

CATHOLIC WORKER

VOL. XXXIX No. 6

JULY-AUGUST, 1973

Subscription:
25c Per Year

Price 1c



Grape Strikers Assaulted:

COURAGE FACES VIOLENCE

By DOROTHY DAY

In the last issue of the Farm Workers' paper *El Malcriado* (which means "those accounted by the world as the least of God's children"), there are horrifying accounts of the violence which has been inflicted upon the farm workers by the Teamsters, who are attempting to crush the United Farm Workers' Union. Right now one struggle is in the vineyards of the Coachella Valley near the Mexican border. Further north in Lamont in the San Joaquin Valley, forty Teamsters, or those hired by them, attacked a union picket line with pipes, grape stakes, chains, brass knuckles and clubs. Little protection is offered by local police officials, and for a while, after months of such violence (during which men, women and children suffered brutal attacks), the local field offices of the UFW called off the picket lines for fear a death would result.

But the strike grows, and there is a threat of a general strike thru the valleys.

Frank Fitzsimmons, President of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, sent fact finders into the Coachella Valley who reported that they had been threatened and also subjected to violence at the hands of the man who is heading the Coachella Valley operation; and other Teamsters blame Ralph Cotner, area supervisor of the Western Conference of Teamsters, for the widespread violence.

In The Face of Violence

Cesar Chavez' stand on nonviolence is known all over the country, indeed all over the world. (He was invited to speak at an international meeting of peace leaders in India a few years ago.) He has said the Teamsters are deliberately trying to provoke the farm workers

to violence (self defense). Homes of the strikers have been burnt down, then cars smashed up, and it is the victims who are being thrown in jails all over California.

In the July 13th issue of *El Malcriado*, a last minute bulletin came that William Graml, director of the Western Conference of Teamsters, had telegraphed Cesar Chavez saying that Teamster "guards" would be withdrawn from the Coachella, San Joaquin and Salinas Valleys.

As Cesar said once—"There are good Teamsters and bad Teamsters." Certainly these "goons," to use strikers language, are not good people.

To speak personally, I find it hard to understand why Mary Lathrop (our worker-scholar who helped start a house of hospitality in Salt Lake City with Ammon Hennacy, and who worked in the fields around Stockton, California before the UFW started), is compelled to be a member of the Teamsters Union to earn money cleaning offices at Fordham (from which famed college she just graduated), partially working her way thru. (Her brother is a doctor at the clinic which the UFW maintains at Calexico, California, doing his c.o. alternative service there.)

Years ago, I was dumbfounded to find many of our Seattle Catholic Worker volunteers who ran a house of hospitality compelled to be members of the Teamsters Union whether they worked as secretaries at Sears Roebuck or in a beauty parlor.

Right now the workers who truck out the produce and work in the packaging sheds are "Teamsters," and those who work in the fields are Farm Workers.

We all must keep ourselves informed

(Continued on page 7)

Prayers and Protesters:

DECRY CAMBODIA BOMBING

By BRENDAN WALSH

(On Saturday, July 7, Brendan Walsh, Jim La Croce, Lee Randol, and Tom Ireland were arrested in the White House. During a tour they knelt down in prayer and were charged with illegal entry. They remained in jail on \$500 bail. The previous day, four Baltimore nuns were similarly arrested. What follows is the statement of Brendan and the leaflet of the July 7th group. Eds. note.)

"The lack of urgency and horror expressed by the press over Cambodia shows that perhaps we are now ready to accept saturation bombing of poor countries as a way of life. At least there were daily headlines and loud outcries when we bombed Hanoi over Christmas. And yet the daily average of 1,800 tons of bombs dropped on Cambodia in April was almost 50% greater than the 1,264 tons per day dropped on the northern part of Vietnam during our 'Bombs for Christmas' program." *Boston Globe*, May 27, 1973.

The bombing of Cambodia is impossible to understand, especially when one feels that human life is of great value, maybe "sacred," for whatever that word means. What we will do to the Cambodian people between now and August 15, and what we have already done to the once magnificent land and the even more magnificent people of Southeast Asia, is nothing short of genocide. Hitler at his wildest was not this wild. There is no military, social, cultural, politically useful, or human reason for us to still be bombing the Southeast Asian people. And it is being proven every day that there was never any justification for us to ever bomb. No reason. Murder. No reason. Murder. No reason. Murder. And there is every reason for resistance. Resistance. Resistance. Resistance.

The Cambodian people do not depend on the American peace movement for survival anymore than the Vietnamese people could depend upon it. They will make it without us. In no way do I pre-

tend that my "kneeling-in" at the White House will remove Cambodian suffering. Which is to say the risk is minimal... It is a liberal's risk, really, my skin unburned. At best I hope it says that I know they are suffering and I provide a small break in the silence. A kneel-in at the White House is a "sun bath" compared to the "blood bath" of one B-52 bomb. I hope that prayer still has some meaning and that Mr. Nixon will recognize his humanity and stop the bombing. I hope that I do not offend anyone by such a small display, and that other people will do similar or far greater things to stop the bombing.

All love and courage.

The Leaflet

We look upon the White House as our house. We recognize the one simple truth that we are all part of one human family. We are one with those who die under our bombs, with those who barely eke out an existence because of American culture, American wealth. Because of our common humanity we are also one with brother Nixon and his administration. Oneness requires responsibility. And so we come to this, our house.

We are here as citizens who have every right to be here. We intend to remain here in the spirit of non-violence for twenty-four hours, to pray and to demand that the Cambodian bombing be halted completely, immediately. Those who order the bloodbath between now and August 15 do not have to be obeyed. Their authority is illegitimate. We hope that we will be received as brothers, and our presence will be helpful to those who suffer and to those who write out the mobilization orders.

We stand firm with our sisters who were here yesterday, and we invite all citizens to come to their White House and verify the simple truth that we are all one.

Tom Ireland, Fr. Jim La Croce, Lee Randol and Brendan Walsh.

SHIP BEAMS PEACE

By EILEEN EGAN

A strange thing happened as Able Nathan's Peace Ship began its broadcasts in the Eastern Mediterranean. A strike by the Israel Broadcasting Authority caused news-hungry Israelis to turn to Nathan's program to keep up with events. Nathan, who tried for years to get a hearing from his fellow-Israelis, at last found an audience among his compatriots in the late spring of 1973. He was talking to them in Hebrew and English from a floating radio station just over twelve miles from the coast of Israel.

It was expected that Able Nathan's message of understanding and reconciliation would reach the Israeli peace constituency. The strange quirk of a strike brought the presence of the "Voice of Peace" to the community at large.

It was not only to Israel that Nathan was beaming the programs. Equal time

was given to news in Arabic for the vast Arab community around the Mediterranean basin. The nine hours of daily programming began with the announcement: "This is the Voice of Peace, broadcasting on 1,542 kilocycles from somewhere in the Mediterranean."

Man of Peace, Action

Abraham Jacob Nathan is a man so consumed by his fiery drive for peace in the Mideast that he has been able to withstand incredible blows and to throw his worldly possessions into a scheme often described as quixotic. I first became interested in his peace scheme in Jerusalem in 1967, a few months after the Six-Day War. A large monumental shaft, rising out of broken guns and twisted metal from war weaponry, carried at its base the words of Israel's prophet Isaiah: *And they shall turn their swords into plough-*

(Continued on page 3)

Vol. XXXIX No. 6

July-August, 1973

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:

JAN ADAMS, CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, JACK COOK, RITA CORBIN (Art), FRANK DONOVAN, EILEEN EGAN, EDGAR FORAND, ROBERT GILLIAM, WILLIAM HORVATH, MARJORIE C. HUGHES, HELENE ISWOLSKY, KATHLEEN DE SUTTER JORDAN, PAT JORDAN, WALTER KERELL, ARTHUR J. LACEY, KARL MEYER, CHRIS MONTESANO, DEANE MOWRER, PATRICK RUSK, KATHY SCHMIDT, ARTHUR SHEEHAN, STANLEY VISHNEVSKY, HARRY WOODS.

Editorial communications, new subscriptions and change of address:

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

Telephone 254-1640

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.



ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

There are so many things I want to write about that the eight pages of the CW could not contain them, so I keep notebooks and write down my morning meditations which come to me, as distractions perhaps, during the morning hour of prayer.

This morning it is cool after a week of grueling heat and humidity. I have been in the city all summer, with usually a weekend on Staten Island where there is still country and beach to refresh one.

My rear window looks out over a factory roof which occupies what used to be two long back yards between Second and First Streets. It is a black tarpapered roof, but miracle of miracles, about ten feet of green grass, a foot high, has sprung up in some earth which somehow lodged in the crack between this roof and the 12-story house which shuts off the western sky. There is an alanthus tree, a few years old, in our ten-foot back yard, and another older one in another miniscule yard in the rear of a Second St. house. The trees stay green all summer, but the grass flourishes a few weeks, then turns yellow and dies. There is no nourishment in the sparse dust and dirt between brick and cement.

There are three or four cats who stalk the few pigeons who clean up the crumbs left from the food Paul puts out for them. He climbs a ladder to the roof to do so. This is my glimpse of wildlife in the city.

St. Benedict's Day

I want to write about one day especially, the feast of St. Benedict, July 11. I have to keep going back to my old St. Andrew's daily missal, after using the revised missalette provided by our parish. I am tempted to complain at the many changes taking place in the Church's daily routine, but, after all, one can keep one's old missal as an encyclopedia, and look up those short, precious accounts of the saints and the history of their times which the old St. Andrew's missal contained. After all, the poor could not afford missals. Peter Maurin told us to study the past, in

order to live in the present so as to make the future different. This type of reading is a form of prayer. The Little St. Therese used to read the Scriptures constantly (in those days she was permitted to read only part of the Old Testament, so we Catholics can rejoice in the freedom we have now, even though we recognize that freedom is dangerous, imposing terrible responsibilities on us to try to live as we believe and profess). Often this reading the Scriptures is like plodding through a desert, we get so little from it. And then chapters, verses, shine out with a great light and our way is made clear for us.

Yes, reading is prayer—it is searching for light on the terrible problems of the day, at home and abroad, personal problems and national problems, that bring us suffering of soul and mind and body.

And relief always comes. A way is always opened, "Seek and you shall find."

There is nothing too small to pray about. "Oh God come to my assistance; O Lord make haste to help me." Sometimes one is so tired, so dull, so hopeless, that it is a great effort of the will to remember to pray even so short a prayer. "Oh Lord hear my prayer. Let my cry come unto Thee." I remember seeing a black man on a train in Oregon reading from a pamphlet edition of the Psalms which he took out of his pocket. My heart warmed to him as to a blood brother.

I must write about prayer because it is as necessary to life as breathing. It is food and drink. And I must write about it because we here at the Catholic Worker are surrounded by the lame, the halt and the blind, the utterly destitute, and it is a seemingly hopeless situation. And we can do so little. Yet young people, who come to us to give us a few months or years of their lives, learn here what it is to love, to hope, to rejoice.

And now we have a great call to rejoice.

On the feast of St. Benedict, whose motto was *Ora et Labora*, Pray and Work, we received such an answer to our prayers, that renewed strength has poured into us all. And such gratitude! Which is a grace, as the root of the word reveals.

Not only have we found a house for the destitute women Anne Marie Fraser and I have been writing about, but we have received assurances from the sons of St. Benedict, at a not-too-distant monastery, that they will sell some of their unused property and provide the money to pay for it! I have been "call-

(Continued on page 7)

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

The heat of the July sun batters us. Birds and human beings alike seek the leafy shade of trees where alone coolness seems to dwell. Most of us at Fr. Andy's outdoor Mass this morning sought the shadiest spot we could find. A little later some of us partook of Alice Lawrence's bountiful and delicious Sunday dinner in the shade of those same trees. But now the torpor of afternoon hangs over us. I hear no song bird, though a cock crows, defying the heat. Yet still the sun batters those who venture under it, and thoughts boil in my head.

O "batter my heart, three-Personed God," for in the heat and cacophony of our days, the voice of the devil is more strident than Yours. Help me to remember the hemlock grove where Miriam Carroll and I sat on a mossy log amid the spirit-refreshing coolness, and heard (or fancied so) snatches of elfin song and hobbit laughter, until the loud and angry voice of an ork startled us and sent us homeward. But even as we took our departure, I heard not far away the song of a cardinal in full liturgical splendor, in the glorious colors of the Holy Spirit, reminding us—and elves, hobbits, and even orks—that this was a sacred grove, a true temple of our great Creator, Who Fathered us and sent His only-begotten Son to show the Way to Him.

Myths for Modern Man

Some of my readers will recognize the allusions to the enchanting Tolkien books—*The Hobbit*, *The Fellowship of the Ring*, *The Twin Towers*, and *The Return of the King*. Tolkien, who was for many years known primarily as a scholar in the fields of Anglo-Saxon sagas and early English literature, has also those great gifts of story-telling and imagination which have enabled him to create real masterpieces at once based on our mist-veiled mythic origins, and those universal human values and struggles which motivate us still



Rita Corbin

in this age which we might call the triumph of orkdom. For what after all is back of Watergate except the age-old struggle for the ring of power? And would not the orks be glad to claim as their own the terrible devastation and pollution brought about by our technology? Would the orks and their terrible masters not feel at home in the cacophony, war, and general quarrelsomeness of modern living?

T. H. White's *The Once and Future King* is another great and imaginative rendering of familiar legendary material—the Arthurian legends which were so much a part of the imaginative reading and living of children of my generation. Both Tolkien and White have constructed great tales which can be enjoyed at many levels, by young and old alike. I recommend these books not only as antidotes to summer heat, but also to the bland or toxic fare of the so-called media on which so many depend. As Dostoyevsky said—"Beauty will save the world." But it takes great imagination often to recognize Beauty among the squalid pornography of our time, or to build beauty out of the tragic chaos of our world.

In addition to Tolkien and White and their great imaginative books, I want again to remind the reader of the splendid Thomas Merton cassette tapes which are so replete with true spiritual teaching, but are also so delightful and stimulating to listen to. Any group or family can surely profit from the spiritual nourishment of these tapes. They can be ordered from—Electronic Paper-

backs, P.O. Box 2, Chappaqua, N.Y. 10514.

Sunday and Weekday Labors

Today, this hot Sunday in July, when Miriam Carroll, Barbara Miller, Catherine Ryan and I were taking our dinner under the trees, a young man—Ray, a kind of wayfaring stranger—joined us. He said he had spent some time with the Catholic Worker during the critical period of 1965-66, and had burned his draft card on that memorable occasion when Dorothy Day and A. J. Muste (real pacifist leaders) stood on the platform to back up the action of Tom Cornell, Jim Wilson, Ray, and others. Later Ray—like Tom, Jim and others—served six months in jail. During recent years, Ray—like so many young people—has been traveling, and has lived, he says, with three different communities in France. He told us that he found that all of these communities suffered from chaotic conditions and a dreadful lack of cleanliness. He added that he found much the same sort of thing here at our farm with a view. He did, however, more than criticize. He set to work to clean and mop the dining-room, and undertook the age-old task of cleaning the diningroom stove which had become a kind of metropolis of roaches. Sunday it is, but it is hard for me to believe that God does not like cleanliness and order. So I am grateful to Ray for his Sunday labors.

Nevertheless, I do not think that things are as bad here as Ray seems to think. Not all the young people are lounging about while the old people do all the work. True, we have some most dependable older people, well past the prime and energy of youth who do much work. I think particularly of John Filliger, Alice Lawrence, Tom Likely, George Collins, Gordon McCarthy, and Marcel. But many of the young people work hard, too. Our two farmer-priests—Andy and Tony—are young and hard working. Mike Kreyche and Bill Ragette, Bill Tully, Mary Wagener, and many others help with the organic gardening and numerous other projects. Mary Todd, Maureen Wagener, Kathy and Chris give Marge much help with little Rosina, daughter of Mary Hood, who seems to have become a Catholic Worker baby. Florent, Cliff, Claudia, Barbara, Dominic (who also acts as sacristan and helps clean bathrooms), the others mentioned above, Miriam, Walter, and many others help with the enormous job of cooking. Miriam, Gordon, Bob, Marcel, Walter and others practically renovated a much dilapidated livingroom. Clare Daniels continues her psycho-drama sessions, which are attended both by some from the community and some from outside. Claudia continues teaching Spanish in spite of hot weather. Joe Geraci not only handles the money but also—with Elizabeth Marshall or some other person—does most of the shopping.

Flux and Flow

Now that Marge has resigned as manager, she takes part in many kinds of work. Andy has organized classes in berry picking and radical hoeing, as well as preserving. One young woman who took part in the berry picking class told me of crawling through briars and thickets on hands and knees to get at the best berries—wild black-cap raspberries—in the woods. It was hard work, but I think she found it an adventure, too. Meanwhile the little gardens of herbs and flowers near the house are well tended by many persons.

There are ferns in St. Francis' garden, which Andy dug up in the woods for me, and a honeysuckle—which he likewise dug up—growing near one of my Eastern windows. With the help of Miriam and Gordon, I transplanted it, and hope it will thrive, and many a hummingbird come to enjoy it.

It is true we are over a hundred people now, and it is often difficult to feed

(Continued on page 6)

NOTE CARDS

Designed and Printed by
RITA CORBIN

\$2 a dozen

Order from: Rita Corbin

Box 33, Tivoli, N.Y. 12583

Voice of Peace Heard in Mideast

(Continued from page 1)

shares and their spears into sickles. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation. The monument had been placed there by Nathan with the help of his friends in the entertainment world.

Two years later, in the fall of 1969, Nathan was sitting in the stuffily furnished salon of a coastal freighter purchased for him in Holland from the proceeds of an ecumenical peace week. He was in a desperate mood, stunned by the reception he had received in New York. He had expected news stories about his arrival in the graceful white ship with PEACE painted in large black letters in English, Hebrew, Arabic, French and Dutch.

"Our arrival was given no notice at all," said Nathan, "aside from a listing on page 97 of the Sunday Times in shipping news. I can't seem to break through the blackout. I just came from an auction of paintings from my Tel Aviv gallery. Two people showed up. I

decided to put \$5,000 into an ad in the New York Times. I had to do something to cut through the veil of silence."

I had seen the dramatic announcement, under the heading in one-inch high letters: This Morning Do Something Nice. Try To Stop World War III.

"That ad only raised \$1,500," Nathan said dejectedly. "I was told that if I sailed the ship to New York, I could soon raise the \$150,000 we need for radio transmitters and other equipment.

Trials, Delays

It took three and a half years for Nathan to sail out of New York harbor with his ship outfitted as a radio station. What happened in those months between September 1969 and mid-March 1973 would have turned the live coals of a less fiery spirit into cold ashes. Nathan was asked if he thought he was a "second Noah," his ship was ordered out of its free berth and docked in a costly down-town berth; the ship was ordered out of the second berth as a "health hazard"; the money collected for outfitting the Peace Ship went into maintenance and running costs.

He made firm friends during his day-to-day struggle. One was a Catholic priest who loved the sea and who had served as an able seaman on commercial vessels before entering the seminary. Father Charles McTague located a free and safe berth for the Peace Ship on the New Jersey bank of the Hudson River. McTague brought teams of young men to paint the ship and keep it in trim. Other friends canvassed for funds and supplies as well as equipment for the radio ship.

Slowly, orders were placed for two 25,000 watt transmitters, for turn-tables, microphones, teleprinters, and for all the needs of five monitoring studios where skilled radio operators could pick up and transcribe news from Cairo, Damascus, Beirut and Jerusalem. But donated funds did not keep up with expenditures. Nathan, still liable to serve a year in jail for the last of his three flights into Egypt, took the chance of returning to Israel. Israeli authorities did not enforce the prison sentence. He was able to dispose of his Tel Aviv restaurant and of all his property, including an adjoining art gallery. The transmitters, the 160-foot antenna and other electronic equipment were installed, but again Nathan was out of funds. The ship had to be put in dry-dock for a complete overhauling before it could negotiate the Atlantic voyage.

As a last desperate gesture, Nathan went on a fast, vowing not to eat until sufficient funds came in (some \$50,000) to make the ship seaworthy. The funds came, some in the form of non-interest loans, and Nathan broke his fast after fifteen days.

When the Peace Ship finally sailed, with a crew comprised of men of six nationalities, Father Charles McTague sailed with it. He had been given a year's leave of absence from his parish to help with a work of peace.

Private Citizens Must Act

Nathan arrived at his burning concern for peace through a life that was exposed to diverse religious and cultural forces. Born to an Iranian-Jewish family, he was sent to the Jesuit-run school of St. Mary in Bombay, India. He told me how the death of Gandhi affected him and how the India radio kept repeating over and over that Gandhi's assassin had been a Hindu.

"Otherwise, there would have been a massacre of the Moslem population right then and there," said Nathan.

When there was communal massacre between Muslims and Hindus at the time of partition into India and Pakistan, Nathan helped fly Muslims from India into Pakistan and Hindus into the protection of the new borders of

India. After that experience, he emigrated to Israel where he learned the realities of war as a pilot in the Israeli Air Force.

"I bombed villages in every part of Israel," he stated. "I am still not a complete pacifist. I will defend myself if someone attacks me. But after I stopped being a commercial pilot and settled into my restaurant, I began to have new ideas about the use of force between different communities or nations. I used to hear many discussions at the restaurant about how to achieve peace in Israel, how to deal with our Arab neighbors. I listened a lot before I ever said anything. Then one day, I joined the discussion, talking about the need for moderation in reporting news, for a new Arab policy on the part of Israel, for new contacts between people when governments are locked into hostile postures. When I was finished, I was surprised at the effect



it had. One of the men there, very experienced in international affairs, said that I was the only one who had made sense. That gave me courage to begin my peace activities and to carry out my idea that private citizens, groups of people within each country, must act without waiting for government. Voluntary actions for peace can eventually mobilize the deep peace hopes of ordinary people."

"I am a loyal Israeli," Nathan explained, "but I dissent from its Arab policy. We hear from our leaders, the older ones who entered Israel 40 years ago, 'The only language Arabs understand is the language of force.' I think of the Arab refugees, and I ask, 'What chance have we given them to trust us?' I remind them that for generations upon generations Jews lived more happily in Arab countries than elsewhere."

From the beginning, Nathan has been clear about the purpose of the Peace Ship, simply to prevent the violence between Israel and her neighbors from becoming more widespread. He realized during those long hours aboard the Peace Ship in New York that help for a preventive campaign is hard and thankless.

"People need to see the blood pouring, or people dying of starvation, before they do something," he said ruefully. "We must try to make them see that a preventive work, like the Peace Ship, is one way to stop more blood from flowing, to stop the violence that can only grow and grow."

He emphasized that the "Voice of Peace" would speak the language of moderation, but would be fearless in criticizing the faults of both sides. The broadcasts are designed to open the understanding of the Israelis to what it means to be an Arab in a refugee camp or in an occupied area like the Gaza strip, and of the Arabs to the mentality of many Israelis who have faced extinction. The "Voice of Peace"

would help open the minds of both sides to other news than the inflammatory newscasts they hear from their own broadcasting authority.

"Understanding is not surrender," summarized Nathan.

Christians and Reconciliation

Nathan, possibly because of his early contacts with the great living religious traditions of the world, is open to ecumenical cooperation in his project. In two talks at the Catholic Worker in New York, he stressed the crucial importance of the involvement of the Christian community in finding the way to peace in the Mideast.

"Who could be better mediators in the conflict? I mean active mediators, not just verbal ones. . . . Mediation is the role of Christians. They must be true to this role now not only to help stop the violence, but to counter the long-term danger. I mean a danger harder to oppose even than war, I mean the hatred that has taken root in the Mideast. There is no community on earth that has the same right to be concerned in peace-making between Arabs and Israelis and in finding ways of reconciling the two sides that are locked into reliance on force as the only solution."

Nathan, a man who believes in mediation and reconciliation, does not claim to have the solution to the Mideast conflict, but he is doing the one thing in his power, speaking peace and moderation to both sides. Now that the "Voice of Peace" is being beamed to millions in the Middle East, Nathan needs funds to keep the voice of reconciliation, of understanding and moderation from being stilled. A former World Bank head has stated starkly that "War in the Middle East, far more than the war in Vietnam, carries with it the horrible promise of World War III."

The "Voice of Peace," beaming its message to the area where this "horrible promise" might become a dread and bloody reality, should evoke the active concern of all who consider themselves peace-minded.

Funds for the continuance of Peace Ship broadcasts should be made out to Shalom Peace Foundation, and sent

c/o Robert Miller,
Miller Agency Inc.
80 Third Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022, or
Box 1010
Nicosia, Cyprus

Aid Mike Cullen

Mike Cullen and his family, members of the Catholic Worker community of Milwaukee, face deportation proceedings on August 1st resulting from Mike's repeated protests against war. As was made clear during a recent visit he paid us, there are too few citizens in our midst with the humanity and courage of Mike. His deportation and that of his family would be a loss to us all.

The Cullens have asked their friends and interested parties to write the hearings judge requesting he deny the government's design to deport Mike. Letters should be addressed to:

Judge Anthony Petrone
Immigration and Naturalization
Service
219 South Dearborn
Chicago, Illinois 60604

Don Ranly writes that he still has numerous copies of "A Time to Dance—The Mike Cullen Story" available at \$3.50. His address is 111 E. El Cerrito, Columbia, Mo. 65201.

The Editors.

Oneita Strikers Are Victorious

By PAT JORDAN

On July 10, after almost two years of negotiations and seven months of striking, workers and their union (the Textile Workers Union of America) gained recognition and a suitable contract from the Oneita Mills in Lane and Andrews, So. Carolina. The nearly 700 striking workers, mostly women, mostly black, voted unanimously to accept a contract which includes not only pay increases, but a payroll check-off system that guarantees the continued life of the Union (this had been the most dramatic point of contention between management and workers), six paid holidays, hospitalization, and a paid pension program. The strikers were jubilant at their July 10 meeting, and with good reason.

Promise for Workers

The strike had built up a solidarity among Oneita workers to a height that was unknown before. As blacks and whites, men and women united in a common struggle, many fears and prejudices were laid to wither. Carmela McCutchen, a strike leader, put it this way: "We're more close knit now, black and white, than ever before."

On another front, however, the strike may have even greater significance. For the Oneita victory is a signal for all Southern textile workers that they can unionize for collective bargaining. Of the estimated 750,000 textile workers in the South, less than 10% are protected by unionization. But a recent wave of NLRB elections in some districts of the South could change that picture. The TWUA points out that nearly 6,000 workers in So. Carolina alone have recently joined its ranks. Now with the Oneita strike won, the TWUA predicts that contracts will be forthcoming from at least five other plants in the area. A significant step has been taken in the cause of workers' rights in the whole of the Southern textile industry, and perhaps for all working people in the South.

Importance of Boycott

Of crucial importance to the Oneita victory was the support of many persons and associations which honored the "Boycott Oneita" campaign which had been launched just 3½ months prior to the settlement. The Oneita victory adds momentum to other workers' causes, such as the Farah Slacks Boycott and the Farmworkers' Boycott of non-union grapes and lettuce. Concentration must now be paid to these in light of the resounding Oneita victory.

Let Us Share the Work of the World

By DON HOFFMAN

I have done a little reading recently from the religious writings of Leo Tolstoy, and have been reminded how much I am indebted to this great Russian thinker. When I faced imprisonment for draft refusal in 1964-65, it was Tolstoy's *The Kingdom of God Is Within You* that gave me the strength and courage — and the fervor — to see it through.

While in prison I had a lot of time to think about what I was going to do when I got out. How was I to make a living? If we must have money, how are we to make it? And how much money do we need? I was convinced that if we obeyed the first commandment of Henry David Thoreau to "simplify, simplify," we would not need much money. By living on a simple vegetarian diet, by dressing plainly, by living in unpretentious houses (huts, shacks, barns, what have you), in the country or in the woods if possible, we could earn our livelihood easily.

The wisest men who have ever lived — the great Teachers and Prophets of mankind — have always been among the poorest, says Thoreau. Food will feed the body, clothing and shelter will keep the body warm, but the Spirit in man needs something more: it needs Food from heaven, it needs to be one with the Father, it needs to be doing the Father's Will.

The Spirit in Us

It is so easy to identify with the body, and spend the days of our lives toiling to provide for its comfort and pleasure, to feed its voracious appetite.

But what if, instead of identifying with the body, we identify with the Spirit? What if we say to ourselves, "I am more than this body, I am not this body at all. I am Spirit. I am of God, there is something of God in me, which is me"? It can be easily seen that this realization that "I am Spirit, I am forever" can have a dramatic effect on our life. It adds an entirely new dimension and perspective (besides an infinite number of years!).

In college, I remember being quite happy with the world-view that there is no God, life is absurd, and when we die, we die — that's it. Life is a one shot, and it doesn't make much difference what we do, because nothing really matters anyway. I had to give up this view of the world, not because I found it emotionally unsatisfying, but because I came to realize that it just wasn't true.

First of all, I discovered, in myself a very deep and unmistakable "reverence for life" (and I will be forever grateful to the Selective Service System for helping me to discover this), which extends not only to my fellowman, but to animals, and even plants as well. The question, then, is how do we who

have the Spirit working in us live in a society whose economy runs on war (killing), in which 60-80% out of every dollar goes directly or indirectly for war, either in the execution of or the preparation for, or in payment for past wars? How are we to earn our living?

Experiences So Basic

All of which brings me back to the question I was asking myself in prison, "What am I going to do when I get out?" I saw that, if I lived simply, I would not have to work all the time to earn what little money I would need. This was important, for, like Thoreau, I felt that a "broad margin of leisure" was necessary for the life of the Spirit. But even if I worked only part of the time, I would still have to decide what kind of work to do. Clearly, I could not work at any job that, directly or indirectly, caused or could cause the killing, injury, or oppression of my fellow man, or any of my fellow creatures. Still, I could see that there was much good work to be done; in education, in conservation, in humanitarian work.



Leo Tolstoy

Eichenberg

Even before my release from prison I made arrangements to pick apples in New Hampshire. The timing was perfect: I was released in late August and the apple harvest began in early September.

At first I found the work hard, but satisfying. There is something refreshing and therapeutic about manual labor, especially in simple agricultural labor in the fields and orchards. A man working in the field or orchard is in touch with something that an office-worker or factory-worker can never know. There is the Breath of Life here. Yes, there is the sun and the sky, the grass and the trees, but there is something more, something much more subtle, something invisible at work. The very earth seems to pulsate with Life.

Work and Joy

The decision to make my living by agricultural labor seems to have been the right one for me. Moreover, I have long been of the opinion that everyone should work at some kind of manual labor at least some of the time. We must recognize that there is a certain amount of manual labor that needs to be done in this world to provide every man, woman, and child with necessary food, clothing, and shelter, and we should all feel obliged to share in this work, rather than allowing (or forcing) the poor and underprivileged to do all the work, while those with a little education or a little cunning manage to do nothing. "Let us share in the work of the world!" This is Tolstoy's appeal to us in his book *What Then Must We Do?* I am fortunate to have come upon this book during that first season of apple-picking.

The world has changed since Tolstoy's day. The hard, "dirty," necessary work in our society is still being done by a suffering few, while the majority keeps itself occupied in pursuits of the most frivolous nature. I don't know who is to be pitied more. Today machinery is doing much of the work that was done by peasants in Tolstoy's day. Machinery has taken much of the so-

called "drudgery" out of our lives — and nearly all the joy.

I am now living in the country, on a small farm, which has been my home these past three years. It is early March, still winter by the calendar, but it is warm and it looks like we are going to have an early Spring. The rain, which has kept me inside the past two days, and which has given me the time to write down these thoughts, has stopped now. The sun is shining, and there are blueberries to be pruned. Peace and Joy.

36 East First

By MICHAEL KIRWAN

One day blends into another at Saint Joseph's House. The routine is broken by steady encounters with the unexpected. Ours is a house of hospitality, which to our many visitors and readers, evokes visions of many things with many meanings. We are asked what we do and what fills our days.

We begin early here. Ed or John rise around six a.m. to begin making the soup which will be served from 9:30 until 11 or 11:30; some days as many as 300 men are served on the soup line. The soup is invariably vegetable, with perhaps a bone or two on a good day. We order split pea or navy beans in 100-pound sacks. A large donation of barley has combined to make a thick and satisfying soup. While the vegetables are being cut for the soup and the beans are cooking in the huge 30 gallon pot, someone sets the table for breakfast — cereal, toast, coffee and sometimes pastry. Breakfast is a quiet time before the turmoil of the day. Members of our family gather as the scent of cooking soup fills the house. We linger over a second cup of coffee, chatting and reading our mail.

At 9:30 the soup line has begun; men and women come to partake of rye and pumpernickel bread, soup, tea and left-over pastry. It is a nourishing and filling meal, unaltered except for major holidays and feast days when something special is prepared. While soup line is being served, other members of the house are busy at the various tasks that come with such a large house. We sort clothing from our many generous contributors, fold and label the 85,000 copies of the newspaper, answer mail, and shop at the market in preparation for the evening meal. We serve soup, wash dishes and visit with guests and men from the soup line. Some of us have spent our mornings washing walls and ceilings in the house in preparation for Mike De Gregory's and Micki Timmins' wedding. The reception will be on the first floor, and we rejoice with them and ask your prayers.

Lunch is a welcome break for all of us, and at about 11:30 the buzzers ring and the whole Worker family comes to eat soup, bread and coffee left from the line. This is a good time to relax and talk about the morning's activities and the day's news. Our "non-schedule" allows discussions that continue into the afternoon. Peter Maurin and St. Benedict believed in the union of worker and scholar, so some of our afternoons are spent in reading, studying, and a rare moment for quiet reflection. Most times we continue tasks begun in the morning, and begin cooking the evening meal. Each night there is meat, a vegetable, and dessert. Fridays are fish days, if Pat was successful at the Fulton Fish Market. Cooking for our large family usually begins at 2:00 and we have had excellent meals lately thanks to the ingenuity of Bill Healy, Sister Dorothy and Sister Betty. Any summer visitor can be called upon to help with dinner as

THE TASK OF THE ARTIST IS TO SENSE THE HARMONY OF THE WORLD, THE WHATMAN HAS DONE TO IT, AND KNOW, IN FAILURE AS WELL AS IN A POVERTY, IN PRISON, IN ILLNESS, A STABLE HARMONY WILL NEVER BE. ART WARMS EVEN AN ICY AND DEAD TO LOFTY SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES, SOMETIMES SENT-DIMLY, BRIEFLY, UNATTAINABLE BY REASON. LIKE THE FAIRY TALES -- LOOK INTO IT, BUT, FOR A MOMENT, THAT WHICH IS A REALM TO WHICH NO MAN CAN GO, WHICH THE SOUL BEGINS TO ASPIRE TO.

ALEXANDER

she or he talks about the Worker. When we rent the truck to deliver the paper to the post office, we visit the terminal market at Hunts Point in the Bronx and beg for whatever is available to us. The generosity of many of the produce suppliers provides us with varied and hearty meals. Cooking for so many can be a challenge. I haven't cooked since I burned the entire meal of hot dogs last February, but most of our chefs rise to the occasion.

Someone is always on the first floor to greet visitors and handle minor or major crises which arise. Leftover soup and sandwiches are given out as long as they last to men who have missed the soup line. An empty stomach can't conform to rigid meal schedules, and we try to meet needs as they arise. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday we open the clothing room and give what we have. One of everything is given to each person according to need — what we have goes so quickly. We especially need underwear, socks, shirts and pants. In the winter the coats and sweaters go quickly. We regret having to turn anyone away at any time when we are unable to fulfill even a basic human need. But we are so limited.

As supper time draws near, the first floor begins to fill up. Sal has set the tables and prepared the sugar jars and milk pitchers. People take their places, not by assignment but by tradition. We serve each other at night from about 5:30 until everyone has eaten. Supper is a family affair, with the familiar atmosphere occasionally interrupted by misunderstandings and tension. But in a family of fifty the tensions can be easily smoothed with conversation and laughter. Whatever food remains is shared with whomever comes to the door. By the time the last meal is served, the dishes have been started, the coffee urn cleaned, and the pots washed by those who are always there when it is time for the most routine tasks.

Evening is a quiet time. We pray Vespers at 7 p.m. with readings from Scripture and Peter Maurin's *Easy Essays* — a beautiful end to the day. Night is a time for reflection, reading, watching tv, talking and sitting outside with our neighbors on the street. It is a blessing in the summer to be able to sit outside until the house is closed at 11:00. Tomorrow it begins all over again.

As I am typing this column, we have been informed of the death of a friend. Larry Pritchard is dead at twenty-five. For the past few years Larry has been coming to the Worker for soup and conversation. We ask your prayers for Larry and his family and friends.

Larry Pritchard

The news that Larry Pritchard had died came as a shock, but it was not unexpected. We probably told Larry a hundred times that he was going to kill himself if he didn't stop drinking. But he would just grumble, "I don't want

(Continued on page 7)

Help Flood Victims

This spring's flooding of the Mississippi and Ohio River valleys brought new suffering to the poor residents of Cairo, Illinois whose boycott of racist businesses was reported in the May, 1973 CW. Bridges were washed out, people forced from their homes, and tenant farmers prevented from planting. Relief efforts, directed toward members of the community who can demonstrate financial stability, have bypassed the poor people organized by the United Front.

Their distress has increased with the closing of the area's only medical facility, St. Mary's Hospital in Cairo. Public health officials fear that the pools of stagnant water left by the floods may cause epidemic conditions this summer.

The United Front urgently needs donations of non-perishable food, clothing and money to help meet this emergency. Contributions can be sent to: United Front, P. O. Box 544, Cairo, Ill. 62914.

ENSE MORE KEENLY THAN OTHERS
THE BEAUTY AND OUTRAGE OF
ID POIGNANTLY TO LET PEOPLE
S IN THE LOWER DEPTHS...
NESS--THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF
ER LEAVE HIM...

D DEPRESSED HEART, OPENING IT
ICES. BY MEANS OF ART WE ARE
RIEFLY--REVELATIONS
LIKE THAT IT THE MIRROR IN
T, AND YOU'LL SEE NOT YOURSELF
HICH PASSETH UNDERSTANDING,
CAN RIDE ORFLY, AND FOR
ACHE....
UNDER SOZHENITSYN-NOBEL LECTURE

Workman's View from the Foundry

By HENRY STELTER

Something is wrong in our factories. You read about it in magazines, hear it on the news: sabotage at the Vega plant in Lordstown; shootings at the Ford plant in Detroit; absenteeism; malcontentment; slowdowns on the upswing throughout the country. Management begins to introduce closed circuit T.V. systems to protect equipment from sabotage, and in some plants employees are required to take lie-detector tests. Dinner buckets are opened and

coats unbuttoned as workmen pass the security guard on their way out at night. Intra-management seminars probe the causes of unrest, and industrial magazines feature articles on what is *really* wrong in the labor world today.

What is the trouble? Why the sabotage? The stealing? The slow-downs and grumbling? Do contented workers rip-off the factories they work in? Obviously not. Something is wrong. I see the handwriting on the wall in the foundry where I work.

Foundry Conditions

I want to write about some of these things, about the difficulties of foundry life in particular, because I believe that the things that I see and experience in the foundry are characteristic of many things happening in factories throughout the country. During the breakdowns and after work I've talked with a lot of workers about what's happening in factories today; I've talked to foremen, and read management's side of it. More importantly, I've been a foundry worker for several years; have done the hard manual labor and the lighter technical jobs; have been hurt on the job (though not seriously); and have gone through the whole hassle of holding a factory job. I want to present here the situation in the foundry where I work, and point out some broader implications of the troubles afflicting industry in general today.

Foundries vary greatly in size; some employ three or four men, some thousands. The foundry that I work in employs about three hundred men, and makes intake manifolds for Chrysler, G.M. and American Motors.

If you approach the foundry complex from the front, a jumble of dirty, red buildings, towers, smoke stacks prefaced by a large, rutted, unpaved parking lot assaults the eye. Many of the windows are broken, and the ones that remain are so encrusted with soot that

that you can see your breath. Up until a couple of years ago salamanders, portable heaters about the size of 50-gallon drums, dotted the aisles; now there is central heating of sorts. (I've heard that the central heating was put in, not for the men, but for the new molding equipment with its temperature-sensitive hydrolic parts.) Even with the central heating men wear sweatshirts, jackets and ear flaps on cold days, and complain of the drafts. The roof leaks. Clouds of smoke billow up as iron is poured into the sand molds; flashes of molten iron scatter in all directions around the cupola when iron is tapped into ladles. Burns on the face and arms are a very common thing. The grating sounds of steel on iron come from the cleaning room where workers chip the rough edges off the castings. Lift trucks streak down the aisles with tubs of scrap iron and sand. The rest rooms are small and dirty. There are no doors on the stalls.

The Hazards

Despite state and federal laws, hard hats, safety shoes and glasses, there are safety hazards. It is to be expected when the nature of the work involves stamping out sand molds that weigh hundreds of pounds and pouring molten iron. What is not so easily understandable is the attitude of the company to these hazards, especially the correctable ones. Often enough the necessary protective equipment is not costly, nor does putting it in involve a lot of time. It is not installed because the union does not press hard enough, and the company does not take the hazard seriously enough.

Then there are the long range hazards, the things that don't put you in the hospital in a matter of seconds but that, over a period of years, can kill you. Like the air inside the foundry. Every time I blow my nose, even after I've been off a few days, I'm reminded of that. A couple of months ago a man in his late twenties collapsed on the

BOOK REVIEWS

A SPECTACLE UNTO THE WORLD: THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT. Text by Robert Coles; photographs by Jon Erikson. The Viking Press, New York, \$10. Reviewed by Stanley Vishnewski.

It is not the purpose of this reviewer to write critically of any sympathetic or loving account of the Catholic Worker movement. Rather than give a review, I would like to tell our readers something about this book by Robert Coles with photographs by Jon Erikson.

Robert Coles needs no introduction to our readers. He has been a friend for some years. He is both a psychiatrist and a writer. Coles apologizes that he writes as an "outsider," but he need not do so. He writes with such understanding about the work that it is hard to realize that he has not actively shared our life with us. He was born in 1929, just as the Great Depression started and a few years before the Catholic Worker began on 15th Street.

Jon Erikson, who collaborated with Robert Coles, is a young photographer living on the West Coast. Jon spent some time with us on the "firing line"—working on the breadline and doing the hard work around the place. He won the confidence and the love of the men, and was therefore able to take some beautiful perceptive pictures of the House on First Street.

It is a pity that the size of the book and the necessity for unity did not permit the inclusion of the Tivoli Farm as well as the various hospices throughout the country. But to have done so would have swelled the book out of proportion.

There are gaps in the narrative—understandable when one considers the length and the scope of the Catholic Worker as a movement. One looks in vain for mention of the Retreat Movement—a basic retreat preached by Father John J. Hugo which had a great influence on the Catholic Worker. This spiritual influence has been overlooked by many writers.

The marvel to me is that Robert Coles in a 25,000-word essay has managed to capture and convey the spirit of the Catholic Worker. It is not a formal history that Coles has written—rather it is an attempt on the part of a writer-psychiatrist to understand the motives and trends combined in the various personalities and work that went to make the movement.

Robert Coles stresses the loyalty of the Catholic Workers to the hierarchy and the teachings of the Catholic Church. It is this factor that makes the CW unique in the history of so many radical movements within the Church. Movements which have broken away have shriveled and died. Knox writes about them in his book *Enthusiasm*. Without the Church, the Catholic Worker is nothing but sounding brass.

Peter Maurin, in the early days at 15th Street, used to carry two books with him. They were the *Encyclical* on St. Francis of Assisi, and *Fields, Factories and Workshops* by Kropotkin. The religious and the secular. Peter told us the importance of remaining faithful to the mind and the traditions of the Church. Tradition was Peter's

cry. As he would say: "I oppose Tradition against revolution."

Peter had a great love for St. Francis. Peter was truly Franciscan in his actions and mentality. He told us time and time again how St. Francis, by accepting the authority of the Church, had been protected against falling into heresy. It was this obedience to the Church that kept alive the spirit of St. Francis throughout the ages. Peter pointed out to us the other groups who were forerunners of St. Francis but which, by rejecting the Church, fell into the "curse of sectarianism," and eventually lost all power to reconstruct the social order. Peter was determined that the Catholic Worker would not turn out to be another "sect" within the Church, but would be a movement that would obey the Church as its Mother.

"Others," Coles writes, "have stayed in the Church as communicants yet moved further and further from their fellow members, not to mention the hierarchy. Not so with Dorothy Day and her co-workers; they have maintained truly radical positions, especially extraordinary vis-a-vis their fellow Catholics, and also have located themselves spiritually (maybe the word is socially or culturally) within the Church's mainstream. I think that this ambiguity, one that [St.] Paul struggled with more strenuously than we now have any reason to know about, accounts for much of the strength and endurance of the Catholic Worker movement, and also for many of its apparent paradoxes, if not outright contradictions."

Coles comments briefly on the influence of Marc Sangnier and the Sillon movement on Peter Maurin. An influence which was to be reflected years later in the techniques of the Worker.

It is interesting to know that Peter Maurin sold the newspapers of the Sillon Movement on the streets of Paris. When he founded the Catholic Worker he did not forget his early training, but helped sell the paper on the streets of New York. We were all infected with Peter's zeal, and many Catholic men and women were introduced to the "man on the street" by selling Catholic Workers at various rallies and street corners. The Street Apostolate, as it came to be known, became a fruitful means of spreading the message of the Catholic Worker.

Readers of *The Catholic Worker* who may be wondering what we are doing will find an answer in this book.

SWEATSHOPS IN THE SUN: CHILD LABOR ON THE FARM. By Ronald B. Taylor. Foreword by Carey McWilliams. Beacon Press, Boston, \$6.95. Reviewed by Pat Rusk.

What is childhood for but to come to a knowledge of life, an understanding of the world through the world of play? Play is discovering. What happens should a child's childhood be destroyed? In his book *Sweatshops in the Sun: Child Labor on the Farm*, Ronald B. Taylor documents the cruelty to children we as a nation have permitted. A book that is filled with fact upon

(Continued on page 6)

THE ART OF WORK

"We say that normally . . . a man finds his greatest interest and pleasure and enthusiasm in his work; that that work to bear him that fruit of interest and pleasure must be work by which he earns his living and not merely work done in his spare time . . . ; that such work, to bear such fruit, must be such as the workman is responsible for, not merely for its lack of faults but for its merits."

"My socialism was from the beginning a revolt against the intellectual degradation of the factory hands and the damned ugliness of all that capitalist-industrialism produced, and it was not primarily a revolt against the cruelty and injustice of the possessing classes or against the misery of the poor. It was not so much the working class that concerned me as the working man—not so much what he got from working as what he did by working."

Self-portrait, ERIC GILL
(1882-1940)



it is impossible to see out of them. Though some of the buildings are only a few years old, they are almost indistinguishable from those fifty years old—the soot that covers everything does not discriminate. At the back of the complex, tangled between a giant crane, oxygen tank, and miscellaneous equipment, there are piles of scrap, pig iron and slag. The water that is used to cool the cupola rushes out the back door and turns the ground to mud.

None of this compares with the inside, though. Dust, smoke and noise fill the air. In summer it is too hot, and in winter, on cold days, it is so drafty

job; the doctor diagnosed it as silicosis. His lungs are due to be scraped any day now.

The terrific noise is another long-range hazard. You can get ear plugs, but few people do because they are considered a nuisance. I, for example, understand the value of ear plugs and respirators but wear neither because they seem so irritating.

If dirt, dust, noise, smoke, and extremes of temperature characterize the physical aspects of foundry work, the psychological side of it can only be said to be worse. Most of the men work in

(Continued on page 8)

ANGUISHED PRISONERS IN SPRINGFIELD

P.O. Box 4000
Springfield, Mo. 65802

Dear Friends,

I am writing this letter in an effort to obtain assistance in putting a stop to the brainwashing START Program here at the U.S. Medical Center, Springfield, Missouri.

START (Special Treatment and Rehabilitative Training) has been in operation since September, 1972. I have

been here since February, 1973. I can honestly state that this "program" is only punishment under the guise of treatment. I have personally seen fellow prisoners drugged and brutally beaten for standing up as men.

We need your help, and you can do that in the following manner: by writing 1) Norman A. Carlson, Director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, Dept. of Justice, 101 Indiana Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20537. 2) Magistrate Dwyer, U.S. District Court, Southern Division, Springfield, Mo. 65801, requesting him to rule in behalf of the prisoners who are challenging the START program.

We sincerely thank you.

Peace,

Forrest Gustave

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

Greetings and our thanks to the

Catholic Worker for publicizing our struggle here. Not long ago, in May, when I received a visit from my fiancée, the officials here tried to get her through intimidation to persuade me to cease the struggle against the dehumanization in START Program. Because our protest is being publicized and the peoples' responses are being felt. Hoping that if I quit the others would, but this would not be the case as I would only be one who quit.

My fiancée refused to take part in this conspiracy, and the Associate Warden stated to her, "I'm sorry you couldn't see things our way. We will find a way to get to Sanchez." Doctors had testified in court I suffer from stimulus deprivation psychosis, which simply means anytime a normal person is isolated without outside stimulus

they are likely to become psychotic until such time as they are taken out of this environment. I had went through psychosis in the past from this due to being in solitary three years.

On May 24th, I was taken out of the START unit, but still on START status, and placed in a cage with a solid steel door, totally isolated, unable to hear or talk to anyone. This was an isolation cage. As the Associate Warden had said, they would find a way.

About eight hours later I had slashed my wrists, receiving 14 stitches, and was chained nude to the steel bunk until morning. (Enclosed was a copy of the Bureau of Prisons Incident Report describing the events and the "authorization for restraints.") When I was put in that cage I was told by the Counselor in START I would be here until the end of my sentence or until they felt I was ready to accept START. This is the specialized treatment here. The doctors, both working for the institution, had testified what would happen to me when placed in that type of confinement. But the START officials, in their eagerness to break a person, will stop at nothing.

Our struggle continues. We need more letters written because when the officials feel nobody cares about prisoners, they feel they can do anything to us. Please ask your readers to continue their letters in behalf of Gerald McDonnell, Gerard Wilson, William Ruiz, Larry Clance, Forrest Gustave, and myself. Though at present I am separated from my comrades, I am staying strong. I will not submit to dehumanization.

We appreciate the love, prayers, and solidarity given us by the Catholic Workers.

In solidarity,
Eddie Sanchez



Martin Sostre

Martin Sostre Defense Committee
P.O. Box 839—Ellicott Station
Buffalo, New York 14205

Dear Friends:

You are familiar with the case of Martin Sostre, a 50-year-old black Puerto Rican anarchist who is serving a 41-year prison sentence on an admitted political frame-up in Buffalo, New York.

A hearing was held in Federal Court on May 30-31 at which Arto Williams recanted his 1968 testimony which led to Martin's 41-year sentence. Williams testified that he helped Buffalo police frame Martin in return for his own release from jail. A decision on whether to grant a new trial and release Martin on bail is not expected for two or three months.

We are appealing for support from our anarchist comrades around the world. We are asking that you write to Judge John T. Curtin, U.S. Court-house, Buffalo, New York 14201, urging that he drop all charges against Martin and order his release from prison. (Please send us carbon copies of such letters.)

Martin remains in solitary confinement in Unit 14 at Clinton Prison. He has been segregated for 8 months existing under the most cruel conditions imaginable. On May 19th he was brutally assaulted and injured by 7 guards. Letters of protest of the continual harassment can be sent to Commissioner Peter Preiser, State Campus, Albany, New York 12226.

Cards or letters of support can be sent to Martin Sostre at P.O. Box B, Dannemora, New York 12929.

We also appeal for your financial help which is badly needed to continue the fight for Martin's freedom. He has already served six terrible years in prison although innocent.

Salud,
Sharon Fischer

fact of human cruelty is hard to read. But it is important to read this one.

Children who work alongside their parents in the fields begin before they are old enough to enter school. Afterwards, they work in spite of school out of necessity. At age 14 they are considered full-fledged workers. Their career in the fields begins when they are hardly out of infancy. When they are 3, 4 and 5, infants learn to carry pails of water and lunch to the rest of the family. Small things, done in earnest, which relieve the others so that the latter are free to work more. Older children die in the fields from getting mangled in the machinery, from pesticides, from too much work. When time is money, and the amount you produce determines your wages, there can be no play. Some families survive only because the children work.

Farm work is classified as the third most "dangerous occupation in the United States" next to mining and construction, and children are powerless to defend themselves. Groups like the American Farm Bureau Federation Lobby and the National Council of Agricultural Employers actively militate against any changes being made to alleviate this most deplorable of conditions among American children in the twentieth century in the lushest, richest and most modern of countries. It positively boggles the mind to dwell on this problem of child labor. Going back to the year 1910 in labor history "one of the longest battles was over child labor." And it still isn't settled.

Are there laws to govern these situations? Indeed there are, but the grower knows how to get around them. As far back as 1938, the Fair Labor Standards Act stated that children could not be used in industry. But agriculture did not receive such strict federal controls. Agribusiness is too strong. The American Friends reported there are 800,000 children sweating in the sun. The United States Department of Labor bears this out.

Now, with machines taking over, the grower is presented with the problem of how to continue the supply of "cheap labor" to run the machines. And as usual the government rushes to the aid of the "poor grower" with help in the form of special training for the youngsters. Children under 16 will be given special training to do "the most dangerous work"—operating the machinery in the fields. Laws are on the books to prevent this use and abuse of children, but the laws are altered; and, in this case the government itself does the altering through special training programs.

The author gives a vividly detailed description of camp life: discarded shanties set up next to swamps with pit privies, toys made from camp litter and potato-peel soup for dinner.

The children of poverty and the

schools, which are dominated by middle-class values, are worlds apart, and they only succeed in further destroying the children born of the fields. They are "strung out between the two worlds."

In the period from 1968 to 1969 the records of 35,000 migrant children were examined, and they showed there were 201 high school graduates. The federal government had spent 51 million dollars to design an educational program for these migrant children. Obviously the money had not been used as it should have. Dr. Robert Coles, who spent a decade studying the migrants, says the efforts of government are fruitless, that the problem lies in the fact that their lives are uprooted, and the government is supporting migrancy as a way of life. With no money for food and health, hunger and malnutrition and resulting poor health are the most critical problems faced by migrant children.

Dr. Harry Lipscomb of Baylor states: "If a child is anemic, has worms, is not eating adequately, has poor food mixture, especially if it is low in proteins, and some vitamins, if he cannot sleep adequately because of poor housing—couple all of this to physical labor and I would imagine it probably is not the sort of load he could carry very long." Malnourished children are smaller and there is evidence that a child's mental development is effected. "The implications of such evidence are staggering." A "study" was made in Kings County, Calif. and preschool children were found to be sufferings from "functional anemia" resulting from diet deficiencies. The cotton and grain farmers in the area "receive up to 4 million each in federal subsidies." There have been discoveries, though only slight, of "kwashiorkor, a gross form of malnutrition normally seen only in the most undeveloped nations" among the migrant children in the U.S.

Worker-controlled power can make the change, and Cesar Chavez has begun. The United Farm Workers Union in La Paz, Calif. has given strength and meaning to the lives of thousands of field workers throughout the nation with the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee's ceaseless efforts to break down the wall of ignorance that grinds children into dust and turns men and women into victims of greed. With the help of Dr. Ramior Casso, the United Farm Workers Union set up a free clinic. Dr. Casso states that "malnutrition" among farm workers is the "Number One medical problem."

United Farm Workers organizer, Antonio Orendain, believes that the cure lies in workers organizing themselves. He hates government aid programs, believing that if you hand out free things the workers will cease to work. He wants their basic needs to be filled by raising wages on the farm.

Farm With a View

(Continued from page 2)

so many on our small budget. People live in tents, shacks, trailers, campers, buses. Many are vacationing from the city. Some are looking for a haven or searching for they know not what. Under such flux and flow of comings and goings, with the inevitable tensions of personality clashes, and sometimes violence from some of our alcoholic or psychotic friends, it is often hard to define or to find the community. Nevertheless, we are here. We survive.

Once more I say — do not expect Utopia here. But if you can, come prepared to help make a little better this Catholic Worker land, this little island away from the mainstream of Water-gate.

Thinking sadly of our many mistakes and failures, I remember with some hope the visit of Mike Cullen, who brought us song, laughter, dance, a sense of shared living and a vision of true community. I pray that he will not be deported, that he and his family will be able to come and live with us and help us make a better and happier, more God-serving community.

Meanwhile we move toward August with its chorus of insects. Then, too, comes the great Feast of the Transfiguration, a beautiful Feast, but stained with the bloody memory of Hiroshima. We must still do penance. But here on the banks of the Hudson River, at sunset time, a wood thrush sings. I remember too the great Feast of the Assumption. I pray that our Mother, the Mother of God, will grant us the grace to hope in love, to transform our suffering and sin with the joy of Faith. Deo Gratias.

The United Farm Workers have opened a boycott center here in New York City. They need all sorts of household items, tools, clothing, and office supplies. If you can help, they can be contacted at 331 W. 84th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10024, 797-5800.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

ing on the Name of the Lord" in praise and joy and love ever since.

There are always delays, of course. The house we hope will be ours will have to go through extensive repairs to make it suitable. St. Joseph's House on First Street taught us that eight years ago. There is little chance of a "certificate of occupancy" from the city building department until next year. Meanwhile, we can continue our "little way" and do what we can. There is always food to comfort soul and body, and clothes, and the few beds we can provide now for these most neglected poor. God bless these monks.

Another Gift

But there was still another gift—another "happening" on St. Benedict's day—in the way of a visit from two cloistered nuns of a famous order. One old, one young (and the older looked stronger physically than the younger). They are looking for a little apartment on the lower East Side, in St. Bridget's parish near us, where they can live as cloistered nuns in silence and prayer and poverty. They have been inspired by the work of the Little Sisters of Jesus, who, with the Little Brothers, are followers of Charles de Foucauld, the hermit of the Sahara. There are two Little Sisters in New York now, living in a Puerto Rican slum in uptown Manhattan, and two Little Brothers a few blocks from us, just off the Bowery.

This little Cloister will, God willing, be nearby, and soon, I hope.

When I went to 5:30 Mass that day, my heart full of gratitude to the Holy Spirit, I told a young Jesuit scholastic about the nuns and begged his help in finding a little apartment for them.

"It is a dangerous neighborhood" he said gravely. Yes, it is true. But thank God, these women continue to wear their habits as the Little Sisters of Jesus do, as Mother Teresa's Sisters do. To me, a "habit" is a sacramental, "an outward and visible sign of an inward

and spiritual grace," a prayer in itself, a reminder of prayer.

Prayer

There has been a constant mention of prayer in this column this month because prayer is an exercise, sometimes dull, sometimes boring, but it brings health to the soul, which needs exercise just as the body does.

May I suggest these three acts of faith, hope and charity, quotations from Scripture which should strengthen us? "Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief." "In Thee have I hoped, let me never be confounded." "Dear Lord, take away my heart of stone and give a heart of flesh," so I may learn to love, to grow in love.

I pray not only for those who have died, but to them also. In our November issue, I hope to write about our own dear departed, and about the lowliest and the highest among them. Right now, I am praying to Jacques and Raissa Maritain, whose obituaries I will write belatedly, though Stanley has already written one. I will pray to them to watch over this new venture of a cloister in the East Village, as our Bowery district is called. Since these nuns were inspired by Charles de Foucauld and his Little Sisters and Brothers, and since Jacques himself had joined their company some time before he died, they should be powerful friends in Heaven.

Remembering Hans

P.O. Box 1048,
5001 Bergen, Norway

Dear Dorothy Day,

With my friend Gary MacEoin I visited the Tivoli farm in May 1969 and met Hans Tunnesen. I, naturally, liked him and I asked him if I should bring back to Norway some greetings to his family. He had told me that he was from Flekkefjord, only about a hundred miles from my own home town Kristiansand. He said that they would have forgotten him after so many years, and gave me no addresses to contact.

I had hoped to return some times to the farm and meet him again, and was sad to read about his death in the Catholic Worker. As I thought his relations might be glad to hear what a good man he was, I wrote a little article under the heading: "Who remembers Hans Tunnesen?" and sent it to two local papers, that both printed it on May 28.

I told about my own meeting with Hans, something about the Catholic Worker movement, and referred some of what you wrote about Hans. Today I got a letter from his brother Thom, and a few days ago a letter from a nephew Thorbjorn Hanssen. The family had heard nothing from him since his mother died in 1935, and they had presumed him dead, perhaps during the war. The family now was very glad to have the news about his life with the Catholic Worker and to hear how Hans was loved by all.

I think there can be no doubt about his identity. His name was Hans Jakob and he was born on a small farm Feda near Flekkefjord about 1895. The parents were Inger and Tonnes Hansen. Tonnes was a sail maker and had been 28 years at sea. He died in 1951 at the age of 95. About 14 years old, Hans Jakob went to sea together with his twin brother Hans Kristian. They sailed together for many years on boats belonging to a Flekkefjord shipowner. After three shipwrecks the family told them to go on different ships, to divide the risk. Hans Kristian died at Long Island about 1933.

Our Hans was, as far as his sister recalls, left-handed and had some small

to hear it." He seemed driven by a compelling death wish.

That wish came true in early July at the age of twenty-five. Larry had grown up in Newark, New Jersey, but spent the last few years on the streets of the lower East Side. He lived on the streets, not in flophouses or welfare hotels, but sleeping in tenement hallways. He died from cirrhosis of the liver.

In the year and a half that I knew Larry we became good friends, coming to realize and appreciate each others peculiar needs: his was a can of V-8 juice, a drink he lately fancied as "the only thing I can keep down"; and mine, a request for Larry's less-than-rowdy exit from the house at closing.

Larry was often abusive and at times a nuisance. He loved to be pampered, expecting special treatment, and would angrily protest if it were not given. Yet I wonder if he was not teaching us that love is the hardest lesson; that we must love not because it is easy and makes us feel good, but because it is right and our duty.

Partly due to a likeable personality, Larry was a master of manipulation. If given a chance he would disrupt a Friday night meeting with some drunken outbursts, before making a dramatic departure. Yet my fondest memory of him is one of those meetings, an evening of folk songs. Larry, gifted with a voice to sing, gave a hand-clapping

rendition of "He's got the Whole World in His Hands."

In a capsule, Larry was still very boyish. At times childish and annoying, but essentially innocent and childlike as to those to whom the kingdom belongs. In many ways he just never grew up. It is understandable when at 14 maturing competes with alcoholism and you sneak a bottle to school.

On the Bowery, Larry suffered the cold winters and hot summers, the occasional muggings and the daily abuses; and yet he remained more gentle than bitter. He never really would hurt anyone. No one, that is, except himself.

I doubt if Larry could be held very accountable for his condition, for his cross was most certainly the bottle. I wonder if he was not called to accept his destitution, to be "an ambassador of God" giving to others the opportunity to do good. It was an incomprehensible cross for Larry, yet he often bore it with an inner strength few of us could muster.

Last summer, after two very long months of sobriety, Larry was living here at 1st Street. But after a minor irritation, he guzzled a pint of wine. "Confessing" it to me, he wept angrily, fearing what was to follow. Two days and twelve bottles later Larry was back on the streets. He never understood the why of it all (nor do I), but I think he began to accept.

A picture of Larry that speaks a thousand words appears in A Spectacle Unto The World by Robert Coles and Jon Erickson. It shows Larry casually slumped at a desk gently playing with a cat. This is the image of Larry Pritchard I would like to remember. For in the world in which he lived, this boyish innocence was his saintly quality.

Michael De Gregory

UFW Strike

(Continued from page 1)

—keep the boycott going. Boycott lettuce, boycott grapes, boycott A. & P., boycott Safeway. Buy a bundle of El Malcriado for \$5.00 for fifty and inform yourself, and pass around (or sell) to friends. Address: Box 62, Keene, California 93531. Put your savings in the UFW Credit Union. It may help some Farm Worker family from being evicted, or enable them to buy a second-hand car to travel the long valleys for work.

Or just send a contribution to keep the soup kitchen going. By sharing and by boycotts you are practicing voluntary poverty. Contact your local UFW office and help in office work or picketing or demonstrating. It is a peaceful revolution which is going on.

Eds. note: The farm workers are about to face another critical test. In late July all of the grape contracts for the Delano region must be re-negotiated. Strong support of the grape boycott will be an incentive for Delano growers to renew their contracts with the farm workers.

Hiroshima—Cambodia

The men of our times must realize that they will have to give a somber reckoning of their deeds of war for the course of the future will depend greatly on the decisions they make today.

Any act of war aimed indiscriminately at the destruction of entire cities or extensive areas along with their population is a crime against God and man himself. It merits unequivocal and unhesitating condemnation.

Vatican II

A Special Offer to New Subscribers

CROSS CURRENTS

A Quarterly Review to
Explore the Implications of
Christianity for Our Times

10 free reprints (also available at 30c. ea., 4 for \$1) from the following list:

- ☐ MOUNIER: Faith & civilization;
- ☐ SCHAULL: Christianity in a technical era;
- ☐ LONERGAN: Theology & man's future;
- ☐ CHAIGNE: The church & socialism;
- ☐ TILLICH: Art & ultimate reality;
- ☐ DANIELOU on Judaic-Christianity;
- ☐ ILLICH: The institutional spectrum;
- ☐ SELZER: A Jewish perspective on politics;
- ☐ PANIKKAR: Hinduism & Christianity;
- ☐ SOLOVYOV: A short story of anti-Christ;
- ☐ MARITAIN: Freudianism & Psychoanalysis;
- ☐ METZ: Creative Hope;
- ☐ HESCHEL: The meaning of Israel;
- ☐ APTEKER: Marxism, religion, and revolution;
- ☐ NAPPEY: Open letter on homosexuality;
- ☐ RUETHER: Male chauvinism theology;
- ☐ RAMSEY: The just war;
- ☐ STEIN: Nuclear weapons & Christian conscience;
- ☐ NYERERE: Education for self-reliance;
- ☐ GUTIERREZ: Liberation & development;
- ☐ MacEOIN: Marx with a Latin Beat;
- ☐ BALTHASAR: Evangelical counsels today;
- ☐ CARUSO: Is psychoanalysis social?;
- ☐ COX: Dostoevsky's Grand Inquisitor;
- ☐ SCHMITZ: Authority, community, communication;
- ☐ ALLEGRE: National sovereignty;
- ☐ WATKIN: Unjustifiable war;
- ☐ CONGAR: The church & 'others';
- ☐ HAUERWAS: Abortion & normative ethics.

A Year's Subscription.....\$6.00
3-Year Subscription.....\$15.00

with subscription, check ten reprints from the above and send to:

Cross Currents
West Nyack, N.Y. 10994

Yours sincerely
Edvard Vogt

"The power to tax is the power to destroy—twice-over. It destroys the bodies of those who fall victim to American fire-power and repression. Less dramatically, but nonetheless surely, it mercilessly destroys the consciences and humanity of those who willingly surrender their taxes to the government. Alternatively, the power to refuse is the power to preserve life and create hope."

Dave Dellinger

Down in the Foundry: A Workman's View

(Continued from page 5)

the foundry only for the money. Many have no idea what they are making or how it will be used, nor do they care. Day after day, month after month, year after year, men go back to exhausting, monotonous, even dangerous jobs to get enough — or more than enough—money to live on and support their families. They buy cars, appliances, homes, have their very children on credit, and like the proverbial horse trotting after the carrot on the stick, dash ever on to meet the payments. But paying the monthly bills is not enough to make a man happy with his job. A man needs to know what he is working on and how it will benefit others; he has to have a sense of his own worth and the worth of what he is doing.

"What are you working on?"

"God knows! More scrap for Detroit!"

(These things have been gone over again and again by people like Erich

Fromm, and management is certainly aware of the deadly monotony the assembly line involves. Now and then pilot projects that decrease the monotony of the work and give the workman a sense of his own dignity are introduced, but the numbers involved are so small that it is little more than a public relations gesture. Volvo and Saab of Sweden appear to be making serious moves away from the assembly line, but as yet American industry puts production over dignity.)

Sabotage

There are other factors that make the psychological side of foundry life less than cheerful. Whether or not a man will be able to provide for his family is dependent not necessarily on how good a worker he is but rather on how well the new cars are selling. In the foundry a man with little seniority can expect to be on unemployment sometime between January and July and to be overworked the second half of the year. Ironically, there can be too much overtime even during a layoff. A couple of years ago, one third of the men in the foundry were laid off while those who worked put in 12-hour days.

ken into and batteries disappear from the cars in the parking lot; there are the usual barriers between the old and the young, the black and the white. It seems that working men have stopped thinking of themselves as a class, as "We," and have begun thinking of themselves as individuals—as little I's with houses in the suburbs and expensive habits.

Discrimination

The blacks seem to be an exception to this small way of thinking. Poverty and oppression are too real to them yet. They have folks back home who are still without work. They understand the meaning of discrimination and have learned the importance of sticking together in a white man's world. The older blacks are particularly impressive to me. They rarely speak of what they have seen and been through. When they do, it is with both anger and a certain gentle humor.

It's really very difficult for me to speak of the blacks that I work with with any sort of objectivity. I feel too close to them. The old black man sitting on the bench after work waiting for a ride and smoking his pipe; the

I've seen older foremen who knew the business quite well dismissed because they posed a threat or spoke too plainly). There is no seniority system to protect a foreman. Frequently he is caught right between top management and union hassles, and catches hell from both sides.

Each Other

Why do you stick around a place like that? Many people ask. Aren't you afraid the dust will get to you? Aren't there better places to work? Even the foremen ask, What are your plans? You don't intend to stick around here all your life, do you? And that question gives them the chance to say that they aren't going to be there much longer themselves, that there are better things to get into.

I usually shrug when someone asks a question like that, and say that I don't have any plans for changing jobs. The fact is that there are many things I like about working in the foundry. There is something fine about doing manual labor. My father is a worker, and his father was a worker, and perhaps there is such a thing as having it in your blood. I finished the university and attended graduate school, but somehow could never envision myself as a "professional," wearing a suit, never committing a felony even when there's a war to resist or an unjust tax to refuse. There is a freedom to think your own thoughts and go your own inward way in a factory.

There is another question, much more impersonal, larger, than why I continue in the foundry. What can be done about the foundries, the sprawling factory complexes, the production lines? How do we provide meaningful work for the masses; restore dignity to the man who turns the same screw; welds the same piece of iron; sets the same core day in and day out for years on end? Thus far the assumption seems to have been that men do live by bread alone—that men will be happy no matter what they do as long as they are paid well enough. That, of course, is nonsense. The poor quality of mass produced merchandise is proof of that, not to speak of the unhappiness of the men.

The interest in returning to the land, in small communal industry, seems to be a partial answer for some. People in increasing numbers are willing to take large cuts in salary if they can but have some say in what they are doing, if they can but relate to the others they work with and escape the mass-produced apathy. Whether this is a viable alternative for the masses in a country that seems determined to be the biggest, best, most consumer-oriented culture seems doubtful. Until people turn back to each other to live, the problem will continue to grow. Unions, pilot projects, psychological studies are all as naught until we turn back to each other and the things of the Spirit.

Reparation for Vietnam

Traditionally, the orphans in Vietnam were cared for in the villages as part of the extended family life, but their number has swollen to impossible proportions so that new orphanages must be raised. Marj Swann is actively engaged in getting women across the country to meet this crisis. Please contact her for more information:

Marj Swann
Women Volunteers for Vietnam
474 Centre St.
Newton, Mass. 02158

The American Friends Service Committee is engaged in the reconstruction of Vietnam through its "North/South Vietnam Fund." Contributions are needed:

North/South Vietnam Fund
15 Rutherford Place
New York, New York 10003

Peacemaker Fund

By ERNEST BROMLEY ET AL.

Several of those in federal prison for conscientious disobedience to draft laws are married and have children. The Sharing Fund of Peacemakers has been supplying funds to these families monthly in the amount needed, this being from \$50 to \$225.

The reason Peacemakers has been doing this is that in the mid-60's, when the movement of draft resistance was rapidly growing, the only group with experience in this field was Peacemakers which had maintained a "Sharing Fund" for several years for use among Peacemaker people. When the larger need arose, Peacemakers was asked by various peace groups to take on the "sharing responsibilities" for the whole movement. Peacemakers has been carrying out these responsibilities faithfully.

In the beginning, peace groups and their journals often made mention of the availability of funds for families in need (where the wage-earner had been imprisoned for nonviolent acts of war resistance), and they asked people to send contributions for such a purpose to the Peacemaker Sharing Fund.

Through the years there has been no financial problem, even though as many as 10 to 15 families have constantly been recipients. This was so partly because special allotments in larger denominations were made available; and partly because the peace movement did have the plight of these people in mind, did call attention to it frequently, and did ask people to make contributions.

Recently two things have occurred: there are no larger allotments available, and the peace movement has, through preoccupation or unawareness, stopped giving attention to this matter.

Consequently, the Sharing Fund finds itself with a continuing need and a lack of necessary funds. Up to now the Fund has not turned down any family which has applied and which comes within its purpose and guidelines. Money is now, however, running out. In fact, for the first time money in the Peacemaker Sharing Fund is depleted, and we realize that it may not be possible for the Fund to continue.

We all know that although the dramatic phase of the Vietnam War is over, the shooting and bombing war does go on, and that men are being imprisoned constantly under the unchanged draft laws.

We write you because we are sure you want to know the condition of the Fund and will want to do what you can to see that the families of those who are making a long and strong witness on war objection can continue to receive financial and moral support.

Peacemaker Sharing Fund
10208 Sylvan Avenue
Cincinnati, OH 45241



Rita Corbin

In return for the dirt, noise, smoke, safety hazards, lack of meaningful work, unpaved parking lot, etc., the company receives its usual allotment of malingering, sabotage, absenteeism and theft. Clocks, light bulbs, copper wire, tools of all sorts somehow find their way past the security guard at the gate. Damaged equipment is not reported in the hopes that it will limp on until the next shift comes in. Men sleep on the job! They don't report being overpaid. They stand around and grumble for hours on end and eventually, somewhere in the eternal petty war they wage with management, they lose their self-respect.

Even the union seems to have lost its way somewhere in the welter and confusion of the eternal petty guerilla war on management. A foreman tightens a bolt, call the steward! A man is shorted a tenth of an hour on his cheque, get hold of the union! In their eagerness to turn the union into a machine that can rip off the company for every cent, every material advantage it can get, the men have forgotten the old ideal of fraternalism, solidarity. Unions are big businesses now-a-days, and the men who sit at the top of the heap are not laborers but businessmen making tens of thousands of dollars. Gone from the minds of the ordinary, middle-class blue collar worker is his concern with the poor, the unemployed fellow in the street, the destitute. It is true that big unions allocate money for certain worthy causes (such as the lettuce boycott), but this is done with the same impersonalism that big government allocates our money to war. Where is personalism?

The union issue aside, there is some sense of solidarity among the men at the foundry. Men talk together at lunch, goof off while they're washing up, pull pranks on the job and stop off for a few drinks after work. That is where solidarity ends. Lockers are bro-

janitor who left his 400 acre farm in Alabama to come North and work in a factory; the young blacks with their incredible hats and purple pants; the core setters who turn and give me a quiet smile when things are falling apart, all these men mean something that I can't put into words. I am angered whenever I hear young radicals proclaim that the older blacks are conservative, interested in keeping what they've accumulated and not rocking the boat. These men may not march or carry signs, but they know the meaning of suffering; they know the meaning of injustice and deprivation. This knowledge is translated into very real terms in interpersonal relationships. This is not romantic stuff and nonsense either; it is a real thing, as real as the fear and hatred many of the whites still feel for the blacks.

If I had to name a group that is discriminated against in the foundry though, I would not chose the blacks. I would immediately pick the foremen. This astonishing situation may be unique to the foundry that I work in, but I doubt it. I've been told that foremen are getting together and trying to organize unions in order to protect themselves from the sort of things that happen daily.

For example, in the foundry, foremen do not get paid time and a half for their weekly overtime and double time for their Sunday overtime; they get paid time and a fourth or time and an eighth. It's really something to see the foremen shaking their heads as they pass out the cheques, knowing that they are making less than the union men. The foremen's health insurance program is inferior to the union men's, and if a foreman wants full coverage he has to buy supplemental insurance. Older foremen are "let go" when the company thinks they've served their purpose (though