

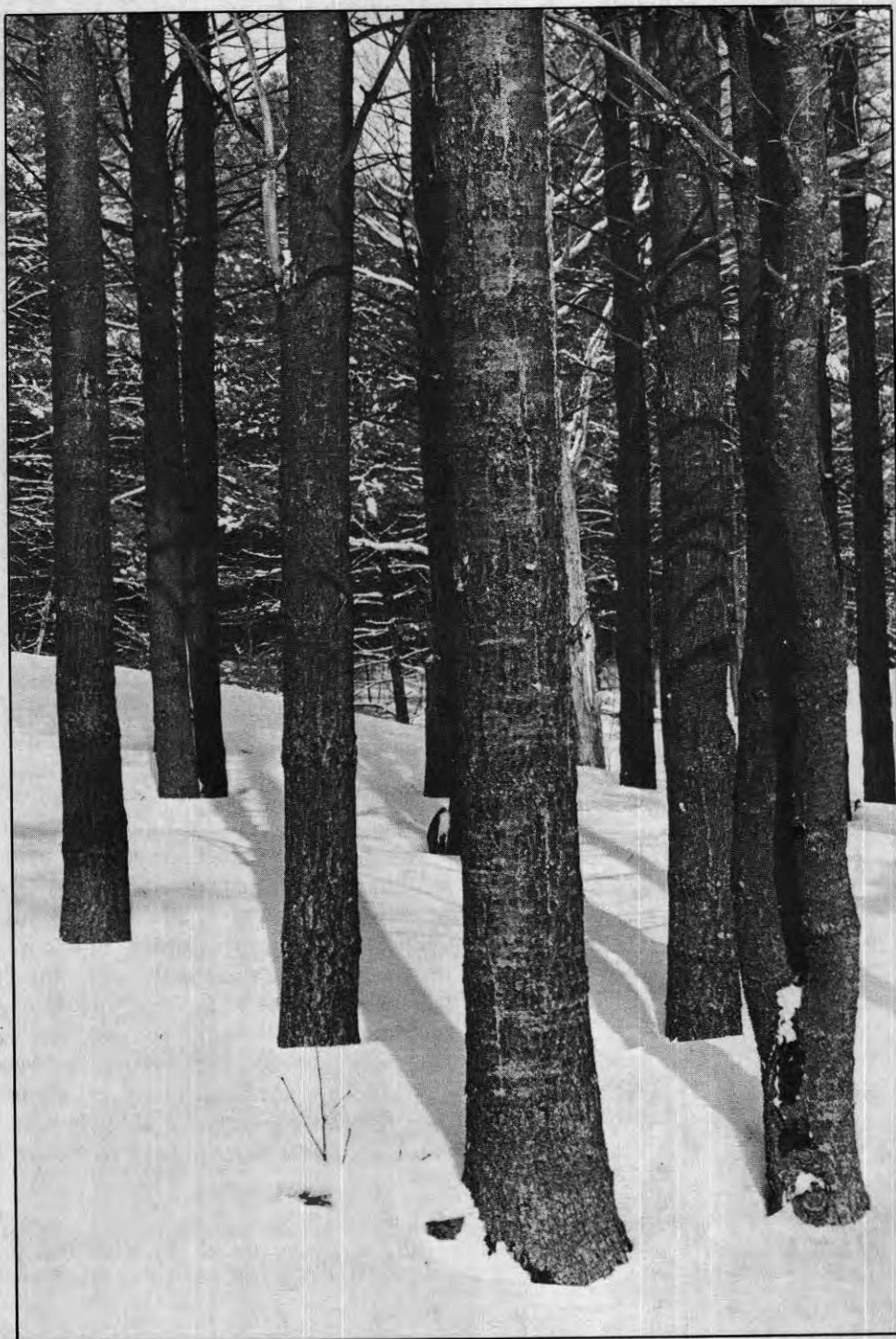
December 15, 1979

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker Thought and Life Today

He has showed you
... what is good;
and what does
the Lord require
of you but to
do justice, and to
love kindness, and
to walk humbly
with your God?"

—Micah 6:8



Contents

December 15, 1979
Vol. 25, No. 21

The Weight of Nothing	2
—Kurt Kauter	
Climbing Pendle Hill	3
—Barry Morley	
Meditations at Christmas	6
—Elton A. Butler, Richard Eldridge, Pollyanna Sedziol	
Journey Into Nightmare—Kampuchea, 1979	8
—James Matlack	
Christian Peacemaking in Repressive Societies	14
—Benton Rhoades	
A Pacific Perspective	18
—Peter Jones	
Yearly Meeting Report	21
Conference Reports	21
Friends Around the World	23
Letters to the Editor	24
Announcements	27
Classified Advertisements	31

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FRIENDS JOURNAL



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THE WEIGHT OF NOTHING

"Tell me the weight of a snowflake," a coal-mouse asked a wild dove.
"Nothing more than nothing," was the answer.

"In that case, I must tell you a marvelous story," the coal-mouse said.

"I sat on the branch of a fir, close to its trunk, when it began to snow—not heavily, not in a raging blizzard—no, just like in a dream, without a wound and without any violence. Since I did not have anything better to do, I counted the snowflakes settling on the twigs and needles of my branch. Their number was exactly 3,741,952. When the 3,741,953rd dropped onto the branch—nothing more than nothing, as you say—the branch broke off."

Having said that, the coal-mouse flew away.

The dove, since Noah's time an authority on the matter, thought about the story for awhile and finally said to herself, "Perhaps there is only one person's voice lacking for peace to come to the world." □

—Kurt Kauter, from his book *New Fables*, Thus Spake the Marabou quoted in the August 1979 issue of *INFORMATION*, published by the Peace Council of the German Democrat Republic

CLIMBING PENDLE HILL

by Barry Morley

As we went I spied a great high hill called Pendle Hill, and I went on the top of it with much ado, it was so steep; but I was moved of the Lord to go atop of it; and when I came atop of it I saw Lancashire sea; and there atop of the hill I was moved to sound the day of the Lord; he had a great people to be gathered. As I went down, on the hill side I found a spring of water and refreshed myself, for I had eaten little and drunk little for several days.

—Journal of George Fox, *Nickalls edition*

My father and I went to Pendle Hill as pilgrims. I might never have gone at all had he not invited me, on the verge of his old age, to make a tour of England and Scotland with him—an extended opportunity for father and son to celebrate the bonds that link them.

Three days in London, a bus ride to Oxford, a train ride to Coventry, and a long drive on the wrong side of the road in a backwards car brought us to Tan Pits Farm. Here, an hour's drive from Pendle Hill, Jenny Harragh, a former colleague in the States, had settled with her husband. Eagerly she became our guide. Equally eagerly I turned the driving over to her, unaware that it would tie knots in my stomach, as she hurtled around corners on narrow roads where sheep wandered at leisure, despite the five-foot-high stone walls, built to keep them back,

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which rose directly from the road's edge.

Jenny had climbed Pendle Hill once before, up the deeply rutted, broad-swath trail worn by holiday picnickers and a small, steady procession of Quakers.

"The time I went up I was disappointed," she said, pulling the car into one of the few, short straight-aways. "The erosion of the trail, with nobody doing anything about it, made me sick. When I got to the top I was too upset to enjoy it. I hope we can find another way up."

"But the guidebook says the trail is the best way,"

"It's the worst!" she snapped, squealing into the next turn. "Nothing but dirt and loose stones that roll under your feet."

Pendle Hill, often enshrouded in mist, is more famous locally as a spawning-place of witchcraft than powerful visions. We approached it on a rare bright day. Its imposing, treeless green height rose before us like the back of a great, stranded whale. The trail was worse than Jenny had described, cut like a deep wound, straight upward across the whale's cheek, as wide as the narrow roads we'd been driving.

"You're right, Jenny. It's terrible."

"I don't understand why it's been allowed to go on," said my father.

"It wouldn't be hard to put in a switchback and solve several problems at once," I added.

"Why don't we start from the village," Jenny suggested, "instead of taking the trail?"

"It looks like a long way," I answered.

"I don't think it's much longer. And it may be easier. We can slant up where the slope seems more gentle."

"It looks easy enough," said my father. "The ground looks smooth. Good for walking."

I studied the proposed route with a practiced eye. It did look smooth, easy to walk across—but I knew from experience that a landscape can look gentle from a distance and prove much different up close.

"How about it, Dad? Are you game?"

"Why not? After all, George Fox had no trail to go up. We might as well do it the way he did."

I wasn't sure there was no trail when George Fox went up, but I had neither the information nor inclination to dispute the point.

Jenny led us down a short path between two small, walled-in pastures and through a gate. We emerged onto a moorland meadow. Walls, charming in the distance and on the slides we would show at home, proved worthy adversaries when immediately confronted. We climbed over them clumsily, then helped each other across streams fed perpetually by the moor's waterlogged peat under-surface. Sheep, enclosed in increasingly large pastures, scattered as we worked our way upward through decreasingly fertile land. Jenny steered us around lush patches of stinging nettles.



"I don't know what does better here," I said, "the bracken or the nettles."

"You can be sure of one thing," she answered. "Nothing does well that sheep will eat."

As my father and I soaked our new Wallabee shoes in the marshy edges of another stream, a bird caught up with us, hopping from one section of stone wall to another, following beside us, and yapping like a tiny dog. I used interest in the bird as pretense to stop and catch my breath. Relief flowed across my father's face. He took

off his poplin coat and folded it over his arm.

"What kind of bird is that, Jenny? Do you know anything about English birds?"

"That's a stone chat," Jenny replied. "He's famous for that snapping sound. You know, back home you used to point out birds to me, but I was never much interested. Since I came here, I've tried to learn them."

Now we prepared to attack the hill where it began to rise in earnest.

"Let me put your coat in my day-pack, Dad."

"No. That's all right. You've got your own coat in there. You don't need to carry mine too."

I expected his refusal. "Sure I do. That's what the pack is for. Besides, you may be glad your hands are free before we've finished this."

He gave me the coat.

We slanted up the hill toward the whale's head, well off to our right.

"Where I come from this would be a mountain," I grumbled as the first weakness of underused, overtaxed legs set in.

"Typical English understatement," my father puffed. "Like lakes in New England. They're 'ponds.'"

Rough ground gave way to rougher ground. Intermittent streams cut deep declivities in the steep sides of the hill. We came suddenly to a sharp dropoff, with no apparent way to get around. Grudgingly, we worked our way down to the stream bed, thirty feet below. We found a way across, no longer caring whether our feet got wet. Up the far side we climbed, sure that we'd go all the way to the top this time. Then our heads poked up over the lip of another rise, where five sheep stared at us nose-to-nose, marvelling at the three Quaker intruders with their strange accents.

The stone chat had long since given up pursuit. But another bird took up surveillance, flitting off to the left.

"That bird there, Jenny," I said, panting as I pulled my father to the top of the rise, "what is it?"

"That's a lapwing."

"A lapwing!" I exclaimed. "Is it really a lapwing?"

"Yes, I'm sure it is."

Then, breathless as I was, I burst into song, hurling my tenor voice down the mountain, frightening the lapwing and spooking the sheep.

*Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den...*

I sang on, giving special emphasis to the high note which followed:

*Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear—
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair!*

We stared down into the next declivity, not as deep as the one just crossed. My father seemed to be losing enthusiasm.

"Can you make this, Dad?"

"I don't know. I guess I'll know better after I try."

We descended the steep cut sideways, keeping our feet parallel to the slope. Jenny crossed the stream first. She pulled me and my father across in turn.

"How many more of these do you suppose there are,

Jenny?" There was a hint of desperation in my voice.

"I don't know. It keeps looking like we can go right up. Then we top out."

"You ready to go up again, Dad?"

"Let me catch my breath. You go on. I'll come along in a little while."

"We'll wait," I said, gesturing to Jenny who had started to climb again.

"No, you go on. If I can't make it I'll wait here. You can meet me on the way down."

"We may never find you on the way down. We have no idea where we are or where we're going except up."

"Well, you go on. I'll rest awhile. Then I'll either go to the top or go back down. I can meet you at the car."

"Look. I'm tired too, Dad. My knees are like jelly. We'll slow down and rest as often as we need to. What are you going to think about all this tomorrow if you don't go up today?"

"I'm not going to like it."

"C'mon. Let's go on."

We began to ascend once more. We rose higher and higher, pushing ourselves upward toward our own roots. We stopped once to catch our breath and look back at the lowland behind us. We tried vainly to sight our route back to the stone houses, tiny in the distance, where we started. Then we climbed again, pulling ourselves up, finally, to a narrow sheep trail which crept casually toward the ridge. We walked it gratefully, amazed that the animals could make a trail so few inches wide. We were led to a human path which rose in one long, sweeping curve to the ridge. From here the walking was easy. And so, like George Fox, we reached the summit "with much ado," scattering still more sheep in the process.

We stood at the crest of the end of the long mountain, above the whale's forehead. The wind, whining through short grasses, chilled our sweating bodies. We put on light coats which flapped about our legs like flags in a gale. Then we sat quietly, squinting into the wind, staring far off into the hazy distance. We sat for a long time. There I had the same view that George Fox had, though not the same vision. It was the vision, not the view, that "gathered" me 300 years later. And it is the message beyond the vision which gives my life meaning and power that grow year by year as I struggle to understand.

We descended slowly, sliding and stumbling down the horrible scar on wobbly legs.

"Dad," I said, "you may be the only sixty-eight-year-old man in history to climb Pendle Hill, going cross-country in a business suit."

Exactly a year later my father suffered a stroke. Sometimes I sit in meeting and say "thank you" that I was able to stand with him at the place where we were born. □

Meditations

CHRISTMAS CHAINS

The chain whose links are forged by
Burning thoughts of times ago,
When Christmas came,
Bind us to a day that's past.

The simple gifts beside our plates
Or on burdened trees to point out love
When Christmas came
Are magic lures to Yuletides gone.

But Christmas signals birth and birth
Has only future as its helm.
All dreams at birth point out beyond
To days undawned,
To future years and idyllic dreams.

The Christmas star does not reflect
On a golden past but sheds its light
Out there where love has yet
To move the world in paths of peace.

"Dear God, we think these thoughts, we sense their lead.
Forgive our tightening hold to former years.
Turn our feet in trust filled, untried paths,
And fill our lives with love of Christ,
The Prince of Peace."

—Elton A. Butler



"Cambodian
Madonna"

at Christmas

AH, WELL, SAID GOD

Ah, well, said God,
it is done.
The limbs are no
more than a baby's,
the cries no
bigger than his voice.
Youth
will be gentle;
he will not
travel far.
Innocence
will question out
from grains of wood
and sand:
by twelve his hands
will callous,
his heart
will start to bleed:
he will learn
his father's agony.

Ah, Moses, Moses,
even you said no
when I first asked.
Tell me,
what can we expect
of men
when I must begin
with a child?

—Richard Eldridge

STAR-SHADOWED

Our memories are forged
but our empty nest syndrome
is very real
as we try frantically
each Christmastide
to bring the Babe of Bethlehem
inside...

we gift each other thoroughly
yearning for, from each,
the love and approval
we want from God...

and all the hurt and pain and loneliness
bravely coped with and hidden
all year long
bursts forth—
oh! how appropriately—
in recognition of
this Coming down of Love.

—Pollyanna Sedziol

(Right) The overflow from one of Phnom Penh's hospitals; (Below) A mother and child outside the provincial hospital at Kampong Speu; (At bottom) A patient at the same hospital



Corinne Johnson, courtesy of AFSC



Journey Into Nightmare— Kampuchea, 1979

by James Matlack

I went to Kampuchea (formerly Cambodia) as a member of the first American delegation (though not the first Americans) allowed into the country since the change of government last January—indeed, since the fall of the Lon Nol government in 1975. I was part of a group representing the American Friends Service Committee on a two-week visit to Vietnam in mid-September for fact-finding and program development. With Quaker-sponsored assistance activities already under way in the refugee camps and in Vietnam, we were particularly anxious to assess needs and possibilities for humanitarian aid to Kampuchea. We were granted visas for entry at the Kampuchean Embassy in Hanoi and flew from Ho Chi Minh City (Saigon) to Phnom Penh on September 17.

The flight takes only thirty minutes, but the contrast is shocking. Vietnam is a poor, underdeveloped country working under stress to stabilize its economy and to improve living conditions. Kampuchea hardly *exists* as a functioning nation. Remnants of a devastated people are struggling to re-establish the rudiments of a government and coherent social order even as they face widespread starvation. From the air, the rich land of the Mekong delta in Vietnam showed signs of intense cultivation. The intricate grid of dikes and paddies, of houses ringed with fruit trees stretched to the horizon. By contrast, long stretches of Kampuchean countryside showed only dull brown. I am no agricultural expert but there was little evidence of rice cultivation. (Published accounts of close surveillance by U.S. satellites suggest that at most ten percent of the arable land in Kampuchea has been planted.) Even at lower altitudes near Phnom Penh it was hard to see indications of ongoing human life. On the vast expanse of the Mekong in high water I saw only two

small dugout boats.

As we drove in from the Pochentong Airport, we noted that most buildings looked deserted, many were damaged, and the trickle of people on foot and bicycle seemed to live elsewhere. We passed half a dozen derelict gas stations that looked as if they had been consciously dismantled. Approaching Phnom Penh, we saw a striking row of high-rise buildings that had been the university, deserted and partially ransacked. Schools and hospitals were closed under Pol Pot. Only a few primary schools have been reopened in the city.

Downtown Phnom Penh was eerie and depressing. We drove through empty canyons of high-rise buildings along broad boulevards with only as many people in view as might be found on a country road. Some families were camping in first-floor rooms but upper floors were untenanted. Whole side streets seemed desolate, with trees down and rubbish mounds along the curbs. The wide plaza in front of the railroad station was vacant every time we passed through it over two days. The central market, which had been a crowded scene of buying and selling before 1975, had only ten or twelve sellers with meager stocks, and no visible customers.

Our car drew up to the old Hotel Royal, past a dozen cows grazing on the median strip in front of the building. The hotel functions in skeletal fashion for a few international guests. Water and electricity usually worked, but rarely at the same time. The staff is largely Vietnamese on temporary assignment, since no Khmer could be found with prior experience. With no other facilities in town and food difficult to procure, the staff of the Russian Embassy often ate in the dining room. Our scant meals still featured some meat and/or fish. We ate better than anyone else in Phnom Penh including, we were told, government leaders.

The Kampuchean Foreign Ministry sent two young women to be our interpreter/guides. Their main qualification was prior study of English and French, a fact that they had successfully hidden through four years of work as peasants under Pol Pot. (Knowledge of a foreign language usually brought a death sentence.) Both told of experiences common to nearly everyone with whom we talked. They were driven out of the city immediately after the Khmer Rouge victory, forced into the fields to grow rice under the most primitive conditions—heavy labor, one meal and five hours of sleep a day, no food for those too ill or too weak to work. Casual or calculated killings were frequent. Whole families would be taken away and bludgeoned to death (bullets were costly) and the blood-soaked clothes brought back for others to wear. "In our village we lived without hope and waited for death," Ek Preney told us. Many of those who survived until last January were killed when they refused to flee with the Pol Pot cadres as

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the "liberation" forces of Heng Samrin and Vietnamese troops approached.

Our first visit of the afternoon was to Phnom Penh's sole orphanage, a former high school. Three months after opening, it had 539 children. Only twenty-six of them were five years old or less, compared with 332 in the eleven-to-fifteen bracket—clear indications that the years under Pol Pot had been most lethal to the youngest Khmers. The orphanage provided basic medical care and food, supplemented by vitamins and milk powder from UNICEF. The kids were often too weak to sit up when they arrived, but most we saw were reasonably healthy and responsive, although very thin.

We were briefed by Chau Sa, the staff member who spoke English best. His attractive face was marred by a sightless eye skewed off to the right side. He had been a teacher during the Lon Nol years. Sa celebrated his son's first birthday on April 18, 1975. The next day he carried his son and aided his wife as they were driven out of Phnom Penh into the countryside. They walked ninety kilometers in twenty days. After arriving in a rural village in Pny Veng Province, he was imprisoned for five months. Most of his associates from the city died, but he survived and rejoined his family. For the next three years he worked as a peasant, especially making fertilizer from excrement.

The hamlet in which they had settled was forced to move halfway across Kampuchea to the west in 1978. Many more died in this trek, or were killed, after relocating, by the teenage cadre who ruled the lives of the people with absolute power. Whole village groups were executed. Sa told of seeing a killing-ground where several thousand persons had been beaten to death. He and his wife survived until Liberation, but their child did not. Sa was an exception among those we talked to in having his spouse alive. We were given an estimate that seventy percent of the women between nineteen and thirty-five who had been married were now widows.

Walking through the orphanage was both heart-rending and encouraging. The affection and caring of the staff were abundantly shown. Many children smiled, reached out for our hands, and were strong enough to cling to our legs and walk with us. They seemed so small and spindly, however. New arrivals were in more critical condition, with fever and bloody dysentery. Still, they were fortunate in being in one of the few settings so far receiving direct aid from UNICEF and the Red Cross. At the end of the tour, we spoke with the vice director and learned (in French) that her husband, a former university professor, and eleven out of fourteen of her immediate family had died in the Pol Pot years.

From a scene of moderate liveliness we went to one of appalling slaughter and stillness. Toul Sleng had been one of the top French *lycees* in Phnom Penh. After the Pol



People gathered near the ferry crossing at Neak Luong

Pot takeover, it became a prison for political suspects, we were told, a center for torture and execution. Twenty thousand persons died here. Four high-rise rectangular concrete buildings formed three sides of what had been a spacious lawn and compound. It was now ragged and overgrown, but the full horrors lay inside the structures.

The first block had high-ranking political prisoners, one to a room. Each had been shackled naked to a bare cot frame. Various devices for beating and torture were on display, as were photographs of the fourteen bloated corpses found chained to beds in this wing after the guards had fled.

The second and third blocks had barbed wire mesh over their whole facade. Each classroom here had been subdivided into many small cells, usually two feet, six inches by seven feet long, into which ordinary prisoners had been jammed. For urination and defecation, jugs or ammo boxes were provided. Absolute silence had been required. There was one meal a day. Ek Preney, our interpreter, began to cry, apologizing by saying that she had been a student in these rooms in the early 1970s.

The most harrowing displays were in a central section of Toul Sleng. The keepers of this charnel house worked methodically. They kept careful records of names, backgrounds, dates of execution. Thousands of documents were recovered. Some of the lists were enlarged and posted. On October 15, 1977, for example, 418 persons had been killed. The long tallies of professional people, technicians, diplomats, students, persons tainted by foreign exposure, who had perished indicated the mad, xenophobic mood of the Pol Pot regime. Students who returned from abroad were consistently killed—not only those who had been in the West, but ones coming back from Russia, Cuba, and Vietnam as well.

Along with the lists were photographs. Most of the victims in Toul Sleng had a mug shot. In this prison, which is now a museum, four-by-six blowups of these pictures literally covered whole walls in row upon row of solemn faces whose sad or defiant eyes stared out unblinking, yet showing awareness of their impending fate. Many in the photographs were Pol Pot cadre rather than Lon Nol technicians or students with foreign contamination. The regime purged and purged in self-devouring quest for purity, or at least lack of political opposition. I am haunted still by standing in front of those massed faces and trying to meet their clear-eyed stares.

We saw workshop areas where the prisoners melted down metal artifacts in order to cast busts of Pol Pot. In one room was a pile of ragged prisoner clothing fifteen feet high. We were led out in back of the compound to see excavated grave sites with jumbled piles of broken skeletons. The overall experience was, for our time, nearest to a tour of Auschwitz or Dachau a generation ago.

Among the guides at Toul Sleng was one of the four known survivors. Ing Pesch escaped in the turmoil of Liberation as the last prisoners were marched under guard out of Phnom Penh. The nails on the thumb and

middle finger of his right hand had been pulled out. He apologized for not remembering all details because his skull had been beaten so often. The rest of his family were dead. Like so many Khmers, he told us of hellish suffering in a quiet, gentle voice.

Another guide had come back from Paris in 1977. He found Phnom Penh frighteningly quiet. The dozen students who returned with him to serve the new nation all perished. He commented that the people preferred socialism but not sadistic killers as leaders. The manager of the prison site, Pen En, lost her husband and three children. We left Toul Sleng in stunned silence, unable to absorb fully its legacy of terror and murder.

On the evening of September 17 we talked for two hours with Jacques Beaumont of UNICEF and the International Red Cross representatives, Francois Bugnion and Dominique Ziegler, M.D. They had been in Phnom Penh for three weeks trying to negotiate arrangements for large-scale relief deliveries (frustrated by the absence of most government leaders at the Havana Conference of Non-Aligned Nations). Their estimate of conditions was bleak. The problems and crises facing the new Phnom Penh government were beyond even superhuman skills to handle. The economic and social organization of the city and country had to be rebuilt

A view of the prison for political prisoners at Toul Sleng, used for torture and execution



virtually from scratch after the most severe imaginable dislocations and traumatic shocks. Up to ninety percent of every category of trained and experienced workers and technicians were gone. The infrastructure of transportation, communication, public utilities, and distribution systems was primitive or nonexistent.

There is no currency in Kampuchea. Rice is the medium of exchange. Barter and scavenging are common. For those who work, a salary is only the weekly ration of rice, already scant, which must be further reduced to trade for other necessities and to share with family dependents who have no job. Although many Khmers were really too weak to do hard physical labor, most machines and vehicles were broken or unuseable.

Dr. Ziegler told us to look for rust-colored spots in people's hair, especially children's. This was a sure sign of severe malnutrition among the normally black-haired Cambodians. Spotty hair was often visible over the two days. We were also advised not to walk out of the hotel after dark and to reach the border before sunset the next day. This was not because of political antagonism or the possibility of attack by Pol Pot guerillas but merely recognition that starving people may do desperate things.

Some reports in the American press suggested that relief shipments into Phnom Penh had been blocked by refusal to permit "end-use observation." Beaumont told us that the modest shipments so far had been meticulously monitored and accounted for. Of course massive food shipments would necessitate more foreign observers (and, probably, foreign workers and vehicles for adequate distribution). Both the Kampuchians and the Vietnamese were very sensitive to security considerations and seemed reluctant to allow large numbers of outsiders to enter the country.

The oversight role of the Vietnamese as sponsors of the Phnom Penh government complicates decision-making about large-scale relief efforts. Whatever delay this causes, the Vietnamese also have been the largest donors of supplies and personnel to help in the reconstruction process. They have sent doctors, technicians, road-builders, and other specialists into Kampuchea. From their own strained food stocks they sent large quantities of rice.

After a fitful night, I was up before six o'clock on the morning of September 18. Even for privileged foreign guests, breakfast consisted of two slices of bread, a cube of cheese, and tea. We went by car for a seven a.m. appointment with the vice minister of health to conduct our formal consultations about relief needs and delivery methods.

Madame Chey Kanya greeted us and introduced three of her staff associates. As we sat around a table for discussion, these four physicians constituted seven percent of Kampuchea's surviving doctors. From over

500 physicians in 1975, the ministry could now locate only fifty-seven still alive. Nearly all the survivors had hidden their knowledge and identity, practiced no medicine, and lived like peasants for four years. Now they were trying to rebuild a system for providing health care with almost no medicine or equipment. All hospitals and clinics had been closed and sacked. There were not even dispensaries yet operating in some provinces. Even the three best equipped hospitals located in Phnom Penh often lacked the most rudimentary materials for simple procedures like blood transfusions.

Our conversations about getting aid shipments into Kampuchea left many uncertainties, due to the internal logistical problems and the fact that other ministries would have to give approvals, but Dr. Kanya welcomed any assistance that could be sent and indicated that "end-use observation" could be worked out. She urged immediate dispatch of vitamins and antibiotics, then basic medical equipment. Obviously large-scale food deliveries were also imperative. We presented a small amount of medicine that we had carried in as symbolic of the larger contributions that AFSC and other voluntary agencies hoped to make in the current crisis.

As our formal conversation broke up, Dr. Thuch Theoul, the grey-haired gentleman on my right, spoke to me in halting English. He had studied in the U.S. and interned in Texas and New York City. He spent the Pol Pot years as a peasant. In a soft voice and a manner that sought not to burden the U.S. guest, Dr. Theoul explained that now he was in charge of the only medical school in Kampuchea, "but I have no books, no lab equipment, nothing with which to teach." Could we possibly be of assistance if it were not too much trouble? (AFSC is actively working to get support for the reopened facility in Phnom Penh from U.S. medical schools.)

From the ministry of health we drove out to Kampong Speu, a provincial town about twenty miles southwest of Phnom Penh. Traffic was far less even than in the hill country of Vietnam. Few vehicles appeared, other than bikes and carts. Occasional trucks seemed to serve as buses, with a mass of people and freight piled on top. Roadside buildings were mostly damaged and derelict.

In Kampong Speu we picked up a local official and drove to what had been the center of town. Eight months earlier the retreating Pol Pot forces had blown up their ammunition stored in the main buildings and levelled the area for a radius of 100 yards.

We drove on to the provincial hospital. It served a population of perhaps 300,000. There were 485 patients but only 200 beds and no medical doctor. Thirteen staff members had some training as nurses. A tour of the hospital showed a total supply of medicines on hand that was less than the office stocks of the average U.S. physician.

Hospital staff were trying to treat plague (over 1,500 cases in four months), malaria, dysentery, typhoid fever, and the varied effects of near-starvation on young and old. Some patients had been hurt by mines or old shells and a few had recent gunshot wounds as a result of sporadic raids in the area by guerrillas loyal to Pol Pot. We also saw four babies in the maternity section. The nurses explained that patients died for simple lack of food and vitamins. Many of the beds and buildings had been provided through the Vietnamese. The contagious disease ward still had no bed frames—only straw mats on a concrete slab floor. Fortunately, the hospital was beginning to receive shipments from UNICEF and the Red Cross.

The orphan ward at Kampong Speu was, I think, my most intense encounter with Kampuchea. On twelve bed frames covered with straw matting were gathered ninety-two parentless children, up to thirteen years of age, though none looked larger than an American six-year-old. Sad faces and hollow gazes turned toward me when I entered. An astringent odor suggestive of decay filled the room. The huddled mass of spindly kids was quiet, however. Only one child in the ward cried fitfully, with barely enough energy to make a whimpering noise. Spotty hair, open sores, and skeletal young bodies were within reach on all sides. These still living sufferers were a concentrated embodiment of the grief and loss and damage that the Khmer people have endured and of the nearness of death for those who yet survive. I doubt that all the children I saw are still alive.

As I left the orphans, a mother and child stood in the sunlight. The boy she held had stick-like arms and legs and a distended belly. His eyes would not focus steadily and his head rolled irregularly. The otherwise gaunt mother had so large a bulge that we asked if she were pregnant. We were told that her stomach was swollen because she had eaten only grass and banana leaves for five days enroute to the hospital. When I stop thinking about these scenes and allow their emotional impact to be felt, I weep.

We sped back to Phnom Penh for a quick lunch in order to be on the road for the border promptly at 12:15 p.m. (We were the first Westerners to travel the road east from Phnom Penh to the border since 1975. The last Americans on the "Parrot's Beak" section of the route were G.I.s pulling out from our "incursions" into Cambodia several years earlier.)

Our last trip through Phnom Penh was as unsettling as the first one had been. No quick adjustment is possible to the scarcity of people in the urban landscape, to the breakdown of all normal systems in a modern city. At the bridge headed east out of Phnom Penh a strict checkpoint was patrolled by soldiers. A stream of people walked and biked over the bridge, many carrying

scavenged furniture or artifacts or, occasionally, some food from the country. At the far end of the bridge was the largest crowd of people we saw anywhere in Kampuchea. They were living in shacks and under tarps, waiting to be cleared for entry into the city. The authorities permitted only those with a job or needed skills into Phnom Penh, keeping a growing mass of others at the perimeter. Jacques Beaumont told us that the population in the environs of Phnom Penh had risen sharply as people moved from famine-stricken rural areas toward roads and cities in quest of food.

Route One east of Phnom Penh was tolerable for twenty miles, then became rough, pitted, potholed, and virtually worn away in some sections. Especially toward the border it had been fought over so often and so little repaired that we slowed almost to a standstill to negotiate one hole after another. On some stretches tank traps had been dug in from both sides (since refilled with gravel), leaving only a slender track of paving for bike traffic. Along the second half of the route, large and bare charred trunks were all that remained of the line of trees that formerly sheltered the road (but also blocked aerial inspection of traffic).

After two hours we came to the ferry crossing over the Mekong River at Neak Luong. This important transportation center had been bombed by our B-52s in the early 1970s. The heart of the town on the far shore still showed the devastation of the bomb patterns. We had to wait half an hour for the ferry. A crowd gathered around us.

I fell into slow conversation in rusty French with a man who turned out to be the manager of the ferry operation. Although he looked like a tired teenager, he was forty years old and had lived most of his life in Neak Luong. He had been wounded by U.S. bombing. The same terrible tale we had heard before emerged of his experiences in the Pol Pot years. Driven to rural areas, he had worked in fields and forests, trying to sustain life on 300 grams of rice a day. Conditions had been *la plus difficile*. Many died. The rest of his family was gone, some killed specifically because they held office under Lon Nol.

My companion estimated that fifty percent of the population of the Neak Luong region had died and another thirty percent had disappeared between 1975 and 1979. With soft pleading he explained that they needed food, medicine, seeds, vehicles, everything. *Il n'y a rien de médicaments pour les peuples*. Without vitamins or medicine, the people were dying. The nearest medical staff or assistance was a dispensary forty kilometers away. He said that large numbers of Vietnamese troops had come through in January and that they had been welcomed as genuine liberators by the people. "They are much more content since Liberation." He was now getting only 600 grams of rice a day and worried about

wide starvation.

Driving on toward Svay Rieng, I thought of Air Force General Curtis LeMay's renowned remark—that our enemies in Indochina should be bombed back to the Stone Age. Between U.S. bombing and Pol Pot's murderous misrule, that state of primitive reversion had been inflicted on the people of Cambodia. No brick or concrete building between Neak Luong and the border was undamaged except for a section of Svay Rieng. Most were shot up or blasted and abandoned. Where we had seen frequent piles of rice, corn, manioc, and noodles drying on the roads in Vietnam, in traveling the 100 miles from Phnom Penh to the border I saw one pile of perhaps a bushel of corn similarly drying. At times the flat muddy plain extended three or four miles out in all directions before reaching a tree line, and no rice cultivation was visible. The beauty of the birds in and over the fields clashed with the absence of support processes for human life. Occasional groups of boys at play or young women on bikes or adults working in a paddy did not dispell the foreboding feeling. We drove over a darkening deserted plain as the sun set behind us and reached the Vietnamese border at 6:15 p.m.

Kampuchea stands in desperate need of immediate, large-scale relief shipments of food and medicine. All political considerations and controversies must give way to allow deliveries of humanitarian aid as soon as possible. Religious groups and voluntary agencies such as AFSC and Oxfam must do what they can to send needed materials, but food is required on so large a scale that only governmental food stocks can meet the demand.

U.S. citizens should urge whatever action is appropriate by Congress and the executive branch to assure release of food to Kampuchea either under Disaster Relief provisions or under Public Law 480—"Food for Peace." Agreement was recently announced between the Heng Samrin government and UNICEF plus the Red Cross, which apparently opens the way for larger shipments into Phnom Penh through these international channels, with adequate provision for monitoring and end-use observation. While Quakers and sympathizers will have to contribute funds for the expected AFSC shipments of vitamins, antibiotics, medicines (\$100,000), and rice (\$100,000, purchased in Singapore), public pressure must persuade our government to send food on a massive scale or else many more Khmers will die of starvation. As this goes to press, we are grateful for President Carter's offer to extend aid, and believe if we are flexible about the means of delivery of that aid, it will be accepted. □

AFSC is currently soliciting contributions for an emergency aid fund to pay for the \$200,000 spent on medicine and food already shipped to the people of Kampuchea.

Christian Peacemaking In Repressive Societies

by Benton Rhoades

The following article on peacemaking and social change was written by a pastor in the Church of the Brethren. Dealing as it does with an important issue for Friends, also members of an Historic Peace Church, it is reprinted here in full.

I begin by stating two basic beliefs which I hold to be true along with certain problems which I and other Brethren seem to face when we consider the role of peacemaker in situations of repression.

First, I believe that peacemaking is something we do and, as such, is not the same as pacifism. Matthew 5:9 reads: "Blessed are the peacemakers," and I believe it is a misreading of the Scriptures to translate it as saying "Blessed are the pacifists." So my first premise is that we should read it as it is written. *Peacemaking is not the same thing as pacifism*, though pacifism may be involved.

Second, I believe that a root cause of war is injustice. The voice of the Church of the Brethren has, in recent years, been fairly clear and unequivocal about non-participation in war, but less clear about our participation in injustices that lead to war. *To work for justice is a powerful form of peacemaking.*

As historical pacifists, we Brethren, and I in particular, have difficulty dealing with the reality of revolution in our time. Radical social change and methods of bringing it about—such as civil disobedience and boycotts—are confused with violence. When a situation is repressive, peacemakers are likely to be considered troublemakers, and we don't like to be seen as unruly, though our Lord often was.

The role of the peacemaker in repressive societies is not an attractive role, as I will illustrate. On November 12, 1977, an article came out in *The New York Times* from

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Manila, the Philippines. The picture in the article is of a priest stooping down, watching a class of young Filipinos in a Christian school rehearsing a Bible play. The text reads:

The Reverend James B. Reuter does not look like a dangerous man. A kindly energetic priest from New Jersey who has lived in the Philippines since 1938, Father Reuter has been charged with subversion for editing a small Catholic newsletter that printed, among other things, an account of the death of a shoemaker who was summoned by the Philippine National Police. According to Father Reuter's story, the wife of the shoemaker was summoned to remove the shoemaker's body, less than one and one-half hours after he was taken, by police, to a military detention center in Manila. The officer who ordered Mr. Adreanos to report to camp had a cousin who rented a room in a small house that the Adreanos had built for their retirement. The boarder had been asked to leave so that the Adreanos could move in. But he warned them that he had a relative in the military and would not move out.

So you get the picture; the shoemaker had a place where he hoped to retire when he quit living in the shoe shop, and he was now ready. The room happened to be

occupied by a relative of someone from the military in a country under military dictatorship. This is what we are speaking of as a "repressive society" in the Philippines. The renter said he wouldn't move out. What happened? The shoemaker, who was the rightful owner, was arrested and killed. The article continues:

Father Reuter is one of 246 people associated with the Roman Catholic Church here; many of them priests and nuns who are facing subversion charges under the martial law administration of President Fernando Marcos. "People tell me," he says, "that I should stay out of politics. But I can't, because this dictatorship is not just political, it is a dictatorship of the economy too. It affects how people live and eat—like this shoemaker."

Father Reuter was told of the shoemaker's death by a group of Franciscan nuns—he would not have known about it otherwise. These nuns lived across the street from the shoemaker and had bought sandals from him for years. Father Reuter explains: "If I didn't write about his case, I felt I would have been equally guilty in his death."

There you have it: participation in injustice, even by silence, is a form of violence. On the other hand, to work for justice is a powerful form of peacemaking.

A Muslim girl (on bed) shot by soldiers in the Philippines, 1975



Courtesy of NARMIC

I am sure that my own view of peacemaking has undergone changes simply as a result of traveling and working constantly among the rural poor people and their leaders in countries that have increasingly come under repression. I refer to the Philippines, South Korea, and various countries of Latin America which are now under military dictatorships. One characteristic of these repressive societies is that, in the guise of "fighting communism," they have declared a perpetual state of war against their own people. These governments have come to consider all dissenters among their own people to be "the enemy." In repressive societies there is often no choice but to enter the ranks of so-called subversives. Any dissent from the government's official position is declared a crime. It becomes clear where one stands. Christian peacemakers become "troublemakers."

An additional illustration: I was sent to Paraguay about a year ago as a member of an inter-church delegation to the government of Paraguay to research the reason for imprisonment of a number of local agricultural co-op leaders in that country. We (the churches of Germany, Great Britain, and the United States) had been supporting these co-ops for some years. The delegation consisted of one person from the German churches, one from churches of Great Britain, one from Holland, and myself from the United States. We went to the highest officers of government to ask about these "political" prisoners. Among the highest officers was a Paraguayan lawyer who was then occupying the post of minister of government—the highest post in the police system of that nation.

We wanted to know if the political prisoners had committed criminal acts. We knew their names, how long they had been in jail, and how long they had been out of touch with their families. We knew they had not been brought to trial, nor had any formal charges been filed. The reason given for their imprisonment was that "they have worked to change the social order in this country." We were also told that "we also suspect them of being communists, or at least of thinking communist thoughts."

An old German lawyer who was with us looked at the Paraguayan lawyer and said: "Sir, did I hear you right? We know something about communism in our country. We have had some experience, but we have never put people in jail for what they think." And the Paraguayan lawyer said, "Well, you have just learned something—we do." In that situation, to work violently or nonviolently for social change is a crime punishable by imprisonment, by torture and sometimes by death. That is the cost of being active peacemakers in repressive societies.

Some peacemakers who work for justice in their own societies are also confirmed pacifists. Bishop Dom Helder Camara of Brazil is known far and wide to be a nonviolent person. He was a close friend of Martin Luther King, Jr.

and has been a disciple of Gandhi. Bishop Camara is by nature a nonviolent person. Not all pacifists are, but he is. His reasons for being nonviolent are in part due to his nature and partly, I think, due to a practical realization that armed struggle or armed protest by peasants in northern Brazil would be nothing short of suicide.

Bishop Camara works intensively for justice for peasants in northern Brazil. He stands up for the land rights of people who have lived for generations on their farms but are now being ousted, ostensibly for the lack of clear legal titles. He has been so consistent in this that the government declared him an enemy of the state and his name for some years could not be used in the newspaper by anyone. A pastor, a visionary, a humble man—yet considered a troublemaker. This is the result of peacemaking in a repressive situation. I call it Christian peacemaking.

However, not all Christians who commit themselves to peacemaking make the same choices with regard to physical violence in the struggle against organized structural injustice. Now dead, Father Camilo Torres was a pastor and priest in Colombia at a time when peasant leaders in that country were beginning to be repressed by a government which considered poor people's organizations to be dangerous. People starved while working as serfs on the land. Camilo Torres said, finally: "I will not celebrate the Mass, will not give communion again until this injustice has been righted." He read in the Bible that if you bring your sacrifice to the altar, and you realize that a brother has fought against you, you should leave the sacrifice there and go make it right, and then come back. So he said, "I will be back in the pulpit when this thing is righted. I have been a party to injustice in my country which is killing people, and I will no longer celebrate the Mass until I have done all possible to correct it."

He went to live and work as a peasant. He became one of them. Later, in desperation, he took up arms as a member of the guerrilla forces, and was killed. I do not defend his taking arms, but I believe he was reading the Scriptures rightly when he concluded that "injustice makes our worship irrelevant, even impossible, until and unless we have done all in our power to make the injustice right." The only true worship due in that case is to confess to our sins and ask forgiveness. Camilo Torres made his own choice.

He is seen by many young Christians in Latin America as a model. I have seen his picture in the homes of church leaders, university students, and peasants all over South America. They considered him an example of Christian peacemaking, yet he died with a gun in his hands.

I was recently sent to Cuba to make a critical study of that country twenty years after the revolution, that is, after the "shooting part" of the revolution. Cuban people believe that the revolution is still in process there.

They consider revolution not to be an incident, but a process that changes society in the direction which they wish to go. I talked with them about the violence, because I wanted to know if it was necessary for all those people to be killed. Their response was: "What do you mean by people being killed?" They then began to tell me how many children had died in the twenty years before the revolution as a result of hunger and poverty in their society—hunger and poverty that no longer exist to the degree they did in times past. Then they asked: "How do you prefer to kill people?"

That's a serious question for Christians, a very serious question. They are convinced that there was no other way. I am not sure of that, but they are sure. Many who remain in Cuba believe that armed violence was necessary. After talking about the Brethren peace position on nonviolence, a Cuban pastor said, "Well, you must know that armed struggle or physical violence is not the highest form of struggle. It's just the final form when all others have failed. We have the same preference that you do for nonviolence."

In trying to sort out the relation of our church's position on nonviolence and the struggle for justice, I have been helped forward by the statement of the church which was adopted in 1977. I consider it one of the most forward-looking and clear statements that the Church of the Brethren has made on peace in many, many years. The paper opens with the following quotation:

He has showed you . . . what is good; and what does the Lord require of you but to do justice, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with your God?
Micah 6:8

In the paper, the Brethren confess that we have been much clearer in our position of non-participation in war than we have been regarding more subtle expressions of violence that deny survival to many and quality of life to the majority of the world's people. "Structural violence" is the term used in the Brethren's statement to refer to "violations of personhood, such as malnutrition, apartheid, or denial of equal opportunity because of one's class, race, age, or sex." It points out that class structures which perpetuate poverty destroy life. A person born into poverty or oppression usually has a shorter life expectancy than one born in privileged conditions. For example, the average life expectancy of persons born in the United States is thirty years longer than for equally precious persons in many poorer countries of the world. Hunger kills people. If I were living amid the poverty of the Third World, I would have died approximately thirteen years ago, because the average age of men living in the Third World at this time is forty-five years. I am now fifty-eight. I have been

spared from violence—the violence of injustice which makes it impossible for many people in the world to eat and live.

I want to quote a few more brief paragraphs from *Justice and Nonviolence*, then raise a few questions:

Institutions that resist the efforts of people to modify unfair systems of governmental organization, land ownership, and other social arrangements perpetuate injustice. Military repression is used consistently by those who seek political or economic gain; support of such repressive regimes is Pharaoh-like resistance to God's liberating presence in history. Similarly misguided are the training of repressive police and the granting of economic assistance that strengthens certain groups without regard for the interests of the majority of the population.

This may sound like the description of a repressive society—someone else's country. Yet hunger persists in our own country as well, perhaps for the same reason that it does in India or Guatemala—injustice. The paper continues as follows:

In a world beset with degradation and misery, most members of the Church of the Brethren sit with others at the pinnacle of the global structure of wealth and power. Many middle class persons in the United States possess and consume far more wealth than their numbers would allow if the resources of the world were shared compassionately among the people of the world. Many Christians, although committed to the lordship of Jesus Christ and solidarity with neighbors are implicated in structural violence.

For a peace church, the problems of dignity denied are complicated in another way. While not condoning violence, how does the peacemaker express love for those who rely on violent means to bring about a better social order? How do we love those who violently oppose any change, violent or nonviolent?

These are questions that are troubling us. I feel quite sure that we are called to peacemaking in repressive situations, but how can we, as members of a peace church and as peacemakers, express love and solidarity for those who are suffering the effects of structural violence? How do we express solidarity for the poor when we are not poor? How can we stand with those who suffer daily from the violence of a system in which they live unless we work for change? I believe that Christians should be at least as diligent in the struggle for justice now as we have been in our refusal to go to war in times past. □

A Pacific Perspective

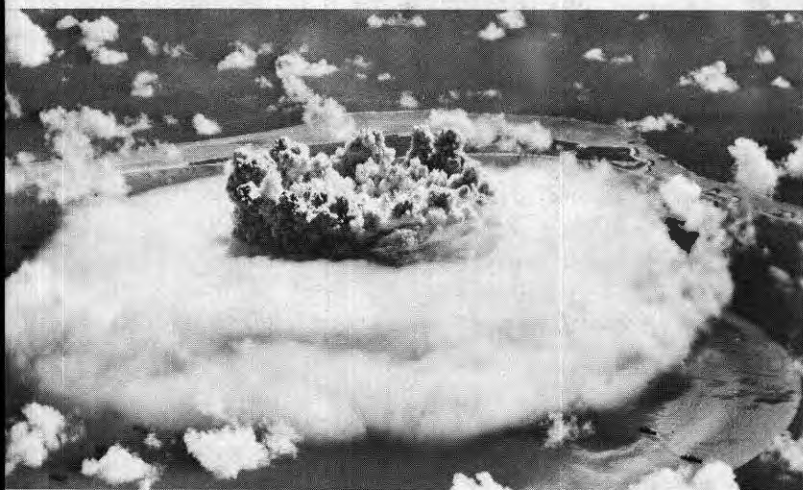
by Peter Jones

The Pacific is being victimized by power politics and strategic developments. The mighty camels are now putting more and more of their heads in the Pacific Islanders' tents. The vast Pacific Ocean and its resources are creating tensions between micro-states of the Pacific and big powers of the world.

Faigame Tagoilelagi, Fiji



Ian Lind/Courtesy of American Friends Service Committee



U.S. Air Force

(Top) A group of Hawaiian residents demonstrates in Honolulu against nuclear weapons development;
(Above) "Baker Day" bomb test at Bikini Atoll, 1946

A considerable proportion of Friends in North America live west of the Rockies, but I suspect that most of them find themselves looking east rather than west in terms of Quakerly orientation, as Friends around the Pacific rim are few and far between. Beyond the Americans and Hawaii there are about 2,000 members of the Society of Friends in Australia and New Zealand, and small numbers scattered up the eastern side of the Asian continent from Singapore to Japan. Probably there are a few individual Friends in the Islands—Melanesia, Polynesia and Micronesia—but generally, it is a part of the world that Friends hear little about, although there has been some recent discussion among Pacific Friends about a regional section of the Friends World Committee for Consultation in the area.

Yet it is precisely because the Pacific is so wide and deep, with such a sparse population, that it is becoming increasingly attractive to the larger nations of the world and a crucial area of strategic significance to the two superpowers, the United States and the Soviet Union. Much of the perception of this has come from the Pacific Conference of Churches based in Suva, capital of Fiji, since 1966; and although there are no Friends groups to affiliate with it, Friends in the Pacific rim share many of their concerns.

Since the *Enola Gay* took off from Tinian in Micronesia to drop the atomic bomb on Hiroshima, the Pacific has attracted the nuclear activities of the United States, the Soviet Union, France, Britain and China.

In 1946, the U.S. moved the inhabitants of Bikini Atoll to make way for a series of nuclear tests that lasted until 1958, which has left these Marshall Islanders with a legacy of radiation sickness and contaminated land. Even now the original inhabitants of Kwajalein live in poverty on Ebeye as missiles continue to streak across the Pacific from Vandenberg Air Force Base in California to their atoll, moving them to direct action in July this year when they protested the use of spent uranium fuel as ballast for missiles. U.S. military personnel testified to a Congressional subcommittee this year of their need to retain Kwajalein, despite their admission that the people don't want them there after 1981, when the islanders are

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supposed to have the right to self-determination.

U.S. nuclear-powered and nuclear-armed warships roam the Pacific, and are now extending their activities even more into the Indian Ocean, in order to protect their oil supplies from dangers from the Arabian Gulf.

Their latest move calls for the establishment of a nuclear dump on one of the uninhabited islands claimed by the United States during the last century, as no one seems to want nuclear waste on the mainland. At the moment, they seem to have their eye on Palmyra in the Line Islands, despite protests from the South Pacific Forum and Hawaii. Other proposals have focused on Johnston Island, Wake, or the Mariana Trench, the deepest gash in the earth's surface, going down to over 35,000 feet.

The Soviet Union has never tested nuclear weapons in the Pacific, but it continues to test missiles there, as well as dumping nuclear waste in the north Pacific Ocean.

Britain started testing nuclear weapons in Australia in 1952, then moved to Christmas Island in the Line Islands, and even loaned the site to the United States after the collapse of the nuclear moratorium in 1961.

France moved to the South Pacific after being ejected from the Sahara by an independent Algeria, and conducted tests in the atmosphere over French Polynesia from 1966 to 1974. Since then it has restricted itself to underground tests. Last year the director of the Centre d'Experimentation du Pacifique announced that he saw the test program continuing indefinitely, although France never actually announces when its tests are taking place, and they have denied all charges of leakages and contamination—including a bad accident in July this year. Protests by Polynesian people have been ignored or repressed.

Fallout from Chinese nuclear tests in the atmosphere continues to drift over the Pacific, and before long China will be testing its new missiles over the ocean.

A British Quaker, Harold Steele, pioneered the beginning of nonviolent direct action against the arms race in the Pacific. His boat never got beyond Tokyo, but the next year several U.S. Friends tried to sail from Honolulu into the Bikini testing area, but were restrained twice by the authorities, and spent time in jail. They inspired Earle Reynolds to sail the *Phoenix*, and later came the voyages of the *Everyman* boats in 1961-62, and the *Greenpeace I* to Amchitka in the Aleutian Islands in 1971.

They gave a precedent to the small boats which sailed into the zone around the French testing area at Moruroa Atoll in the Tuamotu Archipelago of French Polynesia in 1972-73, resulting in the cessation of tests in the atmosphere in 1974, though underground tests have continued to this day. During these protests New Zealand Friends were inspired by a visiting French Quaker to send hundreds of letters to France as part of the international

Janet Charles/Courtesy of American Friends Service Committee



Doug Harris/Courtesy of American Friends Service Committee



(Top) The Japanese contingent of the Continental Walk, in Washington, DC 1976;

(Above) The U.S.S. Haddo, a nuclear submarine, cuts through small craft attempting to blockade Auckland Harbour, New Zealand, in a protest against the intrusion of nuclear weapons into the area, January 1979

campaign to stop the tests.

More recently, a number of Friends have been actively involved in the "Peace Squadron" in New Zealand, either with the protest fleet in Auckland, or in support actions around the country. The Peace Squadron came into existence to protest the U.S. nuclear-powered warships which started to visit New Zealand harbors in 1976, after the defeat of the Labor government, which had banned them. Protests against similar nuclear visits to Australia have been far more low-key, as the main objection there is to the existence of a number of U.S. military bases scattered around the country, and to the mining of uranium, especially where it affects Aborigine land in the Northern Territory. (Australia has an estimated seventeen percent of known world reserves, and eighty-three percent of this is on or near Aborigine land in the Northern Territory.) However, state Labor governments in New South Wales and South Australia have continued the ban on uranium mining and nuclear visits to their ports.

Friends peace committees in both Australia and New Zealand have given their support to the idea of a nuclear weapons-free zone in the Pacific, which would prohibit further nuclear tests, the presence of nuclear weapons and nuclear-powered warships, missile tests, and the dumping of nuclear waste. The zone would be adjacent to the nuclear-free zone in Antarctica to the south and Latin America to the east, and would reach as far north as the equator, plus the U.N. Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands (Micronesia), administered by the United States since 1947. It would include Australia, and would thus be adjacent to the proposed Indian Ocean zone of peace, although the recent plans for U.S. naval expansion into the Indian Ocean to protect its oil supplies may prove a blow to the hopes of the states who have been pressing for such a zone.

Since the demise of the Labor governments in Australia and New Zealand at the end of 1975, the initiative for a nuclear-free Pacific has been taken up by the Pacific Conference of Churches. In 1975 they convened a conference for a nuclear-free Pacific in Suva, with participants from over twenty countries, including the west coast of Canada and the U.S. The Pacific Peoples Action Front came out of this conference, and helped the Pacific Conference of Churches convene a second conference for a Nuclear-free Pacific and Decolonization in the Pacific at Ponape in the eastern Caroline Islands (Micronesia) in October-November, 1978. The nuclear activities of the United States and France continue because of their colonial possessions in the Pacific being maintained for this purpose, with the U.S. doubling the offense, as Micronesia is a U.N. Trust Territory, which they took over from Japan at the end of the Second World War. (Japan had inherited it as a League of

Nations mandate after Germany's defeat in the First World War, and prior to the late nineteenth century, the islands had been a Spanish possession.)

When Henry Kissinger was reminded in 1975 that the U.S. was supposed to be preparing the islands for independence, he commented: "Who gives a damn about 90,000 people?" Already the Northern Marianas have been bought off to become a commonwealth territory of the United States, with the vital military facilities on Tinian and Saipan. Guam is geographically part of Micronesia, but the U.S. took it over from Spain in 1898, during the same period of Pacific expansion in which they claimed a number of other islands in the Pacific like Wake, Midway, Johnston Island, American Samoa, the Southern Line Islands and other disputed islands, as well as annexing Hawaii (and temporarily the Philippines).

Besides being concerned about the "Nuclear Pacific" and decolonization, the Pacific Conference of Churches also worked with the Pacific Life Community in sending delegates from Vanuaaku (New Hebrides), Fiji, and Tinian to a lobby for a nuclear-free Pacific in Ottawa in 1977, where they were assisted financially and with accommodation by Canadian Friends. Two Friends from Australia also took part in the lobby.

During the next decade, the Pacific will emerge as a key area of political, economic and strategic significance. Forty-three percent of U.S. commerce crosses the Pacific, which is also emerging as a key energy basin, with China and Mexico as new, large-scale potential suppliers, and the U.S. and Japan as primary consumers. Seabed mining and fishing are also emerging as new areas for investment and production in the Pacific, besides land-based mining and oil potential in Melanesia and off the coast of Southeast Asia.

Strategically, the deployment of the first ten Trident submarines from their base at Bangor, Washington, after 1981, signifies the emergence of a contest for nuclear submarine superiority between the U.S. and the Soviet Union in the Pacific, with the people of the Pacific having what one Australian paper referred to as "a ringside seat."

For these reasons, we hope that those of you who are concerned about such developments will not forget those of us who live in and around the Pacific, and we welcome increased contact and support from you in the years ahead. □

Contact: *Pacific Conference of Churches*, P.O. Box 208, Suva, Fiji; *Micronesia Support Committee*, 1212 University Avenue, Honolulu, HI 96822; *Environment and Peace Information Centre*, Box 5890, Auckland, New Zealand; *Friends Peace Committee*, c/o Friends Centre, 119 Devonshire Street, Surry Hills, NSW 2010, Australia; *Friends Peace Committee*, 5 Domett Street, Christchurch, New Zealand.

YEARLY MEETING REPORT

New England

New England Yearly Meeting held its 319th annual session at Wheaton College in Norton, Massachusetts, August 13-18, 1979, with more than 500 in attendance, the largest in its history. This yearly meeting was a moving, growing, expanding, enlightening experience.

Our days began with early morning worship, either silent or singing, at 7:15. After breakfast, Kara Cole, administrative secretary of Friends United Meeting, explored concepts of the kingdom of God and their relationship to Quakerism. Worship-sharing groups met for an hour before the morning business sessions. After lunch, workshops on such varied subjects as the draft, war tax refusal, family relationships, economic issues, vocations, education, study of the prophets, and the creative use of silence held the interest of their participants.

Evenings were spent in business sessions or hearing invited speakers. Edwin Hinshaw, in his talk, "Few Are Guilty, All Are Responsible," urged us to consider our individual place and purpose in the world. Julie Forsythe and Tom Hoskins of AFSC, recently returned from Southeast Asia, brought our renewed attention to the suffering peoples of that desperate region. Marjorie Swann of AFSC and George Bliss of FCNL shared an evening in which they presented their organizations' respective "Priorities for Building a Nonviolent Society."

During the course of the business sessions the *Faith and Practice* Revision Committee proposed that a new draft be prepared by 1982, using the form of London's *Christian Faith and Practice*, incorporating New England's "peculiar history," with a new section on usage and practice.

The State of Society report presented by Ministry and Counsel provoked more

interest and comment than usual in reaction to what seemed to some Friends an implied complacency and lack of forward movement.

Due to the hard work put in by many local meetings throughout the year, aided by the Peace and Social Concerns Committee, a number of issues were already well understood. The establishment of a New England Yearly Meeting Peace Tax Fund was approved. Recognizing that each of us must find our own way in this matter, the new fund is seen not as a general call to Friends to resist paying war taxes but specifically to help and to hold in the Light those Friends who are moved to do so. The fund will be administered by the Committee on Sufferings, which came into being last year to support Friends who are devoting a major portion of their time and energies to work for peace. Other ways of implementing the New Call to Peacemaking were discussed. Minutes on the draft, on capital punishment, and on the plight of the "boat people" were approved and copies sent to state and national representatives. Closer connections between AFSC and peace and social concerns committees are being pursued.

Three representatives from Friends Committee for Gay and Lesbian Concerns asked NEYM to send two delegates to their conferences, and this request was approved, after some discussion of what has been an underground issue in this yearly meeting for some two years. Two very open and clarifying informal discussion sessions were held with these visitors, at the request of other attenders.

A group of young adult Friends asked for recognition by the yearly meeting as an entity which would help bridge the gap which sometimes exists between the Young Friends program and full participation in meeting business and activities. Since the expressed desire of this group (which already exists, in fact) is to channel energies into the Society of Friends which may too easily be dispersed elsewhere, they were encouraged by the setting up of a one-year budgeted exploratory committee of their own.

Committees met, of course, all around the clock, and just in case you didn't have anything else to do, there were those informal conversations, discussions, games, etc., going on all over the campus at all hours. Meals were times of joyful reunions. An atmosphere not only of concern for the issues which

engage us all but also of individual loving and caring, perhaps expressed best by Young Friends but felt by many not-so-young, was summed up in that closing circle. A Friend who had prayed for openness at the beginning of the conference said at the end that she felt her prayer had been answered.

Martha Gordon

CONFERENCES

World Conference on Religion and Peace

Representatives from Buddhist, Christian, Confucianist, Hindu, Jain, Jewish, Muslim, Shinto, Sikh, Zoroastrian, and other religions gathered at Princeton Theological Seminary recently for the Third Assembly of the World Conference on Religion and Peace (WCRP). WCRP is a non-governmental organization that began about ten years ago which focusses its attention on disarmament, economic and social justice, human rights and religious freedom, and conflict resolution.

The Third Assembly was a large and diverse conference; more than 300 persons were present and forty-seven countries were represented. Even within the group of Christians present, there was a great diversity theologically and geographically, the viewpoint of the Latin American Christians differing from the African Christians, etc. There was a large delegation from Japan which included a staff of Japanese/English translators. We were particularly excited that multi-religious delegations from the People's Republic of China and from the Soviet Union as well as other Eastern Bloc countries were able to attend.

The conference was basically an educational process. To develop the theme of "Religion and the Struggle for World Community," we spent much of our time interacting in commissions and seminars dealing with International Economic Justice, International Security, Human Rights, Peace Education, Strengthening our Spiritual Dimensions,

and Multi-Religious Dialogue and Action in Conflict Situations. The support of having a common objective helped us as we tried to overcome our differences in approach, language, and even thought patterns. My own exposure to many of the other religions had been minimal before the conference, so I welcomed the chance to try to learn from the insights of other religious traditions. I found the experience exciting and frustrating. There were moments of real excitement when barriers to understanding came down and insight and the appreciation of the truth of another person became apparent. This happened in a moving way for some participants who are deeply involved in the Middle East, for example. In one case a Muslim and a Jew started talking to each other, rather than at each other. In another case a Christian showed great sensitivity to a Jew's position and affirmed him as a person, while at the same time confronting him with a different position in a clear, but loving, manner. It was this type of sensitivity which was nurtured and grew at the conference.

Other moments of excitement were when I realized how much my own thinking is constricted by the language and culture I know.

The slowness of the educational process made it frustrating as well. Most of our time was spent on defining the problems which were of concern to us and not enough time was spent on developing courses of action that would build on the strength of our multi-religious basis. Part of the reason for this is that we were not familiar with the other religions and, adding to that the diverse backgrounds of the participants, we needed to spend most of the time getting to know each other.

The main document of the conference was the Princeton Declaration, which was accepted by general agreement and incorporated our thinking on peace, a just international economic order, nuclear and conventional disarmament, human rights, environment and energy crisis, and education for peace. I was pleased, but somewhat surprised in view of the Roman Catholic position on the "just war" and the Muslim position on "defensive war," when there was general agreement in the Princeton Declaration to saying "no to any kind of war between nations or peoples." The Princeton Declaration and the reports of the commissions and seminars will be available from the World Conference on Religion and Peace, 777 United Nations

Plaza, New York, NY 10017, USA. Other Friends at the conference were Ingeborg Jack (staff of WCRP), Nancy Shelley (Australian Yearly Meeting), and Shirley Tuttle (Friends General Conference).

Dale Hess
representing Friends World
Committee for Consultation

Junior Friends

The following report comes from the 1979 Junior Friends Conference, gathered outside of Philadelphia.

It is truly a gathered meeting. Benches are filled with happy children. Most of them have run to meeting this morning, eager to start this day in this very special way.

They are a remarkable group. Three years ago, they came as if to join us in worship. Now they come as if we will join them. It is their meeting and they know it. Thoughtfully they settle down and the quiet begins. Time passes and then the first small child speaks, then another and another. The messages are real and very meaningful to us all. Some are the most sincere I have ever heard. Nothing is prepared, it comes from their hearts and it is evident that they have caught the true meaning of Quaker worship. They understand it, appreciate



Photos by Alice M. Wetherill

it, and we know that it is safely planted in the next generation of Friends.

Fifty-eight young children and a dozen young people play, cuddle, giggle, sing, study and worship together for five days. Indeed what a privilege it is to be with them.

After meeting, as we are leaving, a small hand is slipped into mine and I look to see a tiny girl, with big brown eyes, smiling but drawing back my hand. The time is now, take it, she is ready. Instead of leaving, we find a corner to be alone together for a little bit. Slowly and painfully she whispers, "My grand-



mother died." The words tumble out along with the hurt that she is feeling. I listen, I hold her and give her words that I hope will comfort, gentle words and shared tears. We hug each other and are quiet. She smiles at last and we leave meeting together, each happier and stronger than before.

Alice M. Wetherill

FRIENDS AROUND THE WORLD

According to Martyn Bond, writing in *Around Europe*, the newsheet of the Quaker Council for European Affairs, slow but steady progress is being made in changing the ideal of European community into a fact, despite press reports of "deadlocks," "walkouts," and "talk failures." Behind the facade of ministers' meetings and official confrontations taking place in the glare of world publicity (which often stresses the sensational, usually on the negative side), common standards in industrial, social, regional and professional areas are quietly being achieved with no fanfare and only brief press notice. The author of the *Around Europe* article, "Why is News from Brussels Always Bad?" blames sensation-seeking readers even more than the sensation-supplying press, if they are "more interested in the clash than the construction."

Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting has favored *Friends Journal* with a copy of a letter sent to the President, senators and members of Congress from southwestern Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky strongly opposing any form of draft for military service in this country. It would, they said, "be but another step toward war." They added that they were prepared to support those who follow the leadings of their conscience in opposing regimentation and war.

From London comes a request for any information pertaining to whatever work "the Society of Friends... may have done during the great hunger in Ireland during the last century."

Oliver M. McGoe, of 27 Sycamore Court, West End Lane, London N.W. 6, is engaged in writing a thesis on this subject and has already inserted notices in several Irish newspapers. However, he feels that Friends on this continent "may have been told of this work by their grandparents" and if so, he would greatly appreciate hearing from them.

The Newsletter of University Friends Meeting (Seattle) quotes lexicographer Wilfred Funk, who, after having sifted through thousands of words in the English language, has chosen ten which he considers the most beautiful on the basis of meaning and musical arrangement of their letters. They are: Hush, Lullaby, Murmuring, Tranquil, Mist, Luminous, Chimes, Golden, Melody and Dawn. "Now," asks the newsletter, "who can use them in one poem making some kind of poetic sense?"

Twenty-five Friends recently came together at Chester (PA) meetinghouse to discuss the threatening peacetime draft. Two factors which make young people vulnerable this year emerged: 1) conscription quotas for every county in the country and plans for a one-day massive registration are already set; 2) starting with the induction notice, the government will allow only a ten-day period to file a conscientious objector claim.

In continuing draft opposition, it was recommended to:

- Encourage mothers to inform young people about conscription.
- Convince public school administrators to include alternatives to military service in recruitment programs.
- Encourage all Friends meetings to develop private voluntary service programs for young people. This is a positive step, since Friends take a stand against compulsory forms of service, whether military or civilian.
- Make conscientious objector forms available to monthly meetings and record statements of C.O. intentions for individuals in the larger community. (Forms available from Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors [CCCCO], 2208 South Street, Philadelphia, PA 19146; phone: 215-545-4626.)

The World Peace Tax Fund Bill was reintroduced by Representative Ronald Dellums in the House on July 20 as H.R. 4897; the same bill as S.880 in the Senate by Senators Mark Hatfield and Mike Gravel on April 4.

Endorsed by the national bodies of the Unitarian-Universalist Association, the United Methodist Church, the United Church of Christ, the Roman Catholic Church, the Church of the Brethren, the Mennonites, and the Religious Society of Friends, this bill provides the legal alternative for taxpayers morally opposed to war that the military portion of their taxes would go into the WPTF to be used for a national peace academy, retraining of workers displaced from military production, disarmament efforts, international exchanges and other peace-related purposes; alternatively for non-military government programs.

The bill has been referred to the House Ways and Means Committee.

Quaker Concern, publication of the Canadian Friends Service Committee, has the following to say about our World Peace Tax Fund Act: "[It] has been reintroduced into Congress and the Senate, and a Seminar/Visitation was held in April, 1979. Representatives were visited to seek their support for the act. Thousands of letters and postcards were sent to members and many meetings held across the country as well as slide-tape shows, television and radio programs. Newspaper coverage was also good. The U.S. government is beginning to act in response."

Let us hope.

To the accompaniment of autoharp and guitar music, forty-six people met and consulted with each other in a three-day conference of the Quaker Theological Discussion Group (QTDG) held at Malone College, Canton, Ohio. Sixteen yearly meetings were represented.

A few of the ideas discussed may be gleaned from the brief reports available. Two papers, "The Everlasting Gospel Proclaimed by George Fox" and "John 15 and Its Community," were presented by Dean Freiday and Doug Gwyn respectively. Reactions to these brought out the recognition that Friends meetings today are no longer primary communities for their members. How, then, to achieve greater unity with one's own group and with others? How to

become more accountable to oneself, one another or others? How to overcome spiritual and intellectual sloth which often masquerades as tolerance?

In an effort to provide answers to these and similar questions, preparation of "short-term study courses for adults, combining solid theological content with workable educational methods" was urged, and a committee consisting of Ruth Pitman, Canby Jones and Vail Palmer appointed to work on material for a pilot project.

The subject (theme) of the 1980 QTDG Conference will be "Sin, Perfection and the Faithful Community." Date and place have yet to be determined.

A "bilingual, bicultural, binational learning community for peacemakers" is the characterization given to *El Colegio de Paz*, which Claremont (CA) Friends and the Sonora Association of Friends are interested in developing cooperatively near the U.S.-Mexico border.

A meeting on or about December 28, 1979, at Hermosillo (Sonora) is being planned for anyone interested in helping organize a founding and support association for the new *Colegio*. Envisioned as combining features of Pendle Hill, Friends schools and the folk high schools established throughout Scandinavia, the new center will stress such features as equality, simplicity, self-sufficiency, work-and-study in a spiritual atmosphere.

The nontraditional outlook toward learning "will be directed toward enhancing intercultural understanding and imparting skills needed for overcoming the rural poverty [which is] pushing the people of rural communities into the urban poverty of over-burdened cities wholly dependent upon external resources."

Requests for further information or contributions toward a "sharing fund" may be addressed to: El Colegio de Paz, c/o Claremont Friends Meeting, 727 West Harrison St., Claremont, CA 91711.

It took a joint statement endorsed by some thirty-five Protestant, Catholic, Eastern Orthodox and Jewish leaders to reply realistically to President Carter's July address on the nation's economic problems.

"Given the structure of our society,

there is always the danger that the rich and comfortable will go on their way undisturbed, while the poor, the disadvantaged, the politically weak will suffer cutbacks in the very necessities of life....

"[The] commitment to the common good which has characterized our people in other times is vanishing, leaving in its wake an unhealthy preoccupation with individual interests....

"There can be no hanging back, no waiting for others to carry the load, no naive expectation that our problems will be solved by technology and money only....

"We pray and trust," concluded the statement, "that God will inspire us all to follow a more modest way of life, free from dependency on luxuries mistaken for necessities...."

These excerpts from the statement are complemented by two brief observations by Cardinal Terence Cooke and Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum, both of New York. Said Cardinal Cooke: "It's important not that we have more but that we be more." And Rabbi Tanenbaum: "The quality of life is not going to be determined by the quantity of life."

After long and intensive searching, the Quaker Council for European Affairs has appointed Brian and Pat Stapleton as Quaker Representatives in Brussels. They will enter upon their duties in January, 1980. For these they have a full background of previous experience, including social and community work in East London, and later in rural development work in Denmark, Cameroun and Nigeria, where Brian is now director of the department of adult education at the University of Maiduguri. On a recent visit to Brussels, they expressed primary interest in race relations and the problems of migrant workers, but hope also to be able to make a contribution in "outreach work based on the bedrock of Quaker concerns within the framework of the European community and its agencies."

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.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Abortion Needed in Year of the Child

All abortions performed by competent doctors in accredited hospitals are "therapeutic." It is only back alley and coat hanger abortions that are "non-therapeutic." So when I read in Gardiner Stillwell's article (FJ 6/1/79) that he is "against war, the death penalty and nontherapeutic abortions" I thought, "Thank goodness, a sensible article."

But—alas—I read on. It developed that the author calls therapeutic only abortions that are "medically advisable." By this phrase he means, presumably, only those that most doctors would consider necessary for health and life.

How does one answer Friend Stillwell, and Friends like him, when they say that in the interest of "consistency" one can't oppose killing on the battlefield or in the prison death house without also opposing killing of the early-months fetus?

A great deal of trouble comes, it seems to me, from a natural but non-pragmatic yearning for "consistency," the kind of thinking that says, "If this, why not that?" "If this, next thing that." "How can you that, if you can't even this?" etc. Do we not do better to look at each human problem on its actual merits? Is not, indeed, the only consistency Friends need the consistency of the Spirit over the letter, the consistency of love?

Love says to me it is cruel, unchristian, to seek to "judge" and punish illicit or careless or unlucky sex by requiring women and girls to carry, bear, and perhaps raise to adulthood unwanted children. Love says bringing unwanted children into a crowded world puts back rather than advances the building of the kingdom of heaven on Earth, which is our task, or at least a central part of it.

Does not love say, also, that it is our duty to love God not only with all our hearts and all our strength but with all

our minds? Is it not mindless to ignore the devastating effects on the whole Creation of the geometric progression of the population explosion?

Luckily, most unwanted babies *become* wanted. Nevertheless, studies show that today it is invariably the (totally alive and sentient) children who were unwanted who undergo the Amnesty International-level tortures of being neglected and abused. In this 1979 Year of the Child does not love demand that children should not be born unless they are wanted?

Betty Stone
Supply, NC

Hedging on Abortion

Friends still seem to have difficulty with the abortion problem, and I believe will continue to do so until they can face the central issue head on. Friends who do approve of abortion can come to grips with the central issue when they can say that there are some circumstances under which they approve of the destruction of human life. Anything short of this is hedging.

Francis W. Helfrick, M.D.
Manchester, CT

More Dialogue on Abortion Needed

As a practicing Catholic and a long time subscriber to *Friends Journal*, I am pleased that another area is being explored that has had similar concerns for Roman Catholics. I am speaking of abortion.

In the past, Catholics and Friends have had common concerns for peace movements, racial justice, help for the poor, and even theological and philosophical commitments to contemplation, the inner light in all persons, and the oneness in being with God. Such common commitments have been aired in the *Journal*.

Before the present editorship, the subject of abortion was strangely absent. In fact, a few years ago a Quaker official told me he was pro-abortion!

How can one be *pro*-abortion? I can understand the resistance to compulsory pregnancy for an unfortunate teenager, victim of rape or incest, or a mature woman whose health and responsibility to her present circumstances circumvent a birth for now; but to assume an

amoral stance, no matter what the level of fetal development, nor how capricious or frivolous the reason, and for a Religious Society of Friends, Catholics or any believers in God or humanity to take no position: this has always surprised me, with Quakers especially.

It pleases me to see the subject bruited about at least without establishing rigid moral confines—but then it can't *always* be moral although sometimes justified or understandable. Certainly the war in Vietnam was different morally than World War II. Justifiable violent self-defense differs from capital punishment.

The Catholic Bishops have spoken against capital punishment as they finally did against the Vietnam War, the draft, and for a place for conscientious objection, all belatedly, something like the Friends have with abortion.

Certainly some abortions where humanity is patently present, and the fetus is exterminated by drowning in saline solutions, drawn and quartered by a spoon-like cutter, or allowed to gasp to death like a fish out of water, with no attempt to stimulate the life processes (the only way to test viability) is a homicide-like omission or commission. Even a baby who has come to term sometimes needs to be stimulated, and some prematures are incubated. So when is a fetus human, and the responsibility to preserve its life present?

To say that humanity begins at birth and not before is like saying humanity began with Adam and Eve and not with prehistoric humans. We don't know exactly *when* the fetus is human nor when the first humans evolved. But to make an assertion of positive implications in order to appease theologic myth or ideologic myth-making when we don't know, is not dealing with the problem with intellectual honesty. We need much more dialogue.

A Catholic Witness

The Connection

Thanks much for publishing Sally Rickerman's excellent article on the very real connection between Quakers and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. As a member of the Wider Quaker Fellowship and WILPF, I have often noticed this connection and rejoiced in it.

Frances E. Layer
Mesa, AZ

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THOMAS A. WOOD
Headmaster





The Connection

It was a delight to read Sally Rickerman's article, "A Quaker Connection," in the August 1-15 issue, especially having attended the WILPF biennial in Santa Cruz, California, where the connections were strongly felt and expressed. Friends and WILPFers do indeed many times wear two hats.

I think it is fascinating to realize that the two groups work together structurally at many levels. The ties are more evident perhaps at the local meeting and branch level, but the national WILPF office in Philadelphia permits interchange with Quaker activities in that city. Also, the legislative office in Washington relates to many of the working groups that the Friends Committee on National Legislation supports. WILPF U.N. observers in New York City know their Friends World Committee for Consultation colleagues very well, for having worked closely at the time of the U.N. Special Session on Disarmament, just to mention one

example. In Geneva the same close rapport characterizes the relationships between the two organizations.

Many Friends in the United States, especially in the northeast, will have the opportunity, if they are also WILPF members, of participating in the International Triennial to be held in Connecticut, August 20-24, 1980—days for celebrating and extending the network of women and men working for peace and justice.

Judy Hinds
Montclair, NJ

Hull House to Quaker House!

In "A Quaker Connection" (between Friends and WILPF), Sally Rickerman writes (FJ 8/1-15/79) that Jane Addams invited the "fledgling" Fifty-seventh Street Meeting of Chicago to hold its meetings for worship at Hull House in that city. This kind invitation to, and its grateful acceptance by, the Central Executive Meeting of Chicago occurred

in 1925, six years before the founding of the meeting on Fifty-seventh Street, which united Friends General Conference and Five Years elements at the local level for the first time (or does Florida Avenue Meeting claim precedence?).

Jeannette Flitcraft Stetson was working at Hull House in those days: first as a Girl Scout leader, next conducting typewriting classes, and later as Jane Addams' private secretary. The life of Central Executive Meeting there (1925-1931) is described in a sixty-four-page quarter-century history, published in 1956 by the Fifty-seventh Street Meeting, of its three component parts. The editorial preface to that history is subjoined.

The forerunners of Chicago's Fifty-seventh Street Meeting of Friends are three—two strands with one drawstring!

These two strands, which, by 1931, had interlaced each other as the warp and woof in this new fabric of united Quakerism, were spun from mutually attracted threads in previously opposite patterns of two local Friends groups: Chicago Monthly Meeting (Five Years) and Central Executive Meeting (General Conference).

Drawing these two strands together was a third Quaker group, gathered independently in Hyde Park, with individual memberships in one or the other "branch" of Friends locally represented by the established urban meetings above named. With this convergence of strands loomed the Fifty-seventh Street Meeting of Friends, whose first quarter-century of history is here covered. . . .

Harold W. Flitcraft
Oak Park, IL

Increasing Our Capacity for Compassion

Stephen Angell's moving account of the Spengelink execution in Florida (FJ, 9/1-15) should sensitize Friends everywhere to an issue we all wish would go away.

It is not likely to go away soon. The general threshold of horror was probably permanently lowered during the Vietnam war, followed by an ever-escalating parade of weapons build-ups. The capacity for compassion, present in every human being, has had little chance for expression. Even the most sensitive may well conclude that the most

practical course is to build up defenses against feeling pain, rather than to work to eliminate legalized (and publicly supported) murder.

Let us hope our Society of Friends will not reach this point of ultimate complacency. Stephen Angell's article is a most welcome prod in the right direction.

Jean Putnam
Melrose, MA

Appreciation of *Friends Journal*

I've been meaning to write for some time, but what really pushed me into doing it was the impact of the October 1 issue of the *Journal*. It is so beautifully done, yes, from an aesthetic point of view (the photography on the cover and in the AFSC articles, the really arresting woodcut in the lead article, the typography and layout, clear and potent), but of course in the content of the articles and quality of writing. I want to add my bit to help you *know for sure* what a great service to searching and concerned Friends (small "f" too!) you all are rendering. That sounds simply functional, to put it that way, but what you are doing, how you are being read and heard, goes well beyond that in penetrating our lives, speaking to our condition. Please accept our deep thanks to you and your colleagues.

William S. Flash
Chapel Hill, NC

Keeping the Quaker Message Alive—Which Method?

In reading Kenneth Boulding's "Toward a Rethinking of the Quaker Message" (FJ 10/1/79), I was struck by the aloofness of the bio-logic rhetoric, the elitism of the scientific world view, and the intellectual handling of the basically mysterious human spirit in this call for a more "reasoned," or "practical" Quakerism of the twenty-first century. The similarities between science and Quakerism, as real as they are, fail to point out the basic difference between the intuitive approach of subjective experience (as the crux of the spiritual element of Quaker life, the importance of which is certainly not to be found in its being "so patterned and structured that it becomes impossible to dismiss it as illusion") and the lobotomization and alienating influence of scientific specialism whose truth has been found too often in the mechanical disintegration of vague organic patterns into tight statistical packages, and whose past and present-day practices result in material overabundance, spiritual anemia, and technocratic power politics.

The question must be raised: was the Quaker message *thought* out—that is, constructed under the auspices of hyper-rational critical analysis, to begin with; or did it grow out of a particular historical situation as that time required it—as our time in its own way requires it—in an elusive, flowering way? Which method will better help keep the Quaker

message alive—rethinking it, or continually creating it from the wellsprings of collective worship and the personal confrontation of the world's and our problems?

Rick Howard
French Creek, WV

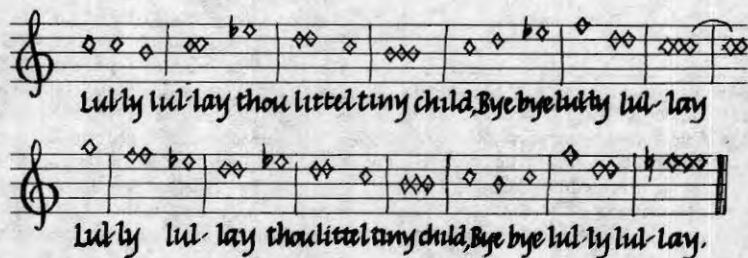
Illustrating the Importance of Breast Feeding

In reading the October 15 *Friends Journal*, I noticed the small sketch beside the birth announcements. Would it not be better to have the illustration of a mother breast feeding her baby rather than bottle feeding? There is much medical evidence for the importance and value of breast feeding over bottle feeding of babies.

In addition, many are concerned about the campaign of international food corporations to promote bottle feeding in Third World countries. While many of the problems of infectious disease and malnutrition associated with bottle-fed babies in Third World countries are not a problem in our more affluent homes, it still makes medical and psychological sense to promote, wherever possible, the feeding of babies with food which best fills the nutritional, immunological, and psychological needs of the baby.

Barbara D. Hays
Pittsburgh, PA

ANNOUNCEMENTS



Steven Finc

Births

Cabrera—On September 30, 1979, *Patricia Cabrera* to Ivan and Silvia Cabrera in Bogota, Colombia. The child's father, a medical doctor, attended Pendle Hill for a term three years ago.

Kimbell—In Pasadena, CA, on September 9, 1979, to Millicent Cox and Larry Kimbell, *Richard Sterling Kimbell*. The mother and members of her family are members of Honolulu (HI) Meeting. Richard, named for his two grandfathers, is descended from a long line of Friends, including several Richard Coxes in eighteenth century North Carolina.

Calligraphic Art

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Richard—On September 30, 1979, *Daniel Coy Richard* to Stephen Barrett and Dawn Coy Richard of Genesee, PA, both members of Middletown Monthly Meeting, Lima, PA.

Seeley—On June 18, 1979, *Laura Jane Seeley* to Bob and Ruth Seeley, members of Plymouth (PA) Meeting. Paternal grandmother is Marjorie Seeley of Plymouth Meeting, maternal grandparents are Geoffrey and Stella Ward of Amblesdie Meeting in England.

Marriages

Brink-Robey—On October 13, 1979, under the care of the Chena Ridge (AK) Friends Meeting, at Corapolis, PA, *Karen Brink* and *Dan Robey*.

Brosius-Lechner—On August 26, 1979, at Westtown (PA) Meeting, *Karen Ruth Lechner* of Pennsburg, PA, daughter of C. Donald and Frances P. Lechner and *Mahlon Garrison Brosius III* of West Grove, PA, son of Charles C. and Jane S. Brosius. The couple was married in a ceremony combining the manner of Friends and the Lutheran Church. The bride is a member of the Lutheran Church of Pennsburg and the groom and his parents are members of London Grove (PA) Meeting.

Gallagher-McDaniel—On September 1, 1979, *Susan Bennett Gallagher* and *Robert Stephen McDaniel*, at Mount Horeb Presbyterian Church, under the care of the Lexington (KY) Friends Meeting. The bride and her father, Eugene B. Gallagher, are members of the Lexington Meeting. The bride and groom attend the Princeton (NJ) Friends Meeting.

Harrison-Yerkes—On September 8, 1979, at London Grove (PA) Meeting and under its care, *Katherine Webb Harrison* of Hockessin, DE, daughter of Martin Dale and Ruth Anne Webb Harrison, and *John Bastelick Yerkes* of West Chester, PA, son of F. William and Martha H. Yerkes. John and his parents are members of West Chester Meeting.

Deaths

Abrahamson—*Julia Abrahamson*, aged seventy, of Celo, NC, writer, consultant and community development specialist, died at home on October 10, 1979, after a long illness. She had been a member of the Fifty-seventh Street Meeting in Chicago since 1943 and joined the Celo Monthly Meeting after she and her husband, Harry Abrahamson, moved to North Carolina in 1956, becoming members of Celo Community, Inc.

As a research worker and writer for the Julius Rosenwald Fund, Julia Abrahamson worked with Edwin R. Embree, president of the fund, on the production of several books

on American Indians and Afro-Americans. She was one of the founders and executive director of an urban development experiment, the Hyde Park-Kenwood Community Conference in Chicago. Her book on this experience, *A Neighborhood Finds Itself*, was published by Harper & Bros. in 1959.

She also served as staff writer for the American Friends Service Committee report, *Who Shall Live? Man's Control over Birth and Death*.

With her husband, Harry Abrahamson, she carried out numerous assignments for the American Friends Service Committee, including famine relief in India from 1945-47; as directors of an urban community development project in Baroda, India, from 1964-67; and as directors of the International Seminars Program in Singapore during the winter of 1976-77. Short-term fact-finding missions were carried out by the Abrahamsons in the United Provinces and Behar in 1963, in Bangladesh in 1971, and in Baroda in 1977, where they assisted in a project evaluation.

From 1973 to 1974, she was appointed by UNICEF as consultant to the government of Zambia on program development for the upgrading of squatter compounds.

In 1972, Julia Abrahamson was awarded an honorary degree, Doctor of Human Reconstruction, by Wilmington College in Ohio.

Contributions in her memory may be sent to Celo Friends Meeting, designated for the First-day School Building, Route 5, Burnsville, NC 28714, or to Music in the Mountains, Burnsville, NC 28714.

Balderston—On September 9, 1979, *C. Canby Balderston*, a member of Lansdowne (PA) Monthly Meeting, aged eighty-two. C. Canby was retired vice chairman of the Federal Reserve System and former dean of the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania. He wrote many articles and books on business management, industrial relations and central banking.

C. Canby was an active trustee of several institutions, including Friends Hospital and Bryn Mawr College. He received many awards during his lifetime, among them the Medal of Merit, the highest civilian award of the United States for his services during World War II.

Haslam—On October 16, 1979, *Fred Haslam*, aged eighty-three, after a long illness. He was long a member of Toronto Monthly Meeting and a faithful worker for Canadian Yearly Meeting. He helped to establish the Canadian Friends Service Committee and served as its general secretary until 1956. Through this work he contributed to the coming together of the three yearly meetings in Canada to form Canadian Yearly Meeting in 1955. He also served as Canadian representative on AFSC during this time.

From 1960 to 1972, Fred Haslam was secretary-treasurer of Canadian Yearly Meeting and travelled across Canada as extension secretary, visiting meetings and isolated Friends. After his retirement, he continued with visitation work and as a trustee of

Canadian Yearly Meeting. His long interest in Camp NeeKauNis, which he helped to establish, strengthened the camp development.

Fred Haslam acted as Canadian representative on Friends World Committee for Consultation. He also served in the same capacity on the boards of Friends United Meeting.

For many years, he was Friends' representative on the Canadian Council of Churches, and was very active with the Canadian Save the Children Fund.

Hoopes—On October 6, 1979, *W. Penn Hoopes*, at Friends Hall in West Chester, PA, in his 102nd year. He was an active member of New Garden (PA) Monthly Meeting.

He was elected to the Pennsylvania Legislature, serving from 1943 to 1947. *W. Penn* had had an outstanding political career, being elected to such positions as register of wills, school director and secretary, supervisor of New Garden Township and the boro council of Avondale. He was also director of London Grove Building and Loan and Avondale National Bank and served as president of both for fifteen years.

W. Penn Hoopes was an outstanding citizen who won the respect of his many friends, neighbors and acquaintances.

He is survived by one daughter, *Ruth H. Mitchell*, Hockessin, DE.

Lippincott—On October 4, 1979, at Greenleaf Extension, Moorestown, NJ, *Elizabeth Roberts Lippincott*, aged ninety-one. A member of the Moorestown monthly meeting, she attended Swarthmore College and worked for thirty years at the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting office. She had done extensive work in genealogy and conservation and was a member of the Audubon Society.

Elizabeth was the daughter of the late *William T. and Martha R. Lippincott* and is survived by several cousins. Memorial contributions may be made to the American Friends Service Committee, Philadelphia, PA.

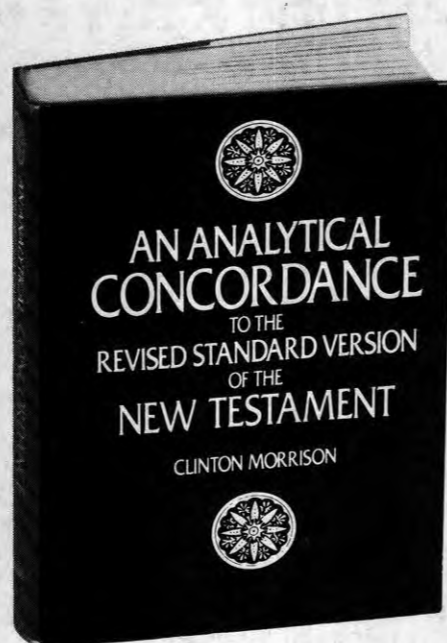
Sieverts—Suddenly, on October 2, 1979, *Helmut Sieverts*, aged seventy-three, in Ithaca, NY. His passing was peaceful; his work, which he enjoyed so much, was fulfilled to the last day.

Soon after he came to this country from Germany in 1938, the *Sieverts* helped establish the Milwaukee Friends Meeting under the care of *Evanston (IL)* Meeting. After moving to Riverton, NJ, they joined Westfield Friends Meeting. In 1957 *Helmut* joined the staff of Cornell University as heating and air conditioning engineer, and transferred membership to the Ithaca meeting. Over the years he served the meeting as committeeman, adviser, trustee, representative and treasurer. He was treasurer at the time of his death. All his services were performed with quiet efficiency.

After his retirement from Cornell he became architects' representative for several new buildings on campus as well as in the city of Ithaca.

He is survived by his wife *Cecilie Sieverts*;

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five children: Frank Arne of Washington, D.C., Steven Henning of Princeton, NJ, and Kati Hanna, Laurie Snyder, and Michael, all of Ithaca; eight grandchildren; a brother, Professor Rudolf Sieverts and his wife Liselotte, of Hamburg, Germany, and several nieces and nephews.

Thom—On May 22, 1979, at the Ashland (OR) Hospital, *W. Taylor Thom, Jr.*, aged eighty-eight. Taylor was a noted geologist and teacher for forty-four years at Princeton University, Princeton, NJ. He worked with the U.S. Geological Survey, based in Washington, D.C., locating coal and oil deposits for the government in several of the western states. He established the geology camp at Red Lodge, MT, which still runs today. At his request, his ashes were buried at the Sandy Spring, MD, Friends Burial Ground in the family plot.

He is survived by his wife, Rachel; two daughters, Elizabeth Bolster of Ashland, OR, and Judith T. Phelps of Homedale, ID; a son, William Taylor Thom III of Dallas, PA; and seven grandchildren.

White—On September 30, 1979, *Marcia Robertson White*, aged twenty, at Orlando, FL, in a private plane crash. Born in St. Petersburg and formerly a member at Housatonic (CT) Meeting, Marcia, an accomplished pilot, was studying at Miami Dade College and the Miami Air Center for a career in aviation.

Marcia had the energy to fulfill her dreams, and this included a special relationship to God and to the many people involved with her life.

She is survived by her parents, Theodora of Montclair, NJ, and Brett of Miami, FL; and three sisters, Kendra and Camela of Berkeley, CA, and Lorna Willis of Medford Lakes, NJ.

A memorial meeting was held at Miami (FL) Friends Meeting on October 12. The advance notice of the meeting began with these poignant lines: *pointing towards the sunlight/ ploughed under by the rain/ lovely sky flower.*

Marcia's ashes were to be scattered by air over the site of her death—"a beautiful area...with its covering of pine trees, palmettos, oak trees and the many hundreds of air plants...."

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