



THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH: I tried to get good and self-righteous about Pete Rose's gambling on baseball while managing the Cincinnati Reds. But then I saw that the states will spend over \$2.5 BILLION on advertising lotteries this year, mostly on TV ads. Can I really blame Pete for getting their message? And what are our governments thereby teaching our children?

A Friendly Letter

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Seventh Month, 1989

Dear Friend,

It's been a busy season for Quaker-related books, so much so that for space reasons it's regrettably necessary to overlook some books that deserve mention. Moreover, the volume that seems to require the fullest treatment, in the following pages, is on a distinctly unpleasant topic: Lyndon LaRouche.

In AFL #61 we reported on LaRouche's little known but important Quaker background: his youth in New England Yearly Meeting; his father's disownment for disruptive, right-wing fundamentalist agitation; his brief but crucial experience as a Quaker CO in World War Two; the long effort to hide this identity and history, and his violent outrage against me when I uncovered them. This was the unhappy seedbed of the evil he now represents. LaRouche's pathology cannot, it seems to me, be rightly diagnosed without this Quaker context, and that leaves Friends with a special charge to be informed about him and his schemes—beyond the general imperatives of social and political self-preservation, as explained further within.

Yet having said all this, it must be noted that few of us want a summer reading list that is monopolized by tomes of such serious import; one hopes also for some escape and entertainment. Here that comes in the form of not one but two Quaker science fiction novels, one new and one old: *Pennterra* by Judith Moffett (Worldwide paperback, 320 pp., \$3.95), and a reissue of *Still Forms on Foxfield*, by Joan Slonczewski (Avon paperback, 215 pp., \$2.95). These two stories share several basic plot elements: Both center on Quaker communities (of the very liberal, unprogrammed sort; don't pastoral Friends write science fiction?) which have escaped a dying earth to another planet, where they coexist peaceably with a strange but intriguing local life-form. Both groups and their planets are threatened by successor companies of earthlings who arrive with very different agendas.

Even so, in theme the novels are quite dif-

ferent; *Pennterra* is a meditation on the Gaia hypothesis, pitting the planet itself, as well as the plain-living Quakers, against the mechanized exploitation of their fellow earthlings. On the other hand, *Still Forms on Foxfield* turns on a conflict over hardscrabble freedom versus the lure of prosperity offered by an entangling, perhaps enslaving interplanetary empire. How these turn out, of course, I'll not reveal here. While not much of a sci-fi buff, I enjoyed both these tales.

Having thus far sampled, in these books, the present and future, let us not neglect the past. Friends United Press can help here, with David E.W. Holden's *Friends Divided* (paperback, 186 pp., \$14.95). It offers a concise and dispassionate yet revealing survey of all the major Quaker separations from George Keith in the 1690s to Central Yearly Meeting in the 1920s. Many of these are almost unknown, and some are eye-opening. For instance, I always thought there were no Hicksite separations. Not so: The "Progressive Friends", who split in the 1850s, were highly suggestive of later developments in liberal Quakerism. *Friends Divided* is an accessible, very valuable resource; indeed, one might almost say it should be required reading for any Friend who wants to be literate in Quaker history.

Yours in the Light,

Chuck Fager

Chuck Fager

PS. I'm afraid I can't put it off any longer: As of 9/1/1989, the domestic subscription price for *A Friendly Letter* will increase to \$17.95 per year. This is intended to meet rising costs, and to begin providing me with some small compensation for my labor. Early renewals and gift subscriptions entered before 9/1 will be accepted at the present rate.

Lyndon LaRouche is finished, right? After all, he's in jail, his inner circle of followers are facing trial, and the feds have seized the assets of many of his front groups. So it might seem that his dream of becoming America's homegrown fuhrer is in ruins.

But Dennis King says LaRouche is *not* washed up, and we'd better pay attention to what King has to say. King makes his case in a new book, *Lyndon LaRouche and the New American Fascism* (Doubleday, 415 pp., \$19.95 cloth). He argues that Lyndon LaRouche and his supporters are not just kooks, but represent an authentic American fascism. More important, their dedication to their cause represents a potentially serious threat to our political system. I think King is right.

DOING A CRUCIAL BUT THANKLESS JOB

Dennis King is a New York reporter who has covered LaRouche for more than fifteen years. By rights he should have won a Pulitzer Prize for the devotion and quality of this journalistic labor: Not only has he read and decoded uncounted thousands of pages of LaRouche's dangerous drivel, but King has also fended off a steady barrage of LaRouchian harassment, including death threats and lawsuits.

But King has received little recognition for his exceptional work, and I must say I'm doubtful that he will. There's something about Lyndon LaRouche that makes big media people want to turn away and avert their eyes. They, and many smaller fry like myself, prefer not to think about him, and what he represents, whenever possible, which turns out to be most of the time.

This media tendency to denial about LaRouche is one of his biggest assets, as King shows in abundant detail. LaRouche has reinforced it by playing the political fool, particularly with his trademark crack about the Queen of England being a drug pusher. Hearing that, it is easy to decide he's just another weirdo, hardly different from the

guy who used to walk Washington streets with a big sign about CIA radio mind control, except that LaRouche dresses better and turns up on TV in election years. But as King shows, this conclusion is a mistake. A big mistake.

Part of King's achievement is that he has carefully unpacked LaRouche's loony-sounding rhetoric, and lays out its underlying meaning in convincing and sinister detail. Take the one about the Queen. In King's translation, its actual meaning is something like this: The drug trade, like practically every other evil in the world, LaRouche says, is controlled by an ancient, international conspiracy of Jews; this Jewish cabal also controls England; the Queen being England's symbolic head, she is *ipso facto* up to her tiara in narcotics marketing. Q.E.D., Q.E.2.

AN EVIL ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME

Sure, this is crazy. But not new, and not harmless. King's major effort is to show how LaRouche's ideology consciously follows classic fascism, especially its antisemitism, and that his many confusing sounding slogans—talk of such stuff as the struggle between his neoplatonic humanists and the black Guelph (i.e., Jewish) nobility—makes sense once you fill in the context of current neo-Nazi jargon and euphemisms. Crafting such code phrases is evidently a minor industry in Germany, where open Nazi and anti-semitic agitation is illegal—and where, by the way, LaRouche maintains a villa and many connections.

But more than slogans are involved here. King shows how LaRouche has likewise built his political strategy on fascist lines, cynically exploiting the weaknesses of our democratic structures and seeking to build enough of a base among disaffected groups to become a real power. After more than a decade of machinations, he approached a breakthrough in 1986, when two LaRouchians won the Democratic nominations for Secretary of State and

Lieutenant-Governor in Illinois, and sank the gubernatorial campaign of Adlai Stevenson III.

Most mainstream reporters regarded the Illinois results as a shocking fluke. But King shows otherwise, citing detailed studies of vote tallies in many Illinois counties during the Reagan recession years of the mid-eighties, which show a steady rise in support for LaRouchian notions and candidates.

This data makes chilling sense: fascism has thrived in times of economic chaos; and the collapse of small farmers combined with high industrial unemployment gave LaRouche's handful of persistent partisans in Illinois the opening they had been working for so long.

Sure, the voters rejected the two LaRouchians in the general election, but this story still ought to give anyone who cares about democracy the willies, and make us concerned about what could happen in the next deep recession, especially if LaRouche is still active.

LULLED BY FALSE SECURITY

But we're safe now, right? King says no, and his reporting since his book went to press backs up his contention: LaRouche's publications are still coming out; he has run a series of big ads in major papers demanding his release and comparing his trial to the Dreyfus case. His groups are still busy organizing among midwestern farmers and against his version of "Satanism," which naturally turns out to be Judaism in drag. Most of his cadre has stuck with him, despite the indictments.

LaRouche himself, crowed his paper, gave 60 interviews during his first month behind bars. And now he is running for Congress, in *my* district, from his jail cell. His lawyers beat one set of indictments in Boston, by means of nonstop legal disruption of the proceedings, ultimately winning a mistrial and wearing down the prosecutor.

And just where does the money

for all this come from? King shows that we're talking big bucks—as much as \$200 million over the past fifteen years, far more than any other independent political group has mustered. Much of it is more or less traceable: LaRouche started by squeezing every spare dime out of his followers, many of whom were affluent youths with trust funds and indulgent parents. When that ran out, he put them to work in a series of small printing and computer businesses, working them killer hours for little pay and skimming off most of the revenue. Then, as these enterprises were sucked dry, he hit his stride with boiler room telephone fundraising operations aimed primarily at elderly right-wingers. This has been the LaRouchians' real gold mine, and the amount they stole over the phone is probably in the scores of millions.

ON NOT FOLLOWING THE MONEY

But King notes ominously that these scams, lucrative as they are, don't account for all LaRouche's money: "Veteran LaRouche watchers," he writes, "believe there are still huge gaps in the puzzle of where the money came from to pay for his empire of political, intelligence-gathering, and propaganda fronts in over a dozen countries." These include suspicious connections in some of the world's major drug markets: Colombia, Panama, Mexico, Thailand. King notes that none of these has yet been seriously investigated, and adds "It is quite probable that the intelligence agencies of more than one country would prefer that these matters never be probed."

Is the CIA among this group? One thing is for certain: LaRouche tried his best, especially in the Reagan years, to develop an ongoing relationship with the cadre of the Company. There were several dimensions to this campaign: at one level, LaRouche—who considers himself the world's greatest spook, able to solve the deepest spy plots with a single twitch of his genius—simply wanted to play in the big leagues; then again, he figured that in the Reagan-Casey CIA he would find some ears which were receptive to his claims and concepts. And he did, at

very high levels.

But perhaps most important, LaRouche's effort to forge an alliance with American intelligence agencies (he went after the FBI and many local red squads too) was the keystone of a conscious attempt to put himself beyond the reach of ordinary law enforcement. King says that documents filed in LaRouche's Boston trial show that in 1982, when he was facing a number of suits and probes, he actually tried to negotiate a deal with CIA officials to guarantee immunity from prosecution.

In that case, his "negotiator" turned out to be an impostor, and the "deal" a hoax. But evidently LaRouche was able to win a kind of immunity in New York, at least for awhile, by dealing with the legendary fixer Roy Cohn. And it wasn't until his two supporters won the 1986 Illinois primary that the legal and media establishment really began turning against him effectively.

BEATING THE MEDIA AT THEIR GAME

King is repeatedly critical of the major media for ignoring LaRouche over the years. Here is the one point where I differ with him, at least in part. True, most reporters and editors typically chose to treat him as a kook and ignore him. But not always: Several major national papers have run exposes on LaRouche; the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times* have each run a major series of articles. For conventional politicians, so much negative exposure would have been devastating. But LaRouche was not a typical politician; while he harassed his media critics unmercifully, he also kept plugging away at his various campaigns and schemes as if their reporting made no difference. And in a crucial sense it hasn't. LaRouche was only really troubled when the exposure led to and reinforced law enforcement action against him, after the Illinois upsets.

His long period of relative immunity from the effects of media exposure is another reason to be very cautious about assuming that LaRouche has been finished by his current legal troubles. Many Ger-

mans thought Hitler was washed up, too, when he was jailed in the 1920s after his first abortive *putsch*.

But if LaRouche's fascism is still dangerous even with him in stir, what then? King's book points to at least two imperatives:

First, the major media should break their habit of denial and go after LaRouche in a serious and sustained way. There seems to be no bottom to the barrel of LaRouchian slime King has been scraping in his own work: connections with bigtime Mafiosi and union gangsters; work for Noriega and numerous other drug-related figures; a long string of dirty tricks operations against liberal Democratic candidates, and unexamined connections with right-wing Republicans; his efforts to compromise high Reagan administration officials; the continuing sizeable vote tallies for many of his candidates in 1988; his continuing sources of funds—the list of leads seems almost endless.

AND THROW AWAY THE KEY

But as the record shows, media exposure is not enough. Congress and the Bush administration, especially Attorney General Thornburgh, need to clean out any remaining contacts with LaRouchians along with the other offal of the Reagan years, and turn the FBI and the U.S. attorneys loose on their shadowy empire.

The prosecutions thus far have only scratched the surface of their criminality; there is plenty more to tackle that is already known. Their record, as Dennis King lays out in incontestable detail, shows that the only way to keep LaRouche and his minions under control is to keep them in the dock and, wherever possible, in the slammer, until and unless they change their ways.

If this judgment seems harsh, all I can say is: read the book and see if you think Dennis King is wrong about the things this man and his cadre have done and the danger they pose to the social order. Again, I wish King were wrong; but I don't think he is. And if he isn't, nothing less will protect us.

I.F. Stone, the independent radical journalist who died last month, was one of my role models. So when the chance came to interview him, back in 1970, I jumped at it, even though it meant driving all night from Boston to Washington to keep our appointment in a noisy, crowded cafeteria near his home.

After decades of obscurity, Stone was just then becoming famous: a spate of articles about him and his investigative newsletter, *I.F. Stone's Weekly*, had recently been appearing, even in such nonradical outlets as *The Wall Street Journal*. These profiles had focussed on such items as Stone's leftist politics, his omnivorous and tenacious research methods, and his outsider status among the herds of Washington reporters. All this was interesting and admirable enough, but increasingly familiar. So, for both competitive reasons and because of my own interests, I questioned Stone on a different subject: religion.

The resulting interview was published in *The Christian Century* of 11/4/1970, under the title "With Atheists Like Him, Who Needs Believers?" After Stone's passing, I was moved to dig it out. Excerpts from the interview follow, as a personal tribute to an outstanding reporter, and a profoundly appealing person.

* * * * *

Q. I'd like to ask you about the philosophy, the beliefs that underlie[your work], and their development.

A. Well, ultimately every policy and every choice, every philosophy and every decision rests on a faith. You get to a point where the choices you make are based not on something you can prove, but on something you deeply believe. In a sense a lot of fundamental decisions are really *aesthetic*: they involve our sense of harmony, our sense of balance.

I grew up in an all-gentile town [Ed. note: Haddonfield, New Jersey, founded by Quaker Elizabeth Haddon]; we were one of only two

Jewish families, so I never had much formal religious training. I was a bar mitzvah, but I became an atheist shortly afterwards.

Q. How did that happen?

A. It came out of a very peculiar set of circumstances. I had read Jack London's *Martin Eden*, it was one of the first books that began to make a radical out of me. I don't remember much about the book now, but I first heard of Darwin and Herbert Spencer in it....I recall Spencer only dimly now, but I remember that there were two parts to his book [*First Principles*]. The first was "The Unknowable," and the second part was "The Knowable." In the "Unknowable" part Spencer discussed the question of God, and reached the conclusion that the most rational position was the agnostic position. But I felt that the atheist position was the most rational, and that Spencer was wrong. I've always felt there's no way to reconcile the existence of evil with the existence of the kind of God envisaged in western religions.

Q. Were you particularly affected by the genocide of World War Two?

A. Well, you don't have to go to such a tremendous dramatic effects as a holocaust; one child born without an arm, or blind, is enough. It shakes the whole foundations of heaven.

I got some insight into this problem once when I was talking with [former U.N. Secretary General] U Thant, who is a deeply religious man. When I asked him about the problem of evil, he explained to me that for an Indian or a Burmese, whose religion did not postulate an anthropomorphic deity at all, the problem of evil did not arise....To attribute to a presumably benevolent deity the creation of a world full of evil and cruelty and horror just seems to me the ultimate blasphemy. I feel that atheism is the only pious position you can reach. I don't think Western theology has any answer to the whole problem of evil-

-at least none that I ever came across or heard about—that's satisfactory.

Q. You weren't impressed with the Book of Job?

A. Well, Job was wonderful, but it doesn't really...I'll have to reread Job. I reread it a couple of years ago, and I didn't think it really had an answer.

You know, what Marx said about religion being the opium of the people, I think has been misunderstood by many people. I don't think he said it as a sneer. I think that for humble people it is an opiate in the sense that it gives them comfort and solace, and why shouldn't they have it? I don't see any reason why they shouldn't. It seems to me that religion justifies itself best for the poor and humble; the great see it in a very different light. In Roman times, religion for ordinary people was very simple, but for somebody like Lucretius it was metaphorical, symbolic, a kind of secret code by which to unravel the mystery of the universe. In *De Rerum Natura* he writes about Venus in the arms of Mars and it's just magnificent, the gods and goddesses become very real. But for him they were metaphorical.

The same thing is true for most religious systems: simple people take them very literally, and other people take them as metaphorical, and within the same system of religion you have very diverse interpretations of the same creeds....

Q. But if you're so skeptical of organized religion, how come that in the September 7 [1970] issue of your paper I catch you quoting Isaiah, obviously very impressed with him—and not just impressed, but moved. How do you get from here to there? What about the prophets?

A. I suppose...I suppose I'm really basically very religious, even though I'm an atheist. I'm within the Jewish tradition, though I don't believe in God in any conventional sense. And in the pro-

BEAT THE PRICE INCREASE!

MEMO TO READERS OF A FRIENDLY LETTER

FROM: CHUCK FAGER

On 9/1/1989, the domestic subscription price of *A Friendly Letter* will increase from \$13.95 to \$17.95.

The reasons start with the usual one: rising costs, including a near doubling of postage rates since the newsletter began in 1981. But to this is added another, more personal consideration:

To speak plainly, after eight and a half years of working for free, seven to ten days per month, the editor needs a raise. The balance of the rate increase income after expenses will begin to provide me with modest compensation for the labor the Letter requires each month.

Readers of *A Friendly Letter* have been a loyal and supportive group. I am grateful for that, and hope you will stick with me now.

Early renewals and gift subscriptions will be accepted at current rates until 9/1/1989. If you wish to take advantage of these rates, use the coupon to order.

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A GUIDE TO QUAKER CONFLICTS

Most Friends have heard of Orthodox and Hicksite Quakers, and the separation that produced them. Many also can tell a Wilburite from a Gurneyite. But how many of us can identify the following Quaker tendencies and Separations?

- *Waterites
- *Beaconites
- *Progressive Friends
- *Primitive Friends
- *The Keithian Schism
- *Fritchley versus Manchester
- *Central Yearly Meeting
- *The Indiana Anti-Slavery Yearly Meeting

David Holden's *Friends Divided* provides an accessible, compact tour of these and numerous other fracas among the (mostly) peaceloving people known as Friends. A sociologist at Queen's University in Ontario, David Holden summarizes these unhappy events in a calm and dispassionate manner that lends itself to better understanding of these conflicts, and if enough Friends read and reflect on it, it ought to contribute to the amelioration of such troubles in the future.

Friends Divided is published by Friends United Press in a quality paperback edition. Use the form below to order your copy.

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phets you have the very best of Judaism. They're...well, in a very lofty way, they were sort of like radical journalists in their time, rushing around exposing evils, interrupting people and getting in dutch. But Isaiah—Isaiah is just sublime.

I mean, my Hebrew's not very good, but it's enough so that with the English translation I can work it out. On my vacation last August I read Isaiah very patiently and conscientiously and it was very rewarding. It's magnificent, sublime poetry, and it's full of wonderful insights. There are supposed to be three Isaiahs, but I couldn't decide which one was more wonderful. All three are marvelous.

Q. But I don't see how the Hebrew prophets, who aren't a totally unique religious phenomenon, fit into the picture of religion that you've drawn. They didn't uphold the establishment or spend their time giving solace to the humble. When Jeremiah went around Jerusalem telling the people to surrender to the Babylonians, he wasn't saying something that comforted the poor, or the rich either. In fact, he wasn't even comforting himself.

A. Well, I haven't read Jeremiah that closely. Isaiah is the prophet of reconciliation, and today, particularly in terms of what's happening in the Middle East, what he said seems to me to be terribly relevant. There's that wonderful prophecy of his about a high road that would go from Assyria through Israel to Egypt and reconcile all three, bring peace among them. [Isaiah 19:23-25] He said "Zion shall be redeemed by justice." [1:27] And to me that's the solution to the whole problem: justice for the Arab refugees, at least some measure of justice....And Isaiah is really the prophet of that kind of approach; as you read him, he just becomes terribly relevant and terribly contemporary.

Q. But I still want to press you about Isaiah, because it seems that whatever sort of religious experience he represents, it doesn't fit into any kind of reductionist or "opiate of the people" bag.

A. Well, look: in trying to universalize anything you have to realize that the same phenomenon can be understood in many different ways and can yield fresh insights every time....I may have told you about my grandmother. For her, religion was very personal. She just talked to God, she mumbled her prayers, and it wasn't anything very elevated, it was very sweet and pious and natural. She was just a simple person and what she believed was that God was somebody you talked to twice a day.

But Isaiah represents the activism that, to me, is particularly attractive in the Jewish tradition. It seems to me Judaism is a religion that isn't so much concerned with an afterlife as with a man's duty in this one, and with concern for others and a better social order....Whereas, say, in the great Eastern faiths people flee from the world—that's the whole idea of nirvana. Those religions really reflect a social background of enormous complexity and despair. India has been inexorably overpopulated for millenia. People just had to find ways to escape from all that suffering.

But Judaism at its best is not a religion of escape. And that's what Isaiah represents—a real activism. When Nietzsche spoke of Christianity as a slave religion, there was some truth in this psychologically, in that you bore your burden in this life without complaint and you were going to get your reward in the hereafter. The Wobblies talked about "pie in the sky," and that was out of Nietzsche.

I'm not saying this to insult Christianity. One of my other passions is Nicholas of Cusa, whom I've been reading with enormous admiration and as a real religious experience. He was an extraordinary person: a Roman Catholic cardinal toward the close of the Middle Ages, an administrator of the church, very busy with its affairs, and yet a great scholar and a really great mystic, a man of humane views which were far beyond his time. His dialogues in the *Pace Fidei* don't just teach tolerance for other faiths but assert that, since God is unknow-

able, every faith somehow adds to our understanding of the mystery. It wasn't a matter of tolerating other faiths, but rather of seeing through *their* spectacles too the unknowability of God. It's a very lofty conception for a Roman Catholic cardinal in the so-called dark ages.

Q. It's pretty lofty for some people in 1970. [Not to mention 1989—Ed.]

A. Well, I don't say that to disparage him. But how does all this relate to today? Today we have a whole list of problems, but really we just have one big interlocked problem. Take urban blight, pollution, education, racism—these are all interlocked. You can't really deal with these things separately without wasting a lot of effort and driving people to despair. We need to deal with them by way of some overall plan or package. How? Well, if by some magic you could raise the level of altruism in ordinary human beings by 30 per cent, it would change the whole picture. If you could just change the level of concern for others, we would all be saved.

Q. At divinity school we call that grace.

A. This whole conception of the "economic man" that's basic to both capitalism and communism is quite inadequate. The idea that people know their economic interests and are moved by them is a figment of 19th century rationalism. For Adam Smith's side it's the individual who counts, for Marx it's the class. But they're equally illusory, because as you observe people you see that, first, they don't very often know what their interests are. Second, they usually prefer their short-range to their long-range interests. Third, they prefer their comforts to their interests.... They're prisoners of habits and institutions and customary ways. And those are things that are very hard to break them out of. But if everyone were as concerned as, say, a handful of our best Quakers are, the whole country would be transformed.

SUMMER BOOK ISSUE: LYNDON LAROCHE,
QUAKER SCIENCE FICTION,
AND I.F. STONE'S RELIGION

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THIS MONTH IN QUAKER HISTORY

The ordeal of Mary Knowles was described in AFL #96. She was a librarian employed by Plymouth Meeting in Pennsylvania as head of the library they then operated for their local community. In 1957 she was convicted of contempt of Congress for refusing to answer questions about her alleged past radical associations. A vocal group of self-styled patriots in the area, including some members of Plymouth Meeting, demanded that Knowles be fired because of this. But the meeting's Library Committee refused, as her work was satisfactory and her stand conscientious.

We neglected to mention, however, that the attention of the House Committee on Un-American Activities was also drawn to her employer, Plymouth Meeting, and in particular its Library Committee.

The Congressional Committee was involved in an investigation of the Fund for the Republic, an offshoot of the Ford Foundation focussed on civil liberties issues. And in Seventh Month, 1956, the Fund announced a \$5000 award to Plymouth Meeting in recog-

nition of its stand. But the Committee's Chairman, Francis Walter wanted "to know more about the factors which prompted the Fund for the Republic to consider the retention of a Communist a defence of 'democratic principles' worth \$5000 of its tax-exempt money." He issued a subpoena to the Library Committee chair, ordering her to testify and turn over the records of the committee and the meeting.

On 7/11, however, Plymouth Meeting declared that, while they were ready "to cooperate...in answering questions of fact," they suggested that "It has no doubt escaped your attention that Plymouth Meeting is a religious society and its records protected by the First Amendment to the Constitution from subpoena by a government body." Consequently, they would refuse to turn over their minutes or the minutes of the Library Committee.

The Library Committee chair did testify, but without the minutes, and the federal investigators backed off on that point.

QUAKER CHUCKLE

Did thee hear about the Friend who married an Amish woman? They say he's driving her buggy.

—Blame it on Del Coppinger, Iowa Yearly Meeting Superintendent

Another Friend wanted to get away from the creatureliness and corruption of life in everyday America, and decided to try a lengthy retreat at a cloistered Catholic convent. After a little research, she learned of a Carmelite community not far away which was willing to take in sojourners, and soon she had moved in.

At first she found the daily round of silence, lengthy prayers and work soothing. This began at dawn in the chapel when the mother superior faced the group and chanted, "'Mooorning,'" to which everyone replied in unison, "Mooorning."

After a few weeks, though, the Friend began to yearn for a little variety in this routine. So when the group was again gathered in the chapel at dawn and the mother superior sang "'Mooorning,'" the Friend mischievously responded "'Eeevening.'" The mother superior listened, smiled slyly and then sang out, "Someone chanted 'evening.'"