AMONG FRIENDS

Quiet Process and Small Circles

In January I wrote to heads of Friends schools and colleges announcing our plans to publish our second annual special issue on Friends education. Like last year, the response has been excellent. We received material from nearly 30 schools and colleges. In addition to articles, we received news notices, poetry, photographs, and artwork. (A sample of the latter appears on our cover.)

My only regret is that there are not enough pages in this issue to include more of the material that we received. I look forward to sharing more of it in future issues of the magazine, and I feel encouraged to repeat the education issue next April as well.

One theme which appears in many of the articles is the small, personal quality of Friends education. Barry Morley expresses this feeling in his account of a recent visit to the John Woolman School. The Stratford Friends School represents a valuable effort to help children with learning problems. I am reminded of these words by Rufus Jones: "I pin my hopes to quiet process and small circles where vital and transforming events take place."

Future issues of the magazine will address a question equally important to that of Friends schools: How are we showing concern for the improvement of public education in our communities? We sometimes overlook how many Friends, like me, have children who attend public schools, or how many Friends work in the field of public education, are active on home-school committees, and press for constructive changes in this field. I shall welcome articles and reports by Friends concerned about public education.

Do you remember our special double issue of October 15, 1982, which celebrated the William Penn tricentennial? We are spring housecleaning at the JOURNAL and discover that we still have many copies of that issue in our storeroom. With major articles like Margaret Bacon's "Our Continuing Holy Experiment: What Love Can Do in '82" and Melvin Endy, Jr.'s "The Continuing Relevance of William Penn's Religious Thought," this special issue deserves to be shared more widely. For the cost of postage ($5) we'll be happy to send the first 15 readers who request it a carton (100 copies) of the special Penn issue. It is an excellent issue for religious education or history classes, or simply to share among Friends.

Several of our readers have recommended a four-part article entitled "Weapons and Hope" by Freeman Dyson which appeared this year in the February 6, 13, 20, and 27 issues of the New Yorker. The February 20 issue includes a section on pacifists and discusses the important peacemaking contribution of Quakers.

Vinton Deming
Teaching: The Spiritual Dimension

by Megan Hess

When we aren't studying Indians, we're delving into fairy tales, fantasy, and myth. During this year, the children develop a kinship with creatures and characters from many different cultures which are hundreds and thousands of years old. The forces of good and evil play out their roles over and over through the year. Young heroes and heroines are given tasks to perform which, upon close examination, have wonderfully symbolic meanings. They are sent dreams and choices not unlike the young Indians'. We once again get at the beauty and harmony of the natural world through the little people: gnomes, hobbits, brownies, leprechauns, elves, and their friends. As we venture into the world of ancient Greek myths, we ponder the human gift to question and the need for answers. We look at the gods and the roles humans assigned them. And we consider the heroes. What was Theseus really battling down there in the tangled bowels of the earth? With what Minotaur-like problem is each child doing battle right now?

In the middle of all the fantasy, February and March bring a study of U.S. slavery. The good and evil, the hardship and the bravery come right back into the real world. And with that comes the need for things spiritual. The slaves prayed to and sang about a God whom they knew intimately and who could ease their pain. What is the relationship between things magical in the fantasy world and things spiritual in the real world?

It is my great hope that the kinds of stories and ideas the children hear, as well as the kinds of questions they learn to ask, can form a spiritual base for them for the rest of their lives. I want them to be comfortable enough in this world to continue asking questions of their own, but not so comfortable that they take the first answer they get as the final truth. This exciting journey has no end for any of us. It is the never-ending adventure, full of surprises and an occasional signpost left by another soul on another journey. Helping children to want to begin this journey is the most meaningful challenge I can undertake as a teacher in a Friends school.

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*Out of print
THE TWO FACES OF JANUS

by William R. Rogers

April 15, 1984  FRIENDS JOURNAL
This is a time to celebrate a sense of cooperation and close affiliation among the Quaker colleges in this country. That cooperation stands in marked contrast to the somewhat competitive, and sometimes desperate, alliance of colleges and universities during these days of difficult finances and declining enrollment.

I believe that Quaker institutions have so much by way of a heritage, an alliance, and a hope to tie them together, that our lot is one of cooperation and not competition, comradeship and not competitiveness.

The Roman god Janus was a two-faced, bearded figure who looked simultaneously toward the past and toward the future. He was celebrated over gates and doorways in Roman times and also became the representative of the first hour of the day, the first day of the month, and the first month of the year—still commemorated, of course, in the month January. This is a time of Janus, as it were, a time to look back and look forward.

Looking Toward the Past and Future of Quaker Higher Education

In looking back, I want to recall with you those foggy and freezing mornings in Northern England in 1667 and 1668 when George Fox—who had spent difficult winters being pursued from town to town by unfriendly sheriffs and constables—came toward the village of Waltham. His cloak was worn, his horse tired and poorly fed. He described himself as exceedingly weak but, nevertheless, with his spirit earnestly engaged in the work of the Lord.

Fox came to Waltham to help that small band of dis­sident Friends find a way to educate the young people in their community. The hostility of the officials in England during that time was so pronounced that young Friends had been excluded from formal education and had to find new avenues for growth. Can you picture Fox having grown up in a home without a single book until his family had obtained a Bible? Can you imagine how exciting it was for him to show a young community ways of learning to read and ways of learning how to direct their lives toward significant social purposes under the guidance of the Spirit?

Fox was convinced that a variety of religious experiences, coming through the Light as experienced by individuals, could be made more profound by study, reflection, and preparation. He set up a school for women not only in Waltham but also in Shackleford (or, as Fox says, “Shacklewell”).

Thus the beginnings of Quaker concern for education for both men and women were established within a decade of the very start of the Religious Society of Friends. The aim of that education was to prepare people not only for study of Scripture and for the religious life but for knowledge of “things civil and useful.”

That Journal entry might be interpreted to mean matters of domestic and support skills for women. But I think in the context of the times, “civil” referred to the enhancement of civic leadership, and “useful” referred to those practical applications of knowledge in fields far beyond homemaking: teaching, commerce, navigation, science, medicine, engineering, banking. These were fields that were indeed neglected by universities at the time, which focused on the classics, rhetoric, and logic. It is indeed impressive to see how the early British Quakers soon took leadership in those practical fields, far beyond the proportion which Fox could have originally envisioned.

Since the time of Fox and those early schools, Quaker schools and colleges have reflected a number of values congruent with Fox’s concerns. It is important to remind ourselves of their significance. The Quaker vision of education embodies:

- **Attention to the individual seeker**, whatever his or her background and status, who is pursuing a quest for identity and purpose and meaning.
- **Equality of opportunity** for men and women and for minority persons.
- **Individual responsibility and honor**—a code that was worked out in Westtown and other schools in the early days and adopted quickly by colleges—in which students take responsibility for the honesty and integrity of their work.
- **Simplicity**—a pervasive spirit of reverence and sincerity—in the focus of lifestyle without adornment and unnecessary frills but with a concentration of effort on the things that matter most.
- **The value of community**, in the sense of a collegialship of faculty and students together.
- **Zest and spiritedness**, a quality of enthusiasm—of gusto, as it were—for the importance of what is going on both academically and personally.

A few other values have also marked our history together: certainly the pursuit of truth, of qualitative work rigorously undertaken in the nurturance of the intellectual life, and a passion for justice and social conviction that can be expressed through modes of non-violent conflict resolution and through dedicated seriousness of social purpose.

Finally, and beneath it all, there is that attention to the quality of the spiritual life that gives us vision, calling our
attention back again and again to both the prophetic and sustaining dimensions of the heritage of religious insights which have been ours.

I also want to suggest that there are things that I think a Quaker college is not.

It is not everyone doing everyone else’s business, rationalized under the mask of consensus without the delegation of responsibility and accountability for particular projects. That pitfall sometimes covers mistrust and an inability to delegate responsibility. I therefore challenge us to rededicate ourselves to thinking about consensus not just as “everybody doing everything,” but as people doing their work in areas of particular responsibility with a guiding passion and intensity of purpose without looking over everyone else’s shoulder.

Sometimes Quaker schools have a kind of humorless intensity. Once in a while we can recognize that in ourselves. Sometimes that humorless intensity is masked by what we like to call humane responsibility and humility, but it may instead cover self-righteousness in the fear of ineffectual naiveté.

We need to guard against helpless withdrawal from realistic social and institutional problems under the mask of gentleness and nonintrusiveness. This can keep us from the dedicated action that we must take, even in the face of bewildering social and institutional problems. We cannot afford to cover our bewilderment or fatigue or anxiety about evils in the global, national, or local scene by some form of withdrawal or irresponsibility. We are continually challenged to think, to form policy, and to act.

As we look toward the next 10 or 20 years, I invite you to reflect about four challenges which we must address.

- One challenge is the importance of finding ways to preserve our consensual mode of governance in the face of increasing demands for efficiency, for technology, for automation in our work life together. The challenge to get things done, to raise money, to produce new courses, to study career paths may sometimes seem to overwhelm the need to deliberate together in a mode of expectant waiting as we seek clear consensus on issues of substance.

- The second challenge is finding new ways to excite the task of reasoning and of developing moral sensibilities in our students, despite their increasing interest in vocationalism and professionalism and their desire for economic security. Sometimes there is what I think of as a “vocational arcing,” in which people eager to develop the skills of the work world mistakenly overlook those deeper capacities of reasoning, of understanding the implications of arguments, of knowledge of the rules of logic, which can be cultivated best through the liberal arts. It is a very real challenge to mix career development and liberal education without losing one to the other.

- The third challenge is in responding to the intricate problems of a global arena. Most colleges these days are worried about declining populations. I am convinced that we need to be more concerned about the expanding population of this country and of the world. We need to look beyond the next two, five, or ten years in this regard. We must help today’s students to acquire the knowledge and skills to deal with the enormously complex problems that will emerge.

We will need knowledge of politics and economics, scientific breakthroughs, increased productivity, and an ethical conviction to justly distribute global resources. We will need to deal with the problems of water supply, ozone depletion, energy supply, the management of fishing and oil exploration, of hazardous waste disposal, diversion of agricultural lands to metropolitan uses, the loss of topsoil, increasing desert areas of the world, and, perhaps most frightening of all, the possible misuses of our nuclear capabilities.

- The final problem I would say we have to address is the bi-modal distribution of wealth—whose difficulties will be increasingly evident as some people amass greater wealth and others live in impoverished conditions, the case today in many countries of the world.

To face those challenges, to develop the ethical zeal to work with them, to do something about them is the kind of mission that Quaker schools share in common. It is a challenging task, and one that must be done—right away.

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We Have Cried

To you, the ground
Of our beseeching:
Leave us this ground
Yet longer, reclaim
Our dissolution:
Deep we are
For having walked too lightly.

Let us yet claim
Our stakes.

Grant us our distress.
In profound
Darkness may we suffer
through to sight.

Our breath and being:
In waiting parched
May we yet find
Shock of the heart
Blaze of the mind.

Bend our blacked will
To hear your voice,
A chance
To heal our arrogance.

Beseeching
That it is not too late,
We wait
To be found,
Beside the gates of time,
On this our living ground.

—Anne G. Myles

Anne G. Myles, a senior at Bryn Mawr College, is a member of Haverford (Pa.) Meeting.

April 15, 1984 FRIENDS JOURNAL
The job of a Friends school or college is to help its students learn to live well. It does this by offering instruction in useful knowledge, broadly defined, in an environment where people can explore issues of knowledge and issues of meaning, where they are encouraged to bring facts and values together. Furthermore, because every aspect of life has the potentiality to educate or miseducate, to open one to learning or to stultify one's urge to learn, the Friends school or college seeks to achieve its purposes by activating and encouraging many positive agents of learning. Those are the influences, experiences, and situations which will enable or empower students to be freed from ignorance, error, prejudice, selfishness—whatever blocks them from wholehearted pursuit of Truth. Positive agents of learning also free our students for gaining the fullest measure of knowledge, experience, and reflection which will lead them to live well.

Learning how to live well is a difficult task. It requires learning about oneself and others, about how human institutions and societies evolve, about the social, political, and economic worlds which human beings invent, as well as about the natural world. It eventually requires learning how to make a living and how to have a satisfying life. Erik Erikson reminds us of what Sigmund Freud said a mature human being should be able to do: to work and to love. Living productively in relation to both the physical world and the human world; knowing another and being knowable intimately; paying one's passage through life with integrity and care: that is what it means to know how to work and to love.

The end of such an education should be that one cannot imagine living well except in a society where everyone has a fair chance at such a life. In our day I believe that would mean that our graduates would become agents of learning for others, most particularly in three areas: in social and political change, where one would work to strengthen just and peaceful institutions; in educational change, where one would work to strengthen more humane and responsive educational institutions; and in a spiritual life out of which the impetus to be an agent of these changes would come, rather than from feelings of emptiness, impatience, or angry rebellion.

Let me emphasize the key terms in what I have just said: our job is to help our students learn to live well. Ours is an enabling or empowering ministry; we...
do not live life for our students but we support them in their search. We help them gain competence in intellectual disciplines and to grow in psychosocial skills. We help them prepare for careers, for family life, and for pursuit of their deeper cultural and spiritual needs. We help them imagine just societies and how to achieve them. The Quaker school, says Howard Brinton, evidences a kind of community which serves as a model or goal to indicate the direction society should advance. The way we enable or empower our students is to activate and encourage those agents of learning that will help free them from ignorance and free them for living well.

To serve such a vision of education, two qualities in particular seem to be essential: reverence and compassion. Reverence is our primary response to the love of God. It creates a sense of holiness and the duty we owe to the holy. It is a respect for the Creation, out of which grows our respect for each person as a child of God and our awe for the natural world. It is an expression of our respect for Truth and for personal integrity. From our reverence comes our insistence on seeking and doing Truth and our regard for each person as potentially a seeker and doer of the Truth. As an affirmation of what is of supreme worth in our lives, it is an expression of worship and the cornerstone on which we build trust. Erik Erikson says, “Each society and each age must find the institutionalized form of reverence which derives vitality from its world image.” This institutionalized form of reverence embodies a world image and a style of fellowship which we teach our children, or our students, in the process of teaching them hope and trust.

Reverence by itself might lead us to be overwhelmed by awe and consequently to be too strict in judgment on the littleness of human enterprise, but compassion balances it with fellow-feeling for even the weakest of human-kind. Compassion is both a way of knowing another person and also a spirit in which to hold that knowledge; it is, says John Reader, a consequence of seeing that of God in people and involves “an insight into the feelings, motives, and needs of individuals.” John Reader goes on to say that discovering how to incorporate the spirit of compassion into the structure of an institution is the challenge to Quaker education.

This brings us back to the nature of our ministry as Quaker educators, which is not simply to express reverence and compassion in our own lives—though that is no small thing—but also to find what we can call the institutionalized forms of reverence and compassion.

As teachers and administrators we want the best for our students, and we
have convictions about what that means. Our courses have syllabuses, specified assignments, and a grading system to give fair evaluations. We design our courses to do justice to the content and to express a spirit of good will toward those who take the courses. In residential life we aim for clearly stated and explained rules and expectations and precisely described sanctions and consequences for failing to meet the established standards. These are ways to express reverence for the Truth and compassion for the seeker after Truth.

To practice compassion does not mean to present ourselves as a blank sheet for students to write on, but neither does reverence for the Truth mean demanding that our students become blank sheets to receive our messages. In designing courses or setting rules we are teaching both a content and people. Our students’ motives, needs, and feelings become part of the agenda. This is not because all their motives are worthy or all their needs are wisely understood or all their feelings are accurate perceptions of reality, but because these are important to know so that they may be addressed, confirmed, or changed. They are important because teaching and learning are a single interrelated activity of communication, accommodation, challenge, reflection, criticism, and confirmation. “Trust born of care is the touchstone of the actuality of religion,” says Erikson.

The spirits of compassion and reverence must find concrete expression in every aspect of the institution’s life. If they appear only in courses or in the classroom, they will be largely ineffective for meeting student needs. They must shape how we serve as enablers and how we encourage and support the agents of learning our students meet. There are many agents of learning at work in a residential school or college. Some years ago, graduating seniors at Antioch were asked to list in order of importance the agents of learning that affected them most. Friends, roommates, and other students led the list; off-campus work was next; books recommended by friends were high on the list; formal courses and teachers came last. An upperclass student may have 12-16 hours of class a week, but if this student eats three meals a day, for an hour each, he or she is spending 21 hours in the dining room. Both the dining room and the friends selected to eat with are powerful agents of learning for that student. A student might spend 35 hours a week with friends and 12 hours a day in the dormitory. Social and extracurricular activities can take more hours than students spend in class. Powerful as the curriculum is, it effectively claims only a fraction of a student’s time directly under our influence.

What we hope to accomplish in the classroom has already been shaped and sometimes limited by the powerful influence of all the other agents of learning at work in the college. Institutionalizing compassion and reverence would mean taking the power of those agents of learning seriously, trying to enhance some, challenge and minimize or eliminate others. It would mean encouraging students, staff, and faculty into a richer variety of associations than the curriculum alone provides, associations where we older adults are not expected to be authorities but where we might be valued and enjoyed as friends and companions with the younger adults who are our students in a common search for the meaning in life. We, in turn, might find our own intellectual and professional lives enriched by those different kinds of associations with our students.

A lot of people have as their most cherished image of good education two people sitting on a log, conversing. It is a charming image, representing friendship and the absence of hierarchical authority, of grades and records, and of all the rest of the busyness of institutional demands. There on that log we could practice reverence and compassion; we wouldn’t have to institutionalize it. But of course most of us need to teach and learn in more than that one setting. The laboratory, the library, the computer center, the seminar room, the audio-visual center, the dormitory, and the dining room—all are places we encounter each other as learners. Not all the encounters can be, or even should be, one-to-one. Much of learning is solitary, but more of it is social. A learning community must have greater variety and complexity than most of us can balance on a log. We must work in and through institutions, and institutions are the expressions of both our strengths and our failings. If we look at our schools and colleges and ask if they are the best possible expressions of our ministry, the answer must always be no.

Dan Wilson once said to me, “I’ve never been associated with anything which wasn’t a failure when measured against its vision.” So we would have to say about our schools and colleges, if we measure them against the highest vision of Quaker ministry—taking people to their teacher and leaving them there. But perhaps we are comforted by Howard Brinton’s comment that “all teachers know that if the Kingdom of Heaven comes on earth it will probably not come first in a schoolroom.” We serve at the lower levels, and even that is a great privilege. We have some glimpses of the possibility of a learning community, of a fellowship of positive agents of learning.

In what we do, we give dependable and lasting life to reverence and compassion by building them into the fabric of our institutions. We shape them so that later they will help shape us. So I, while correcting comma-splices, you, while sending out the utility checks, she, while sitting through tedious dormitory council meetings—each of us picking up our straw, even when it feels like the last straw—can be doing so for the greater glory of God, out of reverence and for love of God’s children, out of compassion. We may not know very often what it means to speak to the ultimate condition of our students, but that is best left in God’s hands in any case. We can address what we know, in a spirit of caring, so our students have reason to trust us and what we say. That, at a lower but crucial level, is speaking to their condition. That is part of the ministry of Quaker education.
This is gold country, the mother lode. Sutter's Mill is not far from here. The Empire Mine, with 200 miles of tunnels, is a local state park and tourist attraction. Local hardware stores stock goldpans. Panning for gold has been a John Woolman School intersession project. Jack Hunter, principal, old friend, and my reason for being invited here, displays to anyone interested a piece of gold tinier than the head of a pin. "I panned that myself," he says, his face alight.

I look through the wide window of my A-frame cabin toward the hills. My mind's fancy pictures a pair of sodden riders picking their way through rain and chaparral, coming down out of the Sierra Nevada to gentler hills and softer climate.

Mid-February is spring in the low Sierras. Trees are in flower and the land is green. Art Anderson plods in from the rain with a load of stove wood, lets me fix him a cup of tea, and argues that I'm wrong, that it's still winter. Not until the landscape is buried beneath a profusion of wildflowers will it be spring. But I know better. Where I live, the rolling piedmont looks like leached straw; the hills behind, 600 feet lower than the place where I'm sitting, are snow covered; black bare trees challenge the sky to give a hint of spring as if sky wouldn't dare. We will wait almost a month for the fields to green, another before the trees follow. Here grass is growing. The school's livestock graze in green pastures. Ferns lean out across the streams. The manzanita, buckbrush, live oaks, digger pines, and dominating ponderosa pines are green. It's later in the summer, I'm told, that the landscape turns brown.

There is a haunting beauty here. "What is it like?" I ask myself. In the part of my mind that sings to me I hear John Jacob Niles: "I wonder as I wander out under the sky." When he finishes, a baroque orchestra begins. I hear the final chorus of Bach's Passion According to St. Matthew. A flock of Oregon juncos darts up, interrupting my reveries. I add them to the life list I keep in another part of my mind.

Meanwhile, in the distant Southwest, far removed from thoughts of wildflowers and the St. Matthew chorus, glossy white boxcars move onto a siding next to the Pantex plant in Amarillo. Workers begin to load a hundred nuclear warheads bound for Puget Sound and Trident-bearing submarines.

Morning settles my argument with Art Anderson. The day is clear with a promise of warmth. From the deck of my cabin I can see the first line of snow-covered mountains in the distance. I study them through my binoculars, then spend much of the day staring through the same glasses at birds I've never seen before. They flash black, white, and red at me, or orange or blue. All the while sunshine taps me on the shoulder and says, "How's it going?" "Fine," I say; "I just saw an acorn woodpecker."

At assembly everyone sits in a circle in silence before announcements and snacks. Karen Rogers tells us that she's received word that the nuclear train is being readied in Texas and it's time for us to get ready.

After a long walk through the scrub (the chaparral), I emerge, bird glasses in hand. "Hi," calls a student from 50 yards away. "Did you have a good walk?" "Yes," I call back. "I love it here, I can't seem to fill myself enough with it."

"Me, too," she answers, "and I've been here for four years." Then, almost as an afterthought, she says, "I'm Lesley."

"Hi, Lesley. I'm Barry."
"I know who you are," she responds. "You don't know who I am."

I'm impressed with housing at John Woolman School. No one lives in dormitories. The building that is called "the dorm" houses classrooms, which rise up a hillside in a double tier from one level to another to another. Each classroom has its own character and quality. Tucked into the dorm's wings are several faculty apartments, each with its own character and quality. Wooden beams cross the ceilings. Walls are pan-
eled with broad boards—cedar, maybe, and pine and Douglas fir. Rooms seem more spacious and open than they really are; they wander off from one another as though carefully planned not to appear carefully planned.

Families live in ranch-style houses which nestle here and there, close to the center of things, but half hidden in corners of privacy.

Students live in cabins. On one side of the campus are 12 A-frames, each one housing two girls and a wood stove. On the other side are “condos,” where three or four boys live together in various arrangements of stacked bunks and draped partitions.

“Do you like living in a cabin?” I ask a student.
“Oh, yes,” he replies.
“What do you like about it?”
“I like the privacy. I like not having parents around.”
A girl says, “It’s like having a little house of your own.”

Later, when I’m not thinking about A-frames or condos, I ask a boy where his home is. He answers by pointing down the path to his cabin.

On Wednesday at assembly, Karen Rogers tells us that the nuclear train is definitely “gearing up.” “We still don’t know which way it will go,” she says.

Which way will it go? Three previous trips took it through Fort Collins, Colorado, where demonstrators made enough impact to get themselves on the network news and cause a memo from the desk of J. D. Martin, Department of Energy, to read: “I heartily endorse your thoughts on routing the train differently; going through downtown Fort Collins is like crossing a stage for demonstrators... If the next shipment comes during pleasant weather I’m afraid it will draw a much bigger crowd.”

Lyle Tau is alone in the kitchen preparing lunch. His prep crew hasn’t arrived yet. I interrupt his reflections.
“Hi, Lyle. What are you thinking about?”

He looks up and smiles. “I was thinking about what was said last night, about how important it is to live out on the edge of your ignorance rather than draw back where it’s safe. I’ve lived on the edge of my ignorance since I was a child. I wonder how I learned to do that.”

“I think it’s the kind of thing you know all the time,” I say. “You don’t learn it; you remember it.”

“That makes sense to me,” he says. “I wonder if the most important teaching you can do is somehow to help people stir their own memories.”

On Thursday, Brian Fry asks if there are others, besides those already signed up, who would like to go meet the nuclear train. More names are put on the list. “We may be gone for two days,” says Brian. “During that time work-jobs still have to be done. Are there volunteers who will take the place
of those who are gone?"

A student, Bryan Paisley, says, "This is a chance for those of you who stay here to help. You'll be part of the demonstration as much as those who go."

A dozen names go down on a list.

I'm to give an evening talk. The subject is empowerment. The talk is long, spiced with anecdote and laughter; but the point is simple: the only legitimate use of power is to give it away.

"I disagree with something you said," says Lyle afterwards.

"I hope so," I say, "What do you disagree with?"

"I don't think you can empower people. I think you can make it possible for them to use the power they already have."

"Thank you," I say.

Then Rob speaks. Rob is a student. "And it's important to remember that empowerment doesn't mean abandonment."

"I've learned more from you two in two sentences than I taught in an hour," I say. "The next time I talk about this I'll use what you've said. I won't tell anyone you said it, of course. I'll take full credit. They'll think I'm brilliant."

We laugh.

First I ask Brian Fry. Then I ask Karen Rogers. "Has the train left Texas yet?" "We haven't heard a thing," they say, "but when it comes, we'll know."

Tonight is hunger awareness night. I sit beside my old friend, Jack Hunter. We hold hands as hands are clasped around each of the round tables. Silence settles. It continues as student waiters bring a bowl of rice to each table. In silence the bowls are passed from one to another. Rice is ladled onto plates. While we eat, the only sound is the scraping of tableware. Somehow, when I've finished my rice, I am satisfied.

Jack Hunter and I take a cup of tea together at his house. "What do you consider the three strongest features of this school?" I ask.

He stirs his tea as if that will stimulate his thinking.

"First," he says, "is academics. We have a really strong academic program. The students are well prepared when they go on to college. They are especially good writers."

Again he stirs his tea.

"Second is the strong sense of community. People here really care for one another."

More stirring.

"Third would be the work program. I'm really pleased with our work program."

During several work periods each day, meals are prepared, tables are set, pots, pans, and dishes are washed, floors are mopped, buildings are maintained, grounds and small children are cared for, drainage ditches are cleared, and firewood is cut and delivered. The functioning of the school is absolutely dependent upon work-jobs being done well. The entire farm operation—goats, pigs, sheep, chickens, and beef cattle—is supervised by one girl.

"I think the thing I like best about the work program," says Jack, "is the respect that students develop for work."

I'm invited into the inner sanctum, the writers' workshop, the famous "W.W." The students are mostly seniors. My charge is simple. In one session of relaxation writing, I'm to give a convincing demonstration that the technique is fruitful.

Eleven students and one teacher lie down on a floor too small to sustain the exercise comfortably. Their legs and heads poke out from under various tables. I push myself into a corner, taking as little room as possible, and begin. I ask them to relax the toes, their feet, their lower legs; all the parts of their bodies. This takes ten minutes. One student begins to breathe deeply. He's asleep. I count to ten, asking that relaxation go deeper with each count, even though the heavily breathing boy is already sufficiently relaxed. Somewhere down the hall a toilet flushes loudly.

I give the image. "See a ship," I say. "Follow it wherever it goes. Do not direct it; follow it." I check my watch and wait for two and a half minutes. Then I count from ten to one. "Write the poem that's waiting to be written," I say along the way. No one moves. To myself I say, "Hey, gang, c'mon; write the poem that's waiting to be written."

Then, as if my thought had impact, everyone stirs. The sleeping boy wakes up. Pens and pencils begin to move across paper.

Later the poems are read aloud. I catch an image here, a turn of phrase there; they dance for a moment in my ears:

"The waves pull the sliding ship through foam and green tea; The smell of hot barley and cold ice sails in his nostrils . . ."

Then:

"I was a reflection of the world; Everything was a reflection, Upside down yet right side up. Why didn't the ocean fall upon me?"

And then:

"Sails whip and crack in the wind; She creaks and whines like an animal taking her beating."

Birth

by Laurie Menmuir

Laurie Menmuir is a senior at John Woolman School and is interested in becoming a veterinarian.

April 15, 1984 FRIENDS JOURNAL
"Will you read this?" I ask. "I can't read your handwriting."

Behind the sun infants lie dying in smooth groves of mango trees.

Another:

... Procne could not speak for Philomela, Whose beauty took her tongue away with the wind.

Greg Smith, who teaches writing, walks with me to assembly and snack. "I'd like to use your poem as an example of what relaxation writing can produce," I say. "But that would be cheating."

His eyes sparkle. He smiles through his puckish mustache.

In Amarillo the nuclear warhead-laden train pulls away from the Pantex plant. It moves by secret route toward Puget Sound at speeds twice those specified in directives issued by the Department of Energy. Perhaps this will throw off the timing of the peace activists.

I climb up outside steps to the second level of the dorm's tiered classrooms. (continued on next page)
walk up more stairs inside as I move toward the back of the building to the largest classroom. I'm supposed to be teaching, but my eye is caught by motion along the hill that continues to rise behind the building. Four mule deer, grayer and longer eared than their eastern, white-tailed cousins, casually nibble their way across my sight. I have trouble remembering what I'm saying. "They walk around this campus like they own it," I think. Then I add, "In a sense, I guess they do."

9:20 a.m. Word has come. The nuclear train is in Wyoming, headed for Green River Junction. There it will be switched westward or continue north.

11:07 a.m. Brian Fry meets with students who expect to meet the train. "We'll know soon if it's coming this way," he says. "If it does we'll meet it between ten tonight and two in the morning. Be ready to leave by 4:30. Bring your warmest clothes. It'll be cold."

12:34 p.m. Karen Rogers announces that the train has continued north toward Idaho. "It's all right," she says; "there'll be a huge demonstration in Boise, around nine o'clock tonight." Somehow it's as though Paul Revere had ridden off in another direction; phone lines are buzzing with a message older than the Republic: "They're coming this way."

Lisa approached me first Saturday morning. "I'm doing my senior project on herbs and wild foods," she said. "I am going out this afternoon to look for things. I thought you might like to come with me."

"Sure," I said. "Where should I meet you?"

"Down by my cabin. It's the closest one to the stream—by the library."

She was waiting for me on the library steps. "Hi," she said, "I'm down here."

She got up and led me down a path and across a wooden bridge. She stopped before we got to the meadow. She reached out and took a brier stem in her hand. "This is blackberry," she says. "All along the streams there are blackberry bushes. In the fall they're full of berries."

"In the fall?" I say. "Where I live the blackberries are ripe in the summer."

She seems surprised. "They are?" she says.

We wonder how to account for the difference. It must be patterns of rain, we decide.

As we cross the meadow she says, "I've always enjoyed being out in the woods, out in nature. But it's only since I've been here that I've begun to learn what things are. It makes a difference when you know the name of a tree or a bush. You can get closer to it. You can almost become one with it."

I know right then that this will be no ordinary walk.

We come to a student-built cabin, one of a number that are hidden in the hillsides. We pause to catch my breath. She points to some pines. "You never need to worry about scurvy when you're in the woods. The inside of pine bark is loaded with vitamin C."

She asks me if I'm able to make a fire when it's raining. "I have trouble with that," she says. I show her how to find dry, dead wood near the bottom of a pine tree. I snap off a branch, take her knife, and show her how to feather it. "You can get that to burn," I tell her. As we work our way through thickets of grass covered openings to stands of pine, we begin to talk about other things: friends, love, growth, death, beyond death. I answer her questions half wondering if she thinks I'm crazy. She doesn't seem to.

Then she says, "You know, we're amazed that you would come here. I mean, you've done so many things; you're a published writer. In your own circles you're semi-famous, I guess." Simultaneously I am touched, embarrassed, and amused. Finally we're back in the meadow. And though she's on time for trigonometry, our walk is not something that can be measured in time. To myself I say, "Someday, years from now, you may go for a walk with someone on a mountainside. Maybe you'll remember our walk. Then you'll know why I came here."

It's time to go. I slip my binoculars into their case and snap the latch. As the nuclear train continues northward toward waiting thousands who would interrupt its passage to Puget Sound, I turn my eyes eastward toward the Chesapeake Bay.
Each child at Stratford Friends has a combination of learning disabilities which can turn the learning process into a series of frustrating defeats. These problems include visual and auditory perception/memory problems, slow maturation and development, poor eye-hand coordination, hyperactivity, language processing problems, and dyslexia. Difficulties with learning, in the classroom or at home, can also result in behavioral problems, insecurity, poor self-image, or fear of failure. In addition to teaching, teachers must continually work to raise the child's low self-esteem.

Children ages 6-12 attend the school anywhere from six months to five years, depending on their needs, although the average length of stay is two years. Programs are based on educational diagnosis of the child's learning needs and strengths, which allows each child to progress at his or her own pace.

Language therapy incorporated in each class increases the student's ability to learn by increasing his or her ability to use and understand language. Language skills are developed further by activities such as story hour, sustained silent reading, creative writing, plays, sharing, and school newsletters. These activities provide diverse and positive experiences with language.

Daily “quiet time” begins the day for students and teachers together; while this is sometimes the traditional silent meeting for worship, on other mornings imagining, meditation, and other relaxation techniques are practiced. The benefits of these mental exercises carry over into the school day. Students are settled before their classes begin, and practicing relaxation techniques for a few moments before a test can help a learning-disabled child to calm down and focus on the task at hand, stilling the anxiety that a test can produce.

A recently completed weaving project taught the children much more than they realized. They dyed the wool, using natural dyes such as indigo, onion skins, and goldenrod. Students learned that different colors are produced when these dyes are combined with different mordants, which set the dye. They experimented with mordants such as alum, chrome, tin, and iron. The weaving was done by hand on a small loom. The children chose their own colors, and were responsible for completing their work. An art student from a local college, who volunteers her time at Stratford Friends, was on hand with advice and with books illustrating methods of weaving and types of looms.

The weaving project gave students a chance to practice skills that learning-disabled children often lack: planning or sequencing tasks, following directions (and following them in the right order), practicing eye-hand coordination, and developing spatial awareness. And when they were done, the children held a finished product in their hands with pride and the knowledge of their own accomplishment.

Stratford Friends' art program fosters creativity and fine motor coordination. Woodworking, weekly swimming, and cooking are other activities which are used to build skills and confidence.

Classes are often organized around a single subject, such as colonial America or American Indians. The most recent was a study of Greece, which was integrated into social studies, art, and science classes. Students modeled clay into columns, friezes, and colonnades, and added those words to their vocabularies.

The school tries to help children function in a Friends community which, while building academic skills, teaches responsibility and nurtures personal and spiritual growth. Underlying these goals is a deep concern consistent with Friends education everywhere: "to encourage and support the child's own sense of self as an intelligent, worthwhile, caring individual."

This excerpt from a parent's letter provides an idea of what the school can mean in the life of a learning-disabled child:

[Ted] came to you barely able to read and write, and virtually unable to develop and write simple sentences. He had also gotten to the point where he thought he was a "dummy." . . . After his first few weeks at Stratford Friends, I never doubted that it was the right place for him. The acceptance, the caring, and the individual attention make it a very special school. Ted left your school very excited about going to a "regular" school. He also left confident of his own abilities. He knew he would have to work harder than many children at some things, but he believed in himself.
My first impression of Scattergood was that it was a pretty campus with lots of trees and beautiful countryside. Then in the dorm I got a bit of a surprise—grungy-looking rooms, a couple of bizarre-looking people, and loud music blasting from somewhere. I was a little scared. “What am I doing here?” I wondered. I reminded myself that it was my idea to go to Scattergood. I suppose I was hoping for a better education, fewer cliques, and less superficiality. My mom and dad liked the idea since it was a Quaker school. Also, the people we had known who went there, like Leanore Goodenow, were really good people. I had no need to be frightened. Immediately people were being nice and told me I would fit right in. I found out that of all the different kinds of people who go there, just about everybody fits in.

My first year as a sophomore I learned a lot more than my subjects. But subjects were interesting, too, and became a challenge. Here you live with your teachers. If you don’t turn something in, over lunch it’s, “What happened to your paper?” Many of these teachers are wonderful. Some are not much older and are easy to talk to.

I learned to do dirty, icky jobs and do them well—such as taking care of pigs, mopping floors, cleaning johns. I got to take care of faculty children. I learned how to make bread for 100 people. You feel an obligation to the community to do the best you can. It’s not like doing work at home. If you don’t make dinner on time here you have 70 people unhappy with you.

We also learned a little about being away from home. We got just a taste of freedom. We don’t have our parents watching us all the time, although many of us miss our parents a lot.

I learned how to make friends even while living with them and knowing their worst habits. Our friends are the most important people in our lives. They are our buddies, our mothers and fathers, our work partners, and our schoolmates all at once. It’s important to know that your friend is doing well in school and, if not, what you can do to help.

We are easily amused and are often childish in having fun. In our spare time we go on walks, watch sunsets, give backrubs, or just sit and talk. After a big job we may have a celebration, like the pig roast we had after the barnraising. This atmosphere helped me become more outgoing.

It was disappointing at times, like that first year when the drug culture was dying and some people were sent home. First you were a close-knit family; then someone muffed up and they were out. Some of these people were best friends we might never see again. It was heartbreaking.

There are some things we’d like to have, like more electives or a better grading system than the pass-fail system, or new chairs, or a lot of other things that take money we don’t have. We know we have to be thrifty because of the budget. But if we need something a lot we can do some money raising or build it ourselves, like we rebuilt the barn in 1982.

All in all, I think there’s no place where you can learn so many different things and have so much fun doing it as we do at Scattergood.
A student body had evolved into a group affected his role as a teacher and a consumption of drugs and alcohol was taking place in the community. He stated that the consumption could no longer tolerate it. He vowed to continue his strike until he felt that the capable of dealing with any urge to be tormented further with the knowledge that drugs and alcohol could not be tolerated in the school. Students stated that drugs and alcohol divide the student body into those who take them and those who don’t, and in a school as small as ours we simply cannot tolerate the disunity. The faculty stated that none of the staff is willing to work here if drugs are the norm. The students and faculty together pledged a new commitment to uphold and support the minutes. The meeting was closed with silence and a circle, and the following day Rob ended his strike.

As we break trail on this new course, it is difficult to predict what will happen, but it is an excellent opportunity to raise the levels of trust and honesty in the community. Some students who have completely destroyed the trust extended to them have been asked to leave, and those who fall into their old habits may follow the same course. But of now, the school seems to be growing and coming together in a more open, less fragmented community. We all hope and trust that the growth will continue for the remainder of the year. We are grateful to Rob for placing us on this new path, and to those students and faculty who fasted, meditated, and came forward in trusting and loving response.

Poetry by Judith Randall

Come to Me

Come to me all ye that labor and are heavy laden
and I will give you rest.
Come to me all the parts of myself
that worry and fret,
the frustrated parts, the angry parts.
Come to the place in me that is god,
come to the river that flows within me—
the river that gathers waters of life
from health, from love of friends,
from trees, flowers, fields, forests, ponds,
from breathing freely, and singing,
from sitting in silence, eyes closed—
the river that flows into the ocean of light.
Come weary ones and sit beside the river,
swim in the river and be refreshed and renewed.
Sling by the river and dance there
and come away back into life smiling softly, peaceful.

Searching

We tumble down the hill
tailing into our own crevice.

Circling above our own canyons
we rise like eagles on the wind.

Judith Randall lives and teaches at the Meeting School in Rindge, N.H.
Supporting the Freeze

Camilla Taylor, 13 years old, has initiated a petition drive in support of a nuclear weapons freeze. The young freeze supporter was inspired to collect signatures after she saw a TV news report of Soviet children expressing their concerns about nuclear war. "The Russian children sounded very intelligent," she says. "They didn't want war at all. Until then I didn't realize how many children were aware of nuclear war."

Camilla has gathered over 1,100 signatures from young people aged 16 and under. If you would like to circulate one of her petitions or would like to learn more about her concern, send a SASE to Camilla Taylor, 2894 Meadowbrook Blvd., Cleveland Heights, OH 44118.

Marya Plotkin, age 11
Hamilton (N.Y.) Meeting

The Storm

A raindrop falls to the ground silently, followed by another, and still another. One hundred crystal droplets roll off my hand. As a brilliant flash of lightning splits the dark seams of the sky. A crash of thunder, and every living soul seems to quiver in anticipation. I sit and watch the storm, and the beauty of it all fills my mind with fascination.

Marya Plotkin, age 11
Hamilton (N.Y.) Meeting

Education Helps Us to Grow

Quakerism is a living faith, a faith made real in the hearts of all people through the Inward Light. Advices and Queries (questions) are a historic means of searching for truth and answers. The following is from the Advices and Queries on education, abridged for children, from Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative).

Advice

Learning helps us to grow. Learning helps us to answer hard questions. We all can help each other to learn. With help of friends it is easier to face the mysteries of life with trust.

We like to think about things in different ways. Books are important. They are fun to look at and we can learn very interesting things. One person can enjoy a book, or it can be shared. Many children like to share or read a book with a friend. Growth-ups read books with children. And anyone can read or share books with people who cannot see.

Query

What do we like to learn, and why? Are we becoming acquainted with the Bible, with Quakers and their way of living? How can we change the world to be better? Do we like school? What at school is like being at the meetinghouse or with Friends?
John Woolman Lived His Beliefs

John Woolman was concerned with many of the problems of his time. One of the main factors in John Woolman’s life was the loathing of slavery. He believed slavery was evil because “people should not be sold as if they were mere things.” Peace and brotherhood were also major concerns of John’s, especially between the feuding Indians and whites. The reasoning behind this was that war is evil and that “the Great Spirit” is in everyone. John Woolman believed also in living simply. He thought that it was a sin to live in luxury while others suffered. John’s convictions influenced him greatly. But John not only thought about beliefs, he carried them to others.

John took many actions that highlight his beliefs. In response to slavery, he refused to wear dyes made by slaves or sign bills-of-sale for slaves. He also frequently tried to encourage Quakers to give up their slaves. To promote brotherhood, he went on a dangerous mission of peace to the neighboring Indian tribes, carrying a message of the Friends’ love for the Indians. When John owned a prosperous store later in life, he tried to dissuade patrons from buying expensive fabrics. In fact, he later decided to give up his store because he was tempted by the wealth. John Woolman was indeed a man of action.

John Woolman can be an example. While slavery is now illegal, much can be learned from his devotion to abolition and freedom. Peace and brotherhood are ideals which we would do well to follow. Perhaps simplicity would help us find harmony. Whether you believe in them or not, John’s convictions are still relevant today, 200 years later.

Andrew Taggart, 6th grade
Westtown School

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GOALS FOR A SECOND CENTURY

The School celebrated its Centennial during the 1982-83 academic year. On that occasion, its trustees reaffirmed their commitment to a second century of uncommon excellence in education within a Quaker setting.

Sidwell Friends will set high academic and personal standards for its faculty and will seek students who are inquiring and creative. A continual striving for diversity of race, religion, and culture within the community will enrich the education of all.

The use of new technologies and the development of consortium arrangements with other schools will strengthen the educational program. Trustees will commit themselves to prudent management of School resources.

To be faithful to the Quaker principles of education, the School will foster the full development of the intellectual, physical, artistic, and moral capacities of each student. The faculty and staff will encourage high achievement and a love of learning; an attempt will be made to minimize pressure and competition. Students will be offered the opportunity to become self-reliant.

As a Friends school in an increasingly complicated world, Sidwell Friends will emphasize the values of quiet reflection, an open mind, and a quest for truth in an atmosphere of sincerity, simplicity, and friendliness. Efforts will be made to nurture each individual student and to encourage mutual respect and understanding among all students.

Decision making by consensus after the manner of Friends will be observed whenever practicable throughout the School. In the larger community, Sidwell Friends will promote meaningful service by its students. Ties with local Friends meetings and with other Quaker organizations will be strengthened. In keeping with the testimonies of the Society of Friends, the school will encourage peaceful resolution of conflict as a matter of practice and principle.
Abington Students Dig Their School’s Past

Seventh-grade students at Abington Friends School in Pennsylvania ignored the chilly wind as they squatted in a semi-circle around a two-foot-wide hole. Working in the end has it, a girl living there fell in love and eloped with one of Washington’s troops—they produced spoons and small trowels and began meticulously loosening clots of cold, damp dirt.

Each clump of separated soil then was sifted and scrutinized. The students were carefully unwrapping the earth layer by layer, searching for fragments of history on the school grounds. Their efforts, part of the curriculum of their social studies class, were rewarded with bones, shards of pottery, and an old smoking pipe.

The dig wasn’t simply a lesson in archaeology. The teachers’ idea was to integrate it with other subjects. A grid of the ground was needed and mathematical equations were employed to keep up with the scientific rigors that professional digs demand.

From almost the first spade of soil, artifacts, albeit recent ones, were recovered. Within inches of the surface the students found a 25-cent piece and a spoon. As they dug deeper, the soil began turning a richer brown, and the next layers of earth yielded bones and pottery.

The big find was almost overlooked. On the second day of the dig, two students, who had dug down to around 16 inches, found a white piece with an eagle on it. This would turn out to be the bowl of the pipe.

The pipe, referenced in an artifact book, dated from the late 1790s to 1820. The 27 students and two teachers, representing two classes, are now cataloging their findings and going through a post-dig evaluation. Then each class will create its own culture and bury artifacts representing that group. Each class then will unearth the other class’s bits and pieces of civilization. From the findings they will try to describe the people and how they lived.

Colleges Challenge Solomon Amendment

Swarthmore, Haverford, and Earlham colleges recently submitted a brief to the U.S. Supreme Court explaining why the law denying federal student aid to young men who refuse to register for the draft is unconstitutional.

In an amici curiae, or “friends of the court” brief, arguments are made that the federal law known as the Solomon Amendment discriminates against male students, deprives certain students of their right to education, and violates First Amendment rights of freedom of speech and of association.

In the summer of 1982, Haverford College led the opposition to the Solomon Amendment, which was contained in the Department of Defense Authorization Act of 1983, on the ground that it offended academic freedom. “The legislation is an example of the inappropriate use of government power by linking unrelated issues,” explained Haverford President Robert Stevens.

“‘It is bound to have a chilling effect on academic freedom.’”

Following U.S. District Judge Donald Alsop’s June 1983 ruling that the law was unconstitutional, the Supreme Court granted a request by the federal government to stay the judge’s order. The Solomon Amendment is now in effect, and will remain valid at least until the high court announces a decision on the appeal. The decision is expected in the next few months.

Since the amendment went into effect, Swarthmore, Haverford, and Earlham have developed a variety of ways to help non-registrants obtain additional financial aid. All three colleges submitting the “amicus” brief presently participate in federal educational assistance programs.

Carolina Friends Can Handle It

Carolina Friends School in Durham, N.C., is teaching a stress management course to help ordinary students deal with the or-
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dinary, and sometimes extraordinary, stress
of everyday life. The course’s goal is to
enable students to view themselves not as vic­tims of a world out of their control but rather
as people who are empowered to face life’s
varying demands in a positive manner in­stead of escaping via drugs, alcohol, or other
routes.

One of the first prerequisites of this course is
time—time to gather, time to relax, time
to teach, and time to process. For this reason
from 11 to 18 students meet twice a week for
two-hour sessions. Desks and chairs are
pushed to the wall and each student brings
a mat to lie on.

Each class begins with relaxation exer­cises, often coupled with guided visualization. These first 15–20 minutes are used to
set the stage, physically and mentally, for the
topic of the day. Ways of dealing with stress
do not take a great deal of time, are easily
available, are usually free, and can be used
by anyone. The class learns relaxation strat­egies that can be used to facilitate sleep, re­duce test anxiety, or promote social ease;
self-help strategies for headaches and mus­cle tension; and ways to recognize and deal
with anger. The class discusses how exercise
and nutrition relate to stress.

Although each class may focus on a spe­cific skill, the common themes for each one
are the necessity for getting in touch with the
self, the need to recognize and accept feel­ings, and the power inherent in the ability
to choose how one will react to stress. The
course is an exciting example of what can
happen when students and teachers come
together for “meeting for learning.”

Happy 200th to
Brown and Baltimore

Two Friends schools celebrating their
bicentennials this academic year are Moses
Brown School in Providence, R.I., and
Friends School in Baltimore, Md. As part of
their celebration, Moses Brown students in
a sixth-grade art class wove a tapestry the
18th-century way—by washing, combing,
spinning, dyeing, and weaving their own
wool. Among other activities, students at
Friends School buried a time capsule and
presented programs featuring music and
dance from the last 200 years.

Both schools marked the occasion by re­cording their history thus far. Friends for
Two Hundred Years, by Dean R. Esslinger,
traces the major events of Friends School in
the historical context of public and private
education, the progress of Baltimore, and the
changing face of America. Published in co­operation with the Maryland Historical So­ciety, this scholarly account is leavened with
anecdotes and lively personality profiles.

Shadows of the Elms is “a book of recol­lections and an informal history” of Moses
Brown School. Frank E. Fuller sifted through memorabilia in the school’s attics and, with material solicited from alumni, compiled a charming and highly personal glimpse into the long life of the school. Both of these hardbound books contain black-and-white photographs and are available from the schools.

**Apples for the Students at Brooklyn Friends**

Brooklyn Friends School in New York has begun the first phase of their new computer program with the purchase of 12 Apple IIe computers. A study completed last year by the school administration, a computer faculty member, and outside specialists identified the school’s needs and goals, and developed an expanded program for computer education at the school.

The program will give all students and teachers the opportunity to become computer literate. Students will first learn about the role of computers and how they affect the world around them. They will then develop the skills necessary to communicate with computers and use them to accomplish a wide range of educational and occupational tasks.

Computers are available for use as part of the regular curriculum as well as for individual use. Lower school students (K-5th grade) will practice on the computer daily to develop keyboard skills and problem-solving techniques. Upper and middle school students will learn about computer interaction and programming, as well as using BASIC and PASCAL languages. There will be strong emphasis on using computers for math and science.

In middle and lower schools, Latin teacher Martin Moore uses computers to teach nouns, verbs, sentence structure, and Latin history, culture, and sociology. The program is being written by an upper school student with Martin Moore’s collaboration.

Students are not the only ones learning about computers. The school has begun an intensive in-house teacher/administrator computer training course.

In September 1984 Brooklyn Friends School will purchase more computers. The funding for the initial phase of the computer program was divided between the school and the contributions of the Parent and Teacher Nearly New Thrift Shop.

**Moorestown Friends School Celebrates Community**

Last fall, Moorestown Friends School in New Jersey planned a series of activities to engage students in community building exercises and, ultimately, raise their awareness of the strengths of the diverse, talented, and supportive community that they call “school.”

In October, small groups of students and staff, whose members were drawn from three or four age levels, focused on creating a tapestry depicting the “mind” and “spirit” which form the broader MFS community. Each group designed and made a piece of the tri-part tapestry, with symbolic sections representing meeting for worship, AFSC, UNICEF, senior citizens, sports, May Day, and many other aspects of school life. The huge finished product was displayed for the first time on Grandparent’s Day.

The following month, each small group shared their personal responses to meeting for worship and then walked to the new gym for an all-school meeting. As the 700 members of the MFS community, grouped across age levels, sat in silence together, many of the participants were moved to reflect on the unique strength that exists within the assembly of 4- to 64-year-olds.

In December, each multi-age group worked on outreach projects. Groups visited nursing homes, made gifts for the AFSC’s overseas distribution programs, or baked for Leaven House, a Camden soup kitchen. Just before Christmas vacation, the small groups assembled once again to enjoy a holiday concert and to share the holiday meeting for worship.

Community building has meant that youngsters boarding school buses have friends of all ages to reach toward. Walking in and out of the cafeteria, young students stop to talk to older classmates. Every day, there are small reminders that they are part of a shared community.

**Theater as Ministry at George Fox College**

For the past few years the Division of Communication and Literature at George Fox College in Oregon has offered a course called “Theater as Ministry: Developmental Theater.” Not really a traditional theater course as such, the class is intended primarily for nonprofessional theater people, especially future teachers, counselors, pastors, and social workers. It provides a background and practical experience in useful therapeutic teaching techniques for working with groups and individuals—tools such as mime, story telling, puppetry, improvisation, role play, clowning: all standard skills normally a part of actor-training.

Instead of preparing actors for a theatrical role, the course seeks to transport theater experience, with its unequaled potential for creative involvement, self-expression, and group discovery, to nontheatrical settings such as care homes, prisons, schools, businesses, recreation centers, and churches. The course requires that students participate in
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two off-campus workshops where they are encouraged to put theatrical tools to work in nontheatrical settings. Over the years students have led workshops in public and private elementary schools, homes and schools for juvenile offenders, a crippled children’s hospital, community recreation organizations, homes for the elderly, and several churches.

Community Service at New Garden Friends

Though this spring was New Garden Friends School’s fourth time assisting Greensboro (N.C.) Urban Ministries with distributing government surplus food, they weren’t prepared for what they encountered as their bus edged through the heavy traffic at the distribution center: thousands of people in a long line curving far down the street.

For two days middle school students helped meet the largest demand for food yet in Guilford County, filling out certification forms that required delicate questions about income; unloading boxes of cheese, butter, dry milk, honey, and corn meal; making phone calls for taxis or relatives with cars; and carrying heavy boxes for elderly and handicapped recipients. On the second day, with pouring rain and temperatures barely above freezing, the long lines again made apparent the needs of those who live on the margin. Wet, cold, and very tired at the end of that day, the students left not only with the satisfaction that they had been helpful but also with lasting images of individual people who have been helpful but also with lasting images of individual people whose particular gentleness, need, humor, or absentmindedness had made the contacts personal and very real.

Although the food distribution was a special project, it is representative of the kind of community involvement that is the goal of New Garden’s regular Wednesday Community Service program. This program is designed to give students a semester-long relationship with people and institutions outside the middle school. Each semester middle school students choose from one of four or five settings. Over a two-year period the students have worked in two retirement homes (including the nearby Friends Homes), developed a preschool experience for children at the Guilford Native American Association, been special friends for several Cambodian refugee families, tutored and assisted at the preschool and lower school, worked in the new Food Bank, and raked leaves for the elderly.

Earlham Class Lives and Learns

Three times a week, a study lounge in an Earlham College dormitory becomes a humanities classroom. In some ways, the class that meets there is like any other humanities class on campus: freshmen gather to discuss works of history and literature, and learn to write critical analyses of what they read.

In one important way, however, this group is different. These students are part of Earlham’s Living-Learning Program, designed to provide freshmen with an informal and comfortable setting in which to learn—their dormitory. Students participating in the program all live on the same hall and attend the same humanities class. The class meets in the dorm, leaving behind the blackboards and desks for cozier surroundings.

One purpose of the program is to help freshmen adjust to college life, because every study shows that the first semester of a student’s life is the determinative one. Studying with the same people they live with helps members of the hall feel like part of a cohesive unit.

The Living-Learning arrangement promotes better class discussions; students find it easier to criticize other people’s work when they’re living with them. “They don’t take it so personally, because it’s not your only exposure to them,” said Courtney Hess, a student from Goshen, Ind.
MILESTONES

Births

Butterfield—Laurel Mendehall Osborn Butterfield on February 7, in Siler City, N.C., to Rachel Osborn and Nicholas Butterfield. Her mother and grandfather, Joseph C. Osborn, are members of Lehigh Valley (Pa.) Meeting. Her grandmother, Rebecca M. Osborn, is a member of North Branch (Pa.) Meeting, and her great-grandmother, Helen Bye McNees, is a member of Gwynedd (Pa.) Meeting. Laurels father is a member of Atlanta (Ga.) Meeting.

Kietzman—Stefan Michael Kietzman to Sara and Brian Kietzman on July 25, 1953, in Philadelphia, Pa. The babys maternal grandmother, Martha Kietzman, is a member of Byberry (Pa.) Meeting.

Marriage

Grow-Inouye—Robert Ward Inouye and Carol Major Grow on January 1 at Yakima Friends Preparatory Meeting, Yakima, Wash.

Deaths

Baker—Helen M. Baker, 81, on January 13. She was a birthright member of Westfield (N.J.) Meeting and an active participant throughout her life. In addition, she served for many years on the Friends General Conference Committee. She is survived by her sister, Elizabeth Lippincott; brother, Edward Jessup; daughter, Mary Lou Gould; grandsons, Dwight Gould III and Geoffrey C. Gould; and two great-grandchildren.

Beat—On February 3, Charles S. Beal, 83, a charter member of Evanston (Ill.) Friends Meeting. In 1918, he helped relief work with the AFSC in France. He helped to organize the AFSC's Chicago office and was a member of the finance committee of FWCC. He is survived by his wife, Ida Beal; two children, William Beal and Alice Vedova; niece, Robin Martin; and ten grandchildren.

Carter—Harold S. Carter, 82, on December 30, 1983. He was a member of Mickleton (N.J.) Meeting.

Darnell—Walter Evans Darnell, 76, on January 13. A graduate of Moorestown Friends Academy and of Westtown School, Walter was a faithful, active member first of Moorestown (N.J.) Meeting and then, for more than 40 years, of Haddonfield (N.J.) Meeting. An electrical engineer employed by Bell Telephone, he found time and energy to give wise counsel and unstinting service to many monthly, quarterly, and yearly meeting committees and offices. He is survived by his wife, Mona Darnell, and sons, David and Stephen Darnell.

Doolin—On November 24, 1983, Alexandra Piper Doolin, 73, after a gallant, long struggle with cancer. From 1950 to 1966, she and her husband, Peter, lived at Pendle Hill, where she taught arts, crafts, and poetry. From 1950 to 1954, Alexandra worked first as secretary and then administrative assistant to the executive secretary of the San Francisco office of AFSC. She was a very active, much loved member of San Francisco (Calif.) Meeting.

Floyd—Laurence Clifford Floyd, 70, on July 14, 1983, at his home in Ocean Grove, N.J. Larry was a member of 15th Street (N.Y.) Meeting and served on many monthly and yearly meeting committees. He was a dedicated worker for the Alternatives to Violence Project. With the help of like-minded Friends, he supported and guided a preparative meeting at the Arthur Kill Correctional Facility on Staten Island, giving generously of his time, counsel, encouragement, and material help. Larry is survived by his wife, Virginia Floyd, a daughter, two sons, three stepdaughters, and five grandchildren.

Gross—On December 6, 1983, Richard Dana Gross, 81, of cancer at his home in Roseville, Calif. He had been an active member of Abington (Pa.) Meeting for almost 30 years before moving to California and joining Sacramento Meeting. He worked on the peace committees of both meetings and on the Peace and Social Order Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. He was also treasurer of Sacramento Meeting. He is survived by his wife,
Rachael Childrey Gross; brother, Sam D. Gross; son, Richard Childrey Gross; and three grandchildren.

Hannum—Mary Hannum, 95, on January 22 at Friends Hall, West Chester, Pa. She was a graduate of George School and the University of Michigan. Mary worked with an AFSC child feeding project in Germany and, as an outgrowth of that work, ran the Peasant Shop in Philadelphia, Pa., for many years. She was a member of Landsdowne (Pa.) Meeting. Mary is survived by a brother, Wilmer M. Hannum, and a sister, Margaret Schellinger.

Maule—Charlotte Way Maule, 89, on August 19, 1983. She had been a resident of Kennett Square Friends Boarding Home for 12 years. A birthright member of Oxford (Pa.) Meeting and George School graduate, she was an active member of West Grove (Pa.) Meeting most of her life. She is survived by her children, Raymond L. Maule and Elizabeth M. Collins, and by six grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

Michener—Edith Riner Michener, 82, on January 21, at her home in Boulder, Colo. She graduated from Friends University, received a master's degree from Kansas University, and later taught biology at Friends University. From 1930 to 1938, Edith and her husband, Bryan, worked at the Friends Mission in Kaimosi, Kenya, where she taught English in the boys' school and organized the girls' boarding school. Edith, a member of Boulder Meeting, was a founding member of Iowa City Meeting, and she was also active in Wichita (Kans.) Meeting. She is survived by her husband, Bryan Michener; sons, Robert Michener and Bryan Michener; daughters, Alice Schaefer, Joan Foote, and Jean Michener; eight grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Smith—On February 18, Warren Sylvester Smith, 71, at his home in Lemont, Pa. Warren taught theater and the arts at Pennsylvania State University for more than 30 years. Warren belonged to State College (Pa.) Meeting, where he was a former clerk, and he was active in the Criminal Justice and the Field committees of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. Warren and his wife, Mae, directed AFSC work camps at Mahwah, N.J., and St. Helena, S.C. He is survived by his wife, Mae Smith; daughter, Paula Dunning; sons, Rodney and Selden Smith; sister, Sarah Campbell; and three grandchildren.

Wahrmund—Robert Clinton Wahrmund, 59, on
December 31, 1983. Bob, who had been active in meetings in New Jersey, Texas, and Alaska, was co-founder and first clerk of Hill Country (Tex.) Meeting and was active in South Central Yearly Meeting. He and his wife, Cathy, donated ten acres of land to the yearly meeting for a peace conference center. He then directed several work camps to construct the first building for the center.

At the time of his death, he and his wife were FCNL regional consultants for the South and Southwest. Bob is survived by his wife, Catherine Wahrman; sons, Robert and Jeff; and daughters, Anne and Jane.

West—On February 23, Jessamyn West, 81, in California of a stroke. A writer, her first published book, The Friendly Persuasion, was based on stories about her Quaker forebears in Indiana. The book was later made into a movie starring Gary Cooper and Dorothy McGuire. She also wrote a number of other stories and books about Quakers. She is survived by her husband, Harry Maxwell McPherson; daughter, Ann Cash; brother Merle; and two grandchildren.

Books in Brief
A Measure of Our Values: Goals and Dilemmas in the Upbringing of Children. By Michael Rutter, Quaker Home Service, London, 1983. 172 pages. $4.50 (L3)/paperback. The 1983 Swarthmore Lecture addresses the difference in being brought up as a Quaker in a Quaker home. Michael Rutter notes the absence of formal liturgy: “This pervasive sense of uncertainty does provide for some problems in child-rearing; however, this is more than balanced out by the pervasiveness of Quakerism in all parts of our lives—the holiness of all parts of our lives.” Both parents and children will find useful material on problems such as discipline and individual responsibility, on positive rather than negative goals, and on fostering children’s concern for others.

Peace Ways. By Charles P. Lutz and Jerry L. Folk, Augsburg Publishing, Minneapolis, Minn., 1983. 224 pages. $7.95/paperback. The 1983 Swarthmore Lecture addresses the difference in being brought up as a Quaker in a Quaker home. Michael Rutter notes the absence of formal liturgy: “This pervasive sense of uncertainty does provide for some problems in child-rearing; however, this is more than balanced out by the pervasiveness of Quakerism in all parts of our lives—the holiness of all parts of our lives.” Both parents and children will find useful material on problems such as discipline and individual responsibility, on positive rather than negative goals, and on fostering children’s concern for others.

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Leadership Training is one of many FGC activities and programs, all of which are dependent upon your continued support. Please send your tax deductible contribution to Friends General Conference, 1520-B Race Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. Thank you.

Faith and Practice of a Christian Community: The Testimony of the Friends of Truth. $2 from Friends of Truth, 1609 Bruce Road, Ontelaunee, PA 19075.

Who’s Involved With Hunger. 1982. Descriptions of 400 U.N., federal, and private advocacy or informational agencies with publications on poverty, development, and food systems in the U.S. and Third World. Most widely used guide in its field. $6 from World Hunger Education Service, 1317 G St. NW, Washington, DC 20005.

Books on Quakerism, peace, disarmament, Mideast, Central America, etc.; AFSC Bookstore, 2160 Lake St., San Francisco, CA 94121. Booklist available on request.

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Positions Vacant


Assistant Director, Pennwood Village, a Quaker-directed life care community, has an immediate opening for an experienced Assistant Director. Candidate should have a bachelor's degree and advanced education in health care administration, business management, social work, social gerontology, or related disciplines, in addition to five years of administrative experience in life care, health care, or services to the elderly. Nursing Home Administrator's license desirable. Responsibilities will include delivery of quality services to residents in a cost-conscious manner, supervision of managers of several departments, coordination of intergenerational programs between community and two Quaker schools on same campus. Send resume to: Pennwood Village, Newtown (Bucks Co.), PA 18940. EOE.

Health personnel needed for interesting, meaningful service to migrant farm workers (black American, Hispanic, Haitian). Appealing to people interested in cross-cultural, international health. We need: physician, NPIIPA, nurses, lab technician, nutritionist, health educator, social worker, mental health professional. We also need students and volunteers. Spanish and/or Haitian/French useful. May through October. Send resume to: Tri-County Community Health Center, Newton Grove, NC 28366.
Staff positions available at Powell House, Old Chatham, New York. Administrative assistant: A full-time, year-round position, the responsibilities include managing the general office, supervision of work-study students, publicity and fund-raising support, and providing secretarial support for Powell House. General office skills required as well as friendly personality with attention to the general public. Room and board plus salary and benefits.

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Seminar

New Foundation Fellowship Seminar, June 23-27, 1984, at Camp Niebanks, Waubaushene, Ontario, Canada. The theme of the seminar is "The Presence of Christ in My Life." There will be presentations by Douglas Gwynn, Patricia Delinecy, Herb Lape, and Arthur Berk. There will be opportunities for discussion and for worship. For further information and registration forms are available from Fritz Hertzberg, 669 Finch Ave., Pickering, Canada L1V 1J6.

Services Offered

Moving to North Carolina? Maybe David Brown, a Quaker real estate broker, can help. Contact him at 1208 Pinewood Drive, Swannanoa, NC 28718. (919) 284-2095.

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Summer Camps

Craterlares—a co-ed, northern Michigan camp. Small, non-competitive, non-sectarian, informal, and individualized program featuring art, acting, wilderness trips, and farm animal care; four- and three-week sessions; also offering 10-15 day sail, canoe, bicycle, backpack, and horseback trips for teens-agers. Sail camp and creative writing camp, 10 days in August. David F. Reid, Crystalaire, Frankfort, MI 49635. (616) 352-7589.

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Wardens are required for Friends House, Melbourne. The position would be ideally suited to a married couple, one of whom had other employment. There is no remuneration but free accommodation, heating, and lighting. The work offers opportunities for service for concerned Friends. For further information write to: Don Ward, 7146 Alma Ave., Fremont, Victoria, Australia, 3156.

Needed: Admins: Administrators, social workers, nurses, gardeners, carpenters, plumbers, and auto mechanics...interested in living simply and in community while engaging in a ministry of hospitality on the campus. Send resume to Search Committee, Crossroads, Inc., P.O. Box 15, Claremont, CA 91711.

Position Wanted

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Schools

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