Out of divine chaos can come creativity.

—Brinton Turkle
AMONG FRIENDS:
In Praise of Creativity

The creative flow from Friends Journal writers never fails to delight me. This issue has many good examples. I have been impatient for many weeks to find space for Carol Horner’s account of her visit among Eskimo Friends (page 9). With its fine nature passages and its warm human encounters, together with the just-right illustrations, it defied compression.

Other travelers are represented in a new section—“Junior Journal”—which we intend to carry several times a year with material by and about young and younger Friends (pages 19-20). Several participants in the 1981 Quaker Youth Pilgrimage to Great Britain are represented. I hope you will show “Junior Journal” to younger persons in your family and in your meeting and invite them to submit items for these pages.

Even the youngest Friend has that creative spark, I firmly believe. Jan Owen, writing in the beautifully hand-lettered Orono (ME) Friends Meeting newsletter, tells about her 3½-year-old twins, Justine and Megan, who love to sing—“Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah!” being one of their favorites. “Their bursts of song come at some unexpected times,” she says. “As we crossed a street recently, I motherly muttered, ‘Hold my hand,’ and two little voices began to sing, ‘Hold my hand, I’m a child of God; hold my hand, I’m a child of God.’”

The Brinton Turkle interview (page 4) is the first of what I hope will be several exchanges with creative Quakers who have reflected their faith in their artistic expression. I recently heard best-selling author James Michener. He spoke at Swarthmore College library and added the manuscript and working materials for his most recent novel, The Covenant, to the rich Michener archives already given to his alma mater. He takes his Quaker affiliation seriously and promises a Journal interview when he is back in this area next spring.

Even if your creative urge does not run to puzzle solving, you may appreciate the message found by those who deciphered the “Quaker Crostic” in the November 15 Journal. Source: George Fox, Epistles to Friends. Quotation: “This was the word that came to Jacob the shepherd, by which he saw Christ and prophesied of him to his sons on his death-bed, when he said to Judah, ‘The scepter should not depart from Judah nor a law-giver from betwixt his feet till Shiloh came (meaning Christ) and the gathering of all nations should be to him.’”

A salute to all who solved it. And a bigger salute to Journal typesetters and layout staff for solving the puzzle of getting it into print.

Olcott Sanders

December 1, 1981  FRIENDS JOURNAL
when we are gathered

by Fortunato Castillo

In the united stillness of a truly 'gathered' meeting," says Caroline Stephen, "there is a power known only by experience." Every devout Quaker is familiar with the experience: suddenly—and often the feeling takes us by surprise—one is not worshipping alone: the corporate body of assembled Friends becomes one unit; one has a sense of personal identity temporarily transcended; one feels nameless and yet one's real self emerges to blend completely with the immediate group, with timelessness and with God. It is a stirring feeling, the awareness of which sometimes makes us quake.

One can look for metaphors to describe this experience. One thinks of the sparks that brought together make a flame. One thinks of torches ready to ignite, all close to each other: when one becomes alight, the fire extends promptly—particularly if all the torches are well primed. Another image: slanted rays of sunlight perceived across the drops of rain to form a rainbow.

Are we in some way "programmed" to seek harmony, regularity, and rhythm in such group activities? Does the attainment of such a goal make us feel utterly fulfilled? Is there power in our midst when we worship together and the meeting is truly "gathered"? Does the harmony within, brought about by our discipline of waiting, spread around us to the point where the sum of our separate selves becomes greater than the whole?

The conventional images of saintly people in many religions depict them with auras—halos—around their heads. Is this the light that we ordinarily "hide under bushel" and that we let come out when Friends around us in meeting bring their own lights out? In Penrose's well-known painting of Friends worshipping at Jordans Meeting House, The Presence in the Midst, the corporate aura, the collective halo, is the translucent image of the Christ floating in the air.

And then there is the power of a gathered meeting. In another Penrose painting entitled They Shall Not Be Afraid, Friends of the late 17th century, worshipping in the meetinghouse of their new home in America, display no fear when the threatening Indians irrupt into their gathering. Indeed it was at about the same time as this incident that Robert Barclay made his famous statement: "When I came into the silent assemblies of God's people, I felt a secret power among them, which touched my heart, and as I gave way unto it I found the evil weakening in me and the good raised up."

It is said of Friends in the U.S. today that there are more physicians per capita among them than in any other religious group. Could our medical men and women do some research on the power and the glory of our experience in the gathered meeting? Scientific studies on people who regularly meditate (although not necessarily as a group activity or as a worshipping exercise) point out the physiological changes and altered states of consciousness that take place during meditation, including the predominance of alpha rhythms in electroencephalographic tracings. (See J.Z. Young, Programmes of the Brain, Oxford University Press, 1978)

One could speculate that when we use meditation as part of our worship, we are irradiating electrical brain currents to each other that eventually set up the united special collective experience we have come to know as "the gathered meeting." This phenomenon would be akin to "resonance," the term used in physics (acoustics) to denote "a prolongation or increase of sound because of sympathetic vibration... an example is the oscillation induced in a violin or piano string when a musical note of the same pitch is sung or played nearby." (Encyclopedia Britannica)

Another stirring metaphor of the gathered meeting is the one of rowing in a group. Lord Cottesloe is quoted as saying that "rowing in an eight-oared boat when it really goes perfectly together and goes well is probably as near heaven as one can get on earth. I am told that one ceases to be conscious of oneself as an individual, rowing. One is rowed. Either as a spectator without or as an oarsman in the boat, one is no longer aware of the boat and the rowers as such; one is aware, beyond them, of rhythm and grace and strength."

A small meeting for worship is like chamber music; silent worship which encompasses large numbers of Friends—such as that occurring in our yearly meeting gatherings—is akin to the music of a full symphony orchestra and chorus. When sharing some musical experiences, therefore (as in our waiting for the "silent music" that St. John of the Cross describes) one can also transcend, either as an active or passive participant, the immediate rhythm and harmony of the performance at hand, to have an awareness, ultimately, of the music within—that of God in all of us—and "the music of the spheres"—that of God in all creation.

In the united stillness of a truly gathered meeting for worship there is not only a power "known only by experience"; there are, also, adumbrations of the Transfiguration.

Fortunato Castillo was born and brought up in Mexico, the son of a Quaker pastor. He has worked in Britain for twenty years as a psychoanalyst and is clerk of London and Middlesex (England) General Meeting. His article was also published in The Friend.
Trusting Divine Chaos:

An Interview with

Brinton Turkle—

Author, Artist, Friend

by Shirley Ruth

illustrations by Brinton Turkle

This interview, adapted by permission from Friends Bulletin of the Pacific and North Pacific Yearly Meetings (Dec. 1980), is the first of a series of visits with Quakers active in the arts.

S: I've long had a concern about conflicts for the artist who is a member of the Religious Society. Could you tell us something about your experience as writer and artist and also as a member of the Religious Society of Friends?

B: I think people are Friends, at least convinced Friends, perhaps mostly because they are unselfish people who are very caring and concerned about other people the world over. I think the difficulty is that the artist must be selfish, and these two things don't often work together. As far as I'm concerned, I call myself a Friend, but I think I am basically a selfish person. What I want, what I feel, what I think I have to do, what I want to do—pretty much comes first. And if I create anything, it's because I obey that inner drive, perhaps, before I think altruistically of the world or of what good I can do. I don't really try to do good in my books at all. I don't try to write moral books. I've been told they are moral, and I've just been told today that a course in Quaker psychology apparently has recommended my Obadiah books as being very sophisticated psychologically. I'm not worried about that at all nor am I concerned about it. I am interested in doing something that fills my needs and also entertains children.

S: When did you know that you wanted to be a writer?

B: Long before I knew anything about Friends. I am a convinced Friend since 1950 when I became a member of a meeting. Long before that I had been working as an artist. I loved books and I had always wanted to do them. So maybe the fact that that came first—I was satisfying my creative needs—made it possible that being a Friend did not conflict with my creative work.

S: I'm interested that you feel it's not terribly important how others interpret your books, but that you essentially did them out of your own joy in wanting to write them from your own center and not from a kind of psychological/moral point of view.

B: I think you must obey your inner drives and inner urges; they are God-given. If you are obeying those and listening to the voice within you which tells you to paint this picture, to write this book, to make this pot or sculpture, then it will respond to that of God in other people, because I believe that God is directing this creative urge.

I think out of chaos, and only out of chaos, can come creativity. If you begin to order things and put them in pigeonholes, you may organize things until there is no creativity left in them. I think this is a true danger. I think people should trust this divine chaos: the things falling apart, the things not working. I have found in my own experience that very often out of this comes some most unexpected and surprising results. Let me give you an example: I got the idea of writing a book about the reversal of "Goldilocks and the Three Bears," which seemed like a neat idea—that the house with the three bowls of porridge, the three chairs, and the three beds belonged not to bears but to people and that it should be invaded by a little brown bear. And the bear would taste the porridge and sit on the chairs and go to sleep in one of
the beds and be found by a little golden-haired girl and be chased home, I worked on this idea for I don't know how long—it seemed like months or longer than that. I wrote and wrote and wrote, and it was very bad. I was terribly discouraged about how it would turn out because the writing was so poor. It was pompous. Everything was wrong with it. And then I began cutting, which is what I usually do when I have a problem with writing. I can do better if it's simplified. I cut until I got down to about two pages, and it was still dreadful. But I felt certain that there was something there. I was ready to throw it out, but I felt that I shouldn't. And I'm very glad that I didn't, because I took out all the words and it turned into a book of pictures, *Deep in the Forest*, which tell the story. It has been a successful book which appeals to children whom I wanted to reach before—kindergarten and preschool children and children who are slow readers.

*S*: I'm wondering if there is an analogy to your creative process which you've just described, with events in your life which may have been chaotic, in which you trusted yourself and also came into a better place.

*B*: Well, my whole childhood was essentially chaotic. It was a very unhappy childhood. I was the traditional square peg in a round hole. I did not fit into my small town in Ohio in any way at all. My family was puzzled more than anything else by this child who wanted to draw pictures all the time, liked music, didn't want to go out and play football. I wasn't interested in any of that sort of thing. I was a problem to my family and to my teachers and to my fellow-students. I had a very poor social relationship to other children because I was weird: nobody else was like this. So it was not a childhood I would recommend. I think I would rather have had a happier childhood, and perhaps a less creative adulthood! But we don't organize these things. They happen and we make the best of them.

*S*: So you began drawing when you were a child.

*B*: I drew when I was very very young; almost as soon as I held a pencil in my hand, I drew pictures with it.

*S*: And you were unhappy at school because they wouldn't let you draw or they wouldn't let you draw enough, or you didn't want to be at school at all?

*B*: I now understand what the poor teachers were having to put up with in me: they were trying to get mathematics into the head of a boy who wasn't the least interested and would much rather draw pictures or look out the window and daydream. I was rapped over the knuckles time after time, and I have been a little bitter that I was punished for what later came to be my work. That seems too bad. I would like to say that when I was a junior in high school, a history teacher tapped into my ability and interest and turned me into an avid reader of history. She asked us to write a newspaper as it might have been written in Rome or Greece. I wasn't very good at the writing of it. I was much more interested in the pictures of it. I copied pictures of the Parthenon and of Demosthenes and the dying gladiator from my grandparents' old books, and I put these in my newspaper, which was mostly pictures. I will never forget the glow of pride when the teacher showed this to the class and she said, "We have some very good newspapers here, but Brinton's was the most interesting: look at all the illustrations in it and the pictures he found!" It made me glow, and I began to draw pictures for her. I drew pictures, eventually, of Napoleon with his hand in his vest, of Marie Antoinette going to the guillotine—all carefully, slavishly copied. But the picture of Napoleon was framed and put on the wall, and, amazingly, I became interested in history! And I've maintained that interest to this day. (I'm not a student of history, but I love it. And it was the one subject in high school that I really sort of took off with.) And I must tell you a follow-up of that. About five years ago, my mother died and I was home for the funeral. A very lovely lady came to the door with some kind of dish. She recognized me and said, "This is for your family. I'm sorry to hear about your mother's death. But I'm awfully glad to see you again. You would remember me better as Ruth Weaver." And I did remember, because she was the history teacher. She said, "I want you to know that I still have your picture of Napoleon which you made."

*S*: How wonderful!

*B*: And I said, "I would hate to see it. It would be

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*Obadiah and Rachel shared many adventures in Quaker Nantucket.*

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embarrassing to see it now.”

“No,” she said, “It’s a treasure and I wouldn’t give it up for anything.” And she said, “I’ve also gotten all of your books. We follow your books very carefully, and I’ve given them to many in my family. We love them all.”

I was very touched by this, and I said, “Ruth, I learned history as I learned nothing else, really, in my schooling. I wonder what it was, whether it was a deliberate act on your part to get me interested in history or whether it was just an accident that you got me involved.”

She said, “It was none of that. It was just that I loved you.”

S: That’s when real learning takes place.

B: Yes, this is learning, and how can you love everybody? I suppose to the other teachers I wasn’t very lovable. I was just a thorn in their side.

S: You hadn’t been happy in school. No one had been able to integrate your interests with theirs in terms of learning anything until high school? That’s a long, long time to have to suffer.

B: Well, there was one bright spot, and this was a woman who probably was responsible for my doing what I’m doing. She was a friend of my mother’s. She had studied with the famous Howard Pyle, who I think is the greatest American illustrator. He died early in the century. She was an illustrator and author of children’s books which were quite successful at the time, but they’re forgotten today. But I shall never forget her because she took great interest in my work. She would come to visit mother, and she would always want to see Brinton’s sketches. When mother would go down to see her, I would go along if I could. I didn’t want to go visiting with my mother to her other friends’ houses very much, but Miss Kay’s house was different because it usually meant I was invited to go up to her studio which was over her garage and see the magic, and that’s all it was, that going on in that place. Her studio (she had traveled all over the world, and she had what I thought were treasures all over the studio) was a magnificent place, and I always wanted to have a studio like it. I never did. My studios have always been as chaotic as my life. But hers had—oh, brass bells from India, ivory tusks of elephants, and she had a Spanish shawl, but the most wonderful thing was the drawing table on which, I seem to remember, there was always one of her illustrations taking shape. And I wanted so much to be a mouse in the corner, to be able to watch her do these things. It wasn’t only her studio that excited me, but it was the fact that she did take such an interest in me, and gave me the encouragement that I could get nowhere else. Also it must have encouraged my family to think maybe Brinton wasn’t so freakish after all, since she was successful in what she did. It probably meant to them that if I went to art school, it wasn’t the end of the road for me.

S: And did you go to art school?

B: I did go to art school, yes, in Boston, and then I spent time after that in advertising. I didn’t like that very much, because I was one of the few people I know who got the idea that when I was making an illustration for an ad, I was endorsing that product. I just couldn’t get used to that. It was like signing my name to Ivory Soap or General Electric products. Unless I felt sure they were good products, I felt I shouldn’t have anything to do with them. But nobody else had this problem that I know of, and I was very happy to get out of it when I moved down to Santa Fe and began to illustrate textbooks.

S: How many years ago was that?

B: I left Chicago where I had been working in advertising in ’48 and came down to Santa Fe and stayed there for nine years illustrating textbooks. I ran up against a very serious problem with editors in New York who were not sure that New Mexico was one of the United States and didn’t want to send anything out of New York City, certainly not to a new young artist they didn’t know very well. And I didn’t then do as much as I should. I should have gone to New York every year and peddled and hustled, but I didn’t. In the nine years I was in New Mexico, I only managed to go to New York twice. But that’s because I hated cities. I didn’t want to go to New York. Actually I had to go, and when I did get to
New York, I began to become well known in the publishing industry illustrating other people’s writings. It was the publishing of Obadiah the Bold that changed everything around for me, because it started me on a career as a writer. It gave me the freedom that I needed to get away from New York.

S: What helped you in your life to listen to your feelings and to be guided by your intuitive sense of what was right for you to do?

B: Shirley, it's so innate. I don't think there was any conscious effort for this at all, because it was the way I was: just like I had a certain color hair and I was so tall. Just like I couldn't develop any great interest in baseball. I tried, but that wasn't where I was at. I was at creating things, drawing things, making up things, living very largely in a fantasy world which, I'm sure, a psychiatrist would have said was very unhealthy.

S: The innate keeping close to the feelings and not allowing yourself to be coerced by the culture or by the family or by teachers—I find that a remarkable quality.

S: How did you come to find the Religious Society of Friends?

B: I think I was a Friend before I knew they existed. Probably from the time I was very young. I was in Santa Fe, and shortly after I arrived there, I got to know Jane Bauman, who was one of the founders of the Santa Fe Meeting. I only knew her as a very warm friend. She and her husband were in my little house having dinner one night, and I said to them, "I read in the paper that you are collecting clothes for the American Friends Service Committee. What is that?" She said, "Have you ever heard of the Quakers?" And I said yes. "Well, it's a service branch of the Quakers." I said, "Are there any Quakers here in Santa Fe?" "Oh yes," she said, "there's a little meeting here. I'm a Quaker." Well, it was just like having Betsy Ross in my sitting room! I thought Quakers were extinct. They were historical, but I didn't think of them as being today people. I was so fascinated that I kept asking her questions, and she answered them willingly, but she said, "Please come to meeting and see for yourself." I was far too timid to do that, so I said no, but I would like to read about them. So Jane supplied me with all kinds of things: The Friends Intelligencer as it was called then, and some of George Fox and Howard Brinton and pamphlets from Pendle Hill. I was absolutely absorbed in them but was still too shy to go to meeting for three or four months. I felt I had to have a fairly good background before I went. I felt I knew exactly where others were at and that they knew exactly where I was at. I felt immediately at home.

S: What is the sense of being in worship with Friends? Or that you were received warmly? Or a combination of things?

B: It was all that and also the fact that I had read as much as I did. I was with people who were like-minded. It was such a totally different feeling from when I was in grade school, for instance. This was what made it so warm: I never really had had such an experience before of being with a group with whom I could share so much.

S: It always fascinates me to speak with writers and artists about how they perceive their own creative process. You've mentioned working through chaos as an important part. Maybe you'd like to think aloud about other aspects of the process?

B: In a way, it seems to me that all the stories I have written and will write are already in my head. It means that the right time and right climate must be there before it can come out. It could be that I might have an experience tomorrow or hear about something so astonishing that it would rivet my imagination and get me going on something, but even if that were to happen, I think it would relate to something in my past. For instance, a dear old lady I knew in New York told me a story—something that had happened to her when she was a child in Washington. I felt sure it would make a beautiful story. I told her so, and she said, "Please write it." I never got it in the air; it just didn't work. The reason for that is that it didn't relate to anything in me. It was her story. I know there are writers who can take myths and fables and old stories and rewrite them successfully, but I have not been able to do that. Maybe
the writer who does take myths or fairy stories and rewrites them successfully has something deep inside which relates to the myth. Unless it does come from something pretty fundamental, you don't have anything. In other words, it would be forced.

S: So there is a corollary here when you say it has to come from something deep within to our Quaker forebears saying to us, "Turn in! Turn in!"

B: I think probably the only mysterious source of my creativity may be in connection with the first book I wrote, which was Obadiah the Bold. Years before the story was written, I had drawn a valentine for a three-year-old girl, the daughter of friends of mine I had visited, and I sent it to her where she lived in Chicago. It had a little Quaker boy on it, and he was holding behind his back a big valentine he had made with a big heart in it. And he had written on it, "Be Mine." The minute I did that I had a feeling that there was a story behind this child. I thought he was an old-fashioned Quaker boy of poked around wondering if I might get struck with an idea. But nothing came. Three years later I took a vacation, somewhat unwillingly, to the island of Nantucket. I say unwillingly because I wanted to go somewhere else, but the transportation there was so complicated and complex for a weekend that I couldn't make it. And so, with bad humor, I flew up to Nantucket. I didn't know anything about the place. When I got there, I loved it immediately, because it has maintained its historical integrity. The old houses which the sea captains had built are still there—and just as sturdy and strong as they can be because they were built by ships' carpenters. I soon discovered that this had been the stronghold of Quakerism. In fact, from the time the first white settlers came (there had been some Indians there), there were Quakers among them, and until about 1850 it was almost entirely a Quaker community. I stayed in a 17th century inn filled with antiques. I went to bed one night after a lobster dinner and awoke in the middle of the night with a stomachache and a story. The story was about a little boy who had been given a spyglass for his birthday, and wanted to be, of all things, a pirate. And I wrote it down. The little boy's name was Jeremiah in the original version. I didn't like it too much, so I changed it. I did a lot of reworking of the story and then took it to a very dear friend of mine, Ezra Keats, who is a very successful author and illustrator of children's books. He gave me great encouragement and told me to take it to his publisher, which was Viking. He thought they would take it up in a minute. He was right, but it wasn't a minute. But they took it. That was what I thought was going to be my one and only book. I didn't realize that there would be ten others, three others about Obadiah and his family. I didn't know there would be a series, and since then I've had to become a kind of two-bit historian of Nantucket and early Quakerism there. I wanted the books to be as accurate as possible. By the way, I found something most interesting about the name Obadiah: in browsing through the dictionary not long ago, I saw the name there and I read that in the last century it was a perjorative name for a Quaker. In other words, some Methodists might look at those plain dressed people going to meeting and say, "There go a couple of Obadias." So it was an appropriate name.

S: What are you working on currently?

B: That's a sore subject. I'm illustrating a book that had a contract signed a year ago, but I'm still working. It seems to be slowing up in my old age. It seems to be mostly done. It has a wonderful title which I'm not responsible for. Well, I am responsible for it because it comes in the body of the text, but the editor picked it out of the text. It's called Do Not Open, and I can't imagine anybody from the age of five to a hundred picking up the book without opening it! [The book was finished and is reviewed on page 23. —Ed.]

S: What do you do to help yourself through a time like this in which your work does not come easily?

B: I use a little old-fashioned faith, a little trust that the end of the world is not here because the work isn't coming today. It is discouraging, and I don't mean to say it isn't. I spend days looking at drawing boards without anything on them or drawing pictures that seem to be totally worthless or throwing away ideas that just don't seem to work out. But I think I have a basic sustaining faith that this is all part of the creative process and that it isn't the end of the world. It may very well be the beginning!
Our raft was almost on shore as an Eskimo woman in a green summer calico parka came running over the bank shouting, "Carol Horner?! Carol Horner?!" I leapt from the raft into the shallow water and raced up the bank. We threw our arms around each other and laughed like old friends. Here I was halfway around the world in a different culture. A stranger knew my name and welcomed me like family.

My main reason for being in Alaska was to raft the Noatak River. This Arctic river courses over 400 miles of wilderness from its headwaters in the heart of the Brooks Range to the northwest coastal community of Kotzebue, just across the Bering Strait from Siberia. Along the river's banks there is only one town, the Eskimo village of Noatak.

Rachael Sherman, the native Alaskan who greeted me, is a member of Noatak Friends Church. Her village was settled by Quaker missionaries around the turn of the century. The nomadic Inupiat Eskimos located their village about 70 miles upstream from Kotzebue. It centered around a school and a Friends church. Today, Noatak has a population of about 300, most of whom are Friends.

In the late 19th century, an Eskimo prophet named Maniilaq traveled and taught in the Kobuk and Noatak River regions of Alaska. Although he may have had some contact with white people on trading trips to the coast, it is doubtful that Maniilaq had been directly exposed to Christianity. However, in many ways Maniilaq prepared the way for Christianity in the Arctic.

He challenged the angatkuks (priests and medicine men) by breaking many taboos, diminishing the power of fear and superstition over the people. After Maniilaq's example, many Eskimos dared to combine food from the ground with food caught in the sea without suffering dreaded illness. Women began to deliver their babies at home rather than isolate themselves in snow houses. They stopped rolling their newborns in the snow, no doubt reducing infant mortality.

Maniilaq's authority came from his words and his deeds. He told people to love one another and taught them to settle differences peacefully. Every seventh day he rested. Maniilaq meditated regularly, relating to the people what God had said to him. He was respected as a great spiritual leader among his people.
The reputation of Maniilaq as a prophet was further established as many events he predicted subsequently happened. He foretold the coming of the airplane and motorboat. He said that white people would arrive in large numbers. He also said that Prudhoe Bay would become a population center. With the discovery of vast oil deposits on the North Slope, this prophecy has recently been realized.

Having been influenced by Maniilaq’s teachings, the northwestern Eskimos readily received the Quaker missionaries from California. Many native people embraced the Christian faith. The missionaries in turn learned the native language and worked to strengthen the indigenous leadership of the Friends church, which has remained effective throughout the 20th century. The Quaker practice of traveling around from meeting to meeting to share testimony fit well with the native nomadic way of life. Today “Gospel tripping” is very much a part of Friends’ ministry.

Although Rachael Sherman and I were from distinctly different cultures, we shared a common spiritual heritage. My Quaker roots are in southern New Jersey, where my relatives have lived since Colonial times. Being two generations removed from Quakerism, I knew little of the faith of my ancestors until five years ago when I began to worship with Friends in Bar Harbor, Maine.

In the winter of 1980, I began to contemplate taking a river trip in Arctic Alaska. The sense of rightness about taking this journey did not come automatically. Could I go to the far extreme of the continent without my husband? There would be no communication with the outside world for three weeks. What if something happened to one of the children? I worried about the possibility of a death in the family. There would be no sophisticated medical care on the river. The possibility of a grizzly bear attack was a danger to be considered. The threat of catastrophic illness or injury was real. I mentally played out the worst of my fantasies, acknowledging the risks before letting go of my fears.

When I proposed what I thought would sound like a hare-brained scheme to my family, I was greeted with enthusiasm. Every need seemed met almost before I had asked. Elaborate plans were made for the care of four children, husband, dog, cat, and plants. The way was open for me to go.

I hoped that I might meet some of our Friends in the Arctic as we stopped briefly in Noatak and Kotzebue. In a list of yearly meetings, I found that Roland Booth, clerk of Alaska Yearly Meeting, lived in Kotzebue. I wrote him about my proposed trip and asked him to send me the names of Friends in Noatak. Just before my departure I received his letter with detailed first-hand information about the Noatak region. During the summer many villagers go to Sheshalik on the coast to fish for salmon, but Roland, a native of Noatak, sent the names of three Friends who he thought might be in Noatak at that time of year.

Although there was no time for a reply, I decided to write to Rachael Sherman in Noatak. I explained that I was a Quaker from Maine who, with 12 others, would be traveling by raft down the Noatak River in June and July, possibly reaching Noatak village about July 9. We would be wearing army-style camouflage pants and carrying ammo boxes (to protect our cameras). I assured her that even though we might look like a commando raid, we were really peaceable. I expressed hope that we might meet and told her that I would be bringing greetings from Acadia Friends in Maine. Sending the letter was somewhat like putting a note in a bottle and setting it adrift.

The clerk of Acadia Friends Meeting sent me off with a warm letter of introduction and greeting to the Alaskan Friends. The traveling minute was carefully guarded in the safety of my ammo box and gave me the secure feeling of being connected to a greater community. The joy of bearing this kind of communication is one I hope many Friends experience.

Traveling by jet from Maine to California was the most efficient leg of the trip, covering over 3500 miles in an evening. From San Francisco I drove with friends to Seattle, where we boarded the ferry for Haines, Alaska. As we steamed north for 1500 miles up the Inside Passage, darkness disappeared. From Haines we drive on the rough dirt highway through the Yukon Territory, reaching Fairbanks in three days. Here all roads end.

A chartered Cessna 207 flew us above the Arctic Circle to Bettles, population 51. In a series of shuttles, we were flown the last 100 miles to the headwaters of the Noatak River by float plane through the snow-covered Arrigetch Peaks, 8,000-foot spires which dominate the Brooks
Range. From the air we could see Embryo Lake amid the mountains. The river shimmered silver in the Arctic light. I felt as if I were at the beginning of time.

Rafting the Noatak for over 300 miles was an experience filled with beauty, excitement, and mystery. At our first camp we stumbled upon a tree sparrow's nest still present. Through translucent skin, their hearts beat and I felt as if I were at the beginning of time.

About halfway down the river the terrain changed sharply from rolling hills and open plains to more rugged mountains. As we paddled into the evening, the sun highlighted sandy shoals behind us. Glaucous gulls with frosty wing-tips wheeled against the slate blue sky, reminiscent of a Winslow Homer landscape. Then as the river curved sharply toward the sun everything changed. A cathedral of light opened through the clouds over the mountain range ahead. Wind rippled the water—gray, shimmering tight ripples in the distance, wider, larger ripples near the rafts. Streaming rays of sun spotlight green slopes while other mountains stood misty black in silhouette. Glowing, shining gold outlines of clouds crowned this glorious mountain range and yellow light spilled down the waterway. No one spoke. It was a time filled with wonder. In an attitude of worship, we silently paddled toward the light. The only expression I could imagine was a passage from the 95th Psalm:

Come! Let us raise a joyful song to the Lord, a shout of triumph to the Rock of our salvation... the farthest places of the earth are in his hands, and the folds of the hills are his; the sea is his, he made it; the dry land fashioned by his hands is his.

Once on shore, we marveled at the experience; believer and unbeliever alike were mysteriously touched.

Toward the end of the trip we were camped on a high bluff where the willows were about waist-high. I had wandered a short distance from the tents to observe redpolls flitting around in the bushes when I suddenly saw a fox about 30 yards away. In full profile with tail extended, it stopped and looked at me. I stood stock still. It moved a few steps, then sat down facing me. We both stared. The fox had a thick coat of warm orange fur with brown along the flank of the body and a huge bushy plume of a tail, orange with white on the tip. After staring for what seemed like a very long minute, it began to move off in a wide circle a few steps at a time, pausing often for eye contact. I also moved away in a wide circle. When there was a significant distance between us, the fox meandered and the village disappeared. We anticipated that it would reappear around the next bend, but it did not. The river twisted and turned, and all we saw were slender stands of spruce and distant mountains on the horizon. Had it been a mirage?

Soon after we had all but lost our courage, the village reappeared, much closer with houses distinguishable. An outboard motor whirred; an electric generator hummed; dogs barked. People began to gather in twos and threes in doorways and along the high bank above the river.

The dunnage raft docked on the gravel beach with the second raft close behind. I jumped from the third raft to meet Rachael Sherman, who had called my name. She told me that she and her family had taken a picnic upstream the day before when they had hoped to meet us but saw no signs of our party. Then as friends began climbing from the rafts, Rachael began to count them: "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13... Come for coffee?"

We followed Rachael along a muddy path to her modest log cabin, where we met her three children, Amelia, 9 1/2, Henry, 8, and Janet, 3, and her husband Ben. We were able to call home, dialing direct, for news of our families. What immense relief to learn that...
everyone was well. My husband was happy to put his grizzly fantasies to rest. The village had had television for about four years, but telephone service had been established only since 1979.

After having lunch with us on the beach, Rachael invited us all for caribou stew supper. Everyone as a group replied, “Oh, no, that would be too much; we wouldn’t want to impose.”

Rachael looked at me and said quietly, “How many will come?”

I began polling everyone individually. Yes, yes, yes. “Thirteen, Rachael.” She beamed, and we set off again for her home.

From the massive chest freezer in the livingroom, Rachael took two huge leg bones of caribou and parboiled them. Then, she expertly removed the meat from the bones with her ulu, or woman’s knife. This triangular blade of steel with a rounded cutting edge and bone or ivory handle is the basic implement of the kitchen. Every woman is skilled in its uses from butchering whales at the beach to fine mincing of vegetables. Rachael’s ulu became an axe. With three deft strokes, she broke each leg bone in two and placed bones and chunks of meat into the stew pot.

After three weeks in the wild, I was feeling shabby in my unwashed camouflage pants. I admired Rachael’s calico parka. Thinking I might like to have something “decent” to wear on the long flight home, I inquired if I might find one in Kotzebue. Rachael asked, “How long will you be staying in Noatak?”

“Until tomorrow morning.”

“I think Mom can make you one today,” she replied. “Mom” has 12 children, ten of whom are still at home. Amelia took me to her grandmother’s house, where Barbara Wesley held out my arms and sized up my measurements by a pull here and a pat there. A calico parka is a long-sleeved, hooded sailboat with a rounded cutting edge and bone or ivory handle is the basic implement of the kitchen. Every woman is skilled in its uses from butchering whales at the beach to fine mincing of vegetables. Rackael’s ulu became an axe. With three deft strokes, she broke each leg bone in two and placed bones and chunks of meat into the stew pot.

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Dinner was a feast at the Sherman’s home. Caribou stew with small noodles, carrots, onions, and rice were served with bread and butter. Janet in her highchair begged for marrow, which Ben scooped out of the bone with the handle of a spoon. For dessert we had canned fruit cocktail and Eskimo ice cream. Rachael made the ice cream from blackberries, sugar, milk, seal oil, and beef tallow, beaten well and frozen. It is a very rich dessert with hard, fine pieces of fat throughout.

During the meal, Rachael, reluctant to admit to her craving, whispered to me, “I just have to have seal oil!” With that she dashed over to her freezer and produced a gallon jar filled with chunks of frozen walrus meat and seal oil. She spooned out several portions and proceeded to dip her caribou meat in it. I asked to try it. The oil is clear and light with a slightly tangy taste, like a condiment. After watching my reaction, the rest of the crew were quick to sample this Eskimo delicacy from my plate, breaking all our sanitary taboos. On the river we were scrupulous in not letting our personal cup or spoon touch the common pot.

Grateful for the Shermans’ hospitality, our rafting crew left parting gifts of hams, nuts, candy, and lemonade. After the others went to set up camp, I had the unique privilege of visiting the home of Barbara Wesley for several hours. As Barbara sat at her sewing machine working on the calico, family members began to gather in her small bedroom. Sisters, aunts, grandmother, and children filled the house. As soon as the last piece of braid was sewn on the parka, I tried it on. Perfect! Barbara’s blind sister moved her hands gently over the fabric, carefully measuring the fit. “Oh, Carol, you look so nice!”

Four generations of Eskimo women were in that room. We passed the evening talking about our families, problems in the village, our common faith. A teenage daughter shared her journal. I asked if they sang in meetings. “Oh, too bad you’re not going to be here. We’d sing you such a welcome song!” Rachael Sherman exclaimed.

Suddenly Barbara Wesley stood up on her bed and began to rummage around on a shelf. When she sat down, she presented me with her ivory-handled ulu, carved with a simple design and her initials. I was completely surprised and so touched that I burst into tears. Everyone in the room cried with me, an unforgettable moment of joy and closeness.

Later in the evening it was jointly decided that I should spend the night with Mary, Barbara’s blind sister, who lived near the airstrip. Someone suggested that I should have an alarm clock. They also thought I should have a watch in case I woke during the night and wondered what time it was in the confusing 24-hour light. Barbara insisted that I take hers. When I assured her that I would leave it with Mary, she said, “I hope you forget.” Their generosity seemed boundless.

At Mary’s I had another feast. This time we had strips of dried seal meat, which we cut into bite-sized pieces...
with an ulu. Dried seal meat, ugruk, is similar to beef jerky in texture, but it is not salty. It has a mild, delicious taste of the sea. We also had packaged cookies and canned apricots. As we sat there at the table, Mary gave me a small ulu made by her uncle in a beautifully carved wooden case.

At midnight, Mary's nieces brought in two freshly-caught white fish. Mary turned to me and said, "Wouldn't you like some fried fish for a midnight snack?" She swiftly scaled the fish with her ulu and fried them in flour and butter. I wished I had gifts; an herb bag and left-over insect repellent were my meager offerings.

The next morning Mary fixed a breakfast of ham and eggs. When I was ready to leave for the plane, she hugged me and said, "We're going to miss you, Carol." I had difficulty believing that the day before we had been total strangers. Yet in such a short time bonds of friendship were formed.

The next step on the schedule for the rafting group was a flight from Noatak to Kotzebue. From the air we could see swans on gleaming lakes and the incredibly complex patterns made by the many braids of the river as it flowed toward the sea. When we arrived in Kotzebue, it began to rain. The others decided to fly home a day early, but I wanted to meet Roland Booth, the clerk of Alaska Yearly Meeting, whom I had originally written.

It was dreary in Kotzebue as I trekked along the dirt street toward the Booths' with my tent, sleeping bag, and duffle. Roland and his wife Gretchen received me warmly. I inquired about making reservations in the hotel or setting up camp. The Booths asked me to stay with them. When I hesitated, Roland quipped, "It's kind of wet to be setting up camp, isn't it?" My arm did not need twisting.

While we had coffee, tea, and rolls, four-year-old Vernon enjoyed playing with cars and shooting a toy gun. In a home where subsistence hunting is a way of life, handling guns is a necessity. Toy guns do not carry the stigma in Quaker homes in the Arctic that they do in the Lower 48.

Toward evening, Roland, a commercial fisherman, decided he wanted to check his nets and try to get some salmon for supper. He went to the dock, but the entire day's catch had been sold to wholesalers at 26 cents a pound. It was appalling to think what this same fish would probably sell for on the retail market. When Roland arrived home, he announced that he wanted to go to Sheshalik, a spit of land jutting into Kotzebue Sound, where many Eskimo families fish during the summer. I really wanted to go with him but was not sure whether to say so. I finally gathered my courage and asked if I might come along.

"You might get wet..."

"I don't mind." I wasn't sure he wanted me, but I quickly dressed in foul weather gear and borrowed Gretchen's boots.

"You better be dressed warmly. It takes 20 minutes to get over there." I translated this to mean I'd better not complain if I was uncomfortable. Roland downed some hot coffee, and we were off.

His boat was a handmade, flat-bottomed wooden craft with two crosspieces for seats and a well to house the 140-horsepower motor. In a stiff breeze and light rain, we took off from shore like a streak. Roland explained that there were three channels. "You better know where they are if you're going to open throttle!" A tarp blew off a portable cooler and smacked me in the face. Roland cut the engine while I struggled fiercely to get this monstrous cloth under control, conscious every second that I was holding up progress. It made a great windbreak so I wanted to keep part of it over me without having it flap all over.

Wearing hip boots, coveralls, and a red-hooded sweatshirt under his jacket, Roland looked as if he'd be at home on the Maine coast. As we raced across the sound, raindrops drove into my face like needles. "What do you see?" Roland asked. I envied him the protection of his glasses. Straining to keep an eye open, I began to see the line of white tents along the shore. The tents looked like children's drawings of houses with the simple lines of the wooden framework covered with white canvas.

Wooden racks of drying fish and hides were silhouetted against the sky. Gray sea met charcoal mountains peering through a ribbon of fog. We were near shore when I smelled the strong aroma of fish, warming me with nostalgia for the salt marsh of my childhood.

We were there! I helped pull the boat in, make it perpendicular to the beach, and anchor it. Smoke from the tent stoves wafted about. Someone had visited the Booths' tent, where there was evidence that Rice Krispies and pineapple had been eaten.

Leela, an elderly Eskimo woman, walked along the shore. She and Roland spoke Inupiat, flowing combinations of oo, uk, ahk, tuk, luk. We shook hands and exchanged smiles and a few words. More was...
transmitted through touch and eyes than through language.

Roland wanted to check out the salmon situation with Peter Luther. Inside their spacious tent, Peter’s wife Suzie was preparing tea on a gigantic Coleman stove. She smiled shyly when I said how beautiful the mussels were on the beach. I wondered if she had sewn the massive sheets of canvas together to make their tent. Yes, “Do you dig clams along the shore?” Suzie knit her brows, shook her head and shrugged her shoulders in what seemed like a gesture of angry embarrassment, perhaps at not understanding what I was saying. Not wishing to cause discomfort, I kept quiet.

Toothless Peter had a face wreathed in smiles, gray hair, and warm, strong hands that were well-calloused. The men talked shop in Inupiak. It was easy to hear who was questioning and who was answering and to pick up general tones of good humor in the conversation. Roland did not stop to translate; ironically this made me feel less foreign, less self-conscious.

There was no salmon, and Roland was disappointed. He had gone to great lengths that day to find some. I hoped it was because he wanted it himself and not just because I was there. We walked the beach looking at racks of drying white fish and trout. There were also strips of ugruk (seal) and three seal hides curing in the salt air. Glaucous gulls gathered on the point where beluga had been taken earlier in the spring. Several soared around our heads, and I wondered why they did not eat all the fish. Roland said the men had to watch carefully to avoid being robbed by the birds.

I took up the anchor, washed it, and put it on board. Roland ran back for muktuk (whale meat) that Gretchen wanted for yearly meeting guests. The rain had stopped, and the sun cast a dull glow through the gray sky behind us. Soon after we left shore, the sun broke through, throwing a slash of yellow in our foaming wake and lighting a path to the white tents on the beach.

I had a feeling of being purified, at peace, fully alive and whole in this place. The sea and wind were restorative and exhilarating. As I sat there enjoying the water splashing up the sides of the boat, the speed, and the wind, Roland said, “You look like a real fisherman—watchcap, rainsuit, and all.” I knew that he was pleased that I had come, that I had not embarrassed him, that I was accepted. What I felt on that water was close to ecstasy as I turned toward Sheshalik again and again.

I had made a conscious decision not to take my camera to the fishing camp for I did not want it to separate me from the experience of the people. Sheshalik was a place to be imprinted on the memory. Without the camera, I was more a part of it.

Roland radioed Kotzebue to announce our return. Gretchen had spaghetti and blueberry muffins ready when we arrived at nearly 9 p.m. She had crocheted two booties for a friend’s baby while we were gone.
MISUSING OUR HISTORY:

The Meaning of the New Right

by Carl Abbott

Joel Holland’s recent article about “Religion on the Right” (FJ 10/15/81) deals with an issue that is of immense importance to Friends. It is hard to argue with the basic point that we need to understand and minister to the deep dissatisfaction that creates constituents for leaders of the New Right. It is hard to be a Friend and not hope to reach out to other men and women.

It is necessary, however, to disagree with almost the entire analysis that precedes his conclusions. Basic misunderstandings of the history of the United States and of its current social patterns can lead us to strategies that are useless or counterproductive. The article lacks supporting evidence, and it fails to put together an adequate theory to explain the rise of the New Right.

Holland argues that the New Right is an expected response to our third, contemporary stage of industrial capitalism. The directly exploitative industrial system of the 19th century, he says, was replaced by the welfare capitalism of the 20th century. Welfare capitalism, in turn, is giving way to a new era in which the U.S. faces a horizon of despair. The characterization of this new era, unfortunately, is contradictory. On the one hand, it supposedly is dominated by transnational corporations that control the world economy in order to seek out the essential input of cheap labor. On the other hand, it is a capital-intensive system that creates structural unemployment and renders a cheap labor pool irrelevant. A new era of capitalism can have one or the other characteristic but scarcely both.

Part of the problem arises from a limited historical perspective. The trends that are defined as parts of the new era have been in evolution in the United States for more than a century. The welfare state that reached its American climax in 1980 (not the late 1930s, as Holland states) has its roots in responses to urbanization in the 1870s and 1880s. Use of the authority of the state to cow and control the labor force began with large-scale industrialization in the United States. The history of the labor movement from the 1870s to the 1930s is a story of repression through the legal system and the application of armed force to break strikes and unions. Industrial activity here and overseas has been increasingly capital intensive since the first application of steam power.

Industrial states in Europe and North America have generations of experience with the problem of absorbing displaced workers into a changing economy. They have been successful on the whole in creating new service-sector jobs that enrich the overall quality of life.

In short, the traits that are supposed to characterize the new economic order of the 1980s are just as characteristic of the 1880s. The international economy may be in trouble, but it can scarcely explain the rise of the New Right in the United States.

The analysis of religion on the right also discovers the New Right lurking in particular parts of the country. “The South and West are said to constitute a new coalition that is attempting to plant an “illiberal” culture on the rest of the nation. What the article has done is to restate the Sunbelt conspiracy theory of Kirkpatrick Sale’s potboiling book of 1975 on Power Shift: The Rise of the Southern Rim and Its Challenge to the Eastern Establishment. Sale asserted that the Sunbelt constitutes a nexus of power that stands in political, economic, and cultural opposition to the liberal East. His ultimate concern was

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to explain how Richard Nixon could be elected, just as Holland would like to explain Ronald Reagan.

In fact, the South and West do not form a single political or cultural region. There is no single value of political conservatism that unites Georgia, Tennessee, New Mexico, and California. Arizona voters send both Barry Goldwater and Morris Udall to Congress. California is the political home of both Reagan and Jerry Brown. The Sunbelt is also the area where racial minorities have had their greatest political success. New Orleans, Atlanta, and Los Angeles have black mayors. San Antonio was recently the first large city to elect a Mexican-American mayor.

Historically, religion in the United States has been an ally of progressive social change.

It is just as hard to find any common social and cultural patterns in the vast territory of the South and West. Dallas or Tulsa may be the capital of white Protestant America, but Miami is the economic capital of the Caribbean world, and Los Angeles is the second capital of Mexico. I challenge readers to find the common bonds between laid-back Santa Barbara, boom-town Houston, artsy-craftsy Santa Fe, gritty Chattanooga, militarized Charleston, and the miniature Midwest of Tampa-Orlando.

The closest historical analogue for the New Right of 1981 is in fact the Ku Klux Klan of 1921. The Klan of the early 1920s was a national organization that was strongest in border states like Oklahoma, middle western states like Indiana, and western states like Colorado and Oregon. Its greatest appeal was to non-liturgical Protestants such as Methodists and Baptists. Its primary targets were foreigners, Catholics, and Jews.

The appeal of the KKK was to the same sorts of Middle Americans who listen to the calls of the Moral Majority. Factory workers, dentists, hardware merchants, and clerks—its 2 million members were united by fear of change. In an age of motor cars and mechanized production, movies and mass merchandising, Klansmen shared a commitment to an earlier way of life and saw the KKK as a reaffirmation of traditional values. Membership in the Invisible Empire was a blow against outsiders who were pushing into positions formerly held by native-born citizens (read opposition of affirmative action as the modern equivalent). At the same time, the average Klan member worried about the peace of his community and the honor of his daughter (concern about the rise of crime and Senator Denton's "teenage chastity bill" are again our current equivalents).

The New Right, I would argue, is the same sort of backlash against a period of very rapid cultural change. It is not a wave of the future but a grasping at the receding past. It is the Moral Majority that lacks any positive program, not our much-maligned liberals.

To the extent that the analogy can help us understand the future, it suggests that Americans will see through a program that offers no positive content. Our fellow citizens may be frightened of the pace of change, but they are not fools. The KKK in the 1920s rose and fell in half a decade. The reactive legislative program of the current New Right may have a similar lifespan.

Holland, in fact, joins with reactionary movements in his nostalgia for a golden past. He, too, seems to blame science for failures of the political system. He would prefer to turn down the rate of technological change and to reduce the scale of social institutions. As indicated earlier, the world has been growing more complex and more tightly interconnected since the onset of industrialization. The locus of change has shifted from one economic sector to another, from one technology to another, and from one social institution to another, but change itself has been continuous. It will continue, whether the New Right approves or not.

As we wait, it is scarcely time to throw out the system of welfare capitalism as an unhappy mistake. The U.S. electorate may have been reaching for pie-in-the-sky when they voted for Reagan and his tax cut rainbow, but it is doubtful that they were consciously voting to dismantle the entire structure of social services for the poor (and middle class) and to block equal access to opportunity. For the liberal, the current situation is the chance to write off the minority of unsuccessful initiatives while defending the majority.

In the meantime, Friends and others should not be embarrassed to stress the religious roots of American reform. Historically, religion in the United States has been an ally of progressive social change. The effort to abolish slavery, prison reform, women's rights, the social gospel, the settlement house movement, and the civil rights movement—each of these reforms drew its strength from religious conviction. In particular, they drew on mainstream Protestants, including Friends, who found a calling to prepare the way of the Lord by building a more just and holy society.

It is an embarrassment to the rest of us that we allow the Jerry Falwells to identify religion with social repression. Political liberals can gain strength themselves and make their arguments more effective for others if they acknowledge the importance of belief. Indeed, Holland's assumption that liberalism is solely a secular tradition ignores its greatest source of strength. It is one of the duties of Friends to keep alive the deeper message of social reform.
W illiam Bacon Evans of Moorestown, NJ was sitting on the facing bench of his meeting on a hot summer day. The front door of his meetinghouse was open. A hen entered. It walked up the aisle to the front. Bacon leaned over and said: “Welcome, Friend. Has thee anything to lay before the meeting?”

This and other examples of Friendly fun were shared in a 1975 meeting I chaired in Philadelphia. Its main feature was a panel discussion on “Quaker Humor Through the Ages,” led by H. Mather Lippincott Jr. Panelists were Richard Wood, Charles Thomas, and Charles Wells. Audience members contributed joyously. A jolly good time was had by all, courtesy of Friends Social Union.

What follows below and in a subsequent short series over the next few months draws on that occasion. But it owes much to earlier joke collections on both sides of the Atlantic. And it incorporates humor passed to me on scraps of paper after the meeting, told to me on the street, or conveyed later by phone.

Credit is given parenthetically where possible. We are particularly indebted to Irvin and Ruth Verlenden Poley (Friendly Anecdotes, Harper & Brothers, 1946) and to W.H. Sessions (More Quaker Laughter, William Sessions, Ltd., 1967); both books are unfortunately out of print.

However, as most jokes are repeats filched from earlier merrymakers, let me advance these without apology for the way credit is assigned below. I have grouped them in six categories and related them as briefly as I could.

Should you find that we have erred in the telling, or the credit given, do tell the editor—but do so by enclosing with your correction at least one equivalent joke of your own!

The first set deals with meeting for worship.

“i believe in the discipline of silence,” said George Bernard Shaw about the original form of Quaker worship, “And could talk for hours about it.”

At Haverford Meeting one mid-week, college students had decided beforehand to award a cherry pie to the first of them on his feet and speaking.

Unfortunately, the administration got wind of the plot. When moments after the meeting began a student popped up, the beloved “Uncle Billy” Comfort rose with him. He barked the student’s name and snapped: “Thee sit down!”

Before obeying, the startled student hastily announced: “Uncle Billy, thee wins the cherry pie!” (Grant Fraser)

A small child attending silent meeting for the first time whispered loudly to his mother: “Why is everybody so quiet?”

Presently a Friend in the gallery rose. He began by saying: “The first speaker has raised an important question.” (Poley)

Samuel Comfort tells of a quarterly meeting in Bucks County, where the house was full and included an old farmer, who rose from a top bench... He stood there for some while, gathering his thoughts. Finally a voice from the far corner cried out: “The Friend is not heard in this part of the room.”

To which the old farmer finally responded: “I ain’t said nothin’ yet.” (Mather Lippincott)

George Walton spoke in Swarthmore Meeting. Afterwards a Friend came up to him and said: “I thank thee for speaking in meeting. What thee has to say always does my wife good.” (Walter Keighton)
Living and Growing—And Meeting for Worship

Heather McNaught, 12-year-old cellist from Bay Village (OH), wrote this essay at Friends Music Institute in July at Olney Friends School, Barnesville, OH. She was one of 27 teenagers from a dozen states and Canada.

Just think, only six days ago these little kittens weren’t even here. Then the first kitten was found by an excited camper. Others joined the search, and soon five more tiny, furry babies were found. Their mother quickly accepted the babies, and now they were all snuggled in a cozy lump next to their sleeping mother. I put my hand on them. I felt their warmth and the tiny beat of their hearts. I decided to go and see the two cute puppies that had been left on the camp grounds.

I walked down the shaded brick pathway. As I drew near to the end of the path, I saw their cute white-tipped tails waving in perfect rhythm together. They rushed towards me, and I bent over and scooped one puppy under each arm. Immediately they began to lick my face with their cute, pink tongues. When I set them on the ground again, they instantly went after my feet. I got down on all fours and barked—the puppies loved it. They jumped and played until they were exhausted and fell asleep.

I stole away quietly and decided to go visit the baby goat that was born only 7½ weeks ago. I walked slowly across the warm, green grass. When I reached the barn, I opened the large swinging double door that led into the barn. I felt a nudge behind me. I turned around and saw the soft, brown mother goat behind me trying to get me to move over and let her in the barn. When my eyes adjusted to the dim light, I saw the kid lying on a pile of straw. I went over to stroke its downy fur.

I glanced at my watch. It was time for meeting for worship. I gave the baby and mother a friendly pat, then I ran to the main dorm building. As I sat on the floor in meeting I thought: Everything here seems to be blossoming and growing; every little thing, I realized, was suddenly more beautiful than ever.
Quaker Youth Pilgrimage

From mid-July through mid-August, 14 young Friends from 13 U.S. yearly meetings took part in the biennial Quaker Youth Pilgrimage sponsored by the Friends World Committee for Consultation. They were joined by a like number of pilgrims from the other side of the Atlantic. Here are impressions from three of the participants:

Stuart Lueders of Moorestown (NJ)

Monthly Meeting gives some of the feeling of the week the group spent in Northern Ireland, helping with several Quaker-related projects:

Today was our (Deirdre, Stuart, Cindy, Shig, Lore) first day at the Quaker Cottage, a youth service center. After driving through strife-ridden Belfast, our first task was walking up a section of the black hills to the 200-year-old cottage overlooking greater Belfast. We cleaned up rubbish around the new house on the plot, then we cleaned and scraped paint most of the morning. After lunch we finished scraping and started with the actual painting. It was a hard but enjoyable day. (One must remember to get sleep and rest for the body.)

Above all the conflict of orange and green in Belfast

The sparrows still play with the air over the black hills.

Later:

Today was our last day at the Quaker Cottage. A group of Belfast children (mixed Roman Catholic and Protestant) came. We cooked, made kites, worked with clay, and then climbed to the top of the hill, where we flew the kites. After a hard day, we were picked up by a minibus. The road was blockaded; so we had to ride through Belfast.

Karen Lawrance of La Jolla (CA)

Monthly Meeting captures the spirit of the experience as she reports one day.

With 14 other girls bedded down in sleeping bags on mattresses in the same room, no one gets to sleep late! The group assigned to breakfast chores that day got busy. Soon we all gathered together in the kitchen in the Old School House at Yealand Conyers for breakfast (cereal, toast, and tea). Two other groups prepared our sandwich lunch or the dinner veggies, and we headed for the bus we rode in yesterday to Pendle Hill. Same bus driver, too. Elfrida Vipont Foulds went with us.

By 9:30 a.m., we were winding down the hill along narrow roads. It was cloudy but not raining. At Preston Patrick Meeting House, Elfrida talked to us about the area. We all sat on benches, and Kirk from Kansas made a tape of her talk. Afterwards, we walked to Camsgill Farm. On the way we helped a farmer move his sheep across the road.

It was raining gently, but we didn't mind. We did not go too close to the farm because there were several large, noisy dogs running loose. Camsgill Farm is where John Camm lived. He convinced Thomas Lowe to become a Quaker, and Thomas Lowe convinced William Penn. Elfrida says that when she stands at Camsgill Farm, she feels this is where Pennsylvania began.

Roger Wilson then joined our group, and we went to Brigflatts Meeting House, the oldest in that area, founded in 1675. It was very small but very cozy and comfortable. We had lunch with tea there. There is a special place inside the meeting room for the farmers' sheep dogs.

Next we drove to Firbank Fell and took the two-mile walk along a narrow lane up the side of the fell. When we reached the top, the fog was rolling in and the wind was blowing. It began to rain again. We all stood around (or on) Fox's pulpit and then walked into a walled off area where a church used to be and where we held a meeting for worship. Roger Wilson read from George Fox's Journal about what happened to him there. It was hard to believe that I was standing where more than a thousand people had gathered to listen to George Fox preach for over three hours. Long ago. I even visualized myself among them, though for miles and miles there was no one around but our group. We started to walk towards the bus, but the hills never seemed to end, so we turned back to the lane and walked down that way. Near the end of the lane, we chased some loose hens and returned them to their coops. We climbed aboard our bus and were taken back to Yealand Conyers, slightly damp and muddy, but feeling good.

After dinner and chores, around eight o'clock, we listened to a talk by Duncan and Catharine Wood about the U.N. in Geneva. Afterwards we all went back to the Old School House, where some of us enjoyed a few innings of pillow baseball. (My feather pillow burst!) Some played the piano or got buried in a book. The boys had to leave at 10:30 p.m. They slept at Elfrida's house. Lights out was probably probably before midnight. Swarthmoor Hall is scheduled for tomorrow.

In a letter to her home meeting in Virginia Beach (VA), Gwen Clapp tells more about the Preston Patrick visit and also other activities:

At Preston Patrick Elfrida Foulds spoke of a true gathering of people to which George Fox and John Camm came. The meeting was restless and anxious to be spoon-fed with the inspiration of God. Fox did not speak to anyone as he entered the meeting with Camm, and he did not sit on the ministers' bench but among them all. The meeting waited for his words, but he sat in silent worship. They came to see gradually that the meaning of this was that each and every Friend should strive in heart and mind for the Truth, and not just one, Fox, to give them all the answers. Elfrida is so inspiring to me. She left a yearning for Truth in my heart. . . .

The preceding week in York was excellent as we all came to know each other. It was an easy week ranging from sightseeing to small group discussions. On the last day in York, we all had a free day to go any place we had not been in town. I went to the market place and got lost.

Today we went to Swarthmoor Hall. We sat in the Great Hall and listened to Elfrida speak again. We've just eaten lunch on the beautiful, simple wood table in the Great Hall. It's raining, and we're not anxious to move.
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REPORTS

Growth in North Pacific Calls for New Patterns

Many meetings have two themes. One is pre-determined by the program committee. The other emerges as the meeting progresses. North Pacific Yearly Meeting, held August 16 to 19, was no exception. The pre-determined theme, “Valiant Friends, Past, Present, and Future,” was keynoted by Margaret Bacon in her opening address.

Throughout the week our thoughts turned frequently to those courageous Friends of history whose determined actions brought about changes in society and in the Society of Friends. We looked about us, wondering if any of our body would be thought of as valiant Friends by future generations.

The spontaneous theme was that of growth—our yearly meeting’s growth and our response to it. Our ninth annual session was by far the largest we have had, with 450 registrants from over 30 meetings. During the past several years there has been a notable increase in worship groups and preparative meetings in the less populous but larger area of our yearly meeting that lies east of the Cascades. The 1981 sessions were held east of the Cascades for the first time, at Judson Baptist College, the Dales, Oregon. Our meetings and business were all played against a backdrop of the majestic Columbia River, the golden hills of eastern Oregon and Mt. Adams.

With growth came a number of innovations in our sessions. Heretofore, each monthly meeting had had time to report in plenary session. What had been an enriching experience when we had just eight or ten member meetings had become unwieldy and tiring with 32 meetings. So the Committee on Ministry and Oversight devised a set of queries based on recurrent themes gleaned from their reading of each meeting’s state of the society report. The queries, centered on physical growth, spiritual growth, and outreach, were read in a meeting for worship and responded to by those present in the meeting. The result was a deeper level of participation and more sharing than with the reading of annual reports.

Another innovative meeting replaced the traditional reports from AFSC, FWCC, and FCNL. A panel consisting of a staff and a lay person from each organization and an active monthly meeting member answered several questions regarding social concerns and peace issues put to them by Ann Stever, steering committee clerk. They pointed up different emphases and functioning of those organizations, as well as their ways of cooperating.

Another sign of our growth (or growing up) was the felt need to do more as a yearly meeting. Several meetings brought concerns, and minutes were approved regarding nuclear disarmament, a peace studies survey in area schools, and redress for Japanese-American citizens interned during World War II. The yearly meeting asked the steering committee to consider ways of finding time in annual sessions to determine major concerns of member meetings and to plan ways to witness as a yearly meeting to those concerns.

Four days filled with worship, fellowship, inspiration, and sharing: the theme of the 1981 NPYM could have been “Valiant Friends—Growing Together.”

Barbara Janoe
Recording Clerk

Seeking a Caring Response
At New England Yearly Meeting

Several hundred New England Friends gathered at Gorham, Maine, August 17-22. In comparison with earlier gatherings, several noted a caring, sober, and steadfast mood. Questions like “How shall we word the letter to the President?” or “Shall we send representatives to Friends for Lesbian and Gay Concerns?” required a great deal of time—anger and frustration mounting—but moderation and consideration were exhibited.

The stability and even temper of this year’s sessions drew from Gordon Browne’s opening sermon on Romans xii, 2, “Be ye transformed,” from the charge of the epistle, and from a revised schedule. We need to be a more peculiar people, Gordon Browne said, and less culture-bound. The early morning worship, reinforced with Bible lectures by Lesley Higgins-Biddle, seemed to affect the longer morning sessions. In the tradition of our best Bible instruction, scripture was integrated with Friends’ history. Three evenings devoted to business seemed to benefit from having worship—sharing just before supper.

Meetings appointed to consider important matters coming to the plenary sessions, however, were too short. Also, 21 90-minute workshops met only three days in too small groups.

Young Friends and juniors were fewer and quieter, but the youth programs of more than a decade have raised the
young of yesterday into adult roles.

Friends approved a budget of $85,000, increased at the inflationary rate. Membership and attendance at worship increased last year, but scarcely at New England's growth rate. Friends authorized a search committee to nominate a field secretary and an administrative secretary to replace Carabel and Louis Marstaller, who will retire at the end of the coming year, and a youth secretary to replace Michael Carter this fall.

Preliminary approval was given for changes in governance, notably to merge the functions of the representative meeting with those of the permanent board, which has always acted for the yearly meeting between sessions. When it seemed impossible to finance a peace secretary as an additional released Friend, Sue Devokaitis, clerk of the Peace and Social Concerns Committee, came forward, and Friends united to support her efforts to coordinate peace work the coming year. Friends approved revised queries and agreed to try out for a year a set of advices, edited to match advices since before the reunion of 1945.

Recognizing how far New England Friends now are from the Peaceable Commonwealth, their epistle concluded, "We yet see the brightness of God's light. In the midst of darkness we yet know that God's service makes life loving and always meaningful. Courage then, and forward!"

Thomas Bassett

Information and application forms are available from Committee of Award, AFSC Personnel Dept. 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia 19102. Deadline for applications is February 15, 1982.

A six-year-old student at Friends School in Detroit wrote her first letter recently to the President of the U.S.: "Put away the bombs because by accident the White House might explode. Emily." Her letter was among hundreds of letters taken to the White House on October 17 by the Children's Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CCND), a group begun by children in Plainfield, VT, concerned about the threat of nuclear war. The letter writing project caught on quickly at Friends School in Detroit. Copies of the children's letters were displayed in the school lobby through International Disarmament Week in October.

"The world today is at a crossroads," says Woody Allen (quoted in Disarmament Times, 10-11/81), "One road leads to utter hopelessness and despair; the other road leads to utter destruction and extinction. God grant us the wisdom to choose the right road."

Disarmament Times, by the way, is an excellent resource. It contains good updates on news at the U.N. and work going on for disarmament. It is published under the auspices of the NGO Disarmament Committee at the U.N. and is available from Room 7B, 777 U.N. Plaza, New York, NY 10017.

A Law of the Sea Treaty is still alive and is moving toward completion in New York March 8-April 28, 1982. The Quaker office at the U.N. reports that the August sessions in Geneva were useful, "elevating the working text for a Convention from an informal to an official document; voting Jamaica as the site of the International Seabed Authority and Hamburg as the seat of the International Law of the Sea Tribunal; settling the issue of delimitation between overlapping boundaries; and acting on more than 1500 Drafting Committee recommendations. While the U.S. delegation came [to Geneva] with no negotiating instructions and scant information, it did retain its Treaty option intact." (See "Breakthrough," by Colin Bell, FJ 5/11/81, for background on this issue.)

A resolution against the death penalty was passed by a large majority this summer by the European Parliament,
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THE WESTMINSTER PRESS
925 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, PA 19107

A Fast for Disarmament is being planned with the support of the AFSC in San Francisco and other groups. The initial focus of the fast will be the Second U.N. Special Session on Disarmament to be held next May-June in New York City. The call for a fast concludes: "We invite your response and suggestions—and your participation. We envision our fast not as a last gesture of despair but as perhaps a first gesture—of openness, confidence, hope—which could begin to dissolve the murderous military deadlock that starves millions and would burn millions more, and as a chance to speak with our lives the truth of our planet's hunger for peace."
A book labeled Do Not Open is intriguing just from the title. When I did open it, I was first struck by the wonderful line drawings in just enough detail, filled with bold colors. The text, like the drawings, is spare and immediately. For example, Kidd [the cat] hated storms. Miss Moody loved monsters and the familiar Puss-in-Boots tale's ending with a surprising depth of feeling and humorously tell all: "Captain Kidd burped." All the details tie together in a natural way with magical overtones.

The content of the story is a version of how the cat felt about eating a monster transformed into a mouse, three words or cheat or lie or hurt someone else... I wonder if the children could be discounted as Miss Moody's imagination except for this tantalizing clue.

A bit of Friendly philosophy comes through in the monster's description of his work: "When anyone wants to steal or cheat or lie or hurt someone else or start a nice little war, I help them do it."
While this reduces the cause of war to the level of personal vices, there is truth here, as for example when we passively accept the lying in our government’s policies.

My one criticism of the book is the first depiction of the monster in black smoke, unfortunately reinforcing the black devil image too prevalent in our country’s racism. The subsequent purple and green versions of the monster are equally frightening without reinforcing this stereotype.

Do open this book for the young children in your life—it’s delightful.

Ruth Yarrow

Friends In Palestine by Christina Jones.

Friends United Press, 1981. 202 pages. $8.95

This outline of Friends’ service against a fascinating historical and political background is well organized and presented with great insight in bridging our cultural differences. The title is troublesome in that not all “Friends in Palestine” are covered by its overview of educational service, but this one aspect is given fine treatment, and it is clearly demonstrated to be not incidental to the historically important Quaker responses to relief and development needs in the Middle East.

Christina Jones tells us that “the service of Friends has not been unlike the yeast….” in describing the growth and changes of the Friends schools in Ramallah. The tremendous impact upon this tiny village and upon Palestine itself is evident in the author’s portrayal of the renascence that has taken place. The schools, the meeting, and the people involved are in the foreground of a story which takes place amidst the unresolved conflict of occupation, first by the Turks, then the British, the Jordanians, and finally the Israelis.

There is an excellent capsulization of the Zionist problem and its effect upon the indigenous population. The contrast of these difficulties with a charming review of school life, particularly as it was preceding the current escalations of conflict, will make the overall account both heartwarming and heartrending to the reader who wishes to experience through others a participation in human development outlined by tragic circumstances.

Today there is a new Ramallah, a new “Palestine,” and a different Friends presence. Changing secular and religious influences have conspired to reduce the original Quaker approach exemplified by boarding school life with students from Christian villages to one that accommodates a balance of Christian and Muslim students in a day school setting. Fortunately this well-known Friends United Meeting program has always been dependent upon local support, which means that Friends have been simply a participant in a self-help process related to the awakening of the Middle East over the past century.

Sally W. Bryan

Friends United Press Books —

Gifts for the

Christian Mission: A Matter of Life

by Everett Cattell cloth $11.95, paper $8.95

Quaker missioner and former president of Malone College, Everett Cattell inspires with practical guidelines for those involved in mission—at home, abroad, in the classroom, office or assembly line.

Animal Crackers

by Judith Kimmel paper $3.95

Descriptive verses about Mother Moose, Prickly Porcupine and Otter Clown introduce children to animals in a fun fashion.

As the Way Opens

by Margaret Hope Bacon paper $8.95

This story of Quaker women’s influence in social reforms from mid-seventeenth century England to the present time provides background for the women’s rights movement of today.

A Procession of Friends

by Daisy Newman paper $11.95

Daisy Newman is candid about the dedication and service as well as the shortcomings of Quaker leaders as they entered into social reform.

Charity Cook

by Algie Newlin paper $8.95

Charity Cook’s life as mother of eleven children and as travelling Quaker minister in the late eighteenth century ties history to today’s struggles and joys.

Friends Bookstore

156 North 15th Street

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December 1, 1981 FRIENDS JOURNAL
December 4, 5, & 6—Fifth annual conference of the Mobilization for Survival in Milwaukee, WI. Call 212-333-0008 or 414-272-0961 for more information.

12—Christmas Peace Pilgrimage from Nazareth to Bethlehem, PA. Walk begins at Center Square, Nazareth at 1:00 p.m., and ends at Zinzendorf Park in Bethlehem after 5:00 p.m. with rest stops along the way. Richard McSorley, S.J., will speak at the end of the walk; pilgrims are invited to a fellowship meal afterwards. Details from Joseph C. Osborn, 215-866-3127.


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Books and Publications

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The Testimony of the Publishers of Truth, $2 from Publishers of Truth, 1506 Bruce Road, Creland, PA 19075.


Camp: Friends Music Institute, 4-week summer camp for 12-17 year olds. Music, Quakerism, caring community. Meets during July at Olney School, Bannville, OK. Write P.O. Box 437, Yellow Springs, OH 45387. Phone: 513-767-1511.

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Position opening: General Secretary, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. Applications are being accepted for the position of general secretary of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. An applicant should be a Friend of demonstrated spiritual depth; preferably a member of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting; an experienced executive able to provide leadership to Friends, and skilled at human relations. Duties: (1) To work closely with monthly and quarterly meetings to produce more effective interaction among Friends; (2) To serve as chief staffperson to Yearly Meeting, and as secretary to the Representative Meeting; (3) To represent the Yearly Meeting among Friends and other religious and community organizations. Salary range: $28,000 and over; commensurate with experience. Application deadline: 2/1/82. Anticipated hiring date: June 1982. Send resume to PYM Search Committee, 1515 Cherry, Philadelphia, PA 19102.


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Babysitter in our home for two children, occasional days and evenings, especially weekends. Friendly, responsible adult with good references. Welcome to live in or out. Lovely suburban home, Fort Washington, PA. Call 692-3987 or write Box K-737, Friends Journal.

Quaker pathologist seeks peaceful practice with Friends or friends of Friends. B.A. Dartmouth; M.D. Cornell. Call 915-367-9487 evenings.


Director: Conference and retreat center. We are seeking a Quaker married couple or single person to provide spiritual and administrative leadership at Powell House, New York Yearly Meeting conference center. Position entails program direction, staff supervision, maintaining Friends atmosphere. Please submit resumes and applications to Helen Angell, 131 Popham Rd., Scarsdale, NY 10583; phone 914-723-6907.

MEETING DIRECTORY
A partial listing of Friends meetings in the United States and abroad.

MEETING NOTICE RATES: 80¢ per line per issue. Payable a year in advance. Twelve monthly insertions. No discount. Changes: $5.00 each.

Argentina
BUENOS AIRES—Worship and monthly meeting one Saturday of each month in Vicente Lopez, suburb of Buenos Aires. Phone: 571-5880.

Canada
OTTAWA—Worship and First-day school, 10:30 a.m., 914 Fourth Avenue, 232-9623.
TORONTO, ONTARIO—69 Lowther Ave. (North from corner Bloor and Bedford.) Meeting for worship every First-day 11 a.m. First-day school same.

Costa Rica
MONTEREY—Phone 61-18-67.
SAN JOSE—Phone 24-43-76.
Unprogrammed meetings.

Mexico
MEXICO CITY—Unprogrammed meeting, Sundays 11 a.m. Casa de los Amigos, Ignacio Mariscal 132, Mexico 1, D.F. Phone: 535-27-52.

Peru
LIMA—Unprogrammed worship group Sunday Meetings. Phone: 22-11-01.

Alabama
BIRMINGHAM—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 10 a.m. Sunday. Connie LaMonte, clerk. Mailing address: P.O. Box 923, Flagstaff, AZ 86001. Phone: 602-774-6969.
FAIRHOPE—Unprogrammed meeting, 9 a.m. Sundays at Friends Meeting House, 1 1/2 mi. east on Fairhope Ave. Ext. Write: P.O. Box 319, Fairhope, AL 36533.

Alaska
ANCHORAGE—Unprogrammed meeting, First-Sunday, 10 a.m. Mountain View Library. Phone: 335-4425.
FAIRBANKS—Unprogrammed worship, 9 a.m. Sundays at Friends Meeting House, 1,200 ft. east on Fairview Blvd. Ext. Write: P.O. Box 109, Fairbanks, AK 99701.

Arizona
FLAGSTAFF—Unprogrammed meeting, 11 a.m. 402 S. Beaver, near campus. Frances B. McAllister, clerk. Mailing address: P.O. Box 923, Flagstaff, AZ 86001. Phone: 602-774-2458.
McNAIR—Cochise Friends Meeting At Friends Southwest Center, 715 miles south of Elfrida. Worship 11 a.m. Phone: 928-459-3709.
PHOENIX—1702 E. Glendale, Phoenix. 85020. Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. Lou Jeanne Caflin, clerk, 928-767-3666.
TEMPE—Unprogrammed, First-days 9:30 a.m., child care provided, Danforth Chapel, ASU Campus, 85281. Phone: 602-733-6380.
Arkansas

LITTLE ROCK—Unprogrammed meeting, First-day school, 10 a.m. Call 661-9173, 225-8816, 663-8283.

California

BERKELEY—Unprogrammed meeting, First-days 11 a.m. 2151 Vine St., 843-9725.

CHICO—Quaker fellowship, 8:30-4:329 and 343-4703.

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

DAVIS—Meeting for worship, First-day, 9:45 a.m. 354 L St. Visitors call 753-9524.

FRESNO—10 a.m. Chapel of CSPP, 1350 M St. 222-3796. If no answer, call 227-3020.

GRASS VALLEY—Discussion period 9:30 a.m. Meeting for worship, 10:40 a.m. John Woolman School Campus (12585 Jones Bar Road). Phone: 273-6469 or 273-5260.

HAYWARD—Worship 9:30 a.m. Eoen United Church of Christ, 21455 Birch St. Phone: 415-536-1027.

HEMET—Meeting for worship 9:30 a.m. Holistic Health Center, 2818 Fairview Ave. Visitors call 744-3821, 224-7679.

LA JOLLA—Meeting 11 a.m., 7380 Eads Ave. Visitors call 459-9800 or 456-1020.

LONG BEACH—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., Huntington School, Orinda Ave. at Spaulding St. Call 434-1004 or 631-8490.

LOS ANGELES—Meeting, 11 a.m., 4157 S Normandie, Visitors call 296-0733.

MALIBU—Worship 9:30 a.m. Phone: 213-457-9928.

MARIN COUNTY—Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m. Corinne, 2774 Orchard Ave., San Anselmo. Call 415-472-5577 or 883-7565.

MONTEREY PENINSULA—Friends meeting for worship, Sundays, 10:45 a.m. Call 255-3637 or 624-8821.

ORANGE COUNTY—First-day school and adult study 10 a.m. California Institute, University of California at Irvine (Univ. Club, Trailer T-1, park in P-7). Phone: 714-552-7891.

PALO ALTO—Meeting for worship and First-day classes for children, 11 a.m., 827 Colorado.

PASADENA—Orange Grove Monthly Meeting, Unprogrammed worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. 520 E. Orange Blvd. Phone: 792-8784.

REDLANDS—Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m., 114 W. Vine. Clerk: Peggy Power, 714-759-6876.

RIVERSIDE—Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m. Young people’s activities, 10:15 Dial, study or discussion. 11:15, Business meetings first Sundays, 11:15, Info, 682-5828.

SACRAMENTO—Stanford Settlement, 490 W. El Camino near Northgate. Meeting 10 a.m. Phone: 916-925-8018.

SAN DIEGO—Unprogrammed worship, First-days 10:30 a.m. 8016 Finley Dr., 714-787-9378.

SAN FERNANDO—Unprogrammed worship First-days, 15065 Bledsoe, Sylmar. Phone: 882-1565 for times.

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

SAN JOSE—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Discussion, 10 a.m. High and Sunday, meeting for business, 10-11, to resume 1 p.m. First-day school 10-12. Pollutic follows meeting on 3rd Sunday. 1041 Month Ave.

SANTA BARBARA—Marymount School, 2130 Mission Ridge Rd. (W. of El Encanto Hotel), 10 a.m.

SANTA CRUZ—Meeting for worship Sundays 9:30 a.m. Community Center, 301 Center Street. Clerk: 408-427-0685.

SANTA MONICA—First-day school and meeting at 10 a.m. 1440 Harvard St. Call 828-4098.

SONOMA—Meet, Forest Meeting, Worship and First-day school 10 a.m., YWCA, 505 6th St. POB 1831 Santa Rosa, 95402. Clerk: 707-539-1793.

TEMPLE CITY (near Pasadena)—Pacific Ackworth Friends Meeting, 6210 N. Temple City Blvd. Meeting for worship, Sunday 11 a.m. For information call 287-5880 or 798-3458.

VISTA—Unprogrammed meeting 10 a.m. Call 724-9685 or 724-8450. P.O. Box 1445, Vista 92083.

WEST HOLLAND (West Los Angeles)—Meeting 10:30 a.m. University YWCA, 574 Hilgard (across from UCLA bus stop). Phone: 478-4678.

WHITTIER—Whittier Monthly Meeting, Administration Building, corner Painter and Philadelphia. Worship 9:30 a.m. P.O. Box 122, Phone: 698-7538.

WYOMING—Vallej, 3 p.m. 8888 Fronters Ave. Phone: 714-945-1135.

Colorado

BOULDER—Meeting for worship and first-day school 10 a.m. Phone: 449-4856 or 494-9200.

COLORADO SPRINGS—Worship group. Phone: 303-597-7380 (after 8 a.m.)

DENVER—Mountain View Friends Meeting, worship 10 to 11 a.m. Adult forum 11 to 12, 2260 South Columbine Street. Phone: 722-4126.

DURANGO—Friends Meeting. Sunday, 247-4733.

FORT COLLINS—Worship group: 484-5537.

Connecticut

HARTFORD—Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m. Discussion 11 a.m., 144 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford. Phone: 232-3631.

MIDDLETOWN—Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Russell House (West Univeristy), corner High & Washington Sts. Phone: 349-3614.

NEW HAVEN—Meeting 9:45 a.m. Connecticut Hall, Yale Old Campus. Phone: 289-2559.

NEW LONDON—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m., Thames Science Ctr. Clerk: Betty Chi. Phone: 442-7947.

NEW MILFORD—Housatonic Meeting: Worship 10 a.m. Rent 7 at Lanesville Rd. Phone: 203-354-7558.

STAMFORD—GREENWICH—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Westover and Roxbury Rds., Stamford. Clerk: Bill Disk. Phone: 203-689-0454, 689-0001 on day.

STORRS—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. corner North Eastville and Hunting Lodge Roads. Phone: 459-4459.

Florida

CLEARWATER—Meeting 10 a.m., YWCA, 222 S. Lincoln Ave., October through May. In homes June through September. Dorothy Ann Ware, clerk, 584-1262 (evenings).

DAYTONA BEACH—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., 201 San Juan Ave. Phone: 377-8557.

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

JACKSONVILLE—Meeting 10 a.m., YWCA, 450 W. 1st St.

KEY WEST—Worship First-days 10:30 a.m. at Sheridan Cunnilin, 602 Eolia St., 3rd Fl., For information phone Virgil Hottentyn, 284-9652 or Sheridan.Cunnilin, 264-1523.

District of Columbia

WASHINGTON—Friends Meeting, 2111 Florida Ave. NW (near Conn. Ave.) 663-3510. Meetings for worship: First-day, 9 a.m., and 11 a.m. (First-day school 11:20 a.m.), Wednesday at 7 p.m.

Delaware

CAMDEN—2 miles south of Dover. First-day school 10 a.m.; worship 11 a.m. Phones: 284-9636; 697-7729.

HOCKESSIN—NW from Hockessin-Yorklyn Rd. at 1st crossing. First-day school 9:30 a.m. Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m.

NEWARK—Worship, Sunday, 10 a.m., United Campus Ministry, 20 Orchard Rd. Phone: 390-1041.

ODessa—Worship, first Sundays, 11 a.m.

WILMINGTON—Algapocas, Friends School, Worship 9:15, First-day school 10:30 a.m.

WILMINGTON—4th West St. Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Phones: 652-4444, 328-7763.
Michigan

CINCINNATI—Meeting for worship 11 a.m. at First National Bank, 33 E. Fifth St. Phone: 563-4286.

MICHIGAN CITY—Meeting for worship 11 a.m. at First Congregational Church, 201 S. Main St. Phone: 563-4836.

MIDWESTERN—Meeting for worship 10 a.m. at First United Methodist Church, 101 W. Main St. Phone: 563-4286.

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Beyond Bread...

The plight of the refugees from the Horn of Africa, driven from their homes and their traditional lifestyle by years of drought and warfare, has become known throughout the world. In Ethiopia alone some 5 million have been displaced.

Many international organizations, the American Friends Service Committee among them, have responded with gifts of food and medicine to fight the disease and malnutrition rampant.

Now a different sort of aid is needed. These men and women are looking for opportunities to rebuild their own communities, restore wells, reestablish schools, develop small industries, and build a more stable future.

...A Chance to Rebuild Community

AFSC has been invited to undertake a rehabilitation project in the Sidamo Province of Ethiopia, helping 100 families to leave feeding stations and build their own community based on agriculture as well as traditional nomadic herding. The project will build on similar AFSC experience in Tin Aicha, Mali. It is the hope of local leadership that this program might stem the tide of people forced to leave their homes to seek food and might serve as a demonstration of how to assist those who return home.

In keeping with its tradition of working on both sides of conflict situations, AFSC will undertake relief and development within Somalia.

Will You Help?

American Friends Service Committee
1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102

☐ Please accept my contribution for resettling refugees in the Horn of Africa.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City ________ State ______ Zip _____