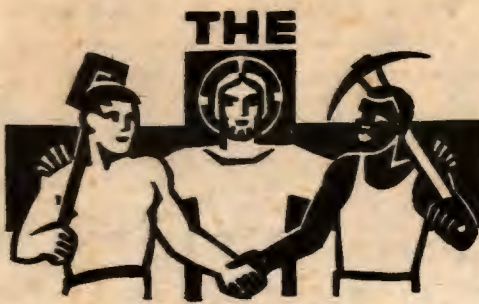


CATHOLIC WORKER



VOL. XL No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1974

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Fritz Kichenberg

Farmworker Tragedy

475 Riverside Dr.
New York, New York 10027

Dear Brothers and Sisters:

The tragic death of nineteen farm workers killed in a labor contractor's bus in Blythe, California on January 15th passed unnoticed in our city. This is one of many incidents that go unnoticed.

These deaths could have been avoided with the proper safety precautions that a United Farm Workers' contract insists upon. The High and Mighty Farms, where the accident occurred, is one of the lettuce and melon farms that was struck by the UFW and subsequently signed contracts with the Western Conference of Teamsters.

[Cesar Chavez attended the burial of the 19 farm workers. He has asked that an investigation be made by an assembly committee of the accident, and that the Calif. Highway Patrol also be called because they do not check unsafe vehicles that labor contractors use to transport workers. The driver of the bus, Pablo Arellano, was crushed to death by the seats of the bus that slid forward to the front because they were not properly secured to the floor. Pablo worked from 1 A.M., at which time he went to pick up workers, until 11:00 P.M.—his day finally ending after cleaning the bus, maintaining it, etc. These deaths never should have occurred. There were over 7,000 workers at the funeral.]

A requiem service will be held at Trinity Church in memory of the deceased on Tuesday, February 6. I will speak at the service. A press conference will be held after the service. In addition, we would like to announce the week of April 28-May 4 as National Farm Workers Week with May 4th dedicated to

farm workers as Farm Workers Sunday.

To further prompt action and promote the cause of the Farm Workers, the Interfaith Committee to Aid Migrant Farm Workers will be expanded on a borough basis. If you are interested in helping in the formation of a borough committee, please write or call Reverend Leo Nieto, Room 341, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, New York 10027. 749-0700, ext. 446.

Sincerely,
Rev. Ernest Campbell

An Added Note from the "New York Boycott Newsletter":

The boycott is progressing in Manhattan with nearly all independents clean of grapes and lettuce.

The Gallo Boycott is picking up momentum with Gallo spending scads of money on advertising. We should like Ernest and Julio Gallo to realize the support the boycott possesses. The pledge below should be mailed to them.
Ernest and Julio Gallo
Modesto, California 93511:

I will support the boycott of Gallo wines until you sign a contract with the United Farm Workers.

Among the basic rights of the human person is to be numbered the right of freely founding unions for working people. These should be able truly to represent them and to contribute to the organizing of economic life in the right way. Included is the right of freely taking part in the activity of these unions without risk of reprisal.

Church in the Modern World
(par. 68)

Nova Scotians Embattled:

FISHERIES THREATENED

By NICOLE d' ENTREMONT

Pubnico, Nova Scotia

In the dark before morning the boats leave—sturdy little boats built low to the water, riding the waves like a gull. It is the lobster season here on the southern coast of Nova Scotia and a crucial time for fishermen and their families; they will work all day, if the weather holds, returning late to sell their catch to the local buyer at the wharf.

The season on this section of coast where I am living lasts from late November to late May, but this time of year most of the men have pulled up their pots until March. It's rough weather in January and February. Sudden storms and gale force winds; the pots risk being torn loose and battered to death on the shore. The sea and the wind and the rain are elements to be reckoned with, and a fisherman knows well how to read the storm signs. "Right calm today, be a blow tomorrow. See those islands out there seemin' to float in the air—sure sign of a storm." The senses are trusted here; the signs having been read for generations.

But how do you read a storm when it hides in exclusive meetings and negotiations? That's a new problem and one just beginning to develop along the coast of Nova Scotia, the current center of it being about ten miles from here on a little offshore island named Stoddard. There, a company from the United States wishes to construct a nuclear power plant.

Powers That Be

The entire story so far has developed along classic lines of verbal subterfuge. About five years ago the island was

sold to an American business firm, the story circulating then that it was to be used as a vacation-retreat spot for company executives. Two years later the story broke that the island was being considered as a site for a nuclear reactor. There was a general outcry from citizenry here, and a demand for information from the provincial government concerning the proposed plant. The provincial government shook its head: nothing had been decided, there was no cause for alarm. The story again submerged. This fall a lead article in *The 4th Estate*, a weekly Halifax newspaper, broke the story of detailed negotiations between the Premier of Nova Scotia, Gerald Regan, and James E. MacDonald, president of Crosley Enterprises Ltd. of Lima, Ohio, negotiations concerning the construction of a nuclear power plant on Stoddard Island. The initial proposal calls for a complex of ten nuclear reactors to be constructed on Stoddard Island producing 12,000 megawatts of electricity (12 million kilowatts); the power then would be transmitted to the eastern United States via undersea cable. If the project goes through, the Stoddard Island plant would be the largest single source of electrical power in the world.

When I first heard of Crosley Enterprises I was skeptical. It certainly did not sound like a name in the forefront of the American business aristocracy. I wondered what kind of credibility such an organization had with the Wall Street money backers who just do not hand out billions of dollars to anybody. The 4th Estate article clarified this somewhat, revealing even more sinister possibilities.

(Continued on page 3)

Philippine Repression

By BRUNO HICKS, O.F.M.

"The Philippine State is becoming totalitarian." This is the conclusion of a recent survey conducted by the Association of Major Religious Superiors in the Philippines. Many of us who have lived in or kept close watch on Philippine developments would agree with this conclusion.

In brief, the Philippines have been placed under martial law by the former President, Ferdinand Marcos, since September, 1972. The alleged reason for the declaration of martial law was the danger of insurrection and the need for reform. The more obvious reason is that Marcos was leaving office in '73 with no constitutional possibility of re-election. His actions seem an out-and-out move to perpetuate himself in power.

I spent ten years in the Philippines, the last seven during Marcos' administration. It was seven years of open, unabashed "watergating." In 1972 distrust of Marcos had become so pervasive that his words, his promises, his explanations were no longer believed by the majority of the Filipinos. To keep control, he had to resort to the gun (martial law). To silence criticism and dissent he had to abolish freedom of speech, the press and assembly. To paralyze all opposition, he incarcerated or exiled the leaders and abolished the political system through which opposition could be peaceably organized and expressed.

What are the Philippines like now? What has happened since the declaration of martial law? It would be best to allow the recent survey, commissioned and published by the Association of Major Religious Superiors, to describe it. This survey is the result of a poll taken in an answer to the question: "What is the role of the Church under the situation of martial law?" In the sampling, 14 bishops, 59 priests, 22 nuns, 3 brothers and 56 laymen were interviewed by social scientists. It was completed last November. Among the major conclusions are these:

Political Abuse

1. "There is abuse of human rights to peaceful assembly, association, information, privacy and to safeguards in matters of arrest, detention and trial.

2. "There is widely reported fear of expressing opinions or taking action in anything related to government programs and policies.

3. "There is little free participation of the people, especially at the grassroots, in decision-making.

4. "The State is becoming totalitarian and is suppressing the free development of other societal institutions, such as organized labor and farmers' organizations.

"There is increased dependence on government and on persons perceived as close to ruling powers.

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

Midwinter now and yet a January thaw during the last week of that usually bitter month makes one think of planting. I spent the last week in January travelling in New England, speaking at the Boston Paulist Church on the Common; the Trappist Monastery at Spencer; spent a night at Haley House of Hospitality in Boston; visited Ade Bethune and her mother at Newport; went on to Owen and Pat McGowan at Fall River; spoke at Bridgewater State Library where Owen is librarian; and then home again by bus.

I recover from my fatigue as I rest in bed this first Sunday in February, writing, reviewing the past month for this column. It is a letter to all our readers whose letters I neglect to answer.

New England

Everyone loves New England in all its seasons. It truly is the culture center of our country. It contains the good and the bad of our country, the idealism of those who came here for religious and political freedom, and the constant reminder of the tragic failure of our country to be faithful to either. After they had taught the Colonists how to survive, the Colonists drove the Indians out, those Indians whose hospitality had introduced us to the varieties of food our country is rich in. (Now we are confronted by the Wounded Knee trials about to begin in St. Paul, Minnesota).

On my trip I saw the neat garden vineyards of the Portuguese of Fall River on their bits of property, as well as the "decaying" tenements (a term used for our de Peyster Mansion at Tivoli Farm). I saw, too, the enormous mills where small children as well as their elders worked long hours for a pittance. They are now half occupied by many small factories and industrial concerns. I saw, too, the great and ornate churches built by these poor people, rectories, schools and convents, and hospitals set up by hard working religious orders. I remember at the same time not to be too critical. John Cogley said the only beauty he knew when he was a child in West-side Chicago was the ornate churches. I know, too, that workers with every skill built the great cathedrals over the centuries. I must remember these things when I visit a 1500 acre (untilled) monastery, and think of the unused riches in stocks and bonds, interest-drawing "investments", perhaps part of our wartime economy, part of the exploitation of South Africa, Rhodesia and Mozambique, and the Portuguese colonies. Those parishes in New England made up of Portuguese rejoice in Our Lady appearing at Fatima in Portugal, but seem to know nothing of the colonialism still so much a part of that once great empire. We

have not yet begun to build a new world. Wars and budgeting for future wars go on. This year's Defense Budget is larger than last year's.

I come back to the present and comfort myself with the timelessness of God — a thousand years in His sight are as one day, the Psalmist sang. He also cried out "Now I have begun!" A good motto for us all.

War Taxes

Abandonment to Divine Providence was a favorite book of Isaac Hecker, founder of the Paulist Fathers, whose award I received when I spoke in Boston. The award was a beautiful little desk statue of St. Francis and reminded me of our attempts to practice voluntary poverty, both as penance and as a most fertile means of reaping a crop. "Sow sparingly and you will reap sparingly." We practice a paradoxical kind of poverty. The Lord keeps putting into our hands the means to carry on our work and the people to do it.

We assure our readers that we try to get rid of our gifts as fast as they are given to us. But the threat still hangs over us of prosecution for not paying income tax. We are not tax-exempt. On principle we refuse to pay income tax, because so great a portion goes for wars, preparation for wars (defense, it is termed), and providing other countries with billion of dollars to buy our instruments of war and material and plants to make



Louise Giovannoni

their own. There is a sizable movement, truly the foundation of the peace movement, which is based on tax refusal. (Contact Robert Calvert, War Tax Resistance, 912 E. 31st St., Kansas City, Mo. 64109.)

Our refusal goes deep. Our motivation is fundamentally religious. We are told by Jesus Christ to practice the works of mercy, not the works of war. And we do not see why it is necessary to ask the government for permission to practice the works of mercy which are the oppo-

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36 East First

By ANNE MARIE FRASER

On January 6th a group of us attended a panel discussion on alternate life styles at Thomas Merton Life Center. Speakers from the Catholic Worker, Catholic Peace Fellowship, Covenant House and the Community for Creative Nonviolence were together to talk about what they do and how they live. They shared some fine ideas on peace activities, the care of homeless children, services for prisoners, hospitality and medical care. Earlier someone from CPF had referred to the Worker as the "mother of us all." What a task to explain one's work under the burden of such a title! Yet an even more difficult task to talk about a community on the day of the death of John McMullan, one of its dearest members.

All the other communities were new compared with ours of 40 years—forty years of tradition, work, legend, sorrow and joy. What we said must certainly have proven inadequate. How glibly we call ourselves a family. We are surely not the nuclear family of our age; are we more the extended family of saner times? Families eat together, pray together, work together and share their joys and sorrows. At Saint Joseph's House there is hardly room to eat together; some of us pray together; more of us work together. But there is always the sharing of the joys and sorrows. The new arrivals, the inevitable departures, and lately, the many deaths draw us to each other.

Kathleen has reminded me that Dorothy has referred to the Catholic Worker as a community of need. We are a group of people who have come together out of need. The old need the enthusiasm and energy of the young; the young need the wisdom and experience of the old. The homeless need a place to live, the hungry a place to eat, the "unemployables" a place to work and serve. The young, supposedly privileged, are perhaps the most deprived. We need to learn the richness of poverty and the strength of nonviolence. We need so vitally the beauty, honesty, wisdom and anger—perhaps it is the grace—of those who suffer most in our society. We all need to give and receive—to be accepted by each other.

Darwin Pritchett

So many of our recent articles have been obituaries, and so many of our Monday night liturgies have been funerals—Masses of resurrection. As we went to press last month we heard that Darwin Pritchett had died from multiple injuries received in an apparent hit-and-run accident. The shock was the greater because we had expected him to recover.

Darwin came to New York from Oregon when he was a young man, and had been with the Worker for many years. As a child, he suffered head injuries that left him epileptic, and unless he faithfully took his medicine, Darwin was victim to frequent seizures. In recent years he suffered from a severe skin disease, his body covered with irritating scales and sores. I never heard him complain. For years he tended the files at the Spring and Chrystie Street houses. Daily he checked the addresses, pulled old cards, and filed new ones. While labelling the newspaper, Darwin kept conscientious check of the blurred labels and incomplete addresses. Almost every day he gave Pat a list of addresses to be corrected in the files—usually a missing zip code, a tedious but necessary task. Darwin liked to make lists, but always with a purpose. He had a list of everyone's name for Christmas cards, which we all received shortly after Thanksgiving, and a complete list for birthday cards. Birthdays were so important to Darwin that he sometimes ordered a small cake from our baker if he thought someone's birthday would go unnoticed. This month would have been Darwin's birthday, a fact he reminded us of far in advance. His attention to events extended far beyond the Worker. Darwin had quite a file of letters from political and sports celebrities. He sent birthday

cards to Willie Mays and Mickey Mantle, and condolences to the families of Harry Truman, Lyndon Johnson, Gil Hodges and the Kennedys. He proudly shared their written replies.

Sports were his passion. In warm weather Darwin wore a blue baseball cap and jacket with the official emblem of the New York Mets. One day while we were begging at the Hunts Point Market he filled me in on the vital statistics of seemingly every major league player. When the weather turned colder, Darwin turned to hockey; he was the most avid fan of the New York Rangers. Our Christmas present to Darwin was a ticket to a Ranger game. He was in the hospital the day of the game, and we were planning to buy another ticket; then Darwin died.

We learned of Darwin's death from his minister, for his Church was a central part of his life. He faithfully attended Sunday services and social events and contributed meticulously from his disability check. On occasion, when his money had run out, Darwin walked the long distance uptown to church. Perhaps his religious loyalty and sense of propriety can best be seen in his signature to Mike and Micki's marriage vows: "Darwin Pritchett, Man. Bap. Ch., SBC" (Manhattan Baptist Chapter, Southern Baptist Conf.).

There are so many other things I remember as I write. Bottles and cans to recycle, coupons saved and redeemed, or Darwin sitting in Earl's Truck Rental office early in the morning reading the paper and talking with Tim, the manager. For the last few days of his life Darwin was expecting to be home with us soon. After his death his body was flown to Washington for burial with his family. And he joins our family: Scotty, Hans, Hiram, Catherine, John. Lord, grant them peace.

Butch

I wish it were so easy to write about Butch. A few hours after Darwin's death we heard of Butch's death—found dead of an apparent drug overdose. Several months ago Butch came in to ask us to hold his suitcases, since he was spending the night on the street. There was an extra bed so he stayed the night. He was a young man, just 27, paralyzed on one side and with painfully slurred speech. He tried so hard to communicate with us, but it was difficult to understand most of what he said. Everything he did was slow and labored. That first night Bill Healy took especially gentle care of him. We saw him infrequently until Thanksgiving, when he again needed a place to stay. He seemed sicker to me, demanding more time and attention, suffering adverse reactions to combinations of drugs. Two or three times he was taken to the hospital in a semi-conscious state. We seemed so inadequate to serve Butch's needs. The more he demanded attention the harder it became to give it; my patience was short. He was finally admitted to a 21 day detoxification program at Bernstein Institute. Shortly after his release he was high again. I saw him two days before his death, weak and sad and despondent. Monday we heard of his lonely passing. I prayed for him and the many like him, and for us, for patience and understanding and forgiveness.

Cold Winds and Snow

The dichotomies faced at the Worker are like those faced by everyone: death and life, sorrow and joy, winter and spring. What a relief to write about life and joy and spring. Just when it seemed there were not enough hands for all the work, the New Year brought relief. Tom Hart returned from his visit home; Joe Gooding also came back and brought his brother Charlie. Both plunged into a week of work before returning to Tivoli. Walter Dufresne took a week off from school to work with us. Beth Murray came to New York after studying Spanish at CIDOC in

(Continued on page 6)

Atomic Wastes Menace Northern Fisheries

(Continued from page 1)

The article quotes Ian MacKeigan, legal representation for Crosley in Halifax, as stating that James E. MacDonald was just "the main front man" for the Stoddard Island project. "Mr. MacDonald is one of several parties interested in the scheme. But there are others," says MacKeigan. Pressed for details, MacKeigan said, "I better not say any more." He did say, however, that Crosley Enterprises has bought Stoddard Island and transferred ownership to its local subsidiary, NEP Contracting Ltd. MacKeigan, interestingly enough, happens to be president of NEP Contracting. Besides being a top Halifax lawyer, he was recently sworn in as Chief Justice of the Nova Scotia Supreme Court. He, of course, stated that he would drop all connections with NEP and Crosley Enterprises, as well as all other legal representations.

Ecological Disaster Looms

The arguments against the construction of such a plant are legion. Certainly there is a grave possibility that such a complex could spell death ecologically and therefore economically to this region. The threat of thermal pollution alone should be reason enough to halt any negotiations. Lobsters thrive in the icy Atlantic waters. Stoddard Island is situated in the middle of the richest part of the Nova Scotia lobster fishery. According to calculations made up by the Atomic Energy Control Board of Canada, the proposed Stoddard Island plant

would discharge 10,000 gallons of water a minute heated by 20 degrees, and return this water to the area surrounding the Island. Thermal pollution from nuclear plants has been proven ecologically damaging elsewhere. A few years ago a plant in Florida, which discharges water heated by 10 degrees into Biscayne Bay, was ordered shut down by the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission because of damage to plant and fish life. Not only

would waters heated to such a degree damage the lobster beds, but after passing through the reactors' cooling system such water would be rendered ecologically dead, having none of the microorganisms left alive which are the basic support of ocean life. And even if some sea life could survive such thermal assault, I wonder, from a consumer's point of view, how many people would want to savor the delicacy of lobster or fish

bathed in the effluent of a nuclear power plant.

The South Shore Environmental Protection Association, an organization born out of resistance to the nuclear plant, called a protest meeting last October. 800 people attended. Premier Regan came to explain the government's position. But his explanations, if anything, gave rise to more uneasiness. When Martin Cotreau, President of the regional Fishermen's Association, asked the Premier to go on the record and bury once and for all the idea of nuclear power on Stoddard Island, the Premier hedged—it is the responsibility of government to listen and examine any proposal, "however farfetched," that may create jobs and generate a higher standard of living in the province. But, of course, he was quick to add, that any such proposal would have to be decided by a free vote in the legislature. Mr. Regan also estimated that if the project went through, 4 to 5 thousand construction jobs would be available over a two-year period. Also, cable for power transmission could be manufactured in the province. But, for all the assurances the Premier made that a nuclear plant would not be built if it were seriously opposed, the people did not seem convinced. Mr. Regan has been quoted as saying that Nova Scotia needs nuclear power and that such power can only be economically developed with outside investment and with the "excess" being sold outside the province.

There is also justified resentment over what is viewed as just another fast buck American project to exploit Canada's natural resources. The statement I most often hear is, "Well, if it's so safe, why don't they build it off the New England coast?" The fact is not lost on Nova Scotians that the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission is withholding 97 licenses to construct nuclear plants in the States because their safety is in question.

An Independent Life

The towns I am familiar with here on the south shore, the Pubnicos, Wood's Harbour, Shag Harbour, are flourishing little communities. The homes, many of them owned by families for generations, cluster along the road close to the shoreline; some of them weathered, scoured silver by the salt and wind, others gaily painted—bold colors in a land so often wrapped in mist. Here and there a new home is being built. These are not dying towns, they are lively and strong communities. But the sea and what the sea provides is their source; it is the economic base. Destroy that source and I see deserted villages, boats left to rot on the shore. Such grim visions will not dissuade nuclear power entrepreneurs from eyeing Nova Scotia—its proximity to the eastern seaboard of the U.S., its abundance of cold water, uncluttered coast, cheap land and low population density make it too ideal a site for their purposes. What I don't think these entrepreneurs have taken into consideration is just how hard local people are going to fight this invasion. Canadian and American big business may find out that the old shoddy enticements that have worked in the past won't work as well in the future—the promise of new construction jobs also contains the promise of an equal number of layoffs after the job is done, and a cable manufacturing plant just might not appeal to people who would rather earn an independent life from the sea. Also, local groups such as the South Shore Environmental Protection Association, the Fishermen's Association and independent voices like The 4th Estate are maintaining a close watch. The new storm signs are learning to be read.

Care enough to be willing to die in order that evil may be overcome. This is the law of the seed, Jesus pointed out, which bears no fruit except it fall into the ground and die. This is the Way of the Cross.

A. J. Muste



Martial Law

(Continued from page 1)

5. "Respondents in all 11 regions . . . said prices have doubled, tripled or quadrupled since martial law . . . People are generally resentful and angry about the rising prices and about the food shortages."

The report gives a general overview and then adds specifics. A full 75 percent of the respondents felt that the political situation has deteriorated since martial law. Old politicians and landlords remain in control, in many instances, backed by the military—with the difference that the "Old Society's" safety valves of periodic elections, a free press and an independent judiciary are missing.

"There is a marriage of convenience from which both the military and the politicians profit," the report asserts. "The ordinary people are the ones who suffer . . . they have no recourse from the abuses of the military or the politicians, and abuses are common."

Marcos has staged a referendum and a plebiscite to give the appearance of democracy in the Philippines and support by the masses. But the report refers to these when it states: "People were not free to vote their minds. They knew this and resented the manipulation."

Marcos had claimed that land reform would be a key program in his "New Society." But the survey data indicates that there is little land reform in most of the provinces of the country. In fact, 80% of the tenant-farmers are not covered by land reform legislation.

The report indicates that the wages of most Filipino workers have dropped, and that there has certainly been no reform. For example, the sugar workers' wages vary from 30 cents to \$1.10 a day.

The situation is inhuman, and tragic. I'd like to end with this serious reflection: U.S. financial institutions and corporations are flourishing under the martial law regime in the Philippines. The U.S. government is supporting Marcos with economic and military aid. U.S. troops are in the field helping the Philippine army "pacify" those who object to this inhuman and tragic situation.

Let's pray over this, and then help the Lord answer our own prayers.

Working Mother's Diary

By LORRAINE FREEMAN

Just as the taxi cab is about to take me to the train station to work at the Rehab Center, the telephone rings. It is the Social Security Office wanting to verify whether the Robert Ferrell who has died some time this year is my father. A woman's voice asks me endless questions that I cannot answer. Not because I am pressed for time to catch the taxi, but simply because I do not know anything of my father's background.

I recall that in the movie, "Nothing but a Man," after the moving death scene, the anguished protagonist was shattered that he could not answer the simple questions that the undertaker put to him concerning his father's birthplace and date of birth. Dammit, the woman on the phone must be used to hundreds of people not knowing about their parents' beginnings. Why is she making such a big thing about it? It isn't as if I didn't care. Why must she crawl all over me with her damn questions? Asking a lot of things I want to forget?

Now that the buried hurt has resurfaced, the memories burn. Emptiness washes over me as I ask myself for the thousandth time, why did my father always shut me out of his life? I don't even know where he was born or the name of his parents, my grandparents. I remember his once mentioning "very casually" over a pepper steak dinner in a Harlowe Chinese restaurant, that his father had been an Episcopalian missionary minister, and as a young minister had gone to British Guiana, and there met my grandmother, who is still very much alive and whom I have never seen, nor ever will see.

I finally hang up the phone and rush to the waiting cab. The cab driver turns around, comments, "You're crying, had some bad news?" I shake my head in fury at myself. That damn telephone call has reopened the old dreaded feelings of rejection again. The bitterness turns into bile, as the poem of one of my students slides across my mind:

Father, father I love thee
but my loving father does not love me
he loves the girl next door
he even loves the neighborhood whore
he also loves the homo down the street
and he doesn't try and be discreet

Oh, why must I go thru the endless
days
hoping and praying
that he'll hear me say
Father, father, I love thee
Father, please love me

O, I know I'm only 16
and haven't set or reached my goals
But we have just met
so please father, don't tell me goodbye
yet

Father, father, I love thee
Father, be a father and love me

At the tender age of eighteen, Yolanda Immanuel has come out of a horrendous background of hard life, hard drugs and despair. But no sad songs for Yolanda. This girl knows where she's coming from and where she's going to. Yolanda has charisma. Yolanda turns on every thing and every body. If you should happen to be at the center when some-

(Continued on page 7)

LE T

Seek Land

2086 Erion Rd.
Batavia, Ohio 45103

Dear Catholic Worker Readers,

We are a community committed to living a life of active nonviolence, working for personal and social changes and helping each other grow in the spirit of respect for all life. We've chosen to settle in the country because we want to live simply and become as self-sufficient as possible; because we want to put effort into the understanding and solution of rural problems; and because we want to work developing decentralist alternatives. Coming together out of years of working on peace activities, houses of hospitality, draft and tax resistance, direct action, simple living and cooperatives (with such groups as Peacemakers, the Catholic Worker, AFSC and the Committee for Nonviolent Action), we see ourselves as continuing such work, and wherever we settle building Community in the broad sense, developing networks of cooperation and support that will help us and our neighbors meet our economic, social and spiritual needs.

The question is, "In which rural area?" For four months we've been living on a rented farm in Ohio, discussing the merits of different locations and looking for land to make our home on. Since some of us have been working on the Peacemaker Land Trust, and all of

us believe in the trust ideal (that NO individuals should be able to own land, hold it for speculation or make profit on it, but that land belongs to all of us and those who come after us and should be for people to use with care), and since we intend to continue such work, it is important to us that when we get



settled whatever property we are given or purchase will be put into a Trust.

It has occurred to us that some of you might have stewardship of a farm or acreage that is not being used, and interested in the trust ideal and our work, might want to give it to us to be put in trust.

Perhaps there are others who would know of land in their area that we could

acquire by gift or purchase at a reasonable price.

In either case, we would appreciate your help and early response. We are planning to be settled by the end of March. If anyone would like to talk with us about our plans or activities we'd be glad for your letters.

In Hope,
John Myers, Tom Harmon,
Wendy Rawlins, Chuck Matthei,
Sherry Johnson, et al.

Northwest

16001 S. Niebur Rd.
Oregon City, Oregon 97245

Dear Patrick,

Thank you for the response to my letter. I am especially intrigued by the small and community farm ideas which you mentioned. At present, a number of my close friends are searching for such a farm in the general vicinity of Portland, Oregon, with the idea of sharing the products of our labors. We are also exploring alternative housing (i.e., geodesic domes—built primarily from scrap material), and the alternative systems—power, wastes, etc.—which are most truly conducive to both a simple life-style and the nurturing of the eco-system. I would like to correspond with your friends who are experienced in similar pursuits so that I may share ideas with them. If possible, please let me know where I may contact them. Thank you for your cooperation.

Peace and freedom,
Mark Griffin

Dragnet

R.R. 1, North Hatley
Quebec, Canada

Dear Dorothy,

It is a long time since our Rome Pilgrimage and so much has happened in your Catholic Worker movement. I have not bothered you to write since then because you have more than your share of letters to answer. However, I thought it might interest your readers to know what happened to our son recently, and with your huge circulation the word might reach those who would profit by knowing.

(The following is from a report printed in the Oct. 4, 1973 N.Y. Times: A 25-year-old naturalized Canadian citizen, who reportedly left the United States with his family as a teen-ager, was released on bond in Vermont on Tuesday, nine days after he was arrested at Kennedy Airport on draft evasion charges.

In a telephone interview, the defendant's father, Lowell Naeve, said his family had left the United States for Canada on Oct. 10, 1965, 10 days before his son became 18. Federal law requires all males to register with the Selective Service no later than 30 days following their 18th birthday.

"We left to remove Gavin from the Vietnam scene," said the father, who was at the summer camp he runs in North Hatley, Quebec. He said that he himself had served four years in prison in the United States during World War II as a conscientious objector.

Two years ago, the elder Naeve said, the five members of his family who left Vermont became Canadian citizens. Gavin was one of them, he said. How Mr. Naeve came to be arrested remained in doubt. Law enforcement agencies here had no comment. But Mr. Naeve's Vermont attorney, David Anderson, said that after conversations with his client he believed that United States immigration officials in Bermuda had picked his name from a computerized file of fugitives and sent the information to New York, so that Federal Bureau of Investigation agents were waiting when Mr. Naeve arrived from the island.)

Our son Gavin is back at work in Bermuda but he still has a trial pending. We know of four other Canadians besides

him that have been apprehended in the same manner. One young man jumped his bail. Another, 42 years old and a draft evader from the Korean war, was arrested in Seattle on a visit to his sister for the first time in 20 years. He was released after a night and day in jail. The fourth was arrested and quite some time elapsed before his family learned he was in a U.S. jail. When the father arrived with bail he found his son hanged and dead. A fifth young man has just been arrested and we don't know that outcome.

There seems to be a rather activated retaliation policy since the draft ended to those who opposed it. There is a check system at all borders and airports that take international flights. Many don't know their names are in the black book and are caught when the border check finds their names in the book.

I have made no trips for the last nine years since my lungs have given me trouble. But for quite some years after moving here we did meet and try to help many young men opposed to the draft.

In peace,
Virginia Naeve

Prisoner Writes

P.O. Box 787
Lucasville, Ohio 45648

Friends,

Presently, I am incarcerated at the maximum security penal institution in Lucasville, Ohio. I have been institutionalized since I was fifteen. However, within the next several months I will be considered for parole.

While locked up, I have obtained my high school diploma and have successfully completed several college prep classes. I will be taking the college entrance exams in the next several weeks.

My goal upon release is to go to college—hopefully in the field of guidance counseling or social work.

At this point, I am trying to obtain any help, or suggestions relating to scholarships, or financial aid which you may be able to provide. Any kind of advice would be appreciated.

Sincerely,
Ray Garner

Tivoli of Old

719 Spruce Street
Georgetown, S.C. 29440

Dear Deane Mary Mowrer,

I remember Tivoli so vividly. I was raised there as a child, and have visited there twice since I left in 1929. At the time I was there it was called the Gould Foundation, named after Edwin Gould of the New York Central R.R. management. It was affiliated with Leake & Watts, who also had another facility at Yonkers, N.Y., also on the Hudson River. Tivoli (or Rose Hill Farm, as it was called) was a summer place for the boys from Yonkers, although a skeleton crew was kept there the year round. I was there with my brothers as part of this crew. We had hundreds of cows, thousands of chickens, and many pigs.

We all had our special jobs. Schooling, elementary, was taught in the first building as you entered the grounds. There were four grades in each room upstairs. Grades 1 thru 4 in one room, and 5 thru 8 in the other. I still remember the teachers we had. Miss Fischer and a Mr. Cahill. Downstairs in this building was a meeting room or Assembly Hall, small as it was. We used to go in to Tivoli to the movies once in a while. Silent movies, I remember, with someone playing a piano. There were orchards and orchards of fruit. Apples mostly, peaches, pears, plums, etc. We used to pick fruit after school was out. I used to work in the chicken house, collecting eggs, feeding, etc. My older brother took care of the pigs. My oldest brother, I can't remember his specific job. The old mansion, it was called the De Pyster Mansion.

Notes in Brief

DANILO DOLCI TO SPEAK AT UNION SETTLEMENT

Danilo Dolci, non-violent activist and organizer who for a generation has waged a crusade against poverty, violence and illiteracy in Western Sicily, will speak in New York on Friday, March 8th at 10 a.m. He will speak on "Inventing the Future" at East Harlem's Union Settlement, 237 East 104th Street.

SOSTRE DEFENSE NEEDS SUPPORT

The Martin Sostre Defense Committee, formed in behalf of the Buffalo anarchist sentenced to 41 years (now reduced to 30!) on the basis of false evidence (the chief witness against Sostre has declared he perjured himself when testifying against Sostre in a deal with police), has written that as of January it desperately needs support to carry on its struggle. Ernest Nassar writes, "We are nearly \$1,000 in debt. The group is prepared for a protracted struggle and intends to persevere until either the defense committee now existing can either merge into a national organization or Martin Sostre is freed." Please send help to Martin Sostre Defense Committee, Box 327, Glen Gardner, N.J. 08826.

U.S. CONTINUES INVOLVEMENT IN INDOCHINA WAR

One year after the Paris Peace Agreement, in which the U.S. pledged to stop intervening in the internal affairs of South Vietnam, 80% of the cost of keeping the Thieu regime in power is still paid by the U.S. taxpayer: \$800 million in military aid, and \$350 million in economic aid, much of which is funneled into the military. The estimated numbers of casualties in Vietnam since the Peace Agreement runs between 50,000 and 100,000. Ammon Hennacy's call to Tax Resistance becomes all the more a moral imperative.

Don Luce of the Indochina Mobile Education Project (1322 18th St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036) estimates that 200,000 political prisoners remain in South Vietnamese jails, despite article 8B of the Protocol to the Peace Agreement which called for their speedy release, and which was agreed to by all signers of the Agreement.

The Fellowship of Reconciliation has begun to raise funds for Vietnamese prisoners and victims in a project entitled, "FOR THE VICTIMS." The project will work for the release of prisoners, provide material help and support to those who remain in prison, assist orphans, refugees, and the injured, while at the same time working for the end of the war. Write Tom Cornell for more information, c/o FOR, Box 271, Nyack, N.Y. 10960.

LONGSHOREMEN JOIN U.F.W. LINE

On January 29 in Oakland, California, members of the Longshoremen's Union joined United Farm Worker strikers from the E. & J. Gallo wine company in a demonstration which stopped the unloading of several thousand barrels of wine concentrate which the struck company was seeking to import from Franco's Spain. Gallo workers in California have been on strike since June when the company refused to renegotiate its contract with the UFW and signed instead with the Teamsters. Evidently the company is seeking to diversify its sources of supply, counting on unorganized workers in the European dictatorship, since its American employees (mostly Mexican and Portuguese) have joined the UFW.

The nationwide boycott of Gallo wines continues. To avoid confusion, remember that any wine labeled "Modesto, Cal." is Gallo.

NEW PAPERBACK VALUES

Three recent paperbacks of interest to Catholic Worker readers are William Miller's *A Harsh and Dreadful Love* (Doubleday, \$1.95), Robert Coles and Jon Erikson's *A Spectacle Unto The World* (Viking, \$3.95—to be published in March), and Lanza del Vasto's *Return To The Source* (Simon and Schuster, \$2.95).

CORRECTIONS PLEASE!

We ask your help in making changes of address more efficient and economic. Each time the Post Office returns a paper to us it costs us 10¢. This mounts up. We encourage readers to inform us 60 days prior to a move, including both old and new addresses as well as proper zip codes. Abundant thanks.

T E R S + + + + +

We all stayed in this building, that is the year round crew. The other building you have there was a stable. It was changed to living quarters just before I left. Right next to the old house there was an ice house. I guess it was thirty feet deep. With ice and sawdust it was our "deep freeze." There were two mill ponds up near the old barn where ice was cut and hauled to the ice house. There was a sort of gorge between the old house and the hill, and a foot bridge across. On the hillside on the other side of the gorge were small huts—screened in—having 6 to 8 beds each. That is where the boys who came up for the summer stayed. Up further on the old road leaving the place was an old animal cemetery on the right. Tombstones and all. A little stream trickled under the foot bridge. Later on they dammed up the stream and now where you have the swimming pool was a small lake, sort of, formed by the dammed up water.

Just before I left they built a canning factory up near the old barn. Rose Hill Farm, besides its orchards, had many acres planted with vegetables of all sorts. We didn't weed by machinery—one child was assigned to a row and we went down the rows crawling, pulling weeds. The same when we harvested and picked strawberries and other things. Every year we had to scrub up some of the animals to carry to the Dutchess County Fair. Cows, pigs, chickens even. I remember in the summer time they would rouse us up early in the morn and



down the hillside to the river for a dip. (Buck naked.) When a train would come by—we were told to duck under. There was a railroad station, a flag stop, I believe, right down near the river. There was also a cooperage (a barrel factory) near the station. They made barrels for the apples. That's how they used to package the apples then. The area where all the apple orchards are I believe we used to call "Syntax." I loved Tivoli (as we all called it) and spent many happy days there. In the winter we had a sled pulled by a horse and used to ride around the countryside. Christmas was so beautiful there.

I remember one time when the dam broke, due to heavy rains, and debris of all sorts covered the railroad tracks, stopping traffic on the N. Y. Central. I don't believe they ever repaired the dam after that.

The reason I and my two brothers were there was that when I was one year old (I was the youngest) my mother and father were divorced. My father had custody of us and we were put in the "home." My father remarried in 1929 and took us home to live. During the period at Tivoli, though, my oldest brother ran away at 13 years of age and went to my mother who signed him up in the navy. He spent 21 years in the navy and retired because of a disability.

Here in Georgetown (which is not very far—20 miles—from Andrews where Oneita Knitting Mills is located) we have a home for boys from broken families, etc. It is called "Tara Hall," run by Father O'Sullivan. It is a wonderful place. Right on a river, like Tivoli, and what is so ironic about it is it was built on acreage donated to them that

was called, believe it or not, "Rose Hill Farm".

People in this area donate memorials year around for the upkeep of "Tara." Mr. Tom Yawkey, owner of the Boston Red Sox Baseball Team, has donated much land and money towards the home. Mr. Yawkey was adopted from an orphan home as a child by a wealthy man who made his fortune in the lumber business—so it makes him much interested in boys from broken homes, orphans, etc.

Give "Tara Hall" a boost in the Catholic Worker. The address is "Tara Hall, Georgetown, S.C."

Sincerely,
Howard A. Stearns

Mother Teresa

Youth Activities
Diocese of Cleveland
Cleveland, Ohio 44114

Dear Dorothy,

I have just returned from a pilgrimage to India and France. At the moment the contrasts between the East and the West are very apparent and raise many questions.

How simple and beautiful was the celebration of Christmas Day in Calcutta. It began in the House of the dying. Before Mass I baptized one man whom we called Joseph. Just before we began the celebration, he was called home to

the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus. Another man died with the chains of his lifetime imprisonment on his ankles. How good it was to know that although physically he was shackled, spiritually he was freed and hopefully home with his brother Jesus.

Later on Christmas Day, I visited one of the poorest villages in Calcutta with Mother Teresa. The people love her and the sisters. They lined the roads to greet her and clothed her in garlands of marigolds. One man, whose foot was eaten away with leprosy, danced for joy while others played music and sang. How joyful they were in the midst of great suffering.

That evening we returned to the train station where hundreds of mothers, fathers and their naked children sleep because there is no place for them. Mother gave myself and Fred, a young man I was living with at Asha Niketan (Home of Hope for mentally handicapped men), some bread and milk to feed the people in the train station. I have never been surrounded so quickly by children and their parents hungering for bread and milk. All I could think of was what Gandhi once said: "If Jesus would come today to the people of India, he would come in the form of bread."

Those are a few of the events of Christmas Day that I desired to share with you. I hope you are keeping well

these days. Please give my very best to Eileen Egan. Mother Teresa sends her love to both of you.

In Jesus,
Fr. Jim O'Donnell

Doctor Needed

2127 Green Street
Philadelphia, Pa. 19130

Dearest Kathleen,

I have gotten a letter from John Perkins, a sincere and dedicated fundamentalist preacher-organizer, who runs a co-op for poor people. A health clinic is part of the co-op and it is located in Mendenhall, Mississippi, a hot, dusty town about 50 miles south of Jackson.

John has asked me to publicize their need for a "doctor dedicated to the community who doesn't want a lot of money for his/her services." Contact: John Perkins, 309 Center St., Mendenhall, Miss. 39114.

Could the Catholic Worker help?

Love,
Marion Moses

Strike Support

208-37 Eden Place
Toronto, Ontario
M5T 2V6 Canada

Dear CW:

It was good of you to print in January my letter about the Artistic Woodwork strike. The letter I wrote came to you before the strike ended. It was settled with a mitigated victory for the union, in December. The mitigation was that 118 arrests were made, involving 108 people. The retrograde management's rights clause was rejected from the contract, and wages were never an issue. But the strikers went back into the plant to make picture frames, and only about a third of them were unionized; the shop is open; and the bosses can apply after a time for decertification. It goes on and on.

The trials have been farcical. It is obvious that those arrested are being taught a lesson by the State, because the charges are usually false and often minor—common assault and mischief by obstruction—and the fines and jail sentences have been way out of line for such "offenses." The usual burden laid on us is a lecture plus \$200 and/or 14 days, servable on weekends. Some of us cannot get legal aid, and we have to try to pay \$150-\$200 per conviction. It all mounts up.

The only organization that has really gotten busy to raise money for the defense of its own members and of some others of those arrested who are in dire need is the Toronto branch of the Industrial Workers of the World. Our appeals have been heard, and we are grateful for the assistance we have been given. If any of your readers want to



Ade Bethune

help, they could send contributions to us at the Toronto I.W.W., P.O. Box No. 306, Station "E", Toronto 4, Ontario, Canada. We will see that the money gets to the women and men who we know truly need it.

Thank you for your resourcefulness.
Peace to you all,
Ted Whittaker

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

On the Feast of the Purification of Our Lady, snow falls, silently, gently, making a wintry carpet for February. Patches of green, left untimely green by a too Springlike, too prolonged January thaw, begin to pale under the icy touch of winter. Down on the river jagged broken ice begins to form a mantle, hiding the watery apartments of many aquarian creatures, as well as the ugly refuse of man. Somewhere, not far away, a foghorn sounds a melancholy warning. But at my window bird-feeder, goldfinches—wearing their sober winter dress—twitter sweetly, seeking sunflower seeds amid the growing fluff of snow.

I think of Tanya—Dorothy Day's four-year-old great granddaughter—who told me somewhat wistfully during our January warm spell that she would like more snow so that she and Josh and Came and Carston and Cullen could slide down Peter Maurin Hill again. For a moment, accompanied by the happy twittering of goldfinches, I enjoy vicariously—within the warm shelter of my room—the wild joyful snowflicking of children. Then a jay shrieks, scattering the goldfinches. Not far away a chickadee calls, cheerful as a child, seeming to say—Dreamer, come out. Reality is here.

The New Calf

Jennifer, the calf, and the chickens, however, are enjoying the snow within their own shelter. During the balmy January thaw, the chickens ran free most of the day, searching for nutrients among the trickling rivulets, decaying leaves, and greening grass. The calf, too, had a guided tour about the place, and received visitors at her open door. On one such day, with Chris Anders to help me from falling in the mud or slipping on an icy patch, I enjoyed a visit with Jennifer. She is—Chris told me—black with white markings appropriate to her Holstein heritage. She received us warmly, obviously recognizing Chris as a special friend. She is the gift of the Monks of Our Lady of Mount Saviour. Fr. Andy and Fr. Tony drove to Elmira and brought her back to lodge in the snug little cowshed which Chris and Tony had built for her. It is the hope of everyone that she will thrive and grow, and in the course of time and breeding produce quantities of unpro-

cessed, unpasteurized milk to make us healthy in turn. With the good care Chris gives her, that seems likely to occur. Meanwhile she adds a touch of verisimilitude to the appellation "farm" which we ascribe to our woody acres.

Like his charge, the calf, Chris lives at the edge of the woods, near the cowshed. He makes his home in the home-made trailer which Skippy sold to Kay Lynch, and Kay left here when she and her mother moved away. Unlike some here who enjoyed life in the woods during Summer and Fall but fled to the house with the approach of winter, Chris continues to dwell in his woodland hermitage. John Filliger still lives in his little cottage which puts him a little nearer the pump house which he must visit daily, no matter what the weather, and nearer, too, to the chickens or his "girls," as he likes to call the hens. Farther away, deep in a hemlock grove, Joan Welch finds privacy and solitude in the well-built hut which Elizabeth Marshall made. Somewhere in hollow trees and tunneled lairs, dwell other creatures, woodchucks and raccoons and possums, dreaming in winter-sleep of Spring and light and food.

Winter Antidotes

Since we mere human beings can hardly sleep the winter away, antidotes for "winter doldrums" are much in demand among us. For many, reading remains a dependable old remedy. For some, music suffices. Jack plays his flute; Jim plays his recorder; Susie her drums; Marge her guitar. Once in a while some of the young people organize a dance in the diningroom. Scrabble and cards are popular in the evening. Certain evening television programs also have a following. Marcel's twice-a-week movies—which are well chosen to interest almost everyone—are much appreciated. For variety Stanley Vishnewski gives a slide show.

The movie most enjoyed here this winter was, I think, the one which our Filipino friend, Ramon, made and directed here. Ramon is studying film at Oberlin College, and this movie was part of his between-terms field project. Although it was made without sound, color film was used, and the resulting photography, I am told, was beautiful. The story, which was in part improvised in

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A Neighborhood Event

By PAT RUSK

There wasn't much going on in the neighborhood. It was like a small town with big, old trees lining the curbs, modest houses with back yards and front porches. I always walked a different street en route to the subway station in order to look at the houses and the trees and flowers and wonder, too, about the people in those houses with front porches on quiet, treeshaded streets that were so cool on hot summer days, wonder about the kind of work these people did.

One day I discovered there was an association in the neighborhood interested in getting their tax dollar's worth from City Hall. I went to one of their meetings and was invited to volunteer on one of the committees. Steve, who was desperately struggling with City Hall over the problem of getting adequate trash pick-up, looked like a determined individual, so I signed up with him and agreed to meet one evening in his workshop/office to plan some strategies like a clean-up campaign, distributing literature and ringing doorbells to talk with people. The night I met with Steve he showed me his pile of letters about two inches thick that he had written during the past year to various departments trying to get the sanitation service to do a better job than they were. This bulk of correspondence made me realize the hopelessness of dealing with City Hall. I began to talk up the wonders of recycling. Steve smiled his broad grin and shook his head slowly back and forth.

I had been following the stories in a local paper about environmental action groups, but my idea fell on hard ground. I dropped it, and carried on with what Steve was doing. He loaded me down with a bunch of leaflets which I distributed, and a petition that I circulated which we would later take to the Mayor's Action Task Force at City Hall. And we laid plans for a Saturday morning Clean-Up Campaign. We also set up a meeting at one of the churches with a bunch of young people and got a speaker to come from an environmental group to show a film about what happens to trash. We had the Commissioner of Sanitation come and talk to the neighborhood people.

We struggled through the winter and held our clean-up on the coldest day of the year: sweeping the street and getting people's signature to a promise that hereafter they would keep clean the sidewalk in front of their shops. Everyone signed, and for a moment we had success. That night Steve returned to the scene of our daytime action and found the same mess that he always found on other Saturday nights.

Discouragement began setting in, and I was getting tired of leafleting and gathering names and ringing doorbells to talk with people about the trash problem. I knew that recycling would go a long way to help solve the neighborhood trash problem. As my spirits and interests in trash waned and Steve saw me slowly drifting away, he showed up one sunny day and invited me to go out and look at a recycling station in operation. We arrived at the right moment. People were driving in, parking their cars, carrying bundles of flattened cans, clean bottles and stacks of newspapers to a reception committee of bright faces eager to fill the awaiting barrels with metal, glass and paper.

Steve watched and talked with the people there. He was obviously pleased. This was Saturday. On Sunday, Steve came around to pick me up to look for a site and we found the ideal place, a section of the yard owned by the city water works. They would cooperate. The environmental action group would cooperate with barrels and truck pickups and posters: "Trash Is Cash." The recycling center was quickly set up for people to come to on Saturday afternoons, and the cash redemption would be turned into trees to replace the ones destroyed by a blight of builders,

Now I can report that the center is eighteen months old and is considered the association's most successful activity. Here are some facts that I've learned: The center was awarded a prize of eight-hundred dollars, and is the second most successful recycling center in the City of New York. I suppose these facts are impressive, but for me the thrill came when I learned that down by the subway station, the bus stop, situated on a cement island in the middle of the street, will soon have a tree and a triangular



concrete bench to sit on. A tree! Oh, how I wish it could be an apple tree!

I want to finish with some late newspaper accounts which caught my eye: "Garbage Power Plan Under Study" reads one headline. The article goes on to state what can be done—"Making electricity from trash." Under the headline "Opportunities for Waste", I read an account of Dr. Helmut W. Schulz's efforts. Dr. Schulz heads the Center for Advanced Urban Technology at Columbia University. He says that technology has made successful tests with refuse, turning it into animal feed, chemicals, garden fertilizer. New York City has 30,000 tons of solid waste daily to dispose of. Dr. Schulz and his students are looking for ways to use it up.

I close with this quote from Murray Bookchin in the January Liberation:

"The ecology movement must begin to speak up for an ecological society. It must bring into question not technology as such but a rapacious centralized corporate or state technology that is designed to exploit man and nature. It must bring into question not consumption as such but a mindless system of consumption based on exchange, profit, and media-engineered tastes that defile the human spirit. The ecology movement must show that the alternatives are not between energy shortages and scarcity but an irrational system of production and a society based on ecological principles that can amply meet rational human needs with a minimum of aneorous toil. We can have all the energy we need if we use the sun and wind rather than fossil and nuclear fuels. And we can use the sun and wind with reasonable effectiveness if we decentralize our cities and create communities artistically tailored to the ecosystems in which they are located. To make these sweeping changes implies an entirely new social order in which the planet is shared communally rather than parcelled out privately to satisfy competitive, profit-oriented interests."

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

(Continued from page 5)

the acting, results in a kind of murder story to end all murder stories. Principal actors include Emily Coleman, Dennis Block, Geoffrey Ruddick, Joe Geraci, and Alice Lawrence. According to some, Alice really stole the show. There was appropriate recorded music for accompaniment. Our large living-room was "filled to capacity" for the first showing, and everyone—even children, cats, and dogs—gave rapt attention. Does this, I wonder, presage the return of the silent film?

Stimulus of another kind was provided for us by Miriam Carroll's talk on the third Sunday afternoon in January. Miriam spoke on Maria Montessori and her educational theories and practice. Since Miriam has not only studied these theories thoroughly but has also taught in Montessori schools, she was able to give a clear and interesting exposition of both theory and practice. Maria Montessori first propounded her theories some years ago, and some of her schools in Europe have achieved considerable renown. The Catholic Worker in fact carried articles about Montessori a number of years ago. Unfortunately, there are still very few Montessori schools, especially in this country. Most people agree that our schools are in rather a sad state. Perhaps a more widespread and thorough application of Montessori methods would improve matters. The discussion following Miriam's talk showed that those who heard her were really interested.

Jim Chapman, I think, has found a good antidote for winter doldrums in the AA meetings which he has been attending in this vicinity. Many readers will probably remember Jim's articles in The Catholic Worker a couple of years or so ago, which dealt in part with the problem of alcoholism. Some of the meetings Jim attends are held—at Jim's suggestion—right here at the Catholic Worker Farm, and we are glad to have our facilities put to such a good use.

Work Is Good Medicine

As anyone who has tried it knows,

work is one of the best remedies for dullness. A house of hospitality on the land, such as ours, where many kinds of people come with many kinds of problems, and where the population even in winter remains around eighty, provides plenty of work for all who are able to do it. Trying to keep our ancient plumbing functioning keeps Marcel busy. Pump, reservoir, furnace, chickens, etc. provide work for John. Cooking, cleaning, dishwashing, etc. provide much work for a number of people. For most of us, good food is good medicine, and so we are grateful to a number of good cooks who can make good meals out of the cheaper, not-so-good ingredients. With food prices almost prohibitively high, one wonders how long the poor can continue to eat. In meeting this problem, we are glad that Carol and Kathleen have come from Florida to live with us, for they are not only helpful and considerate in general, but they are also in particular very good cooks who know how to do much with little. May God bless all who keep the work going here.

Letters from readers can also do much to relieve dullness. The letter from Howard Stearns, which appears in this issue, gave me such a vivid impression of the period when this farm was part of the Leek-Watt orphanage that I could in imagination walk around among the orchards, the ponds, the animal cemetery, the old stable from which our house derives, and all the orphan boys busy with many projects. Knowing that so much good was done here in the past, one can only be more hopeful about the future.

It is Sunday, the day after the Feast of the Purification of Our Lady. Cold and a foot or more of snow from yesterday's storm mark this day as winter's own. All day long wintering birds have come and gone at my window feeder. It is Lenten weather, and toward Lent we move. But somewhere under the snow and frozen earth an embryo skunk cabbage begins to dream of Spring. Goldfinches twitter a prelude to Easter. Deo Gratias.

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(Continued from page 2)

Cuernavaca. Jack Ancharski has come to work for awhile. Dan O'Shea visited for a few days with a hopeful report on Farmworker activities in Rochester. The effort is just beginning there and is keeping Dan busy. He came with two fellow seminarians, Peter Fabian and Dan Generelli, and we were hoping the gasoline shortage would keep them here a bit longer. John's death brought a lull to the soup line. Now Mike DeGregory, Terry Rogers, Roger Lederer, Jane Sammon and Pat Murray share the soup making with Ed Forand. Esther and Eleanor chop vegetables and slice bread before dawn. Dan Corley and Arthur Jacobson, faithful soupline workers, have been reinforced by Mike Murphy, Brother William Parker, J.J. Nina Rutledge and Corinne Didisheim. Each give a day or two from their already busy days, and we are grateful.

The weather played some delightful tricks on us, and for a few days it seemed like Spring. I almost expected to see Sal basking in the sun on his chair in front of the house. Whiskers abandoned his jacket to work in shirt sleeves on the loading platform next door. And despite Pat Jordan's frequent blizzard predictions, we saw "Nanook of the North" on a balmy Friday evening.

But January ended as it must, with cold winds and snow. It is winter for a bit longer, and we are reminded of the strength of the outdoor people. Men come to sit in the warmth for a few minutes and leave with a pocketful of bread and turned up collars. Around the city people struggle with the cold; work-

ing people on the docks, the construction sites and the ditches; families in poorly heated apartments, and men and women for whom the street is home. In our house, too, the winter has taken its toll. Mr. Anderson is recovering at Bellevue hospital from a serious bout with pneumonia; John Alex is recuperating in an upstate nursing home; and Robert Smith is battling the flu on the fifth floor. We wish them all a speedy recovery.

One of the happiest nights of the month was Bob Gilliam's Friday night meeting on the pacifism of the Worker. Bob, a Catholic Worker since the mid-sixties, just finished his thesis on Catholic Worker pacifism, and shared parts of it with us. He spoke with love and enthusiasm about our position of non-violence through the many wars which have been waged since the founding of the CW. He sparkled when he talked of Ammon Hennacy's one-man revolution, and his respect and admiration for Peter Maurin were contagious. (The following night, at an unusually quiet time, Mike Kovalak shared some of his memories of Peter's last months, a time when Mike helped care for him.) Bob finished his talk with a gentle reminder of the pertinence of nonviolence in Christ's Mystical Body. In this body we are one; how can we persist in tearing ourselves asunder? Saint Paul tells us to "Face plain facts. Anybody who is convinced that he belongs to Christ must go on to reflect that we all belong to Christ no less than he does." (Corinthians II: 10) To live at St. Joseph's House is to be reminded daily of that plain fact. We thank God for that privilege.

Rabbi Heschel's Wisdom

By ANNE PERKINS

A little over a decade ago I worked for Harper & Brothers as a publicist in the Religious Books Department. There I had the privilege of meeting Abraham Joshua Heschel, the Jewish scholar and theologian. Dr. Heschel died of a heart attack a year ago at the age of sixty-five.

Robert McAfee Brown in a warm essay on Dr. Heschel in the Dec. 10 issue of *Christianity and Crisis*, says that Heschel was "incurably, consistently Jewish." Perhaps it was his faithfulness to his own tradition that allowed him security and freedom. "Would you want me to give up my religion?" he asked, as though he really expected you to have some say in the matter. "Er . . . no." "I'm glad. We agree then," he nodded happily.

Heschel was a lucid scholar and writer. He was also among the foremost Jewish religious leaders in the civil rights movement, accompanying Martin Luther King in the march to Selma, and one of the earliest religious spokesmen against the U.S. involvement in Vietnam. His moral passion was balanced by humor, warmth, and a capacity for friendship. Not that his moral passion had to be balanced. The Prophets, he reminded us, were unbalanced regarding dishonesty and deception.

He knew and wrote that self-deception is easy. He warned that religion needs content (theology) as well as feeling to overcome callousness, the unawareness of lack of sensitivity. One of Heschel's lasting contributions will be his distinction between entertainment and celebration. He believed, and in his life he practiced, that in cultivating the inner life by

with Christians, officially and unofficially. He admired and enjoyed the friendship of John C. Bennett of Union Theological Seminary. Thomas Merton once wrote he considered Heschel the best religious writer in America. At a conference in Louisville, Heschel once called Merton at the Trappist Monastery and was joyously received by him. They talked for hours. "They served me steak as a treat," Heschel said musingly about the monks who were accustomed to a vegetarian diet, "not realizing that I do not eat steak."

It would be foolhardy to forget that as a Jew Heschel observed rituals and honored his tradition. He made you feel you should respect your own. He once told his wife Sylvia, "Well, if I were a Christian, I'd be a good one!" He was the most persuasive of Bible teachers. People would listen to him with that rare attentiveness reserved for really great teachers.

Heschel was endowed with a whimsical humor. Some of his books have titles that are the obverse of previous books. *God in Search of Man*, his own favorite, was about the Bible, while *Man's Quest for God* is about prayer. He once told me after he had written *The Insecurity of Freedom* that he wanted to write a book called *The Freedom of Insecurity*. When he and William Menninger gave addresses before the American Medical Association it must have been Heschel who suggested that one speak on the patient as a person, the other on the person as a patient.

A Passion for Truth (Farrar, Straus &

On Spiritual Friendship

ST. AELRED OF RIEVAULX

St. Aelred of Rievaulx was born at Hexham in Northumberland about the year 1110 and died in the year 1167 at the Cistercian monastery of Rievaulx of which he had been abbot for nearly twenty years. He was of pure English stock and came on his father's side from a long line of hereditary priests. While still an impressionable youth, but not before he had received a sound grounding in letters and become thoroughly imbued with the new humanism of the time, he was sent to join the court of King David of Scotland. Here he won the confidence and friendship of the king, ultimately becoming High Steward of the royal household, and formed an intimate friendship with Earl Henry, the king's son. But, although things seemed to prosper for him, his soul was torn by an agonizing conflict from which, so he tells us, death seemed the only way of escape; for he felt himself called to seek God in the cloister and yet could not bring himself to break with his friend Henry. He was always a man with an enormous capacity for friendship, and in later life, when his affections had become transformed by charity, he composed a treatise on spiritual friendship after the pattern of Cicero's dialogue on the same subject that both for its theme and for the delicate beauty of its treatment is unique in Christian literature.

Release came to him and grace conquered in his soul when, returning from an interview with the archbishop of York, he visited the new Cistercian monastery at Rievaulx. From that visit he never went back to the court of Scotland. Walter Daniel, his disciple and biographer, tells us that Aelred had lived like a monk in the court of King David, but afterwards explains that he meant by this that he had led a humble life there, not that he had never "deflowered his chastity." After a stern struggle with himself, his soul blossomed in the companionship of the cloister, and in the year 1143, after having occupied positions of responsibility in his own mon-

astery, he was sent to become the first abbot of Revesby, a daughter house of Rievaulx in succession to Abbot Maurice.

As abbot of Rievaulx, he very soon became known throughout the country for his holiness and prudence; he was admitted to the councils of the highest in the land, and was constantly called upon to arbitrate in disputes. King Henry I of England was his friend, and, in 1160, during the papal schism of that time, he was able to influence him on behalf of Pope Alexander III. Attracted by his kindly and humane nature, men came from all over the country to seek admittance at Rievaulx, and he would turn no one away if he was satisfied he was in earnest, for he held that no monastery could call itself a house of God if it rejected the weak. But he would tolerate no soft living, and nowhere more than at Rievaulx was the Rule better observed.

He was the most delightful of companions, witty and of pleasant and easy speech, and he loved nothing better than to surround himself with his young and intelligent monks; yet he never allowed his natural inclinations to lead him into favoritism, and he could be firm to the point of obstinacy. His charming treatises on spiritual friendship, the boyhood of Jesus, the nature of the soul and other theological and historical subjects show a subtle and cultivated mind. They give the impression of having been written in some remote retreat by a scholar living far from the cares and troubles of life; but Aelred was a fine administrator and one of the busiest men of the day, and during all the last years of his life, he was tortured by rheumatism and the stone. Broken by illhealth and overwork, he died in the year 1167 at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven. He was canonized in 1191, and his feast day is kept on March 3rd, but on February 3rd by the Cistercians.

From "The Saints: A Concise Biographical Dictionary," Edited by John Coulson. New York: Guild Press.

Alexander Solzhenitsyn

How easy it is for me to live with you, O Lord! How easy it is for me to believe in you!

When, in perplexity, my spirit bares itself or bends, when the most intelligent do not see farther than this evening and do not know what will have to be done tomorrow: you pour into me the serene certitude that you exist and that you are watching out to see that all the paths of the good not be closed.

On the crest of earthly glory, I consider with astonishment this path through despair. This path from which I myself have been able to send to humanity a reflection of your rays.

All that I shall still have to reflect of them, you will grant me. And what I shall not succeed in reflecting, you have assigned to others.

prayer and ritual and in praise of God man finds his proper perspective and most genuine happiness. Entertainment destroys much of our initiative and weakens our imagination. Man needs exultation. He needs moments of celebration. In *Who Is Man?* he wrote, "The world is not mere material for exploitation. We have the right to consume because we have the power to celebrate."

Acknowledged as the Jewish theologian next to Buber who is most widely appreciated in Christian circles, Heschel himself was eager to make common cause

Giroux: \$8.95), Heschel's last book, was published posthumously in October. It is so marvellous, rich and alive that it is a legacy. The *Library Journal* says it is "probably the best book on Hasidism in English," but it is much more than that since it is filled with Heschel's own observations, insights and reflections. Elie Wiesel paid Heschel a debt in his book on Hasidism, *Souls on Fire*. Heschel's own book deals primarily with the lives and works of two great Jewish teachers, the Baal Shem Tov and Reb Mendel of Kotzk, and with the Christian theologian, Kierkegaard.

I once asked Rabbi Heschel to recommend a good book on the psalms. He reflected, then said there wasn't one. I suggested he might write one. He answered, "I have wanted to write a book on the psalms all my life." One feels he might have said the same about all his books. Each is rich, satisfying and complete. Heschel had obstinate integrity about not writing books simply to order. Perhaps only his book on Israel was written in response to a request.

Heschel's uncommon wisdom issued from a man for whom the words integrity, compassion, sensitiveness retained their freshness and meaning. It was this authenticity (one of his favorite words) that drew people to him, to his person and to his writing. In *Man Is Not Alone*, he wrote: "Piety is allegiance to the will of God. Whether that will is understood or not, it is accepted as good and holy, and is obeyed in faith."

Notices

In connection with a social history of the Warner (N.H.) CPS camp I am hoping to write, I am anxious to get in touch with any former members of that camp or with anyone who has information relating to that camp. I plan to cover the Stoddard experience as well, so any information relating to that camp or its members will also be gratefully received. Gordon C. Zahns, 780 Boylston St., 26D, Boston, Mass. 02199.

Note the following journals which deal with the land trust movement: *MAINE LAND ADVOCATE*, 44 Central St., Box 7, Bangor, Maine 04401, \$3 a year sub. *PEOPLE AND LAND*, the newspaper of the Land Reform Movement, 345 Franklin St., San Francisco, Calif. 94102, 50¢ an issue.

Renewal, Day by Day

(Continued from page 3)

one puts on a record and see all the kids dance to let out their never-ending tensions, you'll find that you can't keep your eyes to yourself as this girl ignites and starts to weave across the floor. Every thing she touches—macrame, ceramics, collages—become new art forms. But Yolanda's forte is Poetry. To read her ghetto poetry is one thing, but to hear this incredible person read her poetry in that dynamite voice which is hers is to know that you are in the same room with real fire!

I can relate to this woman child more than any other student at the Rehab Center because our past lives have two similarities—mothers giving us away to others, fathers rejecting us. And yet in her younger wisdom, Yolanda has outstripped me. She has learned to accept her father as is. Her father-poem is pure therapy. Everytime she recites this poem, she is forgiving, releasing him. My parents, Yolanda's parents, did what they had to do. Who knows what inner fears, needs and other private purgatories drove them further and further from those who needed them the most? To me the most beautiful lines in the novel, *To Kill a Mockingbird* are: "You never really understand a person until . . . you climb into his skin and walk around in it." Intellectually, I know this to be right, but emotionally my head is still in the other place. On the other hand, I know that to survive in this crazy culture, everybody has to fail somebody sometimes.

As I finish writing this page, it occurs to me that Sylvia Plath wrote a real painful poem to her father for cutting out on her. She just couldn't forgive

daddy for dying, thereby abandoning her.

I was just 10 when they
buried you
At 20 I tried to die
And get back, back, back
to you

Yolanda wrote her father-poem when she was sixteen. At the age of eighteen, she is something else. Now that she knows where she is and where she's going, she can step right up from the rest of them as she basks in the calm of self acceptance, day by day victories and self renewal. Isn't that what this so called rehabilitation is all about anyway? Everytime I look across the room and see Yolanda's afro bent over a class paper, or working on a new macrame pattern, I want to shout to all the "mothers" of white, black, red, brown and yellow America, "Right on, Sister Yolanda, Right on!"

"Mother" is a ghetto word used affectionately (sometimes not so affectionately) to embrace, to symbolize all brothers and sisters.

SURPLUS VALUE

The Merchant calls it Profit and winks the other eye;
The Banker calls it Interest and heaves a cheerful sigh;
The Landlord calls it Rent as he tucks it in his bag;
But the honest old Burglar he simply calls it Swag.

(A jingle culled from his reading that Ammon Hennacy carried on a placard when he picketed a convention of bankers.)

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

site of the works of war. To ask that permission to obey Christ by applying for exemption, a costly and lengthy process, is against our religious principles. It is an interference of the state which we must call attention to again and again. A father who educates a young man or woman other than a blood relative is taxed for his generosity. A poor family who takes in another poor family (as many of them do in time of unemployment or crisis), cannot count that as tax deductible. Of course the poor suffer from the withholding tax which is taken from their weekly pay. To understand their rights, they must plough through booklets and forms put out by the government (which I am sure I could not manage to do) before they are able to collect money at the end of the year which is owing to them due to some change of circumstance. To get the advice of the Internal Revenue Department means standing in lines, paying excessive fares by bus or subway, with generally little redress of their grievances.

(A cheering note for us, with our very large family, which seems to increase day after day, is that when confronted by the government forces not long ago, Washington representatives from the Department of Justice were willing to concede that we were not making profits out of the poor, that we were motivated by religious principles, and that they would so notify the New York offices of the Internal Revenue Dept. which had handed us an awful bill for taxes due, along with penalties and fines, over a space of four or five years. The New York office then sent us a brief notice concluding that our income did not obligate us to file returns.)

I am stating again this situation because we have recently been given large gifts to enable us to get a new headquarters, large enough to take care of a great many more needy and helpless old women than we have up to this time. We are getting a former music settlement house which, with the help of Ruth Collins, our house manager and real estate expert, and Harry Simmons, our architect, we will change from a school into a residence. It is only a few blocks from where we are now, and we ask our readers to start praying that we may overcome with dispatch the many problems involved in dealing with building codes, health departments and fire departments, not to speak of the neighborhood itself. We have become used to First Street and they have become used to us—to a certain extent.

Philosophy of Work

A good teacher repeats, Peter Maurin used to say, and I have already written about this tax situation before. But we get letters from readers who do not

wish to be penalized for helping us. Also, on my trip this month there were those listeners who came and asked how they could get rid of stocks and bonds, drawing interest from God alone (and Wall Street) knows what investments. Housing, small industries providing jobs, producing useful things like shoes, building materials, tools, etc. are good. But what greater torture than to do useless work like one of my granddaughters who stood before an assembly line in a small factory in Vermont where Timex watch boxes were made. Her job was to dip one half of the box in glue and attach it to the other half. When one remembers that the same box is discarded right after one purchases and removes the watch, it can only be regarded as utterly useless work. Most packaging—more and more elaborate—falls into this category. In *The House of the Dead*, Dostoevski called attention to the

ago the collective farm transferred him to the less strenuous job of herding cows. . . . Small and lean, his menu includes milk, wheatbread, honey, fruit and vegetables. He can ride a horse and has a good memory.

"The State awarded an honorary title of 'Mother Heroine' to one of his daughters who brought up eleven children.

"Seven other villagers in Tukyaband are more than 100 years old. Five are women."

Ade used to take "apprentices," and a half dozen of the women in the CW (including my own daughter, Dorothy Gauchat, who runs Our Lady of the Wayside hospital in Avon, Ohio, Mary Paulson of the Upton farm, Betty and Mary Katherine Finnegan of the Rochester house, who married scholars and artists and live in Minnesota near St. John's Abbey, and Julia Porcelli) studied

in the building program. The plan allows for a very small down payment. Thirty-three houses already have tenants who for the first time own their own home. Only three staff members have salaries (Ade is not one of them of course), and the high school students have had the satisfaction of building one entire house.

I don't know whether the paragraphs headed "What can you do?" apply only to Newport, but they are interesting for others to read and perhaps apply to other areas: "Join the C.C.S. No dues or fees. Send a donation. A ten dollar gift purchases \$100 worth of housing. A \$100 gift produces \$1,000 worth. Sell us your unused land at a reasonable price or give it to us as a tax deduction to yourself. Sell us any run-down property we can fix up. Tell us about a hardship family we can serve. Tell us about available land or housing. Offer to do volunteer work."

Here is certainly an example of mutual aid. The address of the Church Community Corporation is 40 Dearborn St., Newport, R.I. 02840.

Thinking of the (at least) \$100 a month rents on East First Street for four-room, dark, slum apartments, the sight of these modern working class homes, architecturally conforming to the New England "fisherman's cottage," brings joy to the heart. St. Gertrude said: "Properly, the more common it becomes, the more holy it becomes."

Once when I was talking to Cesar Chavez about farming communes and the kibbutzim of Israel, so well described by Martin Buber in *Paths in Utopia*, he said, "I prefer the moshavim," which have, as I understand it, private homes for the families, near to or part of the cooperative farms. I know that in the new country housing I saw in Cuba in 1962 there was room for vegetable gardens and an animal or two, as well as good housing.

Farmworkers

Speaking of Cesar and the farm workers, we continue to urge our readers to send money to the United Farm Workers Welfare Fund (tax deductible) and to keep up the boycott of all grapes and Gallo wines and iceberg lettuce.

A memorial service was held here in New York recently for the 19 migrant workers crushed and drowned in an old bus in which they were being transported from Mexico to the High and Mighty Farms (what a name!). This corporation had signed contracts with the Western Conference of Teamsters. With these union raiders there is no strict enforcement of safety standards for the bus or hours of work for the bus driver. The bus went off the road into a deep drainage ditch. Some of the riders were drowned. The driver was crushed to death by the seats not firmly fastened to the floor. There are many such accidents in this long distance transportation of workers. May God wipe away all tears from their eyes. May they rest in peace.

NEW ENGLAND CPF CONFERENCE

The 4th Annual New England Catholic Peace Fellowship Conference will be held on Saturday, March 23, 1974, at Mount Marie, Sisters of St. Joseph, Holyoke, Massachusetts (near intersection of Mass. Pike and Highway 91, just north of Springfield). The program will include workshops and films on issues of peace and freedom, a liturgy, as well as a panel on "The Future of the Catholic Peace Movement," with Gordon Zahn. For further information about registration and workshops requests, please write or call: Ms. Pat Wieland, Rte. 1, Box 399, Belchertown, Massachusetts 01007 — (413) 323-4055; or Michael True, Assumption College, Worcester, Massachusetts 01609 — (617) 757-8228.

PRAY & WORK ORA ET LABORA



Ade Bethune

torture of useless works. He had suffered it himself during his imprisonment in Siberia.

Peter Maurin used to say the great need of the time was to study and meditate upon a philosophy of work. St. Benedict in his rule emphasized the need of a balance of spiritual, mental and manual labor. The spiritual was also physical in that prayers were chanted, at fixed hours during the day.

Small Is Beautiful

Graham Carey and Ade Bethune (of Vermont and Rhode Island respectively) are two of our friends who exemplify a philosophy of work. Graham sent me a Harper Torch Book last week entitled *Small Is Beautiful—Economics as if People Mattered* by E. F. Schumacher, with an introduction by Theodore Roszak (\$3.95). Schumacher's work, "which we have been long following," belongs to that tradition of organic and decentralist economics whose major spokesmen include Kropotkin, Gustave Landauer, Tolstoi, William Morris, Gandhi, Lewis Mumford, etc.

Graham is an old friend of the Catholic Worker since 1934, a fellow worker of the late Eric Gill, and of Ananda Comeraswamy and R. H. Tawney. The blurb on the back of the book *Small Is Beautiful* lists fellow spokesmen for the ideas expressed, including "Alex Comfort, Paul Goodman and Murray Bookchin. It is the tradition we might call anarchism." We ourselves have never hesitated to use the word. Some prefer personalism. But Peter Maurin came to me with Kropotkin in one pocket and St. Francis in the other!

A highlight of my New England trip was my visit with Ade Bethune and her mother, now over ninety and a vigorous woman still, knitting and doing cross-stitch.

(Yesterday's *Daily World* tells of peasants in the high mountain land of Azerbaijan who live to be well over a hundred years old: "Medjid Agayer, 139, worked as a shepherd, and three years

under her. Mothers of many children and valiant women, all of them.

Ade's work is familiar to our readers (she puts all the saints to work in her wood cuts and line drawings). Once she did a row of murals in our Mott Street headquarters depicting Benedictine monks at work, families cultivating their gardens, St. Joseph at his carpenter's bench, Martin de Porres (who is venerated by the Mexicans living around our San Francisco Martin de Porres House of Hospitality) serving the sick and so on. Our Italian neighbors who grew pots of basil and cuttings from fig trees, and tomato plants on their fire escapes, appreciated her art. But after five years, an overzealous worker cleaned the walls, and the murals were washed away. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," they say. I'm afraid we'll never be considered godly. Ade however has the patience of a saint, and continued her work for us.

Bulletin No. 68 of Ade's "St Leo's Bulletin" (Box 177, Newport, R.I. 02840) is all about the beauty of a simple funeral. The monks of Blue Cloud Abbey in South Dakota loaned her three pictures of the funeral of one of the brothers in a simple wood coffin with rope handles. You can write for directions as to how to make your own.

Community Corporation

But what interests me most in Ade's many activities is the Church Community Corporation to provide "decent housing and home ownership for families of low and moderate income in Newport." The Navy has pulled out of the town and slum conditions are spreading. There are twenty directors of the Corporation, black and white, men and women. The annual report of 1973 is well worth reading. Thirty families have their own homes, good, little, New England homes that would have been demolished had not a highway been deflected. Vacant lots have been obtained to build on or move houses onto. And high school students have been involved

Friday Night Meetings

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, the Catholic Worker holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30 p.m. at St. Joseph's House, 36 E. 1st St., between First and Second Avenues. After the discussions, we continue to talk over hot sassafras tea. Everyone is welcome.

February 22—Allan Solomonow of CONAME: Can the Arabs and the Israelis Survive Each Other?

March 1—Film: "Man of Aran".

March 8—Vieri Tucci: Let's Invent the Future (Danilo Dolci and Social Change).

March 15—Dr. Sighe Kennedy: Samuel Beckett—Archaic Irish Artist?

March 22—Voice Trio (Degnan, Evoglia, Giuliani): An Evening of Contemporary Sacred Song.

March 29—Sidney Callahan: Anger in the Women's Movement.