



Voting: Choosing What to Choose

By ANDY CHRUSCIEL

Whether power is used badly or well is a question which often distracts people from considering whether it should be used at all. In trying to arrive at some criteria for deciding what should and what should not be done, it is all too easy to accept the alternatives offered by a larger society or to crusade for an expansion of the limits it imposes.

Because I happen to live in the United States of America and because this is an election year, a number of men would like me to vote for them. I have always disliked multiple choice questions, not only because the options were limiting, but because to answer at all implies some kind of acceptance of the validity of the question. Voting in a national election is such a question.

Good Men Often Mislead

Bad men do not get into office because good men fail to vote, but because good men think it necessary and sufficient to vote. I think it necessary to resist the pressure to vote.

For whatever reason, good men often bear arms. I believe it is wrong for men to organize and train to kill. I am not about to discuss whether a particular army is humane or brutal since I question whether people should be controlled by force of arms at all.

For whatever reason, good men often have economic control over the lives of others. I am not concerned about whether they exercise that control benevolently or maliciously but whether they should exercise such control at all.

For whatever reason, good men often have the support and approval of large numbers of people. I do not consider the extent or intensity of that support a valid criterion for determining the ethical value of what they do or fail to do. More important, I question the use of the power of numbers to control the lives of other people.

To use any of these forces, even in causes which may be valid, at least complicates the issues, when it does not eliminate the possibility of their being resolved.

Mass Demonstrations

In the days of mass rallies and mass demonstrations, the shift of emphasis to the numbers of people present or involved overshadowed the more important aspects of those gatherings. It was easy to lose sight of the exchange of ideas and insights which was going on as well as the symbolic value of the rally or demonstration itself.

I participated in a number of demonstrations in the cause of civil rights and of peace. But I did and still do believe that whatever I did or did not do personally was far more significant than what I did or didn't do with a group however large or small. Also, whatever I did really was more important than what I did with words or other symbols.

In any instance, silence is a real and positive alternative. In some instances, I consider it the most proper and honest response to life or to a life situation. I would distinguish between the silence of paralysis and the silence of harmony. The latter supposes a kind

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LETTUCE WORKERS DEMAND OWN UNION

By REV. CHRIS HARTMIRE

How did the lettuce strike get started? For years lettuce workers quietly organized local UFW committees and waited for the successful completion of the Delano grape strike. In July of 1970 as the grape struggle was ending, the United Farm Workers (UFW) petitioned lettuce growers for secret ballot union representation elections. The growers ignored the request, sought out the Teamsters union and signed back door contracts. The workers were not consulted. Denied elections, they went out on strike on August 24, 1970 to demonstrate that they wanted to be represented by Cesar Chavez' UFW. 7,000 Workers walked off the job in what the L.A. Times called: "The Largest Farm Labor Strike in U.S. History."

If the strike was so successful why is there a boycott of lettuce? As a result of the successful strike large lettuce companies (Inter-Harvest, Freshpict & D'Arrigo Bros.) rescinded their contracts with the Teamsters and signed contracts with UFW (later on, Mel Finnerman Co. also signed with UFW; approximately 10-15% of California-Arizona lettuce is now UFW lettuce). Other growers continued to resist even though the Teamsters were (and are) willing to recognize UFW's right to represent field workers. On September 17, 1970 a local Salinas judge outlawed all strike activity. The workers chose to appeal that court order and to continue their struggle by launching a boycott of California-Arizona head lettuce.

The growers argue that the workers were forced out of the fields by violence. That is not true. There were isolated incidents on both sides but the farm workers continued to work non-violently. The growers admitted that production was cut by over 66% by the strike. They never challenged the newspaper accounts of 7,000 workers on strike. Now because the strike has shown that the workers want Chavez, the growers want people to believe that there was enough violence and intimidation by UFW to "force" 7,000 people to go on strike. Reporters from the major California newspapers, the wire services, the TV networks were all in Salinas. They reported a massive strike by workers. Why wasn't the "massive violence" reported? It wasn't reported because it didn't happen. The lettuce workers went on strike to protest the back door contracts and to demand a union of their own choice.

Why are these lettuce contracts so important? Why didn't UFW let the Teamsters represent the lettuce workers? The most important reason is that the lettuce workers don't want to be represented by the Teamsters. They are taking risks and making sacrifices to have a union that they believe in

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Rita Corbin

Community of the Ark

Le Communaute de l'Arche
La Borie Noble
34280 Le Bousquet d'orb
France
30 June, 1972

Dear Elizabeth,

We had a very mild winter but wet. Rain even got through the tiles of the rooves because of the wind and it was raining indoors. Spring never came, summer arrived with a few very hot days...

We gave a lot of attention to the Bangla Desh Refugees until Christmas. A couple of companions went to hold a fast for two weeks in Paris. Their appeal had a large impact in the country and even abroad. Fasts were held in chain in over 90 towns in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy and Spain while Shantidas fasted with Canadian friends in Montreal.

Then, we entangled ourselves into a serious affair with the farmers and shepherds of the whole South East Region where the Ministry of Defense has planned to enlarge the actual military camp (from 600 hect. to 17,000 hect.). Officially, the camp will be a training area for the NATO army. But from underground sources (our peasants have spies in the ministry!) it will be a rocket base, and in the many tunnels and natural grottos of the region, they intend to drop their radioactive waste. The peasants have united to form a Defense Committee for the Larzac (Larzac is the name of the large plateau where the camp is planned. It has been used for centuries as pastures for 15,000 sheep!). The area is rich in old houses and churches of 9th to 14th century, mostly remains of the Order of the Templars. And these

15,000 sheep give over one-third of the production of world famous cheese "the Roquefort."

The farmers don't want to sell their land to the government, at any price. This has been done in Provence where after 2 or 3 years the farmers who had sold their properties to the Army found themselves working in factories to support their families. None of the promises of prosperity they genuinely believed was realized. One committed suicide.

Shantidas fasted just before Easter to support the farmers in their protest. The Defense Minister, Mr. Debre, has not yet signed the final decree, so the action is going on. The farmers are ready to use non-violence. They won't leave and most say they prefer to be killed. The protest of French farmers who are in the same situation in other parts of France is growing and if Mr. Debre persists in his plans, it will become a national affair.

This action is taking a lot of our energy, but we believe in it.

We had a beautiful St. John's Day. We spent the night on the Hill around a big fire, praying and singing. Two young couples made their vows as new Companions.

We have many American visitors, usually for long "stages." And more are writing to come. I shall spend three weeks in England in August where friends are interested to become Allies. There too, Community interest is growing steadily.

There has been a wedding and a birth at Easter. Life is going on... A family leaves on a mission to Grenoble to start an urban community with two of our single companions. And

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THE GREEN REVOLUTION

The most recent issue of *The Green Revolution* is devoted to our experience on a subsistence farm the past 3 years. Articles on gardening, building, food preservation and animals. Send 8¢ in coin or stamp for copy. (One year's subscription 50¢).

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ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT

PETER MAURIN, Founder

DOROTHY DAY, Editor and Publisher

MARTIN J. CORBIN, Managing Editor

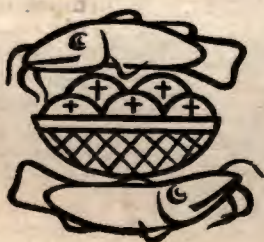
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FALL APPEAL

St. Francis' Month
October, 1972

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Dear, dear friends of the CW:

I often wonder at the miracle of your continuing response to these appeals which have been going out to you these last 40 years. People praise our perseverance! We marvel at yours. One of the reasons we can keep going (besides your help) is that there is a constant stream of new young friends and volunteers who come to us as to a school, a "free university," and who learn to love and esteem voluntary poverty and manual labor (teachings of St. Francis and St. Benedict). By this sharing they love their brothers in Christ, the destitute they want to serve, the lovable and the unlovable.

There is a hard core of "old timers" who have been with us since the beginning, some workers and some scholars; and if the latter are more articulate, the former know, as the old Wobblies knew, that they can keep Houses of Hospitality going, and that "an injury to one is an injury to all," even if they could not discuss ecclesiology or the Mystical Body of Christ. They know how important they are to the work.

I can say, too, that we rejoice at seeing these same young people, who have given us some years of their lives, go on to the vocations which they have discovered they have in the fields of "health, education and welfare," religious and secular.

One thing I like about writing these appeals is that they are a little report of progress for those who get the 85,000 copies of the CW we print 9 times a year.

I am writing from the farm at Tivoli this time where I am happily recovering from a summer of flu, coughs, exhaustion (my own and others), and I say happily, because in a community there is loving care, and I've had more time to read.

It is good to travel, as I have these last years, visiting other houses of hospitality and farming communes, and I can say that I rejoice to see this day when non-violence has taken on ever deeper meaning, what with a Vinoba Bhave, a Lanza del Vasto, a Danilo Dolci (India, France and Italy), and here at home Cesar Chavez and Charles Evers, both of whom I had the happiness of visiting this past year.

One could of course enumerate the horrors of our wars, our preparations for wars. Reading history, of both Church and State, keeps one from despair. "All times are dangerous times," St. Teresa said. But seeing as we do the happiness and beauty even in our own life of disorder and even squalor, we can find joy in working towards a new order.

I rejoice in town, at the House of Hospitality, to see Mary on her knees by her bed in our crowded dorm on the women's floor while in her shopping bags, which the destitute are always lugging around, half-eaten hunks of bread, among her clothes, testify to the hunger, the fear of hunger, that haunts the poor.

On the farm there is a population of 60 or 70, everyone working at harvesting and canning right now, or re-roofing the long dormitory between chapel and kitchen which shelters men off the road, wandering workers or wandering scholars.

The work is hard. The struggle against the "all-encroaching State" is harder. But if God is with us who can be against us? In Him we can do all things. We do know that God has chosen the foolish of this world to confound the wise. So please help us continue in our folly, in the "little way" of St. Therese which attracts so many to participate in our work.

We are not hopeless of a better world and rejoice that so many young people are practicing "survival" in communes, or hermitages, in manual labor and to some extent, the ascetic life. And after a few semesters with us, they go back to finish or begin the courses which prepare them better for those works of mercy the Lord commanded us to do.

Our love to you, and gratitude always,
Dorothy Day

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

Always I have loved the Psalms, and my morning and evening prayers, alone and in common, are made up of them. The Our Father, the one and only prayer Jesus Christ taught us, I say three times a day on my knees, if possible. But there are, of course, lines in the Psalms I ignore. "They do not speak to my condition," as the Quakers say. One such line is "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee." I prefer the words "God wills that all men be saved." I don't want to see my fellow men falling all around me.

Remembering the Dead

Right now I bring this up because November is traditionally the month when we commemorate the dead. Nov. 1 is All Saints Day. Nov. 2 is All Souls Day. This year, among all our other dead, we commemorate the deaths of Saul Alinsky and Paul Goodman, both of whom I believe did a great amount of good and had the clear intelligence the older St. Teresa so esteemed in spiritual advisors. I do not separate body and soul, secular and spiritual. They all go together. Both men brought about great clarification of thought (the first plank in Peter Maurin's program), and brought hope and self-respect to the oppressed in the field of economics and education.

St. Augustine (to whom Paul Goodman was rather startlingly compared, it seemed to me, because of his public confession) wrote in *The City of God*, "All men are members or potential members of the Body of Christ." So we should look upon them as such. If in some ways they are our opponents, or at least inimical on some issues (like sex)—well, Jesus told us to love our enemies, many of whom are of our own dear household. He also told us not to judge. Hard sayings.

Fr. Zachary, God rest his soul, a priest at the church of Our Lady of Guadalupe on 14th St., said to me years ago, "There is no time with God." And he told me to pray "in the future" for an 18 year-old friend who had committed suicide. "Since there is no time with God, your prayers now will have called down the grace of a happy death. At the moment of death that boy will have been given the choice of light or darkness, beauty or ugliness, peace or endless horror." (And who does not long for light and happiness?)

So I include all the unhappy deaths of all those who seem to have rejected all religion. "Religious" people are so often responsible for turning them from Him.

Reasons For Hope

I am here at Tivoli where I am remaining now, not only because of a cold affecting my throat which is hard to shake off (a recurring cough keeps me from speaking), but also to escape some of the demands of visitors, telephones, hospitality problems, overcrowding, noise, etc., which make up our life at First Street.

There are many samples of heaven as well as samples of hell. The latter include sicknesses, mental illnesses, the loneliness of old age, as well as of youth. Even in community there is loneliness and the bitterness of class war, race war, conflict between children and parents, workers and scholars. (We are indeed schools of non-violence, wherever Catholic Worker houses of hospitality are set up. We do not live in an ivory tower.)

But the view at Tivoli is heavenly. The tidal river flows up toward Albany and down towards New York. Beauty of sunrise and sunset, magnificent color all around us of sumac and maple, the joy of having little children around, and always work to do.

We are crowded of course. Everyone wants a room of his own! Which leads

the young to live in hermitages, tents, sleeping bags, sheds and barns, scattered around our 85 acres. Our three houses are all in use. They have been described as "decaying buildings on an old estate." Continual repairs are necessary. Lumber has been obtained by our unpaid labor of tearing down an old barn, a dangerous job. The young, male and female together, are working at one such job in the neighborhood now.

Picking apples, pears, plums, and grapes brings in food and means the additional work of preserving and canning. There has been frost, so hundreds of green tomatoes are being wrapped and stored. What with harvesting and barn wrecking, our own houses themselves are neglected, and dirt is tramped in. The few confined to housework resent it and charge that they are doing all the work—laundry, cooking, cleaning, dishwashing. There are 70, including the dozen children, who joyfully contribute to the disorder.

Working the Land

But what happy activity! People get over their "mads" easily. Looking at it all with a revolutionary eye, I am happy. It means Peter Maurin's Philosophy of Work is spreading. People, not Federal Governments are taking over in many ways all around the country.

We are sick and tired of bread and circuses, government checks, which when they are increased to take care of man's needs, only mean rents are raised, and food costs go higher. It is rumored that Medicaid is coming to an end, protests mount. But if all this disorder of government bureaucracy will drive people to the land, to community, as it seems to be doing, there is hope for the future. We all have to learn the hard way.



Rita Corbin

On East and West Coasts paramedics, medical students, and doctors are operating free clinics. Free universities are opening, closing and reopening. People are sharing as never before, what talents and skills they possess.

We have to be patient with ourselves as well as others, and humble at seeing how little we can do.

Must Study More

The tide of violence and repression may also be rising, but it will force us to study more. I cannot recommend highly enough Lanza del Vasto's book *Return to The Source*, printed by Schocken Books. We had been reading passages from it (which sold over a million copies when it first came out) in the chapel every evening, and are only beginning to realize how profound is del Vasto's understanding of India, of sex, of religion, as well as of Gandhian principles. He is himself a Christian, a Catholic.

He is on a short lecture tour now and we hope to have him for a day or so. We have been a bit afraid of him in the past, his communities in France and South America seem so perfect, and we so lax in our own, so

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"I Would Rather Talk About Hope"

By FR. PHILIP BERRIGAN, SSJ

On September 5, Father Philip Berrigan, S.S.J., was sentenced at Federal District Court in Harrisburg to four concurrent two-year terms for smuggling letters out of Lewisburg Penitentiary. Following is the substance of a statement made by Father Berrigan at the sentencing.

... I am not here to spout brave noises, to issue a polemic against the government, to champion the defense or denigrate the prosecution, to glorify myself or any defendant, as above weakness or criticism. None of that. I would rather talk about hope at a time when many sensitive people see almost no hope. I would rather say something about our obligation to be hopeful, and to be hope to one another.

Hope is an elusive quality, having to do with promise and reality. Promise because people need to be sisters and brothers before they need to be selves; reality because a few always become those for others—the one small race, the one tiny family, the handful faithful to God and to people. These few become what we would all prefer to be; they offer lucidity and purpose and strength; they embody living evidence that everyone can become human, and that indeed, we can all make it and survive.

Even more surely, people die without hope. They contract and shrivel up and calcify inside, suffocating their spirits. One can see death in the faces of so many today—a hardening of feature, fear, even terror, cruelty, and a profound unhappiness. Recently, we spoke to a middle-aged prisoner one evening on the compound—one notorious for hedonism and brutality—now condemned to anonymity, contempt, a sterile old age. He failed to grunt, even, at our greeting, preoccupied as he was in his misery. Someone with me remarked pityingly, "He died when he was 12 years old."

When he won the Nobel Literature Prize in 1970, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn prepared a lecture only recently slipped through Russian censorship and published in the West. In it, he wrote almost despairingly of violence sweeping the world like a plague. Not a plague, one might add, with a plague's ordinary sign and horror, but a plague immensely more lethal, with a thousand enticing faces, all as beguiling as Circe's; nation-state rivalries, imperial ambitions, corporate greed, ideological fixations, quick and easy profit, class and racial division, war as technological and political science.

How can one be aware of this threatening and violent torrent without despair? That is the question for millions of decent and sensitive people. The evidence would seem to indicate a universal conspiracy to ruin and to empty the planet—a conspiracy led by the superpowers. The evidence would seem to indicate the triumph of nihilism, as we become more entrapped by a tyranny of ego and structure.

There is one revealing characteristic of violence that Solzhenitsyn refers to, calling it the spirit of Munich. Notice he does not apply the term to leaders allegedly preoccupied with appeasement as the price of peace. He does not speak of Chamberlain as the classic example, or, as some would today, of George McGovern. Rather, he applies it to "those who have given themselves up to the thirst after prosperity at any price, to material well-being as the chief goal of earthly existence."

Solzhenitsyn's spirit of Munich is, I suppose, no more than a mild paraphrase of Christ's ominous words in Luke's gospel, "But how terrible for you who are rich now; you have had your easy life: how terrible for you who are full now; you will go hungry!" (Lk. 6, 24, 25).

One might inquire if there has ever

been a time in our history when so many serious and dedicated Americans have gone into exile, or plan it? Who can dismiss out of hand their search for sanity, for community, for desperately needed change, and their failure to find it here? They have, for the most part, worked hard at responsibility—trying ideologies, leaders, parties, causes, organized protest. Yet little changes for the better—air and water grow more foul; slums expand and crumble; a country of stunning beauty becomes scarred and blighted. But the crushing burden for them is one of perpetual war, the cynical, incessant, senseless killing of people. On the one hand, they cannot endure it; on the other hand, they cannot stop it. As their perception grows, so does their revulsion. And their hearts fall. They become people of mourning, and misery, of hopelessness and escape.

However much one shares their anguish, one must search for better alternatives than silence, drop-out or exile. I have in mind a singular example of hope and courage.

On August 6 Hiroshima Day, 11 prisoners at Danbury began a fast against their countrymen to stimulate non-violent resistance to the Indochinese war. As it happened, another gallant community joined them by a similar fast in N.Y.C. I'll mention only the prisoners here, since obviously, I am more familiar with them.

The prisoners felt deeply that they must hope in themselves—prison did not discharge them of responsibility for the war. Secondly, they felt they must hope in their sisters and brothers; hope in their sense of justice and social generosity. In their case, I think, hope was both measured by sacrifice and sustained by it. . . . Several were draft resisters—apparently,

they refused to rest upon the act that first imprisoned them.

Since then, one has contracted heart complications; one has had a stomach hemorrhage. All have suffered grievously from hunger, weakness and loneliness. But they continue on, convinced



Rita Corbin

that Americans will listen, will awaken to the agonies of the war-stricken people.

Some will judge them naive; others fanatic or masochistic. But I can attest that love for their countrymen, and for people in the war zone mo-

Prays, Fasts for Peace

This sort of demon is driven out only by prayer and fasting.

—Mark 9:29

On October 4th, the feast of Saint Francis of Assisi, I began a 21-day fast for peace. This fast is a personal response to the continuing slaughter of life in Indochina; a slaughter for which the American government and its people are principally responsible. As nearly everything is being destroyed in Indochina—peoples, lands, social structures, and cultures—I will for this three week period consume nothing but water.

This fast is a demand of my conscience. It is a duty I must respond to because of my responsibility for ending this war; responsibility not in the sense of guilt, but rather in the sense of my existence as a social being in union with other human beings. As the Hebrew verse commands: "Thou shalt not stand idly by the blood of thy neighbor"—Leviticus 19:15. Because of this responsibility some response is imperative.

In any violent conflict it is not a matter of "we" and "they," it is "us" that suffers. As the Indochinese die, the American soul decays. We are one. A poet once described it: "No man is an island . . . every man's death diminishes me because I am involved in mankind." As Christians believe, Christ's Body is a Mystical, Unitative One of which we are all members. Thus, just as whatever wrong we do pollutes the whole, so likewise, whatever good we do benefits the whole. It is in this spirit that I fast.

In recent years many persons desiring peace have responded to the war in various ways: letters of protest, marches, vigils, non-cooperation with the military or draft, refusal to pay war taxes, people's blockades of munition ships and trains, etc. These and other nonviolent responses must con-

tinue and be practiced more persistently and by larger numbers of individuals. However, it must be admitted that alone even our best efforts are not enough. This fast is a humble recognition of our, and particularly my own, finiteness. It is an acknowledgment that we are all creatures of God. Thus, this fast is an anguished plea that insight, love, courage and wisdom be provided us, that God's will of peace be done.

I am fasting essentially as an act of prayer. A prayer of repentance for our continued devastating presence in this war. And yet, a prayer of hope that we may experience a real turning about, a metanoia, a turning away from the ways of war toward the way, peace.

I fast in faith, trusting in God and in the basic decency of our humanity; believing that all men and women might recognize that only good—love and nonviolence, not bullets and bombs—will overcome evil. In fasting, then, I offer a prayer that the Spirit of God's Love and Truth will touch the hearts of all individuals, from government officials to ordinary citizens, changing our thoughts, words and actions in concrete ways that will, at last, bring peace.

Acts of personal witness are often motivated by the belief that it is better to light one candle than curse the darkness. In fasting I realize that I am, at best, one candle flickering in the darkness of death and destruction. Merely a candle, hopefully an instrument of God's will. Morally bound and so enkindled that the Light of Love and Truth might shine. And understanding that for Light to shine, brightly and continually, the candle must give of its substance. Thus I fast and pray.

Please join in whatever way you must.

MICHAEL DE GREGORY

tivated them. The bare little they had as prisoners—visits from relatives, indifferent food, hope of early release—all these they freely gave up.

Apparently, some Americans understood. One lawyer inquired, when hearing of their effort, "What's wrong with us, that prisoners must show us how to resist this war?" And the mother of one of the prisoners, a non-resister, said, "Not only did my son educate me, but it's clear he'll never go back to prison for the wrong reasons."

Basically, what did these people attempt to say to us with their Fast for Life? Very simply—that we have made a false peace if we are not doing our humane utmost to end this war; that we cannot claim reconciliation with God while having no reconciliation with the Indochinese; that affluent and overfed as we are, we are starving for God's nourishment—truth, justice, compassion, personal and social risk; that some demons, perhaps demons of delusion like indifference or cynicism, are exorcised only by prayer and fasting; that true hope is both a grasp of reality and a nonviolent plan to communicate it.

Those prisoners offered hope, I say, with a large and painful portion of their lives. Remember the Lord's gratitude for a revelation made to "merest children," and withheld from "the learned and the clever"? (Mt. 11, 25) Perhaps we need to relearn wisdom today from the poor, from the victims of raw power, from prisoners.

Two sayings of Christ, and one of Gandhi's, I have found sufficiently mysterious and challenging to be an antidote to bitterness and rancor. "For the man who wants to save his own life will lose it; but the man who loses his life for my sake will find it." (Mt. 16, 25) The second—"When you have done all that you have been told to do, say, 'We are ordinary servants; we have only done our duty.'" (Lk. 17, 10) And Gandhi's—"If we become free, India is free. And in this thought you have a definition of Swaraj. It is Swaraj when we learn to rule ourselves. . . . One drowning man will never save another. Slaves ourselves, it would be a mere pretension to think of freeing others." Substitute America for India, if you will.

Perhaps the hope we embody, that is to say, the hope we offer others, is the same as effort to kill slavery in ourselves and in inhuman structures. To create hope is to wrestle with death. And since we all desire life, we must desire as well, a struggle with death. That struggle constitutes our hope.

Need Medical Volunteers

United Farm Workers, AFL-CIO
P.O. Box 62
Keene, Ca. 93531

Dear Dorothy,

Enclosed are some materials expressing our needs as we develop our Health Group to serve farm workers. Currently, we have two fully-operating clinics delivering quality care to workers and their families in Delano and Calexico. We envision a network of clinics throughout California and the nation wherever there are farmworkers. Our major problem, however, is finding doctors, nurses, dentists, lab and x-ray technicians willing to work as volunteers. We'd like to open a new clinic in the Fresno area right away if we can staff it. Can you help by spreading word of our needs among those you are in contact with? Also, will you publish our request in the Catholic Worker? I think your readership might respond generously.

Thank you for all your support. Greetings and peace from Cesar.

Sincerely,
Sister Pearl McGivney

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

On an afternoon in late October a cool breeze—redolent of wood smoke and approaching rain—sings among the pines and hemlocks, stirs the bright tapestry of Fall. Chickadees and nut-hatches come and go at my window feeder, making half-whispered appreciative comments. Are the juncos, which Bill Ragette tells me he has seen, among them? There may be white-throated sparrows too; for last week they announced their arrival among us with a day of song almost as tuneful as that with which they took their departure for their Canadian nesting-home last Spring. And many another wintering bird will come to feed here before snow drifts over the once-bright leaves of Autumn, or daffodils announce the Spring.

Sounds of Work

Now that our harvest is gathered, it is good to celebrate the Feast of St. Isidore, the Farmer. This morning at Mass, Father Andy spoke of St. Isidore, and of the importance of work, not only of agricultural work with which we associate this saint, but of all work truly related to life, its affirmation and realization. I thought of Mike Kreyche already disking the ground and making it ready for next year's planting. I thought of the many kinds of work needed to keep our Catholic Worker farm with a view going, and of the many people who help do this work.

Early this afternoon, as I walked out for a breath of air, I heard many sounds of work in progress. The hammering sounds from the area of the old casino told me that Father Tony Equale and Steve Nowling were still working on the roof, trying to correct the leaks so that this long annex to the main house can serve as a reasonably comfortable men's dormitory. Repair work on the end of the annex where the chapel is located has already been completed. Last night when we went to Compline, we found that Dominic Falso

—who takes his duties as sacristan very seriously—had already cleaned up after the workmen and put the chapel in order. Other sounds of hammering this afternoon were made by Gordon McCarthy and Marcel Harvey who were winterizing the large living room windows to keep out the wintry blasts of air which we can expect later on. Somewhere someone was chopping wood. The sounds of sawing and chopping wood are frequently heard during the Fall and Winter months. Many of the young people here live in shacks or quarters in the old mansion which are heated by wood-burning stoves. Fortunately, there is much fallen and dead wood on the farm, so that firewood is available to one willing to put forth some effort. The great blighted elm, which John Gill and some helpers felled several weeks ago, will provide firewood for some time.

Farm Noises

There are, however, many other sounds than those emanating from work projects. Indoors or out, one can almost always hear the sounds of children playing. If one walks toward the back of the house, one can hear the hens cackling with the happy complacency of those who have more than done their duty. Cars, trucks, tractors, drive in and out on various errands with varying degrees of din. Barges and tankers pass, with a great wash of waves (both sound and water) along the river. Long freight trains go by, leaving the house a-rattle and a-quiver with their noisy passing. Then suddenly one moves back through the years and hears the clop-clop and cloppety-clop-clop of horses' hooves.

Two horses have come to stay with us awhile. The one, a saddle horse, though—as Helene suggests—with something of the appearance of Don Quixote's Rosanante, gives much pleasure to some of the younger members of the com-

(Continued on page 7)

Indian Project Gains

By R. D. CASEY

There is a project developing, at Frank's Landing, that could well change the lives of the real Indians in the entire western portion of Washington state. A pilot deal of tremendous potential.

There are extensive tidal flats, where the Nisqually River enters into Puget Sound, which they now have the opportunity of purchasing for a million dollars. Then the Government says it will list it as Federal Trust Land. Very important, as it will give it the same protection from State harassment, as that now enjoyed at Frank's Landing itself. An industrial firm is also trying to get the property and hoping the Indians cannot come up with the pur-

chase price. They have first chance, harassment, until Survival renewed the fight. Therefore, they have their loyalty—and Indians are very loyal. The total catch is quite impressive. Enough to keep a cannery going.

In the past, if you wished to earn a living by 'fliska,' in Pacific North West waters, you stood the best chance of doing this by being born in Norway—not, being born a member of a fishing tribe supposedly protected by treaties with the Federal Government. But this is finally, slowly, changing—and its about time!

The Survival organization has air freighted fish to New York City, trucked it to San Francisco and L.A.



Rita Corbin

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

compromising in our principles, so inadequate in trying to work out, by non-violence, a new social order, so unbalanced in our emphasis on man's freedom (and our own), and so undisciplined. And yet we have a sureness we are on the right path. We are learning. As St. Paul says, in addition to not judging others, we won't judge ourselves either.

Compromising

We know we are always compromising. Our space is limited as well as our money; so often after helping with initial payment of rent and utilities we have to put people on "welfare." (But what a cost in time and energy that means.) We use the local hospitals and get state care. And so on. We pay our local taxes on the house on First St., and the farm at Tivoli because we recognize our community responsibility. Taxes are about a thousand a year here in Tivoli, and the local newspapers in Hudson and Kingston are mistakenly publishing the loss of this revenue to our little village, after all the publicity about our contest with the Internal Revenue Service and Federal Government over the nearly \$300,000 tax bill the local IRS officials said we owed for the last five years.

(We would like to call attention here to the fact that this huge sum included fines and penalties and perhaps interest which grew month by month, and so reached this horrendous figure).

We repeat—we are not tax evaders. We willingly pay our local taxes though we supply our own water and sanitation services here on the farm. Probably it is fire department, and

police department and ambulance services, including highway police, that the state considers itself to be supplying us. We have good relations with all, probably because we had to ask help in getting a violent epileptic, on one occasion, and one madman, another time, to the hospital. These are the only such incidents in the 8 years we have lived here. We are usually the ones helping them, running a local "poorhouse," in fact, and not funded, except by our readers, and all our young volunteers, who work without salary.

Strength of Prayer

But our peaceful revolution goes on. And learning from our friends all over the country, and from the letters of our readers, we are strengthened to resist the ever-increasing pressures of State and Federal Government and corporations and conglomerates!

"Dear Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief. In Thee have I hoped, let me never be confounded. Take away my heart of stone and give me a heart of flesh."

There is a terrible saying a priest once quoted to us, "He who says he has done enough, has already perished." If we went daily to our local Church, and there, in the presence of Christ, brought our problems, our pain, our suffering at our failures, and our mistakes which contribute so much to the sufferings of others, then I think we would be more nearly doing "enough." The growth of prayer groups all over the country does not mean a slackening of the struggle for peace and justice, but a strengthening of it.

Today the area is a refuge for wild fowl, one of the best duck spots on the Sound, and needless to say, their future is tied up with that of the Indians—as always.

Fruits of Organizing

The Survival organization is sending a delegation to the Navajos to try and get their tribal council to fund this far off transaction. But it all involves much more than this addition to their Trust Lands, important as that is, for they have extensive plans concerning the use of the property. They wish to construct a cannery and dock on the shore line, and label their own fish to sell wholesale across America. They hope to do commerce with the various other Indian reservations, in exchange for their diverse commodities, thus laying an economic basis for real Indian independence. If the Navajos fund the proposal, they will get preferential hiring rights in the cannery, the cold storage or warehouses, and the trucking. As they suffer from some of the most chronic unemployment in America, these jobs should be a godsend! Besides, it is seasonal work. Their youth will be able to live in an Indian community very similar to their own, and return to the South West with their stake reasonably intact.

Much of the ground work has already been laid for this apparently overly ambitious project. Their Survival organization (composed of those who fought so hard to retain the fishing rights under their various treaties) now has a virtual monopoly of the Indian fish catch in Western Washington. They pay five to ten cents more than the white traders do, and their word is good. Many of the tribes here are now fishing only because of them. They had often given up, due to police

and received more orders than they can fill. So the entire project is well thought out and entirely feasible. Up the Nisqually River, at the town of Yelm, there was once a successful cannery. And it never had anything remotely approaching a monopoly of Indian fish.

Works of Loyalty

In closing it is well to relate what their plans are, in relation to the profits to be derived from this cannery. Bear in mind that these are real Indians—not the urban types so common in our cities, whom they themselves often refer to as White Indians—and that they retain a near-communal form of existence, in the old-time native mold. They plan to open an Indian Orphanage, taking in all the Indian children regardless of their tribe, and an old folks home. They will be established side by side, with the older ones playing teacher to the young: their language, history, crafts, culture and so on. Preserving it before it is all lost.

They intend to try the few tribal councils with enough funds to finance such a large project, by Indian standards, rather than seek support from any other source possible. To my mind, this is an excellent opportunity for some white organization, perhaps one of the wealthier church set-ups, to fund a really worthwhile Indian plan. One that they themselves have developed, with help from no one, and a deal they can handle perfectly. In cold business terms it is a good investment and will yield them a reasonable profit. In emotional terms, endless expressions of sympathy for the American Indians and their plight here can now lead to an investment in something more substantial than rhetoric.

Peace Demands More than Study

By ROBERT M. OLIVA

"If the techniques of war can be learned why not the techniques of peace?"

The Pacem in Terris Institute is an association of people participating in the Manhattan College community who wish to see peace studied in a formal academic setting and structure.

In 1966, over 32 Manhattan College faculty members, in response to Pope John XXIII's encyclical "Pacem in Terris" became convinced, that with this mandate, peace could be studied like any other problem faced by man. The Institute promotes the study of peace in a professional manner to raise this issue for the students and faculty of Manhattan College and many other additional institutions. Hopefully these studies will provide the opportunity for finding solutions to the problems which face the world with extinction.

The Institute's constitution states the belief of the founders rather succinctly: "The founding members of the Institute, aware that the study of military science and problems of war have long been accorded a place in the curriculum of undergraduate colleges, including Manhattan College, believe that it is both academically feasible and morally desirable to provide a place in the structure and curriculum of the College for the study of the nature and problems of peace."

"Education and Peace"

The conference on Oct. 13, 14, and 15, 1972 "The International Convocation on Education and Peace," was the culmination of many years of moral and financial hardship. The purpose

of the conference was that those who participated in the weekend's activities would begin "Peace Studies in all levels of education."

Joseph S. Fahey, President, Pacem in Terris Institute, Tom T. Stonier, Director, Peace Studies Program, and Michael J. McFadden, a Peace Studies Major, along with other made the conference a reality. Months of programming, lining up speakers and publicizing amounted to a huge effort.

The conference was broken up into 8 Divisions, all of which contained a varying number of workshops or panels totaling well over 60. The divisions were concerned with differing topics: Division I, Teaching Peace Studies, Pedagogic and Practical Problems; Division II, Theory of Conflict; Division III, Contemporary Conflict; Division IV, Third World; Division V, Conflict Resolution and War Prevention; Division VI, Global Politics, World Systems and Global Culture; Division VII, Social Transformations; Division VIII, Environment. Attending each panel were three to four experts from major universities or institutes around the country who discussed their particular subject or occupational area. In conjunction with these on-going panels over twenty films were featured intermittently throughout the weekend, including the Martin Luther King documentary, "I Have a Dream." Exhibits were also part of the conference. The Garland Collection of three hundred twenty eight volumes on war and peace were on exhibition at the Cardinal Hayes Library. The United Nations Association, the Center for War/Peace Studies, Women's International League

for Peace and Freedom, the Canadian Peace Research Institute as well as the Catholic Peace Fellowship had exhibits and/or literature tables.

Conference's Lacks

If I were to stop with the above description of the conference, one would most likely be impressed with the massive array of topic areas and discussions which went on during the weekend. For myself this is not the case. The conference lacked many ingredients. Perhaps every ingredient that would allow one to make sense of such an event.

The most blatant deficiency of the conference was the almost universal failure to question the very premises of university or middle class American life styles. Peace was not seen as a way of life but as a way of study; an objective accounting of the ways of peacemaking. The very atmosphere which prevailed for the entire extent of the conference was impersonal. There was no real discussion of how new life styles based on peace must replace our perverse suburban values. No one seemed to notice that most of the maintenance men were Puerto Rican, or that the third world peoples were represented by not more than a handful of individuals out of hundreds of participants including speakers and panelists. There was no attempt to form a community of spirit among all of us involved. We commuted from classroom to auditorium and back again, uninspired and uninformed.

If we are serious about peace, we must be serious in our search for it. To be content with the study of the factual data of peace is a perversion; it is recreating the dichotomy between mystic and theologian. The study of peace is not the way to peace. Peace must be experienced as an embracing way of life and as an inner sense of being. Theology does not lead to God, just as "Peace Studies" will never lead to peace. The manner which peace is attained must commence not with a cessation of questioning but in the beginning of an endless series of them. Peace Studies can only mean a questioning of all we hold sacred, of all we assume in our daily lives. We must search out those essences and structures which allow us to hate unconsciously. Our fetishes for commodity goods, advanced education, degrees, new homes, cars, higher and higher standards of living, etc., dominate us to the extent that we can conveniently forget them as we placate our guilt by studying Peace.

A majority of the people attending the conference were middle to upper income people who could very easily afford the fifteen dollars registration fee. I think very few came away from the conference wondering why they could afford so much money and how their standard of living is necessarily the cause of the increasing poverty

and deprivation of millions of the world's people, including many in their own country.

To be for peace means to be in the forefront of criticizing all traditional norms. For the Pacem in Terris Institute, this demands a total re-evaluation of what education means. If education is limited to academic learning in a classroom setting, Pacem in Terris is surely a success. If education means a degree and a good paying job at the U.N., Pacem in Terris will probably make the grade. But if by education we mean liberation of the totality of a person's life and experience, his mind set and self-awareness as holder of societal values depending upon basic values, then the Pacem in Terris conference must be declared a failure.

Peace is Man Himself

The conference on the whole addressed itself to highly effete academic questions which, although seemingly knowledgeable and all embracing, never touched upon the area of how the university or college perpetuates by its very nature, certain forms of violence in our society. We all have been witnesses to the growing demand for degrees to assure an individual of a professional position. Will Pacem in Terris become another impetus for this educational syndrome to continue? Will the Institute result in producing what society considers "qualified" peace makers? The entire classroom mentality, the grading system, teacher-student relations, all must be suspect if peace is to be the subject matter. Peace means justice, and unless the very way we relate it is a just and egalitarian way, it will never find its way into their souls.

Personally, I believe that in any discussion of peace there should be no exams, no classrooms, no teachers or students, no grades and above all no degrees. Possibly, nation or world-wide resource centers could be founded where individuals or groups could commence a dialogue in which few of the inherent evils found in our educational system would prevail. We must never embrace the intellectual error of conceiving Peace to be a subject; on the contrary, it is man himself. Neutral or objective facts, as social scientists are slowly beginning to realize, are nothing more than illusions of alienated men who have lost all sense of their own reality.

The Pacem in Terris conference represents a number of things as I reflect upon it. To me, it is a symbol of American banality and estrangement. Banality, in that it attempts nothing beyond accepted values of proper behavior, (including academic behavior); estrangement, in the sense of reinforcing the myth of intellect versus emotion, scientist versus poet.

"Faith goes beyond words and formulas and brings us the light of God Himself."

36 East First

By JEAN-PIERRE BOYETTE
and JAN ADAMS

It has been so long since there has appeared a full report on us in this space that it almost seems necessary to affirm: "Yes, we are still here; the family goes on." Like most people in our neighborhood, we are too tightly packed together, too many loud noises jar us, and too many ugly sights depress us. We have times of tension, quarreling and bitterness — but also moments of glad laughter. And we do keep on.

As in any family, our old-timers provide the continuity and what little stability there is in our hectic situation. Whatever may be going on below, we know Mr. Anderson will be loudly keeping the fourth floor in order, despite his painful arthritis. Mike Kovalak still runs between his parish meetings and baby-sitting jobs. Julia and Anna are familiar faces on the third floor, joined recently by Mary who was struck by a car while on her wanderings.

John Gels keeps the mailing operation on the second floor running more or less smoothly. (If anyone is up for a debate, on any subject, just come visit Brother John.) Without our loyal mailing crew, without Charlie, Ida, Wong, Jonas, Ed O'Brien, Jeanette, Hiram, John-Michael, Mark, Marion and Esther, you would never see these monthly papers.

We are also fortunate we can count on our soup cooks, John McMullen and Ed Forand. John has left the Palace Hotel (a misnomer if there ever was one) to move into the fourth floor. Ed has also just moved; forced out of his apartment by a money-hungry landlord, he has a fine new apartment on the street. Many of us enjoyed his housewarming brunch; Julia claims she ate 12 cornmeal pancakes!

And we have many helpers and ad-

visers who come in daily. Paul Bruno performs daily wonders in salvaging our garbage for recycling, cat food for the strays who collect about us as readily as stray people, and bird food for his friends, the pigeons. Newcomers, cooking for the first time at the Worker, still learn much of the flavor of the place from Catherine's interruptions and suggestions. Joseph, in his sixteen shirts and bulging suit coat, enthusiastically carries our garbage cans and bread bags, preaching loudly in his broken German all the while against our drinking and smoking.

Indian Jim, the radio repairman, still tinkers away at the front desk. Jim has just moved into the fifth floor of the house to escape the winter cold, and marked the move with a trim afro haircut, done by Kathleen. Millie helps out regularly at dinner, urging each to "enjoy your coffee" as she collects stray plates. Harold Gay has been doing wonders of wall-washing and mopping; now he is plotting improvised Christmas decorations for us. And a surprise: after months of absence, Polish Mike came in to supper one day this summer as if he had been here all along, blond hair still neatly slicked back and ingratiating manner intact. Down in the basement of an evening, Mario practices his voice exercises in the bathroom, while Elinor sleeps stretched out on the benches, George paces fitfully, rolling endless cigarettes, and Louis meditates upon the wall.

Of course, with so many old people, we always have our sick. Earl has just been admitted to Columbus Hospital with an infected ear and internal bleeding. Scotty has been in Bellevue Hospital since August; we miss his cigarette mooching and toothless smile.

On October 28, Marty Arundel died

(Continued on page 7)



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+ + + LETTERS + + +

Mother Teresa

Calcutta

My dear Dorothy,

This will bring you our love and prayers for your 75th birthday, Nov. 8th.

So much love—so much sacrifice—all for Him alone. You have been such a beautiful Branch of the Vine, Jesus, and allowed His Father—the Vine-dresser—to prune you—so often and so much. You have accepted all with great love. The 15th chapter of St. John has been so much His love for His Father in you. Thank God.

I hope to be in the States sometime this fall.

In the meantime, pray much for me, the Sister and Brothers, and all those Co-workers of Christ.

God bless you,
Mother Teresa

Bronx Kitchen

4437 Park Ave.
Bronx, N.Y.
September, 1972

Dear Friends,

The storefront Soup Kitchen has a new home, a twelve-room house. After months of begging and saving, hoping and planning, we've finally made the move—the move we've so wanted and so needed.

This means more room and more people; more people and more work; more work and less money. Friends, we're broke. With the purchase of this house, we are left with about \$400 and a house to fix up and furnish, a community to support and people to feed.

Again, we need your help and now more than ever. We need money, and, with the new house, we need furnishings, plumbing fixtures, electrical equipment, paint, panelling, etc. We need food (canned goods), linens, kitchen utensils and the other things that make up a house.

We also need contacts—names of friends who could help in a special way because of special business interests (plumbing supply, electrical supply, food processing, etc.) or who could just help.

No. In the fury of asking, we haven't forgotten—THANK YOU.

Thank you for all you've done in the past. Your donations and your support keep us alive and well and working in New York. They allow us to feed 80 to 100 people a day, run our weekly Alcoholics Anonymous meeting, visit the sick and those in prison, keep telephone lines open 24 hours a day for counselling, information and referrals, and assist addicts and alcoholics in getting proper and necessary treatment. Thank you for all this and especially for helping us get our new house, where we will be able to offer not only food, but also shelter to those coming off drugs and alcohol, and to men and women being released from jail and other institutions. Thank you for our new house where we will be able to establish a community of men and women committed to living with and serving others in the struggle to become fully human by building a fully human society. Thank you for helping us help ourselves by helping others.

Let us all pray for one another and for peace, the peace that conquers the violence of war, and injustice, the violence on our streets and in our prisons, the violence of our legislatures and businesses, the violence of hunger, discrimination, oppression, corruption and greed—the violence in each one of us.

The Storefront

Unity Acres

Unity Acres
Orwell, N.Y.
13426
July, 1972

Dear Friends of the Unity Kitchen and the Farm:

It is now noon on Monday and I have escaped the confusion for a little while by using Shorty Carmichael's room to share a few pressing thoughts with you. The first is that of gratitude to God for the precious gift of life. Friday at 10:30 A.M. our large front building, housing 43 men, our kitchen and dining room and the dentist's office, caught fire and was completely destroyed. All the men escaped, two by a second floor window—what a reminder of the precious gift of life. We are filled with gratitude, and NOW to live it with a deeper awareness of the sacredness of each human person.

The second thought is to explain our plight, which most of you were aware of even before the fire, but is most desperate now. It will be one year next month that we made known our need for larger, safer, more adequate housing for our community of broken people. At that time and since we have been attempting to purchase an abandoned army base at Sacketts Harbor, now owned privately. All the buildings, close to 100, are brick and stone. There are fire hydrants every 75 feet. Last winter, life was difficult here because of over-crowding and the physical inability to function as a community. Now, since the fire, we are in such grave need that we could not possibly go through another winter here. Our kitchen, dining room and



Rita Corbin

housing for 60 men are destroyed. Madison barracks is empty; the need is absolute—the property and buildings are available—the only difficulty is money—\$310,000.

I remember the countless meetings we had with Bishop Cunningham and those who would help finance it when speaking of the need—saying one fire could snuff out 50 lives. Thank God these 43 lives were spared, and we commit ourselves to be quiet no longer—a dead military base is waiting to be filled with life. The whole potential is there, empty and waiting. We must be there before winter.

We have never appealed to the rich for large gifts, but only try to encourage all to listen to our God and Father in His Son, which for all of us is LIFE wrapped in sharing, in poverty, in death. A few of the rich could become a bit poorer so many hundreds could become rich in life. We think of Paul's words "Jesus, who was rich, became poor so that we might become rich in His Life." Are we willing to love as He loves us? Are we willing to lower ourselves and ask others to share in this love? Our daily existence as a community of broken people, loved and healed by the Lord, is a beautiful example of the response of hundreds, perhaps thousands of people to a lov-

ing God. We ask each person to pray that God will stir up those who are able to make our necessary move an immediate reality.

In gratitude, in love, in sharing.
Fr. Raymond McVey, and the men
and families at Unity Acres

India

Nagamalai Boys' Town
Nagamalai—Madurai-19

Dear Dorothy,

You have all been so much in my thoughts for the past few days that I feel I must write. For years I have been receiving, passing round The Catholic Worker. You were sending it before I was forced out of Ceylon in 1964 by the left government that was then in control. We were very much involved in work like yours in the slums with a Friendship House and rehabilitation work. And now—thanks to inspiration from you—we have here, in addition to so much else among the very poor—a "Christ Room." An evicted family, whose total possessions filled a very small bundle, now occupy it while we find them another house. Already it has housed a homeless weaver and his loom and a large family of Burmese refugees whose house collapsed in floods.

Thank you for all the goodness, wisdom, sympathy and humanity in your paper and I want you to know how much I feel for you in your multiple troubles and how great is my admiration for all your fellow workers. How well you would all fit in here and how much work you would have.

May I ask for a remembrance in your valued prayers—our financial problems are also gigantic but, like you, our trust in Providence is great. This trust of yours shines out from every page of The Catholic Worker.

Give my regards to Mr. Eichenberg whose woodcuts are so redolent of love and sympathy for Christ's poor. I value an autographed print he sent me years ago.

Thank you for so faithfully sending your paper. God bless.

Brother James, FSC

Los Angeles Prisons

820-A E. Garfield Ave.
Glendale, Ca. 91205
August 9, 1972

Dear Dorothy,

Greetings from California! Hope you are having a good summer, brownouts and smog attacks and all. It has been quite hot here recently. Hope it cools off soon. Our garden has been great, lots of tomatoes, corn, cucumbers, etc., this year. But no persimmons or pomegranates!

We have been saying for some time that we need a small apartment for ourselves and John, because there's not enough room here in the house for us.

We have also been wanting for some time to direct most of our time toward a direct non-violent campaign to correct conditions at our local jails, and to launch a grassroots movement to eventually close them down. 95% of the people in them shouldn't be detained; the other 5% should be detained, but not in the small cattle pens we call jail cells.

Some people tell us it can't be done, but they said the same to Cesar Chavez, to Gandhi, to Ralph Nader, etc. No one has ever tried in any depth to put together a joining of forces between the prisoners inside and their relatives and friends and others on the outside; a liaison to work directly and non-violently to make concrete changes—to give prisoners the encouragement to push for change in ways other than by rioting.

One possible way would be through the formation of some kind of inmates' union or organization on the inside, by which they could press and bargain for the changes they want. Just such an organization in England organized a 24-hour strike this month in 22 British jails in which 4,000 prisoners staged sitdowns in prison workshops and cells. The strike was called "to dramatize demands for improved prison conditions and negotiation on prisoners' rights."

For years the people inside U.S. jails and prisons have waited for organized support from the outside. Any such efforts have been few, sporadic, and shortlived.

We plan to start organizing from the ground up—with the families and friends of the prisoners inside and with other interested people.

The House of Hospitality will continue as before, with the other four members here taking on more of the day-by-day direction.

The money and other kinds of support that came into the House are barely enough to keep it going. There is certainly not enough to pay for an apartment for us, nor for the expenses we foresee in the jail campaign, nor for our other minimal personal needs. We figure we will both have to pick up some part-time work to pay our own way.

Hope your health is good.

Peace Dorothy,
Dan and Chris Delany

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

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In accordance with the provisions of this statute, I hereby request permission to mail the publication named in item 1 at the reduced postage rates presently authorized by 39 U.S.C. 3626. Frank Donovan, associate editor, business manager.

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FRANK DONOVAN, Assoc. Ed.,
Business Manager

36 East First

(Continued from page 5)

of cancer in the Veteran's Hospital. Marty, a life-long labor reporter, was an example of courageous integrity to many of us. Several of his articles on unions have appeared in the CW in recent months. Fr. Lyle Young conducted a memorial Mass in the house.

After 12 years of doling out money, searching for supplies, decorating walls, chairs and all available surfaces, and struggling to stay sane amidst chaos, Walter Kerell has taken a "sabbatical" from the office. Of course, Arthur J. Lacey is still at his office work, and reminds us frequently, "don't look at me in that tone of voice." Fortunately, Frank Donovan has retired from UPS and taken over Walter's office work. Frank looks thinner and paler every day as he cheerfully adds these responsibilities to his already heavy load of cleaning and painting.

With Gordon McCarthy off to the farm, (though he came down to help around appeal-mailing time), Pat Jordan has taken on the job of nursing our ancient addressograph machine—a monstrosity we imagine must have been on the ark. And that is not all Pat does: he seems to be everywhere, delivering messages, running errands, cooking soup in emergencies, writing letters, answering endless questions. In fact he works too hard: under the strain he is turning a peculiar gray-green color all his own.

Celebration

On September 12, Pat Jordan and Kathleen DeSutter were married at Nativity Church. The ceremony and reception, preparations and associated comings and goings, brought us all closer together as a community. In this way, the wedding became almost as much a gift from the couple to the community as the celebration of their union. Old friends, Chris and Joan Montesano from San Francisco and Diane Fassel from St. Louis, joined us for the festivities. Many unknown talents were uncovered, including Randy's sewing (he designed and made Kathleen's dress) and Frank, Steve, and Micki's musical ability.

Meanwhile the community always has its transients, young people who bring new energy and do much hard work, cooking and cleaning and keeping the house in order, yet take away as much as they give. This summer we had the help of Bro. Bart, Martha, Ricky, David from New Hampshire, William from Holland and Brother David whose reflections appeared in this space last month. Micki, Tom McDonald and Mike De Gregory have been with us for some months now, taking on increasing responsibility for the clothing room, house order, and serving needs of those who come to us from the streets. Although we were sorry to see Steve and Randy leave in September, we are fortunate in having new friends to take up the slack: Ellen, Jane, Tom Morrison and Mike Kirwan. Sr. Mary Charity gave us a week's working visit, an adventure for her, a great encouragement for us. Bill from the L.A. house has stayed with us a month to help out. Jean-Pierre returned to try to keep up with heavy load of house maintenance. We seem to be specializing in broken windows these days. Several individuals who visit us regularly help a lot: Sr. Mary Bernard who serves the soup line and cooks; Ken, another cook and also the artist who did the sketch of the house for the September paper; Bob from New Jersey who gives several weekday afternoons and weekends to house projects, recently including painting the basement; Jack and Lori who have taken regular days on

our schedule of cooks for the evening meal. And we appreciate our soupline volunteers: Ann Fraser, Bob Baez, Jerry, Grace, Charlie, and Ann Meyer.

To Every Season

With the cold weather, hundreds will be coming to us for warm clothes. We need help with this, especially coats, men's underwear, socks, and shoes. As welfare restrictions tighten and the housing squeeze brought on by greedy landlords continues, we see more and more needy people. Angie, who comes every day for food for herself and her husband, is hit by these pressures; denied welfare, she is also threatened with eviction. In addition to the alcoholics and destitute for whom the Bowery has always been a societal dumping ground, we see more and more mentally-disturbed individuals. Apparently the state will not fund care for mentally-ill persons it does not fear as dangerous. So many come to us, canny at survival on the streets perhaps, but helpless to build decent lives for themselves.

In the midst of all this frenetic activity at the house, we try to remember our concern for larger movements for justice and peace outside our hectic little world. In addition to the fine schedule of Friday Night meetings you will have seen in this and the last issue, we had a good gathering with Marshall Ganz, New York coordinator for the United Farmworkers, bringing us up to date on the lettuce boycott. Several people from here have helped in the drive to collect pledges not to eat lettuce. Mike De Gregory, who has spent October fasting for peace (see statement in this issue) and Jan are considering continuing peace actions we can carry on. And the Worker is a sponsor of a demonstration on November 11 by the tenants of Columbus Hospital against the hospital's plans to evict tenants from a structurally sound building and replace them with a parking garage.

So, if you have been wondering, we do carry on.

Choosing What to Choose

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of integrity in being and doing which requires no symbols for justification. Silence itself leads to the infinite, while sounds focus attention on the limited aspects of reality. While I do not minimize the power of words nor deny their value, I recognize their limited and sometimes distorted representation of reality. Such limitations and distortions are the more likely to be intentional the more they are designed to win my approval.

To some degree or other, all governments use force. Whatever its nature and to whatever degree it is used, to legitimize it is to be responsible for its existence and its use.

The Degree of Silence

Silence, however, transcends forms of government. No sounds can adequately express joy, none can erase suffering. The connectedness of all lives with each other best expresses itself in a silence which defies interpretation. To recognize that connectedness and to share in that silence is to open oneself to a universal responsibility and to an infinity of exercising that responsibility.

Sharing food involves fasting as much as it does eating. In a universal context fasting is perhaps a more meaningful way of sharing. For the availability of food is itself a luxury which some enjoy at the expense of others.

Spontaneity springs from an interior discipline and outlook. It can neither be taught nor enforced. It, too, flour-

ishes in the silences of sensitivity and freedom. I would prefer a world in which harmony prevailed, a world that was cooperative rather than competitive, where people were truthful and sensitive and loving. Deep-down those are ideals for which I strive whether anyone else does or not and whether anyone notices or not. I know that I am not doing all that I could do and that I make compromises which I would not try to justify. I know, too, that however much I do, it will never be enough.



Rita Corbin

Freddie Lee, both of whom seem to have a real rapport with her.

Wandering about the house in the evening, one may not notice sounds of activity in the kitchen in the midst of children's tumult, but one's nose alerts one to work in progress. Delectable aromas are often wafted through the air, for preserving, canning, and baking here are often done at night. As usual, some members of the community have gone out picking and have brought back grapes, apples, etc. Then there are tomatoes and other produce from our own gardens. Andy, Tony, Marge, Florent, Betsy, Mary Wagner, Bill Tully, Maureen, Mary Todd, and others have helped with the canning operations. On the basis of taste, Tony's

pickles ought to be awarded a blue ribbon at any County fair.

Herbal Delights

Few fragrances, I suppose, are more pleasing than those of certain herbs. This has been a good year for herbs. Betsy, Claudia, and others harvested these herbs and hung them for drying in the kitchen, dining room, my room, Claudia's room. What a nest of fragrance lingered about those fresh-cut herbs! Then when the herbs are sufficiently dry, there is the sheer sense-delight of stripping, shredding, and potting.

One evening recently, Claudia, Cliff, and I undertook the stripping, shredding, and potting of the herbs from St. Francis' garden. Sage, oregano, sweet basil, mints, lemon balm, rosemary, thyme, and lavender. Each fragrance seemed a new delight. Then when we had finished Claudia made lemon-balm tea, which was as delicious as it was fragrant.

The Round of Work

Routine work goes on with many helping. John Filligar looks after pump, reservoir, and furnace. Alice Lawrence, Marcel, and Cliff play stellar roles as cooks, though others—Claudia, Laura, Barbara, Mary Wagner, etc.—help. Arthur Sullivan does much baking, but again others help.

We have an active group of young people. Some of them—Mike Kreyche, Bill Ragette, Andy, Tony, Bill Tully, Mary Wagner, and a few others have undertaken the difficult job of tearing down an old barn to procure lumber for farm projects. Some, including this same group, work at a nearby cider mill to earn money for personal expenses and projects. A few other young people have part-time jobs. Many of these same busy people study Spanish or Russian with Claudia or Helene. Some are learning to play the piano, the guitar, the recorder.

Clare Danielsson continues teaching brain-damaged children in Poughkeepsie and doing psycho-therapy in a hospital. Helen Iswolsky and Stanley Vishnewski keep busy with their writing. Dorothy Day, even when convalescing, keeps up with a large correspondence and other writing. Marge Hughes, being in charge, is seldom at a loss for two or three things to do at once. Then there are the real saints of the community who wash the pots and pans and dishes, clean the bathrooms, etc. Fortunately, their names vary from time to time.

We move toward November, the month of Thanksgiving. O all Saints and all Souls, whose Feasts we shall soon celebrate, pray for us that we may truly thank Him. DEO GRATIAS.

Friday Nights

November 3—Murray Bookchin: Post-Scarcity Anarchism

November 10—Daniel Berrigan: Speaking Out

November 17—Bro. Thomas McGowan: Discovering American Theology

November 24—Thanksgiving — NO MEETING

December 1—Clare Danielsson: The Theatre of Reconciliation

December 8—Fritz Eichenberg: The Artist in a Post-Christian Society

December 15—Martin Corbin: Lewis Mumford: His Work and Influence

December 22—Christmas Gathering —Carmen Mathews reading "A Child's Christmas in Wales"

The discussions will take place at St. Joseph's House of Hospitality, 36 East 1st St. in Manhattan at 8:30 p.m. They will be followed by partaking of Jonas' sassafras tea.

LETTUCE WORKERS DEMAND OWN UNION

(Continued from page 1)

—a union of their own, the United Farm Workers.

In 1966 DiGiorgio Corp. was under pressure from their workers and they ran to the Teamsters and tried to make a sweetheart deal. In 1966 Perelli-Minetti tried the same tactic to thwart the will of the workers. In 1970, 200 lettuce growers signed back door agreements with the Teamsters. Unless the farm workers make a stand in the lettuce fields, growers all over the country will make deals with unions of their choice and farm workers will never have a strong democratic union of their own.

What evidence is there that lettuce workers want to be represented by the United Farm Workers? The strike in August of 1970 is the most powerful evidence. It is not easy for farm workers to go on strike during the harvest season. When they do, it is because they feel strongly about the issues involved. During the strike a number of growers commented as follows: "The Teamsters have our contracts but UFWOC has our workers" (Inter-Harvest); "I need 700 workers today; my Teamster contract guarantees that I will have those workers but I only have 100 workers in the fields" (Brown & Hill Ranch). Prior to signing contracts with UFW, Inter-Harvest, D'Arigo & Freshpict & Finnerman asked the Catholic Bishops Committee to supervise card check elections to determine the will of the workers. This was done for ranches in California and Arizona. In every case the Bishops certified that the workers voted to be represented by Cesar Chavez' UFW.

Did workers have a chance to vote for the Teamsters before the growers signed contracts in July of 1970? No! UFW repeatedly asked for secret ballot elections before the lettuce strike and

boycott got underway. The growers ignored that offer and signed with the Teamsters. There were no elections of any kind in relation to the 200 Teamster contracts. If the lettuce growers and the Farm Bureau are so concerned about the rights of the workers, why didn't they protest the "forced unionism" of the Teamster-grower alliance when it occurred in July of 1970?

Why would the growers prefer a union like the Teamsters over Chavez' union? The growers have been quoted as saying: "UFW is not a union, it is a movement" . . . "Chavez is a radical" etc. Behind those statements is some conscious or unconscious racism: the predominantly affluent, white growers prefer doing business with affluent, white union officials. It is also one way of avoiding sticky issues like blatant discrimination in employment and advancement practices (Anglo farm workers tend to get the supervisory, non-field work jobs).

UFW derives its strength from the will of the workers and must therefore represent the true grievances of the workers. Farm workers, elected from each ranch, are directly involved in UFW negotiations. As a result UFW makes harder demands and organizes strong, democratic ranch committees to see to it that contracts are enforced. Growers naturally prefer "doing business" with a union that does not derive its strength from the workers—a union that can collect dues and go softer on demands and enforcement.

Didn't the lettuce growers at one time agree to negotiate with UFW? Yes! In March of 1971 the lettuce boycott was suspended after the Teamsters agreed to withdraw from organizing farm workers. In May of 1971 the lettuce growers started to negotiate with UFW. There were over a dozen meetings. Everyone was hopeful about a settlement. But after the Salinas harvest was completed in the fall of 1971 the growers got more and more unyielding. They refused all compromise on issues important to the workers (e.g., the hiring hall) and the negotiations broke off in November of 1971. In retrospect it is apparent that the lettuce growers were stalling to get past the 1971 harvest while at the same time forming alliances to enact legislation in Arizona and California that would eliminate the boycott.

Are the Teamsters still involved in the lettuce struggle? No! On March 26, 1971, Frank Fitzsimmons, General Vice President of the Teamsters and George Meany, President of the AFL-CIO countersigned an agreement between UFW and the Teamsters. In that settlement the Teamsters agreed to honor UFW's right to organize field workers. The Teamsters have withdrawn from the lettuce fields and are not enforcing their contracts. In the July 22, 1972 issue of *Business Week*, Wm. Grami, director of organization for the Western Conference of Teamsters is quoted as saying he is willing to concede harvesting work to the UFW while retaining jurisdiction over food processing. "If the growers want to rescind the contracts with us, we will let them," Grami said in the *Business Week* interview.

If the Teamsters are no longer involved why do the lettuce growers keep talking about the Teamster contracts? The growers have pieces of paper they call "contracts." These "contracts" have no meaning to the workers and provide no protections for the workers but the growers have discovered that it confuses the issue for the public if they keep referring to their "contracts" with the Teamsters.

What is the role of legislation in the current lettuce struggle? The lettuce growers, the Farm Bureau and other grower interests want to destroy the boycott and make strikes impossible for farm workers. If growers can accomplish that result they will have robbed farm workers of their only non-violent

means of putting pressure on employers. Without organized pressure growers will never have to sign contracts with their workers.

On August 13, 1972 Arizona's repressive farm labor law went into effect. It outlaws all elements of the secondary boycott and even makes it illegal to encourage someone to "boycott lettuce." On November 7, 1972 the people of California vote on a farm labor law that outlaws the boycott, makes it illegal to say "boycott lettuce" and provides for a 60 day injunction

pesticides, mechanization). No self-respecting union can negotiate with its hands tied. If and when the growers want contracts they will first have to repeal their own repressive laws. The boycott will again bring the agricultural industry into the 20th century. They could avoid all this trouble and save a lot of money (millions of dollars will be spent by the growers in the California initiative fight) if they would just sit down with their organized workers and negotiate contracts.

Is UFW just interested in more and more wage increases for workers? The average farm worker family in the USA works hard and earns around \$2,500 per year. Wages have to be improved. But the United Farm Workers have a bigger dream than that: "Our goal is a national union of the poor dedicated to world peace and to serving the needs of all men who suffer." (Cesar Chavez) Already the farm workers' union has the following programs that serve the whole life needs of the workers and their families: credit union . . . medical clinic . . . retirement fund . . . medical insurance . . . death benefit insurance . . . family counseling . . . legal aid . . . co-op gas station . . . economic development fund (more co-ops, retirement housing, etc.) . . . huelga school . . . LaPaz retreat center . . . art & cultural center . . . newspaper.

The growers claim that Chavez is just out for money and power. Cesar Chavez lives on subsistence like all the strikers and boycotters: room, board and \$5.00 per week. He and his wife and children live in a small, 2-bedroom house at La Paz, Ca. Cesar Chavez and his family do want organized strength for the workers. They have pledged their lives to building a strong farm workers' union that can bring a measure of justice to rural America.

What can people do who want to help Cesar Chavez and the United Farm Workers? Most importantly, support the boycott of California-Arizona head (or iceberg) lettuce. Tell friends, store managers, restaurant employees, airline stewardesses, etc., about the lettuce boycott. Shop at stores that handle only UFW lettuce. Contact your local boycott office and offer your assistance. Other ways to help: 1) send money to UFW, P.O. Box 62, Keene, Ca. 93531; 2) For regular information on the farm workers' struggle become a distributor for *El Malcriado*, the official paper of the UFW; 3) If you have seen material from Geo. H. Gannon, a grower from Mabton, Wash. or material from the "Truth Squad" of Ariz. Ecumenical Council and if you want additional information, contact UFW.



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against all strikes and boycotts. (The Arizona and California laws are supposed to provide for union representation elections for farm workers but both laws make it impossible for migrant and seasonal workers to vote; the California law contains the following phrase which automatically disenfranchises almost all harvest workers. "the date of such election shall be set at a time when the number of temporary agricultural employees entitled to vote does not exceed the number of permanent agricultural employees entitled to vote." Consider a typical case where a grower has 10 permanent workers and 200 harvest workers. 190 of the harvest workers would not be allowed to vote.)

What does the future hold for the lettuce boycott? The lettuce boycott will continue no matter what laws are passed. In time (1-2-3 years?) lettuce growers in California and Arizona will want to sign contracts in order to sell their lettuce (they should remember the experience of the grape growers). But the Calif. and Arizona laws make it an unfair labor practice to negotiate on certain subjects (e.g., hiring hall,

UFW FILES SUIT

The United Farmworkers Union, directed by Cesar Chavez, has filed suit against a major New York City food chain, Sloan's Supermarkets, for misuse of the Farmworkers' Union Label. This type of misrepresentation, along with increased demand for Union lettuce by City chains, is strong evidence of the effectiveness of the Union-directed non-violent boycott. With over 47,000 New Yorkers having recently signed pledges supporting the boycott, store managers are finding it more difficult to sell their lettuce. Their tactic of fraudulently displaying the Union's "aztec eagle" label, which is protected by federal trademark law, is a conscious attempt to deceive consumers who seek to aid the farmworkers.

Cesar Chavez has urged City government as well as consumers to investigate supermarkets and to report any misuse of the label. In his words: "These supermarkets are making their profits at the direct expense of America's poorest workers." Tom McDonald

Ark Community

(Continued from page 1)

new families are coming for long "stages" in the perspective of entering the Ark if everything goes well . . . Please pray for us all. The Ark is arriving to a crucial turning point with these new foundations and the invasion of newcomers. We are completely out of money—an excellent sign!—and there are more and more people to feed! . . . and more action to lead in the world.

My thoughts are often with you,
Love,
Yvette Naal

AN AFTERNOON WITH LANZA DEL VASTO

Lanza del Vasto (Gandhi renamed him Shanti Das, Servant of Peace) will spend the last afternoon of his U.S. visit with the Catholic Worker family and others concerned with nonviolence and community living. Besides sharing his experiences and insights with us, Shanti Das will answer questions.

Time—1 to 5 p.m.—Friday, November 24th 1972.

Place—Hall of Nativity Church, 44 2nd Avenue (between 2nd and 3rd Streets).

"Return to the Source," the story of Lanza del Vasto's pilgrimage through India and his stay with Gandhi, will be available at the meeting. Recently translated into English and issued by Schocken Books, "Return to the Source" offers a deeply enriching spiritual adventure to any reader with enough courage to accompany del Vasto on his journey inward.

Those wishing to participate in AN AFTERNOON WITH LANZA DEL VASTO are asked to write or telephone the Catholic Worker (212-254-1640) by Wednesday, November 22nd.