENTO—YWCA 17th and L. Sta. Meeting for worship Sunday 10 a.m.; discussion 11 a.m. Clerk: Laura Magnani, 2323 F St. Ph. 916-442-7069.

SAN DIEGO—Unprogrammed worship. First-days: 10:30 a.m., 4948 Seminole Dr., 220-2516.

SAN FERNANDO—Family sharing 10 a.m. Unprogrammed worship, 10:30 a.m. 15058 Ralston St. 367-5506.

SAN FRANCISCO—Meeting for worship, First-days, 11 a.m., 2100 Lake Street, 752-7740.

SAN JOSE—Meeting, 11 a.m.; children’s and adults’ classes, 10 a.m.; 1041 Morse Street.

SANTA BARBARA—401 Santa Rosa Lane, just off San Ysidro Rd., Montecito (Y.M.C.A.) 10:30 a.m.

SANTA CRUZ—Meeting for worship, Sundays: 10:30 a.m. 303 Walnut St. Clerk, 326-5835.

SANTA MONICA—First-day School at 10, meeting at 11. 1440 Harvard St. Call 826-4066.

SONOMA COUNTY—Redwood Forest Meeting, 11 a.m., worship and First-day school, 61 W. Cotati Ave., Cotati, CA. Phone: (707) 758-5522 or 823-0601.

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Friends Journal, 152-A N. Fifteenth St., Philadelphia, PA 19102

VISTA—Palomar Meeting, 10 a.m. Clerk: Gretchen Tuthill, 1833 Calle Dulce, Vista 92083. Call 724-6906 or 728-9408.


Canada
VICTORIA, B.C.—Meeting for worship (unprogrammed), 11 a.m. 1831 Fern St.

Colorado
BOULDER—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.; First-day School, 11 a.m. Margaret Ostrow, 491-6453.

DENVER—Mountain View Friends Meeting, worship 10 to 11 a.m. Adult Forum 11 to 12, 2236 South Columbine Street. Phone: 721-4125.

Connecticut
HARTFORD—Meeting and First-day School, 10 a.m.; discussion 11 a.m., 144 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford. Phone: 922-2561.

NEW HAVEN—Meeting, 9:45 a.m. Comm. Hall, Yale Old Campus. Phone: 326-2309.

NEW LONDON—622 Williams St. Worship, 10 a.m.; discussion, 11. Clerk: Betty Chiu, 720 Williams St., New London 06320. Phone: 443-7247.

STAMFORD-GREENWICH—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10 a.m. Westover and Ruxbury Roads, Stamford. Clerk, Peter Bentley, 4 Cat Rock Road, Cos Cob, Connecticut. Telephone: 203-TO 9-8454.

STORRS—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., corner North Eagleville and Hunting Lodge Roads. 429-4490.

WATERFORD—Meeting 10 a.m., Watertown Library, 470 Main Street. Phone: 374-9836.

WILTON—Meeting for worship, First-day School, 10 a.m., 217 New Canaan Road. Phone: 963-2049. Robert E. Leslie, clerk.

Delaware
CAMDEN—2 miles south of Dover. Meeting and First-day School 11 a.m. Phone 697-3018.

CENTREVILLE—Center Meeting, one mile east of Route 52 at southern edge of town on Center Meeting Road. Meeting, First-day, 11 a.m.

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

NEWARK—Worship, Sunday, 10 a.m., New London Community Center, 303 New London Rd., Newark, Delaware.

ODESSA—Worship, 1st Sundays, 11 a.m.

WILMINGTON—Wilmington Meeting, 4th and West Streets. 10 a.m., worship and children’s First-day school; 11 a.m., adult First-day school and child care. Inquiries 652-4491 or 475-3060. Alapoces Meeting at Friends School, 9:15 a.m., worship and child care; 10:15 a.m., First-day school. Inquiries 792-1598.

District of Columbia
WASHINGTON—Meeting, Sunday, 11 a.m.; worship group, 9 a.m.; adult discussion, 10 a.m.-11 a.m.; babysitting, 10 a.m.-12 noon; First-day School, 11 a.m.-12:30 p.m. 2111 Florida Ave. N.W., near Connecticut Ave.
Florida
CLEARWATER—Meeting 10:30 a.m., Y.W.C.A., 222 S. Lincoln Ave. Phone: 733-5015.

DAYTONA BEACH—Meeting 10:30 a.m., 201 San Juan Avenue. Phone: 677-6457.

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

JACKSONVILLE—Meeting 10 a.m., Y.W.C.A.

LAKE WALES—At Lake Walk-In-Water Heights, Worship, 11 a.m. 696-1209.

MELBOURNE—Unprogrammed meetings for worship, 11 a.m., 1st and 3rd First Days each month; Call 777-4818 or 727-1145 for information.

MIAMI-CORAL GABLES—Meeting, 10 a.m., 1165 Sunset Road. Darden Asbury Pyron, clerk, 668-9333; AFSC Peace Center, 443-0836.

ORLANDO-WINTER PARK—Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 316 E. Marks Street, Orlando 32805. Phone: 843-2631.

PALM BEACH—Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 823 North A St. Lake Worth. Phone: 856-8660 or 848-3148.

SARASOTA-Music Room, College Hall, New College. Adult discussion, 10 a.m. Worship, 11 a.m. Mary Margaret McAdoo, clerk, 355-2692.

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

Georgia
ATLANTA—Worship and First-day School, 6:30 p.m., 1601 N. Atlanta 30308. Sue Kenworthy, Clerk. Phone: 286-1490, Quaker House. Telephone: 373-7986.

AUGUSTA—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10:30 a.m., 340 Telfair Street. Lester Bowles, clerk. Phone: 733-4220.

Hawaii
HONOLULU—Sundays, 2456 Oahu Avenue. 9:45, hymn sing; 10 worship and First-day School. Overnight inquiries welcomed. Phone: 969-2714.

Iowa
DES MOINES—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., classes, 11 a.m. Meeting House, 4311 Grand Ave. Phone 274-0643.

IOWA CITY—Unprogrammed worship, 11 a.m. 311 N. Linn, Iowa City, Phone 392-7250. Clerks, Pam and Mark Stewart, phone 338-2062.

WEST BRANCH—Unprogrammed meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. Sunday; Meetinghouse at 317 N. 6th Stara Berquist, Corresponding. Phone 645-2659. Much love and sometimes coffee.

Kansas
WICHITA—University Friends Meeting, 1440 University Avenue. Unprogrammed meeting 9:45 a.m., First-day School 9:45 a.m. Meeting for worship 11 a.m. David Kingrey, Minister. Phone 292-0471.

Kentucky
LEXINGTON—Unprogrammed worship and First-day School, 4 p.m. For information, call 291-5093.

LOUISVILLE—Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. Children’s classes 11:00 a.m. 3050 Broad Avenue. Phone 402-0505. City: 482-6812.

Louisiana
BATON ROUGE—Worship, 10 a.m., Wesley Foundation, 333 E. Chimes St. Clerk: Quen- tin A. Page, Phone 343-47.

NEW ORLEANS—Worship Sundays, 10 a.m., Community Service Center, 400 Magazine Street. Phone 690-5335 or 822-3411.

Massachusetts
ACTON—Meeting for worship and First-day School, Sunday, 10:00 a.m., Donlan Hall, corner Massachusetts Ave. and Spruce St., W. Acton. Clerk, Elizabeth H. Boardman, (017) 263-5652.

AMHERST-NORTHAMPTON-GREENFIELD—Meeting for worship 11 a.m., First-day School 9:30 a.m. Meetings at Meetinghouse, Route 63 in Leverett. Phone 253-9427.

BOSTON—Worship 11:30 a.m.; fellowship hour 12:00, First-day, Beacon Hill Friends House, 41 Chestnut Street, Boston 02108. Phone 297-9118.

CAMBRIDGE—5 Longfellow Park (near Harvard Square, just off Brattle Street). Monday evenings meetings for worship 11:00 a.m., First-Day, 9:30 a.m. and 11 a.m. Telephone 876-6883.

Framingham—81 Elm St. (2 mi. W of Natick) Worship 10:30 a.m. First-day School 1:45 p.m. Visitors welcome. Phone 877-0481.
New Hampshire

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

DOVER—Over-Preparative Meeting—Worship 10:30 a.m. 141 Central Ave. Caroline Lanier, clerk. Phone: (207) 430-9111.

HANOVER—Meeting for worship, Sunday 10:45 a.m. Friends Meeting House, 26 Repe Ferry Road. Phone: 643-4138.

PETERBOROUGH—Monadnock Meeting, Worship 10:30 a.m. First-day school same time. Library Hall, Peterborough. Enter off parking lot.


New Jersey

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

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

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

CROSSWICKS—Meeting and First-day School, 10 a.m.

DOVER—First-day School, 11:15 a.m.; worship 11 a.m. Kings Rd. just off Rt. 70.

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

HADDONFIELD—Friends Ave. and Lake St. Worship, 10 a.m. First-Day School follows, except summer. Babysitting provided during both. Phone: 429-5242 or 428-9196.

MANASQUAN—First-day School 10 a.m., meeting, 11:15 a.m. Route 35 at Manasquan Circle.

MEDFORD—Main St. First-day School 10 a.m. Meeting for Worship 10:45 a.m. Summer months—Union St.

MICKLETON—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., First-day School, 11 a.m. Kings Highway, Mickleton, N. J. 815-9022 or 0025.

MONCALM—Park Street and Gordonhurst Ave. Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m. except July & August, 10 a.m. 201-744-8320 Welcome.

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

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

MULLICA HILL—First-day school, 10 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11 a.m., Main St., Mullica Hill, N.J.

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

PLAINFIELD—Meeting for worship and First-day School 10:30 a.m. Watchung Ave, at E. Third St., 757-7736. Open Monday through Friday 11:30 a.m. -1:30 p.m.

PRINCETON—Meeting for worship, 9:30 a.m.; First-day School, 11 a.m. Quaker near Mercer St. 921-7824.

QUAKERTOWN—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 10:30 a.m. Clerk. Richard S. Weeder, RD 5, Flemington, N.J. 08822. Phone 1-201-762-6256.

RANCOCAS—First-day School, 10 a.m., meeting for worship, 11 a.m.
MT. KISCO—Meeting for worship and First-day School 11 a.m. Meetinghouse Road, Mt. Kisco.

POUGHKEEPSIE—Meeting 10:30 a.m. First National Bank Bldg., 191 Main St. 255-7532.

NEW YORK—First-day meetings for worship, 9:45 a.m., 11 a.m., 15 Rutherford Pl. (15th St.), 2327 Remount Dr., 231-4505. Other 11 a.m. only. 2 Washington St. N.

EATON HALL, Columbia University, Brooklyn, Phone: 212-777-8866 (Mon.-Fri. 9-5) about First-day Schools, Monthly Meetings, suppers, etc.

ONONTA—Worship and First-day School 11 a.m., 133 First St. Ave. Tel: 433-3267.

ORCHARD PARK—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. E. Quaker Street at Freeman Road. Phone: 620-5072.

POUGHKEEPSIE—248 Hooker Ave. 454-3767. Silent meeting, 9:30 a.m.; meeting school, 10:30 a.m.; programmed meeting, 11:15 a.m. (Summer meeting for worship, 19 a.m.).

PURCHASE—Purchase Street (Route 120) at Lake Street, Purchase, New York. First-day school, 11:30 a.m., 11 a.m. Clerk, Maryanne Lockyer, Sunset Dr., Thornwood, NY 10594. (914) 769-4494.

QUAKER STREET—Unprogrammed, 11 a.m. School, 120 School St., April to mid-October, In the Meetinghouse in Quaker Street village, NY, Rte. 7, south of US Rte. 20. For winter meetings call Joel Fleck, (518) 495-3054.

ROCHESTER—Meeting and First-day School, 11 a.m., 11 a.m. 41 Westminster Road.

ROCKFORD—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., 60 Leber Rd., Ballvaett, NY. Rye—Milton Rd., one-half mile south of Playland Pky., Sundays, 10:30 a.m.; some Tuesdays, 8 p.m.

SCARBOROUGH—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., 133 Popham Road. Clerk, Harold A. Nomer, 121 Huntley Drive. 478-4783.

SCHENECTADY—Meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m. Old Chapel, Union College Campus. Phone: 518-456-8454.

ST. JAMES, LONG ISLAND—Conscience Bay Meeting, Moriches Rd. Worship and First-day School, 11 a.m.

SYRACUSE—Meeting for worship at 821 E. Genesee Ave. 35, 10:30 a.m. Discussion 11 a.m. at same address.

WEST BURY, LONG ISLAND—Unprogrammed meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Junior Meeting through High School, 10:45 to 11:45 a.m. First-day School, 10:45 a.m.

WHEATON—Meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m. 404 Alexander Ave. Contact David Smith 498-4406 or John Stratton 383-3271.

FAYETTEVILLE—Meeting 1 p.m., Quaker House, 233 Hillside Ave. Phone the Arrings, 485-3213.

GREENSBORO—Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m., adult forum, 11:45 a.m. 4377 Remount Road. Phone 599-8485.

DURHAM—Meeting 10:30 at 404 Alexander Ave. Contact David Smith 498-4406 or John Stratton 383-3271.

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South Dakota

SIOUX FALLS—Unprogrammed meeting, 10:30 a.m., 2307 S. Center (97295), 608-338-7544.

Tennessee

NASHVILLE—Meeting and First-day School, Sundays, 10:00 a.m., 1108 18th Ave. S., Clerk. Betty Johnson, Phone: (615)-253-6352.

WEST NASHVILLE—Worship and First-day school, 10:00 a.m. D. W. Newton, Phone 695-6640.

Texas

AMARILLO—High Plains Worship Group, Sundays, 10:30 a.m. For information write 3601 W. 16th St., Amarillo, TX 79106 or call 806-374-7632.

AUSTIN—Worship and First-day School, 11 a.m., Forum, 10 a.m., 3014 Washington Square, GL-1-3841. Otto Hofmann, Clerk, 442-2246.

DALLAS—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., Park North Y.W.C.A., 4434 W. Northwest Highway. Clerk, George Kenney, 2107 Siesta Dr. 3-1348.

DALLAS—Evening Meeting for Worship and Community, Sunday 5:30 p.m., 4600 Lovers Lane. Pot luck supper. Call 332-3406 for information.

EL PASO—Worship and First-day School, 9 a.m. Esther T. Cornell, 984-7250, for location.

HOUSTON—Live Oak Meeting, worship and First-day School, Sunday 11 a.m., Feden Branch YWCA, 11209 Clematis. Clerk, Ruth W. Marsh, 729-7536.

LUBBOCK—For information write 2007 28th St., Lubbock, TX 79411, or call 747-5513.

SAN ANTONIO—Unprogrammed meeting for worship, 11 a.m., First-days, Central Y.W.C.A. Phone 732-2740.

Utah

LOGAN—Meeting 11 a.m., CCF House, 1105 E. 4th North. Phone 752-2762.

ODEN—Sundays 11 a.m., Mattie Davis hall, 525 27th, 823-8979.

Vermont

BENNINGTON—Worship, Sunday 10:30 a.m. Bennington Library, 101 Silver St., P.O. Box 231, Bennington 05201.

BURLINGTON—Worship, 11 a.m. Sunday, back of 179 No. Prospect. Phone 802-684-8440.

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

PLAINFIELD—Worship 10:30 a.m. Sunday. Phone Gion, Danville, 822-56-2271 or Lowe, Montpelier. 822-233-3742.

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

SHREWSBURY—Meeting, Worship Sunday, 11 a.m., home of Edith Gorman, Cuttingsville, VT. Phone 802-3411 or Liz Yesto 725-8742.

Virginia

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

LINCOLN—Goose Creek United Meeting First-day School 10:00 a.m., meeting for worship, 11:00 a.m. 

McLEAN—Lanley Hill Meeting, Sunday, 10:30 a.m. Junction old Route 123 and Route 133.

RICHMOND—First-day School, 9:45 a.m., meeting 11 a.m., 1000 Kensington Ave. Phone 309-0957.


WINCHESTER—Centre Meeting—203 North Winchester. Worship, 10:15. Phone: 467-3497 or 667-6600.

Washington

SEATTLE—University Friends Meeting, 4001 9th Ave., N.E. Silent worship and First-day classes at 11. Phone: B-2-7000.

West Virginia

CHARLESTON—Worship, First-days, 10:10 a.m., YWCA, 1114 Quarrer St. Raymond Stone, clerk. Phone 332-3774 for information.

Wisconsin

BELoit—See Rockford, Illinois.

GREEN BAY—Meeting for worship and First-day School, 12 noon. Phone Sheila Thomas, 437-6296.

MADISON—Sunday, 11 a.m., Friends House, 2002 Monroe St., 256-2249, and 11:15, Yahara Allowed Meeting, 619 Riverside Drive, 240-7259.

MILWAUKEE—11 a.m., First-days, 2319 E. Kenwood Blvd. (414) 272-0640 or 962-2100.

Oshkosh—Sunday 11 a.m., meeting and First-school 882 N. Main St.

WAUSAU—Meetings in members’ homes. Write 3320 N. 11th or telephone: 642-1130.

Do-It-Yourself

This is a do-it-yourself space. And as you do it, you’ll be helping yourself, your Meeting, another Friend or Friends Journal. Here’s what you can do:

In this space write out a classified ad and send it to us. You’ll be amazed at the high response and low cost.

Or in this space give us the name of someone who might want to receive the Journal. We’ll send a sample copy and see what happens.

Or if you are changing your name or address, remove the mailing label from the magazine, attach it in this space, make the changes and send it to us. Do this as far in advance as you can because it may take up to six weeks to change the computer.
In Pedro's village in Atlacomulco, Mexico, Christmas is celebrated each year with nightly posadas from December 16 to 24. Villagers go from door to door, singing, carrying candles, and asking for hospitality in memory of Mary and Joseph's search for lodging. Each evening ends with a celebration in a home or a church, with plenty of good things to eat and piñatas for the children.

This year, however, a bitter September frost wiped out the corn harvest, and many families are hungry. Unless help comes there will be no surplus for piñatas.

Working to bring help to the people of Atlacomulco is an AFSC-appointed Peruvian social worker. It is her job to help the people in ten villages to organize themselves to take advantage of the programs established by the Mexican government, including the present an emergency relief program. "The structures are there," one AFSC worker said, "what we add is the human touch."

AFSC has been at work in Mexico since 1939, adding the human touch. Now a newly constituted Mexican Friends Service Committee, including many former volunteers, is beginning to take over responsibility for the programs with a refreshing enthusiasm and energy.

Won't you help the AFSC and the Mexican Friends work together to bring help to the people of Atlacomulco?

American Friends Service Committee
160 North 15th Street
Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

I want to help Pedro and the people of Atlacomulco. Please find enclosed my check for $__________

NAME________________________________________

ADDRESS_____________________________________

CITY_________ STATE_________

160MA