I 

Friends Around the Classified

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THE COMING FLOOD

We have built these dams, you and I,
To stifle the shout of the mad, rushing river,
To push back its unthinking force
With vast concrete fingers.

Here, we have labored together,
Brother and sister, beneath the blackened sun,
Erecting sandbag barricades
Before the coming blast.

Grim and smiling comrades gather—
Uncertain children of rooms of windy fire,
Supple twigs of springtime's fig—as
Men faint at roaring waves.

Messiah's coming seems delayed.
His kingdom does not admit of observation.
Yet, we chant, "We shall not be moved,"
Entwine our arms and wait.

—Timothy Cain
As way opens...

Friends and Registration For the Draft

Amid all the diversity of concerns, discussions, and opinions expressed at the gathering of Friends General Conference held at Ithaca College in New York in late June and early July, the sudden intrusion of one point: the announcement of the coming registration of all nineteen- and twenty-year-old men in the following weeks created an effect like that of a magnet dropped into a pile of iron filings. In an instant, everyone's attention flipped into place, as it were, along the lines of electrical current. Gone was the familiar "proceeding-with-all-deliberate-speed" reaction and time spent in argument. One could almost place a finger on the magnet and say, "This is the point where Quakers converge. This is where we all come together at last!" Other differences fell away before the common danger.

In effect, the Quakers present were saying, "That of God" in all men and women must not, cannot be conscripted to kill other men and women and children. Here is the crux of our belief. People are holy because God is holy: such was the teaching of Jesus, who lived out his brief life on Earth to illustrate the meaning of his words, to show us that the body is holy because it houses the Spirit.

Immediately the word reached the gathering that registration would soon be under way, the quickly-called meetings filled many classrooms to overflowing with those concerned about the urgency of the situation. How shall we deal with it? We need Friends to be present at the post offices to talk with young people, to let them know the alternatives. Funds were collected, press releases sent out, and plans made to alert every Friends meeting in the country to possibilities for action. Statements supporting young men refusing to register were issued, with the hope that 100 Friends would sign (See FJ 8/1-17). New signatures continue to come in, long after the Ithaca gathering is over.

How could such instantaneous and unanimous response occur? Was it just an impulsive reaction, soon to die away? I think not. What happened at Ithaca was the result of centuries of inner compulsion and suffering. What was felt is the long, heaving groundswell of inner response that has burst to the surface once more, faced as we now are with the certain extinction of all life on this planet unless our course is changed—a fear shared by Friends and non-Friends alike. Now a gathering of 1,400 Friends such as that at Ithaca is of miniscule proportions in the world. Nevertheless, Friends have proved time and again that they can make their voice heard in a way that is far out of proportion to their numbers.

In light of this past summer's happenings, in this issue of Friends Journal, you will find the stories of two men: one a Quaker conscientious objector in World War I, the other a non-Quaker who, from within the confines of the armed services, recently became a conscientious objector through the help of Friends and their friends. Here, within a time span of sixty years are the stories of how two hearts were drawn irresistibly to recognize the holiness of the human being created in the image of God, and their refusal to have any part in its destruction.

Here also is advice from a young man who, from his experiences in the Vietnam War, pleads with others to resist with all their might the evil such a war represents. Although the first two-week registration period has now passed, the author speaks to all those who must register in the future.

At this writing, we do not yet know what the actual response to the first registration has been. But certainly it has been less than enthusiastic. The technicolor versions of war have faded somewhat, and youth today have a more realistic vision of what war truly is.

One day before the two-week registration period had expired, I watched a couple of young people as they listened to a middle-aged Friend who was carefully explaining the literature about registration displayed on a table outside a post office in suburban Philadelphia. The man, obviously nineteen or twenty, was tall and strapping, but the pale, beautiful face of the young barefoot woman beside him was what caught my attention. Such a pallor could have only one meaning: something was sapping her life. Approaching, I said quietly to her, "This is very important to you, too, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes," she replied softly. "And to add to it all, I've just had a baby."

Then I learned that her baby was only three days old—yet here she stood, full of anxiety about the registration and what it would mean for her family. In the noonday sun blazing down upon her, her feet on the hard cement, she seemed the very symbol of budding human life, vulnerable in a world gone mad for armed power.

RK
was a Quaker and I had read that they did not believe in war. But I had had no teaching about that, and the few times the subject was mentioned, it was quickly dismissed. "We will never have another war" was the belief of most. Had not our president promised that we would never get into the war in Europe? How mistaken people were—especially the Quakers. And how unprepared and naked of convictions were many Quaker young men when war was declared in 1917 and the draft began.

Fortunately, during the previous summer I had gone to Media, Pennsylvania, to work on the farm of Herman and Edith Cope, boarding at the home of my classmate, James Thorp. It was through my contact with these Friends and going to Media Meeting, that I began to get the feel of Quakers in regard to war. Divine Truth was filling my mind and heart, so that I must have been prepared, without knowing it, for the experiences of the coming years.

When I got back to Earlham College, after that summer’s experience, I became vividly and sadly aware of how unprepared Indiana Quakers were to meet the challenge of war.

Looking back on the spring of 1917 after fifty-seven years have passed, it is difficult to remember the order of events and their details. But, as I recall it, I was called in the second draft to help save the world from the bloody “Hun.” How I remember the picture of that row of Belgian children whose hands had been chopped off by the German soldiers, and they were bleeding to death, waiting for the help of the young drafted men from the United States. The war spirit that swept through the country in the name of patriotism and justice nobody can know who was not in it. Especially was this war spirit felt by young Quakers, whose hearts had been touched by the love and compassion of God, as revealed in the life and teachings of Jesus and in the lives and testimonies of the people called Quakers. To many citizens, it was unpatriotic even to mention—let alone teach—the Quaker Peace Testimony. So a young Quaker had to seek for help.

The county sheriff and I tangled at the start. He wanted all the draftees to line up and march behind a band to the railroad station for departure to Camp Taylor, Kentucky. I was willing to go down to the station, but I did not want to march in a glory I did not feel. The sheriff was all for arresting me and sending me to Ft. Harrison in Indianapolis. Well, I walked with the group, but there was no march nor military approval in me. The sheriff never forgot it. In his opinion I was a disgrace to my city and to my country.

The status of the conscientious objector in the First World War was very unclear. Sometime in the future, the president was to declare what noncombatant service was
for C.O.s. In the meantime, we were to be cared for by
the Army in detention camps or barracks. But some of
our leaders roundly denounced us. I remember Teddy
Roosevelt said we should all be taken out and shot.
The draftees from Richmond and Wayne County were
generally kept together and assigned to the same barracks.
Some were Friends and cousins of my family, and a few
were students from Earlham College. After I was
assigned to a bunk and had made my bed along with the
others at Camp Taylor, I sought out the company
commander, a second lieutenant. I tried to explain to him
that I was a conscientious objector to war—that I was a
Quaker and that throughout our history we hav e believed
our leader s roundl y denounced us. I remember Teddy
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that the taking of human life is
Some were
every morning, at the blowing of a whistle, we were all to
make a soldier out me whether I wanted to be or not.
What was I to do in thi s . conflict of wills?
I do not remember the exact order of events during the
next four weeks, though I'm sure I did not sleep well that
night and perhaps at other times either. We were told that
every morning, at the blowing of a whistle, we were all to
turn out and get in line for roll call and inspection. I was
awake and dressed before the whistle sounded, but I did
not answer. One of the company was sent in for me and I
was led out and put in line. I was talked to by the
corporal, and I tried to explain the reason for my
disobedience—but to no avail. After breakfast, we were
called out again by the whistle to engage in drill. Again, I
did not go, and again I was sent for and brought out by
two soldiers. We were divided into squads of eight each,
and ordered to forward march, and squads right and
squad s left. Again I refused to obey. I was sent to my
barracks. The next day, there was a repetition of this, but
this time one soldier was put in front of me, one in back,
and one on each side. Orders were given, and I was
pushed from behind, pushed to the right, pushed to the
left, and stopped when “halt” was called.
This was being made into a soldier, whether I wanted
to be or not. I do not remember how long this continued,
but I do remember it was interrupted by a day on which
we were issued a uniform and fitted. Again, I had to
refuse to obey. I wondered if I was going to be undressed
and forced into a uniform. But I was spared this. After a
week of refusal, a weekend came. Then what I learned later, I would have stayed until the
lieutenant returned the next day. But with my friend's
permission, I took my suitcase and found the school, in
which a few other C.O.s like myself, were living. What a
relief! What a change! It was like an escape from hell and
an entry into the peace and joy of heaven.
That night I slept like a log. The next morning I had
such a happy breakfast with men of like mind! But, no
sooner had I finished, than my Earlham friend arrived
with two fellow soldiers. They took me and my suitcase
back to my company barracks, where I was rounded
cursed by my lieutenant and again placed under guard.

Things began to happen after this. I heard that my
lieutenant was called before the general. What happened
there I do not know, but toward the end of that week, I
was called before the major of my company. He found
great fault in me for the disturbance I had been causing
by not obeying orders. He said I had been showing a
disgraceful example of patriotism. He went on to
condemn the draft board for sending down to a mili-
tary camp men who did not believe in war. I remem-
ber these exact words: “A person who does not
believe in killing has no business in the Army.” I could

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not agree with him more. But I was not prepared for his next words. He said, "I am giving you a discharge from the Army and I don't want to see you here again!" He handed me a prepared paper—an honorable discharge! And the reason for it was "poor health." With the discharge, he handed me a railroad ticket back to Richmond, Indiana.

I look back upon these experiences as a C.O. at Camp Taylor, Kentucky, with joy that I had the courage to be faithful to my religious convictions, and with thankfulness to God that—in spite of my youth and inexperience—I was kept in truth and love. Also, I must add, I was not completely clear about taking a discharge because of "poor health."

My return to Richmond was on about the first of May. It was such a joy to be with Friends in West Richmond Meeting. But again, the particulars of my brief stay there are vague. I remember going to a meeting in the East Main Street Church. What I recall was the favorable excitement and support of the war. What I had been protesting against some vocal Friends seemed to be praising and supporting. War bonds seemed to be a subject encouraged by some. I recall going away from that gathering saddened and confused that a gathering of Friends could be so much like a recruiting station for a war against which I had been protesting in much agony of soul.

But I did not stay long in Richmond. I had the feeling that I could not go back to Earlham College. If I could not fight for my country then I should do something that was considered "of national importance." Agriculture was considered by many as employment of that rating. Seeking the counsel and help of others, it seemed best that I should return to Media and work again on the Cope farm. I started at once, but not quite soon enough. I was seen by the sheriff, who stopped me, and I had to explain my presence there.

I think I was with the Copes no more than a week when I received a notice from the sheriff to appear for another draft call. I wrote him that I was ordered not to come back to Camp Taylor. I sent him my honorable discharge. I was sorry afterwards that I had done so, because I never saw it again, and it would have been an interesting memento. The sheriff wanted me at once, but I wrote him that I had no money to travel by train, and that he would have to send me a railroad ticket. Instead, he communicated with the draft board in Media, and I received a ticket for the next departure of draftees for Camp Mead in Maryland. Again, it was an uncertain and trying future. But I was comforted by the fact that James Thorp's brother, Arthur Thorp, had gone down to Camp Mead in an earlier draft and was with other C.O.s.

This time, I knew none of my fellow draftees traveling to Camp Mead. But, as before, I was assigned to a company, a barracks, and a bed. As soon as possible I went to my lieutenant to explain my beliefs, and this time I asked to see the commanding officer of the camp. (How thankful I was that this lieutenant was not like the one at Camp Taylor.) I was given permission, and found that the commanding officer was a colonel. After listening to my religious beliefs, he said he had no sympathy with my position at all. The right and patriotic duty of every citizen was to defend his country. That, he said, was the
help, I was granted permission to attend. But I got help in reverse. This minister of Christ, like many, was all for the war. It was our duty to overcome militarism and crush the Hun. I vividly remember the last story he told. A Scotsman in the English army was charging a German trench. When he got there, a German soldier raised his hands and shouted, “Comrade! I am a Christian!” The Scotsman replied, “Then you will be in heaven in a minute!” and he rammed his bayonet into the German’s throat and killed him. The minister went on to shout, “That’s what you must do! Show no mercy to these terrible Huns!”

I say I got my religious help in reverse. If I had been looking forward to that firing squad with fear and doubts, both left me from that moment. The words came to me, “Be not overcome by evil, but overcome evil with good.” The teaching of Jesus and the testimony of Friends needed a witness, and if it meant being shot, I was no longer afraid. There seemed to be a new and abiding joy in me, and I could not wait for Sunday afternoon to arrive. It was in this joy and confidence that I went to my colonel and told him I had not changed my mind.

I was sent back to my barracks a very lonely soul. The next morning a soldier came for me. I was to take my suitcase and follow him. In a short time we came to a barracks on the front and sides of which I could see armed guards walking back and forth. Again, I wondered: what next? But as I was ushered into an officer’s office, I got a view of the barracks, and there I saw men in civilian clothes and a glimpse of Arthur Thorp’s face. I almost wept—the tension gone, and before me a whole army barracks, full of C.O.s. Through the weeks and months that followed, how much these men meant to me as our friendship deepened and we became a source of joy and love toward each other.

On the first of August, the president declared agriculture a suitable alternative to military training for C.O.s. Most of us were willing to do that. The county agriculture agent at Hagerstown, Maryland, had notified farmers that if they needed help, a group of C.O.s from Camp Mead were going to be released for farm work at thirty dollars per month plus board. If any wanted to take advantage of this opportunity, they were to be at the railroad station at a certain hour and take their pick of laborers.

About thirty-five of us were in this group. When we arrived, we were surrounded by a group of farmers. I have often wondered what they were thinking as they looked us over first. Then a few ventured to walk around us, feeling our muscles, our arms, and then one called, “I’ll take this one.” Another, “I’ll take these two.” And so it went, until we were all placed and taken away. The
man who chose me had also taken Bill Byron, so we were together in this experience.

The name of the farmer who selected us I do not remember. He was not very friendly. He wanted to know what work we had been doing and when he learned we were both college students, he did not like that. But he changed a little again, when I said I had done some farm work and had experience with horses. When we arrived at the farmhouse, we were given an attic bedroom with one—not very good—bed. We were put to work at once repairing a chicken house. The woman of the house seldom spoke to us, and we never ate with our employer. Bill was given repair work, and I was sent out to plow a field for winter wheat sowing in October. We got up at daybreak and I went out to the barn, watered and fed the horses, curried and brushed them, and put on their harnesses. Then I came in and had my own breakfast, after which, the farmer helped me hitch up three horses to a sixteen-inch walking plow.

We went out to a big field where plowing had been started. After watching for a little, the farmer decided I could plow. He told me to keep plowing until the shadows of the fence posts were at a certain place. That would be 11:30 a.m. Then I was to come to dinner. I thought the shadow would never reach that spot! Then I unhitched the horses, brought them to their stalls and fed them, and went in to dinner. After dinner I watered the horses and drove them out to the field again and, hitching them to the plow, I walked behind it until about 5:30. Then, tying the lead horse to a fence pole, I went to the house for my supper, then came out to my horses to continue plowing until the sun disappeared behind the Blue Ridge Mountains. Then I could bring the horses in, unharness, water and feed them. Then it was dark and I could go to bed. One day, one dollar. Have you ever tried walking all day? Even with the plow handles to lean on and pull you a little, it was a very tiring experience. And the horses—I felt sorry for them too.

The second day was the same—very long, very tiring. How I watched that beautiful ball of fire descending so slowly behind the Blue Ridge Mountains of Maryland. The third day was identical, and I was feeling more and more like a slave, and also feeling as one not appreciated, though I worked hard and steady. At the end of the third day, I had fed and watered the horses and was on my way to bed, when my employer, seeing that there was still a little daylight, took me into the garden and ordered me to weed the onion patch.

That was just too much. It was the straw that broke the camel’s back. I went to bed, and Bill and I talked it over and decided this was too much. The next morning we came downstairs with our suitcases in hand and walked out the lane and down the road toward Hagerstown. We had no money and nowhere to go. We must have inquired of a Brethren family because we were directed to one of the leaders of the Brethren Church. Making inquiries, he was able to place Bill with a Brethren family nearby, and I was placed with another who lived near Mt. Airy—a Jacob Williar. My lot was greatly improved. This man was very kind, and, although he believed the Scripture which says “Man shall work from sun to sun,” there were many slips at both ends of the day.

After about six weeks of enjoyable work with that family, I had the opportunity to do reconstruction work in France under the auspices of the American Friends Service Committee. In early October, 1918, I was permitted to go to Philadelphia, where I applied for a passport. Until arrangements were made and passage secured on the very crowded ships, we C.O.s were quartered at Haverford College in one of the dormitories then vacant because of the war. Young men for reconstruction work were coming and going all the time, but my departure was delayed because my passport was “lost.” I have often wondered about that. As the weeks went by, I had a growing feeling that the passport delay had something to do with my name. I am of German descent, and we were fighting Germany.

The influenza epidemic was at its height just then—people dying by the thousands. In Swarthmore an old inn had been turned into an emergency hospital and a call went out for volunteers who would give assistance. Since I was still waiting for a passport, I offered to help. The very next day I was put to work, assigned to the ambulance work. We went to homes where people were sick and needed hospital care. One call I remember well. It came from a poor section of the city where a family lived in some upstairs rooms. We found a sick mother and father and a very sick teenage daughter. She had gotten out of bed and dressed (which I learned later was the worst thing a flu patient could do). Her face was flushed red with fever and she could hardly stand. The stairway was so narrow and steep that we could not use a stretcher. So I picked the young girl up in my arms and carried her to the ambulance. After getting her admitted to the hospital, I went on with my work until 7 p.m., and then returned to my dormitory for the night. Early the next morning, in answer to my inquiry, I was told her body was in the morgue, since she had died in the night. That is an example of how virulent that disease was.

Finally came the armistice day, November 11, and shortly after that my passport was found. It was about Christmas when Harold Lane and I got passage on the SS La France, and then went on to reconstruction work at Varenne. After nine months of reconstruction work, I received a dishonorable discharge from the army—“Character Poor.” In late September I was back at Earlham College to complete my four years of studies interrupted by the First World War.
The Marines are looking for a few good men...

to beat each other to death with pugil sticks.

A FEW GOOD MEN

An Interview with Maurice Parks by Louise E. Harris

Maurice, what attracted you to the military in the first place?
I guess I can go way back to when I was maybe four or five years old. I can remember watching television, seeing all these early John Wayne types dying bravely for their country. I thought that was really a neat thing to do. The whole thing grabbed me—hook, line and sinker. From about five years of age, I was very interested in the military—not one branch at that time—but later on I developed a specific interest in the Air Force. It was with me all through my childhood.

Later on, I decided that the military was not the place for me. I had a kind of reversal in my thinking at about age seventeen. I remember saying once to a girlfriend of mine who had suggested to me the possibility of going into the military, "I don't want to kill people for a living."

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Right after high school I got into some jobs managing bicycle shops in southern California. I was pretty bored, actually. I wanted to get involved with something else. I wanted to go to school, but I didn’t know what to study, and that would be a waste of time. So I decided to wait awhile until I found out what I did want to study. I worked at a few odd jobs, cooking in a restaurant, things like that.

And lo and behold, your friendly Marine recruiter comes on the scene and presents his whole idea of adventurism and pride. I was cooking in a restaurant in Oregon, and the recruiting office was right around the corner. Our place was the closest place to eat that was any good, and the recruiters came in every day. I would stand there and watch them come in. They were all sharp-looking and squared-away, looking like the perfect John Wayne image of somebody who would represent the United States government. One day, when my mother was having lunch there, the recruiter sat down at her table. He was a very friendly individual. She mentioned that I was working there. So later that evening, he contacted me and introduced himself and asked me if I would like to cook for the Marine Corps.

My initial response was “No way! I don’t want to have anything to do with the Marine Corps.” But we got to talking—he was a good conversationalist. He asked me what my interests were. I wanted to fly, I wanted to get involved with the aerospace industry somehow. He said that the Marine Corps could do things like that for me, could give me the training and the skills and job opportunities. Along with that, I would get a $1,500 bonus if I enlisted now. Well that sounded pretty attractive to me.

You mean they actually give you a bonus for enlisting?
The particular program I was interested in was very specialized and very technical. The recruiter could offer the special bonus to people "who qualified." That was the big thing—"if you qualify." Well, the pride that was within me at the time said, "What do you mean, if I qualify? Are you telling me that I'm not good enough to get into this? So I tried even harder to get into something that was sucking at me already. You really get your foot stuck in things like that.

How old were you when you went in?

I was nineteen. I enlisted under a delayed-entry program in September of 1976, and I went into the military in April of 1977. In the meantime, I ran across a book in a bookstore entitled Should A Christian Go To War? I had never questioned whether or not I, as one who has dedicated his life to following Christ, should have any kind of responsibility whether or not I should participate in war. I read through the book, which was written by an ex-Marine, and it presented the Mennonite theology that, no, a Christian should not go to war. A week later I was in boot camp, thinking to myself, "Wow, I don't belong here. This is not right what I'm doing."

Did you have any particular religious background, or were you attending any religious services?

Yeah. I had decided to follow Christ probably three or four years before that, and had been a very regular attendant at a number of churches in California and Oregon. So I had a good, solid background as to how I should conduct my life as a Christian. But this was a question that had never been posed to me before, and I had no answer for it. I realized that I was leaning toward the no side, that it was wrong for me, morally and spiritually, to participate in an organization whose job it is to kill people.

What did boot camp do to your beliefs?

In the long run it strengthened them—immensely. I had no place to go but to God with my beliefs. Within a week after reporting to boot camp I had been called a conscientious objector, which was something I had not heard myself called before. I took it like in shock: "Me, a conscientious objector? I guess so." Very early in my career in the Marine Corps, I ran up against a wall of opposition to the whole idea.

Within a week, I had talked to a chaplain about my beliefs, believing the chaplain to be the big spiritual leader. He'd gone to seminary and had all this theological training—he would know, if anybody would, whether or not I was a conscientious objector. He explained to me very briefly what a conscientious objector was, showed me some regulations concerning it, and asked me a few questions that were very difficult for me to deal with at that time. "What would you do if somebody was attacking your mother? What would you do if the Russians landed in San Diego and were hell-bent on raping your wife?" Those kinds of questions. I had just solidified my thinking to the point that I knew it was wrong, but I wasn't exactly sure why. It was very, very new to me. He determined that I was not a conscientious objector because I felt that I would use force, I would defend somebody in a particular situation.

This is in boot camp, where my head has been shaved and I'm being yelled at and threatened, told that if I mess up in any way, I'm going to jail. My whole image of the Marine Corps and the government and the United States has been shattered totally by my first week in boot camp. It's all a big facade, it's a big front. And now that they've got me, they can do whatever they want to do with me—and it's horrifying. I'm scared to death talking to this chaplain who's a big authority figure. He's telling me no, I'm not a conscientious objector, and I'm inclined to believe him.

I told the chaplain that I would go back to my unit, to my platoon and try to deal with it as best I could, try to become a Marine. So I tried to adjust, I tried to be a good Marine and do what I was told, to the best of my ability. Yet at the same time there was always that digging: "What you're doing is wrong," I couldn't rid myself of it, I couldn't cast it off and say, "Well now I'm a Marine and it doesn't matter if I'm trained to kill people." My very basic job as an infantryman was to kill people.

Were there any others you noticed in boot camp who felt this way?

There were quite a few. Probably five—that I remember—had the same attitude. We were always doing things like planning escapes. It was a fenced-in, guarded area, and people are constantly trying to escape. I was a big instigator in talking to people about escaping: "All we have to do is run and jump over this fence and shoot across this runway where 727s are landing all day long, and somehow get different clothes and a wig or something, and we're scott free!"

Do people actually escape from boot camp?

Oh, yeah. Usually they're picked up out in town and brought back, and the people who pick them up are given a reward for doing this. I believe it's something like $25 or $50. You're very obvious when you escape from Marine boot camp, because you're wearing a camouflage uniform and have no hair. Everybody knows there's a boot camp here and that Marines are constantly trying to escape. And they bring you back. You get into a taxi and the taxi is not going where you want him to go; he's returning right back to the main gate, to deposit you in the hands of the waiting M.P.s.

So there's really no escape?

Very few people successfully escape from San Diego. Even fewer escape from Parris Island, which is out on an island, surrounded by water, with a bridge. A big thing for them to do at Parris Island is to take you very early in
your stay there and show you the crocodiles and the sharks and the things like that that inhab it the waters and swamps around the island. It’s a pretty effective measure of control.

Did you discover any channels for protest, or to challenge the system in the Marines?

No. You’re conditioned in boot camp, in basic training, not to fight the system: that the system is so immense that you as one little person cannot do anything against it. Everybody is so conditioned that, even now, the friends that I have in the Marine Corps still believe that there’s nothing they can do to protest, to become involved in changing the system.

There are ways to protest. I did things like put up posters in my room.

That was unusual?

That was unheard of. But the thing is, so many people came in and saw the posters and thought, “Wow, that’s a really good idea!” I designed a poster with a big nuclear mushroom cloud over the Earth, and it said something to the effect of “If you’ve seen one nuclear war, you’ve seen them all.” I had a poster of Marines with pugil sticks—which is what you’re taught bayonet training with—beating each other. It said, real official-looking, “The Marines Are Looking For A Few Good Men To Beat Each Other To Death With Pugil Sticks.” I had a very anti-military wall in my room, subtle ways of doing things like that.

Were you already established as a conscientious objector by this time?

Well, unofficially. Kind of a non-conformist to their system. Somebody who was going to cause trouble.

I went a long time—over a year—in the Marine Corps, rebelling and yet going along with the system. I was still studying, still trying to learn why I felt like this. I found support for my feelings, daily, in my readings through the Bible. Through that I continued to grow stronger and stronger in my belief that just exactly what I was doing was wrong. I couldn’t justify to myself, and to my commitment that I had made to Christ, doing what I was trained to do.

They allowed you to have a Bible?

Oh yeah. They encourage it, as a matter of fact. You’re not supposed to read it, and you’re not supposed to do what it says, but it’s good propaganda. It looks good for all their recruits to have the little green Bibles they issue you in basic training.

It took me close to a year to come to a point where I was ready to say, “Okay, enough.” I had gotten married by this time, and as a result of that, I’d say, I became much more aware of other human beings. That we should all love one another, rather than say there’s some Russian over here who’s called the enemy, and he needs to be destroyed because he’s the enemy. I began to look at things more like, “He has feelings like I have feelings; he has a wife like I have a wife. He wants to go home to her like I want to go home to my wife. He doesn’t want to come home to find his village bombed and destroyed and his life shattered, any more than I do.” I began to take a kind of worldwide look at the situation. It was at that point when I came to the conclusion that I don’t care what they say about it. Whether or not I am a conscientious objector, I can’t continue to do this anymore.

I was stationed at Marine Corps Air Station, New River in Jacksonville, North Carolina, at this time. My wife and I were living off base, as far as we could get away, to avoid the military. Which wasn’t easy in Jacksonville.

One day I was browsing through a bookstore in town, and I found a book written in cooperation with the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU). In the back, it had a number of organizations that I could write to for information about problems and hassles I had with the military. Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors (CCCO) was listed, so I contacted their office in San Francisco about a problem I was having. I had never received the bonus I had been promised for going into my particular field. CCCO sent back an awful lot of literature, including some on all kinds of discharges.

After reading their booklet, I determined that yes, I was a conscientious objector even if I would still use force to defend somebody. My idea of using force to defend my family would not legally rule me out as a conscientious objector. I ended up calling the CCCO office in Philadelphia and talking to them about it. They told me about Quaker House in Fayetteville, North Carolina, and Bill Sholar there, and that I could go and talk to him.

What kind of help did you get at Quaker House?

When I first went there, I was confused about the regulations about conscientious objection. The military was telling me one thing, the literature and correspondence that I received from CCCO told me something else. I went to Bill Sholar to get the straight story. If I was a C.O. I wanted to find out how to go about submitting an application for discharge as a C.O. I thought there was a form you fill out: there isn’t. It’s just a group of questions they ask you, about thirty questions, and you write down your own answers on them.

Who asks you these questions?

In the military there are regulations that contain these questions to deal with conscientious objectors. And you just answer the questions, however you want to. That comprises your application. You submit that to your commanding officer, your company commander, or whomever, and thereby declare yourself a conscientious objector. It didn’t take me long to write up the application—maybe a week. I had spent the last two years
It was thirty or forty pages long, in detail enough to explain my views and ideas. So it was on his desk within a week. That was in October of 1978. These regulations, is that a book that is accessible to all Marines?

It is supposedly accessible to everybody. I got a copy of the regulations from Bill Sholar. That kind of shocked them. They wanted to know where I got a copy. When I told them, they couldn't understand how a civilian organization could have a copy of their regulations. And the regulations I got from Bill were more up-to-date than the ones they had!

It was all a big surprise. It was like a bomb I dropped. The knowledge I had acquired from talking with Bill and from reading about conscientious objection just overwhelmed them. They did not know what to do next. So I found myself in the position of trying to explain to them what their next step was. Which complicated things, because in the Marine Corps an enlisted man does not tell an officer how to do things.

Basically, what happened next was I had to go and see a chaplain and a psychiatrist and an investigating officer. But they didn't realize this, so I voluntarily went and did this myself. The chaplain and the psychiatrist interviews went pretty smoothly; it took about two weeks to get those out of the way.

Bill had mentioned a time frame of about three months for the whole shebang to be over. My wife and I were very anxious to get it over with as quickly as possible so we could return to California and be normal human beings again.

After that, an investigating officer had to be appointed by the command. His job is basically to make a judgment about whether I'm a sincere conscientious objector, whether my beliefs follow the criteria set down in the Marine Corps order. Then he makes a report to his boss, who makes a report to his boss, and it goes on up to Washington, where they make a final decision.

The investigating officer that I came in contact with had no knowledge of conscientious objection and had his own very biased beliefs and ideas already formulated about who a conscientious objector is.

So he didn't like conscientious objectors?

No, he did not. It is supposed to be a very unbiased thing, but I question how a man who devotes his life to the military can be unbiased or objective in a situation of that sort. True to his colors, he was not very objective. His recommendation at the end of our session together was that I not be discharged as a conscientious objector, even though all these people—the chaplain, the psychiatrist and others—had said I was a sincere religiously-oriented person who had all these moral ideas and constantly talked about the Bible.

His conclusion was that I was not a conscientious objector because I didn't have the theological perspective to draw the conclusions that I did out of the Bible. I had not been to seminary, I was not educated enough to understand these plain, very evident truths about what Jesus taught. So he recommended that I not be discharged.

That went up the chain of command to Washington. It took four or five months to get to that step, to the point where they finally said "No."

This whole time, I was living my beliefs to the very best of my ability. I was refusing to work with weapons, I was refusing to obey any order of any sort that even minutely went against my grain. I just wanted to be left alone, because I felt there was no possible place in the Marine Corps for me to fit in where I wouldn't be violating my conscience by doing some task.

In the meantime, while all this was going on, my wife was pregnant. She had flown back to California to be in the care of her private doctor. I had not yet received word as to whether or not my discharge was going to be approved or disapproved from the headquarters of the Marine Corps. I decided that time was getting too short. I had a letter from my wife's doctor, stating that I needed to be with her at this time, that it was very critical that I be there for the birth of the child, and for my wife's own emotional and physical well-being. I presented that to my commanding officer and asked him what could be done about it. He said that I would not be allowed to leave. These kinds of emergency leaves are usually routine. So I left anyway.

I went U.A., which means unauthorized absence, and went to California. When I'd been in California maybe two days, I learned from my Congressperson that my request for discharge as a conscientious objector had been denied—as I expected it would—in light of the investigating officer's recommendation. My wife and I were very frustrated by the whole chain of events. Did you face a court-martial for having gone U.A.?

Yes. I returned approximately two months later to North Carolina, where I spent a month working with Bill Sholar at Quaker House before I returned to Camp Lejeune. During that time, we contacted Pitt Dickey, a lawyer in Fayetteville who was familiar with the military. He agreed to represent our case in federal court and request a writ of habeas corpus. Our next alternative was to go to federal court and request a writ of habeas corpus.

Turning myself back in to the military after being out of it for three months was absolutely the hardest thing I have ever done in my life. There is nothing to compare with the trauma of going back into a prison system like that after you've been free awhile. It's incredible. I spent many nights crying myself to sleep. I was scared to
death. They have the power to lock you away and lose the key—and they can do that. They didn’t do that with me, but there have been cases where that’s happened.

**Why didn’t they arrest you right then?**

Because I had turned myself in, for one, and they did not feel that I was much of an escape risk. Also, I had a lot of support behind me at that time. Were they to do that, a lot of people would know about it, civilian people outside their little world.

**Were they hassling you in any other way?**

Their attitude was just go back to work and carry on as if nothing had happened. I got lectured by anybody who had more stripes than I did about what I did wrong and why I did it.

Then I was court-martialed, a special court-martial. That is a federal trial done in the military, with a judge and a jury of five officers, who are supposed to be your peers.

**Was your civilian lawyer allowed to be present at this trial?**

He could have been there, but we decided not to do that. The military attorney that I did have was very competent. He was a real human being. He’s one of the few Marines who are actually involved with people in that organization. During the trial, we brought up conscientious objection and the fact that I should not have been in the Marine Corps in the first place. So it should not have been considered an unauthorized absence, since my C.O. discharge had been erroneously denied. Three months before, I shouldn’t have even been in the Marine Corps. I was sentenced to a bad conduct discharge and reduction in rank to private.

**What is a bad conduct discharge? Whom do they usually give this kind of discharge?**

For example, you can give somebody convicted of murder in the Marine Corps a bad conduct discharge.

After the court-martial, since I had not been sentenced to confinement or anything, the jury’s opinion was, basically, “We better get rid of this guy as fast as we can. He’s a troublemaker; he’s got a lot of support behind him, and if we don’t get rid of him, he’s gonna influence a lot of other people.” Their mistake was that with the sentence they gave me, it automatically goes up, on appeal, to what is the Supreme Court in the military. No other sentence would have done that except a year’s confinement. I don’t think they realized that.

About this time, my wife was talking about divorce. I had been trying to talk her out of it, but near the end of January, 1980, divorce papers arrived. I was pretty devastated by this, on top of everything else. I was still waiting for the appeal process to end, which could take up to a year, two years sometimes. I was getting prepared to go to civilian federal court in North Carolina. My case was that I should have been discharged as a conscientious objector, and since I wasn’t I was being held illegally in the Marine Corps, against my will.

With a lot of support from Quaker House, I went to federal court in New Bern, North Carolina, on February 19, 1980. The magistrate basically looked at my file, everything I had said, and read all the opinions of the investigating officer and the others, and saw no reason for me to be there. It seemed to him that the Marine Corps was just holding me in order to give me a bad discharge versus an honorable discharge, as I deserved. Two weeks later, he ordered that I be immediately discharged from the Marine Corps, with an effective date of June 18, 1979, *nine months earlier!*

Upon hearing that I had been ordered to be released from the Marine Corps immediately as a conscientious objector, I went to my squadron and told them to start typing up the paperwork and to give me a check-out sheet, because I was leaving. I don’t know why they didn’t understand, but they didn’t. They ordered me back to work. I blew up. I told them I was *not* going back to work for them. So they scheduled another court-martial for me. I did a lot of yelling. I just exploded. And there were a lot of other enlisted men watching this.

My commanding officer called the general and told him what was happening. The general was opposed to the magistrate’s decision and felt it should be appealed. He consulted with the U.S. Attorney in North Carolina, who represented the Marine Corps in the case, and she advised that I *not* be court-martialed, since I was legally a civilian as of June 18, 1979. It was a sticky point, though, since I was technically still going through the Marine Corps checkout procedure, so I was expected to abide by the Marine Corps regulations. The Justice Department finally decided not to appeal my case, after both the U.S. Attorney and the Marine Corps legal staff recommended that they not do so.

Then I got a message from headquarters Marine Corps about twenty-four hours later, telling my unit that they had forty-eight hours to let me go. So a week later I was finally out. The Marine Corps works like that; they’re kind of slow.

**Would you ever consider going back into any branch of the military if they didn’t place you in a combative role?**

I still have nightmares about that, about being forced to use violence again. There is no way that I could, with a good clear conscience, go back into the military—any branch—or support any military action that supports the military.

Park v. Barrows, 79-659-HC. Since Park had satisfied the three basic tests of a conscientious objector, *i.e.*, that he opposed war in any form, that this opposition is based on religious training and belief, and that his objection is sincere, the burden of proof was upon the Marine Corps to show why he had been denied a conscientious objector discharge. The magistrate, C.K. McCotter, Jr., found that the facts brought forth by the Marine Corps concerning Park’s desire to file charges of fraudulent recruiting were not inconsistent with conscientious objection.
Witnessing to Peace-
For Ourselves and for Each Other

by Alan Eccleston

Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God.

We are drawn to become peacemakers, to become children of God. It is our heritage and our calling. In the busyness of our daily lives the call may fade, and at times we may lose it altogether, but the call persists. We have only to slow our pace, to meditate on Scripture, to pray—and once again, we become aware of the call. But what does it mean?

What is a peacemaker? How does one make peace? What can you and I do, as two individuals, that will make a difference?

Let us look to the words of Howard Brinton: ‘‘To be a peacemaker one must be at peace.’’ For many of us, the start of peacemaking does not involve adding a new project to an already overcrowded schedule. In fact, it may require giving something up, making space in the day to open ourselves to the Light.

Even then, we may be confused. What are we to do? Events of the world are so overwhelming and we are so removed from the places of power that seem to initiate and shape major events! Perhaps we feel isolated and alone in our concern for peace, without visible support in our meeting or congregation. To whom do we turn? How do we start?

We must take a step. The wisdom of the Tao says, “The journey of ten thousand miles begins with a single step.” Even at this very moment, there is some small step each of us is ready and able to take for peace, a step we alone can initiate and carry out. Perhaps we will reconcile ourselves with a neighbor, or send a contribution to the World Peace Tax Fund, or counsel youth about the draft. Whatever it may be, we must take the step!

For the witness to peace is a kinetic witness. It is neither intellectual nor passive. It is an active witness, and as we act we learn. John Woolman spoke of this process of ministry in 1772: ‘‘It is as a man walking in a miry place, heavy with mist; he must take one step at a time to see where next to step. So, not needing to know the whole of the journey, we take a step. This step strengthens and prepares us for the changes we must make in our lives. We gain more strength as we proceed, and the experience of many steps gives us new insight and clarity as to the direction of our journey.

We begin to feel energized and expansive; joy flows in us and through us. It touches others and some may join us in the witness. We no longer feel isolated or overwhelmed, for the witness to peace is the experience of Christian love. It is that love made visible. Christ told us we must love God with all our heart, with all our soul and with all our mind, and that we must live our lives in that love. This is why the Peace Testimony is at the very center of our faith.

Still, we must find our path. There are many ways to travel “through the miry place,” and each one of us must
look to the Inward Light for guidance. We must trust others also to know and to follow their leading and, though these leadings may differ and some may not yet discern one for themselves, we can encourage and support each other as we proceed.

It is in the context of a community of witness, of mutual support and caring within, among, between Brethren, Friends, and Mennonites that we experience “The New Call to Peacemaking.” This shared trust and love is the channel for God’s renewing love and energy, and with it our witness can expand beyond the limits of our own frailties.

For me personally, the witness to peace has led to war tax resistance. Over the past six years of this witness I have been—and still am—strengthened by others who are not, themselves, war tax resisters.

This experience suggests that, while it was my particular leading to make the witness, others have also been moved by it. Their response and encouragement have given me both insight and courage. The witness itself is still evolving and imperfect and, again and again, I must face up to my shortcomings and human inadequacies.

As I reach my own limits of perception of the Inner Light, where a particular witness can no longer be carried forward from the loving center, I must—with humility—lay that witness down. The witness to peace is a witness of love, and it is over—whether we acknowledge it or not—when it is no longer from that center. Honestly facing my own limits is part of the process; it strengthens me and helps me on my spiritual journey. I am further renewed by God’s Spirit coming to me through others, especially those who are just beginning their witness. Sharing my experience encourages them and it helps me find clarity in the continuation of my own journey and witness.

The witness of war tax resistance is one that raises fear. We have been conditioned to fear the Internal Revenue Service as something nearly equivalent to a ruthless secret police, in its imagined power to terrorize. Most of us, unwilling to admit, even to ourselves, that fear alone would block us from a spiritual witness, find other reasons for willingly paying to produce weapons that can annihilate all humankind.

With this concern, we must take a moment to gain our bearings. On January 24, 1961, a Strategic Air Command bomber accidentally dropped an H-bomb on Goldsboro, N.C. This was neither the first nor last such incident. (You may recall news stories of H-bombs dropped on Thule, Greenland, and Palomares, Spain; other incidents were less publicized.) The Goldsboro bomb had six safety devices to prevent accidental detonation; five failed! “If it had gone off it would have released more explosive power than all the wars of human history—in this one bomb” (Daniel Ellsberg, “Not Man Apart,” Friends of Earth, February 1980). It was over one thousand times more powerful, aside from radiation effects, than the Nagasaki bomb. It had the explosive power of twenty-four million tons of TNT, equal to three times all the explosives dropped in Vietnam over a ten-year period, equal to twelve times all the explosives—including the two A-bombs—dropped in World War II. Friends, my taxes helped to buy that bomb!

A country that produces weapons like these does not need many men to fight its wars. The fact that many of us would qualify as C.O.s, and thereby be excused from military service, is of virtually no consequence to the military strategy of this country. The U.S., however, is producing three nuclear warheads a day, at immense financial drain, and this requires the continued, willing participation of taxpayers like me. I must resist! My belief in God, my love for my children and for all humanity, and my common sense, require it.

If I do not resist paying war taxes the government rightfully counts me as a supporter, as indeed I would be, of this ungodly enterprise. The scope of this issue reaches beyond pacifism. Fr. Richard T. McSorley, S.J., observes that in the historic definition of the Christian Church there can be no “just war” which includes potential use of nuclear weapons.

It is the immensity of the threat and the horror of the consequences that may turn things around if the consciousness of enough people in the U.S. is awakened. It is not only the threat of war; we must also consider the disposition of highly toxic radioactive waste and accidental detonation as the Goldsboro H-bomb showed us. “Those who have ears to hear, let them hear”—and let them act. But how?

We are back full circle, to the first step of our journey. Not everyone is called to be a war tax resister, but we all must test this by holding our concern to the Light. We must ask ourselves, “How am I called to witness?”

I spoke of fear of the IRS, and this is present in all of us, justified or not. Based on my own experience, I would say fear imagined is greater in most people than fear actually experienced, and that this is by a factor of ten, at least—maybe 100. Fortunately, borrowing from each other’s experience and knowing others will be there to help us, we can find the courage to move ahead. Then comes the surprise. With dread and foreboding we make our stand. Then, gradually, we become aware that a great weight has been lifted from us. That nagging, cumbersome burden of blocking from consciousness our own complicity with this evil has fallen away. We are lighter, more open, more truthful. We are free, at last, to speak truth to power. Weep for joy!

I take it as no sign of spiritual merit that I am a war tax resister. How many ways I know in which I fall short of Christ’s example. It is equally clear that I would be
backsliding if I were to turn from this witness! For it is not ours to question the purpose of a leading, nor to turn aside from a witness if we encounter obstacles or disappointment. So, even after six years, I need your strength, your support, your prayers—not just to be steadfast, but to be open to new opportunities to witness and to respond creatively and lovingly.

By itself my small effort will make little impact, but we are a community of witness composed of all those who are led and those who support the leadings; and, perhaps, the sum of all our efforts will make a difference.

I envision this witness in its full fruition and it moves me. It is a vision of unity among all Friends, Brethren, and Mennonites and all those of other faiths who will join with us. In one voice we are saying no to the arms race; no to taxes that support it; no to confused values and misplaced trust that spur it on; no to the injustice and inequity that proliferates because the resources of our planet are focused on the power to destroy. But we say yes to redemptive love; yes to loving our neighbor; yes to loving our enemy; and yes to sharing what we have with others.

When this affirmation is truly clear in our lives, it will be seen and felt by the president and by Congress. As in 1940, when C.O. status was incorporated in the Selective Service Act, the tax laws will then be amended to create C.O. status for taxpayers and a “World Peace Tax Fund.” That legislation, approved by the world’s leading arms supplier, will move the world one step closer to peace. That portion of our population (approximately four percent during the Vietnam War) which is pacifist would then contribute to peace, not war, and these contributions would total in excess of $2.3 billion every single year—year after year. For the first time in history, peace programs would have a significant budget. The funds could be used to support: a National Academy of Peace and Conflict Resolution; research to develop and evaluate non-military, nonviolent solutions to international conflict; disarmament; retaining workers displaced by conversion from military production; international exchanges for peaceful purposes; improvement of international health, education and welfare; and education of the public about the above activities.

This research and education could help people see and understand alternatives to military power. Then, perhaps, they too will choose these alternatives. Our peace witness must continue until the alternatives become national and world policy—and even beyond that. We must make the alternatives work.

They can work. We affirm that to ourselves and to the world. When humankind opens itself to the power of love, “then, for the second time in the history of the world, man will have discovered fire” (Talhard de Chardin).

If we look among the founders and early members of our religious societies, we find men and women who surely knew the power of love in de Chardin’s vision. The “New Call” beckons each one of us to set about discovering it.

We must look to the Light and take a step in our witness for peace, for the witness to peace is active love; we learn it by doing it. We must change our own lives as a witness to ourselves and to each other and, perhaps, if our witness goes deep enough, to the world.

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**CAMOUFLAGE FOR A NEW WAR**

Just today a shudder ripped through the warehouse. The machines and uniforms haven’t slept a decade, and already they’re led into the yard. Paint them, dye them the color of sand.

Nine years ago, tanks sunk deep into the vibrant jungle. Splotted green and muddy as if they could roll unnoticed. The odor of crushed tangle-root rising in their wake.

They’re rolling again and the terrain is changed. There’s no shade under acid-burned trees, no rice in swamps boiled dry. A lizard drinks the last water. Her gold broken skin flakes across the land.

Her babies are safe in shells. They’ll wake in blinking sunlight. It’s a white jungle, with sliding mountains.

The dream of water captive in the roots of scrub.

Soldiers emerge from planes. They lift their hands to protect their faces from rising sand.

—Paul Jolly
DRAFT REGISTRATION AND THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

by W.D. Ehrhart

Official information being disseminated with the reinstitution of draft registration by the Selective Service System (SSS) is, at best, badly misleading. If you consider yourself a C.O. and are twenty years old or younger—or you know someone who might fit this category—read this article. You must know certain things now if you expect any chance of having your status respected by the U.S. government.

According to Brayton Harris, an assistant director of SSS, the present registration “doesn’t mean that anyone who wishes to apply for conscientious objector status will be denied that right.” The only purpose of the present registration is to provide a potential manpower pool in the event of a “national emergency,” says Harris; no examinations or classifications will be made at this time.

According to Harris, it will take a special act of Congress before any actual induction into the armed services could begin. At that time, he says, examinations would be given and classification for deferments and exemptions would be determined.

All of this is undoubtedly true; however, according to Michael Mongeau of Friends Peace Committee and Jon Landau of the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, what follows is the way the system will work under federal laws now in effect.

Once enabling legislation is passed, induction notices will begin to be sent out immediately (at the rate of 35,000 per day, according to Harris) ordering recipients to report for examination and possible induction within twenty days.

You will not be able to request C.O. status until you have already received your induction notice. At that point, and not before, you will have ten days to notify your local draft board that you wish to be classified as a C.O.

Harris acknowledges this procedure, but says that once you notify your draft board of your intentions, “the clock stops” on your processing until you have been afforded a hearing by your board. He adds that, if you fail to notify your draft board, you can still make your intentions known at the examination center and again “the clock stops” until your request is acted upon.

Fair enough on its face. But unless you can convince your local draft board of your sincerity, you can fully expect to find yourself in uniform shortly after your hearing. And the fact is that if you wait until you receive your induction notice before you begin preparing adequate documentation of your C.O. beliefs, you won’t have much luck convincing your local board that you’re sincere.

What can you do now to make your case as convincing as possible?

Refusing to register won’t help; that’s an altogether different question. I can’t encourage you not to register, for the law says that I am subject to a $10,000 fine and five years in federal prison if I do. Furthermore, you can be subject to the same fine if you fail to register.

Your own conscience will have to guide you on that one, but if you do choose not to register, you should immediately contact one of the groups listed below and seek their advice.

But what can the rest of you do—those of you who wish to receive the legal classification of C.O.? To begin with, when you fill out your registration card at the post office (this time around, or in future registration periods for those of you too young to register this time), you can write on the card that you are a conscientious objector. You will have to add this in the margin because there’s no space provided for it.

Don’t feel too badly if you’ve already registered without indicating that you want to be a C.O. It certainly can’t hurt to put that on your card, but it won’t help much either. Harris says that the cards are being used only to compile names and addresses, and will have no effect on later classification procedures.

In fact, if you did put that on your card, be advised that when your induction notice does arrive in the mail, you must still contact your local draft board within ten days for a hearing. Extraneous notations on the registration cards have no legal standing.

Within ninety days of the current registration (this will probably be true also of future registrations), SSS will send you a registration acknowledgment confirming your address. At that time, along with your return confirmation, you can send SSS a letter stating your beliefs and desire to be a C.O. Send it certified mail, return receipt requested.

Again, this has no legal standing and does not negate what you must do when your induction notice arrives.

W.D. Ehrhart is a freelance writer who formerly taught English and history at Sandy Springs Friends School (MD). Author of The Awkward Silence and The Samisdat Poems of W.D. Ehrhart, he is a “veteran of both Vietnam and Vietnam Veterans Against the War.”
But it does provide some documentation of your beliefs, and helps to confirm that your beliefs pre-date your induction notice.

Finally and most importantly, you must begin preparing documentation of your beliefs. Whether you registered this year or will not have to register until some time in the future, begin preparing now. It is this documentation, along with your personal testimony, that will finally be considered by your local draft board.

Without a convincing file, you can expect to find yourself in the infantry. You do not have to be a member of a recognized pacifist church or religious group to be a C.O.; the law allows for moral and ethical grounds for conscientious objection, as well as religious. But whatever the foundations of your beliefs, you had better be able to "prove" your convictions.

Don't wait for the Selective Service System to tell you how to do that. Don't wait for your induction notice to arrive before you begin preparing. Invest fifteen cents in a postage stamp and write a letter to one of the organizations listed below—tell them you want to prepare a conscientious objector's file and ask them for advice. Your life depends on it.

**Why is this the only job our government has to offer 19-20 year olds?**

**THINK BEFORE YOU REGISTER FOR THE DRAFT.**

Women's International League for Peace & Freedom, 1213 Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19107

The letter which follows is a sample of how one young man responded to registration.

**SAYING NO**

Dear Friends and Relations,

I am writing to inform you of my decision not to register for the military draft. I want to share this with as many people as I have personal contact with.

George Fox, the founder of the Quaker movement, said, in 1660, "I live in the virtue of that life and power that takes away the occasion for all wars...and am come into a covenant of peace that was before all wars and strife were." I cannot claim the same immersion in the spirit of Truth that George Fox had, but I am preparing, with God's help, to live in peace.

This country, as I'm sure you know, is preparing itself for war. Draft registration is a gesture of compliance with the military ethos. It is an indication of availability. I have decided not to register, simply because I am not available for military "service." I will not be alone in this; several thousands will refuse to register or in someway show their opposition to military domination.

I have given a lot of thought to the possibility that I will be imprisoned for this choice. Although I dread the thought of spending time in prison, I am learning to have faith in a strength greater than my own. I understand that if a decision is spiritually sound, and is enacted in the spirit of God's love, the resources to support it will be provided.

The First Amendment to the Constitution states that we have freedom of religion. This means that we may sit in churches, synagogues, or meetinghouses, and do what we wish there, as long as it does not interfere with our subservience to the government. But if the worship of the Creator does not lead us to celebrate and enhance life, and to feel responsible for the Earth and its people, then religion is merely an idle pastime.

In our society, love is divorced from power. Love is accepted between two individuals, but anyone who advocates practicing diplomacy in a spirit of patience, understanding, and humility is labeled as a hopeless idealist. Violence is all they understand, we say of our enemies. Will anything prevent them from saying the same thing of us?

My life is not primarily focused toward stopping the military. This is because I find it important to do work that affirms life, instead of merely protesting. I spend most of my time writing and working with children: I am not an agitator. The government is claiming the right to use my mind and body at will, with no regard for my conscience or reason. The government has forced me to choose: to either allow myself to become a mindless cog in the machine that threatens all life, or to say no. I am saying no. I hope you will support me. I hope you will look at your lives and see how you can lessen the threat of war and challenge the warlike mentality we seem to be stuck in. I hope you will look into your hearts and find there the seeds of everlasting peace.

In God's love and promise of security

Paul Jolly

Attender of Scarsdale (NY) Meeting
A Statement of Conscience by Quakers Concerned
Issued at Friends General Conference at Ithaca, New York, July 4, 1980

BACKGROUND
The law now states that those persons aiding and abetting young men in refusing to register for the draft are liable for up to five years in prison and/or a fine of up to $10,000, the very same penalty set for those refusing to register.

A concerned portion of the nation's four million young of draft age are wondering if they can register in good conscience in July, thus supporting the military system. The pressures on them are enormous.

More than anything, they need models. Are we able to provide these nineteen- and twenty-year-olds with our backing and support—by saying "We're behind you" not in words alone, but with our bodies and our deepest convictions, our willingness to go to prison if necessary?

Our hope is that out of this FGC gathering at least 100 men and women will sign this statement of conscience and that they and others will take this statement home with them and use it there.

THE COMMITMENT
I am signing the following statement of conscience clearly recognizing the possibility of criminal prosecution or other consequences.

I also understand that my name will be used publicly, in announcing this group action.

I realize that young people considering non-registration must make up their own minds and that by this action we are not telling them what to do.

I am taking this step because it is something I feel I must do for reasons of conscience and/or inner spiritual guidance.

THE STATEMENT
We advocate conscientious refusal to register for the draft and wish the young men of draft age throughout the United States to know that if, after thoughtfully considering the reasons and consequences, they refuse to register, we will give them practical and moral support in every way we can, even though our willingness to do so may result in our prosecution, fines and possible imprisonment for disobeying a man-made law that leads us in the direction of war.

We are aware that there has never been a draft registration without a draft and there has seldom been a draft without a war. The Peace Testimony central to our religious faith leads us to take this stand. The killing and preparation for killing that take place in modern war are immoral and, we believe, contrary to the will of God.

The following is a list of persons who, in addition to the original 162 signers, have signed this statement between July 7, 1980, and August 19, 1980.

Elizabeth Ambellan
Robert L. Anthony
Veronica Barbato
Karen A. Beetle
William O. Burdwood
Mary Bye
Joseph S. Carter
Margaret S. Clews
James C. Coppock
Kenneth E. Crumrine
William Freedland

Julia Bolton Holloway
Elisabeth Leonard
Winnifred S. Miller
Carol A. Moroz-Henry
Herbert L. Nichols
Mildred Scott Olmstead
John Schuchardt
Gladys Taylor
Stewart J. Thomas
Robert J. Vitale
Ellen Wilkinson-Landau
Martha Wilson

ON SIGNING THE STATEMENT
I am signing the Ithaca Statement of Conscience by Quakers Concerned with a certain reluctance. During the Vietnam War, I, along with other Friends, signed documents of support for young men turning in draft cards. However what started as an act of grace and courage came to feel like a hollow gesture. The government ignored our complicity. Concerned with a certain reluctance. During the Vietnam War, I, along with other Friends, signed documents of support for young men turning in draft cards. However what started as an act of grace and courage came to feel like a hollow gesture. The government ignored our complicity. Nevertheless I am signing the Ithaca Statement because it's a step and that's how people move, step by step.

Mary Bye

P.S. Don't write me, young Friends, to point out how adultist I am to fantasize a scenario for you. I know.
BOOK REVIEW


If faith can move mountains, can it cure a physical illness? Yes, says Norman Cousins. But the faith he refers to is the healing power of the physician within, the vis medicatrix naturae, "the healing power of nature." This book is a description of Cousins' struggle to become whole again spiritually and physically, for they are two sides of the same coin. He speaks of a holistic philosophy: to be well, to become well, a person must see her/himself in the entire environment—nutrition, exercise, fresh air, freedom from stress, spiritual well-being. The patient, in cooperation with an understanding doctor, assumes responsibility for his/her cure. The first chapter of this book was published in the New England Journal of Medicine. Although Cousins is a layman, he received over 3,000 favorable letters from physicians, as a result of this article.

In 1976 Norman Cousins flew back from Russia after a hectic series of conferences. The slight dis-ease he felt became progressively worse: fever, inability to move fingers, wrist, toes, ankles, spine. He was told he had a collagen illness—a disease of the connective tissue—and given a 500-to-one chance of recovery. He began to assess all he had read about health and illness, and came to the conclusion that a hospital was the last place for a seriously ill person to be in, and that what was being done for him was only making him worse. Fortunately, he had an understanding doctor who, at Cousins' suggestion, ordered the discontinuance of aspirin, sleeping pills, and codeine. Cousins also remembered what he had read on the subject of stress (by Hans Selye) and the work of Linus Pauling on ascorbic acid. His doctor then ordered massive infusions of ascorbic acid for him. Also, he discovered laughter as a healer of the spirit. Cousins eventually was discharged as cured!

In the remainder of the book, Cousins elaborates on his cure. He talks of the placebo effect, not as a means of deception, but as proof of the life force within us to become whole again. He describes his visits to two individuals in their nineties—Pablo Cassals and Albert Schweitzer, both living vital, purposeful lives—as proof that good health is a result of a holistic approach to life.

How often do the expressions of Cousins—with, perhaps, a slight change—sound like a part of Quaker belief. Cousins quotes William James to the effect that we limit ourselves by self-imposed limitations; the human mind can set goals for itself and strive for perfectability.

Joseph Levenson

FRIENDS AROUND THE WORLD

Concerned about withholding taxes from the income of its employees, the General Conference of the Mennonite Church presented to its triennial meeting in Colorado in July a resolution seeking approval for judicial action for a conscientious objector exemption. It may take years to reach a decision by the U.S. Supreme Court, but the church is prepared to make considerable financial sacrifice to obtain this judicial action based on the First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution protecting the church from legislation which would cause it to violate its principles.

In conjunction with this effort, the Mennonite Church is working to secure more Congressional support for the World Peace Tax Fund. Basic to both initiatives is the principle that drafting that portion of income taxes going to the military is as reprehensible as drafting the bodies of pacifists for the same purpose. The Historic Peace Churches are hoping to have 100 congressional sponsors for the WPTF by the summer of 1983.
At the New Call to Peacemaking meeting scheduled for October 2-5 in Green Lake, Wisconsin, emphasis will be on grass roots efforts in the pursuit of peace. The special contribution of women to this end will be presented by Elise Boulding, sociologist at Dartmouth College and specialist in family life. Emilio Castro, director of the Commission on World Mission and Evangelism of the World Council of Churches and Timothy L. Smith, professor of American religious history at the Johns Hopkins University, will also speak at this meeting, which 350-400 invited delegates are expected to attend.

When students from the University of Illinois Stop the Draft Committee sent an appeal to area churches for support last February, they were stunned to hear that they received only a $5 contribution. Now the Draft Counseling Center is running into similar difficulties. They did manage to raise enough funds to sponsor a training session conducted by a representative from the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors (attended by nearly fifty community residents, including more than a dozen Friends). However, after registration-week protest activities, some of the area's conservative elements have threatened to withdraw support from the University YM-YWCA, which allows the Counseling Center to use its facilities. The Center hopes to raise enough money through spare-change contributions to rent a movie to be shown on campus as a fund-raising event. Film rentals run from $40-$80 but with the first registration week over, donations now only trickle in. Friends are invited to send coins of the realm to the Draft Counseling Center, YM-YWCA, 1001 S. Wright St., Champaign, IL 61820. Even 100 contributions of 50¢ each would rent a first-rate film.

Ulysses DeRosa, a conscientious objector in World War I, has, for more than sixty years been attempting to get his discharge upgraded from the dishonorable discharge he received from the U.S. War Department on November 26, 1918. All his efforts have failed, including his most recent appeal of 25 April, 1980, to John L. Price, LTC, GS, Director, Discharge Review of the Department of the Army (Office of the Adjutant General) in St. Louis, Missouri. Ulysses DeRosa's letter reads, in part:

Since I have applied, seven months have passed. Could you please tell me approximately how long it will be: weeks, months, or a year? As I am writing a biography of life and, as I am eighty-eight years old, I would like to include it before I pass on...

Ulysses DeRosa came to the U.S. from Italy as a child and became a member of the Society of Friends in New York City on June 6, 1917. As a conscientious objector he suffered imprisonment at Fort Riley, Camp Funston, and Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Through all the abuse and mistreatment he received, he remained true to the statement he made at his court-martial on October 1, 1918:

Gentlemen: Having committed no crime and being a conscientious objector, I cannot consistently recognize the jurisdiction of this court to judge me. I have a greater judge, which is my conscience. I must emphasize that I never was a soldier, and I could never justify my inner-self by obeying a military command in any form as militarism is an organization built for the purpose of destruction. I must repeat that I cannot conscientiously co-operate with it in any manner. In these trying times the only authority that I obey is the 'Inner Light' the great ideal for...
which Christ gave his life, namely: humanity. It is the spirit of reconciliation, not hate: nonresistance, not aggression, that should dominate us.

Ulysses DeRosa was found guilty and sentenced as follows: "...to be dishonorably discharged, to forfeit all pay and allowances due, or to become due, and to be confined at hard labor, at such place as the reviewing authority may direct, for the term of his natural life." (October 22, 1918) This was changed, however, and on January 21, 1919, Ulysses DeRosa was given a dishonorable discharge from the U.S. Army.

With the help of two granddaughters, an account of Ulysses' Odyssey of A WWI Conscientious Objector has been written, which includes his diary kept at able discharge from the account of Ulysses' (October allowances due, or to become due; and place as the reviewing authority papers. Friends may wish to write to him at 15 Lowell Street, Andover, MA 01810.

"Acceptable Risk: The Nuclear Age in the United States" is now available from NARMIC, of the Peace Education Division of the American Friends Service Committee. It is a thirty-five minute color slideshow or filmstrip with cassette sound track, exploring all phases of the nuclear power/weapon connection. Purchase: slideshow, $60; filmstrip, $30. Rental: $15/week. Screenings may be arranged. Contact NARMIC, 1501 Cherry St., Phila., PA 19102. Phone 215-241-7175.

Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas, and European and Near East Section are cooperating on a Pilgrimage to be held in 1981, mid-July to mid-August for young Friends who are juniors and seniors in high school the 1980-81 academic year. Fourteen young Friends from the Western Hemisphere will join an equal number from Europe in exploring historical and contemporary Quakerism in England, with the possibility of travel in Ireland. Information and applications available from Friends World Committee, 1506 Race Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102, and Midwest Office, FWCC, P.O. Box 235, Plainfield, IN 46168. Application deadline: December 15, 1980.

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Josephine W. Johna, M.A.
Media LO9-7238
Arlene Kelly, ACSW
988-0140 (10 AM-10 PM)
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Christopher Nicholson, ACSW
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The story of Western Quarterly Meeting of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, to be published in October 1980, as part of the Tercentenary celebration.

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Kennett Square, PA 19348
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**CALENDAR**

**October**

10-12—“Gathering for Joy” is the theme of the Midwest regional meeting of Friends for Lesbian and Gay Concerns in St. Paul, MN. The Twin Cities Friends Meeting House, 293 Summit Ave., serves as center for the weekend, with registration and welcoming there at 6 p.m. Friday. For general information, contact John Yoakam, 2117 Bryant Ave. S., No. 2, Minneapolis, MN 55405, (612) 377-4282, and housing coordinator Jim Anderson, (612) 699-6073. Suggested donations: $10.

11—Day-long Women's Workshop entitled “And Ain’t I a Woman?” Being Woman in the Society of Friends. From 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. at Arch St. Meetinghouse, 4th and Arch, Philadelphia, PA. Worship, speaker, short workshops. For further information call Philadelphia Yearly Meeting Women's Committee, (215) 241-7226.

12—Lucretia Mott Memorial, to be held at 2 p.m. at the Fairhill Meetinghouse, Cambria and Germantown Avenues, Philadelphia. Also, visit to the Mott grave site at the Fairhill Burial Ground.

26—Hockessin Friends Meeting, Hockessin, DE, will celebrate its 250th anniversary with an open house at 2 p.m. Exhibits concerning history of the meeting and present activities will be displayed, and refreshments will be served. A highlight of the program will be a talk by Don Yoder, professor at the University of Pennsylvania, member of the Marlboro Meeting, and a distinguished scholar and expert on folklore and Pennsylvania German history. He will speak on "Quakers in Northern Delaware."

**November**

7-9—Center on Law and Pacifism will hold its third annual national conference in Denver, CO. The theme will be "Civil Disobedience at the Crossroads" and is conceived to be a prayerful and hopeful search for new directions in the movement to resist nuclear and military madness. For information and registration contact Center on Law and Pacifism, P.O. Box 1384, Colorado Springs, CO 80901, 303-635-0041.

8—American Friends Service Committee's Annual Meeting, 9:30 a.m. to 4:15 p.m., to be held at Friends Center, 15th and Cherry, and Friends Select School, Philadelphia, PA. Friends are encouraged to attend.
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Excellent condition inside and out; fully insulated, storm sah, solar panels. Main building for- mer family home sleeps maximum twenty-five guests in seven rooms plus four sleeping porches; additions for five owner/staff. Furnished, equipped and ready to operate; complies with State health and fire regulations. Owner retiring after seventeen happy years. Established year-round clientele eager to return. On direct bus route from New York City. Many hiking and ski trails accessible without car. For further information call or write Elizabeth G. Lehman, Box 4, Keene Valley, N.Y. 12943; Tel.: 518-576-4757.

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Announcements
EVENING WORSHIP
Philadelphia Area
At 5 p.m.
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See FJ Meeting Directory under Sumneytown, PA for location and phone number.

Books and Publications
Faith and Practice of a Christian Community: The Testimony of the Publishers of Truth. $2 from Publishers of Truth, 1509 Bruce Road, Oreland, PA 19075.


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

Legislative leverage letter seeks active subscribers. Friends Peace Committee's Policy and Legislation Subcommittee offers Legislative Alert mailings with background and action recommendations on peace and international issues. To subscribe send $2.00 to Friends Peace Committee, 1515 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

A Search. Educated, college and seminary, in two of his church's best schools, there followed for a certain man something of a successful pastorate—until he became convinced that though churches (lodges, clubs, etc.) were doing a good job, it was not good enough for our present time. But if that good was not good enough, what was? He must try to find out.

If answer was to be found it could best be found working among the people. He left his church as member and minister. Trained for no other trade or profession, and a family man, he at first could only do odd jobs; later came steady work with minimum pay.

Ten years ago he published a book (now out of print) that set forth something of his life's background with results of his search up to that time. Now he has another book, SEARCH, Vol. II, that presents some of his ideas of the past 10 years. Now retired, he says that his main task still is trying to find out how to live. Copy of this latter book may be had free, postpaid, by addressing: SEARCH, 101 Reservoir St., Westport, CT, 06880.

Moments, a chapbook of poetry by a new Quaker poet, Terry H. Smith Wallace, $1.75 from Rabbit Press, 3032 Logan Street, Camp Hill, PA 17011.

Quaker collector of books is closing out his collection and wants other collectors to have as much fun as he did. Write for lists of books for sale, or make inquiries about special ones. Box 596, Woodbury, NJ 08096.

FRIENDS JOURNAL October 1, 1980

continued on next page
New Foundation Papers. This quarterly magazine is dedicated to the discussion and promotion of the Christian message of George Fox. The first issue is being widely distributed. If you would like a free copy, please write to New Foundation Papers, P.O. Box 267, Kutztown, PA 19530.

Pendle Hill Bookstore is intrigued by the number and variety of the people who are interested in The Aquarian Conspiracy: Personal and Social Transformation in the 1980s. A new catalog has been designed, to sell books at a discount of $10.00 plus 6% postage and handling. (Past and present residents are eligible.) Write or phone: Pendle Hill, Box 954, Wallingford, PA 19086.

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Communities

Friends community. Southeast Arizona near Douglas and Mexicali, Mexico. Local community. Economic living and no entrance fee. Establish mobile home or build and garden one acre. Nine families and Friends Meeting. Also, RV space for rent, vacuum. Year-round climate. Brochure available. Friends Southwestern Center, Route 1, Box 170, McNeaI, AZ 85617.

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Personal

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Positions Vacant


Friends School Haverford seeks a new head to begin the summer of 1981. Friends School is seeking applications for the position of Head of School, Mullica Hill Friends School. The school is located in rural New Jersey about 40 minutes southeast of Philadelphia, PA. This coeducational day school with an enrollment of 150 students and a staff of 30 serves grades K-12. The school is part of the family of Friends schools within the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. Qualifications: strong preference for candidates who have demonstrated effectiveness in the following areas: implementation of Quaker philosophy in a Quaker school; supervision of faculty; development of curriculum; interaction with students; experience with school fiscal matters, ability to relate to students, faculty, parents and board members in an outgoing and warm manner; and dealing with the public concerning school matters. The person selected for this position will begin his or her work at the beginning of the 1981-1982 school year. Interested persons should send a letter of application, salary requirements, resume, and references to Dr. John P. Myers, Friends School Search Committee, 2033 Cedar Grove Road, Mullica Hill, NJ 08062. We would appreciate receiving all completed applications by November 15, 1980.

Wilmington College, a four-year liberal arts institution chartered by the Society of Friends, seeks a person to direct a new, wide-ranging program on world policies and programs regarding food production and distribution. Duties will include, but are not limited to, overseeing curriculum development, a community and campus lecture, seminar, and workshop program, and a curriculum-based, farm practicum for students.

For the second position, part-time, is available to direct the community/campus portion of the program. Applicants for either position should possess initiative, understand agricultural relationships, and be qualified to instruct at the college level. Positions to be available in September.

Send letter of application and resume with names of 3 references to Professor E. T. S. of Wilmington College, 45177 EOE WHV
Mother's helper for two infants. Nonsmoker. Mother works three days. Room, board, small salary. References required. Phone: 212-227-7777.

For Peace Center in Blue Ridge Mountains. Requires commitment to nonviolence, knowledge and experience in peace issues. $500/month. For job description contact Peace, P.O. Box 1663, Roanoke, VA 24006. 703-990-6000

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Schools

Buckingham Friends School is seeking a principal to begin July 1981. BFS is a co-educational rural day school with about 160 students in grades K-12. For more information and an application form, write: Search Committee, BFS, Luthah, PA 19831. Application deadline is October 17, 1980.


Friends Meeting of Washington seeking Meeting Secretary. Full-time position involves coordination of the work of the meeting, staff supervision, program development, supervision of property, apartment on premises. For further information or submit a resume, write: Gary Singleton, Search Committee, Friends Meeting, 2111 Florida Ave. NW, Washington, DC 20008.

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Schools

Sandy Spring Friends School, Sandy Spring, Maryland 20830, 301-774-7455. 7th through 12th grades; day and boarding; 8th-6th grades, day only. Academics; arts; bi-weekly Meeting for Worship; sports; service projects; intersession projects. Small classes; individual approach. Rural campus, urban area. Headmaster: Edwin Hinshaw. School motto: "Let your lives speak."


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Wanted

Friends who would be interested in forming a Retirement Cooperative are invited to write to Geyer Kershaw, 11651 Argyle Drive, Los Alamitos, CA 90720. I envision a cooperative in which our housing would be private, but in which we would hold together things in common: vegetable plots and orchard, guest rooms, dark rooms, tools, a laundromat, perhaps even a library. We might jointly hire labor to maintain the grounds, consider joint projects of service. Ideally the community would be located near a good library with opportunities for music and theater.

1981 summer opportunities for Finnish women: one, 16, to help a family; the other, 20, to help a family. Interested? Phone David Richie, 609-239-0250.
MEETING DIRECTORY

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

Canada
TORONTO, ONTARIO—50 Lowther Ave. (North from cor. Bloor and Bedford.) Meeting for worship every First-day 11 a.m. First-day school same.

Costa Rica
MONTVERDE—Phone 61-18-18. TORONTO, ONTARIO—50 Lowther Ave. (North from cor. Bloor and Bedford.) Meeting for worship every First-day 11 a.m. First-day school same.

Mexico
MEXICO CITY—Unprogrammed meeting, Sundays 11 a.m. Casa de los Amigos, Ignacio Marcial 132, Mexico City, D.F. Phone: 9-208-2376.

Peru
OAXTEPEC—State of Morococha. Meeting for meditation Sundays 12:30 to 1:30 p.m. Calle San Juan No. 10.

Puerto Rico
LIMA—Unprogrammed meeting. Phone: 459-9800.

Alabama
BIRMINGHAM—Unprogrammed meeting for worship, 10 a.m. Sunday. Connie LaMonte, clerk, 205-877-5715.

Arizona
ARIZONA—Unprogrammed meeting, First-days 10 a.m., Mountain View Library. Phone: 333-4425.

Arkansas
LITTLE ROCK—Unprogrammed meeting, alternate First-days. Ph. 661-9173, 225-8626, or 663-8283.

California
BERKELEY—Unprogrammed meeting, First-days 11 a.m., 402 S. Beaver, near campus. Frances M. Allis, clerk. Mailing address: P.O. Box 922, Flagstaff 86002. Phone: 602-774-4296.

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WASHINGTON—Friends Meeting, 2111 Florida Ave. NW (near Conant Ave.), 20037. Meetings for worship: First day, 9 a.m. and 11 a.m. (First-day school 10 a.m.) on Wednesdays at 7 p.m.

Florida

CLEARWATER—Meeting 10:30 a.m., YWCA, 222 S. Lincoln Ave. Phone: 564-1259.

DAYTONA BEACH—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., 201 San Juan Ave. Phone: 206-1070.

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

JACKSONVILLE—Meeting 10 a.m., YWCA. Phone: 859-2247.

LAKE WORTH—Palm Beach Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 823 North A St. Phone: 560-8806 or 849-3148.

MIAMI-CORAL GABLES—Meeting 10 a.m., 1195 Sunshine Blvd., Biltmore, G. C. Moir, clerk, 361-2869. AFSC Peace Center, 238-1791.

ORLANDO—Meeting 10:30 a.m., 316 E. Marks St., Orlando, 32803. Phone: 843-2551.


ST. PETERSBURG—Meeting 10:30 a.m., 130 19th Ave., S., St. Petersburg. Phone: 213-1900.

WINTER PARK—Meeting 10 a.m., Alumni House, Rollins College. Phone: 447-1042.

Georgia

ATLANTA—Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m., 1364 Fairview Rd., N.E. 30306. Jim Cain, clerk, Quaker House phone: 224-1250.

AUGUSTA—Worship 10:30 a.m., 340 Telfair St., Margaret Reece, clerk. Phone: 736-6529 or 736-1476.

SAVANNA—Meeting for worship 10 a.m., 110 E. Taylor. Phone: 229-4703 or 229-2658.

Hawaii

HONOLULU—Sundays, 2426 Cahu Avenue, 9:45, hymn singing; 10, worship and First-day school. Oahu Religious School. Phone: 969-2714.

MAUI—Friends Worship Group. Please call Mr. and Mrs. Elaine Tachae, 678-5652, 231 Kahoea Place, Kula, HI 96790.

Idaho

SANPOND—Unprogrammed worship group forming, Meeting in members’ homes, Call Lois Wythe, 263-6398 or write 504 Eucaliptus Ave., 83654.

Illinois

BLOOMINGTON—Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m., 306-454-1228 (for time and location).

CARROLLTON—Unprogrammed worship. Sundays, 10:30 a.m. Phone: 267-6542.

CHICAGO—57th Street, Worship 10:30 a.m., 561 Woodlawn, Monthly Meeting follows on first Sunday of each month. Phone: 355-8328.

CHICAGO—Chicago Monthly Meeting, 10/79 S. Artesian. Phone: 515-8949 or BE 3-2715. Worship, 11 a.m.

CHICAGO—Northside (unprogrammed). Worship 10:30 a.m. For information and meeting location, phone Odgen Ashley, clerk, 664-1923 or 743-0864.

DECATUR—Worship 10 a.m. Phone Charles Wright, clerk, 217-207-2114, for meeting location.

DEKALB—Meeting in Friends homes. Phone: 756-1876.

DOWNS GROVE (west suburban Chicago)—Worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m., 5710 Lomond Ave. (3 block west of Belmont, 1 block south of Maple). Phone: 556-1065 or 355-9132.

EVANDALE—1010 Greenleaf, N. J. 4-3011. Worship on First-day, 11 a.m.

FOREST—Worship 10:30 a.m. at McHenry County Church. Phone: 356-3512.

GLEN ELLEN—Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. at McHenry County Church. Phone: 251-2018.

ILLINOIS—Meeting 10:30 a.m., 3050 Bon Air Ave., 40205. Phone: 452-6812.

Louisiana

NEW ORLEANS—Worship Sundays, 10 a.m. 3033 Louisiana Avenue Parkway. Phone: 822-3411 or 861-5022.

Maine

BAR HARBOR—Acadia meeting for worship in evening. Phone: 289-5418 or 244-7113.

MID-COAST AREA—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 10 a.m. at Damariscotta library. Phone: 563-3645 or 563-6265.

ORONO—Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. at MCA College. Phone: 666-2198.

PORTLAND—1845 Forest Ave. (Route 302), Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. (summer 9:30). For information call Harold N. Burnham, M.D., 207-935-5551.

Maryland

ADELPHI—Near U. of MD, 2903/Mehrstadt Rd. Worship 10 a.m. First-day school 10:30 a.m. 301-434-9646. Tom Wetherald, clerk, GR-4111.

ANNAPOLIS—Worship 11 a.m. at YWCA, 40 State Circle. Mail address: Annapolis 21403. Clerk: Betty Hutchinson, 301-966-2432.

BALTIMORE—Worship 11 a.m.; Stony Run, 5116 N. Charles St., 435-3777; Homewood, 3107 N. Charles St., 624-3138.

BETHESDA—Sidwell Friends (Lower School, Edgemont Lane & Beverly Rds. Classes 11015; worship 11 a.m. Phone: 336-1195.

CHESTERTOWN—Friends Meeting, Worship and First-day school, 11 a.m., 127 High St. George Gerenden, L.B. 630-2156.

EASTON—Third Haven Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m. 405 S. Washington St. Carol Boyer, clerk, 758-2108; Lorraine Clagett, 822-0699.

SANDY SPRING—Meetinghouse Road at 108; Worship, 9:30 and 11 a.m.; First-days, 9:30 only. Clark, 758-2108.

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

UNION BRIDGE—Pike Creek Meeting. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

Massachusetts

ACTON—Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m., Harvey Wheeler Community Center, corner Main and Church Streets (dinner summer in homes.) Clerk: Elizabeth Ueno. Phone: 862-2389.

AMHERST-NORTHAMPTON—Greenfield-Meeting, 9:30 a.m. First-day school 11 a.m. Summer worship 10 a.m. Mt. Toby Meetinghouse, Rte. 63, Leverett. Phone: 253-9247 or 288-7058.

BOSTON—Worship 11 a.m. (summer 11 a.m.) First-day, Beacon Street Friends, 6 Clarendon St., Boston 02109. Phone: 227-9118.

CAMBRIDGE—5 Longfellow Pl. (near Harvard Sq., off Brattle St.) Meetings Sunday 9:30 & 11 a.m. From 3rd Sun. In June through 2nd Sun. In Sept. 10 a.m. Phone: 875-6555.

DOCHTER-JAMAICA PLAIN—(Circuit), First-day, 9:30 in homes. Worship, F.S. pool, summers, a week night. Phone: 522-3745.


NORTH EASTON—Worship 11 a.m. First and Fourth at Friends Community House, Phone: 238-0423 or 2224-2522.

SOUTH YARMOUTH, CAPE COD—N. Main St. Worship, First-day school 10 a.m. Clerk, Barbara Day, phone 755-7419.

WELLESLEY—Meeting for worship and Sunday school, 10:30 a.m. at 26 Bournvenue Street. Phone: 227-4955.

WEST FALMOUTH, CAPE COD—Rt. 28A, meeting for worship, Sunday 11 a.m.

WESTPORT—Meeting Sunday, 10:45 a.m. Central Village, Clerk: J. K. Stewart Kirkaldy, Phone: 636-4711.

WORCESTER—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 11 a.m. 901 Pleasant St. Phone: 545-3867. If no answer call 758-0279.
Woodsland—Cedar Grove Meeting. Sabbath school, 10 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Janie O. Sams, clerk.

Oregon

Eugene—Meeting for worship 10 a.m.; Religious education for all ages 10:45 a.m.; 2274 Onyx.

Portland—Multnomah Monthly Meeting, 4312 S.E. Stark. Worship 10 a.m. Phone 232-2822.

Salem—Friends meeting for worship 10 a.m. Forum 11. YWCA, 766 State St. 385-1914.

Pennsylvania

Abington—Meetinghouse Rd./Greenwood Ave., Jenkintown. (First-Day School, north of Philadelphia.) First-day school, 10 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m. Child care phone: T-4-2855.

Birmingham—1245 Birmingham Rd. S. of West Chester or Rt. 222 to Pa. Rt. 561, turn W. to Birmingham Rd., turn S. 1/4 mile. First-day school, 10 a.m.; meeting for worship 11 a.m.

Bristol—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m.; meeting for worship and Wood. Clerk, Cornelius Eelman. Phone: 757-4438.

Buckingham—At Lahaska, Routes 202-232. Meeting for worship, Sunday 11 a.m.

Cheltenham—See Philadelphia listing.

Chester—24th and Chester Sts. Group discussion 9:30 a.m.; meeting for worship 10:30 a.m.

Chichester—Coal Road Rd. one block south of Rt. 1. Meeting for worship and First-day school 11:15 a.m.

Darby—Main at 10th St. Meeting for worship and First-day school 11 a.m.

Dolingtown-Makefield—East of Dollington on Mt. Eye Rd. Meeting for worship 11:15-12 a.m. First-day school 11:30-12:30.

Downingtown—600 E. Lancaster Ave. (south side old Rt. 30, 1/2 mile east of town). First-day school (except summer months), and worship, 10:30 a.m. Phone: 269-2899.

Doylestown-East Oak Lane Rd. Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10:30 a.m.

Exeter—Worship, 10:30 a.m.; Meatin meeting, 10:30 a.m. Phone: 562-3758.

Fallston—(Bucks County)—First meeting, Main First-day school 10 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11 a.m. No First-day school on first Friday of each month. Five miles from Pennsylvania reconstructed memorial home of William Penn.

Goshen—Goshenville, intersection of Rt. 322 and Pa. 281. First-day school, 10:30 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m.

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

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

Haverford—Seek Lane, between Lancaster Pike and Haverford Rd. First-day school and meeting for worship, 10 a.m. with baby-sitting sometimes available. 41 Westminster Rd., 14657.

Havertown—Old Haverford Meeting, East Eagle Rd. at Saint Dennis Lane, Havertown. First-day school 10 a.m.; meeting for worship 11 a.m.

Horsham—Rt. 511. First-day school and meeting, 11 a.m.

Kennett Square—Union & Sickie. First-day school, 10 a.m.; worship 11 a.m. Joann Shoemaker, clerk, 215-444-2848.

Lancaster—Ort U.S. 422, back of Wheatland Shopping Center, 1 mile west of Lancaster. Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m.

Lansdowne—Landsdowne and Stewart Aves., meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m.; First-day school 11 a.m.

Lehigh Valley-Bethlehem—On Rt. 512 1/4 mile north of Rt. 22. Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m.


London Grove—Friends meeting for worship 1st Sunday of month, 10 a.m. First-day school 11 a.m. Newark Road and Rt. 926.

Media—125 W. 3rd St. Worship 11 a.m. except first Sunday every month, worship 10 a.m. Deus. 11:15 a.m.

Media—Providence Meeting, Providence Rd., Media, 1 mile west of Philadelphia. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

Mercer—Meetinghouse Lane at Montgomery Meeting for worship 13 a.m.; First-day school 10:15 exc. summer months. Baby-sitting provided.

Middletown—Delaware County, Rt. 352 N. of Lima. Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m.

Middletown—At Longhorne, 453 West Maple Ave. First-day school 8:30 a.m.; meeting for worship 10 a.m.

Millville—Main St. Worship 10 a.m.; First-day school 11 a.m. Dean Girton, 717-458-6161.

Muncy at Pennsdale—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Hick and Michael Gross, clerks. Phone: 717-584-3234.

Newtown-Bucks CO.—Meeting 11 a.m. First-day school 9 a.m. except 1st Family Meeting 10:30 a.m. First-day school 11:20. Summer, worship only. 968-3811.


Norristown—Friends Meeting, Swede and Jacob Sts. Meeting for worship 10 a.m.

Oxford—Rt. 260. First-day school 9 a.m.; meeting for worship 11 a.m. Mary Ellen Haines, clerk. Phone 215-593-6790.

Northwestern PA—French Creek Meeting (Preparative), 970 S Main St., Meadville 15635.
Rhode Island

NEWPORT—In the restored meetinghouse, Marlborough St., unprogrammed meeting for worship on First and third First-days at 10 a.m. Phone: 849-7345.

PROVIDENCE—96 Morris Ave., corner of Olney St. Meeting for worship: 11 a.m. first-day.

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

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

South Dakota

COLUMBIA—Worship, 10:30 a.m. at Children's limited. 2580 Gervais St. Phone: 776-7741.

South Dakota

SIOUX FALLS—Unprogrammed meeting in 11 a.m., 2007 S. Center. Phone: 605-334-7894.

Tennessee

CHATTANOOGA—Worship, 10:30, discussion 11:30. 607 Douglas St. Larry Ingle. 629-5914.

MEMPHIS—Unprogrammed Meeting for Worship, discussion following, 10 a.m. Sundays. Phone 901-452-4727.

NASHVILLE—Meeting and first-day school, 10 a.m. 2904 Acklen Ave. Clerk, Nelson Fusion 615-292-8623.

WESTNASHVILLE—Worship and first-day school, 10 a.m. D.W. Nixon, 683-8540.

Texas

AUSTIN—Worship and First-day school, 10:30 a.m., Forum 12:00, 3014 Washington Square. 422-1941, Ethel Barrow, 428-6376.


EL PASO—Worship 11 a.m., 1100 Cliff St. Clerk: William Cernill, 584-7259.

GALVESTON—Galveston Preparative Meeting, unprogrammed worship Sundays, 7 p.m., peace study group 6 p.m. except 1st Sunday business meeting, 1125 24th St. Phone: 409-869-8509.


LUBBOCK—Worship group, 11 a.m. Sunday, Forest Room, John Knox Village, Norfolk: Clerk: Michael Wenzer. Call 762-8995 or write, 2214 Hillside.

MIDLAND—Worship 10:30 a.m., Trinity School Library, 3500 West Wadley. Clerk, Allen F. Smith. Phone: 583-8561 or 337-8994.

SAN ANTONIO—Discussion, 10:30 a.m., First-day school and unprogrammed meeting for worship 11 a.m. Now at Woolman-Qing Peace Library, 1154 E. Commerce, 72802. 512-286-8134. Houston Wade, Clerk, 512-739-2987.

TEXARKANA—Worship group, 832-4796.

Utah

LOGAN—Meetings irregular June-Sep. Contact Mary Roberts 703-2796 or Cathy Webb 703-0892.

MCAB—Worship group Sundays 10 a.m. Sometimes irregular. Call 801-259-8561, 259-7013 or 259-6957.

SALT LAKE CITY—Unprogrammed meeting and first-day school, 10 a.m. 232 University Street. Phone: 801-487-1538.

Vermont

BENNINGTON—Worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m. Monument Elm School, W. Main St. Phone: 802-962-8449.

MIDDLEBURY—Worship, Sundays 10 a.m. St. Mary's School, St. Elizabeth Colman, 802-386-7840.

PLAINFIELD—Worship 10:30 a.m. Sunday, Phone Gist, Danville, 802-664-2285, or Hasbeth, Plainfield, 802-545-7073.

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

WILDERNESS—Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. Sunday, Farming Meeting House, 6 mi. S. of Alexandria, near US 1. Call 703-705-0404 or 703-960-3380.

CHARLOTTESVILLE—Janie Porter Barrett School, 410 Ridge St. Adult discussion, 10 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m. Phone: 984-873-4109.

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

McLEAN—Langley Hill Meeting, Sunday, 10:30 a.m. junction old Rt. 121 and Rt. 19.

RICHMOND—First-day school 10 a.m., worship 11:00 Kensington Ave. Phone: 359-6165 or 259-0658, June-August.

ROANOKE—Salern Preparatory Friends Meeting, clerk: Genevieve Waring, 343-6769, and Blacksburg Preparatory Friends Meeting, clerk: Judy Heald, 544-7119.

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


WINCHESTER—Hopewell Meeting, 7 mi. N. on Rte. 11 (George). Unprogrammed worship for meeting, 10:15 a.m., First-day school 11 a.m. Clerk: 703-687-1016.

West Virginia

CHARLESTON—Worship, Sundays 10:11 a.m., Venables Hall, 1114 Virginia St. E., Steve and Susie Wellons, phone 304-345-8659.

MORGANTOWN—Monongalia Meeting, unprogrammed meeting for worship and First-day school 11 a.m. Clerk: Leslie Nieves, 582-5586.

Wisconsin

BELoit—Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m. Sundays, R1 Clay St. Phone: 608-365-8269.

EAU CLAIRE—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. Call 715-309-0994 or 235-5892, or write, 612 13th St. Menomonie, WI 54751.


MADISON—Sundays 9 a.m.; Friends House, 2002 Monroe St., 256-2249; and 11-15 a.m. Yahara Allowed Meeting, 2201 Center Ave., 249-7255.

MILWAUKEE—10 a.m. worship sharing; 10:30 meeting for worship, YWCA, 610 N. Jackson, Rm. 203. Phone: 414-233-5892 or write P.O. Box 403.

OSHKOSH—Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m., Sundays. Call 414-233-5894 or write P.O. Box 403.

Wyoming

SHERIDAN—Silent worship Sundays, 10 a.m. For information call: 672-8586 or 672-5004.
We Don’t Need Food
For Thought
We Need Facts For
Action

If we really want a world without hunger we need facts, not fancy. Unfortunately, there are a lot of myths about hunger which actually
inflate the problem, instead of helping us solve it. Here are some
myths you’ve probably heard—and the facts to match:

**MYTH #1: People are hungry because there’s too little food and land
to go around.**

The fact is, there’s enough grain to feed everybody on the planet 3000 calories a day. And no country lacks ample food-producing resources of its own—even so-called “basketcases” like Bangladesh. Scarcity is an illusion fostered by the concentration of control over food and land in the hands of a few. Large landholders (often the least productive) grow cash crops for export instead of planting food first; hunger is the result.

**MYTH #2: We can eliminate hunger by redistributing food.**

The fact is, food distribution reflects the distribution of control over resources like land and credit inside a society. The poor go hungry in India for the same reason they go hungry in America; they’re cut out of the economy. Too few people control the land, what it grows, and where it goes. Redistributing food solves nothing. Only by redistributing control over food-producing resources can we build the basis of food security.

**MYTH #3: Global interdependence is the ultimate answer.**

The fact is, exporting cash crops from the Third World doesn’t benefit the hungry in the least. Workers on Philippine banana plantations receive less than 2¢ out of every dollar spent by Japanese banana consumers. Multinational corporations and domestic elites are the only winners in the world agricultural trade. And they take their profits in cash, not in food for the hungry poor.

**MYTH #4: Hunger is a contest between the “rich world” and the “poor world.”**

The fact is, talking about “rich” countries vs. “poor” countries obscures the truth that every country is rich at the top and poor at the bottom. The hungry aren’t our enemies; they’re our allies in the struggle to democratize control over food resources at home and abroad. In America, the top 50 food corporations reap more than 90 percent of the profits in the entire food industry. The same companies are taking control of land and food in the Third World.

**MYTH #5: Hungry people are too weak to help themselves.**

The fact is, this is the most destructive myth of all. 40 percent of the Third World has freed itself from famine and hunger in our lifetimes. The poor aren’t passive or resigned; they’re blocked by political and economic structures which have frozen the status quo of hunger. And right now, US government and corporate policies are hurting the poor, not helping.

**So don’t skip lunch.**

You need all the strength you can get to help stop devastating US political, military, economic and corporate interventions which shore up regimes at war with their own people’s right for food. And to support worker-managed food alternatives battling the handful of corporations taking control of our land and food here at home.

Get more facts for action. Begin by reading FOOD FIRST: Beyond the Myth of Scarcity (Ballantine 1979) by Frances Moore Lappe and Joseph Collins with Cary Fowler.

And become a Friend of the Institute for Food and Development Policy. The Institute is doing hard research on world hunger, unsupported by government. We don’t have to defend mistaken policies based on myths. Your tax-deductible contribution of $25 or more entitles you to all Institute publications at half-price. Contribution of $100 or more brings you the same publications absolutely free.

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