Among Friends

Education as a Quaker Concern

Friends have always been interested in education. But until the middle of the 19th century many Friends were suspicious of any kind of higher education, as Ed Bronner has reminded us (FJ 3/1). Would intellectual pursuits somehow interfere with the development of the life of the spirit? I personally am happy that Friends have in the last century come down—and very effectively—on the side of excellence in education all along the line. In proportion to their membership, Quakers across the country have a notable number of colleges—and some notable colleges. Pre-collegiate Friends schools are to be found largely on the East Coast, though new secondary schools have been opened recently in the rest of the country.

From my point of view, comprehensive education makes particular sense for non-pastoral Friends. If all of us are to share the duty of ministry, all of us need basic preparation.

Frankly not much more than 15 percent of the rather small enrollment in Quaker colleges is Quaker affiliated. This fact raises questions about how well we are meeting the needs of Friends. It also leads to questions about whether we should devote so much of Quaker resources to maintaining schools and colleges.

It can be argued, of course, that some of the non-Quaker students join the Society of Friends. More subtly we hope that Quaker schools will inculcate our values in students who never consider membership. At the same time, as one article in this issue argues, Friends should consider lending a Quaker hand to public education.

In whatever way we chose to confront the problem, I feel strongly the need to provide an educated undergirding for the Friends’ spirit. We must be more than the “society of the warm glow.”

In recognition of education as a principal interest of Friends, we have put together an issue devoted to this topic. We are grateful for the assistance of Quaker schools who responded to our call for assistance. At least 22 of the 68 schools (which includes 8 nursery schools) sent information, as did half of the 16 colleges and adult study centers. We are contemplating an annual education issue.

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When I wrote about my six-year encounter with lymphoma, I did not anticipate complications so soon. As it turned out, my routine five-day treatment session at the hospital in mid-January grew to two months, and I suffered a stroke and three subsequent days in coma. Marvelously, I came out of the experience weak but with all critical faculties unimpaired. Meanwhile my fine staff associates have kept JOURNAL affairs in order and will maintain the pace as I ease my way back into full-time activity. Again, thanks to the many readers who have expressed concern about my health.

Olcott Sanders

April 15, 1983 FRIENDS JOURNAL
At any particular moment we as educators are engaging one brief moment of a pupil's life span, yet we have in some way a responsibility to address the pupil's life-span wholeness, unknowable as that may be. We can only do that to the extent that we carry with us an awareness of our own life span and where we stand in our own time. We must not, however, engage in the deception of fine words when we speak about reaching the other's wholeness. We must first face fully the despair we feel—that we should feel—at the enormous mismatch between the ideal education we can envision ourselves as providing and the reality of the schools in which we teach and the children and youth who come into those schools. I have been reading the fine book about English working-class students, Learning to Labor, by Paul Willis. In it Willis shows how completely the school gang he is studying, "the lads," seal themselves off from everything the school is trying to do to reach them, to educate them. They are physically present in the classroom, but they never hear a word spoken or attend to any book or task provided, because they are playing out their own script complete with sotto voce conversation and surreptitious si-
200-year present is one that I have evolved to try to capture more of social process in teaching and learning about the world around us. Social changes are happening too rapidly for sense to be made of a reality bounded by its immediate yesterdays. The 200-year present is bounded on the one side by 1883, the year in which those celebrating their 100th birthday in 1983 were born. It is bounded on the other side by 2083, when babies born in 1983 will be celebrating their 100th birthday. There are people alive among us who have lived or will live all the years accounted for in that span. We are organically connected through the lives of those people—the very young and the very old—with this entire time span.

The world as we know it has been shaped in that extended present. The forcible colonization of the Third World by Europe in the 1880s and the boundary-drawing that accompanied it are as much a part of the present as the boundary wars in Africa at this moment. The documentation of the phenomenon of arms races, the identification of arms as obstacles to social and economic development, and the calling of international peace conferences to bring weapons development under control in the last 20 years of the 19th century are as much a part of the present as the U.N. Disarmament Conference of 1982 and today’s nuclear freeze campaign. All world’s fairs are one world’s fair, from Chicago in the 1880s to Knoxville last year. The urban revolution, the agricultural revolution, the health revolution are all part of our extended present. The pace quickened after 1914, with World War I, World War II, Korea, Vietnam, innumerable civil wars on all continents, and the present nuclear arms race all following in rapid succession.

And the next half of our 200-year present? There is a profound generational difference in perspective on these years to come. Those of us who were born in the teens and twenties know that wars come to an end, depressions come to an end, that serious social problems get solved (some of them), and that there is a reservoir of human experience to be drawn upon for the future. The baby boom children and their children know only a threat of holocaust that never goes away. The information comes from all sides, even from our own experience as teachers, that young people cannot imagine any future at all. Their imaginations are crippled by fear. They are afraid of what they will see if they look.

Giving to young people as their present what they have thought of as history gives them more materials with which to respond to social events. That part of the 200-year present is easy to convey. But what of giving them the future—their future? How shall we deal with their fears? By an active cultivation of what I shall call the social imagination.

One of the casualties of the electronics age is image literacy. Children grow up having fewer firsthand experiences of reality and more secondhand, preprogrammed presentations of reality, so they have fewer raw materials in their own minds for image-processing. Because they drive more and walk less, they don’t know their neighborhoods as well as earlier generations of children. They also read less, and therefore have less practice in generating imagery to match words. At school all training is in easily tested rational-analytic thinking and daydreaming is punished. Since image literacy is one of the few literacies we can foster in children that will help them claim their own futures, the recovery of that literacy (more highly developed in previous centuries than in our own) is important.

Fred Polak wrote the Image of the Future at the close of World War II to help unfreeze his fellow Europeans from the despair they felt at seeing all their world in ruins. Going back into history, he showed how each society that had powerful images of a different and better future pervading its art, literature, music, and social philosophy came to intend what was imaged and acted to bring about the envisaged future. Greece and Israel responded in antiquity to their own visions, as did Europe in the Enlightenment, producing the highly inventive 19th and early 20th centuries. By the same token, societies without vision decline and decay. Polak pointed out that postwar Europe had stopped visioning and was living in a moment-bound present. Without beginning to picture another and better future, there could be no future for Europe. He saw America as a source of visions to help get Europe going again.

Polak was overly optimistic about the U.S., which is also on the whole moment-bound, particularly in its foreign policy. However, his ideas have helped nurture a futures movement in the U.S. which pre-World War II generations have been able to respond to. Post-World War II generations have produced much narrower responses. Our task is to help them begin to use their imaginations on behalf of their own futures. Giving them back their past is a first step, but helping them feel at home roaming the future in their own minds will be much harder.

One cannot plunge straight into imaging. Preparatory work has to be done. Trying out other ways to think about topics studied in the classroom can be a good way to begin. How many ways can a given phenomenon be perceived? Whether the topic is cell mitosis or fractions, students can be asked to present the subject in a series of different modes: verbal-analytic description, dance, mathematical equation, sound, diagram, poetry, color, and so on. Each mode of presentation
Cambridge (Mass.) Friends School became very interested in the nationwide "Day of Dialogue" called "Creating Our Future," on October 25, 1982, proclaimed by Educators for Social Responsibility. We wanted to plan an activity which could be related to problem solving in the world and yet could have meaning for all our children.

We began the day with an all-school assembly. We then divided the school into 12 groups of mixed ages which met in separate classrooms. Their assignment was to talk and work together to design and create their own peace symbol with a large circle, six feet across, of construction paper, sheets of colored paper, scissors, and glue.

Most groups started out very slowly. In many cases older and younger children didn't know each other well. Listening to someone you hardly knew, respecting the ideas of someone half your age, synthesizing, turning words into visual symbols, patience, helping: these and many other skills turned out to be crucial as the project unfolded.

At the final assembly children came in groups clustered around their large collages, which were carried lovingly by many hands. People sat all over the floor with their new friends of various ages. One by one a few delegates from each group fastened up their circles around the room and explained what they had done. In closing, we all sang, "Last Night I Had the Strangest Dream" and other songs with themes of peace.

Back in their own classrooms, the children continued discussions in ways that were appropriate for their ages. One second grade summed up the day as follows: "Peace means being together and working hard at it."

We wanted this day to symbolize, for ourselves and for the children, our belief that nuclear war does not have to happen. We can have a future if we can believe in it, plan for it, and work toward it.

Mary L. Johnson, head of school

FRIENDS JOURNAL
April 15, 1983

will bring new dimensions of the phenomenon to the fore, and a much richer understanding of the topic will have been reached than would have been possible in the traditional analytical assignment. Doing this in the classroom frees the young person's mind for other imaginative activity.

A second approach, more specific to the futures-imaging task, can be to invite pupils to enter their own memories and recapture the sights, sounds, smells, the "feel" of happy experiences in the past and then write and draw about them. This is something that everyone can do, no matter how "poor" the imagination.

A third approach is to use and discuss utopian stories. By utopian stories I mean stories of occasions when people made a good happening out of a potentially bad one, or acted on a social dream and made it come true. Quaker lore is full of such utopian stories, from the Indian stories of colonial times, through Underground Railroad stories, to the American Friends Service Committee tales of World War II and since. Discussions of how people were able to picture that which they subsequently acted out will help make daydreaming seem like serious and valuable work—particularly social daydreaming.

A fourth approach is to make use of the human body as a metaphor for complexity. Not only do young people have difficulty imaging, they also fear complexity. The planet is very complex, but so are our own bodies. We can use the complexity of the body, which we can feel because it is our own, as an aid to getting an intuitive feel for the complexity of the planet.

First the students are asked to close their eyes and try to become aware of the thousands of systems at work within their bodies: the circulatory system, the respiratory system, the neural system with its continuous neuron firings each second throughout the body, and the innumerable chemical-physical systems that regulate bodily functioning. Every system has a cycle. Feel the microcycles of the neuron firings, the minicycles of the heartbeat, the breath indrawn and expelled. Feel the 24-hour cycle of sleeping and waking, the monthly hormonal cycle, and finally feel the totality of the body's life-span cycle stretching back from conception forward to the moment of bodily death. Know that all of that goes on within you, with no conscious input from your self. The body does its own work, but it is a work we can feel when we put our minds to it.

Now take that feel-of-the-body systems at work and apply it to other systems. Imagine that your skin encloses another set of systems, the systems of the family in which you grew up. All the interactions between you, your parents, and your siblings, all of the life space used by your family, all the ways it maintains and repairs itself are all within you. Look inside, and watch your family playing out its life. Your skin is the envelope within which your family lives.

Now imagine that your skin encloses the entire town in which you live, with its houses, streets, stores, churches, schools, theaters, public buildings, parks. People walk and drive up and down streets inside your skin. They congregate at work, study, and play, and disperse to their own homes. All that business goes on inside you. Look at it.

Now let your skin envelop the whole of the U.S. Make sure you don't lose any part of it—hold on to Alaska up north and Hawaii out there in the Pacific Ocean! Its greatest cities and tiniest hamlets, its tallest buildings and its most isolated farms are all in you. Great railway arteries rumble through you, planes streak along their airways inside you.

Finally, let your skin enclose the planet itself. The great mountain ranges of each continent, and those on the deepest ocean floor, tower within you. Their volcanos rage within you. The great rivers flow through you. The oceans roll, the desert sands heave, fields of grain wave, cities reach tall with gleaming spires. Everywhere there are people moving on land and sea and air, on foot, by car, by train, by boat, by plane. A constant flow of information and decisions streams through the airwaves of the planet, from capital city to capital city, from hamlet to hamlet. All the business of the planet goes on within you.

You cannot isolate all the separate elements of this great planetary complex with its geological, biological, and social systems in continuous interaction, nor can you analyze all the interactive subsystems within that complex. But you can "feel" the whole, and know intuitively its interrelatedness.
There is no more reason to be overwhelmed by the complexity of your own body. It is a complexity to be lived within, and to be understood in more detail in those of its parts that you choose to come to know more intimately through your life choices. Be comfortable with your planet.

Above and beyond any particular type of mental exercise that one can plan, there is a basic message to get across—that the world is in process. All structure is frozen process. Examine structures of all kinds with students, from ice crystals to local governments, to help them understand that without process there can be no structure and that the social order is forever unfinished.

All of these suggestions are for engaging young people in the task of world-building, for expanding their own concepts of how they can use their faculties in the task, and for giving them courage to roam their own future.

There is a practical workshop technique for imaging the future. A group that is working together on a particular set of problems can engage in an imaging of a future in which their goals have been achieved and their problems solved. Subsequently, they work from the future to the present in an imaginative remembering. This technique was developed about ten years ago by Warren Ziegler, founder of Futures Invention Associates in Denver, Colorado. The use of this approach in a classroom would have to be in the context of a specific social problem—a big one like nuclear war, or a more limited one like environmental pollution, racial violence, or drug abuse in a local community.

Once the problem has been sufficiently studied so facts in the present are well known, and the imagination has been sufficiently exercised by assignments such as those mentioned, then you take the students into a time 20 or 30 years in the future. You declare they are now living in that time and that the problems you have been studying have now been solved. Never mind how. Simply accept that they have been solved. Eyes should be closed, bodies relaxed. Now the imagination must go to work, that same imagination that went into the past and resurrected earlier childhood memories. How does this world of 2003 or 2013 look, sound, smell, feel? Look for specifics like what children and families are doing, what schools are like, where people work, where they play, where they live. Look at the pictures in your mind. Step into them, be a part of them. Do not try to make explanations. This is not the time for explanations.

The imaging must be done alone, individually, but when students are ready they can write and draw about what they have seen. Next is work in small groups, telling stories to one another about what each has witnessed, filling out details as more and more of the future is “seen.” Implications and consequences are spelled out as the analytic mind is brought to bear on criticizing the work of the imagination. People with similar or compatible imagery may develop group images of this future time.

Eventually the picture of the future-present moment is complete enough for the task at hand, then students are asked to go off individually again to begin the work of remembering the past history of the future. Looking back from 2013, what happened the previous year? Five years before that? And so on back to the present. (No cheating by trying to work from present to future in the history. That only produces the familiar rationally constructed scenario.) Happenings emerge that no one had imagined before, and when the present is reached new action ideas are usually immediately obvious.

A group history can be constructed from the individual histories. If there are contradictions in it, remember that the historical record of the past is also full of contradictory “facts.” New ideas are usually immediately obvious.

Because it is very difficult and demanding to go through these exercises on such a big topic as imaging a world without weapons, I do not recommend doing that with schoolchildren unless you have yourself already participated in a world without weapons imaging workshop. On other less complex topics there is no reason why the experiment should not be tried, even without prior experience. You and your young people will learn together. Whatever the topic, the future will have been claimed by those to whom it belongs.

I suggest to heads of schools: work with your teachers to visualize your schools as they could be once the pressing problems of our day have been solved. To do this effectively, it is very important to clearly state how you would like your school to be functioning before beginning the imaging. Then move to 2003, close your eyes so you can see more clearly, and describe it. Your imagination and the imagination of your colleagues will generate images you could not have thought of in the ordinary present-analytic mode. Your future history will also give you action ideas in the present you might not have thought of.

The imaging I am talking about is learning in the sense that I spoke of earlier: an opening up of the self into a larger space where new relationships are seen, and the incorporation of the new seeing into one’s own becoming. I invite you to join me in “learning” new futures for Friends schools, and may we all become what we learn.
by Barry Morley

Kurt Brandenburg called. Among Kurt’s credits are a fine tenor voice and his position as clerk of the Meeting School, the small Friends school in Rindge, New Hampshire. He invited me to visit the Meeting School under the Towe Foundation’s grant to the Friends Council on Education. I accepted eagerly.

Then the Great Snow Storm shut down the East. National Airport closed; Dulles closed; Baltimore-Washington International closed. At the other end, Logan closed. The sudden cleavage of the mild winter coincided precisely with my attack of cold feet. Maybe we’d be unable to get to the airport on Sunday. Maybe the airport would stay closed indefinitely. Maybe the roads north of Boston couldn’t be opened. And even if they were, I was sure to miss connections with the bus at Logan Airport.

My wife got me to the airport fine. Seven hours later the bus dropped me out of the winter night and drove me the last five miles. “I think it’s been over 20 years since I’ve been here,” I said as we pulled into the school driveway. “I’m sure this was a dirt road then.”

“I don’t know,” she said. “Maybe it was.”

Morning at the Meeting School begins with “opening,” (called “collection” at Westtown). The school drifts together rather casually while page numbers are called out and songs are sung. Dress is a motley assortment of sensible, functional winter clothing in various stages of disrepair. The common element here is quality winter boots, mostly like the ones you see in the L. L. Bean catalogue with rubber lower and leather uppers.

Announcements follow singing. Announcements, I quickly surmise, are important at the Meeting School. In most places announcements convey information. Here they go beyond that. There is no cutoff. No announcement is unimportant. A sense of everyone’s equal right to speak and be heard affirms commitment to individual empowerment in a closely knit community. Among this morning’s announcements is one that “I can’t do my pig chores today. Will someone take them for me?” Instantly several hands go up. I’m amazed. It’s mid-February and volunteers are jumping over each other. It’s pointed out that there is illness in Thomas House. “Can someone do extra child care there?” More hands go up. Then, in almost the same tone of voice, a girl says that her sister, Lisa, will speak this morning in peace studies class. “Lisa is going to prison tomorrow for draft resistance.”

Many gather in the peace studies class besides peace studies students. Lisa, an unassuming, soft-spoken, gentle, attractive young woman, describes sitting on the floor in a Boston federal building blocking the way of draft registrants. She is arrested with some 20 others for violating a building code. She is denied a court-appointed lawyer because the chances are almost nil that a jail sentence will be imposed. She is convicted and sentenced to 30 days in a federal prison. Tomorrow she will report in Boston to be taken she knows not where. She needs to cry but doesn’t.

Kurt Brandenburg goes to his house and writes a letter for her, sort of a spiritual traveling minute to comfort her. They also put Socrates, Martin Luther King, Jesus, and George Fox in prison, it says.

Lisa reads it. “I’m in good company,” she responds. She still needs to cry. I think of all the times I’ve heard political people claim that we keep no political prisoners in this country.

I’m to teach relaxation writing to ten creative writing students. I face an unknown class in an unfamiliar place. Judith, their teacher, is eager that this be special. I start. Student eyes focus on mine. Sometimes someone looks down to write in a notebook. A hand goes up. This is the first question in a week filled with hundreds. Like most of the others, it will press me, carry me to the next step, push me to greater clarity, force me to greater depth.

“What good students,” I say to Judith as we walk back up the road. “They’re very perceptive,” she answers.

Later, when I spoke to the whole school on two separate evenings, my talks, designed to run about an hour, were extended to two and a half by the close questioning; this from high school students sitting on the most uncomfortable chairs known even among Friends. Afterwards I walked out into the street exhausted. Knots of people waited for

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A frequent contributor to FRIENDS JOURNAL, Barry Morley has taught in Friends schools for more than 20 years. He is a member of Sandy Spring (Md.) Friends Meeting.
me there, laden with more unanswered questions.

Monday's faculty meeting convened at the Meeting School's equivalent of 4:30. One quickly learns to live on Meeting School time, roughly ten minutes later than clock time. The faculty meeting's late start, however, was understandable. A severe downdraft in the stovepipe flooded the meeting room with a smoke screen which could only be dissipated by opening the door, which defeated the purpose of the fire. Matters were complicated by Linda's knee. Linda was lying somewhere out in the woods, her knee damaged in a skiing accident. Rescue operations were in progress. When the air cleared, those of us who could still breathe and were not involved in the rescue started the meeting with traditional silence.

Business began. I sat quietly, trying to take in the essence of the place. Then, through smoke haze, a glow rose of the Meeting School's reverence for Quaker business procedure. Each portion of discussion was delivered in soft tones with words chosen carefully to deliver meaning without threat. No one presumed to state what conclusion should be made. Everyone guarded everyone else's empowerment. Gradually a possible conclusion was approached. Finally everyone fell quiet, basking for a moment in the harmony of sense of the meeting before moving on to the next agenda item.

The three topics that would dominate the school this week were all discussed.

First, the aforementioned Linda's knee. By the time the meeting ended we learned that Linda had been hustled off to the hospital. Second was the problem of Yin Yang's teats. Yin Yang, it seems, is last on the row of milk cows. She gets washed last, milked last, stripped last, and dipped last. Washing and dipping were apparently the problem. By the time the water got to her it had already cooled to an ineffective temperature. As a result her teats were covered with uncomfortable sores. Steps to reverse her condition were presented and accepted.

At opening the next morning students were advised that a new teat dip was being introduced. Instructions on its use and on hot water procedure were given.

Heads nodded in understanding. That afternoon I wandered out to the barn to meet and commiserate with the long-suffering Yin Yang. At the door of the barn I paused long enough to gaze in awe at the Meeting School's 500 cords of split, stacked wood.

The week's third topic was the Q.P., which I learned meant "Quaker Presence," which I learned was me. I had never thought of myself as a Quaker Presence. Certainly no one at home would have called me that. I decided to be amused rather than overwhelmed or burdened. Amusement allows us to retain perspective. Thus freed of weight I went through the week laughing a good deal more than I might have had I opted to be a Quaker Presence.

Writers' group meets on Monday nights. Being the Q.P., of course, I was invited. Here several adult writers of some seriousness of purpose meet to read their latest work and request appropriate criticism. Chuck, having only rough notes this week, was allowed to participate despite our concern about his laxity of purpose. The meeting was being held in his sitting room. Judith read first, a piece which bubbled out of her sometime after the morning's writing class, a soaring ode to her own substantial searching:

Sing me a song of the soul that I can sing for a thousand years to the people of the world so that their ears can be opened; [let them] wake to harmonious sounds pouring from the mouths of Aquarian Conspirators.

April 15, 1983 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Kurt read next, a simple poem, a song for Lisa, now on her way to Boston to be incarcerated. We asked him to read it again.

"Make sure you send that to FRIENDS JOURNAL," he was told. That became his assignment for the next week.

Rob read last. Within moments I realized that I was listening to a gifted poet. The next day I visited his home, where he read to me for one of those hours strong enough, we shouldn't be bothered by someone's reading quietly.

"Punishment doesn't seem to make any sense. The object is to get them to like meeting."

"Maybe they should be eldered. Is there someone who can elder them?"

"I don't know. It might be better to have someone ask them if we can't help them get through meeting without reading."

The idea of nurture became central to the discussion. The committee finally reached the place of quiet acceptance when it agreed to shorten meeting from 30 to 20 minutes, leaving 10 minutes for worship-sharing. In this way, it was hoped, the boys might begin to understand the meeting better and gradually be drawn into it.

One teacher said, "It disturbs my meeting for worship to have them reading. It probably shouldn't, but it does."

A student offered, "It may be that's the only way they can get through the time."

"One thing I'm sure of," said another student, "if our personal meeting is strong enough, we shouldn't be bothered by someone's reading quietly."

"Let's try it for four meetings. We can review it then," suggested a teacher.

I would like to have a video tape of that meeting. I would show it as an example of what can happen when we trust that the best among us will work its way through our schools.

I woke up early Saturday morning and packed my bags. Before going down for a cup of tea, I pushed aside the curtain in my room for a last look at Mt. Monadnock. I had climbed that mountain on a college outing 30 years ago. Worn smooth by millennia, it shone in morning light.

The week's threads came together at opening. An announcement told us that Linda would come home from the hospital today. Her knee would recover completely. A ligament had been refastened to the bone. "Will someone recover child care while Tom goes to get her?"

The usual assortment of hands went up. Amid general satisfaction we learned that Yin Yang's teats were much improved. Then the Meeting School bid a brief farewell to the Q.P.

Judith and Chuck drove me to the airport. "We can get in two more hours of talk," said Judith, who began to explore ways in which underclass students might look to their senior year as particularly special. "I've been thinking," she said, "that we might set aside school rules for seniors and have them make up a set of queries to live by. What do you think of that?"

"I think it may take a lot of training over a number of years. But it's worth it. Ultimately, that's the way we will empower each other fully. Do it."

Then Chuck, a geologist, talked for an hour about his growing fascination with the possibilities of inner attunement with crystals and rocks. He spoke of intuitive reading of their vibratory messages and wondered if geologic energy affected surrounding life.

"I'm going to visit some Pueblo dwellings in the Southwest during intersession. I don't know what I'll do, exactly. I need to learn to let go enough to hear. I guess I'll just begin."

The three of us stood on the sidewalk at the airport outside the Delta gate. At the same moment we reached for each other. We stood together in embrace.

"I'm going to miss you guys," I said.

They drove off. I picked up my gear and moved inside.
by Glenda Billings Poole

Friends have demonstrated their long-standing commitment to education first by starting public schools and now by encouraging education professions and supporting Friends schools. Some Friends work in public schools, and a few others, like me, send their children to public school.

Philadelphia's school system is the orphaned child of the city. It has a 70 percent minority enrollment; 54 percent of school families are on public assistance (not including unemployment); and only about 17 percent of the voting population have a child in the public schools. The school system is beset by strikes and budget cuts. In spite of this, Philadelphia has many excellent public schools—schools where learning is a number one priority, schools where children receive merit scholarships to Bryn Mawr and Harvard, schools where children respect each other.

Philadelphia has an organization called Parents Union for Public Schools, an independent group of public school parents who actively promote quality education in public schools. Begun during a bitter school strike ten years ago, Parents Union has become a moving force throughout the school system. The board, staff, and committee positions are intentionally multi-racial.

In the early years Parents Union successfully lobbied the school board to adopt the Parent Bill of Rights. These rights are as basic as seeing your child's records, meeting with a teacher, and having an advocate present.

Advocacy was another early development. Parents came to us because they were intimidated by school administrators and received few answers to their questions. We did our homework, learned the law, and set out to teach other parents (and school officials) the law as well.

Our advocacy program is divided into two sections—general and special education. We've found that discipline in some schools is haphazard while at other schools a child can be suspended for chewing gum. We are currently working with the school administration for a fair and consistent discipline code. Special education was perhaps the shame of the system, so we developed a group of advocates to ensure the rights of parents and their special children.

Many changes have resulted from our research in such areas as employee absenteeism and the suspension and promotion policy. Employee absence is now constantly monitored, discipline data is being recorded, and parent involvement is encouraged in many schools.

Parents Union has gone to court on several issues: we challenged the school board for abrogating their responsibility in a teachers' contract; we won the right to speak uncensored at school board meetings; and we are at present involved with a teacher desegregation suit.

We have a long way to go in order to reach our goal, but we've made a good start in Philadelphia.

Public education is being attacked from all sides. Parents Union has joined with others to work in Washington to see that public schools are not left to flounder. We have learned that public education directly affects everyone whether they have a child in school or not. Once again it is time for Friends to demonstrate their concern for public schools. I am the only Friend in Parents Union and I know very few Friends with children in Philadelphia public schools.

Philadelphia has improved the racial balance in its schools by creating "target schools" which draw students from throughout the district. Here, "clowns" from the High School for the Creative and Performing Arts visit an elementary school.

However, I know of two groups of Friends working for better public schools in other states. So what can I say when I'm asked what the Friends are doing for public schools?

Support groups like Parents Union in your area. If there isn't a group, start one—we'll help you. Help make education count for everyone.

April 15, 1983 FRIENDS JOURNAL
THE QUAKER SCHOOL AT HORSHAM

Where can a dyslexic student better heal a bruised spirit than within an environment of gentleness, love, and reverence for the individual?

by Elizabeth Eschalier

Stephen stood and read the poem. He didn’t falter any more than any other third-grade child. An everyday occurrence for most nine-year-olds, but a significant achievement for Stephen, who could not have done so just a few months earlier. The poem, a marvelous limerick, was written by a former teacher of Alice’s after he had visited. In it were friendly and humorous references to Alice, Stephen, and the other students.

Earlier in the day Alice had written a book report on James and the Giant Peach. She left it on her desk—neat, correctly spelled, and well written. It was a full page long, the longest she has completed.

Stephen, Alice, Peter, and Glenn are students at the Quaker School at Horsham, Pennsylvania, which is for students with learning differences in grades one through six. In all outward appearances, these young people are perfectly normal, healthy, intelligent students. Until now, however, school has been difficult and sometimes painful for them because of their inability to learn symbolic language and keep pace with classmates. Their difficulty is sometimes called dyslexia, which means impairment of the ability to read. It is not a single disorder, but a constellation of problems which manifest themselves in a variety of ways. Other definable problems are: dysgraphia, poor writing ability; dysnomia, inability to retain names; and dyscalculia, poor math retention. These children are often gifted and may also have unusual insight and sensitivity to others. As a group they are likely to be unusually creative.

Not long ago it became apparent to a small group of Friends in education that the philosophy inherent in Friends education is ideally suited to meet the needs of these children. Yet Friends schools in the local area did not have the special programs to help them. Where can a dyslexic student better heal a bruised spirit than within an environment of gentleness, love, and reverence for the individual?

The Quaker School at Horsham is a testimony to that belief. It now exists because the directors, George Rowe and Beverly Morgan, had the faith and single-mindedness to make it happen. Failure was simply not a possibility.

Some dyslexic children can achieve in a regular classroom surrounded by all the diversity of other learners. They are successful with the help of understanding teachers, specialists, and tutors after school. But for others, the trial and error and failure can only be alleviated by a curriculum balanced to their learning needs. Here the fear of being called on is removed. No longer are they subject to ridicule, real or imagined. They find assurance in the discovery that others share the same difficulties. They can also learn at a success level again, and naturally feel good about it.

After receiving a boost in both skills and self-esteem, they often can return, with confidence, to a normal classroom.

The Quaker School was fortunate to have Horsham Meeting support the educational adventure by offering its building. The school uses five classrooms originally built for a First-day school. The meetinghouse is used for worship once a week. The meeting for worship has become a meaningful occasion for this small, new school family.

The Quaker School is sponsored jointly by Bucks and Abington Quarterly Meetings—a unique arrangement which gives it 23 meetings from which to gather nurture. It has received enthusiastic encouragement from Friends Council on Education and Friends Committee on Education of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. Many monthly meetings and individuals have offered materials, money, and time. Several schools have donated furniture and supplies. An energetic school committee contributes in many ways to the strength of this fledgling school.

Having opened in September with three students, it now has four. The whole curriculum is remedial, with emphasis on reading and math. The content of science and social studies parallels that of other elementary schools. Art and shop enrich the learning by teaching pride in quality work and skill in using tools. The children have made some of the necessary items around the rooms, such as chalk trays, coat racks, and a knock hockey game. They all enjoyed a recent course in bicycle repair. Cooking is a frequent activity, as are field trips, which extend and enhance classroom instruction. Sometimes this small class joins a class from another Friends school, expanding opportunities for socializing and group learning.

As a recent visitor, I felt the attitudes of trust and enjoyment between teachers and students. The children have made significant progress since coming to the Quaker School at Horsham and feel especially good about themselves. Here, I felt, was a learning place where these students can regain the satisfaction that comes from succeeding.

Elizabeth Eschalier is a member of Doylestown (Pa.) Meeting and serves on the School Committee of the Quaker School at Horsham.

Friends Journal April 15, 1983
1. Olney Friends School
2. Lincoln School
3. Friends School in Baltimore
4. Westtown School
5. George School
6. John Woolman School
7. Germantown Friends School
A Quaker Education

by Ernest L. Boyer

Is there an education that might appropriately be called a “Quaker education?” And, if so, how should it be defined?

To some, to be a Quaker college means there is something called a “critical mass” of Quakers on the campus. To others, it means campus governance is conducted in a Friendly manner, but so are monthly meetings. Still others believe Quakerism is measured by the civility on campus and point to the honor code as well. And the more legalistically inclined call for formal ties between the college and yearly meeting—just to say that the spirit is sealed by a formal contract.

All of these conditions are significant and some, perhaps, essential. However, I conclude that none of these conditions—individually or combined—can make a Quaker college. A Quaker college is, after all, a college, and the “quality of its Quakerism” must, in the end, be measured by the impact on the educational mission of the institution, the degree to which Quakerism reflects itself in what is taught and what is learned.

Again, how can this be done? Let me put my own position squarely on the line. I believe a Quaker college is an institution with a well-considered core curriculum based on Quaker values and traditions. And the goal of such an education is to help all students to gain perspective and to respond wisely and with concern to life’s most enduring questions. The goal is to transcend the barrenness of life. But, once again, in our academic society, how is this to be achieved? Let me give five examples—some familiar, some unfamiliar—to illustrate my point.

I suggest that all students at Quaker colleges should develop a deep respect for language. They should know that language is the connecting tissue that binds society together and see language as the voice of God. Members of the Society of Friends were, from the very first, scrupulously concerned about communication. Quakers went to jail on such “technicalities” as the difference between swearing and affirming. These were not mere technicalities, of course. Quakers have understood from the very first that words are the externalization of who we are and what we think; they should be used with reverence and precision.

When I was commissioner of education, I was often asked to define the “basics.” My response was always very brief: language, I said, is the basic of the basics, and every student must learn in the early grades not only to read and write, but to read with understanding, to write with clarity, and to speak and listen effectively. All students in the upper grades should explore the rich heritage of literature, learn to use imagination and allusion, and understand as well that we communicate not just with words, but with dance and music and visual arts. And, increasingly, they must understand the relationship between language and thought and the ethics of communication.

Incidentally, frequently I’d be told that this is far too ideal a standard—that only “gifted students” truly master language. We must remind ourselves that the average child who marches off to school has already mastered the miracle of language: this child understands the use of symbols; he or she can use the intricate rules of grammar and has a vocabulary of several thousand words.

Indeed language development begins, so they say, when the unborn infant begins to monitor the mother’s voice. Therefore, the task is not just to introduce language to the student, but to build on the literacy foundation that’s already well in place. The goal is to raise—not lower—expectations, to hold standards higher.

But in Quaker education the study of language takes on special meaning. If there is “that of God” in every person, then that which comes out should be “of God” as well. Quakers understand that we communicate through silence, too.

I conclude that building respect for the power and mystery of language is the centerpiece of common learning. And it must be at the core of a Quaker education.

A Quaker education is also a means of gaining a sense of time. It means recalling the past and looking to the future.

Ernest L. Boyer is president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching and is a former trustee of Earlham College. He has served as U.S. commissioner of education and as chancellor of the State University of New York. His article is excerpted from a talk given at the annual conference of Friends Association for Higher Education, June 1982.
It means—in short—putting one's own life in perspective.

Members of the Society of Friends do not live in the past. And yet they do—in a very special way—feel a spiritual tradition and draw upon the weight of heritage to gain perspective on the future. I have never been particularly overjoyed by the label "a birthright Friend" but it does say a lot about the Quaker respect for continuity and tradition. Therefore, it seems that all students at a Quaker school should understand that—while we each have our separate roots—we also, in the broadest sense, have a common heritage that shapes our lives today.

This emphasis on heritage and tradition is today being shockingly ignored in most of education. In the latest National Assessment History Survey, only four out of ten nine-year-olds tested knew that Columbus first sailed west in search of new waterways to the East. And only four out of ten knew that the American Revolution was fought for independence from British rule.

It seems self-evident that to be educated in a Quaker context is to know something about the seminal ideas and the key events that have consequentially shaped the course of history and those people and convictions that have kept alive the religious heritage as well. History is taught at every college campus worth its salt, but at a Quaker college the meaning and the content of history should be distinctive. Students should study not just wars and kings, but the unsung saints who kept alive the flame of peace, civility, and compassion, whom Will Durant called "the little people on the banks of history."

At a Quaker college, students should develop a reverence for the natural world and respect for the physical ecology of the planet Earth. It is in the tradition of the Society of Friends to view the world as a seamless web—to see human beings and nature as inextricably interlocked. The "conquest of the Earth" was never part of the theology of Friends. And I believe that every student at a Quaker school should understand the essential truth that there are no solitary, free, living creatures on the planet Earth. They should discover that every form of life is dependent on other forms. They should explore the elegant, underlying patterns of the natural world and learn the methods of science by which such patterns are discovered.

Here again the study of our relationship with nature is shockingly neglected. Today, eight out of ten colleges in America have a general education "science requirement" of one kind or another. Yet the larger view of science frequently is lost. Professor Dan Clouser of the Pennsylvania State College of Medicine recently observed that "most students—even after a course in biology or chemistry—have little grasp of how science works and what its theories are. Science is for them only a catalogue of facts."

Again, all colleges offer their students science courses, perhaps as preparation for graduate school. But at a Quaker college science is not just a means, it's an essential as well. Through science the miracle and mystery of the universe are discovered and—at its best—the study of the natural world becomes a time for worship. It's a moment to reflect with the Psalmist, King David, who wrote: "When I look at the sky, which you have made, at the moon and the stars, which you set in their places—what is man, that you think of him; mere man that you care for him?"

It seems to me that a Quaker education means studying the significance of work and the universal experience of producing and consuming. The truth is that, as human beings, we spend most of our lives producing and consuming. Work is essential not only to survival but to meaning. And there are even those who argue that the "urge to be useful" is rooted in the genes. There is, in fact, no notion more sacred in the Friends' tradition than the term vocation.

At the Carnegie Foundation Conference on Common Learning at the University of Chicago a year ago, Lewis Thomas told a story from the termite world that may have relevance for us:

When three or four termites are collected together in a chamber, they wander about aimlessly, getting nothing in particular done. But when more termites are added, the situation changes, and they begin to build. They pick up each other's pellets, stack them in neat columns, and then—when the columns are precisely the right height—they reach across and turn out the perfect arches which form the foundation of the termite mound.

No single termite knows how to do any of this, Lewis Thomas says. But as soon as there are enough of them, they become collectively flawless architects sensing their distances from each other—although blind—and building an immensely complicated structure with its own air conditioning and humidity control.

We are, of course, remarkably more intelligent than termites, or so we have concluded. As individuals we can be creative. But, termites do raise for us the tantalizing issue of what—collectively—we could accomplish if we could get our act together. What is our equivalent of the termite mound?
JOHN WOOLMAN ON SCHOOLS

That Divine Light which enlightens all men, I believe, does often shine in the minds of children very early, and to humbly wait for wisdom, that our conduct toward them may tend to forward their acquaintance with it and strengthen them in obedience thereto, appears to me to be a duty on all of us.

By cherishing the spirit of pride and the love of praise in them, I believe they may sometimes improve faster in learning than otherwise they would; but to take measures to forward children in learning which naturally tend to divert their minds from true humility appears to me to savor of the wisdom of the World. . . .

To watch the spirit of children, to nurture them in gospel Love, and labor to help them against that which would mar the beauty of their minds, is a debt we owe them; and a faithful performance of our duty not only tends to their lasting benefit and our own peace, but also to render their company agreeable to us.

Instruction thus administered reaches the pure Witness in the minds of such children who are not hardened and begets love in them toward those who thus lead them on; but where too great a number are committed to a tutor, and he, through much cumber, omits a careful attention to the minds of children, there is danger of disorders gradually increasing amongst them, till the effects thereof appear in their conduct too strong to be easily remedied. . . .

Meditating on the situation of schools in our provinces, my mind hath at times been affected with sorrow, and under these exercises it hath appeared to me that if those who have large estates were faithful stewards and paid no rent, nor interest, nor other demands higher than is consistent with universal Love; and those in lower circumstances would, under a moderate employ, shun unnecessary expense, even to the smallest article; and all unite in humbly seeking to the Lord, he would graciously instruct us and strengthen us to relieve the youth from various snares in which many of them are entangled.

The Quakers, although a small and scattered band, have demonstrated throughout the years the power of collective effort—the impact of collective conscience focused on a righteous cause. Their tertnaria have been: conscience against war, justice for humans, and freedom for slaves.

I suggest that at a Quaker college the issue of vocation is absolutely crucial. All students should have time to reflect on the meaning of work and its central significance in the lives of every individual:

- What have been the historical attitudes toward work around the world?
- Why is some work more highly prized than others?
- How do notions of work relate to social status?
- What is my own vision of vocation?

Exploring questions such as these is at the core of Quaker education.

Finally, I put a capstone to this core curriculum. A Quaker education should prepare students to form convictions and to act boldly on the values they hold.

I recognize that whenever a discussion turns to values, a strange embarrassment seems to overtake us all. Somehow we have deluded ourselves into believing that we can be responsible people without ever taking sides, without expressing firm convictions about fundamental issues. In his penetrating book, Faith and Learning, Alexander Miller commented on this curious timidity when he wrote:

A decent tentativeness is a wholesome expression of scholarly humility. We seem to have a sort of dogmatic tentativeness which suggests that (in matters of moral judgment, at least) it is intellectually indecent to make up our minds.

But there is a hopeful side to all of this. We are beginning to understand—as George Steiner has reminded us—that a person who is intellectually advanced can at the same time be morally bankrupt. We know now that such a person can listen to Bach and Schubert at sundown, can read Goethe in the evening, and the next day can go to work at the concentration camp to gas other human beings. "What grows up inside literate civilization," Steiner asks, "that seems to prepare it for the release of barbarism?"

What "grows up" is education without values, action without purpose, crusade without conscience. The simple truth is that if education is to exercise a moral force in society, then it must take place in a moral context, and this is, in the end, the essential truth of a Quaker education.
The Bear Who Wanted a Pet

Once upon a time there was a bear. He wanted a pet but he did not know what kind of a pet. His father wanted a bird. His mother wanted a bird. But bear wanted a boy! “No!” said mother. “No!” said father.

So that night he woke up and went outside. He made boy traps out of wire and some blocks of wood. He put them down and went back to bed. In the morning mother yelled from downstairs, “There’s a boy in our house!”

Bear was furious. He wanted it to be a secret. So he got dressed and went downstairs and hid him in the closet and said, “It’s only your imagination!”

He went back upstairs and started to read a book about how to take care of boys. Just as he read the word boy the doorbell rang. He was scared! He said to himself, “Maybe it’s his mother.”

It was! She took him home and they lived happily ever after.

—Tiffany Blair, first grade

This story is taken from a personally made, cloth-covered book—one of several made by first-graders at West Chester (Pa.) Friends Community School. —Ed.
Why “Leaves” Are Called Leaves

Once upon a time, at the beginning of the earth, there was a man. He lived in a hut of sod. One day he looked up and saw brown tall things with little green things on them, and he tried to think of a name for the green things. Every day, all day, he would ponder over a name for them. One day he came out and saw that they had turned red, brown, yellow, and orange. The next day he came out and one left and flew away. He yelled, “Come back!” but the thing just flew out of sight. Through the weeks they all left. Finally, the man thought of a name for them. He called them “leaves” because eventually they all leave. That is why to this day they all are called “leaves.”

—Geoffrey Camp, 11
Media-Providence (Pa.) School

Meeting for Worship Is . . .

the bread and butter of the school
an experience which is the sort of thing that
can only be judged by the individual
feeling at one with the whole group
an experience of friendship
a time to reflect upon yourself
a time to talk to and think about God
a place to recollect memories
a time when people gather together to share
thoughts and ideas
a thinking experience
a very worthwhile experience for many
people and for many people it is not
a peaceful, quiet reunion of people trying
to feel united to each other and to God
the interaction of the minds and souls
around you
a quiet solitude, a haven from the
machinery, the cars, the noises that
fill our lives
a simple but vibrant experience
a time for daydreaming—whether about
God or Prince Charming is up
to the dreamer
a time to be quiet and to listen
to the quiet around you
time to take inventory
a break from school so you can just
sit down for a while and think
a chance to think your thoughts slowly
without hurry
a long-time tradition at Friends School

—Ninth-Grade Class, 1977
Friends School
Baltimore, Md.

If I Were a Rabbit

If I were a rabbit,
I would lie in the sun
and cuddle up next to you
and give you a little nudge.

—Jonathan V. Last, third grade
Haddonfield (N.J.) Friends School

Chipmunk

scurrying swiftly up a tree
nibbling on a nut
sitting quietly then hurrying away
tail vanishing as it pops into a hole.

—Emily Blank
Brooklyn (N.Y.) Friends School

Tuba, Trumpet, Clarinet

Toot! Toot! Honk! Honk! Eeeeee!
That’s the way they go
Marching up and down they go
Toot! Toot! Honk! Honk! Eeeeee!
I love the tuba, trumpet too
Just hear them play
Toot! Toot! Honk! Honk! Eeeeee!

—Jeff Gold, third/fourth grade
West Chester (Pa.) Friends Community School

Out on a big hill, I'm in a house so bright. I'm very sleepy, and it's late at night. I'm very tired, and there's nothing to do. I feel so peaceful, and I'm just happy to be alive.

By Jolie Glicker
Grades 3
WAR HYSTERIA:

A Teacher's Reflections

by Marion Kramer
dictated to Isobel M. Cerney

In the spring of 1917, during World War I, I was confronted by a community feeling of war hysteria. I don’t know what else to call it. There were war meetings, rallies to enlist men, cake sales, all kinds of activities soliciting money for war causes. In these I could not participate. People said to me, “We want our teachers 100 percent for the war.” I told them war is wrong. It is killing people.

So one day when I came back from lunch, I walked into the assembly hall where all the high school students were gathered. There I confronted my desk. It was painted yellow. The word slacker was painted across the desk. I stood there amazed. Suddenly, there came over me an enveloping good feeling. I raised my head a bit higher and smiled. In the warmth of that feeling, I walked past my desk into the principal’s office.

Upon my return to the classroom the students were restless. They couldn’t concentrate on their work. Somehow we got through the day, and I saw that something had to be done. I couldn’t go on as usual. So I had a talk with the superintendent. I was the principal of the high school. The superintendent, another teacher, and I taught the classes. I found later that the superintendent expected me to change my mind about participating in the war effort. He had given the students permission to paint my desk yellow! I informed him that I was going home to confer with my parents and I would be back in the morning.

Next morning I asked a member of the school board to call a meeting of the board. At that meeting, I asked them to expel the student who had led the activity of painting the desk. He had given each student the brush and said, “Paint one stroke,” thus getting every one of them involved. The school board said they could not expel him in a community so much in favor of war. So I replied, “Then I shall resign” and wrote out my resignation. I returned to the school, informed the superintendent that I would be in my office and would see any of the students who wished to come in and see me, one or two, not more than three, at a time.

I let them stay as long as they wished to talk. They asked: “Why did you smile?” This was an opportunity of a lifetime to tell them what war is. When they told me, “But he is in uniform,” I told them: “He is your brother, trained to kill or be killed.” Many of the girls wept. They said they did not want to paint my desk and they wished they hadn’t.

It took three days to talk to all of the young people who wanted to come in.

The superintendent then said to me, “The students want you to stay. Let me give you the money to pay for things to make us 100 percent for the war.” I replied, “I have money. But I’m not spending it that way—for the war.” He really thought I would give in! And after I left, the board didn’t give him another teacher. He had to teach all my classes.

The boy who led the activity of painting my desk yellow had an older brother who was drafted. Their father went to the recruiting center and asked the commander to accept several thousand dollars in the place of his son. Though I don’t recall the exact sum, I do remember realizing it was enough money to buy a good Iowa farm! The commander replied, “We don’t want your money. We want your son.”

I did leave the community with a very good warm feeling of understanding, and some approval, of the stand I had taken.

In less than two weeks after I resigned, I was teaching in a rural school northwest of Des Moines. My former students continued to write to me. I received two or three letters every day. Everything went well in the new school, until suddenly the woman where I was rooming and boarding told me there was gossip going around about me.

Because you are not raising the flag every day, they are saying that you are a German sympathizer and maybe shouldn’t be teaching here,” she told me.

I said to the woman: “You know I called a member of the school board and asked them to fix the rope for the flagpole.” It had become entangled, and the flag wouldn’t go up even as high as the roof of the building. The school board
member told me they'd fix it after the corn cultivating season was over. During busy seasons, Iowa farmers worked from dawn till dark. I had supposed it would be all right to wait for him to fix the pole. But I saw that it wasn't.

I located a long ladder and asked permission to borrow it. The next morning in school I told the students the situation.

"We don't want to be called German sympathizers. We need to do something about this gossip that's going around. Now we can borrow a ladder. The farmer is too busy to bring it to us, but if you two older boys will go with me, Ed, you can take the front end, I'll take the bottom end—it's always heavier—and Bill can do some lifting in the middle." I put the oldest girl in charge of the rest of the students, telling them to stay in the schoolhouse. We ate our lunches, taking a last sandwich to eat as we walked to the farmhouse. (You know, that is just vivid in my mind still, after 65 years! I was 21.)

To my relief, the ladder was long enough to reach to the roof. I climbed to the top and up onto the roof.

"Don't teacher! You'll fall!" some students protested. But I somehow felt God had given me this opportunity and I wanted to fulfill it. I found that shingles are not something to hold onto. I had to crawl carefully up the very steep roof (designed to shed snow). Near the peak of the roof, I could reach the rope; I held onto the front of the roof with my left hand lying flat so as not to slip. With my right arm I tossed the rope this way and that until it became untangled.

"Now," I said to the boys, "raise the flag." They did. It went up easily. What a glorious sight and what a relief. But I soon realized that going down is more difficult than going up. Inch by inch, I let myself slide slowly down, hoping I would reach the ladder in safety. A student below called, "Just a little more, teacher."

"Hold the ladder against the building," I said. Finally my foot found the top rung. Gradually I eased myself onto the ladder. I could then look down and see many hands holding the ladder. And I saw upturned anxious faces waiting for me.

I looked at my watch. One o'clock. "Time for classes," I said. "We'll take the ladder back after school."
Spanish Studies Program at Germantown Friends School

• A sixth-grader from Germantown (Pa.) Friends School, accompanied by two classmates, steps cautiously up to the old man with his hand-painted pushcart. She clears her throat and asks slowly, so as not to mispronounce a language she has never spoken before, "Que... son... piraguas?" The Puerto Rican street vendor grins and, acting out what he can't convey with words, he patiently describes his trade. Venturing an "adios" and a "gracias," the trio move on down Fifth Street sharing tastes of tamarind, coconut, and mango ices.

• Tanned and still insistently wearing his heavy hand-woven poncho sits one of the ninth graders who has just returned from a month in Mexico. He's in another world, replaying in his mind for the umpteenth time the farewell "fiesta" he was given by his host family and friends. They danced and danced; they ate and then ate more. He had even been able to do the impossible—successfully tell one of his jokes in Spanish.

• She never thought it would be quite like that. As she left Philadelphia to begin her junior project in Florida, she studied her proposal one more time. "During the mornings I will use my translating skills to assist with 'charting in' patients at the migrant center’s clinic. During the afternoons I will assist farmworkers in filling out food stamp, school lunch, workmen’s compensation, and other forms. Three evenings a week I will help out in teaching English to women and teenagers." Yes, those things all had happened, but so had some other things more difficult to describe.

• He had stuck with Spanish, for five years, in part so that he would be able to try his hand at that year-long seminar course. The thought of studying Latin America from the Mayas to the Malvinas, using Spanish source material almost exclusively, was intriguing. Maybe it was the idea of investigating Latin America's turbulent history through the eyes of Latin Americans. Or maybe it was being able to test his own Spanish while tackling the history behind some of the Latin American issues that increasingly frequent today's front page headlines. In any case, he would not pass up this opportunity to unearth an ever more important chunk of history using his newly acquired tool of language.

These portraits all illustrate a new and innovative program at GFS called the...
Spanish Studies Program. The idea for this interdisciplinary approach to language/area studies took shape in 1981 with the realization that changes in our community, our society, and beyond called for a more serious and systematic treatment of that which is Spanish, Hispanic, and Latin American. Spanish has been for some time the second most spoken language in the U.S., and it is beginning to assert itself as never before in the areas of advertising, education, popular culture, and even the political arena.

The Spanish Studies Program uses a “three-dimensional” approach: offering Spanish itself; complementing the study of language with the study of history; and creating direct life and work experience projects in Latin American and Hispanic communities. The program recognizes that the significance of languages does not end with their being a vehicle for communication; they are an embodiment of history.

“Space Meeting” at Olney (Ohio) School

“Twice a week at Olney we have a meeting for worship held in various locations on campus, and last week we had a “space meeting” in the old Stillwater Meeting House (a simple brick structure the size of a small barn). A space meeting is one in which everyone sits as widely separated as possible, much as if 30 people were to meet in Ann Arbor [Meeting], one to a pew.

“The resulting effect of ‘civilized domains’ produced the least restless meeting we have yet experienced here—a significant achievement with 55 adolescent students. I felt so peacefully refreshed that I yearn for such gatherings more often.” —John Miller

International Baccalaureate at Pickering College

Pickering College, Ontario, Canada, has been authorized to teach the required courses leading to the International Baccalaureate Diploma to students in grade 12 in September 1983. Pickering College, the only independent or boarding school in the Toronto area so authorized, joins some 200 selected schools around the world who participate in the program.

Two of the aims of the I.B. program are attractive to Pickering College. The I.B. program restores rigorous challenge to secondary education. Candidates for the diploma must complete courses in two languages, science, mathematics, and social studies. The I.B. program stresses the various mental processes through which people interpret, modify, and enjoy their spiritual, social, and natural environments.

Secondly, the I.B. program has evolved through the efforts of educators in many different national school systems. Each participating school in its own small way

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A Conference:
LOOKING FOR THE LINKS: NUCLEAR WEAPONS AND THIRD WORLD INTERVENTION
Saturday, May 7, 1983, 9:00 AM-5:30 PM
Friends Center, 1515 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102

Keynote Speaker: Dr. Randall Forsberg, director, Institute for Defense and Disarmament Studies and co-founder of the national Nuclear Weapons Freeze Campaign

Panelists: Edward Snyder, Friends Committee on National Legislation
Damu Smith, American Friends Service Committee
Charito Planas, exiled Philippine human rights activist

Plus many workshops on the arms race and Third World intervention

This conference is sponsored by the Friends Peace Committee of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. Sam Caldwell, PYM general secretary, will serve as moderator. Registration: $7.00 in advance, $10.00 at the door. For information call the Peace Committee: (215) 241-7230, or write to above address.

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BOOST:

Friends School Experiment

The Friends School, Baltimore, Maryland, was one of the first independent schools in that city to integrate, having admitted blacks since 1953.

One major area of concern for the Friends School was the disparity between the racial composition of the student body and that of the faculty. From 1972 to 1977, just prior to the beginning of their internship program, minority enrollment averaged 15.8 percent, 10.8 percent of whom were black. In 1976-77, the school had two black teachers. The school recognized that if it were to attract more black families, it would need to provide more black role models for children. Moreover, a more diverse faculty would serve the interests of all students by bringing into the classroom different backgrounds, perspectives, and viewpoints.

The idea of minority internships surfaced in 1977. After ascertaining from the National Association of Independent Schools and area schools that there were no existing programs to use as models, they decided to design their own program. They chose the physical education department to test ideas because it had the greatest potential for reaching the most students.

In the fall of 1977, Friends School initiated the internship program and hired three black students from Morgan State University to coach after-school athletics. Later, internships were begun in other departments.

When the internship program ended in June 1982, all involved agreed on the program’s benefits:

• Students received exposure to black role models in a ratio more consistent with the racial composition of the student body.
• Students benefited from the individual coaching, tutoring, and other assistance they received from the interns, and they learned more about black history and culture from a black perspective.
• Friends’ programs in the physical education, early childhood, art, drama, and music departments gained flexibility with the additional staffing.
• Interns received excellent training, guidance, and preparation for future careers in education.

Peace Studies at Haverford and Bryn Mawr

The new, three-year Haverford-Bryn Mawr Peace Studies Program is being launched in part by Richard Falk, a professor at Princeton University’s Center for International Studies and a member of the Institute for World Order. He is teaching a course this semester at Haverford College entitled “In Pursuit of World Order.” According to Professor Falk, World Order Studies is concerned with not only examining international political behavior, but also with establishing a framework of thought and action for shaping the future in a more humane direction.

Several students from Haverford and Bryn Mawr this year organized a group called Students Allied for Nuclear Disarmament. Members plan activities and discuss ways to educate the bi-college community about the threat of nuclear war.

Inter-Disciplinary Teaching at Earlham College

Interdepartmental and special majors abound among Earlham students because the faculty is encouraged to audit, take for credit, or join in team-teaching courses outside their department of appointment. A chemist and a philosopher teach philosophy of science. Foreign study programs are led by faculty from any discipline. For example, a professor of geology and one in classics learned the language and spent a year in Japan with students. The most common religion major in the past five years is religion and psychology. This bridging of disciplines happens frequently, with widespread support, and reflects a Quaker view of the wholeness of truth.

Meeting for Worship at State College Friends School

The State College (Pa.) Friends School (K-6) begins each morning with meeting for worship. Each classroom is grouped vertically—that is, all ages in each room. The children take turns reading a query each morning prior to meeting. A nonreader will have the help of an older child. The queries grow out of concerns of students and teachers during the course of the year. Below
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is a sampling of those used this year:

Each one of us has something different and special about us. In what ways can we share our needs and gifts with each other?

How can we overcome feelings of meanness?

How do we know we are doing our best?

How can we make sure we are helping each other learn in school?

When a friend comes to play, how can you help each other when you don’t feel like playing together?

The query is considered in silence by the group, followed by a period of discussion pertaining to the query. Children are then encouraged to share, one by one, a recent experience: something they have made or friends they did something with. Descriptive language is encouraged and bringing store-bought things to show is discouraged.

New Foreign Language Strategy at Media-Providence

The French Department at Media-Providence (Pa.) Friends School has been experimenting with Total Physical Response, a foreign language strategy developed by Dr. James Asher, a psychologist from San Jose State University in California. This strategy was designed to speed up foreign language learning by Spanish and Oriental immigrants.

Dr. Asher based his theory on observations of children’s first language acquisition. Before a child begins to speak there is a long period of silence. During that time the child is trying to understand the adults’ speech and respond to adults’ commands. After a certain period of listening comprehension and internalization, the child begins to speak. In Total Physical Response, foreign language learning follows the same sequence—listening, comprehending, internalizing, producing. Students listen to the teacher’s input and respond physically to the commands. As they become familiar with the foreign language utterances, students begin speaking by giving commands to their friends.

Radmila Vuchic, French teacher at MPFS, will share this experience with her colleagues at two April conferences, the Independent School Teachers Association and the Northeast Conference on Foreign Languages, Baltimore, Md. She plans to demonstrate TPR with a class and to involve participants in learning some Serbo-Croatian.

“South Jersey History” at Atlantic Friends

The middle school at Atlantic Friends (N.J.) is offering a new literature elective titled “South Jersey History.” Taking advantage of the area’s Quaker heritage, the class has researched the history of local towns, many of which were founded by Quakers. The final project included reports on the town’s settlement, people, inventions, or events for which they are famous, and an illustration highlighting some aspect of the town’s history.

To enhance the classroom experience, the class explored the old courthouse, local houses built by Quakers, and the oak in Salem. By tradition it was under this oak in 1675 that John Fenwick signed the land treaty with local Indians that made the Quaker settlement at Salem possible. At the Hancock House the class stood on the spot where 30 unarmed men were massacred by 300 soldiers and mercenaries led by a British major as a retaliatory act against Quaker charity towards Washington’s troops.

With the wealth of Quaker history in the area, and the historic meetinghouses that dot the countryside, southern New Jersey provides an excellent “laboratory” for studying history. At every turn students are discovering the Quaker influence on culture, economy, social change, and government.

Great Issues Program at William Penn

During the last 3½ years, William Penn College’s Great Issues Program has received national acclaim—the New York Times and the Washington Post carried feature articles on it.

William Penn College, in Oskaloosa, Iowa, has tried to meet a major need in U.S. higher education: deans of graduate schools, business executives, and other professionals complain about the poor communication skills of today’s college students. The college’s answer was to inaugurate a program in which debate, possibly the most intellectually demanding activity there is, would be the prime method of instruction.

In such areas as art, music, physical education, and mathematics, comparatively little debate takes place. But in the humanities and social studies (which all students must take), debate permeates the classroom. Students even write a report reflecting their research on the debat topic. A paper of less than very good quality is returned with no grade, and no credit can be obtained until the work is done to the satisfaction of the professor. As a result, written and oral communication skills have been improved, and interest in the program is high.

A Case for Caring at Friends Select

At the start of the 1981-82 school year, teachers asked their advisory groups in Friends Select Middle School, Philadelphia, Pa., to come up with specific behavior which would be an outgrowth of the overall rule: one must have respect for others, oneself, and for property. (Advisory groups, 12-14 students, function as home-room and also as a support system and forum for discussion.) From these sugges-
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Resources
- Choice or Chance is a 20-minute program designed to give young men and women the facts they need to make an informed decision about registration, the draft, and military enlistment. (Includes a Spanish script.) Slideshow $80, filmstrip $80, 16mm video cassette $110 from San Francisco AFSC, 2100 Lake St., San Francisco, CA 94121, or rent from other AFSC offices.
- AFSC's Peace Education Program Resources, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102, has several literature pieces on registration and the draft. If the Army Is Not Your Choice is a small cartoon booklet especially for high school-age youth, 10¢, 10/50. Some Say “No” is a collection of statements advocating nonregistration and opposition to the draft from varied perspectives, 25¢, 10/50. In The Biblical Basis of Conscientious Objection, T. Canby Jones presents scriptural teachings from both the Old and New Testaments that he believes make the CO position imperative for a Christian. 50¢, 10/50. You and the Draft, also available in Spanish, gives a Third World perspective on the draft, including the “poverty draft.” 10¢, 10/50.

MILESTONES

Births
Follain-Grisel—Nee René Follain-Grisel on February 6 to Didier and Vera Follain-Grisel. Vera is a member of Adelphi (Md.) Friends Meeting.
Schleusener—Max Nicklin Schleusener on November 4, 1982, to Jay Schleusener and Emily Nicklin. Emily and her parents, George and Katherine Nicklin, are members of Westminster (N.Y.) Monthly Meeting.

Marriages
Elliott-Gillespie—Howard F. Gillespie and Gay Nelson Elliott, on January 29, at Concord (Pa.) Meeting, where they are members. They are using the surname Gillespie.
Wiser-Nickle—Bernard Nickle and Alice Wiser on December 9, 1982, at Cambridge (Mass.) Meeting, under care of Burlington (Vt.) Meeting. Alice is a member of Burlington Meeting and a sojourner at Cambridge Meeting. Bernie, a Mennonite, is from Guelph, Ontario, Canada. The wedding was a wonderful, four-day celebration with family, friends, and friends attending from several countries. Both Alice and Bernie will retain their own names.

Deaths
Cadbury—Retired teacher and naturalist Joseph Moore Cadbury, 72, on March 12 in Portland, Maine. He attended Moorestown Friends School, Haverford College, and Columbia University. Subsequently, he taught lower school science at Germantown Friends School and Haverford Friends School for 42 years. During summers for 28 years he was an ornithology instructor at the National Audubon Society's Ecology Camp in Maine. In addition, he led field trips and gave lectures in ornithology and natural history for numerous groups, including the Academy of Natural Science, the National Audubon Society, and the New Jersey Audubon Society.

April 15, 1983  FRIENDS JOURNAL
Although he attended Germantown (Pa.) Monthly Meeting, he was active in the affairs of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting, where he was a birthright member. For 20 years he was chairman of the Friends Select School Committee. He is survived by his wife, Lucille Cadbury; sons, Joel and David; brother Bartram; and four grandchildren. Memorial services at Coulter St. (Pa.) Meeting, Saturday, April 9, at 3 p.m.

Carmer—On February 20, Lucy Perkins Carmer, 97, at Stapeley Hall, Philadelphia, Pa. Lucy, a pioneer activist for peace and racial equality, began her career in 1915 with the YWCA in Pittsburgh and Wilkes-Barre, Pa., organizing women factory workers. She became a pacifist during World War I, joined the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and then became active with AFSC, NAACP, and ACLU. Lucy moved to Chicago in 1936 and there became involved in the settlement house movement. Her work for racial integration in downtown Chicago public facilities and in the Hyde Park area won several awards for her. During this period she helped in the resettlement of Japanese-Americans from internment camps. She also took two young German refugees into her home and helped educate them.

Farquhar—Katharine Dare Farquhar, 95, on March 2 at Kennett Square, Pa. Katharine, who was a member of Kennett Square Meeting, was active in several community organizations, particularly the garden clubs. She is survived by daughters, Katharine Dare Rayne, Nancy Darling, and Carolyn Thompson; six grandchildren; and 13 great-grandchildren.

Hafkenschiel—Lucinda Buchanan Thomas Hafkenschiel, 70, in Stanford, Calif., recently. At the time of her death, she was a member of Palo Alto (Calif.) Friends Meeting. A painter, she graduated from Friends Central School and Swarthmore College and later studied painting under Hobson Pittman. She is survived by her husband, Joseph H. Hafkenschiel; four sons.

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- women's suffrage
- prison reform
- peace concerns
- Quaker and public education

Friends Seminary and the extended Chapman family pay tribute to this woman by dedicating a room in her memory. This commemoration highlights for students of today the way Mariana Wright Chapman gracefully integrated family life, religious life and service to others. Programs and lectures on topics of concern to Mariana Wright Chapman will be held regularly in this room.
Joseph H., III, Mark, Benjamin, and John; and three brothers.

Hammarstrom—On September 24, 1982, Eric C. Hammarstrom, 87. An engineer, Eric was vice president, secretary, and a director of Komline-Sanderson Engineering Corp., where he worked for many years. In the early 1940s, he served in the Civilian Public Service. Eric was a member of Somerset Hills (N.J.) Monthly Meeting. He is survived by his wife, Dorothy Hammarstrom; daughters, Tula Hammarstrom, Siri Vokes, and Lisa Hammarstrom; and three brothers.

Ham—Pauline Bith Hans, 94, on December 22, 1982, in Claremont, Calif. Pauline's first contact with Friends was in Bavaria in 1917 when a small group of Quakers helped her during World War I. She later joined Berlin Meeting and became active in Quaker social concerns. She left Germany in the late 1930s with the help of Friends. Pauline was a member of Claremont (Calif.) Meeting, a vigorous, cheerful presence there with a warm personal faith. She is survived by her son, Theodore Hans.

Hubbard—On November 12, 1982, Richard Anson Hubbard, 69. Dick worked for the Insurance Company of North America for many years. He was a member of Radnor (Pa.) Monthly Meeting, where he served on a variety of committees. He is survived by his wife, Isabel Hubbarnd, and children, Richard, Nancy, and John; and grandchildren.

Jehle—Theoretical physicist Herbert Jehle, 75, on January 14. Professor emeritus at George Washington University, his research spanned particle physics, biophysics, and astrophysics, and he continued his work even after retirement. He was a member of Charlotteville (Va.) Meeting and active in the peace movement. He worked with AFSC, FCNL, FOF, SANE, and the Episcopal Peace Fellowship. Surviving are his wife, Diefinde von Kuesnberg Jehle, and sons, Eberhard and Dietrich.

Sharpless—Lorraine Way Sharpless on January 25 at Pearl River, NY. Born in 1907, she was a long-time member of Upper Merion Meeting, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. She was a founding member of Rockland (N.Y.) Friends Meeting. She is survived by her husband, George Sharpless; daughter, Hansie S. Sharpless; sons, George, Jr., and John W.; and three grandchildren.

Travis—Helen-Muriel Travis, 86, in Virginia Beach, Va. Born and reared in Philadelphia, Pa., Helen-Muriel was a vaudeville actress and lecturer before moving to Virginia Beach. She dedicated her life to helping others through prayer, meditation, and astrology. Helen-Muriel was a member of Virginia Beach Friends Meeting.

Weaver—Laura S. Weaver, a member of Birmingham (Pa.) Monthly Meeting, on February 27. She was survived by a son and three granddaughters.

Wehmeyer—Adele Cannavaro Wehmeyer, 96, on January 25 in Sanford, Maine. Born in Torre Annunziata, Italy, Adele came to the U.S. with her family as a teenager. She lived most of her active life in the New York City area. After World War II, she worked for many years. She was a member of Port Washington (N.Y.) Friends Meeting. She is survived by her son, Robert; daughter, Jean W. Gross; six grandchildren; and nine great-grandchildren.

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**Audio-Visual**


Contact: Latin America Program, American Friends Service Committee, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. (215) 241-7159.

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**FRIENDS JOURNAL**

April 15, 1983

29
William Penn Rides Again!

The October 15, 1982, issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL was a very special double issue commemorating the tercentenary of William Penn’s arrival in the New World. It contains many significant articles on Friends’ history and religious beliefs, including: “Our Continuing Holy Experiment” by Margaret Bacon; “William Penn, Quakers, and Civil Liberties” by Harrop Freeman; and “The Continuing Relevance of William Penn’s Religious Thought” by Melvin Endy, Jr.

The original cover price of this issue was $2; however, we are now offering it at a reduced rate. Until June 1 you may purchase this special issue for just 50¢ per copy.

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American Friends Service Committee seeks Regional Executive Secretary for southeastern regional office, located Atlanta. Responsible for program operation, personnel, budget administration, public interpretation. Requires compatibility with principles and philosophy of Friends and AFSC; strong administrative, supervisory, communication skills; program development experience. Send resume by May 10 to Search Committee, AFSC, 92 Piedmont Ave., Atlanta, GA 30303. Affirmative Action Employer.

**Schools**


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A copy of the Advance Program for the Gathering has been mailed to each household on the FGC Quarterly mailing list. The Advance Program is the framework for the Gathering; it is the people who come each year who make it the tremendous experience it is. If you are not on our mailing list but would like a copy of the program and registration materials, simply write to Ken Miller, Conference Coordinator, Friends General Conference, 1520-B Race Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102, or call (215) 241-7272. We’ll be glad to send you one. Registrations should be postmarked by June 1, 1983, to avoid late fee.
SCHOOL in Rindge, New Hampshire is now celebrating its 25th anniversary as an experiment in Quaker education.

"Today, as it has for 25 years, The Meeting School bases its teaching on Quaker ideals and testimonies. Recognizing that of God in every person, we are committed to nurturing that inner spirit. Our goal is growth for all members of The Meeting School community—growth in love, knowledge, truthfulness, and creativity."

Kurt and Claudia Brandenburg
Co-clerks 1982-83

The Meeting School is accredited by NEASC

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Address ______________________________

The Meeting School, Rindge, NH 03461

I want to help The Meeting School achieve its goals

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