

CATHOLIC WORKER

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Racism in Agriculture

By PHILIP VERACRUZ

The railroad tracks in Delano are the color line. In the eastside the whites live and enjoy their sense of superiority. Though among them one is poor and ignorant, he hates Mexicans because they compete for jobs and are paid less. Besides in the cowboy movies he learned that a wild Mexican can throw a knife at his back. He believes that it would be much better and safer if there were no Mexicans at all.

Anglos in the eastside of Delano don't like blacks either. After all, black ancestors were brought here in chains to work in the cotton fields of the south, while theirs came from civilized Europe where human beings were beheaded, where Napoleon butchered thousands of people and where Hitler gassed six million Jews. Perhaps many of them believe that Lincoln made a mistake in freeing the slaves because that kind act gave them hopes. They feel that blacks are too militant and cannot be trusted in dark alleys. They resent the long-haired radicals who have the guts to say that the American Dream turns into a nightmare.

Filipino Workers

Filipino bachelors are the most steady and reliable group of workers in labor camps. They are segregated, too, so they don't get mixed up with the opposite sex and get lost from the flock. On Thanksgiving their bosses bribe and flatter them with turkeys; on Xmas day, with pigs; and on New Year's Eve, with wine. Several of them worked for one employer for ten to thirty years. Others for more. When one gets angry, he moves to the other camp. He keeps on moving until he is back where he came from. He apologizes of having been too temperamental, but glad he is back now to stay for good.

Labor camps are their homes. On week days after supper, their kitchens turn into card rooms. On week-ends they go to the Westside Recreation Halls in town and play card games. With long years experience in the grape vineyards and playing Pi-Q, they become experts. But, surprisingly in both ways, they are the victims.

Rooster fight is another exciting game that breaks the monotony of camp life. Sometimes they hold cock fights by their camps, but most of the time at a pre-arranged rented place away from town. Ten per cent commission is charged. As the game is illegal, so those places are raided once in a great while. Law enforcement officers know that they are paid by public taxes, so a token performance of their duty is required. However, they must understand not to go all the way to eliminate the racket, or else they will not have anything to do. Those caught, whether betting or not, are fined fifty to over a hundred dollars each. Anyway, Growers prefer their workers broke for more rigid control. The vice is a social cancer to those addicted to it, but a wonderful blessing to agri-business.

Before the grape strike, some of them were already too old to work and were pushed out of the labor camps. They moved to cheap rooms or apartments they could afford. They were dumped out, unwanted and uncared for after giving the best part of their productive lives to agriculture. Their loyalty, trust and dependence on their employers brought misery and tragedies to their future. Oftentimes they got too sick without a doctor or medication. Their neighbors find them dead

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Black Panther Party:

In Quest Of Justice



Home On The Subway—Rita Corbin.

By GERALD C. MONTESANO

Those of us born white and middle class, have had to learn a new understanding of violence. The Vietnam war, the Black and Third World liberation struggles have given us a new focus.

"The population of the affluent world is nourished on a steady diet of brutal mythology and hallucination, kept at a constant pitch of high tension by a life that is intrinsically violent in that it forces a large part of the population to submit to an existence which is humanly intolerable the crime that breaks out in the ghetto is only the fruit of a greater and more pervasive violence: the injustice which forces people to live in the ghetto in the first place. The problem of violence, then, is not the problem of a few rioters and rebels, but the problem of a whole social structure which is outwardly ordered and respectable, and inwardly ridden by psychopathic obsessions and delusions." (Thomas Merton, FAITH AND VIOLENCE.)

These delusions have often led us to misunderstand and even distort (in the mass media) the "violence" and actions of groups which are victims of the violence of injustice. One group we have very often misunderstood and distorted is the Black Panther Party.

The Black people of America, as other poor peoples throughout the world, daily experience the violence our greed, apathy and racism inflict on them. When a man is denied decent food, shelter, clothing and the love and trust due a human being, violence is being done to him. He has been robbed of his dignity.

"You are not making a gift of your possessions to the poor person. You are handing over to him what is his. For what has been given in common for the use of all, you have arrogated to yourself. The world is given to all, and not only to the rich." (Saint Ambrose.)

Such violence sows in a person the seed of hatred. To further irrigate that seed with the injustice and brutality of racism is inevitably to bring forth the fruit of hatred. The repressive actions of American government have certainly done this to the Black Panthers. Our concept that violence is only picking up a gun or fighting in war is misleading. Such violence is only the fruit of the more prevailing violence of injustice.

Just as the root of violence is not only picking up a gun, the heart of nonviolence is not simply refusing to

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

As I sit down to write this column Mike Sollitto is in Bellevue Hospital under special care, and I must take this opportunity to say how grateful we are to that institution for the good care we have received over the years for the members of our large Catholic Worker family.

This is the third time he has been in the hospital this spring and summer, and he very much wanted to stay at home and be nursed. But he had only praise for the service he had there, and the good meals they served him. Now he is in serious condition indeed.

When Mike came to us back in the Fifties, he used to help us on the Peter Maurin Farm in Staten Island. But he had been brought up in the city and soon settled down with us and chose his occupations as most of us do around the Catholic Worker. He had a push cart of sorts, made from an old baby carriage and used to walk from Spring Street where we lived at that time all the way to the Fulton Fish Market to get our weekly supply of fish, which always was enough for not only Friday dinner for fifty or sixty people, but for fish chowder on Saturday.

We lived off the fat of the land, as old Agnes, widow of the barge captain used to say, but in this case it was the sea. One restaurant used to give us sword fish. Ed Barry who worked at the Municipal Building and ate down at the water front on Fridays got this gift for us which went on over the years.

Another one of Mike's errands was to go to the East side baker and get the day-old bread, Jewish rye and pumpernickel, as well as the white

bread. Now that Mike has gone lame these last years, the baker himself delivers it. Right now our bread bill has reached astronomical proportions, almost nine hundred dollars, but I hear that Ed, who sits down every Saturday morning and figures out how to spread the money out to all our creditors, has brought it down quite a bit.

Now that Mike does no walking, he presides over the long center table in our mailing room, which is also the television room, and is the hangout for the men who make themselves responsible over the month for the job of cutting the gummed addresses and sorting them into their proper labeled envelopes, ready for the grand job of mailing out the 80,000 or more copies of the Catholic Worker nine times a year, and our semi-annual appeals. Mike, John, Louis, Denis and Andy and many others take on this responsibility and for some weeks of the month it is a busy scene.

Even visitors who have a little time to spare are pressed into service and join with men of all nationalities and all occupations and backgrounds in the common task of mailing out the paper.

As I write Pat Rusk is telephoning to see how Mike is and the reply is "satisfactory."

Jean Goldstone

Everyone around St. Joseph's House of Hospitality knows Mike and inquires after him many times a day. Visitors from other houses of hospitality in other cities get to know Mike and feel how much he is a part of the work here.

But in a way we are a parochial group here, in that the crowd in the

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THE ONE MAN REVOLUTION IN AMERICA

By AMMON HENNACY

Consisting of eighteen sketches about radicals of many varieties, this is Ammon Hennacy's last book. Chapters are devoted to John Woolman, Paine, Jefferson, Garrison, Thoreau, John Taylor, Berkman, Parsons, Gov. Altgeld, Debs, Darrow, Yukeoma the Hopi Indian, Mother Jones, Vanzetti, Malcolm X, Dorothy Day, and Helen Demoskoff the Doukhobor. Written by one who was an active radical for fifty-nine years, the book seeks to bring to the people of today an appreciation of what others have done. It is a challenge to them out of the past. 338 pages, illustrated, paper bound, \$5.00. Please send orders: Joan Thomas, P.O. Box 2132, Salt Lake City, Utah, 84110.

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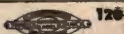
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ON PILGRIMAGE

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New York Catholic Worker doesn't know much about the other houses of hospitality and the people in them.

I've always said that New York City itself is made up of many little villages, Italian, Ukrainian, Polish, German, just as this street where we live is Italian, Puerto Rican and Afro-American with a good sprinkling of hippies. (The other day the FBI were in looking for Weathermen.) So our own people in this First Street House know nothing about what has been going on up on 147th St. and Lenox Avenue, Harlem, and the group of us who are concerned about a project there.

The workers on that project, an experiment in cooperative housing, are Rita Davis who lives in the house being worked on, a twenty-family corner house with stores on two sides; Ruth Collins, who went through real estate school to learn all about buildings, mortgages, codes, landlords and dealings with banks, etc.; John Coster, a lawyer who is a member of The Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, and a teacher in a labor school in Brooklyn as well as being a member of a law firm on Lexington Avenue; Bill Horvath, a Lutheran bricklayer of Hungarian descent, one of the editors of the CW, at present working in Boston, whose letters are occasionally printed, and who has studied the co-operative movement in England and the the Scandinavian countries; and Jean Goldstone, playwright, economist, and nicknamed by me the Engineer because I myself was most closely associated with him and got to know him while we were buying and rebuilding this house on First Street, four years ago.

When the Chrystie Street house became impossible to live in, what with faulty drains, a leaky roof, sagging beams, etc., Jean, Ruth and I looked over a few houses which we had been referred to by the real estate firm which rented us our former headquarters and apartments. Jean's job was to go from cellar to attic to find out how solid and sound these buildings were and to advise us about repairs needed. He seemed to know everything about construction and foundations, and so I got to calling him "the Engineer."

When we came upon the house at First Street, and the down payment had been made and the two mortgages arranged for, and the rebuilding began to meet the requirements of a most rigorous building code, before we would get a certificate of occupancy, Jean took over in earnest. He saw the entire job through from the shell it was to the finished product and that meant the installation of furnace, hot water boiler, plumbing, electrical work and all other details which make our life so comfortable here.

One time when the heating system broke down in the dead of winter while the work was going on, Jean sat most of the day in a stone-cold house, waiting for the plumber. There were

contractors, electricians, plumbers, painters and so on, and he saw to it that the work got done. When contractors are working on a number of jobs at once, and materials such as steel beams are not delivered, it seems the work will never get done. Sometimes I thought that Jean did not get the gratitude he should from the young ones around the Catholic Worker who were impatient to get into the new house.

This same devotion was put into the Harlem project these last few years, and in spite of ill health and his own writing on the social system which he was trying to finish, Jean gave his



time to what a lot of the Harlemites began to call the Rita Davis project. With a bad heart he went up and down the five flights of stairs, and up and down to the basement, accompanying plumbers and electricians, and supervising the cleaning out of area ways.

Finally his heart failed him, he was taken to Bellevue and after a few weeks of suffering, died. It was a shock and great loss to us all. He was a great soul, very Jewish, very sad and pessimistic at times about wrongs ever being righted or justice done. But he worked on, tirelessly. If we ever got discouraged, his warm smile cheered us.

Jean was sixty-six years old. "Greater love no man hath than this, that he give up his life for his friends." Certainly Jean wore himself out serving his brothers, black and white. And since God wills that all men be saved, let us think of Jean when we say those words of the Lord's prayer, Thy will be

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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

By FAT JORDAN

A quarter of a century after World War II, 1970 is a year of anniversaries. It is twenty-five years since peace was to have come, twenty-five years since the birth of the United Nations, twenty-five years since the spawning of the Bomb. 1970 remembers these events.

So do news spokesmen. In a recent editorial on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Alamogordo blast (the test explosion which marked the beginning of atomic warfare), a commentator in New York City opined that atomic warfare, more than the U.N. or any diplomatic undertaking, had assured the peace of the world during the past quarter century. According to Mr. Peter Kohler of WGBH-TV, global war has become more unlikely because of the Bomb, and world conflict has been "kept at a minimum" under the Shadow. Mr. Kohler spoke of a "balance of terror" (a new balance to go with those of power and payments) that has led us from fear and trembling to the possibility of contented living. It seems, according to Mr. Kohler, the world could have done without the United Nations these past twenty-five years had it relied more heavily on its arsenals to strengthen the peace.

How in what year did this come into fashion?

Deliberate indifference to the living,
deliberate cultivation of the dead.

So writes the poet Yevtushenko, presumably one of those who would destroy western culture should we let down our defenses. He says and sees so eloquently what Mr. Kohler does not, that fear is man's weakest legitimization. This is the anxiety that has burgeoned the watch-dog population of NYC, the fear that cuts off the possibility of conversation between Whites and Blacks, the trembling that can be seen in the greying eyes of Bowery men when too quickly approached. This, too, is the fear that has led whole segments of a young generation to aimlessness, who sit in stupor in Sproul Plaza. This is the fear that immolates a young man in Times Square and allows the forces of inhumanity to wall over the heath.

Is global war unlikely? It is happening now. Has the A-Bomb kept conflict to a minimum? Tell me when there has been peace since its inception. Has violence dictated itself in restraint? More explosives have been shed on Vietnam than all the wars of the world put together. Since 1945 man's insensitivity to the environment has blackened the skies with clouds more pervasive than mushrooms, with whole vistas of sickening pollution. And on July 16, the very anniversary of Alamogordo, the death figure of US soldiers alone in Vietnam reached 43,000 +.

Albert Camus wrote early in his career: "I find humility in my heart of hearts only in the presence of the poorest lives or the greatest adventures of the mind. Between the two is a society I find ludicrous." And so we find the naive reasoning of many editorial commentators today unabashedly shallow and ludicrous.

St. Thomas More, that man of courage and joviality, told us we need fear nothing but sin. What is the Cloud but man's presumptuous misappropriation of unlimited power, the sin of arrogance? Destructive weapons are the fruit of transgression. No wonder today that men are anxious.

Compassion, not fear, is the means to reconciliation. Fear is mindless, mistrust divisive. When we depend on them to settle our disagreements our credibility wanes. As men become human in overcoming fear, so our divisions will cease only as we can genuinely enter into conversation with our neighbors, be they friends or adversaries. Solzhenitsyn's novels tell us fearlessness comes when we have nothing more to lose, i.e., when we can enter freely into the life-system of communication.

Martin Buber has pointed the way from fearfulness to fruition. He reminded us that where there are faith and love a solution may be found even to what appears to be a tragic contradiction.

So let us dispel the fear, its bombs, prophets and commentators. Twenty-five years is enough. Beginning with this year, may we celebrate anniversaries of hope and communion.

36 East First

By HARRY WOODS

The blanket of the July sun has made its impression on the Lower East Side. Sunday is still market day on Mott Street as it runs through Chinatown, but now the sidewalks are packed as people meet on the street and greet one another in a language unknown to most of us. All the little fruit stands are out in Little Italy (it is good to see union grapes), the men standing around in little groups discussing what needs to be discussed—from the local bocci ball wizard to the happenings of Italian-American Unity Day. And of course, Orchard Street, a glimpse of what New York used to be years ago, is busier than ever.

July 4th saw the second First Street block party. For the whole day the people were out in the street, the men arguing over a card game, the women gossiping in Spanish, the children (and some of us older children) throwing firecrackers into the air, the spicy Puerto Rican food, the music being played on the street for all to hear—these were the makings of the block party. A pig was roasted (Susan Swain will tell you that she heard the pig being shot and captured on 1st Street—a dubious tale indeed), bright balloons decorated the dull apartment buildings, fire hydrants washed the street, and most of all the Puerto Rican flag was flown proudly on the block. This people's culture, despite tremendous economic repression, both here and in Puerto Rico, always leaves a deep impression on anyone who has ever lived in a Puerto Rican neighborhood. Poor, but full of strength. As Smokey told me, "Harry, these people have music in their hearts."

But all is not full of color and mu-

sic. The poor's simplicity and nobility are overwhelming, but their poverty is still degrading. One must still step over sleeping bodies in the Bowery and one still passes the drooping bodies of those addicted to heroin. Lice are still a problem, and the soup-line continues to be full day after day. God's poor still suffer.

The summer brings with it scores of visitors. Shirley Savin stayed for two weeks and helped Dorothy by her secretarial skills.

Jim Brucz, a Paulist seminarian, works all day at the Catholic Peace Fellowship, and also manages to put in a full day around the house. Jimmy's dedication to the works of mercy is amazing.

Mary Catherine Rabbitt, who was here last summer, has rejoined us and has brought Susan Swain with her. (Mary Catherine has the dubious distinction amongst Catholic Worker circles of shaking hands with Governor Rockefeller.) She and Susan are breaking the speed record for dishwashing on the Bowery. With them as dishwashers, and Dan McSweeney and Bob Basile cutting the bread, serving the tables, etc., with a lot of good will and with Mary Galligan's experience, the long line of men who come to us daily for soup are fed. Special thanks to Chris Montesano who has broken all records with starting the soup at 8:00 one morning when everybody presumed somebody else was getting up at 5:30 to make it.

Sandy Neil has been doing some eye-opening work at the prison ward at Bellevue Hospital and has been faithfully giving out the women's clothing.

Chris and Earl waged a two-day battle with our clogged sewers. Dennis

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Handcrafts:

Why White Oak Is King

By DAN O'HAGAN

There is no doubt about it, white oak is king. Having asked many people, farmers, woodworkers, carpenters and others, which wood they would choose if they only had one choice . . . most, after some thought, chose white oak; and after several years of learning more about it, I begin to see why. I begin to see why this majestic tree reigns supreme . . . tree of trees in the Western world.

Firstly, white oak is in itself (both tree and wood) beautiful. In any season, in any setting, this tree is attractive, but especially when given elbow room, when its great arms can reach out horizontally, twisting and cavorting the way they wish from its massive chesty trunk . . . especially then does this old favorite stop us in our tracks and we would doff our hats to its majesty, strength, shaggy beauty and grey sovereignty. Massive and so impressive, so at home in sunshine, rain, and snow in mute eloquence; and yet it is its inner-self that the fame of which has spread, and traveled, to the four corners of the world.

"Hickory is a fine wood," replied a woodworker friend, old Milton Young, who in the course of 54 years had worn out 15 draw knives making wooden bay forks . . . "but white oak is better."

And in the time I was apprenticing with him he repeated this puzzling statement . . . and, speaking Pennsylvania "Dutch" and little English, I never did get a very satisfactory explanation, except that hickory parted all at once . . . abruptly . . . but white oak gave a little warning. Milton and his father and uncles, brothers, and grandfather had made these handsome wooden bay forks, and probably it was even a family craft before coming to Pennsylvania as early settlers. I've never met any man more intimate with wood than Milton . . . a word from him (a command, really), a grunt, a deep crackling laugh with a whack with a stick, a special love . . . would send a split shimmering down the pungent wood exactly where he wanted it . . . he rarely used a saw . . . his two main tools were his draw knife and schnitzelbank . . . the Pennsylvania-German version of the "shaving horse."

But what made Milton's remark about white oak an enigma was that though this wood was used for forks (and canes), hickory was more often used . . . judging the old forks I've examined. Perhaps it was in cane-making that he was thinking . . . because bending the small rading on a cane-handle requires the utmost in bending and only the other day I came across a British booklet on bending woods and noted that of all the woods mentioned, American white oak could be bent the easiest to a small diameter . . . and this, of course, makes white oak the wood for boat and ship ribs . . . and steam bending of all kinds.

And if we may leave that wonderful master craftsman Milton, and continue on the subject of ships, we will find that oak and ships were inseparable . . . that not only for ribs, but those handsome bows of the Clipper ships, their keel, their stern-posts, their fanciful, fleet figureheads; for all, white oak was chosen . . . as this wood is twice as durable as other oaks (generally) in the weather and having a more compact grain has been a favorite for carving.

Doubtless it was this wood that helped make Britain be "Mistress of the seas" . . . and although the Spanish (whose cork oaks are still famous) may have been attracted by, and thrilled at gold in the new world . . . the English were thrilled at the plentiful supply of this tree and wood they knew and loved so well. Was it because their pre-Christian forebears, the Druids, regarded the oak so highly as to include it in their religious ceremonies? (Anyway, it has been the favorite church wood ever since.)

Examine those charming half-timbered Elizabethan houses, whose beauty

to this day goes unexcelled . . . examine those hewn braces and beams and they are this same wood.

But English ships returning from the colonies in the days of sail had in their hulls oak billets already split for barrel staves . . . for it has, to this day, been first choice for barrels: vinegar, beer, wine, or molasses . . . and I have heard that the coopers of France for making prime quality Champagne barrels try to capture at least one pith-ray as a barrier to the thin alcohol. The pith-rays in the white oak are very prominent and radiate from its center, or pith, outward like the spoke of a wheel, crossing the annual rings at right angles and causing, when surfacing in boards, that handsome grain variation called "silver grain" by the English and "mirror grain" by the Germans . . . it is one of the reasons for having oak "quarter sawn" . . . to allow this handsome pattern of grain to show . . . also the wood is less apt to shrink and warp unfavorably this way.

It is, in my opinion, for these amazing pith, or medullary, rays, that the Druids chose the oak as so symbolic . . . because what design in nature represents the logos more than that almost mystical design in the heart of this tree? Moreover, there is a tiny white 5-pointed star at its very center in every twig, in every branch, in the trunk, also . . . a hidden star, and from this travelling outward, like every imaginable point of the compass, are the rays crossing those concentric annual rings which again serve to accentuate the center . . . the beginning, the logos.

But to return to America and to Pennsylvania, and the many log houses I have noted in those parts . . . many, sided-over and unrecognizable today . . . the wood always chosen for these sturdy warm structures was oak . . . preferably white oak and for the early roof covering, the wooden "shakes" or shingles, none was better than white oak, though red oak was often used because it split easier, but was not as durable. It is the oak's wonderful ability to "rive," or split, that endeared it so among our ancestors . . . they knew this propensity, and they took full advantage of it. In fact, the word clapboard really comes from cleft-board, which got its wedge-shape from being cleft, or split, with that old, old tool, the froe, sure to be included in every covered wagon . . . the very hoops of which were cleft by it. It requires skill gotten from practice, but the oak today, still basically the same, can be split much quicker and simpler and

with less noise than sawing. Moreover, it is stronger; all fibers unfractured, or severed, the split running parallel with them, and more water-proof . . . as in shingles the fibers being parallel like thatch . . . white oak is so suitable for this riving that even today baskets are made from it just as in pioneer days . . . an eight-foot white oak log, preferably not thicker than a stove

causes the split to run down the middle, but should it wander to one side . . . (the second important thing) is to press down on the thickest side and this will cause the split to move in that direction. Strange, that while I was on this subject, a visitor came yesterday whose father, Elam Martin, a retired Mennonite carpenter, had done the riving of the oak shingles and



Eichenberg.

pipe . . . straight and free from knots . . . (older trees are not as pliable) is quartered and split again, then the sapwood (instantly recognizable by its whiteness) is split away from the heartwood . . . which is too uneven . . . and this sapwood is split and split again until it is as thin as a penny, and its width being $\frac{1}{2}$ " to $\frac{3}{4}$ ", this, kept wet, is very pliable and can be woven into the handsomest of baskets and chairs. In this and in any kind of riving (splitting) there are two main things to remember . . . always split in half . . . the equal strength of which

clapboards at the restoration in Ephrata, Penn., of the old 18th century "Cloisters" . . . which was used as a hospital during the revolution. It is well worth seeing by those interested in handcrafts and communitarian communities.

Some other favorite uses of white oak are for those massive wooden pumps that epitomized the largeness of American thought a century ago . . . reflected in the large homes and enormous barns. These pumps were bored by long 2 inch augers by hand; two men generally operating the handle, although one could make out. The wood being fresh, and full of sap, cut rather easily with a crunching sound and the men, every six inches or so, had to retrieve the long auger and empty out the shavings. The advantage of these massive pumps were that being so thick, they would never rust . . . and certainly they were valuable for their beauty; though large and robust . . . their corners were chamfered and their tops terminating in gracious upsweeps, and the swirl of their graceful, but heavy, handles blended both usefulness and beauty perfectly.

White oak was the wood for spokes for heavy wagons and often was chosen for the hub and rein as well. This past Sunday on a stroll down into a frozen marsh, I noted once again that amazing craft of the wheelwright as I picked up a broken spoke from a farm wagon mired down and abandoned how many years ago? Picking it up and bringing it along as in a moment I remembered again the Conestoga wagons and the early freights and pioneers, and how these spokes, big as a strong man's wrist, must have figured highly in those "earthy" days.

White oak was chosen for tanning leather, of course; the bark being used. The green hides were hung in vats or barrels of white oak bark and water; and slowly the brown liquid would begin to penetrate the white rawhide, until within a year it had reached completely through . . . thus tanned, the

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

On a warm starred night in late July, fireflies fly, weaving an aerial dance among shrieking pursuing children. A light breeze brings a whiff of sweet clover, obliterating momentarily the air-polluting smell left in the wake of incoming and out-going cars. Not far away someone strums a guitar, and a dolorous voice protests the horrors of modern war. A group of students on the lawn discusses pacifism, punctuating argument with non-pacific slaps at invading mosquitoes. Then down the river a barge, monstrous-sized, laden with oil-fuel of power, fuel to supply our insatiable craving for comfort, fuel of war, for which wars are fought, peoples oppressed, environments destroyed — labors cacophonously by, muffling the sound of talk, of music, of laughter, leaving our little ridge of land trembling after its passage. Noise and barge recede; and for a moment silence prevails. Then, sweet and clear, a cricket's voice is heard celebrating the ancient mystery of summer night.

There often seems a kind of frenzy in our summer days, when thunderstorms, heat, humidity and sultry weather are reflected in our sultrier temperaments and more explosive personal relationships. Yet situated as we are amid woods and fields, overlooking a

most beautiful river with a resplendent mountain view beyond, mornings can hardly come without some surprise of beauty. Even now in late July our dawns are heralded with bird music led by wood thrushes, robins, cardinals, wrens, and song sparrows. Yet despite the chaos and confusion which too many visitors, too many exuberant vacationing children, with too little order, there will sometimes be a quiet afternoon when it is possible to sit under a shady tree—as Dorothy Day and I did yesterday—and engage in a friendly conversation or simply meditate on peace which in these interludes can at least be hoped for.

There is also, I think, some promise of peace in the shrine of St. Francis which Daniel Dauvin has constructed in the little garden under the dining-room and kitchen windows. For the past several years I, with the help of Reggie and others, have done some gardening in this area. Now I have dedicated the garden to St. Francis; and Dan, a devoted Third Order Franciscan, is gardener and keeper, as well as maker, of the shrine. There is a beautiful sign lettered by Lora Waes. The bird bath and bird feeder were constructed by Dan so that the birds who

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BOOK REVIEW

SAL SI PUEDES: Cesar Chavez and the New American Revolution by Peter Matthiessen. (Random House, \$6.95.) Reviewed by JOSEPH GERACI.

That it is necessary to have non-violence on the American political scene, within the traditional party system as well as from the radical fringe, is a conclusion only reinforced by the immediate reality of our politics. The concept of politics as a detached form of action having its own value structure separate from the simple, Christian love-of-neighbor ethic, a counter ethic of expediency that over-complexifies its mode of being in the world as self-justification for its falsity, seems at times the only possibility known to our politicians. The integration, on a very simple level, of Spirit to politics should have been long ago one of our important concerns and anyone who can now give us any insights into this difficult task should be welcomed as a new, enlivening, national force.

Peter Matthiessen, in the book under review, "Sal Si Puedes" ("escape if you can") has given us such insights in the best way possible, by presenting a portrait of someone who is attempting this integration, Cesar Chavez. He has, so to speak, given us insights into the nature of our political-spiritual identity. (One cannot help feeling while reading this book that it is a case of the right man having found the right subject at the right time.) Matthiessen comes well equipped for the task. As a novelist his writing has the vividness of scene reconstruction and interest in personal detail that makes it intimate and revealing. As a naturalist Matthiessen's willingness to explore the ecological implications of the grape strike and provide the ethnic and historical background for the rise of the Mexican-American farm union, the UFWOC, gives the book an amplification that, while never boring, ever increases its worthwhileness. In capturing the actual development of an important American labor movement, it must certainly be unique in its readability and personal appeal. By centering his narration on particular time moments, chiefly the summer of 1968, Matthiessen uses his observation of the daily routine of Chavez as a focal point for a wider revelation of what went into that present moment in terms not only of the broader history of migrant labor but also in terms of background sketches of the closest of Chavez's co-workers and of Chavez himself. But Matthiessen's own words will best reveal his intent.

Because he is an unpublic man, Chavez is one of the few public figures that I would go ten steps out of my way to meet. Besides, I feel that the farm worker's plight is related to all of America's most serious afflictions: racism, poverty, environmental pollution, and urban crowding and decay. . . . Before this century is done there will be an evolution in our values and the values of human society. . . . This evolution—actually a revolution whose violence will depend on the violence with which it is met—must aim at an order of things that treats man and his habitat with respect, [that] will have humanity as its purpose and the economy as its tool, thus reversing the present order of the System. . . . Cesar Chavez, of all the leaders now in sight, best represents these rising generations. He is an idealist unhampered by ideology, an activist with a near-mystic vision, a militant with a dedication to non-violence.

Primarily, there can be no doubt, Chavez is a very astute political organizer. On every page his method of dealing with his own union's members and problems shows that behind an unassuming exterior, a gentle face, a totally unprepossessing manner there is a very strong character and mind working for a political goal that is not separate from a humane one. The grape boycott, under Chavez, has become as much a struggle to assert the native dignity and worth of the uneducated and denigrated Mexican American worker as it is an effort to develop the structure of an effective labor union.

Chavez began his labor career with Saul Alinsky's Community Service

Organization in Los Angeles. He first "worked as a volunteer in a voter-registration drive, organizing Mexican-American bloc voting," afterwards becoming chairman of that drive. Fred Ross, Alinsky's chief organizer in California and the man who was called to shape Chavez's ideas on organization, hired him some months later as a staff member, six months after which he took charge of the CSO chapter in Decoto, California, near San Jose. In 1953 he took charge of the CSO in the entire San Joaquin Valley. In 1958 he became national CSO director.

Since 1958 Chavez had been trying to organize the farm workers of Oxnard, California. He staged field sit-ins and a march to protest cases of job discrimination. By 1962 he was determined to establish a new farm union but when, at a CSO convention in Calexico (he was still national director), the board voted down his plan for the new union for the last time, he simply rose and said, "I resign." His decision to establish the National Farm Workers Association had already been reached in the mid-fifties but the deci-



sion to base it at Delano was not made until after his resignation from CSO.

Chavez has said that he picked Delano (where his wife's family lived) because he knew that hard times were ahead, and his family would not starve there.

Also, his brother Richard lived there, and besides Chavez already knew the area and its problems and had even lived in Delano when he was ten. The first meeting of the NFWA took place in Fresno in September, 1962.

That the idea of organization is of great importance to Chavez is apparent on almost every page. He has said on the subject:

There has to be a real organization, a living organization, there have to be . . . people in motion, and they have to be disciplined. . . . I mean a trained instinct so that when the moment comes, we just turn around and hit it. That's real organization. If you organize for demonstration, all you have is demonstration. You must demonstrate, and then return right away to the real work. . . . We're in the business of building a union, and so we just have one thing to do: strike, boycott, whatever, is all part of that business. People come along that have a great love of human beings and have never found a way to channel it. And then they go out on strike and transform that love into something effective — the whole question of human rights. . . .

Having met Chavez in October, 1969 I was struck by the paradoxical character combination of gentleness and strength within him. It was not a new insight by any means. Matthiessen has written, "It is useless to speculate whether Chavez is a gentle mystic or a tough labor leader, single-minded to the point of ruthlessness; he is both." But it was, precisely this "both" that

bothered me. It was clear that there was something behind this gentleness-strength polarity that kept him together and I must confess to having read the book bearing that question in mind, trying to find a clue.

Matthiessen has much to say on Chavez's character. He has that novelist's desire to see beyond surfaces, to see what's going on behind the scenes. He describes Chavez's charisma as, "an intensification of natural grace," and goes on to make the following, brilliant analysis:

What welled out of him was a phenomenon much spoken of in a society afraid of its own hate, but one that I had never seen before: the simple love of man that accompanies some ultimate acceptance of oneself. . . . a love that does not distinguish between oneself and others, a love so clear in its intensity that it is monastic, even mystical. This intensity in Chavez has burned all his defenses away. . . .

I should have had my answer from that but it was not until reading the following anecdote that the whole thing fell into place. Two growers (or rather ruffians) were patrolling Delano in a car threatening to beat up Chavez whenever they saw him. Chavez heard about it but accustomed as he was to walking to union headquarters from his home he did not put off that day doing so. The inevitable happened. The car drove up and screeched to a halt, one of the men leaning out of the window hurling insults. Without hesitation but slowly and deliberately Chavez began to walk directly towards the car. One of the men shouted, "Heh, heard you been beat up!" And Chavez said immediately, "Who's going to beat me up?" all the time continuing to walk slowly towards them. For some reason the man pulled out a camera and took Chavez's picture before they roared away, shouting obscenities behind them.

Very simply Chavez has real, honest, quiet courage; and courage is splendid. And I suppose he has courage because he is almost brutally honest about himself, or as Matthiessen says, "he is centered in himself, he is not fragmented, he sits simply, like a Zen Master," which just might be his most important contribution.

"Sal Si Puedes" gives as full a picture of the boycott as it does of Chavez. It is the story of the rise of a labor movement and the arrival of a new force in our politics that shared with Martin Luther King Jr. the name non-violence, a labor movement and union that bears the stamp of the man who leads it. There is about Chavez something light and humorous though the threats to his life are real and his task is of the greatest seriousness. The Chavez that can stand at a window and wave his arms clownishly is still a man of spontaneity. And when he says, "batallando con la vida," (I'm still struggling with life)—or substitute "growers" for "life"—one knows there is joy.

Music Review

MUSIC FOR PEACE by Mary Lou Williams (Mary Records). Reviewed by NEIL BARONI.

In the beginning was the blues. The sufferings of slavery took form, were shaped and created into song on the banks of the Mississippi by those early dark voices. Songs of broken families, of hard labor and imprisonment, of trains in the night, were moaning for rest, begging for mercy and pleading for deliverance. There were also songs for Sunday—shouting, hand-clapping songs about Jesus and His followers taken from the white man's churches, blended to fit their native African rhythms and given life. These were

songs of hope. Thus in a spiritual desert land, parched for lack of justice, the truth was made known through music. This was the beginning of a rich musical culture known as jazz.

Mary Lou Williams, pianist, composer-arranger, in her latest album *Music for Peace*, adds her voice to those hopeful ones. Music for Peace is an attempt to bring relevance to a tired, ancient liturgy in the form of a jazz Mass. This is a valid effort on the part of a sensitive, spiritual woman who has been in the mainstream of jazz for many years. In the work Mary Lou tries, successfully at times, to merge jazz with gospel and rock. The instrumentation includes French horn, flute and guitar and a standard rhythm section of piano bass and drums.

There are several good works on the album. The "Our Father," a Gelineau psalm-like vocal with Mary Lou's contemporary piano harmonies, is well done. "People in Trouble" has outstanding lyrics. It is a shouting blues-rock with an effective change of tempo in the middle, the voices declaring, "You are the Resurrection and the Life!" "Lazarus" is a "finger-snapper" with vocal, guitar and bass "straight ahead." Plaintively beautiful is the short, Mingus-like "In His Day Peace I Leave With You/Alleluia."

There are, however, several weak tunes in the recording, probably due to lack of money and time resulting in a hurried effort, as Mary Lou explains in her liner notes. The work itself is a new direction for Mary Lou, and the hope here is that she continues. In an age when institutions are collapsing for lack of honesty and relevance the Church would do well in more subsidization of her artists. This relevance is so necessary in sustaining not merely a revolution but life itself, as Mary Lou says "Music for peace . . . music for hope."

Personal

Beginning July 13, and ending August 6, Joan Thomas and friends of Ammon Hennacy are picketing and fasting in front of the Post Office Building (which houses the tax office) in Salt Lake City. The fast, which commemorates the atomic attack on Hiroshima twenty-five years ago, was an annual undertaking of Ammon's. This year's fast will also serve as a tribute to the memory of Ammon himself.

Fr. Hugo's books are now available: **LOVE STRONG AS DEATH**. Vantage Press; 120 W. 31st St. N.Y., N.Y. 10001, \$2.95. **ST. AUGUSTINE ON NATURE, SEX, AND MARRIAGE**. Scepter Publishers; 30 N. LaSalle St. Chicago, Ill. 60602, \$5.95.

The Third Hour, a religious-philosophical publication edited by Helene Iswolsky, now makes its ninth issue available. Price \$2, advance subscription \$1.50 (publication date: Sept. 15, 1970). Write: The Third Hour Foundation, Box 6, Lenox Hill Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10021.

Note Cards by Rita Corbin, consisting of various designs (plants, birds, fish, letters), 3 1/4 by 6 1/4, and with envelopes, can be obtained for \$1 a doz. plus postage. Contact: Rita Corbin, Box 33, Tivoli, N.Y. 12583.

Those who make private property of the gifts of God pretend in vain to be innocent, for in thus retaining the subsistence of the poor, they are the murderers of those who die every day for want of it.

Pope Gregory the Great

CULTURE VATION ::

On Ammon's "Woolman"

1016 Addison Street
Philadelphia, Pa. 19147
5mo. 14, 1970

Dear Friends,

As a long-time Quaker reader of your admirable publication, as a Christian who believes that Jesus is a revolutionary leader who makes Marx, Che Guevara, et alia, look like kids playing marbles, and as an acquaintance and admirer of Ammon Hennacy, I was most pleased to see you extract his chapter on John Woolman—and I feel just a bit embarrassed at writing in to quibble with it. However, it contains several errors of fact and two important errors of omission.

The first and very important error of omission is that Ammon failed to state Woolman's religious approach to slavery, an approach which has much to teach Christian revolutionists of all denominational persuasions. Briefly, Woolman was far more concerned for the slaveholder, and what slaveholding did to his spiritual condition, than he was for the slave; for the sinner than the sinned-against; though of course he was also enough concerned for the slave to be considered the chief founding father of American abolitionism.

And surely this is the attitude we desperately need today in our approach to the warmakers and the war profiteers and other evildoers. I personally understand Woolman's effectiveness in terms of the several individuals I have been privileged to know (not all of them Quakers!) who plainly were saints; in each case the key to their saintliness lay in their incredible contagiousness. You could not be around them long without starting to see the world from their perspective — though often, as with Woolman, your very first reaction was to think of them as oddballs. I think slaveholders must have found association with John Woolman exceedingly uncomfortable, not because he reproached them (he did very little of that), but because they found themselves infected with his outlook, which sorrowed for them.

The second important omission is of any reference to Woolman's essay, "A Plea for the Poor," subtitled "A Word of Caution and Remembrance to the Rich." I am sorry to think Ammon

never got to read this; he would have loved it. It was reprinted 150 years later in England as a Fabian Society tract, which says something about its revolutionary relevance. Again, and characteristically, Woolman was first of all concerned for the spiritual condition of the wealthy. While his economics in it are primitive, it is a precocious essay on conspicuous consumption, and a passionate argument for simplifying life as a witness against distributive injustice.

As to factual errors, I am pretty sure (though not certain) that Ammon is incorrect in describing Woolman as a dwarf. His clothes were odd, but I have never heard this said of his person. I have heard this said of one of two other leading Quaker abolitionists of the same period, either Anthony Benezet or Benjamin Say, I think the former. Benezet is the man who established what I believe was the very first school for black children, in colonial Philadelphia, at a time when blacks were regarded as uneducable. If you read W. E. B. DuBois' study, "The Philadelphia Negro," you will get a full account of this school, of how it was the communal center for black people in Philadelphia, and of how semi-Quaker worship there produced in time both the African Methodist Episcopal Church and the first black Anglican priest. When black children were admitted to public schools in Philadelphia, this school was laid down and the property sold and the money invested; it now produces an income of \$8000 a year, approximately, which goes to the Friends Meeting at 4th and Arch Streets, which in turn uses it for scholarships to send black children to its school in center city.

Perhaps the point to be made here is that Woolman did not act in isolation; he had companions; and abolition sentiment within the Society of Friends actually goes back to a 1688 statement by the Germantown Meeting, and grew steadily thereafter until by the Revolutionary War slave owning or dealing was cause for disownment. Woolman did not live to see this. And he was certainly in advance of his time. But he was not totally out of his time, and one wonders how much one or three or

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For Ammon

By MARY DUFFY

One evening while travelling this summer, I sat with young people from other countries in a Luxembourg youth hostel. They soon found out I was American and said in English, "America is capitalist. America should not be in Vietnam." Then followed a torrent of Flemish, German, and French that I couldn't understand. Ammon told me once that if I didn't agree and wasn't strong enough to fight, that I should keep silent instead of smiling and agreeing. This time I did agree, but I was not given a chance to discuss because so many loud voices of foreign languages were going at once. I asked all of them to bring me their clothes with holes in them. They were surprised but they did it. In a few minutes I had almost ten garments, some with only missing buttons, some with large rips. They watched while I took out a needle and thread and mended the clothes. I did as good a job as I could and when I gave them back, I said "All Americans are not capitalistic." They were kind then, and helped me on my way to Munich.

Sometimes here we speak of the war,

especially the one in Vietnam. We have a friend here who is an American veteran of that war. He caught malaria while he was fighting, but now he is better and is spending much money here in Austria. The most noticeable thing about the speech of Austrians about the war is that they are not impressed with the propaganda. They seem to be saying: (1) the war's purpose is to make money for American ammunition factories and war businesses. These war-money-makers do not care where the war is as long as there is one. After this war, they'll get one started in the mideast or Korea again; (2) the war is a joke and Americans are the object of mocking laughter.

In two weeks an Austrian friend and I will have a seminar on the Vietnam war at a university here. I hope enough of them speak English so that we can understand each other.

At home in America, I have seen most of my friends resist the draft. Even those who go do it only because they do not have the ready courage to

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LETTERS

Boston

March 9, 1970
855 E. 5th St.,
So. Boston, Mass.

Dear Miss Day,

This is the third year I see spring here in Boston. I live on the third floor of an old house overlooking the sea, near Castle Island in South Boston, a few yards from a place called Kelle's Landing where they sell wonderful seafood in the summer. My job continues with the Community Action Center in Columbia Point. The new director is a kind of Allinsky man who is for action.

I am in a sense learning new things here, and gradually lessons sink in. The buying club, the co-op potential, has almost established itself in an empty apartment in this Public Housing Project.

They have almost \$1,000 of working capital, another \$1,000 may be loaned to them soon and now the second work committee of three women will keep the shop open on Saturday. The first team of three, the pioneers, did this for two years for free. They usually have six children around them so we had to make one room into a recreation place for them while their mothers work.

One customer purchased \$80 worth of meat in one day to fill the new freezers the Housing Authorities gave with the larger refrigerators. We are trying to convince them (the customer members) of how to buy more wisely when their checks come. It is not unusual to make \$15 sales to one person. We buy bread we sell for 15 cents a loaf.

And just to show how prices are, we sell large cans of peaches, co-op brand, for 31 cents. It costs us wholesale 27 cents and the supermarket charges 37 cents.

When big grocery chains talk of only a 2% profit they do not properly emphasize that they have a large turnover, and that they first pay salaries, rents, mortgages and all that which among other things pays off property and equipment costs so that they build up an equity and the right to be established for this trade eternally.

Our system, or what I should like, is



thing to do that helps others, and it has status so that now others begin to join and offer help. A C.W. food distribution system almost. Fortunately, the Community Council supports it, the Housing Authorities let us use an apartment free.

I am trying to get a zoning variance so we can lease the apartment and prepare to be here long and safely. With a small token rent. So we shall not be so entirely dependent on the good will of a governmental agency.

I am not sure how many people understand all this and what co-ops are, but I suppose just being here and keeping to it makes it seem possible and the more that join, the stronger the chances are for it to solve its problems and work out a practical mutual aid society here.

Last Saturday I went to a Tenants Association meeting in Roxbury. I was most happy to learn that some of the ideas of a Community Land co-op are getting a hearing. I had written letters to the officer of the association two years ago, and they were listened to. The land would be mutually held in eternity as it were, by an association set up as a hold and development company in which the Board is composed essentially of:

Six representatives: 2 from in-tenants in co-ops.

The Board 2 from the community of tenants.

2 from non-profit neighborhood association.

A socialization of land. The buildings themselves, can be co-op companies, or non-profit holdings, leasing the land from the community co-operative. In the future, the land use would be determined not by this-or-that building company, but by the land holding co-operative speaking for a larger diversity of social interest, especially the consumers of housing. This is something Ruth Collins and John Coster and I often spoke of. Now the seed is planted here in a good tenants' union. This took two years.

I am told that this is the best city in U. S. for brickmasons to work, that the labor conditions are beautiful. I almost want to try it to get the exercise and do the most honest work, labor and creative production. I'd like to visit Michigan soon. I hear that there is to be a construction workers strike in May there. Housing has slowed down very much. I was told it cost \$160 per month rent for a new apartment in Boston, with 3 bedrooms to it and this cannot be repeated in cost now.

That it cost about \$21,000 to \$22,000 to build with land. Every percent of interest on the mortgage ups the price. With 1% interest, a unit may cost \$85 per month rent, with 9% it jumps to perhaps \$130. The bankers make the money; did you know that in the U.S.A. it is interest on money, not profits that FAR outweigh other profits as a source of capitalistic income?

Yours sincerely,

Bill Horvath

Bill Horvath, a bricklayer by trade, is our associate editor most interested in co-ops.

Los Angeles

House of Hospitality
180 Arlington Drive
Pasadena, Calif. 91105
May 20, 1970

Dear Dorothy,

We are happy to tell you that those directly involved in the Catholic Worker Movement in Los Angeles have increased from two to five, since the first beginnings at the end of March. Added to Dan and Chris Delany are Chuck and Christina Coghlan and Gerry Fallon. Chuck has a special interest in welfare rights organizing and Christina is involved in the movement towards developing creative ways of teaching and learning. Gerry has been an activist in several fields and he will continue to do so with the Worker. We all live in the same house and find that sharing our lives and our ideals with one another has enriched us tremendously. We encourage others to try it. The initial announcement said we

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a Community PX system of merchandising. The agencies put up some of the operating capital, the customers too, and we will sell at almost the wholesale price. I am suggesting that if I become your buyer for a yearly fee, my motive is to get you the most at the lowest price.

Like the old Chinese doctor that was paid to keep you well. This is now operating in Ottawa, Canada, and called the Direct Charge co-op; the customers pay about \$2.75 a week and buy at wholesale prices. It is perhaps, the first modern challenge to the conventional capitalistic retailing system.

The buying club is a kind of friendly society and gives the women some-

In Quest Of Justice

(Continued from page 1)

pick up the gun. Tolerating or being apathetic towards injustice is also violence. Our responsibility is to bring to life those forces which will create justice.

Ideology

The ideology of the Black Panthers is born of an understanding and experience of the violence of injustice. "We aren't hungry for violence; we don't want violence. Violence is ugly, guns are ugly. But we understand that there are two kinds of violence: the violence that is perpetrated against our people by the fascist aggression of the power structure; and self-defense—a form of violence used to defend ourselves from the unjust violence that is inflicted upon us.

"The people have got to know that we don't believe in murder but only in self-defense in the future and in the present. They must understand that self-defense goes beyond just defending ourselves with guns, but that political organizing and implementing the ten-point platform and program are the real political, economic and social means of defending ourselves." (Bobby Seale, SEIZE THE TIME.)

The Black Panther Party's ten-point program is a plan for (pt. 1) Black

tried by a jury of their peers. Juries are almost entirely white. A peer is a person of "similar economic, social, religious, geographical, environmental, historical and racial background" (Black Panther Party Platform and Program). Since Black people have not been tried by their peers, they have received an unfair trial and should be freed.

Decent housing (4), proper education (5), land, bread, clothing, justice and peace (10) are the social aspects of the Panther Platform. By proper education is meant a kind of exploration that will expose the corruption and racism of American society and will teach Black children their own true history.

One of the misconceptions that has arisen out of the ten-point program is that the Black Panther Party is seen by many as a Black racist group. But the Black Panther Party does not see itself that way. "We, the Black Panther Party, see ourselves as a nation, but not for any racist reason. We see it as a necessity for us to progress as human beings and live on the face of this earth along with other people. We do not fight racism with racism. We fight racism with solidarity. We do not fight exploitive capitalism with Black capitalism. We fight capitalism with basic socialism" (Bobby Seale, SEIZE THE

among Blacks to put more poor Blacks on juries (point nine). The Party has begun working in unions to make workers aware of their need to control production, and to create more employment by bargaining for a shorter work week. Point two is to provide more job opportunities. Liberation schools have been started to free both Black and white children from racism. These schools emphasize class struggle rather than race struggle (point five). Free clothing centers are opening (point ten). Businessmen have been requested to donate new clothing for the children. One of the best sources is unclaimed clothing donated by dry cleaners. The drive to vote for new laws creating community control of the police is the most crucial point of the program (point seven), for, in the mind of Panther Party members, its failure will leave self-defense groups as the only means to end police brutality. A petition for laws advocating a decentralized police department is being circulated in the cities. The laws require that the officers who patrol a community will be people who live in that community. There will be neighborhood councils elected by the people who live in that division. These neighborhood councils will appoint and dismiss commissioners and discipline police officers.

Solidarity

I am impressed by the Black Panther Party. It is an organization that has taken people off the streets of the ghetto. In general, these people were unskilled and jobless. Some were pimps, prostitutes, petty thieves, drunks and addicts. They were encouraged and trained to put themselves at the service of their people. They are serious. Often they work almost continually. They are aware that today's problems and injustices are a question of survival. The white community is only beginning to realize this through the problem of ecology and events such as Kent State. The struggle for survival has created a sense of solidarity among Party members. Yet this has not limited their scope. They are not racist. Their own freedom is seen as a growth process which will enable them to join in solidarity with other peoples. This view has enabled them to see that our solidarity lies in the creation of a social system where the needs of all are met. Such an awareness has created a concrete program, one that not only seeks to provide the basic necessities of life, but also strives to provide a vision of man that is social and communitarian.

The difficulty that emerges for me is the Black Panther Party's belief in the use of violence as a key tool of liberation. While I cannot support such violence, I can neither condemn a man who defends himself from brutality or who wishes to liberate his brothers from social injustice. Although I cannot agree to the use of violence in aiding them in the struggle, yet I must speak out in their defense. Bobby Seale, Huey Newton, the N.Y. Panther 21 and all other Black Panthers in jail are

is one of justice or violence. If we wish to eliminate the violence of groups like the Black Panthers, then we must eliminate the violence that is being done to them by injustice. Since all of us share in the guilt of the violence that is done, we are only in the process of becoming nonviolent. Those actions done by the Black Panthers which destroy injustice without destroying human life are basically nonviolent. Many of the programs of the ten points, such as the free food, medical and legal programs, are of this nature. They deserve our support.

Second, our focus should not be on their anger. Instead, it should be on our responsibility to help them change the social structure which is the source of the injustice. Here one of the most powerful tools of nonviolence is available to us—noncooperation. The corruption of this social structure resides more in the unwillingness of each and every person to give up the benefits of its institutions than in the gross corruption of those who rule the system. It is our willingness to take the benefits of the institutions of a corrupt system that helps perpetuate it. The task before us is one of sacrifice and creativity. We need to create new institutions in place of the old ones. We need also to militantly confront today's institutions in their acts of injustice. Actions such as the Farm Workers' boycott, the proposed mass civil disobedience in Washington during the Cambodian crisis, are the kinds of experiments that we should be conducting.

The use of militant nonviolence in changing an unjust social structure has a force that we have not fully explored. It exerts a pressure that violence cannot. Violence defies an unjust encroachment on someone's rights. Nonviolence not only exerts this pressure of defiance, but more importantly it exerts the pressure of respect for each and every individual including those perpetrating the injustice. Defiance with violence distorts the issue by its partial approach. The focus too easily settles on the violence and not on the issue. But with persistent and militant nonviolence the issue is not obscured. The Black Panther's "counter-violence" (which, nevertheless has been minimal compared to the violence forced on them by the Establishment) has allowed the Establishment to focus on the violence rather than the reasons for the violence. This has prevented most Americans from seeing the true issue. Since the Black Panthers are victims of injustice their demands for justice require our support. On the other hand, their violence causes us some disappointment because ultimately it too obscures justice. If we wish to create true justice, we must eliminate violence from our lives, especially the violence we do by injustice.

Ed. Note: Bobby Seale's SEIZE THE TIME is published by Random House, \$6.95.

On Pilgrimage

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done. May eternal light shine upon him, and may he rest in peace.

Local Pilgrimage

Most of the time my headquarters has been right here at First Street since the last issue of the CW came out. But there have been a few visits to the farm at Tivoli and two visits to my sister at Kinderhook and two very brief visits to my daughter in Vermont.

Now I will set out for West Virginia where I will visit not only Alderson Prison but also the Catholic Worker farm at West Hamlin. This is again just a few days away from home, home being New York.

But August fourth Eileen Egan and I will fly to Australia, our fare paid by friends there. We have meetings and seminars planned for Melbourne and Sydney and we will visit a house of hospitality and a farm there. Flying home we will stop in India for a week or ten days, and also in Tanzania. We have had our yellow fever shots, and still must get small pox vaccinations. Our visas are all in order and we are looking forward to this trip which will finish in England at the Pax Conference there. We hope to be back home by the feast of St. Francis, and will send news along the way for the September issue.



people to determine their destiny economically, politically, and socially. The economic aspects of the ten points advocate (2) a full employment of Black people and (3) an end to the exploitation of the Black community by white business. The essential thought behind this is the development of a socialist system where the formation of cooperatives in business and housing are explored. (Exploitation of the Black community by Black business is just as bad as exploitation by white business.) "We need to establish a system based on the goal of absolute equality of all people, and this must be established on the principle of from each and every person, both male and female, according to their ability, and to each and every person, both male and female, according to their needs. We see establishing socialism in the society as a means by which we begin to remove the oppressive social obstacles..." (Bobby Seale, SEIZE THE TIME.)

The political aspects of the ten-point program advocate: (pt. 6) exemption from the military, (7) end of police brutality with self-defense groups to prevent this brutality, (9) jury of peers, (8) release of all Black prisoners, and (10) a United Nations supervised plebiscite in the Black colony to be directed by Black people. The reason for exemption from the military is that the American government uses the military as a means of maintaining racial and exploitative measures of Black people in America and of other races throughout the world. Black people are not

TIME). For the Panthers the problem is not a race struggle but a class struggle of a massive working class against a small ruling class. Racism is a major factor that keeps the working class divided and conquered.

The Party has done much to implement its ten-point program. It has begun free breakfast and lunch programs for ghetto children. Party members enter the community and find a place with proper facilities, and ask the owner to allow them free use of the premises. Generally, these places are associated with a church. Merchants and other possible sources of support are asked to donate food. Members from the community are recruited to run the program. Once on its feet, the program is conducted by the community. Party members are then freed to begin a new task. This turning of the program over to the community implements point one (determination of destiny). Donations from merchants aims at eliminating exploitation by business (point three).

The Party has also started free medical and legal clinics. Community centers are being conducted where doctors and lawyers donate their time and service to the Black community. In the San Francisco Bay Area, e.g., twenty-five doctors and medical students have pledged to give their time to the centers. This breaks down the exploitation of poor people by the medical and legal professions (point three). There must also be noted the drive for heavier voter registration

The Priority is building, for it is in the act of building that life is generated and regenerated within us. And the necessity to destroy should never take precedence over the necessity to build. We will destroy what is necessary to destroy by defending what we build. But, if we concentrate solely on destroying, ultimately we will only destroy ourselves.

Julius Lester.

political prisoners, victims of a liberation struggle against an unjust and racist government. They must be freed.

What Means?

How can I, or any pacifist, support a group that advocates the use of violence? Some may wonder about this question.

First, the question is misleading. The question before us is not one of violence or nonviolence. As I have tried to make clear, the question before us

A Farm With a View

(Continued from page 3)

listened so attentively to St. Francis when he walked this earth might be rewarded for their fidelity. Overlooking all is a small but tasteful status of St. Francis which our good friend Judge Mahoney of Tivoli, was kind enough to lend us. There is at present no Wolf Gubbio, but there is a toad who not only does important work in the garden but probably feels that in his way he is just as devoted to the gentle Saint as any Gubbio. As for the petunias, marigolds, four o'clocks, zinnias, nasturtiums, lavender, sage, mint, etc., what are they but the living representations of the "little flowers of St. Francis"?

There are persons, too, who disseminate peace. Such, I think, are Kay Lynch and her mother, who returned from Texas the latter part of June to stay with us again. In her quiet unostentatious way, Kay is also one of our most efficient and dedicated workers.

The Pax Conference, or Study Weekend, which will be held here July 31-August 2, should also help to spread peace not only among those who participate but also somewhat beyond our borders. Anyone wishing to attend should contact Clarice Danielsson here at the Catholic Worker Farm in Tivoli.

The Day of Recollection and prayer which was held in our chapel July 18th, was surely a source of peace for many who participated. Let us hope a few seeds of peace were left over for all of us to help us through troubled days to come. Fr. Ferry from North Vale, N.J., and Sr. Brendan, former President of Merrymount College provided leadership for the day.

The subject of revolution hardly seems peaceful, but the re-evaluation of revolution which took place here on the Fourth of July weekend resulted in peaceful, though thoughtful discussion. Clarice Danielsson, who organized the weekend, acted as moderator. Helene Iswolsky, who spoke on the Russian Revolution and Marty Corbin who spoke on the American Revolution, gave scholarly talks, both particularly well presented and illumined with insights too often overlooked.

Helene emphasized that the Russian Revolution was not just a sudden violent upheaval but had actually been prepared for many years by dedicated intellectuals and liberals of those very classes so much despised later.

The works of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky certainly seem to me to sustain this point of view. Marty emphasized that if revolution is taken to mean a complete change politically, then we have not yet undergone one in this country.

The very freedom so much talked of by the colonial leaders applied only to a limited class of white men. Women, Negroes, American Indians were hardly considered people, at least not free people. The discussion of the Green Revolution, which was to have concluded the meeting had to be cancelled because of the failure of the speaker to appear, though Hazen Ordway, a visitor and old-time Catholic Worker, gave some reminiscences of Peter Maurin.

Implicit, however, in both Helene's and Marty's talks was recognition of the need to move toward nonviolence and those spiritual values, that dynamic personalism which are at the heart of Peter Maurin's teaching, essential to revolution in the true, full, permanent sense of the word.

How to learn to live at peace with nature is the subject of the ecological discussions scheduled to take place here at the farm August twenty-second. Human beings have already inflicted so much damage on other creatures and on the environment of earth, air and water, that unless we move quickly, intelligently, and drastically to repair the damage, we can hardly hope to survive.

St. Francis of Assisi, who understood the harmony of man and nature, the sacredness of all creation, pray for us.

Hunger, I suspect, is hardly productive of peace. From this point of view, John Filiger and Fr. Andy Crustiel are among our leading peacemakers, since their gardens produce so much of the food we eat. John who is our chief farmer is grateful, I am sure, to Larry Evers, George Collins, Florendis, Elaine,

and others who have helped with the gardening.

Sue Marshall, who is visiting with her three children, did a fine job tying tomato plants to the stakes Daniel had prepared. Fr. Andy has not only produced vegetables for us but has also harvested raspberries and other wild berries from the woods which we have enjoyed for dessert, and some of which Andy has made into excellent jam.

Most important of all, from a liturgical point of view, Fr. Andy says Mass twice a week for us. Without Mass we, who are so turbulent and confused, would surely find our occasional pleasant interludes of peace, much more difficult to attain.

Whether marriages are productive of peace, will probably remain controversial as long as there are marriages. The wedding of Sue Murray and John Murphy that took place on our lawn on a day in June when the sun shone just in time, was, however, a beautiful ceremony. Sue is the daughter of our old friends Pat and Mary Murray who are now on the staff of Camp Hill, and who, with many friends and relatives, came here for the wedding Mass performed by Father Andy.

In any community the performance of essential routine work is a great help in peaceful living. During the summer months when our community seems almost to disappear in a kind of free hotel operation, adequate help is very important. We have no paid staff, no salaried workers. All work is voluntary. Sometimes peace is broken simply because those who could, fail to cooperate. Here at the farm Marge Hughes seems to be principal coordinator with several assuming responsibility for certain phases of the work, and with many helping in many ways. We thank them all, with a special thank-you for visitors who help, as so many do.

One of the most interesting and important work projects which took place here this summer was the roofing on the main house and the old mansion. Walter Jarsky and Dan began the job. But after Walter and Miriam left to take their little son Mathew to visit his grandparents in Belgium, Dan had to find new helpers. On one occasion when male volunteers were lacking, three women — Phyllis Jones, Kay Lynch, and Amy, a visiting student, volunteered. Phyllis Jones, who is from England and spent several weeks with us visiting her old friend, Emily Coleman, said that she wanted to uphold the honor of the British Labor Party. Kay Lynch had actual experience since she had helped her brother-in-law with his roofing in Texas. Amy perhaps was trying to learn through doing. Anyway these women worked hard and well, and did something to redeem the reputation of women which had suffered after the failure of the "women's liberation" garden near the old mansion. Dan has also told me that John Murray and Florendis also gave good help on the roof. As a result of this project, the large livingroom in our main house and the large hall in the old mansion have been saved from flooding by leakage. We no longer have to set up the babies' swimming pool to catch the leak whenever it rains.

Perhaps one of the most necessary works in any design for more peaceful living is that of caring for the sick. This summer when Peggy Conklin has been so ill, we are grateful to God for Elaine Lapointe who has given Peggy such devoted and tender care. We are grateful too for Elaine's quiet peaceful presence.

As Mrs. Ham who is also often very ill, can testify, Alice Lawrence and Mike Sullivan do their share of caring for the sick, though they both assume important routine responsibilities besides.

A Catholic Worker community is in many ways a microcosm of society. We have more people seeking haven here, undoubtedly because there is a recession and work is harder to find. Students in particular are finding this true. We also suffer from many of the problems society is afflicted with. We have alcoholics and mentally disturbed living with us who, though usually helpful, sometimes become difficult, even violent. Almost, always we have some of the alienated young, who

though they do not always find happiness in our midst, seem to prefer living with us to whatever alternatives they have. These are the problems, the aspects of poverty with which we are most familiar. We are surrounded by beauty, beauty that can be seen, heard, touched, smelled. But the thorns of problems, of difficulties, are always with us. And for all the joys of community—they are real, they are many — life in community — as someone, Buddha, I think, once said—is a blade of sword grass in the hand.

This evening at sundown a wood thrush sang for me. In the garden of St. Francis, I plucked a perfume-bearing flower of lavender. Now in the quiet night, I smell the lavender, and in my mind hear—and shall ever hear—the song of the thrush. DEO GRATIAS.

On Ammon's "Woolman"

(Continued from page 5)

two dozen persons can do if there is not a sympathetic environment in some measure, however saintly they may be as individuals. Ammon Hennacy's life, among others, raises this question: He set an example that will long be remembered, but it may be generations before radical social change of the type he lived becomes something generally desired.

The point about harassing Quaker merchants and craftsmen by offering their indentured servants freedom from indentures if they went to war is accurate, but it is not accurate to say indentureship at this period was a version of limited slavery. It is true that in the very earliest days, immigrants would pay their passage by selling themselves for a given number of years of labor; it should be added that in the very beginning, the distinction between this and black slavery was obscure and some early black slaves were treated like indentured servants and freed after they had repaid their owner's investment in them. But in the later colonial period, indentureship was a contractual form of apprenticeship to a trade, and most of the indentured servants of Quaker merchants or artisans were the children of other Quakers. The harassment was therefore not at all aimed at embarrassing anybody's Christian conscience; it was aimed at subverting children who had been raised to a radical understanding of Christianity.

A minor correction to close with, but

the Catholic Worker. Hence the May '70 issue with its page 1 column 1 item on John Woolman caught my eye.

Upon reading the item I discovered a rather serious error which I feel I should call to your attention—at the same time being aware of the delicacy of this matter in view of Ammon Hennacy's recent death and the courage and greatness of the man and his life.

In the 4th paragraph on page 1, the 3rd sentence says, "Whittier describes Woolman"—and here follows a quotation from Whittier's introduction to "The Journal of John Woolman" published in Boston in 1871. But the quotation describes a man named Benjamin Lay and not John Woolman (see page 14 of the Introduction).

I think Ammon Hennacy's error in believing Whittier was writing—on page 14—about Woolman is quite understandable, but a close reading of the pages before and after makes it clear he is describing the very eccentric and grotesque-looking Benjamin Lay—who was a precursor to John Woolman in speaking out against slavery at Quaker gatherings.

I would not call your attention to this matter if the very vivid and grotesque picture given by the Whittier quote is not so far off the mark of Woolman's physical appearance.

Yours in peace,
John Daniels

36 East First

(Continued from page 2)

Ward and Brother John, by much patient dedication and through many interesting and not-so-interesting philosophical discussions, succeeded in leading the paper crew in preparing the May issue to be shipped to the post office. And, of course, the fourth floor remains spotless with Mr. Anderson behind the mop. Thanks to Gloria, Grace and Frank (who work all week and help us on the weekends), many weekend burdens are taken from our shoulders. Italian Mike is back from the hospital, and back with a new load of stories from his past, as Gloria can well testify. Scotty's annual visit to the doctor ended with a loud but somewhat unbelievable "yes" when he was told to give up smoking.

Kathleen De Sutter, Teddie Gilliam, Jean Drilling and Pat Jordan have all left us for the summer months. Pat is already back along with Gordon who took a breather in Tivoli. The community continues—its beauty in its



one you ought to print merely as a matter of interdenominational courtesy. The founder of the Religious Society of Friends was not named John Fox, he was named George Fox. A very interesting Catholic study of Fox (with which contemporary Quaker scholars have some arguments; but it's not less interesting for all that) makes up the largest part of Monsignor Ronald Knox's "Christian Enthusiasm."

For victory in the Lamb's War, fraternally yours,

R. W. Tucker

1310 Sunset Rd.
Rd. #1
Castleton, N.Y. 12033

Dear Dorothy Day: I am a Quaker reader of The Catho-

divergency. Ed Forand's love for the SLP, Mike's experience in Cuba, Ed Brown's stories, the sick and the well, the dedication of the young and old, plus the folly of the young and old somehow are all brought together in the community.

In Populorum Progressio, Pope Paul in speaking to the media says:

"... It is up to you to place before our eyes the stories of the efforts exerted to place mutual assistance among peoples, as well as the spectacle of the miseries which men tend to forget in order to quiet their consciences. Thus, at least the wealthy will know that the poor stand outside their doors waiting to receive some leftovers from their banquets."

First Street is an attempt at this.

+ + + LETTERS + + +

(Continued from page 5)

would first open one House of Hospitality on skid row in L.A. and another, in which we would live, in a poor neighborhood sometime later. A fine place for the first House was located in an old building in the heart of skid row, plans were drawn up by an architect, Adolfo Miralles, and "negotiations" were undertaken with the City Board Of Bldg. & Safety, the Fire Dept., etc., and with the landlady. There were long delays and lots of suffering while it seemed that nothing was being accomplished. In the meantime we began serving meals on the street in skid row, the first being on Easter Sunday, with never less than 100 men being served at a time.

At the end of six weeks we and the landlady came to the same conclusion that the place selected would not do. She felt there were too many problems in setting up a kitchen and dining room in such an old building. We had decided, before she reached her decision, that serving meals on the street was a better way to go, that it would not require the high cost of fixing the place up and the payment of rent (\$100) and utilities each month, that it would not tie us down to one place, and would leave us much more flexible to meet a number of other needs.

So a few days ago we purchased a used laundry van (15 ft. long and 6 ft. high inside) for \$769 and have just begun using it to meet the needs of the poor in a number of ways.

First on our list is the feeding of the hungry on skid row and elsewhere. We are only going to be able to do this on a daily basis if we get a great deal of help in terms of donated food and/or donated time to help prepare and/or serve it. There are many hungry people walking the streets daily in our rich cities.

We have also made a stab at using the van to provide help for the poor being released each day from the men and women's jails in L.A., many of whom have to walk home or have no where to go. Early one morning we parked the van for several hours at the exits of both jails, but met only a few persons coming out. We need to do more research as to the time when the most people are released. The need is great. 30,000 human beings, mostly poor, are locked up in the facilities of L.A. County at any one time. (This includes the jail on top of the Hall of Justice, built in 1925 for 1,700 men and now jammed with 3,000. U.S. Federal Dist. Judge Gray a few weeks back called it, "the worst place I know of," and "a place I wouldn't want to keep my dog.")

We have also been busy resisting the Indo-China War and all wars, which rob the poor the most, by organizing public dissent, by leafleting in public, by trying to form a community of resistance in Los Angeles, and by trying to disengage ourselves personally from paying for or being involved in the U.S. war machinery, including the refusal to pay federal taxes.

We have also decided, on a trial basis, to use our mobile House of Hospitality for two other purposes: 1) to collect used household furniture and redistribute it to the poor directly; and 2) to collect, and turn in for cash, empty bottles and aluminum cans (glass and aluminum can companies have turned ecologists by offering 1/2c each for them). For the furniture we need warehouse space (which we don't have), centrally located, for free or for a token sum. Please help us in this if you can.

If CW readers wish to help us and find it inconvenient to help in any of the above ways, we can always use their moral support and can put their hard-earned money to work for the poor.

Through the generosity of a number of persons, several from out of state, we have received over \$1000 so far. \$769 of it went for the van (Bud Hauser sold it to us for \$100 under the going price), and several hundreds have gone to purchase food and to pay for essentials. We currently have a little over \$200 on hand, which is not much to cover the needs which we are setting

out to meet through the Catholic Worker in Los Angeles.

The all-over response has been wonderful and warm. Friends, as well as strangers, have responded with great enthusiasm. Our first letter was reprinted in the "Catholic Radical," the paper published by the Catholic Worker in Milwaukee. We have received several checks from their readers, as well as the checks and promises of help from local individuals and families we have written to directly or who have heard second-hand. (If you have friends you'd like us to write to please send us their names.) To each of those who have helped us we say thank you. We feel the burden of our responsibility all the more because of their generosity.

Peace and love,
Dan & Chris Delany
Chuck & Christina Coghlan
Gerry Fallon

Ed note: A more recent letter from the Los Angeles house tells of the group serving coffee and donuts daily at the jail. Also using the van, they serve one meal a week in the shell row area, and help released prisoners travel to the disperse parts of the city.

Chicago

1024 W. Armitage
Chicago, Ill. 60614
July 17, 1970

Dear Dorothy,

I am writing specifically to request your help. We have acquired an old printing press (Karl Meyer's) and are planning to start publishing a series of essays, articles, poetry or other literary forms relating to the central theme of the building up of a nonviolent communitarian society. A possible title for the series is "The Gentle Revolution." We would like to find articles, essays, and other writings of all types which are not available in English (we can translate from French or Spanish), or which are unpublished or out of print. Specifically, and to begin with, I have heard that there are some good writings of Gandhi which are still unpublished, and I thought maybe you would know how to go about trying to find out if and what there is, and what one would have to do to get permission to publish such things. If you could help, or give advice or suggestions of other good things to print, we would be most open to that. We also plan to write some articles ourselves.

Our work co-op, is going well now. We have about 10 to 12 men from the neighborhood, mostly Latins, working regularly and sharing the wage money as it comes in. Our workshop, which is our share in the housing cooperative, is beginning to function too, and the making of Montessori materials is getting off to a start. I will not be able to start the neighborhood Montessori school in the fall now, since we are expecting a baby the first of October, but I plan to get it started in January.

Our community has grown to about 14 people now. Some extra young people are living and working with us during the summer, and one or two may stay on next year. We continue to have common prayers morning and evening, and Mass in our house once a week. Our Friday evening meetings have been suspended during the summer except for occasional times.

Willa Walsh visited us this week and gave us news from Baltimore. Please give our love to Pat Rusk. It was she who gave us the idea two years ago that there were unpublished writings of Gandhi and others that someone ought to print.

Kathy, Phil,
and Christopher Bredino

Pennsylvania

Friday morning
R D #1
Narvon, Penna.

Dear Pat (and Dorothy),

Thank you for your note and sending the CW. I hadn't heard of Ammon's death and was shocked. He was such a strong, reassuring person. The very antithesis of death; and here again is

the poignant reminder, the message that we all are to go. No one stays, no matter who he is, or what he says. Death is democracy in this sense, and a kind of tyranny in another in that few want it, and the will-to-live is so deep and strong in man.

I was hoping Ammon might read my letter as we were jailbirds together in 1957. I think he was one of the bravest people I've ever known. He had courage. I thought he lacked tact. But perhaps we have too many tactful people in the world and this he felt so strongly. He was an unusual teacher, alert, penetrating, brusque; forth-coming with facts, evidence, experience, to ramify what he would say. No dozing when he held forth. His eyes looking directly at you, he was a challenger if there ever was one.

Also he had a wonderful balance between calm serenity and nervous energy which I somehow connect with being carefree about his diet and being a vegetarian, like Gandhi, who I think also had this balance. Both capable of prolonged activity in super exciting circumstances, and yet staying on even-keel. Fasting too I think is a tool which helps maintain and adjust this balance. It is the tight rope that these men walked so skillfully.

Finally, Ammon was human. Some of his faults were so apparent one need not call a huddle secretly to try to find one. They were there as broad as daylight. Nothing deceptive or calculating; this I think allowed many (especially young people) to accept him immediately and older people, at times dismayed by his lack of tact, to respect him anyway.

One thing again which I appreciate about him was his love of work, especially outdoor work. He was not an idler; and he was I think (like all men basically) in his element and at his best at work. When he was doing something constructive (and I note this in his writing), he was more poetic, at ease, expansive, not so bitter, touchy or critical. There is something about the country, about the outdoors which soothes man and brings out the best in him. Does the blue sky and fresh air bathe his sins slowly away? Or is he reminded of God more subconsciously admiring His magnificent craftsmanship?

Ammon was a perfect example of a worker-scholar neglecting neither mind nor muscle. An example for us to remember. Bless him and may his joy be full.

P.S. Would you correct (if possible) Douglstown to read Doylestown or I fear people looking for the museum and library will be confused. This excellent museum is in Bucks county directly in front of the county jail.

Narvon is near Churchtown, Pa., but

White Oak

(Continued from Page 3)

hides were excellent leather either for harness, or for the village shoemaker to sew with his waxed linen thread.

Even ink came from the white oak . . . and many a man has noticed that any iron touching the wood of the "green" tree leaves a purplish stain; and so by gathering oak galls, rich in the chemical needed, and then introducing iron . . . a tolerably good writing fluid was to be had.

Lastly, and it rightly should be the last use to which this friend of man should be put . . . is for fuel . . . for man to warm himself. And as firewood white oak is unexcelled. Dry, it gives a crackling good blaze with penetrating heat . . . green, it burns surprisingly well. It was, and is deeply valued for a cold winter night . . . for the farmer and his wife know that a big chunk of this wood put on the red coals will steadily burn, not too fast, not too slow, till morning.

Ed. Note:

Dan O'Hagan was one of our companions on a yearly civil disobedience, refusing to take shelter in compulsory air raid drills during the late fifties and early sixties.

our nearest town is Bowmansville, 13 miles south of Reading, Pa.

In the future I hope to take Marcia's advice and print proper nouns!

Daniel O'Hagan

Racism in Agriculture

(Continued from page 1)

after a day or two. No sign of appreciation nor gratitude for Farm Workers' invaluable services rendered to the most affluent society in the world.

No Promotion

Racism is the biggest headache of the U. S. today. It is in order to relate it to agriculture in which minorities are the worst victims of discrimination and prejudice. An unusual equality of treatment for non-whites is: No promotion, dumb or smart.

In their ranches, the growers maintain segregation. Anglos, Filipinos, Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, Japanese, Arabs, etc., have their own respective groups with their bunkhouses and kitchens. Each group is completely a stranger to the others, even those working in the same company for years. The sinister idea is to keep workers divided. When one group forms a union and strikes for recognition and collective bargaining, the others scab on their fellow-workers. So, exploitation goes on for big profits and prosperity in the agricultural industry but is never shared by the workers.

People who are segregated by race, nationality or language from others have no mutual understanding nor trust. Isolation fosters suspicions, fear and racial hatred. Thus, on one hand, discussion, agreement and unity among workers is impossible to achieve for the ultimate goal of unionization. On the other hand, the growers become richer, more powerful and ruthless under the shield and influence of the farm bureau federations.

In the farm workers' union, all races meet and join together to achieve an ideal—mutual understanding, sincere cooperation and true brotherhood. The farm workers' movement in Delano is the closest approximation of the ideal that I have seen in many years. My hope is that our unity and brotherhood will be permanent.

For Ammon

(Continued from page 5)

do what Ammon did in the two World Wars. I thought the reason our young men did not want to go to war was not only because no one wants to kill and be killed, but also because the war is an unjust one. Then I came here to Europe and found to my surprise that the young men of other countries, almost without exception (often the exceptions are shunned socially), also do not want to go to the military. They are all conscripted, but not as long as 2 years as with the U.S. army. They look on the military as tin soldier games and seem to think that military does not make youth into men, but makes both youth and men into fools. Some of the military ride around on bicycles and shoot into the mountains for practice.

The parents of one friend said he should go to military, because then he would learn how to make his bed and keep his room clean. These same parents were alive when an American plane bombed a school in this town, killing 65 children. It is surprising that they associate the military with clean rooms.

Ammon would be happy to know that capital punishment is against the law here, and my friends sympathized with Ammon in his fight against that. Like Malcolm X, I have also found that Europe is a place that makes one look at life all over again from a different angle. Folks don't have so many IBM numbers here, and even the experience of two world wars has not made them think that arms solve much.

These days, I think often of Ammon.