

CATHOLIC WORKER



Vol. XXXVII No. 2

JUNE, 1969

Subscription:
25c Per Year

Price 1c

Co-op Housing

Dear Dorothy and Marty:

In the February and March-April issues of the Catholic Worker, I outlined a scheme for a universal "Sanctuary", open to receive all who might come to us. I called it a "scheme" because it was not a plan but only a dream and, for the time being, the impossible dream of a quixotic man.

With this letter I am submitting a plan developed in round table meetings of our Chicago Catholic Worker group. It is a modest plan, lying within the scope of our present limitations and capabilities. We first broached something similar over a year ago in the Catholic Worker of March 1968. Difficulties intervened, and we opened a storefront center instead of proceeding as we had hoped to. Now we return to you and to our readers with a plan, refined by our experiences and discussions together.

KARL MEYER

Our experiences and discussions as a group over the last year and a half have led us to conclude that the development of cooperative housing opportunities for low income families might be the most useful contribution we could make in the neighborhood in which we live.

To begin, we would like to raise the down payment necessary for a five- or six-flat property in which one or two Catholic Worker families could live and form a cooperative with the other residents in order to purchase the building and secure equity in it without increasing the present rental contribution of each resident family.

The big obstacles to home ownership in this area are the multiple-flat character of most of the buildings and the large down payments required because of the tight money market and the extreme difficulty in obtaining mortgages.

We would like to raise a minimum of four thousand dollars in non-interest personal loans in order to get started. The type of properties we are considering range in price from eighteen thousand dollars to thirty thousand dollars and of course the more we can offer in cash the better will be the terms which we can arrange.

In order to explain our interest in the evolution of cooperative housing here, it is necessary to describe the basic pattern of housing trends in our neighborhood.

We find ourselves in the Lincoln Park-Ranch Triangle neighborhood of Chicago, which is about a mile from Lincoln Park and three miles from the Loop. This is a very desirable and convenient location, now occupied by a wide diversity of people, but particularly on the western end by poor people, black, Latin and white. In the classic pattern of urban renewal in America, the investors, real-estate developers, big institutions and well-to-do residents of such areas wake up and ask themselves, "Why should we allow such a desirable location to be occupied by poor people and to succumb to urban decay, when we could redeem it at a profit to ourselves for the benefit of those who can pay to live well?" From this point "urban removal" begins. That process is well on its way to completion in Lincoln Park, and now the Lincoln Park Conservation Association is eyeing the Ranch Triangle area where we live and making big plans for "renewal"—which for the poor means removal.

Many of the properties are old, three- to six-flat apartment buildings, in many cases held in the clear by resident owners from ethnic German and Italian communities which once

(Continued on page 6)

WANTED: A HUELGA DOCTOR

Do you want to change society from the bottom up?
Do you want to pioneer in new medical areas—such as pesticide research and case finding?
Do you believe that good medical care is a right and not a privilege?
Then perhaps you are the one we've been looking for—our Huelga (strike) doctor.
A friend to serve the needs of Cesar Chavez' expanding farm workers union. The Delano grape strikers struggle needs you. It needs you to serve its members; to implement its health and welfare plan; to help them challenge the pattern of discrimination and neglect in rural medicine.

For further information contact:
Marlon Moses, R.N., United Farm Workers c/o P.O. Box 695,
Delano, Calif. 93215

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

My shoes are covered with dust and I am down at the heels indeed, what with tramping through the dust of the Hutterite colonies in South Dakota and Montana, the Indian camps on the Nisqually River, southwest of Tacoma, Washington, and now the Forty Acres of the Farm Workers' Union, which is the pride and joy of Cesar Chavez's heart. Cesar Chavez is the head of the farm workers, more properly called the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee (U.F.W.O.C.-AFL-CIO) since the strike began in 1965. It is going on right now in the Coachella Valley in California, an organizing drive which has gone into Texas, Arizona, New Jersey, New York and many States in between.

When my bus arrived at Delano, which is about three hours northeast

of Los Angeles, I was met by Father Ed Fronske, one of the young priests from Our Lady of Guadalupe Church. He drove me to the half dozen small houses rented by the union to house the offices of organizers, strikers, credit union, etc. These were not the homes of the organizers and union workers, which are scattered around Delano. The three-room building I was taken to has one bedroom, where Cesar spends many hours a day flat on his back. When visitors arrive he comes out into the main office, where a Chilean volunteer sits at a typewriter and a telephone. When I arrived, Cesar's wife Helen was preparing some supper in the kitchen, which was a large enough room to eat in. There was a lovely little flower garden and a picket

(Continued on page 5)

PAX TIVOLI CONFERENCE—1969

TRAINING FOR NONVIOLENCE

THE GANDHIAN EXPERIENCE & TODAY'S PROBLEMS

The Catholic Worker Farm, Tivoli, New York
Weekend of August 1, 2, 3—Friday 8 p.m. to Sunday, 2:30 p.m.

AMONG THE SPEAKERS:

James Megivern, Chairman, Dept. of Theology, St. John's University on A THEOLOGY OF NONVIOLENCE

Gora Vijayam, teacher of Gandhian nonviolence, son of Gandhi co-worker on TRAINING FOR NONVIOLENCE

Martin Corbin, editor, Catholic Worker, on MOUNIER'S PERSONALISM & NONVIOLENCE

Eileen Egan, Vice-Chairman PAX on NONVIOLENCE & TODAY'S LIFE STYLE

Dorothy Day on THE GRAPEPICKERS: NONVIOLENCE IN SOCIAL CHANGE

Also a Representative of Cesar Chavez' United Farm Workers

Also a speaker on OPTIONS FOR VIOLENCE OR NONVIOLENCE IN LATIN AMERICA

Among Group Discussion Leaders: Howard Everngam, Jacqueline McGarvey, Clarice Danielsson, Lyle Young, Dennis Keegan

Come for a weekend of community—Bring your ideas—Join small group discussions—Be part of a double Anniversary—1969 is the Centenary of Gandhi's birth—August 1 is the anniversary of Gandhi's noncooperation movement in India in 1920.

Tivoli is just under 100 miles from New York City.

BUS:—take Adirondack Trailways from Port Authority Bldg., N.Y.C. to Kingston
TRAIN:—take Penn-Central to Rhinecliff (from Kingston or Rhinecliff, call PL 9-2761 for transportation to C.W. Farm; preferably, telephone before starting out, Area Code, 914)

CAR:—Taconic State Parkway or New York Thruway

Reservations in order received. Accommodations on C.W. Farm 2-3 in room or dormitory. Those with cars are urged to make room for others by using Tivoli Motel or other Hotels and Motels in area.

Offering for weekend: \$20 per person.

Reservations with deposit to: PAX, Box 139, Murray Hill Sta., New York, N.Y. 10016 (Attention Jeanette Schneider)

Milwaukee 12

By TOM CORNELL

The trial of the Milwaukee Fourteen (actually twelve, because two of the accused had been separated from the main trial) ended in a blaze of passion and brilliance. Each of the twelve delivered summations to the court and jury. James Forest gave an impassioned plea to the jury to override the judge's instructions (jury nullification), and Father Antony Mullaney, a Benedictine monk, gave a masterful exposition of the meaning of theft as the taking of another's property against his reasonable will. He questioned how it could be reasonable to maintain these properties (draft files) in the current circumstances of the war in Vietnam and the domestic crisis. Rarely are we treated to such a display of intellect.

The charges grew out of the raid of the Milwaukee Fourteen upon draft boards in that city on September 24, 1968. The defendants admitted the facts, that they had indeed taken the files, perhaps ten-thousand of them, poured home-made napalm on them and burned as many as would burn before the fire department arrived. Moreover, the defendants treated the court, jurors and spectators to a lively color film of the event, with sound, revealing the deed itself and the jubilation with it. Their defense was that they were attempting to rescue the registrants whose files these were from illegal complicity in war crimes and from death and mutilation in a useless and immoral war while they should be free to fight for freedom and economic justice at home. The court ruled such arguments and the evidence supporting them from witnesses to be irrelevant and immaterial.

Two of the original fourteen were separated from the state trial: Jerry Gardner, a Milwaukee high-school teacher and Michael Cullen, director of the Catholic Worker Casa Maria House in Milwaukee an editor of the *Catholic Radical*. Michael is a citizen of Elre and the father of three. His trial is scheduled for the fall.

The Twelve are: Don Cotton, 24, co-chairman of S.D.S. at St. Louis University, where he had been a graduate student in urban affairs; Father Robert Cunnane, 36, a Stigmatine priest who had served as co-director of Packard Manse Ecumenical Center in Stoughton, Massachusetts; James H. Forest, co-chairman of the Catholic Peace Fellowship; Bob Graf, 25, a graduate of St. Louis University doing work in sociology at Marquette, who had been for seven years a member of the Society of Jesus; Rev. Jon Hubert Higginbotham, Jr., 27, a minister of the Church of Scientology, a youth worker and draft counselor in St. Cloud, Minnesota; Father James Harney, 28, curate in a parish church in North Weymouth, Massachusetts, a co-founder of the Baltimore Inter-faith Peace Mission; Father Alfred Janicke, 33, a parish priest of the Archdiocese of St. Paul - Minneapolis, active in urban work; Doug Marvy, 27, a Navy veteran who spent a year in the Antarctic, a graduate of the University of Minnesota continuing his studies there; Fred Ojile, 23, seminarian graduate of Catholic University, spent a year at University of Minnesota Law School, married, soon to be a father; Brother K. Basil O'Leary, F.S.C., 48, chairman of the economics department and assistant professor of theology at St. Mary's College, Winona, Minnesota, Ph.D. from the University of Notre Dame; Father Larry Rosebaugh, 33, of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, serves on the staff of Casa Maria House of Hospitality and worked as a longshoreman on the docks there. He had served

(Continued on page 6)

Vol. XXXVII, No. 2

June, 1969

CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly (Bi-monthly March-April, July-August, October-November)

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT

PETER MAURIN, Founder

DOROTHY DAY, Editor and Publisher

MARTIN J. CORBIN, Managing Editor

Associate Editors:

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, JACK COOK, RITA CORBIN (Art), NICOLE D'ENTREMONT, EDGAR FORAND, ROBERT GILLIAM, JUDITH GREGORY, WILLIAM HORVATH, MARJORIE C. HUGHES, DAN KELLY, WALTER KERELL, PHIL MALONEY, KARL MEYER, DEANE MOWRER, HELEN C. RILEY, PAT RUSK, ARTHUR SHEEHAN, ANNE TAILLEFER, EDWARD TURNER, STANLEY VISHNEWSKI, JAMES E. WILSON.

New subscriptions and change of address:

36 East First St., New York, N. Y. 10003

Telephone 254-1640

Editorial communications to: Box 23 Tivoli, N. Y. 12583

Subscription United States, 25c Yearly. Canada and Foreign 30c Yearly. Subscription rate of one cent per copy plus postage applies to bundles of one hundred or more copies each month for one year to be directed to one address.

Reentered as second class matter August 10, 1939, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., Under the Act of March 3, 1879



Frank's Landing

By DOROTHY DAY

Frank's Landing on the Nisqually River, which empties into Puget Sound between Tacoma and Olympia in the State of Washington, is not the place it was when Robert Casey, our Northwest Coast correspondent who is a seaman working on the Alaska run, wrote about it in the December CW. The melting of tremendous snows in the mountains led to such a rising of the rivers that two of the six acres belonging to William Frank (for whom Frank's Landing was named) have been washed away, and the landing itself has collapsed into the river. We sat there all one Sunday afternoon—Maiselle Bridges, who is William Frank's granddaughter, Toni Casey (Bob's Japanese wife) and I—and talked about the situation of the Indians in general and of the winter just passed when as many as a hundred and fifty sympathizers with the Indians' struggle to retain their treaty-guaranteed fishing rights were students at what could be called a unique school.

William Frank is a ninety-year-old Indian who has for the last six summers performed a unique service for students of Indian life. He has put on tape, with the assistance of a Professor Metcalfe of the University of Washington, the history of the Puget Sound Indians and their language, which is Salish, not a written language as yet, although some professors are trying to transcribe it. Although Frank has complained to the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the Conservation Army, he has received no compensation for his loss, on the grounds that it was not productive land, there was no truck farming or dairy operated on the land.

I had been reading of the long struggle of the Coast Indians to maintain their way of life and fishing rights against the government, ever since the days of Isaac Stevens, who made the first treaties in 1850. Stevens had tried to herd the Indians on to reservations in order to turn them into homestead farmers, "economically independent," and the government has been equally unrealistic ever since in its plans for them.

The story of the school is this. The struggle over the fishing rights had been going on for a long time, marked by frequent clashes with game wardens, which were becoming ever more serious. The publicity attendant on this struggle, in which Maiselle Bridges' two daughters were jailed, along with other members of the Indian community, evoked the support of students, especially after a Rock Festival was held. Many of the students, young teachers, some members of the Students for a Democratic Society, and one member of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (Martin Luther King's group) who was accused of being a Black Panther by local residents, came to the aid of the Indian fishermen demonstrators and stayed for months. At Frank's Landing they put up the

framework for nine bunk houses, which they covered with heavy plastic, and there they lived from September to May. One bunk house was a tree house, built on the stumps of two gigantic cedars as a foundation, and nestling between the branches of other trees which had grown up around and in the stumps. They put stoves inside these plastic houses and used driftwood to heat them. I would not have believed that this could be done if I had not seen a similar house built as a studio by Joe O'Connell, the Minnesota artist who gave us our stone statue of St. Joseph which stands in the window at our First Street house. He worked in it all winter and kept it warm by a great pot-bellied stove. The students carried all their water for cooking and washing and used outhouses—all a part of their education in survival living.

It was a spontaneous coeducational school which sprang up and was at first looked upon with some misgiving by the Indians themselves.

"Our neighbors," Mrs. Bridges said, "indicated that they had been willing to stand by us in our struggle until we accepted the help of hippies, Black Panthers and S.D.S. But we soon learned from these young ones, just as they learned from us.

"They participated in the almost daily demonstrations and clashes with the authorities and they were learning all the time about the Indian. Sometimes there were as many as three hundred, sometimes the numbers went down to seventy-five. It was snowy this winter, the hardest winter we ever had here on the coast. The snow lay on the ground a long time. But the kids stayed.

"To insulate the floors of the houses we put down plastic, then straw, then more plastic and rugs over that. We got rugs in every thrift shop in Olympia and Tacoma and people brought us their old rugs. The fishing every day supported the camp. Groups went to Seattle, Tacoma and Olympia with the fish and sold them for fifty cents a pound. They had deer meat (we still have some in the deep freeze) and the boys learned how to skin the deer and cut up the meat. They missed fresh vegetables and fruit, but people made contributions. Some of the students picked cucumbers later, some went to the public markets and the bakeries. One girl's father, who had a chicken ranch, sent half a dozen chickens for a stew. They gathered wood at Fort Lewis across the river for the fires. Students from Reed College, from Bellingham Western College and from the University of Washington learned how to mend the nets, how to hunt, and skin deer, how to cut up meat and fish to be dried and smoked, how to keep the fire in the smoke house going."

All the while harassment was going

(Continued on page 6)

World Peace Day — Gandhi Centenary Year

To every Catholic of the Diocese and to all our non-Catholic brethren, health, happiness, true joy and peace in the New Year.

The Holy Father has once again made an urgent call for the "World Peace Day" to be celebrated the world over on the First Day of the New Year. The theme approved by His Holiness is: "The promotion of human rights—the way to peace." The Holy Father appeals: "To all men of good will, to all those responsible for the development of history today and tomorrow; hence to those who guide politics, public opinion, social directions, culture, education, to youth rising up in its yearning for worldwide renewal, with a humble and free voice, which comes forth from the desert where no worldly interest is, we again proclaim that imploring and solemn word: Peace."

As this year we are celebrating the Gandhi Centenary Year, the Catholic Bishops' Conference of India felt that Thursday, the thirtieth of January 1969, the anniversary of the death of the Father of the Nation, would be a suitable date for us in India to celebrate the "World Day of Peace." We are all aware that Mahatma Gandhi lived and gave his life to uphold human rights and peace. He was a man of religious ideals and moral integrity. He said in the "Nation's Voice" (319): "I am impatient to realize the presence



of my Maker, Who to me embodies Truth and in the early part of my career I discovered that if I was to realize Truth, I must obey, even at the cost of my life, the law of love."

The law of love, in the eschatological judgment, is the only norm by which man is judged (Mt. 25:34-46). The cooling of this "is the essence of the lawlessness at the end" (Mt. 24:12).

Love of neighbor is the law's fulfillment, the bond of perfection, the better way—simply and finally the Christian life (cf. Ro., Gal., Col., and 1 Cor). John teaches that God has loved us "not so that we love Him in return, but so that we love one another" (1 Jn. 4:7, 11). In love alone man comes to himself, encounters himself totally. The refusal to love the other encloses man in the death-like damnation of his self-centered absurdity. The experience of God can only be achieved by entering into the world. Relatedness to God is only given in experience of the world. In an era such as ours, when men are tempted to ignore or say nothing about God as a result of their adolescent enthusiasm for worldly fulfillment, the law of love is the only way to discover the Supreme Truth. "Everyone who loves is born of God, and knows God" (1 Jn. 4:7). The law of love begets justice, which in turn begets peace. Justice is the ideal recognition and effective realization of the rights of man, without which there can be no peace worth the name. "To these fundamental rights," says the Holy Father, "there corresponds the fundamental duty which is peace."

Mahatma Gandhi was above all a man of prayer. Hence, he was fearless and at peace with himself and with the whole world, which cherishes his sacred memory. We, therefore, as fellow citizens of India, shall not be doing full justice to his revered memory if we cooperate, as requested, only in the digging of wells and other welfare works. These are necessary but not enough. The Father of our Nation dedicated his life to the service of the country by prayer and work. "We are born," he said, "to serve our fellow-men and we cannot properly do so unless we are wide awake. There is an eternal struggle raging in man's breast between the power of darkness and of light, and he who has not the sheet-anchor of prayer to rely upon, will be a victim of dark-

ness. The man of prayer will be at peace with himself and with the whole world, the man who goes about the affairs of the world without a prayerful heart will be miserable and will make the world also miserable." (Young India-23-1-30, 26). "Man's ultimate aim is the realization of God, and all his activities, social, political, religious, have to be guided by the ultimate aim of the vision of God. The immediate service of all human beings becomes a necessary part of the endeavour simply because the only way to find God is to see Him in His creation and be one with it. This can be done by service of all. I am a part and parcel of the whole, and I cannot find Him apart from the rest of humanity. My countrymen are my nearest neighbors. They have become so helpless, so resourceless, so inert that I must concentrate myself on serving them. If I could persuade myself that I could find Him in an Himalayan cave I would proceed there immediately. But I know that I cannot find him apart from humanity." (Harijan 29-8-36, 226).

If this is fundamental truth and common right and duty, why should anyone prevent dedicated men and women from coming to serve the cause of our common humanity while our own gifted men and women freely go abroad in search of better prospects and material gains? "It is better to allow our lives to speak for us than our words. God did not bear the Cross only a thousand years ago, but He bears it today, and He dies and is resurrected from day to day. It would be poor comfort to the world if it had to depend upon a historical God who died two thousand years ago. Do not then preach the God of history, but show Him as He lives today through you." (Young India 11-8-27, 251).

This is exactly what Our Blessed Lord and Master taught. He enjoined on us to go into the whole world and to preach the gospel of love, sacrifice and service to every creature and to make disciples—that He may bear the Cross, die and be resurrected from day to day is us in every age and clime. "You are to be my witnesses" (Jo. 15:27) and "behold I am with you all days even until the consummation of the world" (Math. 28:20). He clearly stated that His Kingdom was not of this world. He refused to nationalize religion, to regard it as incompatible with the secular state. He founded a new spiritual Society, a visible Church distinct from, but not subversive of the State. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's" (Mt. 22:15-22). Our Constitution respects this distinction. But in our day, the old State-gods have reawakened in many parts of the world. Caesar claims not only what is Caesar's but also what is God's. The State claims not only payment of taxes but man's total subjection and loyalty. The answer of Christianity is that there is a domain in which "we must obey God rather than man" (Acts. 4:19).

The hearts of all men of good will are deeply saddened by the attacks made on the Holy Father and on the other teachers of the Gospel of truth and morality. It would help to recall in these circumstances what Gandhiji wrote in Young India: "As soon as we lose the moral basis, we cease to be religious. There is no such thing as religion overriding morality. Man for instance cannot be untruthful, cruel and incontinent, and claim to have God on his side." (YI. 24-11-21, 385).

"True economics never militates against the highest ethical standards, just as all true ethics, to be worthy its name, must at the same time be also good economics. An economics that inculcates Mammon worship, and enables the strong to amass wealth at the expense of the weak is a false and dismal science. True economics, on the other hand, stands for social justice; it promotes the good of all equally, including the weakest, and is indispensable for a decent life." (Harijan 19-10-37, 292).

On March 28, 1967, Pope Paul VI made public an eighteen-thousand word encyclical *The Development of* (Continued on page 6)

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

On a June day—the third Sunday after Pentecost—rain began to fall warmly, softly, just as Joe and Audrey Monroe, Jeannette Schneider and I came out of Mass at St. Christopher's Church in Red Hook. Through the afternoon and into the evening rain continued to fall, seeping into the earth, stirring the most recently planted seeds in our several garden plots into that quantum leap toward the structure and substance of flower and vegetable, which is the ever-recurring miracle of growth. Along the wayside and in the fields the scalloped robes of the daisies were washed that they might gleam resplendently white when once again the sun, that true day's eye, should smile approvingly on his gold-eyed namesakes. In sheltered patches near the woods' edge, wild strawberries filled to a rosy plumpness. A robin poured out his threnodic delight in rain. Baby chipmunks scampered from raindrops like children frisking in a summer shower. In our little wilderness the deer—which are more numerous, more brightly coated, and less shy than any other year since our arrival—browsed happily on succulent greenery. Then I—listening to rain and to Marge Hughes and Jim McMurray tell of the deer they had seen and of the many wild creatures whose home we now share—was caught up into empathy and heard in my mind the beautiful words of Gerard Manley Hopkins: "What would the world be once bereft of wet and of wildness? Let them be left, O let them be left, wildness and wet. Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet."

To John Filligar and other farmers the bit about the weeds may not be very acceptable. Yet weeds provide cover and food for many wild creatures which help form that web of life, in which man, too, for all his arrogance, has only a part to play. For that matter, weeds often provide good food for man. Have we not here at the farm enjoyed some excellent salads from the tender young leaves of dandelion and lamb's quarter? But in the larger sense, which I think Hopkins meant, weeds are a part of that great green belt of nature, that God-given wilderness which helps keep the stuff of earth itself from eroding away into the rivers and seas or blowing with smothering fury into the upper atmosphere. More important still, without earth's covering of green vegetation there would be no oxygen in the atmosphere to sustain life in man and his fellow air-breathing creatures. How many of us remember our debt to earth's green covering? It is not too far-fetched, I think, to maintain that a luxuriantly growing green weed is doing more for man's good than the vast stretches of concrete over which race the toxic-producing streams of cars, or the huge industrial complexes with their air-polluting, water-polluting, earth-polluting wastes.

So pondering on weeds and the welfare of man in my room with its windows not far from the wilderness, suddenly I became aware of a yellow throat pouring out its "witchery, witchery" song. Once again I took Nature for my teacher. (There are sermons in stones and books in running brooks.) The familiar voice of the yellow throat told me that it is not oxygen alone we owe to the wilderness but almost as important, the wonder and enchantment. For if we cannot long survive without oxygen, we will not well survive, or long survive, without the wonder, without the witchery. So once again I say with the yellow throat, with the browsing deer: "Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet."

Reginald Highhill, who though a good gardener appreciates the wilderness, is trying to make a better green belt in our immediate vicinity. On a steep and rugged hillside, which would be difficult to cultivate, he has planted one thousand little pine trees. If these diminutive trees can escape the bulldozers of the road builders and the developers, they will make for another generation a fine grove of pine where city-weary people can walk and find healing in the aromatic fragrance of pine or in the symphonic sound of wind singing among the multitudinous

needle-like leaves. Cardinals and other pine-loving birds will find summer homes there, and perhaps a family of deer will sleep on the ever thickening, ever softening fragrant carpet of fallen needles. He who plants a tree does something not just for himself but for generations yet unborn. In addition to planting a pine woods, Reginald has increased the orchard he started last year, has his own garden, out of which we are now eating delicious lettuce, and has expanded his beehive enterprise with several new swarms taken this year.

John Filligar continues to do the major part of our planting, and we expect to eat well out of his garden later this summer. Keeping the grass cut around our three houses and the swimming-pool area is also a never-ending chore at this time of year. As usual, too, our pump and reservoir seem inadequate for heavier summer demands, which of course means more work for John. We hope our summer visitors will be somewhat conservative in their use of water.

Several of the young people have learned something about farming by helping John. Jeanette particularly enjoyed driving the tractor for the disk. Paulette, who had never planted seeds before, was greatly thrilled when some of the seeds she had planted actually came up. Tony Novitski and two of his college friends put in some really hard work helping John. Then just when help was badly needed again, some of the men from the road decided to take time off from their travels and by way of a rest put in some hard work in John's garden. Joe Amato not only helped Reggie finish planting his thousand pine trees, but also spaded up my little garden, which I then planted with the help of Reggie and Bob. So it is that though we are hardly farmers, many of us have had our hands in the soil, have set our plants, cultivated the ground, and sowed seeds. Another project which has occupied the time and energy of some of the young people is that of cleaning, tarring, and repainting the swimming pool. Mike Tyree has taken the lead in this work, but from time to time has had help from others. It is certainly good the village of Tivoli has offered to help with the expenses of this work; and we hope that within a week, our swimming pool will once again be opened and functioning as in the past four years as a kind of recreation center for the children and families of Tivoli, as well as for ourselves and our guests.

Another plan, which is engaging much interest and discussion, is that of providing certain educational and recreational activities for the Corbin, Hennessey, Freeman, and other children who will be here this summer. Joe Geraci is taking the lead in this, but several others are helping.

We have also just learned that the day-care center for migrant workers in Dutchess County will reopen here at our Farm on July 15th.

We also plan to hold during the month of July a Catholic Worker week. Those interested in learning more about Catholic Worker program, history, ideas, goals, etc., should try to attend. On the first weekend of August, the American Pax Association will hold their annual study weekend here at our farm.

During the summer months we usually have many guests. It would be very helpful if those who wish to spend the day and take meals with us or spend the night, would write or phone Rita Corbin before coming. The address is Catholic Worker Farm, Box 33, Tivoli, New York 12583.

While all these projects are being talked about or worked on, the never-ending work of the community in its many aspects of kitchen, dining room, housekeeping, maintenance, caring for the sick, office and correspondence, and errand running, goes on. Persons depended on in these areas include: Alice Lawrence, Mike Sullivan, Haps Tunnesen, Placid Decker, Jim Canavan, Marty and Rita Corbin, Stanley, Vishniewski, Emily Coleman, Erica Funari, Marge Hughes, Pat Rusk,

(Continued on page 7)

36 East First

By PATRICK MAY

Faces of bad times do not substantially alter with the flux of seasons in this city of victims. The innumerable warped shadows of figures crouched lonely in corner parks have but shed tattered wraps of Winter's scourge. Yet the city invents other modes of oppression, relentless heat rarely stirred by breeze, even less official concern about food and housing for the homeless, these and the manifold evils of the city will be the stifling shroud and burden the faceless must endure this summer. Wasted frames and anguished souls still await the end, gnarled fingers crush borrowed butts into the hot pavement, thoughts of night's shelter, the next meal, the next kindness that may sustain them, the next violent encounter that may fell them, all the dark crosses the unwanted have for centuries carried remain, they keep the bottle, the pain.

An old Irish lady who with overlong dress and dragging feet dusts the alleys and avenues from dawn to dusk, searching the elusive handout, has at last ended day's journey with a sigh. Heaving her bulky frame upon a filth encrusted bench, she awaits night's anonymity and dangers with the resolute patience of one whose hope has been so long discounted that

him would cost us thousands every year, then departs quietly for one of the many similar jobs in all points of city that he easily holds down with skills alien to those of us who know not of tools, rivets and screws.

Ten o'clock, two tables seating ten each are set with steaming bowls of soup, pitchers of hot tea, cups, spoon, and trays piled a foot high with fresh bread. Below the soupkitchen, the well-aired basement is crowded with old and new cages from the Bowery; at bellowed notice from John soup is served. The old and crippled are served first, from the cellar someone directs ten men up the stairs to a place on benches lined round the tables and even more file in the front door, creating a confusion that would bewilder all but Mary, a veteran of years of chaos. Wong serves his table with imperturbable aloofness and finesse that the volunteers have yet to equal while Bill Harder, the old bearded German from the Black Forest, manages the dishes.

By eleven, the soupline is over, those working upstairs are summoned down to lunch and hence another babbling scene develops.

Later in the day dinner is prepared by a flexible, rotating crew composed of Ed Forand, Nicole, John Butler, Sister Regis and others with the strange accompaniment of Italian Paul tending his unwieldy flock of wild-eyed cats in the patio.

In that coffin-like office on the second floor Walter Kerell and his aide-de-camp, Arthur Lacey, yet persist in their human struggles against the tide of not so human paperwork that threatens ever to overwhelm and ensnare all who linger there. Only Hersha regularly pitches in to stem the flood, and Rob Cogswell has completed a partial overhaul of the entire stencil system.

Larry is in command of the mailing process and doing well with Andy, John Geis, Charly, Little Larry and many others who contribute long hours of labor. Smokey Joe has not responded to warnings of imminent disease on cigarette packages; in order to extort more "tailor-mades" from the unwary he indelicately guards the second floor exit with loud and misty demands.

Fridays night meeting have seen some worthy times recently, Sister Regis has held the floor once again, also Archbishop Roberts, followed by an evening of impressive political argumentation staged by novelist Norman Mailer and former newspaper columnist James Breslin, who were campaigning, respectively, for the offices of Mayor and City Council President of New York, and on June sixth the One Man Revolution, Ammon Hennacy.

Much work left long undone has been accomplished by the slew of volunteers recently arrived: more Oklahomans: Bonnie Barnes, Barbara Hawkins, Mary Todd, Donna Bell; from VIVA House in Baltimore: Lynda Bruhage; and four from Albany: Sal Rossell, John Butler, Kathy Massimos, Richard Abrahams. Also aiding the regulars with excess loads are Gary Getz and Joan Levy.

Whenever a single definite object is made the supreme end of the State, be it the advantage of a class, the safety or power of the country, the greatest happiness of the greatest number, or the support of any speculative idea, the State becomes for the time inevitably absolute.

LORD ACTON

CATHOLIC COMMUNE

A group of Notre Dame students and young people from South Bend, Indiana, have formed a Catholic radical commune in a suburban working-class neighborhood near the city. Travelers are welcome, as well as ideas for programs to deal with the problems of poor white, Mexican-American and Indian children and youth, and suburban community development.

ST. FRANCIS HOUSE, 54276 Ivy Road, South Bend, Indiana 46637. Tel.: 272-5067.



SAINT PAUL

morning's first conscious breath is her sole consolation. Like her, the unknown, unlamented ones who are sun-born and dusk-slept, are the damning and the shame of the well-off. To others who despair of the useless form of life-contentment America employs to conventionalize the millions, her madness and her smile are our assurance that the drifter, however loveless, is the better part of two American types. Those who sense and feel for the misery around them, will not test man nor woman with success or failure; bleakness is the better part of life when beauty is shallow and bought.

Coffee, Soup, Lunch and Dinner

Irish John now conducts the morning symphony of soup, bread and tea for the 150-200 hungry men who visit our door seven days a week. He opens the house and the work each morning at six. John's method of preparing soup is unique, unorthodox, sometimes shocking but always palatable (it is rumored that one can taste the tinny Dublin brogue that accompanies his groggy hour orchestrations with carrots, onions, knife and wit). Ten gallons of coffee are boiling, a mammoth pot of soup is taking form and breakfast is laid out by the time early risers straggle in and circle the coffee table. Earl Ovitt, Charly, Brother John, Horizontal Brown and Marty begin the sharp-edged, though humorous banter which greets Mary Galligan as she glides into her position at the front desk (on sleepy mornings this talk can drive her up the wall). Bob Stuart and Wong, plus several volunteers who must arise early for the soupline, appear later and the ungentle tongues sharpen. During the few hours after breakfast and preceding the soupline Earl deftly puts in a full day's work and a week's verbal damage on those repairs which without

LIFE AND HOLINESS

By JOHN J. HUGO

(Continued from last month)

St. John of the Cross will see the need for dying in order to live to eternal life as a law so deeply written, not only in the universe but also in the divine plan of salvation, that he will expound it in terms of a scholastic law of cosmology: *corruptio unius est generatio alterius*, the corruption of anything is the generation of another. "Wherefore," he writes, "as in natural generation no form can be introduced unless the preceding contrary form is first expelled from the subject, which form, while present, is an impediment to the other by reason of the contrariety which the two have between each other; even so, for as long as the soul is subject to the sensual spirit, the spirit which is pure and spiritual cannot enter it." (*Ascent of Mount Carmel* I, 6) The grain of wheat which, even as it disintegrates, rises to new life, is a perfect example of this law.

St. Francis de Sales illustrates the same law. Commenting on the Apostle's words, "You are dead" (Col 3:2), he writes:

It is as though he said: you no longer live in your natural condition; your soul does not now live according to herself but above herself. The true nature of the phoenix lies in this, that by the help of the sunbeams, she annihilates her own life, so to have a life more desirable and vigorous, hiding, as it were, her life under ashes. Silkworms change their being, and from worms become butterflies; bees are born worms, then become nymphs crawling on their feet, and at last they become flying bees. We do the same if we are spiritual: for we forsake our natural life to live a more eminent life above ourselves, hiding all this new life in God with Christ Jesus...

(Treatise on the Love of God, VII, 6)

It is interesting that neither St. John nor St. Francis, amidst many analogies and examples, mentions the clearest and most obvious instances, given also in Scripture: the sowing and the pruning.

For those who like neither the scholastic language of St. John nor the pretty but unscientific comparisons of St. Francis, Pere Teilhard presents the law of life-through-death in the scientific terms of today. He sees the Christian life, both in the individual and in the corporate Church, almost exclusively as a process of living development that takes place through the changes of growth, diminishment, death, and final transfiguration. This is still the law of life-through-death, but now illustrated by a wealth of scientific instances; although he also seems curiously unaware of the Scriptural examples of the grain of wheat and the pruning knife. Yet the law is unmistakable in his writings.

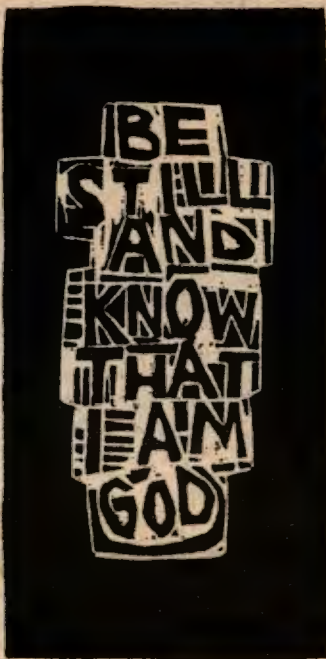
By the crucifixion and death of this adored Being Christianity signifies to our thirst for happiness that the term of creation is not to be sought in the temporal zones of our visible world, but that the effort required of our fidelity must be consummated beyond a total metamorphosis of ourselves and of everything surrounding us. (*The Divine Milieu*, p. 78)

So consistently does Teilhard see the Christian life as a living process of development that he has been charged with neglecting the struggle against moral evil. While he is of course aware of evil and does not deny it, his stress on growth does make him appear somewhat embarrassed by it: moral evil seems to have no place in a system in which holiness develops as a prolongation and completion of evolution. This view is in striking contrast with that of St. Augustine, for whom human existence is caught up in a constant agonizing struggle between the city of man and the city of God. "The one city is that of men who live according to the flesh. The other is of men who live according to the Spirit . . . The one city began with the love of God; the other had its beginnings in the love of self." (*The City of God*, XIV, 1 & 13) For Teilhard this distinction practically disappears. The two cities are

identical, differing only as stages of development: the city of man, if imperfect, is evolving towards the Omega point. Moral struggle is subsumed under the struggle of evolutionary selection.

In the past the spirituality of growth has too frequently been neglected for a negative spirituality obsessed with opposition to sin. Pere Teilhard restates the spirituality of growth. But he has unfortunately slipped off balance on the other side by underestimating the fierce actuality of man's struggle against moral evil.

Nevertheless, we should be grateful for this contemporary stress on holiness as a process of life and growth (which we have also just seen in John of the Cross and Francis de Sales) governed by the law of life. It is a welcome corrective of that too common mentality (which seems to have its only theological authority in Job's mourners) that reduces Christian ethics to a warfare against sin in the



moral order. To be sure, we must make provision against evil. In our own study we have considered the law of life and development primarily through the analogy of the grain of wheat; but we have completed this treatment, and looked at it in the perspective of our fallen state, by considering the further analogy of the pruning knife and its double function for the just and sinners. By keeping and contemplating both these analogies together, we can appreciate our responsibility in regard to evil, while seeing the Christian life essentially as a living development. For this reason it may be regretted that Pere Teilhard passed by the simple natural examples of living growth provided by the Gospel itself. At the same time it must be added that by conducting one's Christian life as a living process, we anticipate evil and remove it radically: as Adam would have done had he not sinned; as Jesus did by being sinless; as we can do to the extent that, restored now to grace in Christ Jesus, we live and move and have our being in Him Who is love.

For those who prefer Scriptural language to that either of scholasticism or science, there is always the grain of wheat and the pruning knife. In second Corinthians, St. Paul gives another classical statement of the law contained in these analogies.

Always wherever we may be, we carry with us in our body the death of Jesus, so that the life of Jesus, too, may always be seen in our body. Indeed, while we are still alive, we are consigned to our death every day, for the sake of Jesus, so that in our mortal flesh the life of Jesus, too, may be openly shown. So death is at work in us, but life in you. (4:10).

The fruitfulness of suffering in union with Jesus, in asserting which the Apostle ends this passage, is elsewhere considered in notable words: "It makes me happy to suffer for you, as I am suffering now, and in my own body to make up all that has still to be undergone by Christ for the sake of His body the Church." (Col. 1:24). A clear account, surely, of the manner

in which believers are drawn into the mystery of Christ.

The working of this law of life-through-death does not foster gloom or discouragement but rather joyous hope:

... there is no weakening on our part, and instead, though this outer man of ours may be falling into decay, the inner man is renewed day by day. Yes, the troubles which are soon over, though they weigh little, train us for the carrying of a weight of eternal glory which is out of all proportion to them. And so we have no eyes for things that are visible, but only for things that are invisible; for visible things last only for a time, and the invisible things are eternal. (2 Co 4:16f).

Above all, despite appearances, it is love that is behind the apparently grim law of life-through-death. We have already heard that "nothing can come between us and the love of Christ." (Rm 8:35). Elsewhere the Apostle asserts even more positively: "The love of Christ overwhelms us when we reflect that if one man has died for all, then all men should be dead; and the reason He died for all was so that living men should live no longer for themselves, but for Him Who died and was raised to life for them." (2 Co 5:14).

"The love of Christ overwhelms us": St. Francis de Sales makes much of this passage to show how "dying" with Jesus is necessary in order to enjoy the embrace of His love:

Jesus Christ died for us; by His death He has given us life; we live only because He died; He died for us, as ours, and in us; our life is then no more ours, but His Who has purchased it for us by His death; and we are therefore no more to live to ourselves but to Him, not in ourselves but in Him, nor for ourselves but for Him . . . Ah, why do we not spiritually cast ourselves upon Him to die on the cross with Him, Who has truly willed to die for love of us. (Love of God, VII, 8).

The saint illustrates this urgency to die on the cross with Jesus in a pretty story of the kind he favored about a maiden who, dying and then burned on a high funeral pyre, was joined there in death by a young eagle that she had lovingly cared for. The story no doubt is naive; yet Romeo and Juliet, and all great lovers, tell the same story of love strong as death. To be sure, not all lovers are so consistent. Cressida is disappointing as a lover because, despite fine and fervent words, her love could not bear the strain of separation. Although we lament the end of the tragic lovers, we nevertheless marvel at their courage and consistency in pursuing their love to the limits—the excessive limits no doubt—of its inner living logic. We are drawn, in spite of ourselves, to admire Cleopatra when, Antony having already died, she takes her own life with the words:

Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have Immortal longings in me . . . Husband, I come!

Now to that name my courage prove my title!

I am fire and air; my other elements I give to baser life . . . (I seek) that kiss which is my heaven to have . . .

Some may question the propriety of taking words from Cleopatra, whom even Antony on occasion called a harlot, and placing them on the lips of the Church, the chaste bride of Christ. Yet let it not be forgotten that this spouse also was not (and is not) always faithful: her type and symbol was the harlot wife of Hosea, and her harlotry was described, perhaps even more graphically, by Jeremiah and Ezekiel. If she becomes chaste, it is God by His grace in Jesus Christ Who makes her so: "The fame of your beauty spread through the nations, since it was perfect, because I had clothed you with my own splendor—it is the Lord Yahweh who speaks." (Ezk 16:14). And it is by dying and rebirth, as the Bride-Israel also illustrates in her exile and return, that the living principle of grace, in accord with the law of life-through-death, transforms the Bride with the splendor of holiness. Although the Church is holy in virtue of Christ's justification, her members are nonetheless members also of a sinful race, which, in order to become holy, to produce fruit and enter into life must die like the grain of wheat and be pruned like the branches of the vine.

There is then no impropriety in giving the words of Cleopatra to the Bride. Rather, there is a peculiar propriety; for the words are really not hers but those of our greatest poet-seer as he imagines love in its ultimate intensity. Of course, in spite of admiration, we disapprove morally of the suicide of the tragic lovers, as we disapprove of the sacrifice of widows on their husbands' funeral pyre. For human love has here exceeded its proper measure and become idolatry. No creature can claim or accept such love. But the Creator can. He even expects it of men, to whom His great gift from the beginning has been the gift of love, with its call for response from us. Precisely what St. Paul is telling us, in speaking of the love that overwhelms us, is that we should be ready to respond to this love in kind. "I arranged for you to marry Christ," he wrote to the Church of Corinth—and to the whole Church—"so that I might give you away as a chaste virgin to this one husband." (2 Co 11:2). Christ on His part "sacrificed Himself" for His spouse. (Ep 5:25) (2 Co 11:2). Reflecting on this sacrificial love should indeed press and overwhelm us, forcing the conclusion that "living men should no longer live for themselves, but for Him Who died and was raised to life for them."

For love is strong as death . . . The flash of it is as a flash of fire, A flame of Yahweh himself.

ED. NOTE: This is the concluding section of Father Hugo's latest book *Love Strong as Death: A Study in Christian Ethics*, which has just been published by Vantage Press, 120 West 31st Street, in New York City. The book sells for \$2.95.

CREATIVE NONVIOLENCE

Many people feel that an organization that uses nonviolent methods to reach its objectives must continue winning victories one after another in order to remain nonviolent. If that be the case then a lot of efforts have been miserable failures. There is a great deal more involved than victories. My experience has been that the poor know violence more intimately than most people because it has been a part of their lives, whether the violence of the gun or the violence of want and need.

I don't subscribe to the belief that nonviolence is cowardice, as some militant groups are saying. In some instances nonviolence requires more militancy than violence. Nonviolence forces you to abandon the shortcut, in trying to make a change in the social order. Violence, the shortcut, is the trap people fall into when they begin to feel that it is the only way to attain their goal. When these people turn to violence it is a very savage kind.

When people are involved in something constructive, trying to bring about change, they tend to be less violent than those who are not engaged in rebuilding or in anything creative. Nonviolence forces one to be creative; it forces any leader to go to the people and get them involved so that they can come forth with new ideas. I think that once people understand the strength of nonviolence—the force it generates, the love it creates, the response that it brings from the total community—they will not be willing to abandon it easily.

CESAR CHAVEZ

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

fence around the house. The first picture I saw when I entered was a blown-up head of Gandhi. (We have one on the wall of St. Joseph's House in New York.) There were also pictures of Emilio Zapata, the Mexican campesino who spent his life fighting for land for the people who worked, and of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

Cesar had visited us in New York at our old place on Chrystie Street and had prayed at our picture of our Lady of Guadalupe as soon as he entered the room and saw it. I had met him also on another occasion when he was in New York again. He greeted me warmly from his prone position and told me that Ammon Hennacy had been to see him and had given him a copy of his book. "But I already had a copy and had read it," he said. We agreed that Ammon's articles, which we had entitled "Life at Hard Labor," were first rate. He also spoke appreciatively of Joe Geraci's long review in the May issue, of Jerre Mangione's book about Danilo Dolci, *A Passion for Sicilians*.

The things we spoke of that first afternoon were Dolci's work in Sicily (we will have another review of a book by Dolci in a future issue of the *Catholic Worker*), of the Hutterite colonies that I had just visited and of Vinoba Bhave of India. It was our discussion of the *moshavim* of Israel, which Cesar said he preferred to the *kibbutzim*, that sparked our visit to the Forty Acres. It made me happy indeed to see that the dreams of the farm workers under his leadership would include the beginnings of another social order, planning for new institutions which could grow up within the shell of the old; cooperative farms, perhaps, which would be village communities surrounded by orchards, vineyards and ranches. Are there any growers with such vision?

Forty Acres

There were evidences of harassment at the Forty Acres, which lie between the town dump and the road. Five hundred shade trees and quick-growing windbreak trees had been planted on the border near the dump and a fire had all but destroyed a score or more of the trees. There were indications, however, that the trees would revive. The long grove has greatly increased in height and thickness in the last two years, though the soil was desert all around us. "Alkaline," one of the drivers commented, kicking at the salt-like surface. "It needs to be washed."

Other trees had been planted, a well had been drilled, there was a water tank, beginnings had been made. Across the road was the great impersonal agency of the Voice of America, which could reach the Far East, Vietnam itself. Down the road there were some friendly neighbors, one of them a house mover. Here too there were new highways cutting through the streets of towns and eliminating the shabby homes of the poor. Two large unpainted buildings had been moved onto the Forty Acres by this same house mover. But the building to which Cesar pointed with pride was an abode headquarters to which visitors in the future would come. This was one of two buildings that are ambitious indeed in size. Yet one can see that as a national headquarters they will be no more than sufficient to house the business of the union. Cesar mentioned that Jack Cook, who wrote articles about the Texas melon strike a few years ago, and about Delano's grape strike, had painted a good part of one of the buildings. Cesar appreciates a worker-scholar and certainly needs more of them to help with carpentry. Right now all work has ceased, because of the new strike in the Coachella Valley.

It was here at Forty Acres that Cesar conducted his twenty-five-day fast in much the same manner that Danilo Dolci or Gandhi went through their fasts. A man in such a position lives a public life; he must always be available to all who are working with him, a man who gives himself completely to a cause. Another room was used to offer up Masses during the fast. Certainly Chavez relies on the life

of the spirit, a life of discipline, in carrying on this tremendous moral struggle with the growers of those rich valleys of California.

Memorial Mass

Next evening there was a memorial Mass at the Filipino Hall for Robert Kennedy. It was the first anniversary of his death, and Chavez will always remember that Kennedy came and broke bread with him as he ended his fast. He considered him a *companionero* in a very deep sense. Both Catholics, both devout, it did not seem that the wealth of one made any difference between them.

The Filipinos can be proud of their large hall, where all the strike meetings are being held. Indeed, the strike was started by Larry Itliong, a Filipino, Pete Velasco, another Filipino, was heading the strike down in the Coachella Valley and Julian Balido headed the boycott team when they first arrived in New York, in the fall of 1967, and stayed with his four companions at our Kenmare Street apartment.

The Mass was offered by Father David Duran, of Corcoran, California, near a great cotton-growing area. Cesar had asked me to read the epistle which begins: "The life of the just are in the hands of God and the torment of malice shall not touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die but they are at peace."



The memorial eulogy was given by Paul Schrade, regional director of the United Auto Workers, who was the most seriously wounded of the five others who were shot with Robert Kennedy. It took three priests to distribute the communion bread while all sang. De Colores had begun the Mass, O Maria was the communion hymn, and *Nosotros Venceremos* concluded it.

Bread was distributed after Father Duran had blessed it after the Mass (he is a Mexican and it is a custom) and everyone broke off a piece and passed the bread on to his neighbor. After the Mass there were many introductions and many speeches, what with busloads of the thirty-two labor leaders from all over Canada bringing greetings.

"Taste and see how good the Lord is," and "I am the Bread of Life," were the words on the two long banners which hung on either side of the altar.

Larry Itliong and Cesar Chavez chaired the meeting and Juanita Brown, who, with her husband, heads the worldwide boycott of table grapes, was the interpreter. She is a beautiful young woman with a lively charm.

The best thing about my being called upon to speak at this meeting was that it gave me a view of the packed hall with the beautiful dark faces of the Filipinos and the Mexicans, men, women and children, the seats all filled, and the aisles and the three sides of the hall also packed in close ranks, no one restless, for four solid hours. They broke out now and then in a crescendo of applause which became faster and faster clapping of hands and a stamping of feet which died down then as suddenly as it had flared up. And of course there were the shouts of *Viva la Causa*, *Viva la Huelga*, over and over again.

Coachella Valley

The first table grapes ripen in the Coachella Valley, which lies below Indio and just north of the Salton sea. A desert has been made to bloom by irrigation, and I saw the wonders of the date center of the world with

its thousands of palms (one town is called Thousand Palms) not yet ready to be harvested. There are also cotton, asparagus and citrus fruits in this valley, but the harvest at the present time is grapes.

In the date forests, if one can call them that, the workers can be sheltered by shade from the boiling heat, which often goes above 110. The few days that I was there, the Lord seemed to be tempering the wind to the shorn lamb; I did not suffer from the dry heat, and by using a blue bandana as a sunbonnet, I worked under the harsh glare of the sun.

The strike headquarters is a long parish hall, in back of a Seventh Day Adventist church. There were rooms for offices, for dining hall and kitchen, and other rooms had been given over for the men and women who were working in the strike. Dolores Huerta was there, with some of her children, and Amalia Uribe is a teen-age Dolores who was active every day in picketing of the ranches, as they call the vineyards here. But most of the pickets were men. Meals were served at the hall, and the Adventists had told the strikers that they could use the little church for religious services. There was a large tree-shaded area in front of the hall, and an outdoor dining area, where people sat around under a shelter. Meetings were held in the evenings out of doors, which made it a little hard to speak. I think that a City College student and I were the only New Yorkers there. But there are of course others in this great struggle who are neither Mexicans nor Filipinos. James Drake, always spoken of as a member of the migrant ministry, is an "Okie," as I was very glad to hear, because it made me realize that he had far more than a "man of the cloth's" realization of the problems involved. He was raised in the Valley and went to school in the small neighboring town of Thermo. His father had been a Methodist minister on a ten-acre farm in Oklahoma and taught school for forty dollars a month as well as serving the church. They managed to live on this salary and the food they raised.

From the beginning Jim Drake has been in the forefront of this strike of agricultural workers, the first in history that has had a grass-roots foundation.

There are two lawyers always on the scene, Jerry Cohen in Delano and David Averbach, from Delano but now staying in Coachella. I had been put up at his house with other women when I arrived and enjoyed his hospitality. He has given not only himself to the strikers, but his house too, with its fine library, comfortable beds and a swimming pool in the back yard where Cesar Chavez comes to exercise. He is under the care of a doctor the Kennedy family sent him who had taken care of John Kennedy, who also suffered from a back ailment. David is crippled and has to go about on crutches, a big, powerful-looking, handsome man.

I could not help but think as I spent these days in Delano and Coachella that the calmest, most peaceful person in this countryside struggle is Chavez himself. One of the other leaders told me that he was all but developing ulcers with the tension they were under. But Chavez, though he shows the strain of the long hours of consultation and explanation to visitors of the history of the strike, the philosophy of nonviolence, the history of agriculture itself in the Long Valley, shows no sign of impatience or tension. On one occasion, when he was being questioned by two men of another small group brought from Canada by the growers, perhaps to counteract the great impression made by the formal Canadian delegation, he was asked "Now that you have ruined half the growers in the valley, how long do you think it will take you to ruin the others?" The statement (it could hardly be called a question) was accompanied by such a look of hatred and wrath that it made me realize that the few who took turns in guarding Chavez were indeed needed.

Cesar had already been talking for

two hours and got up at this point, begging to be excused with perfect courtesy. "You are not asking honest questions," he said calmly. He has clearly overcome the fear that one almost feels instinctively when faced with such naked hate. Studying Gandhi no doubt helped, and I must remember to report that he expressed gratitude to Eileen Egan for sending him a copy of the Gandhi memorial calendar, put out by the War Resisters League, which I have praised so highly in previous columns.

A Working Day

But to get back to Coachella, I was given hospitality in the four-room house of the Uribe family and when the meeting was over at which I was again asked to speak, Jose Junior drove me to the outskirts of the town to the comfortable little house where I got acquainted with others in the family. Two of the seven brothers were married and had sons, and there were two daughters. The youngest son was going to college and had been exempt from the draft because he had been scarred by allergies to the poison sprays used in the grapes.

I soon learned more about the hard work that had held such a family together. During the strike the pickets were rising at three in the morning so that they could go to the union hall, eat breakfast, and receive their assignments to various fields. Sometimes they had to drive ten miles to a vineyard. It was about five o'clock when I arrived with Doug Adair and Marshal Ganz, two other "Anglos," as we are called, and Julian Balido and others, part of a long caravan of cars. A sheriff was already at the strike hall to direct traffic and drove behind us. I don't know how many sheriffs there were, but I know there were two cars that stayed with us all morning.

Usually the workers are at the job as soon as it is light, pickers, foremen, superintendents, even some of the growers in an emergency such as this. But this morning the workers (scabs) were slow to arrive. Every evening the pickers' camps were visited by strikers who persuaded many to strike, then directed them to other jobs, such as melon picking, which were available at the time. Perhaps this delay in arrivals meant that the visits the night before had borne results.

It was probably near six when the first loads of workers came, a carload of six or seven women who slowed down at the entrance and listened to the strikers for a few moments until a foreman appeared in another car and, leaping out, urged them in. After that the cars came thick and fast, including a busload. Our cars were lined up along the road at various entrances along a half-mile strip, and the two sheriff's cars stayed at our gate because most of the workers seemed to be coming there. They were urged to stop work, to quit, pled with and beseeched, and Amalia's voice through the loudspeaker on one of the cars brought tears to the eyes, so persuasive and so plaintive did she sound. She is only eighteen, is a freshman at the College of the Desert and with her entire family is active in both the strike and boycott.

It was a beautiful morning, and until then the birds had been giving such a paean of praise to their Maker, that I kept thinking of Deane Mower and how she would have loved to hear this bird symphony. The sun was already hot and there was no breeze. There was such a dust haze, a heat haze, that one could not see the mountains, which on clear days are not too far away, near Palm Springs, San Geronimo, still covered with snow, and San Jacinto.

We all carried signs and we did not have to keep moving but stood on either side of the entrance, close enough together so that cars would have to slow down to enter. There was a moment of danger when an enraged foreman, or perhaps a grower, put on a sudden spurt of speed and swerved almost straight at Doug and me, so that we had to leap back.

Doug showed the mark of the tires to the sheriff who was taking down

(Continued on page 7)

Co-op Housing

(Continued from page 1)

flourished here. In buildings in this category rents are often low, ranging from fifty dollars to seventy dollars a month. As the old owners move out they rent to elderly pensioners, young students, Latin American and black families, and other people with low income. When the speculators and investors move in, they buy the buildings, give them a modest face lifting and raise the rents to a level which forces the poor out and makes way for prosperous young people from business and the professions. The original poor tenants are forced to go back into the ghetto slums or to open new frontiers of overcrowding and deterioration in other neighborhoods.

While we do not wish to deny pleasant and convenient housing to the prosperous, we have a particular concern that poor people should also be able to live well.

For the past several months we operated a storefront center for hospitality and emergency aid in the neighborhood, but we realize that housing and schools are the pivotal issues in the urban crisis and if we can't speak to these issues, we can't contribute much.

Recently we began looking for a building and have a Catholic Worker community and house of hospitality. But we soon faced this dilemma: any building large enough for our plan is already largely occupied, and any building that is for sale here at a price we can consider is occupied by poor people paying modest rentals. For us it is unthinkable that we could buy such a place and evict poor people in order to provide hospitality—for other poor people.

At the same time we realize that the speculators and investors who are closing in have no such scruples.

A sense of these realities led us to see the role which cooperative ownership of housing could play in securing for poor people the right to remain here and to live under decent conditions. Through cooperatives, poor people could keep present housing costs low and look forward to a time when their housing costs could be even lower through full ownership.

We are not naive about the interpersonal problems involved in cooperative life as we test our own openness, flexibility and dedication, but we see little to be lost and much to be gained in making the attempt.

The basic principles of the cooperative arrangement as we see it would be these:

- Decision-making would be by mutual consent of all the member families or individuals, such as elderly people or single Catholic Workers, who might be involved.

- The rental contribution of each family or individual could be based on several factors such as family income, extent of family responsibilities and size of the apartment occupied by each.

- After a predetermined period of residence, each family would obtain equity in the property proportionate to its contribution to the purchase; in case a family should decide to move out, this equity could be redeemed in part or in full, after the mortgage obligations are met, by the family which will take its place in the cooperative.

We invite you to contribute to the realization of this idea by a personal loan. Such loans would be repaid over a period of from three to five years, and might be given to those who might need an earlier schedule of repayment. For the present we need to know what loans might be available and then when we have pledged adequate to cover our needs and have settled on an appropriate property, we would give you a full description of the property and terms, and actually borrow the money starting at that time.

Kathy Bredine
Phil Bredine
Sue Dziennik
Frank Marfia
Karl Meyer
Wally Peters
Frank Tasler
Chicago Catholic Worker—c/o Bredine
1024 W. Armitage Ave.
Chicago, Ill. 60614
477-0249 or 642-2857

Milwaukee 12

(Continued from page 1)

as a parish priest in St. Paul, Minnesota. Father Antony Mullaney, 39, Benedictine monk, Ph.D. in clinical psychology.

Each of the defendants had acted as his own attorney, each had made an opening statement to the court, each had testified and questioned on direct examination the witnesses, and each participated in cross-examination. So each gave a closing statement as well. The trial took nearly three weeks (including the impaneling of the jury). The jury was dismissed for their deliberations, instructed by Judge Charles Larson that they were to apply the definitions of arson, burglary and theft as found in the Wisconsin statutes to the evidence presented and to judge simply whether or not the acts admitted by the defendants came within the narrow definitions of the law concerning arson, burglary and theft. There was some hope that the jury might at least hang (fail to come to unanimous agreement), but as it happened, they took seventy minutes to bring back thirty-six guilty verdicts and to eat a full dinner. On June 6th, Judge Larson sentenced the Twelve to two years' confinement in the Wisconsin State Prison. Judge Larson had asked each juror whether or not he could judge the defendants impartially, whether or not the fact that some of them were priests would affect his judgment in any way. Each had said no. As he pronounced sentence on Father Antony Mullaney, Judge Larson broke down and wept.

On June 11th Judge Gordon of the Federal District examined 142 prospective jurors for the upcoming Federal trial of the same defendants for the same offense, differently defined in the Federal court as conspiracy, interference with the administration of

the Selective Service System and theft of government property. All but a very few asserted that although they had read and heard of the trial in the state court (widely publicized locally), they had not come to any decision concerning the guilt or innocence of the accused. Judge Gordon refused to believe that this could be true. Since the accused had a right to a speedy trial in that district, unless they requested otherwise, and since in his opinion a fair trial could not be held in the reasonable future (swiftly), the judge dismissed the prospective jurors and with them the Federal charges against the accused.

After the jury returned its thirty-six guilty verdicts, read by the judge, one by one spectators rose to declare their objections, their own complicity or their outrage. Sister Joanne Malone (of the D.C. Nine) rose to congratulate the jury for once again convicting Jesus Christ. A deafening and sustained applause from the hundred and fifty spectators brought the judge's patience to an end. Bailiffs hauled limp protestors from the courtroom. We gathered in the halls singing "We Shall Overcome." Draft cards were burned, the ashes smeared in cruciform on everyone's forehead.

The Twelve have instituted an appeal to the Supreme Court of Wisconsin. Ball was not continued, however, and they were immediately taken into custody. A card or letter sent to any of them at Box C., Waupam, Wisconsin, will cheer them.

During the last week of the trial there were raids upon draft boards in Silver Spring, Maryland, Pasadena, California, and in Chicago. We hope to have a fuller account of all these actions, with an interpretive analysis, in the next issue.

Radiophoto From Vietnam

Holding the blanket-wrapped body of your dead child,
You want only to comfort the small life once more;
You want it back. The stricken heart stares from your eyes,
Trapped. I read your face where mind grapples with God; war,
Looming from either side of you leers back at me.
Your soundless shrieks howl from the center sheet, murder!
What do you care if statesmen are permitted this,
Your child's gone where you can't reach or the intruder.

MARGARET DIORIO

World Peace Day — Gandhi Centenary Year

(Continued from page 2)

Peoples. It was an urgent appeal for all men of good will to meet the world's social, cultural and economic problems, especially those of underdeveloped nations. It issued a new and unequivocal challenge to all men, especially all Christians, to become deeply active in the socio-political order. Pope Paul VI emphasizes that socio-political aid is indirect spiritual aid; to help man socially and economically is to help him spiritually and religiously: "Excessive tensions and conflicts and are a danger to peace . . . To wage war on misery and to struggle against injustice is to struggle along with improved conditions, the human and spiritual progress of all men and, therefore, the common good of humanity."

In conclusion, let us recall to mind Our Lord's discourse on the Mount of Beatitudes, which the Father of the Nation frequently quoted at his regular prayer-meetings: "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be counted the children of God" (Matt. 5:9). Let us all, therefore, unitedly strive and pray in the true spirit of brotherly love and concern to bring about peace in our individual hearts, our homes, our beloved country and the world at large, by faithfully implementing hu-

man rights in the sphere in which we live. While we play our limited part in the "development of peoples," which "is today the new name of peace," we unite in prayer for Peace with the Vicar of Christ on earth: "Lord, God of Peace, Who has created men objects of your kindness to be close to you in glory, we bless you and we thank you because you have sent us your beloved Son, Jesus. Making him, in the Mystery of the Pasch, the architect of all salvation, the source of all peace, the bond of true brotherhood. We thank you for the desire, the efforts, the realizations which your Spirit of Peace has roused in our day: to replace hatred with love, diffidence with understanding, unconcern with care. Open yet more our hearts to the needs of all our brothers, so that we may be better able to build a true Peace. Remember, Father of Mercy, all who are in pain, who suffer and die in the cause of a more brotherly world. For the men of every race, of every tongue—may your kingdom come: Your Kingdom of justice, of peace, of love; and may the earth be filled with your glory."

Your devoted and grateful
servant in the Lord,
Ignatius D'Souza
Bishop of Baroda

Frank's Landing

(Continued from page 2)

on. Young gangs from the neighboring suburbs of Olympia came out and slashed the plastic of the houses.

"Then one night when fog was heavy in the valley they teargassed the place, which laid heavy on us till the morning. There were a hundred and twenty people in the camp at that time, some of them families with children. Some of the young Indians in Fort Lewis across the river said that even on that military reservation it burnt their eyes and skin."

All this struggle did bring a Federal hearing in Portland in April which affirmed the fishing rights of the Indian, but also the State's regulatory rights and stated that the present regulations were not in conformity with the treaty and must be changed to allow the Indians to catch an equitable share of the fish at their usual places of fishing. Certainly Franks' Landing would seem to be one of their accustomed places of fishing. But the Judge went on to say that he would not impose on the State a ruling as to what that equitable share was. There had been many court cases before and at this one there were four lawyers for the Indians, four for the Federal Government and 14 for individuals. Altogether there had been 87 lawyers representing six separate client groups, and there had been a multitude of recommended remedies.

We talked of many things that afternoon, Malselle, Toni and I: of the virtues of plants as food and medicine; the lost arts of the Indian such as the carving of totem poles and canoe making (they no longer have the cedar). She showed me a basket which could hold water, made of split cedar roots and natural grass and the rattles made from deer hoof hollowed out.

She spoke of the plight of the children, who up to sixth grade were above average and then declined in their grades. The books they study in the public schools show the Indian as a savage, so that they become ashamed of their culture. "Thank God they had a grandfather who knew

the legends, the songs of the Indian people and taught them how good creation was, taught them a love for everything, and how important even a blade of grass is.

"Suicide used to be almost unheard of among the Indian people," she went on, "and now there is one hundred per cent more than among other youth. These suicides are among the young ones, from nine to eighteen years old."

"This summer we will start out and visit Indian reservations all over the country on our way East to a gathering on the Seneca Reservation from August 16 to the 24th. It will be the biggest which has ever taken place. All tribes will be there, their representatives. They will come from South America, from Central America, from Canada, as well as the United States."

Salmon bakes for fund-raising are being held now, for expenses of this caravan to go cross-country. From their area their are the Muckleshoot, Puyallup and Nisqually Indians of Puget Sound.

I talked also that afternoon to Hank Adams, an Indian brought up on the Quinalt Reservation on the Pacific, whose headquarters are in Lacey, a small town nearby. There are 23 recognized Indian reservations in Washington, ranging in size from the sprawling Yakima with 1,134,830 acres to the Puyallup near Tacoma with only 33 acres. Hank is a veteran of the Korean War and has had two years at the University of Washington. He is the editor of the *Renegade*, which is published by the Survival of the American Indian Association. P.O. Box 719, Tacoma, Washington.

The subscription rate is five dollars a year and from the first issue of the paper which I received from him, I would certainly say it is worth subscribing to, and I hope many of our readers, teachers and students will take it. They need the money. They are, as also the blacks and the Puerto Ricans and the Mexicans, "the insulted and injured" of our country. If you can send more, do so and help them.

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 5)

the name of one of the strikers who had trespassed into the rows of grapes to talk to a striker. The name of the picker was taken also. The sheriff was perfunctory about both complaints.

But there had been violence. A strike bulletin read: "Antonio Lopez kicked in the ribs and beaten by Irving Felstien, grower; Beatrice Sanchez, had her arm twisted behind her back by Bill Smith; Jose Irube, threatened with a rifle by a grower; Nicholas Buenrostro, cut in the face with grape scissors by unknown person; Armando Sanchez, kicked in the face and body and beaten by a foreman." (The above are only a few incidents of violence.)

"We have to sacrifice to deserve," the bulletin continued. "The Farm Workers' Union is built on sacrifice. Farm Workers such as Hope Lopez and Higinio Rangel have fasted for as long as ten days for success of the grape boycott in strange eastern cities."

"The strike and boycott of grapes is a peaceful, non-violent yet direct action to remove oppression and social injustices committed against the farm worker. We call upon all of those working to heed this call for non-violence and leave the grape fields so this non-violent action will be successful."

One could see that the words, the actions of the strikers were having their effect. Those in the vineyard worked slowly, stood hesitating in the long alley lined with empty boxes. If all the other pickets were making the same impression, there was certainly a slowdown.

I went out one morning at three and the morning before that I had joined the picket line at ten o'clock. I thought of how each day these men and women strikers and non-strikers had to work from daylight until noon, and stopped work only to resume it later on when the heat was not so bad for the grape. I saw men squeezing a grape and testing the running juice for sugar content. The worker himself has to thin the leaves, pick out only perfect bunches, strip off any defective grape before putting it in the paper-lined box to be taken to load on the truck finally and carted to the warehouse. I saw children in the field, helping their parents. Stripping, thinning at \$1.10 an hour—that was what Jose Uribe's mother was paid, with a penny extra for each vine thinned. One could only do fifty vines a day, he said, so that made fifty cents a day, and for a six-day week, three dollars extra. But the grower did not pay for the thinning and when Jose and his mother went to collect that extra three dollars, the grower threatened them with a rifle.

Remember these things, you whose mouth waters for table grapes; remember the boycott, and help the strikers.

How many things I am leaving out (but I will write more later). I have only now arrived from the West Coast, with this flood of impressions, a bit dazed from sitting up for three nights and two days on Santa Fe and Penn Central. Fare is \$110 by train, and \$158 by plane. We must contribute to the strike fund, and contribute small sacrifices of endurance too. Among us at the Catholic Worker, only Ammon knows such a life at hard labor as these brothers of our endure.

So this story is written with an appeal to our readers to help these agricultural workers whose struggle has gone on for four years now, from one end of the country to the other. It is the first breakthrough to achieve some measure of justice for these poorest and most beloved of God's children. Send help to

United Farm Workers,
Post Office Box 695
Delano, California 93215
BULLETIN

Just as my news story about the new grape strike at Coachella was completed we learn from a June 13th UPI news release in the New York Times that ten major Coachella Valley grape growers have asked Federal officials to arrange an immediate meeting with the United Farm Workers' Organizing Committee. This is the first major breakthrough in a three-year labor stalemate and undoubtedly comes as

a result of the grape boycott, which has been going on all over the country. The growers term the boycott illegal and immoral.

The next day the Times printed a slightly longer account. James Drake and Peter Velasco announced that the union's executive board in Delano had voted unanimously to begin the talks. The union said that it was joining the ten growers in asking the Federal Mediation and Conciliation service for a joint meeting. Mr. Drake called for twenty-four-hour negotiations and said that the boycott activity would continue until a settlement was reached.

One union spokesman in Los Angeles said that there was no need of Federal intervention, that with good faith on both sides there could be progress towards a settlement. Nevertheless, the union joined the growers in seeking intervention. A still later dispatch stated that the other growers in the state would not negotiate.

The following list of benefits which have been obtained from the nine or ten growers who have already signed contracts with the union was printed on a strike bulletin and passed out to those workers in the fields who had not yet joined the strike. These sad pages show the modesty of demands of these field workers who have been for so many years denied the right to organize into a union. At least thirty strikes in the past forty years have been short-lived failures.

Following are some of the benefits enjoyed by Union members working at those ranches where the UFWOC AFL-CIO has contracts:

1. WAGES:

General labor	\$1.90
Maintenance men	2.20
Irrigator	2.10
Truck Driver	2.30
Crew leader	2.15
Tractor Driver	2.30
Forklift Driver	2.30
Working Foreman	2.40
Shop Mechanic	2.55

The above rates will be increased in the amount of 10c. per hour effective August 1, 1969. Harvest workers will be paid an average hourly rate of \$3.25. (Thus, in the 1969 harvest, a worker will average \$3.25 per hour. At no given time will he make less than \$2.00 per hour.)

2. SPECIAL BENEFITS: The grower pays 10c. per hour into a special fund which pays for health insurance for the worker and each member of his family.

3. HOLIDAYS: All employees shall receive eight hours' pay at their straight time hourly rate for Labor Day, Independence Day, Christmas Day.

4. VACATIONS: Workers with 1,600 hours in the last 12 months are granted one week vacation with pay, computed on the basis of 2% of the gross earnings in that 12 months. After 3 years' work, the employee receives two weeks' paid vacation at 3% of the gross earnings.

5. PENALTY PAY: Employees required to work more than 9 hours a day will be paid 25c. per hour in addition to their regular pay. Employees told to show up for work who are not given work will be paid for four hours at their regular rate of pay.

6. RELIEF PERIODS: Shall be fifteen minutes for each four hours worked.

7. SENIORITY: When filling vacancies the employer will give preference to workers with greatest seniority provided they have the qualifications to perform the work under normal supervision. There will be no discrimination according to race or religion in hiring and determining seniority.

8. HIRING HALL: Employers request workers through the Union hiring hall. The Union shall provide the needed workers within 72 hours. Workers not provided through the hiring hall can be hired directly by the employer.

9. HEALTH AND SAFETY: Adequate toilet facilities, drinking water, first-aid equipment, and protective

Ho Chi Minh's Twelve Recommendations

(April 5, 1948)

The nation has its root in the people.

In the Resistance war and national reconstruction, the main force lies in the people. Therefore, all the people in the army, administration, and mass organizations who are in contact or live with the people, must remember and carry out the following recommendations:

Six forbiddances:

1—Not to do what is likely to damage the land and crops or spoil the houses and belongings of the people.

2—Not to insist on buying or borrowing what the people are not willing to sell or lend.

3—Not to bring living hens into mountainous people's houses.

4—Never to break our word.

5—Not to give offense to people's faith and customs (such as to lie down before the altar, to raise feet over the hearth, to play music in the house, etc.).

6—Not to do or speak what is likely to make people believe that we hold them in contempt.

Six permissibles:

1—To help the people in their daily work (harvesting, fetching firewood, carrying water, sewing, etc.).

2—Whenever possible to buy commodities for those who live far from markets (knife, salt, needle, thread, pen, paper, etc.).

3—In spare time, to tell amusing, simple, and short stories useful to the Resistance, but not to betray secrets.

4—To teach the population the national script and elementary hygiene.

5—To study the customs of each region so as to be acquainted with them in order to create an atmosphere of sympathy first, then gradually to explain to the people to abate their superstitions.

6—To show to the people that you are correct, diligent, and disciplined.

STIMULATING POEM

The above-mentioned twelve recommendations

Are feasible to all.

He who loves his country,

Will never forget them.

When the people have a habit,

All are like one man.

With good army men and good people,

Everything will be crowned with success.

Only when the root is firm, can the tree live long,

And victory is built with the people as foundations.

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

(Continued from page 3)

and many others.

In general, most of us here at the Farm are in better health now that warmer weather has enabled us to live much outdoors. Rita Corbin's mother, Mrs. Carmen Ham, however, was taken seriously ill about a week ago and is now in the hospital. We understand that she is improving and we hope will soon be back with us.

Even with all the comings and goings, there are a few goings which we particularly miss. In recent weeks Dorothy Day, who sometimes spends time here, has been away on a long speaking trip and Helene Iswolsky, who adds so much to our community, is in New York City helping care for her old friend Alexander Kerensky.

Our visiting list for recent weeks is a lengthy one. We were certainly delighted to have Ammon Hennacy stop by, even though his visit was shorter than ever. Ammon is still as full of the zest of life, still as steadfast in his mission as he has always been. It was good, too, to have Jean Walsh, who worked with us for several years at Peter Maurin Farm and during our first year here, come for a visit. Another visit which we particularly enjoyed was that of Mr. and Mrs. John Coleman, who flew from Paris, to visit John's mother, Mrs. Emily Coleman. During their sojourn in the

garments are provided. A safety committee made up of union members and management is the watchdog.

10. GRIEVANCE PROCEDURES: No worker can be fired without just cause. If a worker believes he has been fired without cause there are procedures to guarantee his rights.

11. LIFE INSURANCE: If a member whose dues are paid dies, his family receives \$1,000. If any member of the family should die, the family receives \$500.

12. CREDIT UNION: Any member of the Union can borrow up to \$300 from the Union's Credit Union at 1% interest.

13. SERVICE CENTER: The union provides services for all members who are in need of help with income tax, naturalization, welfare or workman's compensation cases, etc.

States, they also visited Dunstan Coleman, Emily's grandson, who is now in the Trappist Monastery at Gethsemani. Dunstan spent some time with us last summer, and was a great favorite with us all. We are glad he is happy at Gethsemani and hope he is praying for us all. We need it.

Among other guests whom we are glad to mention are: Diane Lewis with her mother from Staten Island and her aunt from England, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Baroni with their two happy little boys, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Amato with their two small but charming children, Tony Novitski, Joe and Audrey Monroe, Mrs. Margaret O'Toole and her daughter, Ed and Johanna Turner with their son Tommy, Ida, Anne, and Eleanor Binney.

It is mid-June. Cool Canadian air chills the night. From my window I hear the thin song of crickets. The yellow throat sleeps. Yet, there is witchery in the night.

We move toward July. Toward the frenetic hum of many insects. Toward the frenetic comings and goings and hubbub of many people. Men, women, and children continue to die in Vietnam. The massacre goes on in Nigeria. Riots, violence, unrest are the stuff of our headlines. Even among those of us who share a kind of life together there is often friction and disunity. Yet on this night the quiet wilderness, the softly flowing river, the starlit radiance of the sky, seem in their beauty mirrors of God's peace. May not such beauty save us? Save the world? "Long live the woods and the wilderness yet."

DAVID MASON, R.I.P.

Just before going to press, we were saddened to learn of the death of our dear friend David Mason. Many of our long-time readers and friends will remember Dave, who first came to us in the early 1940's and gave unsparingly of his money and energies to CW houses of hospitality. In next month's issue Dorothy Day will write a fuller account of Dave's long association with the CW.

TRAVELING

By AMMON HENNACY

In March and April, before the canals in Phoenix are filled with water, the bees need a drink. On Easter morning we started out on our trip, leaving the last panful of water for the bees at our door and scattering a sack of kiblets under the oleander bushes for the stray cats we had been feeding all winter. Sandstorms met us as we drove past the well-kept homes of the Zuni Indians and over the rough roads to the Acoma Pueblo. We had never visited these two tribes before, although they are just south of Highway 66 in New Mexico. Massive rocks, like sentinels, a cabin built close to one of them, dotted the area near Acoma Pueblo—the Sky City, with the old church atop the high cliff. Because it was Sunday we were denied admission. This is one of the few conservative pueblos.

We visited the Paraclete at Jemez Springs, New Mexico, where priests who are addicted to alcohol are given an opportunity to recover. We drove through Los Alamos, the City of Death, and finally came to Taos, where we visited Frank Waters, author of *The Book of the Hopi* and that classic, *The Man Who Killed the Deer*. His book on the Colorado in the Rivers of America series is delightful and tells not only of the river itself but of those pioneers who inhabited the area drained by it. But the book of his that we liked best is *The Woman at Otowi Crossing*. We visited Tom and David and other Hopi Indians. Those of us who live in the white man's world observe some kindness amidst the rat race we call life. The natural kindness and feeling of peace that we search for frantically in vain is therefore all the more to be appreciated as it is found among the Hopi.

We said hello to Jack and Mary Thornton in Riverside, California and showed the Joe Hill film at their home. In addition to his regular teaching, Jack has a class of dropouts downtown. This is a challenge, for he is more teacher than cop. We also said hello to CW associate editor Helen Caldwell Riley in Barstow.

We visited my daughters Carmen and Sharon in Los Angeles, and I spoke at the Unitarian Church, where Stephen Fritchman always makes me welcome. Some old-time members of the Industrial Workers of the World attended; one of them had known Joe Hill in Salt Lake City.

Two liberal professors at the State College in Long Beach provided a good audience to hear me. In this college of twenty-eight thousand students only eleven per cent voted in the student elections—not because they are anarchists, but because they are not interested. Which reminds me that last year the slate elected at Cornell was pledged to abolish student government as irrelevant. When Nixon and his conservative friends get excited about student radicalism, it is their own guilty conscience that are at the basis of this fear. If they cannot stand the fact that five per cent of students revolt, let them continue their wars and they may see what a real revolt can be. The government has been more successful with the Tribal Councils among the Indians, for so far only the Hopi have rebelled against this method of white man's control. In the colleges there is a mixture of conscious and unconscious rebellion.

Although my meeting at Stanford had been scheduled several weeks before, it coincided with the sit-in by students protesting the University's ties with the military. I was scheduled to speak at four in the afternoon, and the siege of the room in the building I was to speak in was not lifted till three hours before that. All afternoon there were ten thousand students at Frost Field protesting and debating the issue. I did not mind having a small meeting, in view of all this fine turmoil. Jonathan Bell, who helped paint the Joe Hill House one summer, was present; he is in the final toils of his conflict with the draft board. His father, who runs a bookstore, gave me a copy of the *Autobiography* of Malcolm X, which I had neglected to read before. Since I have read it, Malcolm has become one of my heroes.

With friends, we attended Mass at the Newman Center at St. Anne's,

where I had spoken many years ago. The platform was covered with small children, the stringed instruments played a jazzed-up version of the Lord's Prayer, and the whole atmosphere was one of joy. There was no collection to detract from this atmosphere; instead a kind of barrel stood at the entrance of the church and it appeared that one could put money in or take it out.

In San Francisco, Randy Kahler of the War Resisters League arranged a meeting with young radicals, and I met an old radical friend, George Reeves. In Davis, the students left immediately after my meeting to picket Travis Air Base, where a young Catholic conscientious objector in the service had received orders to embark for Vietnam.

Proceeding to Washington, we drove down a winding dirt road, surrounded by thousand of acres of wheat fields, until we found the hundred and twenty acres of Tolstoy Farm, which was described by Pat Rusk in the March-April CW. Huw Williams, his wife and baby live in a hexagonal cabin on the hillside. About thirty-five people are scattered along the five miles of this canyon. Huw's grandfather had owned twelve hundred acres of wheat land above but sold it to prospect for gold in Alaska, and had come back to be a tenant farmer. This canyon was all that was left of his land. It is now a truly anarchist hideaway; there are no meetings and people come and go as they please. We saw several bearded men gardening and some women dressed like gypsies. There is some work in the combines in the world above. Exit in snowy and muddy weather is by horseback only. When we asked directions everyone seemed to know where the place was, but it is not easy to find. It is west of Spokane and about ten miles north of Davenport.

Spirit Wrestlers

I had visited the Doukhobors in Canada first in 1941 and several times since. This time we went to Slocan Park to meet our old friend Helen Demoskoff and her husband Pete. In the past few years thousands of draft evaders have entered Canada, some bringing grass and acid. Helen and the other Doukhobors have welcomed them and provided them with shelter and wholesome food, but told them that they did not want a "message" from the United States if it meant using chemical methods to gain a spiritual life. The Doukhobors have had centuries of oppression in Russia and Canada and have thrived on it. Helen has spent eleven years in prison because of her opposition to war and to government schools and for burning down schools as well as her own and other homes and for going naked into court. Despite all this, I have never met a finer person in the radical and pacifist movement. Without even knowing the word she has that true ecumenical spirit which many in the outside world only talk about. In my forthcoming book about eighteen people who have swam upstream and never chickened, I have no hesitation about including her and Dorothy Day as the only living people I write about.

I had five meetings at the State College at Pullman, Washington. Professor Donald Wells, head of the philosophy department, was giving a course on Revolution. On my last night there, April 30th, I wore a red ribbon since it was the eve of May Day and I pointed out that it was not for people like Nixon to decry violence on the campus when they upheld the violence in Vietnam and that of the police and the C.I.A. As a person who has led a nonviolent life I have the right to speak out against violence and I do it by denouncing the source of all violence in the world: the state, which lives by violence. Of course, the message of the one-man revolution is that each man must remove violence from his own heart.

After a rest in Salt Lake City, we set out for New York, where the War Resisters League had chosen me Pacifist of the Year and asked me to address them. We had several meetings along the way.

In Worcester, Massachusetts, Michael True, who teaches English at Assumption College, had planned some meetings for me. We attended a Sunday

LETTERS

"Be Like the Bird"

2314 Greenwood
Wilmette, Illinois 60091

Dear Dorothy:

Enclosed is a pamphlet concerning the free home-birth service in Chicago—there is both a clinic and at-home medical assistance.

Visited Suzi Williams for two and a half days in Alderson Reformatory. She went to court the following Monday—pleaded *nolo*, the judge ordered a pre-sentence investigation, sentencing not until July. Her spirits are good. She would appreciate receiving the CW.

Camped out while there—beautiful beyond description, with magnolia, redbud, dogwood, cherry, forsythia, dandelions, violets, lilies-of-the-valley and a hundred others so fully in bloom; to be able to sit anywhere in town and see fields and forests and mountains surrounding you—to hear the depth of real silence sometimes. Local people were so open, friendly and hospitable—young and adult both. The time there made me even more anxious to be able to try out what has been my chief interest for a time now—an essentially self-sufficient set up in a rural poverty area—and a living with one's neighbors, sharing concern and working together to meet problems—also a kind of study center, but with the strength and depth provided through manual labor and the basic jobs of subsistence. While I might be happy to walk in the woods around Alderson, the local people, for the most part seem to have the same interests and values as mainstream America, but no facilities for them—there is a vacuum of meaningful discussion (through some thought on important issues was evident in the conversations I had) and necessarily connected activities.

There are the usual adolescent (or perhaps generally American—different forms at different ages) preoccupations with sex, almost universal male commitment to working toward acquisition of a motorcycle, tobacco (smoking and chewing) and moonshine—there is a teen center, ping-pong tables and a juke box, open only Friday and Saturday until 10. No other activities—not even a library (and, predictably, local school seems dull and repressive, stifling rather than stimulating, thought). But, considering the good will and interest with which I was approached by kids wanting to talk of many things, there are great opportunities for living and working in such an area.

Here in the Chicago area during the last few weeks I have spoken four times with students, and to a class at

night meeting of the "floating parish," which is held at a different home each week. People of any denomination or none can take part. The parish priest brings a jug of wine and the hostess furnishes the bread. During the discussion period after the Gospel, some of those present suggested that God does not necessarily reveal himself through one religion only. I said that many Christians quote "Render unto Caesar what is Caesar's" and only reluctantly admit the rest of the quotation. Father Berrigan has reminded us to "beware of princes" and that means to beware of Presidents, Governors, Mayors, Congressmen and Councilmen. I added that when Malcolm X was in Mecca he realized that no human being should be trusted above one's own conscience.

In my next article I will describe by meetings in New York City, at the Catholic Worker and at the W.R.L. conference. We couldn't find a vacant post-office box in Salt Lake City, so all mail should be addressed to me at: General Delivery, Main Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah 84101. I will be picketing at the Post Office of that city in July and August and also at Dugway, Utah, eighty-five miles out in the desert, where germ-warfare devices and poison gas are being stored and developed.

Northwestern University. Conversations with the probation official have run the gamut from community to simple living to (on my part rather impassioned) sessions on judgment, punishment, courts and jails—about which I am developing clearer and stronger ways of expressing my thoughts. Also much bread baking.

Properly this note should have been addressed also to Mary, John, Pat R., Pat M., Hersha, Mike and Nicole, Jim and Raona, Walter, and so many others as well. My mind is very often at the Catholic Worker. I have tried several times calling the Bredines, but have not reached them yet—if they have a CW-type setup in operation, I would very much like to help out for a while.

Still no idea which I will be picked up again, but now I am free and spring brings even more light to the truths behind Victor Hugo's small poem (from a collection of children's poems):

Be like the bird, who
halting in his flight
on limbs too slight
feels it give way beneath him,
yet sings
knowing he hath wings.

Love to all,
Chuck Matthei

Rendering to Caesar

Saint Joseph Guest House
311 Greene Street
New Haven, Connecticut 06511

Dear Miss Day:

In your reply to Karl Meyer in the February *Catholic Worker* you say that you have forgotten the exact location of a quote from Saint Hilary.

In an old breviary that I have at hand I find that thought in the third nocturn for the twenty-second Sunday after Pentecost, ninth lesson, first sentence: "Si enim nihil ejus penes nos resederit, conditio reddendi ei quae sua sunt, non tenebimus." My translation of that is: "For if nothing of his [Caesar's] remains with us, we are not going to be detained in that situation by which we must return to him what is his." The source is given as: *Comment in Matth. can. 23*.

I am sorry to hear that everybody at Tivoli had the 'flu and that you yourself had a fall, tearing the ligaments in one shoulder.

I commend to your prayers the Union of Indigent People, New Haven.

Sincerely,
(Rev.) Raymond Hohlfeld, M.M.

Magnificat House

3134 Plumb
Houston, Tex.
77005

Dear Dorothy:

This is written to let the readers of the CW know that a second House of Hospitality is in existence here in Houston.

The first House completed its fifth year on the feast of St. John Bosco (January 31st). This House is operated by the Legion of Mary and was started primarily to give women leaving correctional institutions an opportunity to start a new life. The second House was started in January 1968 to shelter older women and women with children.

St. Therese of the Child Jesus said that God never gives us a desire without providing the means to accomplish it. Both Houses were started with a desire; step by step, doors were opened, and the desire became a reality. Our Houses are patterned on those maintained by the CW, and we eagerly await each issue of the paper to learn from you.

We started a men's hostel, but it closed for lack of staff. If any of your readers would like to come to Houston and help start this House up again, we should like to hear from them. Everything is available except staff members. A married couple would be ideal. (There is always a need for staff members in the women's hostel as well.)

God bless you for the inspiration and continued help you give us who follow in your footsteps.

Rose Mary Badami