

Draft

Resistance

Friends Volunteer Service Mission

Jeff Kisling



Neighborhood kids at the Friends Volunteer Service Mission house

Robert Kennedy, Ronald Reagan, Vietnam and Dissent Monday, November 06, 2017 While reading Chris Matthew's new book, Bobby Kennedy: A Raging Spirit, I read about a CBS news program "Town Meeting of the World" in 1967, where Senator Robert Kennedy and Gov. Ronald Reagan take student questions, most of which were about the war in Vietnam. I found a copy of that on YouTube and it is a fascinating discussion, including their views on the antiwar movement, and legitimacy of the U.S. involvement in the war. Gov. Reagan mentions his support for conscientious objection based upon religious beliefs, and mentions Quakers. But besides that, he basically disagrees with protest during war. Robert Kennedy broadly defends peaceful protest even in times of war.

DAVID JENKINS: Mr. Reagan, just five minutes ago on this program, you said every man has the right of dissent and I believe that every man has the right to be wrong. No doubt you'd also support the American ideal of freedom. Now, while on this I want to ask you whether you'd support the people who at the moment you say are dodging the draft, and whether you will go on record as supporting people who claim to be conscientious objectors as a means for not joining the war in Vietnam?

REAGAN: Oh, now wait a minute I thank you for giving me a chance, if I left the wrong impression. We agree in this country of the right of people to be wrong, but as I said before, taking advantage of the technicality that we are not legally in a state of war, we have people doing things with which I am in great disagreement. I do not believe in those who are resisting the draft. Now, we draw a line between the conscientious objector on religious grounds. With our great belief in religious freedom in our country, we have always said those whose religion specifically prohibits them, such as our Quakers, from taking human life, we offer them military service in a noncombat role such as being medics and so forth, and they have a great and honorable history, people of this kind, of serving in our wars in that capacity. But I believe if government is to mean anything at all, that all of us have a responsibility, once the action has been decided upon and supposedly by the majority will, that we then, while reserving our right to disagree, we support the collective or the unified effort of the nation. Otherwise, all law and order and all government breaks down, because we might have a citizen who has a conscientious objection to paying taxes and if we allow our citizens to voluntarily quit paying taxes the government breaks down—or obeying the law, or anything else that may come along. We give up certain individual freedoms in the interest of—well, I suppose it comes from our own Constitution our idea that every American or every person has the right, is born with the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. But my pursuit of happiness, if it comes from swinging my arm, I must stop swinging my arm just short of the end of your nose.

COLLINGWOOD: Senator Kennedy is there anything you want to add to that?

KENNEDY: Well, I expect I disagree somewhat with the Governor. I don't think that we're automatically correct or automatically right and morality is on our side or God is automatically on our side because we're involved in a war. I don't think that the mere fact that the United States is involved in the use of force with an adversary makes everything that the United States then does absolutely correct. So I—the idea that we're involved in

this kind of a struggle, if there are those within the United States that feel that the struggle could be ended more rapidly with less loss of life, that the terror and the destruction would be less if we took a different course, then I think that they should make their views known. I don't think they're less patriotic because they feel that. In fact, I think that they would be less patriotic if they didn't state their views and give their ideas, just because the United States is involved in this kind of a conflict as we are at the present time. Not to state any opposition, or say that we can't state an opposition because of the—the fact that we're involved in a struggle I think is an error. This is a difficult period of time, but the mere fact that we're shooting one another across the world doesn't make the United States automatically right. I think it should be examined. It doesn't make the course that we're following at the present time automatically right, automatically correct and I think that those who have a different point of view, no matter what their point of view might be and whether they are in favor of using increased force, or in favor of lessening the force, or even some—of pulling out unilaterally—I happen to disagree with that but I think they have a responsibility and a right to state those views, even though we're in a difficult period of time.

Scattergood Journal 1969 Tuesday, November 07, 2017 Reading Chris Matthew's new book, Bobby Kennedy: A Raging Spirit, I am remembering that tumultuous time in my life, and in our country. I had begun to write in a journal at the beginning of my Senior year, 1969, at Scattergood Friends School.

September 1969

Why a journal? I would like to have a record of some of my thoughts and experiences. I once started a diary and often enjoyed looking through it, though I soon gave it up as there was little room for an entry every day and comments were limited to the day's activities in the most superficial sense. One philosophy of life urges one not to worry about the past, but to live today in such a way as to make the past a fond memory.

Another reason is that I feel myself in a crisis at this particular time and feel that writing about my concerns will help to clarify my thoughts. (note-I guess this was the precursor to all the blog posts) I have less than two month's time till my 18th birthday at which time I will be faced with the problem of registration for the draft.

I am considering two alternatives to the draft-conscientious objector status under the Selective Service System or non cooperation with the Selective Service System. The Richmond Declaration on the Draft and Conscription of 1968 , which I helped write, says that Friends opposing war should refuse any type of military service; Friends opposing conscription should refuse to cooperate with the Selective Service System. The Declaration went on to say that we should work for the abolition of the draft and not accept draft reform, as the issue is not equal treatment under compulsion, but freedom from compulsion.

I would hope that we will soon realize that military force is obsolete and immoral, therefore eliminating any need for the draft. And yet at times I almost abandon my idealistic concerns, since it often appears that few other people in this world do have such concerns.

October 6, 1969

One of George Fox's major insights was that the mark of a true believer, Christian, is a changed life. It seems to me that this is what I'm wrestling with. I fear that if I go to college and get a well paying job, I'll settle down into the same rut that I see most everyone settling into, and I don't like it really. It looks comfortable—an easy way out. I feel I'm at the turning point. If I feel compulsion is wrong, I believe I'll have to take a complete stand against it now, or I'll never be able to take a stand against the government, with all of the responsibilities I'll soon acquire. I see the choice essentially between a way of life I idealistically believe to be best, but am not totally sure how to pursue, and a "normal" way of life which I am idealistically uneasy with but believe would be a comfortable way of life.

Draft Resistance and VSM

October 7

Today Callie Marsh (librarian) passed out some information about the draft, partially for preparation for our discussion with the draft counselor this Thursday. Most of the boys spent a lot of time looking through it today. 8

October 9

I got a letter from Cornell University saying they had heard that I had participated in a National Science Foundation (NSF) program this summer (working in Don Laughlin's medical electronics lab at the University of Iowa Hospitals), and invited me to apply to their college of engineering. I also got a letter from Iowa State University inviting me to apply and to consider studying in their Department of Chemical Engineering because of my ACT scores.

We had dinner and spent the evening at the Marsh's with a draft counselor (Senior boys). It was interesting to hear about the conscientious objector process, but of course didn't help me make up my mind.

Scattergood Friends School Class of 1970

Jeff Kisling 9





Draft Resistance and VSM

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

FCNL: Scattergood Peace Marches 10



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Scattergood Journal, Peace Walk 1969 Tuesday, November 07, 2017 I think the reason these past times have captured my interest now is I wonder how(desperately wish) we can create something like those antiwar and civil rights movements today.

October 11, 1969 School Committee Day

From the school committee minutes: A group of students attended Committee meeting and explained plans for their participation in the October 15 Moratorium. The Committee wholeheartedly endorses the plans. The following statement will be handed out in answer to any inquiries: "These students and faculty of Scattergood School are undertaking the twelve mile walk from campus to Iowa City in observance of the October 15 Moratorium. In order not to detract from the purpose of the walk, we have decided to remain silent. You are welcome to join us in this expression of our sorrow and disapproval of the war and loss of life in Vietnam. Please follow the example of the group and accept any heckling or provocation in silence."

Vietnam War Moratorium Day, October 15, 1969 Scattergood Friends School

This is one of the first photos I ever developed, using a simple darkroom in the basement of the Main building at Scattergood.

The Friends Committee on National Legislation (FCNL) frequently published photos of their War is Not the Answer signs in various locations, such as the one below which also 11

October 15, 1969

Moratorium Day.

Breakfast at 6:15. Began the
12 mile march to Ia. City at 7:30
and got there at about 12:00. It
was cold ($\approx 40^\circ$) and raining. Stayed
at Vigil till $\approx 12:30$, then had lunch
at Friends Meeting House. At 1:30 went
to Law College to discuss patriotism, and
then heard Bros. Boyd and others talk
about war.



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission includes a photo from one of the Peace Walks Christine Ashley organized in 2012. As many of you know, Christine and Mark are working for FCNL now.

FCNL: Scattergood Peace Marches

Christine also organize an Earth Walk in 2013. This occurred the day after Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative) and the School held a Climate Conference at the School.

Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative) Climate Conference, 2013

The Earth Walk would follow the same route of the earlier Peace Walks, this time with signs about the environment, and with us picking up trash along the way. I really wanted to be part of this walk, and came from Indianapolis (by bus) so I could. Below is a video of photos I took along the way, with interviews of people on the walk.

In case you didn't see the video above, the last part mentions Don Laughlin, and the amazing environmentally innovative house he helped design and build. We walked near the house during the Earth Walk. Below is a photo of the house, with passive solar, solar panels, in floor heating, etc.

Don Laughlin's energy efficient home

Don was also a draft resister, and I'll be writing more about that soon.

KONICA MINOLTA DIGITAL CAMERA KONICA MINOLTA DIGITAL CAMERA KONICA MINOLTA DIGITAL CAMERA SONY DSC Don Laughlin SONY DSC KONICA MINOLTA DIGITAL CAMERA 12



Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission 13





Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission14



Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Connections Wednesday, November 08, 2017 Reading over the recent Scattergood Journal posts, I realized they are a bit disjointed. There were a number of references in them that could have been more fully explained. If you didn't see the video that was in yesterday's post, the reference to Don Laughlin probably didn't make much sense. I went back and edited it to explain that a little.

What I've been thinking about since writing those posts are the various connections our lives are made of. I'd like to take this opportunity to provide a fuller story. Not that the specific things are important in themselves, but more as an example of connections.

When I began the first post by saying that reading Chris Matthew's new book, Bobby Kennedy: A Raging Spirit, triggered thinking about those times, I didn't delve into how much I have grown to admire him (Kennedy) as I learned more about him throughout my life. I still remember the shock and sadness I felt when I heard he had been shot and how we hoped he might survive. The whole nation was wondering what our country was coming to, with his death so soon after the killing of Martin Luther King, and in addition to the assassination of his brother.

The Kennedy-King Park in Indianapolis is where Bobby Kennedy announced the death of Martin Luther King in what is considered to be one of the greatest political speeches of all time. The park was only a few blocks from where I lived. The power of that speech, and the fact that he insisted on giving it even though the police tried to convince him not to, fearing for his safety in addressing a crowd of predominately black people, is solemnly commemorated every year at the park.

There is a moving sculpture commemorating this at the park that I've taken photographs of on many occasions. Since the figures are elevated, I once spent a morning setting the camera timer, and thrusting it up in the air at the end of an extended tripod. 15

Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

I also created a video of photos of the sculpture with the audio of Martin Luther King's last speech, and Robert Kennedy's speech announcing King's death.

Our U.S. Congressman, Andre Carson, who happens to be both black and a Muslim, always either attends that annual ceremony and speaks, or sends a message. One connection is that I spent some time talking with his legislative director, Nathan Bennett, on a lobby visit during a Friends Committee on National Legislation (FCNL) annual meeting. Nathan was very well versed on environmental issues and we talked about the Keystone Pledge of Resistance I was involved with. It was unnerving to be talking about committing civil disobedience while in a Congressional office. I made sure he understood this was a personal view, and not supported by FCNL. Another connection was Congressman Carson greeting those of us who were marching for Indiana Moral Mondays during the Pride Parade. I was involved in Indiana Moral Mondays, by which I had a number of connections with Rev. William Barber, the NAACP President and minister who began the Moral Mondays movement in North Carolina.

Indiana U.S. Congressman Andre Carson Congressman Andre Carson greets
Indiana Moral Mondays 16



Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

I mentioned the Richmond Declaration on the Draft and Conscription of 1968 , which I helped write. That happened when Scattergood faculty member Kent Van Zant drove fellow student Scott Hoskins and I to Earlham College so we could be part of that. I actually don't remember much about that, other than the large number of Friends who attended. We broke up into small groups then came together to come up with the declaration.

The first journal blog also mentions some letters I received from some universities, one referencing a National Science Foundation program that made it possible me to spend the summer before my Senior year working with Don Laughlin in his medical electronics lab. Don is an Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative) Quaker who became a close friend and mentor, so there are many connections with him throughout my life. That summer project got me started on one path of my career, that of a computer software engineer. We worked on two projects that summer. One involved using the University's mainframe computer and IBM's Circuit Analysis Program to design an electronic circuit for a heart monitoring device. This was in the days of punched computer cards. I'd drop the three boxes of cards off at the computer center, come back in three hours, and find the program didn't execute because of a typo. But we eventually got the circuit designed, and he taught me how to solder components under a microscope, to build the circuit. Then to see the heart signals appear across the oscilloscope screen was magic!

The second project involved the Hospital's first personal computer. It was the size of a large suitcase, and was programmed by typing the code on a keypad, and saving it on a magnetic card. Don wanted me to write a program that would automate the calculations that were being done in the pulmonary function testing laboratory. It was nice to be able to create a program to reduced about an hour of manual calculations to about five minutes with the software. This ended up being an amazing connection, because my career eventually involved becoming a registered respiratory therapist, which eventually lead to working in an infant pulmonary function research lab at Riley Children's Hospital, where writing computer software was one my main responsibilities. One of my first memories there was seeing signals of a baby breathing move across an oscilloscope screen. The magic this time occurred several week later, when the computer software I was beginning to write first began to show the tracings of a baby breathing move across a computer screen. 17



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

One other connection related to Don Laughlin and that summer before my Senior year at Scattergood was attending my first peace vigils. He took me downtown in Iowa City each week. I remember the fear of doing that in public, but also the powerful spiritual connection with those who stood silently, witnessing together.

Another connection related to Don was that he, along with a number of Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative) Quakers, refused to cooperate with the Selective Service System, and, with many of those other Quakers, including Don Mott, Roy Knight, Herbert Standing and John Griffith, served time in Federal prison. Roy Knight, John Griffith and Herbert Standing were my cousins. Another connection was that Don was working at Scattergood Friends School as the farm manager when my mother was a student there.

Draft Resistance and VSM

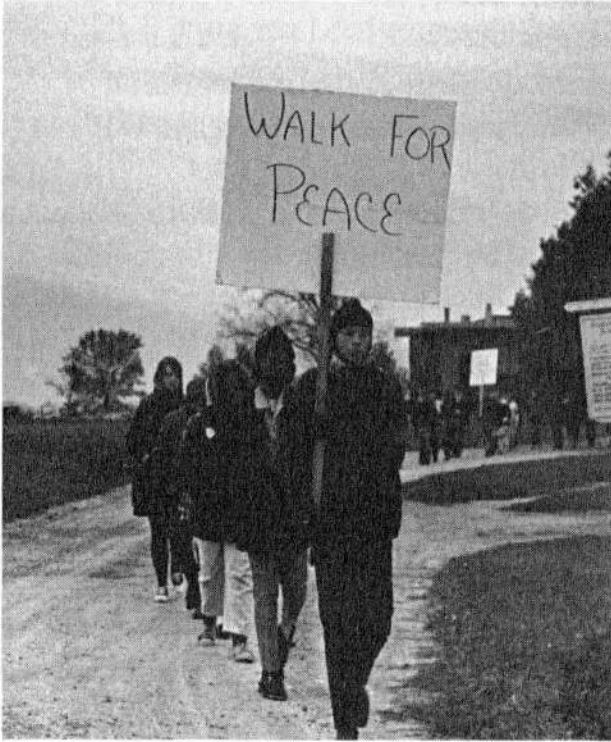
There were quite a few other connections with Don. He wrote a letter to my draft board, supporting my application for conscientious objector (CO) status. Although it was granted, I eventually turned in my draft cards.

At the time of Don's death, I was helping him with his project involving collecting the stories of Iowa Quakers related to war and draft resistance.

The assassinations, the draft resistance of Iowa Quakers, the widespread protests against the highly unpopular Vietnam War, and attending peace vigils, set the scene for my Senior year at Scattergood, where my journal writings began.

The most recent post talked about the Peace Walk. This was how the school decided to participate in the Moratorium to End the War in Vietnam, a coordinated effort to have demonstrations and teach-ins across the United States, on October 15, 1969. It was remarkable that all of the students participated, and many of the staff. I imagine we were all apprehensive about what the reactions might be. The relations between the School and West Branch weren't very good as I remember. I had forgotten about the written statement that we were going to be walking in silence, but thinking back I do remember that's what we did. And I don't remember any reactions as we walked through West Branch. The kids there would have been in school at the time. I do remember Sara Berquist filling cups of hot chocolate from the back of the school station wagon at one point along the route.

The caption above mentions Stephen Evans. The final connection I'll mention occurred several years ago during an FCNL annual meeting in Washington, DC. There were usually around 250 Quakers in the meeting room. When people spoke, they were given a microphone, and asked to begin by giving their name and where they were from. I was surprised when I heard, "My name is Stephen Evans...". I think this was the first time we had seen each other since Scattergood. We had a nice visit later that day. 18



Peace Walk to Iowa City, Vietnam Moratorium Day, October 15, 1969. It was organized by Stephen Evans, who is carrying the sign. (School Archives)

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Scattergood Journal – Beginning to plan next Moratorium Day Friday, November 10, 2017 The last post from my journal from my Scattergood days was about the Peace Walk the School did as part of the Vietnam War Moratorium Days, October 15, 1969. The plan was to have another Moratorium Day November 15.

Journal, October 24, 1969

I, along with Ann D, was appointed to organize a draft conference here at Scattergood for the November Moratorium. We plan to have it on Saturday, Nov. 15, inviting kids from West Branch, Kalona (Iowa Mennonite School), West Liberty, Tipton, Iowa City and Cedar Rapids High Schools. We've been working with Tim Gardner, newly in charge of the AFSC office in Iowa City. I've spent hours on this thing so far, and its really made me feel good for a change. I've gotten to know a lot of people a lot better, too.

Draft Resistance and VSM

October 29 "War is a crime against humanity. I therefore am determined not to support any kind of war, international or civil, and to strive for the removal of all causes of war." Enrollment pledge of the War Resisters League. Signed Jeffrey A Kisling

I've been trying to think of what I might say to my draft board if I don't register.

November 1

The month of my first fateful decision begins. Arlo Tatum , National Secretary of the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors (CCCO) will be here tomorrow.

November 4

I've been very glad that I could get involved in the draft conference planned for November 15. I always relate this work and concern for others to what I am thinking about conscription. Last Friday night Bob Scattergood took us Senior boys to West Branch to watch the football game. I spent most of the time watching the people--the parents, the kids, the football players--wondering what they are thinking and doing today. And I am sorry that they really haven't considered the draft and conscription, mainly through lack of information and adverse social and political pressure.

I feel people would reach the same conclusions I do about conscription, that it should be rejected, if they had enough information--not influence, just stimulation to consider many sides of the issue and to learn facts of the case--and enough motivation to really consider the issues. I'm really glad I can have a part in beginning to make that information available to students in this area, and, perhaps later, I can help get more information over a larger area.

I wish they could see things the way I do, because I am convinced that what I believe in is good and right. It is a vision of the imagination, perhaps not a practical vision in the eyes of many, but it is a vision I believe in and feel obliged to try to live up to. This vision 19

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission encompasses the teachings of Jesus, the prophets, some philosophers, the principles of nonviolence, resisting evil with good, doing unto others as I would have them do unto me, devotion to principles, respect for one another, community based on consensus, caring, hoping, living. Ideals, perhaps, that man cannot attain, though I believe we can, and I want to try—we must live in the world today as we would like people to be able to live in the future, if that future world is to be attained on this earth.

Why not be a C.O. (conscientious objector) and do alternative service—do something “effective” for two years instead of “wasting” two, three, or more years in prison?

I believe that as long as the government has the manpower, and little dissent from the public, it will continue to get involved in more Vietnams, or something even worse.

But the Selective Service System itself doesn't see the procurement of military personnel as its only, or even, perhaps, primary purpose, according to its own publications. By “pressurized guidance” and “channeling” the Selective Service System tries to direct the lives of American young men into institutions and vocations which it defines as in the “national interest.” Following is an excerpt from the Selective Service pamphlet, Channeling , July 1965: “Throughout his career as a student the pressure continues. It continues with equal intensity after graduation. He is impelled to pursue his skill rather than embark upon some less important enterprise and is encouraged to apply his skill in an essential activity in the National interest. The loss of deferred status is the consequence for the individual who has acquired the skill and does not use it or uses it in a nonessential activity.” (note: It's scary to read that now, in 2017)

If I am to love my neighbor as myself, can I let him go to war, though he probably doesn't want to? The social pressure is tremendous, propaganda widespread, and little or no information is available about alternatives. Or can I stand by and watch him forced through college and into a profession he probably would not have chosen, had he had a real choice? Why is there campus unrest? Because many of those people wouldn't be there if they weren't afraid of the consequences. Most of these people are being directed into a field considered to be in the national interest. Most are forced into science and technology. Who is left in the humanities? Who cares about the poor, the black, the environment, freedom, justice, and the future of the world?

November 6 "Is it not possible that an individual may be right and a government wrong? Are laws to be enforced simply because they are made? Or declared by any number of men to be good if they are not good?" Henry David Thoreau, A Plea for Captain John Brown, 1859

KONICA MINOLTA DIGITAL CAMERA KONICA MINOLTA DIGITAL CAMERA KONICA MINOLTA DIGITAL CAMERA KONICA MINOLTA DIGITAL CAMERA 20

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission 21



Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Scattergood Journal – Draft Conference and Draft Registra... Friday, November 10, 2017 The previous blog post has some discussion about preparing for the draft conference that was held at Scattergood November 15, 1969, as part of the Moratorium Against the Vietnam War. Following are more journal entries from that time.

November 8, 1969

I've been reading quite a bit out of the Bible lately—mostly the New Testament. And I find that very helpful at the present time. I remember a discussion somewhere, sometime, in which the point was made that God would always be willing to walk with you, but it is up to you to decide whether or not you wish to walk with God. "Throughout your life may you walk with God." Nellie Marley

November 9

The family came today (Sunday). Of course we talked a lot about the draft. Dad doesn't think I'm mature enough to make such a decision as noncooperation, even though he says he thinks I'm more mature than many my age. We were talking about compromise and democracy a lot.

November 14 "November 14 is the next national day of Resistance. On the three previous days, over 3,000 men returned draft cards to the U.S. government and began to non-co-operate with the Selective Service System, began to say Yes to what they believed. For more information about the Resistance contact: Chicago Area Draft Resisters"

November 15 Draft Conference, Scattergood Friends School (Note: After all the writing leading up to the conference, I was disappointed that I didn't 22

Draft Resistance and VSM

SCATTERGOOD SCHOOL
SAT. NOVEMBER 15, 1969

OUR PRIMARY GOAL IS TO EDUCATE INDIVIDUALS
ABOUT ALTERNATIVES TO COMBATANT SERVICE, WITH
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE YOUNG MAN FACING
REGISTRATION.

AGENDA

- 8:30 REGISTRATION--\$1.00 fee for lunch and expenses
- 9:00 Opening presentation by a veteran of the Armed Forces with experience in Vietnam; followed by a panel which will present, discuss, and answer questions pertaining to the following alternatives to combatant service in the Armed Forces;
1. Conscientious objection (I-O) Todd Eastin, Christian Scientist, now doing alternative service at Goodwill in Iowa City
 2. Noncombatant service (I-A-O) Demon Gross, graduate student in Philosophy at the University of Iowa
 3. Non co-operation Dan Clark, Hesston College, Kansas, has refused I-O and II-S classifications
 4. Emigration John Casey, graduate student in Philosophy at the University of Iowa
- 10:30 FILM "The Magician"
- 11:00 DISCUSSION GROUPS--Discussion groups will meet to consider various aspects of alternatives to military service. Some of the topics covered might be noncombatant service, conscientious objection, jobs for alternative service, etc.
- 12:45 LUNCH
- 2:00 SPEAKER Cecil Hinshaw, Executive Secretary of the North Central Office of the American Friends Service Committee
- 3:00 DISCUSSION GROUPS--A chance to consider some other aspect of alternatives to military service
- 4:30 PLENARY SESSION--FILM "Where the People Are" After the film summaries of the discussion groups will be presented to the assembled conference

IF YOU PLAN TO ATTEND, PLEASE WRITE:

JEFF KISLING
SCATTERGOOD SCHOOL
WEST BRANCH IOWA 52358

Draft Resistance and VSM

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission write much about what happened that day)

I felt the draft conference was successful. We had about 25 guests. The speakers, films and literature were all good.

November 17 (Monday)

I have come home to spend the week trying to think through my draft decision-birthday Friday, 21st.

November 19

I really think our present system of conscription is wrong. It makes me almost blindly furious at times. It's really difficult when most accept and support something you feel to be wrong. I'm torn between what seems to be philosophy and what appears to be reality.

November 26

Registered (with the Selective Service System), but not convinced! (note: this isn't the end of the story) "Depart from evil and do good." Psalms 37:27

December 3

Disillusionment abounds.

Every day the conflict between idealism and practicality grows. Is idealism worthless?

December 5

War is immoral. But how much must, or can one separate himself from war in a society and world which accepts war?

It is a question of where one chooses to draw the line. I am not sure that it is possible to escape responsibility for war. But up to a certain point we must do all we possibly can to prevent or stop it.

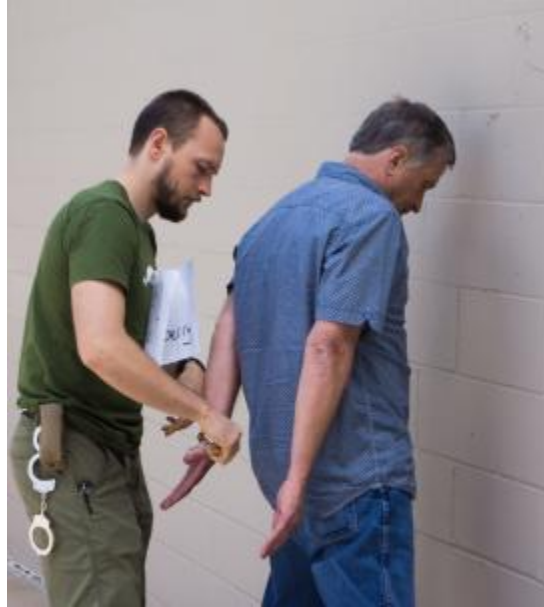
The Selective Service System is an institution organized to acquire manpower for the armed forces, and to channel manpower not available for the armed forces into an area considered to be in the national interest. This institution acts on one's lack of maturity by forcing such a decision at an early age, when beliefs are not firmly established, and it acts on one's lack of information-propaganda. After deferments are exhausted, there are three ways to fulfill one's "obligation" of service to one's country- • combative service in the armed forces (1-A) • noncombative service in the armed forces (1-A-O) • alternative civilian service as a conscientious objector to war (1-O)

Great pressure (parents, peers, recruiters, propaganda-society) is put on most young men to participate in the armed forces, and virtually no information is volunteered, or even readily available about the other two alternatives, which are just as legal and valid (more valid). 23

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Civil disobedience training Jeff Kisling FCNL: Scattergood Peace Marches
Scattergood Peace Walk 1969 Weekly peace vigi I Indianapolis KONICA MINOLTA
DIGITAL CAMERA Entire Scattergood Friends School marching 12 miles to Iowa
City to protest Vietnam War Martin Luther King Memorial 24

Draft Resistance and VSM



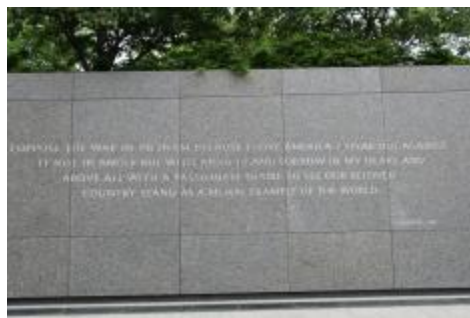
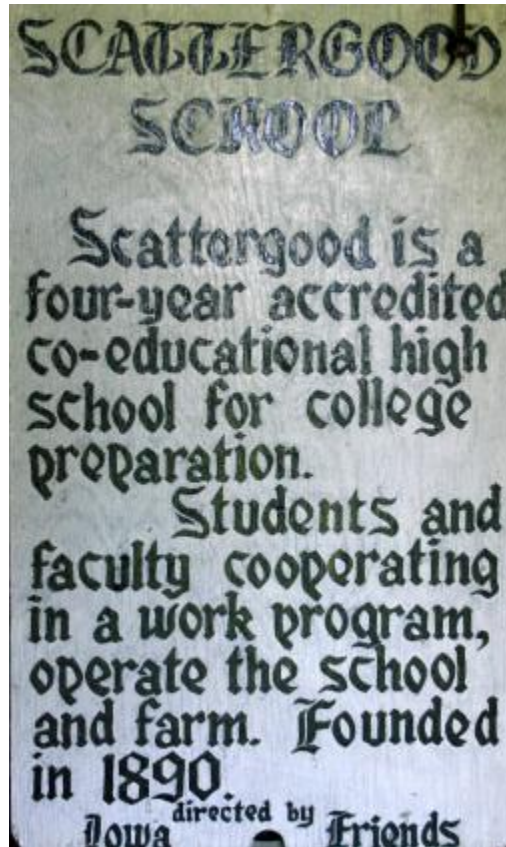
Draft Resistance and VSM



Peace Walk to Iowa City, Vietnam
Moratorium Day, October 15, 1969.
It was organized by Stephen Evans, who
is carrying the sign. (School Archives)



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission 25



Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Scattergood Journal – Epistle to Friends Concerning Milit... Saturday, November 11, 2017 I've been sharing entries from my journal from my Senior year at Scattergood Friends School, which was the time I was struggling with what to do as I faced my 18th birthday on November 21, 1969, when every male was required to register for the Selective Service System.

One of the most influential things I read during that time was An Epistle to Friends Concerning Military Conscription. I'm not sure exactly when it was written, but it clearly and powerfully made the statement about Friends and military conscription. It was also signed by two Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative) Quakers, who I knew very well, Don Laughlin and Roy Knight.

An Epistle to Friends Concerning Military Conscription

Dear Friends,

It has long been clear to most of us who are called Friends that war is contrary to the spirit of Christ and that we cannot participate in it. The refusal to participate in war begins with a refusal to bear arms. Some Friends choose to serve as noncombatants within the military. For most of us, however, refusal to participate in war also involves refusal to be part of the military itself, as an institution set up to wage war. Many, therefore, become conscientious objectors doing alternative service as civilians, or are deferred as students and workers in essential occupations.

Those of us who are joining in this epistle believe that cooperating with the draft, even as a recognized conscientious objector, makes one part of the power which forces our brothers into the military and into war. If we Friends believe that we are special beings and alone deserve to be exempted from war, we find that doing civilian service with conscription or keeping deferments as we pursue our professional careers are acceptable courses of action. But if we Friends really believe that war is wrong, that no man should become the executioner or victim of his brothers, then we will find it impossible to collaborate with the Selective Service System. We will risk being put in prison before we help turn men into murderers.

It matters little what men say they believe when their actions are inconsistent with their words. Thus we Friends may say that all war is wrong, but as long as Friends continue to collaborate in a system that forces men into war, our Peace Testimony will fail to speak to mankind.

Let our lives speak for our convictions. Let our lives show that we oppose not only our own participation in war, but any man's participation in it. We can stop seeking deferments and exemptions, we can stop filling out Selective Service forms, we can refuse to obey induction and civilian work orders. We can refuse to register, or send back draft cards if we've already registered.

In our early history we Friends were known for our courage in living according to our convictions. At times during the 1600's thousands of Quakers were in jails for refusing to 26

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission pay any special respect to those in power, for worshiping in their own way, and for following the leadings of conscience. But we Friends need not fear we are alone today in our refusal to support mass murder. Up to three thousand Americans severed their relations with the draft at nation-wide draft card turn-ins during 1967 and 1968. There may still be other mass returns of cards, and we can always set our own dates.

We may not be able to change our government's terrifying policy in Vietnam. But we can try to change our own lives. We must be ready to accept the sacrifices involved if we hope to make a real testimony for Peace. We must make Pacifism a way of life in a violent world.

We remain, in love of the Spirit, your Friends and brothers,

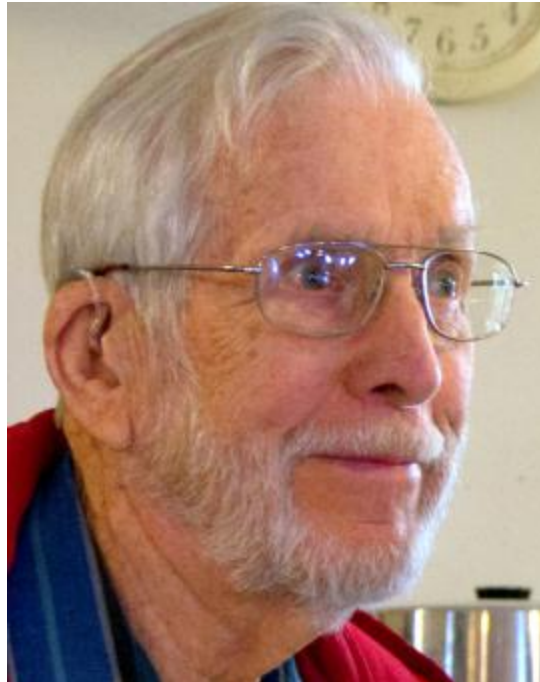
Don Laughlin Roy Knight Jeremy Mott Ross Flanagan Richard Boardman James Bristol George Lakey Stephen Tatum Herbert Nichols Christopher Hodgkin Jay Harker Bob Eaton Bill Medlin Alan & Peter Blood.

Roy Knight Don Laughlin 27



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

When I attended Earlham College the following year (1970), I was involved with Young Friends, which is where I became lifelong friends with David Nagle. This was before personal computers were widely available, and word processors hadn't been invented. Since I was studying computer programming, I would create announcements of Young Friends meetings and documents as computer code listings that could be printed from the mainframe computer. One thing we shared was this epistle. 28

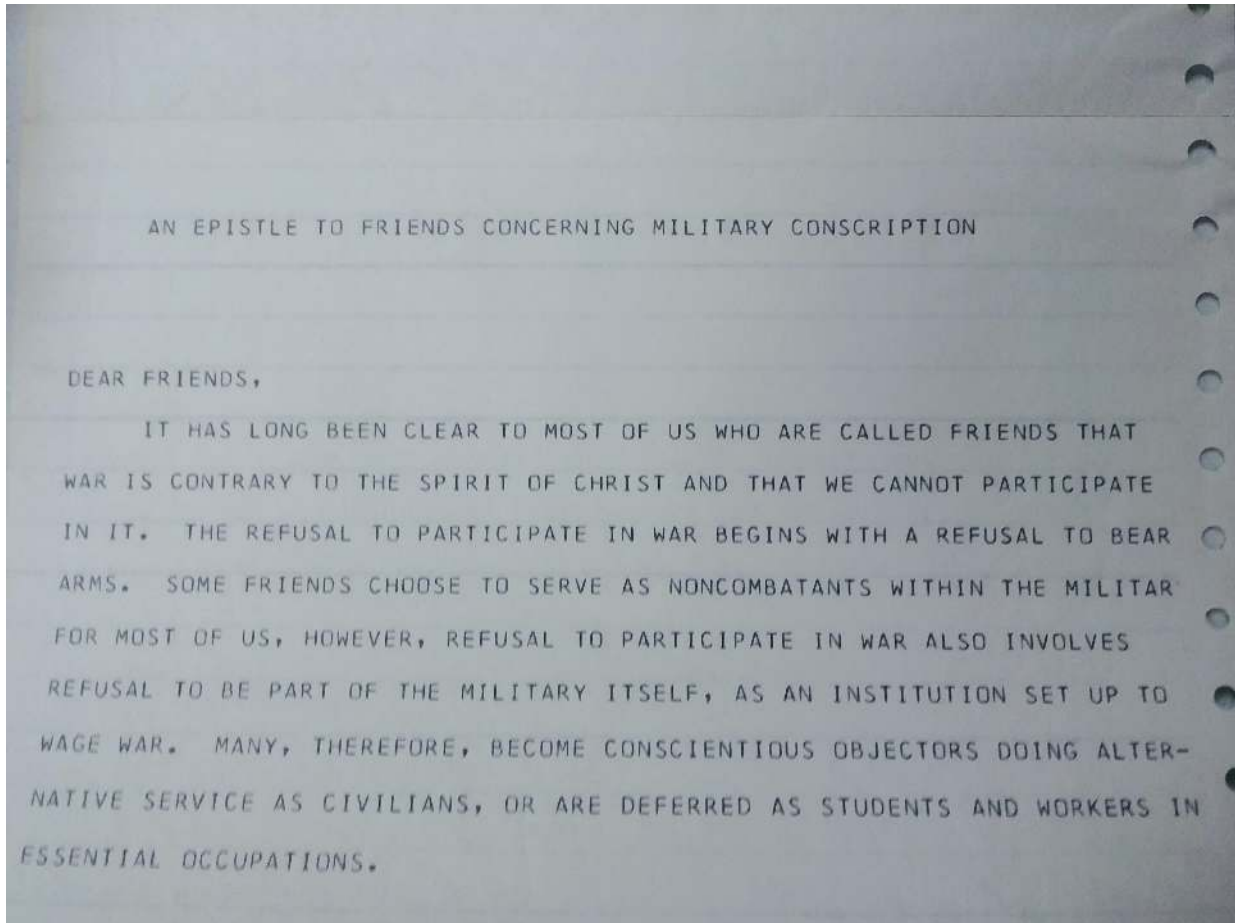


E A R L H A M Y O U N G F R I E N D S

LAST YEAR YOUNG FRIENDS MET TOGETHER WEEKLY FOR SILENT WORSHIP, FELLOWSHIP, DISCUSSION AND SINGING.

ALTHOUGH INTERESTED IN PEACE AND SOCIAL CONCERNS, WE WERE NOT AS ACTIVE AS WE WOULD LIKE TO HAVE BEEN. WE ARE LOOKING FORWARD TO BECOMING CLEAR WITH OUR CONVICTIONS AND WORKING WITH THEM. MORE ACTIVE THIS YEAR. WE EMPHASIZE QUAKERISM BECAUSE WE FEEL IT OFFERS AN HONEST, MEANINGFUL, AND EFFECTIVE MEANS OF COMING TO TERMS WITH OUR FEELINGS AND BELIEFS. WE FIND THE LONG QUAKER HISTORY OF SEARCH FOR MEANING IN LIFE, AND TRANSLATION OF CONCERN INTO ACTION PROVIDE A USEFUL BASE FROM WHICH TO APPROACH THE CONCERNS WE HAVE. HOWEVER, OUR INTEREST IS IN THE SEARCH FOR DIRECTIONS, AND ACTIONS, AND WISH TO HAVE THE PARTICIPATION OF ANY WHO SHARE OUR FEELINGS.

THE FOLLOWING EPISTLE ILLUSTRATES THE MANNER IN WHICH WE HOPE TO APPROACH THIS AND OTHER CONCERNS.



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Scattergood Journal — Conscientious Objector Letters Sunday, November 12, 2017 First I'd like to share what my Friend Evalyn Kellum, of North Meadow Circle of Friends, where I attended when I was living in Indianapolis, wrote about An Epistle to Friends Concerning Military Conscription:

Thank you for sending your struggle with conscription. It had been a long time since I read the letter signed by all those young men. In looking down through the list of men who signed that letter, it is amazing how many of them continued to have such a direct influence on Friends and others through out their lives. They directly influenced Quakers through out their lives. They also continued to speak out on issues and act on their beliefs for the rest of their lives. I actually remember thinking in my late teens and early adulthood that I wished I could be drafted in order to sign such a statement! That statement and all those Quaker men, who were conscription age at that time affected so much in their life times. They helped shape each of the major Quaker institutions of the time and their impact continues to do so.

I'm in Madison, Wisconsin, and my brother Randy also spoke about what an powerful letter that is.

One of the reasons I shared the Epistle was because I had written that out as my journal entry November 8, 1969. It was also a large influence on my thinking about conscription.

Even though I was pretty much convinced that draft resistance was what I was being led to do, when it came time when I was required to register, I hadn't reached the point where I could actually refuse to do so. The main reason was because I had not been able to get my family to be able to accept the decision, yet. My parents were definitely against all war, and were encouraging me to be a conscientious objector. They were not comfortable with the idea of me being in prison, and the life long consequences of a felony conviction.

So it was really hard for me to register for the Selective Service System . I was very unhappy after having done so. But I knew I could, and probably would, turn in my draft cards eventually.

In the meantime, Don Laughlin, and my classmate and close friend Ron Ellyson, wrote letters to my draft board to support my application for conscientious objector status. Such letters were a required part of the process. 29

Draft Resistance and VSM

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission30

West Branch, Iowa 52358
December 3, 1969

Chairman, Local Draft Board
Marshall County, Iowa

Dear Sir:

This statement is to support the application of Jeff Kisling for classification as a conscientious objector.

I have known Jeff for the past four years while he has been a student at Scattergood School. Last summer he was employed in my laboratory to work on some special computer problems for me. He is a mild mannered young man, a person who tackles issues and problems with an open mind, thinking them through carefully and thoroughly. He is gentle and sensitive to the needs of people, not only of individuals close to him, but of people throughout the world who are struggling for the opportunity to live in peace.

Jeff has been active in Friends' peace activities. In the Fall of 1968 he attended a conference on Friends and the Draft, and gave an oral report to his Quarterly Meeting of Iowa Friends. A few weeks ago he was one of the student leaders of a week-end conference of young people discussing the draft and related problems of war and peace.

The atmosphere of Jeff's home and the Quaker school that he is attending have been such as to lead naturally to his desire to find other ways to solve international problems than through war, violence, and death. I believe these methods are completely foreign to his nature, and he would be unable to cooperate with them.

Sincerely yours,

Donald E. Laughlin

Donald E. Laughlin

Draft Resistance and VSM

Scattergood School
West Branch, Iowa
November 26, 1969

To the Chairman, Local Draft Board

Dear Mr. Chairman,

I am eager to express my certainty that the claims that Jeff Kisling makes are sincere.

Jeff has proven his convictions in many ways, the strongest and most assuring of which are the actions of his daily life. He has remained positive and well-disposed in his manner towards others throughout the time I have known him. It takes humbleness and patience to be like this, and Jeff has these virtues, where many of the rest of us have become bitter and cynical in our outlooks. He has remained aware of the feelings and attitudes of those around him, and this backs up his claim that through looking "for the best in those with whom we disagree...we can surely, eventually, obtain a solution desirable to both of us."

Another way Jeff has proven the sincerity of his claims is the hard road he took in deciding how to meet the Selective Service System. I know that he weighed many alternatives and contacted many sources before reaching his decision, but I can assure you that the decision is his own.

Jeff has been influenced by the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers), which teaches that there is a part of God in every man, and that it is sinful according to Christ's teaching to slay a fellow human under any circumstance. Jeff is conscientious, painfully conscientious, not only as a Quaker, but also as my friend and as a human being.

Your friend,

Ron Ellyson
Ron Ellyson

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

All That We Are Is Story Monday, November 13, 2017 ALL THAT WE ARE IS STORY. From the moment we are born to the time we continue on our spirit journey, we are involved in the creation of the story of our time here. It is what we arrive with. It is all we leave behind. We are not the things we accumulate. We are not the things we deem important. We are story. All of us. What comes to matter then is the creation of the best possible story we can while we're here; you, me, us, together. When we can do that and we take the time to share those stories with each other, we get bigger inside, we see each other, we recognize our kinship — we change the world one story at a time. Richard Wagamese (October 14, 1955-March 10, 2017) Ojibwe from Wabeseemoong Independent Nations, Canada "All that we are is story." I immediately recognized the truth of that when I read it recently (maybe because it helped make a little sense of this compulsion I have to write so much). And is the connection I've noticed between several seemingly separate things I've been thinking and writing about recently.

One of those is related to the discussion about our Quaker queries . "One of the keys of Quakerism has always been our faith is not limited to Sunday services. That we strive to live every moment of our lives faithfully. That relates to the concept of putting our faith into action. The actions are how we live our own lives. This is also related to the ideas above about pushing and pulling. Rather than pushing our beliefs on others, we try to live our own lives in such a manner as to pull others into living the truth we try to model by our lives." The examples of how we live our own lives are our stories.

In that same blog post I also wrote something that I've been thinking about since: "But this does lead me to reflect on what I have seen as my failure to get Friends and others to stop using fossil fuels. I know I was lead to live without a car, and have written about the many unexpected blessings that occurred in my life as a result. What puzzles and disappoints me is I had thought my example of living without a car would influence others, but it has not." The thing is that others often are influenced by people's example, without that person ever knowing that. Perhaps something occurs in another time or place. When I said I felt I had failed to influence others by my refusal to own a car, I was talking in the narrow sense of not being aware of a single person I knew who gave up their car. But as I've shared before, many people throughout my life have made comments that let me know they were aware of my refusal to own a car. People know this story.

Since giving up cars was a strong and persistent spiritual leading, I couldn't help but wonder why God didn't help make people give up their cars? Faith is believing if we are as faithful as we can be, the rest is in God's hands.

The other threads related to stories have been sharing the journal entries from my time at Scattergood Friends School. And, related to those, the recent discussion in particular about the example of Quaker men who refused to participate in war. Evalyn Kellum (Quaker) expressed that very well. "That statement and all those Quaker men, who were conscription age at that time affected so much in their life times. They helped shape each of the major Quaker institutions of the time and their impact continues to do so." Their stories demonstrate we are story. 31

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Many in Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative) have been concerned about how stories of Friends are lost when those Quakers die. My mother in particular has tried to get Friends to write some of those stories so they are preserved, and can be shared with others. That led to the creation of the Quaker Stories Project , that you are encouraged to read, share with others, and add your own stories to. (one way to do that is email jakislin@outlook.com). "All that we are is story." <https://quakerstories.wordpress.com/> 32



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Scattergood Journal–Returning My Draft Card Tuesday, November 14, 2017 Even though I was convinced that I should not cooperate with the Selective Service System, at the time of my 18th birthday, November 21, 1969, I reluctantly registered for the draft as required by law. I hadn't yet come to the point where I had enough resolve to risk imprisonment. But the larger factor was that my parents strongly felt I should do alternative service as a conscientious objector instead. So I was very unhappy during Christmas break at home in Marshalltown.

I didn't handle what happened next very well, as the following shows. I'd rather edit it a little so I wouldn't look quite so inept, but leaving it like it is shows how difficult things were then. I knew I couldn't return to Scattergood until I had returned my draft card. So following is the unedited version.

Journal, January 5, 1970, Scattergood Friends School "I turned in my draft card Friday morning, January 2, 1970. I knew neither of my parents approved at all, but wasn't prepared for what happened. Earlier in the week I had talked to Dad, telling him that's what I thought I should do. He didn't say much except that I knew he strongly disapproved, but I thought he told me that he thought he was standing in my way and I should do what I thought was right. I didn't tell him the day I was going to do it, but thought he knew that I was going to do it.

That morning Mom took me uptown. She knew I had the card and I told her I was going to turn it in. She told me she didn't want me to, but I told her I was going to. After that, as I recall, she didn't say anything but looked unhappy. I took that to mean that she didn't approve, but knew I was going to do it.

Well, I stood outside in the cold and snow for about 5 minutes and finally went in. I told the secretary I was going to turn in my draft card. She told me I would have to see the clerk, Helen Landon, so I sat down and waited. The secretary asked me if I had requested form 150 and if I had filled it out and I told her I had.

Draft Resistance and VSM

I went into the clerk's office. She was a pleasant person, having helped me fill out form 100 earlier and given me form 150. (note: I assume form 100 was the registration form, and 150 the application for conscientious objector status). I told her I was turning in my draft card. She asked me if I had given it enough serious thought, to which I replied affirmatively. She said it had to be my decision, and then asked if I wasn't still in high school. I told her I was. She said she would look up the regulations and write to me.


Everyone at home was very upset. Mom thought she had told me not to do it, and Dad was upset because he thought I hadn't told him I was going to, which is really right. I told him I thought that was what I should do.

The next day they wanted me to try to get it back, saying they could accept it better in a year, feeling I would be more mature and no longer under the influence of Scattergood. I was shaken by the whole thing and, to spare their feelings, agreed to try to get it back. I don't know what has happened, yet."

End of Journal entry. 33

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

I read something recently about teenagers being clueless about the magnitude of the repercussions of some of their decisions. That was sure true here. I want to emphasize my parents were concerned for me, and were convinced I didn't realize the seriousness of what I wanted to do. I had no doubt by this time what the right thing to do was, but was also afraid of the probable consequences. But I knew I could return my draft card at any time (assuming it was returned to me this time). At any rate, things were put on hold as we waited either until I was called to perform alternative service, or there were consequences from turning the card in this time. It was looking like I might be one of the few people to turn in their draft card twice. 34




*the
draft
and
you*

Photograph by Edward Wallowitch

It's Your Choice

Ultimately you can listen to only one thing, not your President, not your many misguided leaders, save a few, not the Communists or the Socialists or the Republicans or the Democrats, but you must listen to your own heart, and do what it dictates. Because your heart is the only thing which can tell you what is right and what is wrong. And after you have found out what you think is right and what is wrong, then you must know that you can say yes to what is right and no to what is wrong. And you young men, for instance, if you feel that to kill is wrong and to go to war is wrong, you have to say no to the draft. And if you young ladies think it is wrong to kill, and war is wrong, you can say yes to the young men who say no to the draft. Because it is not the leaders and the dictators, it is not God who is going to get us out of the bloody mess we are in. It is only you and only me.

JOAN BAEZ



Photograph by Edward Wallowitch

It's Your Choice

Ultimately you can listen to only one thing, not your President, not your many misguided leaders, save a few, not the Communists or the Socialists or the Republicans or the Democrats, but you must listen to your own heart, and do what it dictates. Because your heart is the only thing which can tell you what is right and what is wrong. And after you have found out what you think is right and what is wrong, then you must know that you can say yes to what is right and no to what is wrong. And you young men, for instance, if you feel that to kill is wrong and to go to war is wrong, you have to say no to the draft. And if you young ladies think it is wrong to kill, and war is wrong, you can say yes to the young men who say no to the draft. Because it is not the leaders and the dictators, it is not God who is going to get us out of the bloody mess we are in. It is only you and only me.

JOAN BAEZ

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Journal–Conclusion of Draft Resistance Story Wednesday, November 15, 2017
Yesterday I described what happened the first time I turned in my draft card . At my parents request, I asked the draft board to return the draft card, to give my family more time to accept my decision. The draft card was returned to me. I wonder what the board thought about that.

Following is what happened nearly two years later, when I received the order to report for civilian service as a conscientious objector.

Journal 1/25/1972 “Received order to report for civilian work on February 1. As I approach the decision, its revelation, and the consequences, I draw back in fear.”

At last the draft issue was coming to a head. I left Earlham knowing I would lose my student deferment and be eligible for induction. I was reclassified 1-0 (conscientious objector to do alternative service) in October, 1971, I think. I looked for jobs in hospitals, and accepted the one at Methodist partially because I knew, if I did decide to do alternative service, such a job would qualify.

Up to this point I still had alternatives. Now the ‘official’ order had come. It didn’t matter that I would continue to work at the hospital or even that I would receive credit for what work I had done. What did matter was whether I would acknowledge that I was actually doing alternative service. I enjoyed my work at the hospital and felt called to continue with it, whether the government approved or not. But I had to decide whether I would accept the work on their terms or mine.

I’ve already indicated how much reading, thought, and worry I put into the draft decision. I thought I would suddenly receive the answer some day during Meeting for worship. It didn’t happen exactly that way. I remember one meeting in the fall of my senior year at Scattergood when I knew it would be wrong to cooperate with the Selective Service System. I knew with certainty yet the time wasn’t yet right to act on that knowledge. My grandmother (Lorene Standing) says the will of God is most often revealed in a series of small steps.

Draft Resistance and VSM

I think my task was first to prepare for the decision, its consequences and the reaction to it; and to prepare my family and those close to me for the decision. Then I would act.

I had done what I could to prepare myself and others. Now the time had come.

The first of February I returned to Earlham to visit friends and to get support before going ahead with my decision.

Took bus to Richmond. Bright clear day—snow on ground. Beautiful walk to Earlham from downtown. Seems like coming home. Good to see Jan. After spaghetti lunch, walked downtown to YWCA where Jan had swimming lesson. Al Inglis picked us up there at 3:00 pm. Went back to Earlham and talked. 4:00 pm. Went to Meeting for worship. Jan, Al, Dav Nagle, Marggie Schutz, Margaret and 35

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Lewis Taylor, Becky Gibson, Jim Bay, Ruby, and several others attended.

Al had read my letter to the draft board and my statement on the draft earlier, and asked if I would let him read it during Meeting. I told him that would be alright, so he did.

Into the Meeting, Al spoke of support and the future and how God spoke through me. I would hope that would be true, but felt unworthy.

Margaret Taylor spoke of Iowa Friends who had always spoken against war and done what they felt right. She spoke of her support for me.

Becky Gibson spoke, very movingly, about finding who you are, and how important it is to do what is right.

Then Dav spoke, also very movingly. He is certainly an able minister—one of the people I love and respect very much. He seems always to be close to the center. He said severing ties with Selective Service is a major decision—but ALL decisions are major when they deal with principle and the Spirit. All, each of our decisions must be integral. “Severing ties with Selective Service is not an isolated act in this life of Jeff’s.”

After a good while I felt moved to speak. When confronted with a decision, we are told to do God’s will. But God’s will is so difficult to discern among many influences—people, law, self (selfishness and pride). Realizing this, Thomas A’ Beckett said, “I am loathsome.” This was how I felt at times. But after he said that, he heard what he believed to be the voice of God saying “Nevertheless, I love.”

Later, I shook hands with Jan to break meeting. There was much tender, loving discussion and support afterward. Here I received such strength as I could find nowhere else. Is there any other way to wrestle with and be led to a decision? I am amazed at the power and bond of love. May I strengthen and spread it.”

Journal 1/30/1972

I received a letter from Ron Ellyson, a classmate of mine at Scattergood and close friend (Member of Iowa Conservative Friends): “As for your decision to not cooperate with the desires of Selective Service, I think it is fine. It is a choice which you made after years, actually, of thought and deliberation and certainly you should have enough faith in your judgment to stay with that decision through all the hassles it will cause you.” Ron Ellyson. 2/6/1972 First Day

I mailed the following to the draft board today, along with my registration certificate and classification (1-0) card:

Dear members and clerk of the draft board:

I have received an order to report for civilian work February 1, 1972.

Draft Resistance and VSM

I want to thank you for your concerned questions at my personal appearance, when we were considering my position as a conscientious objector. I have appreciated Mrs. Landon's kindness and consideration, even when I returned my draft cards. Thank you 36

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission for giving me more time to consider this decision. I hadn't realized what a powerful affect that action would have on some people. The extra time gave them, and me, a chance to come to grips with the decision and its consequences. However, my beliefs have remained basically the same and the time has come to act accordingly.

I am sure none of us really want war. Many are convinced that war is a 'necessary evil'—the only way to achieve peace. I think I can understand that, and I do respect those who sincerely believe it—their sacrifice has been very great.

But I do not believe war is the way to peace. True peace is a personal, internal, spiritual matter. When we come to know and love ourselves and our God, then and only then do we have peace. From this point, peace and love will flow from us and should engulf those we live and work with. This is the only way to find and promote peace.

In this matter, war has no place.

The enclosed attempts to illustrate my beliefs in relation to the Selective Service System. I hope this will help you to understand why I feel I cannot cooperate with the Selective Service System. I want it to be clearly understood that I am not doing alternative service. It is not my choice. There is nothing else I can do.

Love, Jeff Kisling

Letter to my draft board

I write concerning my relationship with the Selective Service System. There are many alternatives. In fact, someone once said the only alternative not open to a young man facing the draft is that of being left alone. I explored several of these. I applied for and was granted conscientious objector status (1-0). Then I had a student deferment, which made me very uneasy. I am now doing work which should qualify as alternative service, but for reasons I will attempt to explain herein, I find this alternative to be unacceptable.

I find it difficult to understand why one young man must explain his decision to do civilian work for a non-profit organization while another need make no explanation, indeed is encouraged to fight and perhaps kill other human beings. But it is one's duty to explain one's actions in order that others might understand, and perhaps follow. Noncooperation is less understood than conscientious objection, so I feel all the more compelled to try to present an explanation. I must try to explain, to spare my family the burden of doing so, for they neither clearly understand nor agree with my decision. (Note: they fully supported alternative service, but didn't want to see me imprisoned).

This decision grew out of my experience as a member of the Society of Friends. Meetings of the Society of Friends can be a source of strength and guidance as one begins and continues to search for meaning in life. Quakers have always believed that there is that of God in every man, that each of us has the ability to communicate with that of God in us, and the responsibility to respond to that of God in everyone. It is evident that Jesus had communion with God—evident in the actions of his life and in his teachings—culminating in “not as I will, but as thou wilt.” This is the essence of Jesus’ teaching—that God’s will can be discerned and should be obeyed even at the cost of doubt and persecution. Quakers readily accept Jesus as an exceptional person and try to live up to the principles he gave us to live by. But we are even more concerned that we 37

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission obey that Inner Light to which He was so sensitive, so we can have personal contact with and guidance from God. Thus, Quakers try to minimize distractions from “this (secular) world” in order to discern the will of God in their hearts and His presence in their midst. They gather together in a simple room and settle down together, searching in silence—each contributing to the spirit of the meeting as a whole. There are times when a member feels he has been ‘moved by the spirit’ to share with the group, in which case the meeting considers the message in further silence.

There is a spirit which comes from the silence which gives direction to life. The spirit is often difficult to discern because of our ties to ‘this world.’ We are afraid or too proud to give up our desire to ‘reason through’ decisions. Thus we develop a system of beliefs and guidelines composed of traditional beliefs, our own reasoning, and as much guidance from the Inner Light as we are willing to seek and accept. Thus our decisions, being not entirely grounded upon our faith, may not always be ‘right’. But we can do no more, nor should we do less, than follow our conscience as occasions arise—always seeking to become more attuned to the spirit.

Adolescence is that period when one begins to seriously consider ‘who he is’ and his purpose in the world. It is a time when one has so many questions and so few answers. The extent to which a young person searches for, and finds answers to these questions is dependent upon guidance given by parents, peers, school and church; the degree to which this guidance corresponds to his own experience and needs; and his own self-discipline and desire to continue the search. Too often the leadership and resources are not available; he is ‘turned off’ by inconsistencies or shallowness or insincerity on the part of those he looks to for guidance and example; or materialistic demands distract from the search.

The draft requires fundamental moral decisions at this time in life. This may not be bad in itself, but tremendous pressure is brought to bear to influence the decision—tradition, parental and peer pressure, the law, etc. The Selective Service System tries to attract men to the armed forces by relying on these pressures and by not making alternatives widely known.

The pressures in this case are for action which is contrary to the experience and desires of most young men—frustrating, anguishing when one is searching for truth, honesty and integrity. This type of experience stifles personal growth and leads to the loss of a spirit of idealism and faith in the goodness of men. Can there be a graver crime than that of destroying the spirit and dreams of the young? Only that of destroying life itself, and the Selective Service System is directly implicated in both.

Most of us agree that conscription and war are unjust-evil. The question is, how do we deal with evil? 'Resist not evil'—a phrase widely known but little understood and less obeyed. 'Do not set yourself against one who wrongs you' (NEB) is a better way to put it, I think. In setting ourselves against those who harm us, we look, to some extent, for some way to hurt, or at least hinder them. We look for the worst in others and play upon their weaknesses rather than looking for the best and trying to fortify it. Our task is to overcome evil by doing good.

The time we spend 'resisting evil' could be better spent in trying to find out where we can do better ourselves. You do not change others by opposing them—rather, by respecting and trying to understand and learn from them, you can both benefit and move nearer the truth. A life of example—showing the possibilities and fruits of a life lived in love and 38

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission concern for others, is the only way to overcome evil.

I do not want my example to be alliance with evil. Thus, I cannot serve with the Selective Service System. However, I will not set myself against it. I will break my ties with Selective Service, and concentrate on the difficult task of working for peace in whatever way I can.

Letter to Bear Creek Monthly Meeting

Homer Moffitt, Clerk Bear Creek Monthly Meeting

Dear Friends,

Draft Resistance and VSM

I am thankful for your kind letters and encouragement concerning my work in Indianapolis. I am learning much about love, and as I respond to the love of others, and they to mine, we are all amazed at how it grows.

I am enclosing a statement I have written concerning conscription, and my decision not to cooperate with the Selective Service System any more. I sent a copy of that statement, along with my draft cards, to my draft board.

Again, I tried very hard to follow the leading of the inner light. If I alone were making the decision, this would probably not be my choice. Thomas a' Beckett, torn between his obligations to the Church and those to the State, was searching for guidance. When he realized all the forces that influence him—selfish desires for power and personal gain, fear of punishment or displeasing people, etc., he said. "I am loathsome." But then he heard what he believed to be the voice of God saying, "Nevertheless, I love."

I, too, feel shamed when I realize the factors that often influence my decisions and actions. On this matter, I have tried very hard to be sensitive to the will of God, and hope to do so in the times to come. Still somewhat uncertain that my choice is right, I am comforted in knowing that He still loves.

Love, Jeff Kisling

In reply:

Dear Jeff,

We have found your statement explaining your relationship to the Selective Service System very moving. Several of us are aware that your decision on this has been a difficult and lonely one. We want to assure you of our love and support as you meet the events which result from your courageous stand.

On behalf of the Peace Committee of Bear Creek Monthly Meeting

The conclusion to the draft story is that I was drafted at a time when men were not being drafted for the armed forces. A Supreme Court case declared this to be illegal, so my order to report for civilian service was invalidated and I wasn't prosecuted. I did finish my two years with Friends Volunteer Service Mission in Indianapolis. 39

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Struggling with my decision related to registering for the draft triggered a deep look into my spiritual life and how to express that in the rest of my life.

Scattergood Friends School Class of 1970 At Bear Creek meeting Taken by one of the Kheprw Institute (KI) youth IYMC Peace and Social Concerns Committee 2016 Jeff Kisling Diop Adisa is a good friend IYMC Peace and Social Concerns meets at Bear Creek My Senior class at Scattergood Friends School Delivering petitions to support Iran deal to Sen. Donnelly Taken during photography during summer camp at the Kheprw Institute Weekly peace vigil Indianapolis With Christine Ashley (FCNL) and Jon Krieg (AFSC) FCNL War is Not the Answer #NoDAPL Chase bank Indianapolis Keystone Pipeline Fighter Pipeline fighter Stop extreme fossil fuel extraction 40



Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission 41

Draft Resistance and VSM



Draft Resistance and VSM



Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission42





Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Civil Disobedience and the Civil Rights Movement Wednesday, November 15, 2017
If you've read recent posts from this blog, you know I've been using the journal I started when I was a Senior at Scattergood Friends School to share what was going on at a particularly significant and chaotic time in my life, and for the country. That was in 1969, at the height of the Vietnam War. Yesterday's post was the conclusion of the long, difficult process of coming to my decision to commit an act of civil disobedience, and become a draft resister .

The other significant influences on my life that I hadn't mentioned, since they weren't written in my journal then, were related to the civil rights struggle that was going on at the same time, including the eloquent speeches by, and example of Martin Luther King, Jr. In 1963, for example, Martin Luther King, Jr, wrote his Letter from Birmingham Jail about nonviolent resistance.

Draft Resistance and VSM

The key to the success of any nonviolent campaign, besides inspiration and commitment, is training. It is a sad commentary that our country devotes so much effort and billions of dollars to training our armed forces, but to work for peace and justice, we have to do our training ourselves. The success of the civil rights movement hinged on the incredible organization and training of thousands in the techniques of nonviolent civil disobedience and direct action by John Lewis and the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) and many others.

There was the inspiration of the willingness of so many to risk their lives, and the tragic deaths of James Chaney, Andrew Goodman, and Michael Schwerner and others.

The courage of the parents of, and the high school, middle school and elementary students who marched in Birmingham in 1963 with over 1,000 of them filling the jails after being brutally attacked by dogs and with fire hoses. 43



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Although there were consequences for both of them for doing so, Martin Luther King, Jr. and Mohammad Ali were among those who spoke out about the connections between the civil rights and the anti-war movements.

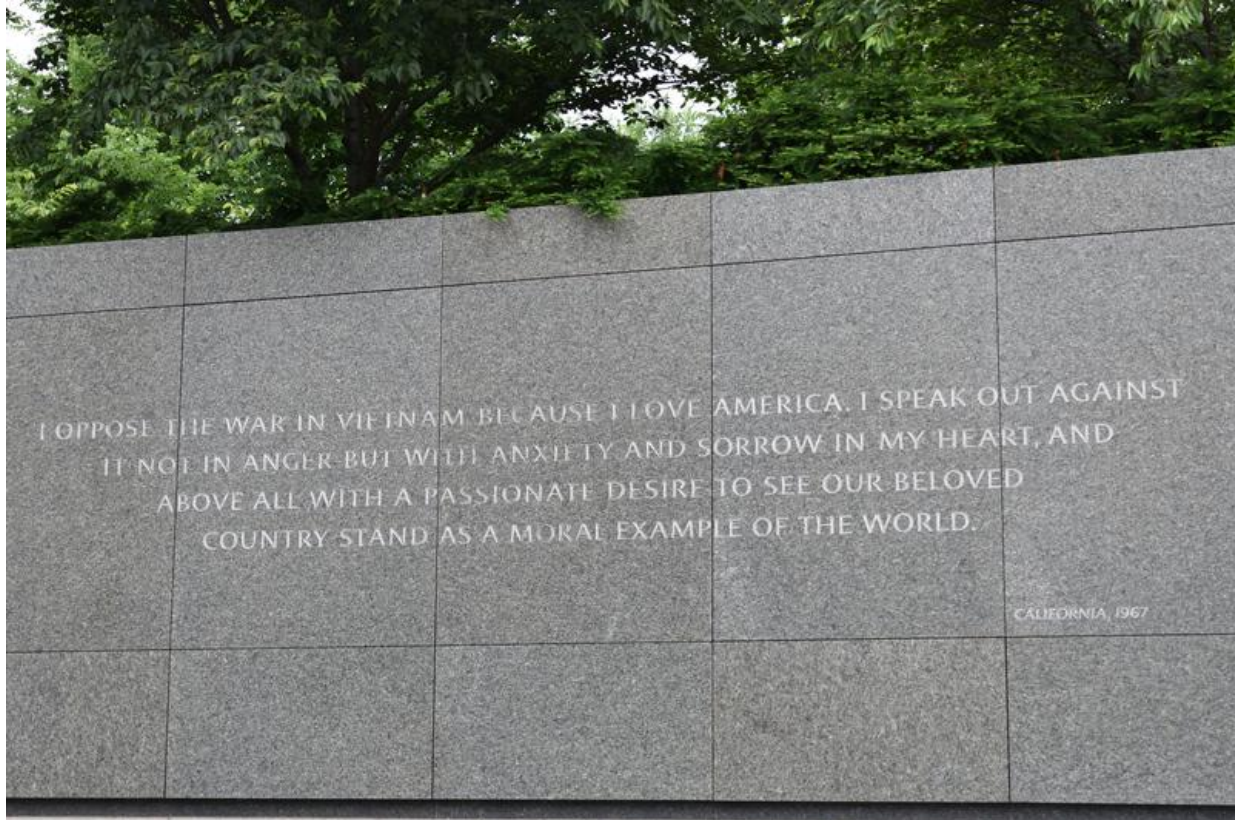
Draft Resistance and VSM

Martin Luther King, Jr. Memorial, Washington, DC

Mohammad Ali was an inspiration to me. He chose to be a draft resister, too: "It is in the light of my consciousness as a Muslim minister and my own personal convictions that I take my stand in rejecting the call to be inducted. I do so with the full realization of its implications. I have searched my conscience." "Under no conditions do we take part in war and take the lives of other humans." "Man, I ain't got no quarrel with them Vietcong...they never called me nigger."

At Mohammad Ali's memorial service Rabbi Michael Lerner, who was also arrested for protesting the Vietnam War, gave an incredible speech honoring him and his moral integrity. He said, "the way to honor Mohammad Ali is to be Mohammad Ali today! 44





Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Civil Disobedience – Keystone Pipeline Thursday, November 16, 2017 Having concluded my draft resistance story, yesterday I briefly discussed nonviolence and the civil rights movement of the 1960s that was occurring at that same time.

Nonviolence is not simply a political strategy, but meant to be how you live each moment of your life. When Rabbi Michael Lerner spoke about the moral integrity of Mohammad Ali and his draft resistance, he was speaking of the moral integrity of the practice of nonviolence, too.

I've continued to think about Richard Wagamese's idea "all we are is story". " We are story. All of us. What comes to matter then is the creation of the best possible story we can while we're here; you, me, us, together. When we can do that and we take the time to share those stories with each other, we get bigger inside, we see each other, we recognize our kinship — we change the world one story at a time. " This leads me to think of nonviolence in a little different way, as a way to share our stories with each other, including those who oppose us, as a way to change the world one story at a time. Nonviolence is the antithesis of the idea of winning by force and disregarding those who are defeated.

The fundamental principle of nonviolence is to listen for the truth, or story, of everyone engaged in the struggle, of all viewpoints, so that we all can find a way to move closer to justice together. I think Martin Luther King, Jr, captured this idea when he said "The arc of the moral universe is long, but it bends toward justice."

The other fundamental principles are that you will always exhibit nonviolent behavior even when being provoked. And that you are willing to accept the consequences of your actions, including being arrested if necessary. The willingness to suffer, either verbal or physical abuse, or financial, legal or other consequences, is part of ones commitment to nonviolence. Being an example is the point. Living such that your actions are consistent with your words demonstrates how seriously you take the issue.

After the draft resistance story was finished, I didn't become engaged with another nonviolence campaign until many years later. The Keystone Pledge of Resistance was launched in 2013, to use the threat of nationwide civil disobedience direct actions to attempt to persuade President Obama to deny the Keystone pipeline permit. Then last year I was very involved with events related to water protectors and the Dakota Access pipeline in Indianapolis, both of which are described in some detail here:

<https://kislingjeff.wordpress.com/2017/10/12/building-an-environmental-action-movement/>

Planning and training are required for a successful direct action. I was fortunate to be trained by Todd Zimmer and Gabe from the Rainforest Action Network (RAN) in Des Moines the summer of 2013, as part of the national Keystone Pledge of Resistance. RAN went to 25 cities in the U.S. that summer to train local leaders to (1) plan the direct action in their city and (2) teach them how to train others in their area. That resulted in about 400 Action Leaders being trained, who in turn trained nearly 4,000 local activists. If the action was triggered, nonviolent direct actions would unfold in at least 25 cities in the country simultaneously.

Anyone who wanted to participate in the Keystone Resistance was required to sign a 45

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission statement saying they would abide by the following nonviolence guidelines:

Non-Violence Guidelines and Principles 1. With the recognition that history is on our side in the fight against the fossil fuel industry, that we are a part of the proud and successful tradition of nonviolent civil disobedience, and that our actions also reflect on tens of thousands of others standing together across the country, we will conduct our behavior in only the most peaceful and dignified manner. 2. We are each firmly committed to the safety of all participants and the surrounding community, and will not bring with us any weapons, drugs or alcohol, or participate in any acts of vandalism or destruction of property. 3. We will work to protect everyone around us from insult or attack, including those who may oppose or disagree with us. 4. We will remember that irresponsible actions could endanger others, or lead to the arrest of people who do not want to go to jail, and will not use threatening language or threatening motions toward anyone. 5. We will act and communicate in a manner of openness, friendliness and respect toward everyone we encounter, including police officers and members of the community at large. 6. As members of this action, we will follow the directions of the designated organizers. 7. If an individual has a serious disagreement with the organizers of the action, the individual will withdraw from the action. 8. If an individual does not respect these guidelines and principles, that individual can not participate in an action as part of the Pledge of Resistance to the Keystone XL pipeline

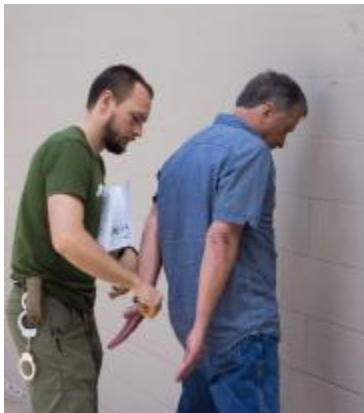
Draft Resistance and VSM

The training involved a Saturday of being taught how to organize direct actions, and how to train others. The next day, the students became the teachers. We practiced providing the same training we would be doing when we returned home. The participants training guide can be found here:

<https://1drv.ms/w/s!Avb9bFhezZpPhPZwoFHONmVV69trwA>

Training involved acquiring a thorough knowledge of the issues involved. This is important for when you will engage the public and the media about what you are trying to accomplish. The principles of nonviolence are discussed. Participants engage in role playing exercises that are used to learn how to remain nonviolent in the face of abuse, and techniques to de-escalate such situations.

Civil disobedience training 46



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

A lot of time is spent on the various legal issues that might be involved, including possible charges and what to expect and how to act if you are taken to jail. People are taught things like not bringing much with the other than identification and perhaps money for bail, to write the phone number to call in ink on their body, etc. Although it might be a little dated, this is the video we used to cover much of that: <https://1drv.ms/f/s!Avb9bFhezZpPiNVbbuLOBg9xvKlogQ>

Draft Resistance and VSM

The Action Leaders were also taught how to identify the target for their action, and to deliver a letter of intent to the target ahead of time, so personnel there know what you plan to do.

We were taught how to build and maintain our local group of activists.

Finally the various roles, such as media support, volunteer lawyer, police liaison, jail support, and volunteer support are explained.

In Indianapolis we had four Action Leaders who had been trained, and we held six training sessions, training about 50 people. Our target was the Federal Building in downtown Indianapolis. We were going to block the doors if our action was triggered. This photo shows us there the day we delivered our letter of intent, which was politely received by security officers in the building. 47



Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

We would often gather with our local group for demonstrations downtown to raise awareness about tar sands and the pipeline and climate change.

President Obama decided not to approve the pipeline, so we didn't have to trigger the action.

Stop Keystone Pipeline Keystone Pipeline Fighter Pipeline fighter 48



Draft Resistance and VSM





Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Scattergood Journal – Senior Trip -Washington, DC Thursday, November 16, 2017
(note: photos were taken in later years during trips to FCNL Annual Meetings and meetings of the American Thoracic Society)

Journal, January 25, 1970

Saturday, January 24, we left Scattergood, about 3:30 pm. We arrived in Washington, DC, at about 10:00 am. After seeing the Washington Cathedral, we attended the Florida Ave. Friends Meeting. After lunch we arrived at William Penn House , meeting Bob and Sally Cory.

Then we went sightseeing—as we went through downtown Washington to get to William Penn House we saw so many things at once it was hard to absorb it all. First we caught a glimpse of the Washington Monument, then the Executive Office Building and the White House, then down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol and William Penn House.

Washington Monument Executive Office Building White House White House
Washington Monument and WWII Memorial William Penn House U.S. Capitol 49

Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

After unloading, we went to the Smithsonian Institute, the Washington Monument, Lincoln Memorial. The Jefferson Memorial was being repaired, the Library of Congress, then we ate at the National Gallery, listened to a concert, saw the National Archives, and went to bed.

Lincoln Memorial Abraham Lincoln National Archives Jefferson Memorial
Washington Monument and Jefferson Memorial Thomas Jefferson Library of
Congress Library of Congress 50



Draft Resistance and VSM



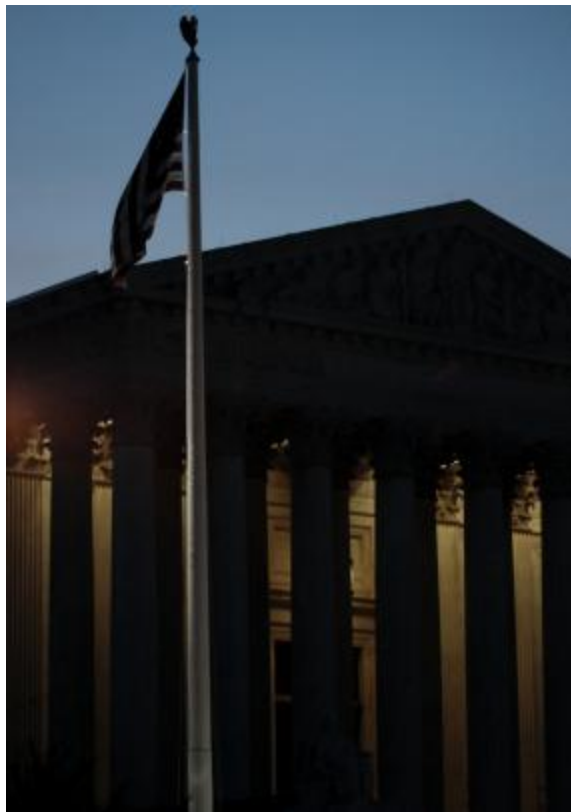
Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

January 26, 1970

The next morning began with meeting for worship at 7:45 and breakfast at 8:00. We went to hear the Supreme Court decisions at 10:00 and decided on our special projects.

Draft Resistance and VSM

U.S. Supreme Court U.S. Supreme Court U.S. Supreme Court U.S. Supreme Court
U.S. Supreme Court 51



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

I was chairman of the draft group—Bruce, Paul, Aline, Steve Maxwell, J'lee. Bruce, Wayne and I went to the FCNL office and got the address of the National Council to Repeal the Draft (NCRD). At 1:30 we went to the Population Reference Bureau where we saw a film and talked with Alvaro Garcia-Pena.

FCNL Washington, DC

Then we got some literature and talked to William Payne at the U.S. Civil Rights Commission. There we had a good discussion about the whole U.S. government. We went back to William Penn House in order to talk with Ed Anderson, lobbyist for FCNL. He was graduation speaker at Scattergood last year. We had a very interesting talk with him. His conception of the youth activities are that the young people become involved in an activity until it becomes dangerous, and then they move on to something else, e.g. when some kids were killed during the civil rights campaign, interest began to wane and the kids turned to Vietnam. Now that there are some arrests, they are turning to pollution. An interesting idea. But, he said, Quaker kids stuck with it, citing the AQAG reading of the names of the Vietnam war dead on the Capitol steps and, though some were arrested, more came until the list was finished. The law was also changed. Pat Deluhery, one of Senator Hughes' aides, had dinner and spent the evening with us. We learned about Senator Hughes' amendment to the drug bill, trying to lower penalties for individual drug users which, I found today, was defeated, though the penalty was lowered for individuals, but increased for those marketing marijuana.

Tuesday, January 27 52

Draft Resistance and VSM





Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Began with worship (7:45) and breakfast. We then had the entire day to visit our own Congressmen, Congress in session, and work on our projects. I talked with Representative John Kyl, 4th district (Marshall) from 8:30-9:00 and was interested and impressed. We spoke a lot about his job. Then Bruce and I went to the NCRD where we got a lot of really good literature and talked to one of the girls in charge, who is also in charge of the draft part of the Moratorium. Then we saw the Senate and then the House in session. There weren't many people in the Senate, but I guess there some roll call votes in the afternoon in which almost everyone showed up. After lunch our group met and all decided to talk to Congressmen about the draft and hearings, while I went to some offices downtown.

Somewhat after 1:00 I started down Constitution, then Pennsylvania Avenue. First I visited the National Service Board for Religious Objectors (NSBRO). This organization deals mainly with 1-0 and 1-A-0, not resistance. I guess they have good relations with the Selective Service System and exchange information with each other. I guess the NSBRO has a fairly successful program of helping people in the armed forces. Then I went past the White House and soon arrived at the National Headquarters of the Selective Service System. I got a lot of current information on the lottery, as well on as on SSS in general there.

Then I tried to find the Vietnam Moratorium Committee. The address was 1029 Vermont St, I believed between 10th and 11th Streets on Vermont. I found I was wrong, which caused me a detour of over 40 blocks through a poor Black section of the city—one of the most important parts of the trip. I did finally find the Moratorium offices and talked to the press secretary, Ted Johnson. He gave me some good information about the plans for the Moratorium for this winter and spring. I was looking mainly for literature, which we could later use at Scattergood to help plan our activities. I was in the White House area now, and walked back to William Penn House, in all around a 100 block walk. We had dinner together at the Sampan, a Chinese restaurant that night, followed by project reports and discussion of the trip. Here, as at the Civil Rights Commission, we had a very good discussion of our government—very critical, too. My whole attitude about government has change a little, but I should talk about that later.

Wednesday, January 28

The next day, after worship and breakfast, we packed up and left William Penn House.

Our first stop was at the State Department where we talked to Paul Russell about the Agency for International Development (AID) and the Food for Peace Program, especially in his area of Korea. All of these people said a lot of interesting things, but I'm far behind on events, so maybe something about what these people said could be mentioned later. We visited the White House which was pretty much a disappointment.

Then we visited Arlington National Cemetery, which was a very interesting, moving experience. Watching the guard at the Unknown Soldier was rather frightening—a human robot.

I was impressed with John Kennedy's gravesite. 53

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Scattergood Journal – Senior Trip – New York City Friday, November 17, 2017
Journal, January 28, 1970 (continued)

Then we began the trip to New York City. We arrived at about 5:30 and it was dark.

At 8:00 pm we went to the Rainbow Room atop Rockefeller Center (65th floor). We had a fantastic view of the city! Hank Newenhouse was entertaining us there for dinner. First we had shrimp and crab, then broth, then a huge piece of extremely high quality beef, followed by Baked Alaska, covered with flaming alcohol.

Then we went to Greenwich Village. Finally back at the Grand Central YMCA at 12:30. Ron Ellyson and I were rooming together there.

January 29, 1970

Next morning, Thursday, January 29, we had meeting for worship at Quaker House at 9:00. Then we heard about the Quaker U.N. program and got some background information about Latin America. We walked to and had a tour of the United Nations building. After lunch Juan Pascoe spoke to us about the UN Development Program.

At 3:30 we were very fortunate to get to see a meeting of the Security Council, which actually didn't begin until 5:00, when were supposed to visit the Museum of Modern Art. But Ron and I stayed until 7:10 at the UN. The Council was talking about Namibia (S.W. Africa). We heard the Russian ambassador charge the U.S. and NATO of supplying arms and equipment to Namibia.

After a quick bite at the Y, Ron and I started walking to Greenwich Village, about 32 blocks away. There we saw the plays "Adaptation" and "Next". Then the two of us walked back to the Y.

January 30, 1970

Today after meeting for worship at the Y we spoke with Mr. Álvaro de Soto, 3rd Secretary of the Peru Mission to the UN. His main point was that the Latin American countries have to develop their trade in such a way as to develop their own economy instead of exporting and therefore always being economically and politically dependent.

Then we spoke with Mr. Eduardo Schjimm, Press Attaché of the Mission of Chile. I enjoyed and agreed with his main proposition, that experiencing social conditions is the only way to understand them. He also said establishments were too short-sighted.

Then Mr. James Knight told us about the International Labor Organization (ILO). One of the things ILO does is to encourage governments to use men instead of machines whenever possible.

Then Richard Garza presented a "revolutionary" view of the development of Latin America. He said that the U.S. didn't want to develop, or let Latin American develop itself, 54

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission as this would endanger its economy, which is the U.S.'s primary interest.

We had an evaluation in the evening. Then Ron and I spent most of the evening walking through New York City as last night. We talked to an elevator operator and doorkeeper at the Newsweek building. A nice guy. Temperature down to 20 degrees.

January 31, 1970

First we visited the ocean liner, New Amsterdam. It was disgusting to see such lavish luxury. Then we went on the Staten Island Ferry. Then through Chinatown and Harlem to Phoenix House, where we spent three hours, mainly with James Cromwell, who started the Phoenix House concept and is in charge of education. Former drug addicts live with and help people who have just quit drugs, not only to stay off drugs, but to discover why the person resorted to drugs in the first place. Everyone is given a crew-promoted when attitude has changed. Everyone was extremely friendly and interested in us. This program of really getting to know people and help them discover the root of their problems can be applied to anyone with any problem, not just drug addiction.

This evening we visited an Ashram, in which there was chanting (I don't believe in), silent meditation, and teaching that one must search oneself, not rely on the external.

One of the high points of the trip occurred yesterday afternoon. We visit the United Nations Meditation Room–A Room of Quiet. Dag Hammarskjöld wrote the following text to be distributed to the visitors of the room: “We all have within us a center of stillness surrounded by silence. This house, dedicated to work and debate in the service of peace, should have one room dedicated to silence in the outward sense and stillness in the inner sense. It has been the aim to create in this small room a place where the doors may be open to the infinite lands of thought and prayer. People of many faiths will meet here, and for that reason none of the symbols to which we are accustomed in our meditation could be used. However, there are simple things which speak to us all with the same language. We have sought for such things and we believe that we have found them in the shaft of light striking the shimmering surface of solid rock. So, in the middle of the room we see a symbol of how, daily, the light of the skies gives life to the earth on which we stand, a symbol to many of us of how the light of the spirit gives life to matter. But the stone in the middle of the room has more to tell us. We may see it as an altar, empty not because there is no God, not because it is an altar to an unknown god, but because it is dedicated to the God whom man worships under many names and in many forms. The stone in the middle of the room reminds us also of the firm and permanent in a world of movement and change. The block of iron ore has the weight and solidity of the everlasting. It is a reminder of that cornerstone of endurance and faith on which all human endeavour must be based. The material of the stone leads our thoughts to the necessity for choice between destruction and construction, between war and peace. Of iron man has forged his swords, of iron he has also made his ploughshares. Of iron he has constructed tanks, but of iron he has likewise built homes for man. The block of iron ore is part of the wealth we have inherited on this earth of ours. How are we to use it? The shaft of light strikes the stone in a room of utter simplicity. There are no other 55

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission symbols, there is nothing to distract our attention or to break in on the stillness within ourselves. When our eyes travel from these symbols to the front wall, they meet a simple pattern opening up the room to the harmony, freedom and balance of space. There is an ancient saying that the sense of a vessel is not in its shell but in the void. So it is with this room. It is for those who come here to fill the void with what they find in their center of stillness.”

As I said, my visit to this room was the high point of the trip. I had become very interested in the United Nations and in Dag Hammarskjöld. I bought several books in New York City, one on human rights, world economy, Che Guevara, a spiritual portrait of Dag Hammarskjöld, and a copy of his book *Markings* .

One special dedication to the Meditation Room is to Dag Hammarskjöld: "The moment I entered the room I was awed not only by the structure-the shaft of light, the iron block and the painting, but also by a strong spirit I felt in the room. It seemed that all the forces dedicated to peace and humanity had gathered in this one place to meditate and rest. And I was greatly inspired to try to continue my efforts, little as they often seem, toward peace and human rights."

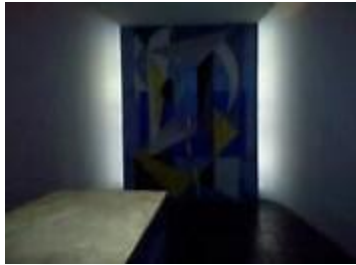
This evening, just now, 9:45, I walked into the New York Grand Central Station. As I reached for the handle, another man (a black man) did also. I stepped back to let him in, but he said, "excuse me, you go on ahead." I went in and he repeated, "excuse me" and I nodded, but he said again, "excuse me". I stopped to see what he wanted. He said, "excuse me, first for startling you, you were meditating". I nodded, then he asked a question and when I replied I didn't know the answer, he said "thank you", and left. I was very impressed with his courtesy and more with his comment about my meditating. I hadn't myself realized that that was what I was doing. This was a beautiful experience with which to end my visit to New York City.

United Nations Meditation Room United Nations Meditation Room 56



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

United Nations Meditation Room 57



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Reflections on Scattergood Senior Trip Sunday, November 19, 2017 I've recently shared my journal entries from the trip to Washington, DC , and New York City that our Scattergood Friends School Senior class took in 1970.

Looking back forty seven years later, I realize a number of significant things that I didn't have the perspective to appreciate at the time. One of the first is how remarkable it was that the School could provide such an experience, knowing that financial resources have always been a significant challenge.

For transportation, one of my best friends and Scattergood classmate Ron Ellyson and his mother, Trudy, wrote a story about Howard Hampton's bus line , including that his buses provided transportation for the Scattergood Senior trips.

The mission of William Penn House in Washington, DC, where we stayed, is to provide radical hospitality, a very inexpensive place for Quakers and others to stay while they do their work there, most commonly related to the Federal government, and as a result, most often with the Friends Committee on National Legislation (FCNL) . William Penn House has made it possible for many Friends who probably could not have afforded to do so, the opportunity to witness in Washington, and is conveniently located just 5 blocks from the U.S. Capitol, which helps with transportation needs, too. There is meeting for worship every morning, and breakfast. A number of Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative) Friends, including my parents and I, have served on William Penn House's National Consultative Committee. Recently William Penn House has become very involved in numerous community garden projects in Washington among many other things.

Draft Resistance and VSM

SONY DSC SONY DSC SONY DSC 58



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

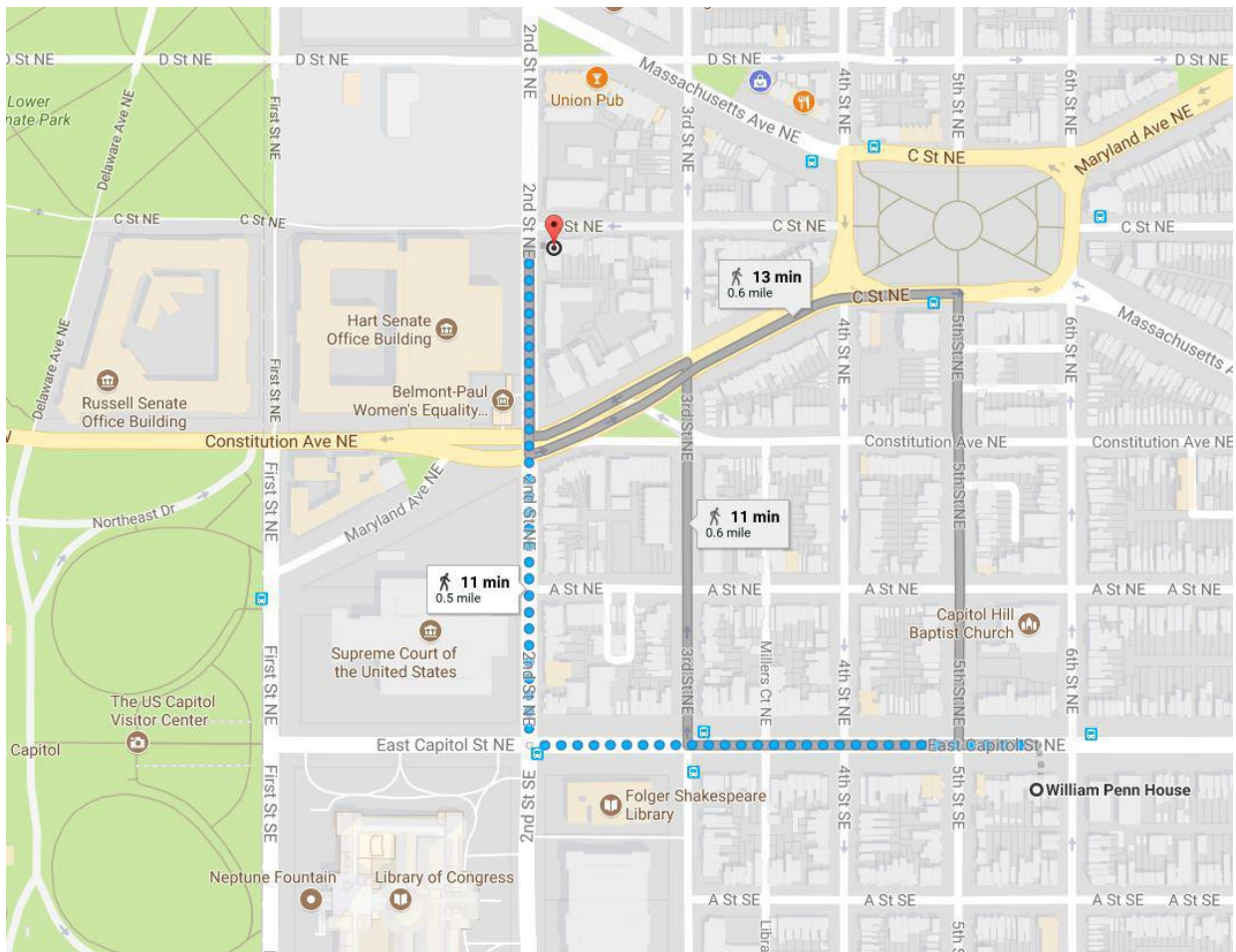
William Penn House, FCNL (Marker at 2nd and C St), US Capitol, Supreme Court

FCNL

Draft Resistance and VSM

The visits to the House and Senate in session, and meeting with our Congressional Representatives, made us aware that we had a real connection to, and responsibility for our personal involvement in our government. Many years later I was again in the offices of Congressional Representatives and Senators, lobbying with Friends and FCNL staff.

FCNL lobbying FCNL lobbying 59



Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Although FCNL didn't play a large role in our Senior trip, we did visit the FCNL offices, and made that connection. Again, many Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative) Friends have had numerous, intimate ties with FCNL from its inception. My parents served on many committees, and I was on the General Committee for 7 years.

In New York City we stayed at the YMCA. I do remember how stark the rooms were, but they served the purpose. I also remember how friendly I found the city, and quickly got over my initial fears, coming from a rural Iowa background.

YMCA to Greenwich Village YMCA to Union Station YMCA to UN Building 60



Draft Resistance and VSM

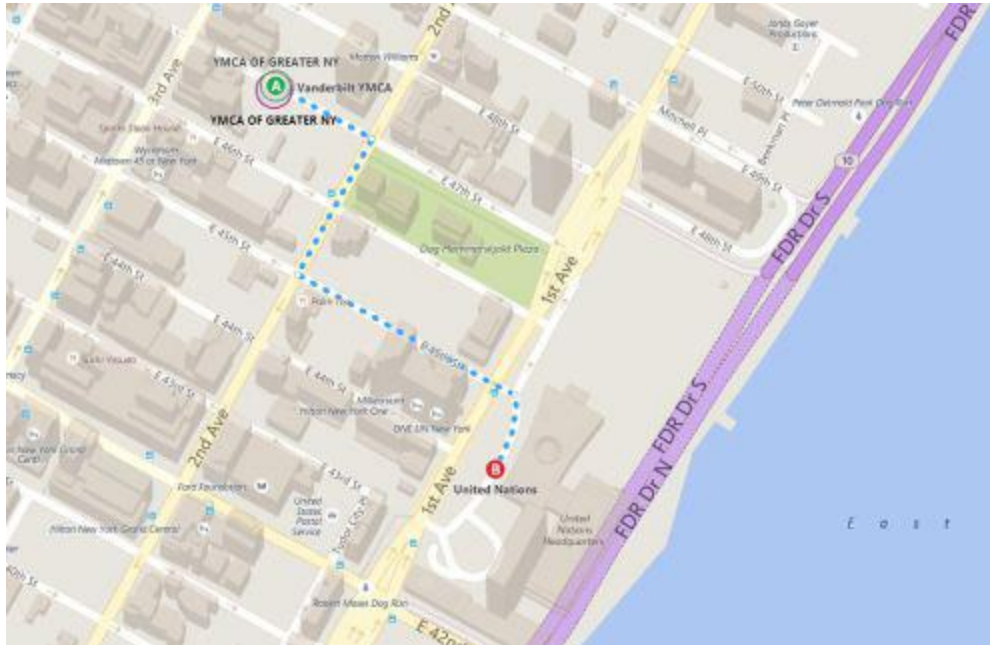


Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Again, actually seeing the United Nations building, and the Security Council in session, made these things we had studied about at Scattergood, real.

Draft Resistance and VSM

Recently Aaron Woolfson wrote the following on Facebook, that is a good account of how important our Scattergood education has been for us. "SCATTERGOOD is no doubt one of the most important parts of our lives – and shaped, in large part, who we are today – and what we have become. It is no accident that emotional empathy, and logical deduction and analysis, was as much of a part of the every day experience at Scattergood as were the academic challenges which required its' use. So Scattergood is a victim of its' success, having created thousands of highly emotionally evolved and empathetic people who can literally succeed at ANYTHING they want. And because of the success of Scattergood in our lives, we tend to be more self-sufficient and nimble. BECAUSE OF THIS, we tend to forget how much Scattergood contributed to who we are today." Aaron Woolfson, Scattergood alumnus 61



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Scattergood Journal — February 1970 Sunday, November 26, 2017 February 1, 1970

I finished reading Dag Hammarskjöld, a Spiritual Portrait by Sven Stolpe. The book increased my interest in and admiration of the man who I can identify with in part. Not in his apparently vast intellectual capacities and reserves or his creative writing talent, but in aspects of his life. In his youth, apparently, he found it difficult to talk with his peers—they couldn't understand him. He therefore only answered what was specifically asked of him, and only asked for information he knew others could give him. He spent much time reading and questioning himself. He followed a lonely path others didn't even recognize as Christian. And then, when called into public service, he knew the time had come and he gave himself to the task.

I feel similarly in my search for meaning in life. It's hard to communicate with anyone about it. And yet I have begun to find meaning in life, I believe, at times, and have followed a lonely path, tried to follow the path of Jesus. "When all my hopes in them and in all men were gone, so that I had nothing outwardly to help me, nor could I tell what to do, then, o then, I heard a voice which said: there is one, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition." George Fox

February 18 Wednesday

Five of us, with Kent van Zant, went to the silent vigil in Iowa City today. It was around 30 degrees and rather windy, but much worth the trouble and inconvenience.

Those of us in the social concerns group have been fasting today. The Laymen Concerned about Vietnam and Fellowship of Reconciliation are sponsoring vigils (Wednesdays) during the Easter season.

February 21, 1970

I got my letter of acceptance from Earlham College today. At first I was very happy—acceptance at a college is acknowledgement of certain achievements. One is also relieved, secure in the knowledge that, if one desires, he can attend classes and have room and board at a place and in an environment agreeable to him.

And now I have gradually been drawn back to my question as to the validity of this type of education.

Draft Resistance and VSM

I was talking to Dave Barrett this evening. He graduated last year, has turned in his draft card, and for the past year has just been traveling around. That's what I've been considering doing this summer.

I felt very close to my friends today as they congratulated me for being accepted. I will always be grateful to Scattergood for providing me the opportunity to develop such deep personal relationships with such fine kids.

February 28, 1970 62

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Last night attended a dinner and discussion "toward a community to resist the draft" at the meetinghouse/AFSC office in Iowa City. It was very nice to get together with people much like yourself who think much like you do.

Scattergood Friends School Class of 1970 My Senior class at Scattergood Friends School KODAK SAFETY FILM 63



Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Draft Resistance and VSM

Scattergood Journal–March 1970 Monday, November 27, 2017 Journal, March 18, 1970

Finished first of two dress rehearsals tonight for “The Dybbuk” by S. Anski. That may be one reason I haven’t written more lately. It’s been very hard work. I had many lines to learn and a difficult part, Reb Azrielka, who tries to exorcise the dybbuk (Ron Ellyson). (Note: I remember my lines covered 12 pages of single space typing). On top of all that, I’ve got a sore throat. Well, spring vacation begins this weekend.

I’ve learned of summer school at Pendle Hill. One of the courses deals with journals. I’d really like to go to that one.

I got a nice letter from Lois Doty, who I stayed with in Minneapolis last year during the Junior trip. I had sent her a copy of my paper on education, a subject she is very involved in. She says: “I enjoyed and agreed with many of the points you brought out in your paper on education. I have felt for a long time that the only valid reward for learning was the act of learning.

Too often adults feel that young people can’t handle things in depth so they don’t even attempt to expose anything in depth. Thus young people end up feeling that life is shallow and sometimes give up trying to explore or discover any depth or meaning in life.

Orin this year as an added Income Tax protest, besides refusing to fill out income tax forms, has listed 13 dependents for withholding. We still hope to sell our house and move to the country or maybe to Canada if things get too awful.”

March 30, 1970

I was reading my CCCO (Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors) Draft Counselor’s Manual this evening. In a court decision Warren vs. U.S. a distinction was made between (1) one’s freedom to think and (2) one’s freedom to act in connection with religious freedom under the First Amendment. The court ruled that while one’s right to believe was protected, one’s right to act could be restricted.

Draft Resistance and VSM

April 1, 1970

This evening we saw the movie "Rebel Without A Cause" (James Dean). I guess I was moved by this film because of the conflict of the youth and their parents. I have been thinking more about the draft and I wish so much that my parents could support me. They try to tell me you don't have to be idealistic, that the whole matter won't be important in 10 years, unless I have to go to jail. But what Jim was trying to say (in the movie) and what I have tried to say is the ideals are crucial now and how we act on these ideals now will largely determine the quality of our lives in ten years. "I think that the worst kind of fear or dread, is the fear that you yourself will fail to act according to your conscience. That fear is now gone. I am one of the freest men in the country. Can you understand that?" James Taylor Rowland, Draft Resister 64

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission


April 9

Heard Dr. Benjamin Spock speak today at the University of Iowa on "Dissent and Social Change". No new ideas. Also saw film by Committee for Responsibility about Vietnamese children war victims sent to the U.S. for treatment. Physically sick after seeing those pictures. (Note: I remember spending hours in the darkroom making about 100 prints of this photo we took in the cemetery across from the School, for the program for "The Dybbuk". Someone else cut the tile for the inked heading at the top of the program. I also remember how someone thought to hang a white sheet across several strands of clothesline, so the images from a film projector appeared on three separate surfaces, seeming to float in the air. The director was Nancy Duncan)

Photo on front of The Dybbuk program 65



THE DYBBUK

Reb Sender of Brinnits:	Paul Reynolds	<p>Acts I and II take place in Brinnits, the first in a synagogue and the second in a square which is near the synagogue and Reb Sender's house. Acts III and IV take place in Miroplye, both in the home of Reb Azrielke. Three months elapse between the first two acts, three days between the second and third, and a half a day between the third and fourth.</p> 	
Leye, his daughter:	Aline Autenrieth		
Frade, her aged nurse:	Rhea Mouledoux		
Gittel, Leye's friend:	Wendy Ruhig		
Menashe, Leye's bridegroom:	Steve Maxwell		
Nakhman, his father:	Dan Wilson		
Reb Mendel, Menashe's tutor:	Bruce Rohwer		
the messenger:	Lori Howe		
Reb Azrielke, a Hassidic master:	Jeff Kisling		
Mikhol, his boy assistant:	J'lee Mather		
Reb Shimshon, a rabbi:	Karla Taylor		
	Steve Lam		
judges:	Dan Wilson		
Meyer, caretaker at the Yeshiva:	Karla Taylor		
Khonnon:	Ron Ellyson		
Heinakh (students):	Dan Mott		
Asher	Bruce Rohwer	written by:	S. Anski
	Dan Wilson	directed by:	Nancy Duncan
Hassids:	Steve Lam	stage manager:	Bruce Rohwer
first batlon:	Steve Lam		
second batlon:	J'lee Mather	Costumes:	Aline, Nancy Duncan.
third batlon:	Bruce Rohwer	Sound:	Rhea, Paul, Steve L., Karla.
elderly man:	Dan Wilson	Refreshments:	Lori, Karla, J'lee, Wendy.
wedding guest:	Jeff Kisling	Makeup:	Wendy, Rhea, J'lee.
hunchback	Dan Mott	Lights:	Dan M, Paul, Aline, Bruce, Dan W.
man on crutches (beggars):	Steve Lam	Programs:	Jeff, Ron, Dan M, Steve L., Steve M.
poor man	Dan Wilson	Movie:	Steve Evans, Scott Hoskins, Paul.
	April Wilson	Set:	Steve M, Dan W.
beggar women:	Julia Hinshaw	Props:	Wendy, Lori.
	Carol Hampton	Dance arrangement:	Julia Hinshaw
skeleton:	J'lee Mather	Singing:	Denna Henry.

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Scattergood Journal — April 13-14, 1970 Saturday, December 02, 2017 April 13, 1970

I have looked forward to beginning a new volume of a journal. I have just finished an experiment with the first notebook, which was initiated at the beginning of this, my Senior year, at Scattergood School. I am fairly pleased with the results of the first volume, but feel I made some errors. The reason for beginning, and continuing, the experiment was to have a record of my growth spiritually, and to try to promote this growth by writing down my thoughts. But as it happened, I spent more time writing down the thoughts of others. I enjoy re-reading these passages, and could perhaps continue a collection of other's thoughts in another volume. Many have more profound thoughts than I, or at least express them more eloquently than I. But as I look over my first volume, I find my own writing more valuable to me, and believe the more I write, the more clear and meaningful my thoughts and writings might be. My hope is that this volume will be entirely my writing.

I have always been a serious student. I have always been interested in science. The first area I remember studying out of class, on my own, was atomic and nuclear physics, an interest I have yet today. (Note: you might imagine how disconcerted my parents were when publications from the Atomic Energy Commission routinely arrived in the mail.) I spent a good deal of time studying chemistry. I had biology my first two years at Scattergood. My freshman year I worked with protozoa, and my sophomore year with bacteria during my free time. It strikes me now that I have always been interested in the fundamentals-the building blocks. Last year, thanks to my math teacher, I develop an interest in computer programming. Last summer I worked with Don Laughlin at the University of Iowa Hospitals writing computer programs. Last year I studied differential calculus, and this year integral calculus on my own.

I am motivated and independent in my areas of interest. At present I am doing independent projects instead of going to class in two classes-German (reading Die Bibel) and physics (computer programming of mechanics problems, involving calculus). (Note: that involved writing a computer program to calculate the paths of three planets based upon the gravitational effects on each other, including a crude graphical plot of their orbits).

One of the reasons Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana, was my first choice was because it had a good independent study program. Also it is small and a Quaker community. I have been accepted there and plan to attend. Of major concern to me lately has been the Selective Service System, something I will undoubtedly write more about later. At the time I turned 18 years old I was struggling to decide whether to be a non registrant or to apply for conscientious objector status. At the time I chose to do the latter. But after continued thought, I returned my draft card January 2, 1970. My parents and I had not communicated well and they were upset. We agreed that if I were to write a letter asking the draft board to let me reconsider, they would let me make my own decision after I had been in college for a while.

April 14, 2017

High moments of my life are the feelings of contentment and oneness when discussion deeply serious and important matters with F/friends. We had such a discussion about the 66

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission draft this evening. The stand I take on this issue is the result of years, at least months, of painfully weighing alternatives and trying to determine where my beliefs lead me. It represents a tremendous growth and change in mind and spirit. My stand is often lonely and painful in one sense, when others are hurt by it. But in another sense I feel I am less lonely than most in the world. I have developed some strong convictions and beliefs, and a feeling, deep inside, that I am on the right track in life. But it is always wonderful to gather with those who feel as you do. One gathers strength from this bond of concern for and consensus with one another.

I have learned to value and draw upon this sense of concern, if not always consensus, in Quaker meetings. I greatly appreciate the silent Quaker meeting for worship.

Bear Creek meetinghouse Scattergood Peace Walk 1969 FCNL: Scattergood Peace Marches Hickory Grove meetinghouse at Scattergood 67

Draft Resistance and VSM



Peace Walk to Iowa City, Vietnam
Moratorium Day, October 15, 1969.
It was organized by Stephen Evans, who
is carrying the sign. (School Archives)



Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission68



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Scattergood Journal — April 19–30, 1970 Saturday, December 02, 2017 (Note: I think it was Bob Berquist's idea that those of us who were concerned about the Vietnam War visit with random people in West Branch to find out what they thought about the war. I remember being very apprehensive about this idea, but Bob seemed to think it was a good idea, so a small group of us did. I remember walking up to houses and awkwardly saying we were Scattergood students who wanted to know what they thought about the war. We were stunned to find people were universally unhappy with the war and wanted peace as soon as possible. I remember how much this impressed me, that we shouldn't have preconceived ideas about people and what they believe. I wish I had done a better job of remembering that, many times since then. Another example of the education we received at Scattergood.)

Journal April 19, 1970

The basic idea of reconciliation is oneness, recognizing how much alike we all are, rather than purposely seeking and promoting our differences. I believe one of our most important tasks is to spread this realization of oneness as far and as fast as possible. We are dependent upon one another. Popular concerns about pollution, necessitating acquaintance with ecology, makes us painfully aware that not only are we dependent upon one another, but we are dependent upon nature to a much greater degree than formerly recognized (note: by our non indigenous culture).

When we visited people in West Branch, talking about the war, we found that almost everyone is really concerned for peace, we are just divided as to how to attain this peace.

When I turned in my draft card it was not the individual against the establishment. The (draft board) clerk was not only friendly, but concerned. She tried to show me the legal way of opposing war. She gave me a chance to reconsider, but admitted that it had to be a personal decision.

Draft Resistance and VSM

There is a God, and He is one, and we, individually, strive to attain a oneness with Him and our fellow man. (Note: apologies for gender) (Note: As I've learned these past few years, the Circle is a fundamental symbol of Native American culture, of how we are all connected to each other and to Mother Earth.)

April 20, 1970

I must write this in the dark, as there seems to be no other time anymore. I have read that it is easy to develop this skill I, and useful in prison. Prison—the thought often haunts me though not really scares me. Recent Supreme Court decisions have made the delinquency regulations void, so my future is rather up in the air.

What is my future? This evening, just after lights out, I spoke to Steve—wondering if it 69



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission were possible for a felon to be a lawyer. He wasn't sure, having considered the question himself, with no research, though. I know he is considering going into law, and he said he had considered this question in relation to his draft status.

I have become interested in law recently because of Supreme Court decisions and my studies of human rights and international law.

April 28, 1970

Draft Resistance and VSM

After seeing a film about Dr. Martin Luther King I am once again impressed with the truth promoted by him, by Jesus, Gandhi, satyagraha, Quakers... who say if you are afraid to risk your life for the truth, you are already dead.

Isn't a prison term, relatively short at that, a small price to pay when compared to the burden of an uneasy conscience?

April 30, 1970

Can one be open minded about something that one values highly, or that has cost one a great deal? I made a decision about the draft. I value that decision and it will probably cost me a great deal, indeed it already has. I have been afraid to question this decision, this commitment, because the cost of a mistake in this matter would be very great. I made this decision because I thought I was certain enough about my beliefs that my conviction in them would pull me through. I have been afraid to re-examine these beliefs because it would be very difficult to take the consequences while I felt that the actions that led to these consequences were a mistake.

KONICA MINOLTA DIGITAL CAMERA KONICA MINOLTA DIGITAL CAMERA KONICA
MINOLTA DIGITAL CAMERA KONICA MINOLTA DIGITAL CAMERA Vietnam War
Memorial Vietnam War Memorial Vietnam War Memorial Vietnam War Memorial
70



Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission 71



Draft Resistance and VSM



Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission72



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Scattergood Journal–Kent State Massacre Sunday, December 03, 2017 Journal
May 5, 1970

Revolution?

It seemed as though the activist anti-war movement was almost dead. The Vietnam Moratorium Committee closed its offices due to lack of funds and interest, contending that activities would continue on a grass-roots level. As far as most of us were concerned it seemed American withdrawal was going well. The campuses were relatively quiet.

April 30, President Nixon addressed the nation . The subject–Cambodia. The North Vietnamese had been attacking South Vietnam from sanctuaries just across the border in Cambodia. In fact, North Vietnamese moved to hold a good share of the country. Prince Sihanouk was ousted (not by North Vietnamese). The President had decided that the sanctuaries must be destroyed if withdrawal were to continue safely (a few days earlier he had announced the withdrawal of 150,000 by next spring). South Vietnamese and American troops entered Cambodia. President Nixon contended that this was not widening the war, it was a necessary step to the completion of American withdrawal. Last night at a press conference he said all American troops of all kinds would be out of Cambodia by the end of June.

Since that address it seems as though the country has been in a state of upheaval–but this is judging from the reactions of students at the University of Iowa, though some 350- 400 colleges have been closed by strikes, fear of violence, or desire to participate in political action.

At first, the reaction of Congress was the main area of dissent.

Then Monday, May 4, 1970, four students were killed by national guardsmen at Kent State. Wednesday, after attending the usual silent vigil downtown Iowa City, Bruce and I ate lunch near the Old Capitol on the campus, listening to speakers at a rally (2,000). The four scheduled speakers protested the Cambodian situation but urged students not to act, or react, violently. Thursday 150 students were arrested for ignoring a court injunction against disturbances and some for breaking into the Old Capitol.

Yesterday the computer center was closed down due to a bomb scare, and last night the old armory was burned, though it is not certain that students did it. Today there were supposed to be mass demonstrations in Washington and around the country. I haven't heard about that, yet.

I wish those who would use violence would re-direct their efforts toward peace through nonviolence. They contend that they have tried nonviolence and it hasn't worked. If it hasn't, I believe it's because we haven't worked hard enough at it. I can't help but feel that those who use and advocate violence have mixed motives. No, I guess I don't feel that way. I think I can see that their frustration with our society could lead them to violence. But... I just don't know. Sometimes I wonder if resorting to violence isn't necessary, though I've never decided that it was. It's another case of the ends and the means. I think we have to move toward reconciliation, not polarization, and that requires that we recognize that we are all in the same boat, and I think we are. And yet one can't 73

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission go so far toward trying to attain reconciliation that one betrays his beliefs and principles, even temporarily. (Note: Another student rally at Jackson State College in Mississippi resulted in the death of two students and 12 wounded when police opened fire on a women's dormitory. The route through Cambodia used by North Vietnamese troops was called the Ho Chi Minh Trail. I remember the chaos and fear on the University of Iowa campus in those days after the Kent State killings. We had no idea what armed troops on campuses meant. It really disturbed me to see militarized police and vehicles on the streets of Ferguson, Missouri, after Michael Brown was killed. I don't know why I didn't think about Kent State at that time.) 74

Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission 75



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Scattergood Journal–May 17, 1970 Monday, December 04, 2017 Dear Senator Harold Hughes,

First I would like to say I strongly support you and Amendment 609 to cut off funds for the war in Indochina.

I know not the effect of writing this letter. It will provide you with no new information, I'm sure, and yet in the midst of cries that our government is not responsive to the will of the people, I feel people have a tremendous obligation to express their opinions to their representatives and to participate to the greatest possible extent in selecting those representatives. If the government is unresponsive, we the citizens are to blame.

I write about a deep concern of mine–conscription. Under the present draft law I, a Quaker and a pacifist, would be classified as a conscientious objector. Last November I registered and applied for conscientious objector status, with strong reservations as to the morality of such a system. I wasn't sure enough of my position to warrant breaking the law at that time.

I am sure we all agree that we try to make our laws in accordance with what is referred to as the “higher law”. And yet we often feel that taking a completely idealistic stand is not practical, at least within the context of the present world situation, so we compromise. Now I do not condemn compromise in itself, but I do reject an attempt to subvert my conception of the higher law to the laws of men. Therefore I believe I would refuse to be inducted into the armed forces, even as a conscientious objector. This is an act of civil disobedience. I do not mean to show disrespect for law in general, but in this case I believe we have made a grave mistake and I do not believe I would be helping this country by doing something I believe to be morally wrong.

I also feel obligated to propose an alternative. I believe the United States should develop a nonviolent approach to domestic and international policy, refuting not only infantry soldiers, but all armaments—missiles, bombs, etc. The power of nonviolence has been proven many times, the most well known being India, and the civil rights and antiwar movements in the United States. I know this sounds far-out in the light of Vietnam, Cambodia, and the Middle East, the arms race, etc., and yet due to these very same situations we are beginning to realize that military force is just not effective. I would urge you to read such books as *The Power of Nonviolence* by Richard Gregg. Really, I believe this is realistic. The only requirement is that we keep the faith, daily.

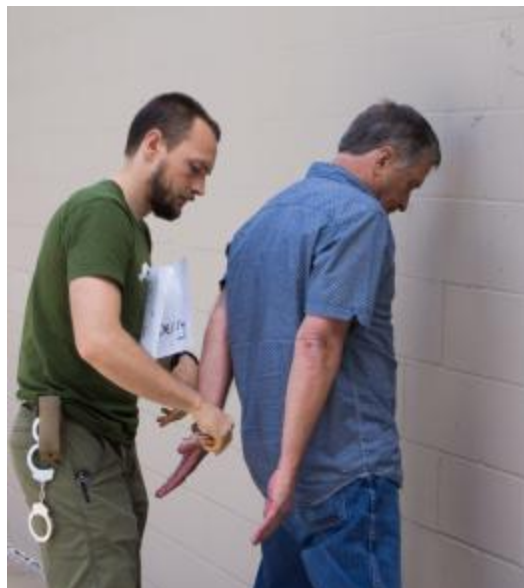
Sincerely,

Jeffrey A Kisling

U.S. Capitol Civil disobedience training FCNL FCNL FCNL Draft–It’s Your Choice U.S.
Supreme Court White House 76

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission 77

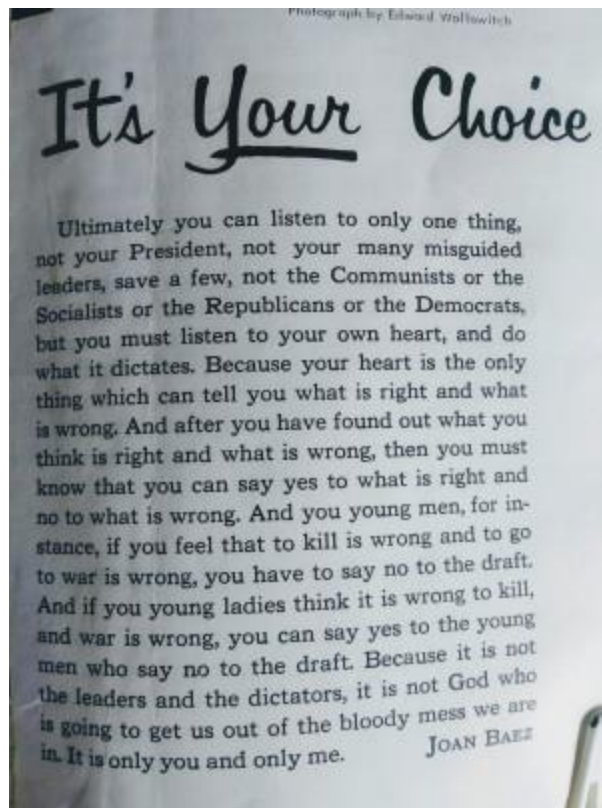
Draft Resistance and VSM



Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission78





Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Nonviolence today Tuesday, December 05, 2017 Reading the letter I wrote to Senator Harold Hughes when I was a Senior at Scattergood Friends School in 1970 was both a little embarrassing and quite a bit discouraging. I had forgotten he gave the nominating speech for Eugene McCarthy at the 1968 Democratic convention.

Then in 1973 he announced that, after a long period of soul-searching, he would retire from the Senate when his term was completed. He said that, for “profoundly personal religious reasons” he would seek “a new kind of challenge and spiritual opportunity,” and would “continue efforts in alcoholism and drug treatment fields, working for social causes and world peace.” He said: “Rightly or wrongly, I believe that I can move more people through a spiritual approach more effectively than I have been able to achieve through the political approach.”
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Harold_Hughes

I had forgotten suggesting to him that we turn away from the military and instead develop a nonviolent approach to domestic and international policy. It is sad to think of how different things would be today if we had done that. If we had embraced nonviolence, not only would we have avoided the many terrible consequences of militarism, but we would be much better off regarding race relations and our environment. I must admit my enthusiasm for this has been dampened by our country's relentless pursuit of militarism, materialism and racism.

Prior to the annual sessions of Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative) this summer (2017), I encouraged the members of the Peace and Social Concerns Committee to read the new book by Chris Moore-Backman, *The Gandhian Iceberg*, that calls for a national nonviolent movement. The following is from the report of that committee that was approved by the Yearly Meeting:

We grappled with what it means to be peacemakers in a violent society. U.S. politics have descended into deadlocked ideologies, neglecting real imperatives. Our country has expanded its military operations around the world and militarized its local police. State sanctioned violence has killed unarmed people. Denying basic needs for clean water and air, food, housing, education, safety and medical care is also violence. The witness and commitment of the Water Protectors at Standing Rock inspire us, as does the support for them from Indigenous Peoples all over the world. Nahko Bear, a Native American activist and spiritual leader, told the gathering of youth who had been attacked by dogs the message he was given repeatedly as he traveled around the world: "remember that nonviolent direct action is the way to a successful revolution." An Iowa Conservative Friend was arrested in nonviolent action protesting the Bakken pipeline in Iowa. Stories collected by Don Laughlin remind us of the witness of Iowa Quakers who were imprisoned for refusing to participate in the military. We seek ways to share these stories with the wider community. Members of our Committee were encouraged to study the new book calling for national nonviolent direct-action, *The Gandhian Iceberg*, by Chris Moore-Backman, who sent us the following message: I pray that Quakers and others will move to hold bold action far above the careful crafting of right answers. In the end Jesus' teaching is simple. Letting go of our attachments to our personal status quos is the catch. Intellectual rigor and discernment has its place, of 79

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission course, but only – I believe – in service to direct, loving action and sacrifice. We accept the admonition of the Rev. William Barber, who called for us to be the moral defibrillators of our time; to shock the nation with love and justice; to remember that Jesus was a brown skinned, Palestinian Jew; to return to the public square. We encourage Friends to provide witness with peace vigils in public squares and to speak out in print and social media and legislators' offices. In 2006 the Yearly Meeting approved the following Minute: Basic to Quaker belief is the faith that the same Light we recognize in our own hearts illuminates the souls of all other people. This belief leads us to seek nonviolent means of resolving conflicts at all levels— interpersonally, within communities, among nations—and to work for justice as a basis for lasting peace. We find ourselves bound in many ways as citizens of the United States to policies of our government which are abhorrent to us and in violation of our most deeply held beliefs. Our efforts to encourage our government to establish policies that will lead to peace and justice here and around the world have not been adequate to bring about the change which is so urgently needed. The destructive forces unleashed in our world threaten the future of all people and the planet itself. Throughout our history, Quakers have at various times found ourselves called to suffer for beliefs which have placed us in opposition to our government. Based on this history of courageous witness, we challenge Friends to now consider participating in nonviolent civil disobedience. This call is even more urgent today. We encourage Friends to discern how they are called to bear witness for peace and justice and to support each other in doing so.

The faith community has been working to build such a movement. The Rev. William Barber lead the Moral Mondays movement, using mass demonstrations and civil disobedience to bring about change in the North Carolina state government. That movement spread, and I was involved in Indiana Moral Mondays .

The Poor People's Campaign has grown from that movement. Following are the principles of this campaign: 1. We are rooted in a moral analysis based on our deepest religious and constitutional values that demand justice for all. Moral revival is necessary to save the heart and soul of our democracy. 2. We are committed to lifting up and deepening the leadership of those most affected by systemic racism, poverty, the war economy, and ecological devastation and to building unity across lines of division. 3. We believe in the dismantling of unjust criminalization systems that exploit poor communities and communities of color and the transformation of the "War Economy" into a "Peace Economy" that values all humanity. 4. We believe that equal protection under the law is non-negotiable. 5. We believe that people should not live in or die from poverty in the richest nation ever to exist. Blaming the poor and claiming that the United States does not have an abundance of resources to overcome poverty are false narratives used to perpetuate economic exploitation, exclusion, and deep inequality. 6. We recognize the centrality of systemic racism in maintaining economic oppression must be named, detailed and exposed empirically, morally and spiritually. Poverty and economic equality cannot be understood apart from a society built on white supremacy. 7. We aim to shift the distorted moral narrative often promoted by religious extremists in the nation from personal issues like prayer in school, abortion, sexuality, gun rights, property rights to systemic injustices like how our society 80

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission treats the poor, those on the margins, the least of these, women, children, workers, immigrants and the sick; equality and representation under the law; and the desire for peace, love and harmony within and among nations. 8. We will build up the power of people and state-based movements to serve as a vehicle for a powerful moral movement in the country and to transform the political, economic and moral structures of our society. 9. We recognize the need to organize at the state and local level—many of the most regressive policies are being passed at the state level, and these policies will have long and lasting effect, past even executive orders. The movement is not from above but below. 10. We will do our work in a non-partisan way—no elected officials or candidates get the stage or serve on the State Organizing Committee of the Campaign. This is not about left and right, Democrat or Republican but about right and wrong. 11. We uphold the need to do a season of sustained nonviolent civil disobedience as a way to break through the tweets and shift the moral narrative. We are demonstrating the power of people coming together across issues and geography and putting our bodies on the line to the issues that are affecting us all. 12. The Campaign and all its Participants and Endorsers embrace nonviolence. Violent tactics or actions will not be tolerated.

You can sign up, as I did, to be involved in this campaign at <https://poorpeoplescampaign.org/81>



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Scattergood Journal–May/June, 1970 Tuesday, December 05, 2017 Journal, May 26, 1970

I have been reading about civil disobedience lately. Many people set up all sorts of criteria to judge what is civil disobedience and what is not. One of the most important ideas, to me, though, was that there are times when civil disobedience is the only alternative when a man refuses to be corrupted. These may be the times when we are born again, when we lose life in order to find it. Becoming a Christian requires a radical change in one's everyday life and attitudes, and I have felt confronted with a choice of taking this way or rejecting it in regard to the draft question. I believe civil disobedience to be necessary, to be positive, and in this case perhaps even to instigate a rebirth.

There are times, often perhaps, when I am not sure. I don't have all of the logical rational arguments figured out. And yet this is where real faith comes in, I believe. You can pray noon and night and hope someday to receive an answer. Maybe that's faith.

I believe faith to be the sustaining factor that, when confronted with a difficult decision, supports you when you choose to follow the path that your heart says is right but your mind has not yet figured out, or perhaps is not capable of figuring out. The consequences are most uncertain, but you can endure them if you keep the faith.

June 16, 1970

I saw a television program this evening. A Jewish social worker had a cousin, head of a prosperous business and apparently a devote Jew. It eventually came out that the businessman owned some housing in the ghetto the social worker lived in.

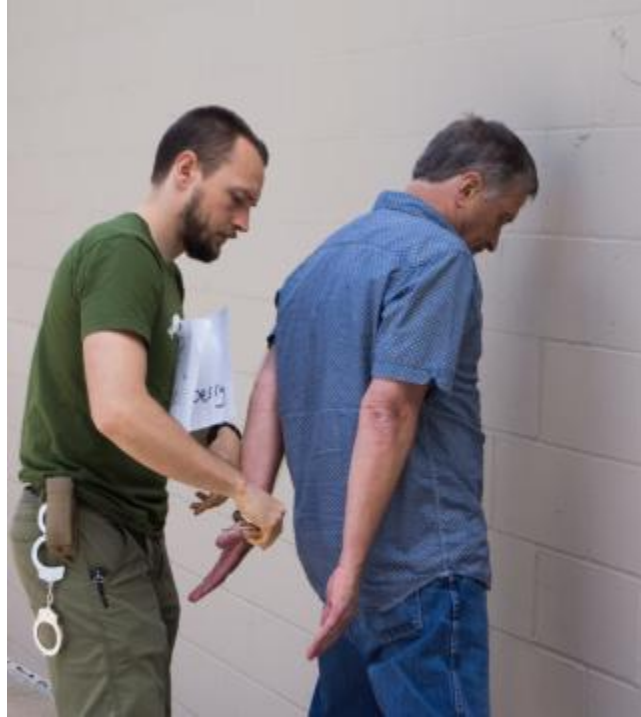
The boy cried. "You told me all about the history and life of the Jews, and you don't do any of those things."

Civil disobedience training Peter Clay photo 82



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission 83

Draft Resistance and VSM





Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

John Griffith–War Resistance Wednesday, December 06, 2017 I've been writing a lot about draft resistance lately. In the materials Don Laughlin collected related to Quakers and draft resistance, I found the following story written by John Griffith, member of Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative), War Resistance in World War II, describing his experience. John has kindly given me permission to share this with you.

War Resistance in World War II

Wanda Knigh, Mary Mendenhall, John Griffith 84

Draft Resistance and VSM

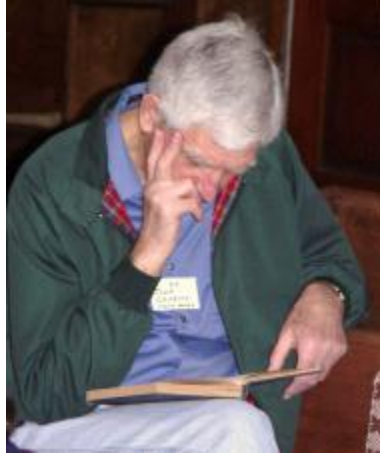


Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission 85



Draft Resistance and VSM





Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

War Resistance in World War II

John H. Griffith Preface

The following account of war resistance is in response to a request by Larry Gara, Professor of History at Wilmington College, Wilmington Ohio. Larry has asked other World War II war resisters (conscientious objectors who served prison sentences rather than comply with conscription) to submit brief accounts of their war resistance experiences. He plans to present them as a collection for publication.

For several months in 1944, Larry and I were together, confined to segregation cells at the Federal prison in Ashland, Kentucky. We had both refused to cooperate with prison regulations which we felt to be detrimental to human dignity. After prison we both attended William Penn College in Oskaloosa, Iowa. We have maintained our friendship over the intervening years.

It should be said in this preface that this account is not intended to be an argument for the validity of non-violence. For an introduction to that subject it is suggested that the reader study India's struggle for independence under the leadership of Gandhi and the struggle for civil rights under the leadership of Martin Luther King, Jr.

This story is simply the account of some of the experiences of one war resister during World War II.

John Griffith

Spring 1996

Introduction

An Amendment to the Selective Training and Service Act of 1940, approved December 20, 1941, required the registration of all male citizens of the USA between the ages of 18 and 65. Nineteen years old at the time, with a registration date of June 30, 1942, I wrote a registered letter on June 29, 1942 to General H. B. Springs, Head of Selective Service in 86



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

South Carolina. In this letter I wrote, "I take this Opportunity to inform you of my position. I am conscientiously opposed to war, for any cause whatever, and shall refuse to comply with this act, or any act in the future which I feel to be a contradiction of Christian teachings, democratic liberty and individual freedom "

In re-reading this letter 54 years later, I am surprised to note that I did not plainly say that I intended to refuse to register. There is no question, however, that General Springs was aware of this by the following day when my father wrote, "My son knows about the law concerning registration. He feels that here is the place to take his stand against war, and I must take my stand with him where he thinks best. I tried to show him that he would not be compromising to register, but he thinks otherwise."

The following story is about how I arrived at this decision and the consequences of this action

The Awakening of Anti-War Consciousness

Since the age of seven I have been aware of a spiritual dimension to life. A few years later the awareness that one can have guidance from this spiritual side of life became a reality to me. A few more years and I came to appreciate that each of us is also the product of cultural conditioning and that spiritual guidance is usually affected by one's cultural conditioning. So I would like to say a few things about my cultural conditioning.

My mother died when I was twelve years old. That event had a profound effect upon me. I saw how precious life is and how horrible the suffering when a loved one suddenly dies. I developed a comfort in being alone and practiced rudimentary levels of contemplation. I am sure this confession would amaze my high school classmates. To them I was a regular guy—outgoing, active in sports. I was usually class president in public school. But this other contemplative side, this being aware of how precious life is, was very much a part of who I was. And it was a contributing factor in my abhorrence of war.

I was also influenced by my father's ministry in the Methodist Church. Even though my father could have been deferred as a minister, he volunteered for service in World War I. The war ended within just a few months of his enlistment and he did not see service overseas. But the war was a significant experience for him and he was quite aware of the maiming and killing that went on in "the war to end all war." After the war, my father returned to ministry in the Methodist Church.

My father was studious. History was his favorite field of study. Within a few years after the war, his study of history led to disillusionment with war. He came to view the demonizing of the German people during World War I as a lie. He became convinced that the war was about lust for power and economic advantage for a few political and industrial leaders. He believed that innocent young men on both sides were deceived into killing each other on behalf of those few. And he came to see that war is incompatible with the teachings of Jesus.

My earliest memory of the anti-military focus of my father's ministry is a reference he made about the national anthem when it was adopted by the US Congress in 1931. He complained that the "Star Spangled Banner" glorified war and that a much better national anthem would be "America the Beautiful". Why this would impress a nine-year-old, I do not know. But it is part of my cultural conditioning. 87

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

I assume my father was consistent in preaching against war although I confess I was only dimly aware of this until sometime after 1939 when Germany invaded Poland. That message then became part of world reality. It was no longer just an "feel good" message to deliver to a contented congregation on a pleasant Sunday morning.

I remember, at the time of the invasion of Poland, that in discussions with my friends I was firmly opposed to going overseas to kill young men who would be there only because their government had conscripted them. As I recall, I said I would reluctantly agree to Coast Guard service which I perceived to be purely defensive. I think my father's conviction that young men had been misled in World War I was embedded in my consciousness.

As the war expanded and became more threatening during the next couple years, I became concerned about what I should do if and when our government decided to conscript American youth for war. I read a great deal. Reading the Methodist youth magazine "Motive," the writings of A. J. Muste of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, accounts of the non-violent struggle for independence in India under the leadership of Gandhi, the teachings of Jesus and, in addition, the practice of meditative prayer were all important aspects of this search for a right course of action.

My position gradually shifted from a willingness to serve in the Coast Guard (killing for defense) to service in the medical corps (no killing). I then became troubled that serving in the medical corps was an integral part of the war process and my serving there would only release someone else to do the killing. I next considered applying for conscientious objector status which would involve doing work of national importance within the conscription system. I soon came to believe this action presented the same dilemma, for me, as serving in the medical corps.

Perhaps it was early in 1942 that I experienced a drastic shift in my thinking. Up until then I had been thinking of how best to accommodate the legal requirements of the Selective Service System. But now it seemed to me that the whole world was going insane. And rather than seeking accommodation, I felt a need to say as emphatically as I could that war is insane and that conscription is the first step in that insanity. I decided to refuse to register.

At the time I was supposed to register I was a counselor at a YMCA camp near Columbia, SC. A few days after I mailed my letter to General Springs, YMCA officials came to camp to visit me. The FBI had informed them of my pending arrest. The YMCA officials urged me to register for the draft and apply for conscientious objector classification. When they became convinced that I was firm in my intention not to register, they suggested that I go home to be arrested. They wanted to avoid embarrassment for the YMCA.

Jail Before Bail

My first experience of verbal abuse as a non-registrant occurred July 9, 1942—the day I was arrested by the FBI and taken to the US District Attorney's office. Claude Sapp, the District Attorney, came barging into the office, his face flushed with anger. My diary entry of this incident is, "I managed to keep cool and refused to answer any of his questions until he would talk like a gentleman, but Dad got hot and told him off" All of my diary entries are very concise. My memory of the details runs more like this Mr. Sapp entered the office and said, "Listen here, boy, just who in the hell do you think you are. I want you 88

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission to know that I am the United States District Attorney and I am not going to put up with this shit. I am telling you right now to get your ass down to the draft board and register like you are supposed to." I responded, "Mr. Sapp, if you want me to talk with you about my position, the first thing you have to do is to stop cussing and talk like a gentleman" Mr. Sapp answered, "You listen here, you unpatriotic slacker..." Then my father interrupted and said, "Now wait a minute, Mr Sapp, I want you to listen to me " (this account is based on a newspaper item covering the event) "I served in World War I because I believed in the American cause. After the war I became disillusioned and ever since then I have opposed war. I love my country, but you don't have to go to war to show your patriotism. I have another son in the Navy. I think he is sincerely trying to do the right thing and I will stand by him. But John is also trying to do the right thing. I can assure you he is not unpatriotic, and I will stand by him as he tries to be true to his religion and to his conscience." A short time later Mr. Sapp exclaimed that he was finished trying to reason with this "idiot." My father was unable to meet bail requirements of \$7,500 so Mr. Sapp ordered the FBI agents to take me to jail. When the steel doors clanged shut behind me, I felt peaceful and happy.

The jail was the Richland County jail. In my diary I noted: "For the noon day meal I had a cinnamon roll and a cup of buttermilk for supper I had seven slices of bread and a cup of stale syrup. I couldn't stomach the syrup. Last night wasn't very peaceful. Bedbugs feasted on Griffith flesh for the first time and seemed to enjoy it immensely." Not included in the diary entry was note of the presence of foot-long rats which seemed to have little fear of humans. In desperation I made a torch out of a newspaper in an effort to kill the bedbugs in the cracks of the solid steel bed—no mattress—I was to sleep on. I slept very little.

The next afternoon I was transferred to Sumter County Jail. I learned from the US Marshals that the Richland County Jail was condemned by federal officials and that a federal prisoner could be held there for no longer than 24 hours before being transferred to an approved jail I had another 24 hour stay in the Richland County Jail after my trial in November 1942.

The Sumter County jail was a big improvement over Richland County—no bedbugs, no rats and the food was OK. There were six other federal prisoners. We all shared one big cage type room. My diary notes "175 bars to insure my safekeeping." I quickly made friends with the other prisoners.

On July 16, 1942 I noted in my diary, "Spent most of the day reading and answering letters... I have gained a lot in the way of new friends in comparison to enemies. The friends I have now are ones you can count on no matter what comes... I hope that I will have the chance to make the others understand. Today I nearly cried when I read my letters. I didn't have one criticizing me. They were all from fine, free thinking people who can never know how happy they have made me... I have felt happiness many times before, but it is seldom that it touches so deeply in my soul as it did today. I actually felt like turning 'Holy Roller' and shouting in praise to God—in bonds yet freer than the free"

On July 17, I had my second experience of verbal abuse. My diary reports, "A prominent Sumter doctor came up to see me today and for the first time I was called a son of a bitch through bars... I must be more Christian now for I felt no anger but only sympathy for the old gentleman. Not mentioned in the diary is my memory that the good doctor also accused me of being a coward. 89

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Several of my cellmates came to my defense and told the doctor, with equally profane eloquence, that he didn't know what he was talking about if he thought that I was a coward. The other noteworthy thing about my experience in Sumter was that we had a spell of unseasonably hot weather. The cell was on the second floor of the jail next to a flat roof. My diary states that the radio was reporting temperatures of 103 degrees in Sumter. My jail buddies and I were estimating temperatures of at least 115 to 120 degrees in our cell. It may well have been higher. I literally lay in a puddle of my own sweat when trying to sleep at night. This lasted several days. A couple of my cellmates were elderly (probably 60 years old) and were having a rough time with the heat. I, on the other hand, was in excellent physical condition. During the early hours of the night I would fan these older gentlemen until they dropped off to sleep. They appreciated it and I felt good knowing that one could be of service to humanity even in jail.

July 23—two weeks after being jailed—my dad came to take me home. Two courageous families in his church had put up their homes with a combined value of \$ 16,000 as security for my bond. To convey some sense of relative money values between 1942 and 1996, those two homes in Columbia today would, I am sure, have a combined market value of well over \$200,000! My bond had been set at \$7,500 cash or \$15,000 property. That was a lot of money in 1942. Both of these families stated for the press that they were not supporting my position but were rather assisting their pastor.

Between Bail and Sentencing

Several incidents are noteworthy during the time that I was out on bond and before my trial—July 23 to November 2, 1942.

First, I discovered when I got home that my father now wanted me to register. He was under intense pressure to get me to register and was having trouble sleeping at night. He told me that I had made my witness. He even said that my stand had been the best thing for South Carolina he had witnessed. There had been extensive press and radio coverage. But he now thought I should register. But I felt that to register would be a betrayal of what conscience was telling me I needed to do.

We agreed that I would go to the Methodist Conference Center in the mountains at Lake Junaluska, NC to have time to reflect and re-evaluate my position. We both knew that the noted Methodist missionary to India, Dr. E Stanley Jones was at Junaluska. Dad thought it would be good if I discussed the situation with Dr. Jones.

I took this very seriously and was considerably troubled that my father was suffering. I had a conference with Dr. Jones. We talked for perhaps a couple hours and his final advice was—according to my diary—“that I should view my actions not for success, or failure, but to do only as a Higher Intelligence directs me.” I am sure my father had hoped Dr. Jones would encourage me to register. Dr. Jones had not done this, but I still was not sure what I was supposed to do in terms of his “Higher Intelligence” advice.

A couple of days later I had a very moving experience. I did not record it in my diary. In reading my diary as information for this paper, I notice an entry on August 1, 1942, (seven days after the experience), “Told Dad that I would not register. Hope I can make him see that I am doing the right thing. It is a fact for me now. So many things happened to me at Junaluska concerning this that I am afraid to write them down in my diary, much less tell Dad about them.” 90

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

I did write my father about this experience in a letter dated August 6, 1943 from federal prison at Petersburg, VA. This letter was in response to his question about a hymn which he had noticed I had handwritten in the front of my New Testament, “Jesus, I my cross have taken. All to leave and follow thee. Destitute, despised, forsaken, Thou from hence my all shall be.”

In the letter of August 6, I wrote, "The evening before I left Junaluska I was by myself in the open air auditorium in prayer. Perhaps meditation is a better word for I really wasn't saying anything in my mind. After a while of such meditation I happened to glance at the hymnal in my hand and at the same time felt a strong urge to open it. It opened to page 92 " (This was the hymn mentioned above. I think I referred to the page number as I didn't want the prison censor to know what I was talking about). "The words shocked me a bit, but I closed the hymnal with the word 'accident' in my mind. But, Dad, the experience was repeated several times! I realize the danger involved in inferring revelation. I only know that something let loose inside me and that for the first time in months I knew what Peace was. I wrote 'hymn 92' in my New Testament (at that time)."

I did not tell my father how different and profound the instruction was to open the hymnal. Nor did I share with him that I also knew then that I would not register under any imaginable circumstance. I felt then that I was at the place of personal commitment Gandhi asked of his followers, "When using non-violent resistance, state the minimum objective of your resistance and be prepared to die for it."

The experience at Junaluska would have to be considered a Christ-centered experience. In honesty, I should record here that since that time my religious thought has shifted from being Christ-centered Methodist to Quaker Universalist. The subtleties of the differences between these two are far beyond the scope of this paper. While I now think the Junaluska experience would have been different for a Quaker Universalist, I acknowledge that the Junaluska experience, whatever the explanation, completely resolved any doubts that I had about what I was supposed to do.

The second experience of note during the time between my arrest and being sentenced has to do with my relationship with my closest high school friends. According to my diary, on August 16, 1942 my younger brother, Bill, and I decided to visit our friends in Easley, SC (115 miles from Columbia). We had moved to Easley when I was in the seventh grade. I had remained there to finish high school with my friends even though my family moved to Lancaster, SC midway through my senior year. During this time I lived with one of my best friends, Dupree Sitton.

When I arrived at the house where six of my friends, including Dupree, were sitting on the porch I went over to sit down by Dupree. Without a word, he got up and left, obviously angry and indignant. No one said a word about why Dupree had acted this way. According to my diary, only one of my six friends seemed to be relaxed in my presence. The other four, after Dupree left, were civil, but I had the feeling that they were noticeably reserved. Perhaps they were startled by Dupree's behavior. Perhaps each of them wondered if any of the others felt like Dupree. I noted in my diary that even though they tried to act as if they were glad to see me, "it was that certain artificial gladness that I am becoming used to." I had planned to stay in Easley overnight to visit with my friends but after a short time with them I decided to spend the night with relatives in Greenville. I was very disappointed.

The third experience relates to my relationship with Emily Hinnant—a young girl in our 91

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission church. We both considered that we were very much in love. As soon as I was arrested Emily's parents angrily told her never to date me again. We did manage to see each other at church youth functions but dates were almost out of the question. On one occasion when Emily was returning from an evening church program, Emily's mother thought she had secretly dated me. She slapped Emily hard. Emily smiled, and her mother slapped her again. Emily smiled again and was slapped a third time. Her mother then stormed out of the room threatening to disown her. Interestingly, Emily never professed pacifism during our relationship.

Emily moved out of her family home, and for a short time stayed with an older, married sister who was friendly toward me. Shortly after that, Emily signed up for a nurse's training program at the medical school in Charleston. A short time after I had been sentenced and was in Sumter County jail (waiting transfer to a federal prison), Emily wrote that she was questioning her love for me and said she thought she should date other boys. I wrote encouraging her in this. We continued to correspond for a short time. But within a few months Emily married a military person stationed in Charleston. She died of cancer while I was still in prison.

The fourth experience is related to my trial. At first both my father and I agreed that there was no point in having an attorney. I knew that I was guilty of violating the law and planned to plead guilty. However, while out on bond, we visited Sky Valley, a retreat center near Hendersonville, NC which was owned and managed by a retired-lawyer (also a pacifist) from Columbia, James Perry. Mr. Perry thought that it was advisable to have a lawyer represent me in court. I cannot remember why Mr. Perry did not volunteer to do that himself. Perhaps he had let his license expire.

When we returned to Columbia I contacted several lawyers Mr. Perry had mentioned. Only one of them—Mr. Hubert—showed any inclination to accept me as a client. It became clear after several sessions with Mr. Hubert that he also was very reluctant to be associated with the case. I remember he asked me to read the account of the trial and death of Socrates in Plato's "Apology." I think Mr. Hubert thought the lesson to learn from Socrates was that Socrates was willing to die in acknowledging the authority of the state. What I saw in the story was that Socrates was willing to die rather than to stop his search for Truth. In any event, Mr. Hubert's reluctance to represent me reflected the intense nationalist feeling in Columbia at that time.

When I was arrested, a Quaker by the name of Wilmer Young read of my arrest in the newspaper and came to see if he could be of any assistance and to give moral support to my family. He and his wife were operating an American Friends Service Committee project near Abbeville, SC (85 miles from Columbia) designed to help sharecropper families become land owners. After this initial visit, we continued to be in touch with Wilmer Young and advised him of our experience in trying, unsuccessfully, to get legal assistance. A few days later we had a phone call from an elderly Quaker lawyer from Philadelphia, Walter Longstreth. Walter Longstreth said Wilmer Young had informed him of the situation and he would consider it a privilege to come to Columbia and represent me in court. He assured us there would be no charge for his services.

When Walter Longstreth arrived at our home a day or two before my trial, I shared with him the statement I wished to make in court. He liked the statement. He felt fairly certain, however, that with the strong feeling in Columbia regarding my case that the judge would not allow me to make the statement. He advised that we make 500 copies of the statement. Then, in the event the judge disallowed the statement in court, my father, my 92

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission stepmother and a courageous young Methodist minister, Claude Evans, would hand out the statements in the courtroom to the general public as well as the news media. Mr Longstreth thought there was some risk of being held in contempt of court, but it was agreed an attempt would be made to distribute the printed statements.

As it turned out, when Walter Longstreth asked the judge if I might plead guilty and then make a statement to the Court, the judge agreed to this. I made the statement without incident. In my statement I said I could not reconcile war with the teachings of Jesus. I said Gandhi's struggle in India was showing humankind an alternative to war. I said that by refusing to register I considered I was making one more protest against man's inhumanity to man and for that I would cheerfully accept any penalty handed down by the court.

Another part of Walter Longstreth's service as my legal representative was to give a brief biographical account of my life. He told the court of my popularity in school, my leadership in Methodist youth programs, my volunteer work in a Methodist "settlement house" serving the poorest people in Columbia, and my volunteer service as a counselor at YMCA camp. He finally pleaded with the judge to sentence me to a year and a day in prison which, we understood, was the minimum sentence the judge would consider.

Although Walter Longstreth represented me as well as I could have been represented, Federal Judge G. B. Timmerman sentenced me to 30 months in prison and a fine of \$200. In explaining why he could not impose the minimum sentence, Judge Timmerman said, "It seems to me that by his example he is, in reality, urging others to do just as he has done, because we can teach quite as forcefully by example as by word of mouth." Given the framework of the law, the level of nationalistic feeling in SC and the directness with which conscription was being challenged, Judge Timmerman would have been well within the scope of his responsibility if he had given the maximum penalty prescribed by law—five years in prison and a \$10,000 fine. I never learned if or how the \$200 fine was paid.

My Father's Punishment

At the time I refused to register my father was pastor of Main Street Methodist Church in Columbia, SC. Main Street was the largest Methodist church in South Carolina at that time. In the two years he had ministered to this church, it had experienced unusual growth, and Dad was enjoying considerable popularity with the main body of church members and attenders. The church was usually well filled on Sunday morning. There were, however, a few men—a couple on the church board of stewards—who considered themselves to be powers behind the scene and who were not happy with the social gospel my father was preaching. I am sure they thought it lacked patriotic fervor.

As soon as I was arrested, these few men mounted a campaign to have my father removed from Main Street Church. Lies about my father were fed into the rumor mill and a delegation went to see the bishop. The bishop had his district superintendent (the church official within church hierarchy between the bishop and my father) visit my father. The bishop's message, via the district superintendent, was, "If you care about your ministry, you had better make that boy register." My father did not mention this incident to me. I learned about it much later. But I realize now that it was part of the pressure he was under when he asked me to register after getting out of the Sumter County Jail.

I was sentenced on November 2, 1942. Within several weeks my father was notified, by 93

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission the bishop, that he was being transferred to a much smaller church about as far away from Columbia as is possible and still remain within the geographical boundaries of the conference.

As it turned out this was a major turning point in my father's ministry in South Carolina Methodism. Other ministers came to admire my father for his courage in standing behind a nonconformist son and for not compromising his own ministry during a time of intense nationalism. He became the acknowledged leader of reform-minded ministers in South Carolina Methodism. In the years following the war, the church in South Carolina underwent significant changes toward being more democratic under the persistent lobbying of my father and the reform-minded ministers who followed his leadership.

Being A Model Prisoner

When I began serving my sentence at the federal prison near Petersburg, VA, I was committed to follow another of Gandhi's instructions to his non-violent followers, "When in prison as a non-violent resister, be a model prisoner."

When I arrived at Petersburg there was one other non-registrant there—David Morgan, son of a Baptist minister in NC. There were probably a dozen Jehovah's Witness inmates who, when denied ministerial exemption, had refused induction. The rest of the prison population (several hundred) was largely made up of uneducated men who were caught making or transporting whiskey. A minority were in for such things as driving stolen cars across state lines, transporting prostitutes across state lines, sending pornography through the mail, etc., A few had been arrested while in the military. Over the next year and a half, the number of C.O.s (conscientious objectors) gradually increased to perhaps a dozen and the Jehovah's Witnesses increased by a couple hundred or so.

I quickly settled into a routine of work, study, exercise, meditation, and trying to be as helpful as possible to my fellow inmates. Some of them were illiterate. I wrote many letters for these men and read their incoming family mail to them. One especially tender memory I have is concerned with an illiterate inmate the same age as my father. This man's son, my age, was operating a "moonshine" still on the father's property. When federal law officers discovered the still, the father claimed ownership to keep his son out of prison. I believe that the father's sentence was eighteen months. After several months of being this man's letter writer and letter reader, I was especially saddened when he received a letter from his wife informing him that their son had been arrested for rape. The poor man was devastated. My memory is that the son was sentenced to 15 years in the state penitentiary.

Although there were opportunities at Petersburg for recreational sports, I felt that with the war on, sports were frivolous. I did occasionally play checkers with some of the men after the library had closed for the day. But my main endeavor during "free time" was serious reading. I eagerly tackled books on religion, philosophy, history, economics and sociology. I also took several university level correspondence courses.

I think that, on the whole, I developed a good rapport with most of the other inmates as well as with most of the guards. However, there were a few inmates, probably no more than six, and perhaps three or four guards who seemed to feel it their patriotic duty to harass "draft dodgers."

The closest I came to physical attack by an inmate was by a man named Clive. Clive was 94

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission perhaps 25 to 30 years old and about my size. He was also the leader of the few inmates who disliked draft violators. He constantly made derogatory comments about "draft dodgers." I, just as habitually, tried to respond with humor and good will. As I recall this incident, Clive was seated at the table across from me during the evening meal. He started in on his draft dodger thing with me and I reminded him that he also was avoiding the army by being in prison. I think Clive thought I was calling him a "draft dodger" and he became very angry. He jumped to his feet, grabbed a table knife and threatened "I'll kill you, you bastard, if you call me a draft dodger."

I replied, "You know, Clive, you have been cussing and threatening me for a long time now. I have tried to be friendly with you but it seems to do no good. Now if you would like to go out behind the mess hall (normally out-of-view of the guards) and get this out of our systems, it's OK with me." Clive looked perplexed. He finally stammered something to the effect, "I ain't going to the hole for fighting you. You ain't worth it." What Clive didn't know was that I fully intended to respond non-violently to his aggression. As it worked out, Clive didn't harass me after that. Sometime later he even asked me to write a couple of letters for him. As I mentioned there were also several guards who, like Clive, had an intense dislike for "draft dodgers." A couple of experiences with these guards will serve as examples. I was working on the prison dairy operation. The guard, Mr. Shepherd, in charge of the dairy operation was one of the few guards with a college education. He had a habit of making derogatory comments about draft dodging to other men working at the dairy.

These comments were not made directly to me but were made in my presence so that I could hear them.

One day a cow bolted from her milking stall and started galloping toward the door. I happened to be near the door. Mr. Shepherd yelled at me, "Shut that door, you son of a bitch." I got the door shut and caught the cow by her halter. I then told Mr. Shepherd that I would like to talk with him. I said something like, "Mr. Shepherd, I have never spoken to you with disrespect. I cannot believe that you would like for someone to speak to you as you just did to me. I would like to ask, in the future, that you speak to me with the same respect that you expect when I speak with you. That's really the only way I can work for you." Mr. Shepherd was apologetic. He may have thought that the warden would not be pleased with an account of the incident if he wrote me up for insubordination. Or he may have simply been ashamed of his behavior.

Interestingly, Mr. Shepherd did stop his harassing. I remember that we later had serious discussions together. One in particular was about an article I had read in the Christian Century magazine (to which I subscribed) written by Dr. Hornel Hart of Duke University Divinity School titled "Perfect Christ, Imperfect Jesus." Mr. Shepherd even asked to borrow the magazine.

When I first went to prison I fully intended, someday, to follow my father in the Methodist ministry. But my prison experience began to change this. The experience of discussing Hart's ideas with Mr Shepherd reflects these early changes that were going on in my thinking. On May 27, 1943 I wrote to my father, "I have read quite a few books (since being in prison)—both by religious writers and by historians. I have read several histories about other great religious movements that did not grow out of the writings of the Hebrews. I must confess that my mind has been unsettled more concerning religious belief than at any time in my life. 95

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

I had been reared in a racist culture in South Carolina. From a young age I think I knew in my heart that "white supremacy ideology" was wrong. It never occurred to me, however, that there was anything one young white person could do about it. In prison this problem weighed on my mind as the prison was segregated and I had developed close friendships with several African-Americans.

On February 7, 1944 I wrote my dad, "The matter of going to church is becoming quite a problem to me, I fear. We go in, the whites on the right, the Negroes on the left. I have a good Negro friend. We meet each other on the way to church and begin a friendly chat. We come to the chapel and pass through the door. I look at Joe. Joe looks at me. Then we part--or else--in a Christian church! I am not certain what action I should take-- whether (1) to grin and bear it; (2) to simply stop going to church or (3) should a Christian first protest and then act accordingly?"

A later letter indicated that I made the decision to discontinue attending segregated church services.

On March 22, 1944 in a letter to my father, I was reflecting on my study of "Types of Religious Philosophy" by Dr. E. A. Burt. I said, "I have necessarily--and this is the only place where you may be a bit hurt--left the highway of orthodox Christianity in its doctrines and creeds about Jesus.... involving belief in the virgin birth, supernatural states, resurrection from the dead, the Trinity, etc." I then complained that traditional Christianity had become sidetracked by emphasizing belief-about-Jesus-and-was neglecting what-Jesus-taught-about how we should live our lives.

During this time of my incarceration, I confronted other guards on several occasions as I had Mr. Shepherd. I gradually became convinced that several of the guards had made a decision to try to make me more subservient in the guard/inmate relationship and that our relationship had now reached an impasse.

An encounter with one of these guards, whose name I no longer remember, occurred in early April of 1944. At this time I was working on the farm detail. On this particular day the inmates were spreading fertilizer by hand. There were perhaps fifteen inmates in this operation. Each inmate had a five-gallon bucket with fertilizer in it. We would broadcast the fertilizer by hand as we moved across the field in a straight line. The inmates normally carried on an animated conversation with each other as they performed this task. As near as I could tell the only limit to free speech would be critical remarks about the prison administration. Certainly, profanity and lewd jokes were standard fare.

Charlie Walker, a fellow conscientious objector, and I were in the middle of this line and were talking to each other. The guard, who would fit the general description of an uneducated, redneck southerner, suddenly called the line to halt. He came over and told me to get my ass to the far end of the line. I asked, "Why are you asking me to move?" As I remember his answer was that he was tired of hearing about "poets and authors and all that god damn draft-dodging crap." I told him that I was sorry, but I didn't feel our conversation warranted that kind of behavior on his part and that I would not move to the end of the line. He ordered the line to proceed with the broadcasting. But when we reached the edge of the field where the prison truck was parked he took me to the main office and charged me with insubordination. I was sentenced to either ten or fourteen days (I can't remember which for sure) in the hole on bread and water.

Non-Cooperation 96

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

With this experience, I re-evaluated my seventeen-month experiment of following Gandhi's advice to be a model prisoner. I decided that I could no longer function under supervision of guards who were intent on trying to humiliate me.

I will try to describe the "hole" as I remember it. The hole is prison vernacular for a solitary confinement cell in which confinement is considered the ultimate form of prison punishment, at least legally. At Petersburg there were perhaps five or six hole cells joining one another. Each cell was about six feet by ten feet. These cells were located in the basement level of one of the buildings. There were no windows to these cells. Each cell had a steel bar door plus a solid steel door with a small window so that guards could check on the occupant of the cell periodically. There was also a small opening through which food could be passed to the inmate. As I remember it, there was no stool, only a small round hole in the floor, perhaps six inches in diameter. I do not remember how body wastes were flushed down this hole. There was a cold-water faucet. There was one small light bulb in the ceiling, perhaps ten feet from floor level. Otherwise, the room was completely bare.

For eight hours at night the occupant of a hole cell was given a filthy, urine stinking mattress along with a dirty army blanket. Clothing consisted of a coverall. I believe that socks were allowed but not shoes. During the time that I was in the hole, the daily food allotment was two slices of white bread. No reading material was permitted. Sitting on the cold concrete floor soon became quite uncomfortable. Prison lore had it that sitting on the concrete floor caused "piles" (hemorrhoid problems). My diagnosis was that the bread and water diet caused constipation. I started eating the bread during this stay in the hole but before my time was up I had decided that it was better not to eat the bread but to drink a lot of water.

It was not unusual for inmates to suffer minor nervous breakdowns in the hole. While I was at Petersburg one inmate committed suicide in the hole. The prison grapevine reported that this inmate had used his coverall to hang himself, using a bar in the door to anchor one leg of the coverall and the other leg around his neck.

I used my time in the hole to exercise, recite Bible verses, sing songs and meditate. I remember one time in the middle of the night the guard shone his flashlight into my cell. I was sitting cross legged on the mattress meditating. He played the light on me for perhaps a minute. I tried to ignore the light and continue with my meditation. Perhaps half an hour later the guard came back with his flashlight and found me in the same position. He opened the steel door and said with obvious anxiety, "Hey, John, are you OK?" I think his concern was genuine. I told him that I was meditating and assured him I was OK.

I think I was blessed with a temperament which handled the hole experience with a minimum of mental anxiety. The physical aspect was a bit more stressful.

It just happened, about this time, my brother Bob returned home for a short visit while his ship was in port for repairs or some similar circumstance. The family decided to visit me while Bob was home. I think my apprehension was shared by other family members that we might never be together again. Bob was an officer on a troop transport ship and commanded a group of beach landing boats whenever they were trying to establish a beachhead.

Bob had also visited me shortly after the allied invasion of North Africa in November 1942. He told me then that if he had to go through many more operations like that he 97

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission thought his chance of survival was quite low. I worried a great deal about his welfare.

Even though Bob and I chose different paths during the war, we always respected each other's convictions and never let our differences block our love for each other. A typical example of this is a quote from a letter I wrote my dad on January 31, 1944, "Had a note from Bob last night. The last paragraph of his letter reads, 'I was thinking that if you wanted to take a correspondence course or two from some university it might be very practical. It would give me worlds of pleasure to foot the bill.' Sure is swell to have a brother like that, isn't it?"

At any rate, the family showed up for this visit just a few days after I had been released from the hole. I felt I was in great spirits, but my father's diary reads, "Saw John after rude treatment by officials and it was shocking. Looked like a ghost. The warden threw him in 'the hole' on bread and water just after a spell of flu and he has lost a lot of weight. Lips thin and bloodless. Did not want me to protest because it would only make it harder for him. I must find a way to do it. They have other ways to kill besides shooting it seems. I felt as if I was attending a funeral. "

In reading my father's diaries after his death, I found that he had several communications with Walter Longstreth about my treatment. Walter apparently made contacts with some official in Washington. My father's diary of April 27, 1944 reads, "Letter from Longstreth. Seems Washington has put a bit of pressure in John's case by asking report of warden. Expect warden to make a fair case for himself. "

My father never mentioned his contact with Longstreth to me but there was an interesting development shortly after this. At the time I suspected that there might be a connection between this development and my father's visit. The prison grapevine had it that an official from the Bureau of Prisons had visited Petersburg to check out the hole conditions. As a result of this visit, a change was made in the food allotment for inmates in the hole. My memory is that each inmate, in the hole, was now to receive a minimum of 1500 calories a day, including bread and vegetables with meat at least once daily.

After reading my father's diary I strongly suspect that there was indeed a connection between my hole experience, Dad's visit and Walter Longstreth's getting Washington to investigate the matter. 1500 calories was a big improvement over two slices of white bread!

Following my first hole experience I had several discussions, at his request, with the warden, Mr. Nicholson. My memory is that Nicholson had a degree in penology. I had studied some articles and perhaps a book or two on penology. So our discussions were, at least to some degree, about problems connected with operating a prison. I had the feeling that Mr. Nicholson had taken a personal interest in me and was sincerely trying to figure out some way to keep me out of the hole while at the same time not being openly critical of his guard staff when I objected to their behavior. He frankly discussed with me the problem of staffing the prison with the manpower shortage, caused by the war, and admitted that there were guards who were seriously lacking in both education and professional training.

After being released from the hole, I returned to the farm detail for a short period of time. I am unable to reconstruct, from the letters I have, the actual time sequence but I believe that sometime shortly after the hole experience in April, I was again sentenced to either a five day or a seven day period in the hole for refusing to work. Although I now have no 98

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission clear memory of the specific incident of work refusal, I believe this was related to the introduction of a war-related industry into the prison.

My letters do reveal a concern I had because the prison was being drawn into mobilization for the war effort with some men working in the war industry and the other men working the farm and dairy to feed them. The new industry was to make rope ladder nets. These nets would be used by soldiers to climb down the sides of troop transport ships to the smaller beach landing boats used to establish beachheads during an invasion attempt. In a letter to my dad I said that I could not cooperate with a totalitarian society-prison- geared to war.

I remember that Mr. Nicholson came to visit me during this second hole experience. I doubt that he had ever visited an inmate in the hole before. When the door was opened and I saw Mr. Nicholson standing there, I remember saying, "Oh, it's good to see you Mr. Nicholson. Did you bring your buggy whip along?" Mr. Nicholson was friendly, but his primary objective was to try to figure some solution to the impasse between me and his "draft dodger" prejudiced guards.

While these events were happening in my prison life, I was also struggling with what to do about my relationship to the Methodist Church. The church at its General Conference had rescinded its long standing statement against war and its equally strong support of conscientious objection. A number of Methodist C.O.s—including some of my good friends—left the church, and I was troubled. On May 22, 1944 I wrote my friend and fellow pacifist, Dot Kirkley, with whom I corresponded, "But if you believe as I do now that there is still a strong anti-war movement stirring in the Methodist consciousness, then it seems to me that it is wise to hold out until you are pretty sure there are no possibilities left (to work within the church)."

On May 15, 1944, I had written my dad, "I read 'Who Are The Friends' by William Hubbel. I find that I come closer to being a Friend (Quaker) in spirit than I am to being a Methodist. However, like you, for the time being, I intend to work within the Methodist Church."

I believe that following my second hole experience, I was confined to segregation for 30 days. I suspect that I continued to refuse to work because of the war industry. I am unable to reconstruct this from my letters and am making some logical guesses. When I returned to population from segregation, I was still determined not to cooperate.

This time I was surprised by a strategic move on the part of Mr Nicholson. It was obvious that all of the guards had instructions to ignore me. For at least several days I refused to stand by my bed for "body counts." I refused to line up for body count at meal time. I refused to report to my farm detail for work. In fact, I refused to observe any prison rule. The amazing thing was that I had a free run of the prison compound and all the guards totally ignored my non-cooperation.

Within a few days the prison grapevine had it that the prison administration was giving me special treatment. There was the growing suspicion, planted, I think, by an inmate "stooge," that I was being groomed to be a "stooge," if indeed the agreements had not already been made. (A "stooge" is an inmate who provides the prison administration with inside information about prison population in return for special favors). Stooges are not popular with the rest of the prison population. 99

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

To counter this misconception, I printed a number of signs on regular typewriting paper. The signs read "BUCK WHOLE SYSTEM." The printed signs looked, at first glance, as though they said, "Buck the Hole System," but I inserted the small "w" in front of HOLE to reflect my unhappiness with the "whole system." I put these signs up on the bulletin board of the building where we slept, on the mess hall bulletin board and other strategic places throughout the prison compound. When a guard would tear a sign down I would post another at the next opportunity. My fellow inmates, of course, were completely aware of what was going on and were quickly convinced that I was no stooge.

While this minor battle was going on between Mr. Nicholson and me, Mr. Nicholson called me to his office. He had an unusual offer. He told me he had been wanting a rock wall around his home, which was just a few hundred yards outside the prison compound. He said if I would report to his house each morning, I could work around his house without having any guard supervision. He would arrange to have rocks and mortar available in case I might like to build a rock wall. It was during this visit that Mr Nicholson told me, "You know, John, I would like to have a prison full of inmates like you. But just one of you is causing me pure hell. '

I believe Mr. Nicholson was sincere in believing his offer was a way out of the impasse we had reached and that it was in my best interest. But anyone who has been an inmate and knows the resentment with which "stooges" are held, would recognize that the plan was pregnant with problems. Anyway, I didn't want special treatment.

I believe it was during this period of time I was approached by two of my C.O. friends– Bob Swink and Billy Hildreth. They had decided to go on work strike. They invited me to join them in preparing a work strike statement. I had already decided I could no longer work in prison under prevailing conditions, so I agreed to join them in the strike. We prepared a statement detailing the various reasons for the work strike. As I recall, we mentioned the war industry, racial segregation, the inhumanity of the hole, the unprofessional behavior of certain guards and probably several other issues which have gone out of my memory.

On June 14, 1944 we mailed a copy of the statement to James Bennett, Director of the Bureau of Prisons. We also provided the Petersburg administration with a copy. We were to begin our work strike June 15. The prison censors returned the copy we tried to mail to Bennett. When the three of us began work strike on June 15, Mr. Nicholson concluded his efforts to find a way to keep me in population.

Billy and I were placed in adjoining isolation cells in the administration building. Bob was placed in an isolation cell in another building, the same building in which the hole was located. We were given adequate food. I was allowed a Bible for reading material. I memorized the 5th, 6th and 7th chapters of Matthew, the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians and various other parts of the Bible. Billy and I could communicate with each other by shouting through a thick wall which separated our cells. I thought it especially interesting that we seemed to develop a level of telepathic communication—one of us would shout something that the other had on his mind—not an uncommon occurrence. But we had no way of communicating with Bob.

Apparently I wrote my father about this time that I had decided to become a Socialist. He had written a letter back questioning whether I was making this decision with insufficient study. I wrote him on August 1, 1944, "About socialism—sorry I gave you the impression that I had read only one book on the subject. What I intended to say was 'The Case For 100

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Socialism' has contributed most to my becoming a socialist. As a matter of fact, I have put in quite a few hours in the study of economic systems since my incarceration... I certainly intend to continue an unbiased study of economics. If I find a system which meets contemporary demands more effectively than socialism, believe me, I will waste no time in changing." (Years later I concluded that what is in people's hearts—their awareness of the fundamental kinship of all humankind—is much more important for world peace than is any particular economic system).

I noted in a letter to my father dated August 7, that I saw Bob Swink through my cell window. I was surprised that Bob was now in population with the other inmates. I knew that Bob was having a rough time in isolation. His wife was expecting a baby about this time which, I am sure, was a worry. Mr. Nicholson visited me and explained that Bob had sort of gone berserk. He had stuffed a roll of toilet paper in the stool in his cell, had opened the flush valve and flooded a whole floor of the building before any one figured how to turn the water off. Following this episode, Bob had been convinced to discontinue the strike.

When Mr Nicholson was visiting with me about Bob I told him that the building flooding incident would not have happened if they had not separated Bob from Billy and me. He agreed and said he figured if Billy and I were separated that Billy would also discontinue the strike. I think Mr. Nicholson thought that I had persuaded Bob and Billy to go on strike with me which was not the case at all.

Ashland

Early in August I was transferred from Petersburg to Ashland, Kentucky. I later learned Billy had agreed to end work strike. I was told that an agreement had been reached in which both Bob and Billy would be transferred to another institution. My memory is that the other institution was for juvenile offenders. Bob and Billy were to be counselors or "big brothers" to the young offenders. I do not remember ever confirming these details with either Bob or Billy after I got out of prison. The facts may be a bit muddled.

I suspect that my transfer to Ashland was due to a couple of calculated guesses on the part of Mr. Nicholson. I think he really cared about me and was concerned about having me locked up in an isolation cell. Perhaps he thought a change in environment to a prison with no war-industry would provide me an opportunity to go off work strike without "losing face." But I also remembered his statement that if Billy and I were separated that Billy would probably discontinue his work strike. I didn't like that kind of psychological manipulation.

I was disappointed to learn when I recently read my father's diaries that Director Bennett had also suggested to my father that Ashland was a prison for mentally disturbed inmates.

While it is possible that the chief medical officer at Ashland may have been a psychiatrist, I have no memory of any psychiatric type discussion with him. And it was simply not true I feel that Bennett's that Ashland was a prison for "mentally disturbed inmates." insinuation that I was being sent to Ashland for psychiatric reasons was most unkind. My father was worried enough about my physical well-being without worrying that I might be becoming mentally unbalanced.

When I was transferred to Ashland, we arrived in the late evening. I was placed in a 101

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission segregation cell. Early the next morning a guard opened the gate to the tier of cells where I was and called out, "Attention." This was the signal for each inmate to stand at attention beside his bunk while the guard completed a body count. When the guard reached my cell I was seated on my bunk The guard said, "Griffith, don't you know you are supposed to be at attention for body count?" I replied, "Yes, I am aware of the rules and I don't mean any disrespect to you, but I have been refusing to cooperate with the penal system for several months now and have no intention of cooperating now." Normally this response would result in the inmate being sentenced to the hole. But the guard made no issue of my non-cooperation and proceeded with his body count. I soon discovered that the Ashland administration had decided not to try to force me to conform.

Although I was confined to a segregated cell I was taken to the mess hall for meals and was able to visit other C.O.'s during meal time. Not long after my arrival at Ashland, I suddenly was joined by four or five other C.O.'s who had gone on work strike to protest treatment of Bayard Rustin—a well-known African-American peace activist in the Ashland prison. Bayard had been sentenced to the hole for some alleged infraction of prison rules. When these men were placed in the same cell tier, my recollection is that our meals were brought to us and that I no longer went to the mess hall for meals. Before long, we were allowed, as a group, to go to an outside segregated area for perhaps 30 minutes of exercise each day. On the whole I found the environment at Ashland to be a considerable improvement over Petersburg.

Some months before, while still at Petersburg, I had refused to apply for parole. The parole papers stated, among other things, that the parolee would not break any laws while on parole. As a non-registrant I fully expected when I left prison to walk out the front door without a draft card, thus breaking the existing draft law. I had no intention of signing a paper which would bind me to obeying that law. So I had been through the process of explaining all this to Petersburg prison officials.

But now my “conditional release” date was coming up on November 2, 1944—two years after being sentenced. When asked about requesting “conditional release,” I explained to the Ashland officials my objections to the terms of the release. I figured the matter was settled and that I would remain at Ashland until my thirty month sentence was up on May 2, 1945.

However, the morning of November 2 a burly guard came for me. He took me to a small room with table and chair; there were papers on the table. I do not remember the exact conversation, but it was obvious that this guard had orders to try to bully me into signing the conditional release papers. He swore at me, made threatening remarks and told me to “sign those god damn papers.” I told him, as politely as I could, that I had no intention of signing the papers. I said that if the prison officials wanted to get rid of me all they had to do was open the front door and let me out. But I would not agree to any conditions for my release.

The guard took me to the clothing room where I was given a cheap suit of clothes. My personal belongings were given to me in a cloth bag. The guard then took me to the train station and handed me a ticket to Gaffney, SC, where my family now lived. He told me that he hoped to never see me again. I told him the feeling was mutual.

A few days after I arrived home a parole officer showed up at the house with a draft card and a sheet of instructions on the conditions of my release. I told him I had just served two years in prison for not registering and would not accept the draft card. I also told him I 102

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission had refused to sign any conditional release papers at Ashland and would not be bound by any conditions that might be on the sheet of instructions he wanted to give me. The parole officer then said I would be arrested for breaking conditional release. I answered that if he would just give me a few minutes to pack my toothbrush, razor and a few personal belongings I was ready to go. My poor dad and mom were silently observing this exchange with considerable anxiety. But then the parole officer left, and I never heard from another parole official.

Irony After Prison

There is one final ironic twist to my story. I think I first voted when Adlai Stevenson was running for president in 1952. After that I voted regularly in all elections. I was also quite active, politically, in efforts to elect several peace type candidates.

I think it must have been in the summer of 1978 that I was called for jury duty in Kansas City, Missouri, where I now live. This is a rather large court system and there must have been a couple hundred prospective jurors in the large courtroom used for initial screening of jurors. The judge asked those in the room to raise their hand if the answer to any question he asked was affirmative. One of the questions he asked was, "Have you ever been convicted of a felony?" I raised my hand and was called to the bench. I explained my felony conviction and the judge said, "Mr Griffth, I don't understand why you are here. Our jury selection is taken from voter registration records and if you are a felon you cannot legally vote and therefore should not be on the voter registration record." I told the judge I had been voting for many years and had never had any trouble in being able to vote. He told me he didn't know what he would have to do about my situation and for me to take my seat again.

I was actually called to serve on a jury the next day. (A friend of mine who was a judge said later he couldn't understand a judge allowing me to serve on a jury when I hadn't been pardoned for a felony). But the judge warned me, "Mr Griffth, I have informed you that you cannot legally vote and if, in the future, I discover you have continued to vote I will have to press charges against you."

Jimmy Carter was president. I knew he had friendly connections with Koininia Farm people in Georgia and was likely sympathetic to individual pacifists even if he did not hold the pacifist position himself I wanted to continue to participate in the political process, so I decided to apply to President Carter for a presidential pardon. I applied for the pardon July 8, 1978.

Months passed and the only word I heard about my application were random reports from professional associates from previous years in Iowa. These people had been visited by the FBI for character reference checks on me.. Typically my former business associates would ask, "What's up, John? Are you applying for a job with the FBI?" Or, "Are you applying for a job with the government which requires a security clearance?" The FBI also contacted some of my neighbors, as well as officials of the company where I worked. And then another dry spell followed with no word on my pardon application.

Ronald Reagan defeated Carter in the election of November 1980. And still no word on my application. With the turn in events at the political level, I decided that I might as well put the application out of my mind. Then late in December 1981, I received in the mail a presidential pardon from President Reagan—the crowned prince of the military-industrial complex—the old Gipper himself. Such is life! And I have been voting ever since. 103

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Epilogue

When first asked to submit my story about war resistance during World War II, I was reluctant to do it. Censorship, particularly at Petersburg, was very strict. It was impossible to write letters about what was going on in prison. As one example, after the work strike statement addressed to the Director of the Bureau of Prisons was returned by the Petersburg censor, I tried to hide a copy in my Bible. I thought perhaps the censor would not check my Bible closely when I left prison. No such luck. When I was transferred to Ashland, the Petersburg prison censor went through my belongings and removed the statement. So, because of the lack of good data, I thought I might not be able to reconstruct events in proper sequence with historical accuracy.

Fortunately, both my father and my friend, Dot Kirkley, saved the letters I had written from prison. After re-reading these letters, as well as my father's diary entries, and my own diary for the period July 7, 1942 to November 17, 1942, I have felt some confidence in telling the story with at least an impressionistic resemblance to history. (My diary was taken from me when I entered Petersburg.)

The other cause of apprehension is that I felt that it would be almost impossible to tell the story, in such a short paper, and maintain a good balance between accounts of the good times and the bad times. I think this apprehension has been validated. I am sure the story seems more dramatic, even confrontational, than it actually was. There were months of normal relationships, mostly good, some quite tender, which are not adequately reflected in this account. Also, I am well aware that what little I may have suffered in prison is totally insignificant compared with the 15 million military fatalities, the 25 million civilian fatalities and the unknown additional millions who survived but were permanently scarred by the horrible conflict of World War II. It was a terribly tragic time when most people, regardless of nationality, did what they thought they had to do.

If the reader keeps this in mind, the paper may have value in conveying something of what one war resister experienced during World War II. I hope this is the case.

Perhaps a closing word is warranted about how, in retrospect, I see my act of non-cooperation during World War II. I now believe that it was just one response to the promptings of human consciousness which we all share. I have deliberately not used the phrase my consciousness. With the passing of years, the distinction between my consciousness and human consciousness has become more and more elusive. We are all connected. I believe that human consciousness intuitively knows that it is wrong for human beings to kill each other. At this stage in the human story, the cultural conditioning of most humans is such that the apparent necessity to sometimes kill overrides the intuitive feeling that it is wrong. Due to a complex combination of circumstances, my own cultural conditioning was slightly different and human consciousness, as expressed through my perception, had to protest the rush to worldwide slaughter. My faith is that human consciousness is becoming more and more aware of the kinship of all humankind and that someday this awareness will, for most people, be stronger than the feeling that circumstances may require killing. We, together, will then develop an alternative to war.

After The War

After prison I attended, and graduated from, William Penn College in Oskaloosa, Iowa. Cecil Hinshaw, a radical young Quaker educator, was president. Cecil promoted an interracial faculty and student body, democratic community government, simplicity and 104

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission the Quaker peace testimony. I was happy there. It was good to have a respite from protesting. While at Penn, Reva Standing, a birthright Friend, (and now my beloved companion for forty nine years) and I exchanged marriage vows. Our most noteworthy achievement has been to raise four sons, each in his own way becoming a productive and caring member of the human family. Professionally I was involved in the cooperative movement—which I consider the most peace-oriented of the various economic systems—until my retirement in 1985. As of the spring of 1996, Reva and I continue to be active in our Quaker community. And we continue to work for peace and justice in the world community.

A Statement of Conscience – Resisting War and Conscription

By John Griffith 2010

I made the following statement in Federal Court in Columbia, SC on November 2, 1942. I observed my twentieth birthday the following month. Historically, there were a few South Carolinians who, in other wars, and currently in World War II, had been imprisoned for refusal to serve in the military. However, they were imprisoned only after they had registered and been denied exemption to military service. I believe that I was the first South Carolinian who publicly challenged conscription by refusal to register.

Leading up to my court appearance I drafted several rather long statements attempting to explain my action. But my Quaker attorney, Walter Longstreth, advised that the statement should be concise. He felt that the judge might not allow me to make any statement in court and would probably stop me from making a lengthy statement even if he permitted me to speak. The following statement represents my attempt to be as concise as possible. In retrospect, I am convinced it was a wise move. The judge permitted me to make the whole statement. After I had pleaded guilty and made my statement, Walter Longstreth asked the judge to pass the minimum sentence of a year and a day. In explaining why he was sentencing me to 30 months in federal prison the judge observed that my statement might be motivated by a desire to influence others to do the same and "if his advice were followed the world would be in a terrible condition."

I do not see the statement as important because I made it. I think its importance, if any, is in that it reflects a growing uneasiness in human consciousness with the idea that state- sanctioned killing of fellow human beings is acceptable human behavior. I cannot convey how repulsive that concept was to my conscience. But I am sure that many people contributed to that repulsiveness being implanted in my conscience – Jesus, Gandhi, my father and a number of writers who had previously questioned war as a method of solving problems. So, I do not lay claim to the position as being original in any way. It was just part of the human response to war as nurtured in my consciousness. In World War II that was a radical response. Fewer than 90 men in the United State were imprisoned for refusing to register for conscription. In contrast, by the time of the Vietnam war, refusal to register, public burning of draft cards and moving to Canada were common responses of the human consciousness to war.

If I were to make a statement today explaining refusal to be conscripted for the purpose of killing other human beings, it would no doubt be somewhat different from the statement made in 1942. For one thing, my religious thought has moved from being as "Christ centered" as it was in 1942 to a deeper appreciation of the Universality of spiritual 105

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission religions. But the core of the statement still stands: war is a sacrilege against the “kingdom of heaven, the “Buddha Mind.” the TAO. Human beings are meant to be better. Jesus and many saints of other religious traditions condemned violence on a personal level. Gandhi showed how non-violence could be organized on a national level to resist evil. Our human task is to further develop what Gandhi, Martin Luther King, Jr. and other non-violent “visionaries” have already demonstrated – the power of non-violence. The core of the statement continues to reflect my deepest conviction, so I do not hesitate, in 2010, to stand by the 1942 statement.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA : U.S.D.C. for E.D. of S.C. – vs. – : Sitting at Columbia

John H. Griffith : Refusal to register under the Selective Training & Service Act

STATEMENT OF JOHN H. GRIFFITH TO THE COURT

I do not care to argue the righteousness of my position, neither do I desire to defend it with rationalities. There are certain convictions so real that they go deeper than rationalities. I must live by these convictions if I am to live by the dictates of my highest spiritual being, not losing my faith in God. The act of following any other dictates would not only be a denial of the Democracy I love, but to me an outright denial that the God I love is Supreme.

The following points are only brief basic statements of my convictions. 1. I cannot reconcile the way of war with the way of Christ, nor am I free to support any law which does not give the individual freedom in deciding what God would have him do, especially when faced with the problem of killing his fellowmen. 1. There is another method which is Christian, efficient, and less costly by which we may settle international, political, social and economic problems. It is the way taught by Jesus, and I feel that sooner or later the people of the world must adopt this method if a durable peace is to be realized. A modern example of the practical application of this method is found in India's fight for freedom under the leadership of Mohandas K. Gandhi. 1. I feel that, at present at least, my greatest contribution toward the ultimate adoption of the non-violent method, and the abolishment of international violence, is to refuse to comply with the system of violence at its beginning, namely registration for compulsory service. 1. Though at present conscientious objectors to war constitute a small minority, I feel that in not complying with the wishes of the majority I am one more protest against man's inhumanity to man. For that I will accept cheerfully, and without hate, any penalty imposed by this court.

November 2, 1942 John H. Griffith 106

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Journal – Earlham College beginnings Thursday, December 07, 2017 Journal
10/30/1970

I'm doing a very bad job of keeping up this journal. Maybe its because my spiritual life has stagnated and there's nothing to write about. Unfortunately I'm afraid its more true than my sarcastic remarks might reveal.

I've been at Earlham for a month and a half now. Why did I come to college? I still don't know. Probably the main reason, unfortunately, is that it is expected of me. I've always enjoyed learning. And college is supposed to present challenges to facilitate learning and personal growth. There certainly have been severe challenges, mainly academic. But are these the right challenges, or, more importantly, are challenges of this sort desirable? On the one hand, I've been so busy it seems that I've had little time to do reading I want to do. On the other hand, I'd probably have less time if not in college. Still, at this time I feel I'm stuffing so much in and pumping so much out, that I feel I don't have time to assimilate any of it.

Is it desirable to search for challenges? It seems funny that student activism can be so strong at times of crisis, and die out when the pressure is off, but the fundamental problems are still very much in existence. It would seem to be best if we could strive for solutions to problems even when the consequences of the problem are not significant to us personally.

I am sure I matured to a depth otherwise not possible when I was confronted by the draft.

Now I feel a concern about race relations, and yet feel I can't get a deep understanding of the problem without being personally confronted by it. It is too easy to avoid the issue. I guess it is just human limitation that we only have knowledge and concern about issues by which we only have been confronted or choose to be confronted by.

Letter to parents, Earlham College, November 4, 2017

Being one who doesn't talk much anyway, and being away at Scattergood, I guess you might not be aware of some of the significant aspects of my development.

I remember always enjoying learning and even in Jefferson began studying outside of school. When I went to Scattergood the situation remained basically the same with the important difference that I was separated from my family.

The big change, and likewise conflict, occurred when I was considering the question of the draft.

You'll never know how I agonized with the issue. I thought about it almost constantly it seemed since the middle of my Junior year, but most intensely during the first months of my Senior year. I wrote daily in my journal, read constantly, and went to every meeting (for worship) that was held at Scattergood, not only Sunday but Thursday and, at the end of the year, every morning at the Marsh's we had meeting.

As a result, I came to know what it really means to be a Christian (as I interpret
107

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Christianity) and also what Quakerism is all about, and this is now one of the most important things in my life.

We all have to develop some code to live by; you both have, I know. It's obvious by the way you live, the jobs (including voluntary ones) you choose to do, and how you do them, and how your associates respect you. I remember you saying, Dad, Farm Service is not just a company to sell products to farmers, but to help them however you can.

I, too, have to develop a code to live by. I want Christianity (and Quakerism) to be the structure of my code. You do, too, but it is our interpretation that causes conflict. 51 "Do you think I came to bring peace on earth? No, I tell you, but division. 52 From now on there will be five in one family divided against each other, three against two and two against three. 53 They will be divided, father against son and son against father, mother against daughter and daughter against mother, mother-in-law against daughter-in-law and daughter-in-law against mother-in-law." Luke 12:51-53

You want me to be practical; not so idealistic. But what you might see as idealistic, I see not only as practical, but necessary in order to be true to my code of life. And if you forsake your principles and all that you believe in, what do you have left?

Draft Resistance and VSM

The most difficult part of this decision has been that I would hurt you. But how far should a man go trying to protect those that he loves, at the same time denying the principles that give his life meaning?

That's what I've been thinking of lately. For about the past month I had almost resigned myself to doing whatever you wanted me to do. Of course I know I was betraying myself and life really seemed empty, but it looked like the easiest thing to do.

I can't be angry with you for trying to run my life. I know you're just trying to see I get a good start in life and don't get hurt by idealism. I can only be frustrated at myself for not talking with you more than I did.

I know what I have to do in order to have a life of my own, in order to have any self respect.

Jeff and Burt Kisling Jeff and Burt Kisling Jeff and Alberta Kisling 108



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission 109



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Journal-11/15/1970-2/12/1971 Friday, December 08, 2017 Journal 11/15/1970

Dan Mott and Steve Maxwell stopped here Friday night and Saturday. Steve may come to Earlham next year, and Dan is looking into various colleges. They are riding their motorcycles to Florida, hoping to work with the National Park Service. I think they were very wise to not attend college right after Scattergood.

Letter from Stephen Evans 12/22/1970 (excerpts)

This may be a very messy letter; for I am making an attempt to type on my mother's new (actually old-it is second hand) French typewriter; and the letters are strangely placed. For instance; the semi-colon is where the comma should be and vice versa. The period is a shift of the semi-colon, and the numbers are the shifts of the symbols. Please bear with me.

I am finally at home for Christmas vacation. I tried to write to you immediately after receiving your letter, but various afflictions of academicitis prevented any such action. I did start one (letter), but I left it on my desk and came back to find obscenities scrawled all over it. I think the fellow next door was angry at me for not allowing him to borrow my typewriter. The fellow next door is a perfect example of the effects of prolonged academicitis: miserable; easily irritated, apathetic about everything except purely physiological actions, and generally frustrated in the last respect. (body of letter continues regarding applying to Haverford College...)

I am looking forward to hearing from you again. Send me a passage from your journal; so I can decide whether or not you are really profound.

Your Friend, Stephen "To generalize is to be an idiot, and general knowledge is the knowledge that idiots possess..." -William Blake, which is a generalization if I ever read one.

Journal 1/26/1971

When I first began writing a journal, my religious outlook was more intellectual than spiritual, I think. I thought that by reasoning you could discern the will of God. I thought a rational, objective argument could be developed for both sides of an issue—but after contemplation, it would become clear which was the right position.

I've become more inclined to think in terms of the "leading of the spirit", recently. One reason is because of the draft issue. You can go round and round with arguments for several positions—though some seem clearly wrong, but in the end, I think the decision is going to have to be a feeling, a leading of the spirit.

I think faith is the willingness to follow leadings before the reasons for the action become clear. 110

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Journal 1/30/1971

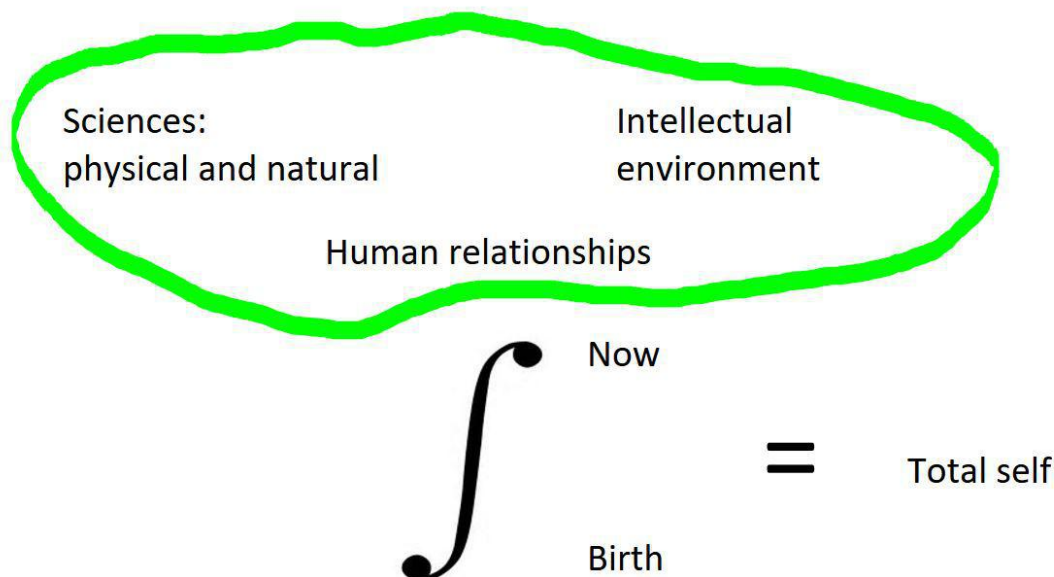
It is much too easy to continue as “normal”, forgetting to examine the assumptions we are living on. Our actions are guided by contemporary trends of the world, be they right or wrong. We must be attuned to God as much as possible, that we might not do injustice without thinking, without feeling, without caring.

Journal 1/31/1971

Confronted with a difficult situation, we often have trouble making a decision. We have an inkling—probably a strong inkling, of what God’s will is, and yet we are thrown into confusion, either because we are trying to reconcile this inkling with our conflicting, selfish worldly desires, or we are waiting until the reasons behind this inkling, or spirit, become clear. We must throw off our worldliness, and act on the spirit of God; for the reasons will reveal themselves later.

Journal 2/12/1971 (Note: Evidently I tried to use calculus to symbolize life)

Revised 12/9/2017 111



$d [\text{Total self}] = \text{education}$

$$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{Spiritual} \\ \text{Sciences} \\ \text{Intellectual} \\ \text{Experience} \\ \text{Human relationships} \end{array} \right\} \int_{\text{Birth}}^{\text{Now}} = \text{Total self}$$

$$d [\text{Total self}] = (\text{education} + \text{experience})t$$

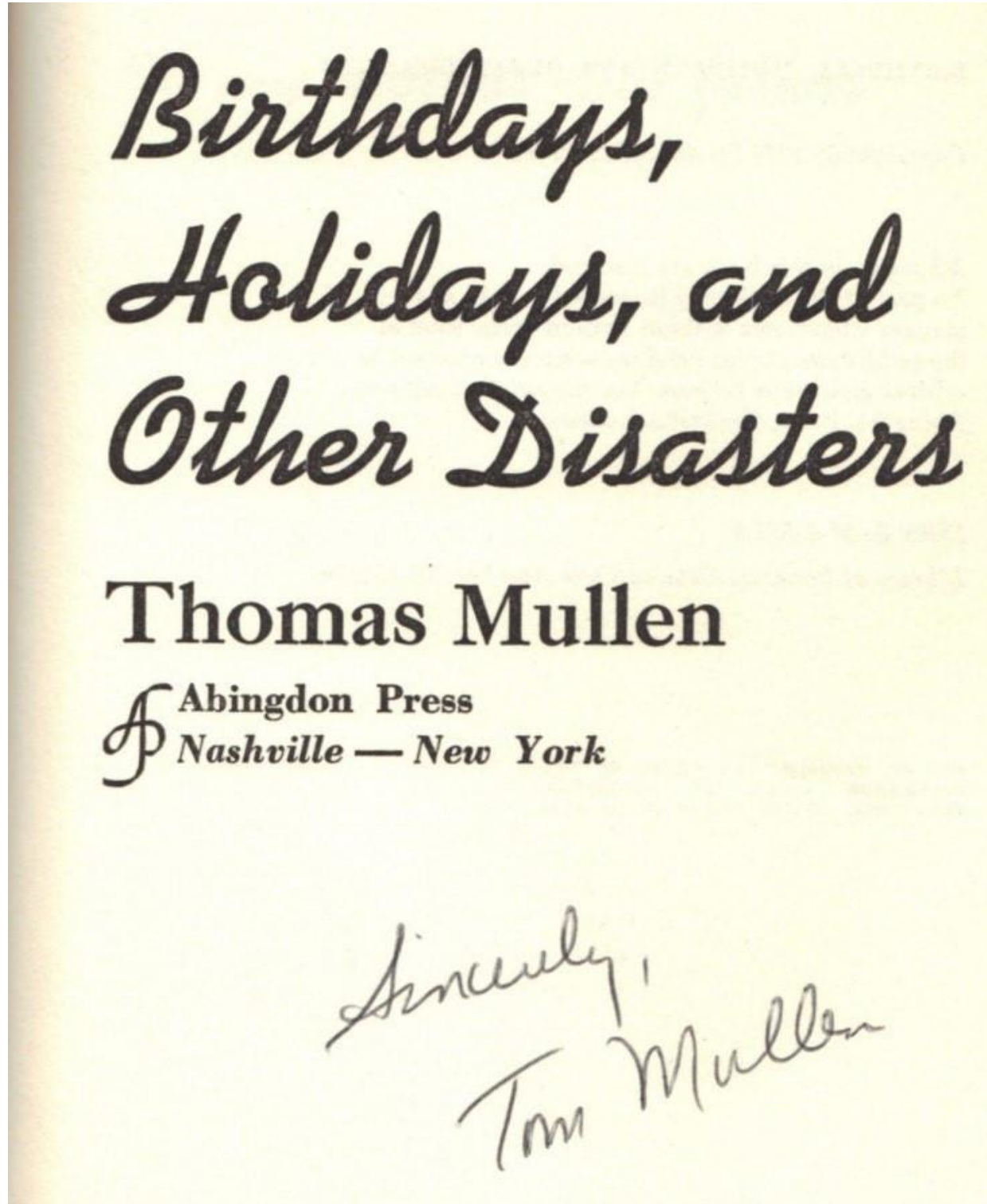
Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Journal-2/14/1971 Saturday, December 09, 2017 I took some photographs of Thomas Mullen, Earlham College religion professor. I was supposed to take his picture for the yearbook, Sargasso, but he offered to let me take some family pictures for a book he was getting ready to publish. I gave them to him today and was glad he was pleased with them.

I also called home this evening. Mom and, especially I think Dad, are upset at the prospect of my leaving college—and about the draft situation thereafter. I feel so badly about going against their wishes because I love and respect them so, but we just don't see things the same way. The trouble is that I'm not entirely sure of what my position is. I like to think that if I were to resist, I would be taking the chance of faith, as Jeremiah put it, because I feel it would be the right thing to do. I feel I must make some choice, and the choice I make will be one of the first major steps in the development of my adult life. (Note: I came to feel I didn't want to continue at Earlham College by this time in my freshman year. I was surprised that Quakerism didn't seem to play a larger role at Earlham. Our Young Friends group was small and not very active. I was also feeling uncomfortable about having a student deferment for the draft.

One of the things I did enjoy was working on the staff of the yearbook, Sargasso, as a photographer. Some of the photos I had in the yearbook follow.

I took a Quakerism course from Hugh Barbour, a well-known Quaker author. I have his book, *The Quakers in Puritan England*. 112





THOMAS MULLEN is the father of four children ranging in ages from 3 to 12, and this book is based on daily delights and disasters which he has shared with them.

Mr. Mullen is associate dean of Earlham School of Religion and minister-at-large, Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana. He has written *The Dialogue Gap*, *The Ghetto of Indifference*, and *The Renewal of the Ministry* for Abingdon, and numerous articles and book reviews for well-known publications.

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

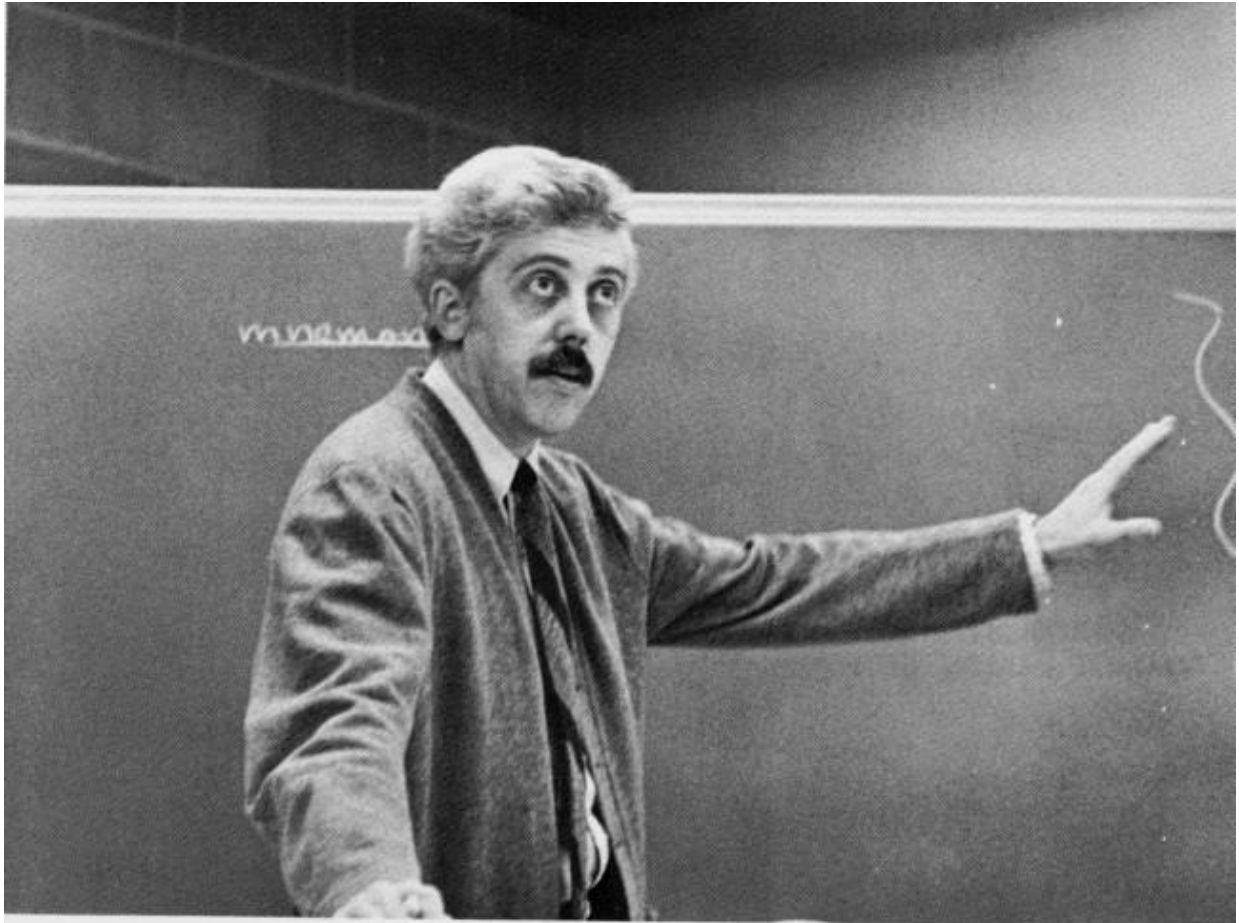
I took a calculus course from Hal Hanes. We used a textbook he wrote that was an experimental approach to teaching calculus by using computer programming to perform various calculations, such as the integral (area under the curve) of an equation, etc. I actually used that very algorithm when I wrote software in the Infant Pulmonary Function Laboratory at Riley Hospital for Children, to calculate the integral of the flow signal from a baby's breathing, in real time, to determine and display the volume from that signal (at a rate of 100 samples per second).

We also had the opportunity to include other photos we had taken. This is one I had taken on a trip to Colorado. 113



Hugh Barbour (Religion)

jk



Hal Hanes (Mathematics)

jk



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

I took this of the Verrazano Narrows Bridge during our senior trip (Scattergood to New York City.) 114



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Journal-Friends Volunteer Service Mission Monday, December 11, 2017 Journal
2/19/1971

I'm going to Indianapolis tomorrow to find out more about the Friends United Meeting's Volunteer Service Mission project. (Note: The year before, my Senior year at Scattergood Friends School, Al Inglis visited to talk about a new Friends United Meeting program to help Quaker meetings find meaningful things for young men performing alternative service to do. There were two projects in Indianapolis, one in a predominately black neighborhood on the city's near north side, and another, that Second Friends Church supported in a near southwest side neighborhood, described as transient Appalachian white.}

Journal 2/20/1971

We set out for Indianapolis this morning at about 8:30. Al Inglis and Jerry pickup up Dave, Carolyn and I here at the college (Earlham).

I think my first reaction to the (black) neighborhood was one of being uncomfortable and, of course, unfamiliarity. The house itself offered an initial shock, and a little bare--no stove, refrigerator, little furniture, etc. Gary, the first member of the mission, is very interesting. He also is from the unprogrammed meeting background and has studied engineering, computer programming and he has attend New Swarthmore-a Quaker young people's community, I guess.

The board members were all very good, solid people. Woody and Jess spent most of the day with us, and Howard some in the afternoon. Les and Phyllis Paulson in the morning. In the afternoon we met Julia, secretary to a very good Congressman from that Congressional district. We also met Ben Bell, a leader of the new black part of the community.

We were also overwhelmed by some of the neighborhood kids, all about 10 years old.

The program seems very exciting. It has an excellent board, Gary is a good person, and people from the various parts of the community seemed interested in it. 2/21/1971

Though cold and raining tonight, I felt called to take a walk, and was much better in spirit as a result. The cares of the world slipped away and I was cleansed by the cold, clean air, the clear, gentle water, and the darkness of the night. 2/24/1971

I was anxious to learn of the board's decision today. Al Inglis came over to talk to me about it.

Ben Bell pointed out that he thought I might get in trouble because I was rather inarticulate and you have to know how to talk in difficult situations that might come up. I 115

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission think that was a good observation and appreciate his bringing up the matter, something I, too, had felt uneasy about. But they want me to decide if I still want to work at Neighborhood Friends, or whether I might not rather work in the white ghetto, connected with Second Friends. So, I will visit the Second Friends project next week. 3/6/1971

This morning went to Indianapolis with Al Inglis to look at the Volunteer Service Mission of Second Friends (white inner city area). I think it really would be best to start in an area like this, rather than a black area, if I get a chance to do any of this type of work at all.

These projects seem to have such great potential, but would certainly be a challenge. Already I'm beginning to wonder if it might not be better to continue college for a while. But this is the result of wanting to have more answers, I think, and I'm not sure that continued college education is the way, or the only way, to find answers. That's the purpose of these projects, I guess, to try to begin to discover some answers to some of these difficult questions. [Note: It is interesting to be reading this 46 years later, after my recent experience with the AFSC program, Quaker Social Change Ministry and our partnership with the black youth mentoring community, the Kheprw Institute (KI)] 3/9/2017

I was accepted at the Second Friends project with the agreement that I should at least begin by doing it as alternative service and when I decide to resist the draft, then we would all consider what should happen.

There are good and bad aspects to this. It would, most important of all, give me a chance to see if this is where my vocation lies.

But I feel extremely uneasy about starting this as alternative service. It seems as though I just get carried along all the way down the line. And, should I decide to resist, seems like a token gesture to me. And they would probably just forget about it, not that they wouldn't otherwise, or that I'm greatly interested in going to prison, but feel, for some reason, that I have to make a witness against this thing.

Draft Resistance and VSM

Volunteer Service Mission brochure Evalyn Kellum and Diop Adisa Diop Adisa Leah Rasul, Diop and Imhotep Imhotep and JT Jeff, Paul and Connie at Second Friends VSM Volunteer Service Mission, Second Friends 116

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission 117



Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission118



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Journal-3/26/1971 Tuesday, December 12, 2017 Letter from Art and Carolyn
Emery 3/26/1971

Dear Jeff

We appreciated your letter of the 14 much. I personally feel that black people might appreciate a white person who is "quiet" as they desire to "call the shots" these days. Your "quietness" could well be a distinct advantage!!

Regarding "Caesar", you should search your conscience, with possibly a measure of prayer and some fasting. After this soul search (if you already haven't been through this search?) do exactly as conscience dictates regardless of parents, in-laws, bank accounts, social status...

Enclosed, "CCCO News Notes" and "The Peacemaker".

Keep up the excellent Spirit,

Love, Art and Carolyn p.s. Every generation must pay for the price of some measure of freedom; else slavery! (Note: Again, this is interesting 46 years later, because one of the basic premises of Quaker Social Change Ministry is to let the impacted communities you engage with provide the leadership. Listen deeply and wait for that community to let you know what they need from you.)

Journal 4/14/1971

I have a hard time explaining draft resistance to people. Those in sympathy think one can be more effective as a draft counselor or an organizer, rather than going to prison.

How many of us, not now in prison, are actively working at anything like that?

But the most important question, it seems to me, is how effective can one be in trying to affect social change when one is not being true to oneself? 4/21/1971

Last weekend Eric Sinnaman (Episcopalian) and I attended the Episcopal Peace Fellowship conference in Cincinnati.

Friday night Paul Mayer (priest) spoke to us about government repression. He had been arrested with the Berrigans in the alleged plot to destroy the Capitol's heating system and kidnap Henry Kissinger. He spoke of an FBI document directing it's agents to deliberately create an atmosphere of paranoia in the U.S.

After a night in the gym of the convent, we spent the morning making lunch and listening 119

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission to a film of the address of Bess Myerson (Grant) to Another Mother for Peace meeting. Also attended the Eucharist service. The bishop wore a red robe with the words Love, Peace and Justice sown on it. The first song was "The Universal Soldier", followed by a statement written by Dan Berrigan (in prison for burning draft files), and prayers for peace. (other things happened that delayed our leaving the conference)

How not to hitchhike

By this time it was 9:00 pm and we had given up on our ride—which was due at 6:00. The next bus to Richmond was at 7:20 the next morning. Neither of us had hitched before, but decided to try now. We went to the nearest freeway ramp, a couple of blocks away, and self consciously stuck out our thumbs, standing with our sleeping bags and books. We had only been trying 10 minutes but were just ready to give in to our misgivings about the whole excursion when we were picked up. This ride took us 21 miles from Cincinnati. We had to make it now. After about half an hour at the head of the ramp, we went to a nearby truck stop to rest and eat a little (we never did have supper).

We went back to the ramp, where it was beginning to get cool. A highway patrol car pulled into the ramp and stopped about 20 feet from us. We started walking toward him, but realized he was filling out a report (the dome light was on). As we waited for him to leave, a car stopped for us, with the patrol car between us and him. Thinking he might get in trouble because of us, we didn't move, so he left. We finally went and asked the patrolman if it was legal to hitchhike in Ohio. He said it was illegal, but OK as long as we stayed on the ramp. He left soon after that.

Draft Resistance and VSM

After about two hours, a pickup gave us a ride for about 10 miles. We finally got to Dayton at 2 a.m., 30 miles from Richmond. The intersection we were at was deserted, so we walked 3 miles to the next exit, also deserted.

We set out on the 7 mile walk to the next exit. That walk was pure misery. I had on dress shoes, and still have a bruise from that walk. It was cold, we hadn't had any sleep, no dinner, carrying sleeping bags—exhausted.

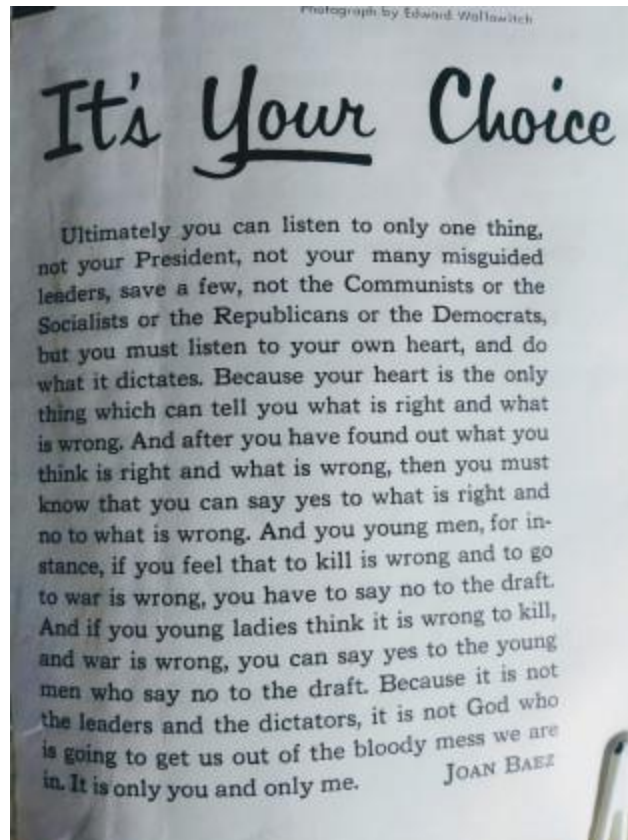
We arrived at the next exit at 5 a.m. and spent the next 4 hours in a service station, til a ride from Earlham came, as a result of a phone call.

KONICA MINOLTA DIGITAL CAMERA KONICA MINOLTA DIGITAL CAMERA KONICA MINOLTA DIGITAL CAMERA Draft-It's Your Choice Civil disobedience training Vietnam War Memorial Vietnam War Memorial Martin Luther King Memorial 120

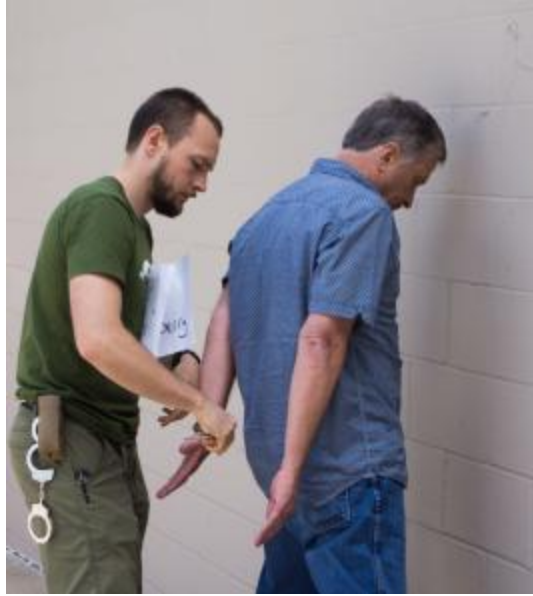


Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission 121





Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Journal – Young Friends of North America 1971 Monday, December 18, 2017
Journal 5/2/1971

Young Friends of North American Conference on Outreach, Muncie, Indiana,
4/30/1971 – 5/2/1971

It was good to see Virginia, Wilson, my physics teacher from Scattergood. Glad she was interested in learning some more about computers. I taught her a little at Scattergood. She was able to write some basic APL programs by the end of the morning.

Friday evening Earlham Young Friends left for Muncie: Margie Schultz, Jan Cole, Becky Short, Bill Medlin, David Nagle, Virginia, and I. About 50 Young Friends show up at Friends Memorial Church. Friday evening Eugene Roop spoke about covenant (solidarity, responsibility and permanence).

After some singing and worship, Paul Cluxton and I headed for Roger and Ruth Oren's, retired school teachers. Enjoyed some milk and conversation but went to bed soon, as we didn't get there until 11 o'clock.

At Church at 9:30. Spent good share of morning discussing what we would do. Finally broke up into 4 groups for about 2 hour discussion. We talked about what Christian means. Didn't get back together until 4 p.m. Some preferred just fellowship, but finally most decided to have discussions. Our's was pretty good; talked with a family living in a ghetto-how can we reach out? One thing brought out was that just being loving and supportive of a person might not be the worst thing to do.

Saturday night sang songs after dinner. Then began an hour and a half of worship. Group holding hands and singing. Some seemed to feel spirit strongly. I felt somewhat uneasy, feeling some lack of sincerity and felt there was some outward showing off in the spiritual sense.

This was my impression of the whole weekend. There was a marked lack of enthusiasm to get much work done. Fellowship is fine, but I felt we could have accomplished a lot and deepened fellowship by doing more actual work on concrete problems.

Sunday ended up on the facing bench in unprogrammed meeting; me in jeans and tennis shoes.

Friends from Iowa, Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Canada 5/23/1971

Kent van Zant and Nancy Patton (soon to be Nancy van Zant) were here today. It was very good to see them. I had become increasingly concerned about Scattergood, but feel somewhat better after their visit.

This evening Charles Read, AFSC, spoke with some of us about his recent visit to Hanoi. He spoke of how easy it is for the pilot to feel separated from responsibility of bombing missions, since the bombing was controlled by electronic devices. The planes are painted 122

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission black. The most significant aspect of our trip to Wilmington College last week was driving past Wright-Patterson Air Force Base and seeing long rows of huge jet planes, many with combat camouflage bodies.

It is so easy, far too easy for us to separate ourselves from contact with and responsibility for the Indochina War.

Jeff Kisling, Paul Cluxton and Connie Collette at Second Friends Volunteer Service Mission (VSM) Indianapolis 123



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Journal-5/29/1971 Tuesday, December 19, 2017 Journal 5/29/1971

Yesterday we saw the film "A Time for Burning" about race relations and the church in Omaha. The minister wanted an interchange of couples in their homes, between his Lutheran Church and the black Lutheran Church in Omaha. He lost his church as a result.

The film was very effective in showing the painful processes people go through in difficult situations.

Sunday 6/20/1971

We (family) spent the day at Whittier, Iowa. Albert and Lorene and Great grandmother all seem well.

It was a great pleasure to see Ron Ellyson. We biked during the afternoon, visiting an old bridge and going through Springville. He is working at St. Luke's Hospital in Cedar Rapids. Linda Lam will be a Senior at Scattergood next year. Steve was at What Cheer, setting up a pottery, and Dave is doing alternative service. 5/21/1971

Its hard to say why I decided not to return to Earlham next year. Much time and energy is spent in study. The question is whether the content was relevant. So much stress is placed on doing assigned work at Earlham that little time is left to follow one's interest relative to courses, or otherwise. I highly value having opportunity to choose what I study, but find independent work more taxing, if more valuable.

The problem is not so much what and how to study, but how long until one stops primarily studying and begins taking some action.

Sunday 6/27/1971

On way to Lake Okoboji stopped for meeting at Mapleside (Paullina). Had called Dan Wilson the night before and had a good talk with him. It was very good to see him and Colin and Bruce Rohwer and Doyle and Neva Wilson, Aline Autenreith, Dan and Dave Mott, and Jon Tesdell.

I am in favor of withholding support from institutions conducting immoral practices, such as the Selective Service System. I'm not sure that we should withhold support when it come to actions we believe in, though we don't entirely agree with the organizations sponsoring the action. (Note: A few years ago we had a number of discussions about that at North Meadow Friends, Indianapolis. Some Friends were not comfortable with the idea of joining the coalition of faith and political organizations that make up Moral Mondays. A number of us from North Meadow were very involved in starting and working on Indiana Moral Mondays. Eventually it was decided Friends were welcome to work with Indiana Moral 124

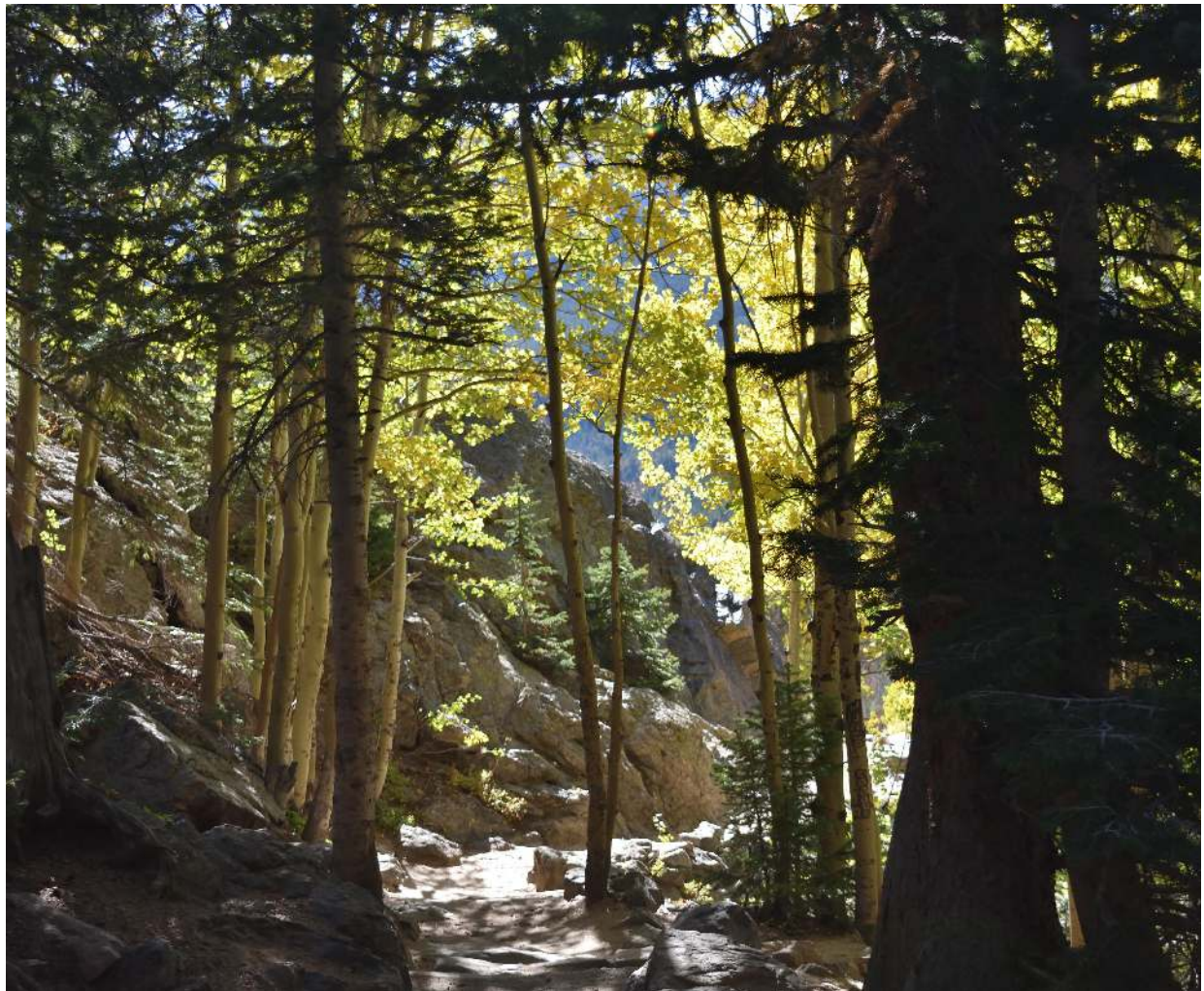
Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Mondays, but the meeting itself would not join as an organization.

The Moral Mondays movement refers to this as “fusion politics” to unite disparate organizations around the issues they do agree on, and can work together on.)

Aspen on trail to Dream Lake, Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado

Mapleside Friends Meeting, Paullina, Iowa (Iowa Yearly Meeting Conservative) 125





Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Journal-Volunteer Service Mission begins Wednesday, December 20, 2017 Journal
7/4/1971

This is my third day with the Friends Volunteer Service Mission (VSM), Friends United Meeting (FUM), Second Friends Church, Indianapolis, Indiana. Dad, Randy and Jon came with me straight from Okoboji. I'm glad they did. We spent July 1 at Howard Johnson's in Indianapolis. Dad helped a lot with the last minute details. I miss everyone very much.

I spend the morning of July 2 in bed, trying to recover from cold. Paul Cluxton, who has been here for at least 10 months, was working that day. Paul belongs to Wilmington Yearly Meeting, went to Wilmington College, had a church during his last two years there, and went to Earlham School of Religion. I think we will get along well.

We spent the afternoon and evening at the Southwest Social Center. 11 High School kids and two leaders were arriving for a 7 week project sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) and West Indianapolis Neighborhood Congress (WINC).

We met with the Quaker Men–Nick Block, pastor of Second Friends, Les Paulson, John Porter and Bill Burnhart, Saturday morning. They are working on Indiana Friends Committee on Legislation (IFCL).

I finished unpacking and wrote some letters. We spent more time with the AFSC group, including a picnic and baseball game. This morning felt better and went to Sunday School, where we considered what freedom is. “For you were called to freedom, brethren; only do not use your freedom as an opportunity for the flesh, but through love be servants of one another. For the whole law is fulfilled in one word, ‘You shall love your neighbor as yourself.’” Galatians 5:13,14 “A Christian may submit to external violence, may be deprived of his bodily freedom, may not be free from his passions (he who commits a sin is a slave of sin) but he cannot help but be free, in the sense of not being compelled by some danger or external threat to commit an act which is contrary to his consciousness.” Leo Tolstoy

Sunday School was followed by Church. We began with songs, had a lay meditation followed by silence. Then Nick Block, pastor, spoke, telling us that we were a revolutionary community, whose time had come to venture forth, primarily through such actions supported by Quaker Men as Indiana Friends Committee on Legislation (IFCL), WINC, etc. I was uncomfortable with the service, being accustomed to unprogrammed (silent) meeting for worship, and yet I don’t know how you reach people and try to get them to support Christian actions in the community. Being a Conservative Friends is fine once you’re discovered and accepted it, but how do you reach others in the meantime? (Note: I didn’t think much about it before hand, but being involved with a Quaker Church, with a minister, sermons, singing, etc, was one of the biggest adjustments I had to make at VSM. Even now I don’t understand how Quakerism can be modified into traditional Christian church services.) 126

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

After Church Gary of Schenectady, who is at the other Volunteer Service Mission (VSM) unit in the black section of the city, and Tom, son of Les and Phyllis Paulson, joined us for lunch. Paul is a good cook, fortunately, and fixed friend chicken (though Gary is a vegetarian), rice, corn, tapioca, etc. We used some of Gary's homemade yogurt.

We moved three beds to the Social Center for the AFSC group.

At present things seem to be going well. I have an interview at St. Vincent's hospital Tuesday and hope to get the job there.

Volunteer Service Mission brochure 127

Hospital respiratory therapy in the day time, Indiana Friends Committee on Legislation and playing the part of big brother at West Indianapolis Friends are some of Jeff's activities



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Journal-7/6/1971 Thursday, December 21, 2017 Journal 7/6/1971

I guess I feel badly because this is the first time I have really felt like I am a burden to others and have no means of support. I had thought the St. Vincent's job was fairly secure, so wasn't much worried about finding a job. I shouldn't be so easily discouraged, I've hardly begun to look.

From the beginning every aspect of this project posed threats to my security, and to others-needling room and board, interrupting my college career, confronting the Selective Service System, leaving home, family, and a secured job. It was far from an easy step to take-in many ways I didn't really want to do it.

People tell of being led to actions they didn't want to take, which turned out to be the best thing they could have done. This is the first real action I have taken as a result of my trust in God. I am not sure this is what He would have me do. I must admit that I felt no sudden, overwhelming "calling" to this project (VSM). But I always remember what grandmother Lorene Standing said, that God's will is often revealed to us in a series of small steps. Perhaps a series of steps led to this. Perhaps not. Some feel I am running away; hiding in the inner city. I hope that's not true. It seems to me that it would be much easier to hide in college. Sometimes I fear I did it for the status afforded by being able to say I worked in the "inner city community".

Whether I have really trusted God in the past, I don't know. I just hope that I can do so now and in the future. It seems as though I almost have to. But we always find ways of getting out of it, if we want to. The strange thing is, we usually do want to get out of it. Where is security in the long run? What is a meaningful vocation? 7/7/1971

My decision to join the Volunteer Service Mission is an outward manifestation of an inner change. Heretofore I had been struggling with the questions 'who am I?' and 'what is my relationship to God and my fellow man?' I think I have made some progress by means of worship, study and waiting; waiting for the guidance of the inner light. But a transition of beliefs into action is essential. I believe the Volunteer Service Mission is an opportunity for one's actions to compliment one's beliefs.

Draft Resistance and VSM

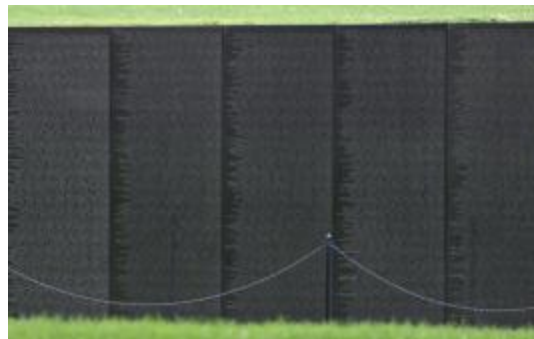
Jeff, Paul and Connie at Second Friends VSM Bear Creek meetinghouse Hickory Grove meetinghouse at Scattergood Evalyn Kellum and Diop Adisa 128



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission 129



Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Letter to Bear Creek Concerning VSM Friday, December 22, 2017 To Bear Creek
Monthly Meeting 7/10/1971 Lewis Mott, clerk

Dear Friends,

I write in relation to a program sponsored by the Friends United Meeting (FUM) which I am now participating in. Known as the Volunteer Service Mission (VSM), the project is coordinated by Alan Inglis, director of Conscientious Objector Services for the Friends United Meeting. At present young Friends, especially those who wish to join the Volunteer Service Mission to fulfill their alternative service obligations, are being invited to join the project.

Following is a quote from a pamphlet describing the project: "It (VSM) seeks to open a new mission frontier, bring into creative relationship the spiritual and material needs in our social order and the energy, ideals, intelligence and sacrificial concern of youth. At a time when youth and adults alike tend to feel helpless before the magnitude and complexity of the problems facing us today, we believe that the talent and good will of youth-power can be mobilized and directed in constructive ministries to the world."

Initially the volunteer spends time becoming familiar with the neighbors, neighborhood, and the community's problems. He finds a job so that he will have funds to support his full time community work at a later date, usually after one year at the project.

My unit is located in a poor, Appalachian white area of inner city Indianapolis. I live with another member of the Volunteer Service Mission who is working on the same project. We are supervised and work closely with the nearby Second Friends Church. The Church's worship service is semi-programmed, consisting of long periods of silence, speaking by members of the meeting, hymns, and a message from the pastor.

I would like to have a minute from the meeting in support of this work. I understand that, in the past, minute were not granted for service in certain other Yearly Meetings. I am somewhat confused by this and anxious to hear what you have to say about it. Is the issue differences in religious practice, or the type of work these other Friends group are engaged in? I have the impression that it is the former. Although, as Friends, we feel we should dissociate ourselves from organizations involved in social or political actions we disagree with, should the same apply to matters of religious practice and belief? Was I mistaken when I wrote the following to Senator Hughes: "I urge us all-young and old, radical, liberal and conservative-to unite our efforts to tackle the pressing problems facing us. Once we start getting our hands dirty, ideological difference will become very secondary, and solving problem will become primary."

Or do Conservative Friends object to the type of social work some other Yearly Meetings are engaged in? Don't we endorse the words of William Penn: "True Godliness doesn't turn men out of the world, but enables them to live better in it and excites their endeavors to mend it" 130

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

I don't know if you, as a meeting, approve of this program and my participation in it. I am concerned to know your thinking, since Conservative Friends most closely, I believe, represent my own religious thinking. I made the decision to join the project as a result of my Conservative background, and guidance from the inner light, as well as I could discern it. However I will consider leaving the project should you, as a meeting, feel that would be the appropriate action.

Yours,

Jeff Kisling

Draft Resistance and VSM

Bear Creek members Bear Creek meeting IYMC Peace and Social Concerns meets at Bear Creek Bear Creek meeting Bear Creek meeting Bear Creek meeting Bear Creek meeting Bear Creek meetinghouse Standing family 1900 George and Deborah Standing Wanda Knigh, Mary Mendenhall, John Griffith Bear Creek meeting 131



Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission132



Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Journal-Job Hunting Saturday, December 23, 2017 Journal 7/8/1971

Job hunting has been trying for me. You realize how inadequate you are. There have been ups and downs. A letter from and interview at St. Vincent's hospital the first day had my hopes up. But the job isn't very interesting—putting a mess of parts into order so an inventory system can be set up. (Note: I was excited when I read about this job because it mentioned a computer inventory system. I thought I would be writing the software. Instead, the job was just to sort and organize the inventory prior to implementing a computer system. As mentioned previously, I had taught myself some computer programming at Scattergood, and used that in Don Laughlin's lab the summer prior to my Senior year at Scattergood (1969). In the end, writing computer software became one of the main parts of my career.)

The next day I spent all morning at Methodist Hospital. There was a possible opening for a transportation aide. The opening failed to materialize. This afternoon at Methodist I found there might be a position for my working with respiratory patients and oxygen therapy. It sounds very good; good pay and an opportunity for training as a technician. (Note: This was during a time when respiratory, or inhalation, therapy technicians were being trained on the job. That involved in-hospital classes, and practicing under the supervision of a respiratory therapist. Not too many years later, graduating from an approved school and passing either the Certification or Registry exams would be required.)

Journal 7/10/1971

I am very happy and relieved to have the job at Methodist Hospital as a technician in respiratory therapy. There is a 4 week training program—much to learn, and the work sounds very interesting. Will start July 17th. 7/17/1971

First day at work. Went well. Very interesting.

I've been working considerably on a statement on the draft. 7/20/1971

Another exhausting day. Administered some IPPB's (Intermittent Positive Pressure Breathing) today. (Note: IPPB treatments were at this time the main thing respiratory therapy technicians did. An IPPB machine was brought to the patient's room and connected to compressed oxygen from a wall outlet. Then each breath the patient triggered would open a valve to deliver the breath under pressure. This was supposed to prevent atelectasis (alveolar collapse) that was commonly seen after surgery or trauma. This turned out to be one of the many things that were done in hospitals that sounded good, but research eventually

133

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission showed was not effective in most patients. IPPB treatments are rarely done today.) 7/22/1971

More classes at work today. So much to learn! I hate to jeopardize this job because of the draft, but this happens to all who are drafted. 8/17/1971

Much has happened lately. Job is going very well. Good relationships with everyone. Start on my own tomorrow. (Note: So I found both of my career paths by what seemed to be random sets of circumstances, or perhaps, instead, I was led to these career choices. When I entered Earlham College I intended to major in physics. But I found working with patients as a respiratory therapist was a nice combination of being able to help people and being involved in science. After VSM I obtained a degree in Respiratory Therapy from Indiana University, and passed my registry exams to become a Registered Respiratory Therapist–RRT. After a number of years working mainly in Neonatal Intensive Care Units, and 3 years teaching respiratory therapy at a state college, I spent most of my career writing software and doing research in the Infant Pulmonary Function Laboratory at Riley Hospital for Children.)

Infant Pulmonary Function Lab, Riley Infant Pulmonary Function Lab, Riley Infant Pulmonary Function Lab, Riley Infant Pulmonary Function Lab, Riley Infant Pulmonary Function Lab, Riley Neonatal ICU, Riley Neonatal ICU, Riley 134

Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission (Note: Permission had been obtained to share all photos seen here.) 135







MILESTONE—The intensive care center for the newborn at James Whitcomb Riley Hospital for Children received its 1,000th infant yesterday, Jeffrey Roberts Jr., the son of Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey Roberts of Gas City, was born prematurely and has hyaline membrane disease. Assisting in his care are (left to right) Dr. Gabriella Castillo of the hospital staff;

nurse Sharon Kress; and Jeff Kissinger, a respiratory therapist. The hospital has been a central treatment area for babies throughout the state. Transportation to the hospital has been facilitated by the Elks Club of Indiana, which, through the hospital's Memorial Association, bought the Riley Newborn Ambulance in August, 1973.

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Bear Creek response regarding VSM Sunday, December 24, 2017 When I recently shared the letter I wrote to Bear Creek Meeting regarding my participation in the Volunteer Service Mission (VSM), I was wondering what the meeting's response had been. Yesterday I began to review a document I had written about my VSM experience, and found the meeting's response there. "Thy letter was read with interest in our Monthly Meeting today, 8/28/1971. The Meeting wishes to encourage thee and other youths who are sincerely dedicated to an effort to solve the complex problems of the world. May you be guided in your efforts and enabled to realize the fulfillment of your concerns."

To Bear Creek Monthly Meeting 7/10/1971 Lewis Mott, clerk Dear Friends, I write in relation to a program sponsored by the Friends United Meeting (FUM) which I am now participating in. Known as the Volunteer Service Mission (VSM), the project is coordinated by Alan Inglis, director of Conscientious Objector Services for the Friends United Meeting. At present young Friends, especially those who wish to join the Volunteer Service Mission to fulfill their alternative service obligations, are being invited to join the project. Following is a quote from a pamphlet describing the project: "It (VSM) seeks to open a new mission frontier, bring into creative relationship the spiritual and material needs in our social order and the energy, ideals, intelligence and sacrificial concern of youth. At a time when youth and adults alike tend to feel helpless before the magnitude and complexity of the problems facing us today, we believe that the talent and good will of youth-power can be mobilized and directed in constructive ministries to the world." Initially the volunteer spends time becoming familiar with the neighbors, neighborhood, and the community's problems. He finds a job so that he will have funds to support his full time community work at a later date, usually after one year at the project. My unit is located in a poor, Appalachian white area of inner city Indianapolis. I live with another member of the Volunteer Service Mission who is working on the same project. We are supervised and work closely with the nearby Second Friends Church. The Church's worship service is semi-programmed, consisting of long periods of silence, speaking by members of the meeting, hymns, and a message from the pastor. I would like to have a minute from the meeting in support of this work. I understand that, in the past, minute were not granted for service in certain other Yearly Meetings. I am somewhat confused by this and anxious to hear what you have to say about it. Is the issue differences in religious practice, or the type of work these other Friends group are engaged in? I have the impression that it is the former. Although, as Friends, we feel we should dissociate ourselves from organizations involved in social or political actions we disagree with, should the same apply to matters of religious practice and belief? Was I mistaken when I wrote the following to Senator Hughes: "I urge us all-young and old, radical, liberal and conservative-to unite our efforts to tackle the pressing problems facing us. Once we start getting our hands dirty, ideological difference will become very secondary, and solving problem will become primary." Or do Conservative Friends object to the type of social work some other Yearly Meetings are engaged in? Don't we endorse the words of William Penn: "True Godliness doesn't turn men out of the world, but enables them to live better in it and excites their endeavors 136

Draft Resistance and VSM

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission to mend it" I don't know if you, as a meeting, approve of this program and my participation in it. I am concerned to know your thinking, since Conservative Friends most closely, I believe, represent my own religious thinking. I made the decision to join the project as a result of my Conservative background, and guidance from the inner light, as well as I could discern it. However I will consider leaving the project should you, as a meeting, feel that would be the appropriate action. Yours, Jeff Kisling

Bear Creek meetinghouse Scattergood Peace Walk 1969 Volunteer Service Mission, Second Friends My Senior class at Scattergood Friends School Scattergood Friends School Class of 1970 FCNL: Scattergood Peace Marches 137



Peace Walk in Iowa City, Vermont.
November 15, 1969.
It was organized by Stephen Evans, who
is carrying the sign (Richard Aschew).



Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission138



Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Volunteer Service Mission (VSM) Tuesday, December 26, 2017 For those who have been reading this blog recently, I have been sharing from the journal I began during my Senior year at Scattergood Friends School (1969). At this point I've shared the writings from that year at Scattergood, and the following year at Earlham College.

Now I'm at the point where I have been writing about joining the Friends Volunteer Service Mission (VSM) in inner city Indianapolis, July 1, 1971. Opening the next volume of journals, I found the following, from the brochure describing VSM. This is a bit out of order since I've already begun sharing about VSM, but provides a good description of the program.

As I read this today, and remember my experience at VSM, I'm thinking this is something we should consider implementing again.

Volunteer Service Mission (VSM) Volunteer Service Mission, a program sponsored by Friends United Meeting (FUM), is designed to provide young people with the opportunity to invest a year or more of their lives in service.

Society needs youth at their best-involved, self-sacrificing, and creative. Lasting effects of youth working with society, devoted to a great cause are written deep in the fabric of world history, of which Jesus and the Disciples, first generation Quakers and the Peace Corps are illustrations.

Volunteer Service Mission adds a new phase to this tradition (of youth in Christian service). It seeks to open a new mission frontier, bringing into creative relationship the spiritual and material needs in our social order and the energy, idealism, intelligence and sacrificial concern of youth. At a time when youth and adults alike tend to feel helpless before the magnitude and complexity of the problems facing us today, we believe that the talent and good-will of youth-power can be mobilized and directed in constructive ministries to the world.

An initial project, for example, is aimed at relating to the ghetto. A volunteer's first year will be spent in developing trust relationships, and in learning about the key problems and human needs from some of the knowledgeable inner city residents.

Volunteers will secure suitable jobs in the city through social agencies such as welfare, recreational programs, hospitals, Goodwill Industries, OEO, etc, while living in a close-knit community within the ghetto. Participants continuing a second year, C.O.'s or other volunteers, may be able to determine their own job description. Funds earned will be pooled and subsistence wages returned from the pool to the participants. Through such voluntary and sacrificial service sufficient funds will be accumulated to support some full-time unsalaried workers in neighborhood development.

The challenge of our society which has frequently tended to alienate and isolate our youth is to enlist them to participate in the healing, reconciling, building tasks before us. Spiritually motivated and committed young people have provided the leadership for many

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission of the redemptive moments in history.

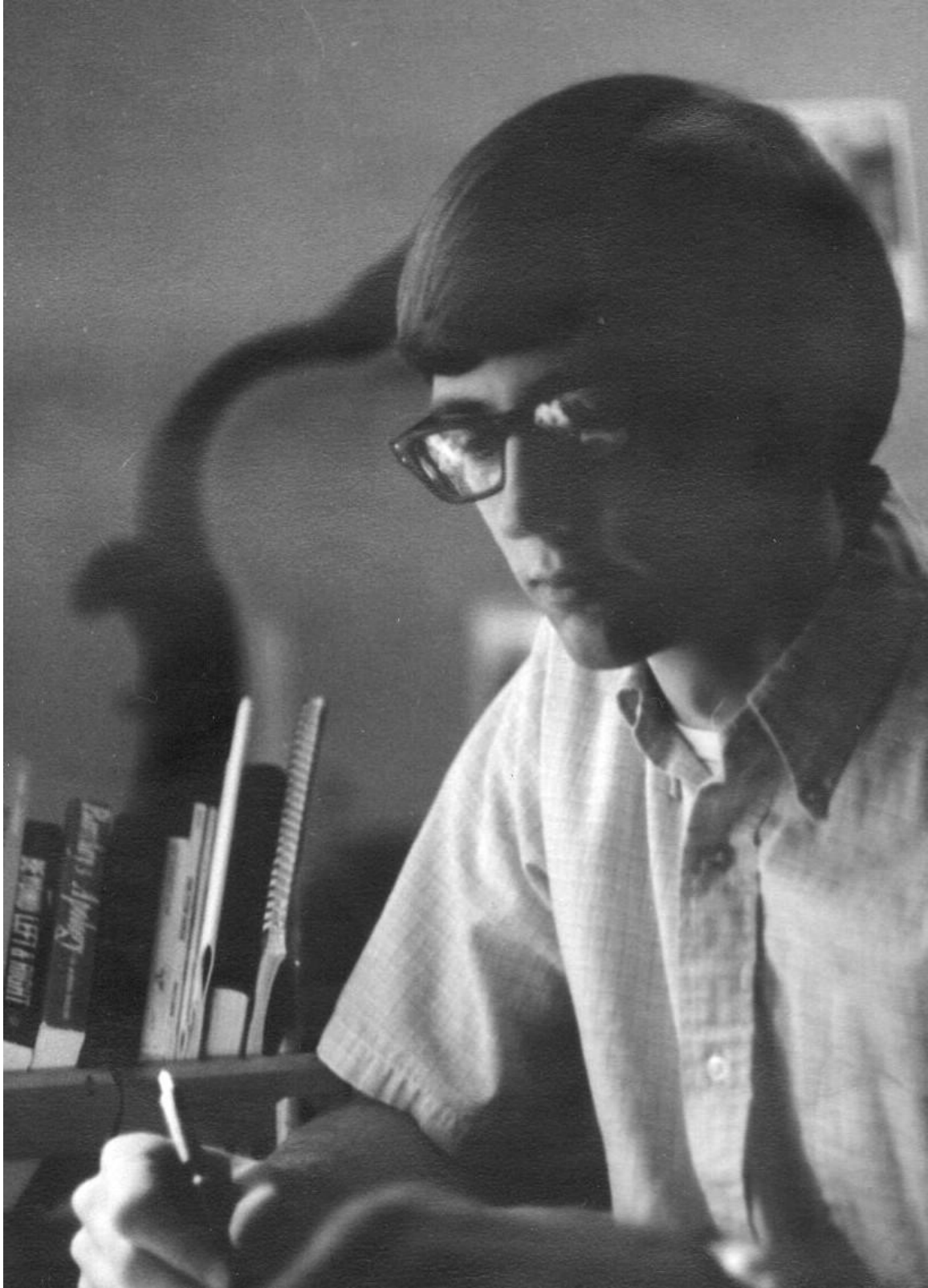
Draft Resistance and VSM

Objectives 1. To provide the reconciling, caring presence of the Church in mission 2. To express in tangible ways one's personal commitment to Christ 3. To provide a means of furthering personal and social growth 4. To solve problems together while living in community 5. To acquire relational skills with those of different cultures and different opinions 6. To express gratitude to God in service for the endless privileges he has given

Jeff, Paul and Connie at Second Friends VSM

Jeff at Volunteer Service Mission 1971 140



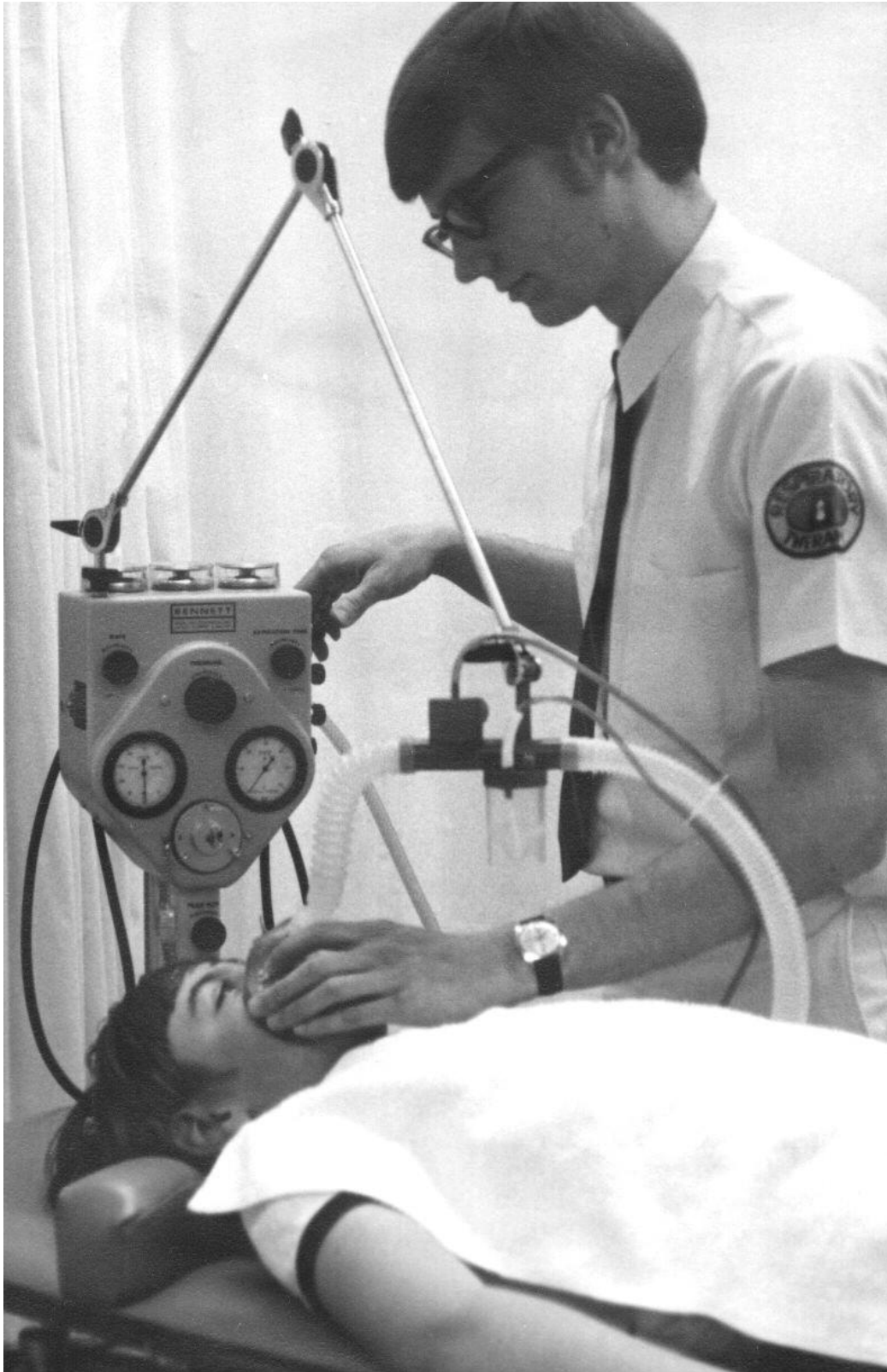


Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Neighborhood kids, Volunteer Service Mission, Second Friends

Jeff working as respiratory therapist at Methodist Hospital during involvement in VSM 141





Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Volunteer Service Mission Story-Part 1 Tuesday, December 26, 2017 I've been writing parts of the Friends Volunteer Service Mission (VSM) story from journal entries. At one point I consolidated the various pieces into a separate document to tell the VSM story, which will appear as a series of posts over the next few days.

Friends Volunteer Service Mission (VSM) It is difficult to express my experience with Friends Volunteer Service Mission (VSM). VSM demanded the application of every aspect of me and my life to the VSM house and the neighborhood around it in inner city Indianapolis. For two years there I would receive much, give some, and change tremendously.

VSM is a unique approach to social work. An application to VSM through Friends United Meeting (FUM) is followed by an interview with the board of the specific VSM unit the individual is interested in. Upon acceptance, one moves into the VSM unit's living quarters, located in the area the unit seeks to serve. One then seeks employment, and places the wages into the unit's financial pool. A monthly budget taken from the pool covers necessary expenses. One usually holds a job for about one year; getting to know the neighbors and the neighborhood during free time. At the end of this year the individual has some idea of a need or concern he/she would like to work on, and there are enough surplus funds in the financial pool to provide for this individual's expenses, that they might be released from regular employment to devote all their time to their particular concern.

The philosophy of VSM can be most accurately depicted by the concept of released Friend. In the past, a Friend could be released to pursue a deep concern with the spiritual and material support of their meeting. VSM is designed to be financially self-sufficient, but an individual should have the spiritual support of their meeting.

Quakerism

A Friend is led to a deep concern by listening to and following the will of God. This experience of knowing God's will in one's heart is the foundation of Quakerism and Christianity. Quakers have always believed there is that of God in everyone, that everyone has the ability to communicate with that of God within them, and the responsibility to respond to that of God in others. This is the driving purpose in a Quaker's life; to discern and respond to the will of God.

The manifestations of this concept must of necessity be very personal, growing from an individual's personal spiritual experience.

Quakerism has always been a large influence in my life. All my mother's family are members of the Religious Society of Friends and many of them lived near us. We attended Bear Creek Monthly Meeting most of my childhood. Many of my friends belong to this meeting as well as many of my family relations.

In my experience there was little formal religious education. Quakerism was just there; and it permeated every part of our lives, even as a child or perhaps especially as a child, when it is a mysterious yet secure force. I grew up with members of the meeting among 142

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission my heroes, and I love the many stories of the courageous acts of early Friends for human justice and religious liberty. Attending Scattergood Friends boarding school helped my development in Quakerism, especially in my friendships with young Friends.

Pacifism and the Selective Service System

While at Scattergood I was confronted by the decision dealing with the Selective Service System. I took this decision very seriously, seeing it as one of my first opportunities to take a stand base upon my religious convictions. This decision proved very painful but was significant as a period of maturing and religious experience while considering the issues of war and violence and church versus state.

Some of my most vivid childhood memories are related to war. While in 1st or 2nd grade some kids said that the planes passing overhead were Japanese bombers. Seeing that I was scared, they continued the game in the classroom by making screeching sounds with chalk on the blackboard; saying the bombs were falling. I was so upset I had to go home.

I was around 10 years old and talking with my mother about something someone had said in meeting that morning. She said war was wrong. I didn't think so, and asked how we could defend against invasion. She said we didn't have to fight, or work for them, or do anything they (invaders) wanted. How could they make us? How could they stay long under those circumstances? That seemed a perfectly reasonable answer to me and I have often looked upon that incident as the beginning of a mature view of pacifism and nonviolence.

Scattergood Friends School and Farm

I was beginning to get something out of meeting for worship and a lot of things I was learning about Quakers began to make sense. As mentioned above, my high school years I attended Scattergood Friends School, a coeducational college preparatory boarding school on a working farm that is run by Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative). At Scattergood Quakerism would be implanted at the core of my being. Quakerism had always been a part of my life. Now I was beginning the serious process of maturity and must look at things my way, accept and reject ideas and practices on my terms.

Scattergood was not just a school, it was a Quaker community on a working farm. Integral to the educational approach was that students did all the work at the School and on the farm, under adult supervision. Students were assigned to specific jobs, like laundry, dinner prep, working on the farm, baking bread, etc. on a rotating schedule. Teachers not only taught academics in the classroom, they instilled ideas as we worked, ate and played together. We were all involved in almost every aspect of each other's lives. The example of the teachers and students, my reading, and meeting for worship all greatly influence me and drew me deeply into Quakerism.

Draft Resistance and VSM

Nonviolence, pacifism and the draft were often topics of discussion, especially for me and my classmates during our Senior year, when most of us boys would turn 18 years of age and be required by law to register for the draft. My 18th birthday was November 21, 1969.

At the beginning of that Senior year, I began keeping a journal. One of the passages written around this time follows: 143

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission "One of George Fox's major insights was that the mark of a true believer, Christian, is a changed life. It seems to me that this is what I'm wrestling with. I fear that if I go to college and get a well-paying job, I'll settle down into the same rut that I see most everyone settling into, and I don't like it really. It looks comfortable—an easy way out. I feel I'm at the turning point. If I feel compulsion is wrong, I believe I'll have to take a complete stand against it now, or I'll never be able to take a stand against the government, with all the responsibilities I'll soon acquire. I see the choice essentially between a way of life I idealistically believe to be best, but am not totally sure how to pursue, and a "normal" way of life which I am idealistically uneasy with but believe would be a comfortable way of life." Journal, October 6, 1969

This emphasizes how far reaching I considered the draft decision to be. Was my life to be based on principle, to follow absolutes no matter what the apparent cost, or was I to compromise, obey the law, and be conforming?

I went home the week before my birthday to talk with Mom and Dad about it some more. I felt I should make the decision at home. At Scattergood it seemed so easy to believe in nonviolence and Quaker witness. At home I was challenged to think of the practicalities of the decision, the probable affects, and forced to think of myself.

My parents were really involved in and concerned about the decision. They didn't want me to be hurt and we all realized the serious consequences of breaking the Federal law. I only blame myself that I couldn't make them see that I felt the consequences of not acting on principle could be more serious.

I vacillated between registering as a conscientious objector and not registering at all. At the time, my parents were so against noncooperation, and I hadn't really made the decision myself, that I went ahead and registered, knowing I could refuse to cooperate later.

I was very unhappy about registering but felt I must be very sure before I took a step against the law and society and I hoped my parents might be able to accept noncooperation, if that was to be my decision, before I acted upon it. I registered on a Friday. Sunday, we arrived at Scattergood just in time for meeting. Afterward one of my best friends came up to me and said, "You registered, didn't you? You don't look like the same old Jeff."

Of course, the draft weighed heavily upon me until I made a decision. Home for Christmas vacation, I was thinking of the new year and decided to turn in my draft cards. I told Dad that's what I thought I'd do. He said he didn't want to stand in my way if that's what I really thought I should do. I told Mom I would turn them (draft cards) in one day when I went downtown, but neither of them realized I was going to do it that day. When I got home everyone was really upset. We finally agreed that I would try to get the cards back. If I did, I would wait a year. Then I could make my own decision—I would be away from the "influence" of Scattergood, in college, more mature, and they might be more able to accept it then.

So, I asked to have the cards returned and they were, eventually. The draft continued to occupy a lot of my time; reading, thinking, talking. I was getting a lot from meeting for worship. I was developing my own outlook on life, grounded in Quakerism but the result of my personal spiritual experience. 144

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Draft Resistance and VSM

In the spring of my Senior year at Scattergood Al Inglis of the Office of Conscientious Objector Service of Friends United Meeting (FUM) visited the school. He was on his way west, looking for jobs for C.O.'s to do for alternative service. Most of the boys in my class met with him that evening and we had a beneficial discussion. He was interested to hear I was considering draft resistance. That summer I was to get a letter from him describing Friends Volunteer Service Mission. I don't know how much it impressed me at the time. I did keep it in mind throughout the next year, which I spent at Earlham College in Richmond, Indiana, where the FUM Central Offices, including the VSM, i.e. Office of C.O. Services were located.

I was very dissatisfied at Earlham; I'm not sure of all the reasons. The draft issue was part of my general dissatisfaction. I applied for a student deferment without thinking much about it at the time. But I did realize how unfair it was to be deferred just because I was a student and this increasingly troubled me.

I was tired of the constant academic pressure with its emphasis on the intellect and reason when I was trying to discern the Spirit, the will of God. I wanted to try to approach ideas and people with my heart, with feeling rather than intellect and reason. I was accused of being an idealist and not practical. How could I respond to that, or know myself, unless I put my ideas to the test? To be on my own in the world, away from books and ideas and things in peoples' heads was where I felt I needed to be.

I was also frustrated about the war (Vietnam) and concerned about what I could do to promote peace.

Scattergood Friends School Class of 1970 Scattergood Peace Walk 1969 My Senior class at Scattergood Friends School Hickory Grove meeting house at Scattergood Vietnam War Memorial Vietnam War Memorial Vietnam War Memorial Draft-It's Your Choice 145

Draft Resistance and VSM



From Walk to Rome City, Vietnam
 Marchant Day, October 16, 1968.
 It was organized by Sophia Evans, who
 is carrying the sign. (Richard Aronson)



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission146



Estimated Price:
\$49.95
\$69.95

SI 194 204-0000, 11-001 10433 0000

Dear Mr. Chairman,

[illegible]

Another way [sic] he proves the necessity of his cause is the fact that he has been able to build up a very successful service system. I have had to admit that this organization has certainly only increased in membership and influence since the outbreak of the war.

There has been discussion by the National Society of Mental Health, which stated that there is a part of the law every one can read that is in effect according to the law according to the law. There have been some other statements. And in conclusion, principally, understanding, and this is a matter, and this is an issue and an issue.

Wang, Shihong,
Ph.D., University of Illinois
See WTJ09-06

Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission 147

I was also thinking of the Quaker emphasis on social service. I didn't have much of a concept of social work, but I didn't like most of the social organizations I was familiar with, which seemed to spend most of their time, effort, and resources on administration and fund raising, and very little time with the people they are intended to serve.

VSM seems to avoid these problems; being financially self sufficient with almost no administration. I talked to Al Inglis several times during my year at Earlham. I applied to VSM in early spring and went to Indianapolis with him to visit Neighborhood Friends, Inc (NFI), the VSM unit in the inner northeast section of Indianapolis, a black area, and Second Friends VSM in the inner southwest section of the city, basically a transient white population with a lot of industry.

At the time I was impressed with NFI. There was then much interest in race relations, and I was interested. But I was encouraged to go to Second Friends, instead, and I decided to do that.

Second Friends Unit Paul Cluxton Paul Cluxton, a graduate of Wilmington College and student at Earlham School of Religion (ESR) was the first person to join VSM, coming to Indianapolis in August 1970. He moved into the north side of the double at 1248 S. Lee Street, which is owned by and adjacent to Second Friends Church. Paul would soon finish his first year's work at Indiana University Medical Center as a pharmacy technician. Attending meetings of various social and health organizations in the neighborhood occupied most of Paul's free time. When on his own the second year, Paul would continue working with these organizations.

Connie Collett In November 1971, Connie Collett, from the Wilmington, Ohio, a member of Wilmington Yearly Meeting, joined Second Friends VSM. She found an apartment three blocks from the VSM house on Lee Street. She got a job as cashier at the local grocery store right away and found that a good way to get acquainted with many of the people in the neighborhood.

Connie was quite a reinforcement for me. While Paul's activities dealt mainly with social and political organizations, I was more interested in staying in the neighborhood and being with individuals there. This difference in emphasis was to produce a tension between us. I felt Paul wanted me to be active in organizations and help him in the work he was doing with them. I think he felt I wasn't doing much by staying in the neighborhood. I think Paul's work is important and has its place. I just didn't want to do it that way myself. Connie felt as I did on this matter. 148

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Jeff, Paul and Connie at Second Friends VSM

We weren't moving very fast in establishing relationships, but there were a number of reasons for this. I am rather shy myself. Another reason is that many of the neighborhood people shy away from developing new relationships. Like most inner city neighborhoods, this was once a middle-class area with nice houses and businesses. With the development of industry in the immediate area, the trend to move to suburbia began, leaving the neighborhoods for those who worked in the nearby factories, or who couldn't afford to leave, or those who choose to stay where they were raised. Overall our neighborhood underwent great changes. Heavy industry surrounded the area, bringing pollution and a more transient neighborhood. People would move from place to place, often coming from Appalachian states, in inner city Indianapolis until they could find a job. Once they did, they would move out to a better neighborhood. Thus, our neighborhood is characterized by a highly transient, Appalachian white, lower income population. All of these factors contribute to social withdrawal. After moving again and again one is frustrated at trying to develop relationships which will be disrupted in a short time.

With greater industrialization and declining income levels, public and community services become less reliable. Streets are not kept up well and public transportation is limited, while expansive freeways cut through the neighborhoods to carry commuters between the suburbs and downtown business centers. At the time I was at VSM, Interstate 70 was being built, separating people who had been neighbors for years.

Food prices go up, service and quality go down. The doctors and clinics are either in the suburbs or downtown. And where is there room for kids to play, for people to enjoy outdoors? What do the people do for recreation? The grocery stores, shopping malls, country clubs, health centers, theaters, etc. are in suburbia. About all we have are the streets.

Yet the neighborhood is not the “jungle” I had preconceived it to be. I really like the people I have gotten to know. There is less juvenile delinquency here than in “better” neighborhoods. The suburbs are also transient and people tend to be isolated there, too.

Second Friends Church Second Friends Church is in the same situation as many inner city churches. Its membership, the vast majority of which once lived in the immediate neighborhood, has largely joined the exodus to suburbia. Second Friends is a drive-in church, with very few members living in the neighborhood, so almost no contact with it.

Second Friends belongs to Western Yearly Meeting, Friends United Meeting, and has 149



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission programmed worship services as opposed to the silent worship I am used to. It is very difficult for me to accept a Friends church with programmed services. It seems that programmed services are exactly what early Friends rebelled against, and I could not feel comfortable with Second Friends. I could not find the spiritual support I and VSM need there. I guess I sort of resented that and feel they resented my absence from their services.

Quaker Men of Second Friends is the supervisory body of Second Friends VSM, and are supposed to meet monthly, but do so irregularly. Whenever we had specific problems they were willing to help, but were not a group that could help us formulate our activities. They wanted to avoid specifying what we should do, which is very good. Yet we didn't get the support needed to go ahead on our own; questions, suggestions etc.

I was apprehensive about working with Friends United Meeting, especially when I heard Conservative Friends didn't approve of working with FUM Yearly Meetings. So, I sent the following letter to my meeting concerning VSM.

To Bear Creek Monthly Meeting 7/10/1971

Lewis Mott, clerk

Dear Friends, I write in relation to a program sponsored by the Friends United Meeting (FUM) which I am now participating in. Known as the Volunteer Service Mission (VSM), the project is coordinated by Alan Inglis, director of Conscientious Objector Services for the Friends United Meeting. At present young Friends, especially those who wish to join the Volunteer Service Mission to fulfill their alternative service obligations, are being invited to join the project.

Following is a quote from a pamphlet describing the project: "It (VSM) seeks to open a new mission frontier, bring into creative relationship the spiritual and material needs in our social order and the energy, ideals, intelligence and sacrificial concern of youth. At a time when youth and adults alike tend to feel helpless before the magnitude and complexity of the problems facing us today, we believe that the talent and good will of youth-power can be mobilized and directed in constructive ministries to the world."

Initially the volunteer spends time becoming familiar with the neighbors, neighborhood, and the community's problems. He finds a job so that he will have funds to support his full time community work at a later date, usually after one year at the project. My unit is located in a poor, Appalachian white area of inner city Indianapolis. I live with another member of the Volunteer Service Mission who is working on the same project.

We are supervised and work closely with the nearby Second Friends Church. The Church's worship service is semi-programmed, consisting of long periods of silence, speaking by members of the meeting, hymns, and a message from the pastor. I would like to have a minute from the meeting in support of this work. I understand that, in the past, minute were not granted for service in certain other Yearly Meetings. I am somewhat confused by this and anxious to hear what you have to say about it. Is the issue differences in religious practice, or the type of work these other Friends group are engaged in? I have the impression that it is the former.

Although, as Friends, we feel we should dissociate ourselves from organizations involved in social or political actions we disagree with, should the same apply to matters of 150

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission religious practice and belief? Was I mistaken when I wrote the following to Senator Hughes: "I urge us all-young and old, radical, liberal and conservative-to unite our efforts to tackle the pressing problems facing us. Once we start getting our hands dirty, ideological difference will become very secondary, and solving problem will become primary."

Or do Conservative Friends object to the type of social work some other Yearly Meetings are engaged in? Don't we endorse the words of William Penn: "True Godliness doesn't turn men out of the world, but enables them to live better in it and excites their endeavors to mend it".

I don't know if you, as a meeting, approve of this program and my participation in it. I am concerned to know your thinking, since Conservative Friends most closely, I believe, represent my own religious thinking. I made the decision to join the project as a result of my Conservative background, and guidance from the inner light, as well as I could discern it. However I will consider leaving the project should you, as a meeting, feel that would be the appropriate action.

Yours,

Jeff Kisling

I was relieved to receive the following reply. "Thy letter was read with interest in our Monthly Meeting today, 8/28/1971. The Meeting wishes to encourage thee and other youths who are sincerely dedicated to an effort to solve the complex problems of the world. May you be guided in your efforts and enabled to realize the fulfillment of your concerns."

These impressions of the neighborhood, Second Friends Church, various people, and the purpose of VSM in relation to all this would develop gradually. When I arrived in Indianapolis the first of July 1971, I had very few impressions, but very many questions. What is an inner city neighborhood like? What are its problems and needs? How does religion relate to a complex, materialistic, secular society such as ours? What can I do?

A more immediate question was how could I support VSM financially?

The Job Finding my first serious employment seemed a daunting task. I began by looking into hospital work, since I was still considering alternative service at this point. I had written to many of the hospitals before I arrived in Indianapolis and one responded with a possibility. St Vincent's Hospital thought my computer programming experience might be helpful for a position they had—a maintenance person who could classify all of the shop items, so a computer inventory system could be established. At this point I was eager to accept almost anything. Fortunately, it didn't work out.

Next, I went to Methodist Hospital. Strangely the fact that I was a conscientious objector was helpful. Methodist had hired a good number of C.O.'s over the years and found them to be good employees. The next day I was to come for an interview with the transportation supervisor, who came from a Quaker family (Stanley) in Indiana. She told me I could replace someone who would be fired after one more unexcused absence. I 151

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission went home to wait.

I was getting to know Indianapolis; riding my bicycle to the hospitals, I had to go through the downtown area. These July days were hot, traffic was heaving, and fumes hung in the air. But I enjoyed the bicycle; I saw it (and still do) as a part of my Quaker witness. It represented one aspect of a concept I was especially interested in working on, that being simplicity. Just what is simplicity in a technologically complex world? With my bicycle I was beginning to learn. Later as the dangers of fossil fuels became more apparent my continued bicycling related to environmental justice.

The next day I waited to hear from Mrs. Stanley. I finally called, to find she was in a meeting. Calling later, she said she was sorry, but the fellow had come to work that day, so there was no opening. Going back to the hospital's personnel office I got an appointment to talk with the supervisor of the respiratory therapy department. After a few questions, she said I could attend the on the job training program that would begin in two weeks.

Respiratory therapy was to be one of the most rewarding aspects of my VSM experience. I now realize how important your work is to your whole life. My enjoyment and feeling of accomplishment in respiratory therapy would help tremendously when things went badly at the house.

Respiratory therapy is the fastest growing of several paramedical fields in development today. The objective of the field is to treat cardiopulmonary disorders; acute and chronic. Most of these disorders related to insufficient amounts of oxygen reaching the cells, due to any number of reasons—heart disorders, blood disorders, excess secretions in the lungs, or damaged lung tissue. Administering oxygen is one important aspect of respiratory therapy. Dealing with pulmonary secretions is also important. Various types of mist therapy, and physical therapy are used for this. Respiratory therapy is also responsible for emergency resuscitation. The most skilled and complex work is done in intensive care units, where respiratory therapists work with mechanical ventilators, physiologic monitoring and diagnostic procedures. I really enjoyed learning about anatomy and physiology, diseases and medicine, and the function and application of mechanical ventilators.

There are two related aspects of respiratory therapy that make it especially meaningful to me. One is patient contact. At Riley Children's Hospital, where I worked during my second year at VSM, children are often hospitalized for months at a time, or return often, so I know some of the kids quite well. The other is a respiratory therapist can see the results of their work as a patient becomes able to breathe more easily and return to normal health.

After I left VSM, I returned to Iowa for 6 months. But I missed the kids so much, I returned to Indianapolis. I earned my degree in respiratory therapy, and worked in various positions in the field the rest of my life. I was a clinical specialist in neonatal intensive care for a number of years. I really enjoyed making trips in Riley's newborn ambulance to community hospitals around the state of Indiana, to stabilize and bring babies who are sick back to the hospital. At one time I was keeping track, and had made over 550 such trips, but lost count after that. One of the first medical articles I had published was about the role of respiratory therapists on the neonatal transport team. Then after 3 years of being the Program Director and teaching respiratory therapy at a state college, I've spent the past 30 years writing computer software for, and working in the Infant Pulmonary 152

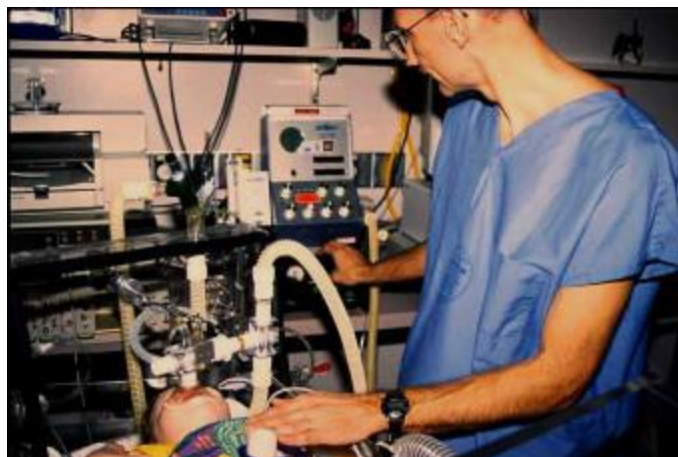
Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Function Laboratory at Riley Hospital for Children. Most of the work done there is research related to infant lung development and disease. I loved being able to work with kids, from newborn up to 2 years of age.

Jeff working as respiratory therapist during VSM Neonatal ICU, Riley Infant Pulmonary Function Lab, Riley Infant Pulmonary Function Lab, Riley Infant Pulmonary Function Lab, Riley The portable testing system we built Software I am currently working on for the lab 153

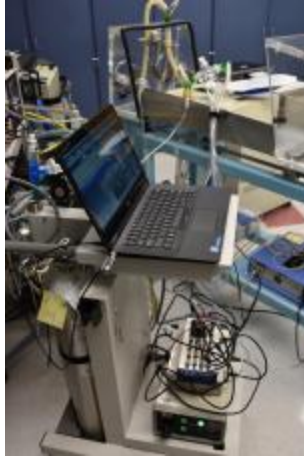


Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission154

Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Volunteer Service Mission Story-Part 3 Thursday, December 28, 2017 Beginning work in the neighborhood Now that I'd found a job, I began to see what I could do in the neighborhood.

The objectives of Friends Volunteer Service Mission (VSM) are: 1. To provide the reconciling, caring presence of the Church in mission 2. To express in tangible ways, one's personal commitment to Christ 3. To provide a means of furthering personal and social growth 4. To solve problems together while living in community 5. To acquire relational skills with those of different cultures and different opinions 6. To express gratitude to God in service for the endless privileges he has given

Just how does one try to realize these objectives? How does one measure, or even know what he is achieving? This was the question I pondered those first days, week, months in Indianapolis. I was anxious to get started on something but not sure what. "Evangelism" was also on my mind. How was I to share my religious experience? I believed in the traditional Quaker view of letting God be shown in everyday life. I wanted to be uncompromising in regard to my beliefs, and yet not hurt anyone. Concentrating on my life, rather than judging others seemed to be the way to achieve that.

One of the basic issues I was wrestling with was the relationship between the spiritual church and social service. Those of us at VSM were asked to be at Indiana Yearly Meeting that first summer, where we would discuss this relationship. I remember putting a lot of effort into writing the following in preparation for that presentation. Then, when I was in Richmond, praying just before the presentation, it didn't feel right to deliver that. I ended up simply saying we believed the spirit would lead us, and our purpose was to find out how to follow.

What we are going to get involved in and how we are going to use our limited time, resources and abilities are very important questions for us to consider. I found it a valuable experience, in trying to deal with these questions, when asked to consider the relationship between the spiritual church and social service. Our commitment to the spiritual church is foremost in importance. Christian service is a necessary result of a commitment to the spiritual church. This relationship between the spiritual church and Christian service is very clearly illustrated in the history of Christianity and of Quakerism. The greatest commandment is to love God with all our heart, soul and mind. The second greatest commandment is to love our neighbor as ourselves. This is the essence of the new covenant. Quaker commitment to the spiritual church is the search for and obedience to the inner light—the will of God. It has been said that God is love. Recently I have read that God is silence. God is ineffable, but these two words seem to be helpful in searching for a description. Perhaps a better word would be creativity. Active, loving silence is the essence of creativity. In silence an idea is born, and a creative act formulated. Perhaps 'God is creativity' encompasses 'God is love' and 'God is silence.' Our commitment to the spiritual church necessitates the creative use of our talents; that is, waiting to be shown how we can use our abilities to perform the will of God, and then doing what we are shown despite anxieties or persecution. This is where commitment to the spiritual church leads to Christian service. The spiritual church shows the way, but we must respond, individually or collectively, in action. 155

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

In the past that action has been along the lines of improving man's outward condition; providing food, clothing, shelter, and better laws and community services. There is a definite need for this. And yet, there is a real yearning for spiritual fulfillment in the world today. In the United States especially we are well off, for the most part, materially, but have lost a sense of worth in ourselves and others. Our primary responsibility in social service is to love our neighbor as ourselves. If we do that, we would hope that they could share our commitment to the spiritual church; the search for and obedience to the inner light, the development of creative abilities—creative worship, personal relationships, recreation, art—creative living. It is very difficult to be creative. But from creative acts one develops in ways and receives rewards available from no other source. Creativity involves bringing into the world something new to the world.

I began to meet people. Paul introduced me to people at the church. We visited several at their homes the first few weeks I was there. I was slowly getting to know some of the people in the immediate neighborhood.

The first time I met Ronnie Anderson, he came to the house with his Boy Scout uniform on, ready to go to a meeting. He lived across the street with his wife Susie and daughter Tina. His mother and father lived on the other side of his double with the two children they still had at home, Dennis and Nila. Ronnie worked at the local drugstore.

The Methodist Youth Fellowship was another of Ronnie's activities. I began attending meetings with Ronnie and soon began helping with singing, playing my guitar, the lessons, and recreation. I introduced 'capture the flag' which was an immediate success. These kids were Junior High age. "It is moving to see how kids can respond, and so creatively, to someone who will take an interest in them. I find it interesting work." Journal 7/26/1971

This was to be significant. I had found something interesting, rewarding, and in line with my ideas of what I wanted to do, and how I wanted to do it. I just couldn't spend my time in meeting after meeting, especially when I couldn't see much result from them. (My aversion to meetings continues to this day). I needed to be involved with people. Adults seemed so closed, wrapped up in their jobs, home, set ideas, personal interests and problems. It seemed natural to turn to the kids, or maybe they came to me. At any rate, kids more and more became my focus, not only in the neighborhood, but I would soon begin my lifelong career working in pediatrics at Riley Hospital for Children.

The first year developed slowly for me. I thoroughly enjoyed my work at Methodist Hospital as a respiratory therapist, and spent free time with the Methodist youth group and neighborhood kids.

Organizations That's not to say there wasn't a lot going on. A number of organizations were developing that Paul and Second Friends spent a good deal of time and effort working with.

Nick Block, pastor of Second Friends Church, was an innovative change agent. Coming from Kansas and an evangelical Friends background, Nick attended Earlham School of Religion, where he went through a good deal of change. He was full of energy and enthusiasm to put his ideas into action. 156

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

West Indianapolis Neighborhood Congress (WINC) Early in 1971 Nick was instrumental in getting neighborhood people together for the first West Indianapolis Neighborhood Congress (WINC) Town Meeting. Like the town meetings of early New England, the purpose was to get the community together to discuss and take action on matters directly affecting them. The issue which gave impetus to the initiation of this organization was the proposed route of Interstate 70 through West Indianapolis. People were upset to find the chosen route for the Interstate would remove large numbers of houses, and divide neighborhoods, when an alternate route would have gone through a much less densely populated area.

The town meeting chose to do all it could to rectify the situation. A committee did succeed in getting a court order to halt construction until the matter could be dealt with. In the end, the proposed route would be followed, but an additional on/off ramp would be added in the neighborhood, so people could at least access the highway themselves.

Although the freeway was the focus of attention at the town meeting, a political structure was also set up to handle the broad spectrum of problems facing the neighborhood. As the freeway issue was worked out, other problems were addressed by WINC.

Indiana Friends Committee on Legislation (IFCL) Another project Paul, and I to an extent, were involved in was the Indiana Friends Committee on Legislation (IFCL). The summer of 1971 Second Friends Quaker Men (Nick Block-leader, Les Paulsen, Bill Bernhard) sent an opinionnaire on legislative issues to all Friends Meetings in Indiana, to see what Friends felt about certain legislative issues. I used Earlham College's computer to tabulate the over 600 responses, which did not indicate a concerted feeling on most issues.

Nonetheless, they went ahead and organized IFCL, modeled after the Friends Committee on National Legislation (FCNL), to be a faith lobby in the state legislature. IFCL's Preamble to Legislative Policy, the rough draft of which Paul and I wrote, defines the purpose of IFCL.

Indiana Friends Committee on Legislation (IFCL) Preamble to Legislative Policy
Adopted at Organizing Meeting, Indianapolis, Indiana, October 2, 1971

Friends consider their primary responsibility to be the search for and obedience to the will of God, which is revealed to every man. Through individual and corporate worship, Friends have continually realized that all men are brothers, and that every person is endowed with worth and dignity. Historically, Friends have sought to promote relationships among men which would permit individuals to develop fully in all dimensions of life. Since governments make major decisions affecting man in his relationship to society, Friends have sought to translate their religious concerns into social and political involvement. Indiana Friends Committee on Legislation seeks to express the Spirit of Christ and to relate our Christian faith and Quaker testimonies to the shaping of responsible decisions by our state government.

Because complete and accurate data are essential for intelligent decision-making, IFCL works to research and compile such information. Since no one has the complete solution to many of the issues facing us, Friends seek to use the best from the many points of view to arrive at an agreement which might not otherwise be achieved. 157

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Our work includes the interpreting to persons in state government those moral and spiritual values which should undergird government and law. Naturally, there is concern with the passage or defeat of specific legislation; however, our primary purpose is the establishment of those conditions which will allow for the working of the Holy Spirit.

We strive to express ourselves by appropriate means of persuasion through visits to Indiana Legislators, testimonies before legislative committees, letter writing, and other methods congenial to Friends procedure. In this work, the Committee needs the cooperation of individual Friends Meetings, and other groups in making its policies as well-considered, appropriate, and effective as possible. IFCL cooperates with like-minded organizations in the preparation and circulation of information, especially where there is a community of interest around specific legislation.

Draft Resistance and VSM

IFCL does not (nor can any organization or individual) speak for all Friends. We recognize that sincere differences of opinion may exist on specific questions among thoughtful Friends, not withstanding their common heritage.

Steering Committee Members Lester Paulsen, Chairman, Second Friends Church
Susan Rupp-West Newton, Robert Burns-New Castle, Nancy Mullin-Richmond,
Paul Cluxton-Indianapolis, Car Jorden-Straughn, James Dunn-Maple Grove, Fred
Lee- Indianapolis, Dan Carter-Russiaville

FCNL lobbying FCNL lobbying Jeff, Paul and Connie at Second Friends VSM U.S.
Capitol North Meadow Friends Indianapolis North Meadow Friends Indianapolis
North Meadow Friends Indianapolis North Meadow Friends Indianapolis 158



Draft Resistance and VSM

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission 159



Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Volunteer Service Mission Story-Part 4 Thursday, December 28, 2017 (Note: The following is the continuation of the story of the Friends Volunteer Service Mission (VSM). This part includes the conclusion of my draft resistance story, which was going on in the middle of my VSM service. I have previously shared that part on this blog, so some of you may have already read that.)

Connie Collett came Second Friends VSM in November. She spent a lot of time working at the grocery store and some time to herself; reading and thinking. She attended some meetings with Paul and worked with IFCL, but tended to feel as I do about organizations and meetings. Tutoring and helping in a neighborhood public school found Connie's interest.

Paul took a course in peace education at Earlham School of Religion (ESR), and later in crisis (psychiatric) counseling at LaRue Carter (mental) Hospital in Indianapolis. He hoped to be a chaplain working with the new Southwest Health Center.

Southwest Health Center The Health Center was an interesting development in the neighborhood. Three years of planning finally got Methodist Hospital to agree to staff a neighborhood Health Center, once the first year's operating costs could be met. Methodist already had two neighborhood Health Centers. Private businessmen were responsible for raising the money. Once open, it was hoped the center would be self-supporting. Fees would be on a sliding scale based on ability to pay, but a large volume should help meet financial needs.

Late in the year workmen and volunteers, including neighborhood kids we (VSM) have been working with, began remodeling an old store, to be used for the health center. "I've just returned from taking Dennis to the Southwest Health Center. This is the first week the Health Center has been open. Paul and Dennis did a great deal of work remodeling the building. Friday night when I got home from the hospital, Jan (who was visiting) and I went to the church to mimeograph my letter on the draft. While there, Dennis came over. He had been painting at the Health Center with Paul and Connie. The next morning Paul, Connie, Jan and I went to the Quaker Men meeting. This was the day of the opening of the Health Center. Dennis and I spent most of the morning picking up furniture for the Health Center. He had to help me re-learn how to use a clutch shift." Journal, 1/12/1971

Jan Cole, from Findlay, Ohio, is a convinced Friends and attended Earlham College while I was there. We were both active in Earlham Young Friends, a small group that met weekly for mid-week meeting for worship (silent). Jan and I became close during the last month I spent there. We wrote a lot and I visited her at Earlham a number of times while I lived in Indianapolis. It was meaningful for me to be able to discuss the draft and work at VSM with her.

The New Year 1972 The New Year begins. Connie has joined us, the Methodist Youth Fellowship continues and the Southwest Health Center opens. 160

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission "Received order to report for civilian work on February 1. As I approach the decision, its revelation, and the consequences, I draw back in fear." Journal 1/25/1972

At last the draft issue was coming to a head. I left Earlham knowing I would lose my student deferment and be eligible for induction. I was reclassified 1-0 (conscientious objector to do alternative service) in October 1971, I think. I looked for jobs in hospitals, and accepted the one at Methodist partially because I knew, if I did decide to do alternative service, such a job would qualify.

Up to this point I still had alternatives. Now the 'official' order had come. It didn't matter that I would continue to work at the hospital or even that I would receive credit for what work I had done. What did matter was whether I would acknowledge that I was actually doing alternative service. I enjoyed my work at the hospital and felt called to continue with it, whether the government approved or not. But I had to decide whether I would accept the work on their terms or mine.

I've already indicated how much reading, thought, and worry I put into the draft decision. I thought I would suddenly receive the answer some day during Meeting for worship. It didn't happen exactly that way. I remember one meeting in the fall of my senior year at Scattergood when I knew it would be wrong to cooperate with the Selective Service System. I knew with certainty, yet the time wasn't yet right to act on that knowledge. My grandmother (Lorene Standing) says the will of God is most often revealed in a series of small steps.

I think my task was first to prepare for the decision, its consequences and the reaction to it; and to prepare my family and those close to me for the decision. Then I would act. I had done what I could to prepare myself and others. Now the time had come.

The first of February I returned to Earlham to visit friends and to get support before going ahead with my decision.

Took bus to Richmond. Bright clear day—snow on ground. Beautiful walk to Earlham from downtown. Seems like coming home. Good to see Jan. After spaghetti lunch, walked downtown to YWCA where Jan had swimming lesson. Al Inglis picked us up there at 3:00 pm. Went back to Earlham and talked. 4:00 pm. Went to Meeting for worship. Jan, Al, Dav Nagle, Marggie Schutz, Margaret and Lewis Taylor, Becky Gibson, Jim Bay, Ruby, and several others attended. Al had read my letter to the draft board and my statement on the draft earlier, and asked if I would let him read it during Meeting. I told him that would be alright, so he did. Into the Meeting, Al spoke of support and the future and how God spoke through me. I would hope that would be true, but felt unworthy. Margaret Taylor spoke of Iowa Friends who had always spoken against war and done what they felt right. She spoke of her support for me. Becky Gibson spoke, very movingly, about finding who you are, and how important it is to do what is right. Then Dav spoke, also very movingly. He is certainly an able minister—one of the people I love and respect very much. He seems always to be close to the center. He said severing ties with Selective Service is a major decision—but ALL decisions are major when they deal with principle and the Spirit. All, each of our decisions must be integral. “Severing ties with Selective Service is not an isolated act in this life of Jeff’s.” After a good while I felt moved to speak. When confronted with a decision, we are told to 161

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission do God’s will. But God’s will is so difficult to discern among many influences—people, law, self (selfishness and pride). Realizing this, Thomas A’ Beckett said, “I am loathsome.” This was how I felt at times. But after he said that, he heard what he believed to be the voice of God saying “Nevertheless, I love.” Later, I shook hands with Jan to break meeting. There was much tender, loving discussion and support afterward. Here I received such strength as I could find nowhere else. Is there any other way to wrestle with and be led to a decision? I am amazed at the power and bond of love. May I strengthen and spread it.” Journal 1/30/1972

Draft Resistance and VSM

I received a letter from Ron Ellyson, a classmate of mine at Scattergood and close friend (Member of Iowa Conservative Friends): "As for your decision to not cooperate with the desires of Selective Service, I think it is fine. It is a choice which you made after years, actually, of thought and deliberation and certainly you should have enough faith in your judgment to stay with that decision through all the hassles it will cause you." Ron Ellyson. 2/6/1972 First Day I mailed the following to the draft board today, along with my registration certificate and classification (1-0) card:

Dear members and clerk of the draft board:

I have received an order to report for civilian work February 1, 1972.

I want to thank you for your concerned questions at my personal appearance, when we were considering my position as a conscientious objector. I have appreciated Mrs. Landon's kindness and consideration, even when I returned my draft cards. Thank you for giving me more time to consider this decision. I hadn't realized what a powerful affect that action would have on some people. The extra time gave them, and me, a chance to come to grips with the decision and its consequences. However, my beliefs have remained basically the same and the time has come to act accordingly.

I am sure none of us really want war. Many are convinced that war is a 'necessary evil'—the only way to achieve peace. I think I can understand that, and I do respect those who sincerely believe it—their sacrifice has been very great.

But I do not believe war is the way to peace. True peace is a personal, internal, spiritual matter. When we come to know and love ourselves and our God, then and only then do we have peace. From this point, peace and love will flow from us and should engulf those we live and work with. This is the only way to find and promote peace. In this matter, war has no place.

The enclosed attempts to illustrate my beliefs in relation to the Selective Service System. I hope this will help you to understand why I feel I cannot cooperate with the Selective Service System. I want it to be clearly understood that I am not doing alternative service. It is not my choice. There is nothing else I can do.

Love, Jeff Kisling

Letter to my draft board 162

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

I write concerning my relationship with the Selective Service System. There are many alternatives. In fact, someone once said the only alternative not open to a young man facing the draft is that of being left alone. I explored several of these. I applied for and was granted conscientious objector status (1-0). Then I had a student deferment, which made me very uneasy. I am now doing work which should qualify as alternative service, but for reasons I will attempt to explain herein, I find this alternative to be unacceptable.

I find it difficult to understand why one young man must explain his decision to do civilian work for a non-profit organization while another need make no explanation, indeed is encouraged to fight and perhaps kill other human beings. But it is one's duty to explain one's actions in order that others might understand, and perhaps follow. Noncooperation is less understood than conscientious objection, so I feel all the more compelled to try to present an explanation. I must try to explain, to spare my family the burden of doing so, for they neither clearly understand nor agree with my decision. (Note: they fully supported alternative service, but didn't want to see me imprisoned).

This decision grew out of my experience as a member of the Society of Friends. Meetings of the Society of Friends can be a source of strength and guidance as one begins and continues to search for meaning in life. Quakers have always believed that there is that of God in every man, that each of us has the ability to communicate with that of God in us, and the responsibility to respond to that of God in everyone. It is evident that Jesus had communion with God—evident in the actions of his life and in his teachings—culminating in “not as I will, but as thou wilt.” This is the essence of Jesus’ teaching—that God’s will can be discerned and should be obeyed even at the cost of doubt and persecution. Quakers readily accept Jesus as an exceptional person and try to live up to the principles he gave us to live by. But we are even more concerned that we obey that Inner Light to which He was so sensitive, so we can have personal contact with and guidance from God. Thus, Quakers try to minimize distractions from “this (secular) world” in order to discern the will of God in their hearts and His presence in their midst. They gather together in a simple room and settle down together, searching in silence—each contributing to the spirit of the meeting as a whole. There are times when a member feels he has been ‘moved by the spirit’ to share with the group, in which case the meeting considers the message in further silence.

There is a spirit which comes from the silence which gives direction to life. The spirit is often difficult to discern because of our ties to ‘this world.’ We are afraid or too proud to give up our desire to ‘reason through’ decisions. Thus, we develop a system of beliefs and guidelines composed of traditional beliefs, our own reasoning, and as much guidance from the Inner Light as we are willing to seek and accept. Thus our decisions, being not entirely grounded upon our faith, may not always be ‘right’. But we can do no more, nor should we do less, than follow our conscience as occasions arise—always seeking to become more attuned to the spirit.

Adolescence is that period when one begins to seriously consider ‘who he is’ and his purpose in the world. It is a time when one has so many question and so few answers. The extent to which a young person searches for, and finds answers to these questions is dependent upon guidance given by parents, peers, school and church; the degree to which this guidance corresponds to his own experience and needs; and his own self-discipline and desire to continue the search. Too often the leadership and resources are not available; he is ‘turned off’ by inconsistencies or shallowness or insincerity on the part of those he looks to for guidance and example; or materialistic demands distract from the search. 163

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

The draft requires fundamental moral decisions at this time in life. This may not be bad in itself, but tremendous pressure is brought to bear to influence the decision—tradition, parental and peer pressure, the law, etc. The Selective Service System tries to attract men to the armed forces by relying on these pressures and by not making alternatives widely known.

The pressures in this case are for action which is contrary to the experience and desires of most young men—frustrating, anguishing when one is searching for truth, honesty and integrity. This type of experience stifles personal growth and leads to the loss of a spirit of idealism and faith in the goodness of men. Can there be a graver crime than that of destroying the spirit and dreams of the young? Only that of destroying life itself, and the Selective Service System is directly implicated in both.

Most of us agree that conscription and war are unjust-evil. The question is, how do we deal with evil? 'Resist not evil'—a phrase widely known but little understood and less obeyed. 'Do not set yourself against one who wrongs you' (NEB) is a better way to put it, I think. In setting ourselves against those who harm us, we look, to some extent, for some way to hurt, or at least hinder them. We look for the worst in others and play upon their weaknesses rather than looking for the best and trying to fortify it. Our task is to overcome evil by doing good.

The time we spend 'resisting evil' could be better spent in trying to find out where we can do better ourselves. You do not change others by opposing them—rather, by respecting and trying to understand and learn from them, you can both benefit and move nearer the truth. A life of example—showing the possibilities and fruits of a life lived in love and concern for others, is the only way to overcome evil.

I do not want my example to be alliance with evil. Thus, I cannot serve with the Selective Service System. However, I will not set myself against it. I will break my ties with Selective Service, and concentrate on the difficult task of working for peace in whatever way I can.

Draft Resistance and VSM

Jeff Kisling

Letter to Bear Creek Monthly Meeting

Homer Moffitt, Clerk Bear Creek Monthly Meeting

Dear Friends,

I am thankful for your kind letters and encouragement concerning my work in Indianapolis. I am learning much about love, and as I respond to the love of others, and they to mine, we are all amazed at how it grows. I am enclosing a statement I have written concerning conscription, and my decision not to cooperate with the Selective Service System any more. I sent a copy of that statement, along with my draft cards, to my draft board.

Again, I tried very hard to follow the leading of the inner light. If I alone were making the decision, this would probably not be my choice. Thomas a' Beckett, torn between his obligations to the Church and those to the State, was searching for guidance. When he realized all the forces that influence him—selfish desires for power and personal gain, 164

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission fear of punishment or displeasing people, etc., he said. "I am loathsome." But then he heard what he believed to be the voice of God saying, "Nevertheless, I love."

I, too, feel shamed when I realize the factors that often influence my decisions and actions. On this matter, I have tried very hard to be sensitive to the will of God, and hope to do so in the times to come. Still somewhat uncertain that my choice is right, I am comforted in knowing that He still loves.

Love, Jeff Kisling

In reply:

Draft Resistance and VSM

Dear Jeff, We have found your statement explaining your relationship to the Selective Service System very moving. Several of us are aware that your decision on this has been a difficult and lonely one. We want to assure you of our love and support as you meet the events which result from your courageous stand. On behalf of the Peace Committee of Bear Creek Monthly Meeting

The conclusion to the draft story is that I was drafted at a time when men were not being drafted for the armed forces. A Supreme Court case declared this to be illegal, so my order to report for civilian service was invalidated and I wasn't prosecuted. I did finish my two years with Friends Volunteer Service Mission in Indianapolis.

Struggling with my decision related to registering for the draft triggered a deep look into my spiritual life and how to express that in the rest of my life.

Don Laughlin's letter for CO application Bear Creek Meeting Bear Creek Meeting
Entire Scattergood Friends School marching 12 miles to Iowa City to protest V
ietnam War Weekly peace vigil Indianapolis Draft conference, Scattergood 1969
Vietnam memorial Civil disobedience training FCNL: Scattergood Peace Marches
Jeff Kisling Draft-It's Your Choice 165

West Branch, Iowa 52358
December 3, 1969

Chairman, Local Draft Board
Marshall County, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

This statement is to support the application of Jeff Kisling for classification as a conscientious objector.

I have known Jeff for the past four years while he has been a student at Scattergood School. Last summer he was employed in my laboratory to work on some special computer problems for me. He is a mild mannered young man, a person who tackles issues and problems with an open mind, thinking them through carefully and thoroughly. He is gentle and sensitive to the needs of people, not only of individuals close to him, but of people throughout the world who are struggling for the opportunity to live in peace.

Jeff has been active in Friends' peace activities. In the Fall of 1968 he attended a conference on Friends and the Draft, and gave an oral report to his Quarterly Meeting of Iowa Friends. A few weeks ago he was one of the student leaders of a week-end conference of young people discussing the draft and related problems of war and peace.

The atmosphere of Jeff's home and the Quaker school that he is attending have been such as to lead naturally to his desire to find other ways to solve international problems than through war, violence, and death. I believe these methods are completely foreign to his nature, and he would be unable to cooperate with them.

Sincerely yours,
Donald E. Laughlin
Donald E. Laughlin

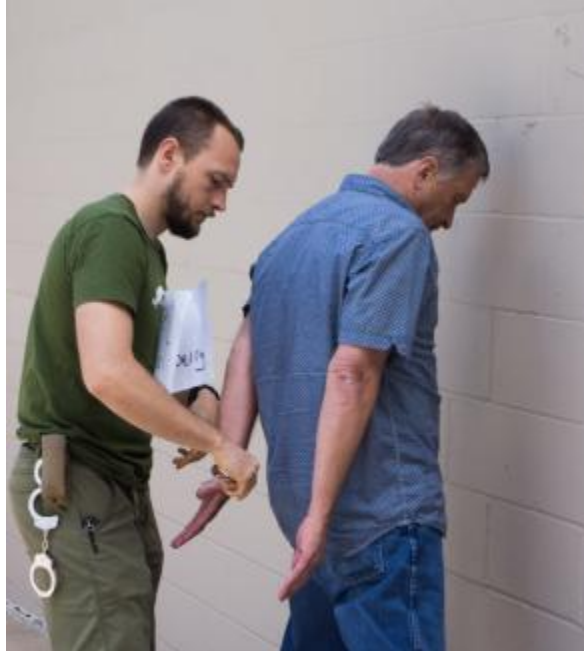
Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission166



Draft Resistance and VSM

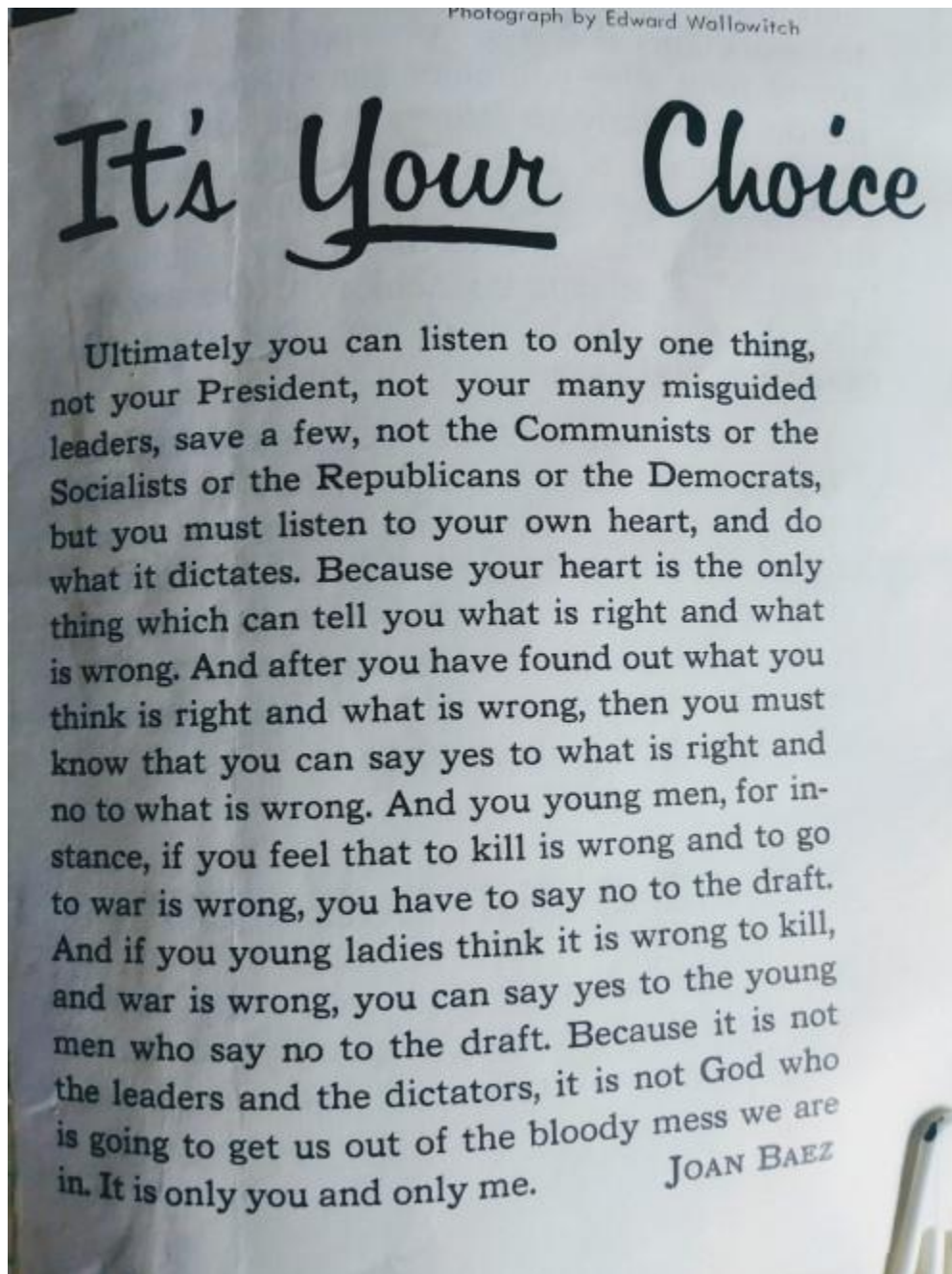
[illegible]

Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission 167





Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Volunteer Service Mission Story-Part 5 Thursday, December 28, 2017 Continued work in the neighborhood I continued to work at the hospital and work with the neighborhood kids. I had the equipment to develop film and photo prints in a makeshift darkroom I set up in the bathroom of the VSM house. One of my projects was taking kids around the city to take photos, then showing them how to develop the film and prints.

Neighborhood boy on VSM photo trip

Some more passages from my journal give an idea of what was going on. 2/3/1972 Wednesday Developed a lot of pictures, some I had taken at the town meeting, some taken downtown, etc. 2/22/1972 Friday Dennis was here. We took pictures at a wedding. After dinner we went to the Health Center. Had to leave soon after we got there to take Paul to the airport. He was flying to Washington, D.C. for FCNL Annual Meeting. 4/12/1972 We've received several notices from the Internal Revenue Service recently about the telephone (war) tax that VSM has been refusing to pay. Paul, Connie and I have begun having meals together followed by worship First day evenings. This has proven to be a very valuable practice. We are beginning to know one another and talk about how we feel and what we're doing. 5/5/1972 Today an elderly patient I was giving therapy to died. What can I say? There was nothing I could have done, yet I feel badly about it.

Second Year Connie and I were both wondering what sort of project we might develop in the neighborhood, especially when we were no longer tied down to jobs. We were both drawn to the kids, and summer vacation from school was rapidly approaching. Nick Block had given us permission to use the parsonage garage and churchyard for youth activities.

It is very difficult to be presented with almost unlimited alternatives, to try to select which you will pursue. What criteria does one use to make such decisions? Three questions I considered were: 1. What are the needs of the neighborhood?

168



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission 2. What are my needs? 3. What resources do I have to work with? (abilities, experiences, material resources)

The problems seemed endless. And there were almost as many organizations as problems. What were the important problems? How effective were the organizations? What is the Quaker approach to social problems? What is simplicity? How does it relate to this multiplicity of problems?

I would eventually answer this questions as a result of my VSM experiences. These answers are a very valuable result of my VSM experience. At this point, though, I didn't have the answers. I wasn't at all impressed with social service agencies.

I had some ill formed, uncoordinated thoughts. That of God in everyone, the worth of the individual. Simplicity. Love. Sincerity. Honesty. Spiritual basis of life.

At the time I think I would have put it together something like this: Yes, there are a lot of problems, but they all result from one thing; an unhealthy relationship with self, others and God. Solution to problems: straighten out these basic relationships. But how?

My needs? I guess I needed to feel I was worth something and needed by others. I needed to be with people who were open, searching, trying to live. That's why I was drawn to the kids. They weren't yet hung up on life's problems; materialism, pride, keeping up with the Jones', etc.

Resources? I think my needs proved to be resources; my need of others. My Quaker background was definitely a resource. We had the parsonage garage and churchyard to work with, and the kids.

So, we sort of spontaneously decided to see what we could do with the garage, churchyard and the kids. "Connie's brother and sister (Steve and Nancy), and Mary and Denise have been here this weekend working on the garage. We had a hot dog roast Thursday evening with 34 neighborhood kids; everybody was there. They put in a sand pile, fixed the volleyball poles, cleaned and worked on the garage; putting up paneling, painting hop scotch and 4-square on the floor, and making a blackboard." Journal 5/6/1972 "I'm about to embark upon the second phase of my work here. I had hoped to work part time at the hospital this summer and spend the rest working in the neighborhood. I enjoy my hospital work and it would be a source of some income. But that didn't work out, so I had to decide whether to work full time at the hospital, or not at all. At first it seemed a difficult decision. At the time I was reading *The Peaceable Kingdom* by Jan de Hartog and was impressed and reminded of the early Friends' struggle to live according to the leading of the inner light. I felt heavily burdened by the claims the hospital had on my time. At this time Ron Ellyson wrote that we were too young to be tied down to jobs, marriage, etc.; looking for security.

At the time, I was also excited about the 4-H Club we were just getting started. I was planning to use this as a way to approach the kids with photography; which I have become much more interested in. I was also waiting for a leading; and felt move to resign my position at the hospital, which I promptly did. 169

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Now, a week later, I can say I am happy with the decision. The 4-H Club is doing quite well, I think, and will probably take a lot of time and effort. As will the garage project. I will also be fairly free to spend some time in Iowa. Journal 5/26/1972

Connie and I both quit our jobs. This was quite a potential financial risk for VSM, but I thought the summer would be important and we should put what we had into it.

HOW?

I was inclined toward having a plan—a program. The 4-H Club was a result of that. Besides photography, Connie did cooking and some sewing with the kids, and Paul dealt with bicycles and bike trips.

I think the 4-H Club was a good thing. The kids liked the idea of belonging to a club, having officers, meetings, etc. 4-H provided good printed material on our subjects. We felt the parents would allow us to work with the kids in an “official” organization, whereas they might be reluctant for us to just start doing things with their kids without a plan.

In short, the 4-H Club provided a base to build on, a way to get to know the kids and their parents. We actually spent little time doing purely 4—H activities. Rather we expanded upon the projects and went into other areas, especially recreation. “Today Jon (my brother who had come to Indy with me) and I went downtown—tour and bought photo supplies. Spent afternoon in garage. Played 4-square, Old Maid with Mike, hopscotch with Jamie, keep away and kickball, etc.

Had first photography meeting tonight. Developed roll of film Tony Sargent took. More storm. Tree down in back yard. Just missed house. Power and phone out for a while. Worked with Tony Sargent in darkroom printing the negatives we developed last night. Randy Porter and Donnie L. were also there for a while. Spent most of afternoon with Paul and Gilbert Porter cleaning up tree. Jon took kids for rides on the scooter today. Wrote to Western YM Social Concerns Committee asking for \$125 for darkroom and garage." Journal 6/15/1972 "Got a sunburn playing baseball at Rhodius Park yesterday morning with Timmy, Tony, Mike, Gibby and Jon. Spent afternoon in garage. Things are going pretty well at the garage. Am doing something I think is significant and worthwhile. I feel frustrated and useless when dealing with organizations, bureaucracies, orders from above and dealing with people as anything other than unique human beings. Here that as what we're trying to do—take the time and patience and love to care about people as unique, special human beings.

This from the Tutor Manual helps explain what we are trying to do, I think: He's got to feel good about himself—to respect and accept himself and see that others also respect and accept him. This is what you tutors should be doing, 2 + 2 can come later. This comes first." Journal 6/17/1972 "Mike and I joined Jon at Carnine ball park to watch Gibby's ball game. More from the Tutor Manual: "The child in the lower working class families is less stimulated by his culture to be fearful and guilty. He also grows up faster in the sense of achieving personal maturity. He is not protected from the crises of life. These children need, most of all teachers who will

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission encourage them to try, to hope, to believe in their futures, and to believe in their abilities. They are hungry for encouragement, for some reason to have confidence in themselves against the dead weight of the social and economic pressures which drive them down to self—depreciation and sullen resentment." Journal 6/18/1972

That is a pretty good summary of our goal, to show the kids we are genuinely interested in them and wanted to be with them.

The garage was an initial focus of activity as soon as school was out. We used the garage for meetings before school was out. We planned to use the garage and the churchyard for our recreational activities this summer. But what exactly would we do? I was inclined to have a structure, some plans in mind. That's why I worked on the 4-H Club. But Connie thought the garage should be unstructured, a 'wait and see what happens' approach.

At first I wasn't too excited about that. I wasn't sure it would work. First, how would kids know to come there? And if they did, then what?

It DID work! And whatever success VSM had from then on (and I feel it was very successful) resulted from this approach.

So, we opened the garage door, went in and sat down. After a while a few of the younger kids came. We played Old Maid, hopscotch, and four-square. In the afternoon we played in the churchyard. At first business was slow—mainly young girls coming to play with Connie. Playing in the churchyard attracted the older kids. We played dodgeball and whiffle ball.

Within a few days almost all of the boys and girls in the neighborhood (ages 4—15) were playing in the churchyard. At times there were 30 kids playing dodgeball.

Jon and I did laundry today with Gibby, Played croquet, team dodgeball and soccer today. Barefoot. Talked to Karen Thomas on the phone. Helped Tony take another roll of film—of Jon and Gibby playing tennis at the park. Finished up another letter to mimeograph and send to friends: “I hoped I would be able to be more sensitive to ‘leadings’ and able to follow them, Things haven’t worked out quite as I thought they might, but I have been more successful along these lines. I was thinking more in terms of leadings coming from silent worship. But my work now has been with people as people, and I think leadings come in the guise of demands for love and concern while engaging people; little things like a smile, or hug, going watch someone’s baseball game, etc. I have said that Quakers believe there is that of God in everyone, that each of us has the ability to communicate with that of God in us, and the responsibility to respond to that of God in our fellow man. I think this is our goal—for us to respond to that of God in the people of this neighborhood, and to help them see that of God in themselves and in others. We want to help each other love ourselves and love others, and I have certainly learned a great deal about love and God from these supposedly deprived people.” Journal 6/19/1972

Rearranged the garage so we have a separate area surrounded by bookshelves, with a rug—a kind of quiet room. Developed a roll of Bonna’s film and one of mine. Ron Anderson came by, He has a new (used) car. We are going to the fairgrounds together 171

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission fifth day evening. Tony and I went to Rhodius Park to take some pictures—I showed him how to use an adjustable 35 mm. camera. After 4-H meeting Connie, Tony, Donnie, Bonna, Beth, Carol and I went to Mary Rigg Neighborhood Center to hear a policeman talk about drugs. Journal 6/20/1972

First Day. Nick left right after meeting for Washington, D.C. to work with FCNL. During worship I gave him some photographs I, Tony and Ronnie M. had developed (Paul and Connie had taken some). There were pictures of the church, WINC Town Meeting, Southwest Health Center, West Indianapolis, Church picnics, etc. This afternoon I went to the new swimming pool with Tony, Ronnie, Donnie, Chuck, Kim, Mary, Carol, Timmy and Boo. We just finished meeting for worship at Steve and Kathy Dickey's home. Also there were Tony, Connie, Paul, John Lamb, Steve Schweitzer, Karen Thomas and Becky. I tried to explain Quaker meeting to Tony. He got a taste of it when he went to Second Friends with me this morning. He fell asleep after about 40 min., but said it was alright. Journal 6/25/1972

Beautiful day. Morning in garage. Lunch with Tony, Connie, Gibby, Mike. Developed film with Chuck, then printed some pictures with Beth. Tony and I went on an hour-long bike trip. Then went to watch Tony at diving practice. Journal 6/26/1972

Last night camped out in back yard with Gibby (and Robbie) . Last night had meeting, Had trouble making plans—kids rowdy. We are planning on going to Eagle Creek Park Thursday. Yesterday morning I was in garage with Tony, Gibby, Mike, Barbara, Beth, Bonna and Rhonda. Journal 6/28/1972

We became more and more involved with the kids. At first we limited our contact with them to the garage and churchyard. Then we would go to Rhodius at times to play baseball or to swim together. Then we would have kids over for meals and to spend the night. We spent a good deal of time in the make-shift darkroom in the bathroom of the house.

This all evolved from Connie's approach to the garage and the kids—wait and see who comes and what they need and want. As I thought more about this approach, and saw how it worked in practice, I realized how it embodied the basics of Quakerism and its approach to life, people and 'social work'. To deal with people as whole, unique individuals who have much to offer you, and to gain from you.

This is the essence of simplicity, of being present where you are and relating to that of God in every man. No budgets, schedules, just time to spend with, and honest interest in others. When Tony wanted to take pictures, I had the time to spend with him and enjoyed it. When Gibby wanted to take a trip downtown I had fun going with him.

At last I had found answers to a lot of questions I had been asking. I imagine these two years at VSM will be among the most productive and meaningful of my life.

Of course, there were problems. I wasn't a very good disciplinarian, there was some jealousy amongst the kids for attention, and I gave special attention to some kids, which had good and bad aspects. There were times when Connie and I felt we were seeing too much of the kids. At times they got on our nerves, But overall, it was a great summer.

Last night Tony and Gibby spent the night. Had quite a 4-H photography meeting in the garage. Tried to line up cameras and film for everyone for the trip to Eagle Creek Park. 172

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Twelve people at the meeting. Today went to Park with the 4-H Club. Connie, me, Mrs L., Mrs. M., Don L., Jimi, Sheila, Darlene, Darlene MC, Donnie, Ronnie, Tony, Timmy, Randy, Gibby, Mike, Ricky, Brian, Benny, Beth, Bonna, and Barbara, Used two cars. All in all, turned out well. Swam, went to nature center, had lunch, hiked, swam again. Then it rained. Home now-tired. Journal 6/29/1972

Last night when we got home from the park, several of the kids stayed at the house as it was stormy out. Sang songs and Tony & Gibby bought pizza mix which we fixed. Good time. Tony and Gibby spent the night. Next morning Timmy came over—really got a kick out of the picture I took of him doing a back dive, The day before we went to the park I spent almost our last dollar trying to get enough film and cameras for all of the 4-H kids to take to Eagle Creek Park. The kids seemed to enjoy taking pictures. Hope they turn out well. Donnie MC. said, it sure is nice someone would trust us with this stuff (cameras). While developing film this morning, Beth tried to keep me upstairs. Tony and Gibby had said they would fix my lunch, so I figured that was what was going on. I got downstairs (finally) to find Tony and Gibby had fixed me (us) a brothers day dinner and cake. We had biscuits they had baked with tuna salad they made. Also lettuce they picked from the garden and washed, some corn, iced tea, and gingerbread. It was really, really great. Journal 6/30/1972

I guess this marks the end of an era. The Western Yearly Meeting Young Friends will be here today and tomorrow for a work camp. We will be digging out an area for a redi-mix concrete company to fill tomorrow so we will have a neighborhood basketball court. Right after the kids leave here Seventh day, I'll head for Iowa on the bus for Yearly Meeting and visitation, and searching for what the future may hold in store. Paul will be leaving VSM, Ron will be going into the armed forces, Dennis and Tony have moved, Ron Anderson will be going to Bible College, the kids will be in school, my brother Randy will be a Senior at Scattergood, so many changes.

Well, it's finished. We dug out the foundation yesterday-it only took about two hours with 20 kids at work. We also picked up the 6" X 18" creosote goal posts and the swing set. Some of the kids worked on the health center survey. A pretty good bunch of kids really. After dinner we went to the Senior citizen's ice cream social. Then we saw some films and had some discussion. We had silence, then Dave read and talked about Bible verses and talked about opening up, loving others, following the spirit. This morning, despite heavy rain, we poured concrete. It turned out really well. We also cleaned up the churchyard and u the churchyard and put in the swing set. Journal 8/11- 12 /1972

In a sense it was the end of an era. I would rather see it as a great experience in a lifelong effort. When I returned to Indianapolis from my visit to Iowa, I continued to spend my time with the kids when they weren't in school.

In September I went to Media Pennsylvania for a meeting of Fiends for Human Justice (formerly Friends Committee on Race Relations). I had been asked to be one of our Yearly Meeting's representatives to FHJ. I had a ride to Pennsylvania from Richmond, Indiana. I decided to ride my bicycle to Richmond from Indianapolis, about 75 miles. "Wow. At 6:30 this morning I left the house on my bicycle with my sleeping bag and a pack with one change of clothes, a jacket, book, cheese, and some bread and granola I baked yesterday. I was out of Indianapolis at 7 and outside Greenfield now at 8:45. I think I started out too fast; am tired now. I had to take a second look at Cumberland where a 173

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission sign said no peddling or soliciting. Outside Philadelphia, Indiana, a high school kid gave me a friendly grin and good morning, which helped a lot. Real nice, cool day, so far. Wind from S.E. (oh no). 10 a.m. outside Knightstown. 30 miles to Richmond! Friendly guy at gas station in Charlottesville. I guess I had expected negative reactions from people, so these friendly encounters mean a lot. 2:30 Richmond!! Now collapsed under trees at FUM. It was certainly a worthwhile trip—but painful." Journal 9/20/1972

When I returned, Connie and I spent a lot of time considering how we would proceed, with the kids in school and neither of us working. We spent a lot of time looking at ourselves, our spiritual condition. We wondered what sort of lifestyle we might develop, especially when we left VSM. We usually looked forward to seeing the kids after school and during the weekend.

In late October, Connie decided to return to her home in Ohio. Several weeks before this Paul had moved to the outskirts of Indianapolis, but continued to work in West Indianapolis as a neighborhood health worker.

Volunteer Service Mission, Second Friends

Jeff, Paul and Connie at Second Friends VSM 174

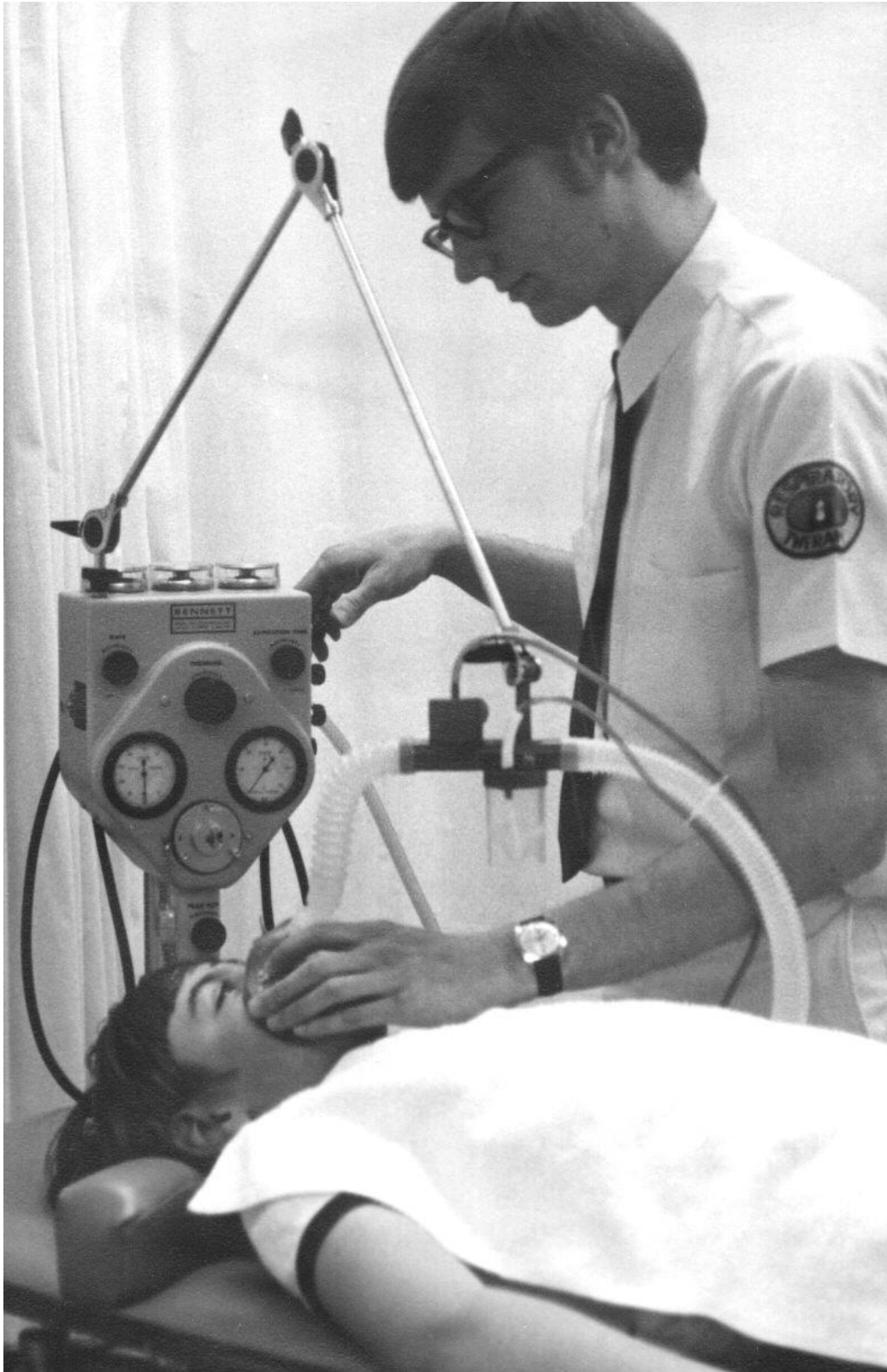




Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Jeff working as respiratory therapist during VSM

Jeff Kisling 175





Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Volunteer Service Mission Story-Conclusion Friday, December 29, 2017 (Note: Thanks for your patience as I re-typed this whole story and posted it in pieces. The complete story is available now at the following link)
<https://1drv.ms/w/s!Avb9bFhezZpPiOVZNdQvMgW8ZnJ1jA>

On My Own I continued to spend time with the kids. Sometimes doing homework. More often they would be over to cook and eat with me and sometimes spend the night.

Dee and Gilbert, Debbie, Gibby, Randy, Lori and Robbie Porter lived on the other side of the double I lived in, so I saw they often, especially the kids. They were always very kind and helpful to me. I mentioned earlier that the first year I was here I became close friends with Dennis Anderson. During the summer, Tony Sergeant and I were good friends. Then Tony, too, moved from the neighborhood. The second year, Gibby Porter would be my little brother.

Spending all my time in the neighborhood, I depended on certain of the older kids, Dennis, Tony and Gibby, for two way friendship. During the summer I worked with all the kids, and counted each of them as my friend. But I needed, and felt there was a reciprocal need, to have certain people to share more with. Gibby and I were to have such a friendship during the second year.

Soon after Connie left I began looking for work to do while the kids were in school. I was interested in working on an ambulance or returning to respiratory therapy.

On November 6, 1972, at 8 in the morning I rode my bike the three miles to the Indiana University Medical Center to apply for a position in respiratory therapy. I filled out an application and was told to call back later that morning. Then I started the 10 mile trip across the city to the suburb of Irvington, where I was to get a ride to Richmond with John Kennerly, pastor of Irvington Friends Church. Several miles on my way, I was sitting at a stop sign. A panel truck turned into my street, cutting the corner sharply, heading right for me. As I jumped from the bicycle I heard a crunching sound, looked back to see my crumpled bicycle bounce from beneath the wheelsof the truck. The driver, very apologetic, stopped, asked if I was alright, and gave me the company's address. Later I would be reimbursed in full for the bicycle.

Shaking, I caught a city bus to Irvington, to get there just before John was ready to leave. I called the Medical Center before we left, and was told I would have to be there by 1:00 that afternoon for an interview if I wanted the job.

I caught the city bus back to the Medical Center. I found an on the job training program for respiratory therapists had begun that day and was to last two months. One of the people originally signed up for the program didn't show up. Despite my experience at Methodist Hospital, they thought I would benefit from the program. Several of the people in it had college degrees. If I wanted the job I would have to be there the next morning.

A few weeks earlier I had talked to Larry at Scattergood about working there. This day I received his reply, saying it would be fine if I were to come as assistant dorm sponsor 176

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission and maintenance man. I sort of rejected Scattergood because I wanted to go there after I had my teaching degree and I didn't really want to leave Indianapolis, yet.

I chose to work at the Medical Center. The training program was excellent, I really benefited from it. I was assigned to the adult hospital. First we had clinical rotations among the four hospitals at the Medical Center. I really enjoyed being at Riley Children's Hospital during the rotation. I asked if I might work there instead of the new adult hospital, and it worked out that way.

I thoroughly enjoyed working at the Children's Hospital. The respiratory therapy department itself was special there, with very kind, interested, and fun people. I just loved working with the kids. As I said earlier, one of the unique things about respiratory therapy is that the therapist spends a good deal of time with each patient and has a chance to know some of them well. I took full advantage of this opportunity with the children.

After hours, I spent time with the neighborhood kids. During the winter the younger kids tended to stay indoors at home. But the older kids (10-15) did come over.

Gibby Porter, for example, was the neighborhood leader; organizing all sorts of activities. Gibby almost single handedly organized the construction of the basketball court, lining up materials, etc. He was one of the key people in the 4-H Club. Though a little small for his age, he received the most valuable defensive player award for his school's undefeated football team, and was on the neighborhood social center's All Star Basketball Team, as well as a good Little League baseball player.

I didn't keep very good Journal records during the last part of my time at VSM. "I think one reason I left college was that I knew I was becoming callous, though I didn't know why. Now I think it had to do with academic study; the sterile weighing and choice of issues, principles and beliefs; no feeling, no human contact. Someone once said those who fight for principles are fakes, and I think I know what they meant, now. It is easy to say I believe this and I stand for that, and yet avoid people and down to earth problems. Just how much can you care for humanity when you know so few people?"

Legislation, external authority, coercion; what does it do, how much effect does it really have? Very little I think. The real work that needs to be done today is to care for our neighbors; people, individuals. To love, to care for, to help, to need, to want real, living, specific persons. This is a one to one process. But if everyone did their one to one thing, we'd have it all together. As it is, it's a chain reaction. To care for another is to help us care for ourselves, for God, and quite naturally for one another." Journal 2/1/1973

John Transue, a recent graduate of Wilmington College, joined Second Friends VSM in January of 1973. John had spent a term in inner city Detroit in a project similar to ours. He was thinking of going into an Episcopal seminary.

As warmer weather approached, activity began to pick up. Some of Gibby's friends, boys in his class, began to come over once in a while. They lived within 3 or 4 blocks of us, but that is considered a different neighborhood in a way. One's neighborhood generally consists of the people on either side of the street of a city block.

I really enjoyed spending time with these older kids. They are really sharp, and their interests more closely corresponded to mine. Those last two months were perhaps the 177

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission best I had at VSM.

Kenny Roberts came over frequently, playing basketball and spending the night with Gibby at the house. Kenny's family came from Kentucky, and they went there to visit occasionally. One of the first kids in the neighborhood to have a ten-speed bicycle, Kenny was well prepared when the ten speed craze hit Indianapolis. His father was good at working with the bike.

Before the ten-speed though, the unicycle had its time in our area. Curtis Shelly Jeff Johnson, Randy Uton and Pat Gorman. I thought it looked fairly easy, but sure didn't get the hang of it when I tried.

Once Gibby, Curtis, Kenny and I went to the Speedway Shopping Center, where we were going to see a movie. Leaving the neighborhood on the city bus at about 9:30 a.m., we first rode downtown to transfer to the bus that went out 16th Street, past Methodist Hospital, where I once worked, past the Indianapolis 500 Motor Speedway, and arrived at the shopping center about 10:30. Since the stores weren't open, yet, we played tag, then ate at Burger Chef.

At a large department store we saw some wall ball paddles, which Kenny and Gibby bought, as well as some tennis balls. Wall ball was popular at school at that time; a game somewhat like handball. So we went behind the store, where we played wall ball in the alley, against the back of the store. We didn't see a movie, but wall ball was more fun.

Leaving VSM I really liked being with the kids, and I grew to love them very much. A month after leaving VSM and returning to Iowa, I wrote the following. "One of the several conflicts at the project (VSM) was our relationship with Second Friends Church, a programmed, Protestant congregation with no interest in Quakerism. As far as I was concerned, I handled the conflict by ignoring Second Friends for the most part.

I deeply value the many friends I have there (VSM, Indianapolis) and the many things we have been through together. For the first time, aside from Scattergood School, I really established roots and deep relationships in a community. Overall, I think very highly of my VSM experience.

Why did I leave? The easy, and probably best answer is that VSM is meant to be a two year experience, corresponding to the two year alternative service requirement, and my two years were up.

In a great many ways I was very reluctant to leave. I left a number of close friends. I felt I was involved in meaningful work, work I deeply believe in.

One of the key reasons I left concerned Quakerism. Quakerism means a great deal to me. At Earlham I attended Clear Creek Meeting (unprogrammed) and Earlham Young Friends meeting for worship mid-week. The closest meeting to Indianapolis I was aware of was Lanthorn Meeting at Sugar Grove Meetinghouse south of Plainfield, about 15 miles from us. I enjoyed riding my bicycle there a few times with Connie, but did not get there often. So I did not often share in Quaker meeting for worship, and felt this was a great handicap for me. (I don't know why I wasn't aware of North Meadow Circle of 178

Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Friends in downtown Indianapolis, that I began attending these last several years before returning to Iowa, which was unfortunate. I've had great experiences, and made great friends with Friends at North Meadow).

I felt led to VSM and the particular work I did there. But as time went on, I less often sought guidance; the Inner Light was often weak, dim. I was almost constantly involved with either the kids or the hospital, and didn't take the time for reflection, to seek guidance, which is so essential. I did become able to really see and try to relate to that of God in others, to be honest with myself and others.

One of the great values of my VSM experience was that a number of my head ideas became integrated into my life (some did not). Property did become much less important to me. Human relationships did develop and become very beautiful, meaningful experiences. I did become able to accept others as they were, and as my equal.

Nonetheless, I did need time to reflect, to seek guidance from God, from elders and mature friends. I realized that I put my time and effort into relationships with the kids, and didn't spend time with my peers or elders, and felt I was missing a lot.

Draft Resistance and VSM

I learned a lot, went through a lot, grew tremendously, and left a lot in Indianapolis. But I felt the time had come when I would very much benefit from Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative), relationships with my peers and elders, and further education. I feel I will have more to offer in similar situations in the future if I evaluate the VSM experience, have a better education, and a more refined concept of life and myself. I also wanted to spend more time with my family.

I now have a lot to think about, a lot of experiences to evaluate, confidence in myself now that I have been on my own, and a better idea of what I want to do with my life." Marshalltown, Iowa 5/26/1973

I would like to relate a final experience. My last day at the (Riley Children's) Hospital was April 30. One of the people in the department had bake a farewell cake for me, which we shared. I was really sad to leave the department and the hospital.

I rode my bike home from work that day and was greeted by Gibby and John. We went into the house, where the kids jumped from their hiding places. Evidently all the boys in Gibby's 8th grad class—Curtis, Kenny, Jeff, Randy and Pat, had skipped school that afternoon (with questionable permission from their teacher) to clean up the house and get ready for the party. There was Coke, chocolate ice cream, and a cake which read FAREWELL JEFF.

Jeff, Paul and Connie at Second Friends VSM Neighborhood boy on VSM photo trip Jeff working as respiratory therapist during VSM Jeff at Volunteer Service Mission 1971 Volunteer Service Mission, Second Friends 179



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission180





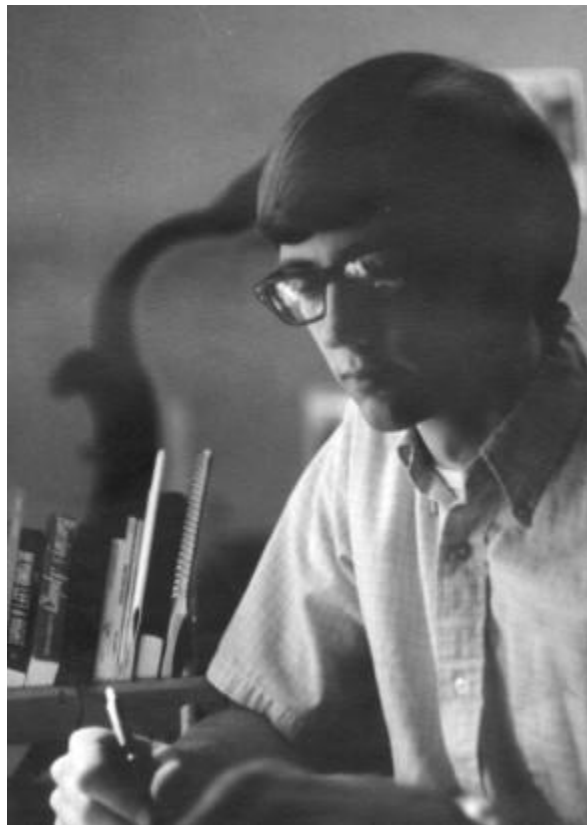
Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Volunteer Service Mission Photos Wednesday, January 03, 2018 Since completing the Friends Volunteer Service Mission story , I made digital copies of some more photographs from my time there.

<https://1drv.ms/w/s!Avb9bFhezZpPiOVZNdQvMgW8ZnJ1jA>

Draft Resistance and VSM

Jeff at VSM house Jeff, Paul and Connie at VSM house Kenny and Curtis outside VSM house Dennis Anderson Ronnie, Tommy, Gibby, Tony, Tommy, unrecognized, Randy at VSM house Gibby and Curtis VSM house Curtis Shelly Curtis Dennis Anderson Jeff Johnson at Indianapolis Museum of Art Curtis and Jeff at Indianapolis Museum of Art Gibby Porter Curtis Curtis with broken ankle Gibby Porter Jeff respiratory therapy Gibby Porter Dav Nagle, Young Friend, Earlham College Curtis Shelly Riley NICU Curtis Shelly fishing White River Kenny Roberts and Curtis Shelly Second Friends Garage, 4-H clubs Gibby Porter Jeff at VSM house Jeff Johnson fishing White River 181



Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission182



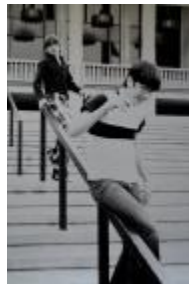
Draft Resistance and VSM



Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission 183



Draft Resistance and VSM



Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission184







Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission 185

Draft Resistance and VSM





Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission

Discovered VSM Photos Friday, January 05, 2018 I found the following group of photos, that I thought had been lost, online. They show more of the VSM house, Second Friends Church, the West Indianapolis Neighborhood Congress (WINC) meeting, 4-H Club, and neighborhood kids (1971-1973). The Friends Volunteer Service Mission story is here:

<https://1drv.ms/w/s!Avb9bFhezZpPiOVZNdQvMgW8ZnJ1jA>

Paul's car in front of VSM house Dennis Anderson in VSM house West Indianapolis Neighborhood Congress (WINC) Neighborhood kids in Second Friends garage Second Friends Church Scattergood classmate Dan Mott visiting VSM Second Friends garage Second Friends garage 4-H Club 186



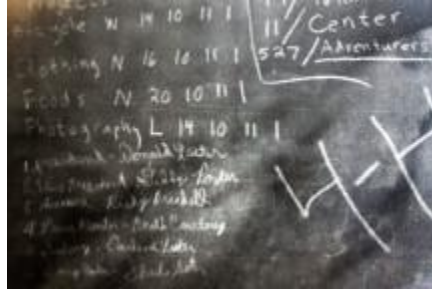
Draft Resistance and VSM



Scattergood, Draft Resistance and Volunteer Service Mission 187



Draft Resistance and VSM



Non-customer created content © XanEdu and its licensors. All rights reserved by their respective parties. Patents pending for the XanEdu technology. NOT FOR RESALE. For personal, noncommercial use only. LIABILITY LIMITED TO COST OF PRODUCT.

POWERED BY 0103644679

XanEdu



Ebook title

Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit. Phasellus hendrerit. Pellentesque aliquet nibh nec urna. In nisi neque, aliquet vel, dapibus id, mattis vel, nisi. Sed pretium, ligula sollicitudin laoreet viverra, tortor libero sodales leo, eget blandit nunc tortor eu nibh. Nullam mollis. Ut justo. Suspendisse potenti.