A DECADE of FRIENDLY PERSUASION:
Celebrating Ten Years of Peace Vigils in Kennett Square

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DEDICATION

This work is dedicated:

To the London Grove Friends Meeting where the Kennett Square Peace Vigil originated.

To all persons participating in the Kennett Square Vigil during the first decade and beyond, whether or not they were available for interview. Each one contributed to the success of the Vigil over the years and we honor their commitment to peace. They are recognized and appreciated by all who followed in their footsteps. We could list the many, but do not want to slight anyone through error of omission.

To the numerous drivers who passed by the Vigil and waved or honked for peace, to those pedestrians who personally thanked the vigilers and also to those unsettled by the peace message, in hopes they will come to understand.

To past, present and future advocates for peace throughout the world.

ABSTRACT

In any type of weather on Friday afternoons in Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, passers-by the intersection of State Street and Route 82 have been encouraged to consider alternatives to war and to "Honk for Peace." Whether it was blistering hot, biting cold, pouring rain or a perfectly beautiful day, the vigilers held high peace placards to all who drove or walked past. Their message has been and continues to be apolitical.

An amazing group of dedicated peace activists and concerned citizens maintained the Vigil in Kennett Square since December 2001. Presented are a variety of these participants who represent decades of activism and have wide-ranging backgrounds, religious orientations and interests. Each was asked the same set of questions, which are located in the Documents section of this work. They explain in their own words how they came to participate in vigils for peace, including the one in Kennett Square, and what results they hoped would spring from their activities. Several edited their words to make the text more fluid.

Attendance has changed over the years, as some became physically unable to be at the corner or found activities more relevant to their particular pacifistic interests. Meanwhile, others took their places. Some participants are no longer alive, but memories of them and their dedication to peace live on in the hearts of those who continue the Vigil. Memories also live on for Kennett Square shopkeepers, residents and frequent visitors who know it is Friday when drivers begin to toot their horns and wave, and pedestrians of all ages respond with encouraging words.

The purpose of this project is to record the reasons why those who felt led to participate in the Kennett Square Vigil did so and to encourage others to participate in vigils for which they may feel called. Those interviewed for this project are deeply appreciated, as well as all others who supported and participated in the Vigil over the years. Gratitude is especially extended to the London Grove Friends Meeting for initiating the Peace Vigil.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

Paths to peace are as varied as the numbers of people who willingly enjoy its calling. We who carry peace and try to practice it are conservative and radical, religious, spiritual, and non-religious. We yearn for safety for our children, our parents, cousins, neighbors and grandparents. There is room for everyone. Most likely you, the reader, play a part in this "we." Welcome to these pages!

The Peace Vigil in Kennett Square began when a small group of Quakers were moved to express a hope that Peace would continue to be a golden thread in the lives of many – a hope that Peace would not go out of sight totally, while U.S. bombs began dropping in Afghanistan. The Twin Towers came down on September 11, 2001. U.S. bombing of Afghanistan began October 7, 2001. London Grove Friends Meeting Peace Committee met October 17, 2001, and the committee members agreed to explore how they could initiate a Peace Vigil. The Peace Vigil in Kennett Square began Friday, December 14, 2001, and the Vigil has taken place nearly every Friday for over ten years, and is still ongoing at this writing.

In June 2010 the war in Afghanistan became the U.S.'s longest war (if U.S. involvement in the Viet Nam War is measured from 8/7/64 to 3/73). A 2010 estimate of the total cost of deploying one U.S. soldier in Afghanistan for one year is over $1 million dollars. A phrase well publicized by Friends Committee on National Legislation (FCNL) is "War is Not the Answer." More telling is a letter written by FCNL in 2011, which stated, War is not the Answer; We are the answer. With that in mind, the oral histories of people of many backgrounds who have vigiled for significant lengths of time at the Peace Vigil in Kennett Square are gathered here. These histories are collected to offer stories, ideas and inspiration to all readers, young and older, inquirers and experienced activists.

You may have heard that in some cultures the concept of "peace" is closely related to the concept of "beauty." This is so in the Navajo language, and others. The combined concept embraces a sense of balance, where parts or individuals are related to the others and to the whole in a harmonious manner. All parts interrelate and interact, and truth becomes evident. That which emerges is a harmonious peace, rather than a peace where the other side is conquered, killed off, or missing. A harmonious, true peace is at the heart of the Peace Vigil in Kennett Square.

As A.J. Muste (1885-1967) stood in front of the White House in a candlelight Vigil for peace during the Viet Nam War, he is quoted as saying, "I don't do this to change the country. I do this so the country won't change me." Perhaps a few vigilers also hope to change the minds and hearts of a neighbor or two. We wish each reader some joy and new images, while perusing these pages. May you be calmed, find nourishment and be refreshed.

GLN 1/31/12

John J. Beer

John J. Beer Peace Interview April 27, 2010

Barbara Walker and David Williamson interviewing John Beer at Kendal.

BW: Hello John. We start out with some basic background about your family, where you were born and your education.

JB: My name is John Joseph Beer. I am the fourth child of Otto and Lucy Homburger Beer. I was born in what is now Germany, July 17, 1927, into a Jewish family, whose roots could be traced to the late 1600s. Our family was well to do. My father was a merchant in a city that had rapidly grown into an industrial town due to nearby coal and iron ore deposits. The family business started about 1811 and got better with every generation. In the nineteenth century, each generation seemed to have more surviving children than the one before. Our family was large and influential in the Jewish community, but also was very eager to be accepted by the Gentile community. They hoped to continue practicing their ancient religion but in every other way they wanted to be as ordinary and as patriotic as our neighbors.

But Anti-Semitism continued to be palpable as it had been for generations. Our first ancestor to move into Saint Ingbert had his house burned down, but he stuck it out and eventually did well. His son Joseph succeeded in being elected to the City Council. This was something highly unusual and he was very proud of his position. But in the 1930s, the rise of Hitler essentially forced the family to forfeit everything they worked for and accrued over one hundred years. My father and his brother had been in the First World War, fought bravely for the Germans, were decorated with Iron Crosses, and even became officers in the German Army, which Jews previously could not attain. Still in the 1920s there were all kinds of professions essentially barred to Jews.

As a child, I remember neighborhood children throwing stones at us, yelling and singing derogatory things about Jews. In 1935 my parents moved out of Germany. My father was the initiator, because he realized that Hitler's rise to power endangered the life of every German Jew. So the family moved to France and obtained French citizenship. It was during the Depression and as a foreigner it was hard to get employment, even though my father was a new French citizen. He spoke with a German accent, and because World War I ended only recently, there was still historic hatred for Germans by the French, which made finding an income source more difficult. Oddly enough, because he was now a French citizen, he was made a Reserve Officer in the French Army, even though he had previously fought for the Germans. However, when he observed the French Army from within, he found it so incompetent that he said, "They will never defend us." Meanwhile we were living off our financial reserves. We had to sell everything at fire sale prices, but we still had quite a bit. Essentially, for the next twenty years, these reserves sustained us as we moved from one place to another.

BW: Where did you live in France?

JB: We lived in a suburb of Paris called St. Germain-en-Laye. It has a large royal palace where Louis XIV was born. Even though my parents loved France and were very happy there, after two

years our parents decided to move on. Conditions were getting worse in Germany and ever more of our relatives were in need of help to get out. So while we ourselves were on the move again, our parents spent much time and money trying to save them with mixed results.

Our family of seven came to the United States in 1937. My father's mother, Hermine, my grandmother, came along. We settled in the northern Manhattan area called Washington Heights. We had relatives in this neighborhood, because in the 1880s one of my father's uncles came to the U.S. and prospered. By the time we arrived though, he had died. His widow gave us what was called an affidavit. It meant that she guaranteed to the government that our family would not become a public charge, which made it possible to get a visa. She and other family members helped us get settled.

My father tried several ways to earn a living in the city, but in 1937 there was still a Depression. For a foreigner who didn't really speak much English, it was a difficult time. He tried several things. He sold insurance for a Wall Street bank, until the bank was charged under New Deal regulations for violating the latest bank reforms. He couldn't sell any more insurance policies after that trial made headlines in *The New York Times*. Eventually the government lost its case and the bank was exonerated, but by then the insurance business was ruined. There were some people who didn't like Franklin Roosevelt in those days, although my family (being Jewish immigrants), were strongly favorable to Roosevelt and the Democratic Party. My father tried several other things like selling ladies imitation silk stockings, but that business didn't turn out. Altogether there were about five or six different things he tried. Each time he earned so little money that he never had to pay taxes during those four years and we were still living off the family's financial reserves.

We moved to Queens for two years, where our grandmother died. A sister of my father's was able to immigrate and live close to us in our new neighborhood near Forest Hills. It was there that my parents, always with my father in the lead, with mother going along but modifying some things, began looking for an alternative faith to Judaism. Father was dissatisfied with its spiritual nurture for himself and for his family. As an assimilationist, he once argued that we were essentially living in a Christian culture striving toward a Christian ethic. My mother vetoed any religion that made Christ a God or part of the Godhead, thereby eliminating the more formal, traditional Christian churches. My parents were looking at some of the liberal ones and ultimately they found the Quakers in South Jersey. Father decided he wanted to be a chicken farmer in Vineland, New Jersey and our family had moved there.

BW: How old were you during that time?

JB: I came to the U.S. when I was nine and when I was thirteen I was Bar-Mitzvahed because my grandfather was still living. My parents didn't tell their parents or any of the relatives about our religious searching who would see it as betraying our heritage. Hiding it was obviously problematic. One reason for moving out of New York was that our searching supposedly would be easier. But the town in which we did chicken farming was full of other German Jewish chicken farmers, many of whom we knew or might even be distant relatives. It's just like the Quakers; if you probe long enough you'll find you are related somewhere on the family tree. We went to Quaker Meeting in Woodstown, New Jersey, and my parents became extremely happy

there. We were taken into membership, even though my father said he couldn't be a pacifist with what he had experienced in his life: fighting in the First World War and the Second World War going on defending us from Hitler. But Woodstown Friends assured them that we were welcome. Several of the young Friends in Woodstown Meeting had gone into the military, while a few others had gone into Civilian Public Service (CPS).

My parents felt accepted; they sensed no anti-Semitism, even though there was very strong anti-Semitism in the United States in those days. In New York City there were some country clubs Jews couldn't join. Most elite private colleges and universities had quotas for admitting Jews. When seeking to buy homes in "Restricted" neighborhoods, Jews got the runaround from Real Estate agents, similar to the way they shooed away people of color, Asians, and all other Non-WASPs (White, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant). If you belong to a minority your ears are finely tuned to all those exclusions. My parents fully accepted other Quaker institutions, such as Pendle Hill. Later on they moved to Ohio to a Quaker College town. There too they became very enthusiastic Quakers, taught Sunday School and participated in many Quaker Meeting activities.

I did likewise. While in high school, one very strong influence on me was attending Weekend Work Camps in which I worked with African Americans living in Philadelphia to alleviate the worst conditions under which they lived. These were led by a Friend named David Ritchie, who was a founder of the Weekend Work Camp Movement. Previously he had worked for the Friends Service Committee. His wife, Mary, and he were just beautiful people; deeply committed to living a life based on the Quaker testimonies. These weekend sessions meant a lot to me and we stayed in touch with David until he died a few years ago.

As I went into my senior year in high school during the war in 1944-45, I had to decide at the age of seventeen whether I was going to be a pacifist or whether I was going to go in the military. I knew that as soon as I turned eighteen in July the draft board would draft me into the Army. So I wrestled with what to do for months on end being torn between pacifism and safeguarding our family. Many had died in Europe, including my maternal grandfather who perished in a concentration camp, along with lots of others whom our family couldn't get out of Germany. My brother Martin had gone into the Army. I finally while still 17 and had a choice, volunteered for the Navy, which I preferred to the Army.

My Navy career was short, only about eleven months, because by September 1945 the war ended. I was discharged in August 1946. But in those eleven months I was more and more convinced that war was wrong. There were two things in the military that I observed. One of them was it was an autocratic system in which you had no rights. Officers determined your fate. That disturbed me because the American military fights to defend personal freedom which it now denied me and also for free enterprise capitalism. It operates on the principles of totalitarian socialism, depending completely on the government leadership to provide its personnel <u>total</u> economic security.

I was on an aircraft carrier but I saw that to be a dangerous to be. Because I could read German, in 1946, I was transferred to the Office of Naval Intelligence in DC to screen documents coming from the Naval Stations in Germany. They looked for two things. One was the military research Germans had been doing. The other was anything to do with the Soviet Union, (our recent ally)

which was being analyzed because the Cold War was coming on very rapidly. Gradually I began to realize the second thing was that the military depended for its prosperity on always identifying the next enemy.

After I got out and went to Earlham College, which was full of pacifists and of returning military guys, I began to hang out with students involved with Quaker extra-curricular activities and roomed with two pacifists who had been in CPS camps. They were absolutely wonderful buddies. During my time at Earlham, the Korean War started, the draft was reinstated and my two pacifist roommates refused to register. One of them went to jail. Instruction at this Quaker College often witnessed to Friends' testimonies. Besides Peace & Justice, environmental causes became very important as was choosing one's future profession with eye for doing good, more than for doing well.

In the Cold War arms race, atomic weapons became more frightening. All public buildings had to be prepared and marked as bomb shelters and the newspapers were full of stories of people building shelters underground behind their houses. There was a real sense that this arms race was going full tilt out of control and that we would all perish in a nuclear holocaust. That had a very strong influence on my career. I steered my interests and majors in the direction of non-military work and work for peace. I majored in chemistry and minored in education. Following graduation I entered the University of Illinois, which has a very strong chemistry department. There I chose to major in biochemistry, because its applications were more likely to be humane and peaceful than chemical engineering, or physical, or even organic chemistry. As for job opportunities, they were great as our government was spending more and more lavishly for research especially for boosting military and medical discoveries. Before the war, it had spent very little on research, but during World War II it spent <u>huge</u> amounts of money on military research, most notably developing the Atom Bomb. That continued and even accelerated in the Cold War to stay ahead of the Russians

Sometime after I had earned a Master's Degree and was a about a year or two away from a Ph.D., I had this inner calling to become a historian of science rather than a practicing biochemist. As a bench scientist, one had little influence over how one's discoveries would be used either for making money, or weapons. Since childhood I had a great love of history and geography, which I picked up in first grade in France. So right in the middle of all the course work for my Ph.D., I changed direction. Fran and I were married by then and this change prolonged my graduate student years. But there was nothing but encouragement from Fran for my decision. She had been a History Major at Earlham.

The history of science was becoming a major area of study in the early 1950s. Usually you can see what currently interests historians because it mirrors what's being covered in the media, what's happening in society and what people are concerned about at the time. So Russian history became a hot field of study and so did the history of science and technology. The public's attitude about science had long been that you leave the decisions about what weapon systems Congress should fund to what the scientists and the engineers advised to the legislators; they understood all the nitti-gritty dangers and possibilities of their deadly gadgets. Furthermore they were trained to rationally base what they advise only on proven facts. Yet this view was being debunked by critics who were analyzing how scientists were lining up for new proposed

weapons like the B-1 Bomber or hydrogen bomb or nuclear submarines whose guided missiles could take out all the Russia's big cities. You had experts on both sides; some of them were against it and some of them were for it. Their viewpoints really came from their values and politics and were not based entirely on an impartial, purely fact based, mindset.

My purpose for teaching history was to promote peaceful solutions to public issues.
When it came to solving issues involving understanding of scientific or technical issues, I wanted to assure all citizens that these can be understood and guide their political advocacy and their choice of careers. Most members of Congress too were not scientists or engineers. One could explain major scientific issues to people so they could understand the science well enough to come to a sensible solution about whether to vote for or against making biological weapons or oppose them. There were lots of my students who did not like science in those days. You had to tell them that if they were going to be active citizens and save the world, they had to know enough to decide whether they were going to vote for or against the Representative whose voting record came closest to their opinion on defense spending, for instance a bill funding the Star Wars system for intercepting and destroying incoming enemy nuclear tipped missiles.

At the University of Delaware where I taught for thirty-one years, I became more and more active in peace oriented teaching, research, writing and off campus speaking. I also helped moved my colleagues to change the History Department's course offerings toward that goal which included fostering a global view of history over the national and regional focus of the past.

BW: When did you come to the University of Delaware?

JB: In the Fall semester of 1961. But before we talk further about that, I think it would be of interest if I recounted what we did earlier that summer before we moved from Oklahoma to Delaware. That July, before I started to teach at the University, Fran and I directed a Friends Service Committee sponsored program called "Interns in Industry" for college students. We lived in a North Philadelphia row house among low-income people who, if employed, worked mostly at unskilled jobs. The object of the program was to acquaint the students with how their new neighbors lived and worked. So we asked them to go out and try to find jobs requiring only unskilled labor. They couldn't use what they had learned or take white-collar jobs. They had to find laboring jobs and live among laboring people. At night and on weekends they would come together and talk about what it was like in the United States to be at the bottom of the economic ladder. To enrich their experience we brought in resource people from the neighborhood, and professionals, such as labor leaders, police, clergy, and social workers, coworkers and bosses invited by the students. For most of them that tough summer left indelible memories.

During the late 1940s and early 1950s Fran and I considered other ways I could work for the American Friends Service Committee, particularly in Europe where the AFSC had staff that sought to prevent war between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. One such place was in occupied Berlin, which was divided between the Soviet Zone and the zones of the U.S., Britain & France. The city was a flashpoint where tense confrontations were almost a daily event, where shooting might break out that might quickly escalate to total war. Acting as mediators, the Quakers facilitated dialogue between officials and citizens from both sides. Unfortunately the right time

to serve abroad in this way failed to materialize so I continued to focus my peace advocacy on teaching and my research interests at the University of Delaware.

In about 1963 Fran and I agreed to host a campus student religious group called the Friends Fellowship, where we often talked about peace issues. This group was connected to the Newark Meeting and was held at our house on Sunday during supper-time, once or twice a month. The time was the 1960s and 1970s when the Civil rights crisis was raging and the war in Viet Nam was escalating. Newark Meeting Friends were very active in counseling students who faced being drafted. The woman's liberation movement was gaining momentum. There was much to talk about and to do in our Friends Fellowship. An occasional student attender, Sally Milbury-Steen, went on to devote her life to promote peace and justice as Executive Director of Delaware Pacem in Terris. My own role included arranging campus peace rallies, visits by peace activists, attending protests marches like the 1963 March on Washington by the black community, when Martin Luther King, Jr. gave his great speech. I have lost track of all the peace vigils and demonstrations I have attended in my life, including those in England and Germany.
But I recall some of them with my friend and peace hero, David Ritchie. Whenever he marched in the Philadelphia area, I tended to perk up and go along. He had a button for any kind of March. It simply said, "Caring Matters Most." He lived that way too.

Academically I also did lots of anti-nuclear power things. I eventually taught a course called, "The Atomic Age", in which we looked at the history of how nuclear science developed and what its applications were. The class was attended by between seventy and one hundred students. There was high interest in this controversial subject and I tried hard to be even-handed teaching it. One of the things that I wanted to get across was that they all could understand this science and its technology. I brought in professors who could explain things to students weak in science and answer questions of the students who excelled in science. I used a great deal of film and TV footage that came from the Manhattan Project and the news media about all aspects of the technical and political story of the Atomic Age. One of the most successful things I did was to bring into the class inspectors charged with safeguarding all radiation sources at the University of Delaware. We had a small cyclotron and we imported a lot of radioactive materials for doing research. The Federal Government had strict laws governing this; the State had additional rules and the University did too.

The head radiation safety officer of the University explained to my class that all together there were three inspectors who did nothing but monitor all the radiation sources on campus, which totaled eight curies. He then added that a single nuclear power plant is rated at tens of thousands of curies, from which the public and natural environment must be safeguarded. In the course we also learned about the consequences of nuclear meltdowns at Three Mile Island and Chernobyl. Protecting the world from the radiation in nuclear military plants and deployed weaponry is even more daunting. With ample use of audiovisuals we also looked at the catastrophic consequences of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, which brought an end to World War II. But it immediately initiated a nuclear arms race with the Soviet Union. In the years that followed nuclear bomb possession proliferated to include France, England, Israel, China, India, and Pakistan. Currently North Korea and Iran are straining to join the club.

The course made clear that humankind henceforth faces the possibility of mutual assured destruction through war. As citizens in a democracy, students needed to help prevent it. While the course included pro and con views on whether to continue the arms race or reverse it by mutual agreement, it could not dig deeply on how to resolve conflicts by non-violence.

To explore that I decided to offer a seminar to explore how in the 20th century Mahatma Gandhi developed nonviolent tactics to gain India's independence from Great Britain. His teachings have been built upon worldwide by an ever-growing number of peace and justice activists seeking to assure the future of humankind. Gandhi was a powerful communicator. Famous in his own time, records exist of virtually everything he said and did. His venture into politics was gradual. His unconventional non-violent confrontations exposed him not only to failure, but also to personal danger. Each new goal he set for himself required courage. To strengthen his will power to endure the consequences, he restricted his personal life style step-by-step and each time he made a sacred vow in public to double seal his pledge, just like getting married or swearing in court. "Though I've always been a vegetarian from now on I'm turning vegan"; "From now on I will only eat the following things every day"; or "I'm not eating between sundown and dawn." "From now on I shall walk one hour every morning." "From now on I will remain celibate", or "I will only wear the simplest minimal clothes, make them with my own hands as must the poorest of the poor." This Gandhian practice interested the students in my seminar so much that they chose as their main project to practice one of his restricting disciplines for the duration of the semester, learning why and how Gandhi did it and sharing with class what their experience was like.

BW: Maybe this is really linked to the Vigil too, because you are making a public statement and you are standing up saying, "This is what I believe."

JB: That's right.

BW: You are not known to the passers-by and this is one of the reasons I want to do this project, because I would like people to understand the quality and depth of the persons who have been holding the peace signs, why they are there, what they believe and what their backgrounds are.

JB: That brings me to the concern of whether we can do it better, if we can communicate those things. That shouldn't be part of our interview now, but I think that maybe what our signs say, what we might do, what we might wear and so forth that can build on what we've got, rather than repeating the same thing. It does have the value of offering the experience people enjoy every week, though.

BW: Obviously they do, especially you, John. You doff your hat, wave and smile. I think they really look forward to seeing you. Did you and Fran get started at the Kennett Vigil about six years ago?

JB: Well we moved to Kendal in the fall of 2002. I don't remember how long after that we joined the Vigil. There were so many wonderful people at Kendal that were already out there. Also, we already were part of this area's Quarterly Meeting, so we knew about the Vigil. London Grove started it and we knew that Gail Newbold was very active. I think it was in the spring of 2003 we began.

BW: Have you seen changes in the Vigil over the years and the response that you've had from people?

JB: The response follows the military fate. While you're winning, there are fewer people who will honk. A lot of them in the beginning even had these flags on their cars with "Shock and Awe," Whenever you were on the road, you'd see people who had ribbons on the back of their cars, which said, "Support our Troops." This faded very slowly as dissatisfaction rose with what was happening in Iraq. That was very favorable for the response we were getting. We saw that also with the election of Obama. Clearly after the election, the public was even more supportive. We used to get a lot of negatives, much more than we get now…you know fingers and people yelling at us for being unpatriotic. There has been a change. I think lately there is a steady friendliness, but you don't know to what extent the response is meaningful. We have signs that talk about nonviolence; "peace" is a word that's lost a lot of its force. We do have this big peace sign out there. We might just sit down and come up with new strategies and that could pull in more people. We have people like Carlie and Dick, but Dick stopped because he thought Obama would cure everything. Carlie keeps coming as much as she can since she works. Jack McCrory would like to still be with us, but he is interested in keeping the message more up-to-date with what's going on in the public mind.

BW: What do you think the future for vigils is? Do you think they will continue? Do you think electronics will play a role?

JB: I think vigils will still have value. There was great value to going to Washington and standing in front of the White House, while Lyndon Johnson's daughter was getting engaged. I remember standing out there and her boyfriend was inside. In any case, vigils still make news. Essentially, the object is to hit the media and to hit the Congress. As long as other people make these pilgrimages to Washington, you do the same. You write letters and lobby as much as you can.

BW: How do you visualize peace on the planet, John?

JB: Essentially we have to take care of the planet and try to equalize the resources that we exploit from the rich to the poor. If we don't do that, as the resources become increasingly limited, there could be more war and violence. If we try to keep up our standard of living but keep others down, in the long run it is not going to work. Developing countries, especially the ones with huge populations, such as in Asia, are coming along very fast. We've accelerated out-sourcing, which we think is good for the United States, but I think in a way it isn't. The majority of people feel what is good for us is to continue to have a growing economy, which of course is not likely. They are actually speeding up the rate at which these other people are jacking up the price of our commodities, as water shortages, soil shortages and oil shortages all rise. It's very essential to continue telling the story of the success of nonviolent methods. The greatest example in the United States is the Civil Rights Movement, which was overwhelmingly nonviolent. Look at South Africa too.

The story of nonviolence is one our son Michael propagates; wherever there are problems in the world he goes. He offers training in computers, so you can get your message out and link up to the people who have been driven from their country as exiles and essentially prepare them for a return home. It's the only sane thing to do. In a sense, so is making as many international agreements so that you become so mutually intertwined and therefore can't fight. It's too disruptive. That's what we've been doing right along with the advancement of technology in our time. Our agreements with the Russians in 1956 about not militarizing Antarctica were one of the first major ties. By agreeing to all the regulations on flying airplanes, telephone lines and health issues, we are tying ourselves to others more and more and have ultimately less and less control over running our affairs the way we please. That gives us disadvantages too. I understand that, but to resort to force to resolve them becomes even more problematic. What I really haven't understood is why big business, which is international now, hasn't become more pacifistic about the arms race. One of the problems is that they have to make a quick buck and if they can make it off the military, that's a major source of income. There are other businesses that would be terribly affected by war, as we've just seen with the recent volcano in Iceland. It stopped the flow of people by air. There are a lot of hopeful ways that can prevent violence, which is always going to be around. We used to think the pie in the world could be expanded for everybody, but we now know the resources aren't there. There really is a limit to what we can have materially. The chasm between the poor and the rich just has to be closed fast.

BW: I thank you. I was going to ask you for words of wisdom, but I believe you just shared them! I appreciate your taking the time to talk with us.

JB: We are very pleased that you are doing this.

Marian D. Fuson

Marian Fuson Peace Interview, September 17, 2009

Gail Newbold, Barbara Walker and David Williamson interviewing Marian Fuson at Kendal.

BW: Marian, can you tell us something about yourself, your background, full name, birth date, place, as much as you would like to share with us.

MF: All right. I was born Marian Haines Darnell in Moorestown, NJ and I married Nelson Fuson in 1945 during the war. He was born in China and he was in CPS, Civilian Public Service. I went to Westtown first, and then to Oberlin College. I worked in a school for delinquent girls called Sleighton Farm, a model school for adjudicated girls in Glen Mills, for a year and then to the Young Friends Movement of Philadelphia. There were two Philadelphia Yearly Meetings at that time and the purpose of that group was to bring the two Meetings together.

I was sent to Pendle Hill that summer, just as I was starting the job, because they wanted me to have a proper grounding. It was a very delightful summer. There happened to be a whole unit of CPS fellows at Pendle Hill at the time. They were very interesting and led by Nelson Fuson.

Then two years later, Nelson wrote me a letter saying he was going to be in Philadelphia representing his CPS camp and might have time to see me, just brushing up on old friendships. I thought, well fine. So that's when things changed and it was kind of fun. He came toward the end of the month, when I was very, very busy, because I was getting ready for the Yearly Meeting. So I could only meet him in evenings. I didn't want my guiding committee to know that he was seeing me, so it had to be at nine o'clock at night. I was living in Philadelphia at the time and things warmed up, let's say.

In April I was in Richmond, Indiana at a Young Friends Conference and he was at the time working on a research project as a one-person unit at the University of Michigan for his thesis professor. They were trying to see if they could synthesize penicillin more cheaply than growing it. This was one of those government grants and his thesis professor had gotten him involved. So I went to visit and it happened to be just after we'd gotten engaged and it was VE Day. We were going to get the ring, but the stores were closed. Anyway, when I got back home I received a ring in a box and of course it was a big to-do at 1515 Cherry St., where I had worked. We were married in June. Interestingly enough, because he only came in twenty-four hours before the wedding, the woman who was giving the license said, "Oh well, you weren't a service man." He said, "I was drafted just like anyone else." She said, "Oh all right", and so he was allowed to get the license. I discovered he had gotten his wedding suit just before he got on the train. He had not tried on the pants and had to say, "Anybody got any suspenders around here?" It was a lot of fun and we laughed afterwards and gave the suit to the Friends Service Clothing collection because it was huge!

When we were married there was nothing available, no silverware, anything metal, anything like that. We were given two sugar scoops, so when we invited people to dinner, we'd ask, "By the way, do you have any silverware? If so, please bring four sets." Anyway, it was a lot of fun that first year.

Then we went to Baltimore where he worked for Johns Hopkins Chemistry Department until that grant ran out. At that point, I was pregnant and because I'd miscarried before, we didn't want to lose this one. So he taught at Howard University for a year, and commuted from Baltimore. Then Dr. Charles Spurgeon Johnson, President of Fisk University at the time and the first black president by the way, asked Nelson if he would come and start their infrared spectroscopy laboratory in Nashville. He was delighted, and we didn't want to stay in Washington. So for forty-nine years we were in Nashville, during all the interesting times, between apartheid and 1998. Then we came here to Kendal in 1998 and have been here ever since. We had wonderful times getting to know this area again after many, many years. Then Nelson died in February 2006.

BW: Could you explain Nelson's CPS status?

MF: CPS is Civilian Public Service; he was a Conscientious Objector in WWII. That came about through his experience in Canton, China, when the warlords would come through and kill people. His father was not very pleased that they should see these bodies. So Nelson had long experience with war and that's where he got his ideas. His parents were Presbyterian missionaries in China for forty-five years, but he got to know Friends through CPS and later his colleague at Rutgers, where he taught Physics, held Meeting in his home. Nelson also went on Weekend Work Camps with David Ritchie and joined the Friends in Nashville.

BW: When and how did you first get involved in Peace activities?

MF: I don't how I could have missed it. I remember vividly my seventh grade social studies teacher in Moorestown Friends School talking about war, the evils of war and what it did. So it was very natural for me growing up in a Friends family, where peace was always something we were working toward. My teacher happened to be David Ritchie, who later ran the Weekend Work Camps for Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, (when the two Yearly Meetings were together). He was very effective in pointing out the roots of war in poverty and in the way people were treated. It wasn't very hard to realize that discrimination and greed were sources of war. So I can't remember a time when I wasn't working on it.

BW: What are some of the things that motivated you to participate in Peace activities and vigils?

MF: Well, for one thing, there were things to do and people that I admired doing them. One of the things I remember doing was with my sister-in-law. Helen Fuson and I were part of the Jeanette Rankin Brigade in Washington. I just admired Rankin immensely, as being the only one who voted against the WWI, a rather a gutsy gal; there are a few of those still around. The march in Washington was with the Jeanette Rankin Brigade and it was a big march. That was when I got in touch with the Women's Party that Alice Paul had started. Their offices were in Washington, very close to the FCNL office (Friends Committee on National Legislation). I didn't know much about Paul at the time, but I got to know a lot about her. The fact that these women had been so gruesomely treated, forced fed and all, got under my skin. Of course, I happened to be born the year that women got the right to vote and that stuck with me; also Alice Paul was from my hometown of Moorestown, NJ.

Later in Nashville, I saw "The Perfect Thirty-Six," a play about how the Tennessee Legislature finally approved the women's right to vote. How it was done was very interesting. There was a black woman serving the Senate, who was considered a piece of the woodwork, so that the Senators never watched what they said. She transferred all the information to the women outside the chamber and they were able to do great stuff. I love that. It was non-violent, you understand, but the men weren't.

BW: What did you hope or did you see come out of various activities you participated in?

MF: It's a little hard to remember what I hoped for at those particular times, but we knew it was going to be a long process no matter what. Every step was important. Peace requires building; it's not just going to happen. It included the racial situation, because there couldn't be any peace without it. We went through WWII, where they had to integrate the Armed Forces, or at least desegregate the Armed Forces. That doesn't change hearts, but behavior has to change. When behavior changes, in time, the hearts change.

Then we went through all of the Civil Rights work in Nashville. We happened to be in France from 1956-59, and came back the fall of 1959, when Jim Lawson was the first black student at the Vanderbilt Divinity School. Martin Luther King Jr. had instructed him to do the training of students in Nashville, which he did at Clark Memorial Methodist Church, very close to the Fisk University campus where we lived. So we got to know Jim, what he was doing, and the students who were involved. We had a Friday night fellowship that we inherited from the Dean of the Chapel at Fisk, who was a wonderful man. There were students from Scarett (the Methodist College for Christian Workers) and some from Peabody College. They would come over on Friday nights with our students and we would have discussions.

I remember we had lots of discussions about Gandhi and the fact we had known Gandhi's doctor in Baltimore. She was with me when my son was born and I felt as though I was part of womankind. It was quite an experience. A lot of the students had never heard of Gandhi or didn't really know about him. They knew the name, that he was a little man and so on, but not the real substance. So many of those students began to read his autobiography. That provided some basis that Jim could build on for the kids and he built very well on what it means to be nonviolent. He was extremely careful in his training of these guys and gals too. I remember Jim going down to a sit-in one time and when he came out, a man came up and spit in his face. Jim, without a flinch, just reached for the man's handkerchief in his pocket, wiped off his face, gave it back to him and said, "Thank you." Now who has the presence of mind like that unless you have non-violence in your very insides? He had experience in India. He was sent by the Young Methodists, (he was a Methodist himself), and was their leader. Because he wouldn't go to war, he was paroled to the Methodist Church. They sent him to India and he was in the ashrams and learned a lot. Jim had a very good background and very good reasons for doing what he did. He was a very close friend of Martin's. We went through his being arrested and kicked out of Vanderbilt, and a lot of people were hurt as a result.

One of the things I had at that time was a group of eleven year-old girls from 1950-53. For three years I had these eight girls, four were black and four were white. The white ones were Peabody

and Fisk faculty children. The black girls were State College; it was A & I at that time, and became Tennessee State University later. We called ourselves the World Interest Group; how's that for a small title? The (Friends) Service Committee sent me projects. We had a lot of fun. Also, in our group was the leader of the Youth Symphony for Nashville. The Youth Symphony decided it wanted to desegregate. So they held auditions and there were a number of black students who were better than the white students already in the Orchestra. Rather than enlarge the Orchestra, they replaced or demoted the ones that were not as good. The white teachers were absolutely enraged. They got after the Adult Symphony personnel and said, "You've got to stop these kids from doing this." The Youth Symphony leader was a fellow from California and he didn't care. He thought it was a great idea, but one of the white musicians to be replaced was in my group and the person who would replace her was also in my group. These were flutists or flautists, and we had a real discussion about what this was all about. The white girl's mother was terrified when *The New York Herald Tribune* heard about these two girls and invited them to come and play at their Annual Meeting in New York. The mother was scared to death that if the names were given, her husband might lose his job at Peabody. So, they went and played without names, but we discussed this in our group and it was powerful stuff. I've kept up with several of those girls, who are now in their sixties! I can't believe it, but it's true. Anyway, that was one of my real thrills, because it was real stuff. It was handling what was happening with the generation that was going to have to live with it. I felt very, very privileged to do that. The older I get, the more privileged I feel.

There were a lot of other things that happened too. We were very active. There was a peace group of course, in which we were active. Well, you know when your babysitter is in jail, you are going to go down and visit the jail. When students are in the Courtroom, you are there. If somebody needs a ride downtown for the sit-ins, you take them. You can't park, of course. You have to go down when the call comes and then quickly get out. When one of the leaders of the group, Diane Nash, heard that she was going to be arrested that day, she asked me if I would take her for a ride. I said sure, and I had the strangest feeling. Suppose somebody stopped me, what was this about? It was about nothing! It was about taking her for a ride. And what was she doing? She was just leading one of the groups. There were many leaders, but all she wanted that day was time to think away from the campus.

I remember meeting with a group of town leaders. They asked me, and one of the Fisk faculty members, a black man, to come to Scarett where we had a meeting. They said, "Marian, you've got to think about the rest of this City (Nashville), the people in the City." I said, "But how many times does the same group have to think about the people of the City? Dr. Grant's office had been moved from downtown when the Capital Hill improvement came about and now I-40 was going to go through the black community and his office too." I told them it didn't make sense every twenty-five years that the same people have to move. We never met again.

BW: You mentioned being concerned about the generation coming up and what they were going to be prepared for, interested in doing, to create peace. What do you think is happening now?

MF: I think another generation is getting all stirred up and it's great. I'm thrilled, even though I find those who can manage these computers extremely annoying. I'm not savvy about computers; it's just too late for me, but it isn't for them. What about the relationships with each

other? This concerns me. When they have all the technology and communications through these little instruments that they are carrying all the time, I question how they are relating to people, understanding how people grow, how people change and respecting that. I think respect and integrity are the two things that are the most important, so I'm concerned about it with this generation. But I'm certain they're on the right track. I was delighted to read Gwen Iffel's book, The Breakthrough: Politics and Race in the Age of Obama. She mentioned Joe Lowrey; he's about the only one left of the old civil rights group from Nashville. He was quoted as saying he was all for the younger set. They were doing it right, even though others felt they were left out. Of course they are left out; it is a different generation and they have to do it their way.

BW: You participated in the Kennett Square Vigil. What motivated you and what was the experience like?

MF: Oh yes! I thought it was great. I remember Gail got the word around and Nelson and I were part of that at first, When he died I kept up for a while. I still think it's a very important thing. For instance, we saw over the years a huge increase in the number of "honks for peace." I remember particularly one day a man came up to us on the sidewalk. He said, "I'm a trained killer." And I looked at him and I said, "You are also a human being." And then he stayed and talked for a while. It was very interesting. Then he disappeared. A little while later, along came a car and he rolled down the window, and said, "Thanks." That to me was one of the highlights of that Vigil. Also, the younger people that joined us, I thought were great, because we were mostly a very much older generation. That's all right, because we know what it is about. They can learn and they must learn and they will have their prices to pay too.

BW: Did you notice any changes taking place in yourself? How about other Vigil participants changing their perspectives?

MF: All lot of people stopped and talked with us, which I very much appreciated. I'll never forget the time that we were yelled at very strongly and told we had no right being there and so on. I think it was that time or a little later, one of the Kennett police came up to us and said, "You have every right to be here." In the meantime, Gail and somebody else in the group had been to see this gentleman, who had talked so loudly and roughly. There was someone who lived in an apartment above the corner who got sick and tired of the horns and said we had no business there. They later moved. It was interesting how they dealt with it. Some of our group went to the person and talked. In other words, it wasn't left alone; it was answered. There was a reconciliation of sorts, which is what we've got to do. We've got to talk with people; we've got to persuade.

I think the changes in the signs were significant. They changed from time to time and people would invest in new ones. Yes, you have to invest in even something simple like a sign. I very much appreciate the fact that London Grove Meeting took this on as a responsibility. I found that I couldn't stand as a well for the full hour. I'd have to move a little bit and it wasn't quite so much fun. And when it's cold, it's cold and when it's hot, it's hot. There were lots of interesting people to talk to, and I'm sure others had the same experience.

BW: Did you see a change in the passers-by, their attitude toward the war, or wars?

MF: Oh yes. I think so. There were more people who would say, "So glad you're here." They knew it was only for an hour and none of them, as far as I know, ever complained.

BW: What do you see for the future? This also relates to the younger generation coming up. Do you think that peace vigils and peace activities will continue in the strength that you experienced in your lifetime?

MF: I don't know how it will occur, but I know it is occurring. We have one resident who is always going on vigil, or a march or a demonstration in someplace in Washington, or here, New York or Philadelphia. She demonstrates every day out in front of Kendal, near the Old Kennett Meeting. That's her life; that's her vigil. I think there are younger people who are going to find their way. The fact there are college courses now, not just at Swarthmore with wonderful George Lakey, but also in most of the colleges I know. Certainly Quaker colleges all have Peace Studies. We were in Hawaii at the Friends Center in Honolulu, during the time the Senator Inouye tried to get legislation passed for a Peace College, like we have a War College. Well, it wouldn't get passed that way, but it did finally with Betty and Phil Jacobs, and lots of folks in Hawaii working on it too, as well as the rest of the country. It was passed as the Peace Institute. It's still known as the Peace Institute, but not many know what it is, but that's all right. It will do its work. These are seeds that are being well planted, along with money; it all takes money. A lot of people realize that nothing happens without a portion being money and we don't like that, but there's no alternative. Everything costs, not just time and energy, but also money.

BW: How do you visualize peace on our planet?

MF: Gee! I remember Elise Boulding suggesting that we visualize peace, and then work back as to what had to happen before peace could happen. And that's a very tough exercise, but a very good one. I remember doing that, but I haven't done it recently so I'll have to defer.

BW: What is most memorable to you of your various activities and life experiences?

MF: There would be a lot of them. My girls group was one. Certainly what Nelson did at Fisk was, for me, one of the greatest things, and finally, when one of my friends, a faculty wife, said to me, "Marian, you are the blackest white woman I know." I felt this was my highest compliment. There were times when there was a lot of fun. The Jack and Jill organization was not open to my sons and we kidded about that. I was not a sorority person, and the wife of the Dean of the Chapel at that time, Larry Jones' wife, was also from Oberlin. We were in a group when someone said, "Well, unless you're a member of a sorority, you are nobody." We looked at each other and saluted. Kind of fun, little things like that. There were a lot of little times. Also, Nelson was able to get the Southern Chapter of the Physical Society to meet where blacks could come and stay, because he had graduate students giving papers and they couldn't stay in the hotels. Very quickly that changed the next year. Those are the memories.

Sometimes, just a word was all it took. The YMCA worked in the public schools during the first part of desegregation. They were playing baseball and they were going to do interscholastic baseball. Where would they play? They would play in the park, but the parks were not

desegregated. So I called the Director of Schools, and I said to him, "Mr. Oliver, please, would you speak to the Director of Parks and tell him about this group coming and it might save some children some pain. "Mrs. Fuson, you're interested in desegregation and I'm not," was his answer. So the kids went to the park and of course they were jumped. It would have been nice to spare children that kind of thing. The same thing happened with the Peabody Demonstration School Principal. He was from Mississippi, and he told me he was not a pioneer and he was not about to be one, just two years before he retired. So those things did happen and you just had to live through them and pay the price, and our sons did. They were jumped in school, mind you, during the Selma March around voters' rights. They had discussed voters' rights in Allen's class, as guaranteed in the Constitution. But was there any discussion in class about the Montgomery thing? No. And it was just all right our son was jumped on the playing field and our other son, Dan, was jumped in the locker room. "Well you know, they are playing Selma," he said when I picked him up and he was limping. So, it wasn't easy for them. It was a real tough time and I'm not sure they ever forgave us, but there wasn't anyway we could avoid it. Kids suffer when things happen like that. I think the teachers could have done more to make the way smoother for them.

Also, I was part of a group of women called The Panel. We worked in the public schools for nine years using the Green Circle program that Gladys Rawlins of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting invented. It was a wonderful human relations teaching tool. I consider it my best peace work. The students responded well.

BW: What are some important lessons you've learned, and any words of wisdom?

MF: Keep on. Keep on keeping on! Do it with integrity and as much as you can with grace. I can't imagine any words of wisdom, except what else can you do if you are a Friend? You've got to do things. That's one thing being a Friend demands. There is no point of talking. You have to live it.

Susan J. Goldsworthy

Susan Goldsworthy Peace Interview, August 10, 2010

Gail Newbold, Barbara Walker and David Williamson interviewing Susan Goldsworthy at the London Grove Meetinghouse, London Grove, PA.

BW: Thank you for agreeing to this interview Susan. Could you give us some background about yourself?

SG: That's a long story! I was born in Little Falls, NY in 1949. My parents were there for about two years and then they moved to Pittsburgh, PA, where I grew up and went to school. Then I went off to Northwestern University, where I studied Social Psychology. I went to England during one of my college summers and worked at H. J. Heinz Company in London. I met my husband there, a British citizen who was also working at the Heinz Company. He came back and we were married in Pittsburgh. I did my graduate work at the University of Pittsburgh and he did his Master's there. My first job was in child psychology.

After obtaining his MBA, we moved to the Philadelphia area, when my husband got his first job with Scott Paper Company. That's how we came to this area. I have two children. My daughter Emily is a nurse and my son Andrew is the director of development at Habitat for Humanity in San Francisco. My husband Brian has since passed away.

My family is all from the Chicago, Illinois area; we're good mid-western stock. My father and mother were probably the only people who ever left their community. They traveled quite a bit and were in lots of different places. I have the travel blood in me.

I was raised as a Presbyterian. After we came here, my daughter was born in Bryn Mawr. We discovered Goshen Friends Nursery School when we moved to East Goshen, and I discovered silent worship. When you have two little ones, it was like a breath of fresh air. It was so nice to go to their nursery school on Wednesdays and participate with my children for fifteen minutes of silent worship. I loved it and thought, "I've finally found something." Next, I found London Grove Meeting and I've always said that they have Velcro! Once I came here, I couldn't get unstuck. I love it here.

BW: How did you originally get involved in peace activities and what were some things that motivated you? We have defined peace activities in discussions earlier as encompassing many things.

SG: My Presbyterian Church in Pittsburgh was very, very active in Appalachia. Even as a little girl, I remember being absolutely in awe of poverty and wondering how there was such inequality in the world. As a child, we would go for a weekend every summer some place in Appalachia and do a Work Camp with my Sunday School. I loved it from the moment we started and felt it was my calling even then. When I was at Northwestern University I got involved in Head Start and went to Chicago all the time to do volunteer work. In fact, I started a volunteer bureau at the campus and headed it during my senior year. I think it's in my blood to do that sort of thing.

After graduating, I went into VISTA (Volunteers in Service to America). I spent a year in Alabama in the early 1970s and lived in a very rural town setting up Head Start programs and a Planned Parenthood Clinic. I always have believed that being active in community development is my way of helping to create peace, one on one.

BW: You mentioned that your son is working for Habitat for Humanity.

SG: They don't get very far from it, do they? He tried. His first job out of school was as a stockbroker. He hated every minute of it and kept asking for permission to leave. I said, "You don't need my permission honey, you need your own." He did leave and he's never looked back. He loves what he does.

BW: Could you tell about your recall of how the Kennett Square Peace Vigil came to be?

SG: I was very involved with the Peace and Social Concerns Committee here at London Grove. We would meet once a month and there was a lot of concern about invading Afghanistan and then going into Iraq. People were talking about what they could do. I remember a discussion one night about how we really should rally our pacifist troops and try to go into Philadelphia or Swarthmore, or wherever there was a vigil. I think Media was having one too. I listened to this for I think at least one month, then I just finally said, "Why are we going some place else? This is our community and there are enough of us here. Even if there is only one person who wants to start a vigil, why can't we do it here? Let's just go some place." And it was an amazing reaction. Everyone said, "Yeah, let's do it." We were especially pinpointing Kennett Square. I think it's really good and I think it has made a difference.

BW: Gail, would you like to give your recall of that evening when Susan said, "Why don't we do it"?

GN: I do recall two months of thinking. One meeting we thought about it and went home and thought about it some more. When we came back, there was a special tone when Susan asked that question. There was both enthusiasm and a quiet seeking into ourselves. We were owning something. I have always cherished the recollection of that meeting. I was reading something to Susan this morning about questioning and how important the questions are. Susan was able to float that question into our group and that was special. I recall one other piece (and Susan just said it), about just one person having this vision. I recall sitting there and thinking, okay, who in this room is going to say, "I'll be there once a week"? A little something tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Are you going to be there once a week?" That for me was the other part of the question and I said to myself, okay one day a week. There was the energy in the room to support that decision. It was amazing; all the pieces were just sitting in the room.

SG: It was very palpable that evening. I remember that too. It was a feeling suddenly of ownership. If you are actually going to create a peace vigil, it so much yours and there is so much more responsibility to it. At the same time, it is so much more miraculous in it's own way, because you are finding a place to do your own vigil. I recall that Gail then went to get permission from Kennett, in a place where we could be seen. That was challenging; they accepted it.

GN: It was wonderful. I did all this red tape and finally the end result was getting in touch with the police department.

SG: They were very supportive too.

GN: We went to the Borough Council and then to the police who basically said, "The sidewalk is the sidewalk. Just don't block the traffic." It was so great to hear someone say that yes, the Constitution exists!

SG: Am I right in remembering that they asked if you needed any support; did you feel you need them to be there? They did say that, didn't they! It was exciting, the building of community.

GN: As the years have gone on, there have been several times police officers driving by in their cruisers, have nodded and waved. I don't think that would have happened in the first weeks, but the fact we have gone on and on, is really building community.

BW: Susan, what did you expect to come from your commitment to various peace activities in your life; perhaps you could tell us about some of the other things you have done?

SG: Sure. It's very interesting, as far as the Kennett Square Vigil goes, I knew I'd attend now and then, but I didn't have something tapping me on my shoulder, saying are you willing to commit, because I already was committed in other ways. I recall in the tumultuous years when I was at the University, between 1967 and 1971 every campus in the United States was under all kinds of protest, all the time. I can remember thinking that I could spend my time walking down the sidewalk with a sign or I could go into the city and sit down with a child at Head Start and teach this child something. I'm not sure it was that clear to me at the time, but I always opted for doing something different, and I know that's what I do. I know everybody has a place and a way of supporting peace. I honor everybody who reaches for peace in his or her own way. Protesting or standing on a corner is not my way. It's not that I'm opposed to it. I was there several times and I loved the feeling of community with the people. Actually, I think I loved watching them and how important it was to them. It just stirred my soul and I loved those people all the more. For me, it didn't stir my soul and I felt anxious because I knew I needed to be doing something else.

Actually, while this was going on, I was developing a program in our community called Community Gardens of Chester County. I knew, especially in spring, summer and fall, I was probably in a garden somewhere and that was where I needed to be. Our purpose was to break down boundaries in our community. We have a very wealthy community and we have lots of poverty as well, but the poverty is hidden. Our goal was and still is to be out in the community and getting volunteers from garden clubs and others to go into the community and actually garden with others and produce food and beautification at the same time. That's been my *modus operandi*.

BW: How widespread was the program?

SG: It was in Chester County. I was also involved with starting a program in Chester, PA. I was hired in 1986 by Penn State University to write a proposal and try to develop a community gardening program in Chester. That was a tough boot camp. I learned a lot and I was there for twelve years. We were gardening with about 2,000 people by the time I left and had fifty gardens. It was wonderful and I learned so much about people and other cultures, and how to listen and how to honor. That was extremely rewarding. I left for a couple of years and I went off and did some work with Outward Bound. I loved that, but I missed the community gardening so much! Something tapped me on my shoulder that day and said, "Susan, that is what you love, your own community. You can do this, so you should do it." So I took a deep breath and jumped off the plank and created a community garden. Within six months I'd raised enough funds so I could quit my other job; we did that for ten years as Community Gardens in Chester County.

Then I had another tap on the shoulder and I went off to the Peace Corps and Malawi for two and one-half years.

BW: Will you talk about that experience?

SG: Sure! Again, some sort of thing; they asked me to be an Agri-Forester. That's my background and I felt very comfortable doing that. My purpose was to improve their agriculture and help them with re-forestation. But there was so much more because I was living in the community, in a remote village in rural Malawi, with subsistence farmers. I spent a lot of time listening to what they needed and what they wanted to achieve. I told them I was there to be their supporter and I was there to help them learn how to do things for themselves. That's what we did and it was really incredible. We had a wonderful craft co-op that we developed with the women and a savings bank for the women; we built a school, started a nursery school, and started a wildlife club. We definitely helped them increase their crop production with an irrigation system and started a library with the children. I also helped the women learn how to write their names and speak a little English.

We started planting soy for many reasons, specifically to improve the crops and to help feed the children, get something else into their nutrition besides maize patties. That was very successful and is still ongoing. It was hard to leave, but it was wonderful to come home. I feel so blessed to be an American. Life here is so easy and there is so much freedom. To be a woman here is so much better. I don't think a day goes by that I'm not grateful, especially that I'm able to eat on a regular basis, and you don't have to worry that someone is going to try to stop you from doing something.

BW: What did you expect to be the outcomes from your various peace activities, from your help and assistance?

SG: If you mean in the various communities in which I worked, I always believed it was a double gift. I go there and I share gifts that I have, my talents, or my skills, my understanding. I come away with exactly the same thing from the people with whom I work. I receive gifts of love and understanding and new skills, a deep richness. That is what I hoped would happen and

that is what happened. Although that might not seem as important to some people as starting an irrigation system or building a school, to me the most important thing is building relationships with people.

In the Malawi village, a lot of the people had not seen a white person; many people had never interacted with one at all. I believe by the time I left, we were really deep friends and really cared for each other. I agreed to be the godmother for a little girl, Sarah, who I think is just the greatest blessing in the world. She is so beautiful. At the naming ceremony, they asked me to name her, which means I'm the godmother. I'm still in touch with people in the village.

BW: Do you plan to go back?

SG: Yes, because right now my next adventure is being accepted in a wonderful program at the University of Kent and Kew Botanical Gardens in England to study Ethno-Botany, a study of the relationship between plants and people. I'm going to be focusing my research on subsistence farmers in rural Malawi and sub-Saharan Africa. I want to work with women and children and help them improve their agriculture and their standard of living, and whatever else I can contribute. I start that in September and I'll be gone for a year; I will be going back to Malawi in April to do some research. Basically, I get to play in the village and ask a few questions. It will be about six weeks I'll be back there.

BW: Would you like to share the three stories you told at London Grove Meeting this past Sunday?

SG: Sure. The Peace Corps has three goals; one is to go into a foreign country and to share your skills and knowledge as an American, the second is to learn the skills and gain knowledge of the country you are living in, and the third is to come back to the United States and to share your experiences with the people you meet. That is the way we are trying to build world peace and I think it works.

I had so much support from London Grove, Kendal, and Crosslands…all over Chester County. So what I agreed to do on Sunday have conversations about Malawi. I wanted the people in my Meeting to experience what it was like to be in another culture. We make assumptions about how we live and that the rest of the world lives that way or should. On a regular basis I was faced with some pretty strong realities that it is not the way life is. Because I try so hard to honor and respect people, it was really important to really hear what was going on. Sometimes it took awhile and someone had to bang me on the head, so I could say, "Oh, I get it now."

I tell three stories to illustrate the culture awareness lessons I experienced in Malawi.

The first story I called "The Promise." We had been in the village about six months and we had developed something called a CBO, which is a Community Based Organization. It was similar to becoming a nonprofit organization here and required a lot of paper work. The people in the village weren't used to doing that, but we finally sent it off to the capitol. I naively believed that some day the paper work would come back signed. We waited for about nine months, but nothing happened. Finally we got a message from somebody on a bicycle that the government

was wondering why we were not responding. Our application for CBO had to be signed and it was sent about nine months ago. We asked where it was sent and were told the post office. I thought that was odd, because I believed they went to the post office all the time. So I went to the Chief, who said they hadn't been for quite a while, because they hadn't paid the post office fees. So the Chief, his Secretary and I got on our bicycles and rode to the post office. There were honoring ceremonies for both the Chief and the Postmaster, which took about ten or fifteen minutes. We finally sat down and the Postmaster then asked the Chief what he could do for him, and the Chief said he was there to get his mail. The Postmaster said he was sorry, but the Chief hadn't paid the equivalent of $2,400. No one ever has that large amount of money and I knew village didn't have it. The Chief said he didn't have it with him, but he would like to have his mail and the Postmaster refused because the fees weren't paid. He then said if the Chief promised to pay the fee tomorrow he would give him the mail today. The Chief promised; then the Postmaster asked the Chief's Secretary, who also promised. Then he asked me if I promised and I replied I could not promise. The Postmaster was surprised and asked me again, and again I said I could not promise that we could pay the fee the next day. I felt truthful, but kind of badly. Well, they gave the Chief the mail anyway and we walked out and the Chief was very happy. Sure enough the CBO application was there, so all was well and good. On the way back to the village, the Chief stopped his bicycle, got off and asked me why I didn't promise to pay the fee. I replied that I knew we didn't have the money and I didn't make a promise I couldn't keep. He replied, "Oh you white foreigners, you worry way too much about promises." A lot of light bulbs went off over my head, after having been there for a year and a half. "Ah, now I get it!"

The second story is about carrying water. As I mentioned earlier, my dear friend Agnes had asked me to be the godmother of the baby she was carrying. She was extremely pregnant and the baby was due any day. I went by the well one day and she was carrying a <u>huge</u> clay pot that I knew she was going to fill up with water and carry home. The well is a gathering place for everybody and it was right after they had come back from the fields. The women were very busy getting the main meal ready for the day and the men were typically doing nothing, just sitting on the side of the well and talking. When I came by and saw her struggling to get the water, I just had this fury. Her husband was sitting right there watching. I went over and asked Ben, who was also the Chief's Secretary, "Come, come now, you have to help Agnes. She can't carry that water back. She's having a baby any day and it's really horrible for her." He would not look at me and he would not look at Agnes, and he just said he could not carry the water and went back and sat down. I was really angry. Then he said that she could carry smaller amounts, make more trips. Later that day he came to my house. He told me he thought I was very angry with him. I said, "I think I am too, Ben. But I'm trying really hard to understand." He told me that in his culture men do not carry water. They would be shunned; they would not be accepted. Later I talked to Agnes and she was upset with me too. She didn't want me to ask anyone to help her, because that would mean she was less of a woman who couldn't carry her own water. What I thought was my goodness in trying to help, was actually stepping on their culture and was not appreciated.

Story number three is about 300 Kwacha of fish. Another friend named Agnes (not the same Agnes) decided she wanted to have something to sell at market that we held every Saturday. She walked into the closest city, which is sixteen kilometers away. She bought 300 Kwacha of fish, which is about $2.00 in American money. She was very happy to put her fish out in little piles. I'm not sure how it evolved, but there seems to be an understanding about the appropriate size of

each pile and how much each should cost. The unwritten rule then was that you make thirty piles of the fish and charge ten Kwacha each. She sold all her fish. I said to her when it was all done, "You sold all your fish. Did you make any money?" We figured it out. She told me she spent 300 Kwacha for the fish, sold thirty piles of fish at ten Kwacha each. I told her she walked thirty-two kilometers and didn't make any money, but she replied, "Well, I got my money back!" With my capitalistic mentalities, I told her it was a lot of work and she made no money. She said, "But I'm happy. People bought fish and I got my money back. It all worked out!"

Maybe you can read into the three stories what I'm trying to say. We look at things very differently. To really work well with another culture, you need to learn and honor where they are coming from. It doesn't mean that we don't want to make changes and we don't want things to be better for everybody. That's where you need to start.

BW: You have eloquently explained what have you learned from your participation in your peace activities. Could you sum it up for us?

SG: I guess what it comes down to is there is that of God in everyone and in every culture. I've learned for myself, although I'm not terribly good at it, is to be patient. To make a difference in the world, one really needs to listen and I think we need to meet people more than half way. If we are stepping into someone else's culture, the only way to really do that is to try to live it as best you can. I think that is the building block of peace, for understanding each other.

BW: How do you visualize peace on the planet?

SG: I've gotten involved with "Transitions", a program that's starting to look at twenty years from now when we have no more fossil fuels. I find it a very positive movement, although some people don't. I see it as a time of relearning old skills, and helping all people learn how to grow their own food, how to live without so many things, like electricity and cars. I see small communities where we rely on each other and care for each other, like I experienced in my village in Malawi. I hope I live long enough to see it. I was very blessed in 1973, when Margaret Mead came to our community and spoke during our first gasoline crisis. She said the best thing that could happen to this world was that we run out of fossil fuel. We'd be forced to live again with and depend on each other. To me that's my vision. I tend to be an idealist, but I know there will still be people arguing. My experience in Malawi of being without amenities of any kind was probably the most peaceful time of my life. Although I couldn't speak their language as well as they, I developed friendships that seemed so real, deep and caring.

BW: What are some of the important lessons you've learned in your life?

SG: I think it is patience, not to be in a hurry and to listen and to not react, but rather to act when the tap on the shoulder comes. I have a lot to learn. I'm not being very original about this, but I think it all comes down to love. There isn't much more than that.

BW: Are there any words of wisdom you would like to pass along?

SG: Thank you for doing what you are doing. Being able to share and hear other people is an act of peace and a real gift to everybody. Also, find your bliss, as Joseph Campbell said, we can all create peace and make this earth better by doing what we love and sharing with others.

GN: Susan and I noticed a peace vigil had been going on at the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia and a Friend made notes afterward of what he thought of because he had an interaction with someone who walked by the vigil. I am recognizing that when we have others who have done similar things in the past, it is another form of support for the present. It reminds me also of the Montgomery (AL) bus boycott and that previous bus boycotts were known to those involved. So we support each other over time and space, as well as being in the room together. I wanted to appreciate that part of the strength we get.

BW: I also want to ask Susan what motivated her to join the Peace Corps.

SG: It's very simple. I was twelve years old and John F. Kennedy spoke and created the Peace Corps at the University of Michigan. He spoke on the TV news and I heard him and said, "Yes, I'm going to do that!" And I decided I was going to Africa. Also, I found a diary when I sold my house to move to Africa, that I wrote when I was twelve. In it I wrote, "My biggest question is, how will I get to Africa?" I was tapped long ago to go.

BW: Thank you Gail, thank you Susan.

Patricia D. Hunt

Patricia D. Hunt Peace Interview, April 13, 2010

Barbara Walker and David Williamson interviewing Patricia Hunt at Kendal.

BW: Thank you for agreeing to this interview. Please tell us some things about yourself, such as your basic background, your full name, where you were born, parents, siblings.

PH: I was born Patricia Dunham in 1920, on December 7. It was on my twenty-first birthday that Pearl Harbor occurred. My father and his new bride left Missouri for Alberta in 1908 with a cattle car full of farm equipment. They were called sodbusters, planting wheat on land that had previously been ranch land. The Canadian Pacific Railway had dug a large canal to bring water down from Waterton Lakes for irrigation. Father purchased enough of this irrigated land to start a farm and build their first home. Over the next twelve years they had four daughters, which is not what a farmer would normally choose. My three older sisters lived on the farm near the little town of Coaldale. By the time I came along six years after my sister Margaret, the family had moved into the town of Lethridge, a thriving agricultural center of southern Alberta.

Both mother and father were active in the community and the Methodist Church. I grew up happily as a dutiful daughter. After several years of illness, my father died in 1929. I was nine, Doris, my oldest sister was graduating from the University of Alberta and was heading for Johns Hopkins; Marian was attending Oregon State and Margaret was at home in high school. The Depression was just beginning. It cost more to grow wheat than for what it sold. So in order to get her four daughters educated, her goal in life, Mother moved us down to Oregon, where she could pay in-state tuition. Mother still had her American citizenship so we had no problem crossing the border.

After Marian graduated from Oregon State in 1933, Margaret enrolled in the University of Washington and we left Corvallis for Seattle. That's where I graduated from Queen Anne High School in 1939. Since I had always been interested in the wider world, in particular in languages and other cultures, Mother had arranged for me to spend the following year studying languages in Germany and France.

That summer we drove east, at thirty-five miles per hour, to the American Youth Hostel headquarters in Massachusetts where Marian was working. I joined their trip to Eastern Europe. We biked through Yugoslavia, Hungary and Poland almost to the Russian border. I was the youngest of that group of twelve. There were eight boys and four girls (as we called them in those days). Most were recent graduates from elite eastern colleges. I was able to keep up with them and learned a great deal. We traveled on rough back roads through picturesque villages, sleeping in haystacks or farmer's barns. We were aware of gathering war clouds, so our plan was to get out of Poland to Austria before the end of August. At Kiev, we put our bikes on the train to head west, arriving at the Krakow youth hostel on the twenty-sixth of August.

The next morning Poland was mobilized. Germany was preparing to invade. With valiant efforts from our leaders, we were just able to get on the last train out of Poland at mid-night. Most desperate passengers were refused exit, but we were allowed cross. What an adventure!

Next morning we arrived in peaceful, beautiful Vienna. The following days we traveled by train up the Rhine Valley through Belgium and to Paris arriving there on September second. Going through customs in Paris, I remember being pulled out of line with one of our group who spoke French. Uniformed police questioned us about how the Germans were behaving, were there soldiers on the trains, what were people saying. I suddenly thought, "I'm not going to tell you; I'm not a spy and I'm not here to tell tales on other people." We had had friendly relations with all of these folks. It seemed to my eighteen-year-old mind, if only people could get together, we could work it out. War seemed so alien to everything I stood for. The next day Germany invaded Poland.

We were stuck for a month in Paris, spending every other night in bomb shelters. I felt the terror of expecting German bombs, and the guilt of being able to get out because of my green passport. All of the American ships were extremely overloaded. I finally sailed home on the S.S. United States, sleeping on a cot in the dry swimming pool. I think that this experience made me realize that war was not a solution. It also set the direction my life would take.

When I got home, it was too late to enroll in college. For the next year and a half, I volunteered with the American Youth Hostels first in Seattle and later in the headquarters in Massachusetts where Marian was working with her new husband, David Elkinton.

In April 1941, I went to Mexico to study Spanish and lived with a local family. With the help of their children and by attending classes, I learned enough Spanish to enroll in the University by the end of the year. There I earned enough credits to enter Swarthmore as a sophomore in February 1943, and through extra classes, I graduated two years later. I then enrolled in Columbia University to do a Masters Degree in Social Work.

On graduation in June 1947, I went to Finland to an American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) international work camp, helping build houses in Lapland for war widows. The country had been devastated by the Germans. In the camp the majority were Finnish, but we also had volunteers from Norway, Sweden, Holland, Denmark and the U.S. We lived in tents by a lake, working early to late in the twenty-four hour sunshine. On Sundays, we held quiet meetings for worship on the hillside. We spent a lot of time talking about reconciliation and peace. I learned that nonviolence is a way of life. Having respect for each other and making decisions by consensus were basic to Quaker practice. More and more I felt compatible with the Religious Society of Friends.

After the camp, AFSC asked me to work in the Paris office of the International Work Camp program. I learned the original voluntary service, (*Service Civil Internationale*), was established by Pierre Ceresole, a Swiss Quaker pacifist. He felt that civilian public service should be every bit as hard as military service and should be accepted by governments as an alternative. *SCI* gained popularity during the peaceful period between the wars and resurged again as pick and shovel volunteer help needed after WWII. In Paris, I coordinated AFSC's work with other European peace work camp organizations. Each summer we placed sixty American volunteers in about thirty different work camps all over Europe. My pleasure was participating in several and visiting many.

In December 1949, I returned to Philadelphia to become the director of AFSC's International Work Camp program. The following spring along came Frank Hunt, a handsome young Englishman who had been named director of Quaker work in Israel in 1950. The program was to provide relief for displaced Arabs inside Israel, agricultural assistance to villages in Gallilea, develop a neighborhood center in the old city of Acre and organize international voluntary work camps where Christian, Muslim and Jewish youth, alongside foreign volunteers, could provide needed labor while gaining an understanding of each other. As part of his orientation, Frank came to the Philadelphia office, where I met him. That was the beginning of our romance. A year later, we were married in Media Meeting and I joined Frank as part of the AFSC team in Israel.

Frank shared my peace concerns. In England, at the age of seventeen, when he was drafted he asked for and was granted a Conscientious Objector classification. He was assigned to the Friends Ambulance Unit. After rigorous training as a paramedic and ambulance driver, he was assigned to a plastic surgeon in a front line field hospital attached to the British army as it invaded Italy. They had advanced into Austria when the war ended.

Instead of returning to England, he was recruited to work in a displaced persons camp, which was for the survivors of the Holocaust, as well as forced labor camps. So he got caught up in the urgency of obtaining visas for the Jewish refugees. Only a few countries welcomed them. Many longed to go to Palestine, as Israel was then called. A year later, he returned home to finish his studies.

In 1947, AFSC and the British Service Council were awarded the Nobel Peace Prize, primarily for the work with refugees and Holocaust survivors. So it was very natural for the UN, which was just barely off the ground when Israel fought its Arab neighbors to achieve independence, to turn to outside services to help refugees. The fighting created over a half-million Palestinian refugees of whom about 250,000 went to Gaza, another 300,000 to Jordan and another 100,000 to Lebanon. Since the United Nations did not yet have the administrative capacity to provide for these refugees, AFSC and the British Quaker Service were asked to provide relief for the refugees in Gaza.

In late 1948, Frank joined the Quaker relief team in Gaza. His experience in Austria helped him understand the need for a Jewish homeland but he was distressed to see the suffering of the Palestinians, who had had to flee from their traditional homes. He was in that unique position of knowing the suffering of both sides first hand.

In Israel we lived in the Old City of Acre built over ancient ruins. Along with working in our neighborhood center, I organized two summer work camps and several for shorter periods. We brought Christians, Arabs, Jews and Muslims, along with foreign volunteers, to work with Arab and Jewish villages, clearing stones to make bigger fields so plows could be used or building a playground for an orthodox Jewish children's home for orphans of the Holocaust. Quaker service requires a tremendous stretching of one's heart and compassion because each side is so convinced of their rights, the Jews of their right to a homeland, and the Arabs of their right to their ancient land.

In early 1954, AFSC asked us go to South Korea to establish the joint British and American Quaker refugee program in Kunsan. It was a two-part program, providing relief to North Korean refugees (primarily widows and children) and rebuilding and staffing the regional hospital badly damaged by American bombing. Again, I witnessed the devastation of war on women and children who are always the victims.

After we came back from Korea, I stayed home with our two children, Jennifer born in 1955 and Timothy in 1958. Frank continued to work with the international programs at AFSC Philadelphia headquarters.

Once our kids were in school, I felt a responsibility to work in my own back yard in Chester, a deprived city just four miles from our front door. Chester was in the midst of the Civil Rights struggle and presented the same problems we had encountered overseas, i.e. poverty, poor schools, and discrimination. So for the next ten years, I worked in a variety of programs there, including tenant relations in public housing, organizing welfare rights and helping people get a little bit more control over their lives. I helped develop self-help libraries and community centers. We trained women on welfare to become employed as homemakers in the homes of poor elderly sick people, to clean their house, do their shopping, and cook a few meals. The homemakers worked hard with compassion and skill. It was wonderful to watch the growth of the women who had been dependent before, now gaining the respect of their children and their community. As everywhere in the world, I found people, particularly women, dedicated to improving the lives of their families. It was not always easy to stand up to city authorities with protesting citizens.

In early 1970, funding for community programs began to dry up under the Republican administration. So I accepted a yearlong appointment with AFSC to administer the Asia program while the director was in the field. In June of that year, Frank died of a sudden heart attack. I was grateful to be surrounded by like-minded AFSC staffers and decided to return to international work.

First, I was asked to take responsibility for the Middle-East programs for a year and later I moved on to coordinate the Africa programs, a job I held for fourteen years. AFSC's goal in international development is to enable people to take charge of their own lives by developing services that help them to identify their own problems and find their own solutions. A strong focus is on building local non-government organizations that will continue after AFSC departs and also to foster a spirit of cooperation among different factions and clans in the community. For example, after providing food to the starving Tuareg nomads of northern Mali, we reconstituted their herds and taught them how to farm the flood plain of Lake Fagubine. By the end of AFSC's work, there was an established NGO (Non-Government Organization) able to receive and responsibly use European government funds. As in all AFSC work, building understanding between opposing ethnic groups is an important component.

It is essential to pay attention to the role of women, because women hold the world together in that part of the world; maybe they do everywhere. (Laughter) They certainly are a very strong force for the survival of the family. Many of the big aid organizations were helping the men by providing tractors and cash crop development, which in some cases just exacerbates the women's

problems. Instead, when you help a small women's cooperative make soap together and sell it in the local market, they can pay school and medical costs for the children and put more food on the table. This increases the wife's status in her husband's and her community's eyes, and most importantly, in her own mind, after having always being treated as inferior. Some wonderful things resulted from those small beginnings. Several local organizations took root and became strong enough to continue after AFSC funding stopped.

With the independence of the African countries in the 1970s, there was a great influx of people into the cities from the rural areas, particularly the men, who would leave the family behind in the village to seek work in the cities. In Lusaka, the capital of Zambia, AFSC started a demonstration self-help housing project in cooperation with the World Bank. AFSC didn't normally cooperate with such big organizations, but this project was an experiment, one that allowed the Bank to connect with a community in a way they couldn't do themselves. It gave the local people the courage to speak up and be heard, instead of letting a foreign city planner design their town. The squatters build their own houses out of mud bricks around communal courtyards, instead of being provided prefab housing in neat rows. Also, when you build your own community, you take care of it.

The foreigner can use his or her influence to back up local people and what they want. This was particularly important in the case of women. In the 1970s and 80s African countries were often choosing men to attend the UN Women's Conferences. AFSC, along with women's organizations said, "Isn't it rather odd that you're not sending women like other countries do? It is your strong women that the world wants to hear." This helped governments realize their women were a valuable resource. I'm putting all this in very simplistic terms, but the general idea of our development work was to empower grassroots people to participate in decisions that affect their lives.

In 1987, when I retired from AFSC, I wanted to return to work in my local county. Over the next ten years, I worked with Family Service of Delaware County in child abuse prevention and later in a new program for grandparents raising grandkids because their mothers were on drugs or in prison. Boy, these women were strong. With so much violence in the streets, how do you help your black teenager to survive, without having a baseball bat behind your door or a gun in the house? At the same time, what could I, a white middle-class Quaker living in my safe suburb, do to help these courageous, savvy grandparents? I decided to set up support groups in public housing communities and an elementary school where grandmothers could learn about parenting and share tips, and have fun and picnics with their grandkids. They also became advocates to improve their welfare benefits and legal rights. They gained strength from each other and through their efforts, helped other grandparents. Two of our grandparents were interviewed by Oprah on TV!

BW: I wanted to ask you about your children. You mentioned that you and Frank had children.

PH: I don't know how I didn't talk about them. They become more important and more precious as I get older. Frank and I had two children, Jennifer and Timothy; both of them went to Media Friends School, which is 158 years old and important to our Meeting. Those elementary years

reinforced the same Quaker values we held as parents and gave them a sound grounding. They both have a strong commitment to social change and to building a better world.

Jennifer went to Earlham, a Quaker college in Indiana where she met Steve Horton, whom she later married. He had attended Sidwell Friends School in Washington, so he shared Jen's values. They both work in Philadelphia, Jen with the Inquirer and Steve with small business development. They devote their lives to improving this city and helping low-income neighborhoods. In his free time, Steve organizes community clean-ups and festivals; Jen has had great fun being part of a Dragon Boat team and making delicious jams and jellies for sale at local events. She's also my computer guru, helper and adviser for many things.

Tim graduated from Colby, where he met Anne. They have two children, Gill eighteen and Colin, twenty-two. I happily attended two graduations this spring, Colin from the University of Vermont and Gill from High School and heading off to St. Lawrence next fall. They are all active in Langley Hill Meeting near their home in McLean, Virginia. Tim, an environmental specialist, has worked with governmental and trade agencies in improving clean air and other regulations. Anne works in the County Library. This September Colin begins a year with City Corps to work with low-income senior citizens in Burlington, VT. Eventually, he'd like to work in international development work. So I feel very, very pleased that they all are carrying out values that I can support 100%.

I moved to Kendal before the September 11th attack occurred in 2001. When the Bush administration bombed Afghanistan and later invaded Iraq, many Kendal residents strongly objected to the "war on terror." We joined together to form Kendal Voices for Peace and Justice for educational and legislative action, in which I've been very active. Several of us have participated in the Kennett Square Vigil, going every Friday, summer and winter. I appreciated the wonderful spirit and fortitude of the elderly participants waving their canes to drivers, who "honked for peace", as our large sign requested. We must have been quite a sight! Recently, I have participated less and less. I no longer feel called to go. I'm grateful for the others who continue.

BW: You assisted with the Conscientious Objector book you showed us; perhaps that became your calling.

PH: Because of my long association with AFSC, Mary Hopkins invited me to join the steering committee to advise on the questionnaire, identify interested COs and to interview some of the men. I was particularly interested in what led those WW II draftees to become COs. With an 18 year-old grandson, I felt this book could help him and others as they faced a possible draft. Mary Hopkins felt deeply called to publish their stories and spent three years working on the book. I was a very small part. Now Mary has produced an important book in peace literature. I was pleased to give it to Colin on his twenty-second birthday.

To address your last question, what I've learned out of all this? First, you always have more to do. Looking back, I come away with a hopeful view of the world because of the strength of the people that I've met. Even under extreme duress, showing their humanity, their compassion for each other, the giving of their last crust of bread to a child or a needy stranger. I am humbled by

the capacity, indeed the faith (whatever their religion) that people have. God's work in the world challenges everybody, I think, whether you speak the same language or worship in the same way. There is something that holds us together. I trust that Power which is striving toward good. I support Martin Luther King's vision of justice, that Obama quotes too, the slope upwards towards justice. It's not strong, but it's there.

There is a longing in the human spirit, which needs to be responded to and given strength. I think the major problem around the world is poverty and alienation, an increasing gap between rich and poor, those who are healthy and educated, as opposed as to those who have none of these advantages. The electronic age is widening this gap by leaving behind those who don't have access to computers and information systems. How can we share resources and let go of some of our privileges so all can live fulfilling lives? That is the challenge, I think.

Hope is what keeps me going. If you give up hope, there is not much point in living. Even if you are working in a dire situation, you must assume that some good will come from it. Offering food, education or whatever may not change the situation but it helps. If you let suffering overwhelm you, you become immobile and can only see the negative.

BW: Are there additional comments you would like to share with us?

PH: I feel so grateful that I encountered the loving community of Friends. There is strength in being apart of a worldwide community with a 350-year history of work in the world based on the same social testimonies we share today. I've been fortunate to know Friends in many parts of the world and immediately find common ground and feel accepted. We may differ widely on political or theological issues, but there is a common Spirit that holds us together – the belief that we all have a spark of the Divine, that we can respond to that in each other. We are all equal in God's eyes and merit respect and dignity. I've found that in organizations founded by Quakers I have been associated with over the years, i.e. AFSC, Friend's Committee on National Legislation, Pendle Hill, Media Friends School and now Kendal. I have also found the same Spirit among non-Friends.

I come from a long line of strong controlling women. Over the years, I have learned that by relaxing and celebrating serendipity, amazing "coincidences" can occur. In other words, allowing God to take charge. This continues to be my challenge.

In Africa, a popular proverb is "You can't push the river."

Dorothy S. Jones

Dorothy Jones Peace Interview, December 1, 2009

Gail Newbold, Barbara Walker, David Williamson interviewing Dotty Jones at Kendal.

BW: Hello Dotty. It's good to see you. Could you tell me a little bit about yourself? Whatever you would like to say is fine with us. We are interested in peace activities and the Kennett Square Vigil, in which you took part.

DJ: My first peace activity was not a vigil; it was a march. I went on a Women's International League for Peace March and it was in Washington. I was in high school so this goes back a long time. I'm now ninety. What compelled me to do that I don't know, other than God, but I did it. I'd only had one thing in my life I'd wanted to do up until then and that was clear up the race business. So I just added another and they are connected. So I've been doing it ever since.

BW: When you participated in the vigils or the marches, what did you think might be the outcome?

DJ: Well, I have always hoped for peace, as hard as I can. One march was at the Pentagon, I don't know which march, but it took us forty-five minutes to turn one corner. I thought, "This is my family" and family was there literally. There were Women with Outrageous Hats and Grandmothers with Outrageous Hats.

GN: The Raging Grannies?

DJ: Yeah. Wonderful hats. The cops…well I shouldn't say cops, really one policeman was very mean, which I noted; he's on the list. He needs forgiveness and I don't suppose I'll ever get there. The fact is that I was very furious at him.

BW: Sometimes we have to speak our hearts and there is something I've heard called "righteous indignation."

DJ: That's all right!

BW: When did you start participating in the Kennett Square Vigil?

DJ: It was a couple of weeks after our invasion of Iraq. Gail, you would know this better than I would.

GN: It was after the invasion of Afghanistan.

DJ: After Afghanistan?

GN: Before they started the war in Iraq, they first invaded Afghanistan.

DJ: And I did go as long as I could, but my oxygen became a larger problem.

BW: I was there one time when you were there with your oxygen tank and I asked you, "How do you deal with all this exhaust from the cars?" (I have a touch of asthma). You said something just so beautiful to me. "I can make it for one hour, compared to what these people are living with in Baghdad full time." It impressed me so much. I thank you for saying that.

DJ: Your welcome. Yes, yes. I said that several times. One of my friends went with me once and she said, "My God how do you put up with this?" And I said, "Think if you were in Baghdad and the house is tumbling down on you. This is nothing."

BW: Did you see any changes taking place over time at that corner in Kennett Square?

DJ: Oh yeah, big ones.

BW: Could you explain that?

DJ: The first Vigil I went on was the other place.

GN: That was the Post Office.

DJ: Yes, and I did that because that's where we'd vigiled once before over something else, a local thing. And we were there with one other person, who wore purple, that's the best I can do.

GN: Was it a man or a woman?

DJ: It was a woman. It was a while before the men came.

GN: Might have been Georgia.

DJ: That's familiar. We had somebody here at Kendal named Georgia. So I think it was the second time, some woman came down the street slowly in her car and shouted, "What's the matter with you? You should be in the kitchen." And I said, "Oh, well I already washed my dishes." What the hell made me say that? Here I had this good opening. A year or so later I made the response to that kind of question by saying: "We're not in an old age home. We're from the crazy house!" Hope it made her day!

BW: You are wonderful. I'm not supposed to make comments like that as an interviewer, but I really enjoy talking with you.

DJ: I'm ornery!

BW: Sometimes that's what it takes! Gail, I wanted to ask you when and why the Vigil moved from the Post Office to the corner of State Street and Route 82.

GN: We were a couple or several months at the Post Office before we moved, I'm trying to remember what the weather was like when we did and that could help us figure it out. Anyway, we felt there was more traffic at the corner and we were more visible. Even though we had started at the Post Office because it was a federal building and the U.S. Government had perpetrated this war on everybody, it was time to be more in the center of town.

DJ: And it worked!

GN: The police officers were so good. We informed them like we had in the beginning of the Vigil about the move, saying: "Is this OK?" And they said that this was free speech as long as we didn't impede traffic.

DJ: And stay out of the pedestrian crossing!

GN: Right, let the pedestrians have access to the crossing. They told us we didn't even need a permit. We had asked if we needed one in the beginning. So we said thank you very much and then we moved.

BW: So you felt there was more traffic at that intersection?

GN: Right. It would be more visible.

BW: Did you have any other experiences with people coming by that corner?

DJ: Yeah…We had a really spectacular one. It outdid me and that annoyed me.
Someone said: "What (expletive) are you doing?" I fell over laughing.

BW: Someone said that to you? Bless your heart!

DJ: It was a male of course. He was young and he may or may not have had any idea of what was meant. This is not to the point, but I was waiting for my husband outside the University Hall at Lincoln and there were two guys waiting for a ride, white guys. We had had a handful of white guys who had flunked at various schools and (Lincoln) was willing to take them. Lincoln would take them on probation for one semester. So these kids were throwing a football at each other waiting and if anybody dropped one, he instantly said (expletive). That's an interesting response. So I thought, how's if I get out…my hair was pretty gray by then, how if I get out of the car and say, "What (expletive) do you boys think you're doing." I wanted to do it so badly, but I lost my nerve.

BW: Well now I know what you mean by you are ornery. (Laughter)

DJ: Yeah! I had my hand on the door handle. I couldn't quite push it.

BW: Well, we've been at the corner, my husband and I, for a time and Gail for…how many years for you?

GN: December (2009) is our anniversary. We started in 2001.

BW: We have certainly gotten a lot of hand signals of various types and a lot of shouts…there also have been many horn honks for peace.

DJ: Yeah.

BW: But it's a little dismaying when somebody comes by and sticks their tongue out at you and makes a face. What in the world possesses a grown-up to stick out their tongue at somebody on the corner holding a peace sign?

DJ: I never had that!

BW: Also various hand signals that I won't describe right now.

DJ: Yes, that's right.

BW: Did you have one really spectacular good experience at the corner? Could you describe that? Take your time.

DJ: The only trouble is that it always makes me cry.

BW: Take your time.

DJ: It was an elderly woman. She crossed the street to get to where I was. She thanked me all over the place. She said she was English (pause), this is the part I can't do. She sent her children here to keep them safe. She and her husband couldn't come, because they both had responsibilities, and she had waited all that time to thank someone. So we sort of fell on each other's necks.

GN: That was from World War II.

DJ: Also, we had an odd one. I was standing beside Jack.

GN: Jack McCrory

DJ: Yes. Jack is about twenty feet tall and big and a lawyer…a Constitutional lawyer…and a man came up to us and said, "Can I have a sign? I believe in everything you have on your signs, except for one. And Jack, who towered way over him, said, "And what is that?" He said, "You've got a sign there about the UN. I hate the UN. They tried to take my gun away and he slaps his back pocket. Well, what do you say? Is he cuckoo? Well Jack said to him, "You just go and stand over there." It was as far away from us as he could get. That was in Jack's most menacing tone. The fellow was an odd one.

GN: You go back to World War II, trying to get the U.S. to stay out of it and make the war a little smaller. Is there anything about those recollections you want to talk about? That would be interesting too.

DJ: I was part of the last march against our involvement, as far as I remember. This was a march down Chestnut Street in Philadelphia, I think. It was raining…couldn't be worse weather. We decided it would be all women, that it was safer. There were a huge number of us, like fourteen. There was one cop per marcher and my cop held an umbrella over my head. A few days later, I was going to work, and these guys marched down the street in uniform. I just thought, "About half of you aren't coming home…it's so awful." So all the bystanders are cheering with the exception of one, and I'm bawling. That's a terrible sight. They kept coming, kept coming and kept coming.

All right, tell me what to do about Obama. I love him.

BW: Tonight, he's going to talk about 30,000 more troops going to Afghanistan.

DJ: Well the article said, up to 30,000 troops…

BW: Yes, in *The New York Times* said over the next twelve to eighteen months.

DJ: What day is today?

BW: It is Tuesday, December first. He'll talk tonight at eight o'clock.

DJ: Thank you.

GN: It seems like all we can do is keep writing letters; maybe there ought to be something more. I don't know, but just keep getting it across. Peter Lems did a wonderful job talking all about Afghanistan.

DJ: Who?

GN: Peter Lems. He knows all about Iraq and Afghanistan. He's with the American Friends Service Committee. He put out a really good statement that's been posted on the Huffington Post and so on. There are other voices, but…

DJ: The other voices…it's well over 50% who don't want us to go, I think.

BW: That's what the headlines, at least in *The New York Times* says. You always have to figure out the source, where do they get their numbers. It breaks my heart. I don't know what to do about it; I'm disappointed. Maybe Obama is trying to make sure that the health care gets passed; maybe there are deals cut. You know politics. Or does he not want to be perceived as weak?

Michael Moore sent a letter to him that came through various emails. He really scolded him for it and said a lot of things that I agreed with. One response I came up with was the saying that old

men make war for young men to die is now a young man is making war for young people to die. And that's not counting the people in the country being attacked…the old, the young, and children. I don't know the answer.

DJ: I know it's wrong. But we started it and I don't know what you do. If they would build schools instead.

GN: We have a professor at the University of Delaware doing that. He's wonderful.

DJ: We should send food, but they might not eat it at first, thinking it was poisoned.

GN: Yeah.

BW: How do you visualize this world being peaceful? How do you think could it become peaceful?

DJ: I can only think of it from a negative. Nobody bashing anybody, and that I can imagine. But peace is a much harder step. In fact, for peace we'd better go back to the Neanderthal. Well, they weren't too peaceful either.

BW: Do you think it is just nature for human beings to have wars or do you think there is any hope that we'll outgrow it?

DJ: If they give us time!

BW: Time, and will nuclear war allow us that time? That's been my concern for a while, but then I digress.

DJ: Well, there seems to be a period right after one. Like when we declared Armistice Day, and it took a few years, but they changed it to Flag Day or some such thing, which had nothing to do with it. If you can remember the joy in the pictures on the newsreel, now that's imaginable peace. There were those who were thinking, "You damn fool, you didn't finish it!" But you couldn't see them. They were way, way, way outnumbered.

BW: And that may be the tipping point. It has to be numbers of people who say, " No to war; we want peace."

DJ: Yeah, but we'd better get there pretty quick.

BW: What is an important lesson that you've learned in your life? Is there something that stands out?

DJ: Yeah. Keep at it, no matter what. There was a favorite question during the war, during World War II, "What would you do if someone were attacking your grandmother?" The only thing I could think of was, "You don't know my grandmother!" She would have had at it with both claws!

BW: Sounds like you might have inherited some of her genes!

DJ: Well, Nana's thing was, "If you are family, don't do anything to them." I was engaged to a Conscientious Objector. All my friends were in jail, I should say most of my male friends were in jail and my grandmother wasn't happy about that. She became happy about my CO the minute we got married. That made him family and he was all right, no matter what. So she then chose to ignore the part she didn't like.

BW: I had someone stop the car at the Vigil corner, a woman in a minivan, with children in the back, and scream at me, "What would you do if someone were coming at you with a gun?" I said, "I'm on this corner because I'm hoping that in the future that would never happen."

DJ: Oh, well done, well done.

BW: She just shook her head.

DJ: I like it.

BW: But what do you do? The question that you brought up from World War II, "What would you do if someone were attacking your grandmother?" But I enjoy your answer: "You don't know my grandmother." That's great.

DJ: She was for family; everything else is excluded…like Franklin Delano Roosevelt, whose name she would never say, and John L. Lewis, whose name she had confused with the Devil.

BW: Good memories!

DJ: She's memorable.

BW: When you were at the corner, was there any sign in particular that you wanted to hold up that represented what you were thinking.

DJ: Some of our newer ones…it was more attack mode…Lord I don't even remember the signs.

BW: I have trouble remembering what I had for breakfast. The signs were several years ago.

DJ: I can see them, but I can't read them.

BW: Are there any words of wisdom you would like to leave us with today? Anything you have found out?

DJ: Oh yeah! Keep going. Losing doesn't matter. In a way losing is winning, in a way. And if you ask me to explain that, I can't, but don't expect to lose!

BW: Thank you so much. If you want to say more, fine. This has been a wonderful conversation with you.

DJ: Thank you.

BW: I think I understand that losing is still winning, because you haven't given up on what you believe in.

DJ: Yes. That's what I mean.

BW: That's how I interpret it, but not everybody does. Winning is everything to some, being number one.

GN: There is that competitive spirit. It's interesting how different people's approaches are to competition.

DJ: Like the children's games today that are not competitive.

BW: Yes! Thank you so much.

Dotty Jones Memorial Service at Kendal June 5, 2010

Dotty Jones, nee Dorothy Lister Simons, Jr. was born on June 4, 1919 in Germantown, Pennsylvania. Her father, Frederick Myerle Simons, came from a family of heirloom thimble makers in Swarthmore, PA and her mother Dorothy Lister had her "ABD", (All But Dissertation) in modern languages. Dotty grew up in Swarthmore during some of the most eventful episodes of the country's history. Born in the first year her activist mother finally had the right to vote, she was ten in the year that the Crash plunged her family, the country and finally the world into global Depression. Her mother taught French to hold the family together and Dotty grew up in a single parent family, which struggled to make ends meet after her father died in the flu epidemic.

Ever a rebel, Dotty finished high school at age sixteen and spent a year at Earlham College. It was there that her feisty, rebellious spirit found multiple outlets in theater, political activities and pranks. A life-long learner, she always chose to do things the hardest way possible. While she probably took enough coursework for more than one B.A. at Lincoln University, it was almost a point of honor for her to never complete her degree, although she could happily debate for hours with Ph.D.s, including each of her college professor husbands, Thomas Martin Jones and David E. Swift.

Dotty loved children and taught for a while at the School in Rose Valley, Wallingford, PA before her first marriage in February 1941. She and Tom set out for Oregon in a broken down Ford with a cat, which gave birth en route. Their tenure at Pacific College was short-lived as Tom took another job at Reed College before being called up for the draft in 1942. This was the beginning of Dotty's life commuting to CPS camps as Tom fought forest fires in Oregon and later worked in a Connecticut mental hospital to fulfill his alternative service as a Conscientious Objector. When WWII ended, Dotty and Tom returned to Pennsylvania, where Horace Mann Bond offered Tom a history teaching position at Lincoln University. They bought a small family farm outside Oxford, PA with another couple and learned quickly "all the ways you lose your shirt" as farmers. By the early 1950s, with their young family they moved onto the campus at Lincoln. Dotty was an active member of the community chorus and theater, the Civil Rights Movement, political campaigns, peace movements, and led children's theater programs. Between her mother's peace work and on her own, the two women protested every major war of the U.S. of the 20th and beginning of the 21st Centuries. The only thing that stopped their marching was physical incapacity in their final years, a factor that frustrated each of them considerably.

Dotty dedicated herself to her growing family that was small in blood relatives but large in "family by love." She was also active in community support for mental health advocacy as her son, Martin, was diagnosed at an early age with autism. She worked in Peace Corps training programs based at Lincoln University and with the Chester County-based Hadley Fund as its program director.

After Tom died of cancer in 1984, Dotty struggled when her daughter Susan's family moved to Hong Kong for four years. Undaunted, Dotty commuted to Hong Kong each winter to spend six weeks with her family. In the spring of 1989, she announced to her nomadic offspring her

engagement to David Swift, thereby turning a lifelong friendship into a marriage that enriched them both. Dotty and David moved to Kendal in 1998 where the love and care of the community gave them a whole new life. Dotty's later years were devoted to her family, her commitment to Quakerism, peace activism, gardening, avid reading and her cats.

In her immediate family, Dotty is survived by her daughter Susan, son-in-law Scott Rhodewalt, grandsons Morgan and Ian, and her son Martin, as well as by her more recent, but no less loved stepsons Jon, Jim and Gordon Swift and their families, and her stepdaughter Ellen Swift. Love expanded this initially small nuclear family to include extended families of her nephew Stanley Jones, Janet Willits, Patricia Redd Johnson, Andrew Dennis McBride, Alem and Tsehai Kebede, and Nonglak and Phutasinh Suphontavong. Dotty is also survived by her devoted cat companion of many years, Tadger.

John B. McCrory

John B. McCrory, Esq. Peace Interview, January 19, 2010

Barbara Walker and David Williamson interviewing John McCrory at Kendal.

BW: Thank you so much for agreeing to this interview. Will you please tell us something about your background, place of birth, education and military service?

JMc: I was born in St. Cloud, Minnesota in 1925. My father was a college professor and my mother had her MA in History. We moved to Buffalo, NY in 1936. My father died and my mother was offered a job as Dean of Women at Syracuse University, but instead she started all over and went to Library School. She got a job usually reserved in those days for men, as Head Librarian at what is now or what was State University of New York at Brockport, just west of Rochester. She didn't need me around at that time, so I was shipped off to Westtown School, which was one of the great blessings in my life. That introduced me to the Quakers and by the time I graduated from Westtown, I'd joined the Meeting there.

I thought I was a Conscientious Objector, but by the time I got to Swarthmore College, two weeks after graduation from Westtown in 1943, it was pretty clear that I didn't have the background for it. I enlisted in the Navy Air Corps in October of 1943 and they sent me to the Navy V-12 Unit. The V-12 Unit was something they had in all the colleges for training officers. They had me do three semesters at Swarthmore in one year. So twenty months after I graduated from High School, I was a second semester Junior in college…kind of interesting. Then they offered me to continue as a Naval Aviation cadet, but it was going to be nearly two years before we could get our commission and our training as an aviator. They offered us the opportunity to switch over to line duty, and we took it. We wanted to get out to the War before it was over. Shows you how youth are misguided in their thinking.

But I chose to go on with line duties and went to Midshipman School at Notre Dame, and shipped out and got over there in time for the surrender. I joined my ship by transfer from a destroyer, right at the mouth of Tokyo Bay the day the Japanese surrendered. I always thought that my joining my ship that day had some causal relationship. But my ship was a light cruiser and had been shelling trains on the Japanese mainland, which seems rather anomalous for a major war ship to be engaged in that kind of duty. We were anchored off Yokosuka, which was a few miles down the Bay from the Missouri, at the time of the surrender. We stayed there for about twenty days and then led the Third Fleet back from Okinawa, because of the typhoon that leveled Okinawa. We got the edges of that typhoon and led Bull Halsey and the Third Fleet into San Francisco in what was a pretty victorious parade.

I stayed in the Navy (I had a year and a half of college to go) until January of 1947, so I was extended probably eight months. Then I got out and I went back to college. I had intended to be a college professor, but the Navy sent me to their first School of Justice, the Naval School of Justice. I was in the second course; it was a ten-week course. I went into it in August to October of 1946 and I kind of coasted through that. There were four of us at Bachelor Officer Quarters (BOQ), who had a very enjoyable time. The rest of the people lived up at the school in a great big bunk room, but only four of us were intelligent enough to get out of there and go over to the BOQ. I coasted through it and I ended up in the top ten percent of the class. I went back to my

new ship. I'd been transferred from my old ship, the Vicksburg, which had been the one in Tokyo Bay, to my new ship, the Miami. They were both in Vallejo in San Francisco Bay being decommissioned. My old roommate on the first ship asked me to be a defense counsel for a Court Martial where he was the prosecutor. The Commanding Officer of my newer ship called me in and indicated he very much wanted this guy convicted. He just told the wrong guy. I got him acquitted on a technicality, and I thought, "This is obviously my profession."

I got out and finished my last year and a half at Swarthmore and went on to Penn Law School, then went on to New York City and a Wall Street law firm for a year. Next I went up to Rochester and joined the Nixon-Hargrave law firm, where I stayed for forty years and I retired as a senior partner. I continued with the Naval Reserve Training, because I believe very strongly in the Navy. It also gave me some money. I got twenty-two years in and I had a very difficult problem, because I went up pretty fast. I had to prevent myself from becoming the Executive Officer, because once I became Exec, I would become CO (Commanding Officer), and I did not have the time to do the job of a CO. The CO had to be down there at least half-day twice a week, and as a trial lawyer I just was too tied up. So I became the permanent Education Officer. I put in twenty-two years and retired as a Lt. Commander. I'm now drawing a very obscene retirement income, as well as getting my all of my insurance paid by Tri-Care for Life; everything that isn't paid by Medicare is paid by that. So it's a pretty good thing.

In Rochester I was basically excused from the Quaker Church. They came up after a few years and said that I ought to join the church where I was going with my wife; my first wife had died. I had a twenty-month-old son at that point and they thought I should join the church for his sake, which was pretty true. So I did join the Presbyterian Church, since my second wife was a Presbyterian. We've been married now for fifty-one years. I wanted to come back to the Quakers when I came back down here. I've been active in this Meeting (Kendal) but I don't intend to become a Quaker again.

Dotty Jones started pressing on me, "Why don't you come and join us at the Vigil?" I became very, very angry at the last administration and in particular I believed the Iraq War was inexcusable. Actually, I thought the Afghan War was defensible in that they were going in against Osama Bin Laden, but I don't like the way it has expanded now. But the Iraq War was stupid, unnecessary, unjustified and just absolutely without any possible cause or justification. That's what really made me become active and there really wasn't any other outlet for me other than this. So I took Dotty up on it and I went with another friend, Bink Haviland, now deceased. Bink and I did a lot of things together and this was one of them. We did it for about four years, I think. Then we felt the issue was dying down. I'm kind of interested in what this can do. Before I never thought that we could effect social change this way, by picketing. I previously had been able to work to effect social change through legal means.

I was very active in Rochester and I might add, involving many times my own clients, Gannett and Eastman Kodak. We did a number of things. There was a court challenge to the schools to integrate and I represented the school district, which was affirmatively in favor of doing this. And it was some parents of schools that were being bused, of students who were being bused, that were suing the school district to prevent that. So I represented the school district in the court case and we won that. I was one of seven people responsible for bringing in a guy called Saul

Alinsky, a famous community organizer. Many people thought he was a Communist. I think he was one of the greatest democrats ever in this country. He died in 1972. We got him to Rochester to organize the black community and he got them organized fast into an organization called F.I.G.H.T. Of course, they chose the name F.I.G.H.T. just to throw peoples' noses in it. His target was Eastman Kodak Company, which was one of my firm's big clients.

First, Saul came to Rochester unofficially. He actually didn't come to Rochester; he came to Syracuse to meet with a group of us. He didn't come directly to town because that would have blown it if he'd ever been seen in Rochester. So we went over to Syracuse to meet him. He didn't want to come, but he finally said, "All right if you can raise $50,000 first, I will come." His organizational abilities were being used a lot of other places. The organization was called the Industrial Areas Foundation (IAF) in Chicago, which is still going even though he's been dead for thirty-eight years. When he came to Syracuse, we went over and met with him. Then we got the money pledged by national sources: the national Presbyterian Church, the national Episcopal Church, the Catholic Church, which was actually pledged through the Diocese. But most of the money was pledged through the Presbyterian Church. We got that through before anybody knew about it and we announced it in December of 1965. Keep in mind Rochester had been the second city torn by racial strife. The first one had been Newark (NJ) in 1964 and Rochester in the summer of 1965, which is interesting because Rochester was not what you would call a target town. We didn't think we were discriminating, but we had a problem and we didn't know about it. We learned pretty fast.

We announced in late December, no early January of '66, that Alinsky was coming and Saul announced he was coming to the plantation, because Kodak was always the "Great Yellow Mother." Kodak was not unionized; it wasn't because Kodak paid its people well. They paid them high and they gave them benefits, boy did they give them benefits…womb-to-tomb. But they didn't, of course, hire very many blacks. Saul came to town and he demanded that Kodak hire 600 blacks, which really created problems. Of course, I had to go underground. I had one more Kodak suit that was big enough that they had to call on me. But I was no longer acceptable to Kodak as their lawyer after that, but that's all right. At least I didn't get fired by my senior partner. I often thought when I became a senior partner, I probably would have fired me, but I've got to be grateful to my senior partner that he didn't. He let me do all those things during the 1960s, all those other cases I was involved in and not earning money for the firm.

I don't know how we got into that, but that certainly prepared me for my position. Strangely enough, I was not anti-Viet Nam War, but I did represent a number of Universities and Colleges, thirteen of them, during the College demonstration days. And I've got to tell you my biggest claim to fame is that not a single student's head was hit by anybody, although I had to lock up the Sheriff's Deputies in the President's Office at Monroe Community College. They were sitting there, hitting their hands with their Billy Clubs, aching to go out and crack heads and I got them locked up in the President's Office. I wouldn't let them out. Nobody got hurt on any of my demonstrations. It started for me with Alfred University and I made the law in 1968 that governed most of the national college demonstrations. It was the case we got up and out in the fall of 1968 from trial in Buffalo, to the decision of the Second Court of Appeals in October on an expedited basis, which governed even the seizure at Columbia University.

BW: I was really impressed with the first School of Naval Justice.

JMc: The first School of Naval Justice was at Fort Hueneme, near Santa Barbara, and that was the big shipping base, where almost all the matériel for the Pacific went through during the War. As soon as the War was over, they built a building there for the School of Naval Justice. The second floor was a great big dorm and their aim was to get all the officers, both the Academy graduates and all of the wartime officers that they could persuade to stay in the U.S. Navy, as opposed to the U.S. Naval Reserve, and get them trained in Court Martial procedure. Now this was in the days before the Uniform Code of Military Justice and in fact, two instructors were working on the new code later to be called the UCMJ. But that didn't come in until 1951. This was 1946. The Rocks and Shoals or the Articles of War, were what governed at that point, and that's what we learned. We were being taught the rules and regulations and the Court Martial systems, and how to conduct both as recorder, as prosecutor and as defense counsel. The aim of the Navy, at that point, was to train at least every junior officer in this process, and they set up a very good school. They had a good faculty for the seven-week course. They were almost all officers. There were some warrant officers in my class. I've got in my sea chest, although it's too far down to dig for it now, a great big long picture of the whole class. Boy, did I look young!

I was a young Ensign still at the time. They had them up to Commanders going through. It was a good, good course. You didn't have any choice about whether you went through it or not. I didn't want to go through it, but I was just told by my Commanding Officer, "You're going." The ship got orders to send one guy to this class, and I guess I was the junior guy and I got told. This whole base filled with matériel and no people on it, just acres and acres of matériel sitting rusting and this beautiful big building, the U. S. Naval School of Justice.

BW: When you were talking earlier you said: "I believe in the Navy." Could you explain that a little more to me, what you meant that?

JMc: It just means that I'm a Navy person. I like the Navy; I'm a Navy man.

BW: I also made a note about when you were close to the Missouri and the signing of the Peace. I thought of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Did you see any evidence about what had happened?

JMc: No. We had three liberties. First liberty we went ashore. We were anchored off the Naval Base at Yokosuka. At the top of the Bay is Tokyo. On the left as you look up, on the left it merges into the big city of Yokohama. It merges again into Yokosuka, the Naval base. We went ashore at Yokosuka and we toured it. That was the Naval Base where they had made the biggest battleship that had ever been built. You couldn't figure out how they did it. They had the most primitive machinery. Where we had electric cranes, they had hand-operated cranes. They did it by manpower. You don't know how the hell they did these things. And right behind the shipyard were the mountains and they had caves that went back in and this is what scared you.

We would have had an awful job getting control of those caves. I was one of the people that probably would have been on the small boats that November leading the people inshore on the Japanese landing and therefore my life would have been very much at risk had the Atomic Bombs had not been dropped. I am impatient with the people that say we made a mistake

dropping the Atom Bomb. The lives that would have been lost with those caves throughout Japan, that we would have had to dig the people out…the American lives that would have been lost and the Japanese lives that would have been lost made the sacrifice of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, I think, defensible. I think it was a terrible decision for Truman to make; I think it was the right decision for him to make. I think the people now, two generations later, who are saying, "It was a terrible decision; we should never have made it," are softheaded people who may never have been alive because their grandparents or parents might very well have been killed.

My roommate got a Press Pass and we went to the auto pool that they'd already set up…boy were we efficient! We got the last car, one that ran on wood…a wood burner. You had to push it to get it started, but it had wood burning at the back and whenever we stopped, we had to have somebody push it. The Japanese got right behind us and pushed us. It was so great. It was wonderful. We had probably two or three logs on and put it on fire and let it go. And we took our tour…actually this was the second day. We went up through Yokohama. You can't believe Yokohama. Yokohama is probably the size of something like Washington, D.C. It was leveled, absolutely leveled, with only an occasional building standing that had been reinforced with steel. The people were living below ground. You can't believe that devastation. It had to be as bad as Nagasaki, though not obviously as dangerous, but just terrible. Then the third day, we got three liberties before we had to leave on September twentieth, the third day we went up probably fifty miles to Tokyo. I may be wrong but I think that's what they said the mileage was up through a landing right in Tokyo. We were met there, remember we're the conquering heroes and this is what for however long we'd been in the military we had been inculcated with this idea of destroying or beating Japan. Here we are the conquering heroes and we're met on this great big wharf by a bunch of umbrella bearing Japanese, all who spoke perfect English, all who claimed, with probably good merit, that they lived in Brooklyn or San Francisco and had been caught by the War. They had been back here when the War broke out and they wanted to show us around. In other words, we were meet by a group of tour leaders with umbrellas; they looked like it. It just took our breath away, because here we were, the conquering heroes, being greeted by commercial guides! But we were not allowed, at least we couldn't get into because of, I guess constraints of time, we couldn't get into the firebombed areas. We went up to the Imperial Palace, couldn't get in of course, but saw the great big moats and the six-foot carp in the moats; it was quite an experience. And then we went to an Officer's Club in the back of a building up in a terrace, where they just had garbage cans full of iced beer, and we spent the afternoon there. I went back in 1974 to get a witness in a lawsuit I had for Bausch and Lomb; I went back there to talk to the Japanese Government. And as I was leaving for the plane, driving out to the airport, we passed that place and I recognized it as the place where the Officer's Club had been.

BW: How did you feel when you saw Yokohama?

JMc: Oh, I was devastated. I don't know whether we were kept away from the bombed out part of Tokyo; we may have been. The Americans had very clearly avoided the whole area around the Imperial Palace. We did not and could not have done anything to the Emperor. That would have aroused the Japanese people beyond anything. You asked about Yokohama. I was shocked that we could have done that, not that we were wrong doing it. That never occurred to me. I think I was too young to even think of that moral sort of thing. And I don't think we were wrong to do it even today. But it is shocking to see even what pre-Atomic era bombing did to things. I'm sure

it's what happened in Dresden and Hamburg. It shows you what war has become and that it's something that we just cannot afford anymore…no way, for any reason.

BW: You mentioned that after Westtown you gave up becoming a Conscientious Objector. Tell me what that realization was like, or tell me more about that feeling.

JMc: Well, I turned eighteen in October and I hadn't thought about it really. At eighteen I became subject to the draft; October twenty-third is my birthday. I thought about it enough that I decided pretty much in July, since I was getting some word out of the CPS Camps (Civilian Public Service), particularly the one in Gatlinburg, that when they went into town, they were getting faced with the guys giving them physical beatings. I'm an Irishman in the first place and not the type of person who is going to sit there and allow somebody to beat the heck out of me. I realized that I simply didn't have the family background or the historical background to sustain a true CO position. And the time was getting nearer when I had to sustain that or not.

I finally decided that I couldn't be a CO and I went into the Naval Aviation Office. Naval Aviation was the toughest thing to get into and I went in there and I went through all the tests. I did pretty well. I had put down that I had been a CO and I had to go before a board of three officers, who quizzed me terribly about the CO position, as to whether I'd be accepted or not. I explained my position very well and why I had come to give it up. I think they weren't accepting very many of the applicants, and I'm convinced that they accepted me, because they felt that I had actually gone through this in a positive way. I hadn't just walked, you know, along casually and come into the Naval Aviation Cadet Office. Then interestingly, at that time they weren't accepting any more Naval Aviation Cadets because, as we learned later on, they were backed up in their training. They had more applicants than they could train. But they said, "It may open up; hang on." Well, I was dumb and young that I thought, "Well, they've accepted me; certainly it will open up. They've allowed me at least a preliminary." And by gosh, I'm twenty-three days away from the draft and they opened up twenty-five slots for the Fourth Naval District, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware. There were twenty-five openings and I got one of them. So I don't know how much faith a young guy has got to have, but I guess I had pretty much faith that everything was going to work out, and it did. So at that point, I went back to the Meeting and explained to them why I had bailed out on them. They sort of forgave me.

BW: I did want to go back to the Weapons of Mass Destruction story about Iraq versus Afghanistan and Bin Laden, which you were talked about earlier. You understood the Afghan War as the search for Bin Laden, but when it came to Iraq, and you didn't mention the Weapons of Mass Destruction.

JMc: I never believed that. But even if I had believed it, I saw the Iraq War as an almost personal wish of George Bush. I still believe that's what it was. There was no other excuse for that War.

BW: The other question I had about what you said was did the Quakers come to you and say, when you were in Rochester, say it's time, or did the Presbyterians come?

JMc: No, the Quakers did. I hadn't been in attendance and I had supported them but to the tune of five and ten dollars and so on. I think maybe the head tax had come in by then. There was a

time where the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting instituted a head tax and that caused the Quaker Meetings to cull their membership rolls. Westtown had a particular problem because there had been a number of students like me, who over the years were on the membership rolls at Westtown, but were not active members and were not active financially probably. Even those of us who were contributing a bit were not able to contribute very much. I mean at that time in my life, I was just married three years I guess and did not have an awful lot of extra dollars to send to a Meeting far away. So they had a problem, and I actually had financial problems too, although I did not want to give up my membership.

BW: You participated in the Kennett Square Vigil. When you did, did you have any memorable experiences on that corner in Kennett Square during the Vigil against the Iraq War?

JMc: Yes, I had several. There was one time that, I think you might have been there, the time when the guy grabbed our American flag and ran with it all over the place. We got the flag back. I thought someone was probably going to have to deck him to do it. There was another time, when a man and a woman stopped the car on the corner, the corner where you and I used to stand by the Tux Shop, and the woman started yelling something at, I think it was at Bink and me about: "This war is justified. You should be ashamed of yourself, going against this war. I know this war is justified because my son is stationed at Abu Ghraib." (Maybe it was her nephew.) She continued, "He's in the Army and he knows what it's all about." I got up and called back at her, "Well, I'm a veteran with twenty-two years service and I think I can talk about it as good as he can. Anyway, is he a guard or is he an inmate?" And that was not kind.

BW: Dotty Jones told us a story about standing next to you, when a very strange or unusual guy came up and wanted a sign and said he believed in all the signs except one. That one was about guns and he patted his pocket. Do you recall that story?

JMc: That was bad. He wanted a sign and he had a gun. I don't really remember it that well.

BW: Dotty said you stood up to him saying, "Fine, you go over there and stand." It was as far away as possible you could get him to go over there and stand. She said it was pretty scary, but you were strong and with your height and your command of yourself, the fellow moved over some distance.

JMc: The strange thing is that was he was fine and everything seemed all right and then somehow he got onto guns and he pointed out that he had a gun. We thought he sounded so good, but when he got onto the guns, it became clear that he was pretty off his head. And he very clearly had a gun and he said that he did. He didn't pull it out, but he patted his pocket of his coat and it showed. I don't remember what I did but we did something, and I think he finally walked down the street.

BW: That is a memorable time.

JMc: I had forgotten about it until you brought it up.

BW: That's what Dotty had pointed out to us. I remember the flag incident. That was a little unusual too, because we didn't understand what was motivating the person. Later it was found out that he was a veteran who'd been wounded.

JMc: He was simply a guy that couldn't tolerate anything, any view other than his own.

BW: Over the time that you were on the corner, four years, did you see a change in yourself or other vigilers or the passers-by, in particular?

JMc: Yes. I think a lot. I think it was good for the people participating. I know it was for Bink and me. I think it did for you too. But mostly, I think it did; this is where I changed my view that vigiling is not productive. I think we made a change in the acceptance of our view by the people passing through. Now and in the recent year or so, we're getting a lot more honks and a lot more expressions of sympathy than we did in the early days. In the early days we got an awful lot of fingers, and thumbs turned down, and angry looks. The angry looks come more from the old ladies I think than anybody else, and the old men. It's the old people who are set in their ways and I'm a veteran of World War II, like this guy that grabbed the flag. But I think even they are coming around, at least to the position. Now that doesn't mean we've brought them around. I think that the times have brought them around. Now they are somewhat sympathetic.

What I'm interested in is the West Chester Vigil. I've gone over there several times on Saturdays. West Chester, at least for a while, seems to have calmed down, but these, I don't know, they don't look like motorcyclists all of them, but my God, there's about 150 motorcycles lined up. Have you ever seen it? Those guys can be very mercurial. They get over there on the Court House side of the street, which is where the peace people used to be, and they get over there very early, and they stake that out, and they become very, very loud and abusive. The peace people come in on the other side of the street and they're kind of quiet, and I don't know how they do it. They are definitely the less vociferous of the groups, and they should be. But these, and they've got to be motorcyclists, are parking in a place where I'm not sure they should be parking and it seems to me that the police have set it that aside for them. Therefore the police are either sympathetic to them or I guess maybe providing a parking spot, rather than having the cycles strewn all over around several blocks.

BW: Do you see a future for peace activities such as vigils?

JMc: I really don't, as we get into more of a peace time, I don't think there is much future for it. I think you've really got to have a something like George Bush to campaign against, or the existence of the Iraq War and Afghanistan War. It's too bad that the word Afghanistan is so long, that it takes so much to write a sign out. As long as you've got the Afghanistan War going, there is something that you're convinced is still worthy. But our signs are pretty far out of date now, except the usual "Peace is the Way" sort of thing. That's good, but it is so dull.

BW: How do you visualize peace on our planet?

JMc: I don't. Mankind is not built for peace. It's just the way of things. I don't guess "animalkind" is built for peace. I guess that's the lesson of evolution. Now that doesn't mean that

we shouldn't be fighting for peace, because the more we can keep this animus for war down, the better off we'll be. We are just warring organisms.

BW: What are some important lessons you've learned in your life?

JMc: Oh my! To keep my mouth shut; I haven't learned it! I can't answer that kind of question, not without going to midnight.

BW: Well, are there any words of wisdom then that you'd like to pass along?

JMc: No. I wouldn't be pompous enough to do that! (Laughter)

F. M. Mooberry

F. M. Mooberry Peace Interview, February 18, 2010

Barbara Walker and David Williamson interviewing F.M. Mooberry at Kendal.

BW: Thank you very much FM for agreeing to this interview. Would you kindly give us some basic background about yourself, where you were born, your childhood and such?

FM: I was born in Alberta Lea, Minnesota, but I lived for years in Iowa. The reason was the hospital in Minnesota was closer than the hospital in Mason City (Iowa), so that's why I claim Minnesota as my birthplace. I lived in Iowa and I want to tell you it was so cold. This was before they had the wind chill factor and I'm glad they didn't. I was born on July 23, 1930; my father's name was Thomas William Gilpin, but he always went by TW. My mother, Jessie Merril, was born in Iowa and I think my father was probably born in Minnesota. After high school, I went to the University of Iowa. My first occupation was as a professional Girl Scout worker. I was employed by the Shining Trail in Burlington, Iowa. One of the funniest things that ever happened to me was connected with the uniform we wore. We had pork pie hats and I found green shoes to match. Our apartment was on a hill and the Scout office was at the foot of the hill. I've always walked fast. So here I was going down the hill making noise and this youngster called out, "Hi-Ho Silver." I had to laugh!

David and I were married in 1953 and we moved to the East Coast. Now it was unusual because the people from the Midwest usually went west, you know to California, the Promised Land! The town I grew up in had a population of 1,853, so it was no metropolis. That was back in the days when you could roam all over. We had bicycles and we'd just go and nobody would bother us. We knew almost everybody in town or at least their names. After we were married, we came to the East Coast, because David had a job interview. He was considering Shell, which was on the West Coast, and he was also considering DuPont, which was on the East Coast. So we came east.

Earlier we lived at Purdue in the Bricks for a while; that was the best campus housing there was. This was when lots of people were coming back from the war, and David was getting his degree, his Ph.D. It wasn't going to take long. He was going to finish up in maybe three months. Well, it took longer. One night I had gone to bed, which was a pull-up sofa, and I looked up and there was David sitting at the desk. This was just one room and he had the ironing board out and had it all covered. I looked down and he was starting to cover the bed. So it took him a while to finish his dissertation at Purdue. He had gone to Grinnell**,** Iowa for college. When I went to the University of Iowa, where I received my B.A.; not including my room and board, the tuition was fifty-two dollars a semester.

BW: Any comments on religion, education, community involvement, children?

FM: Community activities in Delaware… I was a "Pink Lady", helping out in the hospitals. After we had children, it wasn't convenient for me to spend the morning in the hospital. I wasn't too involved in community activities at first. Wilmington, to me, was a large city.

BW: Coming from Iowa…

FM: Coming from Northwood, yes! Later I became involved in the Brandywine Conservancy as Coordinator of Horticulture and was responsible for developing the gardens at Brandywine River Museum.

BW: Did you have brothers and sisters when you were growing up?

FM: Yes. My brother was ten years older and my sister was two years older than I.

BW: So you were the baby of the family?

FM: Oh dear, yes. My father would introduce me to somebody and he would say, "This is my baby." I came from a family where I didn't hear a bad word from either parent. They didn't fight, they didn't call each other names, but I knew one day when my mother was mad. She called my father, Tom, rather than TW. So he backed off whatever was bothering him. It was interesting. We had one bottle of liquor, which was kept in the linen closet. My folks didn't drink, but my dad was a real estate dealer and land manager and the bottle was for farmers who would come in on business and he'd pour one for them.

I want to tell you about my mother. She was a nurse. That was back when nurses had lots of responsibility. Mother did the patients' wash, she worked in their homes and did the nursing there. Then she moved to Northwood when she married and became the health giver for the whole neighborhood. I remember one snowy morning when the Boones came over and asked her to come see if Grandma Boone was dead. She was. My dad was a Mason and my mother was an Eastern Star and that was of social significance, to belong to a Lodge or Auxiliary.

Let's see, now. I was a Pink Lady, we're back now on the East Coast, and I was also on the Zoning Hearing Board.

BW: Were you a member of any church when you grew up? After you came to Wilmington were you involved with any religious organization?

FM: We were Methodists, so I'm a convinced Quaker.

BW: Could you explain what that means? I've heard in various Meetings that a birthright Quaker is someone who is born into it.

FM: Yes.

BW: Then a convinced Quaker is someone who has chosen to become a Quaker.

FM: Except, they don't have birthright Quakers anymore. It is very nice to call someone that, but doesn't have the same weight as it did. Douglas, our son, married into a long, long line of Quakers and that's how I was introduced to it. I helped with their flower sale.

BW: At London Grove Meeting?

FM: Yes. I was there, I would say maybe for three annual flower sales and there was something about it that just spoke to me. I bought a London Grove Friends shirt with their big tree on it, and I decided that I could not wear it until I had been to Quaker Meeting. So I was an attender for quite a while and then I became a member.

BW: What's that like to become a member of the Quakers?

FM: You write a letter to London Grove Meeting and tell them why you want to join. You join the Meeting, but it's not transferable. So if I would decide at a later time I wanted to join here at Kendal, I would have to write a letter to London Grove and ask them to transfer my membership to Kendal. When it snowed so much, and I've done this several times, if something happens that I can't get to Meeting, then I go to the Meeting, here at Kendal, which is much easier because it's at 10:30 rather than 9:30 in the morning.

BW: Was it that London Grove connection that made you aware of the Kennett Square Vigil?

FM: I don't really remember how I got involved in that. They had their signs down at the Post Office first.

BW: That was where it got started, at the Post Office.

FM: Right and then it moved to the corner. I would give directions about the "going in" road and the "going out" road. It was on the corner by the time I joined. I just felt the great need. I'm much against war and I thought that would probably help. When it was first started, it was London Grove Meeting that started it, and then they seemed to drop away and the only people who were left (from London Grove) were Gail and I. I think there was one other woman that stayed a while after that. So it would be Gail who fixed our signs and me.

One day it was so cold, that no one came from Kendal, but I was down there and I had a flag that came from Italy. They were having a big peace demonstration and I can't quite remember which city it came from, but I noticed everyone had a flag on their property. I had a friend who was in Italy at that time, so she got a peace flag and then she gave it to me. So I would stand there on the corner with my flag. Probably nobody knew why I had it.

I met Marian Fuson there. We seemed to have many things in common to talk about. Marian is here at Kendal. So it's mighty good to see her; she lives just around the corner. She does the Range of Motion Class and that's another way I've connected with her.

The Kendal Meeting is in the Library. It's well attended, except if you look at the roster of people living in Kendal, there are many, many that belong to the Religious Society of Friends, but who never come. You feel at home there. They accept you as they would one of their members and I went twice during snowstorms.

BW: And you still go to London Grove Meeting?

FM: I go all the time to London Grove. It's quite different than the library here at Kendal. The library is a library and you sit around in chairs. So the atmosphere doesn't give you the same type as you have at London Grove Meeting.

I was telling you about being the only one who came because it was so cold on the corner. I had this flag and I was standing on the corner and a woman went home and got me a hot cup of coffee.

I quit driving, so then I quit going to London Grove Meeting. However, I have now talked my husband into going. Because I can't drive, he takes me there. So every once in a while, I broach the subject, ask if he wouldn't like to become a Quaker and I've gotten him really close. He has the book, Faith and Practice, and he has read quite a bit of that.

BW: You grew up as a Methodist.

FM: Then we were Presbyterians when we moved to Wilmington and I worked for the Girl Scout Council. At that time they were consolidating the Councils. We took in Cecil County and nobody on the staff wanted it except me. It was quite a distance away, but it turned out to be the District that I really, really liked. It probably was my familiarity and comfort with a small community, like where I grew up. Bainbridge Naval Academy was in the District, so lots of the people we had as leaders and neighborhood chairpersons were the wives of the men who worked at Bainbridge. I was invited to attend graduation ceremonies at Bainbridge. I got up there in my Girl Scout leader uniform and I thought, "Do I salute or what am I going to do?" So I saluted. I don't know if I had any business doing that, but that's the way happened. One day I got lost; I was looking for somebody's house. A man was working down the road and so I stopped to ask him where they lived. And he said, "You just go *skraight* down road." They did have a different manner of speaking than the Wilmington people.

Oh yes, we did move around, and sometimes we went to church in West Chester and then we went in Wilmington and there didn't seem to be a Methodist Church close by, so that's why we went to the Presbyterian Church.

BW: You mentioned that when your son was married, your daughter-in-law was from a long line of Quakers, and that became of interest to you. Was she at London Grove?

FM: Yes, for generations. Her father was a Pusey and her mother was a Hood and that probably covers half of Chester County. I don't have many relations, so it's different.

I really enjoyed Cecil County and then I got pregnant. I think the Girl Scouts gave me almost everything I needed for a baby. They gave me showers and showers. And then I asked the obstetrician how long I could work for the Girl Scouts and he said, "As long as you can get your foot to the pedal." I was still working until it was a weekend and then my son was born the next day.

BW: And you have how many children?

FM: Two. Sue and Douglas and they each had two children.

Sue's son Alexander graduated from Kenyon and he has a job. Sue's other child went to school at Grinnell College, and they live in Hawaii and used to live in Texas. These are hot places and why would she choose Grinnell, Iowa is beyond me. Grinnell gave a summer course to explain what college was like and she took that, so she went to Grinnell. That's where David got his undergraduate degree. It was for the smart kids. There were so many students there that they had a regular train that went into Chicago and back again.

Douglas' daughter, Jessie, goes to the George School and is a senior. Brinton is…well we don't know what he's going to be when he comes back. He's spent the year in Spain and the grading system doesn't fit neatly into the one here. He wasn't part of a group; he just went as an individual. Pat's brother married a Spanish woman, so Pat got the information and had to go to an Embassy in New York three times. The third time she took Brinton with her. So he's living in an apartment that probably is as large as this room and the next and is a very different environment for him. The family has a boy about the same age, but they're just not a natural fit. Brinton needs a lot of physical activity after school.

BW: How old is he and when is he due back?

FM: He's sixteen. He's due back in June. However, his mother got so lonesome, that they went over at Christmastime. Jessie had a lot of time, so they got the family together. I think they toured around Spain for a week then took Brinton back.

BW: We talked a little bit about how you first got involved in peace activities and what motivated you.

FM: As soon as I found out that they did have Witness for Peace, I was right down there.

BW: And that's in Kennett.

FM: That's in Kennett.

BW: Had you been involved in any other activities similar to that earlier in your life or was this maybe because of the Quaker influence?

FM: It sort of gave me an organization to work within. I have <u>never</u> been for war.

BW: Do you remember at anytime, like during Viet Nam or Korea, being concerned about what was happening?

FM: Oh sure! I mean, just needless loss of life. If they took the money they spent for wars and used it in the countries that are involved, it certainly would be a different place and there would not have been the mortality rate that war causes.

BW: What did you hope for when you did get involved in Witnessing for Peace in Kennett? Did you feel that you might have an impact?

FM: We hoped we did. We had a sign that said, "Honk for Peace" and we got lots of honks. Then one day a guy rolled down his window and shouted, "Go back to the old folks home." And of course that's what some of us are.

BW: Were there any other negative reactions like that versus the positive reactions you might recall?

FM: Oh yes. People would go by and put their thumbs down. One of the most gratifying times there were two Army vehicles with army insignias as Army representatives, and the two drivers honked. So we would count the honks. I don't know whether we changed anybody's mind; we certainly hoped that we influenced people so at least they thought about it. There are not many places to display signs or to talk with other people in not in favor of the war. People write letters to the editor, but other than that, there just isn't any place for them to demonstrate.

BW: Do you think this kind of peace activity will continue? Standing with signs that speak about the current problem, the current war?

FM: It was very interesting, because one day in Meeting at London Grove, one of the members stood up and said something about the Kendal Peace Vigil. I wanted to jump up and say, "Listen you are wrong", but I didn't think that was very Quakerly. I feel so home-like when I go back to London Grove, but on the other hand, I've been welcomed by Kendal Meeting.

BW: I was on the corner when a man jumped out of his vehicle and grabbed the American flag that one of the vigilers had. Did you have anything like that happen?

FM: Nothing so flagrant, but we did have things happen. They would roll down their windows and shout at us.

BW: How did you respond?

FM: We just waved that flag harder. The time it took them to get though the intersection was like a finger snap, so there was no time to talk with them. We noted the silence versus honks as people go by. We counted the honks, so we felt that there were that many people who were in agreement with us. But then as I say, there is no organization for a large peace demonstration, like the kinds there are in Washington.

BW: Do think this type of vigil has a place still in society?

FM: Sure. I think we should somehow through Gail, bring this up at Meeting. Where's the support?

We have a Three Star General that lives across from us. He is probably David's best friend. Now he doesn't talk about it, but I just have the feeling that he would probably, hopefully, change his

mind about serving. He went from Private to a position of prominence. There is a Quaker history there. I think at one time his wife was a Quaker. They turned away from it, but they still use "thee" and "thou."

I'm taking a course with a psychologist and we meet, discuss and work on people's problems once a week on Wednesdays. He says there won't be any cessation of wars until people learn to be aggressively against them. And that was interesting. He wants us to be not passive, but also to take into consideration the whole culture and civilization of this country.

BW: How do you visualize, in line with the concept of aggressive pacifism, how do you visualize peace on this planet?

FM: I don't know, because people have fought for millennia. I don't know whether that is just part of our culture and has to be, you know going back to the Romans and earlier. I don't know what the answer is. But I certainly know that we had no business getting into the Iraq War. I think as it was presented, almost everybody in Congress voted for it. The terrorists have state of the art weapons and that there are lots of new devices for terrorism. Think about 9/11 and a potential underwear bomber. I guess we're not quick enough to pick up signals. Also, what are you going to do when you get the terrorists? You can't just shake your finger at them and watch them go back. So I don't know what would bring peace to the world. Then there are the nations in Africa, where they slaughter their own people. I know there is a program that uses a method to help people to get over the horrible things that happen like that.

BW: I know there is a group called Peaceforce.

FM: We've supported that with money quite a while ago.

BW: Are there any lessons you've learned either through your peace activities, any lessons that you'd like to communicate to others?

FM: My parents were married and there was only one time I saw them fight and David and I don't fight. It's just our way.

BW: Are there any words of wisdom you would like to pass along at this time?

FM: I think probably that peace starts in the home.

BW: Thank you FM for taking the time to talk with us today.

FM: It was fun.

Gail L. Newbold

Gail L. Newbold Peace Interview, September 17, 2009

Barbara Walker and David Williamson interviewing Gail Newbold at Kendal.

BW: Gail, please tell us about your family, place of birth and youth activities.

GN: I was born in 1950 in San Francisco, the second child in the family. I grew up in California. My father had served in WW II; he repaired airplanes while on an aircraft carrier in the Pacific. Thankfully he was not in the middle of a great deal of bloodshed. After the training in engine repair, all through my youth Dad sold car parts from garage to garage around the East Bay area. My mother was in journalism. She made her way through college during the years of WW II, the first person in our families with a college degree.

My brother and I grew up in Oakland, and I greatly appreciated being in a close-knit family. My parents tended to teach us through their examples. The expected standards for all four of us were honesty, being reliable, doing our jobs with integrity (our job as children was our schoolwork), and respecting our elders. It was not a Quaker family, except there was one story about a Quaker great-grandfather.* At elementary-school age I started to question some of the things that we'd hear just in general, from the newspapers or in the radio news. At that time "welfare" for low-income people was a big issue. Why was it that there were families of a mother and two or three children and no financial support for the families? Thinking back on that, I realize I was thinking about the other person. "How would that woman and the children feel? How would they buy food?" had crept into my consciousness. That was probably some kind of beginning for me. Our parents had not brought up economic justice and war and peace, but questions began to form.

As I got beyond the public elementary school and went to the larger public schools, the center-city junior high school and the center-city high school provided wonderful settings that called for creativity and exploration in trying to craft a social life and understand the our communities and nation. There were many, many different families with different cultures. Our school had kids from one of the largest Chinatowns in the United States. We had a large population of African-Americans, including many who came to Oakland during or near the war years to help with shipbuilding and other kinds of work, when jobs were plentiful in the area. Hispanic families were well represented also. It was wonderful to be in such a rich place during my school years.

As a youngster, I started reading about the Civil Rights Movement in the daily newspaper. I was thinking to myself, "I know I'm too young, I'm only whatever, eleven or twelve years old," at the time, and yet I thought, "Where I need to be is right there with those Freedom Riders. Now how can I do that?" Then I would think, "Well how much money would I need, where would I get it, to go down there," and, "Oh, this isn't going to work at all; I'm only twelve years old." I wondered a lot about challenges in the world that seemed so distant, and yet I could feel that they were so human and so close. Soon after the Civil Rights Movement came into view I noticed the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) actions and publicity out of the AFSC office in San Francisco. It looked like the AFSC did substantial and cooperative work in the world, and I loved thinking I might be a part. Again, I could not go to San Francisco, yet admired the work – the "love in action."

After high school I went off to Swarthmore College on a scholarship. That was September 1967. I carry a continual gratitude for a four-year scholarship from a national foundation. I saw the East Coast for the first time. It was amazing, even, to be on an airplane for the first time. I had grown up noticing that we could not get to Washington, D.C. from Oakland, and now at college I was just a train ride from Philadelphia and slightly longer ride to D.C., a center of activity regarding civil rights and other issues.

I was in a new environment, and a lot about war and peace, rights and race was being questioned and discussed. This was the Viet Nam War era. I began to recognize the questions I'd had growing up were still quite real and all folded together over the years, war and justice issues folded together. Most stimulating of all, people, many people, were doing more than speculating and talking – they were working on these. (It seemed to me at the time that action on issues, other than local racial issues, was an East Coast phenomenon.) As the picture filled out, I became amazed that people had been chewing on these concerns, and putting concerns into actions, over several centuries.

One of the things that moved me a lot during my first year at Swarthmore was learning about Highlander Center in Tennessee (founded by mountaineer Myles Horton after he was mentored in Chicago by Jane Addams). I first heard about Highlander from another first-year student whose brother had been playing banjo there. My student-friend was telling me stories about this wonderful place, and I had already felt an interest in the Appalachian Mountain region. The region had the very real struggles about people's humanity and their ability to have food and shelter, similar to struggles in Oakland, however in Appalachia I would fit in differently regarding the racial balance. We had gotten to a point in Oakland in 1967, where I was someone who was white-identified. It was a bit invasive to come in and do the urban work while the African-American majority in downtown, East and West Oakland was striving to be recognized, to gain some ownership about how things were being done in Oakland, about who was doing them, and who was making the decisions. So I felt that even though I had been very involved in the wonderfully racially mixed community during high school years, at this time in history it was time for me to try another approach and go to the mountains.** I applied to Appalachian Volunteers and was in Harlan County Kentucky for the summer, working with VISTA (Volunteers in Service to America) and high school youth. (True to the migratory habits in the Americas, this was a return to homeland on my father's side.) The summer included three weeks at the Poor People's Campaign in D.C. The people and places allowed me to deepen my interest and see a lot about human interaction: How do people connect with each other, how do they alienate each other, how do they deal with conflict, and how do we create the ways to work together?

Spending time with the students in Kentucky helped me recognize a strong interest of mine. It is a special joy to respect and learn from the openness and insights of younger people. Then, it is even and better when slightly older people in the community hear the younger voices and are open to what's being said. My expectations for listeners' attentiveness may have come from memorable family dinners at home. As teenagers, my brother and I brought home to our parents questions that our parents really didn't know how to answer, or did not want to approach. Even though we were just working class, we clearly were not in the lowest class housing in Oakland.

In early years, the people with least advantage – chronically poor – got very little attention in dinner table discussions. More time and conversations later, the ground shifted and our parents opened up to including everyone. That was exciting, to see our parents actually change, and to realize that what we children were bringing home had an impact. I thank them; I'm very grateful for their example.

One more remarkable situation was when there was the changeover in our high school student government, which had been all white for years. It was going to change and be multi-racial. At the time I was running for Secretary, a person of Asian descent was the front-runner for President of the student body, and an African-American was the most favored choice for Vice-President. Well, you should have seen the administration and faculty. When the voting concluded, the student vote-counters were locked up in a separate room, for their own safety supposedly, under lock and key to count the votes. When the result was announced, the adults in the school were very nervous. And then they found out that nothing had happened; the students were, like, "Oh, nice, so and so is President." All down the line we were a multi-racial student government instead of being all white, and nothing happened. We went on and had the greatest time with our student government doing all the little tasks we were to do. At that point, in our particular high school, it was only the adults who were raised up about this whole thing. So you never know what a community is going to be able to offer, and maybe the youngest will lead.

The day after college graduation, Denis Newbold and I married. We had known each other all four years at Swarthmore, and we had a great excuse for getting married right out of college: all of our parents would be in one place, for graduation. Three months later we went to graduate school programs, and here I encountered another experiment about community relationships and about race. I had received a scholarship to grad school and found, after I had been on campus for a couple of weeks, that the scholarship was based on the program's impression that I would be African-American. A state law prohibited asking, on applications, the race of applicants. I showed up and sort of got this strange reaction, when I first walked into the professor's office. I wondered, "Is there egg on my blouse?" I didn't know what was going on was disappointment that I did not appear to be of African descent. Well, it turned out I didn't like the program, which bent what academics and researchers had to offer, to train "international development" specialists. I filed to withdraw. Later, I heard from friends that a professor openly expressed disappointment about me, unpleasant news one more time. When admitted at the school I was single, and when I arrived on campus I was married. In a lecture class, to the students, he commented that I could not be both a married female and a serious student. I had real issues with this program. This was not community; it was a department where individuals were expected to serve particular assumptions, both personally and with regard to the academics. Later on I went to a graduate program I appreciated: law school at the University of California at Berkeley, a very interesting and full experience. We were expected to learn a specific set of skills and to seek for Truth. There were few women students; however women were treated as viable students.

These stories about equality, race, social justice, and assumptions or stereotypes, all point us to Peace. In peace, we respect and care for each other person. Community, Truth, and a Love that cares for people and for the resources of the earth: these are the building blocks.

London Grove Friends Meeting and the Vigil have both become primary communities for me. It was when our two daughters were young that our family became Quakers. At that time I was chronically sleep-deprived in order to be the around-the-clock dialysis helper for our older daughter, who has a few particular disabilities. The calm and unconditional acceptance for me, by London Grove Meeting members, was a deeply needed balm. There was love and not pushing. In the quiet and in the presence of f/Friends and openness or light, gradually, I began to ask, again, how do I embody these, day-by-day: Love, Peace, Community, Simplicity, and even happiness or joy?

BW: How did you get involved in peace activities?

GN: From when I was about eight and first heard from a friend that we could be for Peace instead of for wars, Peace seemed, to me, to be the alternative to choose. Yet it was only when the Viet Nam War became a national controversy that I focused more closely on war and peace. First, how could you blow up other people? It made no sense. Looking closer, I wondered, if we only have so many resources in the world, how can we blow up whole airplanes, blow up towns and villages, knowing that's the *end* of those resources? Second, on a personal level I saw that if I were angry, yelling or striking out would only make matters worse, not solve matters. I thought, "I think I've come to understand about person-by-person violence. I have learned what peacemaking is about on a personal level, I can practice the skills, and I try to keep good relationships with people I know and see." Looking to Viet Nam, then, how could a government promise we would get a positive result from tactics similar to an individual's yelling or kicking when angry? Maybe there was a different dynamic, when the conflict was among nations? Could that be? Without the benefit of in-depth study, it seemed terribly and clearly wrong to be in Viet Nam. I began to work hard for peace, with the many other peace-workers inside and outside the military. We civilians did not learn about the hundreds of military persons of the Viet Nam era who were for peace until a long time after this war ended.

Once our family became attenders and then members among other Quakers, I began to learn a fuller unity in the pieces of peace, thanks to the in-depth experiences, conversations and workshops abundant for participation. I could look with clearer eyes into parenting skills. I helped arrange a number of Alternatives to Violence Project workshops in our locality, face-to-face workshops where we practiced and learned in remarkably greater depth, how to be helpful or creative in difficulties and conflicts that inevitably enter our lives. Steve Angell, then residing in the Kendal community, was an outstanding resource for us in these workshops. Regarding peace and war, one summer experience with Ted Herman also stands out.

The watershed time was at a Friends General Conference Summer Gathering (an annual gathering that's Quaker summer camp with a several-day workshop in it). I chose a workshop on peace with a trans-national and global perspective, led by Ted Herman. I had tried hard to find just the right workshop because the workshops have been so valuable for me. I don't know how many times Ted offered a workshop like this, over the years. He told stories that answered those nagging questions I had had during the Viet Nam War and back into childhood: "Could peace practices really work, among nations? How does it work?" Ted gave examples from WWII, examples from the continent of Africa, and from somewhere. I could see Peace working, with a well-honed tool kit that concentrates on regional, national and international relationships. The

years of listening to fear, often from media voices or from many politicians, voices that kept me in a foggy insecurity that somehow wars must be fought in order to "successfully defend", no longer held me. The histories from across times and spaces enrich one another, and the pattern becomes full, whole, strong. Now the whole cloth is together, instead of being in several pieces with doubts here and there. I am forever grateful for that workshop and for Ted's work. Ted was instrumental in creating one of the first Peace Studies programs in a college in the U.S., where he taught at Colgate University. Clearly many additional resources have become available in more recent years. Some of these are the Public Broadcasting Service series, "A Force More Powerful," available for order via the Internet; a narrative for both students and adults by Jimmy Carter about the Camp David Accord meetings (although that accord itself is now old news), and a new, super resource, the Global Nonviolent Action Database with hundreds of nonviolent campaigns described and studied for their strategies, available on the Internet.

A couple of weeks after the World Trade Center towers came down in September 2001, the U.S. government responded with violence: more war. Beginning with the bombing of Afghanistan, October 7, 2001, I just couldn't believe we were going into this method after everything we had supposedly learned in Viet Nam. Many of us stood in vigils when the bombing began and then asked, "What can we do?" How can we be active besides writing letters to our members of Congress? The third week in October several of us were sitting in a Peace Committee meeting at London Grove Meeting, pondering the situation. Susan Goldsworthy, who loves to be active with her hands and with her feet, said, "Well, how about we stand beside the street with signs that say we think peace is a lot better idea than war." We all know Susan speaks with her actions. She started Community Gardens in the Kennett Square area, for example, which has been a wonderful bringing together of people and building community in many ways. We sat there together in the Committee meeting and we considered it and knew it would take energy and time. The suggestion called to us. I said, "I'm for that." It became real clear to me. The Committee was for it also. We began to pave the way for the Vigil. The weekly Vigil is a chapter of my life for which I'm very grateful. And the explorations and actions, for peace and integrity, will keep coming.

* Some time after I became a student at Swarthmore College I realized the influence Quakers had had, already, although I had not seen "it" as Quaker input into my life. Between the use of two different words, Quakers and Friends, the various connections had been camouflaged – aha! I discovered that AFSC was a project by Friends (and Friends of Friends), that "Friends" is synonymous with "Quakers", and that I had been drawn to the Quaker values and practices evident in Swarthmore College. I discovered the concepts I'd been collecting and hanging onto were there in the Quakers. With the "aha," I gained more hints for finding MY connections, to run my own life. Curiously, as a child I had seen photos of my Quaker great-grandfather and his mother, my Quaker, widowed great-great grandmother.

** Later I learned "race" continues to play out all around the U.S. In Kentucky in 1968, isolated African-American communities feeling effects from the U.S. history of racism were dotted through the Appalachian region.

BW: In your different peace activities other than the Kennett Peace Vigil, do you remember what prompted you to act, what outcomes you hoped for, did they occur or did something else happen?

GN: An outcome that stands out is the ending of the Viet Nam War. What prompted me to speak out was intense distress that the U.S. was brutalizing and tearing down a society and then bombing Cambodia, also. Regarding the political rhetoric, we were not stopping communism; we were trying for U.S. control while being destructive and making enemies. Both the people in the military and the people "stateside" in the United States against the war became so numerous that the war could not be conducted. I have learned to honor the military people who came out against the war and were circulating important newspapers among themselves, telling what they saw and knew, as well as the civilians. The attitude change was person-by-person, until the war was unsustainable. The destruction stopped, and that was wonderful.

Another time I thought the outcome was wonderful was when we had "Children as the Peacemakers." I was the Mama of our "Children as the Peacemakers" for eight or ten years. What prompted me this time was the growing minds and hearts of our daughters Erica and Lindsey and their friends at Meeting. Lindsey and Eben, a dynamic duo, came to me one day at London Grove Meeting, tapped my pants-leg, and said they had organized a committee of the children, and it would meet at our house. When I asked them, "What is the agenda?" they did not know. Yet the beauty was there; at ages seven and eight, they knew they were ready to be active and effective. A few weeks later, a door opened. There was a one-day children's activity sponsored by Western Quarterly Meeting. I asked our guest facilitator if she knew of a guide or curriculum for us, and she recommended the curriculum developed by Patricia Montandon, who has worked to empower children as peacemakers, particularly after the actions of Samantha Smith (1972-1985) and available in Wikipedia. As soon as I had the booklets I thought, "I can do this! Here is a booklet in my hand." The group was about twelve children, some rotating in or out during the years. The parents were wonderful; they would drive the children to and from meetings and activities. We met every other Sunday afternoon. We started exploring what peace was all about. When we sat, we were in a circle; we talked about what it meant to be in a circle with each person special, no one person as leader but with rotating leadership. It was *children* as the peacemakers, not me. We were very interested that it be a true participation and led by every single one of the lights that were sitting in the circle. That was wonderful, and more engaging, it seemed to me, than some other youth activities. The outcome was children who grew up with at least some grounding in how to be able to find their own identities, and then in respecting themselves, knew how to respect other persons. They learned how to say, "Wait, let's be equals here rather than one person being on top of the other and starting to create bad feelings among two or three people or a group." Then we got to the point of talking about international things as well. We looked into the history of Iraq. We looked into how Saddam Hussein, (we called it *enemy making*), how Saddam Hussein was characterized, first as a friend of the United States years and years before, and then differently with pictures that made his complexion look darker and his mustache look very heavy, as he became characterized as an enemy in the lead-up to war.

I saw the Peacemaker kids grow over the years in beautiful ways. Trips to the United Nations, to Friends Committee on National Legislation, Smithsonian museums, the Woman's Party House and Museum, and to our Senator to speak our concerns about the first Iraq war, are still

memorable. A week along the U.S.-Mexico border led by BorderLinks was immersion learning and question asking at their best. We learned more about how people across borders can live together and better understand each other; we explored economic issues, and other pieces that can go into peace…like cooking and eating together!

Later, there were two more BorderLinks trips by popular demand (both neighbors and Quakers), and there was the delegation of forty-seven from Philadelphia Yearly Meeting to the 1999 Appeal for Peace, in The Hague, Netherlands. What ties all these to your question is, each time I was prompted to facilitate by others, who said, "Doesn't this look like an opportunity?" And each time, we participants gained immeasurably more than initially expected, in my opinion. It's noteworthy that each time, even for one-day travel, as facilitator I made sure we studied and prepared beforehand. We learned about the history, area or topic, and we did group building and what-might-we-expect, so we would be fuller participants while on travel.

BW: Tell me how the Kennett Square Vigil actually got started, what role you've played, and if you have seen it grow and change.

I've talked about the Peace Committee meeting, when one Friend asked, "What do you think of this idea?" We didn't know what sorts of permissions we might need. Leaving that meeting we were ready to look into the possibilities for an outward expression that we wanted peace, and not more bombs on Afghanistan. In the news one could hear voices saying, "We are going to Afghanistan, and in no time we will have all the problems solved because we've thrown bombs into Afghanistan." I volunteered to speak with Kennett Borough officials.

We found the Kennett Square Borough Council and police were fully open to free speech, and we needed no permit. The police appreciated knowing our plans. They would keep their eyes open, and as long as we did not block traffic we were welcome to be anywhere on the sidewalks with signs. We decided to stand outside the Post Office because of the connection with the federal government, which had decided to go to war. We decided on Friday afternoons because there may be people who could get off work then, and maybe students from the high school would be able to get there. The first Vigil occurred Friday, December 14, 2001. After several months we moved the location to the central intersection of State Street and Union Street (PA Route 82).

We have missed maybe four or five Fridays over the years, because of the weather. At one point I think I decided when it got down to twelve degrees it was too cold, and we canceled another time when it was fourteen (Fahrenheit). On the other hand, not just 100, but with degrees over 100 it was just too hot. All along, we have had incredible participation from the Kendal and Crosslands communities. All of us agreed, whatever ages, we did not anyone to go home ill or with sunstroke and in response, the community participated. Earlier, we were very amazed and impressed when there were 100 honks in one hour. Now we count 300-400 honks in an hour, and there are waves and nods of support that go uncounted. It's interesting that we have not ever seen a downward trend in the numbers.

BW: Were you put in charge of getting the group together? How did that work?

GN: It's rather simple. I'm the sign carrier, and if I'm not going to be there I make sure someone else has the signs. Beyond that, we have met off the sidewalk occasionally, when we feel it's a good idea to meet. It would have been nice over the years to meet even more often, to check in, socialize and appreciate one another, but we have definitely met when we felt it was needed. One of the most important activities together is to get ideas when we feel some signs are getting outdated. We've had long lists contributed by Vigil members, for possible signs. We have learned the text needs to be very short, because people going by in a car must be able to take in the meaning very quickly.

When opposing people began showing up regularly at another vigil, which meets in West Chester, we met to consider how to function if dissent or opposition were to show up in Kennett Square. That was a wonderful experience. We met about three times, and we created a plan for ourselves and circulated it to everyone. The plan amounts to respecting everyone. We reminded ourselves everyone has a right to be on a corner when all individuals are peaceful and respectful, as the Kennett police and Borough Council told us. If we were to feel things were getting difficult, we'd let the new group have some of the real estate exclusively, a few of the four corners. A next step would be to confer together and consider a move to a different intersection – even for a few weeks. We thought maybe they wouldn't last as long as we would. Then we could keep talking to find out if it was time to come back to "our" original corner. We could watch and consider each move, one step at a time. Of course, if we encountered particularly aggressive behavior, police and shopkeepers are nearby.

A couple of times, we have met about a specific situation. One time somebody who lived near the corner felt the honks were too loud. A gentleman came to the corner with this complaint, saying he spoke for a woman who lived in an upstairs apartment. We spoke with the gentleman at length, and then we spoke among ourselves. Then one or two of us went up and met with the woman and the gentleman together, at her place, which was very near the corner. We stopped displaying our "Honk for Peace" signs for weeks, and we did not hear more complaints. After months of not showing these signs, we tried showing them again. There were no more complaints.

One incident made it into the local Kennett newspaper. A group of about four people appeared with a very large sign that was not in good taste. I'm trying to remember what it said, something like, "So, do you love Saddam?" It wasn't swear words, but it was tending in that direction. It was on a very cold day, and they were in their shirtsleeves. Here we were in our turtlenecks and coats and I thought, "How funny." They were pretty rowdy, and they were a little loud. They said, "We'll be back, we'll be back." It turns out what was keeping them warm was their alcohol; they came from a bar across the street. The back of the sign was a huge beer advertisement, six feet high or so. That one time the shopkeepers were getting a little nervous. The shopkeepers have been really nice to us, even offering us water on hot days, hot chocolate or tea on cold ones, even giving us flowers on occasions, but this one time they were getting a little squeamish. It turned out the group didn't have stamina to be back, ever again.

There was one day when police were summoned. A pickup truck stopped near us, about half a block from the intersection. I noticed there were three or four stickers supporting the military on the truck – which is fine; we know the stickers do not indicate driver's opinion about current

wars. A gentleman hopped out of the vehicle, jaywalked rather rapidly across the street to where John Beer was standing, and whisked up the American flag there. It was John's flag, propped in a planter beside him. The man immediately said, "This is my flag," and went dashing across the street again to his truck with John's flag. David, bless his heart, is one of our youngest vigilers (by then fully adult), went across the street to ask for the flag back. The rest of us on the three corners were feeling a bit protective and nervous regarding what was going to happen next. Well, David got the flag back and it was okay, except the man dropped, no threw his cane; it didn't do any damage and the man did not fall. We found out later that indeed he was a veteran who had been wounded while he was in the military, and he was very concerned about our presence on the corner. The shopkeepers meanwhile, who are always there, made a call to the Kennett police. The police came to investigate. The incident did not repeat, but succeeded in giving us one of our more exciting Vigils.

BW: Did you notice any changes in the vigilers, yourself or even in the passers-by as the Vigil went on over the years?

GN: Some of the thanks from passers-by have become even more sincere, because there is more recognition that peace doesn't change. We were not vigiling for just a week or two, and now, with the coming of a next U.S. President after George Bush, we are still there every Friday. People see we are not about a political party; we are about the bigger issues. My awareness of this has become deeper, as well. I know I've become more willing to stand for what my integrity is. At first I would have been very uncomfortable to stand by myself. But, now if I'm the first one there I go ahead and begin vigiling. I choose a sign and get out there. I feel comfortable being there because I feel the foundation about what we're doing. For myself, over the years, the Vigil has given me contemplation-by-contemplation and minute-by-minute amazing inner practice about what peace is, as well as interesting new thoughts – and friends.

Also I'd like to mention the younger people who have participated. Even by participating once, I think it is a huge thing for them. It can be something that opens up a whole new door, and we've heard that a few times. We've had young kids; the youngest was Wiley who at three or four came along and made his own sign and stood with us. When you think about what that is for Wiley, it is really special. Wiley's now in middle school and he knows we are still here. Other school students have come and held a sign once, and others wave from school buses. I think that is very special. David Unger started vigiling with us as a Kennett High School student, nearly every Friday. He does not come from a Quaker family and felt he belonged here. He went on to Guilford College, graduated, earned his paralegal certificate, and now is studying law, nights, while working. When he can get off on a Friday afternoon, he is with us. David said at one point the vigil allowed him to figure out how to be in the world as who he was. I'm really grateful for the way that we kind of push each other when we get together and do things like this. We act our integrity.

BW: What do you see for the future of peace vigils and activities? Will it continue to be what you have experienced; do you see a change?

GN: There's always change. Change can be a very wonderful thing. I hope the changes are done carefully. I love it when people work in committee to find out what the best changes might be. I

love it when we experiment; if it doesn't work, we can change things again. We can go back to where we started if that seems like the thing to do. A big change is that people are becoming aware about care of the earth and global warming, and that needs to be folded in with the peace and economic justice issues. I know there are Friends (Quakers) working on this, and I'm grateful for that. I know there are a lot of people working on it. I hope we're learning. And we have peace, economic justice and ecology programs in our colleges now. We have a lot more literature and history available, showing non-violent tactics and strategies. People can learn how planned, strategic action has changed the world in various ways. (See: Global Nonviolent Action Database at (http://nvdatabase.swarthmore.edu). I hope through word of mouth workshops, trainings-in-action, and with modern media sources, we can keep it growing.

BW: How do you visualize peace on our planet?

GN: I think we need every single person, all ages, all skin tones, all nations and economic groups to be honored, respected and treated as fairly as possible. I use the word fairly instead of justice, because sometimes there is an edge to the word "justice" that indicates revenge, and it's not about revenge. It's about love and connection, and sometimes most of all forgiveness and being able to push ourselves to be fair, even when someone has more power while another person has less. There is always going to be power and inequality. We need to continue to work with that and make things as economically fair and power sharing fair as possible, and with as much gentle compassion as we can. That is what peace is built from. It's not a magic, pie-in-the-sky word. It's built from very specific skills that we as humans really do have. Peace is based in Listening, Truth, and Community.

BW: What is the most important lesson you have learned in your life?

GN: This interview is bringing me to thoughts of faith or spirituality. If I didn't have any faith I would have given up. I have a spiritual home, which is the Quakers, Religious Society of Friends, and I love the longer name, Religious Society of Friends of the Truth. And along with faith and hope is my sense that we just need to keep learning. It is not, "Oh well, I've got all the answers, because I've got my spiritual community and I know that peace is built of these things." Instead, every day something new comes along, and I find out, "Oh! I need to continue to be open to having my own learning expanded and my world-view broadened." I really appreciate the open place to keep doing that every day.

BW: Are there words of wisdom you would like to pass along?

GN: Keep listening, with your ego out of the way. That's where our learning comes from. Listen with every part of you, your emotional part, your spiritual part, your intellectual part and with your physical body. Try to bring out what each of those is telling you is possible. Keep believing in peace, and keep knowing that love is the source, whatever you call that love, whether you consider it spiritual or not. Love is a way of describing the deep interconnections and movements among All – planet and sky, we are all One. A perspective that goes from Jesus to Gandhi to Martin Luther King, Jr.: Humanity's Nonviolent Movements are far more effective and efficient than waging war. These movements have brought human groups significant peace, fair-trading and freedoms. Vigils and meditation/prayer show up in the toolbox for a loving community, and

yet by themselves they are not strategic. A nonviolent movement for conflict resolution or change must have strategy. (A strategy for change may include vigils.) Definitely the strategy has a goal, and to reach the goal there are campaigns with objectives or targets, creative actions, beginnings and endpoints. Read and follow Jesus' Sermon on the Mount. Imagine hundreds of Christians carrying the packs of Roman soldiers extra miles. Make use of tutorials for strategic nonviolent action from, for example, Martin Luther King, Jr., Walter Wink, Gene Sharp, and George Lakey (Pennsylvania Quaker). I thank the Vigil for continuing to teach me that corporate actions carry spiritual power, or call it community power. Jim Corbett (Quaker initiator of the 1980's Sanctuary Movement) says, "One does not do Beloved Community alone. One creates Beloved Community in and with one's community." With actions and strategy, we begin to incarnate the future. We "make the road by walking."

Carlie E. Numi

Carlie Numi Peace Interview, December 7, 2010

Gail Newbold, Barbara Walker, David Williamson interviewing Carlie Numi at Kendal.

BW: Thank you, Carlie, for agreeing to this interview. We start with some basic background questions, such as where you were born and your family.

CN: I was born in Washington, D.C. in 1941; my father's name was Chester Allender and my mother's name was Eileen Lumsden Allender. I grew up mainly in the suburbs of Washington, D.C., in Virginia. My father worked for the Department of Agriculture for many, many years. My mother died when I was nine years old, She had polio and couldn't breathe. She lived for two years, but then eventually died from pneumonia, which was fairly common for somebody who was paralyzed. Then my father remarried, a year and a half later, a woman he'd known for some time. In fact she was a friend of my mother's. So I then had a stepsister who was the same age as my brother, who is two and a half years younger than I am. My father and stepmother then had a child, who is twelve years younger than I am. It was a WASP-y upbringing in a very segregated world. I went to a high school where I got a good education for a public high school. I then attended the University of Denver, because I wanted to get far enough away from home so that I didn't feel I had to come home every weekend. I will say our house was not a particularly happy place. As I matured, I realized what things had been good about it. I basically did have a stable upbringing. I didn't move around a lot and I still have friends from that era. My parents didn't get along that well and my younger brother is a problematic person. He had some learning disabilities and they didn't know how to deal very well with those things in the 1950s; certainly my parents didn't know how to cope with them. Everything was complicated and not terribly happy. However, it was stable, but I didn't like being there, so I went away to college.

BW: Your mother, who died from polio complications, (I'm so sorry), where was she born and raised?

CN: She was born in Illinois, I believe, but I always think of her as coming from Denver. I'm not sure how old she was when her family moved to Denver. She had an older brother who I think had asthma, so they moved to Denver for the better air quality. Her older sister, who was sixteen years older than she, lived there. She didn't have any children and paid attention to her nieces and nephews. I went to the University of Denver partly because my aunt was there, which was good and not so good. Since she hadn't had children, she had no idea how to deal with young people and fretted and worried far too much about me. She also had me over to her house and invited my friends too. One of my friends said it was the first time she ever sat down to a table that was so beautifully set with salad plates and forks and so forth. This was something that had never happened at this person's house. My aunt did do some nice things for me.

BW: And your father's background?

CN: He was born in Elk City, Oklahoma and came from a very, very poor farm in western part of the state. He was the fifth of six children. Five of the six children went to college and got degrees despite the fact my grandparents had no more than an elementary school education. Therefore they knew the value of education, but were very poor. We visited the farm a lot, so I

have a picture and feel for what it was like. In fact when my mother was ill, my brother and I lived on the farm for one summer. My mom was at Warm Springs, Georgia, and rather than hire someone to take care of us, my dad sent us to stay with my grandparents in Oklahoma.

BW: They had survived the Dust Bowl Era?

CN: Yes, because my dad was born in 1912 and they had been there maybe ten years before that.

BW: Sounds like a lot of strength of character.

CN: They were in many ways rigid and I always thought sort of humorless. My brother experienced my grandfather as having more of a sense of humor than I experienced with my grandmother. Of course in the morning there was the division of labor. I opened the chicken coops, fed the chickens and collected eggs. When you are eight years old, that's what kids do on farms.

BW: Did you have any religious education?

CN: We were Presbyterians, but it was sort of an unserious thing. My aunt went to a Methodist church, I think. It was a white bread-type of religion. As a child, I took seriously the lessons of loving your enemy and in God there was no East or West, even though I lived in this very white culture and atmosphere. I took the lessons seriously, but it was not particularly preached at home. While we didn't live in the Deep South and hear the really ugly racial epithets, my dad was definitely racist. In fact, in our little community, Protestants were first, next down the line were Catholics and then next down the line were Jews. As Protestants, we were better than everybody else. We didn't even have to talk about blacks, because there weren't any.

BW: Again, this was an area in Virginia, outside of D.C.?

CN: Yes, outside of D.C. Our community was comprised of a lot of people who worked for the Federal Government. My dad did go overseas during the Second World War. Other than that, until 1950 we lived in Arlington County, VA in this little bedroom community. Then he built a house on property in Fairfax County, VA on a few acres of land he had purchased in 1939. He built a bigger house there. His degree was, I think, in Agricultural Economics from Oklahoma A&M.

BW: And your mom?

CN: I think she may have had Secretarial College or School, but I'm not positive. As I say this, I'm not sure if I'm confusing her with my stepmother, who did in fact have some secretarial training. I know that for sure.

BW: When and how did you first get involved in peace activities? Pat Hunt clarified the understanding of a broad definition of peace activities, which can include many different activities that are peacemaking in nature.

CN: For me it was very clear. At least I don't think of things I did before I went to work in Viet Nam as peace activities. When I went to the University of Denver, it was a Methodist school and I made very good friends there. I was active in the Methodist Student Foundation at college, but I don't remember things that I would label as peace activities. When I finished college, I went to Viet Nam to work in the International Volunteer Services (IVS) in 1963. I taught English to young Vietnamese girls for two years. All that time, I was pretty neutral about the war, or rather about U.S. involvement there. From 1963 to 1965 the U.S. involvement was at a relatively low level. Before I went, I took some courses at the University of Denver. One of my professors said, "Well, you know you may be there two years and not hear a shot fired. You don't know how intense it may be at this point."

When I came back in 1965, the U.S. was really beginning to send more troops. They were going to central Viet Nam and I had been in the Delta. Where I lived people had to be careful, but mostly the Vietnamese thought we were either Protestant missionaries or maybe CIA, because both groups made an attempt to learn their language. Our organization had a lot of support from the U.S. government, so we had those sorts of ties. After two years I came back to the States, and I went to graduate school thinking I wanted work in population issues and control in developing countries. So I got a Master's in Sociology with that intent, but I hated it. I spent working a year and a half for an advanced degree, but not enjoying almost any of it. That might be a slight exaggeration. When I had my degree, IVS offered me a position again in Viet Nam with a greater leadership role. When I went back after a year and a half, the whole place had totally changed, because of the increased U.S. service personnel. Even if they had not been fighting a war, there was all this garbage that had not been there before. It was just a mess. Saigon was trashy and ugly in a way it hadn't been before all the Americans were around. That was spring of 1967.

Then in the summer of 1967, a couple of things converged that totally impacted my life…partly in terms of the people and partly in terms of my personal life. Four or five of my colleagues, who had stayed on in Viet Nam after I left, had come to grips with how this war was not doing anybody any good. They wrote a letter to President Johnson, which was at least partially published in *The New York Times*. I only had been there four or five months, so I worked with them on the letter, but did not sign it. At least in my mind, the main reason I didn't sign it was because at almost exactly at the same time one of the Vietnamese employees we had, who was studying medicine at the maternity hospital, knew that a woman there had given birth to a G.I. baby. She couldn't take care of him, she didn't want to send him to an orphanage and did not know anyone who would take this baby.

After thinking about it and talking it over with friends, about thirty-six hours later, I woke up in the middle of the night and said to myself, "I could take care of this baby. I know who could take care of it while I worked." So I had this baby boy and I didn't want to jeopardize my job. If I signed the letter I might have to leave, since it really was against the U.S. government. The others who did sign were ready to leave; they were resigning in
protest. So I stayed and I got better acquainted with one of the other volunteers there. Between July of 1967 and the spring of 1968, (you may remember the Tet Offensive occurred at end of January 1968), it became very clear that the military really wanted to use the volunteers, first for

intelligence and second to clean up their mess. They could just send the refugees over to us and we had camps and would take care of them. It just became more and more untenable.

This other volunteer, David and I decided we were in love; maybe we were, maybe we weren't, but we got married. That was the way to get the baby, Christopher, out of the country. So we came back to the States and we worked for the Methodists, doing a lot of speaking about the war. By then the Peace Movement was very strong. Although the Methodists paid our salary and David's father was a Methodist minister, it became clear to me that the church was very hypocritical. What it said it believed, it didn't really seem to believe. Now I think to some extent that was an immature, although a real, observation, but I think my reaction to it was probably pretty immature. It did divorce me from church-related things for many years. We went on a speaking tour. There was a Methodist minister's wife in Iowa who set up speaking engagements during a period of three weeks. We would speak from one to three times every single day. Iowa was a great place to go. Nobody else was doing it, since the Peace Movement was not very strong there. So people came, out of curiosity if nothing else. That was a good experience.

Then we went to California, because that's where David was from and he had left college a year early to go to Viet Nam. He was going to go back to get his degree. We went to California where his family was and we did some work and speaking there too. But I very much wanted to live in a big city. I thought city life was the right thing. The baby was a between a year and eighteen months old at that time.

When Christopher was two years old, we moved to New York City. We hooked up with an organization called the Committee of Returned Volunteers (CRV), which had a lot of former Peace Corps volunteers. It was a hotbed of antiwar activity and became our major outlet for doing antiwar work. As a result of both having worked in Viet Nam and in the antiwar movement, we both were feeling a bit out of sync. I think it was because the antiwar movement was largely focused on the U.S. war effort, as opposed to concern for the Vietnamese people.

I remember one time when we were speaking to a group that had come to the Methodist Center at the U.N. One person said, "All these soldiers are dying. Why don't we just put ships off the coast and lob rockets into the countryside? That way no one will be killed." I couldn't believe it; I <u>really</u> couldn't believe it. I can't remember too much about the event, but that comment really stuck in my mind. Much, much later, when I was visiting the Viet Nam Memorial, I heard a woman tell her son, "These are all the people who died in Viet Nam." I thought, "Come on, there are other people besides us in the world."

When we lived in New York City, we frequently went down to Washington for demonstrations. There was a big demonstration in November of 1969 that we attended. I think at the time we had a Jeep pick-up and we had a trailer hitched to it, in which we put literature that CRV produced. On the way down something happened; maybe we had a flat tire on the trailer. A police car stopped and wanted to see all our paper work. David had forgotten the registration so we had to unhitch the trailer, drive back into New York City for it. By the time we returned, it was about midnight and the police had impounded our trailer. At that time I was pregnant and we had our two year old with us. (It's amazing how much more energy one has in their thirties than in their sixties.) We went to night court, got it straightened out and I'm pretty sure they let us keep all the

literature, which had Ho Chi Minh's picture on the front of it. I'm going to have to ask my ex-husband if he remembers that detail. Of course we got into Washington very late.

We also went to the very large D.C. demonstration in May 1971. That was a pretty violent demonstration. We went to a friend's house and by then my daughter Ilona was born. My friend said that we had to leave the kids with her and she was right. There was pepper gas, tear gas and people being beaten. It depended where you were. There were a lot of demonstrations at that time.

We lived in New York until 1972 and then returned to California. David really wanted to go back to the West Coast, because of his family. He tried to finish college, but didn't complete his thesis. We went back and moved into a house in Fremont, CA with two other couples who had been buddies of David's and I knew somewhat. We had a mini-commune and our kids were the only children. We lived in Fremont for a few years, and then we bought a big house in Oakland with six apartments. We took the apartments apart and kept two kitchens, five bathrooms, and divided up the remaining space. We cooked and raised our kids together. There were three single people who at different points lived with us for a year or more. They were all friends from our days in IVS or college people and colleagues we'd known. We're all still friends, especially the other two couples, our kids and me.

BW: Where did your kids go to school?

CN: They went to Oakland public schools. When my son was in junior high school, he wasn't doing too well. I'll have to think about it a bit. He was about thirteen when David and I split up and that did damage to him. I expected more support from the other commune folks. I don't know why they didn't provide it, whether it was they couldn't cope with the notion of divorce. The support wasn't as strong as I had hoped, although there was a base for the kids and there were people who loved them. Eventually we sent my son to an alternative school, Concordia, which had been started by Lutherans. It was a very small school, which he needed, with about ten kids to a class. When David and I split up, the kids went with him because he wanted that, and I was still in the neighborhood. But then he moved to Berkeley and they had to go to school there, although Chris continued at Concordia.

All this time, I was involved with peace activities. I worked with or volunteered on committees with the Ecumenical Peace Institute, which was a branch of Clergy and Laity Concerned (CALC), a nationwide antiwar group. We did a lot of work on the B-1 Bomber…research, slide shows and talks to church groups. Somehow, I got press credentials to go to the B-1 Bomber roll out. Well, I'm basically a shy person and not a pushy type at all. As a press person, that's your role! I don't remember too much, but I did write up some things on it. An older friend of ours managed to get in and lie down in front of the Bomber as it was being rolled out. I also worked on food issues and other concerns during that time.

BW: What did you hope would be the outcomes of your various activities?

CN: That's a hard one to answer. It's easier to talk about what you did than what you think. Of course, the end of the Viet Nam War was a clear, wished for outcome. Also, Dick and I went to Viet Nam in 1991-92. I was academic director for a college semester abroad program. In one of the History classes with a Vietnamese professor, the kids asked about the American war and how it was the Vietnamese were able to prevail. He cited three things that were helpful to them. One was their spirit, another was the support from the Soviet Bloc and the third was the American Peace Movement. You may know the Vietnamese group revered Norman Morrison, a Quaker, who immolated himself in front of the Pentagon. To some extent, I don't spend a lot of time thinking about what I hoped the end result to be. I feel as if I want to do what's right and then the result will be take care of itself. You have to keep moving forward. The campaigns had end goals, like the B-1 Bomber and I guess Carter did get it out of production. Changing people's minds and hearts is important.

GN: As far as changing people's minds and hearts, I wonder (you haven't mentioned this at all) what skin color Christopher was and whether inclusion and race as an aspect of peace was a factor on this big, wonderful journey you've had?

CN: Christopher is probably half Puerto Rican, or certainly some type of Hispanic, and half Vietnamese. There were some ways I was really naïve about what that meant. He was very fortunate that he was a totally gorgeous child. People were attracted favorably toward him. When we lived in New York with him, we lived almost in Bedford Stuyvesant. In fact, in New York we lived very briefly in a commune and one of the other couples had an adopted African-American child. I was a little surprised at the entrée that those children gave us into the community. I was who I was; it didn't matter from my perspective. I could have done much more for Chris for affirmation of his origins, but I wanted him to fit. Because he got along very well, was a reasonably smart kid and didn't present problems, I think that kept me from addressing things that I would have had to address if there had been problems, and probably should have addressed anyway for his own identity. Living in Oakland was good because it was a racially mixed area. The elementary school the kids went to had at least one-third Chinese, so they had a Cantonese program. If you had a certain percentage of kids of another culture, the schools would have a bilingual program.

BW: That was an interesting point, as I understand what Gail was saying. Did it raise your consciousness? Did it make you want to do more in the peace effort and maybe the racial effort here in the United States?

CN: Not consciously. I was always on the fringes of the Civil Rights Movement here in the United States, because for almost four years of the 1960s, I was living in some other country. I spent time in Viet Nam and one year in France. I didn't get as engaged in that; it was kind of peripheral. Sometimes I would feel a little guilt about that.

BW: I want to ask about your trip to the Mid-East, since it is my sense that it was a peace activity.

CN: I started working for AFSC in San Francisco (American Friends Service Committee) in 1975, when I was living in California. We were living in this commune with two other couples

and we all shared our income, so if somebody wasn't working you weren't destitute. Three teachers and a nurse comprised the other couples and there were reasonable salaries coming in. David always worked kind of on the edge. He dealt with water projects in particular and still is interested in California water issues. Someone told me about a position at AFSC, which was clerical. It was a fulltime job, which offered benefits, so I applied. I began as a clerical worker, then became a bookkeeper and then an accountant.

After David and I split up, I really wanted to move back East because I'm an Easterner; I just wasn't that crazy about California. There was an opening in the Philadelphia office. I applied and went through the entire process (AFSC doesn't make it easy to get hired) and I did get the job. I was working in the Peace Division, but I've always done administrative work in my career with AFSC. I was not out giving talks, writing or that kind of activist thing. I worked in the Peace Division, until 1990 when Joe Volk left to go to Friend Committee on National Legislation (FCNL). I stayed for a little while, but decided that I needed to move on.

I got a job through one of my former IVS contacts as the academic director for a college semester abroad program in Hanoi. So I went back to Hanoi. That's what I was alluding to earlier. At that time, Dick and I had just gotten together. He came with me and we did two semesters there with a small group of students each time. It was not my cup of tea. It seemed to me the kids were kind of spoiled, but it could just be my personality. I didn't want to be authoritarian. I don't like grading, maintaining an attitude and all the work of it. We ended up with a couple of friends though from our experience.

When I left AFSC, I said to one of the women I knew in the Personnel Department that there was only one job in AFSC that I'd like to have. It was the job that Larry Miller had at the time. It was on the Asia Desk doing the budgeting and administrative duties. It allowed you to travel to Asia once a year, which was in my area of interest. While I was in Viet Nam, Larry retired! My friend sent me faxes but it was very complicated to communicate with Viet Nam, since it was before normalization of relations. Of course we didn't have cell phones at the time either, but she did manage to get a fax to me through the Post Office, I believe. I applied for Larry's job, got it, came back and worked again for AFSC from 1992 until 1998. It was administrative work and I just don't think of it as part of my peace activism.

In 1999, Dick and I went to East Timor to observe the referendum. I was on an email list with somebody who was broadcasting that people were needed. I suggested to Dick that he go, because he had lived in Indonesia and knew a bit of the language. When we wrote to my friend about Dick, she suggested we both come. We saw that through.

After I retired in 1998, Dick and I spent a year in California near my kids and it was at that time we went to East Timor. Then we came back to the East Coast in 2000 and went to the Washington, D.C. area where I had friends, who had been asking me to come work with them. When we were headed back I wrote them asking if there was still something for me to do in Washington. If not, we were going to Philadelphia and would not move again. They said come, so we went to D.C. At that time we went to an Adelphi meeting where one of the ideas discussed was an ad in an Iraqi newspaper, as some other groups were doing, saying how badly we as

peace loving people felt about what the U.S. was doing there. We weren't involved in a major way, but we were active in developing it.

In 2002, Dick was the motivator of doing something about the issue of Israel and Palestine. He had for many years felt very good about Israel. It had such a romantic aura about it since 1948. He was feeling less and less positive though and had heard a rabbi who was terribly upset about what his country was doing. At a certain point there was something put out about Christian Peacemaker Teams, which we knew about because the organization was started by one of my friends from my IVS days. They were organizing a specifically Quaker group to be led by a couple of Quakers under the auspices of Christian Peacemakers to go to Israel and Palestine in 2002. Dick and I went on that trip. I started to do a lot of reading about the topic, and putting information together. We did do a little bit of speaking and writing, especially for Quaker groups, which got us involved.

Then in 2004, we moved here to Kendal. In 2007, I decided I wanted to go back; Dick decided at that point he didn't want to go. I went with a group called Interfaith Peace Builders. These are always very interesting visits and you do what you can when you come back. But again, I'm not a very outgoing, forceful personality, or one to get on the radio or push myself forward. I do some things; I do some writing, some talking. I also put together a Power Point presentation, which I took to London Grove Meeting and a few venues. I keep writing letters.

GN: I would just say something about the Power Point presentation at London Grove. It was so personal. It was as if you were traveling with Carlie. It was about relationships, about individual people's stories. You can read something in the newspaper about people having to move or relocate, but it is really different when you hear the individual stories.

CN: We had a Jewish friend visiting us at the time, who came with us to London Grove. The one thing that he hadn't realized before was just how far the wall goes into the West Bank. He really thought it was more along the border. That was useful learning and that is the good thing about those trips. You meet individuals who are struggling against all odds, not just Palestinians, but also Israelis. These are amazing and courageous people, Palestinians and Israelis, trying to work together.

BW: What drew you to the Kennett Vigil?

CN: Oh, I guess it was the thing to do. People we knew were doing it and it was a way of doing something. My own feelings about it were that I was glad to be doing it. During this whole period, especially a few years ago, there were so many vigils going on in so many places, that I believe the media let everybody down. Somebody should have been counting how many vigils there were across the United States, and writing about it to make others aware. Nobody did that. It really was a widespread phenomenon. So I was feeling part of that, because I knew that West Chester, Wilmington, Kennett Square and some other nearby communities were having vigils. In just that small an area there were so many vigils going on, it was something to be part of.

I wish I knew how to analyze things about the Peace Movement, but I don't. I just observe how very different it is now than it was during the Viet Nam War. You can point to certain things that

make a difference. During the Viet Nam War we had the draft. We had many more people from a much wider range of society, who were touched very directly by that war in a negative way. That's part of it. Also, in most places, the Peace Movement, such as it is, and the police have come to an accommodation, which did not exist at all. In many ways that is good, but in other ways it makes it feel artificial and like, "What is this demonstration really doing?"

Speaking of which, I did go in 2007 to Washington and was arrested at the White House. That was the first time I was ever arrested. Certainly in California I had a lot of opportunities to be arrested. I think I was chicken to put myself on that line. In the end, my arresting officer in 2007 did not show up in court so the case was dropped for me. They had divided the three hundred demonstrators into various groups and my group didn't have to go through anything, except be there. Cindy Sheehan was also arrested at the same time. I was reasonably impressed by her sincerity and her articulateness. She did a very nice job. When we came to court in the morning, a bunch of people who were supposed to be going in, were outside and she was among them. There were television cameras. She was greeting everybody and she and I gave each other a hug.

Later, I went to visit my stepmother and she said, "Was that you I saw with that woman?" She never really wanted to talk about those things. Of course I didn't either, due to our family dynamics. I was totally unprepared to hear her say that. I replied, "Yes", and maybe said a little bit more. But I didn't push to have a conversation with her about it. In a way, I wish I were that kind of person who would push and then see where it would go. A long time ago my parents said, "You know you are grown-up; you do what you want." I remember coming back from college the summer after first being away and there was no more curfew. That was their attitude. Even if they didn't really like what I did, it was my life.

BW: Was there anything that you specifically recall happening at the Kennett Vigil?

CN: Nothing that struck me really deeply. There was a soldier who came and wanted to have his picture taken with the vigilers. That was memorable.

GN: Was that the same soldier who then wanted to stay and talk? He said the Vigil was so wonderful because in his hometown they did not have one and it was such a supportive experience.

CN: It may have been.

GN: He had found out various things on the Internet about the way the war was being accomplished and he was very concerned. He didn't feel that it was a right war. I was really moved by him.

CN: That was one time and then of course, those elderly people who came from Kendal and Crosslands and who just kept coming back. That was also very moving that those people would maintain that kind of constancy, right up to very shortly before they died. That's what comes to my mind. There were a couple of times that I thought Dick did a very nice job of talking to people who were very antagonistic. It is a very important way of behaving in my view, which I

don't find myself able to do. I don't get mad, I don't get "in their face", but also I don't reach out usually.

GN: It's not easy.

CN: No, it doesn't come naturally.

BW: What do you think the future of vigils may be, especially in this electronic age?

CN: I don't know; I really do not know. And I don't know how to measure how much good the electronic age is doing us. It's very clear that people need a way to personally connect. I don't know who has that figured out. Maybe Mark Zuckerberg thinks he has it with Facebook.

BW: How do you visualize peace on our planet?

CN: I can't think of anything except the usual platitudes, such as people getting along and a more equal sharing of resources throughout the world. I just read Johan Galtung's book, The Fall of the U.S. Empire and Then What? He gives some ideas, which I've also seen elsewhere, of how a cooperative, almost world government could evolve. That speaks to what I would say. We are a long way from it. I don't totally despair though, because we seem to be moving in this opposite direction now, that things won't come back…maybe not in my lifetime, but the pendulum swings. There are a lot of good people.

BW: Did you notice any changes in yourself or the people around you during the Kennett Peace Vigil at the time you were there?

CN: I heard people comment on that. I can't say that I noticed it so much, but others commented that we got fewer and fewer nasty gestures, things such as that.

BW: Are there any important lessons you have learned in your life that you would like to share?

CN: One that I started learning a long time ago is that there is no such thing as a "one size fits all." Each person is an individual, who needs his or her own individual solutions, own ways of learning. So what is proposed for welfare reform is going to be wonderful for some, but it is going to tear other people apart and not work at all. I actually started learning this doing my graduate degree in Sociology, when I did my thesis on birth control in poor neighborhoods. It was very clear that different people needed different methods of birth control, depending on whatever their individual habits and lifestyles were. You couldn't just say that the pill was the solution or IUDs were the solution. That was the beginning of my belief that there is no such thing as one size fits all.

BW: Is there anything else you would like to share with us?

CN: Oh, I'll think of it later!

BW: Thank you so much, Carlie. It has been extraordinary. This whole series of interviews has been illuminating. We've learned so much from the various participants.

David Graham Unger

David Graham Unger Peace Interview, July 5, 2010

Barbara Walker and David Williamson interviewing David Unger in Hockessin.

BW: Thank you for agreeing to participate in this interview, David.

DU: My pleasure. Thank you.

BW: Can you tell us some things about yourself, your full name, birth date and place, parents and siblings?

DU: My full name is David Graham Unger and I was born April 23, 1985 in Princeton, NJ. My parents are Steve and Joy Unger. At the time they lived right across the Delaware River in PA, so I was raised for the first couple of years in PA, until my sister was born, Jessica Unger. She was born on the Fourth of July in 1987. About a year after she was born, our family moved down to Raleigh, NC. I was raised there for the next eight years, so my childhood was formed there. In 1986, my father moved us back here where I've been living ever since. I graduated from Kennett High School in 2003 and I went to Guilford College and graduated in 2007, then went to Villanova University in 2008 to get a paralegal certificate.

BW: Paralegal…is that what you are doing at this time then?

DU: I'm doing a little of that. I'm doing mostly government work. I've been working for the local Chester County government in the Tax Bureau for about a year.

BW: Were you a member of any church?

DU: I was raised Presbyterian; that was my mother's religion. My father was raised Lutheran, but he didn't have a preference.

BW: Had you been involved in any other community activities before the Kennett Vigil?

DU: I volunteered for Habitat for Humanity through my church. It was really fun. We would go down each year, and spend about a week traveling with our church group. We would go to different communities. We went to Baltimore, MD, New Rochelle, NY, and a little town in Appalachia, Delbarton, WV. We would just help out for a week putting up houses. I'd done a little bit of dabbling in politics before that.

BW: How did you get involved in politics?

DU: It was the Rendell Campaign in 2002; I helped out in West Chester. I'd always been interested in politics and wanted to get involved and I had a lot of things I wanted to share.

BW: Habitat for Humanity is certainly a peaceful activity with which to be involved. What motivated you to get involved in other peace activities under a broad definition?

DU: They weren't specifically defined as peace activities. My mother, and my grandmother especially, always instilled in us a desire for social justice and Christian good works, a sort of spirituality. It wasn't an overbearing religious sort of thing like you have nowadays with some. It was more of do good works because you are a Christian, not be a Christian and do good works. I not sure how much of a differentiation there is. The Presbyterian ethic is that the chosen have a light inside them and through that light they shine to the rest of the world and can be seen by their good works. So my grandmother was very instrumental in that sort of thing without calling it specifically peace works.

BW: How did you hear about the Kennett Square Vigil?

DU: Actually it was in the Kennett newspaper. I was sitting in the Principal's Office at Kennett High School, waiting to talk to the Principal about doing a fundraiser for the Latin Club, an organization I was really involved in during high school and loved doing. I was waiting for him to finish a meeting and there was a copy of the Kennett newspaper sitting on the table. I saw that they had an article on the Vigil. It was in December 2002, or in that winter. I looked at it. At the time I was very involved. I've always been a strong Democrat and a liberal. I was looking for things to do and ways, not so much to express my dissatisfaction with the administration, but to help out in general. Obviously it was in the wake of September eleventh and Afghanistan was in full swing. It was looking more and more like we were going into Iraq. At the time, I did feel Afghanistan was justified, but I certainly didn't feel Iraq was. I wanted to express my frustration with that.

BW: You were a junior or a senior in high school at the time?

DU: I had just become a senior.

BW: It sounds like you have a peace history in your family and you were already committed to doing works that you found peace oriented. What did or do you hope will be the outcome of these peace activities that you've been involved in and can you describe if any of these outcomes have happened or are happening?

DU: At the time when I got started, in my eighteen year-old naiveté, I thought we could stop the war itself. There was a lot of out-pouring; people were marching on the streets of New York and other places. I certainly didn't feel it specifically in Kennett, since it's small and generally more conservative in the traditional sense. It seemed more willing to go along with the national trend, although not inherently conservative, just more static in their viewpoints. At the time I thought there were maybe a half-dozen people that were actually against the war and against all that was happening. But certainly worldwide and across the country there were a lot of people against it and I felt that maybe the government does listen to us. I was hoping that maybe if enough people got together to try to stop it, something could be done to change it. Obviously that wasn't really the case. We're still here years later.

The thing I remember most, is when we first went out it was overwhelmingly negative toward us. Maybe a half-dozen people would honk for peace and give us thumbs up, but mostly it was thumbs down and middle fingers, and calls of, "How dare you? Do you love Saddam? Are you a

terrorist?" As the years went on, it changed. It became half and half as more people died in vain and as more money was spent. It changed and it is now almost the exact opposite. We have just three or four people that are disgusted, but the majority are glad to see us out there, so that gives me a belief that by just being out there, we were able to change minds in our community.

BW: How was it for you as a high school student doing that? Was there any peer pressure?

DU: Yes, I would say there was peer pressure. Just in general I found myself to be fairly oblivious to that. I'm rather stubborn about things I believe in. Certainly I remember when the invasion began in April; every day we would come in and most teachers would let us watch coverage of the war on TV. I took a TV Tech class and so we were often watching coverage on CNN. Newscasters would say, "They are going to find the (mass destruction) weapons today", and the next day, "Today they are going to find the weapons." I remember, they said that the second week of the march from Kuwait to Iraq, that Saddam was going to launch the weapons. Then it was, "When we get within ninety miles of Baghdad, Saddam is going to launch his weapons." Then when we got to Baghdad, it was, "Saddam knows we're in Baghdad." I remember they found an old trailer in the middle of the desert that had been used for anthrax in the 1980s and they said, "Oh look, they found the weapons." And the next day, no weapons were found. The trailer hadn't been touched since the Iran-Iraq War. Each day was a different chance to prove it wasn't wrong and there was a justification for us going into Iraq. Then Saddam was captured. One of my personal heroes of that time was and still is Howard Dean. He said that it literally changed nothing. Of course he was just blasted over that with, "How dare you defend Saddam?" Realistically, nothing changed. We had Saddam, but people were still dying. Blood and money were being poured in there unfortunately. Again it was just my sister, who came to the Vigil a couple of times, me and a handful of other people, who were always just trying to say to the world that we shouldn't be there.

BW: At school you said that you didn't let the peer pressure bother you. Was anything untoward done to you?

DU: Oh no, nothing like that. They were obviously civil in their disagreements. We were both civil toward each other. It was just a policy.

BW: Did the school administration seem to be very committed to the national policy?

DU: No, not at all. They were actually very sympathetic to me, especially my Social Studies teacher**.** He was really a great guy. He was sort of "old school"…1940s Truman Era Doctrine, as he described himself. He was usually on my side in debates and arguments. He played devil's advocate, asked me why I supported these sorts of things, and joked at times by calling me a terrorist. Actually, it's interesting the way that became something that was hurtful, a derogatory term that my friends and I joke about now, being called a terrorist. If there is something we don't like, we say, "Ah, you terrorist!"

BW: So basically you found support for a dissenting point of view in your high school setting. What happened at college?

DU: In college there was even more support. It was Guilford College, a small Quaker school in Greensboro, NC, the oldest co-educational school in the South and I believe the second oldest in the nation, founded in 1837 by the Religious Society of Friends. It started as a Meetinghouse, New Garden Meetinghouse actually, by Quakers from this area's New Garden Meeting, which is close-by here. So there are a lot of links between where I used to live and where I am from now. As I said earlier, I spent about eight years in NC so knew about it from there too; I kind of went back to where I was from. At Guilford there were no military recruiters allowed on campus; there weren't even flagpoles. The Quakers don't believe in any sort of symbolism or things like that allowed on campus…just Quaker practices. We called our professors by their first names and there were a lot of influences that made me feel like I had peers who were in the fight with me. That was really a good experience for me.

BW: How do you think your peace activities have contributed to bringing about what you would like to see?

DU: I think on a local level people started seeing me at the corner, so when I went to school, people would recognize me and ask me why I was out there and what I was doing, and why I believed that way. I certainly hope that speaking to them helped change their views on things, and sort of helped them think about why they believed what they did. Today, some eight years later, people that I see who are still in the area and recognize me, wave to me and ask me how I'm doing. It's only a handful of people at a time, but it certainly has a ripple effect, I believe.

BW: Was there a most memorable time at the Vigil or some experiences on the corner that stand out in your mind?

DU: I can't really think of anything specifically. A whole lot of things blend together, in terms of being out there, such as being able to talk with people and ask them how they are doing, including the other vigilers, talking about what was going on in the world, how they are affecting it, what was going on in the area in general and the peace movement, both locally and nationally.

BW: Did you see any differences in passers-by or were there any instances when someone stopped to talk with you and behaved in a certain way?

DU: There was one time I do remember. It was after I came back from Guilford in 2007 or 2008. There was a man…I believe he was a Viet Nam veteran or some sort of veteran. He was very upset that we were out there on the corner; he actually stopped his vehicle. John (Beer) always has an American flag and a sometimes a UN flag. His American flag was planted in a traffic cone to keep it up. The gentleman took great exception to the fact that we had an American flag and thought that we were using it just simply to support our side. Essentially, he thought the flag was only the property of his point of view. He took it from John and was going down the street with it and then put it in the back of his truck. I saw this and went across the street and took it out of his truck and said, "This isn't your flag." And he said, "Yes, this is my flag." I said, "No this is not your property; this is my friend's flag." He said, "You have no right to have this flag." So I said, "It's my country too. We have a right to be here. We have a right to have this flag because we're Americans." I just walked away from him. At that point he became so enraged…he had a

wooden cane to help him walk…that he literally smashed it against the ground and got in his truck and drove away, after screaming at us a little more.

BW: What do you think the impact was of that on the vigilers or the people going by? Can you gauge that at all?

DU: The people, especially some of the older Vigil members were very upset. There were differing opinions about what we should to do. I was able to get his license plate before he drove away and there was actually a debate as to whether or not we would even speak to the police about what happened. Some members did not want to say anything because they thought he was emotionally disturbed at the time. Others were concerned that he could come back at some point and might cause harm to us.

BW: You've already described to us the change at the Vigil, from when you began and the majority of people were against the stand for peace. That gradually changed over time. Do you see that still the issue? Do you observe a general concern now that we're back with more forces in Afghanistan?

DU: I think the concern only came when the war in Iraq became a failure, a political liability. So it no longer was how long would it be before we were going to win, but rather a question about how long we were going to stay there. I remember after coming back from Guilford, my first job was working for a group called Peace Action and going around trying to raise awareness and soliciting contributions to help lobby Congress members, who were coming up for re-election. Congressman Jim Gerlach in the Sixth Congressional District was considered a vulnerable incumbent. There were a lot of votes at that time in 2007 after the Democrats had retaken control of Congress and they were trying to force spending votes to cut off the war funding, hopefully forcing President Bush's hand and bring the troops home. Obviously that tactic didn't work. Not only were the Republicans unified against it, a lot of Democrats were voting to continue to fund the war because they didn't want to weaken our national security. So I spent the summer doing that.

BW: How did you find out about that work?

DU: I was just looking for non-profits to work for. I had majored in business and non-profit management when I was at Guilford. So I was looking for a non-profit to work with and it was something I'd had experience doing.

BW: After you worked for them, what did you do?

DU: I started working at a produce market in Chadds Ford and then I went back to work on my Paralegal Certificate at Villanova. Now I'm with the local Chester County government.

BW: Did you see changes take place in yourself or other Vigil participants? You've mentioned the change in the passers-by and their move to support the Vigil over time.

DU: I saw a change in myself. The Kennett Vigil is every Friday. I felt after I spent that hour at the Vigil, I was much calmer, felt more centered. I was just really excited to be there, to be a part of something. As the day approached, I looked forward and made time for it. I tried to become more of a personally peaceful person in terms of resolving conflicts without using violence or resorting to aggression.

BW: What do you see in the future for peace activities, such as vigils or other activities? Do you see them changing in any way?

DU: I don't think so. I think it is effective to have people out showing they feel there is a different way than the way things usually work. Certainly you can always speak to your friends and family. My family generally has the same viewpoints, but I know a lot of families don't. With peace actions, in terms of being out there and being visible to the general public, hopefully folks will stop to speak to you.

BW: One of the reason we ask that question, is that perhaps the technological revolution, such as cell phones, tweeting, Facebook, etc., would replace earlier forms of communicating the peace message. I think with the Obama election, that type of communication was effective, especially with young people. Do you see some sort of revolution with the new technological communication?

DU: I think in terms of organizing it helps, and obviously as somebody who is twenty-five, that is very much within my generation. Not to sound like a stodgy kind of conservative, I don't feel like it's being taken seriously. Honestly I don't take it seriously because it doesn't require any sort of effort other than to press a button or to send out an opinion. Everyone has an opinion, obviously, and all that it's really done is make it possible to disseminate that opinion to thousands of people. If you go on the Internet and see a posting on the message board, do you go, "Oh, I guess that guy's right. I am a jerk!" or "I am wrong about everything I've ever believed in?" It doesn't really require any effort or type of personal sacrifice to post your opinion on the Internet.

So it helps in terms of organizing and letting people know that there are people out there, there are groups that support you, there are places you can come to and join in the fight. It's helpful in terms of impacting policy makers. It's really just another way to harass your Congressman, I'm sure. I haven't actually worked in a Congressional office or been in a Congressional campaign, but I'm sure they get thousands of pieces of mail, thousands of calls a day. I know I have personally contacted Joe Pitts. You just get a standard letter back, "Thank you for caring about this issue. Here's what I think about this," and it's never related to something I wanted to see happen. Email is certainly easier to delete than to take the time to crumple up the paper and throw it away. In terms of impacting a lot of things, I don't really see it. You spoke of the Obama revolution; we haven't gotten to the mid-term elections yet. Then we'll see if that is a sustainable model. We'll see if these young people who came out when it was exciting and they felt things were on the line, if they're going to come out and continue to keep that going, or if it's going to be a one-time thing and we're going to go back to where we were before.

BW: How do you visualize peace on our planet?

DU: Honestly, I see it as pretty far off in the future. As much as I hate to say that, it's just that there seems too much in the way at this time. I know it is in the standard liberal talking points to talk about diversity and how you need to respect that. It is a critical aspect of any peaceful society and I understand and appreciate that. But I feel that is one of the reasons why it's going to be a lot more difficult, because we are all coming from different places and it's just in our human nature to be terrified of what's different. If we can find a way to be simultaneously different and accept those differences, that's the way to peace. Other than a really fundamental shift in our human nature, we'll just have to work at it. Civilizations require energy; left to nature, they crumble. Just looking at it from a scientific point of view, the basis of the universe is entropy. It requires energy to create anything and to sustain a sort of society. I feel like humanity would be selfish, a sort of wilderness living without that energy. As we go along into the future, we try to be better people, better humans; we evolve a little more each day hopefully.

We try and make our children better than what we were. My grandfather, at my age, never imagined a black man being President. He grew up in Norfolk, VA. When he was twenty-five, WWII was just ending and there was still segregation. That was just sixty years ago, so obviously we've come a long way in a short amount of time, but I feel there is still a long way to go to have peace on this planet. We can have it in little areas at a time. Taking it globally is going to be more difficult. We'll need to work on ourselves, work on our children, work on our friends and our families. Gradually it will grow larger and larger.

BW: Some people are concerned it is endemic and part of the military/industrial complex and wonder how to fight that. I am so happy to hear the positive feelings you have for working within your framework. We've heard other people say similar things such as you have and to keep on trying. What are some important lessons in your life? Is there anything that stands out ?

DU: I think the biggest thing I can think of in relation to peace activism is the idea of a "Just War", the idea that any sort of was is justified. I said earlier, I did support going into Afghanistan. Even before September eleventh occurred, I tried to stay abreast of current events. I was reading about the destruction of the Buddhist statues in Afghanistan. At that point that was more than enough justification for me to have the military go in there and stop that. I certainly supported that. I was happy to see the Taliban removed by military force. At the time I felt the military could be used.

What set me apart from other people was that I would only use the military when other people bother us. I would also have gone into Burma and the Congo to stop genocide around the world. I feel that was one of the problems with our policy at the time. It was really only what America could get out of it and what was best for America, while people in Africa suffer, people in Southeast Asia suffer. I think that changed my willingness to support military intervention to more of one of an internationalist approach. There needs to be some sort of intervention to help those people in Burma; there are still protests that are going on. The people of Iran are protesting, but obviously you can't just say, "You're going to vote now, you are free, here's your ballot, vote for a good guy," and that automatically democracy will spring up. Obviously that's a pipe dream. Even when it is achieved, it that doesn't necessarily mean it's going to be something that you like.

Look at the elections that occurred in the Hamas controlled areas of the West Bank and the Gaza strip and the entity, which won those elections. Even though we supported free elections and they got them, the "terrorist" organization won. Just because you have democracy doesn't mean you're going to get the outcomes you want. You'll just have to live with that. If you're really committed to making sure everyone gets a fair shake, there are going to be problems. You're just going to have to work on educating people and showing them a different way, different from the old way.

BW: Are there any other perspectives you would like to pass on at this time?

DU: Yes, I certainly enjoy looking back at what has happened. It gives me hope compared to what is happening today. Looking back several thousand years to what humanity was and where it's come in that time. Even looking back eighty years, ninety years to when women didn't have the right to vote and what we've achieved since then. Whenever I get in arguments about current events with my Republican friends, especially about the Health Care Bill, I just tell them this is all fine and nice that you can complain about socialism and how this bill is going to destroy the country. Our grandchildren are going to be looking back at us and say, "Wow, what a bunch of jerks. They wouldn't give their most vulnerable members of society what they need to survive!" Just as we look back at our grandparents and think, "You really didn't allow women to vote?" Or our grandparents looked back on their grandparents and thought they were really terrible for allowing slavery to exist in this country. So each generation in this country gets a little bit better, a little bit wiser, which gives me hope for the future.

BW: Thank you, David. And good luck in your future endeavors!

Walker & Williamson

Barbara M. Walker Peace Interview June 28, 2011

Bio: My name is Barbara Emily Miller Walker. I was born in Philadelphia, PA on April 3, 1940. My parents were Ronald Elwood Miller and Alice Bechtold Miller. My father was born in Oakfield, NY and my mother was born in Philadelphia, PA. I have an older sister from my mother's first marriage, Joyce Allen Sneddon, of Newport News, VA, and a younger sister, Dorothy Miller Holstein, of Hockessin, DE. I have three children, Charles Walker, Ann Walker and Jennifer Walker Nowland. I have three grandchildren, Emmalee Walker and Reilly and Daniel Nowland. I also have three stepsons, three step-daughters-in-law and seven step-grandchildren: James, Lyn, Nicholas and Cassidy Williamson, Jeffrey, Ezat, Thomas and Jonathon Williamson, and Michael, Molly, Justin, Rachel and Erich Williamson.

Education: Diploma from Alexis I. DuPont High School, two year degree from the University of Delaware, followed by a BA degree from the University of Delaware and then two Master's degrees from the University of Delaware. My primary career originally was as a housewife and mother, but I thirsted for knowledge and went to college at night. As I continued my education, I believed it was very important to become part of the work world and develop an identity outside the home. After becoming employed I continued my education and received a Master's Degree in Education.

Career: My main employment became women's equity issues, first in a federally funded program to train women as welders. I successfully placed of all the students, much to some observers' surprise. Next I was employed as a non-traditional job developer with the New Castle County Vocational-Technical School District, primarily focusing on women's programs. Then I was promoted to the District level and became the Equity Officer and Public Relations person. It was an interesting career, giving me insight into the politics of governmental bureaucracies, while at the same time doing something in which I very much believed.

After that career path my husband David Williamson and I went into the antiques business, and opened our own gallery in Avondale, PA. During our time in antiques, I wrote a book called, Quest for Quimper, based on our travels through France and especially in Brittany, the home of Quimper *poterie*. I had been struck by a thunderbolt on my first exposure to the *Petit Breton* design and went on to become a dealer of late nineteenth and early twentieth century Quimper *faience*.

Next I went back to the University for a second Master's, completing it in 2006. My thesis was based on handwritten journals I purchased in a box lot at auction a few years earlier. The journal keeper was Mr. C.W. Mowle, a 1840s English immigrant in Boston, who became the focus of my life for a few years, even taking me to Boston for research at the New England Historic Genealogical Society and visiting sites he frequented. The Mowle family struggled financially and a daughter was "adopted" by a well-to-do Beacon Hill family, creating conflicting feelings within the Mowle family as she grew away from her origins. After finding Mowle's family in England and the United States through Internet searches and luck, then completing my thesis, the original journals were given to his great-great grandson who resides near Chicago, IL. I

continued at the University and now attend Lifelong Learning classes based at its Wilmington Campus.

Involvement with Peace Activities: Peace activities can have many definitions. Because of my son, I became politicized during the Viet Nam conflict. I did not want him to participate in war, after observing the insanity of Viet Nam, the waste of life and the lack of purpose as I saw it. I was not taken in by the patriotic flag waving and saw that we were killing people and our people were being killed and I wasn't sure for what reasons. I knew I didn't want my son there, although he was not old enough at the time to be drafted. I talked to him about the war and we went to probably the largest war protest of the era in Washington, D.C. It was eye opening. On the sloping grass of the Capitol, we watched soldiers in uniform throw away their medals. There was an overwhelming number and variety of people attending and that was the real beginning of political activity for me.

But if I go back and reflect on peace awareness and when I first became sensitized to the way all human beings were treated, I would start with a movie. At the age of ten in 1950, I saw "The Jackie Robinson Story," the original one where Robinson played himself. I was incensed at the treatment he received as an African-American in Major League Baseball. I saw the movie by myself in western New York State, while visiting my grandmother Emily Miller one summer. She was a widow who supported herself by working in a local department store and in a way became a role model for my future life. It was probably after seeing the Robinson movie, that my parents drove our family through an Indian Reservation to see the Indians. I can remember being totally embarrassed we were looking at these humans as if they were animals in a zoo and I scrunched down in the back seat of the car. It was wrong, and yet I recall seeming to be the only one in the car that felt that way.

When I was fourteen, I went to visit a friend whose father's job was transferred from Wilmington, DE to Franklin, VA. It was my first experience with seeing signs like, "For Whites Only" and driving through areas where there was a stark contrast between white housing and black housing. While in Franklin, my friend took me to a movie theater. I was stunned by the fact black people could only sit upstairs and when ordering from the concession counter, blacks had to stand on one side and whites on the other. If you were black and wanted a drink of water, you had to drink from a different fountain than whites. It just was absurd to me, that people who were supposed to be all as one, (which had been my early Episcopal religious training that I took seriously), were treated so differently.

When integration and fair housing became a focus in Wilmington, DE it was natural for me to get involved in some way. I remember in high school there was one African-American couple that came to our Junior Prom and my heart went out to them. Schools were being integrated, but really, they were the only African-Americans in the whole place. I wanted the fellow who took me to the dance to agree to switch partners with them for one dance, but he didn't want to. Later in Wilmington as a young mother, I joined a group picketing for Fair Housing. I remember others saying to me at the time, "What do you mean? You want black people to live in this neighborhood? They will ruin housing values. Do you know how awful they keep their places? If you drive through downtown Wilmington, you'll see." Well, perhaps that was the only way some people thought of African-Americans. It wasn't fair. I couldn't rationalize with people, who only

thought of black people as different. I believed they didn't really know any black people and were reacting to stereotypes. In the same regard, a salesman came to our house and I expressed my belief about fair housing and integration. He said, "Are you serious? Black people probably haven't even had a wooden floor in their house," which I found totally irrational. That was the late 1960s.

I think what I just described are my motivations for peace and the search for how we can be decent to each other. Martin Luther King was a very strong influence on me. I was not there, but marveled at the 1963 March in Washington. I was devastated when he was assassinated, shook my head in disbelief, and then Robert Kennedy was assassinated. It just seemed to me that our country was full of violence and hate. It was so wrong. That's not what we are supposed to be about and I set out to be about something else. I got involved in politics, which I consider peaceful if you are working for candidates who have similar feelings to what I've described. If so, then you are doing peace.

Kennett Square Vigil: I got involved in the Kennett Square Vigil because I went back to a Quaker Meeting, where my husband and I had been married and where I was an attender over twenty years ago. I returned because a good friend had died and he, my husband and I had had long talks about the Iraq War. We expressed strong feelings about its absurdity and the belief that we should not be there. It was absolutely arrogant on our part to go marching into a country and say, "We're here, we're taking over and you are going to change." Of course 9/11 was the trigger and the claims were that America needed to protect itself. I'm not quite sure how deposing Saddam Hussein was going to do that, except we were told there were weapons of mass destruction there, but we now know it was a lie. When Andy, who had been a very thoughtful person in his Catholic religion, died, I rationalized that I would go back to Quaker Meeting because Quakers are peace-oriented people and I would find a way to actively begin to do peaceful things in Andy's honor. One thing I wanted to do was develop communication and understanding with the Muslim Community in America, because there was so much suspicion, distrust and stereotyping of Muslims after 9/11. So I worked on that at the Meeting. As an attender, I received the Western Quarter Newsletter and read about the Kennett Square Vigil. I began to participate in it and also attended a Peace Vigil in West Chester, PA.

Eventually, I came to question how compatible my questioning war was with the Meeting. My focus at that time was bringing consciousness to our presence in Iraq and Afghanistan and the large-scale loss of life there, not only of combatants, but also civilians who were inadvertently caught in crossfire or hit by errant drones. I was deeply concerned about the hostility in some quarters to Muslims and recalled the Japanese Americans placed in internment camps during the Second World War. I wondered if we learned anything from that or would continue to abridge individual rights when we as a nation were afraid of the "other."

The West Chester Vigil became very contentious. It was a real test, but one of the most enlightening things that happened to me at a vigil happened there. A young man screamed from a pick-up truck as it passed through the intersection where we stood, "I love George Bush, I love George Bush." The truck circled the block, came back and as light turned red, it stopped right in front of me. The fellow was glaring at me and again screamed out the window, "I love George Bush." I turned to this peaceful Quaker lady standing near me and said, "What am I supposed to

say to him?" Anne Moore replied, "Look in your own heart and find why you are angry right now." I turned around and looked at him, and just as the light changed, the young man screamed at me, "My brother is in Iraq." I replied, "I hope he comes home safely." It was a valuable lesson to learn that his anger was based on love for his brother. He did not understand why I was against war; I understood the fear he felt for his brother's safety.

As a result of participating in the West Chester Vigil, I also got involved with a Panel on Torture. I attended the one held the previous year and volunteered to assist the organizer with the next one. That was another eye opening experience, especially listening to the Viet Nam veteran John Grant talk about his experiences in trying to communicate the insanity of war. He knew it firsthand.

Eventually I wanted to spend my time being active against the current wars and pro-peace. I put my emphasis on the Kennett Square Vigil, which in essence became my Meeting. The lessons I learn there continue. The one I learned in West Chester from Anne Moore was the first and a very important one. The lessons I've learned in Kennett Square have been amazing, and include getting to know the people vigiling on the corner now and some of the people who had been there before. I miss the people who were there and are no longer with us. It has been a privilege to interview those who still are or were on the corner. It's an education which has been invaluable.

The Peace and Social Concerns Committee at London Grove Monthly Meeting established the Vigil and Gail Newbold is to be honored for sustaining this Vigil over the years. I visited London Grove Meeting on several occasions and found it a welcoming place and am now an "attender" there and a member of their Peace and Social Concerns Committee. What led me there was this Vigil on the corner in Kennett Square.

Changes in Attitudes at the Corner: I observed changes in myself, especially trying to apply the lesson I learned from Anne Moore about looking into my own heart when someone was screaming at me, and I continue to apply it in Kennett Square and in life generally. Most of the people who respond to us have been positive. This is because I got to the corner much later than beginning of the Afghan and Iraq Wars. The population coming by that busy corner had begun to shift their perception of whether the wars were valid or reasonable. The positive responses now outweigh the negative responses, but there definitely have been some negative reactions to the Kennett Vigil. People would give the half a peace sign, as one Friend phrased it, and I would wonder why they were so angry. I have learned to smile when that happens or just to wave and to understand that there is something going on within these persons that make them unable to accept that we have a different point of view. I am trying to understand that their point of view is valid to them and there should be a way we could discuss our different perspectives.

Remarkable Episodes on the Corner: There were two occasions that were eye opening to me. One was a man stopped and got out of his vehicle to grab the American flag that John Beer regularly displayed on his corner during the Vigil. The man said that this was his flag and took it away. It seemed he didn't think we deserved having an American flag, that we weren't good Americans or something to that effect. The flag was retrieved by one of the vigilers and was given back to John. The man became more upset. He had a cane to help him walk, although he

seemed rather agile. He threw it in the center of the intersection, where traffic had stopped to watch this display, and then he drove away. I will say I had a negative feeling. Was he going to return? I felt we should report it to the local police, because he had disrupted traffic, had taken something and was so disturbed about what we were doing to the point of acting out in the middle of a busy intersection. Some did not agree that we should contact the police and saw him as just a very disturbed person. The police were notified. Nothing was done to him, just information collected about the incident, and we were instructed to call the police if it ever happened again. We found out later he was a wounded veteran; I'm not sure what of which war. He obviously had strong feelings.

The second incident occurred when I was holding a sign saying "Question War." As I turned to face the traffic coming the other way, a man had stopped his vehicle and screamed at me, "You are committing treason, you are a treasonous." It was shocking to me; I smiled, waved and turned away from him. I'm not quite sure how questioning war makes me a traitor or treasonous. I think we all need to question our government. There is nothing wrong with that. In fact that's part of what being an American is all about.

The Future of Peace Activities and Vigils: I think that question probably begins with Obama's campaign and how grassroots support was organized through social media. Younger people were attracted to Obama's campaign this way, because they were primarily the ones who were using Twitter, Facebook and so on. Older people, like me, perhaps are more comfortable with a vigil that they understand is going to be there on a regular basis, rather than attending a onetime event. I know there are many events still in Washington, D.C., which several people who have been involved in the Kennett Square Vigil have attended regularly. It's not something I am ready to do at this point in my life. I did go to a hearing in D.C. a few years ago where a professor of mine at the time, Dr. Kenneth J. Campbell, spoke to a House Committee about the Vietnam War in which he served, comparing the Iraq situation to it. Ken had written a book, A Tale of Two Quagmires: Iraq, Vietnam and the Hard Lessons of War. That was a specific activity that I wanted to do. I haven't been a Code Pink person, but I saw them in action that day in D.C. and I admire their dedication.

I'm more comfortable with the Vigil and one-on-one dialogue, but I am aware there are different ways to protest. Look at what has happened in Egypt and Libya, although our participation in Libya is of deep concern to me now. I felt very uneasy about it from the beginning. The Mid-East is in turmoil and social media contributed to that happening. George Lakey spoke about the involvement of young people through the electronic social media when we heard him at Providence Friends Meeting earlier this year. We need young people to be involved, to communicate, to understand there are other people out there who feel the same way they do and that they can get together and get information to each other. On the other hand, the recent flash mobs in Philadelphia and the "riots" in England may have been organized through the social media. Yet the rise of young protesters who are demonstrating for positive change is very encouraging. *

I know the Vigil in Kennett Square suits me. If it weren't there, I'm not sure what path I would choose. I am writing letters, mostly email, to officials. My husband and I worked diligently for our newest Senator from Delaware, Chris Coons. He has come though on several votes, which

we applaud. John Carney, our new Representative, has come through lately on several votes and we've encouraged him also. I will continue to support both of them, because they seem to understand that war is not the answer.

Visualize Peace on our Planet: That's tough. I visualize that instead of shooting people, we talk. Instead of destroying homes, like a report I saw about Gypsy homes in Ireland being destroyed by the government there, I propose we talk and come to an understanding of what is important to all. The Palestine and Israel conflict is another example. I don't know if it is possible to have peace on this planet. One of the other interviewees said that we, and it's my opinion too, that we are basically animals, we are territorial and we are trying to protect what we have. I don't think he actually said animals, but instead animal-kind. We are just going to be contentious and fight to protect what we have. I think if we understand that there should be and could be enough for everybody and it should be distributed more evenly, we could have peace. (Laugh) How are you going to convince people who are greedy that has to be done? By whom is greedy defined though? I would visualize that we could be more open to talking with people and understanding that everyone is a human being, everyone has feelings, everyone seems to want family and friends, and a safe life. So, what is the point of blowing people up?

Other Perspectives at this Time: I think have shared those things most important to me.

*Since this interview, the Occupy Movement began and is still viable. It is organized through social media and is energizing protesters of all ages.

David Emory Williamson Peace Interview, June 29, 2011

Bio: I was born in Hamilton, New York September 21, 1937. My father, Emory John Williamson and my mother, Marjorie Meyers Williamson were both from Western New York. I have an older sister Sally, born March 22, 1934. My father quit high school during the Great Depression to go to work for Eastman Kodak and apprenticed as a butcher. After becoming skilled at cutting meat, he owned and operated a butcher shop in Hamilton, New York. S. M. Flickenger, a supermarket chain hired him and he went on to become a vice-president in charge of their butcher operation.

My parents divorced in 1939, when I was two years old. My mother, sister and I moved into my grandparent's home in Geneseo, NY. My first recollection was just after the Pearl Harbor attack. I remember standing next to the town fountain where we watched fathers and sons board buses to go off to war. Everybody seemed to be crying. At the time I really did not understand what was going on, but later heard that we were at war when my grandfather listened to the news on the radio and read the newspapers about the fighting. We had a purple heart in the window, signifying that somebody in the immediate family had been injured. During the war I heard that we were fighting Japan and Germany. In the backyard, instead of playing cowboys and Indians, my friends and I toted our toy guns and killed these enemies.

Every afternoon my grandfather and I walked a few blocks to a newsstand to get the Rochester Times Union, the afternoon newspaper. We crisscrossed the street and I did not understand why and when I asked my grandfather, he said that he wanted to avoid a certain house because the people who lived there thought he was a Nazi. He was of Germanic background.

Livingston County was a rural environment and there were very few minorities in the area. When the war was over in 1945, my mother, my sister and my stepfather, whom I did not know until he came home from the Army, moved to a resort hotel they had purchased on Conesus Lake. My mother had remarried in 1941, so the first I knew of anybody being a father was my stepfather, Joseph Fetzner. He too was a Rochestarian and very Germanic. He was opinionated and prejudiced. He referred to anybody he didn't like with derogatory epithets. My mother referred to him as Little Hitler! That man had a strong negative influence on my life. I learned prejudice from him. Throughout my youth it was difficult for me to undo these prejudices.

Peace Awareness At thirteen I had a newspaper route, and from the 25th of June 1950 until the truce in 1953, I read everything printed in the Rochester paper about the Korean War. I recall reading how our soldiers fought from the Pusan perimeter near the tip of South Korea all the way up to the Yalu River. I believed that the Korean conflict at that time was necessary, because we were being saved from the threat and spread of Communism. What I didn't understand was that in a short period of time, we no longer hated Japanese; now we hated North Koreans and Chinese Communists.

During my school days, I was in a class with the same group of kids all the way through grammar and high school. There were thirty-seven kids in our class and all of them were white.

The first inclination I had that there were problems racially in the area was when hotels in Washington, D.C. refused to book the senior class ahead of mine, because there was a black student in their class. They would not allow any black students to be housed in their rooms in Washington. That was in 1954.

When I was thirteen, I went with a group of kids on Halloween to the next town where one of our teachers lived. The teacher, Mrs. Short, was misnamed because she was very tall. She was not a pleasant person. She walked throughout the classroom with a large ruler that had a sharp metal edge. If you did anything wrong in her class, you had to hold out your hand and she would whack the back of your knuckles with the ruler. In retaliation, on Halloween 1950, thirteen of us went to her house to do some pranks. I was posted at the driveway entrance as a sentry. The other kids went into her carport and trashed her car. They poured oil all over the seats, painted the windows, punctured the tires and broke a couple of mirrors. She knew who did it, because she could tell by the voices. The following day at school, one by one we were taken to go to the principal's office where we confessed our misdeeds of the previous night. We all went to Children's Court in Geneseo. Although I was only a sentry, I had to work and pay my share of the repair costs, which amounted to about seventy-five dollars. In 1950 that was a lot of money. The lesson I learned from that experience was to avoid groups that might be destructive. I learned that mob rule was not the place to be. I have pretty much stuck by that my entire life.

We lived seven miles from Livonia Central School, and I rode the bus to and from school. At the end of my bus route, there was a young boy, whose name was Yahoo. He was an Iroquois. He stayed with a white family so he could attend our high school. Yahoo wanted to come to our school instead of the one on the Indian reservation. Yahoo and I got to know each other because he lived fairly close to my home. Unfortunately, Yahoo was a classmate only a short period because the high school did not want the bus to go out of its way to pick him up. So Yahoo had to go back to the reservation. This did not seem fair to me.

In 1947, when I was ten years old, we went to Florida from November through March to avoid the cold New York winter. Driving through the Carolinas I recall looking right straight through some of the sharecroppers' houses. The houses were not painted, there was no grass, and there was stuff all around them and stacked up next to them. I thought, "How could people live like that?" I wondered about the inequality that was imposed by economics. They did not have the wherewithal that we had and they could not get out of that mold.

I was on the first Little-League baseball team in 1949 and was on the high school's baseball team. Our third baseman, Wally Ellis (the only black I really got to know as a teenager) would have rivaled Polanco (the present Phillies third baseman). Wally was a fantastic fielder. His father had a farm close-by where we lived at Conesus Lake, seven miles outside of Geneseo. My stepfather had purchased a lot adjacent to the Ellis farm and erected a billboard to advertise the Conesus Inn, my mother and stepfather's business. The farmer had grazed his cows on that property for years and my stepfather allowed that arrangement to continue. However, I heard nothing but prejudice when my stepfather said, "That (expletive) can have his cows grazing on our property and if he does it every day for twenty years he can claim the property as his." I thought we benefited from the cows eating the grass and keeping the area nice and neat. Who cared, if the farmer had no intention of trying to usurp the property? My stepfather's business ended long before the twenty years was up, and I often wondered what transpired about the cows

grazing on that property. Anyway, Wally and his brother George, who were older than me, were the black students involved in the D.C. situation. They were the ones not allowed accommodations at a Washington, D.C. hotel. That really struck a bad note with me; it was just not fair.

Education: Following high school, I went to the University of Rochester in 1956 and joined a fraternity called Delta Upsilon. One of the things that impressed me about that fraternity was that they had no exclusions for minorities, did not refuse any member because of religious beliefs and had no secret handshakes. Of all the fraternities I had ever read about or been associated with, DU seemed to be the only one, which did not segregate. I studied History in college and learned that from the beginning of recorded time, man has been at war. As Americans, war seemed to be an integral part of our heritage. Our country began by outlasting the British in the Revolutionary War. Since then however, we seemed to be at war every twenty years or so. We couldn't even go to the movies without seeing the Cavalcade of War. There were pictures taken on the battlefields and we were all supposed to feel badly if one of our guys got killed. I wondered what the other side felt about their fathers and sons being killed. We were killing an awful lot of other people at the same time.

Military: Speaking of the military, the draft was still in effect when I was a youth. It was the law for young men to register with the draft when they were eighteen years old. One could be exempted from the service by being labeled 2-S (student deferment), rather than 1-A (fully qualified, with no deferments). The first letter I received after college graduation was one telling me to report to Fort Dix, NJ. Within days I was in the U.S. Army. I went through training with kids who were mostly four years younger than me. Many of them were fresh out of high school or had worked a year or two before they were drafted or enlisted. In basic training we were trained in marksmanship, how to dig foxholes and sleep in tents. The most repugnant example was the instruction on how to kill an enemy with a bayonet. We practiced charging at a canvas dummy and plunging a bayonet through it while screaming, "Kill, Kill, Kill!" I hunted as a child and was a pretty good marksman, but I had never wanted to stab a rabbit or a squirrel, much less another human being. Running at the dummy and screaming, "Kill, Kill, Kill!" really turned me off. I was not impressed at all by the exposure to mind control. I also questioned the ease at which our government changed enemies.

When I was in the service, the Cuban Missile Crisis took place and I was confined to quarters to be ready to do whatever we had to do if a nuclear war broke out between Russia and the United States. I thought that it was absolutely insane; what were we doing? The indoctrination made me realize the intent was for us, as a group, to hate the people we considered enemies before we could go to war. The basic lesson I learned in the military was the need to hate rather than to love. In any event, I was too young for Korea and too old for Viet Nam and avoided going to war, which was very fortunate for me.

Family: Following my military experience, I got married and started a family. I have three sons, Michael, Jeffrey and James. At this time are all grown men. Michael is forty-seven, Jeffrey is forty-five and James is forty. Michael and his wife Molly have three children: Justin, Rachel and Erich. Jeffrey's wife, born in Iran, is now an American citizen and they have two boys: Thomas and Jonathan. James is married to an American born Japanese wife Lyn Fukushima and they

have two children: a daughter Cassidy and son Nicholas. I also have three step-children, Charles Walker, Ann Walker and Jennifer Walker Nowland and three step-grandchildren, Emmalee Walker and Reilly and Daniel Nowland.

My oldest son, Michael, attended Virginia Military Institute and is currently a Captain in the U.S. Navy. Since we no longer have a draft, my other sons Jeffrey and James were not required to serve in the military and elected not to enlist. Michael has been in war zones twice, once in the first Gulf War and again in the latest Iraq War. Michael knows that my wife and I protest war by standing on the street corner every Friday, and he comments that we have the right or privilege of protesting war by his service. It's sort of weird when I have been with him around other military officers. For instance, one officer asked me if I had been in the military and I replied that I was. When I was asked, "What rank were you?" I responded that I was a PFC and that ended our discussion.

Career, Travel and Peace: In 1966 I went to work with DuPont and after training in a photo products manufacturing facility, I was transferred from the East Coast to St. Louis, MO. My first exposure to seeing anyone protest anything was when I lived there. I would frequently drive by an old train station on my way home and saw well-dressed people, men with hats on and women with dresses and coats. They held signs suggesting to end the Vietnam conflict. I thought to myself, "What are they doing? Why are they protesting?" I wondered what motivated them.
In 1968, a soldier, the son of a DuPont executive died in Viet Nam. The soldier was to be buried at Jefferson Barracks National Cemetery in St. Louis with full military pageantry. I was asked by my management to attend the funeral. This was the only time I was present when a soldier was buried. Military personnel stationed in St. Louis conducted the ceremony. After a short requiem, the American flag that covered the casket was removed, folded and presented to the parents of the deceased. As the casket was lowered into the ground, several soldiers fired three volleys with their rifles aimed in the air. The ceremony lasted less than a half hour. As a veteran I felt strange. I didn't know the soldier who was being buried, I didn't know the parents and although I felt some sadness, it seemed like the whole affair was somewhat hollow. Afterwards I thought of how this ritual was being conducted throughout the country, with total strangers like me being asked to augment the number of attendees. What a shame; a life cut short. I thought about the protestors I had seen a few days before on my way home and wondered about the insanity of war.

After a few years with DuPont I was transferred to Europe. While I was there I began to realize the difference between Americans, who seemed very eager to engage in wars outside the United States, versus the Europeans who had enough of war. They had suffered three wars in the last century: the 1870 Franco-Prussian War, The Great War (WWI) and WWII. They did not want more wars. It struck me that sooner or later after enough wars people seem to wake up to the fact that war is a fruitless activity. Throughout my travels I realized that Americans were perceived as warmongers. Right or wrong, we are perceived as using war to protect economic interests. With the exception of WWII, I found it difficult not to agree that our military actions were economically based.

In my youth I watched my grandparents and my parents engage in dialogue with other people, most of which related to the Republican Party. Western New York was solidly Republican. The

first presidential election I could vote in was in 1960. John F. Kennedy was running against Richard Nixon. I was not impressed with Nixon. Because Kennedy was a History major in college, I felt some sort of kinship with him, despite the fact I didn't know much about his background or family. The association with history was more compelling to me. He came across a lot better in the debate he had with Nixon. He seemed to know what he was talking about, whereas Nixon seemed to be under the gun so to speak.

While in college, I registered as a Democrat. That doesn't make me any more or less war-like. I began to read more and more how some pundits were saying the Democrats were weak on defense. I read newspaper headlines and I was against the Viet Nam conflict, but I was very busy with my family and work. I was aware of the tragic deaths at Kent State and some of the demonstrations that were going on against the war, but I did not participate at all. I reflected on the trouble I got into when I was thirteen and my teacher's car was trashed. I did not want to take part of group activities where I could get into trouble.

My second wife and I have much more in common politically, especially our distaste for war. We were married in the Hockessin Quaker Meeting in Delaware and both of us were quite disgusted with the apparent misplaced aggression taken after 9/11, particularly the Iraq incursion. The claim of weapons of mass destruction seemed to be an act of clear deception. We were told we were going there to get rid of a bad dictator, who had nuclear weapons. I've thought they should be called weapons of mass distraction, because they didn't exist!

My wife had gone to stand on the central street corner in Kennett Square to protest the Iraq war. As both the wars (Iraq and Afghanistan) have drawn down somewhat, she continues to go there to urge others for peace. I was impressed that she was doing this and I decided to go with her one time. The sign I chose to hold up was "Question War." I didn't think I wanted to hold any other sign. What I wanted was for others to question what I had learned to question over the years. The vast majority of passersby I saw on that corner would agree with that idea. Probably out of one hundred passersby, less than five percent of them shake their heads or indicate that they disagree. I cannot understand how anyone can disagree with questioning an activity, which seems counterproductive.

I realized at that time though, that the prejudice I learned as a child and had to unlearn is a cause of an awful lot of wars. As humans we tend to separate ourselves from others and the barriers that we create are pretty much prejudicial in racial, economic or social ways. If they don't look like us, if they behave differently than us, we seem to feel it is okay for us to go to war, or if they have threatened us in any way or have some economic resources we need.

I've come to believe that there is a difference between nationalism and patriotism. I'm glad to be an American. I've enjoyed a good life as an American citizen. I believe that I am willing to express my opinions in a patriotic way, but I do not believe we should just rally around the flag no matter what politicians want us to do, especially if they want us to go to war. I will reject that and not be in favor of it.

So far I have spent more time standing on the street corner in Kennett Square on Friday afternoons than I did standing guard duty all the time I was in the Army. When I total up two

years of standing for an hour on the street corner, it equals one hundred and four hours. That is a little more than four days. Maybe by being on the corner, some other people may have their minds changed. It may take some time. As I related, the first time I saw people standing in a protest was back in the 1960s in St. Louis. It took me from then until the first decade of the twenty-first century to literally stand for what I believe in. I feel better after having made a statement. It's catharsis. If I believe something and I believe it's good and believe it's right, I'll do it. I hope that wars could be reduced, but I don't see that happening right away. As long as we have military might and sell weapons to other countries, we as a country promote conflict. I see our continual armament production as unfortunately a drawback to world peace.

Remarkable Time at the Corner: The parts that get me are the people that come by and hold up two fingers. To me that is a Victory sign, which means you are winning a war. Maybe our Vigil is a war against war.

Changes in Attitude: At first, it's easy to smile and wave when someone comes by and waves and gives you a "thumbs up." When somebody comes by and challenges you, or says, "Go to hell", or "Kill them all", my first reaction was, "You are wrong and I am right and you better believe what I believe." Now I have mellowed a bit, realizing that I could have said that forty or fifty years ago. Despite the fact that I was against war then, if I had a son, daughter or relative going to war, I would want to protect them somehow. I can understand how some people may have a difference of opinion now, but hopefully they may mellow as I did. Maybe they too will come to feel the same as I do today.

Future for Peace Vigils: I took a course on Free Speech as part of a Master's Program at the University of Delaware. Standing on the street corner with the permission of the local authorities is something I would never want to have taken away from us. I think at the grassroots level it is important for people to be able to express their opinions in a non-confrontational way. The events that have taken place with the most recent teacher union and other collective bargaining people in Wisconsin have made it look somewhat difficult for those people to express their opinions in a non-confrontational way. I would hope that in the United States we never see people disallowed from free speech on street corners.

Visualize Peace on our Planet: It's got to begin one person at a time. Hopefully, if there is a leveling of opportunity for those people that are being exploited, if they can learn through quality education to become productive and to feel good about themselves, there is a possibility that peace ultimately can be achieved. One of the things over which we tend fight is religion. The religious beliefs held dear by many in this country may be dismissed by others. At the same time there are some Americans saying, "Let's kill all the Arabs." I've heard that at the corner. Belief in a religion does not seem to me to be a rational reason to want to kill others who believe differently. There are good and bad thinking people in every religious group. Hopefully good wins out over bad.

Other Perspectives and Goals: To question, to seek more than headline comments, to understand where I'm coming from and where I fit into the overall picture. I believe that actions are far more important than words, so whatever I've said in this interview, I would hope I can act the way I've described I would like to act.

Anything Else: No, except for anybody who would like to stand on a street corner and protest war, I'd be happy to see you there!

AFTERWORD

Local peace advocates began gathering in Kennett Square, PA in mid-December 2001 to call into question the war in Afghanistan and then the Iraq war. Each brought their particular background and reason for participating in the Vigil. The mood of the local area changed over time from a skeptical view of the peaceful demonstration to a more supportive one, calculated by the increased "Honks for Peace" from the passers-by.

The Kennett Vigil was initiated by the Peace and Social Concerns Committee of the London Grove Friends Meeting. Many of the vigilers were Quakers associated with London Grove Meeting or in residence at nearby Quaker retirement communities. Others, following their own beliefs, also joined the Vigil. Participants interviewed for this project described their varied reasons for and experiences in peaceful outreach, ranging from civil rights and anti-war activities, to local adult education and support of youth organizations, to agricultural and self-help efforts both at home and abroad.

Each participant interviewed was asked how they saw the future of vigils and public demonstrations for peace. The wish for continuing an outward response to peace and social concerns was expressed, although the time it took to make an impact was noted. Also, changing methods of vigil organization through social media were recognized. The goal continued to be individuals finding ways to place themselves in the public sphere to peacefully awaken others to the issues of peace and social concerns.

John Beer noted that many peacemaker activities are available. He suggested it is possible that demonstrations for a specific cause, such as the war in Afghanistan or Iraq, can be mixed with a more generic peacemaker-for-life approach. This combination has occurred at the Kennett Vigil, as demonstrated by the variety of signs held by the vigilers. Some signs called for immediate cessation of war, while others asked the passers-by to question war and remember the values of justice, mercy and peace in our nation's ethos.

We encourage all to find their own peaceful way of creating change for the better. Many sources for vigil organization are available online through various Internet sites. Another source is organizers of successful vigils in local areas. In her interview, Gail Newbold describes London Grove Meeting's efforts to initiate and maintain the Kennett Square Vigil, including permit exploration, selection of a suitable location, and observation of local rules and regulations for public places. In dealing with problems that might arise during a vigil, peaceful resolution is demonstrated in the handling of some issues at the Kennett Vigil, as described in several interviews. Also, John Beer spoke highly of Sally Milbury-Steen of Pacem in Terris in Wilmington, DE, and cited her as a great source of information in peace-oriented activities, including vigils. And as David Williamson said, "Anybody who would like to stand on a street corner and protest war," could join him in Kennett Square. We urge organization and participation of vigils for peace and social concerns. We wish the world to be a better place for all and we encourage the readers to follow what calls them to peaceful actions.

DOCUMENTS

Oral History Peace Project

Oral History is an important method of recording first-hand experiences for future generations. The idea for this particular project came after a meeting held at Kendal in early 2009, where the future of the Kennett Peace Vigil was discussed.

Project Purpose

To record information on interview participants' Peace Activities, which includes a variety of actions and includes Peace Vigils and Demonstrations, and the Kennett Square Peace Vigil (2001-ongoing) regarding the Afghanistan and Iraq Wars. The recordings will be transcribed and the recordings and/or the transcriptions will be offered to appropriate libraries, such as Swarthmore, Kennett Square and Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, as well as the Chester County Historical Society.

Suggested Interview Questions

Tell us about yourself, some basic background, such as your full name, date and place of your birth, parents, siblings, spouse, children, education, religion, community involvement, professions.

When and how did you first get involved in Peace Activities, understanding a broad definition of these activities, and what are some things that motivated you to participate in Peace Activities and in Vigils?

What did or do you hope would be the outcome of these Peace Activities? Can you describe if these outcomes happened or are happening.

Did you participate in the Kennett Square Vigil? Can you talk about when you did, why you did and what the experience was like? Was there a most memorable time at that Vigil for you?

If so, did you see changes take place in yourself, the other Peace Vigil participants and in the passers-by during your participation?

What do you see in the future for Peace Activities and for Peace Vigils?

How do you visualize Peace on our planet?

What are some important lessons you have learned in your life?

Are there any perspectives you would like to pass along at this time?

Oral History Bio Info

Subject _____ Number of tapes: _____

Interviewer: _____ Place of Interview: _____

_____ Date of Interview: _____

Interviewee: _____

Address: _____

_____

_____

Telephone: _____

Birth Place :_____ Birth Date: _____

Father's Name: _____ Mother's Name: _____

Birth Place: _____ Birth Place: _____

Interviewee's Occupation(s): _____

_____

Education (schools attended): _____

Organization Affiliations: _____

Community Activities: _____

Oral History Gift and Release Form

I,_____, grant, convey and transfer to Barbara Walker all my right, title, interest and property rights to my testimony recorded on _____ to be used for scholarly purposes including study and rights to reproduction.

Signature of Interviewee _____

Address _____

Date _____

Witness _____

Address _____

Interviewer _____

Date _____