

# CATHOLIC WORKER

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## On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

July 30. We left Kennedy Airport at noon for San Francisco, Eileen Egan and I. She was attending, as I too was supposed to, the 50th Anniversary of the War Resister's International. Joan Baez had invited me to be at her Institute for the Study of Non-Violence for the week with some members of Cesar Chavez' United Farm Workers' Union. When we arrived in time for the Institute's Monday night pot luck supper in Palo Alto, plans had changed because of the mass arrests of farm workers who were defying an injunction against mass picketing in Kern County. There was now a strike in the vineyards as well as in lettuce fields because the growers would not renew their contracts with the farm workers and were making new contracts with the Teamsters. The strike was widespread and mass arrests were continuing. Cesar Chavez' union of Farm Workers has everything that belongs to a new social order, so my path was clear. I had come to picket where an injunction was prohibiting picketing, and I would spend my weeks in California in jail, not at conferences.

This first evening was beautiful. Joan Baez sang all evening in the patio of one of the houses belonging to a group interested in land trusts, non-violence, and the farm strike.

Joan lives up in the hills somewhere near, has a "Christ room" where an old ex-prisoner stays. Lee Swenson, who works with the Institute, drove us to one of the houses where we slept well. We had arrived in California at 2:30 p.m. California time, 5:30 N.Y. time and by N.Y. time were probably in bed well after midnight. It was a long day.

July 31. A very hot drive down the valley to Delano today, arriving as strike meeting ended. Today many Jesuits were arrested. Also sisters who had been attending a conference in San Francisco. Mass in the evening at Bakersfield, ended a tremendous demonstration, flag-carrying Mexicans — singing, chanting, marching—and when the Mass began there were so many people that it was impossible to kneel, but there was utter silence.

August 1. Up at 2 a.m., picketed all day, covering many vineyards. Impressive lines of police, all armed—clubs and guns. We talked to them, pleaded with them to lay down their guns and clubs. One was black. His mouth twitched as he indicated that, No, he did not enjoy being there. Two other police came and walked away with him. I told the other police I would come back next day and read the Sermon on the Mount to them. I was glad I had my folding chair—cane so I could rest occasionally during picketing, and sit there before the police to talk to them. I had seen a man that morning sitting at the entrance to workers' shacks with a rifle across his knees. (Within two weeks, Juan de la Cruz was shot in the chest by such a rifle.)

August 2. Slept at Sanger with nurses from one of the farm workers' clinics. Up at 4 a.m., was at the park at Parlier before dawn. Cesar came and spoke to us about the injunction and arrests (wonder when he sleeps) and we set out in cars to picket the area where big and small growers had united to get the injunction. When three white police buses arrived some time later we were warned by the police thru the bull horns that we were to disperse, and when we refused, were ushered into the buses and brought to

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Rita Corbin

## Farm Workers' Heroic Struggle

By JAN ADAMS

Since April, farm workers on hundreds of ranches in California's San Joaquin Valley have gone on strike to defend the union they have built, The United Farm Workers Union. Over 3000 farm workers and supporters have been jailed in this strike campaign. The men and women of the UFW have suffered much violence despite the adherence of the vast majority to the non-violent posture exemplified by their leader, Cesar Chavez.

In late August, violence reached a new pitch with the deaths of two union members within a week. An Arab worker died while in the custody of the Delano, California police. Union doctors charged that his injuries showed him to have been beaten. The second victim was a Filipino worker shot while on a picket line in the Arvin-Lamont area. Chavez responded to the deaths by calling for a three-day fast and halt to picketing.

As the summer ends, the UFW is being forced to stop strike activity, except in limited areas, because it has paid out all its own funds and those donated by the national AFL-CIO in strike benefits during the valley-wide wave of work stoppages. Farm workers are now being recruited to carry the message of their struggle to the cities through the boycott of non-union grapes and lettuce. What follows is a summary of the summer's strike activity.

### Coachella

California growers' desperate effort to destroy the UFW began in the Coachella Valley, southeast of Los Angeles, not far from the Mexican border. In mid-April all but two of the companies which had had UFW table grape contracts since 1970 refused to renegotiate, and signed with the Teamsters. UFW members protested these "contracts" which they had never seen with a union whose representatives they had never met by walk-

ing out of the fields. Local judges, afflicted by these outspoken workers with the same fear as their friends the growers, enjoined UFW picketing so fast that they sometimes could not even define the properties covered by the restrictions. Hundreds of UFW members went to jail contesting these curbs on peaceful picketing. It was not until June 15 that the injunctions were modified to permit strikers to speak to strikebreakers (scabs) over bullhorns.

Meanwhile the trucking union put in an appearance in Coachella, bringing in "guards," many of whom looked like beefy motorcycle gang members. The strikers called them "goons." UFW pickets were beaten up, their cars run off the road and blown up, and a union family's trailer burned to the ground. Fr. John Bank, on loan to the UFW from the Diocese of Youngstown, Ohio, had his nose broken by a punch from a Teamster as he sat in a diner talking with a Wall Street Journal reporter. In mid-June the sheriff's department, usually an ally to the growers, seconded the UFW's request for a restraining order against Teamster violence. While awaiting the order, Chavez briefly halted picketing to prevent serious injury from being done to anyone.

### Arvin-Lamont

The fruit growing area around the towns of Arvin and Lamont, southeast of the city of Bakersfield and northeast of Los Angeles, was the next area to which the strike spread. Several growers who also owned land in Coachella and had signed with the Teamsters there were struck in April. Farm workers picketed the nectarine orchards as the grape harvest had not yet begun. Again local judges restricted their peaceful picketing; again strikers submitted to arrest in pro-

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## Pax Christi-USA

PAX CHRISTI-USA, the American branch of the International Catholic Peace Movement, will hold its Founding Assembly in Washington, D.C. the weekend of October 5, 6, and 7.

### ASSEMBLY

The theme of the Assembly, GOSPEL NONVIOLENCE: A CATHOLIC IMPERATIVE; the sessions are directed to providing a network of resources, working materials and publications for educators, parish councils, organizers, as well as the concerned individual.

### PEACE PACKET

PAX CHRISTI is offering a PEACE PACKET at a special rate of \$5. It includes: 1) The Nonviolent Cross (James Douglass) 2) Peace and Non-violence (edit. by Edward Guinan, CSP) 3) Kill for Peace? (Richard MeSorley, S.J.) 4) Catholics, Conscience and the Draft (edit. by Eileen Egan).

### MEMBERSHIP

Yearly membership of \$5 brings one the THIRDLY Publication, a journal of Justice/Peace reflections and experiences of international and local Catholic peacemakers, contemporary statements from the Church, and resource information. PAX CHRISTI-USA members receive assistance from the National Secretary in setting up local PAX CHRISTI groups.

All correspondence and information regarding the Assembly, the Peace Packet, or Membership, can be addressed to: REV. EDWARD GUINAN, CSP, General Secretary, PAX CHRISTI-USA, 1335 N Street, N.W., Washington, D.C., 20005.

## Don't Celebrate—Organize: WRL's

## 50 Years of Non-Violent Resistance

By EILEEN EGAN

"Don't Celebrate—Organize," a slogan suggested early in the plans for the 50th Anniversary Conference of the War Resisters League, provided the mood for the Conference held in Asilomar, California, August 5 to 7, 1973. The echo of the advice given by Joe Hill before his execution, "Don't Mourn — Organize," was right for the League which since its founding has regularly seen its members beaten, jailed and persecuted for resistance to war, conscription, racist oppression and the denial of human rights.

The presence of 500 participants from 25 states proved that the peace movement, as distinct from the anti-war movement, is far from dead. The League, a secular pacifist group committed to the resolution of inter-group and international conflict by Gandhian, nonviolent means, is more alive and larger than at any time in its history.

### Propaganda of the Deed

The generation gap does not afflict the League. More than half of the participants were under thirty years of age, and they addressed themselves with vigor to the theme of the Conference, "WRL: The Next Fifty Years." The obvious lack of conflict between generations stems from the fact that the older

WRL members do not preach. They have lived and suffered in "the propaganda of the deed."

Some of those deeds came to life at the opening sessions when Larry Gara presented a dramatic recapitulation of the League's first 50 years through slides and narration. The faces that we saw on the screen were there among us. Evan Thomas, absolutist resister to every one of his country's wars in the course of his ninety-one years, Jim Peck and Ralph DiGla, whose work strike as World War II C.O.'s helped integrate Danbury prison and eventually the US prison system, Larry Gara, Roy Kepler and Igal Roodenko, World War II resisters and workers for civil rights. All of these were involved in WRL struggles and saw its membership grow from 3,000 in 1964 to 15,000 in 1973.

Shining from the screen were also many faces of dead peacemakers, Jessie Wallace Hughan (one of WRL's founding mothers), Martin Luther King, A. J. Muste and Ammon Hennacy. It was Ammon who first forged the link between the Catholic Worker and the League when he suggested open, Gandhian resistance to the 1955 nation-wide civil de-

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## ON PILGRIMAGE

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this "industrial farm" (which they do not like us to call a jail or prison though we are under lock and key and our barracks surrounded by riot fencing topped with barbed wire). Here we are, 99 women strikers including 30 sisters, 50 men strikers including two priests. This is a 640-acre farm and can accommodate 300. Now greatly overcrowded. Fr. John Coffield and Bill Butler were my first visitors. Fr. Coffield is an old and dear friend in the Los Angeles diocese who has always rejoiced in tribulation, his own and that of others. Bill is with the Los Angeles House of Hospitality, the Ammon Hennacy House. Eileen is staying with Helen Perry, where I too stayed before arrest. Helen is with the Grail. Had her with us in N.Y. and with Eileen in Vietnam.

August 3. Maria Hernandez got ill in the night. Taken to Fresno Hospital, cardiograph taken and she was put in the Fresno jail. (She was returned to us still ill August 7. She worries about her children.) Lidia Salazar has 3 at home, 11, 8 and 2. Her husband works at a trailer camp. The 11-year old girl takes care of house and children. I met them, as I'm meeting many families, at visiting hours. Kathleen and Pat Jordan, on a vacation West, visited today. Another Mexican mother in our barracks has ten children and there certainly was a crowd visiting her. Such happy, beautiful families—it reminded me of a tribute paid to the early Christians when they were imprisoned and the hordes of their fellow Christians visited them and impressed their guards.

I must copy down the charges made against me. (We were listed in groups of ten): "The said defendants, on or about August 2, were persons remaining present at the place of a riot, rout, and unlawful assembly, who did wilfully and unlawfully fail, refuse and neglect after the same had been lawfully warned to disperse."

### NEED CLOTHING, BLANKETS

With the cold of winter about to descend, the men of the Bowery will soon be coming to us again for winter clothing. We will not be able to meet the need without many contributions. Especially welcome are men's coats and jackets, pants, socks, shoes and underwear.

We also need blankets, both at the First Street House and Tivoli Farm. All summer our supply dwindles as people sleeping on the streets and in parks come to us for blankets and bed rolls. Now we need blankets for the many people who will be staying the winter with us. Our warm thanks!

Some other women listed in the criminal complaint in my group of ten were Demetria Landavazo De Leon, Maria de Jesus Ochoa, Efigenia Garcia de Rojas, Esperanza Alanis De Perales, etc. How I wish I could list them all!

The second charge made against us was "refusal to disperse and being assembled with two or more persons for the purpose of disturbing the peace and committing an unlawful act."

Other visitors during our imprisonment, or "detainment," were Eugene Nelson, I.W.W. editor of *The Industrial Worker* who was refused admission because he came between visiting hours. Glenda, a "small grower's" wife (they have 40 acres) who said small people were being crushed between the big growers and corporations. Another 20-acre grower said he was just beginning to make it when the strike came. Their visits hurt of course, but they had no sympathy for the strikers, and strong racist feelings.

During crucial meetings between Cesar Chavez and Teamsters the sisters all signed up for a night of prayer, taking two-hour shifts all through the night, and the Mexican women all knelt along the tables in the center and prayed the rosary together. Barracks A, B, and E were alive with prayer.

Tonight, a young Mexican legal assistant of the Union attempting to talk to us was brutally and contemptuously ordered out. He looked like an El Greco painting. There were only three incidents I could have complained of—one other rudeness, and the attempt to search the bodies of the prisoners for food smuggled in.

Two of the youngest pickets perpetrated a bit of mischief when a woman guard attempted to search a striker. They dumped a paper bag of small frogs at the feet of the guard. They were getting even, they said, because she called them "dirty Mexicans." Today I had interesting conversations with Jo von Gottfried, a teacher of rhetoric in Berkeley, a great lover of St. Thomas and St. Augustine. I tried to understand what "rhetoric" really means and she explained, but I cannot now remember.

August 8. Today Joan Baez, her mother and Daniel Ellsberg visited us. She sang to us and the other prisoners in the yard. There was a most poignant prison song. Her voice, her complete control of it, is remarkable. It tore at your heart. A dramatic song. She was singing when other prisoners were being brought to the dining room, and she turned her back to us and sang to all of them directly, as they stopped their line to listen.

Daniel Ellsberg said Cesar Chavez, the thought of him, had given him courage during his two-year ordeal in the courts.

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## Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

This morning the rains came. Cool and refreshing to us all—people, plants (vegetable and wild, herbal and flowering), trees (orchard and forest), birds and all the thirsty little creatures which have survived the August heat wave and those torrid days, which came like a pack of August's worst dog days to make with their hot panting breath a kind of smelting furnace out of the 1st week of September. But now she is here, and the rains have made all clean for her, our lady September. And she comes with the benison of the Blessed Virgin, bringing harvest, and beauty, and ripeness. Ah, September, "Ripeness is all."

Today after lunch, when Miriam Carroll and I went out to "take a sampling," as some of our scientists are so fond of saying, of the weather, we found the air still soft with rain-filled clouds. There were whitecaps on the river, Miriam said. And the rain-washed greenery of woods and gardens had a kind of Green Mansions luxuriance and mystery. (W. H. Hudson's *Green Mansions* seems to me to possess something of that magical mysteriousness which—though probably more appreciated if read when one is young—lingers with one long after one has forgotten the details of the story.) As for me, each of my pores, I think, said a small *Deo Gratias* for the soft coolness of the air.

### Need Our Support

I thought, too, of Dorothy Day, who had picketed with Cesar Chavez and his farm workers and gone to jail with them during a period when weather reports from that area spoke of temperatures over 100 degrees. Many of the priests



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and nuns arrested with Dorothy carried on a fast for most of their imprisonment. We were all much concerned about Dorothy and her fellow-prisoners. They were much in our prayers at Mass and Compline and our private devotions. Some of us fasted several days to show our solidarity and our concern over the farm workers who were murdered just for appearing on the picket line. If we cannot do anything else to help, let us at least observe the boycott of lettuce and grapes produced by growers—who are really big businessmen—who will not deal fairly with Chavez and his union. Chavez is a true non-violent, devout Catholic leader and deserves our full support.

Our good friend, Roger Lederer, has shown his support of Chavez by picketing stores in New York City which handle products from anti-Chavez growers. Earlier in the summer Geoffrey Ruddick and Will Waes picketed our neighboring A and P store in Red Hook for the same reason. At this time of year, of course, most people are buying local products or using things from their own gardens. But when and if you buy from the California area, look for the black eagle of Chavez' Farm Workers' Union.

### Harvesting and Housecleaning

Many of our own young people go out picking in orchards and vineyards near

here. They enjoy this kind of healthy outdoor work more than the dull routine of office or assembly line. Some are college graduates and could hold "good" jobs, but do this as a protest against what they regard as a corrupt system, de-humanizing and life-negating. By doing this picking, these young people not only earn money for their personal needs, but also bring in fruit to be canned for use here at the farm.

As a result of this picking and the harvesting of vegetables from our own gardens—both John Filliger, our principal farmer since Maryfarm at Easton, and the younger farmers—Andy, Tony, Bill, Mike, etc. (all seem to have good crops)—much canning has been done in our kitchen even during the hottest weather. Sometimes these crews work through most of the night. Tony and Andy, our farm-worker priests, with Bill Ragette, and Barbara Agler seem to be on duty most often, though others help—Marge Hughes, Chris Anders, Claudia Beck, etc.

Meanwhile, during even the hottest weather, cooking, dish-washing, etc., has had to go on. Considering that, what with our many visitors, we have averaged over a hundred persons a day and for weekends more, these jobs have been onerous indeed. The smallness of our budget compared to the numbers of persons has also added to the problem. Without the garden produce I don't think we could have managed. Nor without many volunteers who have helped with cooking, dishwashing, etc. Kathy St. Clair, who has taken on the job of coordinating kitchen activities, also deserves much credit. She is only nineteen but quiet, capable, and of an equable temperament. Fortunately for us, she is just about the opposite of the pepper-loving cook in *Alice in Wonderland*.

Housekeeping is one of the work categories often neglected among us, but—according to Marge Hughes—since the coming of Miriam Carroll that is no longer true. Miriam—with several helpers—Bob Tavani and Gordon McCarthy are among the faithful—has renovated and cleaned and re-cleaned. Much painting has also been done. On the whole, the place looks much better. There are still some Tobacco Road junk collections outside, but we hope some day soon they will be hauled away. Anyway, Gordon McCarthy's front garden makes everything look better. "Beauty will save the world."

### Committees, Changes and Journeys

Since Marge's resignation as manager, the young people here have worked out a system of committees to handle routine and special work and problems. After a preliminary period of chaos, the young people seem to have things fairly well under control. With such over-sized crowds and such a large floating population, any effort toward order is difficult. For my part, I have a strong distaste for both committees and meetings, and view the American fetish of "the majority is always right" with considerable skepticism. But then, compared to these young people, I am a kind of medievalist. Of course St. Francis of Assisi and Dante were too, and I don't mind taking my stand with them. But—as Tennyson wrote—"the old order changeth," or to use Bob Dylan's terser words—"the times they are a-changing." They are changing indeed, but whether for better or worse, God only knows.

During the summer we often lose sight of the forest for the trees. Many people come and go whom many of us never meet. The additional noise and confusion adds to the difficulty of attaining any kind of peaceable kingdom. But—as usual—this summer brought us several visitors who have been connected with the Catholic Worker during earlier years, and we were indeed glad to have them. They included—Dorothy Gauchat, Jack and Mary Thornton, Jane O'Donnell and John McKeon from the earlier years; Bob Steed, Charles Butterworth,

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# John Dunn Hunter: Victim and Measure

By JACK COOK

"There is no human being on earth capable of declaring with certitude who he is. No one knows what he has come into the world to do, what his acts correspond to, his sentiments, his ideas, or what his real name is. . . . History is an immense liturgical text where the iotas and the dots are worth no less than the entire verses or chapters, but the importance of one and the other is indeterminate and profoundly hidden."

Leon Bloy

My friend, Dick Drinnon, and I have argued often in the past about the role of history and religion in our lives. I recall distinctly, as an inmate in Allenwood Federal Prison, receiving from him the phrase "impeccable rectitude" in response to, I'm sure, my overtly righteous scribbles about teachers still enjoying, as I was not, the amenities of the academic life. But I got even. I was there two years later with that phrase the day he was subpoenaed to appear before the

Grand Jury during the early stages of the Harrisburg Trial.

So it is with some glee that I open this review of his work *White Savage: The Case of John Dunn Hunter*\* with Bloy's definition of history as an "immense liturgical text." I can see Dick glower. Bellow away, my friend, you cannot squirm out of it. It is as if Bloy was himself commenting on John Dunn Hunter, on your book, on you. More, you and your book clarify and concretize Bloy's mystical "history."

In the "expansive destiny of the United States," to use Drinnon's phrase, John Dunn Hunter is an "iota." In the official version of the Winning of the West he was made into an "ellipsis."

One may legitimately ask why a major historian, author of the definitive biography of Emma Goldman, *Rebel in Paradise*, should concern himself with a totally unknown man, who did not even know his own name, who was taken captive by Indians at the age of two or three in 1799 or 1800; who in the Who's Who of What's What is not; who though he wrote a book about the manners and customs of Indians and an account of his captivity, and achieved his period's instant fame, lionized here and abroad, was totally forgotten by successive generations, even those concerned with rekindling the myth of the Wild West; who, though he knew Jefferson, Robert Owen, and many other influential men, was labeled a fraud and an impostor by the then leading expert on Indian affairs, Lewis Cass, and has remained such in professional opinion until now; who was assassinated at the instigation of American officials after having unsuccessfully tried to unite red and white men together in the Republic of Fredonia.

## Symbol of America

The question is legitimate. The answer is found in Bloy. Or one answer anyway. John Dunn Hunter was a victim. We, as Americans, are trained to kneel at the

Shrine of Success, which dates back to our Constitution and the Founding Fathers. It is truer, I submit, to take the measure of our achievement as a people by studying our victims. Some insight into our national character, the better aspects, the redeeming qualities that is, are best revealed in a study, not of ourselves as victors, but as victims of that Revolution.

Victims. Moral Hermaphrodites. That term, startling as it is, best defines Hunter and a host of others who contain within themselves the dual tensions of



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creativity and receptivity that set them apart from, and frequently in opposition to, the rest of mankind. That the term "moral hermaphrodite," used by Balzac (probably thinking of himself as well) in reference to Cooper's Leatherstocking, and applied by Drinnon to Hunter in the excellent Epilogue of this work, is synonymous, I do believe, with "victim," will be apparent once the term "savage" is stripped of its acquired characteristics, to stand revealed as referring to a pristine, one-on-one, thoroughly honest relation-

ship of the individual to his conscience, to his need to be at one with his being and with Nature, to his yearning to be free of the fetters of man-made laws, to be in essential opposition to state-imposed pain.

The "host" I speak of, as Bloy contended, the dots and iotas of misfortune, spans time and space. Not for nothing did I hesitate to write this piece until the day the Indians surrendered their weapons at Wounded Knee.

The attempt to make Hunter, his sentiments, his ideas, his very name into an ellipsis, has failed. With this work, we are confronted by the unique challenge he put to his time. As Drinnon puts it:

"John Dunn Hunter came forward to challenge the myth that the United States government was the primary engine of a beneficent Progress. Not by accident was he opposed and put down by two men who became Secretaries of War and by a third who colonized a state. He was first the victim of character assassination and then of physical assassination because he dared speak and act for the Indians. And the attack on him, of course, was merely an incident in the Three Hundred Years' War against the red man." (p.245)

And Drinnon himself comes forward to challenge the perennial myths of the dominant school of American history, represented by such respected men as Henry Steel Commager, who, as lately as a recent issue of *The New York Review of Books* (19 July 1973) looks with horror at the current scandals of Watergate and posits a dismal change in the American character which once was so nobly represented by Jefferson, Washington, etc., who knew, according to his view, that "virtue is the animating principle of a republic. And to the Commonwealth they served—almost always at great personal sacrifice—they paid the tribute of virtue."

## Victim's Victory

Drinnon guides us through the "great gap between Jefferson's words and his deeds," and we in turn reach the dismal conclusion that the national character has not really changed—the political rhetoric is simply of a lower quality. Jefferson could say grandly: "Humanity enjoins us to teach them agriculture and the domestic arts" in his second Inaugural Address, but in private papers, corresponding to his "removal policy," he wished to obtain from the "native proprietors the whole left bank of the Mississippi." As Drinnon states, Jefferson acquired "some one hundred million acres in treaties shot through with fraud, bribery, and intimidation. And when Indians interfered with national interest, as did the 'backward' tribes of the Northwest in 1812, Jefferson's humanitarianism hardened: 'These will relapse into barbarism and misery, lose numbers by war and want,' he grimly predicted to John Adams, 'and we shall be obliged to drive them, with the beasts of the forests into the Stony mountains.'" (page 157)

Again, concerning racism and Jefferson, Drinnon writes:

"From the point of view of citizens of the United States, it had long been recognized that blacks could expect no room at the inn or anywhere else in what would be a 'White Man's Country.' Shortly after the turn of the century, President Jefferson had written James Monroe then Governor of Virginia, his rhapsodical reflections on a destiny that was manifestly white: Americans would multiply and 'cover the whole northern if not southern continent, with a people speaking the same language, governed in similar forms, and by similar laws; nor can we contemplate with satisfaction either blot or mixture on that surface.'" (page 169-170)

But revisionist history is not concerned primarily, as its detractors argue, with debunking national figures. Drinnon did not write a biography of Jefferson; he wrote a biography of a dot. Of a leader who was not permitted to lead; of a man

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## Gulf Boycott

By PAT ROACH

The Gulf Boycott Coalition was formed on the 4th of July, 1971. Since that time it has grown into an international coalition. It was formed as a result of the concern on the part of both religious and secular groups that Gulf Oil Corporation must be held accountable for its monetary support of Portugal.

Portugal is the last remaining colonial empire in the world. Faced with continuous United Nations condemnation, she is waging a war on three fronts to maintain her colonies. Portugal is one of the poorest countries in the world. In 1972 Gulf Oil Corporation paid \$45 million to the Portuguese for the oil it is extracting in Angola. Angola is a small colony on the west coast of Africa. Since 1961 Angola has been fighting for her independence from Portugal. Angola's right to freedom is supported by the United Nations as well as the United States. This war is a costly war in terms of Angolan lives. Thousands of Angolans have died in their fight for freedom and over 500,000 have been forced to become refugees.

The war is expensive in terms of dollars also. Gulf's financial assistance enables the Portuguese to fight a costly war which includes spraying herbicides and defoliants. The results are crops destroyed, cattle, wild life and fish poisoned, human suffering, starvation and death. We refuse to support a U.S. corporation which aids and abets such action.

We feel that Gulf has a moral responsibility to the people of Angola from whom it reaps profits through its oil operations in Cabinda. Gulf refuses to accept this responsibility. Therefore, we believe that the people of the world must show Gulf that they do not wish to support a corporation which contributes to the suppression of a people who desire their freedom.

You can help in this protest in several ways:

1. Refuse to buy any Gulf Oil product.
2. Return your Gulf credit card with a letter of protest.
3. Help to educate groups you come in contact with.
4. Check out your local government, university, etc. to see if they have a contract with Gulf.
5. Start a boycott group in your area.
6. If you have a mailing, include a copy of one of our flyers.
7. Ask to be put on our mailing list. (Contributions welcome.)

For further information, suggested available reading materials, or specific questions, please let us know.

We hope to hear from you soon.

Peace and Justice,  
Gulf Boycott Coalition  
Box 123, D.V. Station  
Dayton, Ohio 45406

## The Cullens: An Irish Blessing

Mike Cullen, Netty and their four children will sail for Ireland on September 26. Fellow Catholic Workers, they are being deported by the government for their continued witness to peace and justice.

By working to create a new society within the shell of the old, and by their long labor with the people of Casa Maria House of Hospitality in Milwaukee, the Cullens have shown that in Christ there is neither the separation of national boundaries nor the false chasms erected by exalted states.

Their opposition to the Vietnam War led to a year's imprisonment for Mike and an imposed separation from his family. But now more has been asked of the Cullens, as surely more should be asked of us all. After twelve years of service on these shores, the Cullens must follow Mike into exile.

We take heart in this. "Blessed are you that weep now, for you shall laugh. Blessed are you when men hate you, and when they exclude you and revile you, and cast out your name as evil, on account of the Son of man! Rejoice in that day, and leap for joy, for behold, your reward is great in heaven; for so their fathers did to the prophets." Luke 6:21-23.

It is with gratitude and joy that we thank Mike and Netty for their example. Their witness of accepting the consequences of their acts is inspiring. Their spirit of freedom gives strength to our hearts. We pray on them a blessing. And to their children we dedicate this passage from Tolstoy's "The Wisdom of Children":

Karlchen (9 years old). Our Prussia won't let the Russians take land from us! Petya (10 years old). But we say that the land is ours as we conquered it first. Masha (8 years old). Who are 'we'?

Petya. You're only a baby and don't understand. 'We' means the people of our country.

Karlchen: It's like that everywhere. Some men belong to one country some to another.

Masha: Whom do I belong to?

Petya. To Russia, like all of us.

Masha. But if I don't want to?

Petya. Whether you want to or not you are still Russian. And every country has its own tsar or king.

Karlchen (interjecting). Or Parliament . . .

Petya. Each has its own army and each collects taxes from its own people.

Masha. But why are they so separated?

Karlchen. Well, because every man loves his own fatherland.

Masha. I don't understand why they are separate. Wouldn't it be better to be all together?

Petya. To play games it is better to be together, but this is not play, it is an important matter.

Masha. I don't understand.

Karlchen. You'll understand when you grow up.

Masha. Then I don't want to grow up.

Petya. You're little, but you're obstinate already, like all of them.

May the road rise up to meet you, dear friends, may the wind be ever at your back, and may you be in heaven an hour before the devil knows you're dead!

The Editors



# LET

## Dialogue

81 Charles St.  
Annapolis, Md. 21401

Dear Catholic Workers,

Your May issue was the first I received on my subscription and I would like to tell you how happy it made me. Of my grandfathers belonged to the IWW; the other, a Catholic, was one of the founders of the Labour Party in England—he left before it ever elected a member of Parliament. These two men embedded in me a somewhat vague but nevertheless powerful socialism—or maybe I can only call it anti-capitalism. When we read Marx in seminar (at St. John's College, Annapolis) I not only felt an extraordinary wave of sympathy and approval, but I also was surprised at how much of the concrete contents of *Kapital* had been conveyed to me by my grandfather during the long walks I used to take with him and his dog. "The worker makes ten coats without earning enough money to buy one coat for himself," he told me once.

One (though by no means the only) of my mother's reasons for leaving the Church when she was in college was its position during the Spanish Civil War. I was brought up believing that religion was the opiate of the people, and that the Catholic Church was a rich, greedy, oppressive, rightist institution. This didn't bother me too much as long as I thought Christianity was superstitious nonsense which nobody intelligent could believe without deliberate self-deception. But after I became a Christian, and after I became convinced that Christ had founded a church with a visible as well as an invisible unity and with authority to teach in His name, and that if that church existed anywhere, the Roman Catholic Church must be it, the idea I had that the Church was everywhere allied with the interests of the rich and powerful, began to disturb me very much. I wasn't sure how true that image was, but it was easy enough to observe that many Catholics equated "pinkos" and "atheists," and made a "my-country-right-or-wrong" kind of patriotism part of their religion. I knew enough to be able to disassociate in theory the Universal Church "extending through all space and time and rooted in eternity" from the opinions of particular Catholics in the United States in the 1970's, but still, it was depressing. It was even more depressing and confusing to notice that those Catholic writers and periodicals which were always talking about social justice often seemed to have no regard for the magisterium of the Church, and even to be drifting from genuine Christianity—to be victims of what C. S. Lewis calls "Christianity and," that is, one starts out being for X because it is Christian, and winds up regarding Christianity as good because (and only insofar as) it supports X. On the other hand, those writers and periodicals which claimed to speak for orthodoxy, and sometimes expressed my own opinions, would the next week be worrying about "Reds" in the schools, or complaining that U. S. crops are being sold to communist countries. It further disturbed me that many current movements which seemed good to

me, such as a concern for ecology and conservation, a return to living from the land or by the work of one's hands, seemed to belong to people who scorned any idea of chastity, or faithfulness in marriage, and who regarded abortion as a right and contraception as—not a possibly justifiable recourse for poor families in distress (which any compassionate person might be moved to feel even though ultimately this might not be the most compassionate position)—but as the normal, to-be-taken-for-granted situation, and furthermore, who often regarded stealing from the government or from companies as not really stealing because, after all, the government and big companies "rip people off" all the time. (They do, I think, but that doesn't make stealing not stealing.)

So, the Catholic Worker makes me happy because it seems genuinely Chris-



Ade Bethune

tian and Catholic, and genuinely concerned both for the immediate needs of the poor and with building a truly just society. I don't honestly know if I agree with every Catholic Worker position—I haven't been able to come to any conclusion about whether there is such a thing as a just war, or a just reason for an individual to fight in one, and I don't think my own experience gives me any way of coming to a firm conclusion about this now—but those positions with which I might not agree do not offend me as do the secularisms of the "social justice" liberal Christians or the callousness and sometimes hatred of the so-called orthodox. (Jacques Maritain called these two groups the Sheep of Panurge and the Ruminators of the Holy Alliance.)

I hope that someday I will be in New York and be able to meet some of you. I also hope that someday I will be able to contribute more actively to your work than by sending you boxes of old clothes. (My entire 18' x 35' backyard is a flourishing, organic vegetable garden and I give away lots of vegetables, if that counts.) Meanwhile, thank you for your encouraging (and prodding and reminding and reawakening) paper, and please tell me what kind of old clothes you would like.

Yours in Christ,  
Susan F. Peterson

## Farah Strike

430 W. Brighthurst St.  
Philadelphia, Pa. 19144

Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ,

We are much concerned with the Farah strike—Mexican-American exploited workers in El Paso, Texas.

We have just returned from several days in Texas as the guest of the strikers, and the Roman Catholic Diocese of El Paso, where Bishop Metzger, the Or-

dinary, gave us full faculties, even though we are Orthodox, to celebrate the Sacraments and to preach. We took advantage of those faculties, and at the Bishop's invitation, celebrated the parish Liturgy (Our Eastern Orthodox Rite) at Our Lady of Light, the Mexican-American parish, most of whose members are suffering strikers. We are also enclosing the latest resolutions of the Middle Atlantic Catholic and Orthodox Conference, regarding the Farah Strike:

"Be it resolved that we abhor the present situation in Texas and the Southwest which greatly violates human dignity through the wilful and systematic exploitation of the rights of workers at the Farah Manufacturing Co., an organization which continues to use illegal labor practices by its interference in workers' rights to form and/or join a union and to engage in contract negotiations, through harassment, surveillance, and discharge of employees for union-related activity or sympathy; said rights of workers being both divinely given and legally affirmed, thus making Farah's violations all the more deplorable, thus

"Be it further resolved that we admonish the Faithful of our respective Jurisdictions, as well as ethically-minded persons, to forego purchase of Farah products until such time as the above-mentioned conditions are corrected, and

"Be it finally resolved that notice of our concern and intent be forwarded to heads of all sales outlets for Farah products and to the Management of the Farah Manufacturing Co., El Paso, Texas."

With our best wishes, prayers and blessings,

Faithfully,

Trevor Wyatt Moore, D.D.  
Orthodox Catholic Archdiocese  
of Philadelphia

## Great Famine

Unity Acres  
Orwell, N.Y. 13426

Dear Friends,

As I write this letter every bed at Unity Acres is taken—it is the hottest month of the year and we are full. It is hard for the men to survive in our cities these days. Violence is around every corner, and survival in our cities is quite impossible it seems. So many men come back bearing the scars of our violent way of life. This is an important reason for our crowded conditions.

In talking on the phone the other day, someone said, "What are we, you and I, going to do about the 6 to 8 million Africans who will die by this fall (Right now!) from lack of water and food?" There is next to nothing being done on a national scale because these people are hidden, black, poor and speechless, and it is not politically rewarding. So our brothers and sisters will die alone.

We are going to explain their plight to the men and encourage a response, no matter how small. We ask you to find out as much as you can about our starving fellow pilgrims and respond by huddling close to them in death. A sheep does this by his nature, a precious human person does this by grace.

All donations that come to Unity Acres and Unity Kitchen during August will be sent directly to our African brothers and sisters, and we will let the bills slide no matter how impossible this seems. We will pay what we can from what we have on hand and ask our creditors to share by at least waiting a bit.

How precious a gift is life dominated by love—it speaks of pilgrimage, of union, of suffering, of death. Let's give of our want, not of our surplus, especially during this month of August. Perhaps you planned a donation for our proposed new building. Do not hesitate to give it in union, in love towards the immediate survival of our starving brothers and sisters. Our Father will

provide buildings and clothes and all other things . . . let's all give it all in union, in love, in thanksgiving, in hope, in faith.

"You have the power to save so many from death, but you do not care to do so—and the price of the ring on your hand could save the lives of a multitude!" St. Ambrose.

In love, fellow pilgrims,  
Fr. Raymond McVey

## Hospitals

P.O. Box 42  
Sangamon Ave. Rd.  
Springfield, Ill. 62705

Dear Dorothy Day:

In the *Catholic Worker* of March and April, 1973, I read a letter from Mr. and Mrs. John Hamilton of Springfield, Illinois. The letter left me feeling a little sad because it revealed so much misinformation.

The writer stated that our Sisters no longer operate St. John's Hospital in Springfield, Illinois, and that the Sisters have been dispossessed. The contrary is true. Our Order, The Hospital Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis, maintains ownership and governing board control of St. John's Hospital as well as the other ten hospitals that our Order owns and operates.

We feel strongly that the Church must witness visibly through its institutions to the healing mission of Christ, and our intent is to maintain our position against abortion and all violence in life—and to strive to deliver health services in keeping with our respect for life and the ethical directives of the Catholic Church.

It is true that with increasing governmental control, this becomes more difficult to do. However, the Catholic Hospital Association has, and is, exerting strong leadership to all Catholic Hospitals so that a united effort can be made on legislators and all segments of society that effect health care delivery.

The Catholic Church through its Catholic Hospitals maintains approximately one-third of the hospital beds in this country, and we've experienced a strong commitment through the leadership of the Catholic Hospital Association to not only sustain but to strengthen the health care apostolate.

Sincerely yours,  
Sr. Lorraine Biebel, O.S.F.

## Montana Mining

Route 2  
Detroit Lakes, Minn.

Dear Dorothy,

I greet you from the Big Sky Country of Montana. My Ammon Hennacy style of wandering and subsistence living has brought me out here recently from my permanent home in Minnesota. The issue of strip-mining coal is gaining much heat in Montana. The thieves and crooks that have done such a thorough rip-off on Appalachia are now moving out here, their greed and ambitious arrogance completely unchanged. It is much like an invasion by the enemy.

They are attempting to buy hundreds of thousands of acres of ranch and cattle land. Their tactics in many cases for obtaining titles can best be described as strongarm bullying. The ranch family I'm staying with has been threatened and hassled and bullied. But they have stood fast; no deal yet with any coal company. These people homesteaded this land in 1916. It is not for sale at any price for any purpose.

Yet the coal companies have succeeded in dividing up this community, have set neighbor against neighbor, and have succeeded in making many ranchers sell out. They have bought enough land already to sign contracts to sell coal to midwestern electrical power companies

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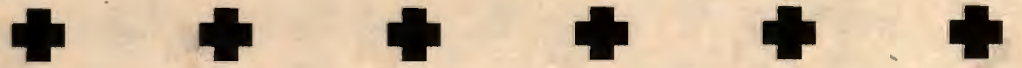
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# T E R S



and have begun construction of a 75 cubic yard dragline shovel that will soon begin tearing up the land. We are fighting in the Montana state legislature and have fought in the courts and probably will some more.

The opposition is indeed formidable. The people in Appalachia will tell you the strip miners are totally undesirable people. Yet Montana (as I guess is true of any state or county) has its quota of greedy people who will eat up the rhetoric and promises of economic wealth and prestige that the strip miners bring along. Thus the strip miners are welcomed into Montana, as if they had somehow had a miraculous change of heart on their way out here.

It all boils down to another sad commentary on human nature; greed and arrogance and power shall prevail; the rest of us get crushed. For all the crying and the struggling in our nation to stop tearing up and abusing our land and our resources . . . for all the weary struggle of it . . . are we destined in the end to be crushed?

I guess, however, we define life, or find it defined for us. May you touch on what you seek, Miss Day. And thanks for your prayers. They had better be doing better before the Lord than my prayers are apparently doing.

I wish you Shalom.

Donald Tobkin

## Kansas City

912 East 31st Street,  
Kansas City, Mo. 64109

Dear Friends,

In December, the house next door to us will be up for sale for \$10,000. It is my hope to buy the house and open a Catholic Worker House of Hospitality. The house will be called Holy Family House. There will not be a pre-determined program, although there are some plans which will definitely be included. Not knowing everything about the community, I am not sure in what ways the house can serve best—or what the people will want from such a house. There will be a small newsletter printed monthly to explain the house to the community, to speak of its goals and the values under which it operates and also to offer the people the ideals and ideas of the Catholic Worker Movement. There will be weekly round-table discussions, to help people develop what Peter Maurin called "clarification of thought." There will be some days of the week when we will have a play group for children. And, since we are lucky enough to have a front yard, we will use it to grow our own vegetables and incorporate one more part of the Worker's philosophy: that of giving people a chance to get back to the land.

The name, Holy Family, was chosen for a reason: to show the meaning of family and how that can extend outwards to the community. Because of this, we hope to bring every age group into the house and into contact with each other.

I should also mention that there is a possibility that a project which both Bob Calvert and I are working on, the Non-Violent Studies Institute, may also work out of this house. The Institute is an educational program to develop and spread the theories and practice of non-violence.

I am overwhelmed by the work and responsibility involved in beginning and maintaining a house such as this. This letter is the final stage in the initiation of the work, and, as far as I am concerned, the hardest. As I said, the house will be available in December and will cost \$10,000. The main reason for the low price is that it is very hard to sell in this area. This is the reason I am writing to you—and to many other people—in fact 100 people. I am asking each of you to loan or grant me \$100. If 100 people can do this, I will be able to pay for the

house without a loan from a bank and the resulting interest. I know this letter will go to many of my friends who are totally unable to lend such an amount, let alone give it away. But I hope they might know of someone else who could help us out.

I cannot offer much in return. Re-payments of loans can be worked out on an individual basis. Aside from that all I can promise is that you will be kept up-to-date on the developments of the house and its activities and will have a part in the spiritual life of our family as it grows.

Let me just say in closing that I hope this request does not seem forward or presumptuous. It really was hard for me to send out this letter—but it was the only way I could think of to raise such an amount of money. I hope it will be read in the spirit in which it was written and that it was written well enough so that you could understand what my hopes for the house are.

Take care. I wish you much peace and joy—and a beautiful Fall!

With love,  
Angie O'Gorman

## Prison Chaplains

218 East 12th Street  
Los Angeles, Calif. 90015

Dear Dorothy,

Fr. Alan McCoy wants to reform our approach to the jail chaplaincy here in Los Angeles. He asked me to write you for your recommendations in this matter.

We have had three older friars who have done good work—but in the more superficial way. I understand that the Trinitarian fathers have explored some new ways of ministering to the imprisoned. Do you have any contacts along this line?

I would appreciate hearing from you. We have a four-man committee that will try to put together a new program for the county jail system, beginning in September.

Sincerely yours in Christ,  
Mark Day, O.F.M.

## New Mexico

P.O. Box 4723  
Las Cruces, N.M. 88003

Dear People,

Enclosed find a small personal check. It is really little enough in terms of the insight and inspiration I have gained from *The Catholic Worker*—especially from the May issue which led me to reading Mounier's *Personalism* and becoming acquainted with Kropotkin. Also, I very much enjoyed the fine letters in that issue. Am looking forward to reading Dorothy Day's books which I have ordered, especially *On Pilgrimage*.

Having spent all my life in manual labor, as a youth on a South Dakota farm or ranch, and the largest share of it as an underground miner in different parts of the western U.S., I am not exactly a stranger to work, and it is your work theory which rings a bell with me. Not the "sold my soul to the company store" variety, but the back to the earth kind of Peter Maurin's which was so aptly described in your May issue, and in which a person can begin to realize his individual potential. After reading Thoreau's observation "most of the ways in which man earns a living are degrading," I had no choice but to agree with him and come to the conclusion that tilling the soil is the activity for the soul. Not till I began receiving *The Catholic Worker*, though, did I have any or much of an inkling of which way to turn. Now though, I am thinking very seriously of a small farming commune in the Cruces area. The growing season is long, the land a fertile land, you name it—whatever it is, it can be grown here. My only problem is that I have not encountered

any like-minded people interested in these areas. Our neighbor's help and guidance is so necessary when we experience those times of weakness and laziness and, vice versa, we can offer help as well as receive it. So I would like to see this a joint effort in "give and take" to establish deeper and more meaningful relationships. Would you by any chance have any leads on anyone in this area who might be interested in beginning a communal farm?

At fifty-eight, I'm beginning to glimpse those sunset years; still I'm in fair health and am looking forward to at least a few years of productivity—and what better way to spend them than in the attempt to make or build a more meaningful existence in the simplified life style of the farming commune?

Sincerely,  
Henry Kuoppala

## On Housing

P.O. Box 322  
Rochester, Mich. 48063

Dear Miss Day:

We have 400 townhouses up, and about 200 families living in this cooperative community. I have learned much about this aspect of construction. In the evening, I took some courses at Oakland University on various ways to develop land.

My company tries to build houses that are better in quality and cost less by doing away with some of the speculation in this kind of development. It ain't easy. Lumber prices almost added 50% more



Adc Bethune

to their cost in some parts of the country within the last eight months. I think the labor cost in construction (labor on site) is exaggerated. It may average only 30% of the cost at most. The higher land cost, the interest in building loans, then on the mortgage, is the really additional, and high cost for building houses. A community co-op or a Municipal arrangement could have purchased this land years ago, and today the savings would be available, and enormous.

On top of all this trouble with income and costs, the propaganda of commerce is extremely individualistic, and it waters down the ideas, the ideals of co-operation and mutuality, of working as a group to somehow solve these problems. But I say nothing new.

In Japan the larger factories, especially the ship yards, are said to have very well-managed and modern stores to sell food and goods at almost cost price, and good housing in the same way. This permits the wage to purchase sufficiently. It stabilizes industrial rela-

tions within the content of a rather modern capitalistic system. A consumer or producer co-op can do that also, as in Britain and Scandinavia. This signifies that the worst speculation is prevented and people can somehow manage on nominal income.

How do we take some sections of the economy, like housing, and the selling of goods and services, out of speculation upon the people? I have a friend who helped set up an egg co-op in the Chicago area. Customers got eggs retail for what others were paying for the wholesale price. Then there is the Direct Charge co-op or the Ottawa plan in Canada that has an entirely new system of co-op selling. It charges wholesale prices to its members, and members pay a weekly dues to cover the operating cost.

Sincerely,  
William Horvath

## Iowa

728 W. Washington  
Macomb, Ill. 61455

Dear Dorothy,

I just wanted to keep you posted on the progress of the Hospitality House in Davenport, Iowa. Our staff has expanded to five people now—Fr. Marvin Mottel from the Social Action Dept., Nancy Hillmer who lived at Omega House in Rock Island, Pat Logan who had lived at Omega prior to his C.O. work, Sue Wallinger a student, and myself—all will be working except myself. I will be the chief cook, etc. We will be serving primarily alcoholics and old persons, providing food, clothing, housing.

This week we're finalizing plans with the diocese about a duplex house—its location is perfect for us.

Hopefully, with any luck at all, we'll be in full swing by September 15th. Well, that's where we stand. Keep us in your prayers and thoughts. I'll keep in touch, and as soon as we finalize the lease, etc., I'll send a letter with the address so you can send friends our way.

Yours in the struggle,  
Margaret Quigley

## Erie, Pa.

17 W. 26th St.  
Erie, Pa. 16508

Dear Dorothy,

I was down at the House of Prayer the other night and Sister Peter Claver remarked that you had lost my address. Here in Erie it is: Maria House II. I am managing the house for Fr. James Peterson.

We are having our first discussion around Peter Maurin's book this evening. It will be at an ecumenical center called VANGUARD, which is also just getting started. I am supposed to be writing my life story. I'm calling it *Don Quixote Rides Again* at this point. Brother Louie at Madonna House put it on me when I was up there this winter. He says it would tie in the under-thirty, disoriented radicals with the living Christian Tradition they know nothing about.

Sincerely in Jesus and Mary,  
Jon Thornton

## THE COUNTY JAIL: A HANDBOOK FOR CITIZEN ACTION

Prepared by the Friends Suburban Project, this manual is designed to plan and carry out change in county jails. It includes means of gathering information about a county jail, developing a strategy for change, and rallying community support to effect this change. The Handbook is available from the Friends Suburban Project, Box 54, Media, Pa. 19063 for \$1.00 a copy.



# UFW's Heroic Struggle

(Continued from page 1)

test. As the grape harvest spread north, other growers signed with the Teamsters and the strike became general.

When the Teamster "goons" had been put under restraining order in Coachella, they moved north to Arvin-Lamont. On June 23 as an exploding firecracker gave the signal, 40 charged from a field owned by J. J. Kovacevitch to attack UFW pickets. Nine were injured as ranch foremen and Kern County sheriffs stood by. Monsignor George Higgins of the U.S. Bishops Committee on Farm Labor speculated that this calculated Teamster violence was an effort by California trucking union leaders to sabotage talks beginning between Teamster International President Frank Fitzsimmons and AFL-CIO leader George Meany seeking to end the strife. Shortly afterward the "goons" were withdrawn.

Throughout the summer, the UFW charged Kern County sheriffs with "acting like a private army for the growers." Pickets were often arrested arbitrarily. Several were charged with violating restraining orders which had been rescinded by the courts which issued them. And sheriff's deputies displayed patronizing attitudes: one approached Lamont Field Office Director Pablo Espinoza saying, "Hey, Pablo, you are looking a little sleepy. Too much cerveza (beer), eh?" The sheriff's department's hostility contributed to making Arvin-Lamont one of the most tense strike areas.

## Strawberries and Lettuce

The Coachella Teamster signings encouraged other growers to try to break the UFW by bringing in the trucking union. In Santa Maria, a coastal growing area north of Santa Barbara, strawberry workers at Security Farms went on strike on May 28 when Teamsters appeared in the fields trying to get them to sign authorization cards with threats and abuse.

In Salinas, south of San Francisco on the coast, lettuce growers have had contracts with the Teamsters for two years, although 7000 workers showed their allegiance to the UFW by going on strike in 1970. On June 5, a crew of workers under such a Teamster contract at Bruce Church Farms decided to test what protection it offered them. Ordered to pick in a field which had been harvested once and would yield them only \$1.00 an hour on the piece rate system, they asked trucking union officials to take up their grievance. When the Teamsters tried to send them back to work without any concession from the grower, they walked out, demanding a UFW contract.

In early June, Mel Finnerman Company Inc., one of the few lettuce companies with a UFW contract, stalled renewal negotiations with such impossible demands as the right to replace farm workers with machinery at any time. When it became clear that Finnerman was trying to use the UFW's trouble in the grapes to get away without any union, workers struck on June 15. By mid-summer the strike was successfully slowing the company's lettuce harvest in Center, Colorado.

## Wine Grapes and Melons

When the UFW's contract with Gallo Wines came up for renegotiation, the company first admitted that the union represented its workers, then vacillated, and finally called in Teamsters who threatened workers with the loss of their jobs if they would not join the trucking

union. The pickers walked out of the company's fields around Livingston on June 26. Franzia Winery also tried to bring in the Teamsters and was struck on July 14.

In mid-July in the Firebaugh-Mendota area of western Fresno County, melon pickers who had never yet been under union contract struck for recognition of the UFW as their bargaining agent. Beginning with a walkout of 100 workers at Perez Company, by the end of the month cantalope production was at a near standstill for lack of labor. Although as much as 75% of their crop had to be plowed under, growers preferred to suffer the loss rather than agree with the UFW, hoping that the union's other enemies would have destroyed it by the next harvest.

## Eastern Fresno County

Eastern Fresno County is the area of the San Joaquin Valley which has had irrigation the longest and hence has a greater number of smaller orchards and vineyards than other areas characterized by more modern corporate farming. But for farm workers who pick the fruit, the conditions are no better and sometimes even worse. Many of the small growers in this area sought to avoid having a contract with any union, hoping the Teamsters and the UFW would be so embroiled elsewhere as to forget them. UFW members struck recalcitrant growers here by July. Local judges responded with restrictive injunctions even more severe than in Coachella and Arvin-Lamont, limiting pickets to one every 50 feet and forbidding amplified sound equipment. While peacefully trying to picket effectively, hundreds of strikers were arrested. After many local workers had been arrested 3 and 4 times, the union enlisted the help of religious groups to bring pressure on local authorities to establish the right to picket. In the first week of August over 60 religious and other outsiders, along with 350 farm workers, were jailed for breaking the injunctions. When the courts threatened to discriminate against some farm workers in granting release on their own recognizance, all stayed in jail for two weeks rather than take bail. A campaign of telegrams and letters to the Fresno judge-

(Continued on page 8)

# ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

August 9. I'm all mixed up in my dates. Dr. Evan Thomas came today, 91 and tall, lean, strong looking. God bless him. And Father Don Hessler whom we've known since he was a seminarian at Maryknoll. He suffered years of imprisonment under the Japanese in WW II. After years in Yucatan and Mexico, he now is working in San Antonio with Bishop Flores. He brought with him 4 sisters who belong to Las Hermanas, the national organization of Spanish-speaking sisters. Gerry Sherry of the San Francisco Monitor came for an interview. The Catholic Worker has known him many years, in Atlanta, Fresno and San Francisco.

August 11. Good talks with Sister Felicia and with Sister Timothy of Barracks B who are good spokeswomen for our groups. Two blacks representing Newsweek called. They were interested in "the religious slant" of the strike. Greg Howard, photographer, was from Princeton, Thurman White from Stanford.

August 12. Union lawyers visiting us say we'll be free tomorrow. A peaceful Sunday. Mass in the evening. Today the Mexican girls were singing and clapping and teaching the sisters some Mexican dancing. They reminded me of St. Teresa of Avila with her castanets at recreation.

All our praying seemed to bring about some results. Mr. Fitzsimmons, president of Teamsters, cancelled or disavowed the contracts signed by another Teamster leader in Delano. He demoted or took some action on the leader who signed them. We really know little. We do know the power of prayer, however.

August 13. We packed our bags last night and a first bus load, me too, left our farm labor camp this morning, reached the jail and were turned back! Then we spent hours in the "rec" hall where a team of "public defenders" whom we were supposed to have seen Sunday, sat around (perhaps I saw one working) while Sister Felicia interviewed all the women in our barracks for the rest of the day and filled out forms which the judge required.

In the evening we finally all were again loaded in vans and brought to Fresno where we, with a great crowd in

the park in front of the courthouse, celebrated Mass.

Jan, Chris and Joan were waiting to greet me from the St. Martin de Porres House which is in San Francisco. Cesar Chavez welcomed us all and Helen Chavez and three of her daughters, young and beautiful all of them, were there. A meeting of strikers is scheduled for Friday, so I have time to visit the San Francisco House for two days. (As I am copying these notes from my diary here in the Los Angeles' Ammon Hennacy House some one comes in bringing a newspaper, the Times, carrying gigantic headlines, Teamsters Give Up.)

## Strike Continues

It is August 21 as I write and my entry in my diary of August 12 is this same news the L.A. Times presents on August 21, the feast of Pope Pius X. The fact remains that there is still no contract signed by grape growers and Cesar Chavez' union. There have been instead two deaths since, that of Naji Daifullah, an Arab striker from Yemen, Arabia, and of Juan de la Cruz of Delano. We attended the funeral service of Naji at Forty Acres. A mile-long parade of marchers walked the 4 miles in a broiling sun from Delano with black flags, black arm bands and ribbons, and stood through the long service in the broiling sun where psalms from the office of the dead were heard clearly over loud speakers and the words from the book of Wisdom: "In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die but they are at peace." There were Moslem chants, a liturgy with which I am unfamiliar—but it was Arab music. (500 Arabs recently came here from Yemen, Arabia—this land of opportunity—and one has met with death at the hands of a deputy wielding a heavy flashlight which fractured his skull.)

The Mass for Juan de la Cruz was offered by Bishop Arzube of Los Angeles, Spanish-speaking, from Ecuador. Two men have shed their blood, there are no contracts signed as yet, there has been a three-day fast requested by Cesar Chavez, and a renewed zeal in boycotting lettuce and grapes. There is no money left in the treasury of the union, especially after death benefits have been paid to the families of the dead strikers. One of the Mexican girls in jail told me proudly that their \$3.50 dues (comparing them with the Teamster dues of \$7.50) paid benefits for lives born and lives lost. And there were all the clinics operating at Calexico, Delano, Sanger and other places. The Farm Workers' Union is a community to be proud of, and would that all our unions might become a "community of communities" such as Martin Buber wrote of in his *Paths in Utopia*.

(Sister Katherine, who was a fellow prisoner in Barracks B, is working five days a week — and what long hours! — here at the Ammon Hennacy House, and the soup kitchen and clothing room in Skid Row, and she is so like the sisters who have come to help us in her peace and joy and diligence that I feel marvelously at home. She has typed out this column for me.)

## Prayer

I must mention a prayer I wrote in the front of my New Testament, and hope our readers, while they read, say this for the strikers:

Dear Pope John—please, yourself a campesino, watch over the United Farm Workers. Raise up more and more leaders—servants throughout the country to stand with Cesar Chavez in this non-violent struggle with Mammon, in all the rural districts of North, and South, in the cotton fields, beet fields, potato fields, in our orchards and vineyards, our orange groves—wherever men, women and children work on the land. Help make a new order wherein justice flourishes, and, as Peter Maurin, himself a peasant, said so simply, "where it is easier to be good."

Please help, Pope John, these rural workers to repossess the land in co-ops, land trusts, with credit unions, clinics — a proliferation of "the little way" of St. Therese. Help us, Pope John. Amen.

## Statement of Clergy Jailed in Fresno

August 9, 1973

Judge Blaine Pettitt, Superior Court of Fresno County, Department 1, has arbitrarily denied our Farmworker Brothers and Sisters their constitutional right peacefully to assemble and to exercise the right of free speech. Judge Pettitt has stringently restricted the number of pickets and the use of bull horns. During the past weeks, the Farmworkers have challenged this unjust curtailment of their constitutional rights, and for this, they have been arrested, jailed and treated as common criminals.

On Tuesday, July 31, we priests, sisters, brothers, seminarians and other concerned people joined our brothers and sisters in their courageous challenge of the clearly unjust court order. We joined them in the picket line and with them were arrested and jailed, and with them we have spent thus far 10 days in jail.

The conditions of the various places of incarceration have differed. For 250 of us detention has been in the near-medieval conditions of the Fresno County Jail. In this short statement, we can not mention every detail, but we consider it sufficient to say now that, since our booking into jail, we have been confined in groups of 22 to 31, in tanks of no more than 20 by 30 feet, for 24-hours a day, except for 20 minutes for breakfast and 20 minutes for dinner. We have never been allowed to see the light of day or to get any exercise. All prisoners, some of whom are here for months, experience this curtailment of physical freedom as brutal punishment. The question we ask is, "For what alleged crime, if any, are we subjected to this extreme punishment?" We are being treated as criminals and we have not been convicted. And, even if we were convicted of the alleged misdemeanor, we certainly would not have been subjected to a punishment so intense or prolonged. We are also convinced that we will not be convicted because the order under which we were arrested could never survive a constitutional challenge.

It is objected that we could be released on bail. Many of us can not afford bail. It is our contention that all of us, farmworkers and religious persons alike, are entitled to release from jail on our own recognizance (OR). But the arbitrary criteria for OR established by local courts have denied all but a few of us this right. OR is for the poor what bail is for the rich. All of us intend to stand together until this right is acknowledged for all.

The justice of our cause, we believe, is attested by the joyful and hopeful spirit that has persisted among us. We are daily sustained by our prayer and fasting. The Mass, celebrated in circumstances reminiscent of the early Christian era, is a constant source of strength for all of us.

In conclusion, it is quite obvious that our imprisonment is not required or justified by the judicial process, but is another clear case of the judiciary and police-power being used by the local political establishment to suppress protest and, thereby, to try to break the strike of the United Farm Workers.

## WEEKENDS IN PERSONHOOD AND COMMUNITY

September 29 and October 20

These weekend workshops are an opportunity to explore psychodramatically the personal and interpersonal dynamics of community living. For information and registration, write to:

Claire Danielsson  
Theatre of Reconciliation  
Catholic Worker Farm  
Box 33, Tivoli, N.Y. 12583



## Victim and Measure

(Continued from page 3)

of stature who was not permitted to stand; of a victim whose victory was real—in the spiritual sphere at least. Perhaps it is in that sphere alone that America has met its challenges. We needn't posit the advanced, liberated consciences of our day and say some at least have come to grips with the American nightmare. At its very origins this country produced men of vision (Hunter was one, George Catlin another) who had solved the problems of uniting the variegated tensions—white, black, and red—that wrap like bandages around our body politic. But these men were not permitted to live and work in peace.

### The Reality Underneath

Nor is revisionist history concerned with "if this had happened" or "if he had lived." It is not visionary. It is concerned with alternative courses of action in the present, based on alternative interpretations of events and people in the past. It is a living history. It does not attempt to substitute one set of myths for another: it does attempt to see through various myths to the reality underneath.

If entire verses and chapters of American history read more like a Mickey Spillane novel (as Drinnon will argue) than the liturgical text Bloy posited, revisionist history teaches us that, throughout this period, there were those who lived and died—and not simply rhetorically or patently historically—for noble causes. Victims, if you will. The dots and iotas. They have in common anonymity. Some, infamy. Such as John Brown. But the dots are connected.

Another such man, whose name is famous but whose wisdom is officially infamous, is Henry David Thoreau. Thoreau read Hunter's book and Cass's attacks on him; he copied some thirty-seven pages in all of Hunter's narrative in his Indian Notebooks, and, as Drinnon states, he "must have winced while copying out Cass's assertion that the narrative was 'a useless publication.'"

"When Thoreau wrote of 'wild men, so

much more like ourselves than they are unlike,' he revealed an ongoing process of redefinition which only his death cut short—his last words were said to have been 'moose' and 'Indian.' Thoreau was redefining civilization and savagery, terms badly in need of redefinition then and so desperately needed today . . . To say that wild men were fundamentally like ourselves was to announce a radical break from the consensus of Cass and most white Americans. Like other former colonials, the people of the United States had established a society in which non-Europeans were nonpeople. Everywhere the native was subjugated or slaughtered, or he was culturally castrated and herded onto reservations. The pattern in the United States had its own configurations, however, based mainly on the distance between its doctrines of universal Christian brotherhood and of Enlightenment natural rights, on the one hand, and its practice of Indian removal or extermination, on the other." (page 250)

Again:

"Thoreau may easily have seen in Hunter, with his hauntingly allegorical name, a symbol of the meaning of America. Out of the encounter of the Old World with the New, white with red, was born a new man who sought a new heaven and a new earth where extermination was not one of the standing orders of providence. A new man no longer at war with the nature in himself or engaged in a frenzy of conquest of the nature without." (page 252)

As Drinnon states, it was sad beyond words that Thoreau did not live to write his masterpiece on the Indians. But it is a joy that Drinnon has done what Thoreau's death left undone. The immense liturgical text has been significantly illuminated. Illuminated by one for whom, as Emerson said of Thoreau, "Every fact lay in the glory in his mind."

**\*WHITE SAVAGE: THE CASE OF JOHN DUNN HUNTER.** By Richard Drinnon. Schocken, New York, 282 pp., \$12.50.

## Tivoli: a Farm With a View

(Continued from page 2)

Peter Lumsden, and John Sullivan from more recent years. And as always, there were many newcomers with whom we enjoyed talking and hope they will return.

This summer has also seen many departures as well as arrivals. Bill Tully, Mary Wagener, and their families and Mike Kreyche—one of our most dependable workers—took off for Canada to start a community of their own. Dennis Block left for Canada to take a teaching job. Geoffrey Ruddick is leaving shortly for Oregon, where he, too, has a job. Ramon of the beautiful voice returned to Florida to visit his parents and resume his education. Mike Bayles left for Redwood College, where he will continue his studies. Florent went back to Canada. Others have come and gone. Dorothy Day, Clare Danielsson, and Sally Corbin should be back from their pilgrimages and travels soon. As for little Coretta Corbin, she too has started a new phase in her life. Each morning, she goes down the road to catch the bus to take her to kindergarten in Red Hook. She will be five this month and is, I am told, a beautiful child. Meanwhile, her mother, Rita, has started working on a new series of Christmas cards, note cards, and peace calendars, which have been so popular with those who have bought them during past years.

### John Filliger's Birthday

Sunday evening, the second of September, we celebrated John Filliger's sixty-seventh birthday with a picnic supper on the lawn. Later, at the seven o'clock Mass, Fr. Andy offered special

The future and the young; they are one. No, I have no fear for the future. A springtime of the Church awaits us. Soon it will warm us with its fire.

Roger Schutz, Abbot of Taizé

prayers for John. John was a young man when he came to the Catholic Worker, which was also young. Now they have both attained considerable maturity. He has worked hard, still works hard, and with many others whom I cannot name, has done much to help keep the Catholic Worker going. We thank them all.

Although it is hard to think of blankets after the long hot spell we have just experienced, Marge Hughes tells me that we really need more for fall and winter. Many of the younger people live in buildings without central heating and so really need blankets to keep warm. Blanket donations will certainly be much appreciated. Please do not address them to me. Send such packages to Marge Hughes, Alice Lawrence, or Miriam Carroll, here at the Catholic Worker Farm, Tivoli, New York 12583. Since I am totally blind it is difficult for me to handle packages and make proper acknowledgements. If I have failed to do so in the past, I say a warm thank you here, and may God bless you for your kindness.

As I have said before, we are imperfect instruments, and have not established anything approaching Utopia. Nevertheless, in spite of our chaos, much good is accomplished. We ask for your prayers and continued support.

On this September night katydids still speak of frost. Crickets sing sweetly, knowing perhaps their time for singing is not long. In St. Francis' garden—which Elizabeth Marshall did so much to make beautiful—mint and nicotiana perfume the air. We move toward October and the great Feast of St. Francis. Pray for us, St. Francis, that we may learn true reverence for all of God's creation, that we are akin not only to the sun and stars and winds and seas, but also to every common flower and weed and tree. Deo Gratias.

## 36 East First

BY ANNE MARIE FRASER

New York summers are hot and humid and especially difficult for the poor. There are few air conditioners in tenement flats, so people take to the streets for relief. The front steps of the buildings on First Street have been filled with men and women drinking cold drinks and listening to music while their children play under gushing fire hydrants, their play interrupted by each passing car. Popular Spanish songs blare from the two storefront clubs until early morning hours. The sidewalk in front of Saint Joseph House is lined with chairs from noon till night as we sit out the many hot spells.

But summer is an especially hectic time inside Saint Joseph House. Summer leisure and all the recent publicity given to the Worker have brought many visitors to First Street. Some stayed for the day, others for days or weeks to learn about the CW and to lend a hand in the work. Sisters Dorothy, Betty, Therese, and Della, Regina Kirwan, Sue Graingerl, Gai Smith, Suzanne DeSutter, Rich, Tom Anderson, Ray Surean, Joe Gooding, Jerry and Steve, Brothers William, Bart and Robert (and I'm sure I've forgotten others) have all spent many hours serving soup, washing dishes, cooking, cleaning the clothing room, folding papers, helping out the Farmworkers, etc. Their energy and enthusiasm were a great advantage to the house; we hope St. Joseph House was a good place for our visitors to learn about personalism and human suffering. We thank them deeply for sharing some of their time with us.

### A Wedding

Mid-summer saw a mammoth clean-up effort for a joyous occasion. Micki Timmins and Mike DeGregory were married at a simple and beautiful Liturgy at Nativity Church on July 25th. Frank Donovan was everywhere at once scrubbing, shopping and serving the many guests. For days Arthur Sullivan and Susie Gerard baked bread and cakes for the reception. Randy Netley and Steve Nowling returned for the wedding, and Steve baked a delicious wedding cake. Ellen Moore, Micki, and Sister Betty spent intricate hours sewing and embroidering Micki's bridal gown. The results were beautiful. The DeGregory family, friends from Tivoli, and neighborhood friends joined us for a happy and exciting evening.

Summer is also a time of change at Saint Joseph House. People leave and new people come. Some of us take the opportunity to travel and work outside the house. Dorothy and Pat and Kathleen joined the striking California Farmworkers. Pat Murray worked in a hospital in North Carolina for several weeks; and Mike and Micki joined the demonstrators praying at the White House. They face trial in late September. Andre has returned to France after several months with us. Susie Gerrard has returned to St. Louis to attend nursing school. Since November she has been a personification of gentleness and calm at St. Joseph House (and we especially miss her delicious carrot cake and whole wheat bread). Danny O'Shea has resumed seminary studies at St. Bernard's in Rochester. His warmth and sense of humor eased many tense situations at the house. But the Lord provides. In August Tom Hart arrived from San Francisco, after a brief stay at the Catholic Worker Farm in West Virginia. He immediately plunged into the hard work of the house and has become a fond part of our CW family. And Pam Mumby and Dan Corley have just arrived to work with us for a while. We welcome Mark Samara back from several months in California. He has traded L.A. smog for New York grime.

### Each Day an Opportunity

Sadly some from our family have been ill this summer. We ask your prayers for Millie who is recovering from surgery; for Gus; and for Hiram who faces surgery

as we go to press. Last issue we included an obituary for Larry Pritchard. With sadness this column also carries the news of death. On July 25 Jack Riley and Laurie Torgan were in a fatal car accident. Jack and Laurie shared their energies with the Catholic Worker and the Catholic Peace Fellowship in the constant struggle for peace in our ravaged world. Ironically, the last time I saw Laurie she was walking Larry Pritchard to the hospital to keep a much-needed appointment. May Larry, Jack and Laurie rest in God's peace.

With all the activity and heat, the summer can be an especially trying time



Robert Hodgell

for all of us. Confusion seems to reign much of the time; tempers grow short and flare; some of our older members decry the transitoriness of the young; Worker positions and traditions are in constant need of clarification. More than any other time summer has accentuated for me our human failings and limitations. We so need to be patient and forgiving with each other, and attentive to the will of God to live and grow in our community at 36 East First Street. At the Worker, each day is another opportunity to start fresh. We welcome the cool clear days of Autumn.

It is through love and within love that we most look for the deepening of our deepest self, for the lifegiving coming together of humankind.

Teilhard de Chardin



# WRL'S FIFTY YEARS OF RESISTANCE

(Continued from page 1)

fense alert. Dorothy Day, a member of the Initiating Committee for the Anniversary Conference, appeared more than once on the screen.

Asked to say a few words for Dorothy at the opening meeting, I explained that Dorothy had flown to San Francisco fully intending to be present at Asilomar. She was instead sitting in a Fresno jail for civil disobedience. The charge was "unlawful assembly"—a charge levelled against United Farmworker pickets who disobeyed the injunction about standing 100 feet apart from each other. Dorothy had refused to pay bail and had made it clear that she would remain in jail until all striking farmworkers were freed. She had asked me to bring her love to all at the Conference. I reminded them of a saying of Peter Maurin's which was very apt for a meeting concerned with making things better during the next fifty years. Dorothy often re-

## Farm Workers

(Continued from page 6)

es and continued picketing by other outsiders (demonstrating how arbitrarily the law is used against the UFW) finally brought release of those held. (See "On Pilgrimage" in this issue.)

### Delano

Delano, in the very center of the San Joaquin Valley, is the richest table grape growing area of all, and the place where the UFW's organizing effort began. Five ranches there were part of the Coachella Teamster signings and others also came under later Teamster contracts so that 600 workers were receiving strike benefits in early July, a month before the harvest was to begin. On July 29 the major group of Delano growers broke off negotiations for contract renewal with the UFW. Although Meany, Fitzsimmons, and Chavez were meeting to try to end the Teamster incursion into the fields, Teamsters shortly announced they had signed with these growers at the UFW's home base. Chavez left the meetings, charging the Teamster president with bad faith.

These Delano Teamster signings increased the tension which had been building throughout the summer. While the Teamster President claimed that the Delano signings had occurred without his knowledge and rescinded the contracts, bad feeling remained very strong. Several times pickets in the Delano area were shot at from the fields and local police made no arrests. The two deaths of union members occurred in this atmosphere. Since union funds are so depleted, strike activity will continue in Delano, but probably not for long.

Though nowhere that growers sought to buck their workers' demand for their own union did they remain unchallenged, strikes alone cannot win the struggle for justice. Strikers' families must eat, but the union cannot afford more strike benefits. Meanwhile growers continue to find hungry and uninformed scabs, often Mexican illegals brought in with the silent consent of the Border Patrol. For all the time which so many thousands spent on the picket lines this summer, La Causa depends again on that non-violent weapon, the boycott. **DON'T BUY GRAPES OR LETTUCE!**

In every major city across the country, United Farm Worker boycott centers need volunteers and support. The boycott is the key in assuring farm workers and their families their just recompense. Please contact the boycott center in your area to aid this vital struggle.

In New York the Farm Workers need people to leaflet stores. An hour a week would be a great boost. For leaflets and store information call 799-5800. The Boycott also needs housing for workers, sheets and bedding, and whatever food can be donated. Contact the United Farm Workers, 331 W. 84th St., New York, N. Y. 10024.

peats these words of Peter Maurin: "The future will be different if we make the present different."

### Building the New Society

Igal Roodenko, until recently WRL Chairman, welcomed the participants on the first evening with remarks that centered on love. "We are all lovers," said Roodenko. "Even Nixon in his distorted way is a lover who sees himself as protecting something good against something bad." His remarks made it clear that his understanding of ahimsa, non-violence, was the Gandhian one, not merely non-injury to other creatures but positive love of them. To those who might feel that good ends might be hurried up by violent or questionable means, he gave the Gandhian caution, "All we have in our hands are the means. We are responsible for the rightness and purity of those means. We cannot control the ends, what comes after our action is completed. Every means is in fact an end in itself." "To debate," said Roodenko, "whether change in society comes before change in the individual, or change in the individual before change in society, is like asking a healthy human being whether eating or sleeping is more important." The two transformations must proceed together, just as all human organisms move forward by eating and sleeping.

Mandy Carter of WRL/West, who had had heavy responsibility for the Conference, spoke last. She told of how she was drawn to the League where she found something she had not found in other movements, compassion. At the word compassion, her voice broke and there were long seconds of utter silence. Joan Baez, with an exquisite sense of timing, began a song from the back of the hall. "Amazing Grace! How sweet the sound." The achingly pure voice pierced us all.

### Hiroshima Day Peace Marathon

The second day of the Conference was Hiroshima Day. It seemed right to mark Hiroshima by a marathon for peace and nonviolence. The entire morning was given to the key session of the Conference, a panel on "WRL: The Next Fifty Years." Under the chairmanship of Irma Zigas, four speakers, David McReynolds, Beverly Woodward, Lee Swenson and Ira Sandperl, explored the main currents of pacifist thought and action.

"We are living in the belly of the beast in the U.S.," said McReynolds. "Our primary work is changing our own country. What an effect there would be on the whole world if the United States were disarmed, for instance."

McReynolds stated that the future program of WRL was already clear. He listed as prime concerns: the nuclear arms race; amnesty, unconditional and universal, for many thousands of young men; attention to the war danger arising from the Middle East situation; work on behalf of the ruined lives left behind by our ten-year involvement with the Indochina war; the obtaining of justice for our own underclass, the Chicanos and blacks; the wresting of our economy from the military-industrial complex; and the opening of the nonviolent movement to the broad middle and under classes, too many of whom feel powerless to affect any change whatsoever.

"I will tell you something," McReynolds asserted. "Powerlessness corrupts and absolute powerlessness corrupts absolutely. Nonviolence that cannot relate to the powerless of our society is not a serious nonviolent movement."

Beverly Woodward, UN Representative of War Resisters International, stressed the international aspect. "Without a transnational peace movement," she said, "to oppose the system we have, there can be no change. . . . Our failures to cooperate are bought with the lives of Vietnamese and others. The rest of the world cannot afford our ignorance." She cited as a guide for action George Lakey's five steps towards a transnational, nonviolent revolution, culled from his *Strategy for a Living Revolution*.

Lee Swenson, of the Institute for the

Study of Nonviolence in Palo Alto, urged the emulation of Gandhi's life and style. Gandhi, Swenson pointed out, did not allow his movement to be burdened with negativism, with mere opposition to what was wrong.

Ira Sandperl, who inspired Joan Baez to form the Institute for the Study of Nonviolence, warned against fear, the moral, intellectual and spiritual fear of openly expounding love and truth. He explained that people, fearful of alienating others, become like the Watergate people who acted as they did because, they explained, "We were part of a team."

The afternoon and evening of August 6 offered an embarrassment of riches in the choice of workshops and special interest groups. Subjects included the United Farmworkers, the Future of WRL, Democratic Socialist Economics, and the Catholic Worker Movement. Joan Baez and Giannetta Sagan led a workshop on Amnesty International, a voluntary organization concerned with



"Prisoners of Conscience" around the world. Two hundred persons attended Daniel Ellsberg's workshop on "The Morals of Torture," a moving session on the background of the Pentagon Papers publication.

I attended an early evening workshop on "Gandhi's Truth" led by Ira Sandperl, a man of relaxed but palpable charisma. He made the point that "Gandhi gave his life each day. His life was up for grabs every day of his career. In a pragmatic way, he had no life to lose."

Ira spoke of Gandhi's emphasis on the need for silence and meditation. So we stopped everything and lapsed into silence and meditation then and there.

We talked again of the destructiveness of fear, of how it blocks compassion. Gandhi overcame the fear of being rejected and we must learn how to do it. Sandperl felt that the biggest illusion the nonviolent person can have is that of being alone. "We are a large minority on this earth," he reminded us, "the community of loving people."

### Celebration of Commitment

We became very aware of not being alone, of being part of a large minority on the earth, when we returned to Merrill Hall to hear the singing of Joan Baez and her sister, Mimi Farina. Again the sound of "Amazing Grace" filled the hall. We linked arms, all swaying together in time to the old tune.

It was a moment when we felt bound to one another, when we felt the existence of the "beloved community." We were young, middle-aged and aged, Marxists and non-Marxists, anarchists and personalists, unbelievers who termed themselves humanists or agnostics, believers from many traditions, Jewish, Catholic and Protestant, vegetarians and meat-eaters, all searching to exorcise the violence in ourselves and linked in the search for a nonviolent future. It was a celebration of commitment to each other and to all other human creatures, especially those most threatened by cruelty and violence.

But celebration had to give way to organization. There was to be a silent vigil in front of the Fresno County Courthouse and Jail at 1:30 p.m. the next day on behalf of the 450 farmwork-

ers and sympathizers jailed in the county. If we joined it, we would have to miss the final session of the Conference. This dilemma did not face other groups planning direct action. One was to take place before the French Consulate in San Francisco on August 9, Nagasaki Day, to protest French nuclear testing in the Pacific. The other demonstration would take place the same day at Livermore, a nuclear military establishment.

By midnight we knew that one-fifth of the Conference participants would leave before the end of the Conference to join the farmworkers.

### Direct Action

Led by Joan Baez and Daniel Ellsberg, a caravan of sixteen cars and buses left Asilomar the next morning for Fresno. Just before we started, we saw Evan Thomas ease his thin, six-foot-five frame into a minibus. From some of the car windows flags fluttered, the flaming red UFW flag with the black thunderbird.

On the way, Daniel Ellsberg reminisced about the War Resisters International Conference that we had both attended in 1969. That Conference had also been interrupted for direct action. We had set up a silent vigil around the Philadelphia Federal Building in solidarity with Robert Eaton who was sentenced to three years imprisonment for draft refusal. We had later listened as Randy Kehler, young leader of the San Francisco WRL, explained to us that he was getting ready to go to prison for refusing to take part in the Vietnam war.

"When I heard Randy," Ellsberg told us, "I thought to myself that he was the best we had. I realized that this was what the best young people in America were doing. They were ready to make sacrifices of their youth and freedom to oppose the war. Something screamed inside my head. I rushed out of the hall and went into the men's room where I burst into tears. The tears kept coming. I couldn't stop. It was from then that I knew that I had to do something, that I had to share the risks. Later I found what it was with the Pentagon Papers."

As we drove into the blazing sun of the San Joaquin valley, I mentioned that the same War Resisters International had been decisive for me. We had all signed a petition requesting that the United Nations recognize conscientious objection to military service as a human right. A few months later, I was able to bring up the question to the UN Human Rights Commission. Eventually, a special UN study of legislation and practices regarding conscientious objectors was completed and the matter is still on the agenda of the Human Rights Commission.

We arrived in the Fresno Park fronting the Courthouse and Jail just in time for the vigil and rally. In the next twenty-four hours we fell in with UFW plans for a dizzying round of picketing, rallies and jail visiting in Fresno and Kern counties. When Daniel Ellsberg stood before our last rally in Lamont, Kern County, he spoke with conviction and a certain restrained eloquence. "I am here to support you in your rights. There is no more important part of the First Amendment right than that of peaceful picketing and free expression of views. It is a cause very close to my heart."

After Ellsberg's speech, Joan Baez sang Spanish songs, including "De Colores." The climax of the rally came when a UFW organizer called out, "Captains, raise your hands." The right hand of every man and woman shot into the air. From that moment, every striker, every picketer, was a captain, and sheriffs could not make distinctions. . . .

And what of the final session of the WRL Conference which we had not attended? We learned that Mandy Carter said to those who remained behind, referring to the one-fifth of the Conference which had taken off to join forces with the United Farmworkers, "This is the perfect example of what the War Resisters League is all about. We discussed nonviolent theory, but instead of passing a resolution, we took direct action."