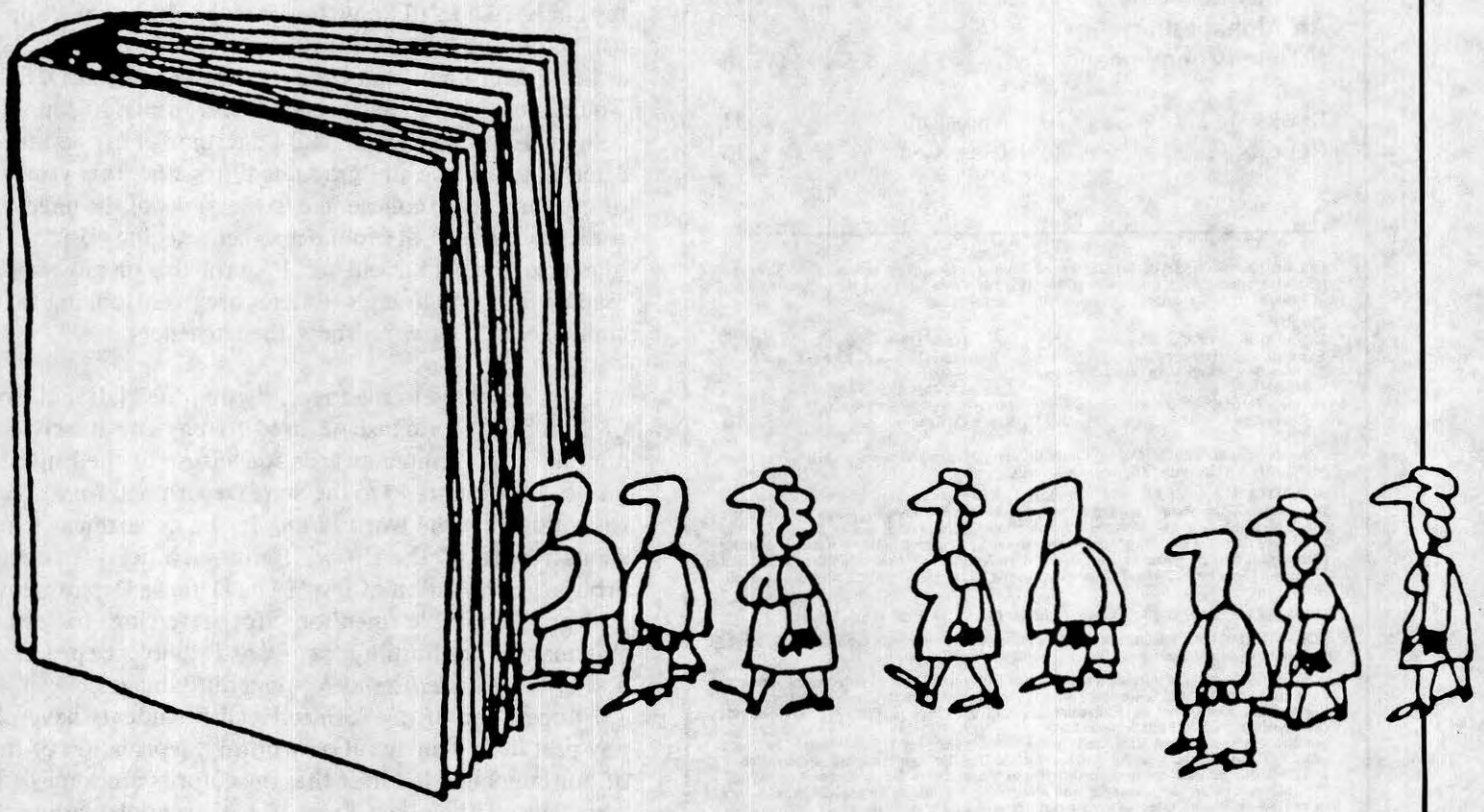
November 15, 1985

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker Thought and Life Today

Looking Into Books



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Contents

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AMONG FRIENDS

Further Deprivation

Books and the use of language always have been important to me. As a young child, I enjoyed the gifts of new books from my parents and grandparents. The shelves in my room were always full of a variety of reading materials.

Later I majored in English and taught English and drama to high school students for several years. At first I enjoyed the challenge of trying to motivate adolescents to read and to write creatively. Frequently the students would impress me with their ingenuity, if not their scholarship. I recall one imaginative student, for instance, who turned in his assignment on time. It was to have been a paper of about a thousand words on an assigned topic. My ingenious student turned in a sheet of paper with a picture taped on it and these few words: "One picture is worth a thousand words."

Sometimes I was challenged in more important ways. One day while I was instructing an honor's class of seniors in a suburban school, I spotted several students reading a book I'd never heard about. They talked me into letting them do a group report on it. I could see that they were excited about the project; it was the first time that they had showed such enthusiasm. Later I was called in by a nervous superintendent who asked if it was *true* that I was teaching a dirty book to my classes. Didn't I know that *only* books on the "approved list" could be used in the school?

Little did I know that *Catcher in the Rye* by J. D. Salinger would cause such a controversy. The students, of course, were delighted at my openness, and I did some of my best teaching after that. And we all "graduated" together that year—most of my students to college, me to the ranks of the unemployed for a brief time until I found another teaching position. Now, of course, the book is old hat. It's probably on most approved reading lists, and today's students are likely looking for more controversial books to show their teachers.

* * *

I was delighted to read recently that the National Council of Teachers of English (I used to pay my dues) recently announced its annual awards for misuse of the English language. Top honors go to the State Department for its decision to avoid using the word *killing* in the department's human rights report. Rather, it will term such acts "unlawful or arbitrary deprivation of life." The Defense Department only got an honorable mention: for referring to *peace* as "permanent pre-hostility"; *combat* as "violence processing"; and *civilian casualties* as "collateral damages."

I hope none of my former English students have played any part in this unlawful or arbitrary deprivation of the life of our language. If I hear that the culprits are some of those who wasted their last year of high school reading J. D. Salinger, I'll never forgive myself. I will feel like one of the collateral damages of the teaching profession.

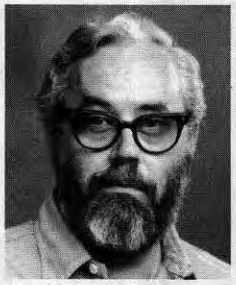
Vinton Deming

Quaker Authors Respond

If you had the time, what book, article, or poem (or other) would you like to have written?

Paul A. Lacey

When I was 18 and on the verge of becoming a Quaker, I went through a long, bleak period. At my lowest point, I read *War and Peace,* and the book operated on me like a kind of salvation. I'm not sure why: certainly the book is full of the suffering and death of people we love and a forecasting of great suffering for those who survive. But the book carried me from despair to hope, from darkness to light, from sorrow to joy. Tolstoy affirmed the reality of suffering and despair, but through his art he persuaded me that there was a deeper reality to be trusted, a reason to live affirmatively.



So there I was, loving Tolstoy's art, grateful for the passionate engagements of his life, yet knowing I had to free myself from entrapment in the false simplicity his system, when I rediscovered a story which I had first read and loved when I was eight, before I realized that stories even had authors. My long-lost joy was one of his peasant tales, "Where Love Is, God Is." It expresses the core of Tolstoy's philosophy, yet for a young child it is also an artful tale about the shoemaker who believes the Lord will visit him. Martin goes through his day in expectation, but all he sees are an old man who is cold and hungry, a young wife and child in need of money and clothing, an old woman and child quarreling. Martin helps each of them to some moment of comfort and peace, but the day ends without a visit from the Lord. At nightfall, however, Martin reads an unexpected passage from Matthew 25 which ends, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me." Then Martin knows the Lord visited him repeatedly that day. At the very time I was disenthralling myself from Tolstoy the saint—a deliverance I had to have or I would be a cynical unbeliever today—I rediscovered Tolstoy the artist, whose simplest tale could wake the soul. He saved me twice with his art: once from despair, the second time from himself.

It is beyond imagining, but it would make me very happy if I could have written "Where Love Is, God Is."

Paul A. Lacey teaches English at Earlham College. He has written on contemporary American poetry, on Quaker topics, and on teaching effectiveness and faculty development.

Rachel Davis DuBois

Photo by Susan Landgraf

Perhaps, one may say that I have actually been writing the poems, articles, and yes, the *book*—my autobiography—that I've wanted to write all of my life, using little scraps of time, always jealous of the fleeting, present moment. Certainly, *All This and Something More* has been in the writing since the early '50s. Two more books have been published in the meantime because of the pressing need of their "how-to" knowledge. Of course, another 30 years of living and dreaming into action had to be added when it was finally published. I can never say I am exactly satisfied, but most of the things I have wanted to write have been written—though not all have been published.

For more information about Rachal Davis DuBois, see Karen Cadbury's review essay of All This and Something More *on page 20.*

Elizabeth G. Watson

If I had time, I would return to a theological seminary for the rigorous discipline necessary to write a "planetary" theology. It would draw heavily on liberation and feminist theology and insights of many traditions, including primal world views and mythology. It would lack a Western, male or female, even a human bias. The outlines take shape in my mind and heart, but there are too many gaps in my knowledge to fill this late in life.

As it is, other books press me, and I am ordering priorities to provide time to bring them to birth. This winter I am working on a book on Jesus and women, companion to *Daughters of Zion.* I hope then to finish the remaining major Old Testament women and see all my biblical sisters under one cover.

For a dozen years I've spoken, written, and led workshops on "wholeness." It is time now to pull all the material together in a book, tentatively titled *Dwelling in Possibility.* Other workshops, speeches, and articles have been on family life and human relations, so I see another book, tentatively called *The Family as a Learning Community,*

defining "family" broadly, and drawing on George's and my experience with a large extended family.

Ultimately I write for my grandchildren. I want to tell them the story of my father, who came from an immigrant family; my mother, whose ancestors were here before the Revolution; and my brother—poet, musician, pilot—killed in World War II. These stories will perish with me if I do not get them down on paper. And, like most writers, I see a spiritual autobiography, telling what I've learned from a long, full life.

I believe I will have time to complete these projects, and perhaps others, but I know I have no time to waste.

Elizabeth Watson is a free-lance speaker and writer, author of Guests of My Life *and* Daughters of Zion *and numerous articles and pamphlets.*

Moses Bailey

I wish that I had written a book of six short chapters, clearly asking six important questions:

I. Did prophets, standing on hilltops, curse Bad Guys, much as farmers spray poison to kill potato bugs?

II. Did Hebrews write genealogies and food prejudices to strengthen the ties of family?

III. Did Jesus eat with sinners and share with multitudes with this same purpose?

IV. Did Paul organize all those church suppers, at which the Mind of Jesus was always present, to widen this family to all humanity?

V. Shall we, setting aside cultural oddities, like damning the Bad Guys from hilltops, eating a special diet, and accepting impossible theology, smile about our own peculiarities?

VI. Can we teach First-day school so that all the little Quakes break out with smiles about worldwide brotherhood?

A member of Hartford (Conn.) Meeting, Moses Bailey is professor emeritus of Hartford Seminary.

Peter Fingesten

The book I would have liked to have written is André Malraux's *The Voices of Silence.* This famous French author, novelist, adventurer, and statesman, more than practically anyone else in our time, stressed the fact that art is informed by spirit. He believed that there is more of the spirit to be found in art museums than in churches. Not only have our museums replaced the cathedrals of old but artists have been reinstated as priests, recalling that in ancient times art and religion depended upon each other, as both provided insights and explanations about the mysteries of life and the universe.

Weathers Productions Inc.

The Voices of Silence is one of the most beautifully written art books. It is learned, yet not burdened with academicisms, but full of elegantly, sometimes rhapsodically, expressed insights. It has style as only a great writer would be able to bring to this recondite subject.

Malraux was a man of action and of contemplation. He interrogated destiny in his various "political" novels and our response to it. Only art seems to be able to outwit time; it speaks back eloquently but with "voices of silence."

Another concept which he referred to often is "The honor of being a man" (*l'homme,* i.e., a human being). This to me is an exquisite way to express the profound respect he had for other human beings. More than just being a man, it implies having become one by personal determination. It also hints at the miracle of man's creativity which Malraux celebrated so eloquently in *The Voices of Silence* and many other essays on art.

Peter Fingesten is chairman of the art and music department at Pace University, New York. He has published extensively on art and other subjects in national and international journals and is the author of East Is East *and* The Eclipse of Symbolism.

Candida Palmer

The book I wish I had written is pure science fiction, with a Quakerish cast, a mind-crackling time warp, and a stock-in-trade technology. Think publications—typesetting—computerized composition . . . and try to get your mind around it. Untitled, it has to do with two facets of modern typesetting. The first is *kerning,* which means jamming letters together by closing up the tiny spaces between them. With modern phototypesetting, one could, in theory, kern the type right out of existence—hence the "word warp" into a new consciousness. The second all-too-common experience is the many lost sentences, words, records, pages that are totally swallowed by the computer, never to be retrieved! Thus the plot: our self-effacing, overworked, underpaid, bleary-eyed typographer climbs through the word warp—not by means of rummage-sale furnishings, like an old wardrobe or looking glass, but by means of the kerning key. Our hero/heroine reappears against a backdrop of iridescent white, surrounded by endless word "shards" that at one time were swallowed by the typesetting console, by computers, or lost like fragments of pottery in the trek of human history. Unlike the magic word *eternity* that H. C. Andersen's cunning Snow Queen had poor little Kay fashion out of pieces of ice, our adventurer has unlimited scope for fashioning a new world, a new ethos, a new hope out of all these typographical errors, discards, and lost verbiage.

This book would be better written by a true acrostic buff, especially one who is also a typographer. On second thought, though, I might hang on to it myself—maybe get a pair of wise old macaws named F. & P. and eventually speak it through with them. . . [Clearly, the Friend is out of her tree!]

Candida Palmer, the office manager for New England Yearly Meeting, is a member of Philadelphia (Pa.) Monthly Meeting and a recorded minister. Her most recent book is a prayer manual for Friends, Pray Without Ceasing, *published by Friends United Meeting.*

David Mace

Whatever I have wanted to write, I have written. My first book was published in 1943, and the published total is now 35 books and about 1,300 articles. But I am not a professional writer. All

my writing has been done in spare time, while I held other appointments as a professor, counselor, or organizer.

Almost all my writing has been about marriage and family relationships. In my late teens I decided to spend my life trying to make the world a better place. I took the view that a key issue was the quality of human relationships. I saw no chance of building a peaceful world from the top down, unless it was also built from the bottom up.

Convinced that the basic human relationship is marriage, I decided to work for better marriages, beginning with my own. A really loving marriage nearly always leads to a loving family. A community of loving families is inevitably a happy community. A world of happy communities would be a truly peaceful world. To me, that is the Quaker message.

What Vera and I have earned from writing has enabled us to travel extensively. We have had programs and projects in 61 countries, and we have been closely involved in starting 15 national and international organizations, all of which are flourishing. Our books have been translated into 13 languages.

Now retired, we are still writing. I do an article about every other week. We have had three books published this year—two of them updated versions of earlier ones. And, after three years of study, we have now finished a book on the history of Christian marriage.

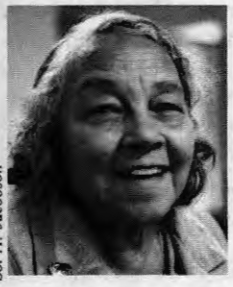
If I had another life to live, I would aim to spend it in exactly the same way.

A prolific author, David Mace and his wife, Vera Mace, have traveled the world, giving lectures and workshops on marriage. He is a member of Asheville (N.C.) Meeting.

Helen M. Brooks

I would have liked to have written *Roots* as did Alex Haley.

I can only trace my family back as far as my great-grandparents. I've always had a longing to know the family roots.



Sol A. Jacobson

The period of slavery in the United States disrupted so many families that now my generation can only dream of our ancestors, who they were, where they came from, what they were like.

To have had the time to have traced one's roots as Haley did would be for me the utmost satisfaction.

What have I inherited from those unknown ancestors. Was one a poet?

A member of Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting, Helen M. Brooks is a retired teacher of English and home economics in the Philadelphia school system. She has had three books of poetry published. Helen is also a member of the JOURNAL'S *board of managers.*

Barry Morley

A book has been brewing for a long time, an invitation to Friends to rediscover and reclaim what was once theirs; an encouragement, if you will, to get beyond the outward clamor of social concern and political action to reestablish the kind of inward connection to the Source of Power and Truth that was once central to Friends. To this end any number of chapter outlines have been tucked away and lost track of.

A chapter outline would include:

"When is an uncreed a creed?" Is there, in fact, a central set of understandings which constitute the basis of what Friends believe?

"A sense of the meeting." You hear it everywhere: in California, Colorado, Connecticut, Maryland, New Hampshire. Friends are talking about reaching consensus. Can meeting for business thrive in this apparent shift from searching for the sense of the meeting to seeking consensus? Do Friends recognize that consensus can be reached without reaching the sense of the meeting? Conversely, do they realize that sense of the meeting does not necessarily mean that consensus has been reached?

"What's in a name?" Once we were the Religious Society of the Friends of Truth. At some point, perhaps for convenience' sake, it no longer seemed important to include "truth," and so we became the Religious Society of Friends. Now, more often than not, one hears an even shorter version, the Society of Friends. What might we be leaving behind in the shortening of our name?

Part of the problem with this book is its open-ended nature. For example, should the structure and purpose of Quaker institutions be examined? Or is that a separate book? Perhaps the book should be written serially, with each chapter being submitted as an article to FRIENDS JOURNAL. That way the book can go wherever it goes.

Barry Morley is beginning his 20th year as director of Catoctin Quaker Camp for Children. He writes plays and opera libretti and is a member of Sandy Spring (Md.) Meeting.

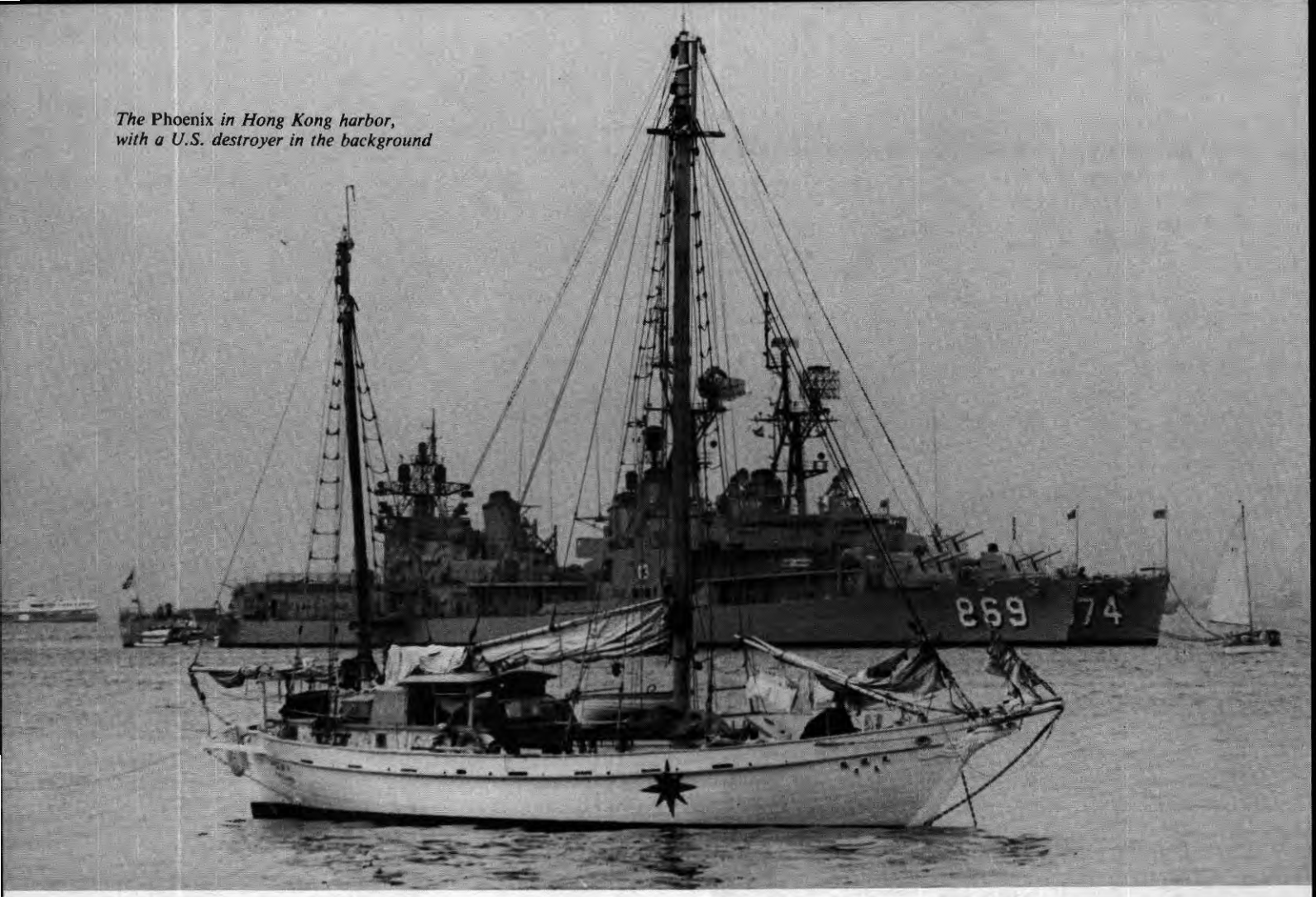
Stanley Ellin

Although I've been paying my way for 40 years by the writing of fiction—the score to date is 14 novels, a few dozen short stories, and a couple of screenplays—the academic subject of most interest to me since my college days has been history. Given the necessary time for the task, I would most like to have written, of all things, a revisionist history of our country's colonial period in which Quakerism is given its proper due as a major positive force in our social and political structure.

This book, if of no interest to anyone else, might at least be of interest to the history departments of our Friends schools, which, by and large, seem to depend on standard history texts. In these works, Quakerism is largely expunged from the record, and what remains usually reflects blank incomprehension of the Holy Experiment in Pennsylvania and especially of that remarkable event where by consensus the Friends controlling the colonial Pennsylvania legislature voluntarily gave up their elected offices during the French and Indian War rather than compromise their consciences, an act that has, up to the present, created only confusion or contempt in those professional historians who have dealt with it.

Of course, my dream includes not only having written this text but of seeing Quaker schools adopt it to their use, a combination which, I suspect, makes this the most futile of all sweet dreams.

Born in Brooklyn, Stanley Ellin still lives there and is a member of Brooklyn (N.Y.) Meeting. His accumulated novels and stories have been published in 22 languages around the world.



The Phoenix *in Hong Kong harbor, with a U.S. destroyer in the background*

The Phoenix Trip

Notes on a Quaker Mission to Haiphong

by Elizabeth Jelinek Boardman

During the Vietnam War, a group of individual Friends formed a Quaker Action Group to confront "the immoral and destructive policies of war and violence while affirming constructive alternatives for the establishment of peace and human brotherhood." After months of discussion, a plan evolved to sail the 50-foot yacht Phoenix *from Japan to Haiphong, the harbor for Hanoi, in North Vietnam, with a load of medicine and medical supplies for the North Vietnamese people. They hoped "to speak to that of God in the agents of governments." The only "official" woman crew member, Elizabeth Jelinek Boardman set sail for Hanoi in early 1967 with crew members Bob Eaton, Earle Reynolds, Ivan Massar, Phil Drath, and Horace Champney. These impressions of the trip are excerpted and condensed from her book* The Phoenix Trip: Notes on a Quaker Mission to Haiphong, *published by Celo Press, Burnsville, North Carolina, 1985.* —Ed.

February 18, 1967, Saturday—Misaki and at sea

There were lots of little things to do. I noticed that Bob and Earle were fastening strings to the bows of their glasses and fitting them snugly around the backs of their heads. It seemed like a good idea, so I adopted it. Earle passed out waterproof flashlights to each of us, and had us tie them securely to ourselves. Probably the worst danger we would be in on the *Phoenix* would come from the possibility of falling overboard. Earle explained that the *Phoenix* turned slowly, and that it was almost impossible to find the same spot in the ocean after turning a wide circle against wind and current. He wanted us to have the flashlights with us at all times so that there would be at least the possibility of seeing a light if one of us fell overboard.

Earle bought a dozen or more rolls of paper ribbon. As noon approached, Bob tied the free end of each roll to the mast or a shroud and gave each to a child or to someone else on the dock. The tension grew. Dick Faun dashed about getting the best shots of the streamer-

A retired landscape architect who spent most of her life in Wisconsin, Elizabeth Jelinek Boardman now lives in New England, where she is a member of Acton (Mass.) Meeting.

bedecked *Phoenix*. Phil had three things to do all at once—hug Isao once more, help cast off and push the *Phoenix* away from the quay, and get a shot with his movie camera. Since he could do two of those things better than I could, I stood in for him with the camera. Ivan kept his camera hot, Horace raised the Quaker relief flag, Bob was helping Earle at the wheel and with the engine, Akie was waving to her friends on shore. And we were off. Hiroshima, our first destination, was about 450 miles away. After a few days there to load the medicines we would sail to Hong Kong and then to Haiphong.

As we left the quay and chugged out into the smooth harbor, a large Coast Guard boat left its berth and followed. When we got out of the harbor into Sagamo Sea, the wind picked up and the sea became rougher. Earle called for the mainsail, and it snapped out, white and beautiful, as it was pulled up the mast. Silence, except for the cracking of the sails, settled over us when Earle shut off the engine. The boat heeled over, and we sped along with excitement in our hearts and a great relief that we had finally gotten started. Horace braced himself in the center of the deck, took his cap off so the wind was whipping through his white hair and beard, inhaled deeply, and, with a beatific look on his face, proclaimed, "This is what I lived 61 years for."

Beyond the sheltering wings of land, the waves left from the storm of the day before proved to be much bigger than anyone expected. We crashed into them as they grew higher and more violent, and the *Phoenix* shuddered with each blow. Earle decided very soon that it was too rough for an inexperienced crew to manage the sails, so down they came again. The engine was cranked up, and we went back to travel by the dirty, noisy Mitsubishi engine. But it was all different now. The *Phoenix* was just the

Ishii Toru, Bob Eaton, and Phil Drath at Misaki

Elizabeth Boardman at the helm

wrong length to climb up one side of a wave and down the other. She dug her nose into the oncoming wave, scooped up a deck full of water, lifted her bow up so the water could run the length of the deck and off the stern, then dug her nose in again.

We put the boards into the doorframe slots to keep out most of the water and part of the wind, climbed into our oilskins, buttoned up our collars, and as Earle said, "huddled in the wheel house like flies." The day was getting gray, and the waves and wind higher. Someone looked back and saw the Japanese Coast Guard ship still behind us. We weren't sure why it was there, but it seemed like a friendly presence.

Earle gave each of us novices a lesson at the wheel and then started the watches at 4 p.m. Phil Drath, Ishii Toru, and I were one watch; Bob Eaton, Ivan Massar, and Horace Champney were the other. Phil and Bob were in charge of their respective watches because they were the most experienced. We took the first watch while the others went below to get some sleep.

Toru, a young Quaker from the Tokyo Meeting, was a university student on spring break. Earle had been trying to find a Japanese Quaker to go with us to make the trip more international than it was. Of course, his wife, Akie, was Japanese, but we wanted more than one. At the last minute Toru decided to sail with us as far as Hiroshima, and we were happy to have him. He was a husky, cheerful fellow, very reticent, but generous with his smiles.

Steering the *Phoenix* was a real art. When I took my first turn at the wheel, I was embarrassed at the huge zigzags we made through the water. I'm sure we went at least three times as far as we should have the first couple of days until we got the hang of the thing. In the midst of my chagrin I would be convulsed with laughter thinking about the Coast Guardsmen on the boat which was still following us. They must have been appalled at the course we seemed to be on. Earle was patient with us while we learned, and he didn't seem to be alarmed at the amateurish handling of his beloved boat.

By the time eight o'clock came and our watch was over, we were drenched by the waves that crashed through the glassless window in the wheel house. Our hands were stiff with cold in soaked gloves; water was dripping down our necks, and we ached with the four hours' effort of trying to accommodate our muscles to the erratic motion of the ship.

Akie was already too sick to prepare a meal, and it would have been foolish to have tried to cook one in that rough sea. We picked up some finger food and crawled into our bunks. I got an unpleasant surprise when I got to mine. One of the hatches leaked, letting a steady stream of water run down the ceiling beams and right into my bunk. It was thoroughly soaked. Fortunately I was in a mood to sleep in my oilskins anyway, mainly because I was afraid I'd break my neck if I tried to take them off. A stick wedged upright between the wooden frame of the bunk and the ceiling kept me from being thrown out of

Loading medical supplies in Hiroshima

the bunk. The only trouble was that I needed to hang on to it all the time. Although I was tired enough and warm enough to keep falling asleep, every time I would go under, my fingers would loosen on the stick, and I'd wake up to grab again.

February 19, 1967, Sunday—at sea

Phil, Toru, and I were on watch again from midnight to four in the morning, and then again I went through the routine of trying to hang on to the bunk and sleep at the same time, from four to eight. When we got up at 8 a.m., the boat was a shambles. Everybody was sick. Even I vomited once. I didn't feel sick, but it seemed to be the thing to do. Probably it was a sympathy response by my stomach. By morning Akie and Toru were completely collapsed and Phil was sick constantly. The men on the other watch had had a rough night too, and nobody was eating. My admiration for Phil continued to grow as I watched him steering with one hand while he held a basin in the other.

The seas were still very high, and the *Phoenix* rolled and bucked, tossing everything that was loose. We had tied down what we could, but some objects, such as the big seat cushions in the cabin, couldn't be anchored. It seemed like a good idea to try to sleep on them during my off time after noon instead of climbing into the wet bunk again, but I couldn't stay on them; they slid off under the table. Earle had filled the space under there with cardboard cartons so that things falling off the table and benches would be caught in them and not roll all over, but it was hard to extricate myself from the confusion under the table with the boat rolling and pitching.

It was while I was trying to get into my bunk after that episode that I had my worst fall. I was stiff and bruised, but nothing more. Again I was afraid of being so stupid that Earle would put me ashore at the first opportunity. He had already told me of his decision to have me fly to Hong Kong instead of taking the sailing trip from Hiroshima. Fortunately, nobody was around when I fell, and I had time to pull myself together and get into my bunk before anyone came.

The seas had subsided by the end of the day so whoever wasn't at the wheel could sit out on the deck to enjoy some of the scene. It's an indescribable sensation to be at the surface of the waves rather than way above them as one is on a large steamer. Here we were part of the ocean, in it sometimes, and the size and power of it were beyond comprehending. I was never afraid of the sea, but only of the mistakes we might make in dealing with it. I never had the feeling that the sea was hostile, as I frequently feel that people are hostile. The sea and the wind, the sun and the earth have their own rules which are neither hostile nor particularly friendly, but just their own. We can get along fine with them if we follow their rules and do not try to impose our own.

Sitting on the covered toolbox just outside the wheel house, holding on to the cable railing and riding the waves with a twisting, lifting movement of the whole body, Toru, Phil, and I had a chance to get acquainted with each other. With the sea quieting down, one person steering and another one occasionally checking the water in the engine, there wasn't much to do except talk to each other.

March 23, 1967, Thursday—South China Sea

This is Sarah's birthday. I woke up thinking about her and wondering what she would be doing that day in Philadelphia. I also wondered what effect this trip would have on the lives of my children. The four oldest were adults; so I didn't worry very much about them. Andy and Ben had to go to school with kids who came from all kinds of political positions. It would be harder for them.

At 11:30 a.m. we had a meeting for worship with business arising out of the silence. We discussed shipboard matters such as schedules, meals, watches, and then we started talking about what we would do if stopped at sea. Horace was much concerned that we had not come to a decision about this earlier, but the rest of us had trouble facing the problem. Earle had had the experience years before when he and Barbara sailed into the atomic bomb testing area of the Pacific, and he had been arrested and taken off the boat. He felt that if anyone was arrested it would be he as he was the captain. None of us was interested in having the boat shot out from under us, but we were all steadfast in our determination to arrive in Haiphong. This problem would take another meeting before we could be satisfied.

Since the weather was good and we weren't exhausted from just accommodating to the leaping of the boat, none of the crew felt the need to sleep during all of our four hours off watch. As a result they ate and ate and ate. I began to get nervous about the food supply. The men were not only eating the small amount of snack food I had brought, but were already breaking into the main meal ingredients. I got a reputation for being stingy when I tried to curb the wholesale invasion of supplies, but being the only one who didn't think it a great idea, I was completely overruled. They were probably right, and I was too rigid.

March 24, 1967, Friday—South China Sea

We sunbathed and salt water bathed. I had a hard time getting really washed with no privacy, but I did the best I

could. We scooped water with a canvas bucket, taking care to tie its rope to the rail. The trick is to let the bucket skim over the surface as the boat pulls it swiftly along. As soon as it is nearly full but before it dives under, it has to be pulled up quickly. If it went under, the weight of the water and the speed of the boat (really only five knots at best) would probably snap the rope, and we would lose the bucket. I learned to dip water for the dishes which were washed and rinsed in cold seawater. But the cold bath did feel good.

Last night and again tonight I cooked huge meals, hoping that it would cut down on the between-meal orgies, but the only result was that I ate too much and felt stuffed. No matter what the label on the canned meat said, it all looked like dog food and tasted the way I imagine dog food tastes. We had 12 Chinese cabbages, each wrapped in newspaper. Otherwise, we were dependent on canned food almost exclusively for our vitamins and other nutrients. I hoped to get more green stuff in Haiphong, or something fresh that would keep in the heat.

Earle Reynolds navigating in South China Sea

At our business meeting, we discussed what we would do once we got to Haiphong. It was generally agreed that we should stay on the *Phoenix,* or at least use it for headquarters, sleeping, and eating so as not to put a burden on the Vietnamese.

On the subject of what we would do if stopped at sea, we made a final decision that if only advised to stop, we would continue, but if ordered to, we would obey. Phil talked about holding out and making them shoot the ship to stop us, but other heads convinced him. The solution seemed reasonable.

March 25, 1967, Saturday—South China Sea and Gulf of Tonkin

At one o'clock we were in a meeting for worship on the canvas-covered cases of medicine under the wheel house window (in that spot so the helmsman could be included) when Earle exclaimed, "Look at the navy ships, they're signaling to us." It sure looked like it. Mirror flashes were sending .-, .-. .- over and over. Earle tried unsuccessfully to raise them on the radio, and Bob, after much study with the glasses, decided that they were cargo ships and probably were not signaling to us. In any case, they were a long way off and soon disappeared.

Another mystery which really upset me was the appearance of what looked like a small boat with several people in it. Earle ordered the course not to be changed to approach closer as had been suggested by someone. We were all tense and full of ideas of what it might be. One thought was that it had something to do with the U.S. Navy, another that it was survivors of a shipwreck; someone even hinted that it might be pirates—all very romantic. As it got closer, we suddenly realized that it was a bit of land, complete with shrubs, that had broken off somewhere and was floating freely.

Earle tried to raise Haiphong on his radio as per agreement but got no response. I could hear him saying over and over, "This is the yacht *Phoenix* calling VOSA [Vietnam Ocean Shipping Agency], Haiphong. Hello, Haiphong, this is the yacht *Phoenix* calling VOSA."

March 26, 1967, Easter Sunday—Gulf of Tonkin

I had a fire in the galley. The rough seas made the gimbaled stove twist up and down in its bracket, keeping level while the boat actually was out of level. It had to do that so that the alcohol which I poured into a small cup under the oil burner (the oil was heated to vapor to start burning) would not spill when the ship pitched and rolled. Up to now I had been very conscious of the need not to steady it when pouring the alcohol and lighting it with a match, but this time instinct did me ill. I held it with one hand and put the match to it with the other just as the alcohol spilled all over the stove. The fire was instant and big. I reached for the salt box, but it was on the wall behind the flames. Then I yelled. Someone broke out the fire extinguisher but couldn't make it work. Earle snatched it away and had the fire out in moments, but not before the low ceiling and wall paneling had been scorched and the burner itself was hopelessly damaged. In the meantime, even though the sea was too rough for comfort, I served a cold lunch on the deck. The cabin was very smoky. Nobody jumped me for my accident, but I felt very stupid and frightened.

At 1:15 we settled into a profound meeting for worship. I felt that we were all in tune with the same spirit and that we were going to make a difference to the people suffering from the war, U.S. soldiers as well as Vietnamese soldiers and ordinary people. No messages came out of the silence, but the spirit was there.

We were jittery about the Seventh Fleet now that we were sailing in the same gulf that the U.S. ships patrolled. They knew we were there from the sailing plan we had given the consular officer, but would they attempt to prevent us from reaching Haiphong with our gift of medical supplies? We wondered, we theorized, we prayed.

Planes had been audible all day, but we didn't see any of them until 5:22, when a delta-winged jet burst upon us, buzzed us twice, and then flew away. Bob and Horace came out of the cabin in time to see it leave. Two minutes later a helicopter appeared out of the sun. It circled us many times, then hovered close, so close that we could see the faces of the three men standing in the open door. At first we thought they were about to shoot us as they had instruments up before their faces. But then we realized that they were taking pictures. I pulled out my diary and jotted down the identification of the helicopter. Enterprise—0186 HC-1 83. We all stood

gaping up at the machine, feeling exposed and helpless. Just before they left, Horace waved at the men with cameras, while the rest of us wished we had thought of that friendly gesture. Ivan said, after it had gone, that when he saw the blinking red light under the beast, he was sure it was shooting tracer bullets at us.

We wondered if they would be back with a ship now that they knew exactly where we were. One thought was that they would stop us before we had a chance to deliver the medical supplies; but another one was that we have done nothing illegal, the seas are free, and they have no excuse for arresting us. Maybe, after we deliver the supplies, they will think we have committed an illegal act and punish us. Of course, we know that carrying supplies to suffering people and trying to stop a war can't be illegal in a decent society. And we would like to believe ours is a decent society.

One more visitor, a four-engine jet, flew over us, and that was it. We were not visited again by anyone. Earle tried again several times on the hour at 12-hour intervals to reach Haiphong by radio. Ivan read the message and identification in French and Earle in English. Still no response. I wondered why, and I worried about our reception in Haiphong if the Vietnamese didn't know exactly when we would arrive.

March 27, 1967, Monday—Gulf of Tonkin and Haiphong

Early in the morning the first small rocky islets off the coast of North Vietnam came into sight. The captain and crew studied the charts to try to match up what we could see with what the charts indicated. Earle was fairly confident that we were too far north, so we sailed south past cluster after cluster of barren, rocky islands which reared out of the fog and mists. We finally sighted a lighthouse on one of them, and Earle's navigation was on the button again. From there on it was clear sailing to Buoy Zero, which we found near four tankers and freighters that were anchored in a large area. At 3:30 we dropped anchor between a Russian and a Polish ship, each about a mile from us, and exchanged expressions of disbelief that we had actually arrived at our rendezvous without being stopped by the Seventh Fleet or shot at by the shore batteries of the Vietnamese.

Epilogue

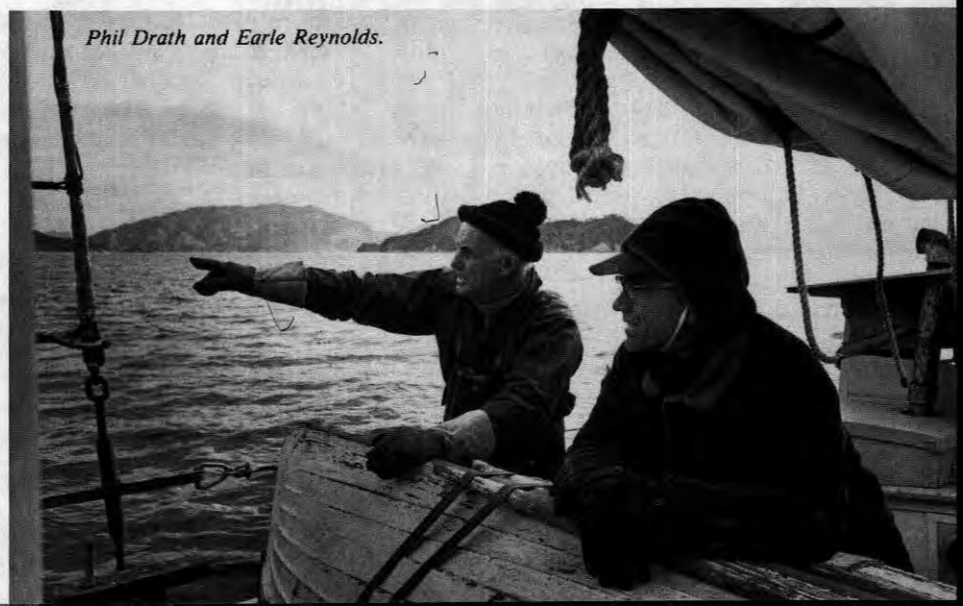
I think back over the 15 months the trip and the follow-up work took and I wondered what we did accomplish. When the war didn't end in any sense for several more years, I was afraid that we hadn't done enough. Most of us shifted into a different kind of work, bearing in mind that the Vietnamese had advised us to go home and do something about our country.

We did help to bring the issues of the war out into the open. We acted as catalysts who encouraged people to talk and argue and confront other positions. People who read about our trip or saw us on television reacted hard. In Wausau, Wisconsin, for example, the minister of the church I was scheduled to speak in canceled our meeting because of the reaction to the notices in the local paper and the telephone calls to the church. But by the time the librarian at the public library offered us a room, the people were well stirred up. Originally we expected about a dozen to attend, but I was delighted to find over a hundred people seated and more pouring in when I got there. Until then, Wausau residents seemed not to have paid much attention to the war in Vietnam, but now they were eager to hear and to speak. Before the meeting ended I could see that they were making connections, sorting out who their allies were among their neighbors, and resolving to take some kind of action. Within a week a strong anti-war group was formed, and soon they had a draft counseling committee trained and functioning, as well as an ongoing program of education and action.

I was able to sort out some personal issues as a result of the trip, too. One of the most frustrating things that can happen to a person is to *know* that evil is being done and not to be able to do anything about it. It is generally thought that one can't do anything alone. "I'm only one person. What can I do?" is a common cry. It is true that one alone cannot bring a war to an end, but one alone can start the process. What surprised me about my own competence was that the training I got from my children and the skills I learned running a large family, dealing with schools, artisans, merchants, and voluntary organizations prepared me well enough for the job I found myself in. I was as able as the men, once I got over my early fright, to respond to reporters, to communicate with people in high places in several countries including my own, and to handle the stresses and fatigue of travel, public appearances, and mass meetings.

If we did nothing else, we showed that a few ordinary people, with the same knowledge that the person on the street has, and without funds of their own, can help to bring about changes. It would have been lovely if we could have been reasonable 100 percent of the time, but humans being what they are, that wasn't possible. It wasn't even possible for seven Quakers and two other like-minded people, highly motivated and trained in nonviolence, to resolve their differences civilly all the time.

I feel privileged to have had the opportunity to meet such beautiful, courageous, intelligent, and principled people, the Vietnamese. I am glad to have had the chance to work hard at something really worthwhile. The Phoenix Project was more than I ever expected to accomplish in life and more than I can believe even now. The men I sailed, fought, worshiped, worked, and played with are very dear to me. I'll love them forever. □



Phil Drath and Earle Reynolds.

Quaker Philately

Love for the World's Children

by Hi Doty

Ten years ago this spring, in the final flicker of our tragic adventure into Vietnam, while civilians fought and bribed for standing room on the last outbound planes, there began at Saigon airport the last rescue mission of the most helpless refugees of that war, the castoff children of U.S. servicemen, born to Vietnamese mothers. Two planeloads of them embarked, but only one took off. The other, struck by shellfire, exploded on the runway, killing all on board. The luckier plane lifted 70 children, who were headed for Concord Friends Meetinghouse in Pennsylvania, and flew eastward over the Pacific. Four didn't arrive, being detained for hospitalization at various stops along the way, but in May 1975, there came to our meetinghouse 66 loud young Amerasians, Americans to be.

None of this happened by accident. There were plans to be made, money to be raised, strings to be pulled, regulations to be waived, organizations to be created, homes to be found. If thee receives thy newsletter by mail, the noble woman on the stamp which carries it this month is Pearl Buck. Her Nobel and Pulitzer prizes and the vast sums that her books earned were only material to be put to the task of rescuing unlucky children, who thereby turned out to be very lucky children. Her links with Concord Meeting are several. She was two years dead when 66 howling children came to Concord, but the spadework was all hers.

Although of American ancestry, Pearl (Sydenstricker) Buck was born in the United States only by the accident that her parents, lifelong missionaries to China, were home on brief furlough in 1892. She grew up in China as the daughter of two people who did not look for soft spots, or cozy up to the powers that be, but took the Christian message, and not the occidental condescension, to the poorest peasants in the roughest corners. We haven't space here for even a hint of her and her family's adventures and sufferings in the chaos of the disintegration of the old China. If thee'd like to know, turn to her four autobiographical volumes and to her biographies of her parents. Literary critics consider these lesser-known works to contain her finest writing. Approaching middle age, with a need to supplement the meager missionary stipends—her own and her husband's—and with her intimate knowledge of Chinese society at its most desperate depths, she began to write articles and to send them to American magazines. Encouraged by quick acceptances, she used a publisher's check to buy a real desk, had it hauled to the attic of her dreary home in Nanking, and sat down at it to write a novel, *The Good Earth.* Once begun, it poured forth at amazing speed, finished in three months.

To the amazement of all concerned, *The Good Earth,* when John Day published it in 1931, was a blockbuster, the darling of book clubs, readers, and critics. It rested at the top of bestseller lists longer than any other book ever had. It won the Pulitzer Prize. (Far away in Nanking, Pearl was unimpressed. She didn't know what the Pulitzer Prize was.) Translations soon were setting similar records in other countries. The movie made from it enjoyed the same instantaneous success. And no one could understand why. The very ones who hailed it also asked why the struggles of an illiterate farmer and his ugly wife, fighting starvation and dodging bandit armies in an almost sterile section of interior China, could possibly interest anyone anywhere. But the cash registers kept ringing and the honors kept coming—before long, the Nobel Prize in Literature, only the third to an American, and still the only one awarded to an American woman.

Of the rest of her literary life, we will say only that once this late-starter began, the books poured down like rain (more than 100 in all), so fast that her publisher found it advisable to publish some of them under pseudonyms. She was translated into more foreign languages (57 by 1983) than any other American writer except Mark Twain. And the money rolled in. What was the daughter of poverty to do with all that money?

Why, children! Children, of course! And especially beginning first with Amerasians, the nurture of those who

A member of Concord (Pa.) Meeting, Hi Doty writes a regular column called "Quaker Philately" for the Concord Monthly Meeting Newsletter. *His article is reprinted from the March 1985 issue.*

were ostracized and abandoned because they were racially mixed. Pearl had seen most of her siblings die in early childhood because medical attention was unavailable in remote China. When her only natural child proved to be retarded, the experience deepened her love for those born unfairly. When she began to adopt children (nine, finally), she always chose those whom others didn't want, the ones who seemed to have no chance. Now, with money, she could reach beyond herself in this. Coming finally to the United States and settling in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, she organized, financed, and directed Welcome House, which has survived her death, and which ten years ago airlifted that last planeload of innocents from Saigon to Concord Meetinghouse.

Our old meetinghouse has been the scene of many unusual events (as Quaker Philately likes to remind thee) and certainly the day that 66 Amerasian children came was one of them. They weren't coming to doubt and uncertainty, for Welcome House had made advance arrangements for the adoption of all in both planes, but the deaths of those in the second plane had complicated arrangements, and it took some sorting out. There wasn't room in the meetinghouse to care for all of the children, and the Kight home became the nursery for the infants. Refugee children, volunteers to care for them, prospective parents arriving—it all made a happy, heartwarming madhouse for ten hectic days, and then back to our ancient silence.

Pearl Buck was never a Friend, but her own concerns were largely what we call "Quaker concerns," and so she found herself constantly involved with individual Friends and with Friends' organizations. It was natural then that she drew into her work with children an inordinate number of Friends, including, over the years, perhaps one-third of the board which directed Welcome House. Two who sat on that board for a long and active period were members of Concord Meeting.

We have left until last Concord's dearest link with "the Pearl." While she still lived and herself dealt with the children who passed through Welcome House , at least five precious members of Concord came to us in this way, from the scrap heap of life into the arms of love. What a woman! □

Margarethe Lachmund (center, with papers) *at Mittelhof, a Quaker center in Berlin, in 1948*

Courtesy of Alice C. Shaffer

Margarethe Lachmund

Radiant Friend and Reconciler

by Leonard S. Kenworthy

Faced with the victory of the Nazis, Hans and Margarethe Lachmund, along with many of their compatriots, had some frightening decisions to make. There were several alternatives for those who opposed the diabolical ends and means of the National Socialists. They could emigrate to another country. They could "emigrate" to another part of Germany where they were not known. They could retreat from political life and accept, reluctantly and regretfully, the new regime, hoping it would soon be toppled from power. They could oppose it in open ways and invite almost certain persecution and imprisonment—or death. Or they could make some minor compromises and oppose it in quiet ways.

At first the Lachmunds felt that they must emigrate. They even decided at one point to leave for France and began to make plans for that radical change in their lives. But two considerations kept them from going through with those plans. One was the fact that several leading citizens in Greifswald, where they lived, urged them to stay, telling them how much people like them were needed. The other was their realization of how much Germany had been harmed over a period of many decades by the emigration of democratically minded people, especially after the revolution of 1848, when so many people left Germany for the United States when that revolution failed.

So they stayed, and for years they agonized over how Christians and Quakers and democratically minded people

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could or should live under such a government.

When the Nazis came to power in 1933, Hans was removed as a judge because he would not join the party. But he was soon reinstated by a Nazi who admired his abilities. So Hans remained in that important post until his arrest by the Russians in 1945.

Meanwhile there were many incidents in which the Lachmunds were challenged by the Nazis. Over and over they met those attacks with frankness, openness, and astuteness. They were extremely wise people and it was difficult for the Nazis to cope with them.

One of the first incidents occurred when Margarethe bought a socialist paper from a newsboy on a prominent corner of their town, in order to support his courage, even though that newspaper had not yet been banned. The police came to their apartment and questioned her, especially about her connections with a group known as the Socialist Friends of Children. In that situation the polite and friendly treatment of the officer by the Lachmunds disarmed him and won respect for the Lachmund family. So the policeman departed without bringing charges against Margarethe.

On another occasion she was attacked because she had invited several young people who belonged to the Social Democratic youth group to come to her home and read some of the classics together. Later she learned that their house had been surrounded all evening and that the young people had been dragged away by the police when they left, although they were soon released.

Mulling over that situation during the Ascension Day holiday, she decided to face it frankly and openly, a decision which she avers was "significant for my whole life from then on."

Consequently she phoned the office of the Gauleiter or party leader of that district and requested an appointment. That turned out to be what she has said was "a searching discussion." He had not heard of the surveillance and said they could continue to meet as long as politics weren't involved. But she said she did not plan to do so if the young people were endangered in any way.

Then she inquired about the control of her mail—to which the Gauleiter replied that she received a good many letters from France and from pacifists. Her defense was that they were friends and that the letters did not deal with political issues.

Furthermore, she challenged him on his continuing references to her as a Marxist, saying: "I do see Marx differently than you do: I regard him as a significant social politician, as a great personality, but his views are not a dogma for me. My socialism has its roots in religion."

He said that he had once belonged to the anti-capitalist wing of his party but that World War I had taught him much and that the beliefs he now held were unshakable. Agreeing with him, up to a point, she declared that she, too, had examined her beliefs rigorously: "And I have had the deepest fellowship with people beyond all national boundaries. These are my experiences and no one can rob me of them."

Later, when the Lachmunds were considering emigration to France, she called the same official to inform him openly of their intentions. By that time he had become the mayor of Luebeck, then an independent Hansa city. He seemed to appreciate her openness and said he did not like to think that only those who feared would remain in Germany. He added that too many people had told him things which were not true, whereas she had been completely honest about her beliefs and intentions.

Then there was the difficult decision the Lachmunds had to make about the daughter of an acquaintance whom they had promised to take into their home. That girl's father had also lost his job and the children were being parceled out to various homes. In addition, she was preparing for her examinations for entrance to the university and needed to be able to continue those preparations.

Friends of the Lachmunds said that they were foolish to take her in just as Hans had been reinstated as a judge. But Margarethe lay sleepless all night and was unable to forget the story of the good Samaritan.

So she called the school adviser of the girl and told her about her dilemma. That counselor was known as an ardent Nazi and Margarethe asked her if she would wish for the girl to become embittered because they did not permit her to live with the Lachmunds.

Margarethe says that their exchange was not a friendly one. But the girl did stay with them until they moved to another locality. Then she was placed in a boarding school so she could continue her preparation for the university exams.

Neighbors often tried to trap the Lachmunds. For example, when Hitler was speaking, one of them knocked on the door of the Lachmunds' apartment and complained that Margarethe's use of her vacuum cleaner was interrupting the reception of his speech. Margarethe invited the neighbor in to see that she had no vacuum cleaner and not even a radio, lest they be accused of listening to foreign broadcasts, which was stringently forbidden.

Courtesy of AFSC Archives

Repairing bomb damage, Berlin, 1946

There were scores of such incidents over the years. Summarizing her general attitude, she said: "It had unconsciously become a certainty for me that I could keep my inner sense of assurance and freedom, facing these National Socialists into whose power I was delivered, only if I met them on a different plane from that on which they lived. That is to say I must not lie."

Actually she was doing more than that: she was appealing to the best in

them—"answering that of God in everyone," as George Fox had admonished Friends to do 300 years before.

In 1939, World War II began with the invasion of Poland by Germany and the declaration of war on Germany by England and France. For the next six years the Lachmunds endured the restrictions imposed by the German government because of that conflict. Food and clothing were rationed and travel drastically reduced. And the government stepped up its propaganda over the radio, in the newspapers and magazines, and in public demonstrations calculated to whip the populace into a frenzy of support for their war efforts.

It was horrendous for Hans and Margarethe to see Germany embroiled in war, with so little they could do to offset that heart-rending situation. But Margarethe made frequent trips to Berlin where she served on the Steering Committee of the Quaker International Center. Until the summer of 1941 it was still aiding people to leave Germany (with the knowledge of the Hitler regime). Those people were men and women, and some children, who had been designated by the Nazis as Jews, even though they had no affiliation with that faith religiously or culturally. In many instances such persons had not known that they had some grandparent who had been Jewish.

Margarethe not only worked with the steering committee, but she did considerable counseling of those who came to the center, because her friendliness, sympathetic interest, and ability to meet difficult situations adroitly had made her a compassionate and wise confidante.

Usually she planned her visits so that she would be at the center on Thursday afternoons when the Berlin Friends met to sort the books, musical instruments, and other materials which were later distributed in the prisoner-of-war camps of the English, French, and Belgians. That work was carried on through the good offices of the International Red Cross, growing out of the Geneva Convention for the treatment of prisoners.

That work required strenuous efforts on their part, but it was of help to the prisoners of war and was carried on with great devotion and considerable risk by the local Quaker group. Occasionally a letter or a post card of thanks was received from the prisoners, and Friends were overjoyed by such communications, which were almost miraculously transmitted.

Then there was her concern for the persecuted Jews and those designated as Jews by the Nazis. Gradually they were rounded up in the small towns and countryside and taken to ghettos in the larger cities. Then many of them were shipped to Poland and eventually sent to their death in the torture chambers there. Others were sent to Gurs in France, with less drastic action taken against them.

True to her beliefs, Margarethe set to work organizing shipments of small packages to Jewish people wherever they had gone. She became the leader of such work in north Germany and assisted Friends and others in various parts of Germany who were willing to undergo the risks involved in such aid.

Occasionally she was also able to defend some Jew whom she and Hans knew. She has related how one day the man who had been assigned to watch the Lachmunds confronted her with the fact that he knew that a Jewish family had turned to her for help and that she had given it. In her words, this is what occurred:

> I merely asked him what he found to wonder at. What were these poor people to do to find help somewhere? I knew a way, I said, to insure that no more Jewish people could come to me: "Make your laws humane and not a single Jew will know my name anymore."

When World War II ended in 1945, the Lachmunds were in the zone occupied by the Russians. By a curious twist of fate, Hans was arrested as a former Nazi official, despite his record of anti-Nazism. He was incarcerated for eight long years. Margarethe did not know where he was, so she set out on a trek to find him, trudging from one prison to another until she finally learned where he was. She was able to see him—but for only 15 minutes and with the prison bars between them.

When Hans was imprisoned, Margarethe moved to Berlin where she could help in the Quaker International Center, be with Friends in that city, and help with the work of the Germany Yearly Meeting.

In 1948 she was appointed the executive clerk of the yearly meeting, a post in which she served until 1954. In that period she did a great deal of traveling to meet with the small Quaker groups in various parts of the country and with isolated individuals and families.

Scores of persons knew her or about her and she was sometimes swamped with requests for assistance. Because she had an identity card and could move freely between East and West Berlin, she

Ruins by the Spreekanal in Berlin

Courtesy of AFSC Archives

served as a courier or messenger for many families which were separated, or in aiding people in trouble.

A few times she was arrested and detained, although never imprisoned. One such time was back in 1945 when she and a young student were arrested by the Russian secret police and incarcerated in the cellar of a farmhouse. It was cold and the window was broken. So they stuffed it with rags. That kept out the cold but it was still pitch dark. So Margarethe knocked on the trapdoor and asked the soldier if they did not have some work the two women could do.

He promised to inquire and in ten minutes was back. The two women were taken to the kitchen and given some soup and a piece of meat and bread. Then, when the soldier saw how hungry they were, he warmed up the porridge left from breakfast and served it to them. That entire afternoon Margarethe and her young companion peeled potatoes for the Russian soldiers.

Such persistence, patience, astuteness, and courage also characterized the work she did immediately after the cessation of hostilities in World War II. The mayor had made her a special commissioner in Mecklenburg. That city was the first major town west of the Oder River and for weeks after the cease-fire, streams of refugees passed through it in both directions. She was asked to protect the National Socialist Welfare warehouses from looting. Then she was prevailed upon to reconstruct the welfare services. Kindergartens needed to be started, homes for disabled veterans established, soup kitchens begun, sewing rooms set up, and clothing and fuel assembled and distributed. Often she had to contact the Russian officials and insist upon being given supplies which they were hoarding. In such situations her organizational ability and her tact and persistence paid huge dividends.

In 1972 Hans died, and that long, loving chapter in her life was closed. So she was persuaded by their son, Peter, to move in 1974 to a cooperative apartment house in Cologne, where he had been an orchestra conductor and was the headmaster of the Cologne Music School. Hence she could be near him and his wife and their son Michael, a young man who was following in his grandmother's footsteps as a conscientious objector.

With great reluctance and considerable persuasion on the part of several people, she agreed to fly to Haverford College in 1973 to be awarded an honorary degree of doctor of laws. In the citation for that award, written by Stephen Cary—an old friend and at that time the vice president of Haverford College—she was described in these moving words:

> Margarethe Lachmund is among the rare company of Quaker saints who have borne witness to the power of God in the lives of men. . . . During the long, long years when the hand of oppression was heavy in her land, she shunned the silence of the fearful and dared to speak truth to power. She refused to compromise with evil and endured the suffering that followed. But, beyond suffering, God gave her also the strength to love, and her love tempered the sting of truth and she was spared. Margarethe's steadfast example makes clear that men and women can live triumphantly and lovingly when all around them are engulfed in violence and hatred. May God grant us the grace to know His presence each day as she has known it, for in this lies also *our* hope.

Then the award was made to her as: ". . . an heroic seeker after Truth and reconciliation, a powerful witness to the triumph of good in the midst of evil."

In 1976 German Friends paid tribute to her on her 80th birthday by issuing a booklet called *Margarethe Lachmund: Zum 80 Geburtstag,* edited by Heinrich Carstens. Quite fittingly they decided that nothing would be more appropriate than to bring together several of the talks she had given and the articles she had written, plus a few of her letters, thus preserving for future generations some of the authentic reactions and reflections of this outstanding woman.

What a life she has led. And what a series of tragedies she has witnessed and lived through. Yet she has triumphed over those tragedies and many now rise to call her blessed. As Alice Shaffer once wrote Clarence Pickett, then the executive secretary of the American Friends Service Committee: "Margarethe Lachmund stands at the head of my list as the finest example anywhere of a Christian, of a Quaker, of a German, and of a human being." □

As the JOURNAL *went to press, we were saddened to learn that Margarethe Lachmund died in Germany on October 14.*—Ed.

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Some of My Best Friends Are Rocks

by Earle Reynolds

In Japan, I spent many hours in the country, watching the farmers build stone walls to enlarge their hillside rice fields. The farmers seemed satisfied, the walls seemed content, and I wondered if there were any secrets involved in building a wall. Perhaps there are. My teachers are the rocks at Quaker center.

I have been working on the stone walls which make up the seven-tiered garden behind the house. I began these walls several years ago, and come back to them from time to time. Since my only companions during this work have been stones, I learned a bit about them—the hard way, one might say.

First, I must confess that I like rocks. I talk to them (only when we're alone, of course; outsiders might not understand). In general, we get along rather well, as long as I keep my place, and observe the proper courtesies.

Rocks (unlike, for example, bricks) are individuals. No two are alike—they differ in size, shape, color, degree of hardness, personality. When you work with rocks, you must merge your spirit with them. A rock will do what you want, if you do what the rock wants.

Each rock wants to be used to its fullest capacity, and individual rocks want to feel their abilities have been carefully considered. Some rocks are outstanding—they make a perfect corner, or an ideal surface layer, or have a beautiful texture. Naturally, they should be used accordingly. But what of the "blobs" (never use that word in their presence!) that are shapeless and heavy, with no virtues that one can perceive? Tell them that these qualities *are* virtues. "You are the heart of the wall, the base, the strength. Without you there *is* no wall!" Usually, that will do it.

Getting along with the rocks is not just politeness, it's good sense. If you don't work well with them, they will certainly punish you: they will drop on your toe, pinch your fingers, strain your back, and under extreme provocation, sacrifice a sliver of themselves to fly into your eye. But if you work *with* rocks, they will reward you with a beautiful wall.

Another thing to remember. Rocks are in no hurry. They hadn't planned to go anywhere, and have to be convinced that moving is in their best interest. Share your dream with them. Appeal to their egos. Remind them that they are, as walls, links to the past, carriers of lost civilizations; that when all else is gone, when the jungles reclaim the temple grounds, the rocks persevere, and future human generations reconstruct the past from them.

So I suggest that (in an unobtrusive way) you talk to your rocks, explain carefully what you have in mind, ask their help, consult with their leaders, have a word of praise for those who seem to need it, and at the end of each day, thank them. If, in spite of all your efforts, some hard-core recalcitrant has had a shot at you, forgive it and ask its friendship. Rocks don't bear grudges long.

When you finish your job and the rocks are all arranged, and your dream has become a solid reality, have a final brief but sincere ceremony. Thank them as a *wall,* and wish them well in their new life. After you are gone, they will still be there, thinking of you. □

Earle Reynolds, a long-time peace activist, lived in Japan for many years. He returned to the United States in 1970 and taught peace studies at the University of California at Santa Cruz. He is a member of Santa Cruz Meeting. His article is excerpted from his book The Center Is Quaker, *which is about the Ben Lomond Quaker Center, where Earle, now retired, lives. The book is available by sending $5 to Earle Reynolds, Box 573, Ben Lomond, CA 95005. Proceeds will benefit the center.*

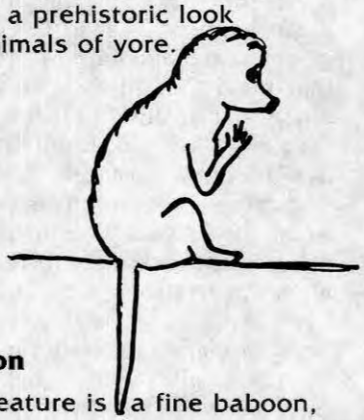
AN ALPHABESTIARY

FOR KATE, ELEANOR, AND ALICE

by Helen W. Zimmermann

Aardvark

The aardvark is a funny thing
The same both aft and fore.
He has a prehistoric look
Like animals of yore.



Baboon

This creature is a fine baboon,
Surely you are agreeing.
We're drawn to him because he is
So like a human being.

Capybara

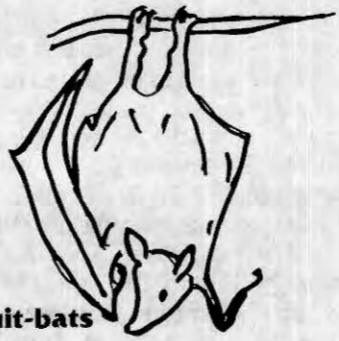
In South America we find
A pig with nose quite narra.
His name, down there,
is very long
They call him capybara!

Dingo

The dingo is a busy beast
Who needs much room to roam.
So maybe it is fortunate
Australia is his home.

Emu

The emu has a longish neck
And quite a haughty manner.
His legs are also very long
For crossing the savannah.



Fruit-bats

The fruit-bats are gregarious
And vocal in their joys.
Could people clustering in trees
Make such a cheerful noise?

Hippopotamus

The river-horse enjoys his size
He thinks it is a plus.
The Greeks describe him simply as
The hippopotamus!

Jaguar

How nice to be a jaguar
Both beautiful and fleet—
For speed and grace and symmetry
He really can't be beat.

Lemur

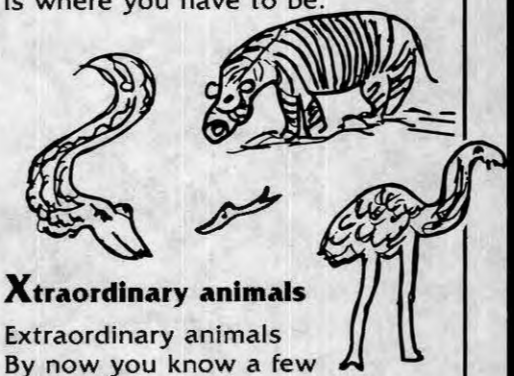
Some say this curious
creature sings
Some say it is a screamer.
Observe its eyes and stripy tail
The Madagascar lemur.

Ne-ne

This elegant Hawaiian goose
Has special claim to fame.
It is their chosen favorite bird
The ne-ne is its name.

Wombat

The mild, nocturnal wombat
Is rather hard to see.
In darkness, in Australia
Is where you have to be.

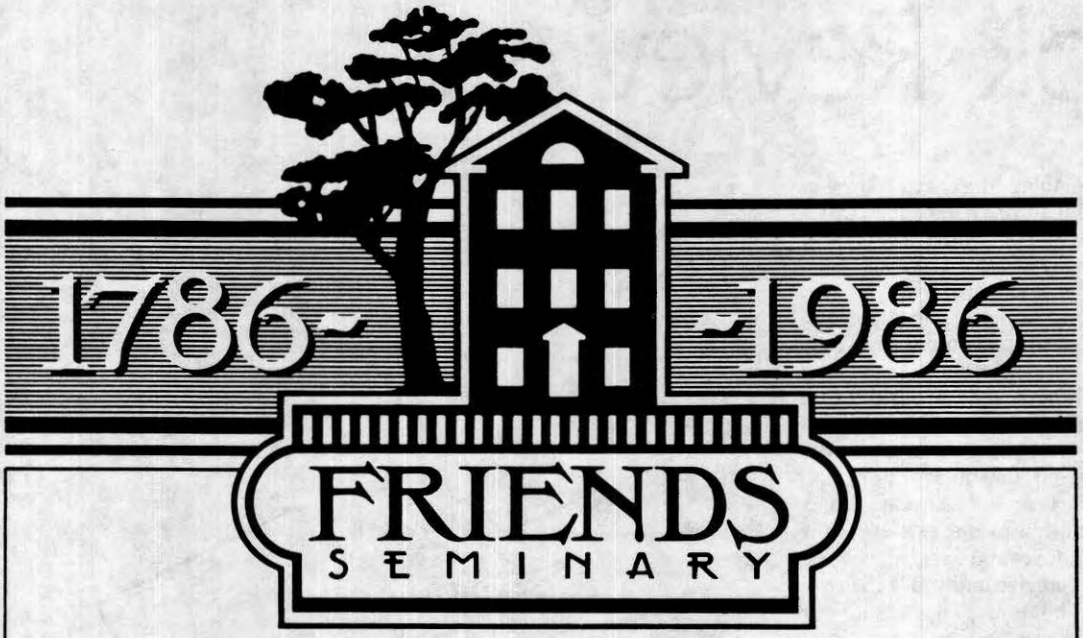


Xtraordinary animals

Extraordinary animals
By now you know a few
Let's hope you meet a lot of them
Not merely in the zoo.

These selections are from *An Alphabestiary for Kate, Eleanor, and Alice,* an A to Z series of poems about animals, which Helen W. Zimmermann wrote and had printed in October 1984. She lives in Saunderstown, R.I., and is a regular JOURNAL contributor.

Drawings by Helen W. Zimmermann



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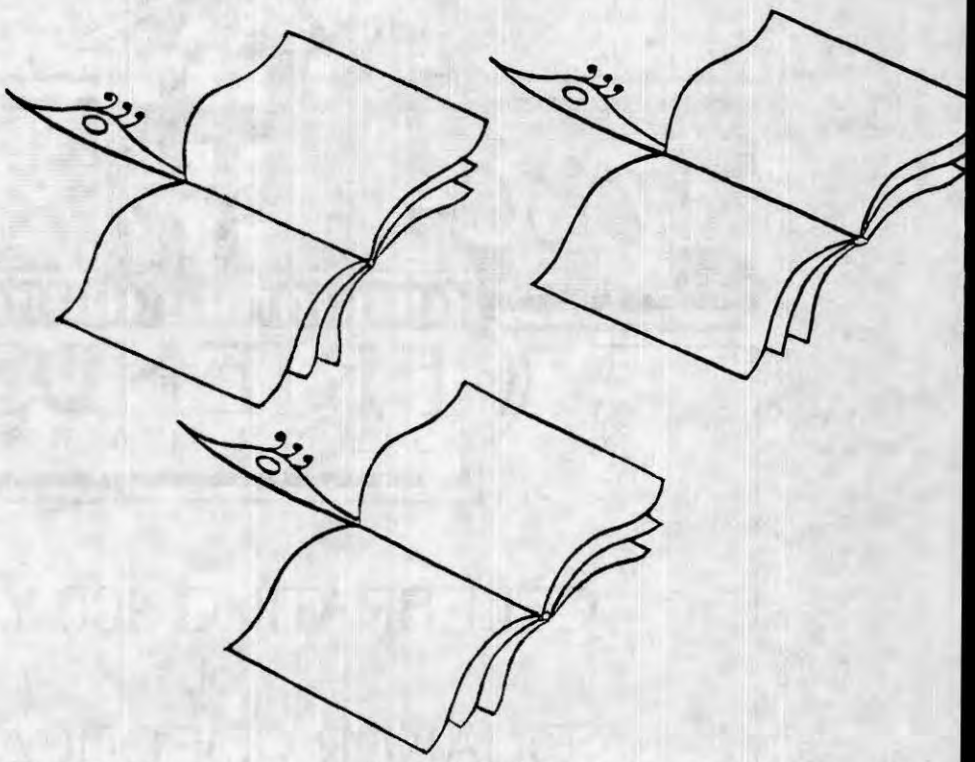
Book Reviews



All This and Something More: Pioneering in Intercultural Education. *By* Rachel Davis DuBois. *Dorrance, Bryn Mawr, PA 19010, 1984. 320 pages. $14.95.*

Some people are restless. The chaos and noncohesion of our lives is more than they can bear. They imagine a better order and reach for something new or profound that will bring greater harmony to our human condition. They use their hearts to reorder the events and the circumstances of our daily lives. Searching for a "new way," they tear apart the minutia of our existence: the way we eat, sleep, love, and hate. They question the way we perceive and judge the people and things about us. They strain the capacity of our senses and violate our perceptions of propriety. They seem iconoclastic and disorderly as they assail us with their unfolding visions.

Rachel Davis DuBois is such a person. Born in Woodstown, New Jersey, in 1892, nearly 30 years after the Civil War, she is the second of six children from a family descended from Welsh and English Quakers who have "tilled the soil" in South Jersey since the 17th century.

With unusual detail she recalls her early family and community life, leaving it to the reader to speculate which early influences molded and tempered her. As she matured, her interests in the critical social problems of the pre- and post-World War I period catapulted her from the sleepy farming community in New Jersey into the vortex of social and political unrest in Europe, and later in the United States.

The war in Europe and the conditions of Negroes in the United States were the two issues that began to absorb her mental and physical energy. Upon learning about the race riots in Chicago in 1919 and lynchings in the South, she found that she had to ask herself why she had not known about these conditions before.

In 1921 she accepted an invitation of the Pennsylvania Committee on the Abolition of Slavery to go to the South to raise money for a school for black children. There she confronted the policies of segregation that preserved a system of privilege for the whites and deprived black Americans of their most basic rights. She encountered "Colored" and "White" signs in railroad stations, inferior or nonexistent educational opportunities for blacks, and racial prejudice so extensive that even the major contributions of people such as George Washington Carver were denied.

As a Quaker and a pacifist, she was greatly moved by the ideas of W. E. B. DuBois, who believed that "the causes of war are the racial injustices all over the world; and that until we first overcome racial injustice, we will never overcome war." She became convinced that "the basic problem of peace and war is the problem of race."

In 1922 she accompanied Jane Adams and a group of Philadelphia Quaker women to Europe to attend the International Women's Conference at The Hague, where women from 20 different countries met to discuss the economic consequences of the Versailles Treaty. They believed that the effect of the treaty, unless it was revised, would be another world war.

"Because of the huge reparations being exacted by force," she writes, "Germany, with millions of starving children and jobless men, had been reduced to conditions of a slave state and was rapidly dragging all of Europe down with her. Forty-five percent of all German children were tubercular."

In 1924, she resumed teaching school in Woodbury, New Jersey, and there she began to experiment and work with a range of new ideas that would ultimately lead to the development of a new model for intercultural education. Weaving together her concerns about the conditions for blacks in this country, her knowledge of the cultures and traditions of Europe, her interest in developing initiatives that would ensure peace, and her Quaker principles, she began designing programs for the Woodbury schools that would bring together people from various religious and racial backgrounds.

Out of this confluence of concerns came the beginnings of a method of intercultural training that in the future would be known as the "Group Conversation Method." In later years this method, in its more structured form, would involve bringing together persons of various ethnic backgrounds and directing their discussions in a way that would lead to greater understanding and mutual trust.

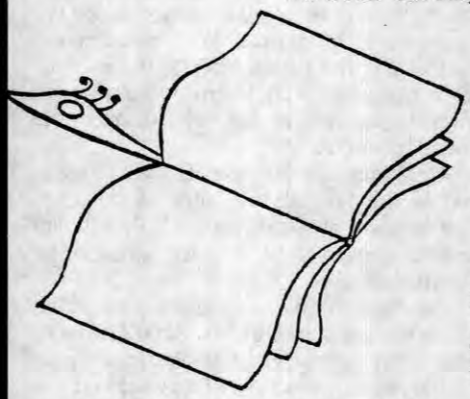
The Group Conversation Method has now been used in hundreds of interracial groups. It has also been widely used as a basis of interfaith dialogue and was even employed by the Israeli government between Arab and Jewish leaders. In 1965 Martin Luther King, Jr., requested that Rachel DuBois train people involved in the civil rights struggle in the Group Conversation Dialogue Method.

Many well-known people, including A. Philip Randolph, William Pickens, Margaret Mead, W. E. B. DuBois, and Martin Luther King, Jr., have been her friends and coworkers in the struggle for peace and understanding. And hundreds of others, including many, many Quakers, have been influenced by her ideas, her energy, and her innovations. The book is filled with the memories and struggles of a century. Not the least of her struggles was a confrontation with Senator Joseph McCarthy in 1953, when like many other progressive people in the United

States she was forced to testify about her activities before a congressional committee.

Her spirit and enthusiasm are endless. Rachel DuBois, who is now 95 years old, wrote this autobiography when she was 92. A committee from Salem Quarterly Meeting assisted and supported her in its writing and publication, and the members of the committee need to be thanked for the fine job they have done of ensuring that this valuable history was recorded. The devotion of this committee and the many honors given to Rachel DuBois these last years make it clear that she is regarded as a treasure, most clearly venerated and loved, by her South Jersey neighbors and friends.

Karen L. Cadbury



Peter Fingesten

We Are All Part of One Another: A Barbara Deming Reader. *Edited by* Jane Meyerding *with a foreword by* Barbara Smith. *New Society Publishers, Philadelphia, 1984. 295 pages. $24.95, $10.95/paperback.*

Born in 1917, Barbara Deming first became active in the peace movement in 1960, after a trip to India had started her on a search for Gandhi's truth. Thereafter she was involved in each major episode in the unfolding history of the movement for peace and justice in the '60s and '70s: the antinuclear struggle; the civil rights struggle; the growing opposition to the war in Vietnam; the development of a disciplined civil disobedience to that war; the discovery that the oppression of women was a central spoke in the wheel of patriarchy that was making victims of the blacks, the Vietnamese, and, yes, even the men who wielded power and created violence in their struggle to hold on to their uneven share of the world's resources.

To read this anthology of Barbara Deming's writing through these stirring decades is to relive a part of our own immediate history, seeing it through the eyes of one who dared to be involved in each act of human assertion against evil (and who often found herself in prison as a result), and yet one who was constantly thinking, reevaluating, sensing new growth in herself and in others.

Dedicated to the methods of nonviolence, Barbara Deming found new meanings for

that method as she engaged in the struggle. Though not a member of the Society of Friends, she often used the Quaker expression of "following the Light within," and one can almost see her growing in that Light as she dares to take new steps, intellectually and spiritually, by putting her life on the line. It is the courage of that constant probing and questioning and entertaining new insights that is the central inspiration of this collection of essays. As she begins to explore feminism in the early '70s, she sees that it is a means of freeing us all to celebrate androgynous values and discovers that nonviolence itself is such a meld, the assertiveness that has been socially affixed to the male combining with the tenderness that has been artificially grafted to the female.

Widely read in the writings of Freud, Marx, and in new feminist theory, as well as in U.S. and British literature, she draws from a wide background of analogy and quotation to help express her own evolving insights. It is a pleasure to read these pieces and see a sensitive and honest mind at work with a transparency and lucidity that is delightful.

I have a few quibbles to make about the way the book is put together. I am not sure that Barbara's earliest pieces, about filmmaking and about Shakespeare's plays, are needed. They contain interesting insights but are far enough from the central flow of the book to be distracting. And I do not feel that we need the editor's notes to explain that Barbara advanced from using the generic male to less sexually stereotyped language, or called blacks, Negroes, etc. We all changed and, in fact, will continue to change in our thinking and use of language. Today's faintly patronizing editorial "corrections" may themselves be in desperate need of editing tomorrow.

These are, however, minor matters. For one who has not previously discovered Barbara Deming the collection is a delightful introduction; for one who knew her well, it is a book to savor.

Margaret Hope Bacon

The Hiroshima Maidens. *By* Rodney Barker. *Viking, New York, 1985. 240 pages. $16.95.*

This is the first book ever published in either English or Japanese about the Hiroshima Maidens. "An epic of international goodwill that had been all but lost in history," it is a deeply moving account of the remarkable and complex project undertaken by Norman Cousins, editor of the *Saturday Review,* who, with the help of many others, in May 1955 brought 25 of the most crippled and disfigured young women from Hiroshima to New York for plastic surgery. They had been junior high school age when the A-bomb was dropped ten years before, suffering and outcast by their own society until Japanese pastor Kiyoshi Tanimoto brought them together for weekly gatherings in the basement of his church. With vision, great diplomacy, and persistence, Norman Cousins managed to bring to fruition that seemingly impossible dream of aid from the enemy country.

A predominate purpose also was to make visible the tangible evidence to the U.S. people of the physical effects of the A-bomb at what proved to be the very beginning of the nuclear age.

The maidens lived in Quaker homes within commuting distance of Mt. Sinai Hospital, where three of the greatest plastic surgeons volunteered their services free of charge for a period of more than a year and a half. (One young woman had surgery as many as 13 times.) The hospital was able to offer a ward of only four beds, which of course slowed down their timing.

Rodney Barker was nine when two of the maidens lived in his family's home in Connecticut. His friendship with the two left an indelible impression upon his life—a feeling they were part of his family. Years later, as a young editor, investigative reporter, and feature writer for a variety of regional and national magazines, he was awarded a travel grant to Japan in 1979 to write about Hiroshima. With his shared experiences with the maidens as a child, his tact

Author Rodney Barker as a boy, with two Hiroshima Maidens in 1956

and sensitivity, he was able to trace their lives since then in great depth that otherwise would not have been afforded "the press," with whom they had had many bad experiences. As Rodney Barker says in the foreword, "It struck me that here was an unwritten story not only of great personal interest but timely and important. In the process of writing that story, I felt I would discover the meaning of the experience."

Thus this book, published exactly 40 years after the dropping of the bomb on Hiroshima, is made available to us. Tracing the individual lives of all the maidens—with special attention to three—and their experiences in both Japan and the United States, we become aware of the great power of love to heal the physical scars of hatred and war as well of those of the soul.

With the Christmas season approaching, this book is the perfect gift to celebrate anew the power of love and redemption still present in the nuclear age.

Ruth Geibel Kilpack

James A. Michener: A Biography. *By* John P. Hayes. *Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis, Ind., 1984. 274 pages. $17.95.*

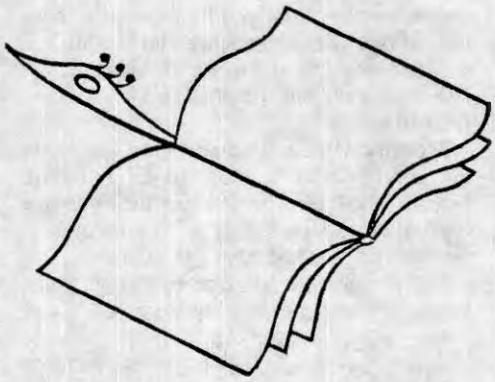
Many JOURNAL readers know "Jim" Michener personally; many more know his voluminous writings. This interesting biography will not unravel the mystery which is Michener, but it will shed considerable light on his early life, his marriages, his relations with publishers and agents, his research and writing methods, and his romance with Asia.

The biographer has worked with Michener and has done his research well and over a period of several years. He is at his best describing Michener's drive for success, his enormous research on every book, and his talents as a storyteller in such panoramic sagas as *The Source* (his best book in this reviewer's estimation), *Hawaii, Centennial,* and 30 other volumes. He also describes Michener's role as an art collector, would-be politician, and philanthropist.

Hayes is less successful in presenting Michener's philosophy of life as a social idealist, which is diluted at times by his economic and social conservatism. And he misses an opportunity of portraying Michener as an effective social studies teacher with an enormous class, interpreting the people of the United States and of other parts of the world in depth and sympathetically—a role "Jim" has often asserted he has played.

This is a carefully researched and fascinating biography of an eminent and baffling human being and writer with Quaker connections.

Leonard S. Kenworthy



Plowing My Own Furrow. *By* Howard W. Moore. *W.W. Norton & Co., New York, 1985. 225 pages. $12.95.*

Consider this a prejudiced review. The author is a friend of mine, and I am among his many friends—and Friends—who urged him to write this book. Howard Moore was an "absolutist" objector to World War I. His stand was based on personal conviction rather than religious principle. He was a prisoner of the U.S. Army from April 29, 1918, when he was ordered to report for induction, until November 17, 1920, at Fort Douglas, Utah, where he was one of the last two objectors to be released from custody.

In a narrative style described as "deceptively simple" Moore chronicles his childhood in the the 1880s in Cherry Valley, New York; his rise as a successful executive with the New York Telephone Company; his ordeal, and that of others, in captivity as an objector; and his successful career as an executive and efficiency expert during the postwar years. The book ends in June 1942 when Moore, in another confrontation with authority, is briefly arrested in Utica, New York, for refusal to register for the World War II draft.

Moore totally refused to accept even the most trivial of military orders, and his captors made the most of it. Beaten after his third refusal to stand at attention when the officer of the day made the rounds of the solitary confinement cells at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, Moore writes: "When I regained consciousness my head was in the lap of the regular guard on the wing. He was soaking up the blood from my hair and face with a handkerchief and saying as though to himself, 'Jesus, if he can stand that, he'll win.' I relate this incident not boastfully. I knew from past experience that once you conform in any way it will be used against you."

This autobiography is all too brief and ends upon the author's return to his Cherry Valley farm after the World War II confrontation in Utica. He writes: "Now, at 95, I have not changed my mind. I believe the present generation is witnessing the twilight of the nation-state. Unless the human species

arrives at a spiritual and intellectual awareness of our interdependence and establishes a world community using the earth's resources for the benefit of all, we are headed for extinction."

Moore's witness as an absolutist speaks to my condition as it must to all religious Friends who have wrestled with the awesome terrors of the nuclear age. He records a testimony to the nobility of the human spirit and a worthwhile addition to the personal bookshelf and the meeting library.

Jonas Mather

Prophet or Professor?: The Life and Work of Lewis Fry Richardson. *By* Oliver M. Ashford. *Adam Hilger, Ltd., Bristol and Boston, 1985. 304 pages. $29.*

If I had to name one Quaker who had the greatest influence outside the Society of Friends in the 20th century, I think I would name Lewis F. Richardson. Though his name is still not well known inside the Society, his influence lay in two major directions.

Lewis Richardson was the meteorologist who laid the foundations for the mathematical computerized models of the atmosphere which give us our weather predictions today (even though in his own life the powerful computers which enable his methods to be used had not been invented.) It is a rare scientist who has a number named after him, and the Richardson number is "one of the fundamental parameters of the turbulent motion of fluids," though curiously enough Oliver Ashford does not say what it is. There is also a Richardson Wing, opened in 1972, at the headquarters of the British Meteorological Office for computerized weather prediction. The Royal Meteorological Society has an annual L. F. Richardson Prize.

The other main facet of Lewis Richardson's work, of more direct interest to Quakers, is that he is widely recognized as one of the fathers of peace research, along with Quincy Wright of the University of Chicago, with whom he corresponded. However, he did not live to see the growth of peace research into a movement in the early 1960s, with the foundation of the International Peace Research Association and journals and institutes around the world. His first publication in this area was an article in *Nature* on "The Mathematical Psychology of War" in 1935. His two great works in the field, *Arms and Insecurity: A Mathematical Study of the Causes of War* and *Statistics of Deadly Quarrels,* were not published until 1960, seven years after his death, although they were privately produced in microfilm in 1947 and 1950.

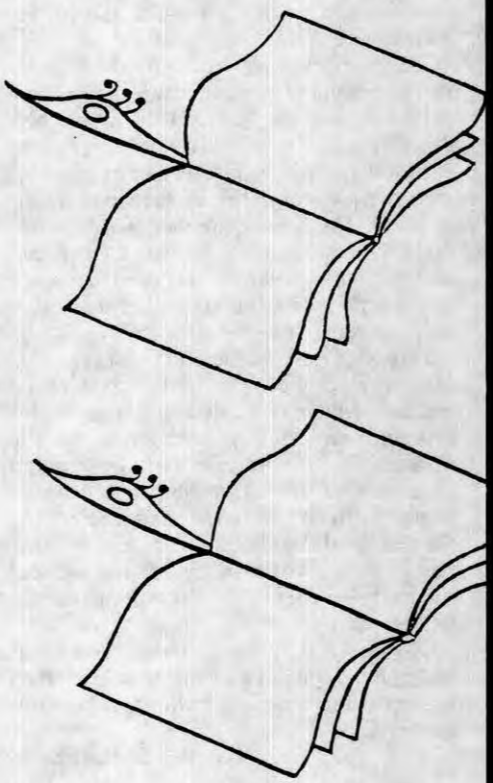
This by no means exhausts Richardson's contributions to science. He also trained himself as a psychologist. He wrote a delightful paper on the analogy between mental images and sparks. He also made some interesting contributions to mathematics and invented a number of instruments. He was, indeed, a man of many seasons and interests and in nearly all of them a man before his time.

Oliver Ashford's biography is a magnificent work of scholarship and a sheer delight to read. It covers every aspect of Lewis Richardson's life and work, beginning with the old Quaker family in Yorkshire out of which he came, a remarkable group of entrepreneurs, manufacturers, bankers, and nonprofessional scholars. He went to Bootham, a Quaker school in York, then to Cambridge University. His early career was checkered. He was with the Friends Ambulance Unit in France in World War I, had a variety of researching and teaching appointments at rather minor institutions, ending up as the principal of Paisley Technology College in Scotland.

His Quaker upbringing never left him. He participated in the life of a number of Quaker meetings in various places where he lived. His wife, Dorothy, who became a Quaker after their marriage, was also active in local meetings and was clearly a very important spiritual support to Lewis all his life. Lewis wrote very little on religion. His definition of God as "the accusative of the verb to worship" is a profound theological statement, and one wishes he had written more on this aspect of his life.

Altogether this is a remarkable biography about a very remarkable man and his times.

Kenneth E. Boulding



Queen of Suffering: A Spiritual History of Korea. *By* Ham Sok Hon. *Friends World Committee for Consultation, Philadelphia, 1985. 187 pages. $12/paperback.*

Queen of Suffering has its origin in the 1930s when Ham Sok Hon taught Korean history in a small rural school in northwest Korea. He was puzzled as to how to teach the history of his country when its 4,000 years had been nothing but a series of humiliations, frustrations, and failures.

In his preface to the book, he reports on a view of Korean history that came to him while worrying about his problem. Korean history appeared like a beggar girl chased by village urchins who, having tried to avoid them, had collapsed, crying her heart out. His feelings at the time were comparable to the story of the disciples while crossing the sea of Tiberias during a tempest. He was fearful and uncertain. A voice came to him, saying, "Oh, why do you have so little faith?"

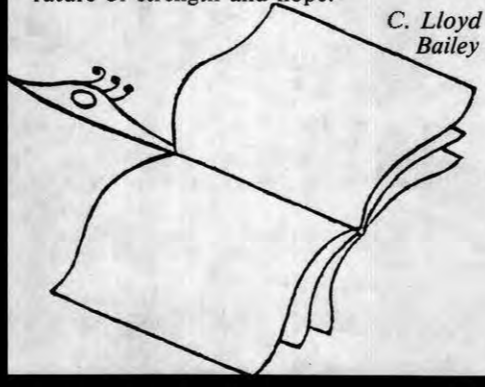
With this revelation he began to think about the "beggar girl" Korea. While doing so, a new vision of Korean history came to him. This vision constitutes Korea's history of suffering. Korea is the Queen of Suffering. A spiritual history of Korea makes up the pages of this book.

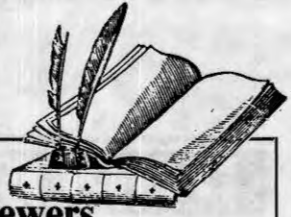
While in its early pages the kingdoms, dynasties, and the events of Korean history are listed, the book is more than that. It is about the meaning of history as drawn from the truths of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Christianity and from the heart of one of the most highly respected persons in all of Korea, Ham Sok Hon.

To understand history, Ham Sok Hon believes that one must discover a "coherent thread of meaning running through human affairs." In finding that thread he connects Korea today with what it has been and will be. History, philosophy, religion, reason, and wishfulness are interwoven, each is related to the others. To the author, history is more than recorded facts; it is facts interpreted subjectively so that morality is woven in. Humanity must acknowledge responsibility for what has been, what is, and what will be.

The suffering of the Korean people is a continuous thread throughout the story. The author describes how geography, national character, and divine intent have played a role on the Korean Peninsula. These elements have interacted to produce a history of suffering, but such suffering is the basis upon which the Korean people can build a future of strength and hope.

C. Lloyd Bailey





Poets & Reviewers

A member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting, **Margaret Hope Bacon** has written numerous books and articles. **C. Lloyd Bailey** worshiped with Ham Sok Hon in 1983 when he and his wife, Mary Margaret Bailey, were in Korea for the year as appointees of the Friend in the Orient Committee of Pacific and North Pacific yearly meetings. Distinguished professor of economics emeritus at the University of Colorado at Boulder, **Kenneth E. Boulding** is the author of many books on economics. He is a member of Boulder (Colo.) Meeting. **Karen L. Cadbury** is director of the International Classroom at the University Museum of the University of Pennsylvania. She is a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting. **Leonard S. Kenworthy** attends Kendal (Pa.) Meeting. He is a member of the JOURNAL's board of managers. Leonard's articles and reviews have appeared frequently in the JOURNAL. A member of Concord (Pa.) Meeting, **Ruth Geibel Kilpack** spent 11 years at Pendle Hill with her family. She is a former editor of the JOURNAL. A member of Falls (Pa.) Meeting, **Jonas Mather** is a journalist employed in Washington, D.C.

Books in Brief

Practical Spirituality: Selected Writings of Francis B. Hall. *Edited by* Howard Alexander *with* Wilmer A. Cooper *and* James Newby. *Prinit Press, Dublin, Ind., 1984. 143 pages. $5.95/paperback.* These essays by Francis Hall, a beloved Friend whose life was lived in deep commitment to God's call, help us as Friends today to examine our own lives. The editors have succeeded in bringing together in this small book Fran Hall's lifelong concerns about Quaker belief and theology.

A Matter of Personal Survival: Life After Death. *By* Michael Marsh. *Theosophical Publishing House, Wheaton, Ill., 1985. 209 pages. $7.50/paperback.* Michael Marsh, a member of Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.), writes on the plausibility that our inner core survives the perishing of our organism. His is an empirical inquiry set wholly apart from faith and revelation.

Innocent Ecstacy: How Christianity Gave America an Ethic of Sexual Pleasure. *By* Peter Gardella. *Oxford University Press, New York, 1985. 202 pages. $17.95.* The author attributes the American ethic of sexual pleasure to the eagerness of Americans to overcome original sin. How did such a thing as the "sexual revolution" occur in a country founded by Puritans (and Quakers)? He traces the changes through the influence of such well-known people as Henry Adams, Margaret Sanger, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, and through such lesser known characters as John Harvey Kellogg and Sylvester Graham, who devised their products (corn flakes and Graham crackers) as "part of a health regimen designed to cure original sin by reducing the force of sexual passion."

REPORTS

A Different Baptism: The World Gathering of Young Friends

To continue the life of a religious movement, each generation must rediscover for itself the vital roots of faith. For many of us, the World Gathering of Young Friends held July 19–26 at Guilford College in Greensboro, North Carolina, marks the beginning of just such an opportunity. From 34 countries, representing 57 yearly meetings and 8 unaffiliated monthly meetings, more than 300 young adult Friends, ages 18–35, gathered this summer "to envisage the future of the Religious Society of Friends and to see how our lives should speak within that vision" (from the WGYF epistle).

During the first days of the conference, the electric excitement of being together was overwhelming. Each one of us had arrived at the gathering with a variety of expectations, both personal and corporate, hoping in our heart of hearts to see God's spirit poured forth in great abundance. To a significant degree, the innocent, emotional joy of those first days momentarily blinded us to the truly deep cultural and theological differences that divide our Religious Society.

The watershed incident that constituted our crisis of faith occurred at the plenary session on Monday night. At the previous plenary sessions, we had been addressed by Rose Adede, a Young Friend from Kenya, on the Quaker testimony of simplicity, and by Jan Wood, from Indiana Yearly Meeting, on our roots in Christ. Both of these talks began to lay open the sometimes painful diversity among us.

On that Monday night, Jonathan Fryer, of London Yearly Meeting, spoke to us on the theme of unity in diversity. The language of his talk was devoid of traditional biblical or religious image, in keeping with the present-day tone of many Friends in London Yearly Meeting. He emphasized the need to put our religion to practice: to apply our faith to the world's problems rather than remaining too inwardly directed.

As we entered into an extended period of open worship following this address, I was acutely aware that the absence of religious language had created a certain tension. Then a Guatemalan Young Friend, Lisandro Gordillo, stood to speak. He wanted to share with us from his tradition. At his church in Guatemala City, toward the end of their order of service, the pastor invites all those present who want to have a personal experience with the love, forgiveness, and saving grace of our Lord Jesus Christ to come forward to the altar. Lisandro Gordillo then asked us to raise our hands as a sign of readiness to receive Christ. As I raised my hand, along with 50 or 60 other Friends, I was at once thankful for this clear witness to Christ, yet at the same time, I was deeply grieved by the pain being experienced by many of the Young Friends who for a variety of reasons were genuinely disturbed by this altar call. This single experience revealed a wealth of insight into the present condition and future of the Religious Society of Friends.

It is particularly significant that a Latin American Young Friend offered the altar call. The worldwide Quaker demography is shifting from the Northern to the Southern Hemisphere. By and large, Friends from these less economically advantaged countries are concerned not with matters of theology but with issues of survival and development. In an unstable, impoverished, often oppressively violent society, the sure foundation to the clear expression of faith in Jesus Christ, for many of these Friends, is an anchor of hope and the key to survival. It was only toward the end of the conference that we Europeans and North Americans began to realize that our theological wrangling had completely obscured most of the primary concerns of Friends from Latin America, Africa, and Asia.

Along with the question of who it is we worship and the unwitting cultural arrogance

Bolivians sing at the World Gathering of Young Friends.

Photo by Elizabeth Claggett

of North Americans and Europeans, some Young Friends found difficulty in the way we worship. To sizable numbers of Young Friends, both the altar call and the silent waiting had never before been experienced in the context of Quaker worship.

The Tuesday and Wednesday evening plenary session focused on outward testimonies. Heinrich Brückner, of the German Democratic Republic (East Germany) spoke to us on peacemaking, and Arturo Carranza, currently serving on a Mexico–U.S. border mission for California Yearly Meeting, addressed us in Spanish on Friends in the developing nations and the evangelical basis for social action. The charged atmosphere of Monday evening was already dissipating.

Much of the reconciliation that did occur at the conference happened in the small groups. Each morning was devoted to three kinds of small group interactions: worship-sharing and prayer groups, Quaker vision workshops, and special interest groups.

The idea behind the first two groups was that the same eight or so Young Friends would move each morning from a personal sharing, meditative prayer experience toward a more verbally active visioning process on the future of Friends. For most of us, these groups proved to be the heart of the gathering. They provided the opportunity for us to explore, in a personal and caring way, our relationships to each other and to the multitude of issues set before us.

There was a full range of topics offered in the special interest groups. The groups on racism presented a minute to the gathering.

We had two plenary decision-making sessions, and in the second session, we united in an epistle that spoke very clearly and faithfully to the overall condition of Young Friends at the conference. For the most part, it is an accurate reflection of the current condition of our fragmented Religious Society.

Jonathan Vogel

The 16th FWCC Triennial: Our Common Witness as Friends

The physical setting of the 16th Friends World Committee for Consultation Triennial Meeting at Oaxtepec, Mexico, August 1–9, was highly appropriate. With its mineral springs, Oaxtepec is a center of healing; at the same time it is set amidst the turbulence of volcanoes and volcanic systems. These two elements—healing and turbulence—permeated Friends' deliberations at the triennial. The overall theme of the meeting was "digging deeper"—in our personal relations, in our spiritual relations and in our understanding of the world. In the process of digging deeper we created considerable turbulence but also attempted to heal differences through building a better understanding of

Courtesy of FWCC

Right: *U.S. and Mexican representatives at the FWCC Triennial Meeting.* Page 29: *The site of the triennial; Hal Cope (left), co-opted representative of FWCC, Section of the Americas, with Zablon Malenge, executive secretary of FWCC, Africa Section.*

one another's views and positions.

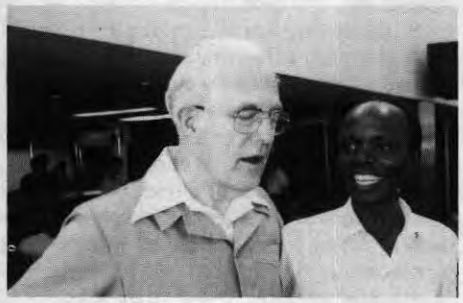
The Latin American setting of the meeting focused our attention on the economic difficulties that Mexico and other Latin American countries are currently facing, the special political and military problems of Central America, and the growth of Quakerism in a number of countries of both South and Central America. This focus was symbolized by the FWCC's decision to make the meeting bilingual so that both English and Spanish speakers could take a full part in it.

The single dominant theme and challenge of the triennial was over the differences and potential meeting points of Friends coming from programmed and unprogrammed backgrounds. This theme has of course been a central element in FWCC's life since its inception, but it was accentuated here in Latin America, where most Friends come from a programmed and more evangelical background, while the majority of Friends attending the triennial came from unprogrammed backgrounds.

I believe that we were all impressed by the energy and ferment of the Latin American Quaker churches and felt challenged by them to look anew at our own beliefs, wherever we may have come from. We realized that some of the perceived stereotypes, such as Friends from unprogrammed backgrounds being more politically liberal and socially aware than those from a programmed or evangelical background, simply do not apply in the Latin American context. Many of the strongly evangelical Latin American Friends present were deeply committed socially and involved in activities likely to upset the political status quo in their countries. We came to recognize that in both the programmed and unprogrammed traditions there is a whole range of forms. Is not an honest acceptance of differences a part of our Quaker approach to life and peoples?

Many other matters featured importantly in the interchanges that took place. The dilemmas of a world divided into North and South, or between economically deprived and economically well-off countries, were very much before us. The economic and social position of women in all of our societies, and especially in the Society of Friends, was given much attention, concluding in a proposal to write a number of papers on "getting a sense of God's truth on the issue of equality, especially in regard to gender." Discussion of Quaker service work focused more on the principles of this involvement and the accountability of those carrying out such work for Friends, than on the details of the work, e.g., we had little in-depth discussion of the work at the U.N. or on the work of the various service bodies. In regard to peace work, the emphasis was more on the search for inner peace as a basis for peace witness, rather than focusing on the "world." A triennial is par excellence a time of communication, and one of the concrete proposals to come out of this one was the continuation of the FWCC world office's experimental *Quaker Information Network.* It was decided that six issues of this digest of Quaker work throughout the world should be published each year.

FWCC triennials are also business meetings. An important task of the representatives of yearly meetings and others who



attended was to approve the appointment of new officers and staff members. After much challenging discussion and prayer, Simeon Shitemeni of Kenya was chosen as the new clerk of the FWCC. Daniel Seeger, of New York Yearly Meeting, was chosen as the new clerk of the FWCC's important Interim Committee. Val Ferguson, of London Yearly Meeting, was accepted as the new general secretary, with Thomas Taylor, of Erie Yearly Meeting, as her associate secretary.

In addition to these changes a new section has now been added to the Friends World Committee: the Asia and West Pacific Section, which covers Quaker groups in India, Australasia, Taiwan, and Japan. The creation of this section has been in the offing for many years. The new officers and staff of the FWCC and its four sections have much work to do if they are to carry out the meaning and spirit of the epistle that came out of the 16th triennial. Let me complete these impressions by quoting one of the final paragraphs of the epistle: "Our growth experience leaves us challenged to find more ways of 'answering that of God in everyone,' and we urge Friends everywhere to let our light so shine that others may see our good works and glorify God."

Roger Naumann

North Carolina Yearly Meeting: Forward With Confidence

The 288th annual session of North Carolina Yearly Meeting was held at Guilford College, August 7-11. The theme, "Forward With Confidence," was immediately felt. Yearly meeting clerk Sarah Wilson opened the sessions by introducing Scott Riddle, who played a trumpet solo "The King Is Coming."

Billy Britt's message as superintendent reflected on the positive progress Friends have made during the past year, but he also asked if North Carolina Yearly Meeting can go forward, and if each meeting can make way for God's highway this year.

Morning Bible study messages were presented by John Sides, Don Osborne, Linda Greene, and David Bills. Steve and Beth Sanders led in programmed worship each morning, and Ann Olsen led an unprogrammed worship period.

Reports from committees and commissions showed dedicated leadership and study. William Rogers, president of Guilford College, stated that this is an exciting time for Guilford College as it approaches its 150th anniversary in 1987. Jack Kirk, editor of *Quaker Life* and representative of Friends United Meeting, reported that FUM will observe its 100th anniversary in 1987, to be celebrated at Guilford College.

T. Eugene Coffin's four messages, "The Seed," "The Roots," "The Fruit," and "The Growing Edge," reminded Friends that the meeting is a body designed to express through each individual member the life of an indwelling Lord.

Binford Farlow, clerk of the Recording Committee, recognized the six Friends from North Carolina meetings who were recorded as ministers on August 8, 1985: Ann Davidson and James Clotfelter, New Garden Meeting; Jay Marshal, Plainfield Meeting; Edward Meyerhoeffer, Woodland Meeting; Stephen Sanders, Up River Meeting; and Bryan Wilson, Cane Creek Meeting.

Junior Yearly Meeting and Young Friends shared what they have been doing. David Stone, executive director of Youth Ministries Consultation Service and professor of youth ministry at Centenary College, was the special speaker for their sessions. Serenity Youth Choir gave an outstanding concert.

A very touching memorial service was held

for the 76 Friends who had passed away since last yearly meeting. The simple and inspiring service was a reminder to all that life should be lived to the fullest.

For the first time the United Society of Friends Women and Quaker Men held their banquet together. Jeff Sebens, Jay Wilkins, and Alan Brown shared special music, and Phil Buskirk told of his work with Haitians in Miami, Florida.

Special guests were 34 British Friends on the Woodbrooke tour to study Quakerism in America. They spoke to us on the topic "So much in common with all people, same presence of the Spirit."

In his final message, T. Eugene Coffin left us with a very thought-provoking question: "How do you live in the world without being taken over by the world? Let us all go "Forward With Confidence" in sharing the word of God with all.

Barbara Davis Howard

Iowa (Conservative) Friends Welcome Sanctuary Family

Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative) met in Whittier, Iowa, August 6–11. The meeting spanned and connected global spiritual concerns of peace and social justice with concerns relating to personal spiritual suffering and centering. Young Friends were particularly active in the life of the gathering as they shared their hopes, joys, and sorrows about the world they are inheriting. Visitors from Mexico, Costa Rica, Kenya, and Great Britain shared their personal journeys.

Two Friends from the Monteverde community in Costa Rica brought an appeal telling of their fear that U.S. policies are threatening their country's position of unarmed neutrality. The Monteverde Friends community was founded in 1951 in large part by Iowa Quakers seeking refuge from the militarism of the United States, and we have continued contact with them. These Friends asked us to encourage the U.S. government to recognize Costa Rican neutrality and to cease to promote the militarization of the country.

An evening program planned by Young Friends centered on the testimonies of a Salvadorian family now in sanctuary in Iowa City. The family is sponsored by Iowa City Friends Meeting and Faith United Church in Iowa City.

In other evening programs Ruth and William Cadwallader talked about their American Friends Service Committee work in Thailand, and Willard Palmer of Mount Vernon, Iowa, told of his recent trip to the Soviet Union to promote friendship and understanding. Wanda Knight and Margaret Stanley reported on a conference they had attended on the ways Friends might help each other in times of personal crisis such as divorce or estrangement within the meeting.

Representatives from the AFSC, the Friends Committee on National Legislation, and Iowa Peace Network reported on their programs and progress over the previous year and the ways in which we can participate in and further this work. Iowa Yearly Meeting representatives of Friends World Committee for Consultation, William Penn House, and the Associated Committee of Friends on Indian Affairs told of the activities of these committees. The Scattergood Friends School Committee reported on student life and the new capital campaign at our school.

Winding through the stream of business and committee reports was a continuing thread of worship and waiting on the spirit. There were Bible study sessions each morning. Within the meeting sessions, over meals, doing dishes, working on committee reports, and relaxing in the community building and in the homes of Whittier hosts, we shared our leadings. Yearly meeting closed with meeting for worship in the Whittier Meetinghouse, a place where, for more than a century, Friends have found reassurance and renewed fellowship.

Deborah Fink

MILESTONES

Births

Riley—*Virginia Margaret Riley* on June 22 to Margaret W. and Daniel W. Riley. Both parents are members of Hopewell (Va.) Meeting.

Marriages

Castle-Miller—*Kenneth Passmore Miller* and *Gretchen Ruth Castle* on September 28 at Doylestown (Pa.) Meeting. They are both members of Doylestown Meeting, as are Kenneth's parents. Gretchen's parents are members of Honey Creek–New Providence (Iowa) Meeting.

Furnas-Mellott—*Rodney Mellott* and *Janet Furnas* on September 7 under the care of Miami (Ohio) Meeting, where Janet is a member. Her parents are Roy and Arizona Furnas.

Hastings-Patten—*Thomas N. Patten* and *Catherine M. Hastings* on July 27 at Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pa. The bride is a member of Haverford (Pa.) Meeting.

Ostling-Brooks—*Gregory C. Brooks* and *Margaret Ellen Ostling* on June 23 at Leavenworth, Wash., under the joint care of University (Wash.) Meeting and Trenton (N.J.) Meeting. The groom and his mother, Jane Howell Brooks, are members of Trenton Meeting.

Roberts-Roberts—*Matthew William (Sokolowski) Roberts* and *Katherine Ives Roberts* on June 15 under the care of Storrs (Conn.) Meeting, of which the bride and her parents, Howard and Martha Roberts, are members. Matthew adopted his wife's last name several months before their marriage. Kate and Matthew, 1984 graduates of Earlham College, live in Bloomington, Ind.

Weeks-Chaney—*Ronald Chaney* and *Janet Weeks* on July 20 in Madison, Wis., under the joint care of the Madison and Urbana-Champaign (Ill.) meetings. Janet and her parents, Francis and Dorothy Weeks, are members of Urbana-Champaign Meeting.

Deaths

Davis—*Hortense Mitchell Davis,* 89, in Parma, Ohio, on September 20. Born in Oberlin, Ohio, Hortense graduated from Oberlin College with Phi Beta Kappa honors. For many years she taught science, mathematics, and Latin in the Cleveland, Ohio, school system. A founding member and former president of the Cleveland chapter of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, she was also a founding member of the Cleveland Teachers Association, and on the executive committee of Women Speak Out for Peace and Justice, the local group of WILPF. Hortense continued to be active well into her 80s, especially with the Infant Formula Action Coalition during the Nestlé boycott. She was a member of Cleveland Meeting. She is survived by two grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

Fetter—*Elizabeth Stabler Fetter,* 84, on September 4 in Hanover, N.H. An alumna of George School and the University of Pennsylvania, she received a doctor of education degree from Columbia University. Elizabeth was the first director of the Stanford Institution for the retarded in Hanover and founded its workshop, thrift shop, and nursery school. She was author of *Primer for Parents,* a handbook for parents of retarded children, and was listed in *Who's Who of American Women.* Elizabeth was a member of Hanover Friends Meeting. She is survived by her husband, Frank; four sons, Charles, Griffin, Edward, and John; 3 stepchildren, Robert, Thomas, and Ellen Gille; 11 grandchildren; and 6 great-grandchildren.

Hallett—*George Hallett,* 90, of cardiac arrest on July 2. He lived in Manhattan and was a member of 15th St. (N.Y.) Meeting. He was a monitor of New York City government and the executive secretary and legislative representative of the Citizens Union for nearly 40 years. He was an influential critic of government and drafter of legislation dealing with the structure of government. George Hallett was a leading advocate of proportional representation, the elective system that gives minority parties seats in a legislative body proportional to their voting strength, and helped set up the present proportional-representation system of community school board elections in New York City. George Hallett was the eldest of five children born to a Quaker family in Philadelphia. He attended Friends schools in Pennsylvania and Haverford College. During World War I he served in an army camp for conscientious objectors. He is survived by his wife, Laura; sister, Rebecca Richie; two sons, Arne Hallett and Garth Hallett; and two grandchildren.

Heritage—*John Omar Heritage,* 68, on August 30. A lifelong resident of Mickleton, N.J., he was a birthright member of Mickleton Meeting. John was a graduate of George School and the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania, and a retired engineer for DuPont. John was treasurer of donations and a member of the property committee of Mickleton Meeting for many years. He was also treasurer of Salem (N.J.) Quarterly Meeting and a director of the Friends Foundation at Woodstown, N.J. He was a member of the Finance and Representative committees of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. He is survived by his wife,

Katherine; sons, Robert, David, John, Jr., and Richard; ten grandchildren; and a brother, W. Harold Heritage.

Jahrreiss—*Walter O. Jahrreiss,* 89, on August 6 at home in Baltimore, Md. A life fellow of the American Psychiatric Association and a fellow of the American Geriatrics Society, the Royal Society of Health, and the American Association for the Advancement of Science, he was also a diplomate of the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology. From 1936 until his retirement in 1971, he was associated with the Seton Psychiatric Institute. At his retirement he was acting director of the hospital. Walter was born in Dresden, Germany. In 1936, he refused membership in the Nazi party and emigrated to the United States. He was a member of Stony Run (Md.) Meeting. He is survived by his wife, Lotte Rosenstock; daughters, Sibylle Barlow and Ricarda Didisheim; a brother, Hermann Jahrreiss; six grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Pidgeon—*Samuel L. Pidgeon,* 83, on August 23 in Princeton, N.J. Samuel was a long-time resident of Clarke County, Va., and a member of Hopewell (Va.) Meeting. He is survived by 3 sons, Robert, Donald, and David; a sister, Pauline MacCarthy; 14 grandchildren; and 12 great-grandchildren. grandchildren.

Reading—*George W. Reading,* 75, in Winchester, Va., on March 10. Although legally blind the last 12 years of his life, George developed a program called Reaching In—Reaching Out especially for children. He was a member of Hopewell (Va.) Meeting. He is survived by his wife, Gaynel T. Reading.

Schlesinger—*Lili Schlesinger,* 82, on August 19. Lili, her sister, and her mother came to the United States from their native Strasbourg (then part of Germany) in 1940. That same year she started to work for Friends in Philadelphia, at the "Friends Bureau" of the Hicksite branch of Friends. When the two yearly meetings merged in 1955, it was Lili who developed and implemented the system of membership records. After her retirement, she was a cherished volunteer at FRIENDS JOURNAL from 1973 to 1982, where she is fondly remembered for her faithful and accurate indexing and record-keeping. She was a member of Landsdowne (Pa.) Meeting. She is survived by her sister, Charlotte Schlesinger.

Segars—*Howard DeFriese Segars,* 38, in Cambridge, Mass., on June 21. A member of Cambridge Meeting, Howard became the first clerk as well as a founding member of Beacon Hill (Mass.) Meeting. Howard's eloquent vocal ministry reflected his vast knowledge of the Bible, his awareness of God's presence, and his intense concern with suffering caused by injustice. He was a member of the Permanent Board of New England Yearly Meeting, as well as on the New England Friends Home Committee and the New England Friends Home Long Range Planning Committee. He was one of the first to challenge New England Yearly Meeting to recognize the contributions of gay men and lesbian women and to welcome them openly into the mainstream of the society. As a clinical psychologist, he specialized in the care of the elderly and was instrumental in the formation of health and counseling services in Boston for gay men and lesbian women.

Stilwell—*William Stevenson Stilwell,* 67, on July 29. A resident of Chester County, Pa., for 35 years, he had recently moved to Charlotte, N.C. As a member of Uwchlan (Pa.) Meeting, he and his wife, Caroline, initiated the Caln Quarter retreats some 20 years ago. These retreats, which provide opportunities for spiritual renewal, continue to be held. He is survived by his wife, Caroline; three children, David Stevenson, Patricia Stilwell Walker, and John Randolph; a cousin, Thomas; a niece; and two nephews.

Thatcher—*Alfred H. Thatcher,* 98, on July 3 in a Tennessee hospital after a brief illness. He was born in Wilmington, Del., and graduated from Cornell University in 1909. He moved south to work with the cotton milling firm founded by his father and several other Philadelphia entrepreneurs, then moved to Chattanooga, Tenn., where he resided the rest of his life. Alfred Thatcher returned to the firm later to become treasurer and credit manager and held these positions until his retirement. He was married to Miriam White Hines of Lansdowne, Pa. A lifelong member of the Society of Friends, until recent years he retained his membership in Swarthmore (Pa.) Meeting and he helped to initiate Chattanooga Meeting. Alfred Thatcher was also active with the Adult Education Council, the Tennessee Advisory Committee of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, and more. Survivors include three sons, David, Hibbard, and J. Michael; five grandchildren; and several nieces and nephews.

Sufferings

Corbett—*Jim Corbett,* Pima (Ariz.) Meeting, has been indicted and is on trial for his involvement in the sanctuary movement.

Garner—*Lee Jonathan Garner,* of Plymouth (Pa.) Meeting, had an IRS levy laid against his life insurance policy. On February 5 the life insurance company sent the IRS the maximum loan value of his policy.

MacDonald—*Nena MacDonald,* a Quaker from Fairbanks, Alaska, sojourning at Lubbock, Tex., has been indicted and faces trial for her involvement in the sanctuary movement. Her address is 3111 Dartmouth, Lubbock, TX 79415.

Rossman—*Vern Rossman,* Beacon Hill (Mass.) Meeting, incarcerated for participation in Griffiss Plowshares Peace Witness in 1983. He faces three years of imprisonment for destruction of federal property and conspiracy. His address is Federal Prison Farm, Danbury, CT 06810.

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Books and Publications

Free catalogue. Books for your peace library dealing with not only the why but the "how" of peacemaking. Cathedral Books, Highlandville, MO 65669.

Friends in the Delaware Valley—Aspects of the history of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting 1681–1955. Edited by John M. Moore. Published by Friends Historical Association, 1981. Order from any Friends bookstore or from the Quaker Collection, Haverford College Library, Haverford, PA 19041. Hardcover $5, soft $3.

Laser, the one peace newsletter that stresses optimism, creative projects, what kids are doing. A gift of hope for yourself, the kids, the whole family. Christmas special, $7 for 6 issues. 15 Walnut, Northampton, MA 01060.

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Books—Quaker spiritual classics, history, biography, and current Quaker experience published by Friends United Press, 101-A Quaker Hill Dr., Richmond, IN 47374. Write for free catalogue.

The Way of Life by Lao Tzu, an old friend. Bynner's simply profound translation. $3.50 postpaid. Simmons Company, Box 3193-F, Chattanooga, TN 37404.

Peaceable Kitchen Cookbook. 170 favorite vegetarian recipes collected by Sandpoint Worship Group. Send $5/copy plus $1 shipping to: P.O. Box 578, Sandpoint, Idaho 83864.

Wider Quaker Fellowship, a program of Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas, 1506 Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. Quaker-oriented literature sent three times/year to people throughout the world who, without leaving their own faiths, wish to be in touch with Quakerism as a spiritual movement. Also serves Friends cut off by distance from their meeting. Annual mailing available in Spanish.

A Quaker Universalist Reader is in progress. It will contain seven different articles written on Universalism from a Friends perspective. Order in March from Sally Rickerman, treasurer, Quaker Universalist Fellowship, RD 1, Box 201, Landenberg, PA 19350.

Communities

Interested in living in a Quaker community while studying or working in Manhattan? Penington Friends House, in the Gramercy Park area, is adjacent to the 15th St. Meeting and AFSC offices, and only 15 minutes from downtown or midtown Manhattan. Recently renovated and undergoing spiritual revitalization, PFH is based on mutual responsibility, trust, and Friendly values. We are now accepting applications for residency. Please inquire at (212) 673-1730, or write Cathi Belcher, 215 E. 15th St., New York, NY 10003.

Integrate the best of urban and rural living. Six rural communities invite visitors/members. Write (donation appreciated): Federation of Egalitarian Communities, Twinoaks, FR85I, Louisa, VA 23093.

For Rent

Florida condominium, Clearwater. One plus bedroom. Pool, golf, security. Fully furnished. Seniors. Rent/purchase. (707) 823-4141.

For Sale

Two strong quilts of museum quality. Handmade in Indiana by Quaker lady about 1920. Red and white *Pineapple* and blue and gold *Storm at Sea* patterns, $600 each. Benefit Cobscook Friends Building Fund. Call or write Harry Snyder, Box 20, Whiting, ME 04691. (207) 733-2062.

100% Wool Fishermans Yarn, new colors, imported Scottish tweeds, and our own white Corriedale worsted two ply. Samples $2 refundable. Yarn Shop on the Farm, RD 2, Box 291-F, Stevens, PA 17578.

Guatemalan handwoven fabric. 100% cotton. $5/yard, less for bulk orders. Selection of over 35 samples, $2. La Paloma, Box 7824, Missoula, MT 59807. Partial profits aid Central American refugees.

Bamboo flutes, recordings, shakuhachis. Box 273, Mountainview, HI 96771.

Limited edition of glowing reproduction of Edward Hicks's famous *Peaceable Kingdom.* Handsome 20" × 24" print for your home, school, public library, or meetinghouse. $15 postpaid. Send check to: Planned Parenthood Auxiliary, Box 342, Newtown, PA 18940.

Home Schooling

Testing, workbooks, excellent teaching guides. For catalogue $1. Learning at Home, Box 270-FJ, Honauneu, HI 96726.

Personal

Single Booklovers gets cultured, single, widowed, or divorced persons acquainted. Nationwide. Run by Friends. Established 1970. Write Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039, or call (215) 358-5049.

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange—Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Write CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803.

Meet special friends! Try our worldwide correspondence magazine. Includes pictures and descriptions. Introductory issue $2. Lawanda's, PQB-F 81331, Mobile, AL 36608.

Concerned singles newsletter links compatible singles concerned about peace, environment; nationwide, all areas. Free sample: Box 7737-F, Berkeley, CA 94707.

Positions Vacant

FRIENDS ACADEMY

A Quaker-affiliated, co-educational country day school including over 690 students in grades pre-kindergarten through 12. A strong selected student body, made diverse by our cosmopolitan community and a generous scholarship program, is nurtured by a full- and part-time faculty of 75. Friends Academy, which is over 100 years old, seeks to provide demanding, somewhat traditional but lively, college preparatory, academic, athletic, and activities program within a friendly, supportive atmosphere. Each year we usually seek one or more top-rate beginner or experienced and versatile teachers who are strong in the classroom and competent and willing to coach boys' and girls' team sports. We seek teachers who can command the respect and affection of young people and colleagues. Write to Frederic B. Withington, Headmaster, Friends Academy, Locust Valley, NY 11560.

New England Yearly Meeting is seeking a full-time youth and education coordinator. Primary responsibilities include working with high school–age young Friends and with Christian Education committees throughout the yearly meeting, providing leadership, support, and resources. Send resume and get detailed job description from Clerk, Search Committee, Rte. 2, Box 346, Hillsboro, NH 03244.

Traveling secondary school seeks traveling director with strong understanding of Quaker practices, successful teaching experience, and outdoor leadership skills. Bus is home base for study, service projects, back-country trips, and community involvement as staff (4) and 10/11 grade students (12) implement evolving curriculum, "America: Its Land and Its People." Start full time July 1, 1986. Some earlier part time availability to prospective staff and students necessary. Couples and singles invited to reply. $15,000. HCR 70, Box 25, Plymouth, VT 05056.

American Friends Service Committee seeks **regional executive secretary** for North Central Region, based in Des Moines, Iowa. Begins June 1986. Responsible for overall administration, program operation, personnel, budget administration, public interpretation of AFSC activity. Requires compatibility with principles, philosophy of Friends and AFSC; strong administrative, supervisory, communications skills; experience with AFSC/Friends helpful; availability to travel. Application deadline Feb. 15. Contact: Search Committee, AFSC 4211 Grand Ave., Des Moines, IA 50312. Current openings for **fundraisers** in: Chicago, New York, Pasadena, Philadelphia. Requires compatibility with AFSC/Friends; commitment to nonviolent social change; strong communication, administrative skills; ability to travel. Also in Philadelphia: **assistant director,** Deferred Giving, for promotion, negotiation, administration of deferred gifts, bequests, etc. Requires familiarity with trust investments, real estate, other types of property; strong communication, interpersonal skills; analytical, administrative abilities; availability to travel. Contact: Karen Cromley, AFSC, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. AFSC is an Affirmative Action Employer.

Pendle Hill, a Quaker Center for Study and Contemplation in Wallingford, Pa., is accepting nominations and applications for the position of executive secretary (director), available September 1, 1986. Applicants should be of both the intellectual and spiritual stature to be the administrative head of Pendle Hill and its spokesman in the worldwide community of Friends. It is, therefore, essential that applicants have first-hand experience with Quakers and Quakerism. Residence at Pendle Hill is required; salary is negotiable; deadline for applications is December 15, 1985. Inquiries and applications should be addressed to the Search Committee for the Executive Secretary, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, PA 19086. Phone: (215) 566-4507.

Non-profit Organization promoting integrated housing seeks director of development. Excellent writing skills and direct mail experience required. Send resumes by Dec. 1 to B. Roberts Open, 311 S. Juniper St., Suite 400, Philadelphia, PA 19107.

Real Estate

Monteverde, Costa Rica. Four bed, two bath, two-year-old house, in Quaker community, includes wood, gas, and electric stoves, hot water heater, refrigerator, stainless steel double sink, large storage house, two acres, waterfall, river. $35,000. Alice Mayo, Apdo. 10165, San José 1000, Costa Rica, Central America.

Schools

Sandy Spring Friends School, Sandy Spring, Maryland 20860, (301) 774-7455. 9th through 12th grade, day and boarding; 6th through 8th grades day only. Small academic classes, arts, twice weekly meeting for worship, sports, service projects, intersession projects. Individual approach, challenging supportive atmosphere. Rural campus, urban area. Headmaster: Edwin Hinshaw. School motto: "Let your lives speak."

The Meeting School, a challenge to creative living and learning. A Quaker high school that encourages individual growth through strong academics and an equally demanding emphasis on community cooperation. Students live in faculty homes. Art and farm programs. Co-ed, boarding, grades 9–12 and post grad, college prep. Founded in 1957. Rindge NH 03461. (603) 899-3366.

Quaker School at Horsham, 318 Meetinghouse Road, Horsham, PA 19044. (215) 674-2875. A friendly, caring environment where children with learning disabilities can grow in skills and self-esteem. Small classes. Grades one through six.

Services Offered

Massage. Save $5, original contact, if you mention this advertisement. By appointment only. Cynthia Falkoff, (215) 527-2196.

Frustrated by office or household clutter? We can help you cope by custom organizing your business and family records. Call Horwitz Information Services for a free consultation on your information problems. (215) 544-8376.

Thinking of moving to Bucks Co., Pa? Call Howard Lunin at WEICHERT CO. REALTORS. For information, (215) 345-7171. Member Doylestown Meeting.

Thesis/Dissertation Editing. Experienced with social science, literary formats and content. Word processing, letter quality printer. Professional service with personal attention. Gretta Stone, MSS, 210 West Court St., Doylestown, PA 18901. (215) 345-6339.

General Contractor. Repairs or alterations on old or historical buildings. Storm and fire damage restored. John File, 1147 Bloomdale Road, Philadelphia, PA 19115. 464-2207.

Moving to North Carolina? Maybe David Brown, a Quaker real estate broker, can help. Contact him at 1208 Pinewood Drive, Greensboro, NC 27410. (919) 294-2095.

Spoons carved from your wood. Preserve special trees, buildings, furniture as heirloom-quality spoons. Details: Ted Berger, Rte. 3, Box 129, Willow Springs, MO 65793.

Tours

Consider a Costa Rican Study Tour Jan. 17 to Jan. 28, 1986. Write or telephone Roy Joe and Ruth Stuckey, 1808 Ashby Rd., St. Louis, MO 63114. (314) 426-3810.

Vacations

Friendly Vermont ski lodge near Sugarbush and Mad River Glen ski areas. Casual atmosphere—comfortable rooms. Call us at (802) 496-4909, or write Weathertop Lodge, RD 1, Box 151, Waitsfield, VT 05673. Linda and Chris Petryszak.

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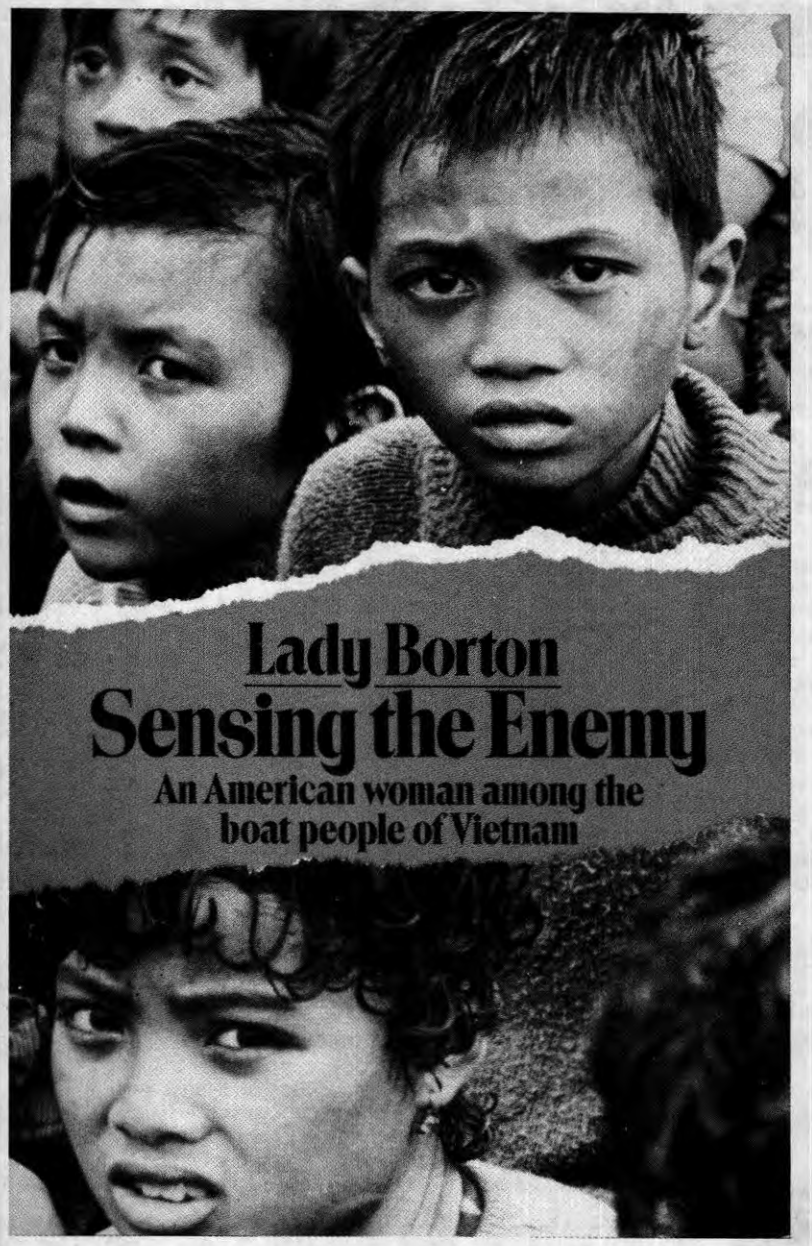

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What Is AFSC Doing About South Africa?

AFSC Executive Secretary, Asia Bennett, greets Bishop Desmond Tutu at the Friends Center in Philadelphia.

The Old Testament prophet, Micah, held out the vision that all people might "live in peace and unafraid." These words seem remote today in relation to South Africa. Yet retaining this vision is all the more urgent now as demands of the majority of South Africans are met with new levels of violence and fear.

The American Friends Service Committee's work for justice and peace in South Africa is an effort to hold fast to that vision. Although recognizing that the future of South Africa ultimately will be determined by South Africans, AFSC believes that the United States can assist or hinder the inevitable and necessary processes of change. Our work draws upon twenty-five years of involvement in southern Africa and nearly a decade of education and action work in the United States. Today 12 AFSC staff carry on program activities in all 50 states. The programs include:

- Educating and organizing at the local, state and national level in support of public action to change U.S. foreign policy and in support of private and public divestment.
- Sponsoring tours of South Africans and experts to areas of the United States to stimulate local efforts where there has been little work done on South Africa. Such tours of Iowa, Texas, the southeastern states, and Ohio have stimulated lasting education and organizing efforts and divestment movements.
- Publishing a newsletter for South Africa activists with information about the anti-apartheid movement.
- Organizing workshops for teachers on the issue of apartheid.
- Publishing a guide to U.S. investments in South Africa. Also production of a "How to Divest" packet for state and local activists.
- Sponsoring a speaking tour by Leah Tutu, a South African organizer of domestic workers. Her husband Bishop Desmond Tutu received the 1984 Nobel Peace Prize. Leah Tutu also was the principal speaker at AFSC's 1985 Annual Public Gathering in Philadelphia.
- Producing and disseminating basic information on southern and South Africa to campus, church and community groups, including an analysis of current events in southern Africa and original research on the role of U.S. computer sales to South Africa.
- Participating in local, national and international forums on southern Africa. These include testimonies before city councils, state legislatures, and various United Nations panels.

Stephen Cary, center, chairperson of the AFSC Board of Directors, demonstrates in Washington, D.C. against apartheid.

Although the hour is late, the American Friends Service Committee believes that the United States can yet play a positive role in support of justice and peace in South Africa. As a Friends group profoundly concerned with the impact of violence on human life and the human spirit, we believe that by acting in support of justice and nonviolent change in South Africa, we can advance the prospects of peace in that turbulent land.

To: AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE
1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102

☐ Please send me the recent statement of AFSC perspectives on the current policy issues relating to South Africa

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