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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

If I don't wake up early enough to have a spiritual reading before rising to face the day, I feel cheated of a sustenance I badly need, considering the crowded days of conferences and visitors all summer in both country and city. This morning my reading was again from Father Ernesto Balducci's book, "John—the Transitional Pope" published by McGraw-Hill in 1964 and a real treasure. I have quoted from him before, and I have special esteem for Father Balducci because he is a conscientious objector to war, and has suffered for it as the late Father Lorenzo Milani did. The quotation from Pope John he cites on page 127 is this:

"The love of truth. On the day of my Episcopal consecration the Church gave me a particular mandate concerning it: 'Let him [the bishop] choose humility and truth and never forsake them for any flattery or threats. Let him not consider light to be darkness, or darkness light; let him not call evil good, or good evil. Let him learn from wise men and fools, so that he may profit from all.'"

These powerful words are used in the consecration of bishops, and I think of them now as I rejoice in the fact that six or seven Catholic bishops have come out against the Vietnam war. That the latest one to do so is Archbishop James Davis, of Santa Fe, New Mexico, reminds me of that great book of Willa Cather, "Death Comes for the Archbishop" which is about the first Bishop of Santa Fe and a most beautiful story of the period and surroundings.

September 8

Birthday of the Blessed Virgin. Twenty-two years ago today a dozen or so of us made a pilgrimage of penance to the shrine of Mother Cabrini, walking from 115 Mott St., where the Catholic Worker House of Hospitality was then located. We walked from Canal Street along Broadway to 208th Street. The Second World War had just ended. The bomb had been dropped in August on Hiroshima and Nagasaki (any means to an end!) and we have been living in fear and in "brush fire wars" ever since. The war goes on in Vietnam. If it ceased tomorrow, it would be going on in some other quarter of the globe and we, as the richest nation, making so much money out of our armaments, would be very much involved still. The causes of war are still with us: fear, hatred, greed, and "each man seeking his own."

One of the early Fathers of the Church once wrote that if we could stand on a mountain top and see all the misery and tragedy of the world, we could not survive the horror of it. Now we have television and can indeed see what is happening, can witness the murder

of Lee Harvey Oswald, the torture of prisoners in Vietnam, the death of our own soldiers—horror upon horror, until the mind and soul are blunted, sated with blood, blood which cries out to heaven. Indeed Jesus is in agony until the end of the world.

Juliana of Norwich said, and it is for our comfort, "the worst has already happened and been remedied." The worst being the Fall, and the remedy is still with us, "the same yesterday and today and forever." Even today, there are samplings of heaven, in love expressed, in peace maintained. "All the way to heaven is heaven, because He said, 'I am the Way.'" (All the way to hell can be hell too.)

Work is the great healer, the great remedy for many ills. Right now as I write, in the midst of the Friday hubbub of trucks with horns blaring, gears shifting at each light, the grinding up of the refuse of the city in sanitation trucks, the shriek of sirens, there is a labor of love going on. Two young men and two young women are engaged in thoroughly cleaning and "de-bugging" one of the apartments of this house of hospitality on Kenmare Street, where we will continue to live for two or three months more, until the house on First Street is renovated. There are three apartments on the second floor, one on the third, one on the fourth, and one on the fifth,—two apartments for men and four for women. A constant check is needed to keep them livable, and young men do not like to be checked, nor are they orderly. There are 25 apartments altogether in the house. The tenants are mostly Chinese or Italians and some of the apartments are visions of comfort, because these are the kind of tenants who have lived here, in what I call our Italian village, for thirty years or more. The house is well built but slanting, a bit sunk or settled since the subways were built underneath. The ceilings are high and it looks out on two streets, so we have plenty of light and air—and plenty of fumes too.

Huge trucks go by loaded with steel drums of all colors, with faint castings of mysterious and fantastic shapes, and huge round-bodied trucks shaped like gasoline or milk trucks, which carry sugar, syrup, molasses and wine. I thought as I watched them this morning that if there were a depression—if peace would break out—these trucks would cease and there would be quiet on Kenmare Street. Once in my life time, as I travelled up and down the East Coast in the Thirties, I saw dead factories; wheels had stopped turning, no smoke, no fumes came from stacks and chimneys, the air was clear and quiet, and birds sang

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Men of the Fields on the Pavements of New York

By JACK COOK

"I think when you come out of a house and step on the bare earth among the fields you're the same man you were when you were inside the house. But when you step out on pavements, you're someone else. You can feel your face change."

So wrote Henry Roth (Call It Sleep, Cooper Square Publishers, Inc., 1934) in praise of peasants. Such praise is due, also, to the six farm workers from Delano, Calif., who, here, on the pavements of New York are organizing a consumer boycott against Giumarra products.

Their faces have not changed. But the faces to which they address themselves—fruit store owners, brokers, buyers of all sorts—have changed. The consternation apparent in their expressions at the sight of these men and their humble plea betrays them.

The story of six farm workers in New York is not a sensational one. No fireworks here. No reporters with TV equipment followed them around. Unlike the Montgomery boycott, no busloads of college enthusiasts, no cadres of radical organizers converged here in Manhattan. The work rests in the hands of the men and is carried out in almost utter silence.

Giumarra vs. the Union

They left Delano on August 31st, less than a month after the strike by the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee against Giumarra began. They are only one among many teams of workers, carrying on the boycott in cities all over the country. A consumer boycott is the only way to bring Giumarra to the bargaining table.

Giumarra is composed of two corporations and a partnership—all controlled by one family. Some 19 square miles spread over 75 miles in the San Joaquin Valley produce mainly grapes, potatoes, plums and cotton. According to a union spokesman, "The three companies are worth over \$25 million, including a winery and large blocks of stock in the Bank of America. According to the Congressional Record, June 19, 1967, Giumarra last year received in direct price support payments (excluding cop loans) a quarter of a million dollars. Giumarra also benefits by a heavily subsidized irrigation project which brings water to the area of its farms and makes pumping cheaper. Giumarra reaps cash from 27% oil depletion allowance, for it holds a one-sixth interest in the many leased oil wells on its properties. Giumarra claims to have each year 2,000 car loads of this over 8,000 acres in grapes. It ships crop to markets throughout the United States."

The management of Giumarra has refused to consent to any election among its workers, failed to meet with the union, ignored attempts of the California state conciliation service to set up collective bargaining sessions. "The union" the spokesman said, "is unable to file unfair labor practice charges

on these issues because agriculture enjoys a special exemption from federal labor laws."

On July 23 an all-day general meeting and picnic of Giumarra workers was held. Over 1,000 attended. They voted unanimously to strike. No response being forthcoming from the company, the workers went out on August 3. Within four days, the company was down from 1,200 workers to about 50. Then, the scabs. And the same old story.

With a New Twist

The twist being that six men of the fields are sent by Cesar Chavez to persuade six million men of the pavements to an unselfish act. "Don't buy Giumarra grapes. They are scab grapes." That was all that need be said. The changed and the unchanged faces, or better, the chained and the unchained, confront each other.

On August 31: three Philipinos, three Mexicans in Delano. Three days and three nights later, having slept in the car for only short periods, they arrived in New York, where none had been before. Their contact, Jim Drake (an East Coast assistant to Chavez) could not be reached. They knew no one else. Two more nights spent in the car. Drake, who had not expected them so soon, put them up in the YMCA and they went to work. Then he sought out Dorothy Day, for the men needed an apartment. Under Dorothy's direction, one of the Kenmare bug-infested apartments was thoroughly cleaned by a group of young volunteers, including Kevin and Sheila Murphy from the Detroit Catholic Worker, who were here for their first experience of Chrystie Street. Our Lady of Guadalupe and posters depicting the farm worker painted by Tina de Aragon now hang on the walls, and the aroma of tortillas and beans invades the hallways.

In our heavily Italian neighborhood, these aromas are distinctive; and on the streets of Manhattan six farm workers are distinctive also. They move differently. Perhaps I am simply conscious of their moving for a purpose, for an end other than themselves. They are unlike the others.

Julian Balldoy at 55 is in charge, as he has been in other cities on the West Coast, leading boycotts and pickets in Los Angeles, Solidad, and elsewhere. He was with the strike from the very beginning over two years ago. His sons, one of whom recently returned from Viet Nam, do not understand why he devotes his time and energy to the strike and foregoes all his former pleasures and pastimes. "I tried to get them to join us," he says, "but they are young yet and do not know what it is." I have seen owners of fruit stores or brokers try to ignore him, or dismiss him, after he had quietly told them what the strike was about, and he would not move though they busied themselves; then, irritated, they would complain that he blocked passage for customers; finally, realizing he meant business, they would come over, listen intently, and usually agree not to purchase the scab brands anymore. We were thrown out of the first store we approached on 2nd Avenue: his only comment then, and later when it happened again, was "He needs to be picketed."

Nicholas Valenzuela joined the strike in July of this year. He has been a working man all his life, and now at 58 he walks the pavements of Manhattan as others chop wood. Always the first to leave and the last to return, he covered much of Manhattan himself. Juan Berbo and Severino Manglio, both Philipinos, 57 and 61 years old respectively, are short and stocky. They seem out of place on the streets. Their stride is meant for fields; hot cement. Their blunt ap-

proach makes store owners uncomfortable, accustomed as they are to the half-there-good-fellow smile, the knowing wink, and the moist, uncalled-for hand.

Pablo Aguilar, the youngest of the group at 26, is married and has three children. He was a crew leader for Giumarra before the strike began; in that capacity he earned \$40 a day. Now he earns \$5 a week and his food. He is a very large man and he frequently eats both at their apartment and later at the Worker. His sense of humor is as large as he is: with his cupped hand held out and his high-pitched nasal voice, he mimics, "Just a nickie to start me off." Either his size or the tone of his voice offended one broker at the Hunts Point Terminal Market, where we were picketing one day, and a brief scuffle occurred. They wanted him to leave the platform; instead, all our pickets, some two dozen in number, converged there. The broker agreed after a little while not to purchase any more scab grapes in the future.

Bernardo Garcia, also, was one of over a thousand Giumarra laborers, who came out of the fields on August 3 to join La Huelga. He does most of the cooking for the group; it was amusing to see him roll tortillas with an empty ale bottle, a remnant of their first night in the apartment with three of our Catholic Worker staff guests.

The Work

The strategy of the boycott was deceptively simple. The six men were to reach by direct confrontation 700-800 individual retail fruit and grocery stores, large or small, in Manhattan. If a majority of these buyers cooperated, then they would have not only spread the word, but made the brokers in the large markets and auctions aware, before they were approached, that these men were at work and they meant business. The first five days were spent, then, in walking the pavements of Manhattan, from 180th Street south to South Ferry and the tip of the island, on all the avenues; then east and west on all the streets. Imagine the number of grocery stores these men entered; the number of managers encountered; and the unvarying responses. Basically, there were three responses: honest concern and cooperation; active disinterest and non-cooperation; feigned concern and dishonest cooperation. To the first they expressed their appreciation; to the second, they will send pickets; to the third, once they are found out, they will send pickets.

And the six farm workers are no longer alone. Six of our staff joined them on the pavements; both the strike and the boycott are sanctioned by the National AFL-CIO, the New York City Regional Office of the AFL-CIO, and the Western Conference of Teamsters. Paul Sanchez, organizer of the New York City Taxi Driver's Union, now works full time with the boycott and some of his men from that union were with us at the Hunts Point Terminal Market, when it came time to take the boycott to the brokers. These cab drivers were among the first to organize for their union, were blacklisted because of it, and suffered as a result. "We consider it our duty," one of them told us.

The Hunts Point Terminal Market is a huge, complex system of modern buildings located in the Bronx. Produce is brought in from all over the country by train and truck and unloaded all along one or the other sides of four long rectangular buildings. Here small and large brokers and the dozen large receivers have their stalls; they are open at both ends: trains unload on one side, trucks on the other. Perishable fruits and vegetables are stored in freezers with-

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A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWER

On the eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost, the Feast of the Stigmata of St. Francis of Assisi, Father Jude Mill came to say Mass for us in our chapel. During the past three years—almost since our arrival in Tivoli—Father Jude has come often to visit and say Mass here. Always his Masses are beautiful, reverent, happy, in the true Franciscan spirit. It seemed, therefore, almost like a gift from St. Francis that Father Jude, a true Franciscan, should come to say Mass on this special feast of St. Francis.

As Mass began, the fog bell still tolled on the river; but it was a mild and beautiful September morning, with late summer reaching out a welcoming hand to glorious autumn, waiting behind a curtain of color just beyond the equinoctial line. Shortly after Mass the warm, apple-ripening September sun burned away the mist. Some of those attending the War Resisters League peace discussion weekend (many had shared our Mass with us) now took to the swimming pool; others found a shady spot for a morning discussion. There seemed a glad excitement in the voices of our Catholic Worker children — Dorothy, Maggie, and Sally Corbin and Johnny Hughes—happy to be at home after the first week of school. Little Tommy Cornell, two, ran after the elusive Sally, five, calling "Salary, Salary." Monica Cornell placed the carriage of the new baby, Deirdre, just five weeks, in a pleasant spot. Tom Cornell, the father of the family, leader of the Catholic Peace Fellowship, a former editor of the *Catholic Worker*, went off to discuss with the War Resisters.

Thinking of the mild September day, and of the fruitfulness of John Fillgar's garden, which had transformed our daily meals into feasts of taste-delight, and of the near approach of Autumn's dappled beauty, I recalled the familiar lines of Keats (that poet whose senses were so receptive to the beautiful): "Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness/Close-bosomed friend of the maturing sun." But as I meditated, I heard the persistent, almost feverish hum of the cicadas, as though they knew that soon, too soon, Autumn would place a frosty ban on all insect melody.

Looking back over the summer, however, I think the fruitfulness of our farm with a view is not merely material but intellectual as well. Now in our fourth summer our farm is truly becoming an important conference center for groups interested in working for peace, as well as groups interested in other ideas growing out of the basic Catholic Worker view of *cult, culture, and cultivation*.

Among the groups holding conferences here this summer, the Peacemakers spent the most time with us, just over two weeks. Many of this group are old friends (this is their third conference here) since they have been involved for many years in the same or similar pacifist and civil-rights demonstrations as the *Catholic Worker*. As with the CW, their involvement has led them to commit civil disobedience, refuse to cooperate with the draft, accept arrest and go to jail. They are high-minded, serious, idealistic and I think make a real impact on the young people who come to take part in their discussions. They are relaxed and informal, and urge everyone to participate. The subjects discussed would make up a full spectrum of peaceable living, and included such topics as: education, sex, economics of peace, Poor People's Corporation, non-violence, black power, riots, migrant workers, nutrition and organic farming, communities, tax refusal, non-cooperation with the military, prison experiences of draft refusers and of their wives. Speakers included: Wally Nelson,

Rev. Maurice McCrackin, Ernest Bromley, Mildred Loomis, Bob and Mary Swann, Jack Cook, Hank Mayer, Ruth Reynolds, Tom Murray, Brad Lytle, Dorothy Day, Marty Corbin, and Charles Butterworth.

Since many of our own Catholic Worker family came to attend Peacemaker conferences, we felt, I think, even more closely allied with them. We also appreciated the hard work some of the Peacemakers put in filling up the ruts in our road. The good whole wheat bread baked by Ross Anderson and the cakes made by Ruth Dodd were enjoyed by us all.

For many of us one of the most memorable events of the Peacemakers' sojourn here occurred when Joe Alderham (Rita Corbin's brother) came to give a concert to us and the Peacemakers. Joe, who has a beautiful voice, trained for the concert stage, sang songs from Handel, Schubert, Schumann, Mozart, Samuel Barber, and some lighter numbers including "If I Were King of Ireland." The concluding number was a moving and dramatic rendition of the serenade from *The Student Prince*, which Joe dedicated to his mother, who had sung the song to him when he was a child. The splendid accompaniment of John Harris was appreciated both by the singer and the audience. Later that same evening Mr. Cantori, the talented flutist who has played for us on several occasions, delighted us again with some fine flute performances. All in all, it was an evening to remember.

Another event, which delighted both Catholic Workers and Peacemakers, was Larry Evers' famous clown act. Wearing an elaborate, even spectacular, costume, Larry held us all spellbound. This was the same act Larry has put on free for children in hospitals throughout this country and in many others, including Japan. Needless to say, it was not always the children who laughed the loudest.

Another group, which spent a week holding conferences here, was the National Confederation of Catholic College Students. Although their discussions were private, since they were concerned solely with their own goals and problems, we enjoyed having such a fine group of young people about; and were grateful that the priests who accompanied them said Mass for us on several occasions.

A dramatic and terrifying incident occurred a couple of weeks ago when a man, who though he has many problems is usually hard-working and helpful and has lived with us for some time, suddenly went berserk and ran wildly through the house pounding on doors and yelling that the house was on fire. Since this took place between one-thirty and two o'clock, many of us were asleep. I myself awakened with a kind of nightmare sense that what I had often thought of with dread was actually happening. I arose, put on my shoes, found a coat, and, though I did not smell smoke, went into the hall. Then someone told me that it was so-and-so having an epileptic seizure. The man continued to run about, screaming that we had only five minutes before we should go up in flames.

I went back to my room, but I was not reassured. I feared that there was a fire in some part of the house that had not been discovered. Then suddenly the man hurled himself at my door, pounding and shouting that he must save me from the fire. I was frankly terrified. Being blind, I did not feel that I could cope with madness or with a fire. Finally, some of the men pulled him away. Then I learned he had wanted to save Alice Lawrence by trying to push her downstairs and another young woman by trying to throw her off the sun-deck porch. Once again he escaped those who attempted

to hold him and jumped himself from the sun deck. In this jump he injured his hand badly. Finally the state troopers arrived and took him first to a hospital for treatment of his wound, then to a mental hospital for treatment of his disordered mind. This man is a good man who needs help. If some of the money now being wasted on war were spent on research into such mental disorders, there might be more efficacious remedies.

An account of a fatal accident which struck down a member of our community, though not here at the farm, will be found in this issue in Dorothy Day's obituary of Hugh Madden. Hugh, who will be remembered by many for his participation in numerous peace vigils, for his colorful, unconventional garb, and for his ascetical religious practices, was killed in Virginia while riding a bicycle on his annual pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe in Mexico. Most of us from the farm attended his funeral at St. Sylvia's in Tivoli. Requiescat in pace.

Yet we have had our share of



peace and pleasant country living. On one such occasion Kay Lynch, Ron Gessner, Dick Galligan, Cliff Post, and I went for an afternoon of apple picking at our good friends, Vivien and Irving Rosenberg's place near Germantown. It was a beautiful afternoon. I sat near the tree and imbibed the ripe-apple fragrance of the air. Later we all enjoyed coffee, apple pie, and conversation with Vivien and the children. On another afternoon, here at our own farm, Reginald Highhill, Phil and Laura picked eight bushels of apples from one of our own trees. With such a plenitude of apples, I recall the lines from Marvell's poem: "What wondrous life is this I lead—ripe apples drop about my head."

To give a full account of the comings and goings of these past weeks would be impossible. Helene Iswolsky has gone to Greensburg, Pennsylvania, where Seton Hall College—where Helene taught for a number of years—will confer on her an honorary degree. Helene is a very scholarly woman and a remarkably dynamic teacher.

Among those who are close to our work and community who have visited here this summer, are: Murphy Dowd and his wife Suzanne, Paul and Salome Mann and their baby, Raona Wilson with her baby, Jack Thornton, who helped Gerry Griffin run the *Catholic Worker* many years ago, with two of his numerous children, Father Charles, Jack English as

(Continued on page 4)

Bob Gilliam Sentenced To Two Years In Sandstone

On August 14th, Judge Earl R. Larson, presiding in Minneapolis Federal Court, sentenced Robert Gilliam, associate editor of the *Catholic Worker*, to two years in prison for refusing induction into military service. Bob had been arraigned in July, pleaded guilty to the charge and did not accept counsel. The twenty-two-year-old pacifist, who had been working at our Chrystie Street House of Hospitality since his graduation from St. Mary's College, in Winona, where he majored in theology, said in his statement to the court: "The state wants my body to make war. I am here today because I have refused it. I have refused to cooperate with Selective Service because conscription is a war institution."

In imposing sentence, Judge Larson, former head of the American Civil Liberties Union in his state, explained that he appreciated Bob's excellent scholastic record and his work as a CW

operate with Selective Service is to support war. I wish instead to make clear my total rejection of war and to withdraw my support in every possible way" . . . Reverend Maurice McCrackin [the Cincinnati minister who is secretary of the No Taxes for War Committee] says, "That Jesus would participate in or lend his willful support to violence and war is to me unthinkable. Therefore if I am loyal to him I will oppose war and the spirit that makes for war to the limit of my ability." You don't have to extend much beyond the actual words of Jesus to see that a Christian cannot support war. It seems to me that a Christian is called to love all his brothers, indiscriminately, as Jesus loved; he is called to serve, to return good for evil, to be a peacemaker, and to have faith in love as the force which conquers.

A few days after the sentencing we received a letter from Bob's fiancée, Jennie Orvino, who is attending the College of St. Teresa and hopes to visit Bob once a month when he is transferred to Sandstone Federal Penitentiary and continue writing and organizing for peace in Winona.

"I think you would have been pleased," she writes, "if you had heard and seen Grenada Films here making the documentary on draft refusal. One morning they filmed us walking through a field near Bob's family house in Gilmore Valley, and then talked with us for almost fifteen minutes of clear and firm 'demands of the Gospel' dialogue: why he didn't choose to take conscientious-objector status, why he would refuse to pay taxes, what he planned to do after prison. The people at Grenada seem interested in speaking Bob's choice to England and other countries in Europe. (This show, *The World in Action*, is the third most popular show in Britain.) The loss of privacy and the tension of the last week seemed to be worth having such an audience. In the hall of the courtroom, won over either by us or the passion of the moment and the demonstration of support, the cameraman and the sound man from Grenada, having discarded their equipment, hugged me and kissed me and, with eyes slightly wet, wished me strength and luck."

Those who are interested in more detailed information on Bob's case or on alternatives to the draft in general should write to: John McAuliff, 507 Oak Street, S.E., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Texans For Peace

5440 Volder Drive
Fort Worth, Texas
76114

Dear Workers:

Here is a \$4 check for the last two bundles of papers. Please keep them coming.

Several of us are organizing "Americans for Peace, Tarrant County Chapter." Our immediate goal is withdrawal of our armed forces from Vietnam, thereby stopping the incalculable waste of lives and property. We would like to hear from any of your subscribers in the Fort Worth-Dallas area.

You may be interested in a bit of news: Dr. Benjamin Spock will be speaking in Dallas on Friday, September 29th. He is being sponsored by groups all over Texas (including Fort Worth), but principally by Dallas.

Sincerely,
R. Kent Jones

"If once we admit, be it only for a hour or in some exceptional case—that anything can be more important than a feeling of love for our fellows, then there is no crime which we may not commit with easy minds, free from feeling of guilt."

LEV TOLSTOY

This is a hard letter to write. I want to try to explain to you all a decision I have made. I have decided to discontinue cooperation with Selective Service . . . In my letter to Selective Service, I said that "conscription is a war institution, its purpose is to organize young men for war making. To co-

THE FUTURE OF ISRAEL

By I. F. STONE

No journalist has been closer to the birth of Israel than I. F. Stone, for the last 15 years editor and publisher of the uniquely independent Washington newsletter, *I. F. Stone's Weekly*. He has been in Egypt, Israel, Lebanon, Syria, Jordan and Turkey. He first reached Palestine on November 2, 1945, the day the underground Jewish Army, the Haganah, blew up bridges and watchtowers to begin its struggle against the British in order to open the country to the survivors of the Hitler death camps.

In the spring of 1946, Stone was the first journalist in the world to travel from Poland to Palestine as an illegal Jewish immigrant through the British blockade on one of the Haganah's vessels. In 1947 he went on one of the British prison ships to spend Passover in the camps in Cyprus where captured illegal immigrants were detained. In 1948, he covered the Arab-Jewish war, and was the first correspondent to reach Jerusalem in the early hours of the morning when the siege was lifted. He returned to Israel in 1949, 1950, 1956 and again in 1964. His *Underground to Palestine* was published in 1946, and *This Is Israel, a history of the Arab-Jewish war and of Jewish Palestine*, in 1958. He was awarded a medal by the Haganah for his underground trip in 1946.

The following article is reprinted by permission, from the July 1967 issue of *Ramparts* (subscription: seven dollars a year), 1125 Portland Place, Boulder, Colorado.

After her swift military victory, Israel now faces a prolonged war of nerves. Her antagonists in this war will not be the Arabs, but the two "superpowers," the Soviets openly, the United States more covertly. Both countries will bring strong pressure to bear on Israel to give up her territorial gains in return for new international guarantees at Aqaba, on the Suez, along her borders and in reunited Jerusalem.

Israel's diplomatic position is as difficult as her strategic position. On the one side are the superpowers for whom she has been a pawn; on the other the Arabs for whom she is an enemy. The Soviets voted for partition of Palestine in 1947 and recognized the state of Israel in order to dislodge British power from the Middle East. Two decades later, the Soviets armed Egypt and Syria against Israel in the hope of dislodging American power; they saw Israel as Nasser's means of reuniting the Arab world under a revolutionary leadership which would seize the oil fields and evict the Western powers from Arabia and Iran, just as Nasser evicted England and France from Suez. This was the Grand Design of Russian realpolitik.

Israel's unexpectedly swift military victory upset this design. By defeating Nasser, Israel did Lyndon Johnson an enormous favor, but it is a mistake to assume that he will reciprocate. From an Arab point of view, Israel appears as a Western tool; she was planted in Palestine under Anglo-American auspices; she is financially dependent on Western, especially American, Jewry; she joined with England and France against Egypt in the Suez adventure of 1956; and she has now handed a stunning defeat to the chief nationalist leader of the Arab world, for whom a coalition of feudal chiefs, Anglo-American oil companies and (according to Nasser) CIA agents have been gunning. But from an Israeli point of view, all of her Western allies let her down when the crunch came: the U.S. declared neutrality, France went back on her alliance with Israel, and Britain was abject in trying to assure the Arabs

that she wasn't taking sides. Had Israel been overwhelmed—so the Israelis feel—none of these "allies" would have come to her aid in time—if at all. In a showdown, for the West as well as for the Russians, the main concern is Arab oil and Arab numbers.

The ambivalence of American policy in this Mideast crisis is hardly new. It has been characteristic of U.S. policy since the beginning of Israel's struggle for independence. Although in November 1947, the U.S. voted for the U.N. plan to partition Palestine into linked Arab and Jewish states, the State Department tried desperately to prevent that plan's consummation in the first few months of 1948. When I left Washington in April 1948, to cover for the newspaper *PM* what everyone felt would be an Arab-Jewish war as soon as the plan took effect on May 15, Secretary of State Marshall was threatening privately to cut off United Jewish Appeal funds for Palestine if the Jews there went abroad and established a state. The Number One question with which I was greeted everywhere was whether the U.S. would actually carry out that threat. Ben Gurion was determined to declare statehood in spite of it, and there was a burst of jubilation in Tel Aviv—already blacked out in expectation of Egyptian air raids—on the night of May 15, when word came that President Truman had recognized the newly declared state. The United States was torn then, as it still is, between oil interests in the Arab states and the Jewish vote at home.

The same pattern was visible in the new crisis. To take sides with Israel would have endangered the \$2.5 billion stake that American oil companies have in the Middle East. No politician from an oil state like Texas could fail to be aware of this. The major oil companies are the most powerful influence on American foreign policy: Standard Oil (New Jersey) earns 54 per cent of its net income abroad; Texaco earns 35 per cent. The oil-rich Arabian deserts are the holiest places of the Middle East for the world's oil cartels. The realpolitik of oil dictated, firstly, a hands-off policy in any Arab-Israeli war, for fear that oil holdings might be sabotaged and expropriated. But secondly, it would have called for intervention, had Nasser won, for fear that oil-poor Egypt would then take over the oil resources of the Arab Middle East as she had seized the Suez Canal in 1956.

It was out of fear of Nasser and Arab nationalism that the United States provided pro-Western regimes in Saudi Arabia and Jordan with arms which were later mobilized against Israel. Had Israel fallen, the U.S. would have moved. The Middle East is more important strategically and economically by far than Vietnam, and the U.S. would have had to mobilize for a second "Vietnam" in the Middle East, with all the attendant risk of a confrontation with the Soviet Union. This is the dimension of America's debt to Israel, but it is not a debt Israel can collect, even though her very existence was at stake. And it was at stake because both superpowers had poured enormous quantities of arms into the hands of their respective Arab client states, while Israel had to scrounge all around the world in order to supply her armies. She owed her Air Force to a French conflict with Arab North Africa, long since healed and ended. Both Washington and Moscow will now be impelled to resume the rearmament of the Arabs in their rivalry for influence, while France no longer wishes to strain her new friendship with Arab North Africa and Egypt by supplying Israel with

aircraft. Just as Moscow and Washington joined forces in 1956 to make the English, French and Israelis withdraw from Suez, so they will now, separately or in concert, pressure the Israelis to give up their territorial gains without firm guarantees from their Arab neighbors. Both superpowers will play for Arab friendship.

Towards Reconciliation

The other side of the ravine in which Israel finds herself isolated looks as forbidding but, if scaled, would be more promising in the long run. This would be to independently seek reconciliation with her Arab neighbors. The problem is given a new urgency by the conquest of the Gaza strip and the west bank of the Jordan, which now puts the bulk of the Palestinian Arab refugees right back under Israeli control. It is as if, no matter how or where they turn, two million Israelis find themselves, even in victory, surrounded by the same sea of Arabs. The original U.N. partition plan called for an Arab state and a Jewish state linked together in an economically united Palestine. Gaza and the west bank were to be part of the Arab State. One wing of the Zionist movement, albeit a minority, had always supported



a bi-national solution anyway, somewhat along Swiss lines. It is not beyond political ingenuity to work out a scheme whereby some kind of confederation could be created, perhaps also, including Jordan by giving her a corridor to the Mediterranean. There could still be a predominantly Jewish state, but one linked fraternally with one or two Arab states, one Palestinian, one Jordanian. The funds for Arab resettlement could be spent in providing new homes in a developing economy for all Arab residents, whether they are refugees from Jewish-occupied Palestine or not.

Moshe Dayan himself has spoken cryptically if reluctantly of confederation. Israel's swift and brilliant military victories only make some such settlement and reconciliation all the more urgent. There lies the final solution of the refugee problem and permanent security for Israel. The funds which the world Jewish community has been raising to aid Israel could be diverted to this constructive and human cause, and diverted in gratitude that the war ended so swiftly with relatively little damage to either side. Imagine how impossible reconciliation would now be if Tel Aviv had been destroyed by the Egyptians, and Cairo or Aswan Dam by the Israelis. It was a moral tragedy—to which no Jew worthy of our best prophetic tradition could be insensitive—that a kindred people was made homeless in the task of finding new homes for the remnants of the Hitler holocaust. Now is the time to right that wrong, to show magnanimity in victory, and to lay the foundations of a new order in the Middle East by which Israelis and Arabs can live in peace.

This alone can make Israel

secure. This is the third Israeli-Arab war in 20 years. In the absence of a general settlement, war will recur at regular intervals. The Arabs will thirst for revenge. The Israelis will be tempted again to wage preventive war. The Israeli borders are so precarious, the communications so easily cut, as to be untenable in static defensive warfare. A surprise attack would cut Israel into half a dozen parts. A long war would be suicidal for a community of little more than two millions Jews in a sea of 50 million Arabs. Only total mobilization can defend it, and total mobilization is impossible for any extended term in Israel, since it brings the wheels of the economy to a crawl. The strategic and demographic circumstances dictate blitzkrieg, and blitzkrieg is a dangerous gamble. To be forced to keep that weapon in reserve is ruinous.

It is ruinous financially and it is ruinous morally. It imposes a huge armament burden. It feeds an ever more intense and costly arms race, as each side seeks frantically for newer and more complex weapons. It brings with it a spiral of fear and hate. It creates within Israel the atmosphere of a besieged community, ringed by hostile neighbors, its back to the sea, skeptical, with good reason, of the world community, relying only on her own military strength, turning every man and woman into a soldier, regarding every Arab within her borders distrustfully as a potential Fifth Columnist, and glorying in her military strength. Chauvinism and militarism are the inescapable results. They can turn Israel into an Ishmael. They can create a minuscule Prussia, not the beneficent Zion of which the prophets and Zionists dreamed. The East will not be redeemed by turning it into a new Wild West, where Israel can rely on a quick draw with a six-shooter.

In justice to Israel, no one can forget the terrible history that has turned the Jewish state into a fighting community. Events still fresh in living memory illustrate how little reliance may be placed on the conscience of mankind. Long before the crematoria were built, in the six years of Nazi rule before World War II, refugees met a cold shoulder. Our State Department, like the British Foreign Office, distinguished itself in those years by its anemic indifference to the oppressed and its covert undertone of admiration for the Axis; our few anti-fascist ambassadors, like Dodd in Berlin and Bowers in Madrid, were treated miserably by the Department. The welcome signs in the civilized world were few, and even now, if events were reversed and Israel were overrun, it could expect little more than a few hand-wringing resolutions. If the upshot of this new struggle is the expropriation of Western Europe's oil sources in the Middle East, it will only seem to history a giant retribution for the moral failure that forced the survivors of Hitlerism to seek a refuge in the inhospitable deserts, drawn by the pitiful mirage of an ancestral home.

The precedent of the cease-fire resolution at the U.N. is a most disturbing one. It accepts preventive war and allows the country which launched it to keep the fruits of aggression as a bargaining card. But Israel has a right to ask what the U.N. was prepared to do if Nasser had been able to carry out his threats of total war and the complete destruction of Israel. Who would have intervened in time? Who would take the survivors? These are the bitter thoughts which explain Israel's belief that she can rely only on herself. But to understand this is not to accept it. The challenge to the world is the creation of a better order, the first step toward which would be to remove the Middle East from the arena of great power rivalry; this alone can keep it from sooner or later becoming

the starting point of another world war. The challenge to Israel is to conquer something more bleak and forbidding than even the Negev or Sinai, and that is the hearts of her Arab neighbors. This would be greater and more permanent than any military victory. Abba Eban exultantly called the sweep of Israel's modern history. "The Israel's modern history." The finest day will be the day she achieves reconciliation with the Arabs.

To achieve it will require an act of sympathy worthy of the best in Jewry's Biblical heritage. It is to understand and forgive an enemy, and thus convert him into a friend. A certain obtuseness was unfortunately evident in Abba Eban's brilliant presentation of Israel's cause to the Security Council. To rest a case on Jewish homelessness, and to simultaneously refuse to see the Arabs who have been made homeless, is only another illustration of that tribal blindness which plagues the human race and plunges it constantly into bloodshed. The first step toward reconciliation is to recognize that Arab bitterness has real and deep roots. The refugees lost their farms, their villages, their offices, their cities and their country.

Just as Jews everywhere sympathize with their people, so Arabs everywhere sympathize and identify with theirs. They feel that anti-Semitic Europe solved its Jewish problem at Arab expense. To a ranking sense of injustice is now added a third episode in military humiliation. Zionist propaganda always spoke of the role that the Jews could play in helping to modernize the Arab world. Unless firm steps are now taken towards a general and generous settlement, this will become true in a sense never intended. The repercussions of the 1948 war set off seismic tremors that brought a wave of nationalist revolutions in Egypt, Syria and Iraq. The repercussions of this current defeat will lead a new generation of Arabs to modernize and mobilize for revenge, inspired (like the Jews) by memories of past glory.

Considering their numbers and resources and the general rise of all the colonial people in this period, the Arabs must eventually prevail. Those who shudder to think that Israel, with all the cost in devotion and all she honorably won in marsh and desert, might be destroyed after a short life, as were the Maccabean and Crusader kingdoms before her, all who want her to live and grow in peace, must seek to avoid such a solution. Israel cannot live very long in a hostile Arab sea. She cannot set her face against that renaissance of Arabic unity and civilization which began to stir a generation ago. She cannot remain a Western outpost in an Afro-Asian world casting off Western domination. She cannot repeat on a bigger scale the mistakes she made in Algeria, where Israel and Zionism were allies of Soustelle and Massu and the French rightists. She must join the Third World if she is to survive. No quickie military victories should blind her to the inescapable—in the long run she cannot defeat the Arabs. She must join them. The Jews played a great role in Arabic civilization in the Middle Ages. A Jewish state can play a similar role in a new Semitic renaissance. This is the perspective of safety, of honor, and of fraternity.

One crucial step in this direction would be, in the very hour of victory, to heal wounded Arab pride as much as possible, and in particular to reach a new understanding with Nasser. Both American policy and Israeli policy have sacrificed long range wisdom to short-sighted advantage in dealing with the Egyptian leader. He is a military dictator, he wages his own Vietnam in Yemen, he uses poison gas there against his own people, he runs a police state. But

(Continued on page 6)

California Vineyards Revisited

By DOUG ADAIR

Reynaldo de la Cruz and I took advantage of the "quiet season" in Texas to leave Rio Grande City for a three-week visit to Delano, California, at the end of August. The farm workers' struggle for justice is beginning to take on a seasonal pattern, just as the crops and migrations are seasonal. In May and June of 1967, the main battlefield in the struggle was centered in the melon fields of Texas, just as it had been in 1966. In July, August, and September, the main battlefield shifts to the Central Valley in California, with a side campaign in the cucumber fields of Wisconsin.

The drive from Rio Grande City, Texas, to Delano, is a beautiful trip, through desert country, over deep canyons like that of the Pecos River, through rolling hills and mountains like the Big Bend area, or through deserts scarred by jagged peaks and mesas, as in Arizona and New Mexico.

It is a good 12 hours of 60-mile-an-hour driving from Rio Grande to El Paso, all in Texas. How isolated our little feudal Starr County is. We passed through the big ranches outside Laredo, the spinach south of Crystal City, the truck crops around Eagle Pass, and miles and miles of cotton in West Texas—all areas desperately needing the Union, and as yet untouched by organizing drives.

In Mesquite, New Mexico, we passed one of the big ranches owned by a major Starr County and Rio Grande Valley rancher. In Arizona, we passed one of Bianco's big ranches. Bianco is one of the 33 grape growers in Delano who were struck in September, 1965. The strike goes on and Bianco will probably be the next grower against whom the Union concentrates. But as one sees these familiar names on ranches a thousand miles from home, one is reminded that we are fighting not "family farms" but huge corporations with holdings all over the Southwest. La Casita Farms, the biggest melon grower and employer in Starr County, is actually owned by Hardin Farms of Salinas, California.

Lamont, California

We spent the second night with my parents near Los Angeles, and then drove over Tejon Pass the next morning. I had been in Texas since April and California looked very beautiful to me, with lush green vineyards and groves stretching as far as the eye could see. We took a side road through the vineyards and drove up into Lamont, where the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee had perhaps their second most important office. There were over a hundred people crammed into the office when we got there, having lunch and planning the afternoon's picket strategy. The Union has had anywhere from a hundred to eight hundred people on the picket line continuously for 25 months now. They welcomed us with open arms, many old friends I hadn't seen in months.

Cathy Lynch was there, beautiful, wonderful Cathy. Cathy had left the Catholic Worker community in the Bay area to join the strike in 1966. She and two other Californians had come to Texas in late May of this year to help on the picket line, in leafleting, and in door-to-door organizing. We were all veterans of the Hidalgo County Jail and Cathy and Reynaldo were veterans of the Starr County Jail.

Cathy filled us in on the news. After DiGiorgio, the biggest grape grower in the Delano-Lamont areas is Guimarra Corporation, with over 2,500 workers at the peak of the harvest (around September 5). By July, over 800 Guimarra workers had signed Union cards and Cesar Chavez, leader of the Union, demanded that Gui-

marra either recognize the Union or hold an election to establish the Union's right to bargain for the workers. Guimarra refused even to discuss elections. He refused to negotiate with the workers, or Union leaders, or even with an impartial arbitrator. In a huge rally in Bakersfield, on July 23, over a thousand workers lustily booed Guimarra, and drew up a list of demands: \$1.90 an hour minimum throughout the year, job security, health insurance, rest periods, vacations with pay, sick leave, drinking water in the fields, etc. They voted unanimously to go on strike if Guimarra refused these demands. And when Guimarra remained deaf to their pleas, the workers walked out on August 3.

Rich Man

Who is Guimarra? Joseph Guimarra is a "good Catholic" who contributes to the Church in Bakersfield and sends his daughters to Catholic Garces High School. He deplores welfare for lazy people who don't want to work. He accepts a government check for \$247,000 every year, for growing (or not growing) cotton on his less-productive acres. He owns a winery and oil wells but his big money is in grapes, fresh table grapes, green, red, purple. He has over six thousand acres in grapes, and sales usually top twelve million dollars a year.

In some ways this is the most difficult and crucial strike we have faced. When the crisis came and his workers walked out, Guimarra appealed to the other growers for workers and they sent him hundreds. The Union found that the growers were flooding Kern County with wetbacks from Mexico, poor souls who are brought into the United States illegally by the big growers and labor contractors. They can be cheated and abused by the growers, and are often not paid at all. If they complain, the grower "discovers" that they are illegal, and turns them over to the Border Patrol. The Union members hate being "El Dedo" ("the Finger") and pointing out these poor people to the cops. But on the other hand, we don't want to let the growers get away with using them to break the strike. So the Union demanded that the Department of Immigration investigate. Over five hundred wetbacks were pulled out of the fields in Kern County in just one week in August.

Recruiting of wetbacks has tapered off, but Guimarra and the other growers are recruiting hundreds of "Green Card" Mexican nationals. A "green card" is an immigration permit. But in fact, the U.S. Government has conspired with the growers to turn the "green card" system into a new bracero program. (On top of that, Secretary of Labor Wirtz has just approved over eight thousand braceros to work the California tomato crop this year.) Wherever there is a strike, thousands of "Green Carders" suddenly appear to take the strikers' jobs.

The Union plans a law suit against Guimarra for illegally recruiting workers, without even informing them of the strike. But even with the massive illegal recruiting, Guimarra is believed to have lost over a million dollars during the first two weeks of the strike.

The Union is also shifting its boycott of Guimarra grapes into high gear. Again, Guimarra has organized the other growers to help him defeat the boycott. He is packing thousands of boxes under other growers' labels. The Union is drawing up a list of all scab labels, but one can assume that any grapes with a Delano or Bakersfield address on them are scab.

DiGiorgio Victory

Before we left Lamont, Reynaldo and I got a chance to talk to some of the DiGiorgio workers, who also use the Lamont office as

their headquarters. The DiGiorgio strike and boycott, and finally the DiGiorgio elections, were the great campaigns of 1966. After the victories in the elections (August 31, 1966 for DiGiorgio's Delano ranch; November 4 for their Arvin-Lamont ranch), the workers got a 25c an hour increase. The Contract was not signed until April, 1967, and since the wages were retroactive to the elections, many workers got over two hundred dollars in bonuses. Many contributed the entire amount to the Union. This year the workers are getting \$1.65 an hour, plus 15c a box in the grapes, which means that almost all make over \$2 an hour during the harvest. DiGiorgio also pays 5c an hour for health and accident insurance. But the workers seemed most enthusiastic about the new relationship of the workers to their supervisors and bosses. Now they were treated with respect. Now if they had a complaint, it was taken up by the grievance committee, and the worker got a fair hearing. The workers have won a dozen major grievances since April, one involving a man who was unfairly fired. The company was forced to rehire him and pay him back wages.

Reynaldo and I drove the last fifty miles north to Delano, and

porarily. We had to pack up our things and give up the office. We hope that after the Guimarra crisis is over, we can rebuild our staff from people who are now out on the boycott. The Perelli-Minetti lawsuit against us (for \$6,000,000) is being settled, and we are hopeful that the other law suit (by lettuce grower Bud Antle, for \$1,010,000) will also soon be settled. We have about \$800 in debts, but of course our biggest debt is to our subscribers and readers. Hopefully, we will be able to raise the money and reorganize the staff and start putting out the paper again by Christmas. Any help that you can spare should be sent to Farm Worker Press, Box 1060, Delano, California.

Co-ops

All kinds of beautiful things are happening in Delano. The new co-op garage and auto parts store is almost completed, a beautiful dark brown adobe structure on the Union's forty acres of land just outside Delano. (The Union got the land at a discount because it is next to the dump). There is a new green lawn around the two house-trailers that serve as the Farm Workers Clinic. Peggy McGivern, our long-suffering nurse, is still putting in 12 or 14 hours a day, as she has since she came to Del-



spent the afternoon on the picket line there. The Union is maintaining picket lines from Guimarra's Wheeler Ridge Ranch (in the foothills at the extreme southern end of the great Central Valley) to Ducor, seventy miles to the north. There are two command centers, in Lamont and in Delano. In the first days of the strike, there were over five hundred pickets just around Lamont. But an injunction on the third day of the strike limited pickets to three at an entrance to the vineyards, and one picket every fifty feet along the edge of the vineyards. The injunction also forbids leafleting or following workers to their homes to discuss the strike and the Union. These strike-breaking injunctions, in California as well as Texas, are becoming a major legal weapon in the hands of the growers.

Twelve Hour Day

Reynaldo and I soon got back into the habit of picketing, from four in the morning to about three or four in the afternoon. There were about two hundred pickets based in Delano, many of them old Filipinos who had been with the strike from the first day. Guimarra was one of the original ranches struck in 1965, but the Union had not concentrated on it, or spread the strike to his other ranches, until this summer.

I had one sad task to do in Delano. Bill Esher, who had been editor of "El Malcriado" (he was "El Malcriado") had left Delano in July. Marcia Brooks Sanchez did a beautiful job in putting out one more issue of the paper, but she had no staff to help her. And without any staff, the bills quickly began to pile up faster than the money came in. The Union is also broke and couldn't help us, and there are legal complications to their giving us aid. So we decided to stop publication, at least, tem-

porarily. We had to pack up our things and give up the office. We hope that after the Guimarra crisis is over, we can rebuild our staff from people who are now out on the boycott. The Perelli-Minetti lawsuit against us (for \$6,000,000) is being settled, and we are hopeful that the other law suit (by lettuce grower Bud Antle, for \$1,010,000) will also soon be settled. We have about \$800 in debts, but of course our biggest debt is to our subscribers and readers. Hopefully, we will be able to raise the money and reorganize the staff and start putting out the paper again by Christmas. Any help that you can spare should be sent to Farm Worker Press, Box 1060, Delano, California.

Wisconsin

And while we were in Delano, news came of a fantastic victory in Wisconsin. Jesus Salas and his Obreros Unidos (United Workers) had staged a one-day sit-down strike at Libby McNeill, and Libby, who harvest hundreds of acres of cucumbers around Waushara and Portage Counties. Salas is working independently of Delano, without money or help from us. Last year he staged a march from Wautoma to Madison, to focus attention on the plight of the cucumber workers, and this year he began applying direct pressure on the growers. The one-day sit-down strike may have been what did the trick. At any rate, the Wisconsin Employment Relations Commission held day-long hearings at which Salas and many workers testified. State A.F.L.-C.I.O. leaders and lawyers lent support to Salas' arguments. And, upsetting all predictions, the Commission decided that workers at Libby's did have a right to organize, and to vote to decide whether they wanted a Union as their bargaining agent.

The election was held on August

31, the anniversary of the DiGiorgio elections in California the year before. And the results were even more lopsided than the Union victories in California: four-hundred and five in favor of the Union, and eight opposed! The vote was a great step forward for migrants in Wisconsin; a tremendous victory for Obreros Unidos; and especially a tribute to the hard work over the past three years, the patience, and the brilliant leadership of Jesus Salas. Libby still hasn't signed a contract, but the bosses can be sure that the workers will be more unified than ever when they return to work next year.

* * *

Some of you, who have followed the strike from the first, may be getting discouraged that the movement seems to move forward by inches instead of miles. Why has the Union done nothing for the workers in New York, or Georgia, or Florida? And we in the movement sometimes tend to measure our successes by an extra nickle or dime in a new contract, which is actually only a small part of what we are fighting for. The slowness of the drive can be blamed on the lack of equal protection under the laws. We desperately need coverage of farm workers under the National Labor Relations Act. Our failure so far can be blamed on the unfortunate fight we had with the Teamsters, (which has at last been settled), or the surprising decision of one of the major agencies which had been funding us to cut off all funds.

But the main thing holding us up is that we have found that the best way to organize farm workers is with farm workers. It takes time to develop good organizers. And we have also found that our successes far exceed our actual contracts. For we are building a new spirit, a new awareness, in farm workers all over the country. Thousands who have never been there are beginning to realize the importance of Rio Grande, Texas, of Lamont and Delano, California, or Wautoma, Wisconsin. The idea of the Union, of the movement, is taking root throughout the Southwest. You see it in the garbage collectors' strike in San Antonio; in the Farm Workers Credit Union in Mesquite, New Mexico; in the Community Council in Eloy, Arizona; in the movements of Reyes Tijerina in New Mexico and Corky Gonzales in Denver. So stay with us, with your prayers, your contributions, your support. Don't be patient, at least not with injustice. But do understand that this struggle will take years of hard work, and many more bitter fights, before we really make the breakthrough for all farm workers throughout America.

ED. NOTE: Doug Adair is the editor of the Texas edition of *El Malcriado*.

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By AMMON HENNACY

Federal Judge Ritter (a non-Mormon) gave Darrell Poulsen an indefinite stay of execution, after receiving a writ by Poulsen's Lawyer, William Fowler, based on the "cruel and unusual punishment" clause in the Eighth Amendment, that is now before the United States Supreme Court. (Executions in California and Florida are being held up on the same grounds.) Three other men on death row will automatically have their sentences delayed, although none of them had execution dates set. When Leigh Shack and I were picketing for Poulsen at the State Capitol, someone yelled: "Free Poulsen and shoot Hennacy."

Judge Ritter also deserves praise for his decision to allow three Jehovah Witnesses, whom he had sentenced to five years in prison, to serve the five on years probation by working as civilians at the University medical center, without Selective Service or military supervision. This is the first time that this has been done. Four years ago I was in the courtroom when the same judge rebuked the warden and the head of the Department of Prisons for the tear gassing of four prisoners who had tried to escape from the State prison and were punished by being handcuffed and chained to the floor of their cells.

Lavanam, a pacifist from India who had marched with George Willoughby there, stopped here and gave a very interesting talk. Until Lavanam quoted it, I had not realized that Gandhi had expressed this thought: "More harm is done by the weakness of the good man than by the wickedness of the bad man." In 1964, speaking of the idea of voting for Johnson to keep Goldwater out, I phrased it this way: "A good man is worse than a bad man, because he finds a good reason for doing a bad thing that a bad man couldn't figure out."

A Negro boy had a paper route in a white section of town here. His customers made such a fuss that he was taken off the route. One Saturday night recently, a rumor was spread that four carloads of armed Negroes would be here the following morning to blow up the Mormon Temple. A hundred and fifty policemen and soldiers turned out but no Negroes showed up. The Governor and the morning paper ridiculed the hysteria, but the more conservative people naturally applauded such action. There are only two thousand Negroes in Salt Lake City and four thousand in Ogden. A few years ago the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People picketed the Mormon Church offices as well as a dinner where Governor George Romney, of Michigan, was speaking to a group of Republicans to raise money. Romney shook hands with all of us who were picketing and wished us well, then went inside and gave his conservative listeners a good talk on civil rights.

A Japanese truck farmer nearby comes daily to get our men to work for him. This is better than having them go downtown to the employment office, where the "home guard" is generally called first, and few of the men get to work. The copper strike has been going on for almost two months. The copper companies have plenty of stock on hand and are not worried. One of them has mines in Chile, where labor receives two dollars a day, in contrast to the twenty-four dollars a day they get here. The morning paper has a box on the front page telling how much is being lost in wages and reminding the workers how long it will take them to make it up. What they overlook is that man does not live by bread alone, and that it is the spirit of unity and the

prolonged strikes that have kept the workers here from having to remain content with two dollars a day.

Now in the fall men more men will drop off the freights as they come from harvest jobs over the country. For there and for friends and visitors, our address is: 3462 S. 4 W, Salt Lake City (two blocks south of the huge Vikro smokestacks).

Book Review

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? Chaos or Community, by Martin Luther King, Harper & Row, \$4.95. Reviewed by PAT RUSK.

A riot, Martin Luther King tells us, in his latest book about the dilemma of the Negro in America, is the language of the unheard. Our society refuses the Negro decent housing and adequate education and expects him to be content with the dirtiest jobs. ("Of employed Negroes, 75 per cent hold menial jobs.") The kind of jobs that cannot be automated or done away with, like the menial tasks necessary for the maintenance of elegant hotels. The dishwashing machines are there, but human hands are still required to clean the smeared plates left behind by satiated customers. Our black people are still to be found in the kitchens, in the basements, in the fields, and sweeping the floors of factories. Our unwritten code stipulates that this is where the Negro belongs, if he is lucky enough to get a job at all. But the ghetto is not his natural home, as we are so wont to believe, and we can no longer consign him there as if he were a citizen of some alien country cut off from the mainsprings of our society.

"The daily life of the Negro," Dr. King declares, "is lived in the basement of the Great Society." Even if the slums are transformed, the Negro will still be living in isolation unless white people enter the ghettos and form new communities with the black people. At first this will involve a reversal of roles and whites will begin to get a taste of what Negroes have experienced for so long: "the dark cave of inhumanity," to use King's phrase. We will be rejected, our advice, our handouts and even our camaraderie will be scorned; and it will seem as though we were invisible. We can make the effort to identify with the Negro and know what he feels, but we can never know the burden that he has inherited from the past.

As Dr. King so powerfully brings out, it is the "color shock" that is so damaging to the Negro's ability to live a normal life. He tells of a simple test for color sensitivity given to young Negro and white children, in which the child draws a tree, an apple and a child, and is then told to color each object at will. One Negro child handled the crayon deftly and colored the tree green and the apple red. "But when it came to coloring the child, she gripped the crayon with her fist and in a violent pattern of chaotic motions made purple slashes across the figure." This child lived in the suburbs of Long Island. Her parents were well educated and sensitive to her emotional health.

It is this "color shock" which constitutes a major emotional crisis and it is accompanied by a kind of resigned hopelessness. "If one is rejected because he is uneducated, he can at least be consoled by the fact that it may be possible for him to get an education. If one is rejected because he is low on the economic ladder, he can at least dream of the day that he will rise from the dungeon of economic deprivation. If one is rejected because he speaks with an accent, he can at least, if he

desires, work to bring his speech in line with the dominant group. If, however, one is rejected because of his color, he must face the anguishing fact that he is being rejected because of something in himself that cannot be changed. All prejudice is evil, but the prejudice that rejects a man because of the color of his skin is the most despicable expression of man's inhumanity to man." (emphasis added)

In the white man's mind, black has come to represent what is foulest and lowest and this attitude has festered in the Negro's soul and seethed in him for generations until today the black man is in a rage. Martin Luther King began, in Montgomery, Alabama, to channel this rage into non-violent direct action and marches conducted under "discipline for maximum effect." It was the marches and boycotts that gave the common man the opportunity to commit himself to the long, hard struggle to transform society. And it was the thousands of marching feet that brought about "some" changes, rather than the lobbying and imploring that goes in legislative halls.

The term **Black Power** was first popularized by Stokely Carmichael in Greenwood, Mississippi in the summer of 1966. Carmichael and King were among those who took up the march that had been begun by James Meredith when he was shot down. In explaining Carmichael's decision to abandon the tactic of nonviolence, King tells of the killing of the young Negro Jimmie Lee Jackson a year earlier.



Like so many other deaths that occurred in the civil-rights movement, his death went virtually unnoticed by most people. But it was not forgotten by Carmichael and his fellow members of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (S.N.C.C.). Nor did they fail to contrast it with the great hue and cry that went across the nation when a white Unitarian minister, James Reeb, was murdered in the same cause. Martin Luther King, however, is implacably committed to nonviolence, and declares that: "What is needed is a realization that power without love is reckless and abusive and that love without power is sentimental and anemic. Power at its best is love implementing the demands of justice."

Dr. King's discussion of the Negro and the labor movement suggests that a strike can be an effective weapon not only against production but also against products (economic boycott). The Operation Breadbasket that he is organizing is based on a tactic that has been successfully used in thwarting discrimination and opening up jobs and can be used to assist the lowest groups on the economic scale to organize and attain a level of human decency.

Towards the end of his book, this great Christian radical reminds us that: "The Western nations that initiated so much of the revolutionary spirit of the modern world have now become the arch antirevolutionaries. This has driven many to feel that only Marxism has the revolutionary spirit. Communism is a judgment on our failure to make democracy real and to follow through on the revolutions that we initiated. Our only hope today lies in our ability to recapture the revolutionary spirit and go out into a sometimes hostile world declaring eternal opposition to poverty, racism and militarism."

Teachers Strike

Atlanta, Ga.

Albert Shanker, United Federation of Teachers
300 Park Ave South, New York N.Y.

I enthusiastically endorse the efforts of the teachers of New York to improve their living and working conditions, and the quality of education they dispense. The majestic courage of the teachers of New York is an inspiration to all people of humanitarian concern. There should not be any conflict between parents and teachers in seeking a goal of better schools and better teachers. Both are confronted with a Board of Education whose record is one of evasion, delay and tokenism toward the interest of the children and teachers. To avoid misunderstanding and confusion, I urge you to pay special attention to clarifying the issue of the disruptive child. The utmost care is necessary to avoid over-simplified illusory solutions. I hope the whole New York community will come to see that it is not the teachers who are responsible for withholding education but those who have forced them to resort to desperate measures.

Martin Luther King Jr.

Dr. Martin Luther King

c/o SCLC, 208 Auburn Avenue, Atlanta, Ga.

Thank you Dr. King! We are deeply grateful for your support, understanding and confidence in us. We will not let you down. We will keep faith with you and the parents and children of New York City. We will not resume teaching until we are assured that that the spiral of decay and despair will be reversed and that the next two years will be a period of hope and progress. We share your concern that proper facilities be provided for those children who now cannot be educated in regular classes and whose disruptive behavior makes education impossible for others as well. In addition to insisting on fair procedures for the case of such children, we have today appointed an outstanding committee of teachers, child behavior specialists and community leaders to advise us in formulating a comprehensive and constructive program.

With your support and that of other thoughtful and progressive leaders we shall proceed with renewed confidence. It is not our desire to remain away from our positions one minute more than is necessary to reach agreement on the terms of our return to teaching. Until that time we have no alternative to our present course of action. We remain firm in our determination to see this struggle through to victory for teachers and pupils alike.

United Federation of Teachers AFL-CIO
Albert Shanker, President

The Future of Israel

(Continued from page 4)

he is also the first Egyptian ruler to give Egypt's downtrodden fellowin a break. It is fascinating to recall that Egypt has been ruled by foreigners almost since the days when David and Solomon ruled in Israel. Not until Nasser's time, and the eviction of the British and French at Suez, have the Egyptians become the master in their own ancient house. Nasser's program has given Egypt its first taste of reform, on the land, in the factory, in health and educational services. His accomplishments certainly surpass those of a comparable military figure, Ayub in Pakistan. The U.S. oil interests, Johnson's animosity and Israel's ill-will have been united in recent years in efforts to get rid of him. They have all favored feudal monarchs like Saudi Arabia whose day is done.

It is Nasser who represents the future and who can create the internal stability so necessary to peace. The alternative if he is overthrown will ultimately be some far more fanatical and less constructive force, like the Moslem Brotherhood. If war makes sense only as an extension of politics by other means, then Israel's victory will make political sense only if it leads to a new era of reconciliation with all her Arab neighbors. There is no reason why Israel's little "Peace Corps" could not do for the Arab states what it has done in many of the African states. To win Arab friendship will in the long run be worth far more than any military victory. Two millennia ago, Isaiah envisioned just such a war as we have now seen, and predicted just such a reconciliation as the one here projected. "And the land of Judah," the greatest of the Hebrew prophets foretold, "shall be a terror unto Egypt . . . And the Lord shall smite Egypt; he shall smite it and heal it. . . In that day there shall be a highway out of Egypt to Assyria; and the Assyrian shall come into Egypt, and the Egyptian into Assyria; and the Egyptians shall serve with the Assyrians. In that day shall Israel be the third with Egypt and with Assyria, even a blessing into the midst of the land; whom the Lord

of Hosts shall bless, saying, Blessed be Egypt my people, and Assyria the work of my hands, and Israel my inheritance."

A Farm With A View

(Continued from page 3)

many will remember him, Tom Sullivan, Celie Smith, the widow of Chad Smith, with her two youngest sons, Sheila Murphy, the oldest daughter of Lou Murphy, who operates the Catholic Worker houses in Detroit. Other visitors have included a number of priests, nuns, and seminarians. We are particularly grateful to the Sisters of St. Joseph of Newark who brought us a donation of blankets and of delicious home-made cookies.

For all the work of farm, kitchen, housekeeping, maintenance, office, mail, sacristy, we have as usual to thank most particularly: John Fillinger, Hans Tunnesen, Mike Sullivan, Alice Lawrence, Kay Lynch, Ron Gessner, George Burke, Bob Stewart, Jim Canavan, Fred Lindsey, Mary and Rita Corbin, Marge Hughes, Arthur J. Lacey, Stanley Vishnewski. Many of our summer visitors also helped. We owe a particular debt to Mike Boyle, who has now returned to teaching in New Jersey, but rendered heroic service most of the summer in our kitchen.

Katydid and crickets sing on a warm September night. Most of the song birds have stopped singing. I heard the last wren on September thirteenth. Was it one of those that nested in the hip pocket of the trousers George Burke hung over the line? If so, perhaps the song was a thanksgiving to George for leaving his trousers on the line until the wrens decided to vacate.

We move towards October, and the color-dappled beauty of Autumn. "Glory be to God for dappled things. . . Praise Him."

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from Page 2)

and weeds, including my favorite sweet clover, grew all around the factories.

But I must quit dreaming and go on with this writing. The trouble is, so much is happening day after day that it is hard to recall what happened during these past weeks that I must report on.

Migrant Workers

Last month, my friends, the Don Browns of Corning, New York, gave me hospitality on one of my "rural rides," to use Cobbett's title. Corning is in Steuben County, west of Binghamton and south of the migrant county. Negroes work on the potatoes, Puerto Ricans in the muck lands where they were then harvesting lettuce, and later the whites will harvest grapes. Don, who is a chemist in the Corning Glass works, has long been concerned with the plight of the migrant. A hundred and twenty-five bills aimed at improving their condition have been introduced in Congress, but they have never got past committee. Whether or not the National Labor Relations Act will be broadened to include the farm worker is now being debated in Washington. It seems to me that this debate has been going on for a long time. The right of the farm worker to organize is under discussion, and some church groups are in favor of it, but with no right for the workers to strike for better wages and conditions.

They are not using the word migrant on the West Coast. Many have settled on the land, and though they travel to harvest the crops, it is within the limits of the Long Valley that they work. Some of the Negroes working in Steuben County have travelled all the way from Florida, and many go as far as Maine. But some of them settle in New York State, and Don Brown, told me something about the unspeakable hardship they suffer in the cold of winter. There is work all winter in the packing sheds, where they sort the potatoes but often it is only a few days work a week.

I saw two of the great packing sheds, Schuler's and McGinnicle's, great modern plants. But down an old railroad track nearby there were ten shacks where single men lived. We visited two camps near Avoka in which the houses were made of cement block with screened windows. In addition to a long dormitory with double-decker beds (bare mattresses and blankets) there was a kitchen where the workers could prepare their food.

It was a hot day, and in spite of the screened windows the flies came in through the door where the screen had broken through and hung about the bare light bulbs in the center of the dormitory. This was one of the best of the camps and was run by a Negro farm couple. Since he and his wife were both out in the fields, they obviously could not keep the place clean, and the entire place looked incredibly dreary to me. But then our own houses of hospitality present this same aspect, over and over again. The volunteer workers who come to us have to be ready for the most thankless labor, which they know, while they are doing it, will have to be done over and over again, week after week, day after day. It is hard to do a good job when you know that when you leave things will relapse into the same dirty clutter and confusion. One can only endure it by living with it permanently and continuing to cleanse the Augean stables. A grim thought, but this is both voluntary poverty and respect for manual labor. The first thing St. Francis after his conversion did was to repair a church, thinking the voice of God which he heard say to him "Francis, repair my Church" meant literally just that.

There are 120 camps within

forty miles of Corning. Some are barracks-like houses and others are just truck bodies, very close together, so if one shack catches fire, everything is in danger. We asked one Negro who lived next to a shack where two men had been burned to death how his house had been spared and he said, "The Lord Jesus just put his arms around my house and saved it for me." Was this mischievous humor, or did he mean it? It is hard to think of Christianity as being alive when you see our fellow humans living under such conditions.

It is hard to call our brothers blacks, somehow (and should it be capitalized?) but today that is what they wish to be called. First it was Negro, then colored, and now blacks, and certainly the majority are not black any more than we are all "pink" as Bernard Shaw called us. But maybe the men I saw are not as sophisticated as the city Negro. Perhaps I should say Afro-Americans. Anyway, they have their own church, and their own minister who preaches good long sermons, so the migrant ministry spent four hundred dollars on playground equipment so that the children could go out to play during the services, which take place Wednesday and Sundays. The church is in the center of the county and folk come from as far as thirty-five miles. It is so far away that they can shout praise and jubilation to the Lord as loud and long as they want, just as I have heard them do in Florida and even in Rome, where Langston Hughes' *Black Nativity* was put on, to the joy and delight of the Roman audience.

I saw the broken-down houses where not one but a number of families lived. In one such house there were twenty-four people living—men, women and children. I saw a corn crib which a young couple had lined with broken-up cartons to insulate it and where they had burned sticks of wood in an open pile to warm themselves while a child was born to them in the dead of winter. I saw the debris of another camp where one man raving with the fever of pneumonia had staggered out and fallen into an old pit which had once been covered by an outhouse long since used for kindling wood. He was unable to get out and was found frozen to death the next day.

Ignorance

Father Paul Hanley Furfey once said to us in a conference that it is obvious from the 25th chapter of St. Matthew that God does not forgive ignorance. "When did we see you naked and not cover you, a stranger and never made you welcome? And the Lord will answer, 'I tell you solemnly, in so far as you neglected to do this to one of the least of these, you neglected to do it to me.'"

I remember how long we lived on Maryfarm at Newburgh, in the midst of apple orchards, and yet never knew who picked the crops, or realized how many of the workers were hidden away on the back roads in shacks never seen by those who drive by on the highways. It was only when we picked up an old sick Negro on the highway that we began to see the immediacy of the problem. It is all around us, just as every city is filled with ghettos and slums.

If we keep harping on these things, it is in order to arouse the conscience. Because here in this Hudson River valley, when these black brothers and sisters of ours wish to settle, they are not made welcome. They may find jobs, the hard jobs, but how to find housing? That is the problem.

So this year, beginning next week in fact, a day-care center is being opened at the Catholic Worker Farm at Tivoli, to care for the pre-school children of the migrant families who have come north to harvest the apples. There will be children ranging from

eight months old to six years. The center will be under the auspices of New York State, and workers, equipment and transportation are being provided by the State. Mrs. Ann George of Albany represents the New York State Migrant Child Care Committee, and is ably assisted by Mrs. Pearl Johnson, and Mr. Gus Rhodes and Mr. John Murray of the Dutchess County Office of Economic Opportunity.

I will be away while this activity takes place, so perhaps Deane will give an account of it in her October column. We are merely providing the space, the former casino and grounds, which are ample for the children, but planning the program has involved many telephone calls and consultations and our own education in the process. A migrant grandmother and an eighteen-year-old girl farm worker as well as our neighbor Mrs. Lorraine Freeman, and others will be working with the program, and there is a daily visiting of camps and mothers and children to prepare for it. Yesterday two men from Syracuse showed up from the State Day Care Training Center to bring cots, cribs, playpens, tables and chairs and a beautiful assortment of well built children's toys.

We've been having adults use the facilities of this farm in discussion all summer and many young swimmers in the pool, but these will be the youngest children we have yet accommodated, and at the sweetest age.

Pilgrimage Again

And as for me, I am setting out for Rome again.

From the eleventh to the eighteenth of October there will be an International Congress of the Laity, a gathering of twenty-five hundred Catholic lay people from all over the world, and, as I understand it, the talks and discussions will be in every language and simultaneously translated, just as at the United Nations, so that one will be able to don earphones and understand representatives from Africa, Asia and Europe. Our dear friend Marguerite Tjader Harris is taking care of my expenses and I shall try to repay her by giving a good account of the trip and the conferences for our ninety thousand readers.

Do we have so many? Who knows. We send out the papers, and they go to libraries and schools as well as to individuals. On the other hand, I once caught Mrs. Rubino, an old friend on East Fifteenth Street, lining her garbage can with a copy of the CW. But of course we get letters beginning, "I found your paper in a dentist's office"; or "I found your paper in a coal mine six miles out under the Atlantic ocean," or "I found your paper under a mattress in a cheap hotel in Tampico." These last two testimonials as to how far the *Catholic Worker* travels are literally true, though we received them years ago.

More recently, on board ship in 1965 on my way home from the fast in Rome at which I participated, during the last session of the Second Vatican Council, I received at my table, tourist class, a bottle of wine, sent to me with the compliments of the purser of that ship of the American Export line. When he came to see me later, he said that he had received the *Catholic Worker* from one of the seamen who maintained a little circulating library on board ship and passed the paper around.

What need do we have for a circulation manager? Smokey Joe can just sit beside his desk and take the subscriptions which come in, and Gordon McCarthy will attend to the stencils.



Requiescat in Pace

Hugh Madden is dead, struck down by a car as he was cycling his way to the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe in Mexico City, starting out early to be there on her feast day December 12. He had gotten as far as Glade Spring, Virginia and was killed instantly. We had his body brought back to Tivoli, where the Catholic Worker Farm has a cemetery plot, thanks to Monsignor Kane, and his funeral was last Friday, a requiem Mass at which Monsignor Kane delivered a eulogy. He was buried with all his fellow workers at the farm standing by, with Msgr. Kane and Father Markey from the Blessed Sacrament Fathers saying prayers at the grave.

Even before his death, Hugh had become a legendary figure on East and West coast in Catholic Worker circles.

The first time I met him was when Ammon Hennacy was picketing the tax offices. He was conducting his usual fast on one of the anniversaries of the dropping of the atom bomb on Hiroshima. Hugh had come east from California to join him in his picketing. He showed up on the line, dressed in rags, literally, a peculiarly patched together costume with a poncho which in some way was like a priest's chasuble. His old sweat-stained felt hat was studded with medals and buttons. Later he made a giant size CNVA symbol which was attached to the back of the seat of his bicycle. (This was not returned with his other belongings when his body was shipped back.) If the weather was hot he wore old army pants cut off at the knee, and being hipless he often had to hitch them up in the interests of modesty. Often his shirt did not meet the trousers in the rear, an added coolness but an added distraction to the beholder. There were assorted patches also. His legs were thin and bare, and his feet were sandalled. He was in a way like a St. Benedict Joseph Labre in appearance, except that he kept himself clean. In all he was a clean, spare, gaunt figure of a man, with a little goatee on an otherwise clean-shaven face which brought out his resemblance to pictures of Uncle Sam, which the men at the farm at once dubbed him.

Following after Ammon on that picket line he made a strange figure. There was a beautiful young woman picketing with Ammon at the time, a forerunner of the hippies cult, scantily clad and barefooted, but of truly radiant beauty. The Paphnutius figure and the Thais figure ignored each other. It never occurred to Ammon that those who accompanied him on his picketings might bring contempt or ridicule on his cause.

One might be astounded at the picture of Hugh at first, but somehow the aspect of a man doing penance soon shone through. That very first day at twelve noon, he got down on his knees at the stroke of twelve, and there on that populous street, jostled by the crowd on their way to lunch, he bowed to the ground and prayed the Angelus, and since he had no bells to ring and there were no bells from neighborhood church to call to prayer, he pounded with his bare knuckles on the harsh pavement, to accent the three versicles and the three "Hail Mary's." The angel of the Lord appeared unto Mary; she conceived by the Holy Spirit. Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it done unto me according to Thy word. The word was made flesh; and dwelt among us."

He lived with us for a time at Spring street, spreading a mat on the floor, and after prayers on his knees before a statue of the Blessed Mother he would sleep. He came to the farm at Staten Island and visited the beach houses. At the farm we had a ship's bell and he rang it each morning at six, again

for the Angelus, again at noon and supper time. One time there was a sick priest with us, who slept late after sleepless nights, but that did not deter Hugh. He was stern with himself and though he said little he presented a stern visage to us.

For a time he ran the house of hospitality on the west coast. The house in Oakland was efficiently run, even harshly run, and many in the group protested his rule and Hugh came back East to us.

By this time I had heard a little more of the legend. He had been a seaman most of his life, and one story had it that he was washed ashore after being long adrift at sea (the ship had been torpedoed) and then had spent six years at Gethsemani, as a Trappist brother. He left there to work on the ranch he owned in California, where he had cows to milk and where the church was thirty miles away. The story is that he milked the cows Saturday night, set out for Mass, arriving in the morning and after attending Mass and receiving Holy Communion, walked the thirty miles back again. This was repeated winter and summer every Sunday. It was in front of that church too that he distributed *Catholic Workers* each Sunday. (In his belongings which were returned to us with his body there was a bundle of *Catholic Workers* which he had intended to distribute along the way to Mexico.)

He lived with us at the Catholic Worker Farm these last years, between pilgrimages. In the summer he also cycled to Canada to visit the shrines of Our Lady and of St. Anne de Beaupre. He had a ten-speed bicycle and it had carried him from Oakland to the east coast as well as to the Quebec shrine and the one in Mexico City. These wanderings of his reminded me of those of the Russian pilgrims, who travelled vast distances, from Archangel to Irkutsk.

At the farm there was no telling where he slept. There is a tunnel, a mysterious affair extending from the old de Peyster mansion in two directions, out front toward the high bank above the railroad tracks next to the river, and to the rear from the basement of the house under the driveway to the ravine, which was originally the bed of a brook. On the other side the hillside ascends steeply through the woods up to the fields above where we have our vegetable garden. Hugh slept in this damp tunnel for a time until it crippled him and then one day I caught him digging a cave into a patch of sunny hillside and bade him stop. It was liable to fall in on him, I said and I deemed this childish nonsense.

Some boys were doing just such a thing, I told him in Great Kills on Staten Island, when a landslide covered them and they were smothered.

He looked at me with a stubborn glint in his eye. Then he pointed to the chapel in the old school house and said, "I'm going to pray about this, and if the Holy Spirit as well as you, tells me to stop I will, but if He doesn't I'll hit the road."

Finally he settled in a cabin which had been put up by Joe Domensky in the woods at the end of the property. It was well built but terribly cluttered. There were three windows and a little stove, and Joe had lived in it winter and summer until he decided to take to the desert outside of Albuquerque. I asked Hugh to take over the cabin and hold it in case of Joe's return but I am sure he never considered it his home.

Hugh had a small check from the government which he used to ask Walter Kerell to hold for him until he set out, and when he died he had ten dollars in cash and something over a hundred in travellers checks on his person. He earned his way with us by most conscientiously doing all the

(Continued on page 8)

LETTERS

St. Francis House

391 Crown Ct.
New Haven, Conn.

Dear Friends:

We have just opened a House of Hospitality in New Haven where we hope to provide a means by which people can share what they have with those who have not. As Peter Maurin pointed out, the early Christians expressed their commitment to God and neighbor through the daily practice of the works of mercy. At a personal sacrifice they fed the hungry, clothed the naked, sheltered the homeless and instructed the ignorant. We believe that Christians today should express their concern for their brothers in need in the same way.

My wife, Mary and I have rented a house at 391 Crown St., to serve these needs. From the letter we posted in the churches nearby, we have received a generous response of chairs, tables, refrigerators (two! and both in use) pots, dishes and utensils. Some graduate students from Yale temporarily abandoned their research to help in the endless job of cleaning, fixing, scrubbing, painting, waxing, etc., to make our house liveable. Last Sunday the community at St. Thomas More near Yale carried forward food at the Offertory in a generous and moving act. Gradually, then, we get under way. Men are starting to come in for lunch. We have our clothes room set up with a wide variety of clothing and a fine number of items for babies which people always seem to need.

We have day-to-day financial expenses as well as payments for rent, utilities and heat which are due monthly. Whatever help you could give us to meet these expenses would be appreciated.

In the tradition of the Catholic Worker, we will have Friday night meetings. We will have some speakers in and others will be less formal discussions among the variety of peoples who are drawn to a house of hospitality.

We thank you for whatever help you can give and look forward to seeing you.

Peace in Christ,
Daniel W. Murphy

Towards Community

Community of Correspondence,
Box 243,
Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

Dear Sir:

What sort of environment may best bring out the latent powers of an individual? How can we build a society which will restore balance and wholeness to the human personality?

The Community of Correspondence is a group of persons who wish to correspond with one another in order to build a base of fellowship in preparation for working to build a better society. We believe that the key to a better social order is the development of the purposeful small community. We believe that existing small communities, though now in a state of decay, may be nourished by purposeful effort into finer units of society than any that have yet existed. The small community can combine the best elements of rural life and urban life to form a type of "hybrid" community that has more vitality and advantages than either the rural or urban community alone.

We believe that a good community life is necessary for a good family life; good family life is necessary to produce healthy personalities and a society of healthy personalities is necessary for a world without war. We believe that a decentralized economy, combined with pioneering efforts in education, and local government are possible and significant

elements in the building of a great community. We want to use technology to serve man, and not vice versa. We distrust bureaucracy and mass power. We believe that a good society can be built by the cooperative efforts of individuals in all walks of life, uniting in small groups of common purpose.

There are many potentially great small communities all over the United States. We want to get in touch with those persons interested in pioneering. It is important that we contact young persons who are searching to build better environments for themselves and for their children.

If you wish to join us in our search, please write to me.

Jane Gordon

Plea for Peace

Mission Notre-Dame Afrique
B. P. 455
Bangui
Central African Republic

Dear Brothers in Christ:

It is indeed in the name of Jesus Christ, elder brother to all mankind, that I am writing to you.

I know that all American Christians do not share the views of the "hawks" who advocate pressing the war in Vietnam as far as total destruction of the enemy. I know that there are many of you who do not agree with the unfortunate re-

marks of Cardinal Spellman or with the policy that your government is currently pursuing in Vietnam. Which is why I have taken it upon myself to write to you.

You are aware of the opinion of the bulk of the French people, who share some of the responsibility for this war. I should like to tell you of the views of the Central Africans. Since I am still a French national, I am not a citizen of the Central African Republic, but my heart is with these people, and after six years among them I know enough about the sentiments of the mass of the people of this country to share them with you.

I am not speaking of the elite, who are obviously opposed to the war; it could be objected that they take their stand on political grounds. But the poor and the humble, who do not even know that the world is divided into two opposed blocs, just cannot understand how a country can bomb villages and kill women and children in order to defend "civilization" and Christianity. Would Jesus Christ, who was born a poor man and refused to retaliate when he was struck, have asked to be defended by bombs?

I ask you, my brothers, what kind of civilization is this? When one knows that two hundred and fifty thousand children have been killed and seven hundred and fifty



Requiescat in Pace

(Continued from page 7)

pot washing and he demanded Fels Naptha soap for his dishwashing. He baked the most peculiar concoctions of bread, mixing every kind of flour and cereal we had in the house. I liked his cornmeal loaf best myself. When there was a crowd living at the Roger La Porte farm before Peter Lumsden went back to England and sold the place, Hugh used to bring huge batches of his baking up there. His cooking was not up to either Hans's or John Fillger's standards, both of whom had cooked on ships. Hugh's seamen's papers showed many initials after his name but not that of cook.

I cannot close without speaking of Hugh's behaviour in church which I am afraid was a grave distraction to our Tivoli population at first. Hugh liked to kneel in the aisle when he attended Mass. Someone explained to him that it was forbidden by canon law to take up money at the door for the pews, so he refused to use them. Also he always approached the altar rail on his knees and received communion kneeling.

When Monsignor Kane preached the funeral sermon (he had already offered one Mass the morning he heard of Hugh's death) he said he only spoke at this requiem, which was contrary to his custom, because he felt he owed so much to Hugh. The latter had stimulated his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and to our Blessed Mother.

He said nothing in his sermon about Hugh's penitential practices, but later in the day he asked me if Hugh's pliers or his monkey wrench had been put in the coffin with him. He knelt on these, Monsignor Kane explained, adding hastily, "He didn't tell me, I caught him at it one day."

Hugh had told me once that he

thousand wounded, it becomes impossible to understand.

The whole world has its eyes turned to you Christians of America. Rouse yourselves and heed the anguished appeals of Paul VI, Rev. Martin Luther King, and U Thant. Listen to the cry of Jesus, who is suffering and dying in Vietnam every minute of the day.

I have already written to President Johnson. I am working with you for peace.

(Abbe) Michael Lambert

Ed. note: Last year, two leading French publications, *Temoignage Chretien* (Catholic) and *Christianisme Social* (Protestant) sponsored a campaign, under the slogan, "Don't leave Pope Paul all alone," in which they urged their readers to send individual letters to President Johnson supporting Pope Paul's demand for a peaceful solution in Vietnam. One of the more than sixty thousand who responded was Abbe Lambert, a missionary in Central Africa, who wrote a respectful letter to President Johnson expressing his opposition to the war and agreement with the Pope's stand. What happened next is instructive for those who believe that such letters wind up in the wastebasket. The White House forwarded Abbe Lambert's letter to the United States Ambassador to the Central African Republic, who in turn asked the Abbe's superiors to investigate him, presumably to determine if he was a Communist sympathizer!

During the last few months we have received a number of similar letters from French Christians. Although we do not have space to publish them all, we are grateful for these expressions of solidarity, since it becomes increasingly evident that the utmost internal and external pressure will have to be exerted if we are to reverse present administration policies. We pledge to continue supporting whatever forms of peaceful protest may be necessary to bring this horrendous war to an end.

did penance. I had asked him why he had stayed so long in Mexico City, and he said he had been in the hospital with an infection. "A little too much penance," he added grimly, and from the way he put his hand against his side, I took it to mean he had been using an instrument of penance, such as I had heard of read of. Sure enough, when his "effects" as they are termed came back with his "remains," and Ron and I went over his clothes to see what could be given away on the Bowery, we found there a circlet, a belt, twisted at the end to form a hook and eye, which was, very simply, a piece of barbed wire.

Why penance? For the napalm, the bombings in Vietnam perhaps. Because we are all guilty. God help us.

Men Of The Fields

(Continued from page 2)

in each stall. Each broker exhibits the various types of produce he carries and the buyers make their purchases. The long platform, stretching the length of the buildings in front of these stalls, is constantly crowded with handtrucks and lifts of all sizes, loaded with crates and boxes of produce.

The first step in picketing here was locating the brokers in the various aisles who handled struck produce. Then the pickets would arrive, leaflets would be distributed, and the broker approached.

We were greeted several times the first day (we began about 5 o'clock and left about 11 o'clock in the morning) with sneers and jibes and the oft-repeated line, "How much do they pay you for that?" The broker would appear uninterested, go about his work, while all his peers stopped and watched the picket line, somewhat in the manner of dogs that are attracted by the least unexpected movement around them. After a while, he caught on to the fact that a picket line is bad for business; it creates doubt in the minds of most; and it is fiercely respected by others. Finally, he would agree not to order any more of Giumarra brands — not only Giumarra's own six brands, but the thirty-six brands of other growers, which he's using in order to thwart the boycott. He'll get rid of what he had and what was already on the way. More cooperated than not, and those who did not were picketed long and hard. Of the twelve large receivers only four carried struck produce and three of them cooperated. The remaining one was picketed ten hours Sunday night on into Monday morning; still he would not relent. He will be picketed again.

On Wednesday morning, September 20, the day unfortunately that we go to press, a mass picket of hundreds of people (with the help of Maris Cakars of the Mobilization Committee and all the others mentioned above) is planned for the fruit auction, located on Pier 28 on Lower Manhattan's West Side. There will be other demonstrations throughout September and October. All those stores, brokers, and receivers must be checked and rechecked. Those still selling struck produce must then be picketed. Bodies are needed. There is much work to be done; those in New York or elsewhere who wish to help the farm worker should call the Catholic Worker (OR 4-9812) or the AFL-CIO (880-6464, attention John Schroyer).

Now the early, quiet period is over; now the conversation between the broker and striker will be heard all over New York City; now the consumers and the labor leaders will, we hope, awaken to the call of the farm worker; union men and housewives will unselfishly boycott scab grapes; now men of the fields and men of the pavements may stand together. One's face need not change.