Dear Brothers and Sisters:

We would like to announce the week of seats of the bus that slid forward to the front because they were not properly secured to the floor. Pablo worked from 7,000 workers at the factory. 

These deaths could have been avoided with the proper safety precautions that a United Farm Workers' contract insists upon. The High and Mighty Farms, the 19 farm workers. He has asked that a United Farm Workers' contract insists with the proper safety precautions that are elements to be reckoned with, and a farmer knows how to read the storm signs. "Right calm today, be a blow tomorrow. See these clouds, in yet there, snowfall to follow in the air―sure sign of a storm." The sense are trusted here; the signs having been scattered.

But how do you read a storm when it hides in exclusive meetings and negotiations by new pressures just beginning to develop along the coast of Nova Scotia, the current center of it but five miles from the little offshore island named Stoddard. There, a company from the United States will construct a nuclear power plant.

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 Arenalzo, 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 11:30 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 3-5 as a 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 Nardo, 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 class 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 95343

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)
Midwinter now and yet a January thaw during the last week of that usually frigid month. When I was a child planting, I spent the last week in Janu­ary travelling in the New World. I have lunched at the Boston Paulist Church on the Common; the Trappist Monastery at Lnuclea; and spent a morning of Hospitality in Boston; visited Ade Bethune and her mother at Newport; went to a Christmas dinner at Fall River; spoke at Bridgewater State Library where Owen is librarian; and then some afternoon writing on the train.

I recover from my fatigue as I rest in the quiet of this first gentleman’s style of writing, reviewing the past month for this column. It is a letter to all our read­ers whose comments and ideas we will try 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 believe their heritage is 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, the Colonists had taught the Colonists how to survive, and the Colonists are the holder of the Indian’s land. The Colonists is rich.

On January 8th a group of us attended a conference on alternative lifestyles held at Thomas Merton Life Center. Speakers from the Catholic Worker, Catholic Peace Fellowship and Human Rights Department of the Community for Creative Nonvio­lence spoke. The goal was to talk about how they do and how they live. They shared some fine ideas on peace activities, the care of the poor, the mistreatment of children, servicing the mentally ill, prisoners, hospital and medical care. Earlier someone from CFP had referred to the police as “the mother of all our social ills.” What a task to explain one’s work under the burden of such a title! Yet an even more formidable task is to talk about the Com­munity on the day of the death of John McMillan, one of its dearest members.

All the other communities were new compared with ours of 40 years—forty years of publication, work, legend, sorrow and joy. What we said must certainly have proven inadequate. How glibly we can give ourselves a family. We are surely not the national family of our age; are we more the extended family of some­times? Families eat together, pray togeth­er, work together and share their joys and sorrows. At Saint Francis Hospice House there is hardly room to eat to­gether; some of us pray together; more informally we share our sorrows and not the sharing of the joys and sorrows. The new arrivals, the inevitable departures, and the death and delirium of each other.

I must remember these things.

O. P. Drislime

By Dorothy Day

36 East First

by Anne Marie Fraser

ON PILGRIMAGE

On January 8th a group of us attended a conference on alternative lifestyles held at Thomas Merton Life Center. Speakers from the Catholic Worker, Catholic Peace Fellowship and Human Rights Department of the Community for Creative Nonvio­lence spoke. The goal was to talk about how they do and how they live. They shared some fine ideas on peace activities, the care of the poor, the mistreatment of children, servicing the mentally ill, prisoners, hospital and medical care. Earlier someone from CFP had referred to the police as “the mother of all our social ills.” What a task to explain one’s work under the burden of such a title! Yet an even more formidable task is to talk about the Com­munity on the day of the death of John McMillan, one of its dearest members.

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Atomic Wastes Menace Northern Fisheries

By LORRAINE FREEMAN

Just as the taxi cab is about to take me to the train station to work at the Rehabilitation 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 forced for time to call 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. Damnit, the woman on the phone must be used to hundreds of people not knowing about their parents beginnings. Why is she asking such a silly question as that? Isn't it as if I didn't care. Why must she crawl all over me with her damn questions and make me forget?

Now that the hurried hours have passed, the memories turn. Forever, Dr. Crippen's voice echoes over me as I ask myself for the thousand times why did my father divorce me out of his life? I don't even know where he was born, or the honor of his parentage. . . .

I suppose, my son, that you will never know why the world as you know it is what it is. And here, as a child, you never even knew where his birth was born, or the honor of his parentage. . . .

Oh, why must I go through endless days hoping and praying that he'll hear me say father, father, I love thee. I want to come home to thee. I, O, I know I'm only 16 and haven't set or reached my goal. But we have just met so please father, don't let me goodbye yet.

Father, father, I love thee but my loving father does not love me. He loves the girl next door. He even loves the neighborhood where he lives and the home down the street and he doesn't try and be discreet.

Oh, you must go through the endless days hoping and praying that he'll hear me say. . . .

Father, father, I love thee but my loving father does not love me. He loves the girl next door. He even loves the neighborhood where he lives and the home down the street and he doesn't try and be discreet.

By the tender age of eighteen, Wild Heart has come out of a harsh drug gang and a haphazard life. He's become a good, clean boy and looks up to his father. This girl knows where he is going and he's going to be good. "You're going to Varadero, Yukonia. Yukonia loves me everything and everybody. If you should happen to be at the center, when something goes wrong, you'll be all right.

(Continued on page 7)

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(Continued on page 7)
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 change, and helping each other grow in the spirit of respect for all life. We've chosen to settle in the country because it allows us to live simply and become as self-sufficient as possible; because we want to put into the understanding and solution of rural problems; and because we want to build a different society. We support and develop alternatives. Coming together out of years of working on peace activities, houses of hospitality, and supporting those in prison, we have declared we perjured ourselves when we signed the peace papers. 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 may feel that the stewardship of farm or acreage that is not being used, and in the case of our farm the ideal one might want to give it to us to be put in trust.

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 correspondence, let us know what you are planning to settle by the end of March. If anyone would like to talk with you about this, please call and let us know what your activities would be so that we can write letters to you.

In Hope,


Northwest

16001 S. Niebur Rd.
Oregon City, Oregon 97265

Dear Patrick,

Thank you for the response to your letter. I am really 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 dome, built primarily from scrap materials), and the alternative systems-power, wastes, etc.—which are most truly revolutionary and the nurturing of the eco-system. I would like, therefore, to talk with your friends who are experience 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

Prisoner Writes

P.O. Box 787
Lucasville, Ohio 45648

Friends,

Presently, I am incarcerated at the maximum security penal institution in Lucasville, Ohio, which has not been institutionalized since I was fifteen. However, within the last 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 examination in several months.

My goal upon release is to go to college and I am interested in any kind 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

Tivoi of Olden

718 Spruce Street
Georgetown, S.C. 29440

Dear Deane Mary Mower,

I received your letter. Truly, I was raised there as a child, and have visited there twice since I left in 1929. At the time, I was a teacher there. Call it Home. I am now an educational Foundation, named after Edwin Gould of Tivoli, New York. It is incorporated.

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, with a school attached.

I 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 were all given jobs. Schooling, elementary, was taught in the first building as you entered the grounds. Then the boys had a room each room upstairs. Grades 1 thru 4 in one room, and 5 thru 8 in the other. I still remember the names of the boys: Fischer and Mr. Cahill. Downstairs in this building was a meeting room, and in the basement, the Hall, small as it was. We used to go to Tivoli to the movies once a while. Silents, and now we would sit there downstairs playing a piano. There were orchards and meadows and fruits. Apple mostly, peaches, pears, plums, etc. We could go to pick fruit after school was out. I used to work in the chicken house, collecting eggs, and they did not pay the children for the care of the pigs. My oldest brother, I can't remember his name, was given a room in the manse, it was called the De Puyter Mansion.
The Kingdom of the Lord Jesus. Another man needed the release of his lifetime imprisonment on his ankles. How good it was to know that although physically he was shackled and virtually 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. They were dancing and bear dancing, 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 after the ordeal of mothers, fathers and their naked children sleep to the women and men who we know truly need it.

Dear CW:

I 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, I suppose, that three arrests are being taught a lesson by the State, because the charges are usually false and often minor—common theft and mischief by obstruction—and the fines and jail sentences have been way out of line for such "offenses." Each man, laid off is on us is a lecture plus $200 and/or 14 days, servable on weekends. Some cannot get legal aid, and have to try to pay $150-$200 per conviction. It seems unjust.

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

Corp. We all stayed in this building, that is the yarn 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 snow covering 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 inside. A family lived there, 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 near the old barn. Rose Hill Farm, besides its orchards, had 15 acres planted with vegetables of all sorts. We didn't need by machinery—one child was assigned to a row and we went down the rows crawling, pulling weeds. The same when we went down the fields and picked strawberries and other things. Every year we had to scrub up some of the orchards to carry the County Fair. Cows, pigs, chickens even. I remember in the summer time they would russwe 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 nearby coop for our chickens near the station. They made barrels for the apples. That's how they used to package the apples in the days when all the apple orchards are I believe we used to call "Syntax." I loved Tivoli (as I loved Tivoli, as I loved Tivoli)...

On the Feast of the Purification of Our Lady, snow falls, silently, gently, making a floor of white snow. Patches of green, left untimely green by the warmth of January thaw, begin to pale under the icy touch of winter. Down on the river jagged, frozen ice floes form a mantle, hiding the watery apartments of many aquatic 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, gorging on seeds that 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, who wandered through the snow until we found her. "She seemed somewhat warmly during our January warm spell that she would like to have a snow day," an ice-cream man told me. And Carston and Cullen could slide down Peter Maurin hill again. For a moment, accompanied by the happy twirling of goldenflakes, I enjoy vicariously the great joy of children making a snow day. I think of little cottage which puts him a little flake was made by the railroad station. At that time we would visit daily, no matter what the weather, and nearer, too, to the children or his heart, and is a joy to call the herd. Farther away, deep in a hemlock grove, the wild joyful snowfrolicking of children. That evening we returned to the train station...
A Neighborhood Event

By Pat Busk

I went to a meeting of a neighborhood groups on Saturday. On Sunday, Steve, who read our local paper about environmental action, and I went to one of the meetings. Steve, who had been looking for a way to help solve the neighborhood problems, was interested in the group. We had the Commissioner of Sanitation in the neighborhood interested.

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Rabbi Heschel’s Wisdom

By ANNE FERKINS

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 working with Rabbi Heschel, the Jewish scholar and theologian. Dr. Heschel died of a heart attack a week after he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for his work in the Land Reform Movement, an issue I am hoping to write about. I am anxious to get in touch with him to tell him myself what I think of him, what 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 one of the most eloquent religious leaders in the civil rights movement, accompanying Martin Luther King in the march to Selma, and one of the earliest religious spokesmen for the U.S. involvement in Vietnam. His moral awareness was always coupled with a strong sense of responsibility and a capacity for friendship. Not that his moral passion had to be balanced by The Prophets, he reminded us, an awareness of the limitations of human freedom. For Heschel, the lastest contributions will be his distinction between entertainment and celebration. He believed, and in his life he practiced, that in cultivating the inner life by prayer and ritual and in praise of God man finds his proper perspective and meaning.

He knew and wrote that self-deception is easy. He warned that religion needs content, that it is sometimes a way to overcome callousness, the unawareness of the limitations of human freedom. For Heschel, the lastest contributions will be his distinction between entertainment and celebration. He believed, and in his life he practiced, that in cultivating the inner life by prayer and ritual and in praise of God man finds his proper perspective and meaning.

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 assured me, "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 the skill to write 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, Judaism, existence, and their freshness and meaning. It was this authenticity (one of his favorite words) that drew people to him, to his person, to his ideas. Each is rich, satisfying and complete. Heschel had the skill to write books simply to order. Perhaps only his book on Israel was written in response to a request.

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 a native of the county of York. At sixteen he was admitted to the councils of the highest order and elected abbot of Rievaulx, a position which he occupied upon to arbitrate in disputes. King Henry I of England was his friend, and, in 1160, he addressed an answer to the King’s son. But, although things seemed to be going well, he was caught up in an agonizing conflict from which, 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 friends in England. He was dealing with an enormous capacity for friendship, and in later life, when his affects had undergone the transformation of age, he composed a treatise on spiritual conversation. This dialogue on the same subject that both of them admired and enjoyed. The friend has a subtle and cultivated mind. They have brought him, in some rare and remote retreat by a scholar living far from the cares and troubles of the world. From this time he never went back to the court of Scotland. Walter Daniel, his disciple and biographer, tells us that Aelred was like a monk in the court of King David, but not that he had never “deflowed” his lady. After a stay in England he returned to the mountains and to the solitude where he had lived a humble life there, not that he had never “deflowed” his lady. After a stay in England he returned to the mountains and to the solitude where he had lived a humble life there, not that he had never “deflowed” his lady. After a stay in England he returned to the mountains and to the solitude where he had lived a humble life there, not that he had never “deflowed” his lady. After a stay in England he returned to the mountains and to the solitude where he had lived a humble life there, not that he had never “deflowed” his lady. After a stay in England he returned to the mountains and to the solitude where he had lived a humble life there, not that he had never “deflowed” his lady. After a stay in England he returned to the mountains and to the solitude where he had lived a humble life there, not that he had never “deflowed” his lady. After a stay in England he returned to the mountains and to the solitude where he had lived a humble life there, not that he had never “deflowed” his lady. After a stay in England he returned to the mountains and to the solitude where he had lived a humble life there, not that he had never “deflowed” his lady. After a stay in England he returned to the mountains and to the solitude where he had lived a humble life there, not that he had never “deflowed” his lady. After a stay in England he returned to the mountains and to the solitude where he had lived a humble life there, not that he had never “deflowed” his lady. After a stay in England he returned to the mountains and to the solitude where he had lived a humble life there, not that he had never “deflowed” his lady. After a stay in England he returned to the mountains and to the solitude where he had lived a humble life there, not that he had never “deflowed” his lady. After a stay in England he returned to the mountains and to the solitude where he had lived a humble life there, not that he had never “deflowed” his lady. After a stay in England he returned to the mountains and to the solitude where he had lived a humble life there, not that he had never “deflowed” his lady. After a stay in England he returned to the mountains and to the solitude where he had lived a humble life there, not that he had never “deflowed” his lady. After a stay in England he returned to the mountains and to the solitude where he had lived a humble life there, not that he had never “deflowed” his lady. After a stay in England he returned to the mountains and to the solitude where he had lived a humble life there, not that he had never “deflowed” his lady. After a stay in England he returned to the mountains and to the solitude where he had lived a humble life there, not that he had never “deflowed” his lady. After a stay in England he returned to the mountains and to the solitude where he had lived a humble life there, not that he had never “deflowed” his lady. After a stay in England he returned to the mountains and to the solitude where he had lived a humble life there, not that he had never “deflowed” his lady. After a stay in England he returned to the mountains and to the solitude where he had lived a humble life there, not that he had never “deflowed” his lady. After a stay in England he returned to the mountains and to the solitude where he had lived a hum
site of the work of a week. To ask that permission to obey Christ by applying for exemption, a costly and lengthy process, is to ask for permission to be disobedient. It is an interference of the state which we must call attention to again and again. A disinterested young man or woman other than a blood relative is too often turned away by the state. We have become used to understanding their rights, they must plough through booklets and forms prepared 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.

The withholding tax which is taken from the wages of many of the people who are involved in dealing with building the hood itself. We have become used to overcome with dispatch the many problems involved in dealing with building the hood itself. We have become used to understanding their rights, they must plough through booklets and forms prepared by the government.

(A cheering note for us, with our very first book, Harper Torch Book last week entitled "Beautiful lists for fellow spokesmen for the Future (Danilo Dolci and Social Israelis Survive Each Other?"

Collins, our house manager and real estate agent, used to take "apprentices," and she put all the saints to work in her woodcuts and line drawings. On the walls, and the murals were washed away. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," they say. I'm afraid we'll never be considered tidy. Ade however has the patience of a saint, and continued her work for us.

Small Is Beautiful

Graham Carey and Ade Bethune (of Vermont) 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 photographs, and the murals were washed away. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," they say. I'm afraid we'll never be considered tidy. Ade however has the patience of a saint, and continued her work for us.

Community Corporation is 40 Dearborn St., Boston, Mass. 02111. The monks of Blue Cloud Abbey in South Dakota loaned her three pictures of the monks in their dark, slum apartment. We were told that the state was willing to send money to the United Farm Workers. Ade used to take "apprentices," and she put all the saints to work in her woodcuts and line drawings. On the walls, and the murals were washed away. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," they say. I'm afraid we'll never be considered tidy. Ade however has the patience of a saint, and continued her work for us.

Small and lean, his menu includes milk, wheat bread, 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 our daughters who brought up eleven children.

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

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A highlight of my New England trip was a visit with my friend Ade Bethune and her mother, now over ninety and a vigorous member of the Silent Order.

(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 Agayev, 138, verges on a shepherd, and has been presented with a gold medal for his longevity."

In the building program. The plan allows low and moderate income people. Thirty-three houses already have tenants who for the most part are in low-income. Only a handful of the three staff members have salaries (Ade is not one of them of course), and they work hard to make the satisfaction of building one entire house.

I don't know whether the paragraphs hereafter apply only to Newport, but they are interesting for others to read and perhaps apply to other places. No. No. No. No. Send a donation. A ten dollar gift ourselves. $100 for housing. The right gift produces $1,000 worth. Sell us your unused land at a reasonable price or give it for the 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., Boston, Mass. 02111. The monks of Blue Cloud Abbey in South Dakota loaned her three pictures of the monks in their dark, slum apartment. We were told that the state was willing to send money to the United Farm Workers. Ade used to take "apprentices," and she put all the saints to work in her woodcuts and line drawings. On the walls, and the murals were washed away. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," they say. I'm afraid we'll never be considered tidy. Ade however has the patience of a saint, and continued her work for us.

Friday Night Meetings

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, the Catholic Worker held meetings every Friday night at 8:30 p.m. at St. Joseph's House, 35 E. 1st St., New York City. After these discussions, we continue to talk over our family who takes in another poor family (as many of them do in times of unemployment). We have already written letters to the Department of Justice at the New York office then sent us a brief. A highlight of my New England trip was a visit with my friend Ade Bethune and her mother, now over ninety and a vigorous member of the Silent Order.

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