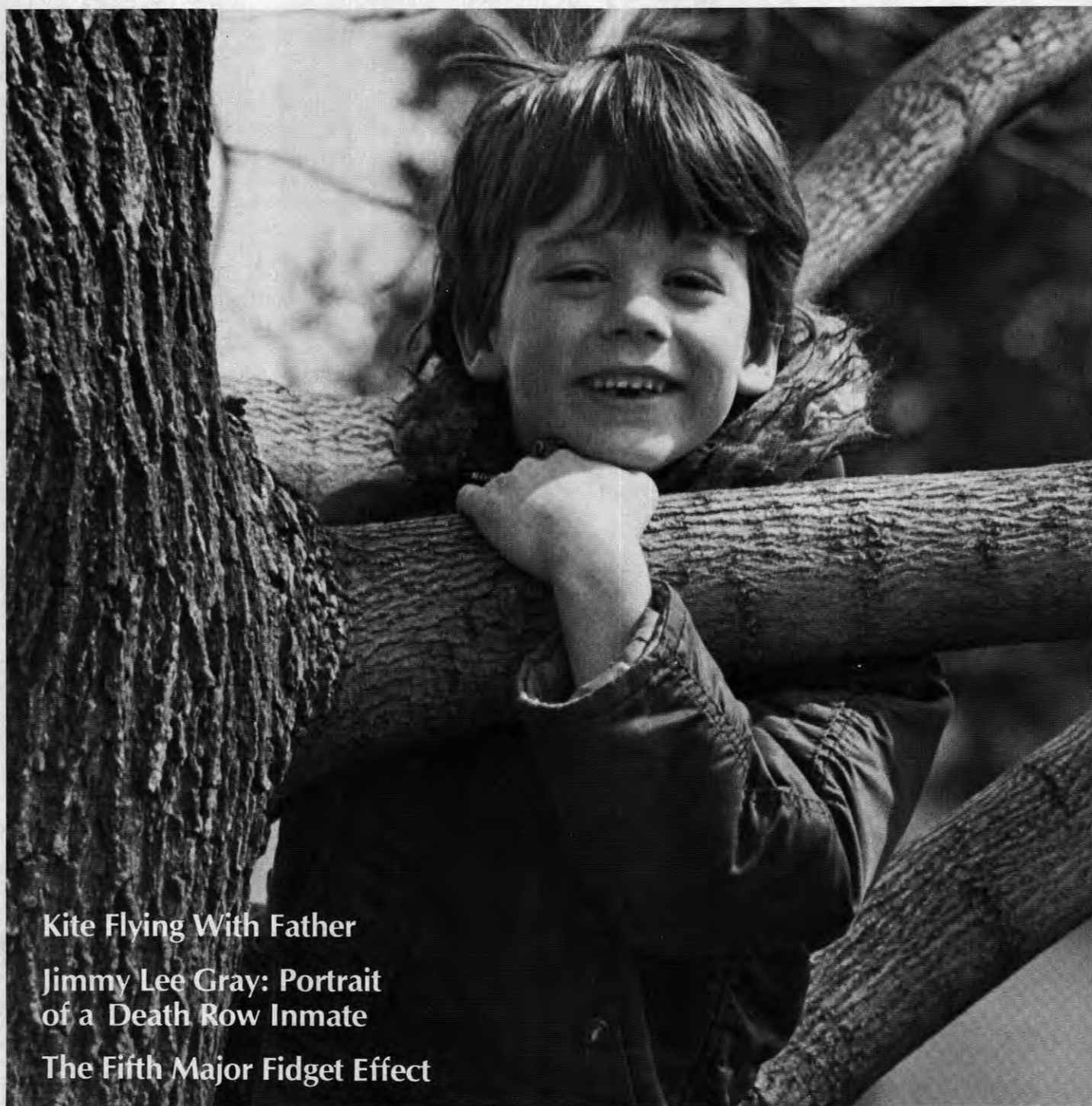


March 15, 1985

# FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker  
Thought  
and  
Life  
Today



Kite Flying With Father

Jimmy Lee Gray: Portrait  
of a Death Row Inmate

The Fifth Major Fidget Effect



# FRIENDS JOURNAL

March 15, 1985

Vol. 31, No. 5

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Cover photo by Kenneth P. Miller.

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FRIENDS JOURNAL (ISSN 0016-1322) was established in 1955 as the successor to *The Friend* (1827-1955) and *Friends Intelligencer* (1844-1955). It is associated with the Religious Society of Friends. It is a member of Associated Church Press.

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\*FRIENDS JOURNAL is published the first and fifteenth of each month (except January, June, July, August, and September, when it is published monthly) by Friends Publishing Corporation, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. Telephone (215) 241-7277. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa.

\*Subscription: United States and "possessions": one year \$12, two years \$23, three years \$34. Add \$4 per year for postage outside U.S. Foreign remittances should be in U.S. dollars or adjusted for currency differential. Single copies: \$1; samples sent on request.

\*Information on and assistance with advertising is available on request. Appearance of any advertisement does not imply endorsement by FRIENDS JOURNAL.

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**Postmaster:** send address changes to FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

## AMONG FRIENDS

### Learning Our ABCs

Ever since I started writing about my children and sharing some of my family experiences, I have been receiving warm responses from readers. It seems that some of my stories about family gatherings at the dinner table and dressing children for school have struck a sympathetic note. Louise R. Wilson of Amherst, Massachusetts, sent me a letter in response to "Silence Among the Coleslaw" (*FJ* 12/1/84) which I would like to share:

It took me back many years to my own active household when my husband, an Amherst College dean, and I were attempting to raise our four children with a sense of "living their faith." We, as you and your wife have done, always held hands in quiet grace before eating—and we all still do when we are reunited as a family. But, like you, the disturbances during the meal were many and the interruptions constant—so we told the children that every morning before they left for school we would have a quiet 15-minute "meeting."

My husband usually read something from Matthew and spoke of it, simply and in short order. We sat in silence—and then my husband offered a prayer. (I well remember one of his was "Our Father, give us something to do for someone else today at inconvenience to ourselves." I would sit there, harried and facing a busy schedule, and say in silence, "Our Father, not ME! I've got enough inconveniences as it is!")

One other thing we did (and I am sure some "weighty" Friend suggested it to us) was to find a Bible verse for every letter of the alphabet:

"And now abideth Faith, Hope, and Charity but the greatest of these is Charity."

"Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God."

"Consider the lilies . . ." etc.

Even now, as middle-aged people, our children love to say, "Give me R," or will ask, "Remember S?"

The children, of course, complained bitterly over our daily "family meeting." You can imagine the remarks: "Why us? Nobody else does it!" "It's dumb, Dad, we don't listen," etc.

But once, after we had left them for three days, the woman overseeing the household reported, "The boys got the little girls to come to meeting every day you were gone." So, like Simeon, they had the message!

\*\*\*

Perhaps some of you would like to finish the alphabet that Louise Wilson has kindly started? You might nominate a few of your favorite verses (please include Bible reference). If we can complete the alphabet, we'll publish them in our Junior Journal.

*Vinton Deming*





# The Fifth Major Fidget Effect

by Michael K. Adams

Drawings by Eileen B. Waring

I have a deep and abiding love for our form of worship. After years of participation and observation I have noticed that one of the major problems of a meeting is knowing exactly when to stop. Stopping too soon can leave a meeting unfulfilled; stopping too late can disrupt the mood of a meeting. Deciding when to end a meeting for worship requires tact and sensitivity and can be one of the more difficult decisions that a Friend can be called upon to make. There is an answer to this problem. The Fifth Major Fidget Effect can help those who use it to end their meetings at the proper time.

The Fifth Major Fidget Effect is based on the fact that people tend to do things together. In a meeting for worship, one person will be thinking, "Oh no! I've got to move my leg! Rotten lousy circulation! How can I do it without disturbing meeting?" Another, "I've got to move! I'll go crazy if I don't move!" And someone else, "There it goes. It's cramping. I knew I shouldn't have tried ten miles yesterday! Knots, the silly things are tying themselves in knots! Please someone make some noise so I can do something about this!" Eventually someone will cough, clear a throat, or try to get the circulation going again, and of course everyone who has saved up a wiggle, a shift, a cough,

a throat clearing, a sleepy foot, a cramping muscle, a yawn, or a cricky neck hurries to relieve it before the noise dies down. This is a major fidget.

Years of observation have demonstrated to me that as a general rule it is time to end a meeting for worship when five major fidgets have occurred. A modicum of tact is still necessary since a particularly hyper group may be ready to break worship after four fidgets, and from time to time a group may require six fidgets.

There should be no difficulty in spotting a major fidget, since minor fidgets are pretty clearly individual efforts to relieve the various small stresses that flesh is heir to, while a major fidget is always a group effort.

There is one important exception to

the Fifth Major Fidget Effect. A heavy-duty meditator does not respond in the same way that normal people do. They assume the lotus position and to all appearances enter a coma until the fifth major fidget occurs, then they breathe again, blink their eyes, and some will even go so far as to unfold their legs. Personally I am of the opinion that even heavy-duty meditators respond to major fidgets, but it might take brainwave studies to prove it. Such research might be valuable, but for the purposes of this article, the mere mention of the phenomenon should be sufficient.

If properly used, the Fifth Major Fidget Effect can lead to more fulfilling, orderly meetings. Our peculiar form of worship is so special that we should use every means available to enhance it. □



*After a 12-year absence, Michael K. Adams went back to college to get a B.S. in horticulture. He hopes to work for development in the Third World. A former clerk of Fayetteville (Ark.) Preparatory Meeting, he is very concerned with outreach.*

# Spring

by Anne Farrer Scott

During the winter of 1982-83, Minneapolis was "bleak and frigid, like on the icy planet of Hoth," or so my son Timothy, then five, told me. I had not seen *The Empire Strikes Back* as he had (twice), but I couldn't help agreeing with him. The world had never before seemed quite so cold and desolate.

Usually winter is, for me, a time of coziness, a time of crocheting and making cocoa for Timothy and his little sister, Elizabeth, when they—cheeks red and noses running—come in from sledding. But that winter was full of great unease. My husband undertook a study of nuclear weapons, and as I sat sewing on buttons, he would read aloud a particularly gruesome statistic. "There are enough of these things to kill each man, woman, and child in the world 49 times," he would say. "Did you know," he would ask (of course I didn't; I didn't want to know), "that this planet spends a million dollars a minute on armaments?" My throat would tighten. I would change the subject and pretend to myself that I hadn't heard.

While my husband pondered missiles, Timothy studied dinosaurs. "Which is the biggest dinosaur?" he would ask. I always forgot. "*Brachiosaurus*." At supper he would inspect his spaghetti and ask, "Could a *Tyrannosaurus rex* eat up our house? Our whole house?" We often talked about how the dinosaurs are gone from the earth. "Why?" asked Timothy, and all my husband and I could say was, "Nobody knows for sure."

In January a dear friend of ours died. "Where is Helen?" Timothy asked. "With God," we said—a flimsy response to someone seeking hard facts, someone wanting geography (Minneapolis? Heaven?), not theology. "How is her body?" he wanted to know. "Still, quiet," we said. "When will she come back to life?" he asked. "She won't," we said. "I do not want to die," he grimly replied.

That winter Timothy drew: dinosaurs, his family, his house, ghosts, sometimes a sky full of bombs dripping

blood. He was, after all, only five years old, and he was not exactly sure how a bomb works. We did not have the heart to tell him.

Beginning in February, Timothy and Elizabeth would press their noses against the living room window and look at the thick snow covering the ground and ask, "Is spring under there?" We said yes. The snow would melt briefly, and though we sometimes saw hints of green, by mid-April our crocuses had been snowed upon three times. We kept telling the children that there were flowers growing in our garden, but after a while they didn't believe us anymore.

At the end of that long winter, that winter that seemed never to end, I was listening to my husband, I was hearing the bad news, I was worrying about my children and their future. I decided to sit in at Honeywell, Inc., a Minneapolis-based manufacturer of cluster bombs and parts for MX and cruise missiles. I was ready to be civilly ("How are you this morning?" I would ask the officer arresting me) disobedient. As it turned out, so were 156 other people.



Anne Farrer Scott is a mother and a writer who formerly practiced law. She is a member of Doylestown (Pa.) Meeting.



On a (finally!) sunny April morning, my husband, my son, and I went to Honeywell. "You are only three," Timothy told Elizabeth, "so you can't go." Elizabeth cannot wait for her fifth birthday, then she, too, will study dinosaurs, draw ghosts, and go to demonstrations.

There were many things at the protest to please Timothy: a good assortment of vehicles (police cars, vans, a school bus); a clown handing out balloons; the balloon itself—fine, big, and pink, with flowers and "love" written on it; lots of police officers with guns ("real guns") in their holsters; much singing and chanting.

I sat with a group of protesters in front of a door and sang: "Like the tree that stands by the water, We shall not be moved." Timothy, puzzled, watched us sing, until, under arrest, we were escorted or carried to a waiting school bus. "What does that song mean?" he asked his father. "It means," his father told him, "that they are being arrested because they won't leave Honeywell's property. They won't change their minds. Even in jail, they'll

still think it's wrong to make bombs." Timothy nodded. This was an explanation that made perfect sense to a little boy who goes to bed each night against his better judgment and who knows what it is to have your body moved but your mind decided otherwise.

Timothy and his father stayed until I was arrested. Timothy looked serious, his eyes were dark, but he liked the demonstration. ("Will there be one to go to tomorrow?" he wanted to know.) He sang "Give Peace a Chance." He worried when a police officer tore down the roses a protester had tied to a Honeywell entrance, but when his balloon popped, a police officer beside him sympathized. "That's the way it is with balloons," he said. "Maybe you can find another one." Timothy did, and when a reporter asked him what he thought of the protest, Timothy opined, "I think they should make balloons and not bombs."

Going to the protest didn't really solve anything. I spent eight days in the Hennepin County Adult Correctional Facility that fall; Honeywell is still mak-

ing weapons; and Timothy has more questions to trouble him than before he left home that April morning ("But *Star Wars* is all right, isn't it?" he asked his father as they left the demonstration). But certainly we feel more hopeful and more brave, and not so uneasy. We had faced our fears and had acted upon them with others. In that action of a community, of love, we found hope, hope to nourish and strengthen us as we try to follow the teaching of William Penn: "Let us then try what love will do: for if men did once see we love them, we should soon find they would not harm us. . . . Force may subdue, but Love gains; and he that forgives first, wins the laurel."

The weekend after the protest, I decided that it was truly spring and time for earnest cleaning, so I gathered up all our woolen clothes for storage. At the dry cleaner's the clerk gave us a receipt for our itchy winter garments, but Timothy told her we didn't need it. "We've got a ticket at home," he explained proudly, "because my mom was arrested at the demonstration." □



William M. Bliss

# Kite Flying With Father



## 1.

Do you, Father, remember  
We plucked reeds from the bamboo thicket  
In the arboretum,

And used them to make a kite  
With a black Octopus embossed  
On the paper?

Its struts were thin,  
Its folds of paper so delicate we thought they'd rip  
In the slightest wind;

We tested the string—  
Drew it in when it became slack, or let it go  
When we felt it tug,

Whenever a breeze rose  
Off the hill, its whining sound  
The sound of a casting lure.

Our Octopus  
Teetered, a giant against the sky,  
Then dipped,

Dove, soared,  
And swooped, threatening to entangle  
In the oak tree.

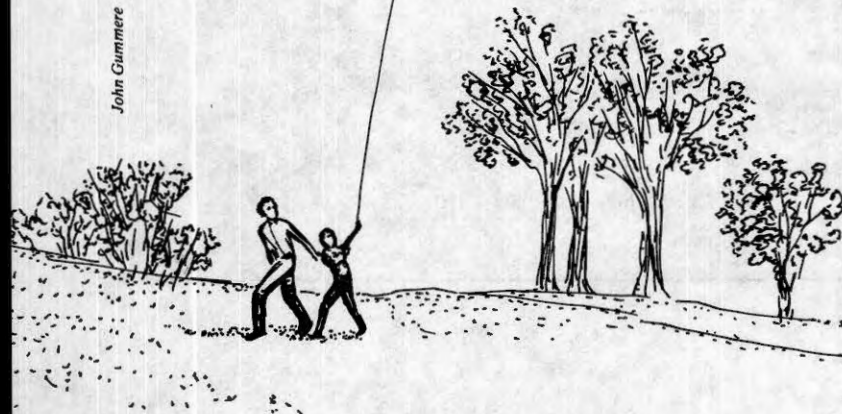
We followed it  
As currents floated it higher  
And we had time

To watch  
Its blurry outline shift slowly  
Against the ground,

Like those figures  
You drew against the screen  
When the slide show was done.

(We waited  
In half-darkness for the projector  
To cool down.)

John Gummere





## 2.

Others soared like us,  
But you and Mom were the keepers of lines  
Attached to our selves;

And when our strings tugged,  
And when the wind fluttered our sleeves,  
You let us go—

You unwound the string  
So we could ride new currents of wind,  
Or you drew us in;

And when evening came,  
We returned to a lightness undulating in,  
Calming all ripples.

(You carried us  
Like those pebbles we found at the beach,  
Pocketed for safekeeping.)

## 3.

I hear fire  
Fall from the mountaintop—  
Gasping red chips,

Blackened wood,  
Tumbling like match sticks  
In the dark.

Rocking on your shoulders,  
Clutching your hair, bristling like mounds of seaweed  
Belched up by the sea,

I see  
Vapors fade into curls, into dusk,  
Mingle with a mist

Rolling over  
The peaks, foreshadowing dew  
In the morning.

(We let out  
Our trolling lines, translucent spears  
Jabbing the dark

To catch silver-throated trout  
Muscling their way toward mountains,  
Toward clearer waters . . .)

## 4.

And now my string's invisible.  
What tugs me now are memories,  
Fears, desires;

Father, your temples gray,  
You will die some day, like everyone,  
But when the time comes,

You will be ready,  
Like the gull, for the tide  
To wash you away.

(Like stones  
In a river bed, I disintegrate  
At the thought  
You too will die some day.)

## 5.

Now we watch our Octopus  
Swim slowly across the sky,  
A bit of newsprint

Undulating with the tide—  
The weight of our line draws it down,  
And the sky darkens;

Before evening comes,  
Our kite settles, like a leaf,  
Between your hands;

By the azaleas you planted  
When each of us was born,  
We walk towards home . . .

## 6.

How apt your name, Endo,  
"Wisteria, far away" . . .  
Pale blossom floating

On a distant mountainside.

—Russell Susumu Endo



A QUAKER WORKER'S REMINISCENCE

# Intruder in a Special Place

by Margaret  
Haworth Wright

**N**ew Delhi's Kashmir Emporium was our favorite shop in the entire city. We seldom bought anything; we couldn't afford it. The \$10 per month "squander money" given each unit member of the American Friends Service Committee wouldn't stretch that far. But we loved Kashmiri handicrafts—rugs with their stained-glass colors, burnished walnut furniture, glowing silks, and lovely embroidered woolens. And the several clerks gave no sign that our frequent visits were just to look, not buy.

That afternoon, about teatime, I stopped at the Emporium with Kathleen, a British Quaker, to relax a few minutes from the long hours of work. My particular task was to requisition food and medicines for distribution in the refugee camps that sprang up after the partition of India. Stuart, my husband, worked directly with the refugees, and today he was away on a mission to Pakistan. The date was January 30, 1948.

I remember the slanting rays of the sun as they stretched across the shop's floors and climbed the dark, paneled walls of this one-time mansion. It was very quiet. The streets jammed with people, the honking traffic, and the thousands of bicycles seemed worlds away. And so did my desk at the government hostel where we lived and worked. In one corner of the shop, waiting for the unlikely possibility of being useful, stood the Emporium's manager, dressed in a long, tunic-like tweed coat

and white Punjabi trousers. No one else was there. Kathleen moved to another room, her sensible shoes clomp-clomping in the stillness, to look at the silks. I stayed up front and for the 20th time, I'm sure, ran my hand lovingly over the satiny top of a little, round table.

Suddenly the door burst open. A store bearer rushed in and ran to the manager. His voice was hushed but urgent. It carried throughout the shop. "Gandhiji has been shot! They say he is dying!"

For a moment, time stood still, like a film stopped in its track. The manager was transfixed. The bearer waited. Somewhere upstairs a telephone began ringing. Kathleen came back to the room and stopped at its threshold, struck by the tableau.

Then I was released. I gasped as if struck from a blow to the stomach. Gandhi, the little father, "Bapu" to the uncertain multitudes? The beloved leader, to whom all eyes turned for guidance in these critical days? Whose influence only recently had transformed violence to nonviolence, hate to reconciliation, fear to the first stirrings of hope?

I beckoned to Kathleen and we left the shop. We had to know for ourselves. We turned the jeep toward Birla House, the residence of an Indian industrialist where Gandhi had been invited to make his headquarters during his most recent stay in the city. There, the crowds, the police, the soldiers confirmed our fears. Gandhi had been shot as he made his way across the garden at the back of the mansion to begin his evening prayer service with the throngs gathered there.

We backed the jeep away and slowly drove the few blocks home. Outside our rooms, in the blue dusk, we found Swarn, an Indian friend and co-worker, crumpled against the wall and weeping bitterly. Born a Hindu, now a Christian, she was a refugee from Pakistan, one of the thousands and thousands who passed one another in a two-way flight

as Hindus fled their homes in Pakistan to become repatriated in India and Moslems fled India for new lives in Pakistan. In the bloody fighting between extremists of both groups, Swarn had seen women and children run through with swords and trains arriving in stations with every passenger murdered. She and millions of others found strength and sanity in the wispy figure of Bapu as he and his followers traveled from place to place, usually in a third-class railway carriage or on foot, urging tolerance, preaching forgiveness, and planning reconstruction.

We led Swarn inside to our living quarters. As we passed through the dining room, we were startled to see our table festively set for ten. Marigold petals down the center of the white cloth spelled out *Welcome*, a word used by the Indian servants to point up any kind of celebration. Napkins were folded into bird shapes and arranged in the empty water glasses.

"Oh," murmured Kathleen. "The party." This was the night we had planned to celebrate the approaching wedding of Swarn's brother. We canceled the party and, heavy-hearted, sat down to eat our dinner. The party food was hard to swallow.

Someone turned on the little dining-room radio. Noiselessly, the door to the kitchen opened and the bearers gathered there, hoping against hope. At our invitation, they entered the room to stand silently in the corners and listen. With a 6 p.m. announcement, hope vanished. The slow, solemn voice of Nehru, speaking in English, came over the air: "Gandhi has gone out of our lives and there is darkness everywhere . . ." One of the servants stifled a sob and pushed his way out of the dining room. "The father of our nation is no more. No longer will we run to him for advice and solace. . . ."

"Our light has gone out. But the light that shone in this country was no ordi-

*A member of Providence (Pa.) Meeting, Margaret Haworth Wright retired after 15 years' service as executive secretary of Northern Virginia Fair Housing. This article concludes a three-part series of reminiscences of Gandhi and India in the 1940s. The previous articles are "The Calcutta Miracle" (FJ 1/1-15) and "Why Don't You Sit Down?" (FJ 2/15).*



nary light. For a thousand years, that light will be seen in this country and the world will see it. . . . Oh, that this has happened to us! There was so much to do!"

The bearers, their heads bowed, stood motionless. I felt the tears flood my eyes and drift down my cheeks.

The English words preceded the same expressions in Hindi. Then Nehru was followed by Sadar Patel, his right-hand man. Both grieved audibly; both sought to reassure the people. India would go on!

Gandhi, we learned, had been killed by a member of his own religious background, a Hindu who fanatically opposed the leader's reliance on nonviolent practices. Fears we acknowledged only at that moment were somewhat assuaged by this fact. Had the assassin been a Moslem, a great wave of blood-letting certainly would have followed.

The door to the kitchen swung silently behind the last weeping bearer. We turned off the radio and then, one by one, the hostel lights. We went to bed, sick at heart and still more than a little apprehensive. In my mind one question loomed like a billboard: What would tomorrow bring?

The morning was crisp and bright. Unit members gathered to discuss how we could best help. Grief, as it always does, made us strongly aware of the essential unity of humankind. But it made us feel, too, the futility of any action designed to ease the sharp pain. A more composed, quiet Swarn was no help. She sat with us, but she was many miles away.

During an earlier-than-usual breakfast, the staff was joined by Amyo Chakravarty, professor of English at Calcutta University. How he had made the journey so quickly from Calcutta to



Gandhi's face showed no trace of his violent death and looking at the serenity of his countenance, one could almost imagine that he was listening with closed eyes to the scripture which the Sikh priest was reading.

कुर काल ओ उनके मुख पर से शांति के किंहु मिटा न सका। भारी आँखें मूढ़ कर शांति से निरवक बुझारी की धार्मिक व्याख्या सुन रहे हैं।

News clipping, source unknown (courtesy of Philadelphia Free Library)

Delhi, he didn't explain nor did we think to ask. A personal friend of Gandhi's, he had acted as consultant to the Friends' unit in Calcutta. We were well acquainted. Now he wanted us to accompany him to Birla House.

Despite our desire to join hands with the Indian people in their loss, we hesitated. We were, after all, foreigners. At Birla House we might even be considered intruders. But Professor Chakravarty insisted and finally it was agreed Swarn and I should join him.

But if I were to go, I thought, I wanted to feel as truly a part of the Indian scene as I could manage. I went to my room to put on a yellow Punjabi costume whose long tunic partly covered loose fitting trousers. I had never worn it before.

A blind man might not have been aware of the sea of people that surrounded the white cement mansion. The stillness was almost eerie. A great line wound back around the block and past the building. People from all walks of life wished to pay their last respects to the fallen leader. It seemed impossible to get into the residence, where the closest followers were being admitted. The body, garlanded with flowers, had been placed on an upper balcony so that the people might get a last glimpse of their beloved Bapu. The glimpse satisfied me, but Amyo yearned to enter

the house and join Gandhi's sorrowing friends. We paused to think what to do. Swarn, we discovered, had been lost in the crowd.

Suddenly, Amyo pulled my arm and pointed with his head. "See that lady just over there?" He indicated a middle-aged woman in a pure white, homespun sari. "She is the maharani of ———, a faithful Gandhi worker. The crowd will let her in and we will follow."

Before I could think, he had propelled me right behind the maharani. To my astonishment, as we followed in the lady's footsteps, seemingly part of her retinue, the crowd and guards melted away and reformed solidly in our wake.

French doors leading into the mansion opened outward and each admittance was accompanied by great pushing and shoving and a precipitate slam as the doors reclosed. When our turn came, the maharani, Amyo, and several others entered, but the doors swung shut in my face. I was pressed against the glass, unable to move. On the other side of the glass, Amyo argued my case with the guards and once again the doors were pushed open to admit me.

In the entrance hall of Birla House, I felt in the first moments that mine was the only white face there. There were Indian leaders from all over the country, from every profession and in all kinds of work, from maharajah to

Friends Service Unit work in India, 1948.



Swarn Wright

untouchable. These were the people who had devoted their lives to the struggle for independence. They had followed Gandhi, almost blindly, for many years. I watched them as they stood in quiet groups in the spacious rooms. At the foot of the staircase that curved up to the floor above, a line of people waited their turn to be taken to the balcony where Gandhi lay. At one point, they pressed too close and for a moment the orderly procedure was threatened. Then Nehru, as though from nowhere, appeared on the bottom step. He swept the crowd with angry eyes. It stood quite still for a minute and then quietly regrouped into a proper line.

Presently it was our turn to mount the stairs. On the balcony we found the flower-bedecked body laid out on a couch slightly tilted toward the throngs passing by below. Gandhi was dressed as usual, in a simple loin cloth. I marveled at the youthfulness of his skin.

Around the bier stood Gandhi's grandnieces, his official family, and his staff. Missing only was his physician and friend Sushila Nayyar. She, I knew, was in Pakistan, on the same errand that had taken my husband out of the city. No one, I was sure, would experience a keener sense of loss. I said a little prayer that she would return in time for a last farewell.

I watched the mass of people below us, passing by slowly, silently, with upraised eyes. The sense of being an intruder stole over me again. Any one of that vast throng had a better right to be here than I.

I wondered how much they understood, how much they accepted, of the principles Bapu had tried to teach. Would they practice his philosophy, follow his tolerant and serene—yet active and mysteriously effective—ways?

My answer seemed to come with the full military procession, including officers, soldiers, caissons, and tanks, that began to form in the street below. The world's most renowned pacifist would be given full military honors as the cortege moved to the cremation grounds.

It was time for Amyo and me to move on downstairs so that others might take our places. On the first floor, I bid Amyo good-bye and retreated from the crowd into a large, almost deserted parlor. Here, there were the heavy, overstuffed sofas and chairs so much

admired by wealthy Indians and low cushions on the floor for those who preferred them. Carved tables with gleaming brass trays and bowls dotted the room, and on the walls hung paintings of Indian gods in shades of blue and green.

Through the open doorway into the hall, I could watch the procession of Indians of all shades of skin. Many were dressed in the simple white costumes usually associated with Gandhi, and some had added the famous white Gandhi cap. Still others were brilliant in shades of aquamarine, garnet, green, yellow, and peacock blue, and most of the colorful saris were bordered with silver or gold. There were bare feet, sandaled feet, booted feet. There was a sprinkling of army uniforms, and once I caught a glimpse of the resplendent blue and gold full dress uniform of the British Navy as Lord Mountbatten strode by with his daughter.

Presently I was aware of a slight commotion in the hall. Gandhi's body was carried down the stairs and through the front door to a waiting army truck. I reached the door in time to watch a memorable scene as Prime Minister Nehru, Patel, and Lord Mountbatten, India's then big three, tucked the flowers around the bier.

At that moment, to my relief, Sushila arrived. Sobbing out her grief, she clambered up on the truck to aid in the loving task of arranging the body. The tragic news had been broken to her, I was later to learn, by my husband, who then rushed out to arrange her flight home.

The procession, at last, moved off with its military escort. The people streamed past me to follow. But I waited, suddenly exhausted.

A little later I turned toward the hostel. I had witnessed a historic scene, one of those occasional events that—like a great sea or an awesome mountain range—force the onlooker to realize his or her own insignificance in the total scheme of things. My life was richer because of Gandhi. Now I felt an aching void. I yearned to comfort those he thought of as his children. Mentally I reached out to each Indian who passed me on the street, but I let each pass in silence.

How can you stem the tide of the concerted sorrow of millions who have lost their father? □

# Jimmy Lee Gray

## Portrait of a Mississippi Death Row Inmate

by Lillian Spears

One day in 1977, while reading a local newspaper, I noticed the account of an impending execution: Jimmy Lee Gray, on death row in the Mississippi State Penitentiary, was scheduled to die in the gas chamber within a few days.

It was painful to read even the sketchy details: like the gruesome murder of a three-year-old child, for which Jimmy Lee Gray had been convicted and sentenced to death; like brief indications of a life in jeopardy, perhaps stemming from a tragic background; like alleged statements from his mother that he deserved to die.

I wrote to Jimmy Lee in January 1977, I believe. It was a fairly brief letter, in which I expressed concern and good wishes. I also enclosed a short, inspirational poem, hoping it would afford some comfort, or maybe a momentary surcease from thoughts of impending tragedy.

Of that letter, Jimmy Lee would say (six years later), "I did wonder what your 'ulterior motive' was for writing. It was my habit to investigate things that

*Lillian Spears, from Lawton, Okla., has been interested in Friends for many years. She was honored in 1984 for her long-time human rights work by the Community of John XXIII, which gave her its ninth Annual Nonviolent Award. One of those who had nominated her for the award was Jimmy Lee Gray. She has written on slavery and is deeply interested in erecting a monument to the Unknown Slave.*



were too obvious, too straightforward, too simple. . . . At the time, . . . I was not capable of loving anyone. Not even myself."

A correspondence ensued, and I began to learn a little about a sensitive, complex person, a person groping for higher ground, a person with great potential. (There had been a stay of execution, and there would be more.)

As this correspondence progressed, I tried to think of ways I might be able to help Jimmy Lee toward some sort of creative self-expression, and thus toward development of at least some of the potential I knew was there. I definitely felt that he could be challenged to realize his better self. All the same, I did not want him to feel that I was simply trying to impose my ideas on him.

Well, craftwork (one of my hobbies) was almost out of the question, for prisoners are not allowed access to the requisite tools and equipment, especially prisoners in maximum security units. So I asked Jimmy Lee to tell me what types of endeavors and activities, within the existing limitations, would be most interesting and meaningful. Not surprisingly, I found out that getting letters was important. He wanted to learn. In fact, while in prison, he had completed the G.E.D. equivalency requirements for a high school diploma. He had also studied computer programming. He read a lot, including poetry. He was very interested in Tagore, whom he frequently quoted. Rabindranath Tagore: I wonder what it was about the works of this great Hindu that so magnetically drew Jimmy Lee's attention.

Anyway, all of this suggested an idea to me. Perhaps writing some essays would afford an opportunity for self-expression. I suggested this, and Jimmy Lee immediately started to work. He

was soon pouring out his thoughts and feelings, like a waterfall from a mountain spring. At first, up to a year after I had first written to him, his writings would reflect alternately some hope and then despair and frustration. For example, here is something from a piece entitled "To Live in an Unforgiving World," which I believe was written in the spring of 1978. The essay begins with these words from Mother Angelica: "Though crowds surround me, my soul is alone and the silence frightens me. To hear noise outside and feel silence inside gives me the feeling of living in two worlds at the same time."

Jimmy Lee went on to write:

That is what it was like to view the world from inside a four-year-old body, to view the outside world from within my sanctuary, my fortress, the inner world of my soul. The inner world was my kingdom, and I chose to live there.

Throughout the years, the outside world layed siege on my kingdom, disrupting the peace and tranquility and threatening to destroy me.

And I fought back—hard—for 32 years. . . .

Today, I am a prisoner, a death-row prisoner. . . . Had I murdered a man, or a woman, I would be considered—a human being—a criminal, but still human. But the fact that I am charged with the rape and murder of a three-year-old child places me in a category by myself.

There is no forgiveness for me in this world. I am despised and hated. I have been cursed at, spat upon, and beaten.

When Doug Magee, a writer and photographer, interviewed me, a prison guard was also in the room. After the interview, the guard said to me, "I never realized those things; I'm glad I listened."

When the guard said these words to me, neither of us needed to say anything further. Our hearts had touched one another.

Two men, who according to the ways of the world, should have been enemies, had met on common ground, and then each went his way, having imparted to one another a new understanding.

I say that there is hope, but that hope hangs on this one thing: My willingness to forgive my fellow man; and not only to forgive, but to repay him good for evil.

It's a hard road to travel, but the hope of some day being forgiven smoothes out some of the bumps.

Jimmy Lee continued to write letters and essays, on into 1979. I learned that he had had a troubled childhood (in California). When Jimmy Lee had been only six, a teacher wrote to his mother that Jimmy Lee was emotionally disturbed. He spoke of being treated cruelly by his older brother, Richard. He spoke of an elderly black man, sitting on the curb, under a tree in front of the Grays' home. The old man was dirty and clad in ragged clothes, and he had only one leg:

I would have given him one of my legs, if I could have. I walked over to him and sat down beside him to talk. My mother saw me and came running out of the house to get me. I was punished for talking to that man. I was punished for loving him. My mother told me to *never* talk to strangers. She also yelled at the old man and made him leave. He was only resting under a shade tree.

Jimmy Lee was plagued with a lot of fears; he was afraid. At the age of five, he had a terrifying moment when his father held him out of the window of the car as it sped along. His parents were laughing, but Jimmy Lee never forgot the traumatic fear.

He was afraid of the darkness, and says that he still is. He says that he wet the bed because he was afraid to get out of it at night.

"Every time I wet the bed, I was severely beaten with a thick leather belt, but I wouldn't get out of bed no matter what." He recalls having to walk around the block with only a diaper pinned on him when he was 11 years old. Imagine the painful embarrassment of having to go back to school and face his schoolmates!

Jimmy Lee was lonely, desperate, and afraid. In the spring of 1983, he stated that he had planned to commit suicide, that he had wanted to die, that he would rather die than live in prison under the

Lillian has been my teacher and guide, yet she has never gotten ahead of me and "pulled" nor behind me and "pushed"; she simply walked beside me, as my friend, and allowed me to set the pace.

*Jimmy Lee Gray*





harassment and abuse of fellow prisoners. He had made somewhat similar statements before, but things weren't always so bleak. One particular occurrence in late 1979 eased some of the strain that Jimmy Lee was feeling. Let us look briefly at that occurrence.

I do craftwork, a sort of folk art, with children from various groups, including area grade school classes. Just before Christmas of 1978, I was working with one of these grade school groups in which there was a little nine-year-old Indian girl named Rachel. She was a shy, timid little girl, whose mother was struggling through a local beauty school course. Sensing some of Rachel's isolation and loneliness, I invited her over to my home one afternoon, after school. She soon became really interested in the craftwork, and she wanted to make some gifts (money for buying gifts was out of the question). But other than members of her own family, she knew no one to whom she could send gifts.

I told Rachel about a lonely man who needed to get a Christmas card. I told her about Jimmy Lee Gray, and where he was. She set about designing a card, starting with a piece of scrap cardboard. Then she cut letters out of chewing gum foil, and pasted them on the card. It read, "Merry Christmas." Then she printed three more words on the card: "I Love You." She signed the card, and I helped her address it.

Jimmy Lee sent Rachel a card, and he wrote me a letter. He also wrote a poem. He said many things indicating that he and the world were not quite the same as before:

A little girl, named Rachel, heard that I was lonely and decided to try and help me. . . . Rachel went to work and made a very special Christmas card *just for me*. . . . She worked very hard to make this card, and then wrote on it that she loved me. It was a beautiful card.

I will always love Rachel, and I will always keep the card she made for me.

The one-page essay and the one-page poem are called, "Children Are Flowers." The poem reads in part:

*Though here there be no flowers,  
I was happy on Christmas Day;  
A little girl became my flower,  
Because she cared for me.*

He seemed to pick up courage and hope; the tone of his writings seemed to

brighten. Despite the interminable legal wrangles, despite his execution coming into view and then receding into limbo, still, 1979 began to look as if it might be a better year.

Then they set his execution date. It was December 31, 1979, but there had been other dates, and other stays. Maybe, maybe something good would happen again.

Some time in the fall of 1979, I just happened to read an item about a small organization called Alternatives, a group seeking to promote noncommercial, meaningful, "socially responsible" Christmas gifts and celebrations. The group awarded prizes annually, and they were located in Jackson, Mississippi—which is near Parchman, Mississippi, the site of the state penitentiary!

So I nominated Jimmy Lee Gray, entering a copy of his poem and other documents, and sketching his story briefly.

Jimmy Lee won first prize for the best Christmas entry! The prize was \$500. Under the circumstances, \$500 was a good bit of money; it would buy a lot from the little canteen in the maximum security unit of the prison. But Jimmy Lee gave it all to charity. Administered by the Halt Hunger Fund of the Presbyterian Church, the prize money went to the Oklahoma Indian Rights Association, to be used for the benefit of Oklahoma Indian children.

Just before Christmas Day Jimmy Lee called me collect from the prison. He could hardly talk. He was stammering. When I congratulated him, he stuttered, "Uh, . . . uh, . . . er . . . It's *us*, not me." He was getting calls, and he soon began to get letters and cards. It was a different ball game at the prison. Suddenly, other prisoners were

friendlier than they had been. Some who would not speak to him before now became friendly. Yes, it was different.

I do not recall whether the stay of execution was granted before or after the award, and I do not know if the award had anything to do with it. There was, however, a stay; and we sailed into 1980 with hope and flying colors.

There ensued a long period of relative calm and such fleeting peace as is possible under these circumstances. In the background, there was always one legal maneuver or another. The lawyers had a voracious appetite for weird details, and were usually either "moving" or "petitioning" for some action with their arcane language (such as petitioning for "writ of certiorari"! ). One side was determined to kill Jimmy Lee, and the other side was equally set on outflanking them and keeping them from doing it. To me, it seemed like some Alice-in-Wonderland game of forensic skill; I sometimes wondered if Jimmy Lee was ever seen as a person by either side.

In late 1982 and early 1983, the legal mechanisms, including the appeals processes, seemed to be running down. I had written to governors and others, and I had made telephone calls. I had gone to see Jimmy Lee and had testified for him at a court hearing.

I guess it was in early 1983 that I became disturbed by what might be metaphorically called a distant, ominous legal hum. It grew louder.

On July 2, 1983, the Fifth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals (New Orleans) imposed a stay of execution so that they could consider some general guidelines, to be issued shortly, on handling death penalty appeals. Meanwhile, the Southern Poverty Law Center had filed an

*My life has been worth living.  
Let me close with this:  
"Life's errors cry for the merciful beauty  
that can modulate their isolation into a  
harmony with the whole." — Tagore.  
I like that.  
Love always,  
Jimmy Lee  
Sept. 12, 1983*

appeal claiming that Jimmy Lee could not be executed because he was insane. They also claimed that his trial lawyer had not been effective. Finally, they said that execution by means of a gas chamber is cruel and unusual punishment, and thus unconstitutional.

Bill Allain, attorney general of Mississippi, and his assistants, said that Jimmy Lee had already had his day in court, and more. In fact, they said, that he had had many days in court. They thought it was time to "fish or cut bait"—meaning that they wanted the execution to go forward.

On July 16, the Supreme Court of the United States issued its expected guidelines. On July 16, the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals rejected the arguments put forth by the Southern Poverty Law Center. They were "not persuaded" that the pain and terror of death from cyanide gas is all that different from pain and terror from other forms of execution. They also found other reasons why the arguments put forth in behalf of Jimmy Lee should be rejected.

But the circuit court failed to lift the stay which had been imposed on July 2. Then there followed another flurry of activity directed at getting the stay lifted. This was soon achieved.

A few minutes after midnight, during the first few minutes of September 2, 1983, they killed Jimmy Lee Gray, in the gas chamber, in the Mississippi State Penitentiary at Parchman, Mississippi. For days, even weeks, the news media had incessantly screamed "convicted rapist and child killer," "child killer . . . killer . . . child killer."

Now they followed with "wisps of lethal gas" curling "from under his chair"; with, "Jimmy Lee Gray moaned 11 times"; with, "the steamy silver gas chamber." On and on went the macabre chant.

A few days later, I received two cards from Jimmy Lee Gray. One came two or three days after his death, and the other a little over a week after the gruesome ritual. I think I may know who mailed them, but I am not sure.

The same return address as usual was in the upper left corner of the envelope, but the ink had run in one small area because it had been wet.

One of his cards said, "My life has been worth living." □

## ANOTHER RESPONSE TO BALTZELL

# Did Philadelphia Quakers Really Fail?

*Elderly Quaker Lady and Elderly Quaker Gentleman, portraits by an anonymous American c. 1835.*



*Philadelphia Museum of Art: Collection of Edgar William and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch*



## by Lindley M. Winston

Since Thomas Drake's balanced 1980 review of E. Digby Baltzell's *Puritan Boston and Quaker Philadelphia* (FJ 10/15/80), the continuing responses in the JOURNAL betoken a high degree of ongoing interest, and they have been imbued with increasing hostility. The defensiveness is disappointing; the reviewers have seemed too eager to find reason for comfortably dismissing the findings of this outsider. I found Baltzell's observations challenging as

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well as disturbing, and I welcomed his effort.

It would be surprising to me if many Friends have not, as I have without Baltzell's help, wondered casually about some of the matters he explores in detail. In recording the history of any religion, it seems to me that there is a need for outside, as well as inside, commentators. We should be prepared for some biases on the part of each. I believe that the previous critics have been off-focus in dealing with Baltzell's particular biases and have missed the instructive directions in which he points.

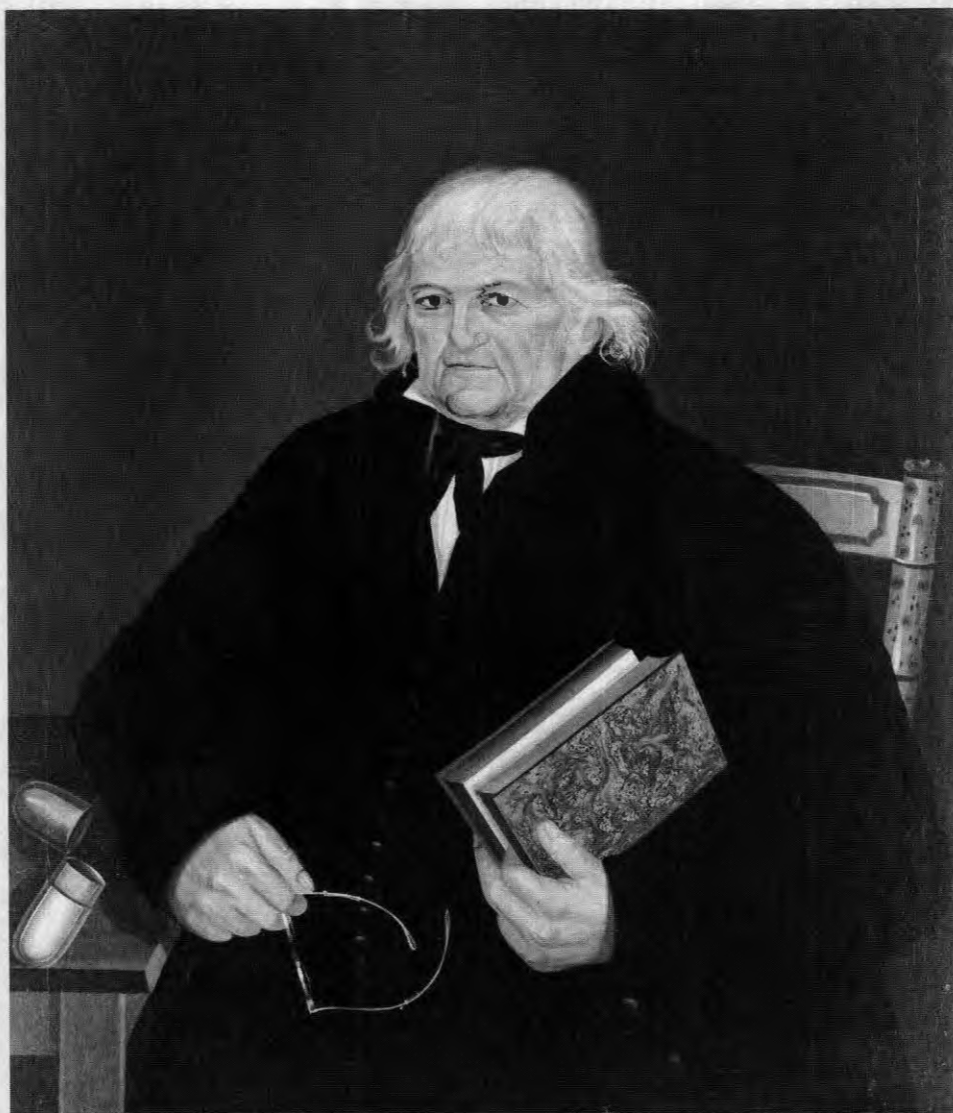
Of the JOURNAL critics, only Allan Kohrman (letter, FJ 2/15/81) faults Baltzell's basic elitist assumptions, although like the others he also focuses on the "anti-Quaker bias." I think that

even if, as David Laubach asserts (FJ 5/15/83), Baltzell's book can be seen as an "attack on the Society of Friends," we should not ignore that Baltzell's logic places his "anti-Quaker bias" secondary to his narrow admiration of authority and leadership. Glossing over this distinction, his critics have attacked his supporting data, and in so doing, with minor reservations, they seem to accept his authoritarian bias and his derogation of subtler forms of societal influence. Moral and ethical example, for instance, do not count with him as "leadership." They rightly take note that—following the Dictionary of American Biography—he slights such Quaker leaders as John Woolman and Lucretia Mott, but, following Baltzell's coarse DAB rule of thumb, they fail to place importance on this very different and difficult kind of leadership that such Friends have offered, in comparison with Baltzell's Puritan heroes.

Fox's vision was of "a great people gathered," not of Friends becoming society's leaders. Should Friends have found—would anyone have expected Friends to find—their forte as political leaders or intellectuals? (We are closer in time to Fox than are the churches to Paul, who noted that "not many mighty, not many wise men after the flesh are called" and closer in spirit to the egalitarianism of the early church.) The critics find fault with Baltzell's assertion that Quaker achievement has been influenced (limited, Baltzell would have it) by anti-authoritarianism, anti-intellectualism, and perfectionism. Baltzell asserts, and I agree, that to varying degrees these attitudes were implicit in early Quakerism; and he goes on to demonstrate, overdoing it perhaps, that Quakers have been somewhat true to their origins! The matters to be addressed, then, are the criteria by which he has judged us and whether he has not been too gross in his formulation of cause and effect.

Those of Baltzell's criticisms of Quakers that stem directly from his elitist premises must be addressed separately from Baltzell's observations of Quaker failings that we may not so readily discount as distorted through elitist vision. The matters of scholarship that have been cited do not appear crucial.

In his fixedly elitist perspective—perhaps Baltzell would prefer that we



Philadelphia Museum of Art: Collection of Edgar William and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch

call it a patriarchal or aristocratic perspective—it is not just Quakers that he derogates. He favors St. Dominic (persecutor of the Albigenses) over St. Francis, and then unaccountably attributes no influence of St. Francis on humankind until six centuries later when he somehow spawns “the Berrigan brothers and their many Quaker and crypto-Quaker cohorts”! He quotes John Adams as crediting “the strong Quaker element” for “making Philadelphia humane,” but that humane influence does not count as “leadership.” When Jesus urged his disciples to be a “leaven” in the dough of the world, surely the influence of St. Francis and that of 18th-century Philadelphia’s “strong Quaker element” was more what he had in mind than many of Baltzell’s leaders.

**T**he proper relationship of religion to participation in the body politic is a very old issue. The Catholic church came to terms with the state in the fourth century, and none of the Christian bodies that took shape in the 16th and 17th centuries diverged as sharply from the traditional hierarchies of ecclesiastical order as did the Friends, or so firmly rejected the forms of submission to the secular state.

There remain unresolved paradoxes in Friends’ roles in organized societies, notably the United States, the development of whose governmental principles had a close historical relationship to those of Friends, but whose practices soon partook of the corruptions of the Old World. Quakers have continued to be more troubled than others as to what we owe to caesar, what to God. In 17th-century England, Quakers set themselves firmly outside caesar’s establishment, but in the United States, Quakers were caesar. Have we yet evolved a philosophy of the Quaker’s participation in a pluralistic democracy, a situation to which neither the experience of Fox in Stuart England nor of Penn in early Pennsylvania is fully relevant? If we are strangers and sojourners, is it a matter of shame? Do we count our difficulties with the “world” as immaturity or as constancy?

In the founding of U.S. society, Puritans and Quakers each desired that the ways of their religious bodies might be the model for order in their cities and states. Perhaps Friends dreamed a larger

dream, like the Catholic church of centuries past, that their ways might structure—or imbue—a new and peaceful world order. The failures to become specific models for world order were tacitly accepted long ago; perhaps we should take those dreams as hubris. May we not instead honor the Puritans for their callings to social leadership and accept such appreciation as many—if not Baltzell—offer for our quieter contributions?

The failure that might more relevantly concern us is that neither the Puritans, perhaps especially prone to sins of commission, nor the Quakers, subject to certain passive sins of omission, have contributed enough.

Perhaps no religious body, as it strives to keep faith with the dreams of its founders, has made more than conditional peace in its heart with pluralism in society. Are we Friends ready for it? Instead of using the contrasts of the societal influences of Puritan and Quaker tradition to disparage Quakers (and other egalitarians), Baltzell might have added to his data in such a way as to demonstrate the contributions of each to a pluralistic society. What do we Quaker readers then do with a record of history, one-sided but not totally false, that Quakers are better at playing quiet roles in the back streets, or at difficult and unpopular leadership roles, than at standing on the podiums of power? The previous critics have avoided this question by denying it is there.

**S**o far so good; I have joined Baltzell’s critics in defending Quakers from his criticism, only I have made my thrust at another level of his logic and I accept his findings if not their meaning. But I would go further and suggest that some of Baltzell’s observations of Quakers in U.S. history should give us pause. While legitimately asserting that Quakers have offered different or quieter forms of leadership, we may also wonder whether there is not a parallel distinction in our weaknesses.

In attacking Baltzell’s “anti-Quaker bias” the critics follow Baltzell in failing to make a distinction between Quaker principles and Quaker practices, a distinction which may be relatively unimportant to Baltzell, but which should be of significance to Friends. What behavior of Quakers is the outcome of their faith, and what behavior

results from failures of faith to which they might be specifically susceptible?

Callings to vigorous activity in “the world” have not led Friends to notoriety for burning witches or as robber barons. But has our more passive waiting for leadings offered excuse for too many comfortable lives on the sidelines?

**I** am uncomfortable reading about Philadelphia’s 18th-century Quaker “privileged class.” Many 18th-century Friends found themselves propelled on the current of the times toward success in the city they had founded in the New World. Baltzell, in harmony with some critics within Quakerism, says they were “morally compromised” by the accumulation of wealth. When the Society of Friends, formed of dropouts from the social structures of Europe, became a cohesive establishment in Pennsylvania, one cost seems to have been a loss of evangelical zeal, in contrast to some colonies where Quakers were not in the ascendancy and where for a time Friends communities continued to attract new adherents.

A privileged class has no wish to incorporate newcomers and its influence becomes something other than a leaven. Even today, the historically established little societies around Pennsylvania’s old meetinghouses continue to shrink, while growth occurs elsewhere. How should we think of the failures of societal leadership by those Friends of past centuries who established a privileged class in Philadelphia? An expectable and even admirable consequence of adherence to principle and investment of energy elsewhere? Appeal to principle as justification for taking an easy course? Did acceptance of social privilege bring with it a new obligation for societal leadership? Friends did, in leaning toward private business and later to the learned professions, turn their initiative to endeavors where they encountered limited challenge to principle compared with the hurly-burly of public leadership. Although their integrity in business dealings has been recognized for its influence on the larger community (surely a form of leadership, if not one recognized by Baltzell), nevertheless, it turned out to be an easy and rewarding testimony, and there may be herein a caveat for modern Friends of the sorts of failings to which Friends may be subject. □



# Consensus— A Dangerous Practice



by David J. Peerless

**D**ecisions made by consensus can be immensely powerful. It is right that Friends conduct business by means of a sense of the meeting. However, Friends must not underrate the dangers and difficulties that lie between the intention of consensus and its achievement.

I would like to start with an example which, I feel, serves as a basis for a discussion of some of the problems. Recently I asked a group of fifth graders some questions about the meetinghouse. They had been coming to the building every week for three years, but when asked how many steps reached to the porch, their answers ranged from one to ten (there are three). When asked how many pillars supported the porch, their answers ranged from two to seven (there are eight).

What importance is there in this, apart from showing that we are not usually observant of our daily surroundings and that eyewitness accounts are unreliable? Let's consider several points.

Often opinions stretch out on a "normal curve" of distribution about a moderate, or reasonable, center. Responses near the fringe are likely to be seen, and discounted, as radical. In the first of the examples given above, the mass opinion

spanned the correct number of steps and there was a chance that consensus, working toward a midpoint, would have reached either the correct number or a near miss. Such an approach to consensus would have ensured that the group would not be as wildly off base as some individuals.

However, in the second example, since nobody gave the correct number of porch supports, the tendency to the mean in consensus would have moved the more accurate away from their idea toward a more generally acceptable but less accurate view. This form of consensus would be a drawback in accepting truth.

Is there a danger that consensus is achieved by accepting a midpoint, or mass opinion, view? Even though Friends' procedures permit one person to stand alone, there is solid experimental evidence of the human need for affiliation (the feeling of being part of the group), and this often works against a real threshing and the stands of conscience needed to reveal truth. An experiment in which an individual was put in with a group that expressed clearly inaccurate opinions (related to the length of lines) showed that the individual subject would change an accurate opinion, one based on the evidence before his or her eyes, into an inaccurate opinion in order to agree with the group.

We cannot be expected to store all trivial observations accurately. It would be a poor use of our time and minds.

However, as opinions based on casual observations are usually wrong, first-hand and thorough investigation is necessary, even of things we take for granted, if a decision is to be made. Truth is not well served by assumption. Mathematically, ten elements can be arranged in 9,864,100 variations. If even two of the elements are wrong, then 9,754,500 of the variations are wrong!

As was suggested above, the fifth graders asked about the pillars would have agreed that there were seven or fewer pillars and use this as a basis for further discussion. They would have been wrong. How often do we reach consensus by assumptions which reduce our options and exclude the right one? Ideas beyond the original bounds of our thought should be encouraged.

And how often do we choose among the most popular opinions when reaching for consensus? Although we will do no violence to an individual's opinion, do we tend to regard the less popular opinions as less weighty, especially when we want closure?

If consensus comes too easily or comes without a radical change on the part of at least some members, is it not a sign that the meeting is seeking compromise rather than true consensus? The Society of Friends has, however slowly and moderately, always moved with the general trends of society. If our decisions can be easily reached in today's society, could it be that we are accepting conventions that are a perversion, or denial, of basic truth? □

*David J. Peerless is principal of Friends School of Baltimore Lower School. Clerk of Ministry and Counsel of Stony Run Meeting in Baltimore, Md., he writes that he is interested in the relative changes in the understanding and interpretation of Truth as society changes.*

# Hope and Commitment Amid Great Need

by Anne Humes



Courtesy of Anne Humes

**M**y husband, Bob, and I learned about the Associated Committee of Friends on Indian Affairs' new project to aid Alabama's Mowa Choctaw Indians at New England Yearly Meeting, August 1984. We had many questions and concerns, and our interest increased after we studied the history of this tribe, the first to be removed from east of the Mississippi River westward and into Oklahoma in the 1830s.

Our Worcester-Pleasant Street Friends Meeting in Massachusetts became eager to help both financially and through donating good used clothing, after Hermann and Mildred Patt told of their visit to the Mowa Choctaw project just as it was starting in May 1984 in McIntosh, Alabama.

The Associated Committee of Friends on Indian Affairs, an active 115-year-old organization, has been helping four Oklahoma Indian Friends centers by meeting spiritual and material needs for many years. When leaders of the Mowa Choctaw Indians requested its help, the committee spent several years of careful deliberation in view of the heavy financial obligations, staffing, and ongoing support such a program would need. There was no assurance that the committee could get the additional funds needed each year to support such a venture, nor did it have money available to make the initial purchases of land and buildings.

A detailed investigation of the requested help led to a courageous commitment of faith and a determination to find some way to be of service. A loan of funds for start-up costs and a family of Friends (who had previously served as directors of one of the Oklahoma Friends Indian centers) asking to take on the challenge led to the beginning of this ambitious program in rural Alabama.

The remnants of the original large, highly advanced Choctaw tribe either hid in the

swamps and forests during the forced removal in the 1830s or found other means to remain in their original homeland. For years after that exodus those left behind were discriminated against, ignored, or overlooked as our nation and the state of Alabama developed. In 1979 the Mowa Choctaw became recognized by state legislation after long years toward that goal, but Indian leaders have not succeeded in winning national recognition of the Mowa Choctaw tribe.

National and state laws have gradually removed some of the barriers and isolation of this minority group, but lack of educational, vocational, and medical resources has caused the local Indian residents to remain the poorest people in a poor state.

My husband, Bob, and I drove to the new Friends center in McIntosh in November 1984, staying four days and delivering used clothing and other supplies from Worcester-Pleasant Street Meeting and from the New England regional office of the American Friends Service Committee's Material Aids Program. We found conditions worse than we expected. The county school system made little effort to encourage school attendance, and there was no effort to involve parents in children's education and no evidence of homework assignments. School dropout rates were very high, and therefore Indian employment was low. When the Indians were employed, it was at the lowest level in any job, although work requiring a high school diploma was available in some of the newer chemical companies in the area.

Dependence upon welfare, unscrupulous shopkeepers, ignorance and superstition, high levels of malnutrition, and untreated illnesses and injuries all added to the picture of misery and, until the last few years, apathy that pervaded the Choctaw area.

Within the last five years elected tribal leaders have begun to change this discouraging state of affairs. They have built a small office and have begun a monthly newsletter to inform Indians of programs and services available to them. These tribal

leaders have fostered enough pride among members within the last two years that a few county jobs and county offices are now held by tribal members, including a highway official and a sheriff. Tribal leaders have helped to obtain Title IV grants for educational needs and are attempting to fund medical personnel with their newly awarded grant for a Rural Health Initiative Center in McIntosh. Their annual Mowa Choctaw Pow-wow, now in its fifth year, has led to the development of a Choctaw dance group, further enhancing the Indians' self-image and sense of achievement, as well as aiding fundraising.

The tribal leaders established the goals for the Mowa Choctaw Friends Center: work in literacy, nutrition and hygiene education, and job skill development. They are enthusiastic about Friends providing spiritual help through the start of a programmed Friends meeting there.

We found high evidence of poor nutrition, discouragement, and dependence, but also friendliness and much mutual sharing and sense of community. Much time has had to be spent by Phil and Lee Herr, the directors of the new Mowa Choctaw Friends Center in driving people to medical appointments, clinics and hospitals, and to shops and service agencies, so far away.

We were deeply impressed by the dedication, determination, warmth, flexibility, and spiritual commitment of the Herr family, Phil and Lee, plus their sons, Joe, 17, and Ben, 13, in undertaking this challenging role. The family will teach reading (Phil and Lee are trained in the Laubach method) and start self-sufficient gardening projects, canning, and food processing. They hope to have someone teach pottery, and they have already started weaving classes. About 12 local Indians come regularly to the religious meetings.

More information about the Mowa Indian projects can be obtained from the Associated Committee of Friends on Indian Affairs, Paul Turner, treasurer, 2030 Chester Blvd., Richmond, IN 47374. □

*Anne Humes, clerk of Worcester-Pleasant Street Meeting, has worked in multi-service agencies in Boston's Roxbury black community and in Cambridge, Mass.*



# WORLD OF FRIENDS

**Remember the grape boycott** organized some years ago by the United Farm Workers? Now, eight years later, the UFW has renewed the boycott. Cesar Chavez has called on consumers across the country to resume the boycott as a result of decisions made by the California grape industry. The UFW claims that grape growers have managed to evade requirements of the state Agricultural Labor Relations Act of 1975. Over 8,000 farmworkers are still waiting for more than \$30 million in back wages.

For those interested in this and related issues, a newsletter *Farm Labor News* is published by the American Friends Service Committee, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

**Plans to plant a "peace tree"** are being made by the Northwest Action for Disarmament (NWAD) as part of a series of events next August 3-10 (the 40th anniversary of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings) near the Hanford Nuclear Reservation in Washington where the plutonium for the Nagasaki bomb was developed.

Multnomah (Oreg.) Meeting donates office space for NWAD, a peace group that opposes the continued processing of plutonium for nuclear weapons at Hanford's Plutonium Uranium Extraction plant. The facility has released large quantities of radioactive isotopes into the air since 1983, contaminating soil and water in surrounding communities.

The "peace tree" will be planted using soil from cities all across the nation and the world. Send a sample of soil from your community to NWAD, c/o Paul McAdams, Room 230, 408 S.W. 2nd Ave., Portland, OR 97204.

**A crucial debate** on whether the United Nations should internationally recognize conscientious objection as a human right is to occur this month in Geneva at the U.N. Human Rights Commission. For a copy of the Eide/Chipoya report, an excellent report which recommends recognition of C.O.s, and for ideas on how you can offer support, write to the Quaker Office at the U.N., 777 U.N. Plaza, New York, NY 10017.

**Buying groceries** can be a way of raising funds for valuable projects. Abington (Pa.) Meeting is encouraging its members to save their receipts from one particular grocery store, which has offered to contribute one percent of all store receipts to worthy causes. Friends are pooling their receipts and using

the proceeds to support the South African clinic in Sobokeng, which was recently burned. The director of the clinic is the brother of Don Tsolo, an attendee of Abington Meeting.

**Refusal of the telephone tax** is encouraged by Palo Alto (Calif.) Meeting. A minute reads in part: "First imposed by the War Tax Revenue Act of 1914, this excise tax has been associated with war spending throughout its history. In keeping with our Peace Testimony, Friends are encouraged to refuse payment of taxes which would otherwise be used primarily for killing and war preparation." Tax refusers can deposit withheld funds in a Peace Tax Fund established by Pacific Yearly Meeting in 1983.

**Support for the homeless** has been the concern of a number of meetings this winter. *Fifteenth Street (N.Y.) Meeting* has been active with this concern for years. *First Friends Church* in Des Moines, Iowa, has started an inner-city ministry for which they are collecting various items of need. They also serve meals twice a month at Kindred House, which was started by the Catholic Worker. *Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting* contributed funds to help open a shelter for homeless men and participated in several work-days to help clean up the empty building to be used as the shelter. Meeting members volunteer at the shelter on two days and nights a week.

**At least one book of the Bible** is now available in the spoken language for 98 percent of the world's population. The American Bible Society, established in 1816, has announced that 23 new "Scripture languages" were added last year to the global register, bringing the total to 1,808 by the end of 1984.

**Support for sanctuary workers** indicted recently by the U.S. government is beginning to come forward. Among Friends meetings who have been supportive is Albuquerque Meeting. At a called meeting on January 20, Albuquerque Friends approved the following minute of support: "The Albuquerque Friends Meeting supports all those recently indicted for their work with Central American refugees, but especially supports Nena MacDonald, who worships with Lubbock Friends under our care. We believe that all the indicted people have acted consistently with laws passed by Congress regarding refugees and have followed biblical commandments to welcome the homeless into our land. We are thankful for this opportunity to reaffirm our faith in the American tradition of generosity to those in need. The strength of the indicted people and of the people of all faiths who support them throughout the country is bringing peace to Central America and to the United States."

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# FORUM

## Sharing Is Good Business

The question of how to apply Quaker principles to our personal economies, and to the many problems of the world, is often raised in the JOURNAL. The answers vary widely.

Harold Willens, a millionaire business executive, has written a small hard-hitting book called *The Trimtab Factor* that is pertinent, especially concerning the nuclear threat and its solution. [See review on page 24. —Ed.] Also, he clearly believes that sharing is good business, and in one place unequivocally states that we need more economic diversity, especially throughout the Third World. The book urges us to experiment with other forms of political and economic organization so that we can determine what is practical, and what fits our needs.

We have been in a vicious circle (with the fire of advertising under it) to make everyone in the world want everything that its neighbors have, or talk about, especially the latest nuclear bombs. Corporate management, if it is not blind, should soon see that the effective way to meet labor's demands is to cut their own excessive personal incomes, lower the price of their products, and so increase demand and therefore production.

We should like to have the reaction of other Friends on these questions. What is their answer to policies which have driven the poor everywhere, and the Third World as nations, to starvation and revolution? It must be more than what we have outlined, but can you suggest a better beginning?

*Elizabeth P. Ridgway*  
San Jose, Costa Rica

*Henry W. Ridgway*  
Mickleton, N.J.

## Words Out of Context

One of the most popular quotations of George Fox among Friends today is:

"Walk cheerfully over the world, answering that of God in every one." Banners in our places of worship proclaim this message, and it is frequently written and spoken by ordinary and weighty Friends alike. Recently it appeared in a feature on Quakers in the *Washington Post*.

It is unfortunate that this quotation is being disseminated so widely in this form, for it has been lifted out of context and has been distorted in so doing. It comes originally from George Fox's "exhortation to Friends in the ministry" in 1656, and as originally stated by Fox, it was not a command. His words read: "Then you will come to walk cheerfully over the world, answering

that of God in every one."

He has given a list of directives: dwell in the power of life and wisdom, be valiant for the truth, let all nations hear the sound by word or writing, do not abuse the power, bring all into the worship of God, be patterns and examples, etc. Then you will come to walk cheerfully. This is not a commandment, but a fruit of the commandments which have preceded it. It is something which has been added to those who are faithful in the ministry according to Fox's precepts.

There is a vast difference between walking cheerfully in order to speak to the condition of others and being able to walk cheerfully because one has been faithful in keeping the instructions of our leader. Poor George must be rendered restless by the misconceptions of his followers who do not trouble themselves to become acquainted with his writings.

*Doris K. Baker*  
Bridgewater, Va.

## The First Japanese Quaker

Do you know of any Friend whose picture appears on any currency in any country? On November 1, 1984, the face of a Friend appeared on the 5,000 yen note of Japan. For us Friends it was exciting to see the face of Inazo Nitobe (1862-1933), because he is the first Japanese who became a Quaker. Inazo Nitobe was one of the first Japanese to study in the United States, and he joined Baltimore Monthly Meeting in 1886.

Many Japanese are concerned about the revival of militarism in Japan, especially with the Reagan-Nakasone team. And so it is significant that when the three people for the new notes were considered, no military or political person was chosen. (Yukichi Fukuzawa, the founder of Keio University, the oldest private institution, for the 10,000 yen note and the novelist Soseki Natsume for the 1,000 yen note were chosen.)

*Fumiye Miho*  
Tokyo, Japan

## More of a Family Spirit

May I say how much I approve of Susan L. Phillip's article, "Children in Meeting for Worship" (FJ 10/15/84). We have very seldom been in a meeting where the young children sit through the entire hour.

Perhaps Susan Phillips has discovered a vital means of holding our children in the family of Friends. So often I hear of young families leaving the Friends because there is no First-day school or one poorly taught by a "baby sitter." A First-day school before meeting would allow many more adults to act as teachers. What a wonderful spirit could be developed.

*Ray Farmer*  
Sun City, Ariz.



# Can Our Meetings Respond to Violence Among Friends?

Two articles that appeared recently in FRIENDS JOURNAL prompt me to write of a very personal experience that I think must be faced within the Society of Friends. The article on family violence (*FJ* 10/1/84) and one entitled "Speaking to the Quaker Condition" (*FJ* 1/1-15) are the two articles which, together with my experience, cause me to write.

In the recent past I was the victim of violence in my family. In my case it was violence from my teen-age child upon me, a single parent. I struggled with it alone, sought help from community family counseling agencies and prayerfully considered all the options, causes, and responses. I sought counseling help for myself and offered it to my teen-ager, who rejected it. Drugs were a contributing factor, and I eventually found the most support from Al-Anon. I had made the choice to see this child through high school; this was the last year so I deliberately chose not to put the child out of the home, even though I was at times in danger and was being battered regularly.

What prompts me to write about this now? The fact that while I am a member of the Religious Society of Friends and have been for many years, I was reluctant to share my "problem" with members within the society and struggled alone or turned to professional agencies for counseling. After several months, however, I confided my trouble to a member of ministry and counsel. That person, immediately, and without asking me, called another member of the meeting and told her. While I was close to this second person, I had deliberately not confided in her because I knew that her own past experiences caused her to have a narrow vision on this issue, i.e., only one response is appropriate. She advised me to call the police and have charges pressed against the child and have him removed from the home. This response spoke to the caller's condition, not mine. My situation was not hers and I was seeking other ways of dealing with it. One person can never tell another how to respond to her own situation.

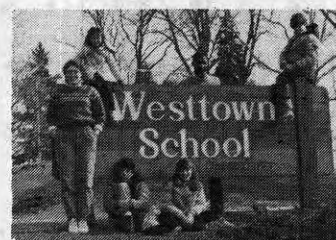
Between these two people most others in the meeting were told of my

"situation," again without my consent. No one knew how to deal with me. Most were embarrassed and strictly avoided me. I still did not talk with members of the meeting about this; my first experience with that had not been helpful. It became harder and harder to attend meeting (just when I needed it most). Few from the meeting called me; to be exact, one person from the meeting called me after that. The meeting was uncomfortable with me. It was more "comfortable" for them if I did not attend.

What has this to do with the larger Society of Friends? Friends, we are seekers. We are ordinary people. We face the same problems in our lives as others within the larger society face. Just because we strive to free ourselves of violence does not mean the seeds of violence do not also exist among us. Who among us has not been called upon to answer for Richard Nixon? I confess to being one Friend who, in my own mind, sought to distinguish Richard Nixon from *our* Religious Society. After all, I rationalized, he's not a practicing Quaker. I have since had that error revealed to me! We are not an "exclusive" or perfect Religious Society. We have, thank God, all sorts of people and problems within our Society. We must look within ourselves and humbly ask God to help us find ways to support one another in our trials as well as in our joys. It will require some very difficult seeking and uncomfortable moments for our meetings to face family violence, accept that it exists, and learn ways to help our members deal with it. Had I not been such a long-time Friend, my experience might have caused me to drop away from Friends. I was confronted by an inability among Friends to believe that such problems exist among us. I was also faced with patronizing sympathy but complete inability to support me. The sad fact that I offer this piece for publication in the FRIENDS JOURNAL as an anonymous contribution sums up our condition.

I call upon monthly meetings and yearly meetings to prayerfully acknowledge and seek to address this issue of dealing with violence among us.

*Name withheld*



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## FILMS

**The Killing Fields.** Produced by David Putnam. Directed by Roland Joffé. Distributed by Warner Bros. Color, 142 minutes, 35 mm.

The film *The Killing Fields* is to a considerable extent a documentary of the tragic, indeed catastrophic, events in Cambodia (now known as Kampuchea) from 1973 to 1979. These years included the U.S. support of the corrupt Lon Nol government and the intense U.S. air bombardment of areas controlled by the communist Khmer Rouge, the fall of Phnom Penh in the spring of 1975, and the four-year nightmare under Pol Pot and other leaders.

Specific historical events included in the film are the B-52 bombing of a Cambodian town, the evacuation of U.S. personnel from Phnom Penh by helicopter, the foreigners' retreat to the French Embassy, the evacuation by the Khmer Rouge of the entire population of the capital city to the countryside, and the compulsory labor and forced re-education of everyone identified with the previous regime, a genocidal program under which an estimated three million Cambodians were murdered or allowed to die from starvation.

From a documentary standpoint the film concludes with the beginning of the invasion of Kampuchea by Vietnamese military units in 1979, the period during which the world realized the enormity of the crimes committed under the Pol Pot regime and the extent to which virtually every Kampuchean was hungry and malnourished.

*The Killing Fields'* story is based on Sydney Schanberg's article "The Death and Life of Dith Pran," which appeared in the *New York Times Magazine* on January 20, 1980. Schanberg was the *Times'* correspondent in Cambodia, and Dith Pran was his Cambodian assistant—his translator, companion, messenger, and trouble-shooter. Pran was completely devoted to the hard-driving correspondent, and Schanberg returned his devotion. Pran saves the lives of Schanberg and some other Western correspondents when cadres of the Khmer Rouge take over the capital city. He is then unwillingly separated from Schanberg and compelled to go to a rural area for hard labor and indoctrination.

The last half of the film covers Pran's harrowing experiences, including being beaten and tortured, prior to his escape to Thailand four years later, where he is reunited with Schanberg in a very moving scene. Schanberg, one of the few cor-

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respondents who chose to stay when the Khmer Rouge took over Phnom Penh, reached Bangkok a few weeks after the takeover and in several lead articles on May 9, 1975, broke the news of the forced evacuation of millions from Phnom Penh.

Consistent with the events being covered and the nature of the caring but intense relationship between Schanberg (played by Sam Waterston) and Pran (played by Haing Ngor), there is not a single note of humor throughout the long film. It chronicles grim happenings but does not exploit the brutality of those events. Filmed by a British company in Thailand and Canada, the photography combines splendid views of rural settings with the extremely tight close-ups of the characters involved.

In some scenes, such as in the boarding of the marine helicopters, the cameras are in the midst of the swirling action rather than looking on from the sidelines, a dramatically effective presentation accompanied by a staccato thumping of instruments. However in another scene, that of the exodus from

Phnom Penh, the music seems inappropriate, more like a triumphant hymn than a dirge, adding to the viewer's confusion about what was really going on. I was impressed with the scenes in which Cambodians were speaking their own language (or in some instances French), leaving to the viewer to determine what was being said.

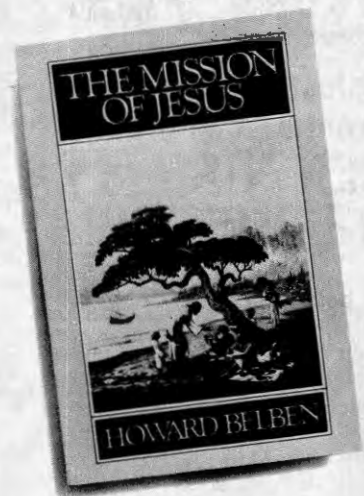
*The Killing Fields* is a political and moral statement. The climactic articulation of that statement was made by Schanberg when he received the 1976 Pulitzer Prize. He pointed out simply and directly that the United States in its invasion of Cambodia and its involvement there for five years had many objectives in mind, such as winning the war in Vietnam, checking Soviet influence in Southeast Asia, and U.S. prestige, but all to the exclusion of caring what was happening to the Cambodian people. This central statement will strike a resonant note for those many Friends who believe that caring, not absolutist ideological positions, must be the basis for national policies.

Larry Miller



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# BOOKS

**And Justice for All: An Oral History of the Japanese-American Internment Camps.** By John Tateishi. *Random House, New York, 1984. 288 pages. \$18.95.*

This fresh and vivid oral history of the betrayal of the U.S. Constitution is most timely. Unless those of us who have grown up since 1941 learn the errors of the past, it could happen in the future to another minority group.

John Tateishi helps the truth to live through the voices of 11 Japanese-American women and 19 Japanese-American men who experienced their families' eviction from their home communities to internment in concentration camps. Here are recorded the tensions felt between loyalty to the United States and the anger brought about by the loss of civil rights, privacy, and property. Many sense a loss of four or five years out of their lives.

In the 14-page introduction the author gives a concise history of the critical period and makes clear how, in time of war, truth is the first casualty. Political and military powers used rumors to whip up racial prejudice, and emotions of the white population moved from fear to hate and violence against U.S. citizens of Japanese ancestry living along the West Coast. (Those of Japanese ancestry were almost 50 percent of the population in Hawaii and no such action was taken even though it was part of the strategic war zone!)

This collection of reports is a sampling of the experience of thousands of families who were uprooted in World War II. Some had aged and invalid parents who died in the camps. Pregnant mothers with children of all ages were allowed no privacy. Farmers, doctors, students, business people, teachers, lawyers, bankers, and government workers were all rushed off at short notice to ten internment camps—hastily thrown together wooden shacks surrounded by barbed wire and watch towers put in out-of-the-way places, mostly in the western states.

Violet DeCristoforo, pregnant at the time of her internment, went with husband and two children to the Fresno Assembly Center. "In September, two weeks after my baby was born, we were herded off to Arkansas on a dilapidated train which had nothing for babies or sick women. It was a five days and five nights trip—the most horrible, horrible conditions. Shades down for security reasons, and there was no air. The baby developed pneumonia on the third day and had to lay on the seat for five days. At Jerome she spent two and a half months in the hospital." She was separated from

her husband, who was sent to a camp in Santa Fe, New Mexico. All of their letters were censored.

In spite of the great suffering and injustice, there are accounts of heroism, bravery, caring for one another, and many instances of the Japanese creating beauty inside the barbed wire! Quakers were mentioned several times as among those who consistently tried to offer help.

*Fred W. Swan*

**The Trimtab Factor.** By Harold Willens. *Morrow, New York, 1984. 144 pages. \$10.95.*

Peace makes business sense, according to Harold Willens, who retired from a successful business career to head up the California Nuclear Freeze campaign. He believes we are beleaguered by hysteria and paranoia into "defending" against every possible and imagined Soviet aggression, preferring to delude ourselves about their intentions rather than taking a rational look at their capabilities. The Soviets simply cannot overcome us in war, and they know it. Business people can't run their businesses on passion and prejudice, or they will soon be bankrupt. If a policy or a product, like Ford's Edsel, proves to be a mistake, the directors are forced to change that policy or product, cut their losses, and go on to greater success.

To a remarkable extent the United States is a business in which we are all stockholders. We are pursuing a course which will end in our utter destruction unless we change course radically. The country is likened to a ship (of state); hence, the "trimtab factor," a small change in the rudder that will change the course and avert disaster. Anyone can press on the trimtab, but those who can develop the most pressure are business people, who are also used to thinking clearly about the health of their enterprise. Hence, Willens talks primarily to business people.

The trimtab factor is a series of small disarmament initiatives that will eventually move the ship of state, with its enormous momentum, out of the dangerous waters of the armaments race. Such initiatives are easily monitored; the risks are small, the policies are reversible, and the likelihood that Moscow would respond in kind is very high. These initiatives are: to stop all testing, to propose a moratorium on flight-testing of nuclear weapons delivery systems, to hold another moratorium on deployment of any new nuclear weapons systems, and to ban new nuclear weapons production. As these steps are undertaken, momentum toward peacemaking will build in both countries, hope in a future will be rekindled, and the actual process of disarmament will become possible.

If you are a business person, or know one,



read this book and bring it to the attention of your managerial friends. Remember that a message on letterhead counts.

Robert Schutz

**Taking Charge of Our Lives: Living Responsibly in the World.** By the American Friends Service Committee, San Francisco. Edited by Joan Bodner. Harper and Row, San Francisco, 1984. 254 pages. \$8.95/paperback. (Revision of *Taking Charge: Personal and Political Change Through Simple Living*, Bantam Books, 1977.)

Devoted to voluntary simplicity and social change, *Taking Charge* particularly emphasizes making choices in our lives that will lead us to more self-reliance personally and lead the world to a fairer distribution of goods. There are many suggestions for avoiding excess consumption in food and housing, demystifying medicine, sharing expenses and duties in communal arrangements, and numerous other ways to "live responsibly in the world."

Living simply on purpose is, of course, quite different from living poorly of necessity. In *Taking Charge*, mountains of statistics sometimes submerge this central concern. Vast numbers of questions fore and aft of each section give the reader an impression

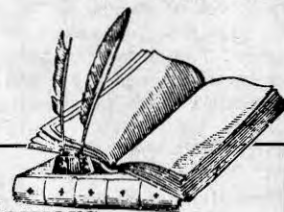
of consciousness-raising by bulldozer! Any book written by several authors will be uneven; this compendium has good chapters on energy and community, plus what you always wanted to know about consensus. The section on world hunger is comprehensive. In one place we are advised not to buy tea, coffee, or bananas from poor countries that can ill-afford to devote their resources to "exportables" instead of basic food. There are two sides to this, as John Woolman wrote: "The number of those who decline the use of West India produce on account of the hard usage of the slaves who raise it appears small, even amongst people truly pious. . . . Was the trade from this continent to the West Indies to be quite stopped at once, I believe many there would suffer for want of bread" (*Journal of John Woolman*, edited by Moulton, page 157).

Since *Taking Charge* is basically a reference book covering a whole spectrum of issues, the reader would do well to single out one chapter rather than try to digest the whole. Some of the suggestions for simple living are rather daunting. Presenting children with "real but child-sized tools" might result in making life very complicated.

The excellent bibliographies and lists of resources at the end of each chapter are reason enough to keep this book handy. We do indeed need to examine our lives and heed

Thoreau's admonishment to "simplify!" *Taking Charge* will surely inspire some to make desirable changes in their homes and communities.

Helen Zimmermann



## Poets & Reviewers

Russell Susumu Endo is a Sansei, or a third-generation Japanese-American. He is a member of Green St. (Pa.) Meeting. Larry Miller, a member of Doylestown (Pa.) Meeting, is busy preparing for his new job as assistant coordinator of AFSC International Division's Asia Desk. A member of Redwood Forest (Calif.) Meeting, Robert Schutz led a workshop, "Friends Values and Economics," at Friends General Conference 1984 gathering. Fred W. Swan and his family spent summers during World War II working on a farm with dislocated Japanese-American families. He is a member of Chester (Pa.) Meeting. Helen Zimmermann worked in the AFSC's International Division and with NARMIC. She lives in Saundertown, R.I.



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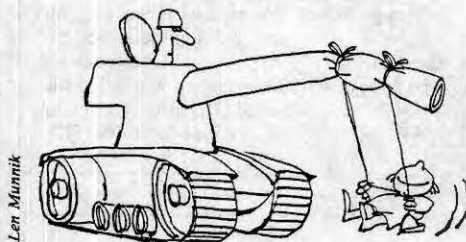
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## Books in Brief

**In Search of Refuge.** By Yvonne Dilling with Ingrid Rogers. *Herald Press, Scottsdale, PA 15683, 1984. 294 pages. \$9.95/paperback.* A journal kept by a young woman who spent 18 months in Honduras working with (and identifying with) refugees, reveals her day-to-day experiences (contains photographs and a map).

**Three Hundred Years and More of Third Haven Quakerism.** By Kenneth L. Carroll. *The Queen Anne Press, for Third Haven Meeting, Easton, MD 21601. 93 pages. \$9.95/paperback.* "Quakerism made its way into Talbot County, Md., within a very few years of its founding in England in 1652." Thus begins this readable history of Third Haven Meeting. The author chronicles the ebb and flow of membership, and the interaction of Friends with the issues of their times, i.e., slavery. Of particular interest is the appendix, "An Architectural History of Third Haven Meetinghouse," by Orlando Ridout V.



Len Munnik

**Surviving: The Best Game on Earth.** By Norie Huddle. *Schocken Books, New York, 1984. 281 pages. \$16.95.* More than 400 people from all walks of life were interviewed. They were asked first to tell about themselves, particularly how their work related to creating national or global security. Then they were asked: How can we make America and the world more secure? How can we stop the arms race? How can we improve relations with the Soviet Union? How can we improve relations with the Third World? Some of the results are reported à la Studs Terkel, whose interview became the foreword. You may not read all the book, but you should read the "impertinent" questionnaire that closes it.

**Grandpa Tell Us a Story.** By Charles Kohler. Illustrated by Sabine Price. *Quaker Home Service, London, 1983. Available from Friends Book Store, 156 N. 15th St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. 95 pages. \$4.95 (plus postage)/paperback.* The author and the illustrator are Quakers who geared these 12 stories to 7- to 11-year-olds. Several of the tales have Quaker themes: Stephen doesn't want to go to meeting; James has a leading during meeting about a friend in trouble. "The Escape" is about Quakers who save endangered friends from the Nazis.

**Nothing to Laugh About.** By Len Munnik. *Pilgrim Press, New York, 1983. 94 pages. \$6.95/paperback.* Dutch cartoonist Len Munnik states that he draws with his "ears wide open." In this collection of drawings, whose subject matter is the global military build-up, Munnik wickedly satirizes the weapons development race. Though the subject is, of course, "nothing to laugh about," it is difficult to suppress a smile while "reading" these cartoons.

## MILESTONES

### Births

**Furnas**—Michael Seth Furnas on January 3 to Frederick Seth and Theresa Young Furnas. The child is a birthright member of Miami (Ohio) Meeting, where his parents and paternal grandparents, Seth and Marjorie Furnas, are members.

**Morell**—On January 16, Nicholas Denney Morell to Douglas and Susan Workman Morell of Kirkland, Wash. The baby's mother is a member of Miami (Ohio) Meeting.

**Ziegler**—Jessica Laurel Ziegler on December 21, 1984, to Michael L. and Margaret Young Ziegler. Jessica's father is a member of Lexington (Ky.) Meeting; her mother is an attender.

### Marriage

**Browerhauve-Snyder**—J. Robert Snyder and Delice Browerhauve on August 25, 1984, at the First Congregational Church, Worcester, Mass., under the care of Worcester-Pleasant Street (Mass.) Meeting. Delice, formerly a member of Acadia (Maine) Meeting, recently transferred to Worcester-Pleasant Street Meeting. Robert is pastor of the Worcester First Congregational Church.

### Deaths

**Calhoun**—Mary Roberts Calhoun, 77, suddenly, on January 23 at her home in Norwood, Pa. A leading minister in the Society of Friends, she graduated from Moorestown Friends School in

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1924 and from Swarthmore College in 1929. She worked briefly for AFSC while in college and after graduation taught at the Friends School in Ramallah for a year. She then taught at Moorestown Friends School for nine years. After her marriage, she evaluated papers for Princeton University. Mary was a board member and secretary to the board of Pendle Hill for more than 25 years, and she was a FRIENDS JOURNAL board member for 19 years. She was a member of Darby (Pa.) Friends Meeting, where she had been recording clerk for 20 years. Mary is survived by her husband, Joseph D. Calhoun; daughters, Elizabeth (Polly) Roberts José, Susan Calhoun Moss, and Mary Martha (Tunia) McClure; and six grandchildren.

**Jones—Robert Cuba Jones** on December 28, 1984, at Cuernavaca, Mexico, following surgery. He attended Westtown School for three years and graduated from Oakwood School in 1917. He graduated from Earlham in 1923 and in 1969 received an honorary doctorate from Earlham. After earning a Ph.D. from the University of Chicago, he worked in social service and foreign relations while writing a book on Mexicans in Chicago. He headed the labor section of the Pan American Union in Washington, D.C., and did similar work for the United Nations in New York. In 1954 he and his wife, Ingeborg, settled in Mexico and established the International Cultural Center in Mexico City and nearby Oaxtepec. He was a member of Washington (D.C.) Meeting and 57th Street (Ill.) Meeting. He is survived by his wife, Ingeborg Jones; brothers, Wilfred V. and Louis E. Jones; daughter, Diana May; and two grandchildren.

**Livezey—Elsie M. Livezey** on January 30 at home in New Hope, Pa. She was a member of Wrightstown (Pa.) Meeting. In her early years she taught at Moore's School in New Jersey. She was also a pianist for silent movies and an organist at New Hope Presbyterian Church. She is survived by her

children, Charles W. Livezey, Jr., and Elizabeth Reeder; and three grandchildren.

**Way—Life-long Friend, S. Margaretta Way**, 94, on October 29, 1984, at Pennswood Village, Newtown, Pa. After receiving degrees in music from Bucknell University, Ithaca Conservatory of Music, and Pennsylvania State University, she taught music for more than 60 years in the State College, Pa., area. She was a member of State College Meeting and Phi Kappa Phi Honorary Society. She is survived by her sister, Verna Wood, and several nieces and nephews.

**Wolfe—James Wolfe**, 67, on February 3, in Beckley, W.Va. He was very interested in the cooperative movement and helped found Friendship Cooperative House in Philadelphia. His interest in cooperatives led him into the consumer oriented prepaid health care field, in which he worked in Hoop, Calif.; Hudson, N.Y.; Bellaire, Ohio; and Beckley, W.Va. He was a member of Shortcreek (Ohio) Meeting. Jim is survived by his wife, Ellen Gundersen Wolfe; daughters, Delphine and Janice; sons, Carl and Bill; and one granddaughter.

## Sufferings

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

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

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

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## Resources

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• **The Arms Race and Disarmament Booklist**, featuring over 300 interesting and inexpensive books, is available from Housmans Distribution Service, 5 Caledonian Road, London N1 9DX, England.

• **Situation Room**, a 25-minute radioplay, is a game in a videoarcade of the future where, for 25¢, anyone can be the president and ultimately determine the world's future. The \$8 cassette benefits SANE Education Fund and can be ordered from E-Radiotheater, Dept. S, P.O. Box 20150 Greeley Square Station, New York, NY 10001. Phone (800) 468-3100.

• **Second Effort**, a 30-minute documentary film produced by Laura Jackson for the Criminal Justice Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, closely examines the purposes of U.S. correctional institutions and why they fail at prisoner rehabilitation. The film can be purchased from Maltese Media, Inc., 271 Cleveland Ave., Highland Park, NJ 08094, or it can be rented for \$18 from Philadelphia Yearly Meeting Library, 1515 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. The film is available in VHS, ¼" U-Matic, and Beta II formats.

• **The Acid Rain Network**, a newly formed organization, is selling its intelligence report for \$25 per month, or \$250 for the whole year. Write to ARN, North American Water Office, 1519A E. Franklin Ave., Minneapolis MN 55404, or call (612) 872-1097.

• **Philip Riley is beating swords into plowshares.** The "swords" are aluminum pieces from the fuselage of an F-84 warplane which he fashions into "plowshare pins." These are available for \$5 each from Swords to Plowshares, Box 10406, Des Moines, IA 50306.

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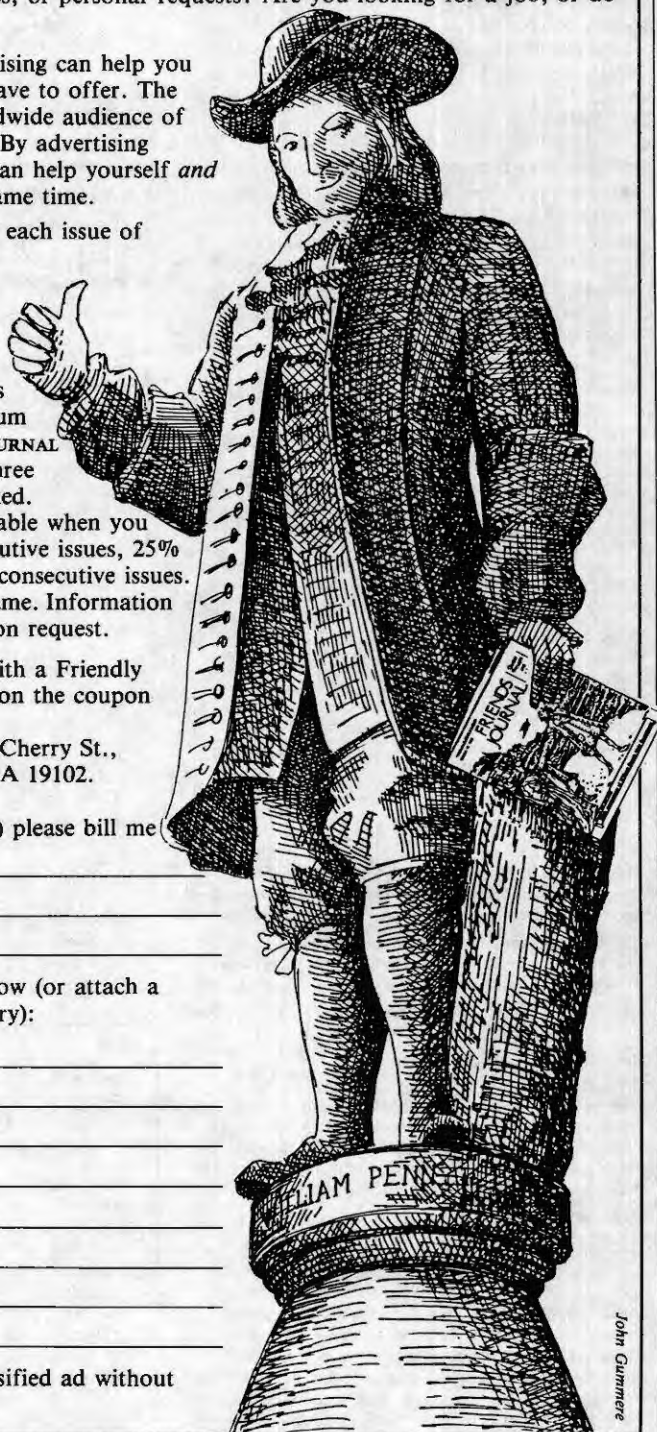
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**Situation available,** as of July 1985 or shortly thereafter, for a Friendly couple to serve as resident hosts for San Francisco Friends Meeting. Inquiries should be sent to: Clerk, Property and Finance Committee, San Francisco Monthly Meeting, 2160 Lake St., San Francisco, CA 94121.



**Quaker Volunteer Witness** has immediate openings for people committed to peace and social justice. Volunteers devote a year or more to service ministries. Examples include opportunities to work in peace education or with youth, the handicapped, and the elderly. Volunteers receive room, board, and subsistence wages. They live in community and share emotional, financial, and spiritual resources. Contact Nancy Scott, 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374. (317) 962-7573.

**Director and teachers needed** for new early childhood learning disabilities program. Experienced educator required to develop staff and curriculum. Proven ideas and ability to inspire others. Skilled teachers to create caring and challenging classrooms. Send resumes to Mary McDowell Center for Learning, 110 Schermerhorn St., P.O. Box 1160, Brooklyn, NY 11202. An affiliate of Brooklyn Friends School.

**Business manager** to maintain and improve accounting center for six-state region of the American Friends Service Committee, a religious-based social change organization. Accounting skills, familiarity with computers using accounting software required. Office management experience desirable. Salary commensurate with qualifications. Persons encouraged to apply regardless of religious affiliation, race, sex, sexual orientation, or nature of disability. Send resume by March 31, to Joan L. Clark, AFSC, 407 S. Dearborn, #370, Chicago, IL 60605.

**Development Consultant wanted.** Friends General Conference wishes to retain an experienced Friend as a Development Consultant between now and Sept. 30, 1985. Compensation includes a modest fee and generous amounts of appreciation. Expansion of responsibilities and remuneration into part-time or full-time position beginning Oct. 1, 1985, possible by mutual agreement. Contact Lloyd Lee Wilson, FGC, 1520-B Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.



## FRIENDS ACADEMY

A Quaker-affiliated, co-educational country day school including over 690 students in grades pre-kindergarten through 12. A strong selected student body, made diverse

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

**Friends Meeting at Cambridge** is seeking a replacement for retiring Resident Friends. This full-time job, for one Friend or a couple, starts September 1985 or soon thereafter. Salary and living quarters included. If interested please send resume and a letter explaining your interest in the position to Friends Meeting at Cambridge, 5 Longfellow Park, Cambridge, MA 02138. Phone (617) 876-6883.

**The Meeting School** is looking for couples interested in creative teaching and houseparenting in a community that operates from a spiritual base and from the Quaker values of simplicity, trust, and nonviolence. Grades 10-12. Accredited by NEASC. Send inquiries to Claudia and Kurt Brandenburg. The Meeting School, Rindge, NH 03461. (603) 899-3366.

**Camp counselors.** Small co-ed Quaker camp in Wisconsin needs college-age staff—W.S.I. or camp crafts skills. Jenny Lang, 3006 Kingsley Rd., Shaker Heights, OH 44122.

**Caring individuals needed** for an ecumenical community specializing in the treatment and rehabilitation of individuals with psychiatric difficulties. Housing, utilities, food, and master medical provided in addition to cash salaries depending on level of responsibility. Contact: Kent Smith, Gould Farm, Monterey, MA 01245. (413) 528-1804.

**Freelance writer** to work in close consultation with editorial committee of PYM to prepare text for an easy-to-read inreach/outreach ideabook. Experience with review by committee or group helpful. Ability to rewrite and meet deadlines essential. Familiarity with Friends required. Submit writing samples and resume to Susan Corson-Finnerty, PYM, Outreach Committee, 1515 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. Respond by April 5.

**Nanny/housekeeper** needed for new head of Wilmington Friends School. Responsibilities include full-time care of one child born Oct. 22, 1984, and light housekeeping. Live-in preferred. \$250 per week in addition to room and board. To begin July 1, 1985. Please call (215) 849-5622 or write Dulany Bennett, 126 E. Sedgwick St., Philadelphia, PA 19119.

## Positions Wanted

**Quaker couple seeking purposeful work.** Husband, Ph.D. in Political Affairs/Philosophy. Wife, M.A. in Education. Experience in teaching, administration, writing, research, counseling, organizational development, etc. Have much to offer intellectually and spiritually. Write: Wheeler/Firman, 5505 Acorn Ct., Greendale, WI 53129. (414) 421-2652.

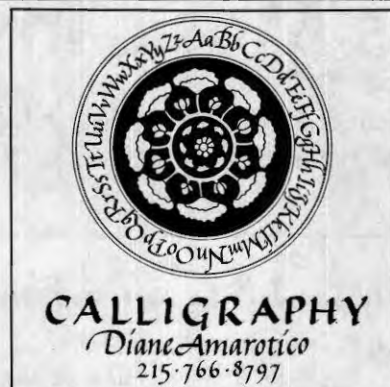
## Schools

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

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

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

## Services Offered



**Office clutter getting you down?** Your records organized for efficient retrieval. We also locate information in all subjects, write newsletters, manuals, proposals. Horwitz Information Services, 45 Forest Rd., Springfield, PA 19064. (215) 544-8376.

**Do you need typesetting?** FRIENDS JOURNAL's typesetting service can give you newsletters, brochures, pamphlets, and meeting directories a clear, clean, professional format that is easily read. We provide fast, friendly typesetting service at reasonable rates. Call us at (215) 241-7282.

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

## Summer Camps

**Where can I find a four-week summer youth program** which combines musical challenge, Quaker experience, and caring community? Answer: at FMI (Friends Music Institute) held at Barnesville, Ohio. Write FMI, P.O. Box 427, Yellow Springs, OH 45387. (513) 767-1311.

**Musical Friends 19 or older** are welcome to Friends Music Institute for adults. A week of sharing music, worship, and community. August 8-14 in Barnesville, Ohio. Write Sally Campbell, 252 W. 91st St., New York, NY 10024. (212) 787-3903.

## Summer Rentals

**Shelter Island:** furnished 3 bedroom, 2 bath, living, dining, electric kitchen with dishwasher, washer, dryer, study; 4 skylights, screened porch and deck, water view. Overlooks Friends meeting site. Friends meeting group(s) or family(ies) ideal. 23rd fifth month to 4th ninth month. 8M. (516) 747-6092, evenings, weekends or Box 88, Shelter Island, NY 11964.

**Three-bedroom home** at the beach, 20 miles north of San Diego. Jane Mills, 615 Circle Drive, Solana Beach, CA 92075. (619) 755-1251.

**Adirondacks.** Housekeeping cabins on unspoiled, spring-fed lake. Swimming, canoeing, biking, wilderness trails, wildlife. Phone (215) 922-8975 or write Dreby, Cranberry Lake, NY 12927.

**Damariscotta Lake, Sunset Lodge.** Rustic 1-, 2-, and 3-bedroom housekeeping cottages. Fishing, swimming, badminton, shuffleboard. Rates from \$200/wk. Canoes, sailboats, sailboards available. Sorry, no pets. Sunset Lodge, Box 969A, Jefferson, ME 04348. Tel. (207) 882-5484 winter, (207) 549-3077 summer.

**Waterfront summer home—Belfast, Maine.** Furnished three bedroom, 1 1/2 bath on Penobscot Bay looking east to Castine. Available June–October. Rates per week, peak season \$425; off season \$325. For more information, write (or call) Kriebel, 55 Lovell St., Portsmouth, NH 03801. (603) 431-2137.

**Vacation in Wales.** When we're not there ourselves, we let our cozy, ancient (but modernized) fieldstone cottage, located in a green and pleasant Berwyn valley, near Llanrhadr Ym Mochnant, with its famous waterfall. Caretakers Alice and David-John Lloyd will make you as welcome as rich relations. Remote and private, but just four hours from London. \$125 weekly, spring and autumn; \$150 weekly, summer. Car rental possible at low additional charge. V. H. Lane, 7 High St., Katonah, NY 10536. (914) 232-4846.

## Vacation

**North Yorkshire, England.** Take in a short semi-structured vacation in James Herriot country. Journaling, drama as therapy, woodcarving, and much else. Family house. Home cooking. Contact Peter and Margaret Whittle, The Studio, Great Ayton, Cleveland TS9 6EF, England, United Kingdom. Phone 642-723508.

# FMI campers return

## summer

## after summer

## after summer



- Quaker experience
- Community
- Musical excellence
- For 12-18 year olds
- Caring, professional staff

## Friends Music Institute

Held at Olney Friends School, Barnesville, Ohio, July 7th - August 4th, 1985

For brochure, information write FMI, P.O. Box 427, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387 or phone 513-767-1311

### Too old for FMI? Join adults from 19 to 109

at FRIENDS MUSIC INSTITUTE FOR ADULTS, held at Olney Friends School, Barnesville, Ohio, Thursday, Aug. 8 (evening) through mid-day Wednesday, Aug. 14. Skilled music coordinators, Quaker resource persons, beautiful

location with swimming. Cost: \$125 for a week of worship and music (classical and folk). For more information and brochure write Sally Campbell at 252 W. 91st St., Apt. 64, New York, NY 10024. Phone: (212) 787-3903.