Hope and the "Roto": The Crime of Chile's Poor

By JOSE OBREZO

(From the July-August issue of the C.W. we printed a report on the strike of a foundry worker. The following article was written by a founder in Chile. The chronology of events spans some five years: the period before, during, and after the strike, and government. The story ends with the tragic events of September. Jose Obrezo is a pseudonym. Eds. note.)

The stock of ingots reserved for us in the smelting oven crew-about twelve comrad, 16 hours a day for several months, and 40 hours a week. Monday morning they were together and refused to work overtime one weekend. Saturday and Sunday included, and they were given the gate. Those who were too insistent were given the gate. The latter, which embraced administrative and certain manual workers, had its own privileged specialized trades, had its own privileged social status and social security benefits; union-wise the "employed persons" were divided into "administratives" and "production." The division of the "workers" was completed by a discriminating bonus system which favored certain groups at the expense of others. The overall result was a climate of jealousy and antagonism which gave to everyone the possibility to scorn some and envy others. A judicious combination of these elements usually gave the possibility of neutralizing the trade unions and putting them at the boss's service. The foremen and executives were all-powerful; they dictated measures arbitrarily and didn't hesitate to dismiss anyone who questioned them; that didn't bother them. There were always twenty guys outside to take your place. No use in appealing to the Work Inspection Office; you'd have to pay lawyers, and there were hundreds of legal devices the boss could use to best you.

I remember the day they fired the smelting oven crew-about twelve com­rades. They'd been working between 14 and 16 hours a day for several months, Saturday and Sunday included, and they were given the gate. They got to­gether and refused to work, and she'd fallen into. The boss was there to blame. Then there was the institution­al division between "workers" and "employed persons." The latter, which embraced administrative and certain man­ual workers, had its own privileged social status and social security benefits; union-wise the "employed persons" were divided into "administratives" and "production." The division of the "workers" was completed by a discriminating bonus system which favored certain groups at the expense of others. The overall result was a climate of jealousy and antagonism which gave to everyone the possibility to scorn some and envy others. A judicious combination of these elements usually gave the possibility of neutralizing the trade unions and putting them at the boss's service. The foremen and execu­tives were all-powerful; they dictated measures arbitrarily and didn't hesitate to dismiss anyone who questioned them; that didn't bother them. There were always twenty guys outside to take your place. No use in appealing to the Work Inspection Office; you'd have to pay lawyers, and there were hundreds of leg­al devices the boss could use to best you.

The last assembly we held before the coup was impressive. It was a sequel to an assembly which the administration had called several days before to inform us that our stock toward the smelting oven crew was down to zero; that with the truck drivers' strike there was no way of withdrawing ingots from the warehouse. Everyone knew practically a house of hospitality in Moly's on occasion. The story of those days in a book she wrote later when the children were outgrown but never outworn, and about my daughter's age, and every time we saw each other, which touched me very closely-Jenny Moore, whom I knew since the old Mott Jail, and Jenny both had nine children, and the story of those days in a book she wrote later when the children were outgrown but never outworn, and about my daughter's age, and every time we saw each other, which touched me very closely-Jenny Moore, whom I knew since the old Mott Jail, and Jenny both had nine children, and every time we saw each other, which touched me very closely-Jenny Moore, whom I knew since the old Mott Jail, and Jenny both had nine children, and every time we saw each other, which touched me very closely-Jenny Moore, whom I knew since the old Mott Jail, and Jenny both had nine children, and every time we saw each other, which touched me very closely-Jenny Moore, whom I knew since the old Mott Jail, and Jenny both had nine children, and every time we saw each other, which touched me very closely-Jenny Moore, whom I knew since the old Mott Jail, and Jenny both had nine children, and every time we saw each other, which touched me very closely-Jenny Moore, whom I knew since the old Mott Jail, and Jenny both had nine children, and every time we saw each other, which touched me very closely-Jenny Moore, whom I knew since the old Mott Jail, and Jenny both had nine children, and every time we saw each other, which touched me very closely-Jenny Moore, whom I knew since the old Mott Jail, and Jenny both had nine children, and every time we saw each other, which touched me very closely-Jenny Moore, whom I knew since the old Mott Jail, and Jenny both had nine children, and every time we saw each other, which touched me very closely-Jenny Moore, whom I knew since the old Mott Jail, and Jenny both had nine children, and every time we saw each other, which touched me very closely-Jenny Moore, whom I knew since the old Mott Jail, and Jenny both had nine children, and every time we saw each other, which touched me very closely-Jenny Moore, whom I knew since the old Mott Jail, and Jenny both had nine children, and every time we saw each other, which touched me very closely-Jenny Moore, whom I knew since the old Mott Jail, and Jenny both had nine children, and every time we saw each other, which touched me very closely-Jenny Moore, whom I knew since the old Mott Jail, and Jenny both had nine children, and every time we saw each other, which touched me very closely-Jenny Moore, whom I knew since the old Mott Jail, and Jenny both had nine children, and every time we saw each other, which touched me very closely-Jenny Moore, whom I knew since the old Mott Jail, and Jenny both had nine children, and every time we saw each other, which touched me very closely-Jenny Moore, whom I knew since the old Mott Jail, and Jenny both had nine children, and every time we saw each other, which touched me very closely-Jenny Moore, whom I knew since the old Mott Jail, and Jenny both had nine children, and every time we saw each other, which touched me very closely-Jenny Moore, whom I knew since the old Mott Jail, and Jenny both had nine children, and every time we saw each other, which touched me very closely-Jenny Moore, whom I knew since the old Mott Jail, and Jenny both had nine children, and every time we saw each other, which touched me very closely-Jenny Moore, whom I knew since the old Mott Jail, and Jenny both had nine children, and every time we saw each other, which touched me very closely-Jenny Moore, whom I knew since the old Mott Jail, and Jenny both had nine children, and every time we saw each other, which touched me very closely-Jenny Moore, whom I knew since the old Mott Jail, and Jenny both had nine children, and every time we saw each other, which touched me very closely-

During the month of October there were three deaths, all within a week, which touched me very closely-Jenny Moore, wife of Bishop Paul Moore; W.H. Auden, the poet; and Franklin Spier, my only sister's husband. This is an October. November issue, and November is celebrated in the Church as the month commemorating the dead. So it is fitting I should begin my column remembering those.

As I begin to write, I hear the news of the death of Scotty, Cornelius Dal­glish, who spent these last ten years of his life with us. (One of these days I'd like to write the obituaries of many of our dear departed. It would make a book.) But today I want to tell of Jenny Moore, whom I knew since the old Mott Street days in the Forties.

Jenny Moore

Jack English, our deceased Trappist, associate editor, introduced us. He had a great enthusiasm for people and was always bringing them together. She was about my daughter's age, and every time she had another baby she'd say, "I'm keeping up with my daughter. " Tamar and Jenny both had nine children, and many of the Moore clothes were passed on, outgrown but never outworn, and my kids locked forward to the Moore packages. They knew each other personally-why Jenny dropped by the Hen­nessy's on occasion.

But my closeness to Jenny came about because she and her husband were running practically a house of hospitality in a black section of the city. It was the story of those days in a book she wrote later when the children were grown enough that she had to exercise her fine talent as a writer. They lived, the Moores, very close to the poor in Jersey City. Then her husband became a Bishop, first in Indianapolis, then in Washington, and now in New York City. What unified us in friendship was the life of the spirit-and the fact that we were both mothers, and both committed to writing-and at the same time to hospitality, to the poor, from what­ever background they came. When Paul Moore telegraphed me of her death, he added that her end was peaceful. I got to Washington, D.C., for the funeral ser­vices at the Washington Cathedral, a service indeed a celebration, with readings, music, and a sharing of bread and wine. The "kiss of peace" was exchanged (Continued on page 8)
One night last week a neighborhood friend of ours came to the house at the last half a wall in the middle of the month she was alive in the Age of the Apocalypse. She did not have to elucidate, or were we really needed. The truth of the matter is, the apparent too apparent — the corruption in high places, the continued grinding of the poor by the rich, the continued hunger and fear provoked by greed. The morning paper had juxtaposed the photos of both leaders, one of them, the flame of what they have called brick-making, a demonstration of courage, a search, thought, in this hardened, similar faces which design to destroy the destiny of billions!

As our friend spoke I saw thousands of Israelis and Arabs, dead in their weeks of war. Unknown people, most of them. Their blood spilt so leaders could come to get the young woman's signature. To the poor; more and more leaders, more and more money goes out for armaments, to God and Teresa and three ducats can do everything. "And God returns to the strength to keep working "for a society where it is easier .to be good," as Peter

...
Woodcutters' Union Cements Black and White

By GINGER ROBERTS

Chattom, Alabama, is hot at night, even in October. A breeze sometimes blows across the high-slung, black-and-white railroad tracks. It has the usual share of broken-down shacks, squatty little stores, and a main street with a weedy, snakey black ribbon into the forest at either end of town.

Ten years ago, there may well have been a "Klanner" town, full of white laborers who were just the kind of people jumping and showing their Negro counterparts a little further down the social-economic ladder. But on the humid night of October 10, 1973, it was clear that Chattom had changed. About 300 black, half black, half white, crowding into the only available railroad repair shop. For their skin color, they looked the same — all had worn, rolled work pants, shirts with sleeves rolled up and stained, grease-spattered caps, and their cigarette smoke blended overhead as a few coons cola were passed from hand to hand. They had come to see and applaud as a white Mississippian and a black Mississippian shook hands and pledged to support and help each other.

Walkers and Evers

The Guildhall in Oxford, Mississippi, is a union hanging by its black and white fingers. Organized in 1971 in Laurel, Mississippi by a black and white group of wood cutters, it produces a few hundred dollars a year and white cutters to demand better working conditions from the giant paper mills in the South. A railroader working on the crate that night in Chattom was Mr. Fred Walters, President of the Guildhall. He was the neutral force which struggles to keep the union alive.

The strike began in 1971 with a member named James Beard and Laurel. Since then unionization has spread throughout Mississippi, Alabama and parts of Florida, an improvement which has brought peace, social justice, an independent and union-conscious Mississippian. The strike may continue to the end of September, for some white men and women are moved to leave crumpled bills on the table to help those families who perhaps had a few dollars in their pockets or had a little less saved up.

At the end, the workers grouped together to discuss their common problems — obtaining Food Stamps, protecting their equipment from confiscation, finding alternative work. President Walters is optimistic that his men will stick it out. He knows it can't be done without outside help. In 1971, he and many others who were new to the area journeyed to Washington to arouse awareness and assistance. The union fight has been paved with a road from the state to the country, and some assistance has come — in form of food and clothing. For those whites who have drifted from cluster to cluster with just a letter of encouragement, President Walters is proud and eager to give the address of the organization: The Gulf-coast pulpwood Association, P. O. Box 53, Eustis. Look, 33526. Mississippi 38436.

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

Wild geese honk over the painted woods of October. But now the autumnal song of death reverberates from hunters. Dusky O. F. D. flies over the fields. In October it is, take care of the wild geese. Take them to their Southern refuge, and bring the land and water back to beauty as for those in need of a bath or shampoo. Our population is reduced somewhat, but we still frequently number between sixty and seventy persons, which means we really need — and directly need — rain.

So in the midst of beauty, of a golden Indian Summer, we pray for rain. For many part, Indian Summer came as a surprise, we drifted from First Street for the first time — she has repainted the dining room table, has hung some beautiful prints along the white-painted walls. Walter takes much interest in decor, and with us all, RIT A CORBIN

Autumn Work

Rain or no rain, life and work go on. As for the apple pickers, the rainless days have made their work easier. Dan and Elizabeth Marshall and Barbara Miller have picked steadily, with Elizabeth the champion picker, I am told. Others have helped from time to time. Miriam Carroll, however, fell from her ladder rather early in the season and broke her leg. The fact that Miriam has had to go around with her arm in a heavy cast has not prevented her from making her projects in the house. With the help of some of her friends, who came up from First Street for the first time — she has repainted the dining room table, has hung some beautiful prints along the white-painted walls. Walter takes much interest in decor, and with us all, Orient takes the place of the Nixon-Agnew scandals.

Others here at the farm have preferred (Continued on page 4)

Page Three

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Designed and Printed by

RITA CORBIN

$2.50 a dozen

(Per post included)

1974 PEACE CALENDAR

12.00 each

(Per post included)

Write: RITA CORBIN

Box 33, Tivoli, N. Y. 12583

By MARY LATHROP

A French nun just back from a month in South Vietnam, Sr. Marie Edmond, has told a press conference in Paris that the public must be urged to write and send telegrams to President Thieu demanding the release of the 200,000 political prisoners, members of the persecuted Third Component of South Vietnam. This component is constituted mainly of students, many of them strong and faithful Catholics. These students are neither communist nor anti-communist, but work for peace, social justice, an independent and union-conscious Mississippian. The strike may continue to the end of September, for some white men and women are moved to leave crumpled bills on the table to help those families who perhaps had a few dollars in their pockets or had a little less saved up.

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Others here at the farm have preferred (Continued on page 4)
The American Tradition of Nonviolence

By MICHAEL TRUE

Like thousands before, the wind we moved across the continent's huge needless pilot. Blasts born on Yukon tundras knifed us through.

And how do we sign: "Man Will End War or War Will End Man"... These lines by the poet John Beecher described the American conscience in the Peace Walk as it crossed the Oklahoma prairie. More recently, John Beecher has described also the gentle strength of the American tradition of nonviolence from colonial times to the present. Perhaps the strongest through a brief survey how that tradition has exhibited itself in America. Since the Heroism

The heroes of nonviolence of the past three centuries, the leaders of the witness for peace, protest against unjust laws and practices, and campaigns for social change, follow a tradition that, by birth, belongs to this country. John Woolman counseled against violence in the 18th Century. Later, the founder of the first International Peace Society—Eliza Burritt, laid the groundwork for a modern nonviolence movement. He was a significant part of American history since then.

The country's political and social climate then is perhaps best illustrated by the San Francisco to Moscow Peace Walk led directly to the Soviet-American Treaty banning atmospheric testing of nuclear weapons. As a way of saying, "I am a Hiroshima Survivor" it seems obvious that such witness did pious people to ask serious questions about how life is to be served in the face of death.

Nonviolence as Protest

Of the many incidents where the second aspect of nonviolence—the use of nonviolent protest—has been effective, civil disobedience to protest bad laws or inhuman conditions—the action of several brave men in Danbury Federal Prison in 1940 is representative. As with some 4,000 conscientious objects during World War II, these men objected to war and to conscription in their still-new country. Unlike their forebears then and now, however, they were forced to go to jail, in upholding their beliefs, and once there it found necessary to resist many of the practices in an evil system. By striking, hunger-striking, and similar repressive measures in the prison, the group soon found itself the focus of a struggle by the government and the general public. Then, even there, the nonviolent protest of the Danbury prisoners came to an end, as resistance to intimidation, and particularly the persistence of a man named William Haywood, they eventually all released. The general prison staff and the lees of the prisoners confined to the hole. Howard Schenfeld, a survivor of that protest, described the return of the resistors to the prison mess hall:

"A spontaneous wave of applause broke among the prisoners as the doors opened and the first prisoner came in the hall. Surging across the hall, the wave of excitement and enthusiasm spread like hands joined in and the crescendo became pandemonium..."
The group folded and the nonviolence of the Danbury prisoners, at least, became well known.

"We stood in the center of the hall, astounded at the demonstration. It became so representative of the kind of heroism, the courage, that nonviolence can bring to social change. (The daily work of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and of the United Farm Workers of America is a manifestation of the nonviolence traditions.) As much of the history of nonviolence, this first Freedom Ride led to other actions, and the tradition of the nonviolent life, which had served the movement as it won larger support in later years.

In this brief summary I have tried to suggest that nonviolence has a tradition in this country, one that has been embodied in the lives of the people of the United States. I feel pressed to say something about its future, real or possible. Given recent events, so many things have happened in the past fifteen years, one is tempted to say that nonviolence has finally emerged as an effective and enduring way of bringing about radical social change in America. Yet, however often people say that they are nonviolent, very few are doing anything about large scale disobedience to unjust laws.

In many instances the practical and political implications of a civil ethic of nonviolence remain to be discovered. Much of the failure to explore what Hannah Arendt calls nonviolence's "significant potential significance" in modern political development in recent history seems to be a continuing misperception of what nonviolence means and what it does. In a continuing search for a political witness of the future, I suggest that we explore, in action, the nonviolent life, and contribute is some positive way to its tradition.

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

(Continued from page 3)

As for Andy Cronaucl and Mary Joe Glossen, they have chosen to work at a nearby gas station. These younger people, who work for earning money for personal expenses, but who are involved in protests, show that the movement is going on very well. So does a Vegetarian seminar every Thursday night at the nearby cider mill. People from the community participate in the mill requiring varying degrees and kinds of exertion and skill.

"One especially impressed me," says Andy, "a group of three young women who were involved in a nonviolent action against a nuclear test as a means of bringing about some change in the government's policy. They said that their movement was a way of expressing their love for the world and its people, and that they believed that nonviolence was the only way to make the world a better place to live in. They were very inspiring, and I think they will be successful in their efforts.

"Nonviolence is a way of life, and it is important to me. I believe that it is the only way to make the world a better place to live in. I think that we should all work to bring about change in the world, and that nonviolence is the way to do it."
**Book Reviews: Merton, America, Francis of Assisi**


The Asian Journal is the journal of Thoma­se Merton’s trip to the East in the fall of 1969. Merton died on December 10, 1968, which makes an adequate introductory prefatory sentence to this volume of his own experience quite unnecessary, as Merton himself speaks of and John the Baptist’s “laying down one’s life” as a rootedness of faith.” Merton over­flows with the spirit of Christ, embracing correspondence between Buddhism and religion in Romanesque art and Tibetan painting. From a rootedness of faith comes a space of liberty, of silence, in which contemplative life must provide an area, a growth of a militaristic society, resulting in a Guilty Bystander.

In discussing the state of our natural resources, the author states that the eco­nomic energy Merton invested in a life­long spiritual search. There is no ques­tion that Merton died intending to re­main a Christian and a monk of Gethse­mani—granting that might be a pecu­liar means (a swami who even has saffron kleenex), poetry, deep reflection. “The barbed wire runs which neither appears nor explains. It’s not grieve, it’s not a burden of it, and that is to our loss. He is a renowned one: that is, he often quotes Johannes Jørgensen’s account of Francis reprimanding Br. Leo for spoiling on him while he prayed.

The second book, Fr. von Galli’s Living Our Future, has the burden of relating the attempts of nations to organize Chritianity have been singular­ly permeated society as a whole. U.S. war crimes. Unfortunately the man in the street is unawakened morally and historically, and that is to our loss. He has never been presented as a party to the war. In any case, the pattern of the City, is erased.

**BARE WIRE**

Across the plains
Between two hills, two villages, two trees, two friends,
The barbed wire runs which neither appears nor explains.

Across the plains
But where it lies a place, a road, a railroad ends,
The barbed wire runs which neither appears nor explains.

Across the plains
Where it looks like a plane, a path, a railroad ends,
The barbed wire runs which neither appears nor explains.

**Behind the wire**

Which behind the wire our Image is the same
Awake or dreaming: It has no image to admire,
No age, no sex, no memory, no creed, no name,
No age, no sex, no memory, no creed, no name,
No age, no sex, no memory, no creed, no name.

**Behind the wire**

This is Adams waiting for His City.

By W. H. Auden, 1907-1973

**CHARGE**

October-November, 1973

**THE CATHOLIC WORKER**

**Page Five**
Dear CW,

I have not yet discussed the aspect of the Farah situation, you might want to publish this—at least I haven't seen it yet in the press—maybe I missed it.

Yours,
Paul Thompson

---

**Farah Labels**

Box 312
Keeneberg, Colo. 80649

Dear CW,

The enclosed is from the September 1972 issue of Railways, a new publication published by my union, Brotherhood of Railway and Airlines Clerks. Thought you might have missed it. In the story, a newspaper reported that the union had negotiated a new five-year contract with this company. Because of the boycott, Farah sales for the fiscal quarter ending January 31 dropped off 17 percent. In a desperate effort to recoup its flagging sales, Farah has resorted to displaying its products in union new labels and brand names.

Amalgamated Clothing Worker officials have asked union members to watch for, and avoid purchasing, the following brand-name clothing items of the offender, including: Seagram, Cameron, Avedon, and setting the stage for future labor disputes.

One of the most successful national boycotts in the recent history of American labor was the boycott organized by the union against the Farah Manufacturing Company.

Because of the boycott, Farah sales for the fiscal quarter ending January 31 dropped off 17 percent.

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**Notes in Brief**

**Peace Ship and MidEast War**

"If you have a gun in your hand, don’t pull the trigger. If you control a weapon, don’t use it. You will be killing a brother," was the broadcast message from the Peace Ship in response to renewing hostility in the Middle East on October 6, 1973. The message was sent from a sorrowing mother, a wife, children," Abe Nathan told Israelis and Arabs.

Nathan, who was instrumental in the establishment of peace between Israel and her Arab neighbors, was broadcasting to the world since the war broke out. After an Israeli naval battle on October 24, 1973, the Newsweek and Daily News contained dispatches from foreign correspondents. In New York, the ship’s despatchers distributed copies to reporters who came to the site of the battle, and to the reporters who came to the site of the battle from the Middle East. In Canada, the ship’s despatchers distributed copies to reporters who came to the site of the battle from the Middle East.

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**Doctor Needed**

415 Elm St.
Ithaca, N.Y. 14850

Dear Friends,

We are putting together a primary health care clinic and dental service in downtown Ithaca. We will charge on a sliding fee scale—no pressure. We want to prevent preventing care if we have more than 30 active members (some of them with nursing and other medical skills). Our biggest need now are for money and a full-time doctor. If you are a doctor and if you want to work with a clinic that has its roots in the community it will serve, write to: Terry Barker, 415 Elm St., Ithaca, N.Y. 14850. Ithaca is a small city in a beautiful region of upstate New York. There are many community-based groups here.

Thanks,

Terry Barker

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**LETTERS**

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**Pax Christi Launched**

By RACHELLE LINNER

The Founding Assembly of Pax Christi USA was held October 5-7 in New York City, attracting over 300 people from across the nation. The assembly was to provide a connecting structure with this rich tradition and witness with Christians.

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**50 More Years**

339 Lafayette St.
New York, N.Y. 10012

Dear Friends,

I want to say how much all of us at the War Resisters League appreciated Eileen Egan’s report on our 50th Anniversary Conference, in the September issue. We have been working with the CW in help extend the rights of conscience.

The one thing Eileen did not mention was our address—339 Lafayette Street, New York City 10012 (just a couple of blocks from the Catholic Worker office). I suspect that after reading about us, many people will want to join, so we are offering happy to answer any inquiries about our position.

Sincerely,

Eileen and the Catholic Worker.

Fraternally,

David McKelvey

---

**Friday Night Meetings**

In accordance with Peter Maurin’s desire for clarification of thought, the monthly Friday Night Meetings are held on the last Friday night at 8:30 p.m. at St. Joseph’s House, 36 E. 1st St., between First and Second Avenues. After the discussions, we continue to talk over hot sassafras tea. Everyone is welcome.

October 5—David McReynolds: The Movement after Vietnam

October 12—Gary MacEoin: We Have Not Heard the Last of Allende.

October 19—Dr. Samara: The Boycotts

October 26—Mark Samaras reading from the Love and the League II

November 2—Br. Andrew: The Struggle for Life in Saigon and Calcutta

November 9—Dana Robinson, William and Simon Well: The Altruist, Drought and Famine

November 16—Mark Taylor: History, Humanity and Simone Well

November 22—No meeting

November 29—“Banks and the Peace”; A film

December 7—Bilgekar Goss-Mayr: Liberation Through Nonviolent Means

December 14—Br. David Steindl-Rast: Contemplation Amongst Active People
Notes in Brief (Continued from page 6)

stated: "I hope that by this fast I can

and others

ourselves. The admission that we could not

for the others shoveling with you,

when we sought a solution at a high

would mean a better world.

problem in the country as a whole.

that this would mean a better world.

I'm always a little surprised to see the

years ago. It was an idea that I had.

Cristobal, today,

from the national welfare. The
day last year when we presented

we produced more - and better.

make the heart swell up

with sweat, moving snow.

rolls toward the streets of town,

on loading and hoping we'd be able to

A New Birth

A military appointee was in

in the bay, Cristobal, while the sodium nitrate

Einsteins opened - and for this we were

the crime of the poor of Chile.

Although I was a distant relative of

to work. Many of us discovered we'd

"How to..."

the crime of the poor of Chile.

at bayonet point. The Junta ordered the

have been dissolved, the participation system

money to pay us - and during the

the first big changes

Birth certificate.

tried to limit the worker participation by

now I can use the stockholder's vote

Tamara, in one") could now pull himself

of the plants. The boss was visiting

while the sodium nitrate was


Pablo Neruda, 1904-1973

CRISTOBAL MIRANDA

Shoveler at Tocopilla"

I met you on the broad barges

Snow of the nitrates, poured

over painful shoulders, dropping

the blast of the ships.

Shovellers there, heroes of a sunrise
dinner; Managing editor: Paul Martin, all of 1,

appreciate these. Town, the

News, we called an assembly at once to

Yes, in the image of God.

the other hand.

though we'd have been

Cristobal, where the black, the hay

the hay black in the hay, my eyes

in the heat of those days.

or other securities:

and others.

the hay was going to be used at the end of the day,

in the image of God.

state that I am no

I was looking at the half-melted metal,

and the changes began.

"the..."

informed us of the stockholders who could

and the formations that were

"I confess, I am no

the hay was going to be used at the end of the day,

and the changes began.

"the..."

of course I am no

At the end of a year, more than 50% of

it was only when we passed to

we were able to fight on the

own, and of course the Argentinians kept putting

...the Argentinean workers. (It was only

when we passed to nationalization).

from the national welfare. The admission that we
could not handle or solve the problems of the workers.

victories opened - and for this we were

"How to..."

This doesn't mean that we didn't run

problems. Sometimes the administrators

who occupied the politically

distributed posts were incompetent; others tried

to limit the worker participation by restricting it

to lower levels of decision without real control in the

direction of the company. Thus it was that, in the face

of internal frustrating limitations, we

in the beginning.

the day last year when we presented

ourselves at a Minister's Office and

with us a big flint to get rid of the excessive loot.

It was only when we passed to nationalization.

we were being closed down within two weeks.

So we had a delegation, an area for

the office of the director of the foundry

and, through it, the destiny of our country.

We were listened to for the first time;

could suggest, criticize, invent.

in the heat of those days.

you didn't like it, lump it and

The response to the periodic appeals

for the others shoveling with you,

melted by the violence and the
effectiveness of the workers' movement.

try. We were listened to for the first
time; we could suggest, criticize, invent.

the number of state-owned enterprises.

our production. .. that was the

moment when we presented

ourselves at a Minister's Office and

were able to be heard at the end of the day.

were able to replace them. The rejection of

now money to pay us - and during the

the change percentage immediately dropped

to 5%.

we had been closed down within two weeks.

in the heat of those days.

and I remember

used to be; but as time went by they took form and impor-
tance.

specific credit facilities.

the stockholders who could

"the..."

"the..."

and the changes began.

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On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

with tears of joy as much as sorrow.

It is hard for one to know when death has come, and there is joy in truly religious ceremonies for our departed ones. One has to experience it to know. When they have lived fully, they have encountered and passed through any obstacles that might have garnered experience, that penalty for the Fall, which Christ Himself first paid for us all. It is life, rather than death, that we will never be able of our family, died of pneumonia at Cullens before their departure.

Simon Berkenlaon came from British Columbia, and attended another meeting that commemorated another member of our family to death (another member of our family to death (Continued from page 2)

between the rich and the poor. It later led him to be a champion of the poor and working people. Mark Sandrich was another meeting that commemorated Auden, Mark had also transcended from the heart-leaf letters of Vincent Van Gogh, bringing alive Van Gogh in a most persuasive and vernacular way.

We have had a number of visitors, often a deep enrichment to our lives. Simon Bennet from Britain, who came from British Columbia, Ramnath Purohit from India, Fr. Ernesto Cardenal from Nicaragua, the Walshes who have lived in New York for many years, and one of the most loveable of our family, died of pneumonia at Bellevue Hospital on Oct. 2nd. Fr. Lyle said the memorial Mass, and Frank was there where Scotty was laid to rest with smoketar, Marian, Helen and the others at Mt. Holmes in New Jersey.

At the same time we received word of George's Mark death. A most beautiful and kind friend of Michael Gold, he suffered for years from mental illness, depression and alimentation. His generosity endured through it all, however, often buying ice cream for me when I was at a friend's house, or someone to a movie. May both of you know now the "Victory" Alleluia.

36 East First

(Continued from page 2)

in a time since, and wanted to start to go on my own. And I was once to Peter, and then to his proposal that he laid down. These occurrences are all tied up with my sister and brother-in-law, because I talked over with them the feasibility of starting a paper, a pep-pamphlet, for which project Franklin gave most encouraging advice. I can remember in conducting the venture with the children, playing around us, talking of Chekhov's "Cherry Orchard," the depression, the social order, and of my own writing, which made Peter Maurin's suggestion of starting a paper so irresistible.

W. H. Auden

The death of W. H. Auden was sudden and unexpected. He was only sixty-six years old, and had not gone through a long illness; it came as a shock to his many friends there.

My friend Dr. Basil Yolovsky first introduced me to Auden at a Fourth of July meeting, an eccumenical group, and the two friends came to visit when I was ill once at the Peter Maurin Farm on Staten Island. Auden brought a poem for the next issue of the Cathworker. Later (when I had been fined $250 as a slum landlord—although the Cathworker household is a living-house we had ever had—and the incident has been reported in the Times), Mr. Auden showed up at the 5 o'clock dinner of us of our house on Chrystie Street as I was distractedly hastening away to the court session in the Bronx. It was around eight a.m. when men gathered around our basement door to receive the warm clothes we passed out whenever we had them. Auden was diffident (and rumpled in an old shirt) but, and since I had only met him a few times, and this time was out of context, I did not recognize him. He presented a copy of a paper in my hand, murmuring, "Towards the fine," which Christ Himself first paid for us, that we can do to our Father's hand. Jenny contemplated it, and went down the way she wanted the service to be to have her in rest in peace and be praying for us now.

Rita Corbin

To the book world of New York the name of Franklin Spier is well known, but to me he was my sister's husband and the father of John, David and Susie. He was a friend long before the Cathworker era, when he did publishing, and the father of John, David and Susie. With his name of Franklin Spier is well known, (And Peter, the Rock upon which)

I remember something. He was evaluating the Hitler era. When they lived in River­side Park, New York and I was new in.

It was only when I was at the Peter Maurin Farm on Staten Island, Auden brought a poem for the next issue of the Cathworker. Later (when I had been fined $250 as a slum landlord—although the Cathworker household is a living-house we had ever had—and the incident has been reported in the Times), Mr. Auden showed up at the 5 o'clock dinner of us of our house on Chrystie Street as I was distractedly hastening away to the court session in the Bronx. It was around eight a.m. when men gathered around our basement door to receive the warm clothes we passed out whenever we had them. Auden was diffident (and rumpled in an old shirt) but, and since I had only met him a few times, and this time was out of context, I did not recognize him. He presented a copy of a paper in my hand, murmuring, "Towards the fine," which Christ Himself first paid for us, that we can do to our Father's hand. Jenny contemplated it, and went down the way she wanted the service to be to have her in rest in peace and be praying for us now.

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