

CATHOLIC WORKER

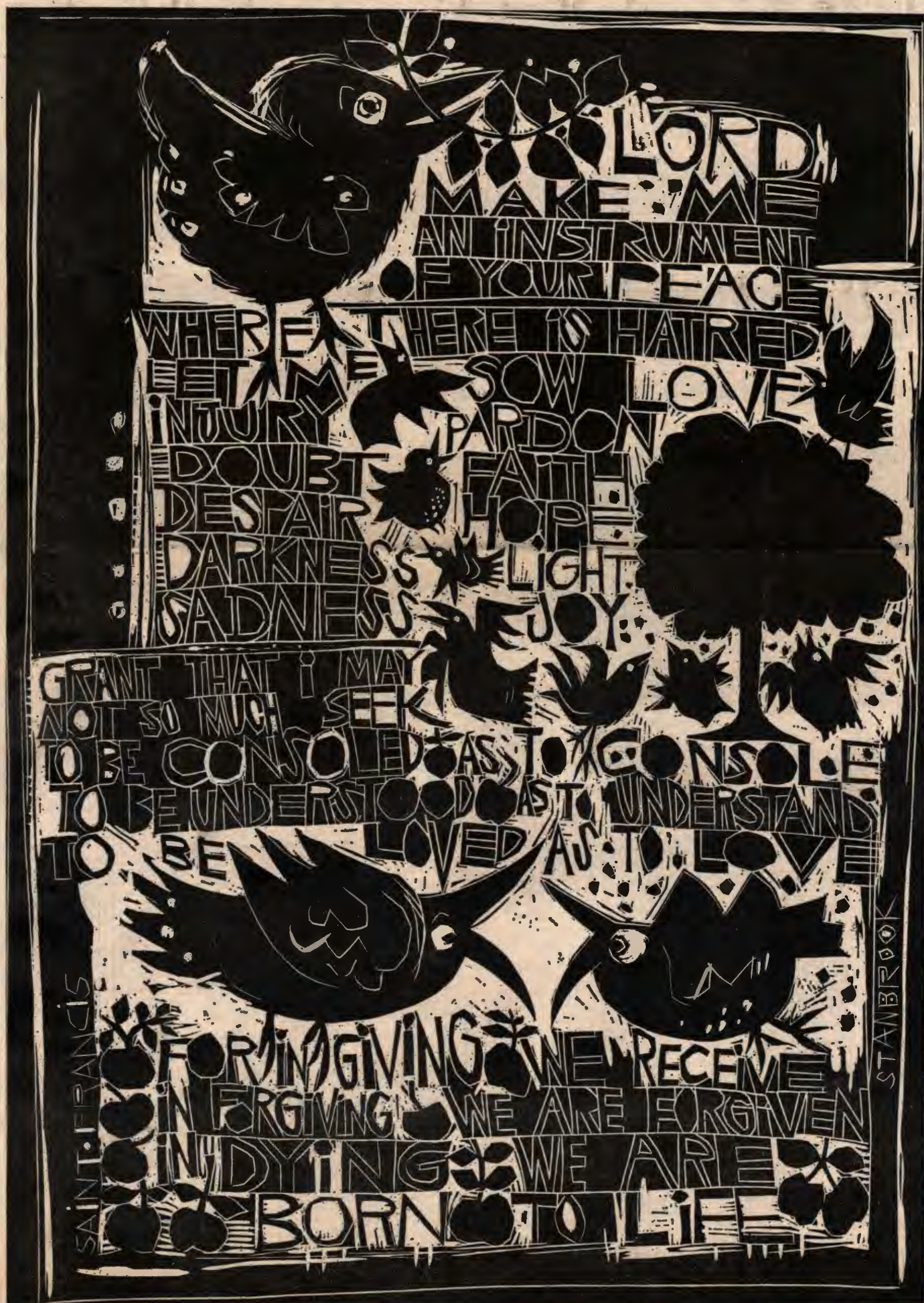


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Hutterite Communities

By DOROTHY DAY

One chapter of Ammon Hennacy's autobiography *The Book of Ammon* is devoted to communities. He gives the impression that most of them do not appeal to him very much, perhaps because he is an individualist anarchist. Besides, although Ammon is a pacifist, he likes a good fight. He once laughingly told me that heaven would not be heaven to him without a strong combat. I assured him that if he spent his heaven doing good upon earth like St. Therese, the Little Flower, that would be struggle enough. Actually, it is really work itself that he loves. So he respects the Hutterites and their nonviolent struggle against worldliness and the State.

Always there have been the beginnings of communities in the United States, people looking for a utopia or trying to regain the lost Garden of Eden. A character in Dostoyevsky's *The Possessed* refers to his experiences in a community in the United States, and the hero of Dickens' *Martin Chuzzlewit* ventures westward to a community on the Mississippi, hoping to settle there, and is bitterly disappointed.

When Peter Maurin talked about farming communes during the depression, he was thinking of them not only as means of survival but as agronomic universities where scholars could become workers and workers scholars. Unemployed college professors could not only teach but learn to work with their hands. Unemployed workers could not only teach manual labor but learn to think and study. The pursuit of wisdom, understanding, knowledge, piety, and fear of the Lord were very much part of heaven here and now to Peter. The last five years of his life, when he could "no longer think," were a veritable purgatory to him.

We stress community at the Catholic Worker, not only because we need to think of survival in wartime and because the problems of poverty are still with us, but, also because by living in voluntary poverty we can support so many more people in community. "The more property becomes common—the more it becomes holy."

I had visited my first Hutterite community, in Montana, some years ago, along with the late Father James Kittelson, and we had spent the day there. I bought a spinning wheel from them, which is now at our Tivoli farm. My present journey began with three days of speaking engagements in St. Paul. Father Marion Casey, who has given us so many retreats, was recently transferred to the western border of Minnesota, near some Hutterite colonies, and he agreed to visit them with me.

Father Casey's new parish is in Lake Benton—a delightful little town, and his rectory is large enough to accommodate several visitors. He cordially invites any CW readers to drop in and see him. Mary Humphrey, who years ago lived on a Catholic Worker farm

in Minnesota with her husband and children, drove me from St. Cloud to Lake Benton.

The next day Father Casey and Father James Barry drove us over the state line and through the vast prairies and fields of South Dakota to visit two of the colonies of the Hutterites who had settled there in 1874. They are a people who have been persecuted for centuries and driven from one country to another, from Transylvania to the Ukraine. They first emigrated to Canada and from there to the States, where they chose South Dakota because it reminded them of the Ukraine.

Anabaptist Origins

In his scholarly study *Hutterian Brethren* (Stanford University Press, 1967), John W. Bennett points out that "the Swiss sectarian groups that made up the nucleus of the Anabaptist movement (from which the Hutterites derive) founded their doctrines on the teaching of Erasmus." Their essential concepts are "adult baptism, self-help, and avoidance of worldly affairs." Their activities aimed at bringing about social change here and now. "Luther taught submission to the State and Calvin accepted capitalism as a positive good; the Anabaptists rejected both positions." They held all their property in common and gave as little as possible to the State. They are absolute pacifists and were severely persecuted during World War I, especially because they are a German-speaking people and refused induction. Three of their young men died from sufferings in solitary confinement and were shipped back home dressed in Army uniforms and their coffins draped with American flags. At present, twelve of them are doing their alternative service in a State Park in Black Hills, taking care of a herd of buffalo and doing tree work. One of their ministers is with them as counselor and guide.

Soon after the Swiss theologians formed the movement, Jacob Hutter became the leader of their commune in Moravia, which was founded in 1533. Three years later he was burned at the stake by the Catholics, who tried to force the conversion of the Anabaptists by torturing them and imprisoning them in monasteries. The history of religion is not a pretty one; on the other hand, when we contemplate the torture of prisoners in wartime, as in Algeria a few years ago and in Vietnam today, it does not seem that we have advanced very much in the love of God and our fellows.

The triumph of Jacob Hutter is that his colonies still exist and are increasing. When the Brethren first came to Canada and the United States there were less than four hundred of them; now they occupy at least twenty-eight colonies in South Dakota and many more in Montana and Canada. They are still unpopular, because they do not support the local merchants and stimu-

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36 East First

The following impressions were written by some of our Summer volunteers:

Someone of the long stream of people who come in and out of the life of the Catholic Worker said to me shortly after my own arrival here in May: "The Catholic Worker exists to be exploited." I have often thought of this since, at times especially when we were almost swamped with people looking for a place to stay, something to eat, someone to talk to—or even someone to vent their spleen on. And these were the very times when it seemed (and often actually was the case) that we had nothing more to give, either of our place, our food or ourselves! I remember the other night we were on the verge of the impossible when two young girls from Pennsylvania came to us about 9:30 and said they were lost. All they had was the name of a street somewhere in New Jersey. No town, no phone number. They were scared and worried that their parents (who were helping the girls' brother move into a new house—the location of which they didn't know) would be frantic by now. So Barbara Hawkins, Sister Mary Catherine, Mark Silverman (of the farm workers, who lives across the street from our house here) and myself traced their route back to the approximate place they came from. Then Mark directed them back through the Holland Tunnel to Route 22, and they said they would be alright from there. A half hour later they called us—this time hopelessly lost again on Flatbush Ave. in Brooklyn! Well, we got them back to our place and decided we'd better call the North Plainfield, N.J. police and ask them to locate the address the girls had. It turned out the address was in Plainfield, and the police there already had a missing persons report on the girls from the by-then-distraught parents. So the police connected the parents with us and a reunion was finally made about 2:30 A.M. right here on East 1st. Gulf Tourguide Service couldn't have done as well. So you say we aren't a map bureau. Well, I find it very hard to say what the Catholic Worker is not.

There with the lost girls was just another example of the hopelessness this vast and inhumane city has for so many people. If it is true that the Catholic Worker exists to be exploited, then that is only just and proper. For we profess to be Christians; and if so many of the helpless people in a city like this are daily exploited by life in this city, then it is only right they should have some place to "exploit," if indeed it is exploitation. Christ himself was one of the most exploited people I can think of. Certainly his resources were completely used up many times—and he kept going. And the Catholic Worker keeps going—day by day. It seems to me one really has to believe in the people who are condemned to live in places like the Lower East Side. Otherwise poverty and the mission of the Catholic Worker become romantic and idealistic fantasies. I assure you one could not stay at the Catholic Worker for more than a night without these ideals being shattered. For life in areas like this on the Lower East Side becomes a stark and brutal day to day struggle for survival

amidst all kinds of suffering. And it's always here.

For every man who comes into the House on East 1st St., there are a thousand more on the Bowery, on Houston St., on 1st Ave. who don't. This is where we fail, that we can do only so much. But if the people at the Catholic Worker can give a Christian expression to this suffering and do something about it, then there will always be a reason to stay here and try to live. And this suffering takes on so many forms. It involves the agony of a strong conviction to Christian non-violence in our warlike society which means getting hospital care to alleviate the physical suffering which so many of the people around us have to put up with. But we try to do something about all of this. All the efforts of Bob Gilliam and Pat May and Sister Francis and others to get out-patient care for Scotty and resident hospital care for Russian Mike (no small task given the bureaucratic welfare system) are reason enough to keep going here day after day.

Just a few days ago Dorothy and I were talking about some of these things, and one thing she brought up was that all rectories and religious houses should also be houses of hospitality in their own right. If all empty facilities were used to give temporary lodging, a little food, and a little sense of dignity to a man who has none of this, so much of the wandering hopelessness of the cities (and of the countryside) could be eliminated. What is more basic than for a man to have shelter and something in his stomach! And these are not necessarily provided for with a job. For millions of working people are still condemned to poverty. And if the Christian houses do not extend themselves to be "exploited," then they should forego calling themselves Christian. I think we will have to reckon with the fact that one day we will be asked how we treated our brother.

John Butler

There is nothing glamorous or romantic about the Catholic Worker—don't come here seeking false gods. I feel like a humble guest who tries to "pitch-in" rather sporadically—a pilgrim monk perhaps—yet I have no doubt the few weeks I live here (and the next few years as I continue graduate study, as I will remain a closely orbiting satellite of the Worker) will be one of the most formative phases of my life. My identity as a Benedictine gets a shot in the arm here. I see and live here, some basic Benedictine values—hospitality, prayer, love of the land, simplicity, etc. Today I carried on a vigorous fight with the bed bugs in my mattress. In these old buildings, it is a continuous fight. It took them about four days to discover and appreciate the taste of my Irish-Scandinavian blood. The fight involved painting my mattress, springs, etc. with a good coat of kerosene.

I am singularly blessed and wonder about the surprises of "providence"—if that word is theologically antiquated chalk it up to a disposition reared on lephrechauns. So much of the Catholic Worker is beyond articulation. St. Paul put it well when he said we must see

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KROPOTKIN

"Socialist papers have often a tendency to become mere annals of complaints about existing conditions. The exploitation of the laborer in the mine, the factory, the field is related; the misery and sufferings of the workers during strikes are told in vivid pictures; their helplessness in the struggle against employers is insisted upon; and that succession of hopeless efforts exercises a most depressing influence on the reader . . .

"I thought on the contrary, that a revolutionary paper must be, above all, a record of those symptoms which everywhere announce the coming of a new era, the germination of new forms of social life, the growing revolt against antiquated institutions. These symptoms should be watched, brought together in their intimate connection, and so grouped as to show to the hesitating minds of the greater number the invisible and often unconscious support which advanced ideas find everywhere when a revival of thought takes place in society . . . It is hope, not despair, which makes successful revolutions."

"Memoirs of a Revolutionist," 1896
Peter Kropotkin

Gandhi at Tivoli

By EILEEN EGAN

One hundred years ago Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi was born. August 1, 1920 saw the birth of Gandhi's non-cooperation movement against the British Raj which eventually developed into the "Quit India" campaign. The PAX Conference of 1969 held at the Catholic Worker Farm marked the double anniversary by opening on August 1. It was devoted to "The Gandhian Experience and Today's Problems: Training for Nonviolence."

The Rev. James Megivern, of St. John's University, Gora Vijayam from India, Marion Moses from the United Farm Workers of Delano, Martin Corbin and Dorothy Day of The Catholic Worker and Eileen Egan of PAX were among the speakers. Over the whole meeting was the presence of Gandhi. His recorded voice could be heard at various times during the day, uttering prophetic words at the Afro-Asian Conference held in Delhi in 1947. He had said early in his Indian campaign that "Through the deliverance of India I seek to deliver the so-called weaker races of the earth from the crushing heels of western exploitation." In the evening, there were films of his life and of his funeral procession in stricken Delhi.

Presence of Gandhi

A model of Gandhi's simple room and of the Sevagram ashram were part of an exhibit in the large Common Room of the main house of the Catholic Worker Farm. The exhibit, loaned by the Indian government, contained a compact Gandhi library, photographs of events in Gandhi's life and some of the Mahatmas's key statements mounted on boards. A figure of the Mahatma poised as if treading the roads of India stood above the ashram. An actual spinning wheel, or charka, symbol of Gandhi's campaign for self-reliance in India's villages, accompanied the exhibit.

Somebody likened the Catholic Worker Farm at Tivoli to a Gandhi ashram and the comparison was apt. Always at the ashrams where Gandhi stayed were the poor and needy as well as the students and scholars. All had to take part in manual labor and everything was kept simple. The Tivoli weekend was certainly simple, with all rooms and men's and women's dormitories filled to capacity and beyond. The green open places around the farm were dotted with canvas tents.

Whole families lived in trailers and campers parked in the shade of elm and oak trees. Food was simple and there was a huge consumption of the vegetables grown on the farm, especially the string beans and peppers, squash, cucumbers and Swiss chard. The strong sense of community that marked the weekend showed itself in the willingness to volunteer for clean-up teams and for driving to bus and train stations to pick up participants. Hans Tunneson cooked and John Filigar who grew the vegetables also helped in the kitchen. They are old CW hands.

What many of the 200 participants said they appreciated in the Conference was the balance between the theory and theology of non-violence on the one hand and the actual practice on the other.

"A Theology of Non-violence" discussed by the Rev. James Megivern, head of the Department of Theology of St. John's University, included the thesis that the case against violence in today's situation is so strong that not only Christian pacifists but all Christians are virtually obliged to an explicit renunciation of violence.

"What the ordinary Christian has not yet grasped," Father Megivern pointed out, "is that the conditions under which violence was justified cannot be met in the present age." Father Megivern explained that the violence of war has ceased to be a last resort, and any use of violence may, because of man's power over technology including the atom, result in an indiscriminate holocaust. The very teaching on the just use of violence that we have accepted up to now demands non-violence.

"The acceptability of violence by Catholic Christians is as traditional as attendance at Sunday Mass," said the

speaker in emphasizing that this acceptance was no longer valid. The Christian sees violence around him, against the poor, against the innocent and he must be present in it, not as a participant but as a reconciler. He must be capable of seeing the presence of violence as an invitation to redemptive acts.

Drawing on her experiences on a recent visit to the grapepickers of Delano and Coachella, California, Dorothy Day pointed to Cesar Chavez as a model for the adaptation of the Gandhian experience to today's problems. She quoted Peter Maurin to the effect that every revolution needs a theory of revolution. Chavez has worked out a theory and practice of nonviolent social change. He has a long view in his program for the betterment of the life of the poorest of the poor, including poor blacks. Already cooperative activities are being founded on the Forty Acres owned by the United Farm Workers.

Miss Day stated that despite threats to his life, Chavez had refused to allow any of his co-workers to carry arms. If harm should come to him, they have agreed to interpose their bodies as protection. She urged those present to study the teachings and activities of Dom Helder Camara, Archbishop of Recife, Brazil, whose militant nonviolence on behalf of the poor and landless has provoked terror from the right. One of the victims was Dom Helder's assistant for youth activities, Father Henrique Pereira Neto, who was brutally murdered and his body left hanging from a tree.

Gora Vijayam, son of an associate of Gandhi now engaged in social development in Wardha, reminded the participants that many believe that two of the century's most important events were the development of the atom bomb and of the Gandhian principles of nonviolence. "Gandhi," he said, "split the social atom."

Diversity of Training

Training for nonviolence, from the Gandhian experience in India, could not be plotted in advance. Each campaign must be worked out in the context of the moral battleground, whether it be a rural area or a city slum. What must be prepared in advance is the control of the feelings and the total

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Violence: The Only Option?

By DOM HELDER CAMARA
Archbishop of Olinda
and Recife, Brazil

Violence is the order of the day. It's true that violence has existed in all ages; but today it seems to loom larger than ever before. Someone recently said that violence is all around us, omnipresent and multiform: brutal, open, subtle, insidious, disguised, rationalized scientific, condensed, solidified, consolidated, anonymous, abstract, irresponsible.

It's easy to condemn violence from a distance, without properly distinguishing its aspects or looking into its hard, sad causes; and it's easy to incite violence, also from a distance, if one's vocation is to be a parlor Che Guevara.

What's difficult is to talk about violence when one is in the heart of events, when one sees, often, some of our best and most generous men tempted or captivated by violence.

Anyone who looks at the underdeveloped world from any angle—economic, scientific, political, social, religious—can see that a hasty, superficial revision won't be enough by any means. It will take a reorganization in depth, profound and rapid change. Let's not be afraid to use the word: It will take a structural revolution.

Who is there who doesn't know that underdeveloped nations suffer from a sort of internal colonialism, in which the wealth of a small number of privileged people is bought with the misery of millions of their fellow citizens? Still a semifeudal regime, with the appearance of a patriarchal form of life, its reality includes a lack of personal rights, a subhuman situation, a true slavery. Rural workers—real pariahs—have no access to most of the lands the large landowners keep idle, hold for future profit.

We Latin-American Christians are gravely responsible for the unjust situation in our continent. We accepted the enslavement of Indians and Africans; do we now speak clearly and strongly enough to our large landholders, our men of power? Or do we close our eyes and soothe their consciences, helping them cover up incredible injustices with contributions to build churches (churches that are often scandalously large and rich, in shocking contrast with the misery

around them), or with donations to our social works? Haven't we, in practice, made Marx seem right, offering our outcasts a passive, alienated, alienating Christianity—a religion that is in fact, an opiate for the masses?

Justice

And all the time, Christianity demands justice and brotherhood, speaks of eternal redemption. Christianity is also a ferment of development—including economic development—for Scripture teaches us that God wanted man to be in His image and likeness, and gave him the job of dominating nature and completing creation.

If we Latin-American Christians faced up to the responsibility our continent's underdevelopment imposes on us, we could—and should—carry forward deep changes in all areas of our society, especially politics and education.

What I have said about Latin America can, in general, be said about the whole underdeveloped world, which is all in need of a structural revolution. After all, doesn't its progress prove its success? Why, then, think of structural revolution? Let's look for a moment at the two most valid expressions of development, under the capitalist and socialist systems: the USA and the USSR.

The United States is a living demonstration of the capitalistic system; contradictions that create layers of underdevelopment in the midst of the richest country in the world; that lead to a fratricidal struggle between blacks and whites; that make it carry on the most shameful war the world has ever seen, under the pretext of anticommunism but actually to satisfy a thirst for prestige and to expand a sphere of influence. In reaction against the irrationalities and rationalizations of the system that dominates the United States, which are said to create a one-dimensional and "robotlike" existence, young Americans of various cultural traditions feel called to build a new social context that will humanize technology.

The Soviet Union imagines itself to be guided by the only scientific humanism, since its inspiration is Marxist. In practice, under the pretext of defending itself against the capitalist regime, it maintains an Iron Curtain and a Wall of Shame; it refuses to allow any semblance of pluralism in the bosom of the socialist world; it and Red China eye each other like two competing capitalist powers; it considers Marxist dogma unchangeable.

Third World

As the USA and the USSR showed again in New Delhi, they are alike in their lack of understanding for the Third World, equal in their bad will toward it. In vain, Asia met in Bangkok, Africa in Algeria, and Latin America in Tegucigalpa. In vain, the underdeveloped world said again in its Letter of Algiers that the problem of relations between the nations of plenty and the nations of want is not a question of aid, but of justice on a world scale. The two superpowers—the supreme incarnations of capitalism and socialism—remained blind and deaf, closed, locked in their selfishness.

How can we stop the underdeveloped world from drawing away, day by day, from the developed world? Today 85 percent—tomorrow 90—lie in misery to make possible the supercomfort of the 15 percent—tomorrow 10—who have plenty. Who is there who can't see, then, the need for a structural revolution that the world needs will necessarily involve violence, we must observe that violence already exists and is inflicted—sometimes unconsciously—by the very same people who denounce it as a scourge of society.

It exists in the underdeveloped world: The masses in subhuman situations are victims of violence inflicted by the small group that holds power and privilege. Everyone knows that if the masses start to think of turning themselves into people and begin a program of basic education and popular culture, if they organize into unions or cooperatives, their leaders are accused of subversion and commu-

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No Taxes For War In Viet Nam!

Why should men die like sheep in Viet Nam?

Why should that same army that lied about killing the sheep at Dugway be allowed to lie about winning the war in Viet Nam; or be believed when their commander, Nixon, says that 25,000 troops (or more) will come back, when they are drafting 29,500 more this month to keep up the war? It doesn't add up.

There is a tradition in Utah as to how to deal with the Army. In 1857 Brigham Young called an Army leader from Ft. Bridger where the government forces had been sent to teach "morals" to the Mormons. He had this Army man face 3,000 men in the Tabernacle. He said that he had moved 40,000 people to Provo, and when the first soldiers invaded Salt Lake City, bundles of shaving and straw that had been placed in each house would be lit, and there would be no city left for the Army to invade. He asked about it and they sang "Come, Come, Ye Saints," and the Army man left, hearing Brigham's threat of peace or war.

Today the answer of the Mormons who control Utah is to believe the Army. They accept the new shipments of germ warfare that Denver quickly rejected, and the 358 tests now to be made at Dugway. Do these leaders care about the lives of the people of Utah and the whole west, or do they care more about the trickle of money that comes from Washington, D.C. in war contracts?

I have openly refused to pay any Federal income tax since 1943. Just now I am picketing the tax office for 24 days as it is 24 years since we dropped the bomb at Hiroshima. We call ourselves a Christian country and yet we have not asked God or man for forgiveness for that crime. The army and the tax man may be honest and kindly, but they are in a bad business. My picketing is not especially to embarrass them, but to challenge them to quit their jobs, for as Thoreau says, when the citizen refuses to pay the tax and the tax man resigns that will be the peaceful revolution.

As a pacifist, an anarchist, and a non-church Christian I protest against the war in Viet Nam. I protest against the piling up of germ and chemical warfare material in Dugway and other places in this country. Myself and others plan to picket at Dugway each Saturday noon. (Meet at the new Federal building at 10 am Saturday's.)

Note. I have asked the two Senators and the two Congressmen from Utah about trusting the government in their plans at Dugway, and if they approved of the stock-piling of poison there. Only Senator Moss answered, saying that he was opposed to making Utah "the chemical garbage dump of the nation."

Picketing at noon for one hour from August 6 to August 29, and at noon each Saturday at Dugway.

Ammon Hennacy
P. O. Box 2132
Salt Lake City, Utah

Gandhi at Tivoli

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commitment to nonviolent response in the face of opposition. "Nonviolent actions," Vijayam stated, "should have a positive content and should be characterized by openness." He explained openness in terms of Gandhi's preliminary steps in informing the authorities of the reasons for civil disobedience and the form it would take. Protests that proceed in secrecy and include such things as unlawful entry and theft, militate against the effectiveness of nonviolence since they allow the authorities to displace the emphasis of the protest. The authorities can make the whole case a matter of law and order rather than a clear issue of civil disobedience against an unjust law. The speaker stressed the importance of a carefully chosen, dramatically symbolic act. Gandhi's march to the sea to take salt in defiance of the colonial salt tax was such an act. Vijayam, a humanist, gave one overriding rationale for a commitment to nonviolent means, by humanists as well as by religiously motivated people: "If a nonviolent campaign fails," he said, "nothing is lost. If a violent movement fails, the way is strewn with corpses and there is a legacy of vengeance." In India, he said, communist groups have discovered the efficacy of non-violent means.

Marion Moses

Marion Moses, a nurse-volunteer with Cesar Chavez, brought the drama of the grape-pickers picket line to the PAX meeting. "The most important training activity of the grapepickers was and is the discipline of the picket line. Those of us who joined the line straight from Berkeley initially saw nonviolence as a mere tactic, or at the most a strategy. But to take part in the picket line we had to obey the rules. We were reminded by a piece of paper that we carried, No Weapons. No Verbal Insults. No Swearing. We have never had a serious incident of violence from our side in four years of activity. From the other side, there have been various forms of violence, some open, some more subtle. As soon as a strike is declared, there is an injunction. The strikers are called communists."

The continuous picket line, which forms at 4 o'clock in the morning, reminds the workers that they are not alone. There are people still with them, still struggling for their rights. Miss Moses stated that after three years of association with the Cesar Chavez and the grapeworkers, she now felt that nonviolence was a commitment.

"I am a nurse," she said. "I'm interested in healing. I want nobody to get hurt. But what we hear from people who want to support us and who want to join us on the line for a few days, goes like this. You people must be nuts. Why spend all this time, all these years, picketing? Why don't you burn up a couple of vineyards? Why don't you blow up a box car? The growers would soon come to terms. You wouldn't be violent to people—only to grapes and box cars. That's not violence. It's a short cut to what you want."

"But we don't see it as a short cut. In fact, there is no short cut. Our whole movement would fall if we thought there was. We have to fight against other forms of violence in our agriculture, like working in 120 degree heat without drinking water or toilets. The whole problem of pesticides and nitrates has to be confronted."

"Babies in Delano cannot drink the water. It is poisoned with nitrates. We all remember the cranberry scare. This year in Kern County 1000 acres of grapes were sprayed with the same cancer-inducing chemical that was used on the cranberries. DDT levels in human breast milk are so high that if it were sold on the market it would not be allowed to cross the state lines. The pesticide industry is booming and this seems more important than the harm being done to farm workers, consumers, babies and all unsuspecting persons who are getting more and more poisons with their daily bread."

"I can see many similarities between what was developed in India and what we are doing for nonviolent social

change. All our decisions are arrived at openly. Before the recent negotiations at Coachella were started, two days were spent in contacts and meetings with the workers of the whole area. Cesar Chavez listens to the people. We are employing the same openness in our struggle against deadly pesticides."

"Many have asked me about the fast that Cesar undertook some time ago. It was a personal and religious act, not a tactic. It was not his idea to have the fast become known. But it showed something about him. He was willing to suffer for the movement. He is ready to die for it. He is a man of vision and always a human being."

"August 1 is an important date for us in the United Farm Workers. For the first time anywhere in the United States, a medical program has been inaugurated for agricultural workers. It is called the Robert F. Kennedy Farm Workers Medical Plan. This plan covers workers who are under a union contract. The contract requires the grower to pay into a Trust Fund which is used to buy medical benefits. Also, plans for development of the "Forty Acres" are progressing. The Co-Op Gas Station will open shortly. The new union headquarters building is nearing completion. Work will begin soon on remodeling a building to be used for a clinic. "The table grape boycott is still going on in 40 cities around the country. The picketers are asked to maintain the same discipline of nonviolence as we do in Delano."

Martin Corbin

Martin Corbin, editor of the Catholic Worker, spoke on "Personalism and Nonviolence" from his study of personalism in Emanuel Mounier and Paul Ricoeur. He raised the problem of the nonviolent man as becoming perhaps no more than a yogi, a bystander before a history that is propelled by violence. The nonviolent prophet, however, has a task that no one else can perform and can then profoundly affect history, this is, to have the Sermon on the Mount of Jesus penetrate history. It was Gandhi who attempted precisely this, since he taught and practiced the Sermon on the Mount.

Mark Silverman, who talked from experience in the villages and urban slums of Colombia, addressed himself to "Options for Violence or Nonviolence in Latin America." He was reached the conclusion, he said, that only by extra-legal means, not necessarily but quite possibly violent, could there be a re-alignment of power in Latin America. He pointed out that a change of power would accomplish little without extensive worker education and training such as has been carried on among the farm workers around Delano.

Eileen Egan

Eileen Egan, Vice-Chairman of PAX, who presided in the absence of Chairman Gordon Zahn, described a Gandhian Satyagraha which was concerned with social change in India rather than with opposition to colonial rule. After months of effort, the Satyagraha leaders were told that their aim was granted, namely that the so-called "Untouchables" would be permitted to use a road that passed through the precincts of a Hindu temple.

They refused to make use of the permission. When the temple spokesmen asked for the reason, it was explained that the permission had been given under duress. The "Untouchables" would only utilize the road when the Brahmin priests were convinced that it was the moral and human thing to do. After prayer and consultation, the spokesmen returned to report that the priests had indeed had a change of heart.

They were now convinced that it was right for the "Untouchables" to use the temple road. This campaign is an epiphany of a truly nonviolent campaign. It is aimed at the heart of man, at what is most human in him and succeeds because it brings out what is most human in the satyagrahi, the believer in "sppl force." The speaker felt that no true social change can be effected without a change of heart, a conversion to a new way of acting and reacting. A violent revolution may

cause a river of blood, but beyond the river of blood the same nonviolent methods of social change, the new structures, must be worked out.

A New Institute

An unexpected and well-received talk was given by Dr. Charles McCarthy, director of the newly-founded Institute for Nonviolence at Notre Dame University. He described how after the death of Thomas Merton, he had a class of 60 Juniors and Seniors read Merton's "Faith and Violence" as part of a course. A question that arose out of the course was whether a Catholic University should at least offer its students the option of a course in the nonviolent life-style.

The students voted a unanimous yes and approached student leaders on campus with the idea. Eventually, 38 student leaders approached President Hesburgh with a request for such an option. The leaders represented all different views and for the first time in 17 years, the President of Notre Dame received a request that represented unanimity among all campus groups.

McCarthy reported that James W. Douglass, who spoke at the PAX Tivoli Conferences of 1965 and 1968, would join the Institute for the coming year. Seminars would be given by Douglass and McCarthy and hopefully, the future would see a double major emerging. The plan would be to have majors such as Nonviolence and Psychology, or Nonviolence and Sociology. The participants at the PAX Confer-



ence voted unanimously to send a letter of congratulation to President Hesburgh on the foundation of the Institute for Nonviolence. In endorsing the effort, PAX offered all possible cooperation, beginning with the donation of a full file of the PAX quarterly, PEACE.

During the crowded weekend, two Small group discussion were held, each group numbering no more than a dozen persons. At the final meeting, on Sunday, August 3, a report was given on the sense of each group's exchange of views. Four resolutions were also passed.

The American Catholic bishops were urged by the PAX Tivoli Conference to publicize and implement their statement on conscientious objection among parish priests, among educators in all levels of Catholic education and among chaplains in all branches of the armed forces. The suggestion was appended to a message of gratitude to the bishops for their peace statement, embodied in the collective pastoral letter "Human Life in Our Day".

The Conference participants urged that the implementation include the supplying of concrete printed materials to chaplains and to priests and student counsellors in Catholic institutions of learning.

It was also voted to ask that the bishops, possibly under the direction of the Military Vicar, propose procedures to allow men in military service to obtain discharge from the service on grounds of conscience. Not only spiritual but practical and legal advice is needed in such cases. The full benefit of the U.S. bishops' peace statement is not being felt since many chaplains do not seem to be aware of its implications.

The group went on record as favoring full pardon for all military men forced into "conscientious desertion" because present policies and procedures are too inflexible to give practical recognition to their rights of conscience. The group received a communication on the matter of "conscientious desertion" from PAX Chairman Gordon Zahn who during the Tivoli Conference was in Sweden interviewing the Rev. Tom Hayes who has been stationed in Stockholm by Clergy and Laymen Concerned about Vietnam as counsellor to American service-men. Gordon Zahn was able, with the help of Father Naves, to talk with the "con-

scientious deserters" who have been given refuge in Sweden.

The Conference group further resolved that since servicemen who examine and criticize military policy become objects of harassment, efforts be made to the end that full recognition of constitutional rights be accorded and protected for men in the armed forces.

At the two open-air masses for peace, concelebrated by a group of priests led by the Revs. James Megivern, Lyle Young, David Killian and Norman Frederick, a litany of prayers was recited for all who have died by violence as well as for those who took part in the violence.

Albany Calls.

Help Your Brother

Dear Friend:

Once again we come to you, those of you who have indicated friendliness toward The Brothers and a sympathy for the work we have attempted. No doubt you have read about the difficulties that one of the Brothers is having. We mean Sam McDowell, our treasurer and the chairman of the Liberal Party, who was sentenced to three years in prison for getting into a fight. Up to now, you have probably read that Brother Sam punched a man and hurt him. He followed that up by hitting a police officer, said the police.

If you know Brother Sam at all, you had to say, as we did, "My God, that doesn't sound like Sam." Like almost any story that appears in the newspapers, there's more to it than is printed. It was especially true in the Sam McDowell case.

First, Sam is a married man of 30 and the father of two little girls, ages 5 and 7. He works as an ironworker and most recently has been scaling the rising structures at the South Mall project. He is a high school graduate and has been a resident of Albany for 5 years.

On the night of Sunday, February 9, Sam visited his father, who lives on Grand St. He parked his car outside the house in the street. It began to snow. When Sam went back to his car, it was snowing pretty good and he was anxious to get home. But, the car wouldn't start. He knew the snowplows would be trying to clear the streets and decided to get his car out of the

(Continued on page 8)

Camara

(Continued from page 3)

ism. The law is often used as an instrument of violence against the weak, or reduced to beautiful and sonorous phrases in the texts of declarations like that of the Fundamental Rights of Man whose second decade the world is commemorating. A good way of observing the anniversary would be for the UN to check to see if any of those rights are really respected in two thirds of the world.

Violence Grows

Evidence also exists in the developed world, under both capitalism and socialism. Some signs that tell us clearly enough of this include:

—The Negroes' shift from non-violence to violence. The apostle of non-violence has fallen, leaving an enormous sadness in all men of good will.

—The shock of horror at seeing, on one side, young Americans obliged to devastate a region and to "overkill" (ostensibly to safeguard the free world, though, in reality, we know why) and, on the other side, near-children obliged to kill to defend their own lives—or, better, their sublives.

—The uprising, at the same time, of the youth of West Germany, of Italy, of Spain and of Poland—and what can we say about the hippies' singular protest?

—The spread of the arms race, which is putting its mark on the space race. How splendid if we didn't feel that the heroes of the cosmos set of for space in the service of belligerence, of political and military prestige!

—The case of Czechoslovakia, which showed the whole world the insecurity of the USSR which, under the pretext of safeguarding the unity of the Soviet bloc reactivated the ideological struggle against capitalism.

Bagdasarian Number Two

By Father MARK DAY, O.F.M.

June, 1969.

Farm labor camps are sprinkled throughout the agricultural valleys of California. Some of these camps are for families—others for single men. Bagdasarian Camp Number Two is in the midst of the vineyards of Coachella Valley near Palm Springs. It is one of four camps for single men owned and operated by the Richard Bagdasarian Vineyards Corporation.

On the evening of June 16th, 1969, in the peak of the grape harvest and strike, three Filipino farm workers were arrested at Bagdasarian Number Two. It was midnight—the only illumination available came from the headlights of the strikers' jalopies. The lights, electricity and water had been shut off. Over one hundred striking farm workers knelt in prayer as the three men were led to the Sheriff's automobiles and from there to the Riverside County Jail in Indio.

Earlier that day thirty farm workers had been evicted from the camp. They had been on strike for the last six days against Bagdasarian Farms and against its general manager, Mike Bozick. They were testing a previous ruling which stated that a worker in the State of California may not be evicted from his home for thirty days in the event he should go on strike. They were also telling Mike Bozick that his messages to the press were wrong—they were not his happy workers, and they did want a union.

Before the arrests were made a religious service was held. The Sheriff's deputies stood off about twenty yards. The strikers, Filipino single men, Mexican-Americans and their families, the union's attorneys, and other volunteers gathered around the three men.

It was another of the many "liturgies of protest" we held during the strike. The last one was held in the David Freedman Corporation Camp. It was a memorial service for Robert F. Kennedy on the anniversary of his tragic death. Toward the end of that service, a Sheriff's deputy asked us to leave. We had dispersed singing *We Shall Overcome* in Spanish, *Nosotros Ven-ceremos*.

Any workers' barracks in the Coachella valley with its No Trespassing signs and concentration camp appearance is a powerful symbol of human bondage. It tells the tragic story of the past one hundred years of California agriculture. A feudal system of owners, bosses, foremen and workers helped build an agricultural empire. Foreign laborers were brought in when needed. They worked hard. They were paid starvation wages. Chinese, Japanese, Mexicans and Filipinos came in successive waves of immigration. John Steinbeck said that they were "needed but hated." He also stated, very bluntly: "The history of California's imporation and treatment of foreign labor is a disgraceful picture of greed and cruelty." In 1938 a labor coordinator for the State Relief Administration said of the Filipinos: "They often subsist for a week on a double handful of rice and a little bread." Elsewhere we are told that the unpardonable sin of the Filipino farm workers was their tendency to organize for their own protection. They paid dearly for this. Bunk houses were burned and bombed in El Centro, Watsonville, Stockton, and Salinas. Exploitation and racism has followed these men for decades.

I thought it fitting, then, as these Filipino strikers gathered around in a semi-circle, to read from St. Paul's second letter to the Corinthians, 6:3-10, first in Spanish, then in English. "Brothers and Sisters, we want to show in everything that we are servants of God, by our tireless patience in accepting sufferings, want and difficulties; they have beaten and imprisoned us; we have born many heavy burdens; we have gone without sleeping and in hunger. . . . The arms we bear are those of a good life, both for our offense and defense. Sometimes men speak well of us, sometimes they speak evil. Sometimes they treat us like strangers, other times like brothers. Sometimes we are in danger of death, but we keep on living; we are punished, but not killed. Although we are sad, we are always content; although we are

poor, we enrich many; although we are without anything, we have everything we need."

The Rev. Jim Drake, administrative assistant to Cesar Chavez, spoke to the strikers and their friends. He told them that change for the better in this world has always come about through the suffering of a few. We see this in the Old Testament with the prophets. We see it in the life and death of Christ. We see it in our own day in men like Martin Luther King and Robert F. Kennedy. We saw it recently in the long fast our brother Cesar Chavez undertook in the name of brotherhood and non-violence. Three of our brothers were now about to suffer imprisonment and the possibility of a year and a half in jail. They are: Elias Baneque, a sixty-five year old foreman, and two eighteen year olds, Fernando Abalos and Bill Denman.

The three were arrested at midnight and charged with trespassing and contempt of a court order which demanded that they leave the property. After the arrests eviction notices were tacked to the doors of the bunkhouse and a special seal of the Sheriff's department was placed on each door, forbidding anyone under penalty of law to enter the building.

On the next day Mike Bozick appeared on the edge of a Bagdasarian vineyard and told Richard Chavez, the brother of Cesar Chavez, that he would die before he ever signed a union contract. The short man tugged at his panama hat, puffed nervously on his cigar, then disappeared in a cloud of dust in his air-conditioned ranch wagon. He would keep contact with all of his foremen in the vineyards by means of his two-way radio. Bozick's code signal is "Mr. Bagdad Grape." Agitation, fear and anger were now clearly manifested in his face. His own workers were now challenging him fearlessly. Workers were sitting in at all four camps. His worry was compounded by the fact that ten other growers had just announced that they were ready to negotiate with the union.

Meanwhile, a strong desert wind was blowing through Coachella Valley and Bagdasarian Number Two. The camp was abandoned. Its silence was a memorial to the men who had stood up against an unjust system. For the present they faced exile from their home and imprisonment. But they also shared a sense of hope. They knew that there was a profound meaning in their sacrifices. They also knew that the next time they worked for Mr. Bagdad Grape it would be under a union contract. They would be carrying picket signs for the rest of the grape harvest season. These signs would read: "Huelga! No Contract, No work!" And they would be inviting the rest of their brothers to join them in the struggle for union recognition and a guaranteed wage.

Co-op, City Style

By WILLIAM B. HORVATH

Greetings, may all be well. May I write on how things go with the co-operative intentions in Columbia Point. It is now almost 18 months that I am here. We have an empty apartment that the Housing Authority lets us use. The Community Council loaned us equipment so we could hold meat in a 15 cu. ft. freezer, we have inspected weighing scales—and our premises have been O.K'd by the Health Department. The seven Board members of the Governing Committee are volunteers who buy and sell, and care for the shop. One of the mothers drives the van when we go to Haymarket to bargain for meat. We have only \$200 of working capital so it has to be most carefully handled and quickly turned over.

There are over 1,200 families living in this Public Housing estate in Dorchester. People are beginning to visit us every week and it is quite a thing to see the committee members with their children serving the community. Small children learn how to pack eggs from the crate into boxes. Soon we may deliver meat and foods to the elderly

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

The shrill voices of children at play clamor across the peace of an August afternoon. From the shattered windows of the old mansion the recorded din of music well-beloved by the young blasts the air. Birds take refuge in the shaded hush of woods. I, too, retreat into the relative quiet of my own room at the back of our main house. There, seeking surcease of dissonance, I dwell for a meditative moment on my diminutive garden, beautiful with bright-blooming zinnias and the decorous fragrance of lavender. Then as a catbird scolds and the long sustained insect-sonority of a cicada sings through sun-warmed air, I return to the frenetic kaleidoscope of summer memories, seeking the small, true voice of Peace.

During the annual Pax Study Weekend, which was held here at our Catholic Worker farm in Tivoli, August first through the third, the voice of Peace spoke out loud and clear. On the eve of that weekend, however, with all the frenzy and confusion of preparation, one might have wondered if Peace would dare emerge at all. It is no easy matter to house and feed two hundred or more guests in a community already well-populated, particularly with a chronic pump and water problem and inadequate plumbing. Jeannette Schneider, who first came to the Catholic Worker to attend the Pax Study weekend of 1968 and then returned to do volunteer work with us last Spring, scoured the countryside begging, borrowing, renting (stealing, I think, was not resorted to) the necessary beds and bedding. Clarice Danielson, the capable Pax treasurer, made a special trip up to give advice and assistance. Rita Corbin, Tamar Hennessy, and others shopped for provisions. John Filligar brought in quantities of vegetables so that our guests might enjoy the rare treat of garden-fresh vegetables. Marge Hughes acted as coordinator and pinch hitter. Hans Tunnesen, veteran cook of many a Catholic Worker retreat and conference, consented to preside in the kitchen, though Paulette Curran and many other volunteers were there to help.

Undeterred by mistakes, confusion, and the late arrival of the opening speaker, Eileen Egan welcomed Pax participants in her usual warm and vibrant way. She related she had recently learned that the ashrams of India, rather than being havens of peace and meditation, were often on the wild and turbulent side. With this psychological preparation—it was hardly necessary to explain that Catholic Worker communities have much in common with Indian ashrams—everybody, I think, was ready for whatever might happen. Most of us were reassured, as I am sure Eileen intended us to be; for we knew that in just such confusion God often chooses to work his minor miracles.

Since 1969 is the centenary of the

birth of Gandhi, the great apostle and practitioner of non-violent revolution, it is appropriate that the main topic of discussion for the Pax Study weekend should be non-violence. The fact that non-violence is not regarded with much favor by many of the groups now seeking social change is surely another good reason for taking a good look at the meaning and potentiality of this Gandhian method.

The tension existing among the various seekers after peace and social justice was brought out clearly in the opening talks of Friday. Mark Silverman, who has spent some time working with such groups in Latin-America, drew on his own experience, observation, and knowledge to prove the ineffectiveness of the non-violent method in procuring a better social order for the terribly exploited poor of South America. Although Mark admitted the danger of violent means begetting a violent end, he maintained that in the face of the selfish and tenacious attitude of those holding power and the political-economic strong hold they have erected against the poor, that there was no option left but that of violent revolution (as so many Afro-Americans feel.) He pointed out, too, that some of the excesses of violence could be eliminated by careful organization and preparation. In her reply Eileen Egan went directly to Gandhi and to his use of the non-violent method, particularly in his great work for the untouchables. Illustrating from the epiphany of Gandhi's moving experiences, Eileen showed that non-violence must be the best method, since it alone reaches the heart, achieves that conversion by which one human being can make a human response to the humanness of another.

Saturday morning, Father James McGovern, Chairman of the Theology Department at St. John's University, spoke on the theology of non-violence. He stressed the pluralism of such theology and the necessity of accepting the validity of such pluralism. He gave a careful examination of the contemporary scenery and a reflective analysis of both violence and non-violence. In the end, I think, most of us who heard his eloquent and beautifully reasoned talk were surely inclined to subscribe to his thesis: "That the case against violence for Christians today is so strong that not only Christian pacifists, but all Christians are virtually obliged to explicit renunciation of violence."

Dorothy Day, who followed Father McGovern, emphasized as always the importance of coming to terms with everyday reality, of doing whatever is possible and practical in the immediate situation. Quoting Kropotkin—"It is hope, not despair, which makes successful revolutions."—Dorothy pointed out that it was part of the work of the Catholic Worker to hold up just such models of non-violent action and living which could be emulated. She spoke in some detail of the work of the great Catholic leader of the grape pickers' strike, Cesar Chavez, and of his use of the boycott, a weapon which all can use by refusing to buy grapes or trade with stores selling them. Then there are the spiritual weapons, which Cesar Chavez also uses, as we also may; the weapons of prayer and fasting. She spoke of the work of Bob and Marge Swann among the poor of the South and in Mexico, and of the importance of groups dedicated to working with the poor and for social justice in learning to make use of cooperatives and credit unions. This is not to minimize the dreadful inequities of our time; it is rather to help foster a climate of hope by doing the small but possible task, by following the "little way" so that, rather than do nothing or take refuge in the large negotiations of destruction, we begin, here and now, to build—little by little—a "new order within the shell of the old," as Peter Maurin said.

Shortly after lunch Saturday afternoon, Gora Vijayam, who is a member of an Indian family active in non-violent activities since the time of Mahatma Gandhi, spoke on training in non-violence. He stressed the fact that non-violence was merely a part of

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Co-op, City Style

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borhood. Without their goodwill we would find it difficult.

The way this kind of small self-help consumer business can work is to gradually organize the people to distribute the food voluntarily at low cost and to elect their own Consumer Council so their needs are known. If we need \$1,000 to buy at a bargain something they need, we borrow that for a month but must be sure we can dispose of it locally at low cost. The local department store, Almes and John Hancock Insurance Company have offered us expert help in setting up a costing system so we can keep accurate records. The Co-op League of the USA sent us printed literature and the O.E.O. gives us guidance when we ask.

But in the main, it is up to a very few pioneer kind of people in the community. Just to go shopping for our association we need to set up a temporary child care club. The first step was the informal buying club, now we are an association with democratic but practical consumer co-op rules. If we had enough buying power we could buy freight carload lots at auction and distribute it to the local Housing Projects at cost. We buy day old bread for 15c. and sell it at cost. We hold meeting for members once a month.

The mothers on the Welfare Rights have supported us. We try to find ways to make a dollar buy more. But also, I think the issue is to give confidence to people. The co-op part is to let it work in a realistic kind of day-to-day practice in our commercial oriented society. This means knowing some bookkeeping, law, and the art of commerce. However, not one of these knowledges would establish itself as the motive to do mutual aid by friendly societies.

In the end it takes a few to keep to it and talk and plead and go into the business of working for people because you believe in their capacity. There is no measure to pre-judge who will do the most and stick to it.

Our members came first from the mothers with children in the Head Start center. There they meet daily, go to their own meetings and over coffee listen to the ideas of co-operation. They are very proud and very hard working once they agree to do the thing. Almost every week one of them will scold me—and say I am trying to run the club. Then I have to back-step for a week while my ulcers pain me more for the important detail I think is left hanging. In the end they are right and it is I who learn. Now, when outside experts come to see us, they are surprised how much law and business thinking, and human relation kind of ability the Committee has. But it took almost two years, and it grew two by two. There is not one university in Massachusetts that teaches how to do this work and understands the meaning of mutual aid and the consumer-producer co-op system. You can get more information in Africa or Asia than here. The laws on co-ops for Massachusetts are less than four pages, very limited, very narrow, and restrictive in helping the poor. The District of Columbia, Washington, D. C., has the best booklet on co-ops, but when we write for it, they answer, "sorry out of print." N. Y. State has a good set of co-op consumer laws in comparison to Massachusetts. The Coady Institute in Antigonish, Nova Scotia has wonderful literature on mutual aid. I have my own study papers from the Co-operative College in Loughborough, England, and from Sweden.

The Legal Aid Society here began to help us but they are rather business oriented and unfortunately it is a tight self-controlled group without outside laymen from labor, consumers, or the poor sitting on their committees as equals. One or two from the society did help the Welfare Mothers get more clothing and make the rules simpler to apply. In each case it was the dedication of a few people working for them as Attorneys-to-be.

The State took over the distribution of surplus food in Massachusetts and cut the wages for the men who service the people so that they find it difficult to get help. I figured once that it takes less than \$1 to give 75 lbs. of foods (30 kinds) to a family of seven,

about 45c. for an elderly couple. For lack of this, on our Columbia Point Project alone, about 100 tons of such food cannot be picked up. Without cars, it costs over \$2—to take a taxi. The local O.E.O. in Boston is trying to work out a free delivery system to each local area. What a slight of hand trick these kinds of things be. On the one hand some Govt. Agency with a great show of benevolence says, you can have food and then with another hand it says: "Sorry, no money to give it out." It confuses people in dire circumstances in a most cruel way. Enough said.

Grape Boycott

By MARK SILVERMAN

The California farmworkers' four-year strike and international boycott of table grapes continue as negotiations bog down.

The negotiations, which began in June between 10 Arvin and Lamont growers, were recessed several weeks ago. They have not been resumed.

The major issues separating the growers from the United Farm Workers are wages and control of pesticides. The Union has been attempting to gain access to information concerning the pesticides used on the grapes.

Aside from concern over the dangers for the workers, it is also believed that the pesticides may be hazardous to the health of consumers.

So far the union's attorneys, David Auerbach and Jerry Cohen, have been unable to gain access to the public records concerning these economic poisons.

The Coachella crop is over, and the harvest and strike activity has moved up to the Arvin-Lamont area (just south of Bakersfield).

This is the country of Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*. It is hot, dry and dusty. The same camps, such as the Sunset Labour camp, which Steinbeck wrote about thirty years ago, still operate. The names may have changed from Joad to Rodriguez, but the conditions remain much the same.

The area has been the scene of many bitter, violent labor struggles in the thirties and after the war, including an unsuccessful strike at the DiGiorgio ranch in the late forties.

It was not until Cesar Chavez and his nonviolent movement stepped in that farmworkers were able to win a contract with the DiGiorgio Company. Last year, the ranch was sold to S. A. Camp, who has not recognized the union. (The contract had no successor clause.)

The union is focusing much of its present strike activities on S. A. Camp, in order to win back union recognition for the workers.

The first Arvin grapes have been harvested and are now on the market. The international boycott continues to pick up momentum.

The union feels that the boycott has been tremendously effective. Sales in the forty largest cities are down by almost 20%. But the major effect has been in a drastic reduction of prices.

In New York sales for the month of June were down from 124 to 68 carlots. New York prices are down from last year's \$7.50-\$9.00 a box to \$3.50-\$4.50, according to U.S. Department of Agriculture figures.

The major part of the harvest (Lamont-Arvin and Delano) has now begun.

The farmworkers on the boycott need help in virtually every city in the nation to make the boycott effective.

They need part-time volunteers and picketers. They also need people willing to live on expenses and \$5 a week who could be trained and work as full-time organizers.

Those interested could contact:

Junita Brown
UFWOC
PO Box 130
Delano, Calif. 93215

Those in the New York area should contact:

United Farm Workers
c/o ILGWU, Local 23-25
275 7th Ave.
N.Y., N.Y.
(929-3239)

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

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Gandhi's program, of his dedicated life. He pointed out the weight given to acts of non-violent resistance by strong popular support. He urged American non-violent groups to involve more people in their movement.

Young and enthusiastic, Marian Moses, a registered nurse who works with the grape pickers in Delano, told of her experiences in a vital and vivid way. She stressed the absolute necessity of non-violence in the grape pickers' strike. She spoke too of the hazards, hardships, and harassments suffered by the strikers, and of the remarkable life of dedication and suffering exemplified by Cesar Chavez. She also spoke of the strikers' efforts to curb the overuse and abuse of pesticides by the growers. She said that at the present rate of use of some of the more dangerous pesticides, the land would, in not so many years, become a desert, incapable of producing anything. She said that even now in some areas, where the water table has been contaminated by a particular pesticide, babies under six months die after drinking the water.

I am glad that Marian Moses spoke of the dangers of pesticides. In our concern with economic and political injustice, we too often forget that unless something drastic is done soon to stop the damage inflicted on our environment—air, water, land—man, not just one man, but all men, women, and children, may not long survive upon this earth.

In the final talk of Saturday afternoon, Marty Corbin, managing editor of the Catholic Worker, gave a profound and scholarly analysis of some of the subtler nuances of non-violence by the French philosopher, Paul Ricoeur.

The fact that Pax participants were divided into smaller groups for discussing some of the questions raised by speakers or listeners led, I think, to better understanding both of nonviolence and of those desiring to practice nonviolence. Saturday night various films were shown, depicting the grape strikers of Delano, Mother Teresa of India who has done such wonderful work in caring for the sick, dying, and starving in the Calcutta area, and a film on Gandhi's life.

Following the films, groups gathered for informal guitar playing and singing, or for conversation, which continued, I believe, far into the night. Sunday was devoted to reports from discussion groups, the framing and approval of resolutions for PAX action, and a business meeting.

It seems hardly necessary to say that the real high point of Sunday was the Mass. Both Saturday and Sunday, Masses, beautiful Masses, were celebrated by seven priests taking part in the conferences. The church was our lawn, near the small circle of pines, overlooking the river with a view of the mountains beyond. In such a setting, one almost has to feel with Hopkins, that "the world is charged with the grandeur of God". But the Masses were, in a very special kind of way, a plea for peace, and for the forgiveness of those sins against humanity, which are truly sins against charity, and which make the achieving of peace almost impossible.

Although the Pax study weekend is in many ways the high point of our summer, our farm with a view is also the setting for other activities of considerable importance. One of these is the Day Care Center for the children of migrant workers, which is housed here, though sponsored by the Office of Economic Opportunity. Under the wise and capable direction of Mrs. Marge Blum, our good friend and neighbor, this center began operation in mid-July and will continue until the end of the fruit-picking season. The migratory agricultural workers of this area are as badly housed, poorly paid and treated as those of California. The Day Care Center on our farm, which provides good nourishing food, warm individual attention, toys and games for expanding mental horizons, and some training in group behavior, is merely a small beginning, a token of what should be done. Mrs. Blum, who has done such an outstanding job with her own fifteen children, says that she finds her present job easy by com-

parison, since she now has several capable assistants.

As usual, our swimming pool has proved a kind of recreation center for many persons living in our general area. Every afternoon, Monday through Friday, the school children of Tivoli receive their Red Cross swimming lessons in our pool. At other times children, families, and those of our own community enjoy this healthful exercise.

In addition to children coming for the Day Care Center and the swimming pool, we have had many other children with us, particularly during the month of July. Some came for Joe Geraci's school; some were merely visiting. But for whatever reason, the results were at times pure pandemonium. This was especially true when the shrieks of children were heard against the deafening din of rock and roll, blaring indoors and out. There have been times, of course, when some of these same young people and children, even the most exuberant, have performed real service for the community, in special cleanup operations, helping in the kitchen, or over the dishpan. Now that we are not quite so overwhelmed with the younger generation, we can appreciate somewhat more easily the youthful ebullience and energy of our young friends.

Visitors

As for other visitors, we have had so many that we have almost given up trying to keep track. It would be almost equally difficult to give an accounting of all those who have helped with the work. For those of our family whom we regularly depend on have done much, many of our visitors have also contributed much help. I think particularly of Sister Brennan, who made a week-long retreat with us following the Pax conference. She spent most of her time in our kitchen, preparing wonderful meals for us, and in other ways expending herself with love for everyone of the community. May God bless her and all who have helped us this summer.

As usual we have had some share of sickness. Several of our older members have not been well; and Peggy Conklin, our oldest, is once again in the hospital. I understand that she is already beginning to improve.

Last night katydids with loud insistence warned of approaching frost. But this morning, very early, robins sang with all the cheer and hope of a Maytime dawn chorus. Now in the approach of noon, the thin high song of crickets is a refrain of peace. On the Feast of the Transfiguration, which is the anniversary of the dropping of the first nuclear bomb on Hiroshima, Father Andy said in our chapel a votive Mass for the forgiveness of sins. Now near the great Feast of the Assumption, I pray—as we prayed in the litany of the Pax weekend—for forgiveness of sin against humanity, against love. Father, forgive us, for we know not what we do.

Long Island Farm Workers' Service Center

The Long Island Farm Workers' Service Center, a non-profit corporation, has been formed as a first step in alleviating the problem faced by the farm workers entrenched in a labor system that is a vestige of 19th century slavery. Towards this end, a thrift shop providing desperately needed clothing for the workers and their children and recreational programs (films, beach trips, etc.) are already in operation, while educational (computer-training, etc.) and food programs and legal and medical aid to the camps by a mobile unit are presently being organized.

The Service Center, located in Riverhead—137 Railroad Avenue (516) 727-9879, has been and is dependent upon the support of private organizations and responsible persons who have the foresight and understanding to act in the interest of all peoples.

Additional support is much needed and contributions to help defray the cost of operating the Service Center and allow its programs to function properly are welcomed.

Hutterite Communities

(Continued from page 2)

late business. Everything that they earn from their hard work is put into the formation of new colonies, branching out when they reach a hundred souls. They are accused of buying up all the available land, but large corporations own far more acreage. Where we visited about ten thousand acres was supporting what is in effect a village of over a hundred people. But to do away with private property is a mortal sin in our system. (Governor Ronald Reagan accused the students at Berkeley of trying to do away with private property and called out the National Guard to control the thousands of people who demonstrated to protect a People's Park which is on University property.)

"The Hutterites are all right but they're not so holy," said an old man, grinning, when we stopped to ask directions in a tiny hamlet. "They sneak into town, the young ones do, and look at television and smoke cigarettes. And they make liquor out there on them colonies."

Teenagers

It is true that the boys, who are good horsemen from an early age, sometimes ride into the nearest village to watch television and visit a hospitable neighbor. According to a pamphlet on the Hutterites by John Hostetler, published by Herald Press, in Scottsdale, Pennsylvania: "Teenagers are not expected to assume adult behavior and because they are immature they are expected to waver in their loyalties and fall prey to carnal temptations. While they are allowed to be foolish they are not permitted to be moody, anti-social or to perform their work poorly or to show disrespect for authority."

We drove into a dusty hollow, a little valley in the midst of vast plains. We were immediately charmed by the one-story fieldstone houses, each of which is inhabited by two families. There were huge barns and a large community house which held the kitchen, bake house and dining quarters. It was lunch time and we were met by a bevy of young women who had been setting tables. Their bright flowered jumper-style dresses, reaching nearly to their ankles, did not at all hide the grace of their movements. All of them were smiling and the one who undertook to answer our question was laughing so much that she could scarcely reply. They reminded me of a chorus of peasant maidens in a Viennese opera.

We were immediately invited to join them in the large dining room, where men sit on one side and women on the other. (The children have a separate dining room.) Since we were visitors, we ate together on the women's side of the room. Our first impression was of the beauty and the strength of the young men and girls, who were of course very conscious of our presence. The Hutterites are unfailingly hospitable to visitors; I do not think they have very many.

After lunch we had a short tour of the barns and the building which serves as nursery, kindergarten, school and chapel combined. We visited the minister and schoolmaster, David Dekker, who showed us a bookcase full of volumes of sermons, all written in a beautiful German script and illuminated like medieval manuscripts. These sermons come down from the Middle Ages and are read in the long service every Sunday between hymn and prayer. It is as though our priests read Sunday after Sunday from the writings of St. John of the Cross or St. Augustine or St. Clement.

Sunday Service

Later on in my journey I visited Rita Riley, who worked with us for several years at the Peter Maurin Farm in Staten Island and has been teaching for the past winter at the Hutterites' Birch Creek Colony in Montana, twenty-five miles south of Shelby. We attended the Sunday morning service together.

The service began promptly at nine thirty, with a song. The minister would intone the first line, and the congregation of men, women and children would take it up, singing with all their hearts in strong, almost metallic voices. It seemed in a way one voice. As I listened, I remembered Thomas Mann's Doctor Faustus and his description of

the singing of the Ephrata community in Pennsylvania.

After the hymn, which is lengthy and, I presume, doctrinal, there was the long sermon, also read on a high tone, sounding somewhat like a reflection of the psalm tones the Catholic hears in the singing of the psalms at Benedictine and Trappist monasteries, which becomes a haunting music in the heart.

Father Casey later wrote to me about his first visit to the Hutterites:

"The charm doesn't wear off. Gentle simple peasants, some of them so simple perhaps that they don't imagine that people outside their valley live differently from themselves. And for all their independence they are not insular or withdrawn. No monastery I have seen is more charitable, socially concerned. If I were sure that I would not embarrass them or disrupt in the smallest way their unself-conscious regime, such as frightening the babies or provoking inordinate giggling among their maidens, I would plan to go and live with them, like them, for a couple of days occasionally. I feel that I have much to receive from a pure man of God like David Dekker."

But I am sure that the Hutterites' firm belief that they must keep themselves unspotted from the world does not mean that they are ignorant of the ways of the world. They are self-supporting, a self-subsistent community, not tax-exempt but paying corporate taxes. They welcome visitors and conversation. Our friend Mary Widman, who has been engaged in interracial work in Chicago for many years, visited one of the colonies along with a group of her volunteers, and the Hutterite who transports the cattle to the stockyards in Chicago visited her community in return.

St. Paul

The Hutterite way of life is based on the second chapter of the Book of Acts, beginning with the 42nd verse: "They met constantly [the three thousand who listened to the words of Peter after the descent of the Holy Spirit and were converted] to hear the apostles teach, and to share the common life, to break bread and pray . . . all those whose faith had drawn them together held everything in common; they would sell their property and possessions and make a general distribution as the need of each required. With one mind they kept up their daily attendance in the temple and, breaking bread from house to house, they shared their meals with unfeigned joy, as they praised God and enjoyed the favor of the whole people."

I have read somewhere that the Christians, knowing that Jerusalem was to be destroyed, held all things in common and that as a result the poor of Jerusalem were so needy that St. Paul had to take up collections for them on his travels. But it is such teaching that has led to the foundation of many communities, Catholic and others. Certainly the Catholic ones have always profited by an increase of land and wealth so that persecution has come over and over again. The corporate wealth is then taken away, but later accumulates again.

Fortunately, the Papal States were wrested from the Church in the last century, but there is still the problem of investment of papal funds. It is always a cheering thought to me that if we have good will and are still unable to find remedies for the economic abuses of our time, in our family, our parish, and the mighty church as a whole, God will take matters in hand and do the job for us.

When I saw the Garibaldi mountains in British Columbia, and remembered the house in which he lived in exile in Staten Island, I said a prayer for his soul and blessed him for being the instrument of so mighty a work of God. May God use us!

Agricultural Communes

One reason I am devoting so much space to the story of the Hutterites is that it is so pertinent to our time. We are living in an era in which vast countries like Russia and China have solved the problem of agribusiness by abolishing private property altogether and setting up communes, which may be

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LETTERS

Tolstoy Farm

Davenport, Washington 99122

To the Editor:

I enjoyed reading "Springtime at Tolstoy Farm" by Pat Rusk (March-April issue) although the idyllic scene she depicted may be somewhat misleading to the readers. Life can truly be peaceful and happy but people still have their problems and conflicts here. It is, I believe quite difficult to make a living here and many people fail. The two hundred acres that we can use are already somewhat overcrowded and outside work is often hard to find. We are progressively becoming less of a communal group and more a place of Separate homesteads with Co-operation in between. This year there is only one community cow and no communal garden or food supply although many of us cooperate in small groups to grow and buy food. We have given up trying to feed everyone who comes along and it seems that only those who can live simply and self-reliantly can live here, yet we are still crowded for space. Even short-term visitors should be prepared to provide their own needs, such as food and camping equipment.

Many of us here are trying to develop a self-supporting community with a school, children, crops, and industries



all based on voluntary cooperation and we do in fact have a free school started as well as some handicrafts. We therefore try to encourage and help families get settled here.

The mail-order catalogue of intentional communities is not published by us but by the Narrow Ridge community in Newaygo, Michigan 49337 and is called the Community Market. It is an important first step in developing trade and communication between communities, and I hope the next step will be a ham radio network between intentional communities, free schools, and other radical groups. I hope to have a radio station established here soon.

If all of the people who are developing cooperative farms, industries, school and communities can work together we will be well on our way to a new civilization.

Peace.

Haw Williams

Reba Place

723 Seward St.
Evanston, Ill.

Dear Editor:

With the increased interest in the search for "community" I thought that readers of the CW might be interested in our attempts here in metropolitan Chicago.

Revolt against the Establishment can take many forms. One is the way of protest, of sit-ins and storming the Pentagon. Another is the way of radical obedience to the Christian Gospel, a revolt not only against materialism and conformity, but the fierce competitiveness of our times.

What began as a discussion among a group of students and relief workers in Europe following the war turned into a deliberate seeking of fellowship by people who longed to live their lives in "Christian Community." Ten years later this is a thriving community of over forty adults and sixty children. We have gathered in a single neighborhood, with all of our homes within a one-block radius. Scattered as we are during the working day across a sprawling city, we want to come home in the evening to one neighborhood where we are readily available to one another in time of need.

The property is held collectively,

members of The Fellowship pool their income in a common treasury and are reimbursed according to their needs. Almost all of us in our society are simply too attached to our wealth. We are too possessive. A strong sense of private possessions, prevalent in many societies, has been cultivated among us Americans into a national virtue. It is this unchallenged possessiveness which has led to the gross injustices which everywhere accompany and corrupt Western capitalism. We want to make a beginning in our fellowship by asking all our members to cultivate that inner detachment from things which will make a just and equitable sharing of goods possible. This is one of the reasons we use the Sermon on the Mount as a sort of catechism for those seeking membership in our group.

Peace and Joy,
Pat Murray.

New Group

7535 Cedar Drive

Citrus Heights, Cal. 95610

Dear C.W. Members—especially in the Sacramento Diocese.

We need a group of people to help us implement the documents of Vatican II in Sacramento.

Peggy McGivern who is from Delano, and is the director of the Boycott of Grapes in Sacramento has received little or no help from the Catholic community because most parishes are still interested in bricks and mortar and not people. Also much fear exists in the diocese from the large agricultural corporations and farmers who could cancel the almighty dollar going into the church. Therefore, some of us are interested in organizing a community house in the Cathedral Parish and in working on such vital issues as social justice, ecumenism, and especially we could try to give a living witness to what we feel is our responsibility by the directives given to us in the document on The Church in the Modern World.

As soon as we can get sufficient funds for the first months' rent which will be \$100 to \$150 a month, we will be ready for hospitality of all kinds. We hope to use much of the philosophies of the C.W.—open dialogue, open weekly meeting nite. And pressure groups on the community where injustice or lack of concern for people is evident.

Anyone interested in helping us can contact me—Bea Brickey, 7535 Cedar Drive, Citrus Heights (95610). Telephone 725-6565. Or call Nancy Nystrom—455-1526.

In the family of God—"Smile on Your Brothers."

Bea Brickey

Our difficult days call for rare courage: the willingness to disenthral ourselves, to think anew and act anew. There is no justification for the death penalty. It cheapens life. Its injustices and inhumanity raise basic questions about our institutions and purpose as a people. Why must we kill? What do we fear? What do we accomplish besides our own embitterment? Why cannot we revere life and in so doing create in the hearts of our people a love for mankind that will finally still violence?

The death penalty should be abolished.

RAMSEY CLARK

Former Attorney General of the United States

Teilhard de Chardin

It has become fashionable today to mock or to treat with suspicion, anything which looks like faith in the future. If we are not careful this scepticism will be fatal, for its direct result is to destroy both the love of living and the momentum of mankind.

Hutterite Communities

(Continued from page 7)

areas consisting of thirty villages, as in China, or collective farms, as in the Soviet Union and Cuba.

A priest I met recently remarked that in spite of Chiang Kai-Shek great progress has been made in cooperatives and land reform in Formosa. Forbidden as we are in this free country to travel to China or Cuba, we can still to some extent study the system of the Soviet Union. Harrison Salisbury's New York Times articles, now collected in book form, have much to tell us about the collective farms in Siberia and other parts of Russia.

On this pilgrimage within our own country, I am now on my way down the Long Valley in California to visit Cesar Chavez and the agricultural workers and report on what is happening in the enormous vineyards around Delano and in the lands further south. It seems an endless struggle, these strikes and boycotts, these sufferings of the poor of all nationalities, a struggle begun by the Filipinos and Mexicans who are the victims of this system of raising food. It is said that California could feed the world!

Word of this David and Goliath struggle has gone round the world and this "quiet battle" has in it for Christians the element of failure and success, that paradox of Christianity, that makes the world attend with fascinated interest. It is a nonviolent struggle, in which the techniques of a Gandhi and a Martin Luther King are being used on a most fundamental level: in man's struggle for bread, for land, for relief from brutalizing toil. The "ancient lowly" are still with us in these men, women and children who toll in the fields.

The Hutterite communities and the kibbutzim of Israel are two examples of successful farming communities in the world today. The Hutterite colonies are nonviolent and truly self-sustaining, built on poverty and hard labor and dedication. The kibbutzim have, after all, been funded by their compatriots throughout the world, and came into being as a refuge from hideous persecution. They are armed now, men and women alike, to defend what they have built up in the way of an earthly paradise.

The Hutterites began with four hundred immigrants who settled in Canada and spread to number a hundred and seventy colonies in 1965, with a total population of over fifteen thousand. They have large families and the increase continues. The kibbutzim comprise over eighty-five thousand people in more than two hundred and thirty villages and settlements.

Hutterite Children

I sat for some hours with the children in the Birch Creek Colony in the one-room schoolhouse which the eight grades share. Some schools have ten grades, but none of the children leave the colony to go to local high schools. A bookmobile comes around and the children read a great deal, but they grow up to be farmers, cowboys, mechanics, tailors, bookbinders and shoemakers, so both head and hands are well occupied.

Actually, the children go to three schools: the German school, the public schools and the religious school. One of the Hutterite children, Dorothy K., tells the story of their day in a little theme she wrote for school on colony life:

"I like to live in colony life. I get up at six every morning. I say my prayers, then I sing some hymns, then we go to breakfast and after breakfast we have to wash dishes and I help my sister with the work every morning. We all take turns washing dishes in the kitchen and when we are seventeen we take our turn at cooking. We take turns at everything: cooking, baking, milking and washing dishes. I have to help butcher chicken and ducks. We butcher pigs only two times a year. We work in the garden in the summer hoeing all the vegetables and later we pick them and can them. We can a lot of fruit too. I like to can food. We have to pluck ducks and geese in the summer. Sometimes we have to do some work we don't like but we still try to be cheerful while

doing it. There is no use grumbling when we have to do it anyway. We bake all our bread, cake, pies, buns and cookies. I go to church every Sunday and Sunday school in the afternoon, and we have a short service every day. We clean the school house every day when school is out and we have service there in the evening. We paint a lot of furniture in the summer. I have to help in the laundry too. When my little brothers and sisters tear their clothes I have to mend them. I knit socks and stockings too. I like it.

"When there is a cool nice evening all the girls go for a walk. We like to chat while we are walking. We often go for a ride with the wagon. It's lots of fun. We share and do everything together in the colony. I think Hutt's life is wonderful."

George W. writes briefly:

"I get up at 6 A.M. Then I wash and get dressed. I sing a hymn and pray. My breakfast is at 6:45. Cheese, butter, bread, syrup, pancakes, sausage, corn flakes, milk, coffee, eggs, bacon and hot oatmeal. Before breakfast I say a prayer and after. German school starts at seven and ends at 8:30. Then home to eat bread and eggs and coffee. At nine is English school. At four p.m. after school I go in the garden and help Paul put seeds into the ground and water them till five thirty. After washing my hands, face and sometimes feet I go to church at six and till six thirty and then supper is at six forty five. Then I go home and learn my German lessons until eight thirty and go to bed at nine thirty."

Leonard K., grade four, wrote this stark account:

"One summer I went fishing down the road with the other boys. We were going with the horses down the road when we saw a rattle snake and she did want to go after us. She gave the horse a bite on the leg and she could not walk so we got off the buggy and went home. The rattle snake crept away while we were going home. When we come back the horse was laying on the ground and we pulled the buggy home to the barn."

Lawrence K., grade eight, wrote the following vivid account:

"I'm a pretty good cowboy, after all. One time I was to ride an outlaw horse who once almost killed a man. My boss said, watch out that he don't pile you. I said, if he pitches some I reckon I'll stay on him. I was to ride him on the rodeo, his name was Infighter because he could fight like a wildcat. I stripped my saddle on him and checked my saddle for a rough rider. Coming out Chute No. 3, roared the announcer, Larry Jean on Infighter. Then the gate was flung open. Infighter came out on a dead run, with me spurring him hard, waiting for what I knew was coming.

"Suddenly Infighter stopped dead, bucked fast, and followed it with the strange, high, twisting kick. He could bit harder and buck faster than any other horse on the rodeo could. He twisted, sunfished, whirled and yanked the saddle from side to side, writhing like a cobra. Yet I was raking his shoulder and flanks. I stuck to the bronco like a cockle bur. I waved my hat wildly in the air. I was the champion bronco rider."

Colony Life

Evidently the teacher suspected Lawrence of either making up or copying this fascinating account, although she knew that all the boys were good riders and "bronco busters." She penalized him by making him write another theme, which is a sober account of work entitled "Colony Life."

"I work hard all day, I never sit around and fool around. I work. I get up at five a.m. and go to bed at ten p.m. I work on the farm. I am working with 900 ducks and 600 geese. We feed them morning, afternoon and night. We give three bushels of ground oats to nine hundred ducks every time we feed them and four bushels of grain to the geese. We give the ducks lots of grass too. When we are done with our day's work we go fishing. We ride wild horses and mus-tangs every week. Some guys call me a wild outlaw and don't know why.

They think I am packing a 44-45 revolver. But I don't. We can't have cowboy boots, wrist watches, guns and nothing. I don't know why but that's the way we guys live.

"Hutterite life is really wonderful. You don't need to buy your food or anything. You have to buy nothing."

Reuben in grade seven wrote:

"Colony life is interesting in some ways. I like the job I have. I am helping with the pigs. One interesting day a pig jumped a high fence and I ran after him but the pig ran so fast that I had to give up. He ran down into the root cellar and smashed all the garden things. The people gave me the blame for that. When the pig came out of the root cellar he ran into a house. Ho, what a mess. The little boys were playing in the house and the pig muck them down. They were all crying. When the mother came home and saw what the pig did she moved to another house. When it was supper time I was so unhappy that I smash the plates. After supper I went fishing. The wagon broke down and the horse ran away. I never want another day like that."

The girls' essays were all about work and their enjoyment of it. There are twenty-nine children in Rita's class. She is a good teacher and enjoys teaching. The morning I sat in on the classes the children chose to sing for me instead of having their recess. Singing plays a large part not only of their religion but of their recreation as well. Rebecca, who had a strong voice, led off. The others all took it up, singing first a hymn with many verses and then a long ballad.



Albany Calls.

Help Your Brother

(Continued from page 4)

way. There was a gas station, so he pushed his car into the closed service station. If the car didn't start in the morning, when he went to work, he could have it checked out. He had bought gasoline there before, so why not?

The next morning Sam went down to retrieve his car on his way to work. The car was there and so was the gas station attendant, who ordered Sam to move the car. One word led to another. Sam swears the attendant came at him with a monkey wrench, making derogatory statements that no man, especially a black man, can ignore. We don't condone what Sam did, but we can understand his reaction. It's the way most men would react. Not only to defend his own skin, but his pride too.

The police officer came on the scene and pulled his gun (court testimony). There was a scuffle and maybe Sam hit the officer and maybe he didn't—this was never established in court. The police officer is an old acquaintance. Other Brothers have had run-ins with him, conflicts which our police officer helped promote. The service station attendant has also had his problems in getting along with other people, especially customers, and there were people who would have testified to this, if the court permitted their testimony to be heard.

We know that Sam's no angel, nor

that he was blameless in the episode on February 10. But, it does take TWO to tangle. Sam's attorney, George Harder, believes there is enough in this case to believe that an appeal can be won. But, Mr. Harder says that it will cost \$2,000. We're asking you—our friends, Sam's friends—to contribute \$5 toward that appeal. We're pleading to your sense of justice.

In all this, one thing has become evident beyond a shadow of doubt. That is the double standard of justice that exists in the Albany courts. How else can you explain the three-year sentence Judge Schenck socked to Sam and the suspended sentence which the same judge handed out that same week to Dr. Daniel O'Keefe, accused of performing illegal abortions and permitted to plead to a reduced charge?

Sam has already been taken away to Dannemore State Prison, even though Mr. Harder has filed a notice of appeal. Does Judge Schenck really think that Sam, a man who reacted normally to inflammatory provocation, is more dangerous than the doctor who violated the public trust voluntarily?

The appeals procedure is an essential part of the judicial system which is supposedly guaranteed for all. Help Sam McDowell receive his fair day in court—send \$5 or more to the Sam McDowell Appeal Fund, Box 844, Albany, N.Y. 12201.

Thank you,
The Brothers

36 East First

(Continued from page 2)

with the "inward eye," but the fruit of that seeing will come after time, recollection, just plain simple living and prayer.

Sister Donald Corcoran, O.S.B.

I am Linda Fuhlbrugge from North Dakota. Two years ago I graduated from college. From there I worked for a year and a half with retarded people in Wisconsin. In March I joined Brendan and Willa Walsh at the Viva House in Baltimore. In June I came to the New York Catholic Worker.

Coming to the Catholic Worker is like coming home for the first time, coming to life of less deception and dishonesty, a life more full of humanity, a life full of the personal challenge of Christianity.

The most fantastic part of this experience is the realization of how little I knew before I came. And so this is what I'll speak of now.

Four months ago I first saw the miles and miles of slums, I saw the unemployed sitting on a hundred doorsteps, I saw the neighbors drink day after day, as if there were no other way to live.

I had never met a person who had been in jail. Then I came, and have listened to many discussions on the arrests on false charges, the jail conditions, the cruelty of the guards.

I saw some of the deficiencies in the educational system when I tried to teach nine year olds to read. When I volunteered with disturbed children in the ghetto I saw the results of broken family life.

I was fifteen when I first saw a black person. In Baltimore there were many days that I found myself to be the only white person walking in the black area.

I had only seen a factory from the outside. Then I knew the humiliation of being trucked like cattle to a factory, standing at an assembly line, waiting for our feet to get numb so as to stop the aching in them. Many of my fellow workers went home only to a slum home full of children.

My greatest shame is that I never really knew these things before. But the shame shall be greater if I only stop here and do no more. I hope that in four more months I will have learned much and done much more.

Linda Fuhlbrugge

Two Catholic Worker girls need a one or two day a week babysitting or housecleaning job in Manhattan to pay rent through the winter. All help will be appreciated. Call Bonnie or Barbara at 254-1640.