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The cover photograph of children at the Moses Brown School in Providence, RI, introduces our special section in this issue on Quakers and Education. The artwork appearing on page 72 is by Lynn Lewis, a student at The Sidwell Friends School in Washington, DC. (Reprinted courtesy of The Quarterly of The Sidwell Friends School). Oscar James of Providence Friends School, Media, PA, Terry Foss of the AFSC Audio-Visual Department, and Vinton Deming of the Friends Journal staff also contributed photographs in this issue.

Centering Down...

GENERALLY WHAT happens is that people will study nonviolence, read books, go to seminars where they discuss nonviolence, and attend endless meetings. . Reading is not bad, but thinking they made a great accomplishment (by doing it) is bad. They're kidding themselves. These people can't be effective. Nonviolence becomes just an ideology, something to write about, or read about, or talk about while still being very comfortable. The ideology becomes a luxury, not a way of life. And nothing can be changed while being comfortable. Life is not made that way. .

Cesar Chavez

"THE FACT THAT I am a male," comments the writer of an unsigned letter to Columbia Friends Newsletter (as quoted in the Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting Newsletter), "might cause some women to claim that I cannot speak rightly on the issue of abortion, that I cannot compare it with the destructive practice of war. I might agree with them—if I had not read of the experiences of women who have undergone abortions, whether legal or illegal.... The experience is always bleak, always damaging. It is always an act of alienation. And its remedy lies not in law but in the end of alienation.

... And Witnessing

MISSOURI FRIENDS report that the conviction of Lorena Jean Tinker for "disturbing the peace" when she took part in petitioning the St. Louis Mayor's Office for more jobs for the poor has been overturned in an appeals court on the ruling that the law under which she was arrested was too vague.

IN CONJUNCTION with an investigation made prior to starting a new project of high school peace education and counter-recruitment/ROTC, the Atlanta (GA) Peace Committee found that in twenty-six Atlanta schools the junior ROTC is mandatory for most male students unless the parents take the rather aggressive action of requesting to the superintendent of schools that their son not be forced to participate.

The Atlanta Peace Committee comprises individuals also connected with other peace organizations and is cooperating with AFSC on projects such as helping to initiate peace education programs in the Atlanta School System. They have found that the Catholic schools already have a peace studies program and that "many elementary and high school teachers are interested." They are optimistic about the future of the APC-AFSC efforts in Atlanta.
Communion

Two Friends were sipping tea after Sunday morning meeting: one, an elderly man—the other a young mother. The man asked, "Do I talk too much?" Her rejoinder surprised him. "Well, yes—perhaps it's because you want to glitter." She paused to reflect. "Is it because we're all a bit insecure? We crave recognition and sometimes, some of us, show off a bit. Talking gives us meaning, makes our experience more important to us."

How strong the pressure to communicate. A small child wants to show us his or her matchbox car, to be noticed, to talk to us. The same urge for acceptance may possess Friends who have been absent from meeting for several weeks. Often, when they return they minister. But the motivation for talk—or even for ministry—may be shallow, confessional, egotistical: a communication without communion.

More satisfying is the conversation between two persons on a wavelength of sympathy; a miracle that can happen at any moment. It doesn't then matter whether the other person is young or old, man or woman, white or black, though a shared interest quickens contact.

In such a dialogue neither seeks to glitter: each glows in the light of the other. In shedding our protective armour we discover our true selves.

And yet, for so much of time we are preoccupied with yesterday, apprehensive for tomorrow, insensitive to the present. We cannot flow into relationship. We walk the pavements in a daydream, unaware of sunlight flashing in a puddle, or the timid gaze of a passing child.

Martin Buber expresses our isolation and our yearning for communion:

> Man [sic] wishes to be confirmed in his being by man, and wishes to have a presence in the being of the other. The human being needs confirmation because man as man needs it. . . . Secretly and bashfully he watches for a Yes which allows him to be and which can come to him only from one human person to another. It is from one man to another that the heavenly bread of self-being is passed.

In a strange way I discover that if I am enabled to love another person my own being is enlivened. I live more fully while I love. In loving my neighbour I experience a power of love surrounding myself.

But the capacity to love cannot be willed: it comes as a gift. Are not all things gifts? Winter wheat greening in the fields; leaf buds on the apple branch; my friend; life itself. As Penington said: "All our religion lies in receiving a gift, without which we are nothing, and can do nothing, and in which nothing is too hard for us." Of ourselves we cannot glitter.

Wait for the unfolding of the bud, for the inflow of love. Some call it grace, others the presence of God. Its spring is mysterious, its advent peace beyond our understanding. How apt this phrase by Hans Urs von Balthasar:

> That which offers itself with the basic character of grace can never be grasped rationally without losing that distinctive quality. And in so far as it can never be captured it constitutes a continuous source of bliss for the recipient.

Reprinted courtesy of The Friend

THERE IS a Life, hidden in man (sic), which rouses one's hope. . . . Not a hope composed by the mere projection of one's desires, but the hope which stimulates one to live what seemed to lie beyond all hope, in situations even with no apparent outcome. . . . This hope engenders surging creativity which overturns the determinisms of injustice, of hatred and oppression.

Alone before Him, hope given by that Other. It reinvents the world.

*Brother Roger*  
Letter from Taize
Mind the Light

by Thomas S. Brown

Tom Brown will retire in June as executive secretary of the Friends Council on Education. The following is excerpted from a report he wrote after he and his wife, Nan, visited an even dozen of Friends schools in England last Fall.

AN ENGLISH FRIENDS school like its American counterpart confronts the problem of a pluralistic student body of whom a small minority are Friends, and the question constantly surges up, "How far should we go in being explicitly Quaker?"

In the English Friends schools, contrary to the situation in the state maintained schools where the religious education mandated in 1946 is by now generally evaded or ignored, religion, religio-ethical issues, and religious literature and practices, (including those of Quakers) are still a part of the on-going instruction. The day begins with a formal assembly whose framework is religious and often includes a brief meeting for worship; those schools which have not gone over to cafeteria service have grace at meals; we can’t remember one which does not have required meeting for worship as a whole school or in appropriate age groupings; many stress the importance of evening meeting on Sunday, a very carefully prepared program of worship. The religious education classes we shared in were no easier and no better than those in our Friends schools here, yet what an opportunity is offered by the fact that English Friends schools are all intrinsically boarding schools for 11 year olds and up! Since the cumulative effect of such a Friends school’s pervasive ethos can be very powerful, the query recurs, as it must for all of us involved in Quaker education, "In the scorching cross-fire of today’s cultural uncertainties, do students have as models both the practices of the school and the lives of those who show and are willing to speak of the fact that they know where and how to turn to the Light for guidance and strength, people for whom worship is both practice and passion, people in whose daily life our Quaker testimonies are exemplified?”

Much of the information we stow away in students will be forgotten or supplanted and superseded. The Truth as we have experienced it and shared it is not so likely to slip through “memory’s hustled sieve.”

No one would deny that Friends schools both here in the States and in Britain have their shortcomings, but they are far from being dead wood. Quite the contrary. Their influence for good is strong and potentially even greater. We feel very keenly that if Friends wish to be effective as a religious body, they cannot afford to let those schools go under through inattention.

In the first place, where else do Friends have so effective an opportunity to witness to the power of living Quakerism among those who may well be the movers and shapers of the world of tomorrow? Every year 17,000 young people from all around the world gather under the leadership of Friends in 9 schools in Britain and in more than 60 in the United States. Only an indifferent Quakerism will regard this fact as unimportant.

In the second place, both our national governments, though in different ways, continue to impinge more and more upon daily life. Yet the willingness of our respective citizens to accept such detailed supervision seems not so much to be conscious choice as simple habit. In both countries letters to the editor and the editorials of the papers are vehement in their denunciation of the inefficiency, waste, and idiotic planning of government, but few vigorously challenge the principle of overall governmental control.

There is in England no doctrine of separation of church and state, and in the Education Act of 1946 it is mandated that religion shall be taught in all schools. In 1946 it was assumed that the religion taught would be Christian and the Bible its principal source. In 1976, confronted with increasing numbers of militant Muslims, Sikhs, and Jews, local education authorities have wisely made adjustments. But in an increasingly secular society the principle of the imposition of a state religion on all British schools has already been firmly established.

Furthermore in both Britain and the States the trend is toward greater centralized control of the educational
process, for the best of reasons, of course, including the assurance of high standards, high achievement, and healthy environment. In both countries there are a strong, often uninformed, Back-to-Basics movement and demands for national standards and national assessment.

But Nan and I remember in sharp detail our visit in 1938 to a nursery school for the orphans of men killed in Mussolini's Ethiopian campaigns. These little ones under the care of fluttering nuns were all taken care of, their colored uniforms, their education well regimented, with copy books filled with very legible bon mots such as "Il Duce loves his people," well entertained on the beach, building sand battleships, and well drilled. As we watched them from a balcony, a whistle blew, they rushed into drill squads, gave us the Fascist salute and sang "Giovanezza" with as full voice as their small throats could manage.

All experience shows that strong centralized governments, for whatever reasons, take over the control of the education of their citizens. There is also the clear probability that in both the U.S. and Britain such centralized control will increase under the ecospasms of the coming decades. It is also now shockingly clear that planning on the grand scale has usually had unforeseen, unintended, disastrous effects.

Our Friends schools, in spite of their acknowledged frailties and shortcomings, because of their final allegiance to the Light and not to governments, constitute in this 20th century, as they did in the 17th, centers for the maintenance of liberty, especially liberty of conscience.

The Society of Friends in Britain and the U.S. should consider carefully whether they can in fact carry on without such centers. If Friends cut down the schools they have now, who will educate their grandchildren?

Surely Friends will render a great public service, if, while not lessening their efforts to strengthen public education, they unite to nurture and sustain their Friends schools so that the Light whereby all human laws are finally judged may shine more fully through them. Surely it will be better to have minded the Light than to wonder how we let freedom slip.
Paradise, Paradox and
Patchwork at the Meeting School

by Janeal Turnbull Ravndal

I
n the spring of our first year at The Meeting School a faculty meeting turned into a surprise shower in honor of the baby girl we were soon to adopt, and our laps were heaped with cards and packages. Joel Hayden’s present was a new song, a lively round, written out, rolled up with sprigs of pussy willow, and also sung for us at the party:

Babies are so much bother.
Babies are so much fun.
And when you get your baby
The bother and fun have just begun.

We found that sentiment true of babies, and we found that it applied to life in community too. Bother and fun and many other seeming opposites filled our fifteen years at the Quaker boarding school on a small New England farm.

When we went to Rindge, New Hampshire for job interviews we were new members of the Society of Friends and fresh out of alternative service teaching assignments. The place looked and felt “right” as we sampled student cooking, joined a family worship, visited classes, and stood near the barn after chore time watching the sun set. The atmosphere reminded me of a summer camp I had loved and of the Bruderhof which in my visits there had inspired me though it asked a commitment I could not make.

Of course, we didn’t know what bother and fun we were getting into when we joined the four other Quaker families whose work and shared dream produced a school for forty high school students who lived in their homes and met for classes in living rooms and around dining room tables. We were unprepared for students who were enthusiastic about and deeply appreciative of a school and worship vital and exciting and actually deciding by consensus on the everyday life of fifty persons as they experimented to discover the best ways of living and learning together.

The rigors and richness of our new life soon held us in thrall. Four boys and four girls joined us in a farm house full of Joan Baez music, rich Jersey cream on cracked wheat, unwashed baked potatoes, arguments, jokes, devotions, study hours, and the testing of new teachers—“Why,” asked a couple, “can’t we stay up after ten in the living room? We just want to talk!”

A daily schedule started with milking the cows for some, a seven o’clock breakfast in each house, chores, devotions, and an eight-thirty, all-school collection for songs and announcements. Then there were classes until a three o’clock work or sports period, followed by chores, supper, social and study time.

Chris found there was no one to tell him how or what to teach in his English classes. He set up a weekly conference with each student, and each grade met for discussion around the fireplace in Bliss living room. There were excellent academic offerings, and some years we not only taught but ourselves took a course in Russian or weaving or engine repair or ceramics. The curriculum included all the courses required for college entrance, plus whatever extras faculty skill and interest could provide.

And there were meetings. Where there is a clerk rather than a “head,” we learned, everything must be worked out carefully in meetings. In addition to a two-hour, weekly business meeting for everyone, there were the smaller meetings. Nominating Committee, Ministry and Counsel, faculty, and those who planned the Spring Intersession month must meet. Small groups must work
out the sports, academic, and work programs, plan the school budget and the Saturday night activity. When the crowded meeting schedule itself caused dissatisfaction, still another meeting tackled that problem and the business meeting approved a suggestion of limiting each person to one major committee so that scheduled meetings could be confined to one night a week.

Those were the more formal meetings. An apt sign on the gathering room wall read, “All real living is meeting.” Time-consuming interactions are the blessing and curse of extended family. We met as we combined town errands, dialogued about a neglected job or assignment, sorted the mail, or traced down a borrowed mixing bowl. There were so many impromptu exchanges that Chris and I found we had to schedule our own private talks and sneak off to the bedroom with a cup of tea, or, safer still, take a long walk.

A recurrent question in TMS business meetings was, “Are we more a school or a community?” We found that the health of each of those elements was dependent on the good health of the other. A warm community contributed stimulation and support to the educational environment. Learning was enriched and real when teacher and student cut wood, played ball, and baked bread together, and when discussions, challenges and questions were not limited to class time. There was an unwritten understanding that academics could not be shortchanged. This was vital not only because an individual’s sense of intellectual growth and development is important; or because a truly excellent production of The Crucible enriched both school and community; but because a community busy only at “togetherness” might stumble under the burden of its own self-consciousness. It needed, too, a business to be about, a discipline of schedule, standards, and outreach, and geometry classes which could not be cut to discuss a problem or help a friend cook lunch.

It was a full life, often too full. When visitors envied us our rural paradise or skeptics challenged us with our isolation from the world, we might smile wryly, conscious of the press of crops to be planted or gathered, classwork to be prepared, our own children needing attention, the broken well pump, or a soccer casualty about to be taken for x-rays. Voluntary readings of a Shakespeare play were once held at five a.m., before morning milking, to avoid a scheduling conflict. Mending socks, oiling harness or cutting seed potatoes would be done during business meeting. But a note on the door announcing a sick person or a sleeping baby was usually respected, and the need for time to meet with oneself or God was recognized too. An early community decision allowed each person one day a month alone at a school retreat cabin in the woods.

No consensus of simplicity could eliminate the challenges and complications and downright agonies of such a life; but neither, it seemed, could any negative force for change hold out against the basic strengths and rewards of the system. A few times during our stay there the meeting considered whether the time had come to lay down The Meeting School experiment. When a basic minute was broken or we met to discuss whether someone should be asked to leave, the fragile nature of the fabric of community was apparent, yet we marvelled again and again at its resilient strength. Living in close relationship to others, particularly to young people, removed some customary cushions and insulation. Without much distance from others or from the results of one’s action, personal problems surfaced, facades crumbled and there was no place for pretense. But there was room for praise and appreciation, for taking stock and making new starts, and for sensing the important difference that one’s own contribution and presence make.

I felt more and more strongly over the years that nothing, no part of the human condition or experience,
was missing from that Meeting School microcosm. Certainly no larger society trend or issue—war, drugs, consciousness-raising groups, black power, ecology, or the women’s movement—left us untouched. And the great human events were intensely experienced, often magnified to an almost unbearable degree: faculty children were born, loved graduates returned to be married, and we gathered to seek strength after a death. We were all witnesses to the beautiful, sometimes joyful, often painful growth of young people and older people. We were all participants in the process of learning to know and appreciate each other. Happiness was not just spring dance and sweet corn and a carload of song; it was also the boy whose problems had taken so much faculty meeting time last week offering to babysit because I look tired; the sophomore who came with an image of himself as “dumb” telling me with lights in his eyes that “Algebra was fun today,” and a young person speaking from the silence one morning to say that she has broken the community agreement against alcohol and is sorry and wants to ask everyone’s support and help so that it won’t happen again.

There were many pleasures, but The Meeting School was certainly not the place to go to enjoy a last period of irresponsible childhood. The strong work ethic and the absence of an administrative hierarchy demanded of everyone discipline and commitment. Everyone, too, was responsible for the well-being of community spirit. Time off from classes had to be prearranged and worked out, a process which essentially prevented it, but, if spirits were dragging, there was nothing to discourage a short, funny skit in collection, or planning a dance. Perhaps a few students would conspire and have us all draw names for a week of sneaking around on goodwill missions as secret pals. We might wake up to a surprise all-community breakfast served upstairs in the barn and followed by a sing, or find the meeting room chairs spirited to a sunny spot on the lawn some warm morning in early spring. A good idea easily became a tradition, like the May Pole and Harvest Supper; but a tradition would fall quietly away if no one chose to keep it up.

A drama or crisis in the life of the school community could be met, sometimes faltering, often with stunning beauty. In morning collection a new father lit a candle in an attempt to show us how he felt about the birth of his child the night before. A just-composed song or poem or dance might be the response to a completed building project, the first snow, twin lambs in the barn, or just be a gift from a full heart. A minute broken meant extra sessions for Ministry and Counsel and perhaps for the whole meeting, as understanding and trust were rebuilt. A tragedy or difficult problem called for an immediate gathering for worship. Always the community pulse must be taken as part of a cure.

Some of the changes in our decade and a half at TMS were in response to the times: feelings and needs more out in the open, a solar green house and a recycling system, more vegetarians, less sugar, salaries for wives as well as husbands. Some were short-term adaptions to temporary opportunities or needs, like a cooperative nursery the
year there were eight pre-school faculty children. Much of the change was in the direction of more freedom—study hours no longer regulated, most of the Sunday schedule dropping away to make it a free day. Perhaps those things could happen because students also became more willing to accept responsibility, joining admissions, academic, finance and building and grounds committees; volunteering their labor in summer to help with bean harvest or canning. One student’s intersession project resulted in an official tree farm on the property. When no faculty member could teach pottery, skilled students took up the task, each year’s student teacher preparing another to carry on the next year.

Though there was pressure to push out the boundaries, fortunately (sometimes it seemed almost miraculously) business meeting remained able to gather in limiting freedom. An experiment without curfew was recognized as a failure. At first there were no restrictions on smoking, then smokers and non-smokers reached consensus to limit all smoking to out-of-doors.

Most of the changes were in harmony with the nature of the place. A graduate with building experience helped construct a biology lab addition to the greenhouse. The Coxes built a group of yurts to house them and their students for an adventure into further self-sufficiency. There was more singing and there was a growing body of community songs and celebrations.

So, a procession of more than a hundred young people joined Chris and me for one or more years of life in our TMS family. Their family status was well earned, for they not only won our hearts but also cooked our meals, washed our dishes, cleaned our house and acted as big brothers and sisters to our three children. When our toddlers played house, someone had the role of “student”; and when “our students” were away for a holiday, we were reduced to what six-year-old Helen called, “our whole little family.”

We appreciated the richness of extended family for our children though we saw, too, what distracted parents we often were when caught up in our fascinating and demanding work. Then last year we realized that the right time had come for us to leave.

Where do you go from the goodness and struggle of communal life and The Meeting School? Even when we knew that the time had come for us to go and be our “whole little family,” we were so involved right up to our own graduation that we hardly had time to think about it. What we have chosen is a year very close to our picture of middle America, while we sort out just who we are apart from TMS, individually and as a family—a small town neighborhood for the children, a non-teaching job in a small printing business for Chris, a luxurious first year of house-wifing for me. We fit at a small table now and knock on our neighbors’ doors and marvel at the new-to-us costs of food and fuel and housing.

Our new life is much enriched by our Meeting School experience. So many gifts we have brought with us—Bonnie’s silver, Anne’s shamrock in the kitchen window, Mindy’s hand-carved salad bowl, and lessons learned, some hard, others sweet.

Every morning I spread a quilt on the bed in our new bedroom. It was given to us one afternoon when our family was captured, put aboard the farm wagon and pulled by a team of horses to the retreat cabin. After being served a feast of our favorite foods we were led into the field to join a great community circle which was singing a new song to us, and the quilt was spread before us. Eva, a new teacher, had had the idea and seen to its completion—sixty-three squares, one for each member of our little family and one stitched by each member of our larger school and community family with his or her name. The border is blue velvet, and the central square bears the beginning words of another Joel song: “God’s love both binds us close and sets us free…”

The quilt was a surprise, but once we saw it there was no mistaking the inspiration and labor and commitment that had gone into it. We didn’t have to examine Heidi’s petti-point dragon, or Adam’s cow, the bicycle Jane embroidered on Seth’s square or the stitches two-year-old Aaron had been allowed to do by himself to know what was involved in that warm gift which as a part of our new life, remains also a symbol of the old.

“Postgame programs to maintain spectator attention and help diffuse hostilities” are proposed as a partial solution to the problem of the increasing violence in school and college sports in the article from Education USA reprinted in “Q.E.G.,” publication of the Friends Council on Education.

The article blames school officials for fomenting an aggressive “school spirit” by means of “coerced exuberance” in order to maintain what is conceived of as the school’s “image.” Emotionally aroused spectators, denied the outlet open to the players on the field, feel they must “show [their opponents] their place” if their own team has won. If it has lost, they must “seek revenge.” This “we-they” attitude, encouraged in the name of school loyalty and kept alive by “horrendous stories about how ‘dirty’ their opponents are” on the part of the students themselves, culminates in “youthful delinquency” after the big game. The Idaho State University authors of the article feel that since the schools themselves are largely responsible for the “postgame rumble,” they should also be the ones to devise “postgame programs” which could help diffuse the violence of the artificially stimulated emotional enthusiasm.
Quakerism and education have frequently travelled together. George Fox emphasized the significance of early training of the heart as well as the mind and the body. When Quakers came to America, concurrent with clearing the land and building houses was the establishment of some sort of school for the young. Education was a commitment to which they gave their energies and their ingenuities.

Public education and co-education demonstrate the Quaker conviction that searching for the truth was the right of every individual; finding the way whereby that search might be accomplished, an obligation inherent in Quakerism itself. Quaker scholars devoted a major portion of their efforts to educational innovation. Quaker schools became known for their academic excellence.

Quakerism and education shared an edifying experience in creating a historical tradition of which we can be proud. But pride is a preface to disaster, and lures us into areas of false assurances and comfortable complacencies. We have ceased to think of education as a conviction. We treat it as a problem which has been solved, at some previous time, by some past determinations; and offer as proof its mention in published Books of Discipline and/or Provisional Queries.

Education is not so easily dis-engaged. It, like every other aspect of society, continues to change, to restructure itself, to reflect those elements of its environment which are strongest and most persuasive. While Quakers have been devoting themselves to the worthwhile causes of prison reform, re-distribution of the world's wealth and peace-keeping missions, education has quietly acquired barnacles—hard shells in defense of its existence—crustaceans which define its inner nature. It is time for Quakers to take a hard look at education:

What is it?
What is it educating?
What is the character of its pervasive influence?

While working feverishly to diminish the world's ills, it is possible we have unknowingly neglected to check the incubator in which dis-ease is spread: education.

Quakers are in a unique position to help. Long before Carl Jung sharpened psychological perception to awareness of the soul, they were speaking of the "whole" person. They not only accepted the spiritual aspect of our terrestrial sojourn, but understood it as a source of energy and enlightenment which could guide people to a recognition of their own true compass points.

The world today, at this time and place, very much needs—is demanding even—this interior dimension, whereby people will finally see their own totality with a perspective in which they can work and live.

Our struggles have been hard and long but we have not yet found ourselves. We deserve to do so—to feel the deep exigency of finally discovering who we are, what we might be doing, where it is the world is going. Eminent scholars in divergent fields are expressing a willingness to acknowledge the possibility of an existence of a part of us not yet tapped: something, other-than-the-physical—something desperately desired—which will transform our technological virtuosities into purposeful design. Something which will lift us to an achievement equal to our potentialities.

Loren Eiseley, physical anthropologist, is writing a book he calls Science and the Concept of the Holy, in which he declares the absolute necessity for establishing an ethic of "religious compassion" in science. He is not alone in expecting more from people than has yet been proven. Current literature—even in the hard sciences—presages a convergence of such opinion from many fields. For the first time, serious clinical studies are being conducted of experiences temporarily medically "dead" people have reported after returning to life. It would seem a propitious time, when we have been made so acutely aware of the earth's limited material resources, to expose the limitless of our inner spiritual strengths.

Quakers can assist in this next step up. Douglas Heath, in reminding us that "Friends have never educated for the world of today; they have sought to educate for the world that should be in the future," has pointed the way. Quakers have, perhaps, a rare insight into what that
future might become—if individuals in it were assessed of their own inner worth. Through the experience of meeting, we have learned respect for other people; we have learned to listen to opposing points of view without fighting for our own position; we have learned the efficacy of trust in resolving conflicts. We have learned, through seeing "that of God" to value each person’s uniqueness and the particular contribution it can make.

It is impossible to imagine the effect if every student in school for one day were suddenly possessed of a deep conviction that they are important to the world; that they are valuable; that they are “related” through other people, and through their own spiritual necessity, to all humankind. It could change our course away from destruction and divisiveness to giving and sharing on an expanded plane.

Barbara Ward sees as the hope for establishing a world community, the "shaping forces of social justice, humane concern, and Christian compassion" and believes that as long as these are active, "freedom can survive and act and reshape human institutions, however encrusted they may seem with human prejudice and human greed." Such aspirations must be nurtured in the school environment. It is the only arena where all can touch and be touched in turn.

Margaret Mead cites as the one distinguishing feature between the best of modern education and that of the past, the recognition that "learning is a social process in which every participant plays a crucial role." This means the teachers, the counselors, and the school administrators. What the teacher is, is more important than what the teacher knows; what the teacher does, more important than what the teacher says. If the teacher does not respect students, then disrespect is taught. If the teacher encourages conflict, aggression is enthroned. If there is no honesty in the classroom, dishonesty prevails. If there is no justice, injustice is perceived.

Carl Jung, in listing the three kinds of education as education through example, collective education, and individual education, emphasizes the significance of the first when he says:

*The day will inevitably come when what the educator teaches by word of mouth no longer works, but only what he (sic) is. Every educator should constantly ask himself whether he is actually fulfilling his teachings in his own person and in his own life...*

We, as Quakers, have an obligation to look to our schools to ascertain the "quality" of the teaching being done there.

What part of the whole person is being educated?

What is being thwarted, what is being denied?

What is the nature of the organization?

Who makes decisions, and on what basis?

Is discipline the primary factor of concern?

Are regulations made which exemplify distrust of and disregard for student worth?

Are procedures set up which demand blind following rather than conscious consideration?

What is the texture of the school community?

Is each element—teacher and student—an enemy alien moving through hostile territory, seeking survival by warding off attack and harassment?

What is the school to the student?

We have assiduously worked to satisfy the physical needs with buildings, textbooks, and the right to attend. We have insisted on academic excellence and technological ability so that mental needs might be fulfilled. There remains one area demanding our greatest endeavor: the development of the means whereby spiritual selves may
come to life and gain admittance to the unity of all people.

Maria Montessori, who was nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize, and saw education as the only possible way to achieve the constructive social reforms necessary for that peace, proclaimed: "Preventing conflicts is the work of politics; establishing peace is the work of education." Unless concepts of peace, love, consideration are established in children, they will not find fruition in adult activities. Only the child is young enough and new enough to try to transform the world.

Let us start back at the beginning of the world. Let us again have Quaker scholars devoting their energies to educational innovations. Let us again accept education as a constant commitment. It is a challenge particularly suited to Quakers. It might demand all that we can give. It might repay more than we can imagine, for, in the words of Parker J. Palmer:

... quite apart from Friends there is urgent need in this world for styles of education which will raise up peacemakers, inventors of new futures, and persons confident of their own humanity—not competitors, consumers, and diminished selves.

Quakerism and education have frequently walked together in the past. Let us rejoin forces to travel light-years into the future, to establish a substructure of spiritual strength from which a new premise, a new posture, a renewed posterity can go forth.

Distractions and Basics

by Eric W. Johnson

A few years ago there was a tendency among students automatically to question almost everything being done in schools and especially our most cherished assumptions. This tendency, distracting enough in juniors and seniors, was felt by many of us to be positively annoying when it leaked down into the junior high school grades, and almost insulting when it appeared at the elementary levels. Today, we find ourselves happy to be able to pursue our objectives with students who earnestly, often enthusiastically, go along with our well-articulated, stimulating plans. We enjoy teaching more, and we feel we are teaching better, when we are undisturbed by division and contention. Recently, however, I have begun to question the widely held assumption that we teach best when undisturbed, and I have asked myself, "Aren't the distractions really the moments of some of our greatest opportunities to teach?"

Plans and Distractions

Of course, good teachers have plans—for the class period, the day, the week, the semester, the year. They plan for coherence and variety in the development of skills and in content; they plan ways to meet the needs of the plodder and the brilliant; they plan to develop attitudes and to cultivate choices of values; and they plan for an open-ended aspect to all of their work. Also, they are not easily thrown off their plans, although they invite students to help in developing and continually modifying them.

But now and then distraction strikes: two students come in from recess engaged in a hot, violent quarrel; there is an episode of cheating which excites or depresses a class; a student, entirely off the subject, makes a contentious statement that agitates the class intellectually and emotionally; an ad hoc committee of eleventh graders demand, by means of an obtrusively circulated petition or
a disrupting demonstration, that a teacher be fired (or not fired), that students be given two places on the School Committee, that marks be eliminated, that students evaluate teachers and publish the results, that a school-within-a-school be established; a rash of graffiti, destruction of property or stealing breaks out; a deeply moving controversial utterance is made in meeting for worship; the school is invaded by thieves during the night; a fire burns down a building; the school is offered a large plot of land in the pleasant suburbs; President Kennedy is shot. Some of these distractions have never happened at Germantown Friends School, but all have happened in schools I know. Most of them I certainly would never ask for, just as I would never ask for a fire drill. But my thought is that inherent in all of these distractions and disturbances are opportunities for deep educational impact and that we should be aware enough of them to use them intelligently.

Two Examples

I remember two distractions that occurred in my seventh grade English classes in the days before I started doing sex education. I muffed the opportunities in both. The first was when I was teaching a temporarily smut-obsessed seventh grade something about prepositional phrases and, fool that I was, I wrote on the board, “The boy’s rubbers fell under the table.” I had in mind footwear, but the more advanced seventh graders had in mind sex, humor (pubertal level) and showing off, and there was an outburst of raucous laughter. My response was to frown the class into silence, replace the sentence, and get on with the grammar.

On another occasion we were discussing the characters in Dickens’s Great Expectations and the relationship between the blacksmith Joe and his aggressive, bitter, bony wife, Mrs. Joe. In response to a bland question of mine, a bright, brash kid said, “Well, I bet they never had sexual intercourse together.” The class responded with mostly silence, a few giggles, and great interest; I responded with great embarrassment and a quick comment, “Well, maybe not; now, what else can you say about their relationship?” Another opportunity missed because of fear of distraction—and, furthermore, that wasn’t what I had had in mind, and I was afraid of it.

If we can deal with the distractions, major or minor, without ourselves being distracted, untracked or derailed, and if we clearly recognize that we are digressing from the plan and the subject immediately under study, then for many distractions we should be grateful. My first job at GFS was in sixth grade, opposite a great teacher, E. Vesta Haines, whose specialties were math and social studies. She said to me one afternoon, “Eric, thee knows, I always have a plan, but I always enter every class ready to proceed as way opens,” a well-known Quaker concept. At our best we Quakers know that unexpected openings occur if we are open to them, and if we can avoid the frantic business that causes so many of us to proceed as the way closes in behind us, to quote Elizabeth Duguid, a Cambridge Friend of yore.

Learning All Over Again

In 1946, I attended a meeting of the Association of Childhood Education held at Friends Select School, where Margaret Mead told us, “There are only two kinds of teachers in the world today: those who learn everything over again every five years and those who say, ‘The children are getting worse and worse.’” A part of the way’s opening is to learn all over again, or at least to have all our learning subject to revision. Since I don’t think the children are getting worse and worse (nor, for that matter, better and better), I have tried to think of some new things I have learned in the past ten years of teaching, things that it took twenty years of teaching to occur to me, a depressing thought. Here are some:

- Teachers shouldn’t be afraid or embarrassed when they don’t know the answer or make a mistake (even when there’s a visitor in the room). Such occasions are opportunities for learning, and they free the kids to reveal that they, too, don’t know everything.

- Much of the learning in a class occurs during that period of silence between the posing of a good question and the calling on someone, and not necessarily the first hand raised, for a try at answering.

- Much learning, perhaps most, takes place student-to-student, not teacher-to-student.

- Teachers should almost never, except in foreign language classes, repeat a student’s answer. If they do, they teach that only the teacher need be listened to.

- We should treat feelings and actions differently. Feelings expressed by students should never be judged, for they cannot be controlled, whereas actions may be judged, for they can be controlled...
and can be harmful to others.

• The best questions to put or to encourage often are questions that have no correct answers. We do not, as teachers, have to have "something to say" about a question.

• A state of confusion, or brief disorder and babble, is a prelude to learning and often part of the process of learning.

• Quiet and a physical attitude of learning are not the same thing as learning.

• Chewing or not chewing gum, wearing or not wearing a coat and tie, have nothing to do with learning, and it's a great release not to be required to worry about these physical matters.

• Most of what is learned in the classes I teach doesn't go through my head or come out of my mouth.

• Teachers don't have to be emotionally and personally close to students to set the stage for and preside over the process of their learning. In fact teachers don't even have to be liked, although it's more fun for them if they feel they are.

Basic Skills

1. to speak 2. to listen and to hear 3. to see and observe 4. to exchange 5. to read 6. to write 7. to figure and compute 8. to organize 9. to persuade 10. to deal with conflict 11. to deal with "the media" 12. to judge when to try to solve a problem and when to try to live with it.

Basic Substance

1. to know how the world works: science, nature study, mathematics, geography

2. to know how humankind works: in individuals, in other cultures, in our culture

3. to know what humankind has done and thought: history

4. to be aware of what the important questions are: what does what we are studying mean? what still needs to be discovered? by me? by the world?

Basic Attitudes

1. to be interested, curious and subject to persuasion (Knowledge is like an island in an infinite ocean of unknown. The larger is our island of knowledge, the longer is our shoreline touching the unknown.)

2. to respect ourselves; others; knowledge; creative expression (And this requires imagination, the ability to project ourselves into the situation of others, which is perhaps another skill.)

3. to feel a tension between what is and what should be.

If we are distracted from these basics, we are derailed.

Eric Johnson is a member of Germantown Meeting in Philadelphia and teaches at Germantown Friends School. This article is reprinted courtesy of the school's Studies in Education.

What Is Basic?

If distractions are opportunities and if we have to be open to learning all over again, what then is basic? Ever since the back-to-basics fad started creeping over American education, I've been developing my own list of basics. These are fundamentals I believe we should not be distracted from.
Journey of Reconciliation

by Mary Bye

It was entirely appropriate for Christians and all people of good will to feel drawn to go on a Journey of Reconciliation to Ireland to offer loving support to those struggling “to replace war with peace, replace all hate with love, replace sadness with joy…”

It was especially appropriate for Quakers in Philadelphia who work in the shadow of City Hall, the elaborate base for William Penn’s statue. We are reminded daily that it was the luck of the Irish to suffer from the military exploits of Admiral Penn and his son, William, before he dropped his sword. And it was the grace of God that brought Penn to Pennsylvania armed only with a vision of a Peaceable Kingdom.

For me, Penn’s words were the background music, the inaudible liturgy of the Journey: “A good end does not sanctify evil means, nor must we ever do evil that good may come of it. Let us then try what love will do… Force may subdue but love gains and he that forgives first wins the laurel.” The Peace People in Ireland may not be aware of this message, but they are implementing it. The Holy Experiment is thriving in Ireland.

We saw it close up the night we were turned loose on North Belfast, turned loose from our posh hotel to join the community organizers, mostly working-class and professional people, in their homes.

I met Trudi Young at the North Belfast Community Resource Center, made up of more than fifty local groups working to meet human needs in the area. After midnight Trudi and I set out in her car for her home with stops along the way for a transfusion of petrol from a friend’s car and for a check-out by British soldiers looking for hidden weapons. We were after all only a few blocks from the “Peace Line,” a barbed wire barricade bisecting the crossroads connecting the Falls Rd. (Catholic section) to the parallel Shankill Rd. (Protestant section), an area noted for past riots.

Trudi’s home in a working-class neighborhood was small and stone-cold. But Trudi bustled around, turning on an electric heater in the living room, bringing me a cup of hot milk, showing me sample handicrafts, a stuffed toy and lace work, unearthing papers describing her organization. Suddenly it was warm and lively because of her hospitality and enthusiasm.

The next morning we visited her project, the Woodvale Community Center. It is located in a Victorian house with high molded ceilings, and tall windows which overlook a park across the street. Seventy pensioners, Catholic and Protestant alike, from cold water flats take turns coming for baths, to do their laundry, to knit and crochet, play cards, sing, chat. Children, too, from six to thirteen are welcome to participate in the activities of the Center, to make stuffed toys, to learn carols, and to play in Woodvale Park.

“It gets them off the streets,” explained Trudi, “and brings Catholics and Protestants, young and old, together.” This is the reconciliation that many small community groups are striving for all over Northern Ireland. The organizers are creating peace out of their own energy and imagination and zest. We saw in them that in fact Northern Ireland is becoming as one Belfast woman declared with pride “a shining light to the world.”

Vinton Deming

Journey of Reconciliation participants preparing for the rally in Drogheda. Mary Bye, who took part in the Journey of Reconciliation as a representative of Friends Peace Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, is a member of Doylestown (PA) Meeting and has been active for many years in peace and human rights activities.

FRIENDS JOURNAL February 1, 1977
Some fifty Quakers stood facing Jimmy Carter's home in Plains, Georgia, catty-corner from us beyond an empty lot, quietly changing shifts, from ten in the morning until eight at night, on Saturday, December 18, with two Friends holding the single sign: QUAKER CHRISTMAS PRAYER VIGIL FOR PEACE AND RECONCILIATION.

A small stream of tourists passed, most in cars but some on foot, slowing down but observing the large Secret Service sign NO STOPPING KEEP MOVING, most of them so intent on looking across at the Carter home that they hardly noticed us. A benign sun blessed us, mockingbirds and bluejays and other friends diverted us, and two yellow butterflies flew down the line. Frequently a man or two strode purposefully across the Carter yard. The Secret Service and/or Georgia State Police checked cars into and out of the barricaded Carter street. The Friends stood in silent meditation.

The Plains vigil was a shared undertaking of the American Friends Service Committee, whose national Peace Education Committee generated the idea, and southeastern Friends Meetings. Friends came from Florida, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Ohio, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, as well as from Georgia.

The tone of the vigil was one of support for the constructive statements on peace-related issues which President-elect Carter has made, and encouragement for the opportunities ahead. Ten days before the vigil a letter signed by Courtney Siceloff, of the Atlanta Meeting, Louis Schneider, executive secretary of the AFSC, and Wil Hartzler, executive secretary of the Southeastern Regional Office of the AFSC, was sent to Jimmy Carter, (in several personal ways, in the hope that a copy would actually reach him) telling him about the vigil, expressing a spirit of support and shared hope, and asking for an opportunity to discuss with him a Quaker point of view on some issues immediately before him, and on our hearts.

There are real issues, and of course the incoming president is under pressure from all sides on all of them. Surely it is important that he know he has some support for constructive decisions on controversial matters!

One group of Quaker concerns held up in the vigil has to do with healing the wounds of the Vietnam war. Will Carter receive the "Appeal for Reconciliation" petitions which some forty church, peace, veterans, and social action organizations are now circulating, when they are brought to the White House on February 11? Will the Carter administration speak in reconciling tones to the new governments in Indochina, dropping the US veto of
United Nations membership for Vietnam, ending the strictures of the Trading with the Enemy Act, and entering into bilateral negotiations on such problems as frozen accounts and location of MIA remains? Will the Carter administration take the initiative to provide US help in repairing the damage done to agriculture and transportation during the war? (So far, US government participation in the financing of reconstruction in Indochina has been zero.) And will Carter extend his pledged pardon of draft resisters to include wiping out the legal disabilities of those in the US military who deserted the evil war, or received less-than-honorable discharges?

The second concern of the Quaker Christmas vigil was, and is, change in the national priorities from escalating military power to meeting basic human needs. The campaign against the B-1 bomber is the symbol and focus of this concern. The B-1 bomber is potentially the most expensive weapons system in the history of the United States. Since the Pentagon announced its decision to begin production of the B-1, the opposition to the B-1 that we thought we heard during the Carter campaign has become unclear. Will a Carter administration cancel production of the B-1, and perhaps also divert some of those billions of dollars to job-producing projects in the civilian sector, or will we go blindly on flattering ourselves that because we are the most heavily armed nation in the world we are also the greatest and most powerful?

During the morning, on his way from a news conference, Jimmy Carter visited the vigil briefly, shaking hands down the line and saying, "I'm glad you came. I agree with you." He stopped long enough to give a hug to Gene Singletary, a member of the Atlanta Meeting who lives in Plains. And in the early evening, when the vigilers were holding candles, Miss Lillian came to visit, shaking hands down the line less perfunctorily and even accepting a candle and joining the line for a few minutes.

But there was no response at all to our hope and request for time to discuss issues, with Carter staff if not with Carter himself. Eventually yet another letter was written, prepared on the spot on a lined pad and signed by most of us, to express thanks for Carter's recognition of the vigil and, once more, our hope for movement on the issues; it was started off through the Secret Service toward the house.

Arrangements for the vigil were carefully made. Plains is quite unused to demonstrations, or to tourists for that matter—public sanitary facilities, for instance, are ad hoc. A week beforehand AFSC staff checked with the Secret Service, then went to the mayor to clear arrangements with the town. The mayor gave oral assurance that everything was in order. Staff was not easy with this, and was sure that the Secret Service would also want to see a written permit. They pressed politely for a document. But there was no one available in the office to type it up, and no form! So Bill Ramsey of AFSC, High Point, NC, and Courtney Siceloff offered to prepare it. The offer was accepted. The two composed a permit and typed it on the mayor's office typewriter; the mayor signed it; and all hands were satisfied, including the Secret Service!

Did it all do any good? . . . Only time will tell; and even so, it is difficult to measure the influence of any one event. On the face of it nothing happened except an exchange of pieties. It is perfectly harmless to approve of praying for peace. It is very much more difficult to think through, and to take, the political actions that give peace a chance.

But as someone pointed out, this year, for the first time in twelve years, as a new administration comes into Washington we have some reason to hope.

Eleanor Webb, a member of Stony Run Meeting in Baltimore, is active in many Friends concerns and organizations, including the Friends Journal Board of Managers which she serves as secretary.
The Newgate Project

by Jeanne and Stanley Ellin

Three years ago, the meeting's concern flowered into the Newgate Project for Child Care. A line of communication was set up to Mary Holliday, the hardworking, harassed, sympathetic matron of the waiting room; a system was organized where children could be brought to the meetinghouse and there provided with a snack, a program of games and creative activity, and loving care. It seemed an easy task at first, but hard lessons were learned along the way. Willing volunteers were sufficient at the start, but the complexities of taking on the heavy responsibility for children of all ages and various cultures, largely black and Hispanic, eventually led to an arrangement where qualified administrators were paid a minimal honorarium for their services. Food and clothing had to be provided in full measure. Equipment for playtime and creative activity had to be provided. The meetinghouse itself, old, weatherworn, cramped, insufficient for the growing project, made for complications at every turn as children spilled through every inch of it, using its social areas and kitchen for play space and storage.

In the end, with the skillful administration of the project and with a long overdue reconstruction of the meetinghouse at last completed, most problems were solved. Two, however, remained. One was the omnipresent shortage of funds. The meeting was generous in devoting a large share of its hard-pressed budget to the project. A small foundation provided some seed money. Quaker-related organizations contributed. Individual Friends and attenders gave generously. But it was always a case of living from month to month, hoping that the next month would provide yet another miracle to help meet expenses. No solution has yet been found. As this is written, the time is down to weeks and days, with no miracle on the horizon to close out 1976.

Not even the presentation on September 28th of one of the Mayor's Volunteer Service Awards for three years of community service has loosened the pursestrings of some foundation, any one of the many that the project has been calling on for funding on a proper scale.

The second problem was a curious one. Despite all efforts to extend the line of communication from the meeting to the men in the House of Detention, a wariness and cynicism prevailed among those men about the nature of the project, its point and purpose. Some fathers expressed appreciation for what their children gained from it, but from the fathers, even when they were given opportunity to acknowledge just the existence of the project, came no sign of acceptance of it.

Then an attender of the meeting who served the project full-time was inspired to take photographs of the children at their play, prints of which were offered each father. The response, as the project workers learned second-hand, was touching. And at last one day came the signal of the final breakthrough. On that day, Mary Holliday appeared at the meeting of the Newgate Committee to present it with a thank-you card from the inmates of the House of Detention. It had traveled from cell to cell, floor to floor, and it bore the signatures of 106 men. Under one signature was the added message: "A special Love. Thank you."

The hand reaching out with love had been grasped.

Children participating in the Newgate Project of Brooklyn (NY) Monthly Meeting
Report from Iowa

One Year After the Bombing

IT WAS just a little more than a year ago (December 15) that a large bomb ripped apart the Friends House complex in Des Moines, Iowa, which accommodates the American Friends Service Committee's North Central Region offices and the Des Moines Valley Friends Meeting House. Who set the bomb and why has never been learned, but we were all relieved that in spite of the magnitude of the blast and the extent of the damage, none of the three persons in the complex at the time was injured. And the meeting and AFSC staff got a tremendous lift from the outpouring of expressions of support, from the hours and hours of labor donated by individuals, Friends, and other groups and churches of other denominations, and from financial contributions from many sources over the country.

Rebuilding was finally completed several months ago, and before fall the damaged areas of the grounds had been re-landscaped and re-seeded. At night, the new floodlights and the new street-side AFSC entrance gave the corner of 42nd and Grand an almost festive air during the Christmas season.

After almost a year of discussions and negotiations between insurance people, builders and contractors, and attorneys and others representing Friends, the final financial picture looks like this: Total cost of rebuilding and its attendant expenses such as moving the AFSC offices for several months, installing an expanded floodlight system, etc., was in excess of $170,000. The meeting's costs exceeded $56,000 and with insurance payments of $41,000 plus some $14,000 in donations, the meeting's deficit amounted to less than $1,000.

But it was an entirely different picture with the AFSC, largely because the old building now had to comply with modern plumbing and electrical codes and fire regulations, and because a number of badly-needed improvements were added. (Among these were the new main entrance near the parking lot, and large, ducted air conditioning units installed so as to handle various areas of the building.) Total AFSC costs exceeded $113,000. Insurance payments were less than $41,000, and donations totaled more than $27,000. (One Iowa corporation gave $10,000.) This has left the AFSC with a deficit of about $45,000.

What have we learned from this traumatic experience? We have seen that we can accept this kind of act without panic, without division, without rancor, and without a feeling of intimidation. The AFSC never faltered in its work and perhaps now is working even more diligently to lessen injustice and discrimination, to allay fear and clear up misunderstanding, to support the rights of minorities, to help the hungry be fed, to end the domination of our lives by the complex military-industrial-political partnership.

Our Friends Meeting gathers each First-day as usual in the room which seems almost the same as before (in spite of new ceilings, walls and carpeting) to open our hearts in search of that guidance which we all seek.

As this is written, the birth of the Prince of Peace is being celebrated. And it seems that the bombing of a year ago, instead of deterring Friends from their actions, has heightened the determination of all of us to do what we can to remove what George Fox so long ago called "the occasion of all wars."

Lawrence Hutchison

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Reviews of Books


Arms and Denman claim sixty-five years of school experience between them. In their seasoned opinion, contemporary education suffers from too much school, particularly school that confines students to classrooms removed from “the world.” The book starts with a question:

“What if instead of being the exclusive ‘place’ for education, high school became the ‘home base’ for a new range of learning activities for young people? What if learners were encouraged to move out from their schools and learn from all sorts of other associations in all sorts of other places?”

Their answer was a pilot project called Kaleidoscope founded in the spring of 1973 as “an intermediary between school and the world.” Based in Philadelphia, it was planned to incorporate an even mix of 15 suburban students and 15 from the School District of Philadelphia. The design was that schools would keep students on their roles but give them released time and academic credit to participate in the program. In return for a modest fee paid by the sending school, Kaleidoscope would provide a network of group and individual urban possibilities with guidance and support to help students use the network fully.

Students worked as assistants to zoo keepers, lab technicians, archaeologists, stage directors and a variety of other urban people. The assignments were chosen and to some extent designed by the students. Those with whom the students worked were not permitted to pay them in any way except to teach them and to give them access to their part of “the world.” The common assumption that Kaleidoscope was setting up career-education opportunities was refuted at every turn to assure the emphasis on present growth rather than future prospects and on broad educational issues rather than narrow vocational ones.

For the few students who participated, the project seemed to be a wonderful educational success but money and politics killed it three months after it opened. Schools did not send enough money. None of those who were to come from Philadelphia were allowed to come when the school district inexplicably reneged on its announced intention to participate. Seed-money funding ran out and the project had to close.

This book could easily have deteriorated into a requiem for the nobly departed or a tirade against mindless bureaucrats who support the wrong things. Instead the authors reassert their beliefs in both the need and the feasibility of “action learning.” They conclude with a utopian vision of the future when “action learning” has become the rule rather than the exception.

Touching the World has two distinct strands. The first is a narrative history of Kaleidoscope. It reads like a novel, complete with characterization, suspense and the authors as dual protagonists. The second part is a rather philosophical and very persuasive discussion of the educational issues of our time. The authors have cleverly intertwined
the two parts so that they illuminate each other and help us understand them both more fully.

The issues are certainly important. This book's warm and thoughtful presentation of them should be of interest to anyone who is interested in the education of adolescents.

John Harkins


Once in a long while into the hands of a middle-aged parent, or a grandparent, comes a book which makes one sad that it wasn't available when the reader was raising his or her own children. This is such a book. If it affects you like this take heart. See that your children and even grandchildren receive a copy when they become parents. I think well enough of this excellent book to make provisions in my will that each grandchild, when the first offspring arrives, receives a copy. By such dramatic means I hope to lead the recipient to question, "Now why did the old girl do that?", or to think about the book's message, thus insuring a brighter future for my great-grandchildren. It is when we seem a bit cracked that often a chink of light is let in.

The book's subtitle intimates what you can do to prepare your child for school, but its contents aid you in preparing your child for life. While it is concerned with how a child learns, it also deals with the parents' need to learn to understand adequately their young child's emotional and intellectual needs.

This is an informative book which, in a very readable style but packed with sound research and insight, helps the reader understand how deeply important are the first hours and days of a young infant's life, days in which too often loving but weary parents perceive the child's needs largely in terms of only food, warmth and changing, without perceiving that from the first hour of birth the infant is already developing a concept of self and of the world which will importantly color later responses. The book well points out that a child's instinct for learning is natural and spontaneous, but this learning can either be nourished or be dampened by the emotional climate in which the child is reared, a climate in which the parents, in myriad ways, need to foster in the child a sense of self worth and value. The authors, using many case studies as illustrations, make abundantly clear that it is this nurturing atmosphere which creates the stable foundation for the child's ability to be educated.

The book alerts well-meaning parents, bent on too early formal teaching, to the risks they are running in creating emotional strains that may eventually lead to the need for psychiatric help, and the authors devote a whole chapter to "how to keep your child out of the psychiatrist's office." Other chapters deal with the child's developing self image, with curiosity, speech, and the importance of play and fantasy. Included are summaries of the theories and experimental results of some of the most prominent educational experts such as Montessori, Piaget, Skinner, etc. The entire book abounds not only with professional insight but with an impressive spirit of loving understanding both for the small developing child and the striving parents.

To put this book into the hands of young parents may be to bless a new life.

Virginia Davis
This book is an excellent account of the changing relations between London Yearly Meeting and the American Hicksite Friends.

It reviews the position of London Yearly Meeting from non-recognition in 1829 to a message of love to all who bore the name of Friend, which became a regular procedure in 1912. At that time “another Friend reported he had wandered into a Hicksite meeting by mistake, and did not know the difference, until Friends told him where he was after the meeting was over” (page 58). Thus, with time and experience Friends changed their ways.

The thoughts and comments of weighty Friends, and the discussions and actions of yearly meeting sessions are spread before us. We are shown how the different types of Quakerism developed. This is very helpful in understanding the situation today.

The account of the change in the religious thought of London Yearly Meeting over these years is very clear. It had its effect on the thinking of “liberal Friends” in America. So we can learn about our own background as well as that of other kinds of Friends.

This book is highly recommended as informative and enjoyable reading.

John H. Curtis


The author, a historian specializing in the experience of the American immigrants, has set herself an almost impossible task in this volume; an overview of the contributions which immigrant women have made to American life from the colonial period (when all but native Americans were immigrants) to the present, covering the fields of religion, science, social service, medicine, trade unionism, music, literature, business. The idea is laudable; the achievements of women in all fields continue to be overlooked despite current efforts of many women historians to the contrary. Unfortunately, the author has attempted to tackle the assignment by giving us a whole series of rather dry biographies, many reading as though they were taken directly from encyclopedias. The result is that the book is very hard to read. Since she was working from secondary sources, there are many errors (she called the founder of Quakerism John Fox, to name one) and she fails in inclusiveness, with only token mention of Blacks and Spanish-speaking women. There are, however, some lively presentations, particularly of the immigrant women who organized labor unions and became socialists.

The author’s text is footnoted, and there is an index which makes it possible to use the volume as a reference, and a point of departure for deeper study of individual women and their contributions to the national welfare.

Margaret H. Bacon
Healing the Sick

We would like to communicate with Friends who have practiced meditation as a means of healing the sick.

In the past year, we have had two experiences of cancer among persons dear to us. In both instances we practiced meditation and felt that we were helping. However, we have some questions which we would like to explore with others attempting the same thing.

Marian and Tom Plaut
Moon Run Farm
Kerens, W. Va. 26276

glasses of wine to elderly patients today. My use of the phrase "beer bash" was unfortunate. Actually I find that there's much less drinking among Wilmington students than at most other colleges I've seen. My observation is borne out by student advisors who have worked at other colleges (including religious institutions). Wilmington's campus is a quiet one, and there is no real drug problem, no need for the presence of campus police we've seen on most other campuses.

May I remind these gentlemen that the Bible is replete with allusions to wine? That Christ himself served wine to his disciples?

I'm aware that Quaker testimony (written years ago) includes testimony against the use of alcohol. However, Quakers are distinctly a minority in the

Wine and Christ

I was taken aback to read two letters (FJ 11/1/76) expressing shock at the reference to a "beer bash" at Wilmington College in my article "Small is Beautiful" (FJ 6/15/76).

Certainly mentioning beer does not mean that I approve it (as a matter of fact, I dislike the stuff). It is only a reference to a fact of life: that many college students these days do find renewal in a glass or two of beer on Saturday night after a pressure filled week.

I heartily agree with Dr. Vaught's point that "many alcoholic beverages use quantities of grains that might go a long way toward providing food for the world's hungry," and I would encourage young (and old) people to eliminate such consumption if at all possible.

However, statements that all alcohol is automatically "injurious to all users," or that beer and wine "lead to hard liquor" are something else again. Studies show that moderate amounts of wine (not hard liquor) have medicinal qualities, and many hospitals serve

Letters to the Editor

A BOOK OF HOURS

By Elizabeth Yates
with art by
Carol Aymar Armstrong

Like & unlike Medieval Books of Hours. Miss Yates' A BOOK OF HOURS embraces the ordinariness of everyday life & finds it holy. For those who feel close to God & for those who would like to, daily activities & each passing hour serve as reminders to turn to God. Each page shows great wisdom & beauty. Carol Aymar Armstrong's delicate detailed leaf prints in deep slate blue or soft red enhance the book which is printed on tan Mohawk Vellum. Copies of this book make beautiful Christmas gifts at a remarkable price: Only $2.95 in paper & $5.95 in cloth.

Among the honors Miss Yates has received for her many books are the Newbery Medal, & the Sarah Josepha Hale Award to "a distinguished author whose life & work reflect the literary tradition of New England." Miss Yates lives in Peterborough, New Hampshire.

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Overall population—hence a minority at this Quaker-affiliated institution. Would it be a violation of democracy to impose the views of a minority on the majority?

Certainly, we do have a right to encourage Quaker values. That would include pointing out the effects of alcohol on their own bodies, and the way American consumption indirectly affects hungry people. It can also include setting an example. And a few weeks ago, we attended at the college a beautiful wedding “after the manner of Friends”—one of the most moving experiences in my life. Afterwards students, family and Friends from the community made merry—without a drop of champagne (or other alcoholic spirits).

But at Wilmington we do believe that young people should find their own inner Light. We treat them as adults. We feel that they should learn through their own experiences, including their own mistakes. If we impose rules, they will never learn to make their own rules. Indeed, imposing rules about drinking would not work, even on practical grounds. It would simply provoke a reaction, and pit “them” against “us.”

Finally, I’d like to point out that today there is no consensus among Quakers about drinking—at least drinking in moderation. Many Quakers feel that a little beer or a little wine is not tantamount to addiction to hard liquor. May I quote Elton Trueblood, the doyen of Quaker theology? On page 35 of Listening to America, Bill Moyers writes: “He [Elton Trueblood] opened his Bible to 1 Timothy 5:23 and read aloud: ‘Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach’s sake and thine own infirmities.’ And in the manner of old we proceeded to interpret the scriptures literally.”

If Saint Paul, that fierce denouncer of the sins of the flesh, can write Timothy such counsel, can we not tolerate the right of young people to find their own values?

Marjorie Hope Young
Assistant Professor
Department of Sociology

No Catalytic Converters

Margaret H. Bacon’s article, “Quakers and the Struggle for Liberation,” (FJ 11/1/76) refers to James and Lucretia Mott’s concern about the use of slave products—they refused to use them.

I suggest we Quakers can make a small step in the same direction by not owning automobiles with catalytic converters—the platinum required for these attachments comes solely from South Africa.

Warren Lee Smith
Malibu, California

The Expression of Religious Experience

Friend Claire Walker’s article (FJ 11/15) is very interesting. Some of my acquaintances feel exactly as Claire does. My own experiences are different. I do not fold my hands, nor do I bow my head when I think of God; but I am not uncomfortable when others make such traditional movements. Like Claire Walker I make mental translations...of many an anthropomorphism of antiquity in the sermons and poetic parables of Jesus and in the book of my beloved Isaiah. Yet, my inimitable thankfulness to Jesus makes me overlook that he localizes God in heaven. I translate: Jesus speaks of God who is Spirit; he says so to the Samaritan woman at Jacob’s well. This Spirit is present in the entire universe including mankind, but is free from the fetters of time and space which shackle us. Others may translate “God in heaven” quite differently.

Like many of my friends Friend Claire Walker is troubled by the word “sin.” I do not believe that she thinks
that Friends are sinless. The difficulty lies with traditional notions about wrong-doing. There are monstrous actions for which we must have a name, e.g., the confinement of innocent people in the Nazi concentration camps, the extermination of tens of thousands of Vietnamese children, the internationalization of torture and many other horrors. I do call it "sin," but could also call it "infliction of great harm, grief, and suffering."

Friend Claire is uncomfortable with expressions like "God's will" and "God's mind." She probably thinks of the superficiality and readiness with which some people in and out of church have given outlines of God's will and mind. But for many early Friends, many Friends of today, also for myself, Jesus' teaching has given lucid guidance to a new spiritual consciousness.

The "Love of God," so often mentioned by the apostle Paul, is still another expression disliked by Friend Claire Walker. My friend Karl is even more outraged by the idea of God's love. He thinks of the immense suffering on earth when he rejects the idea. Foreign, even foolish, to him is the age-old Christian vision that God's Spirit suffers wherever there is suffering in human beings, indeed in all creatures. Goethe believed that God created "Faith, Trust, Love, Work, and Strength" for mankind, gifts of love indeed. Thus, when George Fox sang of the "Love of God" in that stinking jail, he felt fellowship with God's Spirit who had given him so much "Faith."

Finally, the idea of liberation through Jesus' sacrifice is highly disagreeable to many people. We Friends do not long for a mediator in order to experience God's presence and light. But whenever John Woolman writes of "our gracious redeemer," his words ring with deep gratitude. A positivist might think that John Woolman uses merely traditional rhetoric, but I feel in John's words about his redeemer his strong "Living Faith."

To be sure, I myself do not believe that Jesus expunged my wrongs through his death. He wants me to listen to his teaching, be mindful of his commandments, and act and live accordingly. Thus, I think of Jesus as being my master. Still, I have good reason to be grateful for Jesus' sacrifice which created the gospel. Mankind learned of his healing, liberating, and uplifting Spirit. History might have been silent had Jesus not died on the cross. It is, I believe, in this sense that Thomas Jefferson wrote of "our savior" in his notes on "Sublimity of Superstition" and notes "Against Conformity."

Hans Gottlieb Carbondale, CO

Recast the World

The Anti-Anthros (FJ 11/1), whatever that means, seem to want to recast the world in their image. Certainly they must realize they cannot eliminate particular elements in different religions. Religious traditions, rites, and ceremonies do not grow in a void. They have deep roots in the soil and are nourished by the same life-sustaining elements. "Anti" means against. If we want to encourage the fellowship of the spirit as implicit in "There is God in every man [sic]," we then accept differences and try to understand them. Bent knee—praying hands—are, as Quakers believe, channels of insight, not insight itself. Anti-Anthros, and I quote Claire Walker, "may be the foreshadowing of a new spiritual consciousness." If its concepts are positive, it should be used as building stones for the development of a Fellowship of one Suprême, a fellowship of the spirit, the unity of mankind [sic].

Arthur Ringewald
Southold, NY

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New England Friends Home is looking for a live-in general assistant to the director. Some knowledge of maintenance important for this position. Could consider a couple. Also, to start this summer, we need two young people for an informal, one-year, live-in intern program helping us care for our thirteen elderly residents in an 'extended family' set-up. Write: Director, N.E.F.H., 86 Turkey Hill Lane, Hingham, MA 02043.

Pastor wanted. Starting July 1, 1977, in a small, rural Hudson Valley community, 75 miles from New York City. For details contact: Jerome Hurd, Clintondale, NY.


In preparation for the opening in September 1977 of Crosslands, a community for older persons, we are interested in talking with physicians, social workers, recreational therapists, occupational therapists, pharmacists, nurse practitioners/physicians assistants, registered nurses, secretaries and others who may wish to explore employment with us. Inquiries should be sent to Dorothy R. Pradley, Assistant Director, Kendal at Longwood, Box 699, Kennett Square, PA 19348.

Homesemaker—mature Quaker, nonsmoker, sought for care of 6 and 8 year old sons and their physician father's modern home in Columbia, Maryland. Six months minimum, weekends off, modest salary, other benefits. Letters of inquiry should include in-depth personal sketch and four references. Consideration given to inquiry from abroad. Box L-692, Friends Journal.

Schools


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Meeting Announcements

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

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

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

Arizona
FLAGSTAFF—Unprogrammed meeting, 11 a.m., 402 S. Beaver, near Campus. Mary Campbell, 310 E. Cherry Ave. Phone: 774-4296.
PHOENIX—1702 E. Glendale, Phoenix, 85220. Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. Olive Goodno- koontz, clerk, 751 W. Detroit St., Chandler, 85224. 602-983-5864.
TEMPE—Unprogrammed, First-days 9:30 a.m., Darforth Chapel, ASU Campus. Phone: 967-3281.
TUCSON—Pima Friends Meeting (Intermountain Yearly Meeting), 738 E. 5th St. Worship 10 a.m. Helen Hintz, clerk. Phone: 889-0481.

California
BERKELEY—Unprogrammed meeting. First-days 11 a.m., 2151 Vine St., 94722.
CLAREMONT—Worship, 9:30 a.m. Classes for children. 727 W. Harrison Ave., Claremont.
DAVIS—Meetings for worship: 1st-day, 9:45 a.m.; 4th-day, 7 p.m., 345 L St. Visitors call 735-5924.
FRESNO—11 a.m., College Y Pac Del Chapel, 2311 E. Shaw. Phone: 227-3030.
HAYWARD—Worship 10 a.m., 22502 Woodrow St., 94541. Phone: 415-651-1543.
LA JOLLA—Meeting, 11 a.m., 7300 Eads Avenue. Visitors call 453-9650 or 458-6668.
LONG BEACH—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., Garden Room, Brethren Manor, 3323 Pacific. Call 434-1004 or 831-4066.
LOS ANGELES—Meeting, 11 a.m., 4167 So. Normandie. Visitors call 466-0733.
MALIBU—Worship 9:30 a.m. Phone: 213-453-3041.
MARIN—Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m. Call Louise Aldrich 933-7565 or Joe Magruder 363-3503.
MONTEREY PENINSULA—Friends meeting for worship, Sundays, 11 a.m. Call 375-3653 or 624-5821.
ORANGE COUNTY—Meeting: 10:30 a.m. University of California at Irvine (Univ. Club, Trailer 11). Phone: 514-368-566 or 568-7691.
PALO ALTO—Meeting for worship and First-day classes for children, 11 a.m., 957 Colorado.
PASADENA—526 E. Orange Grove (at Oakland). Meeting for worship, Sunday, 10:30 a.m.
REDLANDS—Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m., 114 W. Vine. Clerk: 752-9218.
RIVERSIDE—Unprogrammed worship, First-day school, 10:30. Phones: 682-7686 or 923-6874.
SACRAMENTO—YWCA 17th and L Sts. Meeting for worship Sunday 10 a.m.; discussion 11 a.m. Phone: 916-642-7676.
SAN DIEGO—Unprogrammed worship, First-days 10:30 a.m. 4684 Seminole Dr., 206-2624.
SAN FERNANDO—Family sharing worship, 10 a.m. Unprogrammed worship, 10:20 a.m. 19056 Bledsoe St. Phone: 367-5285.
SAN FRANCISCO—Meeting for worship, First-days, 11 a.m., 2160 Lake St. Phone: 752-7440.
SAN JOSE—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Discussion, 10 a.m. 1041 Morse Street.
SANTA BARBARA—591 Santa Rosa Lane, just off San Ysidro Rd., Montecito, (YMCA) 10:30 a.m.
SANTA CRUZ—Meeting for worship Sundays 10:30 a.m., YWCA, 303 Walnut St. Phone: 408-427-2545.
SANTA MONICA—First-day school at 10, meeting at 11. 1440 Harvard St. Call 628-4069.
SONOMA COUNTY—Redwood Forest Meeting. Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. 840 Sonoma Ave., Santa Rosa. Clerk: 404-459-8544.
SANTA MARIA—Meeting, 10 a.m. Call 728-4437 or 742-4986. P.O. Box 1443, Santa Maria 93450.
WESTWOOD (West Los Angeles)—Meeting 10 a.m. University YWCA, 574 Hilgard (across from UCLA bus stop). Phone: 472-7620.
WHITTIER—Whiteleaf Monthly Meeting, Administration Building, corner Printer and Philadelphia. Worship 9:30 a.m. P.O. Box 122. Phone: 888-7738.

Colorado
BOULDER—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.; First-day school, 11 a.m. Margaret Ostrow, 494-9453.
DENVER—Mountain View Friends Meeting, worship 10 to 11 a.m. Adult forum 11 to 12, 2300 South Columbine Street. Phone: 722-4125.

Connecticut
HARTFORD—Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m., 144 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford. Phone: 232-3631.
NEW HAVEN—Meeting 9:45 a.m. Connecticut Hall, Yale Old Campus. Phone: 878-4721.
NEW LONDON—822 Williams St. Worship, 10 a.m., discussion, 11. Clerk: Betty Ch, 720 Williams St., New London 06320. Phone: 442-7497.
NEW MILFORD—Housestonic Meeting: Worship 10 a.m. Route 7 at Lanesville Road. Phone: 203-775-1861.
STORRS—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., corner North Eagleville and Hunting Lodge Roads. Phone: 429-6006.
WATERTOWN—Meeting 10 a.m., Watertown Library, 470 Main Street. Phone: 274-8586.

Delaware
CAMDEN—2 miles south of Dover. Meeting and First-day school 11 a.m. Phones: 697-610; 697-6642.
HOCKESSIN—North of road from Yorklyn, at crossroads. Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m.; First-day school, 11:10 a.m.
NEWARK—Worship, Sunday, 10 a.m., United Campus Ministry, 20 Orchard Rd. Phone: 368-1041.
ODessa—Worship, First Sundays, 11 a.m.
WILMINGTON—Aloycopas, Friends School. Worship 9:15, First-day school 10:30 a.m.
WILMINGTON—4th & Main Streets, 10 a.m., worship and child care. Phones: 851-4461; 475-3080.

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 p.m., P.O. Box 2111 Florida Ave, N.W., near Connecticut Ave.

Florida
CLEARWATER—Meeting 10:30 a.m., YWCA, 222 S. Lincoln Ave. Phone: 447-4967.
DAYTONA BEACH—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., 201 San Juan Ave. Phone: 676-4390.
GAINESVILLE—1921 N.W. 2nd Ave., Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m.
JACKSONVILLE—Meeting 10 a.m., YWCA. Phone contact: 369-4345.
LAKE WALES—At Lake Walk-in-Water Heights. Worship, 11 a.m. Phone: 696-1380.
LAKE WORTH—Palm Beach Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 823 North A St. Phone: 585-8560 or 848-3148.
MELBOURNE—Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m. Discussion follows. Call 777-0418 or 724-1162 for information.

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FRIENDS JOURNAL February 1, 1977
Michigan

ANN ARBOR—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.; adult discussion, 11 a.m.; Central United, 1420 Hill St. Clerk: Benton Weis. Phone 475-7677.

BIRMINGHAM—Phone: 484-7022.

DETROIT—Friends Church, 2940 S. Welling, 10 a.m.; clerk: William Kirk, 16700 Stampmood, Livonia 48154.

February 1, 1977 FRIENDS JOURNAL
TWIN MEETING—Meeting lor worship, 10:45 a.m. Except first First-day. 

BARNEGAT—Meeting lor worship, 11 a.m. First-day worship. By appointment only. Child care provided. Information: 212-777-8888 (Mon.-Fri. 9-5). 

BUFFALO—Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m., 72 N. Parade. Phone 722-8645. 


CHAPPAQUA—Quaker Road (Route 120). Meeting lor worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. Phone: 914-238-6844. Clerk: 914-628-8177. 

CLINTON—Meeting, Sundays, 10:30 a.m., Kirkland Center, Kirkland Park. Phone: 803-897-7972. 

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

ELMIRA—11:00 a.m. Sundays, 155 West 8th St. Phone: 607-733-7972. 

GRAHAMSVILLE-Calvall (formerly Greenfield-Newinsk). 10:30 a.m. During winter call 202-8167. 

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

HUNTINGTON—Meeting lor worship, 10 a.m., Union St., between 3rd and 4th Sts., Marlboro, N.Y. Phone: 518-648-4105. 

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

LONG ISLAND (Queens, Nassau, Suffolk Counties)—Unprogrammed meetings lor worship, 10 a.m., First-day, unless otherwise noted. 

TWIN MEETING—Meeting lor worship, 10:30 a.m., Friends Meeting House, 295 Summit Ave. Phone: 222-3350. 

New Jersey 

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

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

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

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

DOVER—First-day school, 11:15 a.m.; worship 11 a.m. Quaker Church Rd., just off Rt. 10. 


BUFFALO—Meeting lor First-day school, 11 a.m., 72 N. Parade. Phone 722-8645. 


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LONG ISLAND (Queens, Nassau, Suffolk Counties)—Unprogrammed meetings lor worship, 10 a.m., First-day, unless otherwise noted. 

FARMINGDALE-BETHPAGE—Meeting House Rd., opposite Bethpage State Park Clubhouse. 

FLUSHING—137-16 Northern Blvd. Discussion group: 10 a.m. First-day school 11 a.m. Open house 2-4 p.m. 1st and 3rd First-days except 1st, 2nd, 8th and 12th months. 

HUNTINGTON-LLOYD HARBOR—10:30 a.m. following 1st First-day, by appointment only. 

FRIENDS JOURNAL February 1, 1977
February 1, 1977 FRIENDS JOURNAL
QUAKERTOWN—Richland Monthly Meeting, Main and Mill Sts. First-day school, 10 a.m., meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m.

RACINE—Concordia and Sproul Rds., Ithaca, Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10:30 a.m. Forum: 11:15 a.m.

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

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

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

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

STATE COLLEGE—318 South Atherton St., near Ambler. Worship and First-day school, 11 a.m.

SUMMERTOWN— PENNSBURG AREA—Unami Monthly Meeting Meets 1st, 3rd, and 5th First-days at 11 a.m., 2nd and 4th First-days at 5 p.m. Meetingroom in Wallace and Mabcy Sts., Pennguburg.

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


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

VALLEY—West of King of Prussia, on old Rt. 222 and Old Eagle School Rd. First-day school and forum, 10 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m. Monthly meeting during forum time 2nd Sunday of each month.

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

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

WESTTOWN—Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. Sunday, Westatown School Campus, Westatown, PA 19395.

WILKES-BARRE—North Branch Monthly Meeting, Wyoming Seminary Day School, 1500 Wyoming Ave., Forty Fort, Sunday school, 10:15 a.m.; meeting, 11 a.m. through May.

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

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

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

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

Rhode Island

NEWPORT—In the restored meetinghouse, Marlborough St. Unprogrammed meeting for worship on first and third First-days at 10 a.m. Phone: 848-7345.

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

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

South Carolina

COLUMBUS—Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m., 3205 Bratton St. Phone: 789-6471.

South Dakota

SIOUX FALLS—Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m., 2300 S. Summit, 77102. Phone: 305-334-7949.

Tennessee

CHATTANOOGA—Worship 10:30, forum 11:30, Second Mile, 516 Vine St. Larry Ingle, 829-5914.

NASHVILLE—Meeting and First-day school, Sundays, 10 a.m. Ashken Ave. Clerk: Bob Lough. Phone: 615-296-0225.

WEST KNOXVILLE—Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. D. V. Newton, 863-8540.

Texas

AUSTIN—Worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. Forum, 10 a.m., 3014 Washington Square, GL 2-1841. Otto Hoffman, clerk, 442-2285.

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

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


SAN ANTONIO—Unprogrammed meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Sundays, Downtown YWCA, 318 McCullough, 78215. Phone: 512-736-2567.

Utah

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

OGDEN—Sundays 11 a.m., Mattie Harris Hall, 525 27th. Phone: 396-5955.

SALT LAKE CITY—First-day school, 10:30 a.m. unprogrammed meeting, 232 University, 84101. Phone: 801-582-8703.

Vermont

BENNINGTON—Worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m. Bennington Library, 101 Silver St., P.O. Box 227, Bennington 05201.

BURLINGTON—Worship, 11 a.m. Sunday, back of 150 No. Prospect. Phone: 802-862-8449.

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

PLAINFIELD—Worship 10:30 a.m. Sunday, Phone Gillson, Danville, 802-684-2281 or Lowe, Montpelier, 802-223-3742.

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

Virginia

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

LINCOLN—Goose Creek United Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m.

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

RICHMOND—First-day school 10 a.m., worship 11 a.m. 4500 Kensington Ave. Phone: 358-6185 or 351-6006.

ROANOKE-BLACKSBURG—Galen Kline, clerk, 1240 Chestnut Dr., Christiansburg 24073. Phone: 703-382-8728.

WINCHESTER—Centre Meeting, 203 North Washington. Worship, 10:15 a.m. Phone: 697-8467 or 697-6000.

Washington

SEATTLE—University Friends Meeting, 4001 9th Ave., N.E. Silent worship and First-day classes at 11 a.m. Phone: ME 2-7008.


Wisconsin

BELoit—Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m. Sundays, 811 Clary St. Phone: 608-365-5555.

GREEN BAY—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 12 noon. Phone Sheila Thomas, 336-0960.

MADISON—Sunday, 11 a.m., Friends House, 200 Monroe St., 256-2249; and 11:15, Yahara Allowed Meeting, 815 Riverside Dr., 248-7255.

MILWAUKEE—10 a.m., YWCA, 610 N. Jackson (Rm. 406). Phone: 276-2800 or 962-2100.

OSHKOSH—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Sunday, 545 Monroe St. 414-333-5904.

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

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