"...Now I know it is possible to soar, to know the vastness of the sky and then come back, fully, to the nest, enriched by the vision of the Whole..."
Prayer

Oh God, Maker of our good and beautiful world—

Help us to see past the walls that encompass us,
to the pure virgin earth,
its mountains, its valleys, its verdure and its deserts.

Help us to see beyond the ceiling over us
to the vastness of Thy universe,
to the star-filled heavens,
to the storm clouds and rainbows, the howling wind,
and the still, clear calm.

Help us to see the greatness of Thy plan,
in what Thou hast made, not what we have made.

Help us to read in the upreaching of the smallest green shoot to find the sun—a lesson—so that we may recognize in ourselves that same impulse to reach for the good and the beautiful.

Bless the world, oh my soul,
that I may reach out into its natural wonders, and find God waiting to take me by the hand. Open my eyes and ears, that I may truly say—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

—Margot Heilig

Amen
This is the time of year when many churches celebrate Epiphany ("Twelfth Night"), the coming of the Wise Men, the Magi, to pay homage to the Messiah, wherever he might be found. With the aid of astronomy and their camels—for the distances in space were enormous—these wise men, so we are told, came to a barn, a surprising culmination of their search. They found a wise woman already there, caring for the holy infant, and no doubt very much in need of the gold they brought. The incense may also have been useful, considering the circumstances.

Although the scriptures do not refer to Mary as "a wise woman" as such, certainly her recorded words in what is known as the Magnificat seem to indicate that. "...And his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation. He hath shewed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away..."

Obviously, Mary soon found it necessary to be practical as well as wise. For a newborn infant is no disembodied idea, nor is the caring it requires. And the kind of temporary camping out she was doing certainly called for ingenuity at such a time.

At any rate, all the principal actors in this drama were wanderers, and even the infant grew up as one, having "nowhere to lay his head" even in his manhood.

So now, in the light of the star, we focus on the seekers and wanderers of this earth, those who feel a need to affirm what they know experimentally, thus moving into a new Age of Faith, claiming a new heritage and a new land. We find a man who, because he cannot kill others, finds himself taking his friends and making his way to a high and distant country to live in peace and simplicity. We find another who refuses to continue in the wasteful urban consumption of his times, calling for voluntary association of people and a simple, productive life style, free of monopoly and speculation in land and money.

We find a woman who forges her way through the labyrinthian study of law to become a judge, taking care of her five children at the same time. We find another on the threshold of old age, discovering a new vocation and
new courage, exulting in both. We find a young man trying on a new life style, trying to adjust it to size, having the nerve to cut out a new pattern, a new mode of life in the repetitive routine of this world. We find another crying out for life in the midst of the death and despair that make up one of our modern penal institutions, calling out for Friends to hear him and others like him.

And around and in the midst of all this action, all this wandering, groping, searching, we find the silence from which it springs: pure Spirit inwardly moving the heart, teaching it to wait until the time has come to “put on thy jumping shoes which are [intuition] and love, and overleap the worship of thy mental powers, overleap thy understanding...” As one puts it, “...waiting for a time of gathering and restitution to the knowledge of what as yet they understand not. The attainment of this is the end of their seeking...and herein they desire to be found, hoping firmly to the end.”

Thus, in 1978, we celebrate the Epiphany; thus we celebrate the “seekers moving into a new Age of Faith.” We ourselves are all a part of that Age.

**Untitled**

In the End it is all!
The same—the goal
For all is One. The Way
Is many—as many as
There are hearts and minds
And souls to seek,
Coming forth from the Eternal
And returning to Eternity—
Some suspecting, most never aware
That all the Ways lie parallel
Spiralling together into a common God.

—Karen Alexander

**A Hymn for Wanderers**

When you journey
I am the road.
I am the song you sing
That will lighten your load.

I am the pause at dawn
And the wind in the trees
I am the hush at night
And the rain on the leaves.

I am the hill you climb
I am the running stream.
And when at last you sleep
I am the dream.

There is a path in a garden
Where I am both flower and rock
I am the house and the door
I will open at your knock.

Mine is the hand that reaches
To hold your hand like this.
When you lift your face in greeting
Mine are the lips that kiss.

A table is set before you,
A chair in which to sink,
I am the bread... Eat!
I am the wine... Drink!

—Basil Burwell
NEW WINE
by Joe Havens

I once suggested that we of Mt. Toby Friends Meeting were spiritually in the situation of those groups of early Seekers which later, under the influence of Fox’s preaching, became the cells of the Quaker Movement. Recent discussions at Mt. Toby of Quaker “pastoral care” and the meaning of membership have reinforced that conviction. One seasoned Friend said he felt that the only common denominator of Friends over the world was that they were “committed”—the only shared focus of that commitment being the freedom to decide what one was committed to! Such phrases as “the Light within,” and “that of God” in everyone, are inadequate as definitions of a common faith. They are frequently used as if their meanings were self-evident, yet when we try to explicate those meanings in concrete terms, we discover a confusingly wide range of interpretations. When she first heard George Fox preach, Margaret Fell cried, “We are all thieves, we are all thieves, we have taken the scriptures in words and know nothing of them in ourselves.” Today we are using the early Quaker assertions as unconscious cover for our unclarity rather than finding our own words for our encounters with God.

Though few of us have found the Truth with the kind of clarity and certainty which Fox and Naylor and Barclay had, we are Seekers with much going for us. We need to affirm what we do know experimentally, however small or momentous that may be, and set about behaving as Seekers moving into a new Age of Faith. This means sharing with one another those things which we know in our gut, those truths won out of the struggle and wonder of our lives, and declining to claim a spiritual heritage before it is truly ours. Try substituting “Fox” or “Woolman” for “Christ” in Fox’s query: “You will say Christ saith this, and the apostles say this, but what canst thou say?”

Behaving as Seekers also means meeting together in groups and sharing our findings. “Findings” here should include the crucial questions, the great longings as well as the new discoveries and the personally-won truths. A certain John Jackson wrote of [the Seekers] in 1651:

Expressing their deep sense of the want of what they enjoy not, behaving themselves as persons having neither power nor gift to go one before another by way of eminency or authority; but as sheep unfolded and as soldiers unrallied, waiting for a time of gathering and restitution to the knowledge of what as yet they understand not; the attainment of this is the end of their seeking, and to this they stir up and provoke one another, and herein they desire to be found, hoping firmly to the end.

Arnold Lloyd, Quaker Social History, 1669-1738

Friends, this describes us also: no one among us “of eminency and authority,” all of us “waiting for a time of gathering and restitution.” There are many signs that the time of gathering is at hand. But we must discover how to share with one another the new life struggling to be born within us. Somehow our meetings for worship need to be freed from the unspoken rules and the narrow definitions of what is “Quakerly” or “spiritual” which often inhibit our sharing. If we can do these things, we have some exciting spiritual discoveries ahead of us.

Reprinted from the Clerk’s Corner, Mt. Toby (MA) Friends Meeting.
On October 12, 1949, a federal judge sentenced Marvin Rockwell to a year and a day in prison. Rockwell, then twenty-six years old and a veteran of World War II, had refused to register for the draft under the provisions of the Universal Military Training Act of 1948. As a Quaker, he was opposed to war or any preparation for war. Along with the sentence, the judge told him that if he didn't want to defend his country, he should think about leaving it, and gave him a year and a day to think about that remark.

Rockwell had served in WWII as a non-combatant attached to the Army Transportation Corps as a medic. He did not resist service then because, he says, "I felt I could do more good as a medic than in prison. In 1948, however, there were no hostilities. I did not register as a matter of principle."

He and his two nephews and a friend, all natives of Fairhope, AL, served four months of their sentence, being put on parole for the remainder.

In October of 1950, a year after the sentencing, Rockwell and the small Quaker community of Fairhope made national news. In a short article, Time magazine mentioned that "for the first time in history a group of Quakers were planning to leave the U.S. because of their peace-loving convictions." Seven Quaker families—including Marvin Rockwell and his parents—twenty-five or thirty people in all, had decided to move to the Central American Republic of Costa Rica.

Twenty-seven years later, Marvin Rockwell recounts why he left the U.S. and what has happened to him since settling 5,000 feet up in the steep, rugged mountains of Costa Rica.

"We had a growing dissatisfaction with what we in Fairhope thought was a military build-up, a wartime economy. We wanted to be free of paying taxes in a war economy," Rockwell says in a soft, yet deliberate, voice. "When the judge sentenced us he said, 'If you're not willing to defend your country, you should get out.' So we began to think seriously of that possibility."

While Rockwell and others were mulling over the possibility of leaving the country, a member of the Fairhope Quaker community went on an agricultural tour of Central America. He returned sold on Costa Rica as the best prospect in Central America. He returned sold on Costa Rica as the best prospect in Central America in which to settle. A unique aspect of the country was that it had no army.

Most of the group flew down to Costa Rica, shipping their household goods by freighter. Rockwell decided to drive.

"My sister and her family drove a one-and-one-half ton truck loaded with household goods. I drove a jeep and a trailer with household goods. My father and mother came, too."

It took them three months to drive from Alabama to San Jose', the capital city of Costa Rica. In southern Mexico, Rockwell recalls, the roads were so poor they put the vehicles on flatcars and traveled by rail for about 200 miles.
miles to the Guatemalan-Mexican border, driving through Guatemala and Nicaragua to the Costa Rican border. There, they were forced to stop. The road was not only bad, it was non-existent.

In Nicaragua they tried shipping the vehicles by sea. But the necessary loading equipment was unavailable. They decided to try the “road” again. The women and children in the group flew to San José. Marvin Rockwell and three others took the supply-laden vehicles through thick forests, over narrow trails and down dry river beds. Their destination—the point where the road began again—was twelve miles away.

“It took us one month to travel twelve miles,” Rockwell says, grinning broadly. “We built the route with shovels, machetes and axes. Occasionally, Costa Rican Guardia Civil would stop to help us or relay messages to San José for us.” Today, sections of that twelve-mile strip that Rockwell and his friends hacked out of the forest in 1950 are part of the Pan-American Highway.

Rockwell explains how the group, which now numbers between seventy and 100 people, came to settle in the mountains. “When we arrived in San José, some of the group had already been there for three months and had been looking for land. There was some publicity when we arrived and people were coming to us to offer us land. Each time, two or three of the group would go to look and report to the rest of the group. We preferred not to locate in the lowlands because we thought there were more health hazards such as malaria and yellow fever. And, we didn’t have enough money to buy land around San José. So we ended up buying this tract of land—a shelf on the side of a mountain.”

The Quakers bought 3,000 acres of forest and immediately set aside 1,000 acres at the head waters of a nearby river to be left permanently as forest to insure a continuous and good water supply. (That forest preserve is now the nucleus of a tropical rain forest studied often by visiting scientists and students from around the world.) They divided the remaining land into farms. Each family chose a plot it liked and could afford, and the land was deeded to the individual owners.

But before they could start new homes, set aside and divide up land, they had to get up the mountain. Getting up was not easy. What little road existed was narrow and steep. Some of the Quaker colony traveled up the mountain on horseback. Any vehicles had to have four-wheel drive.

“When we came to Monteverde, the people in the area had never seen self-powered vehicles before. We brought the first.” They often had to borrow teams of horses and oxen to help get the vehicles up the mountain.

On April 19, 1951, the Quakers reached their 3,000 acres. That date, known as “Monteverde Day,” is a community holiday. The community’s name, Monteverde, was chosen by vote from a list of several names.

The first settlers of Monteverde lived in tents and “interim” houses while constructing permanent quarters. As did the pioneers of the old west, they had house-raising bees. They still do, whenever the occasion arises.

During Monteverde’s early years, Marvin Rockwell served as the community’s doctor. “I’d had para-medic experience in WWII. So, for the first few years I was the doctor here. There was no doctor within fifty miles. I sewed up cuts and set broken arms.” Did he deliver
babies? it was asked. "Oh no!" he says, shaking his head and laughing.

One of Rockwell's most recent patients was himself. He broke his arm while doing some carpentry work and set his arm in a temporary cast until he could get to a doctor.

Once the Quakers from Fairhope settled in, they had to decide on a cash income product. "We needed something of high value for the weight because of the bad road and difficulty in shipping," Rockwell remembers. "Some of the group had dairy farming experience, but milk would spoil by the time it got to market. So we decided cheese would be a good product."

But none of the Monteverde Quakers knew how to make cheese. So they wrote to a friend in the dairy business in the States and invited him to join the community. First taking a course in cheese-making, he came to Monteverde, and in 1954 the Quakers opened their cheese plant.

"We felt we should make the best quality we could," Rockwell says.

Monteverde Friends have come a long way since their first week of operation, when they produced 350 pounds of cheese. Now they produce as much as 1,500 pounds of cheese a day, taking it down the mountain by truck about once a month to be sold in Puntarenas and San José.

In 1958, the community appointed Rockwell as cheese distributor in San José, where he lived and worked for nine years. During that time, "Los Quesos de Monteverde" earned the reputation of being the finest cheese produced in the country. The cheese has become so popular that the producers are sometimes unable to meet the demand.

Because he wanted his children to learn English, Rockwell and his family returned to the United States for six years. On his return to Costa Rica, Rockwell discovered that Monteverde had changed. "A lot of new people had moved into the community, so the general feeling was not as united as it was in the beginning."

Today, only about half the 100 or so members of Monteverde are Quakers. Of the original seven families that hiked up the mountain twenty-seven years ago, four still are represented, including Rockwell's ninety-two-year-old mother.

In 1976, Rockwell left the cheese plant. But he remains a busy man, giving his time and energy unselfishly to a variety of projects. Besides being president of the area's Community Development Association—a job that involves making sure the government knows of the community's needs—he teaches English in a neighboring town, as well as teaching Costa Rican history to the Quaker children.

Sitting at a wooden table in an unfinished corner room in his "Swiss-chalet-style dream house," Rockwell talks of how Monteverde has changed. "We were isolated when we first came. We built the first houses. We worked hard to build a road to get our products to market. In doing so we opened up Monteverde for more people to get to. Other people will not have the same ideals as we did when we first arrived," Rockwell explains. "But I'm not disillusioned. I'm nostalgic sometimes, but realistically, I knew it couldn't be that way indefinitely."

Even so, many things have remained the same, and the
area is still relatively primitive. The only telephone service is the crank-up phones connecting Monteverde farms and households with one another. Short-wave radio is necessary to contact the community from the outside. Mail is delivered first to a San José address. Electric power is derived from a nearby river. The power system is run by a community member.

The only public transportation is a surplus U.S. school bus that stops in the neighboring town of St. Helena once a day. From there it is a couple of more miles to Monteverde. The road, though now much improved, is still winding and rocky, and muddy and unsure after a rain. Private transport is still of the four-wheel- or four-legged-drive variety.

The schoolhouse is a three-room wooden building, the general store provides the community with immediate necessities. There are no discotheques, shopping centers, cinemas or theatres.

Square dancing, folk singing and volleyball are the popular social activities, though in the early days the more conservative Quakers would have no part of dancing. Smoking and drinking are still frowned upon. Probably most important, there are the twice-weekly Quaker meetings. The meetings begin with an hour of silent prayer followed by a discussion of religious matters, then business. The meeting closes with news from friends and relatives abroad.

In the Monteverde community there is much hard work. They farm. They run the cheese plant. They build and repair all they can themselves. Though it may not be the same, there is still an adventurous—and religious—spirit.

There is also TV. As Rockwell reminisces, the bionic woman is on the living room screen foiling bad guys—in Spanish.

The children of Monteverde, Rockwell says, face a problem. "There is not much opportunity for young people in Monteverde. And today, it's expensive to get into farming. The younger ones want to see the world. Some of them will stay away—some of them will return."

As for his four children (ages six to seventeen), Rockwell says, "It would please me very much if they stayed. But it's their life. And I won't oppose them in doing what they want."

Rockwell has spoken in a steady, modest tone. A calm and easy-going man, he has been somewhat embarrassed to recount the history of Monteverde, as if Monteverdes happen everywhere, everyday. His story ends with the modest, but perhaps most profound and certainly most succinct remark of the day: "In reality," he says, "Monteverde is just a group of individualists trying to get along together."

That, too, has remained unchanged for twenty-seven years.

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THE ENEMY IS FEAR

by Rosalie Wahl

In June, Rosalie Wahl, a member of the Twin Cities Friends Meeting, became a justice on the Minnesota Supreme Court. In commenting on the appointment of the first female justice to this court, The Minneapolis Star noted in an interview, "On the surface, Rosalie Wahl is that soft little Quaker woman, but there's a fiery core there."

The mother of five children, Rosalie Wahl liked being a homemaker, but she was also active in local politics and civic groups—involved in "trying to get things done." She also was "tired of sitting outside doors while the men inside make the decisions. Law is the key to a lot of doors."

Although she doesn't think there is something specifically identifiable as the women's point of view of the law, she thinks a female could have something to contribute to a court's outlook that males don't have, and vice versa. "I'm sure men would think there was something missing if there were a court sitting up there made up of nine women," she commented.

Rosalie Wahl learned of her appointment to the Minnesota Supreme Court while she was attending the Minnesota Women's Meeting in St. Cloud. We share with Friends the text of her speech at that time.

I am honored and very humbled to have been chosen to serve on the Supreme Court of the State of Minnesota.

I will not cease to be an advocate for those whose rights have been denied or infringed. Most often this has been those among us who are poor or disadvantaged in other ways, but this is not always so. Every person—poor or rich, black or red or brown or white, male or female—has the right to equal justice under law. I will endeavor, with the other members of the Court, to make this dream a reality.
I am remembering tonight all those generations of women who have gone before us.

I am remembering Elizabeth Cady Stanton, as a little girl in the mid-1820's, walking into her father's law office with a pair of sharp scissors and a novel plan to amend the laws by cutting from his law books all the bad laws he had shown her "that made so many women cry."

Women had to obey the laws, but they had no part in making them and could not vote for those who did. Hairpins, wedding rings, cookstoves, offspring—all belonged to the husband.

Women could not speak in public. When Prudence Crandall's School for Young Ladies of Color was attacked and closed in her Connecticut village, she had to have a man speak for her in the town meeting.

When the first Women's Rights Convention was held at Seneca Falls in 1848, no woman had ever presided over a convention. Lucretia Mott's husband, James, was called on for this service.

I am remembering that remarkable Quaker, Susan B. Anthony, who met Elizabeth Cady Stanton at the Second Women's Rights Convention in 1852—a meeting called by many men who were present a "mob meeting of unsexed females" who were "stepping out of their sphere in defiance of laws both human and divine." There began a partnership which lasted fifty years—a pilgrimage which led back and forth across the nation, mostly by wagon—lecturing, preaching, arguing eloquently. Called "home-wreckers" and "freaks of nature," they knew scorn, fury, hardship, adventure, agonizing disappointment. And they never even saw the promised land!

I am remembering Mary Peak's grandmother, Kari Songstad Anderson, as a young woman in Norway, refusing to marry the man chosen by her father, asking for her dowry, coming to the New World alone, knowing no English—as an old woman of seventy-eight years, being the first person in line to vote at the first election after the ratification of the Nineteenth Amendment.

I am remembering Sojourner Truth—and all those brave, unnamed, unremembered women who gave so much that we might have the freedom and opportunity that is ours. Ain't we women, too? Ain't we women enough to make the Equal Rights Amendment the law of the land?

Men are not the enemy. Men are our brothers, our sons, our husbands, our fathers, our friends.

The enemy is fear—fear that by being all of what we are, by realizing our full potential, we will somehow jeopardize what little security we have attained for ourselves and our children.

A good many years ago, when my then four children were in school and I had gone with some trepidation to law school to prepare myself to help share the economic burden of supporting those children, a poem came to me which expressed my feeling at that time of what it meant to be a woman:

Foot in nest
Wing in sky
Bound by each
Hover I.

Now I know it is not necessary to hover. Now I know it is possible to soar, to know the vastness of the sky and then come back, fully, to the nest, enriched by the vision of the whole and by the exercise.

Now I know it is possible to extend the nest to include our children wherever they are—in the factories, at the switchboards, in the mines, the shops, the halls of finance and commerce and government—and nourish there the values which were sprouted by the hearth: a sense that every individual in the human family is a unique and precious being, a sense of justice and fair play, a sense of compassion where justice ends or fails.

I pledge to you and ask your pledge that wherever we are, we will never cease to work for these goals.
Choosing Life Amidst Much Death

by Gary Alan Hendrix

In the past few years, Friends Journal has printed articles about prisoners and has even devoted an entire issue to the social problem called "prison." The articles have been very uplifting for us on the inside because they show that we are not just rejected members of society. I'm sure that the articles are also very informative for those on the street who are unaware of so-called modern penology.

Within the federal penal system (I am not familiar with any state systems) there are some serious changes occurring. Some of the hard-fought-for legal rights that prisoners gained in the early 70's, such as less censorship of mail, due process in disciplinary hearings, liberal visiting policies, etc., are swiftly dwindling. I think the primary cause for these oppressive changes as far as prisons are concerned is that the Vietnam era is drawing to a close. The Vietnam War caused many Caucasian, middle-class young people to experience incarceration. Now there is only a residue of the middle class left in prison. The prison populations have returned to the norm of overwhelmingly poor people.

It is well known that poor people do not have the political clout of other classes. For us on the inside, the return to the norm is reflected by the increasing oppression. Attica becomes a symbol of tomorrow, not only of yesterday.

For Friends involved with prisons, this means that any constructive changes will be much harder to accomplish. It also means that the degree of alienation for those inside and the feelings of loss of identity will be that much more severe.

Over the last five years, I've noticed that there are some primary focal points of concern between Friends and prisoners. In most articles written about experiences with prisons, there usually is some reference to the intensity of prisoners' desires to express the nature of prison. It germinates, I think, from their attempting to show reality, because there are generally so many misconceptions about prison and expectations of "Bogart"-type structures.

Administrators have changed their methods, moving from the old-time Bastille of overt oppression to the modern pastel prisons, where the oppression is more subtle. It is important to us to show it as it really is, because the concern of Friends is genuine. That's a point that I've never heard questioned by any of the men inside. Many Friends have expressed their concern and asked what they could do. To such a concern, a first step is awareness.

At the retreat we held here at the Ashland Federal Prison in May, 1977, one of the means we used to illustrate what "inside" is like was role-playing of conflict situations. There are many other ways to obtain awareness, such as through established organizations that deal with prison issues, prison meetings, or correspondence with prisoners.

I offer a word of caution for those who have never been in a prison or are new at it. It can be a very draining experience, and sometimes the downfalls can be pretty severe. I have seen individuals struggle with themselves and inch by inch gain a little with the help of Friends. The various Friends would put much time, effort and money into helping where they could, only to have an individual pick up a gun again and get a return trip to prison. I know it can be very, very frustrating. The point needs to be kept in mind that sometimes people are so warped by their past experiences that it is difficult to reach "that of God" within them. But, if we don't try, who will? (I use "we" because I am a Friend and because I know that the prison struggle will be my life-work.)

But sometimes there are some very rewarding experiences. A person who comes to mind for me is a Friend of mine called Bob. He was a professional prisoner. I say was because I think it is a thing of the past. He is fortunate that he had the chance to break the cycle. All it took for him was caring people. As he said to me many times, "Them people really care!" He had no family or roots on the street. Now he has Friends. He'll stay out this time.

Thank you, dear Friends, for giving me the option of being able to choose life amidst much death.
A recent Reader's Digest article was titled, "Can a Woman Become Liberated—And Stay Married?"

My immediate response, and that of my wife when I showed her the article later that day, was YES—if her husband is also liberated. The next logical question is, How does a male become liberated? In my personal experience, a more appropriate query might be, How does a male, born into and reared in a traditional family, work toward liberation? A flippant answer might be, Slowly—if at all; but since neither the question nor the process is flippant, a more serious examination of a personal experience may prove instructive.

Being a first-born male in a fairly traditional Puerto Rican family in the 40's was almost enough to insure the outcome of preserving a macho image which was practically a necessity for survival. I grew up with a surprising lack of identity crises. With Archie Bunker, I could understand the importance of "girls being girls and men, men." One of the worst insults on "the block" (leading inevitably to a fight) was for someone to cast aspersions on another's masculinity.

In 1960, I went away to college and, without really knowing what it was, decided to major in sociology. Early on, I began to get an inkling of the processes of socialization into given roles, but it never occurred to me that socialization might also be a factor in how males and females behave. I dropped out before graduating, and in the five-year period before returning to school, I was married.

My first real interest in the women's movement was piqued through my pocketbook, or rather my wife's paycheck. It became apparent to me while attending graduate school that there was something inequitable about a woman's being paid less than a less-capable male. A casual survey among married friends suggested this was probably the rule rather than the exception.

After I took my first full-time teaching job in West Virginia, both my wife and I became charter members of the first chapter of the National Organization for Women in that state. We began to try (not always successfully) to live in a manner consistent with our new convictions—convictions that had been fostered and nurtured by our contact with Friends in the Lexington Meeting, and which led me to equate equality of the sexes with the broader notion of the dignity and worth of all people, male or female. Our lifestyle changed, though not as radically as it was to change later.

I took my responsibility to our new daughter seriously, though it felt strange (for example) to find myself the only father among parents and children in the waiting room at the local clinic.

I introduced a course in the sociology of women, was interviewed by the local paper, appeared on TV, was elected secretary of the NOW chapter, and shortly after was called on the carpet by the chairman of the department and the college president, who had received negative criticism from a state legislator about my feminist views.

Somewhat later, while my wife and I were still adjusting our roles in a way that would be suitable for us, we moved to Virginia, where we continued our studies and became more active in the Friends meeting. It was this move that eventually led to the problem of the two-career family and this article.

Prior to graduation, we decided that we would both apply for jobs and would accept the offer that best suited our professional and family goals, regardless of who received the offer. I realized that this could be a vigorous test of our convictions. When, in May of last year, my wife received an offer that would further her career, the test became reality. I agreed without hesitation, if not...
without trepidation, that she should accept, and we began preparation for our transcontinental move. In July, I was to begin a new career—that of “househusband”—until and if a job materialized for me. With an impact that I could not have predicted, I was to experience what, until then, had been a mere intellectual exercise.

How could I, a social psychologist, educated to understand the processes of role acquisition and the nature of rewards, come to the point where recognition for a clean toilet or vacuumed carpets could be so important? How could I possibly lose my temper simply because my wife was late for a meal? How many miles ferrying kids in the neighborhood can the new househusband be expected to drive? How could I face the question, “What do you do?”

My wife began to grow professionally and to make new contacts and take an occasional exciting business trip, while I stagnated at home, living for an occasional evening out. For the first time, I began to realize there was an implicit danger in so necessary yet so lackluster a profession as “house-personing”—the danger of imminent boredom.

How close I came to derogating my own worth! Wasn’t it my wife, after all, who was making the meaningful contribution to the family? Wait! Isn’t housework meaningful and necessary, and was I not good at it? Was I losing my intellectual understanding in the face of experiential reality? I was caught in a trap of my own making. If I could, in the past, expect the good-natured acceptance of a necessary role by my wife, then I must in fairness be able to accept it for myself. Ah, progress! But I was not nearly as liberated as I had presumed. Perhaps, after all is said and done, liberation is a process in which we strive toward a goal, rather than a state at which we arrive.

Whether oppression is political, economic or psychological, the problem becomes, as Jerry Farber once wrote, “not what Master Charlie does to you, but rather what he does to your head.”

These few notes started out as an intellectual treatise on the effects of role reversal and have ended up being a catharsis, a diary of a sane househusband, a personal experience. I have profited from the experience, recognizing that of prime importance in a liberated marriage is acceptance of one’s spouse as a worthwhile individual; not as provider, houseperson, or whatever role one occupies at a given time, but as a total person with inherent worth. The result will be the opportunity for growth and development of meaningful relationships within the context of trust and love shared by mature individuals more concerned with giving than receiving. Instead of the term “inherent worth,” I could as well have suggested the necessity of recognizing and honoring the Inner Light in each of us.

It seems, however, that even Friends are sometimes guilty of seeking to evaluate others on the basis of external criteria. How often do we attempt to discover what one does as a means of evaluating her or his status and determining our response? This is understandable when we recognize that social relationships are built on a network of reciprocal roles and that with each status there is an associated role or expected pattern of behavior, but it can be demeaning when the evaluation is not consistent with a sense of justice and based on love and acceptance. For a male to answer the question “What do you do?” or “Where do you work?” with the response, “I’m a househusband,” is inconsistent with expectations and results in some degree of alienation for both parties, merely because the expected patterns of behavior are unclear or not established.

With an increasing number of males in the U.S. withdrawing from the job market and choosing to remain at home and experience a reversal of roles, and with Friends at the forefront of change, we must at least be aware of the problems faced by those in these new roles with whom we associate. Remember that the new roles may be difficult for both the husband and wife who work toward liberation, a liberation that means the freedom to accept for others and for one’s self a variety of roles, potential and actual, without reference to illogical and irrelevant stereotypes which revolve around such externals as race, nationality, social class and sex. It is no more logical to expect a woman to be a housewife and a man a breadwinner than to expect a black to be a janitor and a white to be a professional.
Strangely enough, in modern days, those who have given most to benefit humanity are sometimes the least known. This is true of Ralph Borsodi, leading critic of industrialism and activist in the decentralist movement. The end to his ninety-three years of challenges and activities came quietly at his Exeter, NH, home on October 26, 1977.

Ralph Borsodi, for whose ideas “the time has come,” was born in New York City in 1886. He was not often in school, being largely educated by his father and by himself. He was not a college man, yet he was honored with both Master’s and Doctor’s degrees. He absorbed the thinking of great people: Buddha, Jesus, Gandhi, and his greatest favorite, Confucius, of the East; Emerson, Ruskin, Thoreau, Jefferson, John Locke, Rousseau and Henry George of the West. Three concepts influenced him so greatly that he spent his whole adult life practicing them: a simple, productive life style, rather than complex, urban consuming; voluntary association rather than reliance on government; and the elimination of monopoly and speculation from both land and money.

Very early, Ralph Borsodi took action on the ideas which engrossed him. In 1918, he turned to natural, whole foods, discarding packaged items, white bread, and white sugar. In 1920, he and his family moved to the country, where they built their own home of native rock, gardened and produced their own food, and wove their clothing and furnishings.

In 1923, he wrote National Advertising and Prosperity from his experience as a marketing counselor to large firms. He reported that national-brand advertising increased the number of brands shelved and stocked, raising cost to consumers. In 1926, in The Distribution Age, he went further, developing the economic law that in centralized factory production of goods (particularly food, clothing, and shelter), distribution costs go up as production costs go down. Home production of goods is cheaper than an equal quality of purchased goods.

In 1928, he wrote This Ugly Civilization, a full-scale critique of the modern factory and industrialism—a challenge to the quality-minded to turn to modern homesteading for creativity, as well as independence from tradesmen, landlords, advertisers, and government. In the boom period of the big factories, large corporations, and giant cities, this had a surprising reception.

Letters arrived and people appeared at his doorstep, asking questions and yearning for the country, a simpler life, and release from factory jobs. The books brought an invitation from Dayton, OH, for Borsodi to assist in their collapsed factory system. With General Motors, National Cash Register, and General Electric closed down, half the heads of families were out of work. Borsodi accepted and helped develop the Liberty Homestead Community in 1933-34. Families were established on the land to produce their own goods, instead of receiving government welfare in the city. When the project voted to seek U.S. federal funds, Borsodi returned to his home in Suffern, NY, saying, “If people are ever to see the proper functions of government in society—if we are ever to get a decent balance between city and country—we will need a new education.”

Mildred Loomis studied with Ralph Borsodi at the School of Living, directed the school and edited its journal (Green Revolution) for 30 years. She is author of Go Ahead and Live! and a biography of Ralph Borsodi.
By 1936, friends and family had helped him establish the School of Living for this new education of adults. The school was a larger-than-usual home of native rock, on four acres, with gardens, meadow, barn and small animals. Clustered around the school’s homestead were sixteen two-acre family homesteads, making up the Bayard Lane Community.

Here the school pioneered in three significant alternative patterns. Instead of private, speculative tenure of land, the Bayard Lane Community, of which each family was a member, held title to the land. Each family got access to its homestead by paying a small annual rental to the community rather than a high purchase price. This was known as the Community Trust tenure of land.

A cooperative credit agency, the Independence Foundation, received and invested funds, paying 3 percent interest. From the fund, loans at 5 percent were made to homesteaders for building their homes.

The labor guilds consisted of people of various skills—carpenter, mason, concrete worker, finisher—who estimated with each family the cost of building an agreed-on house plan. If the guild completed it for less, the savings were divided equally between the guild and the homesteaders. All incentives were for good work; all efforts were cooperative.

Borsodi was a man of great energy. During the School of Living period, he wrote three books, each a sufficient lifework for an average man. In 1939, in Agriculture in Modern Life, in a conversation with U.S. Department of Agriculture officials, Borsodi defined the family farm, explained the modern homestead, and predicted that if “mono-culture, large-scale agribusiness took over, the world would be facing an energy-and-resources crisis in a few decades.” To our sorrow, we now know he was right.

In 1940, Ralph Borsodi wrote Inflation Is Coming!, urging families to remove savings from banks, to put them into a productive homestead. He also outlined a policy of a sound currency—a cooperative people’s money—which would not permit government officials to print money to pay government debts or for armaments and war loans.

In 1945, the School of Living was sold to a private homesteader and the School of Living work and library removed to Lane’s End Homestead in Ohio. Borsodi installed a linotype in the basement of his homestead and (following the death of his wife) composed and set into hot metal two volumes of Education and Living. In Volume I, he described and documented six centralizations destroying the early American Dream: 1) the centralization of production into big factories; 2) of ownership into the hands of a few people; 3) of control into a few corporate heads; 4) of population into huge cities; 5) of government into a federal bureaucracy to regulate and manage it; and 6) of education into centralized schools and huge universities to pass on the system. In Volume II, he records his vision of a human culture, outlining norms of living: normal individuals, normal families, normal communities, regions, and world. For this work, St. John’s University of Annapolis conferred on Borsodi a Master’s degree.

Ralph Borsodi and Clare Kittredge of Dayton, OH, were married in 1950. They made three trips abroad and spent many years working and writing with Gandhians at Vidyanagar University and with libertarians in Bombay. There they published Pan-Humanist Manifesto, calling for a world program of liberty and security. Borsodi also suggested (in Education of the Whole Man) making the home a recognized part of the educational system (replac-
ing the kindergarten), substituting good vocational schools for high schools, and developing vital community schools of living for adults for life-long learning. He also completed his magnum opus, *Seventeen Problems of Men and Society*, as a guide for such “schools of living.” On his return to America in 1970, the University of New Hampshire honored Ralph Borsodi with a doctorate in philosophy.

About this time, Borsodi emphasized the global nature of his analysis and solutions, in a World Peace and Patrol Plan. Showing that nations are unnecessary and abnormal groupings, he called for nations to forego their sovereignty in return for a guarantee of world peace, assured by a voluntary, world patrol force. This world patrol would have power and authority to patrol the world and encircle and boycott (prevent movement in or out of) any armament installation. A voluntary, world-wide authority (differing from a world government in having only one function) would collect the economic rent of all mineral, fuel, and oil land, and turn this wealth to the good of the whole world by supporting the Voluntary Patrol Force. This unique plan removes the basic cause of war (i.e., the private corporate and government ownership of oil, fuel and mineral deposits) and provides for effective elimination of armaments and national rivalries.

In the last decade of his life, when he was over eighty years old, Dr. Borsodi organized conferences on population control, with the cooperation of population, contraception, and birth-control groups; on ecumenical humanism, toward a clearly defined human well-being; and on non-exploitive economics and ethical alternatives.

Borsodi made unusual progress on his fundamental concern for eliminating speculation and unearned profits in current land and money systems. He experimented for a year circulating a commodity-backed people’s money, called “Constants.” In 1966, he was assisted by Robert Swann to form the International Institute of Independence to promote a Community Land Trust and the new “Constant Currency.” The Institute of Independence has since become two groups, each promoting one of two vital functions: the Community Land Trust Institute teaches, forms, and demonstrates community land trusts; and the Community Development Fund makes loans for decentralist purposes and promotes understanding and use of “Constants.” (Both are at 329 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, MA.) Just before his death, October, 1977, Ralph Borsodi completed a small book explaining the “Constant” and how to organize for issuing it, a book that would correct and end inflation.

In summing up the life of this remarkable man, we may say, as John Shuttlesworth did in *Mother Earth News*, “Ralph Borsodi is a man who, as his friends know, was well into solving serious social problems long before most people recognized there was any problem!”

You’re Never Too Old To Be Somebody

by Marion Schoeberlein

Throughout the years I’ve collected all kinds of rejection slips, but never one that said, “Sorry, you’re too old. We don’t want your poem or story.”

It makes you feel good to know that it’s never too late to be creative, whether it’s writing letters or poems. Most of us don’t like it, but we have to accept the fact that time marches on and younger people will take our places in office positions, teaching, nursing, and so on. We might be more subtle, but we’ve slowed up. In some few cases, even the brain has slowed up. How wonderful it is then to have something else to fall back on that gives us a sense of importance. What a way of escape from bitterness!

Over the years, I have known many whose attitudes turned “sour grapes” because they were being pushed to the back to make way for younger people. It is particularly true of those who have no homes or families of their own. Can they help it if they married their jobs—and now they are victimized by society in which only youth counts and experience is sneered at?

Now that I have begun these years, I am saved from a multitude of sins. I am actually looking forward to someone younger taking my place in the office—someone who can run faster for the boss and jump more quickly for the telephone! I am looking forward to the time I can be a full-time poet and writer. Every year I get more rejections, but I also receive more acceptances, all because I’ve taken more time to concentrate on my hobby.

When I finally close the door on business, I won’t be at all unhappy. I only hope that the person coming in to take my place will be as lucky as I am to find a hobby that makes him or her, like me, never too old to be somebody.

Marion Schoeberlein, who holds a B.A. degree from DePaul University, is a secretary by profession. A resident of Elmhurst, IL, she has published two books of poetry.
On the Vitality Of Silence

by Francis D. Hole

Let us think of silence as a natural, spiritual sea in which we live and move as fish do in water. So we move through a sparkling, illuminated, noiseless sea. This silence lubricates us as we move, it floats us, it nourishes us and gives us life. Silence is a medium in which we are supported and through which elemental words come to us. They are not our words. They are given to us and we pass them on to one another. If we jump out of the sea and lie gasping like a school of fish that has leaped too far up onto shore, we suffer. It is best to remain in the silence, where we can be active in our proper element.

A medieval Dominican wrote: “Up then, noble soul! Put on thy jumping shoes which are [intuition] and love, and overlap the worship of thy mental powers, overlap thy understanding and spring into the heart of God, into [God’s] hiddenness, where thou art hidden from all creatures.” (Eckhart) This expresses the hiddenness of being immersed in silence and also suggests the love and mystery that we experience there.

Out of the experience may come a leading to speak or to act. John Woolman wrote: “...pure Spirit inwardly moves upon the heart and taught [me] to wait in silence sometimes many weeks together, until I felt that rise which prepares the creature to stand like a trumpet through which the Lord speaks to [the] flock.”

One of us today might use less grand words than John Woolman did. Apparently, the essence of the silence continues even when we are speaking, working, playing, laughing, crying, sleeping. To keep silent is to be quiet. When as a boy John Woolman spoke rudely to his mother and was later admonished by his father about it, John “in shame and confusion remained silent,” and by resolve was never again rude to a parent.

So we know how to keep silence, whether it is to resist mistreatment, to exercise repentance and remorse, or to wait for an inspired leading from the spiritual depths of silence. If we are aware that silence is keeping us, then we are sensitive to any impropriety in our thoughts, our play, work, speaking, which might be in discord with the precious silence that enfolds us.

Max Picard writes that “today, when there is only noise in and around [us], it is difficult to approach the mystery. When the layer of silence is missing, the extraordinary easily becomes connected with the ordinary, and [people reduce] the extraordinary to a mere part of... mechanical routine.... [A person] is able through the power of the spirit to give an elemental force to words...but the word that comes from the silence is already elemental.” Friends need not be college graduates to transmit the elemental word out of the silence.

In the course of a lifetime we experience silence in all sorts of ways: it is a dull, unbearable bore; it is a torture; it is filled with remorse and mortification; it is a fortress and refuge; it is repression; it is filled with holy words, psalms, prayers, spiritual images; it is an indescribably delicious state of being; it transforms us in an hour from troubled souls to cleansed beings who are at peace and in full strength; it stirs us and assigns to us burdensome concerns.

In the group silence of meeting for worship we sit as separate cells, bathed by silence, as cells in our bodies are bathed by cleansing and nourishing fluids of the blood and lymph systems, those portable, individual seas. Picard speaks of silence as “the nature of God.” I recommend an image of blood that is different from those dramatic symbols used in Christian tradition. The image that I suggest likens silence to a benign, warm, divine blood that circulates as serenely as our own blood circulates among the cells of our bodies. As we yield ourselves in group worship, we separate people become one body in this divine stream. It is this group experience of becoming one body together in the divine stream that makes meeting for worship so natural, so wonderful, and such a dependable miracle. It is something to accept and enjoy and, if need be, to suffer for.

A member of Madison (WI) Meeting, Francis D. Hole teaches Soil Science and Geography at the University of Wisconsin. This article was prepared for a Quakerism course sponsored by his meeting in the fall of 1977.
Richard Catlett, a Friend from Columbia, MO, has been indicted on criminal charges of willful failure to pay income tax for three years. The case will be heard in January (date unknown as yet) in the Federal Court of Western Missouri (Federal Building, 900 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, MO) with Judge Elmo B. Hunter presiding. Richard Catlett’s address is 110 Meadow Lane, Columbia, MO 65201.

In the “New Zealand Friends Newsletter” (August 1977) Kathleen F. Johnson editorializes as follows: “I am at present attending a library course, a part of which is to compare general bibliographies (three from the U.S., one English). To do this I chose the subject of Quakerism and traced it through the different texts. One interesting feature to emerge was that though ‘Quaker’ and ‘Society of Friends’ (or, ‘Friends, Society of’) appeared in each, the name ‘Religious Society of Friends’ appeared in none. I have no intention of drawing firm conclusions from this observation, but I do wonder a little.

“What are we? How do we appear to ourselves and how do we appear to others? Or is [U.S.] Quakerism a very different species from the one found in New Zealand?”

The Mary Campbell Memorial Fellowship is awarded for graduate study to persons preparing themselves as “emissaries of international or interracial peace and goodwill.” It is open only to U.S. citizens. Although some recipients have used the grant for study abroad, in which case a knowledge of the language is essential, it is also open to those planning to do graduate work in the U.S.

The Charlotte Chapman Turner Award is given to a married person rearing a family who is interested in educational training for a career the object of which is the alleviation of the social or medical ills of the world. This award is especially intended for persons preparing themselves for service in social work or medicine.

The Mary R. G. Williams Award assists with travel expenses to a one or two year teaching assignment at either the boys’ or girls’ Friends school in Ramallah. It is awarded jointly by the Committee of Award and the Wider Ministries Commission of Friends United Meeting (101 Quaker Hill Dr., Richmond, IN 47374). Applications for the teaching post should be sent to the Wider Ministries Commission at the same time an application is made to the Committee of Award of the AFSC for the travel grant. It is desirable that a candidate for this award be a member of the Society of Friends or familiar with Friends and in sympathy with the testimonies of the Society and demonstrate an aptitude for teaching and an interest in teaching in a cross-cultural context. The award may also be used by graduates or teachers at the Friends schools in Ramallah for a year of study and travel in the U.S.

The following paragraph by Ed Hillperrn is taken from his contribution to a symposium on “Quaker Marriage,” which appeared in an issue of the newsletter of the Morningside (NY) Monthly Meeting:

“Let’s be persistent in trying to find the Quaker answer to the problem of broken marriages. Let’s distinguish between general religion and Quakerism. We are all children of God, but Quakers speak their own language. Let’s not be muddled by ‘feeling religious.’ Let’s be specific. We depend on divine guidance. So do all religions. But we have our own characteristic. We are praying and searching and living as a group, as a meeting, as a society. The life of fulfillment can be found, for the Quaker, only in unity with the group. Our marriage takes place in the meeting. The group takes part in this joy. If the marriage breaks up, the group has to take part in the suffering.”

A meeting in memory of both Ranjit and Doris (Hitchcock) Chetsingh was held in Delhi, India, on the 26th of September, 1977. In a memorial minute received from Nette Bossert on behalf of Friends in India, she stresses the Christian background of the Chetsinghs and their lifelong dedication to adult education and human reconciliation.

A Student Christian Movement conference in Denmark brought them together in 1930. Both had taught and done administrative work in various Christian colleges in India as well as having been associated with the YWCA and YMCA there. Their contact with the Society of Friends dates from 1937 when they carried out educational and social work in the Friends Settlement at Rasulia. In 1944, they moved to Delhi and opened the Quaker Center there. Ten years later they were invited to London where Ranjit became General Secretary of the Friends World Committee for Consultation. Together with six other Friends, they formed the General Conference of Friends in India in 1959, of which Ranjit was the convener until the end of his life. To his educational work in English he brought the richness of the refined poetry and prose of the Urdu and Persian languages. Doris not only helped her husband in his administrative and post-war relief work but also taught history and French and built up the libraries in the Christian colleges where they served for many years.

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AFSC Scholarship Awards for Post-Graduate Study

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Application forms are available from the Committee of Award, AFSC Personnel, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. Completed applications and references are due February 15, 1978.

January 15, 1978 FRIENDS JOURNAL
A gathering of concerned faculty members and administrators from all the Quaker colleges (except Bryn Mawr) in the U.S. convoked at Richmond, IN, in September-October 1977 to consider the recovery of Quaker influence on their campuses and the state of college-yearly meeting relationships. They decided:

* To constitute themselves a college-level advisory committee to Friends Council on Education
* To plan a similar conference in the near future to include yearly meeting secretaries and superintendents plus other concerned Friends
* To look forward to a National Conference on Friends Education several years hence
* To found a “Friends Guild of Teachers” based on the British Quaker model and open to all Friends
* To encourage the formation of visiting teams of Quaker faculty to offer mini-courses on other campuses coordinated with a program of local Friends meeting visitation.

**What are we doing about our use of the world’s irreplaceable resources out of all proportion to our moral right to them?**

This query, from the 1974 revision of the Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative) Discipline, reflects our common concern for future generations and our responsibility to them. A letter from Sherry Hutchison in Des Moines describes one thing Iowa Friends are doing about it.

Last year the Iowa Power and Light Company (IPALCO) refused to allow shareholders a vote on its plans to build a nuclear plant in central Iowa, and it was upheld by the Securities and Exchange Commission. Influenced by efforts of shareholders of other power companies to get the nuclear issue on the companies’ proxy materials, however, the SEC later reversed its ruling. Meanwhile, the Iowa environmental group, Citizens United for Responsible Energy, which includes a number of Friends in its membership, was influential in getting a shareholders’ initiative printed. Although the resolution, asking that power sources other than nuclear be used, was defeated, IPALCO suspended its plans to build the nuclear plant for two years and announced that a coal plant would fill up some of the power gap.

Sherry Hutchison, chairperson of IYM’s Peace and Social Concerns Committee, states the moral issue involved in these words: “We have no right to use uranium as if there were no tomorrow, because when that tomorrow comes, generations to follow will have to guard the radioactive wastes from contact with the air, water, and soil for a far longer time than the history of humankind. These radioactive wastes will be a monument to those of us who used energy too greedily....”

A Christmas letter recently received from Becky and Osborne Cresson at the Monteverde Community in Costa Rica tells us that Osborne is doing budget planning for the cheese plant and treasurer tasks for the meeting association and the Puffers, who are constructing a building for health and community care. Becky revels in blooming poinsettia and amaryllis plantings and a bountiful harvest of chayotes, which taste like apples in puddings and pies, like squash as a vegetable and like pineapple when added to pineapple jam! Rainy season is coming to an end and the Christmas winds will soon be there. Becky and Osborne have each drawn a name for the community Christmas gift-giving. All gifts must be handmade, so Osborne is putting a large turquoise floor cushion on the Macomber loom and Becky’s project on the Dorset loom is a “hanging chair” in yellow twine and clothesline. They report, “It is fun in our sunset years to sit together, busy in the weaving room, overlooking the Gulf of Nicoya and the distant mountains. “Our thoughts range widely to all of you, and with love and a hope that the good things of this crazy world of ours will surround you and that courage and faith will surmount its sorrows and problems.”

**CONFERENCES**

**Central Committee Gathering**

NEW DIRECTIONS FOR FRIENDS GENERAL CONFERENCE was the theme of the gathering of FGC’s Central Committee and coopted members when they met at Appel Farm, NJ, on the weekend of September 30-October 2. The conference drew about 120 members from a wide area across the United States and Canada.

We came to reassess our personal and collective faith, and to develop ideas and practical ways to revitalize our meetings on all levels, and also to communicate and spread the Light across barriers in a desperately hurting world.

Dwight Wilson challenged the gathering to deal with problems of isolation from minority and/or poor people, which derive from our look-alike, culturally-same meetings. He predicted the end of our Society unless we find commitment and courage to break out of the barriers which separate us from vast suffering populations.

Action to set up a committee to study the idea of a Midwest branch of FGC was approved at the business session.

New directions for FGC must include a deeper commitment of Friends to the role of stewardship, especially in our world of high inflation. While some devoted Friends give to the point of being sacrificial, it was felt that most members of meetings do not give of their money very well. This is especially true of the funding of FGC.

The group considered the possibility of FGC’s serving as a clearinghouse for resources across the FGC constituency, with the accompanying task of developing a resource data bank. Other matters considered were the accordance of greater roles to FGC staff in attendance at [its] monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings, with available resources and reports; a reporting back by central committee representatives to their quarterly and yearly meetings, with adequate program space available; the development of resources to raise money to support the work of released Friends; and participation of Friends and meetings outside the East coast to be encouraged.

The Central Committee approved, in addition to these recommendations, that a study be made of the possibility of changing the name Friends General Conference and the title, General Secretary for administrator.

Lorena Jeanne Tinker

Friends in the Midwest interested in working with a subcommittee of the Religious Life Committee on a project to train in Quaker Dialogue are asked to contact Lorena Jeanne Tinker, 1450 Cory, Dayton, OH 45406.
BOOK REVIEWS

In This Blaze of Sun by Elizabeth Searle Lamb. From Here Press, Paterson, NJ, 1975. $2.00.

Picasso’s ‘Bust of Sylvette’ by Elizabeth and Bruce Lamb. Garlinghouse Printers, Topeka, KS, 1977. $2.50.

A basic premise of haiku, the Japanese poetic art form, is suggestion of feeling. A brief description may evoke very personal reactions. In fact, to be successful haiku requires imagination on the part of the reader.

Elizabeth Searle Lamb knows the essence of haiku well. While not a purist in the sense of conforming to rules: 17 syllables (three lines of five, seven, five syllables), a word referring to a season of the year—she still adheres to the flavor of haiku whether writing of a broken kite or an wino’s hand: / the shattering.” The image is there in the creation of the spare poem; the reader must respond.

In the earlier of the two slim volumes, Elizabeth Lamb takes us from New York with its sidewalk scenes:

In the hot sun / still swinging / this empty swing
to the Amazon:

A sudden rain squall / erasing the green shore line / as we float downstream
to Brazil:

So early in the morning / the swish of the palm frond / sweeping up mango leaves
to western prairies:

There... a coyote / trotting along a dry wash / not minding us
and again:

With broken blades / the windmill, still turning / in this dry wind
to Barbados:

In the room / where her looms are, / the speaking / of the colored threads
and back to Brooklyn:

An oak leaf / brushing the brown silence / of raked pebbles.

All are delicate and imaginative as a “beach plum.”

When Elizabeth Lamb joins with her husband to create a book of haiku and photographs of one object, Picasso’s ‘Bust of Sylvette’ in the Washington Square Center of New York University, though time and tone vary, the result is unhappily as static as the subject. Snow and rain make subtle changes in Sylvette’s appearance; nevertheless, she remains a 60-ton sculpture of concrete poured over black basalt pebbles.

Whether it is because the graphics and photographs do not quite come off or because the haiku were forced to accommodate the pictures, the book does not succeed in evoking the Lambs’ respect for a work of art. Occasionally, ‘Sylvette’ comes to life:

Not knowing / this is the New Year, she smiles / in the same old way.

And occasionally, the book is charged with vibrant emotion: Going out to look at her / again / on the day she dies.

F. Bruce Lamb’s credits are impressive. He is a photographer, forester, author of Wizard of the Upper Amazon and Mahogany of Tropical America. Likewise, Elizabeth Searle Lamb’s haiku have been published in Japan, Australia and Canada as well as in the United States. She has participated in many workshops and poetry readings, served as president of The Haiku Society, and in 1976 appeared on the Annual Haiku Reading at Japan House, read and discussed her work on Radio Station WBAI in New York City.

Now that the Lambs are living in the heart of the Midwest, the blaze of sun will surely come through again.

Virginia Stetseser


The author of New Horizons for the Third World has focused his attention on the ever-increasing gap between the rich and poor nations by writing an account of the Charter of the Economic Rights and Duties of States passed by the UN General Assembly in December 1974, at the instigation of the then President of Mexico, Luis Echeverria Alvarez.

The first three chapters consist of a brief analysis of why this gap exists, and the book then goes on to look at the response of Third World countries to their problems as developed through the framework of UNCTAD from Geneva (1964) to Santiago (1972) and within the outline of the Charter drawn up in Algiers in 1967 by the Group of 77. The author ascribes the idea of the Charter of the Economic Rights and Duties of States to Dr. Luis Echeverria, arising from his speech at UNCTAD III in Santiago in April, 1972, and traces his efforts to build support for it around the world during the following two-and-a-half years. The final compromise version is then passed at the UN on December 12, 1974, with six nations (including the UK and the U.S.) voting against it, and ten abstentions.

The basic failure of the book is that, apart from a very superficial analysis of the economic polarization of the world and the population explosion since 1945, the author has pinned all his faith in yet another international document which will be ignored by the industrialized Western powers, like all its predecessors, and fail to make any mention of the changes needed simultaneously in the Third World itself. The Western powers who voted against the Charter or abstained from voting are not going to take any notice of the Charter, especially when adherence to the ideas are seen as the only possible route for change.

Dr. Echeverria is presented as “a man of his time” at the head of a progressive state—Mexico—but radical opinion in Mexico was that the Mexican Revolution was a fraudulent cover for the continuing domination of the ruling party, the P.R.I., since 1929, and the continuing growth in the gap between rich and poor in Mexico, which is practically the largest in Latin America. Dr. Echeverria was viewed as one of a long line of presidents who enriched himself during his term of office, holding thousands of hectares of land well above the “official” limit, and spending his country’s money globetrotting around the world during his term of office while conditions in Mexico continued to deteriorate. U.S. economic interests were encouraged to move into Mexico for lucrative returns, especially in border areas where they could utilize cheap Mexican labor, and yet unemployment and landlessness continued to rise. Dr. Echeverria handed over power to a conservative businessman early in 1977, and having failed in his bid to become Secretary-General of the United Nations, has been appointed as Mexican Ambassador to UNESCO in Paris.

The only way forward for the necessary changes in the unequal gap between the rich and the poor world will come from radical changes initiated in the First World by people there who are able to make the connection between exploitation of the First and Third World, and from changes in the Third World by ra-
Friends Journal

January 15, 1978

Friends and non-Friends, gay or straight, are welcome to attend all or part of the conference. Scholarships available. More information contact Matty Muir, c/o Committee on the Civil Rights of Homosexuals, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

Quaker Lesbians and Homosexuals Hold Conference
In Philadelphia

The sixth annual mid-winter conference of the Friends Committee on Gay Concerns is to be held at the Friends Center in Philadelphia on 18-19 Second Month 1978. Its theme is:

WE HAVE SO FAR YET TO GO

Friends and non-Friends, gay or straight, are welcome to attend all or part of the conference. Overnight accommodations and scholarships are available. The registration fee is $3.00. For more information contact Matty Muir, c/o Committee on the Civil Rights of Homosexuals, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.


A master storyteller has been at work. Since leaving the chaplaincy at Yale University in 1975, William Sloane Coffin, Jr., has written Once to Every Man, a book which details his life and illuminates the civil rights and anti-war movements. Coffin's full involvement in the movements made him privy to much of the behind-the-scenes excitement and exasperation. Using his great gifts for storytelling, Coffin brings his reader into the center of activity. On an early Freedom Ride, Coffin and his companions find themselves in the midst of controversy between the state governments and the U.S. Justice Department over the question of continuing to travel across state lines. The power of Coffin's account puts the reader into the living-rooms and rails where the events occurred.

Coffin is perhaps best known to Friends for his work with the anti-war movement. His commitment to the anti-war position, his actions as a leading member of the movement and finally his trip to Hanoi to receive POW's are stories which are hard to put aside.

As a public figure, Coffin is known for the clarity with which he communicates moral imperatives. His statements linking social action and the Christian life have inspired and incited many. As a public figure, Coffin provides a dynamic and compelling leadership for Christians of all denominations.

Perhaps less is known of Coffin's private life and early years. In this book, he details his childhood and young adult life. From an early age, he studied to be a concert pianist. The outbreak of World War II, coupled with his high sense of patriotism and adventure,

dical states coming together to determine their own future, and by the peoples of the Third World determined to overthrow the rule of their own landed and commercial elites.

It will take a long time and it will be a hard struggle, but liberation is not an easy road—the only thing that is certain is that it does not come through pieces of paper endorsed at the United Nations and persistently ignored by the industrialized nations as epitomized by their latest performance at the Paris North-South talks in the spring of 1977.

Peter D. Jones

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FRIENDS JOURNAL
brought Coffin into the Army where he became an expert in the Russian language and finally one of the Russian liaison officers at the end of the war. After completing his college work at Yale, Coffin was tapped for the CIA. His earlier experiences as a liaison officer invoked a strong commitment to the goals of the CIA in its early days. His work with the Army and the CIA provides another array of wonderful stories.

More important, however, was the absence of an index is a serious omission. For answers brought him back to Yale and the study of theology.

One of the most fascinating aspects of the book is the personality study which it entails. Coffin is a man of great passion and boldness. He has been able to focus attention on the great moral and ethical problems of our time. The book also makes it clear that Coffin is a man whose uncertainties are deeply felt, whose mind is constantly reexamining and rethinking and whose successful commitment to the resolution of national and world problems does not leave much room for the examination of difficulties which are closer to home. There is no way to be lukewarm about this man. Chances are good that the reader will be captivated by the bigness of his character and personality.

Friends will be particularly interested in the chapters of this book which examine the questions of war, nonviolence and peace. As a resource for scholars of the decade of the 1960's, the book will be required reading. In that regard, the absence of an index is a serious oversight.

William S. Coffin’s book comes just as he moves into the position of Senior Pastor at Riverside Church, New York City. It is possible that the book and the new position may help to usher in a new era of strong leadership in the Protestant church.

Janet W. Evans

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

In Defense of Socialism

I was pleased to see Eleanor Webb’s letter (FJ 12/1) defending the existence of the Quaker Socialist Society in England. (The yearly meeting referred to in the original piece in the May 1 issue was London Yearly Meeting.) It is unfortunate that many U.S. citizens, including Friends, recoil from the word “Socialism.”

There are frequent statements by Friends and Friends’ groups which do express socialist ideas and analyses, without ever using the word “socialist.” The most fundamental of these ideas, to my mind, is that pursuit of profit generally runs counter to the well-being of people. It could be this that is what socialist-minded people in the United States must do—advocate socialist principles while avoiding the controversial label.

Zandra Moberg
Philadelphia, PA

“Socialism Is Respectable (!) Over Here”

I learn that there has been in the U.S. some sharp criticism of Quaker socialists in Britain for getting together as an articulate group and combining in its name the words “Quaker” and “socialist.” It is understandable that some U.S. Friends should feel anxiety because the word “socialism” has a bogey connotation in your press. In Europe this is not so. After all, parties affiliated to the Socialist International have been elected to power in Britain, West Germany and many other European countries and others are likely to win power soon. Socialism is respectable (!) over here and even non-socialist parties wouldn’t stand much chance at elections unless they incorporated in their programs such socialist elements as our wonderful health, education and welfare schemes: we have provided for ourselves, including our poorest citizens, services as good as those which in the U.S. are available only to the affluent.

I don’t think any British Friend would deny that Quaker advocates of U.S.-type capitalism for our countries are extremely few. Our press, though mostly conservative, does not paint a picture of the U.S. or its satellites that is more attractive for your ordinary people than our own; your country seems to us rather materialist, violent, and divided by huge wealth differentials, not to speak of racial disharmony. We are dismayed by its intervention in the affairs of Asia, Africa and Europe, and we are heartened by the knowledge that many Friends in the U.S. feel as we do about your successive governments.

That there are some Friends who actually approve your economic and political system shocks and puzzles us quite as much as the formation of a British Quaker Socialist Society shocks them. If they formed a Quaker Society for the Private Profit System, I suppose we’d be as worried as some of you are said to be about our QSS. But we have to get used to shocks in this world, don’t we?

Although some Friends in Great Britain are rather shy of politics/economics (we call them pietists), few are as shocked by socialist ideals as affluent U.S. citizens would be. As for the British we doubt that the QSS might deter people from joining Friends. I think we should say that at the end of the last century a Quaker Socialist Movement was founded. It comprised many prominent and weighty Friends, and a goodly number of these got elected to Parliament, where they gained great respect and love for their championship of the oppressed and the poor and the dissolution of the British Empire. At the same time there began a steady increase in convolutions to the Society, which has continued to this day.

At our inaugural meeting, sponsored by the Christian Socialist Movement and held in the precincts of the Houses of Parliament, it was made very clear that one of our main aims was to keep alive in the socialist movement those ideals which may have become a bit tarnished in the Labor, Communist, and Trade Union movements. The second was to promote our belief that socialism is a logical corollary of Quaker Christianity. It was, however, stressed that we would be very much against the use of meeting for worship as a platform for political and other controversial preaching: consequently we have held our meetings specifically outside the framework of meetings for church government,

Zandra Moberg

October 15, 1978
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FRIENDS JOURNAL January 15, 1978
Hope for Friends

Your article on the Wichita conference (FJ 10/15) gives me hope and energy to work for the Religious Society of Friends. Before certain other Quakers challenged me to grow, I was very humanistic and theologically “liberal.” I put that in quotes because I feel your “least-common-denominator” description to be the truth that lies behind that over-used and over-valued epithet. I will always be a universalist in vision but have come to see that the particulars of a religious tradition are vital to our faith and to the practice of that faith. My relatively recent acceptance of Christianity as my frame of reference has deepened my spiritual life as well as increased my understanding of the particular expressions of other faiths.

Will FGC Quakerism take that risk you speak of, and go beyond respectable but spiritually dry, ‘intellectual universalism? Will we discover what lies at the heart of our neglected testimonies? It is of no use to talk of “faith-based social action” (ref: the ad on the back of FJ 10/15/77) if we do not have a living faith. We must revive our trust in the continual guidance of a transcendent God, of an Eternal Christ.

When I read your article, I feel such assurance that in love and concern we
will challenge each other to move beyond the plateau we have reached. Thank you for publicly affirming that you are willing to take the risk and rediscover the Christian part of being Quaker.

Is Friends Journal willing to take the risk? If it continues to take a “least-common-denominator” position, either it will die, as Quakers seek more spiritual substance (not to be confused with tender humanism), or it will be an accomplice to the spiritual dessication of Quakerism.

Thank you again for extending the challenge you felt at Wichita to other Quakers, and for letting your hope and faith shine through in those photographs.

Becky Van Ness
Richmond, IN

Corrections
The poem “Why Does Stillness Hide?” published in FJ 11/1/77 was wrongfully attributed to Elmer F. Suderman. The poem was written by Elizabeth Perry Steiner, now deceased.

The article “The Care and Feeding of Wives, Husbands and Ummers,” by Ronald Steelman (FJ 12/1/77), was reprinted with permission from Friends Bulletin. Our apologies for neglecting to give proper credit to the Bulletin.

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MAJOR CHARACTERS

Peter Rawlins: But as he observed the small cramped dwellings, the narrow rutted streets and the similarity in the drab dress of the people, he experienced the sensation of being throttled by unseen hands and felt himself confined, choking and gasping for breath.

His Brother, Paul: He had fasted, prayed and meditated, seeking to enter into blessed communion with the Lord, but it had been to no avail. Though he stood prepared to receive his call [to the ministry], there had not even been an inkling of it.

Reverend Elijah Higglesworth: He had been engaged to drive the devil out of Salem. How in the name of all that was holy was he to emerge the victor when his flock, by depriving him of the basic essentials of life, caused his physical powers to be drained to exhaustion?

Judge Joshua Hopkins: And now in his lonely state his thoughts turned to the taking of a fourth [wife] to share his bed and board. Yesterday at the meeting-house, he had been powerfully affected by the Sabbath Day sermon preached by Reverend Higglesworth from the 15th chapter of John. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.

OTHER CHARACTERS

Mehetable Higglesworth: She hoped she might live to see the blessed day when [her son Elisha] would be ordained a minister of the Lord. And then the stabbing pain in her chest... would bring the bitter realization that she would never witness it with her mortal eyes. The Angel of Death would close them beforehand.

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New England Friends Home seeks live-in cook, beginning January 1978, cooking for 20 people in our informal extended family. In September 1978, we will need a new "intern"—somebody to help us care for our 13 elderly residents. Some knowledge of maintenance desirable. For both positions please write: Director, NEFH, 86 Turkey Hill Lane, Hingham, MA 02043.

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January 15, 1978 FRIENDS JOURNAL
MEETING ANNOUNCEMENTS

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

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

Alabama
BIRMINGHAM—Unprogrammed Friends Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Sunday. For information phone Joe Jenkins, clerk, 205-479-7021.

Alaska
FAIRBANKS—Unprogrammed worship, Firstdays, 9 a.m., Home Economics Lounge, third floor, Eielson Building, Univ. of Alaska. Phone: 479-6752.

Arizona
FLAGSTAFF—Unprogrammed meeting, 11 a.m., a03 S. Beaver, near campus. Frances B. McAllister, clerk. Meeting address: P.O. Box 922, Flagstaff 86002. Phone: 602-774-4298.

PHOENIX—1702 E. Glendale, Phoenix, 85020. Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. Olive Goodykoetz, clerk, 751 W. Detroit St., Chandler, 85224; 602-965-5684.

TEMPE—Unprogrammed, First-days 9:30 a.m., Danforth Chapel, ASU Campus. Phone: 967-3283.

TUCSON—Pima Friends Meeting (Intermountain Yearly Meeting), 738 E. 5th St. Worship 10 a.m. Steven S. Spencer, clerk, Phone: 602-325-0612.

California
BERKELEY—Unprogrammed meeting. First-days 11 a.m., 2151 Vine St., 843-9756.

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

DAVIS—Meeting for worship, First-day, 9:45 a.m. 345 L St. Visitors call 753-5924.

TRESNO—10 a.m., College Y Pax Dei Chapel, 2311 E. Shaw. Phone: 237-3030.

HAYWARD—Worship 10 a.m., 22502 Woodward St., 94541; Phone: 415-681-1043.

LA JOLLA—Meeting 11 a.m., 7390 Eads Ave. Visitors call 459-9800 or 277-0737.

LONG BEACH—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., Garden Room, Brethren Manor, 3330 Pacific. Call 434-1004 or 831-4066.


MALIBU—Worship 9:30 a.m. Phone: 213-487-3041.

MARIN—Meeting for worship, First-day school, 10 a.m. Room 3, First Congregational Church, 8 N. San Pedro Rd., Box 4411, San Rafael, CA 94903. Call Tom & Sandy Farley, 415-417-3077 or Louise Aldrich, 415-983-7565.

MONTEREY PENINSULA—Friends meeting for worship, Sundays, 11 a.m. Call 375-3837 or 625-9821.

ORANGE COUNTY—Worship 10:30 a.m. University of California at Irvine (Univ. Club. Trailer T-1). Phone: 546-8082 or 522-7961.

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: 792-9218.

RIVERSIDE—Unprogrammed worship, First-day Sunday, 10:30. Phones: 662-5364 or 663-4686.

SACRAMENTO—YWCA, 17th and L Sts, First-day school and meeting for worship 10 a.m. Discussion at 11 a.m. Phone: 952-6084.

SAN DIEGO—Unprogrammed worship. First-days 10:30 a.m. 4848 Seminole Dr., 926-2204.

SAN FERNANDO—Family sharing 10 a.m. Unprogrammed worship, 10:20 a.m. 15006 Bledsoe St. Phone: 367-5288.

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

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

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., YMCA, 303 Walnut St. Clerk: 408-427-2545.

SANTA MONICA—First-day school at 10, meeting at 11. 1440 Harvard St. Call 828-4089.

SONOMA COUNTY—Redwood Forest Meeting, Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. 840 Sonoma Ave., Santa Rosa. Clerk: 404-533-8544.

VISTA—Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m. Call 722-4906 or 722-9330, P.O. Box 1443, Vista 92083.

WESTWOOD—(West Los Angeles)—Meeting 10 a.m. University YMCA, 574 Hilgard (across from UCLA campus). Phone: 472-7630.

WHITTIER—Whitewolf Monthly Meeting, Administration Building, corner Painter and Philadelphia. Worship 9:30 a.m. P.O. Box 122. Phone: 898-7536.

Colorado
BOULDER—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Phone: 419-4008 or 494-2983.

DENVER—Mountain View Friends Meeting, wor-
ship 10 a.m. 11 a.m. Avon forum 11 to 12, 2292 South Columbine Street. Phone: 722-4125.

PUEBLO—Worship group, 543-0712.

Connecticut
HARTFORD—Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m., 14 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford. Phone: 232-3631.

NEW HAVEN—Meeting 9:45 a.m. Connecticut Hall, Yale Old Campus. Phone: 933-2983.

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

NEW MILFORD—Household Meeting. Worship 10 a.m. P ite 7 at Lakeside Rd. Phone: 203-356-7636.

STAMFORD-GREENWICH—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Westover and Ruxbury Roads, Stanford. Clerk, Rosa Packard, Wi. Old Mill Rd., Greenwich, 06830.

STORRS—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., corner North Eageville and Hunting Lodge Roads. Phone: 429-4459.

WATERTOWN—Meeting 10 a.m. Watertown Library, 470 Main Street. Phone: 274-8586.

WILTON—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m., 317 New Canaan Road. Phone: 782-5669. Marjorie Walton, clerk, 203-847-4089.

Delaware
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**Hockessin**—Worship, 10:30 a.m.; First-day school, 11:10 a.m.

**Wilmington**—Alapaos, Friends School. Worship 9:15, First-day school 10:30 a.m.

**Florida**

CLEARWATER—Meeting 10:30 a.m., YWCA. S. Lincoln Ave. Phone: 647-4907.

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

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

JACKSONVILLE—Meeting 10 a.m., YWCA. Phone: 239-8435.

LAKE WORTH—Palm Beach Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 823 North A St. Phone: 565-8060 or 848-3148.

MIAMI-CORAL GABLES—Meeting 10 a.m. 1185 Sunset Road. Doris Emerson, clerk. Phone: 561-3666.

ST. PETERSBURG—Meeting 10:30 a.m., 130 19th Ave., S.E.

WINTER PARK—Meeting 10 a.m., Alumni House, Rollins College. Phone: 644-1402.

**Georgia**

ATLANTA—Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m., 1384 Fairview Road, N.E. 30306. Courtney Scroggin, clerk. Phone: 525-8812. Quaker House phone 373-7966.

AUGUSTA—340 Telfair St. Unprogrammed meeting 10:30 a.m. Sunday in Meetinghouse. Lester Bowles, clerk. For information phone 733-4220 or 733-1476.

SAVANNAH—Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m., YWCA. 105 W. Oglethorpe Ave. 786-5621 or 206-6327.

**Hawaii**

HONOLULU—Sundays, 2426 Oahu Avenue, 9:45 a.m., hymn sing; 10 a.m., worship and First-day school. Over-night inquiries welcomed. Phone: 988-2714.

MAUI ISLAND—Meets every other week in Friends' homes. For information contact Sakiko Okubo (878-6324) or Hilda Voss (879-2076) on Maui, or call Friends Meeting on Oahu at 986-2714.

**Indiana**

BLOOMINGTON—Unprogrammed, 11 a.m. Sundays. 1011 E. Jefferson St., 1st fl. 826-9700.

CARBONDALE—Unprogrammed worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m. Phone: 457-6542.

CHICAGO—57th Street. Worship 10:30 a.m., 5615 Woodlawn. Monthly Meeting every first Friday, 7:30 p.m. Phone: BSU 3066.

CHICAGO—Chicago Monthly Meeting, 10749 S. Artesian. Phones: Hl 5-8949 or BE 3-2715. Worship, 10 a.m.

CHICAGO—Northside (unprogrammed). Worship 10:30 a.m. For information and meeting location, phone: 467-9660 or 684-1923.

DECATUR—Worship 10:30 a.m. Phone Charles Wright, clerk, 217-877-2914, for meeting location.

**Iowa**

AMES—Meeting for worship 10:15 a.m. Forum 11:15 a.m. YW&SA-Alumni Hall, ISU Campus. For information and summer location call 282-2081.

DES MOINES—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., classes, 11:30 a.m. Meetinghouse, 4211 Grand Ave. Phone: 274-4851.

IOWA CITY—Unprogrammed worship meeting 11 a.m. Sunday, 311 N. Linn. Convener, Judy Gibson. Phone: 319-351-1203.

**Kansas**

LAWRENCE—Great Friends Meeting, Danforth Chapel. 14th and Jayhawk. Unprogrammed meeting 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m. Phone: 843-8826.

**Kentucky**

LEXINGTON—Unprogrammed worship and First-day school, 4 p.m. For information, call 280-2653.

LOUISVILLE—Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. Children's classes 11:30 a.m. 4200 Bon Air Ave., Phone: 452-6812.

**Louisiana**

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

NEW ORLEANS—Worship Sundays, 10 a.m., Presbyterian Student Center, 1122 Broadway. Phone: 522-3411 or 851-6022.

**Maine**

BAR HARBOR—Acadia camping for worship in evening. Phone: 288-5419 or 244-7113.

MID-COAST AREA—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 10 a.m. at Damariscotta library. Phone: 882-7107 or 586-6155 for information.

VASSALBORO QUARTERLY MEETING—You are cordially invited to worship in the following Maine communities: Bar Harbor, Brookville, Camden, Damariscotta, East Vassalboro, Industry, North Fairfield, Orland, Orono, South China and Winthrop Center. For information call 207-923-3076, or write Paul Cates, East Vassalboro, ME 04685.

**Maryland**

ADELPHI—Nae University of Maryland. 2303 Metzott Rd. First-day school, 10:30 a.m.; worship, 10 a.m. Deborah James, clerk. Phone: 422-5060.

ANAPOLIS—Worship, 11 a.m., former St. Paul's Chapel. Rt. 178 (General's Hwy.) and Crownsville Rd. R.O. Box 3142, Annapolis 21401. Clerk: Maureen Pyke. 301-267-7123.

BALTIMORE—Worship 11 a.m.; Stony Run, 5116 N. Charles St., 353-7737; Homewood, 3107 N. Charles St., 236-4438.

BETHESDA—Sidwell Friends Lower School, Edgemere Lane & Beverly Rd. Classes 10:15; worship 11 a.m. Phone: 332-1158.

CHESTERTOWN—Chester River Meeting. Worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. 127 High St. George Gerenbeck, clerk, 630-2156.

EASTON—Third Haven Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m. 405 South Washington St. Frank Zeiger, clerk, 634-2481; Lorraine Cleggett, 822-3665.

SANDY SPRING—Meetinghouse Road, at Rt. 108. Worship, 9:30 and 11 a.m.; first Sundays, 9:30 only. Classes, 10:30 a.m.

SPARKS—Gunpowder Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. For information call 472-2551.

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

**Massachusetts**

ACTON—Meeting for worship and First-day school, Sunday, 10 a.m. Acton Barn Cooperative Nursery School, 311 Central St. W. Acton. (During summer in homes.) Clerk: John S. Barlow, Phone: 617-363-9299/263-5562.
GRAND RAPIDS-Friends meeting Sunday school, 10 a.m. EAST LANSING-Worship and worship each Sunday, 11 a.m. Phone 253-9427.

SOUTH YARMOUTH, CAPE COD-North Main St. Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Phone 432-1131.

WORCESTER-Pleasant Street Friends Meeting and Worcester Monthly Meeting. First-day school 10 a.m.; unprogrammed worship 11 a.m. Phone 337-1754.

CONCORD-Worship 10 a.m. Children welcomed and cared for. Merrimack Valley Day Care Center, 19 N. Fruit St. Phone 733-6382.


WEST EPPING ALLOWED MEETING—Friends St., West Epping. Epping Friends Meeting, 1st and 3rd Sundays at 10:30. Fritz Bell, clerk, phone 903-885-2427.


PETERBOROUGH-Monadnock Meeting, Worship and First-day school 10:45 a.m. Old Fellow Hall, West Peterborough. Meeting for worship, 10:45 a.m. (Except First-day).

MONTCALIER-Park St. and Gordonhurst Ave. Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m. except July and August, 10 a.m. Phone 201-744-8320. Visitors welcome.

MICHIGAN

ALMA-Mt. PLEASANT-Unprogrammed meeting 10:30 a.m. First-day school. Nanci Nagler, clerk, phone 772-2421.

ANN ARBOR-Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.; adult discussion, 11:30 a.m. Meetinghouse, 1420 Hill St. Clerk: Benton Beak. Phone 475-7749.

BIRMINGHAM-Phone: 313-334-3886.

DETROIT-Friends Church, 9640 S. Harvard, Sunday school, 10 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m. Clerk: William Kirk, 16790 Stannor, Livonia 48154.

DETROIT-Meeting, Sunday, 10 a.m., 7th floor, University Center Bldg., Wayne State University. Correspondence: 4011 Norfolk, Detroit 48221. Phone: 341-9404.

EAST LANSING-Worship and First-day school, Sunday 12:30 p.m. All Saints Church library, 800 Abbott Road. Call 371-1754 or 351-3094.

GRAND RAPIDS—Friends meeting for worship. First-days 10 a.m.; meetings: For particulars call 618-985-9867 or 618-363-2043.

KALAMAZOO—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Discussion and child care 11 a.m. Friends Meeting House, 500 Denner. Phone 345-1754.

MINNEAPOLIS-Unprogrammed meeting 9 a.m.; First-day school 10 a.m.; programmed meeting 11 a.m. W. 44th St. and York Ave. So. Phone: 826-8159.

ROCHESTER-For information call Sharon Rocker, clerk, phone 229-2286, or Richard & Marian Van Dellen, 228-4565.

ST. PAUL—Twin Cities Friends Meeting. Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m. Friends Meeting House, 295 Summit Ave. Phone: 222-3030.

MISSOURI

COLUMBIA—Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Ecuemical Center, 813 Maryland. Phone: 449-4311.

KANSAS CITY—Pann Valley Meeting, 4405 Gillham Rd., 10 a.m. Call 618-931-5256.

ROLLA—Preparative Meeting, Sundays, 6:30 p.m. Elkins Church Bldg., First & Elm Sts. St. Louis—Meeting, 2339 Rockford Ave., Rock Hill, 11 a.m. Phone: 721-0015.

SEYMOUR—Discussion 10 a.m., unprogrammed worship 11. Write: Jim/Donna Rickabaugh, Sunset Farm, Rt. 1, Seymour 8546.

NEBRASKA

LINC0NL—331 S. 48th. Phone: 484-8178. Sunday school, 10 a.m.; worship 11.

OMAHA—Unprogrammed worship, 453-7918.

NEVADA

LAS VEGAS-Paradise Meeting: worship 12:30 p.m. 3451 Middlebury; 565-8442.

RENO—Discussion 10-10:45 a.m. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. for worship. Phone: 721-0915.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

CONCORD—Worship 10 a.m. Children welcomed and cared for. Manchester Friends Meeting, 19 N. Fruit St. Phone 733-6382.


WEST EPPING ALLOWED MEETING—Friends St., West Epping. Epping Friends Meeting, 1st and 3rd Sundays at 10:30. Fritz Bell, clerk, phone 903-885-2427.


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ST. PAUL—Twin Cities Friends Meeting. Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m. Friends Meeting House, 295 Summit Ave. Phone: 222-3030.

NEW MEXICO

ALBUQUERQUE—Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m. 815 Girard Blvd., N.E. Alfred Hoge, clerk. Phone: 255-9011.

GALLUP—Sunday, 10 a.m., worship at 17th and windshield, Dr. Charles Dotson, convener. Phone: 863-4697 or 863-4675.

SANTA FE—Meeting Sundays, 11 a.m., Olive Rush Studio, 630 Canyon Road. Jane Foraker- Thompson, clerk.

SOCORRO—Meeting for worship, 1st and 3rd Sundays, 10:30 a.m. 1 Olive Lane. Joanna Ford, convener. Phone: 205-1149.

NEW YORK

ALBANY—Worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. 727 Madison Ave. Phone: 485-8084.

ALPHER—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. at The Gothic, corner Ford and Sayles Sts.

AUBURN—Unprogrammed meeting 1 p.m. 7th-day, worship. By appointment only. Auburn Prison, 135 State St., Auburn, NY 13021. Requests must be processed through Phyllis Pantanu, coordinator, 21 N. Main St., Moravia, NY 13118. Phone: 215-657-7722.

BROOKLYN—110 Schoenhorn St. Worship and First-day school Sundays 11 a.m.; meeting for discussion 10 a.m.; coffee hour noon. Child care provided. Information: 212-777-8898 (Mon-Fri 9-5). Mailing address: Box 730, Brooklyn, NY 11201.

BUFFALO—Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m., 72 N. Paradise. Phone 469-2045.

HAVE YOU NOTICED?

Each time you receive *Friends Journal*, not only do you find articles which may challenge or uplift you, but you find beautiful artwork and photos like those by Ken Miller, shown above and on the front cover. One reader recently wrote to thank us for ministering to his soul with the beauty of our graphics. These come to us just as our articles do—through the generous contribution of our readers.

We are asking readers who are experienced photographers and artists, who would enjoy seeing their work published in the *Journal*, to submit material for consideration for publication. We will consider any subject but especially appreciate material which depicts human interactions, nature, simplicity, Quaker buildings, meetings, historical events or social concerns.

Photographs should be black and white prints, preferably 8x10 or 5x7. Artwork should be either original art which will reproduce well in black and white, or clear photostats of original art. Please do not send anything which cannot easily be mailed. All photos and art should be clearly marked on the back with the name and address of the photographer or artist.

Our policy is not to return photos and art unless specifically requested. If you wish your submissions returned to you, please indicate how long we may keep them (a certain length of time, until publication, etc.) and where you wish them returned. Please enclose return postage and envelopes.

And many thanks to those of you who have so abundantly supplied us with material for publication over the years!