The Babe in the Manger

Hitler begins his conquest of Europe.
Masses of displaced and homeless persons
start their trek across the devastated countryside,
old and young, Jews and Christians.
There is no place at the inn while the bombs are falling,
and the tanks are rolling in the advance of the armies.
Families are torn apart, children are lost, orphaned, abandoned.
There is a little babe lying in a manger on a bed of straw; its parents are gone, killed, deported—who knows, who cares?
It doesn't know yet its own fate.
A donkey and an ox are sharing its quarters, keeping it warm.
Strange compassion stirs in the dumb creatures,
an oasis in the hell of man-made destruction.

Here is another version of the Peaceable Kingdom,
so often painted naively and reverently
by Edward Hicks, the Quaker artist and preacher, in the aftermath of the Revolutionary War
and of Napoleon's devastation of Europe.

Fritz Eichenberg, 1938
Have you ever noticed that we never say, "If Christmas comes this year"? We always know Christmas is coming, and we look forward to it with joy and anticipation—a time when our past comes together with our present with special poignancy. Of those so lost in the past they cannot bear this meeting place of time, we need to be especially mindful, for a lost joy can be devastating, unless it is somehow purified and redeemed.

But it is of the sense of past joys, cherished at Christmas, that I want to speak. We respond to children at Christmas, particularly as parents—but if not as parents, in remembering our own childhood or the children we know. "Love is played back" to us at Christmas, as Dorothy Darling says in her poem, "This House" (page 5):

All this is gone
And yet begins again;
For the Weaver is at
the loom.
And love is played back
like a long-cherished record
by the children's children
on Christmas day.

But there is not only new life, new hope at Christmastime. There are those who have slipped away from us, forever leaving a vacant place in our lives that no one else
can ever fill. The recording can be replayed, but the living essence is gone.

This year, two Friends have left the great family of Friends, each unique, each cherished: Sylvia Judson Haskins and Barrington Dunbar. I speak of them not only because I was acquainted with both, but because they signify the wide range of depth and gifts that exists within the Society of Friends.

I knew Sylvia Shaw Judson many years ago when she was at Pendle Hill, making drawings in preparation for sculpting a head of Anna Brinton as a preliminary study for her statue of Mary Dyer. It was then that I first became impressed with the beauty and depth of her work and the elegance of execution which mirrored Friends' love of simplicity.

Perhaps the key to this striking simplicity may be found in the long-cherished book Sylvia Shaw Judson gave me then. It is a collection of paintings by the Japanese artist Sesshu, the introduction being written by Elise Grilli, then art critic for the Japan Times, and whom I later met during her visit to Earlham College.

Sesshu, who is considered by the Japanese to be the greatest single figure in their long history of painting, was noted for his landscapes of serene beauty and for his amazing ability to capture the essence of beauty in the single stroke of a brush. As Elise Grilli said, "He was forever seeking in his life as in his art, the reality of the inner spirit that, in Zen philosophy, pervades the totality of nature."

That phrase enunciates what I feel about Sylvia Judson Haskins' work and the depth of understanding she attained, expressed in the essence of Quaker simplicity—a great artist in the most profound sense of the word.

We feel the loss of this Friend at Christmas, but we cannot be cast down, for her work stands—and will continue to stand as strong monuments to the truth revealed through her.

It is two Christmases ago that I saw Barrington Dunbar for the last time. He made his exit from Pendle Hill just as the last magnificent strains of Messiah came to a close. One of our members had been leading us, staff and students, through the whole work, using both piano and recordings, to help us understand in greater depth this magnificent work. At times we all joined in singing some of the chorales.

Barrington had spent part of the winter term as "Friend in Residence," even though he was already suffering a fatal illness. That night some of his relatives had come for him to take him to their home. It was at the great musical finale that he slipped quietly away with them.

I can't think of a more wonderful way to remember a man who had spent nearly his full life in devotion to Friends and to the great potential he was convinced we have for healing the great chasm between people of different races. Always in an extreme minority among Friends, he remained a constant embodiment of the truth he cherished—speaking, writing, teaching, traveling, sojourning wherever he could among Friends.

Barrington's patient face, seamed and lined by life in a thousand ways, was a work of art in itself, his speech and manner in accord. He is gone now, after two years of illness in Canada—far from his birthplace in Guyana or his adopted home in the States. But, again, I cannot be sad. Neither can I believe his life has ceased. The monuments he left, though not of granite like those of Sylvia Judson Haskins, are just as real and as permanent, even though they cannot be touched by the physical hand.

Christmas is, then, a time for rejoicing for the sojourners in our lives. A time to sing the Hallelujah Chorus together in thanksgiving for the great gifts we have received, and for those who have given so freely.

A joyous Christmas to you, Friends.  

RK  

December 15, 1978  FRIENDS JOURNAL
In fitful flurries but down to serious depths the snow had been falling, and all the week the valleys were filling, the roads were deepening and boundaries lay lost everywhere.

Like comrades in peril, the houses huddled together along the disappearing streets, puffing smoke from chimneys in friendly signals that all was warm and all was safe within.

But this house echoes all the Christmases past, with visions of children though dimly as pale reflections from an inner looking glass, but memory breaks brightly as sunrise, prompting the ear to recall small voice sounds and whispers that have deepened into age, and for one dark moment the eye succumbs, one stubborn tear to escape and fall in remembering.

small faces framed in frost circled windows, early morning risers, softly slippered, descending expectantly the worn, carpeted stairs to pause and lean, brightly gazing downward.

All this is gone and yet begins again; for the Weaver is at the loom, and love is played back like a long-cherished record by the children's children on Christmas day.

—Dorothy S. Darling
Simplicity, Right Sharing, And Peace: Some New Perspectives

by David McCauley

At one time an important earmark of simplicity for Quakers was dressing plainly in grey and black clothing. But the definition of simplicity changes over time and an important shift is occurring now. Added to a concern with individual steps to reduce our material consumption and to increase our sharing, many Friends are recognizing that we must act cooperatively to build social and economic alternatives. As one Quaker said, "Individual actions for simplicity are fine but they soon reach a dead end, and then we have to work together."

This important theme emerged in a four-day "Dimensions of Sharing" workshop held at New England Yearly Meeting, sponsored by the Right Sharing of the World's Resources Committee. What are some small steps we can take? What can ordinary people do? What are appropriate forms of witness and action for sharing? These were some of the questions Friends asked. As we explored sharing in the personal, community, and global contexts, many of us felt the circle draw to a close. We still stressed personal responsibility and individual concern, but we seemed to be at a new beginning. And from this beginning, many of us could see right sharing as part of a broader, more authentic self-interest, and could better see the role of sharing in weaving together concerns for simplicity and peace.

What are our ideas of appropriate development in the Third World? "It is not," said one Friend, "just to make the world safe for multinational corporations." "Nor," said another, "should we work to help Third World countries to become little industrial Americas." We cannot turn the world into a global shopping center for U.S. products. We can't support projects which are planned and financed from outside the host country, like the phosphate mine in Togo which polluted miles of coastline and destroyed the livelihood of many fishing villages. In these development schemes, sensitivity to local cultural and environmental factors is reduced and a pattern of dependency is formed. In some cases the need is great (e.g., hunger relief), but our efforts become just band-aids and don't reach the deeper roots of the problem.

Helping such projects clearly cannot be called "right" sharing. The social and economic system into which "help" is placed really defines what the help means and not the intentions of the giver (however laudatory these may be). We must learn about these contexts. Right sharing is not meant to assuage our guilt about having too much, or just to make us feel good. Our acts of sharing should encourage positive change.

Developed as a response to the drought in the African Sahel, the AFSC Mali Project aided in forming a cooperative farming community among semi-nomadic people. The immediate need (hunger) led to forming these cooperative organizations which can analyze and work on other problems (community marketing co-ops). Sharing by U.S. Quakers and others aided in this process.

Many global trends are very difficult to affect, but when we find a way to act for greater social justice, we must, even though our actions have limited impact. We must support those who are building alternatives for greater social and economic justice. And it is just because we can do only small things that we want to see these small steps continued on their own, as they are in projects which lead toward cooperative self-reliance. Thus our sharing becomes "seed money" for change, and not just another drop in a—regrettably—deepening bucket.

A query was read: "Do I fully understand that I am not an island? Am I willing to act as a 'we'? Am I willing to form organizations or to support groups whose aim is cooperative simplicity?" With this query we explored another dimension of sharing, and we saw that a global/local link often exists to give our projects in cooperative simplicity a wider relevance.

For many poor and minority communities in the United States, and for many of us who are seeking a simpler, more self-reliant life, cooperative self-reliance is becoming more appealing. There are Indians who wish to rebuild their communities around new/old values. In some poor areas community-based cooperatives provide low-cost housing and other services. Access to land for poor people can be aided through a community land trust. But these projects must not be (indeed, cannot be) just for the poor. The projects must include a wider range of the community within them, and must encourage a sharing of resources, talent, and perspectives.

Change is necessary for us all, not just the poor. "Individually, many of us in the U.S. are privileged," said one Friend, "but as a nation we don't have all of the answers on the quality of life." We, too, are caught in an
international economy dominated by large corporations. We, too, are intimately affected by environmental pollution, a social and economic system which sets us against each other, a lie-threatening arms race, and a scramble for economic security. Thus those of us, Quaker and non-Quaker, rich and poor, who are working for a more cooperative, culturally diverse, ecologically sound, socially and economically egalitarian, and politically decentralized way of life are in an important sense allies. Within this framework, it is possible (and necessary) to move beyond the helper/helped attitude. It is true that some of us have resources (financial and personal) which other people need, but in a cooperative project it doesn’t stop there. The success of another’s project advances our interests, directly or indirectly, and thus it is not charity. As one Friend put it, we move beyond the we → they (helper/helped) and the they → we (in which we idealize the other group as often happens with Indians). The goal is to reach a we ↔ they and thus to establish a more equal sharing relationship. Only with this attitude can we genuinely work with other cultural groups. Only then can we really be allies.

“Now that I have more resources than I need,” asked one person, “what are my responsibilities?” The impulse to share has strong personal and religious roots and the individual must decide which steps he or she can take. Since our living circumstances vary so widely, one cannot define a procedure for greater sharing which is applicable to all. But it is true that we make our personal choices in a social setting and our small steps for greater sharing can be a witness for certain values.

In a passage which unites personal, religious, and social aspects of sharing and simplicity, John Woolman wrote:

When that spirit works which loves riches...it desires to defend the treasures thus gotten.... Wealh is attended with power...and hence oppression carried on with worldly policy and order, clothes itself in the name of justice and becomes like a seed of discord in the soul. And as a spirit which wanders from the pure habitation prevails, so the seeds of war swell and sprout.... May we look upon our treasures, the furniture of our houses and our garments and try whether the seeds of war have nourishment in these our possessions.

Written over 200 years ago, its meaning is still strong. Can we look at all facets of our lives and see if this message strikes home? “We are not all asked to be John Woolman,” said one Friend, “but still we must see what we can do.” We must, at each stage of our lives, revaluate our resources, our values, and our commitments, and find the kind of sharing which is right for us.

John Woolman’s query urges us to ask how values such as simplicity and sharing relate to our contemporary situation. The traditional meanings are there to guide us, but they are not supposed to define the current possibilities, and we must be willing to try new directions.

Some additions to our definition of simplicity were put forward during our “Dimensions of Sharing” workshop. The progression from individual to cooperative simplicity is an important one. While it is valuable for people to do all that they can to change their individual circumstances toward greater simplicity, it is necessary to recognize the limits to this. We must then be willing to work with others to pursue the same goals in a different way. If we can heat our homes with wood and the sun, we should do it, but we should also work on larger energy issues (e.g., nuclear power). It is fine if we are able to meet much of our own food needs from a large garden, but are we also ready to aid farmers’ markets and other producer/consumer co-ops?

One speaker in the workshop emphasized the private and religious dimensions of simplicity—that of gathering ourselves together and enhancing our integrity in a diverse and encumbering environment. But simplicity has social meanings as well, and one Friend pointed out that the notion of harmony with the Earth and the society should be an essential aspect of simplicity. Another Friend noted that simplicity should also be an expansion in the use of things rather than just a contraction in material things. “For me,” he said, “it is just as important to learn how to share with others the things I have as it is to put aside those things that I can do without. Simplicity is not just a case of cutting back.”

Our concerns for simplicity and sharing also tend to lead us into political questions. If, in our lives and our acts of sharing, we support projects in simplicity and cooperative self-reliance, must we not also oppose those forces in the larger system which undermine and drive out the more frugal and socially and environmentally harmonious life styles? What social and economic arrangements would encourage a more simple and permanent way of life? Can this be advanced by large corporations acting only on the profit motive? While we may support, through our sharing, small cooperative projects which work to meet basic needs (e.g., adequate food), what is our position on “the violence of the status quo”—the steady, daily oppression of people caused by a system based on greed, inequality, privilege, and military force? Simplicity, sharing, peace, and justice thus are interwoven in a complex pattern.

It takes much searching of our personal and religious base to find a place to stand on these questions. One Friend in the workshop said, “When I came into this group, I expected to have laid on me a guilt trip about sharing, but instead it has opened for me new opportunities to share.” As we continue our work learning about these new opportunities, we must also work to define our wider, more authentic self-interest as well as identifying and contacting those who are our allies in our communities and on our globe. As we do this, a very important way for us to share is to talk truly with each other about these new personal and social directions.
I am the star
Leading Joseph and Mary along the road to Bethlehem.
I am Joseph and Mary following the star
That will lead kings and shepherds to Bethlehem.

I am the inn where there is no room.
I am the space, nothingness, vacant—
Room for new life
Luminous, radiant,
Lighting up the faces of Joseph and Mary,
The faces of kings and shepherds.

I am Herod,
Whom the light fails to reach,
Who cannot, for himself, see the star;
Herod who worships the status quo,
Herod who needs forgiveness for he knows not what he does.

I am the ass that carries the Holy Family
Into the safety of Egyptian Darkness.

What a cosmic dance of selves
I watch from the center place, the silent place,
Which knows each one in turn...

🌟
The wise men and the simple shepherds
Both see the star
And follow it
To find the Luminous Child
New Born,
Settled in swirls of hay.

The wise and the simple
Both see and follow,
For the simple have wisdom
And the wise have simplicity.

Are these the two sides of ourselves,
One wise as a serpent
The other harmless as a dove
That we are asked to be?

Christmas Meditations

—Dorothea Blom

🌟
The Unborn
Is born Again and Again and Again.

The Unborn
Is Born again
In a secret place, a silent place,
A manger deep in the heart.

🌟
What is this light?
What is this infant,
Itself shining like a star, and
Enhancing the night sky
With one more light?

The miracle of life Reborn
And finding form:
Enough, indeed,
To cause Wise Men or Kings
To dance!
For Michele

On that cold, snow-clad night when you were born
No wondrous star led wandering shepherds on
To where you lay. No Wise Men came with gifts
Of frankincense and myrrh to welcome you,
Dear child of joy and sorrow woven close
Within one woof. But in your father’s heart
Beautific angels sang. And when I looked
Upon your mother’s tranquil face, I’m sure
I saw God smile.

—Rowland M. Hill

Christmas 1975, 1977

Because I could not speak in tongues
When dove wings throbbed above my head
And wind made molten the marrow of my bones,
Because the fire which scorched my lungs
Bestowed no new visions, nor fed
My heart’s promptings to pronounce angelic tones;
I thought at first my love a lie,
My hope misbegotten, or worse,
A self-indulged delusion.

And now, each gift having been given,
In time, for a time, as you foresaw its need;
Each year graced with unappreciated love and blessing,
Although my neck remains, as always, unalterably stiff;
I turn again in earnest to the mountain.
And there, wrapped in the covering of my dreams,
In the cleft of the rock, I await your voice.

—Timothy Cain
Lies! Lies! Lies!
We are slaves
Made to pretend
To silently suffer
The force fed lies
And whips that crush our bones.

Shame! Shame! Shame!
Shame at the head of our sleeping child.
We feel nothing but shame that we have nothing to say with honor.
All we can bequeath is our shame.

from Winter Republic
Kung-Wo Yang
SOUTH KOREAN WORKERS AND THE VEINS OF WEALTH

by Shelly Killen Estrin

Lies! Lies! Lies!
We are slaves, scarecrows and serfs
Made to pretend we do not know
To silently suffer
The forceful lies
And whips that crush our bones.

Shame! Shame! Shame!
Shame at the bed of our sleeping child
We feel nothing but shame that we have
Nothing to say with honor
All we can bequeath is our shame

—From Winter Republic by Sung Woo Yang
(South Korean poet in prison)

In a nation such as South Korea where twenty percent of the population earns almost half the total income and the average worker makes forty-six cents an hour for a fifty-two to sixty hour work week, the veins of the few become bloated with the blood of the many. South Korean women employed by companies such as Pangrin Textile Firm or Signetics/Korea (owned by North American Philips, a subsidiary of N.V. Philips of the Netherlands) are being subjected to conditions that annihilate the person. As inflation soars in South Korea and U.S. companies enjoy a seventy-five-and-three-tenths percent return on their investments, workers cry out against the injustices they must bear. Women workers at the Pangrin Textile Firm write:

In our factory we work three eight-hour shifts, but from when-to-when we do not know. We are forced to come early and leave late. When special public holidays come we want to visit our parents, but we must stay in Seoul and work by our machines. Animals have a rest time. Why must we work harder than the animals? Because we have no holidays the night shift is agonizingly tiring and our bodies are exhausted. Therefore we take "Timing" medicine, to keep awake. Some of us have taken too many pills and are now addicted to them. If we fall asleep we are reprimanded and beaten... because the machines run continuously we are so busy that we often can't eat. If the machine needs repair we must do it immediately or suffer the consequences of a reprimand. We are ashamed to say that we sometimes cannot go to the toilet, and so we must use the factory floor. The machines never stop."

The inexorable, devouring machine of President Park Chung Hee's sclerotic regime does not stop, because the United States and its banks have pumped vast sums of money into a sick South Korea in the form of loans and military support. Behind the weapons and the dollars there is the international disease of blind faith in an ever-spiraling technocracy that can only be sustained with the prop of a police state and a total suppression of civil liberties. Like a modern-day Pharoah, Park Chung Hee is the embodiment of the god of technical progress and the high priest of the religion of machine-worship.

Reports from the Bank for International Settlements indicate that U.S. banks have lent the South Koreans seventy-five percent of the total loans made by private banks in thirteen countries, and the South Korean government has recently changed its banking rules,

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authorizing eleven more foreign banks to begin operations in Korea. Bankers Trust, Chemical Bank, Continental Illinois, Wells Fargo, and the Union Bank have all made inroads in South Korea this year.

Statistics are dry and fleshless, however, and often lead us to forgetting the harsh truth that vulnerable and suffering humans are being ground to dust by the wheels of South Korea's self-proclaimed "Miracle Economy." One of the most exploitative companies in South Korea is the U.S.-based Signetics. The majority of the employees at Signetics now suffer from chronic astigmatism.

The miracle of the eye is a reality. The miracle of Park Chung Hee's economy is an abstraction and a fraud. Think of the wonder of the human eye, which once was regarded as the window of the soul—and a world in which we now care more for the office building than we do for a person and the magnificent structure of her God-given organism.

At the risk of losing their jobs and livelihood, women workers at Signetics carried on continuous sit-ins and hunger strikes in the company cafeteria as they demanded a forty-six percent increase in wages. When the negotiations were completed, the workers had gained an increase of twenty-three percent—a minor victory in a nation where unions are government-controlled and strikes are illegal.

A major focus of the movement opposing the government of Park Chung Hee has been the struggle of South Korean women textile workers for livable wages and humane working conditions. Internationally known leaders and students have joined textile workers in protesting the abuses of the government, the police, and the Office of Labor Affairs support of factory owners, and of the multinational corporations which export the textiles, against the interests of the garment workers.

Textile factories in the Peace Market Garment District in Seoul employ approximately 30,000 people. Since 1970, workers have made numerous attempts to organize and improve their lot. In August of 1970, Chun Tae II, a twenty-three-year-old worker, burned himself to death in front of the Peace Market to protest the inhumanity of the garment factories. Before he died, he urged his mother, Lee So Sun, to carry on his efforts with the textile workers.

Lee So Sun founded a labor school for workers in Chungyechon, a few blocks from the Peace Market area, and the school soon became a vital center for young workers, who called Lee So Sun, "our Mother."

On July 10, 1977, a Peace Market leather worker, Min Jong Jin, died of methane gas poisoning, and on the same day 250 workers held a sit-down demonstration in protest against his death. Riot police beat many of the workers, including Lee So Sun, who was arrested and imprisoned. Two months later 200 workers tried to regain control of their school and fifty-four workers (forty-four of them women) got through the police and barricaded themselves on the fourth floor of the building. Five workers, including Lee So Sun's daughter, attempted suicide as a protest against their working conditions and to urge the release of Lee So Sun.

On September 23rd, 300 students protested the arrest and detention of the Peace Market Garment District Workers, and fifteen religious and political human rights leaders such as Quaker Ham Sok Hon, Yun Po Sun, and Kim Wank Suk issued an appeal stating:

'It is nothing new that valuable human life is reduced to a mere means for economic development and an increase of exports and that millions of workers have to suffer from the government policy which serves only the interest of a small privileged class. But we must denounce the government to the nation, because the police brutality against young workers at Pyoungwha Market is an anti-national act in which the government has overtly gone against even the most basic responsibility to the people.'

—Quaker International Affairs Program, Tokyo, Japan

The U.S. tax dollar and the U.S. dream of "The Great Society" are the lubricants that keep the leviathan machine of the South Korean government and the multinational corporation consuming eyes, lungs, hearts, bellies, minds, and the blood of hungry laborers. Our feverish impulse to be the biggest and the best and the richest country in the world is filling our veins with the venom of economic and spiritual cannibalism.

In August of 1978 the U.S. House of Representatives approved a loan of 800 million dollars for arms transfer and other military assistance to South Korea for the fiscal year of 1979. The United States Air Force has recently agreed to transfer twelve U.S. phantom fighter bombers to South Korea, an aircraft noted for its use in carrying tactical nuclear weapons.

The weapons that we have so graciously bestowed upon the diseased government of Park Chung Hee may one day be put to use. Faith in force and our own greed and cowardice are our only true foes. Unless we begin to use all of our efforts to bring about a total withdrawal of military support from South Korea, we may see our own apocalyptic weapons launched in Asia.

Protest letters against the conditions at Signetics may be written to North America-Phillips Corporation, 100 East 42nd St., New York, NY 10017. The U.S. Congress may be informed about the conditions of textile workers, and appeals should be made for the release of South Korean political prisoners and a total cut-off of all aid. Those who are interested in the stronger effort of tax resistance may contact the War Resisters League, 339 Lafayette St., New York, NY.
The Boat People

Lost folk whom partisans and God forget;
Mute offering to the millstones of their day,
They flee an alien epoch: history.

They watered paddies, and survived, by net
And hoe and trap, had scant propensity
For large scale scheming, vast brutality.

They reckoned time by rain and drought, by hearsay,
Lore immemorial such as myths beget:
Of sky, of ocean, earth, of fate at play.

Now they are sailing into myth, to drown,
To reach a shore where tragedy is met
By hostile stares, degrading scrutiny,
Half-famine in a camp—till hopes die down,
Disease takes pity,
And death, the bureaucrat in town,
Stamps papers which admit their bones to stay.

—Werner Heider

Werner Heider writes of his poem, “I feel a double concern for these refugees: first, for their sake; second, because it makes me relive my own experience of forty years ago—getting out of Germany with my wife and child and finding a country willing to admit us.”
HAITIAN REFUGEES

by Philip Buskirk
The little boats from Haiti carrying desperate men, women, and children (FJ 5/15/76) to south Florida shores have not stopped coming. But since November 1977, they have been joined by a growing procession of similarly hazardous craft loaded with Haitians forced to leave the Bahamas. Many thousands still in the Bahamas hope somehow to follow.

They are not officially welcome. The reaction by U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service indicates that our government would like to send them back to Haiti as soon as possible. For a few months INS was granting work authorizations to Haitians who arrived without proper papers and came to the Miami district office. The authorization was renewable while disposition of their cases was pending. This practice has been stopped, and it is not clear whether renewals of work permits already issued will be made. Steps are being taken to speed up the “processing” of the Creole-speaking, largely illiterate, surely uninformed refugees from hunger and oppression.

A new wave of fear and uncertainty is sweeping the more than 6000 Haitians already here who have made their presence known to INS. Many children have been born in Miami to refugee parents. A very few of the parents have been declared non-deportable. All the other individuals have no secure status. Should the permission to work be taken away, they would have no legal way to support themselves. Existing private resources do not meet the needs of the presently jobless.

An editorial in the Palm Beach Post, following a series of articles by an investigative reporter sums up:

...we should show a bit more understanding for those who escape to our beaches. The distinction between “economic” and “political” refugees is an exercise in hairsplitting that in practice allows U.S. officials to do what they want. And what they want seems to be to slam the golden door in the face of blacks fleeing a right-wing police state, while holding it open for others fleeing left-wing police states.

The problem is far more, however, than just U.S. immigration policy and practice. A faithful volunteer worker in support of the Haitian Refugee Center in Miami stated it well in a letter, July 14, to the editor of the Miami Herald:

Ultimately, the problem is Haiti itself; if it were a country in which people could live decently, without fear of starvation or political repression, Haitians would not be leaving their homeland in such large numbers. The Carter Administration, with its professed concern for human rights, might take a look at Haiti. Surely, given our strong economic and political ties to that country, we should be able to suggest that it needs to work on being a home from which its people don’t feel the need to run away.

In her outstanding presentation to the Friends General Conference gathering at Ithaca College last summer, Ursula Franklin scored heavily the premise by powerful institutions and their planners that “people are the problem,” and challenged Friends to contribute actively in applying the basic principle growing out of our deepest beliefs: that “human beings are a source of solution” to the most serious problems the world faces.

What kind of an answer to the economic and political defects of Haiti, the Bahamas, and the United States of America is the wholesale uprooting and shifting about of thousands of the poorest people on earth?

After the accession to power of Francois Duvalier in Haiti in 1957, the difficult life for nearly all Haitians became increasingly intolerable. Among the first exiles were those most able to survive elsewhere—professionals, the well-to-do, the educated. In the early 1960s the Bahamas needed unskilled labor, and Haitian peasants and unemployed workers came there by the thousands, fleeing not only poverty but the cruel repression that became endemic in Haiti. The number grew, according to media estimates, to 40,000 by 1977. Now the Bahamas are suffering economically and confront a very high rate of unemployment. One governmental response is to tell the Haitians, most of whom do not have legal status in that country, to leave or be deported. They represent more than fifteen percent of the population.

On July 21, a twenty-three-foot boat carrying forty Haitian refugees bound for Florida capsized and sank near Freeport Harbor. In the disaster twenty-three men, women and children were drowned. Nobody knows how many others have died or been killed on the journey to the Bahamas, from Nassau to Miami, and from points in Haiti to the south Florida coast.

Dead or alive, to our government they are probably “economic” rather than “political” refugees—as though this distinction were the most important factor in the drama.

According to current directives, the judgment of the living survivors who reach Florida, whether from Haiti or via the Bahamas, will be hastened. Each otherwise undocumented (usually in a renewable parole status) Haitian non-resident will have an opportunity to file a claim for political asylum. Under the present rules this is very difficult to prove, but the burden is on the claimant. When all procedures, including hearings and appeals, have been completed, the Immigration Service—with advice from the State Department—will decide whether to deport the individual. Processing the whole number may take years.

Philip Buskirk is a consultant in community relations. On the AFSC staff in San Francisco, Israel and Philadelphia from 1953 to 1973, he also directed the anti-poverty program of Santa Clara, CA, helped establish a seasonal farm workers program for the California OEO, and served as AFL-CIO community services representative. He is a member of Miami (FL) Meeting.

Persons wishing to contribute to the immediate survival needs of Haitian refugees can do so through the AFSC (Haitian refugees), Box 2234, High Point, NC 27261 or Christian Community Services Agency, 111 N.W. 10th Ave., Miami, Florida 33128. Ideas for longer range solutions may be shared with your congressperson, senator and the president.
Visit to a Zimbabwean Refugee Camp in Zambia

by David Sogge

"Smith Poised to Attack Zambia." The headline in the Lusaka newspaper on the morning of September eighth spoke to fears that the Rhodesians would once again send fighter-bombers and helicopter gunships against black Zimbabweans in camps across the border. Zambia was bracing itself for an attack to avenge the shooting down of a Rhodesian airliner by soldiers of the Patriotic Front under the Zimbabwean African Peoples Union. Such reprisal or "pre-emptory" strikes into the neighboring countries of Botswana, Mozambique, and Zambia have become standard Rhodesian practice in the effort to contain black nationalist insurgency. Although not given the same degree of world attention accorded the killing of whites, these raids have produced far more carnage. Young people, the very old, and mothers with infants have died by the hundreds in the past year alone.

So that day we were not certain that our invitation to visit the ZAPU refugee camp for women would still hold. We were ready to be told that a visit would be too hazardous. Yet when we arrived at the compound of buildings known as "Zimbabwe House" in an industrial area of Lusaka, we were told to wait a little while and the president would accompany us to the camp himself.

For about a quarter of an hour we observed the businesslike routine in a small out-patient clinic staffed by Zimbabweans. During that time we heard a ZAPU official describe his hopes for the human resources to run a new Zimbabwe, saying, "One undesirable effect of the war and independence is that many skilled people, including the white farmers, will flee. They should stay and work with us." We were then summoned out into a small courtyard formed by the simple office blocks and clinic.

Flapping overhead was a red, black, green, and yellow flag bearing an emblem of the ancient Zimbabwe stone tower. Two landrovers stood waiting in the duty driveway nearby. From out of an office door stepped a large man in a grey-checked shirt with a carved swagger stick in his hand: Joshua Nkomo, president of ZAPU and principal figure in Zimbabwe's quest for independence. "Let's go," he said, waving us to the landrovers, "we're late already."

Twenty minutes later, in hilly bush country well outside the city, we turned off the dirt thoroughfare into a side road. A woman in military fatigues with a rifle slung over her shoulder opened a gate and saluted. We approached a settlement of low buildings, some of concrete block and metal roofs, others made of poles, mud, and straw. There was a sense of steady activity, with young women carrying water, others sweeping the ground, tending to small children, or sitting on the ground in front of makeshift blackboards. Men were welding iron roof supports, setting bricks, sawing and hammering. There seemed to be hundreds of people within sight of our parking place.

In this settlement, called Victory Camp, more than four thousand women and infants live. The United Nations had airlifted virtually all of them from Botswana, to which most had come by foot, crossing over from Rhodesia at night under fear of military attack. We were told that another 10,000 people, mainly school-age children, were awaiting their turn to fly to Zambia and sanctuary. Yet Victory Camp is supposed to have room for only about 1500 more.

Dismounting from the landrovers, we found ourselves alone with Joshua Nkomo next to a set of newly-built dormitories. It had grown quiet all around us. As far away as we could see—perhaps a hundred yards in all directions—activity had stopped: all had dropped what they were doing for the moment and stood quietly, hands at sides, eyes on their leader. After acknowledging their display of respect, Nkomo proceeded to describe to us the progress of construction and problems of life in the camp. A major grant from the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, and contributions from other UN agencies had allowed them to begin construction in late 1977. Before that, the residents had been existing in makeshift quarters of mud and grass; some had been sleeping in the open. "Most of these girls here," Nkomo told us, "have lost their parents. Some of the parents are in 'protected villages.' The parents have lost almost everything, so it will be a big task to resettle them. Since these girls may be here in Zambia another two or three years, I felt that they should have some place that will help them psychologically, make them feel, well, that somebody cares."

We were ushered into a dormitory where small bunk beds were jammed one against the other to accommodate

David Sogge is associate coordinator of the AFSC's Africa programs. He has spent a year in Tanzania and another year in Uganda. He is currently on a five-month assignment in southern Africa.
and provided a coarse contrast to the small, flowery needlework decorating some of the pillowcases. Two older women wearing political buttons were introduced to us—the dorm mothers, we were told.

We were told that the girls in the camp take turns a few hours a day at the blackboards, where Zimbabwean teachers give lessons in reading and basic arithmetic. But apart from such bare-bones schooling and the chores around the camp, there is little to do. During the three-month rainy season the girls help plant and weed corn. But for food the camp must still rely largely on purchases of vegetables, meat, and cornmeal from local suppliers (there is some grumbling among Zambians that shortages and rising prices of some commodities are due to the consumption by the refugees that Zambia harbors). In the camp, water is a problem since there are only two wells, the water from them being too precious to use for irrigating vegetable gardens.

We watched lunch being dished out—large helpings of stiff cornmeal porridge served with small amounts of beans or thin vegetable sauce. A young Zimbabwean nutritionist we met, just returned from training at Drexel University in Philadelphia, intends to carry out a nutritional survey of Zimbabwean refugees, thus helping her organization develop better feeding programs. We appeared in robust health either. We were not surprised to hear children coughing, nor to see the listless expressions of some people. A clinic being built by UN funds was under construction, and is to be staffed by Zimbabwean physicians and nurses.

In a large warehouse there were rows upon rows of sewing machines—seventy-five in all—operated by refugee men and women. There was a steady purr of activity from the machines themselves, from the cutters' table on one side, the ironers and folders on another, and the repair works on yet another. We were told that some of the workers here were trainees, but that most were skilled operators from Zimbabwe. They were producing plain dresses, shirts, and shorts for kids and teenagers. Colorful checks and stripes were the favorite fabrics. We learned that production sometimes falters for lack of buttons, fasteners, zippers, and other accessories.

Getting the whole manufacturing process underway had required a special effort. As Nkomo told us, “What we did was to appeal to our friends for sewing machines and materials. And we did get machines from two countries, the GDR (East Germany) and the Soviet Union.... We appealed to the Western world, but we haven't a single machine from the West. Not one. Not a needle. Nothing. They think we're going to use sewing
don't know! Except for the one-and-a-half million dollars given to the United Nations High Command for Refugees (UNHCR) there has been nothing from the United States. With all the wealth that you people have there!

At several points in our walk through the camp, groups of young women welcomed our arrival with Nkomo by singing rhythmic songs in two- and three-part hymn-like harmonies, and by dancing. They sang about the struggle in Zimbabwe—revolutionary songs. (Our interpreter was a young schoolmaster who, with several other teachers, had walked with 400 of his schoolchildren to Botswana, traveling by night to avoid the Smith forces. If seen, they could have been shot for violating the curfew and for "running with terrorists.")

Nkomo accompanied us to a large playing field where more than a thousand young women and children of the camp had assembled in a space about a hundred feet square. He stepped into the square and began speaking quietly, greeting his people in Ndebele. They responded with a song, with a solo voice giving a verse from a far corner of the square and a thousand voices responding in a chorus.

Nkomo then addressed the assembly, which was almost completely quiet, except for the coughing of small children standing in front of us. He introduced George Houser of the American Committee on Africa, our traveling partner that day, and then Bill Sutherland of the AFSC, saying, "We met in 1958, before some of you were born. He was working with the late Kwame Nkrumah."

Bill and George were each brought forward to lead the group in a cheer: "Zi!" The response from the assembly: "Zimbabwe! ... we will go back to a free Zimbabwe!"

The response was warm, and came with amusement at the oddity of cheering at the prompting of a stranger.

Then from overhead, in the silence after the cheers, came the sound of a jet aircraft. Nkomo and his aides glanced upwards. Many eyes followed theirs. The quiet of the crowd deepened. Nkomo began walking away from them. "I just don't want to get these children bombed," he said. Eyes tried to follow the sound of the jet until it dwindled away toward Lusaka. Nkomo moved back to the edge of the square, brightened, and led another cheer.

A shipment of 10,000 pounds of used clothing, most of it contributed and packed by Friends responding to an earlier appeal in the Friends Journal, is currently on its way to the refugee camp described in this article, as well as to the nearby youth camp for boys to which it is affiliated. On October 19, the boys' camp was bombed, 800 inhabitants were wounded, and 250 killed. AFSC has given a small emergency grant to the local Zambian hospital for medical supplies for the wounded.

To make a War, men must first segregate the Enemy And school the People to behold in him all threatening evils, Until the people's souls have festered into fear So definite and dreadful that, in righteous Self Defense They seek to slay The Enemy before he shall succeed in slaying them.

—from a poem by Charles Weller, 1951

One phrase out of the days of the almost-forgotten Vietnam war that continues to prick my thinking was uttered in his own defense by Lt. William Calley, on trial for the murder of civilians in the village of My Lai. He protested: "In all of my years in the army, I was never taught that communists are human beings." For most of the years of my life, the people of the U.S. have been subjected to incessant propaganda which is the reverse side of that phrase, that communists are not human beings, that communist governments necessarily engage in evil practices.

Recently, the media has been full of sound and fury to this end, focusing on the trials in the Soviet Union of Aleksandr Ginsburg and Anatoly B. Shcharansky. A

Russell Johnson has had a long involvement with the AFSC, primarily as director of conferences and seminars in Southeast Asia 1960-65. Since 1965, he has been with the New England regional office and is currently a program associate with the peace education program.
most significant omission in the accounts was the name of Anatoli Filatov, who was tried at the same time, found guilty, and sentenced to be executed. I have no information about the validity of the charges brought against any one of these men; I oppose the death sentence, in any case, and I am sure Ginsburg and Shcharansky were vilified in part for political purposes, much as were Julius and Ethel Rosenberg by the U.S. government. However, my conclusion is that the Soviet government had convincing evidence of CIA complicity in the case of Mr. Filatov, and therefore to “let sleeping dogs lie” in this case is the practice of the U.S. government and media. If the CIA is so involved, then one should be able to understand why the Soviet government is fearful of U.S. intentions toward it, as it has had every right to be—from 1918 to the present!

In this country we have been schooled to believe that the Soviet Union is a threat to the United States, that if there were not advanced weaponry on guard, Soviet forces would sweep across Europe and would attack the2 continental United States. This assumption having been repeated countless times without any evidence to back it up has, nevertheless, conditioned most minds in the nation to an automatic fear response. Years ago, Edward Bernays wrote the classic of the opinion-molding business: The Engineering of Consent. There are sophisticated procedures to accomplish that end, and at the moment they are being utilized, with great resources behind them, to engineer fear and condemnation of the Soviet Union, focusing on its actions abroad, as in Africa, its military preparedness, and its presumed violation of human rights within the country.

When I encounter a sustained effort of the sort just described, I have learned that one should stand back for a moment and consider a key question: whose interests are being served? There are valid reasons for concerned people in the U.S. to raise their voices in protest at the recent Soviet trials, just as some of us have done in relation to the infamous trial of the Wilmington Ten. One could mention a number of other violations of human rights of this nature within the U.S. which surely were in the back of Andrew Young’s mind when he spoke candidly to the French paper Le Matin of the “hundreds, perhaps even thousands of people whom I would call political prisoners in the United States.” The outcry of indignation at Ambassador Young’s remarks reminds one of similar indignation of the multitude when the little boy in Andersen’s fable called the emperor naked. And the moral is the same. Any thinking person in the U.S. can understand the similarities in the situation—so why the completely one-sided criticism of the USSR?

One might well examine a few sentences in The Anatomy of Anti-Communism, a study published by the American Friends Service Committee in 1969. After recognizing the plausible reasons for anti-communism among the people, often focused on human rights issues: absence of the right to dissent, free speech, etc., the study suggests that:

...the government’s anti-communism has reflected other interests and purposes, principally a desire to prevent international changes that would unsettle the established order, cut off vast areas from the investment of United States capital, and create a global economic environment not dependent on Western trade.

I believe that this analysis remains right on the mark. It illumines the reasons for Western, especially U.S., opposition to growing Russian and Cuban influence within Africa. John Stockwell, CIA agent sent to Angola, in his just-published book, In Search of Enemies, documents the official lies about the Soviet presence there. He quotes the CIA agent who briefed him in Angola after his arrival: “The Soviets did not make the first move in Angola. Other people did. The Chinese and the United States.” In the New York Times of July 16, the lead story describes the findings of a U.S. Senate committee:

The committee’s extensive compilation of CIA documents indicated, contrary to various assertions by Mr. Kissinger and Mr. Colby, that more than $1 million was allocated to recruit mercenaries, and that an undetermined number of CIA agents helped train military units inside the Portuguese colony in West Africa.

I mention the Angola intervention because, although succeeding revelations of this sort have become evident, as in Chile, most people in the U.S. continue to hold fast to the conditioned reflex that it is the Soviet Union which is the guilty party.

Even more basic to our understanding of the question of whose interests are being served—and to understanding the legitimacy of Soviet fears of the West—is to re-examine the experience of the Russian people and government with the West from the moment the Bolshevik Revolution occurred. To get a thorough and objective picture, I recommend the reader dip into the comprehensive history of U.S.-Soviet relations within D.F. Fleming’s classic two-volume study: The Cold War and its Origins published by Doubleday in 1961.

In the preface, Dr. Fleming describes his motivation in writing the immense work:

This book is an account of the great, continuing conflict of the twentieth century, the struggle which will determine whether our civilization is to disappear in the nuclear flames of a final war of annihil-
Two chapters of Dr. Fleming's book cite more than enough evidence to persuade the objective reader that the USSR is not paranoid in its suspicion of the West. Chapter II, "Civil War and Western Intervention," describes in bloody detail the counter-revolution supported by the West in 1918 and 1919. The United States was fully involved in support of White Russian armies. Remember that Russian troops have never killed Americans on American soil, but no Russian forgets that American troops killed Russians on Russian soil in 1918 and 1919. Chapter IV, "Fascism Appeared—1934-38," documents the appeasement of Hitler by the West in the hope that he would turn against the Soviet Union. Both Hitler and Mussolini were given Western support in their early years primarily because they were seen as bulwarks against the advance of Bolshevism. Then followed the delay in launching a Second Front against Hitler, for the same reason. I urge readers to examine the Fleming book for themselves, so as to truly "see the other side."

A U.S. millionaire, Raymond Robins, who was head of the American Red Cross Mission to Russia in 1917-1918, uttered prophetic words after returning to the U.S.:

"I believe (of the Russian Revolution) that when we understand what it is, when we know the facts behind it, when we do not libel it, nor slander it, or do not lose our heads and become its advocates and defenders, and really know what the thing is, and then move forward to it, then we will serve our country and our time."

More than forty years later, Ambassador George F. Kennan, in commenting on these observations in his brilliant study, Russia and the West Under Lenin and Stalin, observed:

"I should like to say that in these words Robins was almost as close, in my opinion, as one could get to the best answer Western society can find to the problem of Russian communism. Our success in dealing with this problem will begin on the day when we recognize it primarily as a problem of understanding, rather than one of the physical repulsion of an exter-

mental force. But then we must go one step further than Robins went, and we must realize that this is at least as much a matter of understanding ourselves and our society as it is of understanding those on the other side of the Iron Curtain.

To begin to understand the people of the Soviet Union, we are fortunate to have a fascinating account by Laurens van der Post, A View of All the Russias, describing his solitary journey in the early sixties, from west to east, from north to south, across the USSR, coming to know the people who inhabit over eight million square miles of the earth. My own limited experience there is confirmed by his conclusion that there is a deep-seated abhorrence of war in the people of Russia. We must remember that more than twenty million of them were killed in World War II; that two-thirds of the land of western Russia was laid waste. How little we in the U.S. can really understand of the cost of war, by comparison.

A more recent observer there, the veteran Danish journalist, Jorgen Dragsdahl, writing in In These Times for July 5-11, describes his conversation with some fifty Russians who gathered around him on the street in Moscow:

"The main topic of our discussion was why Americans fear the Soviet Union.... Here people were genuinely astonished upon hearing that Americans did not accept the Soviet peoples' peaceful aims and wishes for better relations. More than once the neutron bomb was mentioned as proof of why some Russians fear America. The major political point to be made in this connection is that when the Russian leaders encourage disarmament and a more relaxed relationship with the U.S., they have the complete support of their people. Numerous peace campaigns have mobilized people for this purpose. A switch to an aggressive stance is hard to make. In contrast, the American leaders, who preside over the world's strongest military and economic power, depict the Soviet Union as a hostile expansionist power that has overtaken the U.S. in the arms race; they drum up support for new arms expenditures and foreign adventures.

I have been reminiscing, out of my own troubled awareness of the increase of anti-communist and anti-Russian sentiment that I find in audiences to whom I speak these days. I remember the Rev. Alexei Karev, of the All Union Council of Evangelic Christian Baptists, of the USSR, in Stockholm in 1952: "I had to leave school when I was twelve, to work. Now my granddaughter has just graduated from the university with a gold medal." And his face beamed, even though his church was having its difficulties with the Soviet government. I remember the Russian Georgians visiting us at a Quaker seminar in
Krakow, Poland, in 1959, criticizing their leader as he addressed our group in Russian, rather than the Georgian language. This experience helped me understand the great variety of peoples within the USSR and the resultant problems for the government of maintaining national unity. I think back to long conversations with Leonid Seleznev, Soviet diplomat in New Delhi, 1961-62, who attended a Quaker conference for diplomats where we hit it off and I followed up in Delhi, anxious to know more about Russia and the Russians. I found him a thoughtful, well-informed man, with whom I could dialogue critically. I became more aware, also, of the very different historical background, out of tyranny, of the Russian Revolution compared with our own. Then there were the long conversations with another Soviet diplomat, Viktor Trivinov, returning from Peking to Moscow by the Trans-Siberian Railway in September 1971. In my view he was paranoid about China, yet for him his fears had great reality. In Moscow he put our interests, our need for housing, ahead of his personal wish to be reunited with his wife and daughter, and stayed with us until we were properly situated. Yet how much more I need to know in order to understand.

Finally, as George Kennan stated so well, let us try to understand our society and the forces that control it. In the New York Times of July 14, Peter Dworkin, writing to the editor, criticizes the anti-communist essays of Norman Podhoretz which had been recently appearing in the Op-Ed page of the Times:

It is paranoid and politically irresponsible to equate the growth of communist parties in Europe with a global “Red Menace.” The Soviet threat, such as it may be, should be understood in the context of traditional world power politics instead of as an open call to moral crusade... but the confusion on the American right between Soviet power and the political balance in Europe reveals a key thrust of the new militarism... there are today many challenges to our political culture, but I would submit that communism is not prominent among them. The challenges are largely internal: the future of the capitalist welfare state; the stability and growth of the American and Western economies; the ability of our political structure to formulate and execute wise policy decisions, both domestic and foreign; a rational and farsighted energy plan, to name but a few. We are witnessing, as James Reston has said weeks ago in this newspaper, a time of great frustration and uncertainty in American life. We will have learned tragically little from our history if we again vent our psychic frustrations on an exaggerated external demon. Our political culture can be defended abroad but maintained only at home.

Mr. Dworkin has written well. I would only add that he has neglected to mention the vested interests within the United States and the West, the same interests which spurred U.S. intervention in the USSR in 1918, whose representatives recently met in Bonn, West Germany, now rallied under the aegis of the Trilateral Commission, that are presently engineering consent to increased U.S. arms spending, increased counter-revolutionary activity in the Third World, and which have taken the world to the brink of nuclear war to maintain their power and privilege.

Published in abbreviated form in Peacework, the New England AFSC newsletter (7/78).

Solstice

It is the winter solstice:
Trees that took the sun for granted
And with its power spread out,
Into the earth for food and footing,
Into the sky for light and glory,
Now drain their vital sap
And put aside their growth
To seek some dry toughness
That can withstand the chill
And hold together over winter.

It is six full months now
That the sun’s been waning.
Perhaps the trees lose hope.
Some, at any rate,
will not respond
When once more the sun’s return
Calls on them to live again.
We know the solstice has two faces,
The time of greatest distance
And the harbinger of spring—
But, oh! to hold ourselves together over winter!

And now, friend, you leave us,
Transposing solar distance
Into this our human space
And putting into hibernation
The touch and song of
friendly meetings.
No more than do the trees
Do we know what will or won’t
Quicken in a future day: —
Be you our sun, we pray:
Hold us in your heart over winter.
—Newton Garver
Studies seventy-seven Naga sa ki-type bombs. Of cancer for people who work there and future at and Sa va nnah River, east of Denver, makes all the plutonium consumed enough plutonium to make 200... the Rocky Flats National Action during the past summer keep filtering through. Will they reach people? Here are just a few which appeared under the heading “Better active today than radioactive tomorrow” on the last page of a recent Ann Arbor Friends Newsletter:

“The Rocky Flats Nuclear Weapons Plant, located some sixteen miles northeast of Denver, makes all the plutonium triggers for nuclear bombs, with a production of between three to ten new bombs every day.

“Only a speck of plutonium in a person’s lung can cause cancer. It has a half-life of 24,000 years...

“This incredibly toxic material is trucked from Hanford, Washington, and Savannah River, South Carolina, to Rocky Flats, Colorado... The trucks from South Carolina go through such heavily populated areas as Atlanta, Chattanooga, Nashville, and Memphis. The Rocky Flats plant is a constant threat to the people in that area. Over 200 fires have occurred, and one consumed enough plutonium to make seventy-seven Nagasaki-type bombs. Studies have shown unusually high rates of cancer for people who work there and who live in the nearby communities...

“The urgency to work on dismantling the world’s weapons...is so much to have a better future as to have any future at all.”

PLEASE NOTE: The “Meeting Directory” in which the locations and times of worship of many local meetings are listed will appear once a month only, on the first of the month. Look for it then in our back pages.
YEARY MEETING REPORTS

Baltimore

"Baltimore Yearly Meeting just gets better and better every year!" exclaimed an enthusiastic participant in the 307th annual celebration of Quakerism, held Eighth Month 8-13, on the campus of Western Maryland College. Creative listening in small worship-sharing groups each morning helped us deepen our relationship to one another and to respond more freely to the spirit within.

The eight business sessions moved along at a refreshingly brisk pace while managing to sacrifice neither thoughtfulness nor thoroughness. Whenever we had difficulty reaching consensus our clerk persisted in trying to reestablish good communication. She encouraged us, initiated a period of silent worship, and kept "hanging in there" until we found that elusive quality, unity.

Among concerns considered were the following seven: plans to expand camping opportunities; the Ministry and Counsel-sponsored counseling services; support for conversion of the 1980 Winter Olympics headquarters into an athletic or educational training center, instead of a prison; affirmation of the Native Americans' "Longest Walk" for peaceful purposes; our protest against compulsory national service; reports from AFSC, FGC, FUM, etc.; the decision (affirmative) to return next year to the same site, rather than seek another meeting place.

Music brought joy and harmony through nightly singing, a clear-toned hand-bell ringers concert, our annual Vena Kaufman concert for organ and chorus, and the other generous musicians who shared their talents with us during weekend coffeehouse. Ministry and Counsel's program of "Resources on Which We Build Our Faith" presented music for the soul, too. Whether it was in the form of spoken prose and poetry, Bible verses, or visual arts, it was a spiritual feast.

Author Dorothy Samuel gave a spirited and assertive talk on "Alternatives to Violence in a Violent World" in which she advocated "being centered" in ourselves and in our view of the world, living fearlessly, and living in response to that of God within each of us. Following her address, we formed into small groups, the better to discuss hypothetical violent situations and our responses to them.

British Friend and international affairs connoisseur Duncan Wood spoke to "Our Historic Testimonies in a Changing World," in the Carey Memorial Lecture. We need to face with hope, he said, the problems of this increasingly complex world by living fully our Quaker faith in accordance with Christian ideals.

One and two-day workshops brought us face to face with a variety of issues, ranging from global concerns such as Right Sharing of World Resources, disarmament, and the Middle East, to more personal ones including alternatives to violence, healing, lay counseling, and concerns for junior and senior high schoolers.

One of the beautiful things about B.Y.M. is the loving attention given to Junior Yearly Meeting. This caring was evident in its theme, "Solving Personal Problems Without Violence." During an evening demonstration and role play they showed how keenly perceptible they as children are to the choices we present to them—and how effective is their response to that of God within each of us.

Dave Henderson's all-inclusive games delighted observers and participants alike. The memory of that huge balloon enveloping a circle of happily squealing children reaffirms one's faith in the value of play and games.

Spending time together in this way with people who share values similar to one's own is a rich and spiritually nourishing experience. I, for one, feel greatly blessed to have been part of it.

Romaine Blackburn

Iowa

FRIENDS OF IOWA YEARLY MEETING met in 116th annual sessions August 9 through 13 at William Penn College where the theme was "True Godliness Enables."

As Mahlon L. Macy, general superintendent, explained in his address, this theme—also used here earlier this summer at sessions of Friends United Meeting—comes from a statement by William Penn: "True godliness does not turn men out of the world, but enables them to live better in it, and excite their endeavors to mend it; 'not to hide their candle under a bushel, but to set it upon a table, in a candlestick.'"

Iowa Friends were challenged during these sessions to take an active role in "New Call to Peacemaking," the current cooperative effort of the three Historic Peace Churches—Mennonites, Brethren, and Quakers.

Lorton Heusel, former general secretary of Friends United Meeting, said that peacemaking is not optional with Christians. He warned that indifference to peacemaking by members of these peace churches may sabotage the effort. He said peacemakers must develop the skills and inner reinforcements necessary to be effective. These include developing a gentle spirit, gaining knowledge of the facts of the situation, learning to listen with the third ear for what isn't being said, and developing an inner poise which requires thorough spiritual discipline.

Two afternoons of Iowa Yearly Meeting were devoted to workshops planned by Boards on Christian Education, Stewardship, Church Extension, Christian Social Concerns, Ministry and Counsel, Missions, and Quakerdale.

Guest speaker for the sessions was Walter M. Albritton, Jr., pastor of First United Methodist Church in Demopolis, Alabama. In his closing message, Albritton challenged Friends to "stir up a little dust."

Four men were recorded as ministers
of the Gospel during the Saturday evening service. They were: Stephen Main, pastor of LeGrand Friends Meeting; Mark Minear, assistant pastor at Marshalltown Friends Meeting; Steven Pedigo, Young Life worker at LaSalle Street Church in Chicago; and David Sholes, pastor of Des Moines First Friends Meeting.

Young Friends Weekend, held in conjunction with regular yearly meeting sessions, included a banquet, two workshops on “The Contemporary Christ,” recreation and picnic at the local park, and a concert by Kevin Matson.

Norval D. Smith

Northern

THIS YEAR WHEN FRIENDS from Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Illinois gathered for Northern Yearly Meeting at Fort Frontenac on the Minnesota side of the Mississippi, September 15-17, summer had barely turned to fall and miraculously, the rain held off.

We felt connected to eastern Friends as we experienced the warmth and inspiration of Douglas and Dorothy Steere as they shared with us in our two-day gathering. They reminded us that our strength comes from the inner commitment which is nourished by meeting for worship but requires more than one-day-a-week listening for guidance and following it. We reexamined the spiritual life of our meetings and ourselves. Worship-sharing groups centered on nurturing in our meetings. Dorothy focused on vocal ministry in her formal talk. She also led a group on “Women in the Meeting” which was well attended.

At Frontenac we experienced a retreat from our usual pressures. The ever present river, water source of our country’s heartland, is a strong nurturing presence. As the coals of a Friday evening campfire burned low, earth, air, fire, and water seemed very near. They intensified both the singing and the silence.

Saturday evening young Friends masquerading as nature spirits enticed us away from the lecture hall to a dramatic rendition of Quaker history. We will not soon forget the joyful, almost spontaneous presentation of George Fox, William Penn, John Woolman, kings, kings’ men, preachers, the Underground Railway, and many other historical aspects of Quaker life and witness.

Then all ages joined in celebrating by folk dancing. Later yet for the hardy Friends came our traditional “Nightingale” sing. This elite group in Northern Yearly Meeting consists of those who record themselves in the Nightingale book as awake and singing after midnight.

Sunday morning we moved from Douglas’ talk into a very gathered meeting for worship, the crescendo of our weekend which was followed by the unwinding of farewells.

Another reunion of our extended Quaker family is over. We have made new friends, renewed old ties, and been renewed by the beautiful talking, hugging, smiling, singing, eating, and worshiping together. Long after the topics of business meeting and the vocal messages given during worship are forgotten the savor of togetherness will remain to nourish us.

Dorothy Hopkirk Ackerman

Pacific

AT ITS 32ND ANNUAL GATHERING August 7-13, Pacific Yearly Meeting met for the first time in over a decade in southern California and for the first time also on the campus of Whittier College.

At our first session, the clerk of Ministry and Oversight Committee, Eleanor Foster, called on us to find “the still point at the center of our worship and our work.” This phrase from the Four Quartets continued to beckon us, its light almost put out in business sessions of struggle over money, particularly over assessments on monthly meetings; over a minute in opposition to a California ballot initiative which would bar the employment of openly homosexual school employees; and over contributions in the yearly meeting budget to other Friends organizations. The yearly meeting approved our current assessment practice and the minute in opposition to the ballot initiative. Last year’s contributions to other Friends organizations continue another year while a committee considers the question.

However, the still center grew bright again at our meeting for worship in memory of members who had died in the past year. Our beloved dead were many this year and included a granddaughter in her teens and our international Friend, Heberto Sein. Our awe-
Evangelical Friends Church

THE 166TH YEARLY MEETING sessions of the Evangelical Friends Church, Eastern Region, convened on Malone College campus August 19-25. Guest speaker was Dr. Paul S. Rees, editor-at-large of World Vision magazine. Dr. Rees' expository messages Monday through Thursday on "Encountering the Holy Spirit in Ephesians" were life-changing, as were his sermons on Sunday and each evening.

Important business cared for by delegates this year included the decision to give Property Trustees Board permission to purchase five and three-fifths acres of Malone College land and immediately upon that purchase, to begin the construction of a new headquarters office.

The proposed statement of doctrine prepared by the committee for doctrine, was approved with several changes, and will be printed in our Faith and Practice in 1980.

Much enthusiasm was evident during the report of the Camp Farm Development Committee. The thought was presented that much could be accomplished with the development of a "200 Club" where 200 people donated $1,000 each to be used for the camp. The Friends Youth Board presented our general superintendent, Russell Myers, with a check for $1,000 to be used for that purpose.

Two ministers were recorded: Dale Chryst (Raisin Valley, Michigan) and Bobby Murphy (Barberton, Ohio). In addition, the meeting approved the credentials of Gerald Durham (Wooster, Ohio). Retiring this year is Lawrence Cox. A reception was held for him and his wife, Ruth, celebrating their thirty years of ministry.

Many workshops were held during the week in the areas of mission, Christian education, Friends disaster relief, prison ministry, ministry to retarded adults, and doctrine.

A well-organized youth program drew approximately 200 youth for the week and 484 for the Saturday night banquet. Throughout the week, the youth attended classes with Pat Hurley, guest youth worker from Spectrum Ministries, Wheaton, Illinois, as well as attending the regular preaching services. Youth on the Road each evening included swimming, roller skating, bowling, and softball games.
our dealings, we need to be straight, honest and truthful.

A recent government revision of the "Charities Act - Income Tax Act," attempts to define what constitutes "a political act" on the part of any organization registered under the Act. This includes briefs, public demonstrations, lobbying, etc. After careful study, the yearly meeting sent a letter of concern to the government, setting forth Friends' approach and pointing out that Friends would under any circumstances, reserve the right to express, as a question of conscience, any truly guided conviction on any issue relating to the welfare of human beings and human organization.

Out of the gathered silence of the evening "The Experience of the Spirit in Your Life," five Friends gave moving testimonies to the sense of the presence of God in their lives, described by one Friend as being compelled to take conscientious action to injustice; by another in the power of guidance to restore his own broken life with the strength to endure the loss of a dear one, and in the mystical, at times "psychic," sense of definitive guidance in the sequence of daily events.

On the Service Committee evening, three women Friends from the Maritimes related their experiences in using nonviolent techniques to express opposition to the building of a nuclear power plant at Point le Pro. In cooperating with the Maritimes Anti-Nuclear Coalition, they found that nonviolence workshops together cemented them all in love and trust. Nancy Pocock told of her recent visit to Vietnam and Thailand. She was able to take with her to Vietnam some valuable hospital equipment. She was presented with the Vietnamese "Friendship" medal.

A letter was addressed to Pierre Trudeau, Prime Minister of Canada, referring to his speech to the UN Special Session on Disarmament, in which he declared Canada to be the first nation in the world to renounce nuclear weapons and the nuclear aspect of alliances. Friends restated Quaker concern that Canada should continue to reduce its own spending on defense and armaments.

The Sunderland P. Gardner Lecture on "Foreign Affairs and Foreign Relations," was delivered jointly by Catherine and Duncan Wood. It was the first time they had been asked to speak together about their work as Quaker International Affairs Representatives in Geneva. Their talk was a beautiful and poetic interpretation of the intrinsic human and spiritual experiences interwoven in the twenty-five years of their service.

There were other "firsts" this year—a five-session, concentrated marriage enrichment couples group; Bible study every day with Dwight and Niyonu Spann-Wilson; an introduction to "Canadian Quaker Pamphlets" published by the recently established Argetna Friends Press; a video tape, "Who Are the Quakers?" produced by Ottawa Meeting for local cable TV.

The campers' "Food Co-op" was a great success. Friends enjoyed a beach party and a program of the Canadian Friends Historical Association, presenting an artistic slide show and two talks on early Quaker settlements in the Maritimes. The warmth of an evening of games, dancing, and singing, completed our week-long annual experience of "an intentional community of Friends."

Kathleen Hertzberg

Ohio Valley

THE 158TH ANNUAL SESSION of the Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting was held August 16th-20th at Olney Friends School, Barnesville, Ohio. This historic spot provided nostalgia together with adequate living and recreational activities for a most worthwhile gathering. Prime concern for more togetherness for all ages was demonstrated by worship-sharing groups which were a good beginning for each work day which followed.

Reports from Friends' organizations were given by representatives of American Friends Service Committee, Friends General Conference, Friends Committee on National Legislation, and Friends World Committee for Consultation. These reports gave us insights into current events and future plans. Other areas of interest, along with displays and books, were reports on Friends Homes, Purdue Campus religious activities, Fayette-Haywood County Project, Young Friends of North America, Indian Affairs and Indiana Friends Committee on Legislation.

Another highlight was "Exercise in Community" developed by Young Friends. Some interesting ideas on community development were presented by Wendy Champney and Carolyn Holland before friends separated into nine groups and went to work planning an operational community.

A revised discipline for the yearly meeting was accepted after a five year effort.

Marge Burse, director of AFSC Anti-Hunger Program, Detroit, Michigan, spoke on the topic, "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" She illustrated her talk with examples of what it is like to be a woman and black in present-day America. William Taber, member of Ohio Conservative Yearly Meeting, gave us many new thoughts about being "Alive to the Spirit." James Stocks, director of black studies, University of Dayton, spoke on "Black Americans in an Urban Age." "The Rhodesian Question" was graphically described by Dr. Masitula Sithole, professor of African politics, University of Dayton.

Fishing, swimming and boating, as well as games, took care of free time, and a talent show which was most entertaining as well as educational was a fitting climax for yearly meeting. On Sunday, the memorial service and meeting with Stillwell Friends brought to a close a loving gathering of Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting.

Kathleen Hertzberg

Maude R. Ward

Northwest

GROWING MEMBERSHIP, a new category of certification in Christian ministry, a new pension plan, expanded missions efforts, and a strong emphasis on "making a difference" highlighted the eighty-sixth annual sessions of the Northwest Yearly Meeting of Friends Church, July 24-30.

The week-long meeting was held on the George Fox College campus in Newberg, Oregon. The theme was "Will Friends Make a Difference?" Guest speaker for the week was black leader John Perkins, president of Voice of Calvary Ministries in Jackson, Mississippi.

Superintendent Norval Hadley announced he will step down from the yearly meeting leadership at the end of the 1978-79 year. He became superintendent in 1972 after serving eleven years with the World Vision organization as assistant to the president. A search committee has been formed to seek new leadership.

The new category of certification in Christian ministry as adopted involves a procedure for music ministers. A candidate must go through two years of intensive and strictly supervised training, re-
searching, and studying and an internship period.

The representatives also approved a new pension plan for Quaker pastors and other employees. It guarantees a substantial increase in the return on the money invested by congregations. Laymen who are experts in particular fields of investment were appointed as an investment committee to supervise the funds.

The missions department of the Yearly Meeting reported there are 150 Friends churches in Bolivia with a total of 15,000 members. Currently there are four missionary families on the Bolivian field. Churches in nearby Peru are younger, with the work there starting in 1960. Three missionary families are involved in that field, with 2,000 Friends church members.

Daily devotional speaker and prayer leader for the sessions was Armin Geisswin, founder and director of Ministers Revival Prayer Fellowship, an interdenominational association with groups throughout California.

Barry Hubbell

Jamaica

AGAIN THIS YEAR WE MET at Happy Grove School. The setting was as beautiful as ever, but now that the school is no longer residential the accommodation was not quite comfortable. However, the young people made do with squares of foam rubber laid on the floor of classrooms and there were no complaints.

This yearly meeting was characterized by the spirit and involvement of young Friends. Our number was not as large as usual but the spirit was excellent.

Our motto was “What does it mean to be a Quaker?” We took a look at “Quakers Yesterday” through the eyes of our archivist Mary Langford, daughter of Gladys Jones, who came to Jamaica as a missionary years ago. Then we were presented with a picture of “Quakers Today” by David Kingrey, the FUM representative who gave the Charles Vincent Memorial Lecture. Last, we were encouraged to build for the future in a speech, “Quakers Tomorrow,” by Frank Davis, the presiding clerk.

Our morning prayer meetings and our worship services were particularly inspiring and the role of our dear Brother Lewis, who is no longer with us, was taken over by Louise McCarthy of Cascade Meeting who called us time and again back to our roots with a well-chosen hymn or Bible passage.

One novel event was the "Young Friends Evening," which, because of a black-out, took place under the stars in front of the meetinghouse. The candles dotted here and there were attractive gleams of light till the moon rose and enabled us to see one another more clearly. David Kingrey filled the role of leader, and everyone felt that the evening was a much happier and more interesting one than if it had been spent indoors.

With the zeal and devotion expressed by our young people during the whole yearly meeting we feel that the future of Friends in Jamaica is not in doubt.

Florette Case

Letters to the Editor

Response on China Issue

I think that the special issue on China (FJ 10/1/78) was a wonderful issue.

I appreciated two aspects of it: the balance of viewpoint of various articles that you included and what appears to be a very careful job of proofreading and editing. This second comment applies to the Friends Journal in general.

I thought that it was good that you included Finnerty’s article. I understand that Amnesty International is coming out soon with a report on human rights in China. This will be interesting reading.

Congratulations! Larry Miller

New Britain, PA

Excellent Spectrum on China

May I congratulate you on the fine “China Issue.” It has an excellent spectrum of articles giving facts, depth, philosophy and experience on those issues most related to politics and social structure. These are the ideas I believe of most interest to Friends. Within the restrictions of space you have made a very valuable contribution.

I wonder if this issue might not have wider appeal. I’m thinking of schools—high schools, community colleges and four-year colleges especially. It would be an excellent issue to base a class unit upon, or a term paper, or…

If the issue were to be reprinted for such use, I think a short bibliography of other materials might be useful—like the Review of Dissident Literature—i.e., the non-dissident literature.

I wish there had been space for a page or two on Chinese life before Sun Yat Sen. Arthur Smith’s Chinese Characteristics and Village Life in China of about 1890 for me describes a life style which goes far to explain why intelligent people like the Chinese put up with the obvious difficulties of the present regime. If occasions arise when to sell your wife and children into slavery for life is the best thing you can do for them and yourself, you are willing to put up with just about any alternative.

Margaret Simkin’s book, Letters from Szechuan, on her experiences in West China between 1920 and 1943 is excellent for that period. As an active Friend, she writes in a way many Friends would appreciate.

Paul Johnson

Los Angeles, CA

No Moral Death for U.S.

Robert Heckert (FJ 10/15/78) takes issue with Russell Johnson and the Meachams for their criticisms of United States policy, and their lack of similar criticisms of communist governments.

One simple explanation is that Americans should naturally feel more concern for their own country’s misguided actions on the world scene, than for those of governments for which we are not responsible, just as parents feel more responsibility for the upbringing and right guidance of their own children than for the neighbors’ children.

Another point is that the will of the people in electing officials who set policies is not “the will of God.” It
would be helpful if we could remember to distinguish between our country as a whole, and those who happen to be in control at the moment—as the French distinguish between “la patrie” and “le régime.” We can conscientiously support the first and oppose the second.

It is perhaps hopeless in 1978 to review the roots of the war in Vietnam; but I could wish that Friend Heckert might read some background such as is contained in The Vietnam Reader. It is edited by Marcus G. Raskin and Bernard Fall, both of them opponents of the American policies carried out in that country; but the book includes the viewpoints of Lyndon Johnson, Dean Acheson, Thomas Dodd, W.W. Rostow, and other pro-war defenders, as well as State Department “White Papers.” It also, of course, includes essays and statements from those who felt our government was wrong.

Friend Heckert would read of the hasty forming of SEATO by John Dulles, almost single-handed, in an apparent attempt to undercut the Geneva Conference of 1954. Perhaps he would agree that under the circumstances we did not have a “solemn commitment” to this hastily arranged treaty—which, by the way, did not include any provision for the United States to use its own armed forces in the defense of South Vietnam. He would also read—perhaps he has forgotten—how the United States government decided not to carry out the “solemn commitment” to hold carefully supervised elections in 1956 so that all the people of Vietnam could choose their own leaders.

He speaks of the religious freedom in our country “as we have always known it.” That is an odd comment coming from a Quaker who must know that Friends and others suffered under religious leaders who wanted to control beliefs and ways of worship. These attempts at persuasion went as far as hanging.

He passes lightly over “some right-wing dictatorships in the world.” He “also condemns them” but he does not mention that a great many of them are supported—and supplied with arms—by our government because it is in our economic interest to do so. In such countries there is no religious freedom for those Christians or Buddhists or other devout people who protest against their government’s oppressive policies. That too is reality, Friend Heckert; and it gives me much more concern than the number of missiles owned by communist countries. I would prefer to risk death from such weapons, to seeing our country dying morally.

Virginia Neff
San Francisco, CA

Love Your Enemies

I would like to share with your readers my reaction to the letter “What About Communism?” (FJ 10/15/78). Friend Heckert seems to be ignoring Christ’s teaching, “Love thy enemies,” when he condemns the communist menace in the world today. Briefly, Jesus said, “Love your enemies.” Gandhi said, “Love your enemies but resist evil.” And William Wistar Comfort said, “Evil is to be overcome by good, not by more evil.” These statements by Christ, Gandhi and Friend Comfort speak my mind about confronting communism in a spirit of love—not Robert Heckert’s letter.

Thomas L. Carter
Santa Barbara, CA

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

Deaths

Powelson—On September 20 in Mount Holly, NJ, Mary Rennie Powelson, aged ninety-three, a resident of Cadbury, Cherry Hill, NJ. She was a member of Washington (DC) Meeting. She is survived by three children: Louise Dudley of Vienna, Austria; Stephen Powelson of Paris; and Jack Powelson of Boulder, CO.

Richardson—On November 3 in Gainesville, FL, Christine Hancock Richardson. She is survived by her husband, Charles D. Richardson; her parents, Philip and Ruth Brosius Hancock; a sister, Constance A. Hancock of Lauderdale-By-The-Sea; and her grandmother, May W. Brosius of Fort Lauderdale, FL. Her grandmother was a member of Wilmington (DE) Meeting. She will be buried at Homeville, PA, Friends cemetery where seven generations of the Brosius family are buried.

Shugard—On October 30 in Friends Hall, Fox Chase, PA, Florence S. Shugard, aged ninety-five. She was a resident of Stapley Hall, Germantown, and a member of Central Philadelphia Meeting.

Smith—On October 23, at home in Palo Alto, CA, of cancer, Frances Hall Smith, aged sixty-six. She was a member of the Palo Alto Meeting and a life-long Friend, originally from Salem, NJ. She attended Westtown Friends School, graduated from Earlham College in 1935, and taught English in several Quaker schools in the Philadelphia area thereafter. She married Charles Gilbert Smith, an electrical engineer, in 1941 and they moved to Palo Alto in 1945. After his death in 1952, she utilized her capacity to teach writing skills as an editor at Stanford Research Institute in Menlo Park, until her partial retirement in 1977.

She served for many years on the Lay Advisory Committee of the C.G. Jung Institute in San Francisco. The visual arts were another of her principal interests, and she had an unusual knowledge deepened by her many extensively researched travels abroad. Though she became increasingly ill throughout 1978, she traveled comfortably, with friends who had come to her through the illness itself, on a two-week auto trip in France in April 1978, which was the highlight of her last year. Her chief objective for her last few months was the peace of dying at home, and the same friends and her son Jeremy supported her through that goal.

She is survived by two sons, Jeremy and Daniel of Annandale, VA. Her first grandchild was expected to be born in Virginia the week she died.

Smith—On October 27, Georgia H. Smith, aged ninety-four. She was a graduate of Earlham College. An active member of Germantown (PA) Meeting, she had served on the School Committee, on the board of Pennsbury, and many other committees.

She is survived by two sons: Lowell H. Smith of Mt. Summit, IN, and Richard F. Smith of Philadelphia, PA; nine grandchildren; and seven great-grandchildren.

Vogel—On October 5, Elta Berry Vogel, aged sixty-three, in Pasadena, CA, of a brain tumor. A graduate of Friends University in 1942, she served on staff of Pacifist Research Bureau and the AFSC in Philadelphia, PA, during World War II. She moved to Pasadena with her husband, where she was active in the Friends community as an overseer and editor of Orange Grove Meeting Record, historian-archivist of Pacific Yearly Meeting, and a board member of the Quaker Retirement Center. In community affairs she helped found the Pasadena Interracial Women’s Club, was president and honorary life member of the PTA, was active in the League of Women Voters and Theatre Americana, and was a docent at Pasadena’s Gamble House.

She is survived by her husband, Robert Vogel; her mother, Stella Berry; four children: Janice Vogel Tappen, and David, Jonathan and Russell Vogel; three grandchildren, three brothers and five sisters.

Births

Wohl—On September 26 in Sheridan, Wyoming, Jeffrey Morris Wohl to Jane Eikington and Barry Michael Wohl. His mother is a member of Doylestown (PA) Meeting. Jeffrey joins a sister, Elizabeth Rose, age two.
Dear Friend:

MODICUM (noun): A small or modest amount.

Along with our neighbors we Quakers have watched the Princes of the Roman Church assemble in full panoply to choose a new "chief executive" in the world's most complex religious hierarchy. Our hopes are surely with our Catholic brethren that the new Pope will provide high spiritual leadership. Many of us have certainly asked ourselves: Is this what it takes to carry the message of the Fisherman of Galilee on to another generation? Is such elaborate machinery required to maintain a world-wide Christian fellowship? Don't Friends have a simpler, and in some ways better, approach?

I think we do, but ... The but is that with nearly 200,000 Friends in 40 countries, in 57 Yearly Meetings plus a number of smaller groups, it takes some structure to knit us together in any degree of effectiveness.

The Friends World Committee for Consultation is the structure we have created and used. A tiny staff, perhaps eight "principals" and less than 15 office assistants, working in London, Nairobi, Plainfield, Edinburgh, Philadelphia, and now Mexico City, perform the major tasks for us: corresponding, visiting, setting up meetings, writing articles, and supervising our variety of programs. It does take some committee work. It took a lot of arranging to enable Duncan and Katherine Wood to share with Friends from New Brunswick to Baltimore to Australia the fruits of their twenty-five Geneva years, and to bring Jennifer Kinghorn to explain to American groups just what South African Quakers face in their every-day lives.

To bring all Latin-American Friends into a feeling of being a part of our Religious Society, and not just those few who know English, will take a good deal of organizing effort, the conscious use of Spanish as a major tool of Quaker communication, and a lot of visiting.

No, it does not take elaborate machinery. It does mean some organization.

And the organization we have needs a modicum of support, about $105,000 from individual Friends this year. I have to say that in recent years the overall support from American Friends has been not generous but rather on the grudging side. A live Society of Friends should be supported by living Friends, but for some time it has been the estates of a few Friends who have passed on which have enabled the FWCC to keep doing the things we are asking it to do.

Friend, is your modicum showing?

David H. Scull

Member, FWCC Finance Committee

The above letter was recently sent to those on our regular mailing list. We feel that this message should reach the widest possible audience of Friends. Checks may be made payable to FWCC.
Positions Vacant


Two teachers needed: Friends School, Tokyo, Japan needs women sympathetic to Friends and Friends' testimonies to teach English conversation, two year commitment preferred, starting September 1979. For further information contact the Friends Council on Education, 1507 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

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RE/YF Executive Secretary job opening—Religious Education/Young Friends Committee of Friends Yearly Meeting is seeking an Executive Secretary to replace Caroline C. Pinoe, who is retiring. Position opening March, 1979. College graduate. Responsibilities focus on religious education in monthly meetings, work with committees, and staff and office administration. Apply to Beverly Hess, clerk, RE/YF, 1515 Cherry St., Philadelphia 19102.

We seek mature Friend(s) to reside on Meeting grounds for one year. For details write: Santa Fe Friends Meeting, 530 Canyon Road, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

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