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Continued Loyalty for U. F. W.:

Imperial Valley Strike

By JAN ADAMS

During February, farm workers proved their continued loyalty to the United Farm Workers' union with a one-day general strike in California's Imperial Valley followed by a four-day walkout seeking union recognition from asparagus growers. In the cities, growers and retail outlets sought to hinder the successful grape and Gallo wine boycotts by obtaining court orders which would make peaceful picketing illegal.

The one-day UFW general strike on February 18 in Calexico, adjacent to the Mexican border, protested Teamster-grower "sweetheart contracts," which cost workers \$8 a month in dues for no discernible benefits. The growers' own press estimated that 7,000 farm workers were involved. Only the Inter-Harvest Company, which recognizes the UFW, was able to continue its lettuce harvesting. Seventeen UFW members were arrested while picketing fields belonging to grower Ben Abatti; they remained in jail three days before being released on their own recognizance.

The following day, while most field hands returned to work, asparagus workers continued to strike for recognition of the UFW as their bargaining representative. The vegetable was at its peak, requiring immediate harvesting if it was not to flower and become commercially worthless. For four days UFW workers picketed in the fields and at "El Hoyo" (the hole) in Calexico where labor contractors load workers in their buses to take them to the fields. The largest grower in the valley, John Jackson Jr., complained that the resulting labor shortage was costing him \$30,000 a day. Despite these losses, asparagus growers would not admit that the UFW represented their workers.

On the third day of the strike, growers obtained an injunction which would have

crippled picketing at El Hoyo. Declaring this order unconstitutional, eighteen workers, including organizer Manuel Chavez (brother of the UFW leader) violated the restrictions and were arrested. Police then charged a crowd of farm workers, injuring four. This incident led to press reports of "strike violence."

The asparagus walkout ended after only four days because the UFW has no money with which to pay strike benefits. Although the UFW does not officially sanction its members working at ranches with Teamster contracts, the union recognizes that many do so out of necessity. Cesar Chavez commented: "Farm workers must work there or not work at all."

Boycott Enjoined

Injunctions are being used against the UFW effort to gain decent conditions and dignity for farm workers in the cities as well as in the fields. Union attorney Jerry Cohen has calculated that stores nationwide have obtained more injunctions restricting the past year's boycott of grapes and Gallo than in the previous seven years of the union's history.

An injunction is a court order which a judge may use to declare activity which has led to no arrests illegal. Instead of depending on the ordinary laws, such as those forbidding trespass, blocking traffic, or disturbing the peace, an injunction can curtail peaceful picketing and make anyone violating the order subject to arrest. The legal process passes through several stages, temporary restraining order, permanent injunction, but the meaning is the same, forbidding activity which no existing law holds guilty. Historically, injunctions have been a favorite weapon of employers trying to prevent unionization. The original National Labor Relations Act of 1933 recognized this and prohibited their use in labor dis-

(Continued on page 6)

World Protein Crisis:

More Than Bread Alone

By MICHAEL DE GREGORY

After the dramatic events of recent months, no one is likely to deny that there are limits to the earth's natural resources. Since October we have been in the midst of an "energy crisis," which, while largely contrived by the oil industry, has made us realize that the supply of oil is indeed finite, that previous consumption patterns of oil can never be the same. Earlier, last spring, ever-increasing food prices and expected meat shortages led to a nationwide consumer boycott of meat. This latter phenomenon was only a minor foreboding of a much graver developing world protein crisis.

Most discussions of the world food shortage conclude that the causes for predictions of famine and human starvation are remote from human control: the scarcity of arable land, the natural limitations of the earth's productivity, and the population explosion. In this view, world poverty and hunger are seen in a tug of war between the availability of food and the needs of a growing population. Ultimately, there are natural limits to how many people the earth can adequately nourish. But in terms of present world food shortages, a more important perspective is to see the situation as a manifestation of the division of mankind into a rich minority and a poor majority, an imbalance which converts an adequate food supply into a glut on the one hand and starvation on the other. Economic and political decisions are to blame for this inequity. Our own every-day eating habits are an integral part of this system.

Diet and Culture

"Grow what you eat and eat what you grow." In brief, this capsulizes Peter Maurin's thought on food and the green revolution. His gentle personalism led him to understand that the kind of food we eat (our diet) is related to the kind of people we are (our culture). In any attempt "to create a new society within the shell of the old," (a society which would thus necessarily address itself to the world food problem), diet would be a point of examination.

The mainstay of the American diet is meat. It has become an essential food commodity, served at least once and often several times daily. Since World War II the per capita consumption of meat in the United States has more than doubled. An average American eats about 212 pounds of meat and poultry a year. (The average inhabitant of India consumes less than three pounds yearly.) Nutritionally, meat is eaten not for its taste but for its protein, an essential body-building nutrient. While meat contains a high quality protein, it is false to believe that meat is the only adequate source of such protein. The fact is, there are numerous and just as effective non-meat sources of protein. Besides certain ethical objections to eating meat traditionally advanced by vegetarians, there is now growing evidence that a meat-based diet squanders the earth's productivity.

A recent book, *Diet for a Small Planet* by Frances Moore Lappe (Ballantine Books, New York, 1971), substantiates this view and sheds light on the consequences of our meat-centered culture. In the author's words, "This book is about protein—how we as a nation are caught in a pattern that squanders it; and how you can choose the opposite—a way of eating that makes the most of the earth's capacity to supply this vital nutrient."

Three of the four parts of *Diet* deal with protein theory and its applications. The author emphasizes the necessity of protein for good health, particularly during early human development. In order for the body to assimilate protein from food, twenty-two amino acids must be present. Eight essential amino acids must be obtained from sources outside the body. They must all be present simultaneously and in proper proportion. If one is deficient, it limits the others and reduces the net biological value of the food. This biological value (and the digestibility of the food) determines how much protein is available for the body to utilize. Simply stated, animal products (meat, eggs, milk) contain a higher quality protein than do cereals, beans, and nuts. Vegetable protein is usually deficient in one or more of the essential amino acids. However, by proper combinations the protein quality of vegetables and grains can be enhanced—the whole becoming greater than the sum of its parts. For example, the protein in grains complements that in beans, matching one's strength with the other's weakness. Taken separately, both are insufficient. But taken together, they increase protein quality so that it becomes comparable to that of meat.

Diet contains protein charts for various foods (meats, seafoods, dairy products, legumes, cereals, seeds and nuts). These charts list the amino acids and the amounts of usable protein present and illustrate how nutritious, inexpensive non-meat meals are possible. The book concludes with over 100 pages of complementary protein recipes that put protein theory into practice through various combinations of rice, soybeans, wheat, legumes, sesame, nuts, and dairy products.

"Earth's Labor Lost"

In less than twenty-five pages (the first section of *Diet*), Lappe explains why a meat-centered diet is wasteful, why a non-meat diet is perhaps wiser for our small planet earth. This is the most thought-provoking section of the book, and the facts and figures presented are often astonishing. They challenge the basic assumptions and practices of American culture.

It may not seem obvious, but essentially (except for seafood) all nutrition comes from the ground. Even livestock graze or are fed grains in order to produce milk or meat. The average person in a developing nation consumes about 400 pounds of cereal a year directly, as grains or legumes. In America each person eats the equivalent of 2,000 pounds of cereals; most of this is consumed indirectly as meat. This great inequity in consumption is the direct result of agricultural policy.

In the United States, one half of the harvested farm land is planted in feed crops. American farmers feed about 80% of all grains to animals. This includes 89% of the corn crop, 87% of the oat crop, over 90% of the unexported soybean and nearly 50% of the wheat harvest. (In contrast, in the developing countries less than 10% of the grain harvest is fed to livestock.) This policy of using protein-rich grain as feed results in enormous nutritional waste. For every 21 pounds of protein fed to cattle, only one pound is returned for human consumption. As Daniel Zwerdling recently

(Continued on page 7)

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442

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

It is March twelfth as I write this and it is cold. Outside it is 20 degrees and a harsh wind makes it feel like nine below. So says the forecaster on the radio as I start this column for the March-April issue of the *Catholic Worker*. Always, it seems to me, it gets colder just before the official day of spring begins, March 21; just as it is always darker just before dawn. Which reminds me that my sister and I used to console ourselves when we had attacks of adolescent blues with the reminder that it was always "darker just before dawn." Our mother used to speak to us in aphorisms which always made us cheer up.

At Home

Folks who come to us in their need are "at home" with us. That is the only cheerful thing I can say when I see constantly the human misery around me. I come back from a short speaking trip (short in time if not in distance) to see one woman sleeping on a chair just inside the door, with her head on two telephone books resting against a heavy stone statue of St. Joseph which is on the window sill. On still another row of chairs against the wall, another is prone, covered with her coat. Upstairs in the mailing and television room, there is still another young woman, stark upright but with a heavy scarf covering her head and face. Sometimes when I have climbed the stairs to the third floor where seven women, with all their belongings, fill our limited space, I may pass another woman lying against the wall in the hall.

The city shelter for women holds forty-seven. The women in charge do the best they can with the limited space they have, and they take in the most difficult cases. Why all this destitution and homelessness? Because there are ever more ghastly, insanely structured buildings going up (instead of homes for the poor), constructed of glass it would seem, no windows which can ever be opened. I remember how Smokey Joe used to complain of the new Tombs with never a window that opened, never a breath of fresh air. "Air conditioning, to hell with it," he would cry out. Higher and higher the buildings go, and lower and lower people are plunged into destitution.

Park Benches

A priest came to see us in January. The end of the month was mild and reminded me of the old song, "It's June in January when you're in love," which they were singing in 1933 when the CW started. The priest came at two in the morning and rang our bell and got no answer, so seeing a fire in a trash basket at the end of First Street near the bocci court, he took himself there. There are trees there! The sun comes up at the end of our street,

over the East River! There were benches under the trees which were inviting, and several men were keeping the fire going in the metal basket with trash from the city streets. A woman lay out on a bench, covered over with one of the three coats she always wore.

Just as the youth of the country are doing, priests also are experimenting as to their garb, and this priest was in shabby clothes and down at the heel. He took to a neighboring bench to rest his weary feet and wait out the night. We knew the woman on the adjoining bench. She was one who had refused our hospitality but was waiting to get into our new house where hopefully she could have a room of her own.

The New House

And this waiting explains why I was encountering so many on my return from speaking. "When is the house going to be open?" "There are certainly going to be many delays," I can only point out. Just as it was before we could move to the First Street house.

The music school which has inhabited the buildings which we have acquired is ready to move but has not obtained its "certificate of occupancy" from the City ("holy mother the city"), which takes care of only 47 women in the City Shelter though many others are cared for by "Welfare", in old hotels scattered around the city.

Although the house is paid for, there will be many changes needed to turn it from a school into a shelter, so there are delays ahead, and we must continue in patience where we are for some time yet. If we get into it by the end of the warm



St. Mary Lou Rose, M.M.

weather we will be lucky. We are all acquainted with "the law's delays," and building codes are strict. And even when we are moved, the First Street house, St. Joseph's House, must continue to care for the soup line and the clothes room and for the men, because the Third Street house will be a woman's House primarily. What shall we name it? Maryhouse? God

(Continued on page 8)

36 East First

By DAN CORLEY

I will be leaving St. Joseph's House, after a six-month break here from my university studies. My time here on First Street has proven to be quite an education. I have grown while trying to follow the ideals of voluntary poverty and non-violence amid the misery and violence that is present in Manhattan's Lower East Side.

The Catholic Worker is a school in the truest sense of the word. The chief lesson this school has to offer is a lesson in faith.

My Lord God,

I have no idea where I am going.

I do not see the road ahead of me.

I cannot know for certain where it will end.

Nor do I really know myself,

and the fact that I think that I am following your will does not mean that I am actually doing so.

But I believe that the desire to please you does in fact please you.

And I hope I have that desire in all that I am doing.

I hope that I will never do anything apart from that desire.

And I know that if I do this,

you will lead me by the right road though I may know nothing about it.

Therefore will I trust you always though I may seem to be lost and in the shadow of death.

I will not fear, for you are ever with me, and you will never leave me to face my perils alone.

Thomas Merton

Here at St. Joseph's House we must, when we are truly honest with ourselves, admit that we seldom see the results of our efforts. We are totally unable to fathom all of the various ways in which we affect those around us. Perhaps we have not been a help to anybody. There remains the very realistic and aggravating possibility that we have actually hurt, and not by any means been a help to those people whose lives we share.

Soup Line

For some, our soup line is a crutch they can fall back on daily. It has been said that, "if they couldn't come here to get out of the cold, eat a bowl of soup and put on some needed clothes, then maybe they would try a little harder to help themselves." Others see us as a soft touch. They can take advantage of whatever hospitality the Catholic Worker offers and save their money for wine. A few will even go so far as to sell the clothes we give them. We have seen it done.

On the other hand, many of those who come to our doors deeply appreciate the small bit of hospitality that we offer. I was assured of this by an old man who has come off and on during the last six months. He came up to me after finishing his soup one morning and we talked for a while. He said thanks and assured me that it was good soup (a fact which I relished, because once we had cleared the tables after soupline, I'd be able to sit down and share whatever soup was left with the rest of the Catholic Worker family, many of whom were up on the second floor sending out the February edition of the paper). Anyway, he must have noticed that I was tired, because he tried to cheer me up by telling me that I would be able to go upstairs and sleep after soupline. Where he got that impression I don't know, but I immediately told him he was wrong. "We work in the afternoons doing whatever odd jobs need to be done around here."

He was sympathetic and wanted to know how much money I received for my efforts. And when I told him that I didn't get anything, he responded by shaking his head in pity and walking slowly out the door.

He must have thought about our talk because in a few minutes he came back to the house again. This time we didn't exchange many words. He just looked at me kindly, emptied his pockets, and gave me all his money, 19c, in order "to help me out." He quickly stepped back out

into the rain and headed for the Bowery.

We do not know what is going on in the minds of those who come to our doors. All we know is that they do come. They walk in, eat, and leave. We will never know, except in a very few, isolated cases, how our hospitality has affected them.

The Family

The soupline lasts but several hours each day, and my lesson in faith would develop as I spent the rest of numerous days helping out in whatever way I could as a member of the Catholic Worker family.

Each of us is here for a variety of reasons, and perhaps the only common denominator that we have is our poverty. Although with some of us it's voluntary, most of our family has had no say in the matter. They were thrown into the oppressive conditions of this area by a variety of circumstances and have, thus far, been unable to escape.

The burdens that they face are tremendous. Some have no place to stay at night and face the cold and loneliness of a long New York City night by wandering the streets. They will sleep on the subways until they are told to move on. Others will have a place to stay. It could be a cubicle in one of the filthy, flop houses on the Bowery or the floor of an abandoned building. But facing the possibility of robbery or rape each night must make theirs a restless and fitful sleep. The rest of our family will, at least, have the security of sleeping within the walls of St. Joseph's House or in private apartments. But even here those that sleep on the second floor and the basement must sleep on either hard wood benches or on the floor.

Under this type of great duress, a few have fallen back within themselves. They are tragically, but quite understandably overwhelmed with self-pity, and it is a rare occasion that finds them able to come out of themselves and become aware of the people around them. It sometimes seems as though these few just sit, eat, and sleep all day long. Perhaps they are preparing for the rugged night ahead.

The great majority of our family, however, does not fall within this category. Theirs is the faith that Merton portrays so vividly in his "Prayer of Trust and Confidence." They cannot see the road ahead, but show an unwavering trust in the Lord by making the most of the present situation. And it constantly amazes me to see the ways in which God acts through them. Even in the midst of the frequent bickering, fighting and general confusion that is common at St. Joseph's House, many virtues are displayed, beckoning to be followed. Paul's thrift in conserving the remains of the evening meal, Jonas' patience while playing a game of solitaire, and Esther's and Sal's always joyful personalities are just a few of the many examples I could pick from.

The Catholic Worker is truly a family of faithful people. And it is this faith that I have begun to acquire during the time I have spent here, working on the soupline and participating as a member of the family.

I was poor. And due to this poverty I found myself depending more and more on the other members of the family. I was forced to admit to myself that I needed their help, their support. I also came to the realization that they needed what little I could give to them. We had to trust in each other. This is the type of faith that I have learned in St. Joseph's House.

It is not a place that will change much because I am going. My leaving is expected. All the young come, they learn, and they eventually go. We take what we learn and apply it to our lives, wherever we may go. But life will go on as usual here at this House of Hospitality. The members of the family still have to daily face the difficulties of life in the Bowery. No results are in sight. But we have Merton's prayer to accompany us.

Tanzania and Collective Responsibility

By JONATHAN POWER

When I first went to Tanzania it was in the autumn of 1963, a fresh, wide-eyed graduate from Manchester University, the product of a Liverpool suburban middle-class upbringing. I had not found it easy to adjust to the life of the farmers and townfolk I was to work with. Their wattle and thatch houses, buzzing with flies, smelling not so much unpleasantly as strangely, with only a low stool to sit on, were not immediately appealing to someone so dependent on the world of soft chairs and tiled bathrooms. Now I was revisiting it from my Holloway home, the second most over-

they say they do keep the insect population down in the way thatch never did. Tin roofs apart, I was impressed just how pleasant these houses now were. The changes were not that many. But they made a crucial difference.

Unlike their counterparts on the periphery of Europe's economic growth, these African cottagers in Tanzania have a future. At least they do if they integrate themselves into what is known as "ujamaa." Thirty miles on the other side of Iringa I went to visit Luganga, an Ujamaa village. There are 800 real Ujamaa villages in Tanzania. (The government claims 2000; but this is clearly in-

themselves from their traditional scattered holdings and move into villages and adopt the Arusha principles, then the government might help with a tap and some improved seed. Basically, though, it's up to them. Surprisingly, it's worked. Not least because of President Nyerere's own example in his home village and his frequent sorties into the countryside to lend a hand with a hoe.

And so, on a little-traveled dirt road, twenty miles from the nearest town, I saw my first Ujamaa village. A large grouping of brick-built, but traditionally styled houses, constructed around a small village hall, shop and dispensary. Everything had been built by the villagers themselves. It was the first of a number I was to see and all were equally impressive. Nyerere's intention is to stop the drift to the towns, to make agriculture the backbone of the economy and to demonstrate what every development economist knows, but which consumer pressures work directly against, that you can get more return off the land per input of cash than you can in the factory.

Pressures for Consumerism

There is no reason, argues Nyerere, why subsistence, i.e., self-sufficiency, should not operate at much higher levels than it does at present if only a few relatively simple things are done. "... if you suggest to our citizens they should keep chickens," Nyerere argues in his introduction to the Second Five-Year Plan, "they will ask: 'Where shall we sell them?' or: 'Where shall we buy the eggs?' These are very stupid questions. Those who buy chickens or eggs do so to have food. Similarly, those who keep chickens should do so for the purpose of providing their food and that of their children. Why is there a single family in our rural areas which does not keep decent chickens? They could be fed on the scraps from the farm: it is only if you are trying to sell eggs to the tourist hotels that you need to spend money on expensive special foodstuffs. Or who is there in our rural areas who would be unable to keep ducks or rabbits in order to improve the feeding of his family—if he wanted to do so? Yet we do not do it; meat remains a luxury to many of our people!"

That eight hundred Ujamaa villages have grown up in six years, putting this kind of idea into practice, is verging on the incredible. For the talk that used to go on in my office in the Ministry of Agriculture eight years ago was often about how nothing ever appeared to change. I'm sure if the Ministry had been left to its own devices it would have found its prophecies self-fulfilling for ever and a day.

But Nyerere has refused to pitch his development appeal on the old British colonial idea of grow some more crops, sell them and buy yourself a radio, which merely leads to the peasantry's concluding that life must be better in the town where they make the radios and where you can have not only a radio but a gramophone and tape recorder as well. These adventurous proletarians-to-be

never seem to realize they stand a 50 percent chance of being unemployed. So Nyerere has tried to stop the pressures of urban consumerism and has stressed the value of collective responsibility in the countryside leading to group achievement. And most of rural Tanzania is near enough to its African past to understand what he is about. Perhaps that sounds an over-simplistic view of what has happened. But I cannot find another explanation that adequately accounts for this dramatic development.

Ujamaa and the Cities

If rural Tanzania supports Nyerere and looks to Ujamaa for its release, the same cannot be said of the towns. This was brought home to me by my old friend Benedict who works as an electrician in the Iringa power station.

Although Benedict only had a mission primary-school education, he is very hard-working and talented and a year or two ago he was promoted to foreman. He took me down to what used to be called in my day—and that was two years after Independence—the African part of town. Benedict had bought a new house there for £200.

After supper Benedict showed me round his house, and as I looked into the bedroom with their bags of maize meal stacked in sacks in the corner, I couldn't help feeling he had got it made. But I wasn't allowed to keep my illusions. Benedict had started talking about the Arusha Declaration. In short he was fed up with the way things were going in Tanzania. He'd set his goal on starting his own business and owning two or three houses. But that was out now.

"Ujamaa means I can't own more than one house," he said, "and what's the point of building up a business? As soon as it gets too big, they'll take it off me."

I chided him gently. "But isn't private ownership going against the old African ways?" I said.

"But we can't go backwards," Benedict insisted. "There's a lot of opposition to Mwalimu (Nyerere is commonly referred to as Mwalimu—"teacher"). Not so much to him personally, but to his ideas—especially in the towns. The people in the countryside like what he's doing. But not here."

By this time we had got into his car and were driving through the pitch-black African night to visit his parents who lived 30 miles away in the country near the Italian mission where he grew up. "Benedict," I said, "your trouble is that you really did believe what those old capitalistic Italian missionaries told you!" We both laughed. And as we bumped along on the dark stony road, the images of Holloway and Tanzania jumbled together, and I was left to wonder why it is that man is so taken in by the illusion of progress, when what he really yearns for is reality.

(Our thanks to the editors of COMMONWEAL for allowing us to print this abridged article from their Dec. 14, 1973 issue. The Editors.)



St. Mary Lou Rose, M.M.

crowded neighborhood in London. And how different it all seemed. Many of my neighbors in Holloway live in one or two rooms. Few have tiled bathrooms, or any kind of bathroom, come to that. The vast majority of the houses are damp. Usually the rents are high. Security of tenure is precarious.

Traveling around Tanzania this time I realized that development is very much in the eye of the beholder. My Liverpool suburban vantage point had given me a very false picture of what economic development was all about. But with Holloway eyes the African houses did not look quite so poor. Now I looked more for what the economist calls the "hidden costs" and the "social costs": the price of space, for example. How much is space worth to a family? Whether it be the space of the average rural Tanzanian house with its five or six rooms, or the unlimited area for children to play in without fear of motor accident or falling on broken glass. (The costs I'm constantly fearful of for my own children.) Then there is the cost of security of tenure. Neighbors in Holloway would pay a lot for that. And middle-class families in Barnsbury and Canonbury a mile or so away would also be prepared to pay quite a lot to know the new London superhighway that threatens to tear their neighborhood in half was really a dead duck. Well, the Tanzanians have got all these expensive things—free.

Growth of Villages

I went to visit the peasant tobacco farmers I used to work with near Iringa in the Southern Highlands, so I could better judge their progress or lack of it. I was surprised if only because, from my Holloway retreat, I get used to not expecting things to change very quickly. But in the eight years I had been away from Tanzania things had changed. Many of the houses now had hard stone floors, instead of just the rough earth. They had plastered and painted their walls—usually in a white or quiet pink color. Windows were no longer quite the rarity they were—windows in good solid wooden frames to match the sturdy well-hung wooden doors. Of course anyone who had a few shillings to rub together had bought a tin roof. Ugly—especially so when they are in endless rows as in the town. But

flated.) This one was fairly typical of the ones I was to see. They are Tanzania's answer to the Israeli kibbutz and the Chinese commune, an attempt to harness the energies of communal enterprise to the task of raising the standard of rural living. Land is shared. Farming is done communally. Marketing is a co-operative enterprise. Major items of expenditure are made by the village, rather than the individual, whether it be a plough, a radio, a dispensary, or a tractor. And the village is run as a small-scale democracy with its own elected officials.

Nine years ago this effort was called "villagization." There were about ten such villages and with one exception they were disastrous flops. Too closely emulating the Israeli idea, they had depended on heavy doses of outside expertise, capital and equipment. Inevitably the "villagers" left it to the outside "experts," mainly white. And the erudite twentieth-century Israeli ideas seemed as relevant as a trip to the moon. The Arusha Declaration, Tanzania's rather original socialist charter, written in 1967, turned all this around, as it did a multitude of other things. From now on there were to be no outside "experts." No free chunks of capital; no fancy equipment. But if the people do decide to uproot

Woodcutters' Union Makes Gains

By GINGER ROBERTS

The Gulfcoast Pulpwood Association has ended its two-month-long strike against the giant monopoly paper companies in Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida.

Although only a partial yet significant victory was won, the GPA has grown considerably and is stronger than when the strike began.

All pulpwood dealers have given raises averaging \$2-3 per cord. Some dealers have agreed to furnish accident insurance to their haulers, and to stop charging them severance tax. Some dealers have in fact recognized the GPA as the bargaining agent for pulpwood workers, but the paper companies still refuse to do so.

Throughout the strike the GPA had

suffered intense legal harassment from the paper companies and wood dealers. Although the GPA won an important legal victory in Federal Court in Mobile, Alabama in September, 1973 giving wood haulers and cutters the legal right to organize and strike, an Alabama state court injunction prohibiting picketing and strike activity effectively took this right away. The Association is still involved in a legal battle to win and defend the legal right to organize and strike.

Although the legal results have tended to discourage and blunt some of the militant spirit of the people, GPA leaders feel that a strong spirit still exists among members, many of whom are ready to do battle again when the GPA gets in better shape. One main reason for the strike ending was that people couldn't hold out

any longer as a result of very limited funds.

Newly-elected GPA President, Delbert Carney, of Chatom, Alabama, stated, "We're getting backing from the United Farm Workers, the United Mine Workers, and the Oil, Chemical, and Atomic Workers. This is helping the morale of the members real well to know that we are getting nationwide support."

The GPA expresses sincere appreciation to individuals and organizations who have helped in any way with the strike. Assistance is still very much needed as the GPA is beginning an organizing drive on an unprecedented scale that will reach into Florida, Georgia, and Louisiana. For more information contact: Delbert Carney, Gulfcoast Pulpwood Association, P.O. Box 219, Chatom, Ala. 36518.

Nonviolence in Latin America

By EDWARD GUINAN, C.S.P.

(This report is from the Conference on Non-Violent Liberation in Latin America, held at Medellin, Colombia, February 22-28, 1974.)

Medellin Valley with its gentle mountain beauty and lushness attests to the magnificent expressions of God, while the human need of the city attests to the exaggerated indifference and greed of the human kind. Nearly six years ago, in this same location, the Latin American Bishops gathered and began their critique of the social conditions around them with the statement: "We find ourselves in a situation of sin." In Colombia alone, 5 million people have no source of income; 48 percent lack adequate housing; out of every 1000 children of school age, 4 will become professionals; 2/3's of the country's population does not have access to even an acre of land; 50 people totally control the sugar industry—the litany could be expanded.

Intensity of Commitment

Nearly 85 participants from over 20 countries gathered in this Conference, 15 being from Latin America, the others as delegates from First World support groups. The conference was ecumenical, and consensus was audible and visible on these specific points: 1. The theology-politics-economics is well documented and embraced as three levels of liberation. 2. An infrastructure is required to escalate the continental process of change. 3. Non-violence would be both the creed and method of such liberation.

The most inspiring fact of the conference was the diversity of people and the intensity of their commitment. The campesinos, industrial workers, organizers and Bishops working in small groupings toward agreement and expression of their hopes; aging Bishops being instructed by peasants; and nuns applauding struggling steel workers. As a First

World delegate, one is embarrassed by one's origins, envious of the Latin family, and blessed by being present—most of all, one is humbled.

The beginnings of this Conference go back nearly ten years and are credited to Hildegard Goss-Mayr and Jean Goss, along with a handful of others who envisioned and embraced non-violent liberation. Two former Conferences in Montevideo and Costa Rica laid the ground work for this conference; in the interim years personal contact was made with hundreds of individuals and groups culminating in an agenda drawn up by the standing committee.

The Conference was divided between plenary sessions and four working groups. Professor Alfonso Gregory from Rio de Janeiro provided the socio-political analysis of the situation in Latin America. A steel worker from Sao Paulo outlined his moving personal and group's struggle toward liberation through non-violence. Jean Goss delivered his paper: "Christian Nonviolence—Force of Liberation." One of the leading liberators of the Congo related the organization and struggle which he had experienced. I had the honor of presenting the history and dimensions of the United Farm Workers along with a cable of solidarity from Cesar Chavez, who was unable to attend because of these critical times for the Farm Workers.

Suspicion of Rhetoric

The four working groups were: 1. The struggle of the peasants; 2. The struggle of the industrial workers; 3. The church as an instrument of liberation; and 4. Conscientization and mass training. First World support groups were set up in Brussels and Washington, D.C. (1335 N Street, N.W.). Pax Christi-USA has hopes of publishing in its Thirdly the documents from the conference.

The conference indicated its suspicion of talking in grandiose terms such as a

"new movement", "seizure of power", etc. Coordination was selected over movement—a coordination of communication, training and concrete projects. The seizure of power was pictured as a triangle standing on its apex—a complete illusion. Instead, the liberation process was seen as bringing power to those at the base of the triangle (the oppressed and poor); to those who are now the instruments of the powerful; to those who sell their freedom for the privilege of being in proximity to power. There must be a broadening of the power base and a removal of the insulation that technicians and professionals provide to the privileged-power-elite, while the base itself is going through conscientization and reorganization.

The conference was conducted within the radical and liberation dimensions of the Gospel and the life of Christ. A daily Eucharist and three major ecumenical services provided the center of faith that nourished and supported people in their intensity and encouraged a deeper solidarity in the community. The final morning service was spontaneously keynoted by one of the campesinos who praised God and the struggle in near prophetic terms. A handful had sold their blood to help the travel expenses of others; an older Indian Bishop was climbing on a bus for a three-day ride into his remote diocese in Ecuador—a young organizer as companion. There is an extremely clear fact and truth under God's heaven—People must be and will be Free.

"They call us dead men, yet here we are alive; rumored to be executed before we are sentenced; thought most miserable and yet we are always rejoicing; taken for paupers, yet we make many rich; and for people having nothing yet we have everything." (St. Paul, 2 Cor. 6:9-10.)



Fritz Eichenberg

+ + + LETTERS + + +

Apartheid

2099 Magnolia Way
Walnut Creek, Cal. 94595

Friends:

Your note on "Operation Manna" in the January Worker led me to send you a copy of a letter I received some months ago. A word of explanation. I am a New Zealander (albeit a resident of the U.S. since 1941) and write from time to time to CARE, the publication of Citizens Association for Racial Equality.

Jackie Daane's English leads me to believe she is probably not only Anglo-South African, but more important she is a very concerned one. I had not shared her letter with you before because it seemed to me that the CW and its readers have so many claims for their help right here at home. However, a friend convinced me that some at least of your readers have sufficient of this world's goods, clothes, money, etc., to welcome the opportunity of alleviating even in a small way the desperate need of the "Discarded People" of South Africa. (Father Cosmas Desmond's book about their plight led to his "banning," i.e. house arrest a year or so ago.)

I still have the names of a number of families for whom I am trying to find "adopters" and will be immensely happy to give their names to any who would like to share a little of their relative abundance with them.

Sincerely and hopefully,
Sybil Sticht

19, Nikau Street
Rotorua, New Zealand

Dear Sybil Sticht,

I have "lifted" your name from this month's Care Magazine and sincerely hope you won't mind. There are many white South Africans who because of

their beliefs, are forced to live and work outside their country. I am one of them. The hardship does not end when one decides, or is forced, to leave South Africa. Your principles remain the same, and once you have settled as best you can somewhere else, your next task starts again. I have had first-hand experience of the terror the world knows as Apartheid and therefore must continue to tell the uncaring world and to help where I can.

This then is the reason for this letter. In South Africa we see a new system of "concentration" camps. The only difference between these and those of Hitler is that the gas-ovens are absent. But then the situations of many of these people are so bad that they die anyway. Very few children reach the age of five. If they do, they stand a chance of survival. My task in life is now to find people interested to send help to these souls. Many of them are ex-political prisoners, old people, invalids and widows. The Government has discarded these people, having no further use for them. So there they are, dumped in the middle of nowhere—no money, no food, no work and no future. This is the people we so desperately try to get some help to. Clothing parcels and food parcels is all that we can send, but at least it's enough to keep them clothed and alive. The names arrive in my letterbox everyday, and everyday I have to find new doors to knock upon and now I knock upon yours. Would you be interested in taking some of the names, and would you be prepared to try and find help for them?

We give those interested a family, and they look after them. They send clothing and food parcels as they can and correspond with these people. This way they get help and more people learn about what is really happening in South Africa today, two birds with one stone so to

speak.

At the moment I have a hundred names of families waiting for help. We are already helping many, but there are many more. All parcels arrive safely. The Government tolerates what we are doing.

I hope you won't feel that I have an awful cheek, but when you are trying to find help for thousands of people one grasps at straws. I hope to hear from you in the near future, and please forgive me for knocking on your door, but hope that my knock will not be in vain.

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Jackie Daane

Hallowing the Earth

P.O. Box 116
Casper, Cal. 95420

Dear Dorothy Day,

Enclosed is a small contribution for this year. Please also enter subscriptions for the following. . . These are all my children and I know the CW will make them know they are not alone. Their concerns are for the poor throughout the world and they are often of heavy heart.

Each issue makes me want to write to you all, as well as to do something to share the spirit you represent with others here on the Mendocino Coast. I am a socialist in the sense of knowing the inherent evil of the profit system, and as a former union organizer am more than conscious of the inherent strength of workers working together for change or, in civil disobedience, refusing to work (and thus working) together for change! Surely the general strike may be our ultimate earthly hope.

The October-November issue's article by "Jose Obrero," re a Chilean worker's view of life under a briefly "socialistic" government, is so fine. I do not believe

this experience will be lost—workers who have actually worked together for the common good will no longer accept the old ways without continuing to plan for permanent change. Their consciousness will enable them to be stronger and more determined than ever to bring about lasting justice in their lives and their children's lives.

Carlos Cortez, editor of the Industrial Worker, has written the most cogent and relevant statement to date, I believe, in the November issue, re the Arab-Israeli conflict. He states, "... the Arabs and the Jews have far more in common—theologically, culturally and economically—than they have in opposition. The so-called Middle East is a vast area crying for development and the Jewish immigrants in Israel have barely begun to scratch the surface. Both Jews and Arabs could do a much-needed job in that part of the world. . . . We state clearly that we are on the side of the Jewish and Arab people, and definitely opposed to the Israeli and Arab rulers who from their comfortable distances order their people to shoot each other's brains out. There is room in the Middle East for everyone and anyone who is interested in developing that part of the world. There is room for everyone but the politicians and the generals and that goes for the whole world. . . ."

Pat Jordan's response of "Fear not those who can kill the body. Fear those who can kill the soul. Pray for those who persecute you," in relation to the Arab-Israeli situation seems to accept the inevitability of such strife. I object! If souls are to be saved—from those who can kill the soul—then surely we must continue to point out the sacredness of each soul and the universal brotherhood of man and sisterhood of women. Our interests are the same, and we can realize (Continued on page 6)

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

Intimations of Spring trill through March winds, prognosticating daffodils. Cardinals, breaking their Winter taciturnity, anticipate the melodic antiphons of April. After a mild Winter, grass — in places already resurgently green — bears Lenten witness to resurrection. Yesterday we lunched on pancakes sweetened with maple syrup made from sap collected from our own trees by Susie, Jack, Jim, Erica, and others. Nature, rich with God's gifts, is still our first provider, our best gardener.

Nevertheless, Nature is post-Eden, and reminds us that we must make our own gardens if we expect to have enough to eat during these days of food-shortage scares and runaway, senseless inflation. So, when Joe Goodding and I were out for a short walk yesterday afternoon, I was glad to hear the sounds of hammering from Fr. Andy's little greenhouse, and to learn that Cliff and Florent were hard at work making everything ready for those flats of seedlings which would be transplanted later when weather and soil are ready. Cliff and Florent are among our most dedicated workers in many areas, and are particularly enthusiastic about all aspects of organic farming. I hope that their efforts and those of John Filligar — our best and most persevering farmer for so many years — will be rewarded with a truly bountiful harvest.

During another afternoon's walk, Joe and I encountered two of our guests from New Hampshire busily pruning the raspberry canes, which Fr. Andy usually looks after. I thought that Andy would be glad to find so much work done when he returns from his vacation.

Five young women with one of their teachers, Dorothy Albright, from the Meeting School in New Hampshire, have been spending a three-weeks between-terms vacation with us. This school, which is sponsored by the Quakers, seems to be most unusual. It is located on a farm, where some forty young people learn not only the necessary high school

academic subjects but also the skills and crafts of farm work and living as practised throughout this country not so many decades ago. They learn how to care for dairy cattle and products. They have a work horse which is used in actual work on the farm, though there is also a tractor so that the horse is not overworked. They learn how to cook, bake, weave, garden, prune, and many other arts and skills, as well as a gentle art of living which is almost unknown in our raucous, heedless age. They have been much help to us, and we thank them.

Since these young women came to learn about the Catholic Worker, Stanley Vishnewski has shown many of his slides and has talked much — often with a humorous slant — of CW history and personalities. Helene Iswolsky has also spent much time talking with our guests, and sharing with them some of her great treasure of Russian culture and spirituality. Since one of the young women is studying Russian, Helene has talked Russian with her and given her additional instruction.

Clarification

On the first Sunday in March, Ed Turner, who had spoken about Peter Maurin at our regular third Sunday in February, gave a special talk on this same subject to our visitors from New Hampshire and others who wished to hear him. Among these was Irene Wilkinson, a librarian friend from Springfield, Massachusetts, who has been sending us ten dollars a month out of her salary for the past several years, and had finally decided to come down and take a look at us. We enjoyed her visit, deeply appreciate her support, and hope she will return for other visits. Such friends are a very real part of our large Catholic Worker family.

Although Ed, who has spent several years studying Peter Maurin's ideas, did not repeat himself, he gave an excellent analysis of Peter's thought, or — as Helene Iswolsky said, quoting Peter's own phrase

— a real "clarification of thought." Ed emphasized that Peter Maurin, who came of an ancient French Catholic peasant family, derived most of his ideas from the best (the most radical because truly rooted) Catholic tradition. The Sermon on the Mount was the most important source. After that the Fathers of the Church, the best of St. Thomas Aquinas, and St. Francis of Assisi. Peter's training as a French Christian Brother was certainly important. Peter, of course, learned from Catholic thinkers of his own day, especially Peguy, Bloy, Mari-



Sr. Meinrad

tain and Mounier. The English distributists — most particularly Eric Gill whom Peter seems to have quoted more than other contemporaries — played an important part in the elaboration of his teaching.

Here at this Catholic Worker Farm, we have hardly achieved Peter Maurin's ideal of an agronomic university. But we are a house of hospitality on the land, where many people come with many problems, and where the works of mercy are most certainly practiced, sometimes in most difficult circumstances. We, too, are a kind of school, where people learn by doing, and by trying to live with others of disparate ages, backgrounds, and personalities. I think that people in our midst like Helene Iswolsky, Ed Turner, and Stanley Vishnewski exercise a kind of teaching role, and that many persons could learn from the talks they give.

Compensations

That time of year when Winter is ending, Spring beginning, seems to generate restlessness among us so that many have taken off for other places, other projects. In compensation, others have come. Among the newcomers are Joe and Charlie Goodding who arrived in early February to spend a few months with us. They are young, healthy, happy, ready to help almost anywhere, even in dish and pot washing. Moreover, they are particularly good with the children — Tanya, Came, and Katchina. Tanya — one of Dorothy Day's great grandchildren — will celebrate her fifth birthday in April, and is avid for all those great children's classics which generations of children have loved to listen to. Joe and Charlie read them aloud, not once but many times, so that in the end Tanya knows them almost by heart and comes to "read" them — as she says — to me. Joe is also reading to me Caroline Gordon's very fine novel *Green Centuries*. Since Miriam Carroll is reading to me Fr. John McKenzie's scholarly study of the Old Testament, *The Two-Edged Sword*, my reading fare is of the best.

Early this afternoon — a bright, Spring-promising day — Fred and Elizabeth Esher brought Emily Coleman home from the hospital. Emily is still very weak, but I know that Joe Geraci and Dennis Block, who have been Emily's devoted friends since they came to live with us, will take good care of her, and will be aided by Kathleen Rumpf who is a kind and capable nurse.

I hardly know what we would have done this past winter without the help of Elizabeth and Fred Esher. For many months we have been without a community car. A few people who live with us or stay here from time to time, have cars; but they usually are old jalopies which break down every mile or so. Vivien's car, the best of the lot, received the hardest usage for community needs (as did the driver, Vivien herself) and in consequence it is now in the garage awaiting repairs. The Eshers have come to our aid

(Continued on page 6)

Perennial Theologies

NEW TESTAMENT THEOLOGY: THE PROCLAMATION OF JESUS. By Joachim Jeremias. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1971. 330 pp., \$10. Reviewed by Pat Jordan.

This book represents the crowning achievement of a rare scholar and warm human being. It speaks with loving wisdom and compelling erudition.

Prof. Jeremias' knowledge of New Testament languages, of the Jewish Scriptures and Fathers, of the oral and written traditions; his life-long familiarity with semitic culture and custom (he grew up in Palestine); his command of the vast literature of scholarship (each chapter is introduced with a list of pri-

anointed Jesus (Mark 14:8), but was granted Jesus' own approval. "The disciples criticize the woman's action because the money could have been used better as alms, i.e. as a gift of love; Jesus defends the woman by declaring that the anointing is a work of love which stands higher than a gift of love — it is the work of laying out the dead" (p. 284). The call of the Christian is to works of love, to a life of sustained involvement, rather than occasional and isolated acts of charity.

Perhaps at this point in history Prof. Jeremias' discussion of ethics is most apropos. For Jesus did not give an ethic. He gave a call to discipleship. The former is related to particular acts. But Jesus' call is to a person's whole life. As Christians, "right action" is not sufficient. Rather the call is to the total life of sonship, a life which is inconceivable without a life of prayer.

While demanding and intricate, this book will serve as a faithful teacher and inspiration.

THE DESERT IS FERTILE. By Dom Helder Camara. Maryknoll, N.Y.: Orbis Books, 1974. 61 p., \$3.95. Reviewed by Tom Hart.

Dom Helder Camara's most recent book is once again a call to non-violent struggle against oppression, slavery, and injustice. A call issued to all men and women, those of the Third World as well as those of the rich countries, it is reminiscent of Pope Paul's encyclical *Populorum Progressio*. The theme common to both is that the rich are getting richer while the poor are getting poorer — a condition that throws fuel into the furnace of violence in which violent protest is met with violent repression by powerful governments.

In the particularly noteworthy chapter, "Hesitations To Be Overcome", Dom Helder raises a plea for voluntary poverty. "The more we have to lose, the more weighty becomes our decision to follow God's call, and the more fiercely and subtly we resist." It is in becoming poor, in casting off the shackles of wealth that we can be open to God's call, that we can bathe in the freedom of the sons of God, that we can respond freely and unhesitatingly to the call for non-violent struggle.

The book, slight in size, contains eight photographs which complement the text. These pictures show Dom Helder in his daily ministry to the poor of his diocese in Recife, Brazil.

Dom Helder echoes many of his Latin American contemporaries — some of whom are in prison, some of whom have already given their lives in this struggle — when he calls not for individual reforms, not for petty adjustment of grievances, but for a general reform of the structures that foster oppression. He shares the wisdom of Peter Maurin in seeing that it is individual responsibility rather than reliance on institutions that will be effective in creating such change.

Finally, there is a warning and a challenge. The road of non-violent struggle for peace and justice is not an easy one:

"We must have no illusions. We must not be naive. If we listen to the voice of God, we make our choice, get out of ourselves and fight non-violently for a better world. We must not expect to find it easy; we shall not walk on roses, people will not throng to hear us and applaud, and we shall not always be aware of divine protection. If we are to be pilgrims for justice and peace, we must expect the desert."

LIBERATION AND BLOSSOMING

Religious development very seldom proceeds along a straight, gently rising and uninterrupted line. After a person has crossed a certain plane, he comes to a border, comes up against a wall. To enter the new segment of his way he must "jump" this wall, or be carried over it. By "conversion" we generally mean only the first, fundamental "turning to God," the return from unbelief and sin to penitence and faith. And we tend to assume that this is all that is necessary. The linguistic usage obscures the fact that this "conversion" is only a beginning, though a crucial one; that a heart which has turned resolutely to God must constantly repeat, deepen, renew the decision. The earnestly striving Christian again and again enters periods of darkness and flagging faith when only a new impetus, a rending of the invisible cords that hold him fast, can save him from sliding back again into the "unconverted" life. The earnest Christian in particular constantly comes up against a boundary, finds that he has reached the limits of his previous religious experience and cannot simply continue straight on. His customary forms of faith, hope, love and prayer cease to serve, and he must seek new ways on which new depths of his own soul may open up, be plumbed and taken possession of.

"Now our salvation is nearer than when we came to believe" (Rom. 13:11). The Scriptures plainly draw the stages in this growth of faith in the disciples of Jesus, from the first call and the first act of emulation to the achievement of "maturity in Christ" in the Pentecostal fulfillment through the Holy Spirit.

Ida F. Gorres
The Hidden Face



Sr. Meinrad

mary references; some pages are longer with intricate footnotes than text); and his own evident love of the subject, all combine to make this study a source in its own right.

To share but two insights this volume holds: 1) Prof. Jeremias elucidates that the proper translation of Mark 1:9 is to "immerse oneself" rather than "be baptized." Jesus' baptism is an active taking, i.e. He entered Himself into the water. An act of faith is a stepping into responsibility, not merely the passive reception of a grace. 2) Prof. Jeremias explicates the act of the woman who found disapproval with the disciples when she

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

(Continued from page 5)

—running errands, taking people to the train, taking people to visit the sick in the hospital, helping us get to a funeral. They are retired college teachers who, since they have been reading *The Catholic Worker* almost from the beginning, wished to spend their retirement near us so that they could help us. They located about five miles from us, and are certainly among those good friends who have become a real part of our family.

We are so isolated from shopping, bus, and train centers that in spite of gas shortages, we really need a community car, particularly one of some dependability of structure. Perhaps if our readers will join their prayers with ours, God will help us find the way to procure one.

Dies Ire

Thinking of Emily's homecoming this bright March day, I remembered that last Saturday in February when she had gone to the hospital. Troubles often do not come singly, and so that last Saturday in February was for us a day of disasters—of accident, sickness, death. Early that morning Tom Likely, who had been unwell for a few days, was taken much worse and was taken to the emergency ward of the hospital. He was given an injection, and since he seemed to be recovering and the hospital was badly crowded, he was sent back to the farm. Then in the afternoon George Collins, one of our most faithful workers and one whose prayer life is manifest to all through his helpfulness and kindness to others, went for his usual afternoon walk through the woods, and near the edge slipped and fell on the ice. Since he could not get up, he crawled to the chicken house area, where someone found him forty-five minutes or so later. A visitor with a truck took him to the hospital where he was admitted and it was discovered he had broken his hip. I can now report that George's hip has been operated on and he is recovering. But that Saturday afternoon we were all sad that

nounced Tom dead. Monsignor Kane was called immediately to administer the last rites. Police, coroner, undertaker—all had to be called, and were about the house for several hours. Tom, who lived among us uncomplainingly, died, as Miriam remarked, as uncomplainingly as he lived.

Like many of the men who have lived with us, Tom suffered from the disease of alcoholism. Yet he was always a gentleman, never raucous or obnoxious. He suffered also from stomach ulcers, from seizures similar to those of epilepsy, from a severely ulcerated leg, and he walked with a pronounced limp. Yet he took upon himself the responsibility of performing certain essential daily tasks. Whenever anyone was ill upstairs, he waited on them. He did many kind, considerate things for me, for which I am deeply grateful. He also had a good voice and liked to sing, and had planned shortly before his death to go with Dominic Falso to sing in the choir at St. Sylvia's Church in Tivoli.

On the morning of Mardi Gras, Fr. Tony Equale, who made a special trip from New York City for the purpose, said a beautiful funeral Mass for Tom. He gave a short and moving homily. Then he followed Tom to the Catholic Worker plot in St. Sylvia's cemetery. Tom's brother and his wife were there, and there must have been twenty-two from our family. The pall bearers were young men from the farm. Now Tom lies behind the lilac trees, under the crosses carved by John Filligar, and put in place so carefully by Dominic. He had wanted to sing at St. Sylvia's, but now—will he not hear the angels sing? And who is to say he will not sing with them?

It is early March and most of Lent to go. But signs of Spring—cardinal's song, greening grass, swelling buds—remind us that "dying, we live." Yesterday Kat-china—great granddaughter of Dorothy Day—celebrated her first birthday. St. Patrick and St. Joseph whose month it is, pray for us. Lead us to Easter and the full glory of resurrection. Alleluia.

Prayer to Saint Raphael

O RAPHAEL, lead us toward those we are waiting for, those who are waiting for us: Raphael, Angel of happy meetings, lead us by the hand towards those we are looking for. May all our movements be guided by your Light and transfigured with your Joy. Angel, guide of Tobias, lay the request we now address to you at the feet of Him on whose unveiled Face you are privileged to gaze. Lonely and tired, crushed by the separations and sorrows of life, we feel the need of calling you and of pleading for the protection of your wings, so that we may not be as strangers in the province of joy, all ignorant of the concerns of our country. Remember the weak, you who are strong, you whose home lies beyond the region of thunder, in a land that is always peaceful, always serene and bright with the resplendent glory of God.

Prayer of Ernest Hello, quoted by Huysmans

such an accident should befall George. From time to time someone looked in on Tom who seemed to be doing all right. Next door to Tom, Alice Lawrence was sick in bed. Meanwhile Emily kept getting worse, and when her fever would not go down, it was decided to call an ambulance for her.

About eleven o'clock that night when the ambulance attendants were taking Emily out, with Joe, Dennis, and Kathleen going along to help her, Marcel came up to Marge and told her he had found Tom's door ajar and had looked in to find that he had fallen and was unconscious. Marge, a valiant woman in time of crisis, who always does what needs to be done or sees that it is done, went upstairs to check. Although Tom was still warm, she could find no signs of life, and called the ambulance attendants to make a more careful examination. They pro-

Not genius, not cynics, not despisers of man, not cunning tacticians, but straight forward, simple, upright men will be needed.

Dietrich Bonhoeffer

But subsequent anti-labor amendments killed this section.

Several injunctions have hit the UFW boycott of Gallo wines in California in recent weeks. California is vitally important to Gallo because the company markets 40% of its product in the state. The most sweeping order limits picketing at hundreds of stores which are members of an association of liquor dealers. The Monterey County judge who issued it threatened to extend it to cover all liquor outlets in the state as a class action. Since the injunction prohibits approaching potential customers at their cars in parking lots, it could seriously reduce the opportunity UFW pickets have to present their message. Few people can be expected to leave a store after they are out of their car. Union lawyers hope to get this infringement of the pickets' right to peace-

Farmworker Struggle

(Continued from page 1)

ful free speech declared unconstitutional.

A similar injunction, obtained by Fry Stores and QFI, supermarket chains selling Gallo wine, is even more crippling. At these huge stores, the union is limited to one picket at the driveway and one at the entrance. A group of pickets I was among listened in astonishment to the order's prohibition of "picketing, parading, massing, patrolling, marching, standing, or demonstrating upon or along parking lots, driveways, malls, sidewalks and byways surrounding each plaintiff's business premises." "Maybe they'll let us crawl," someone commented.

While the union continues to contest these injunctions in the courts, picketing has gone on. The right peacefully to present their boycott to consumers is essential to the farm workers' struggle. If that right is curtailed by unjust court orders, pickets can be expected to submit to arrest.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 4)

just and peaceful world by realizing and becoming truly brothers and sisters with God's help—hallowed be all his names.

The latest government lists of publications, research grants and grants under public monies to support local programs are so weighted toward "Family Planning"—read population control—that I am angry and knowing, again, that "those who can kill the soul" are indeed in positions of power. No voice have I heard of the studies published in the fifties indicating that there is evidence that with equitable distribution of social wealth there appears to be a natural leveling of population growth . . . As I recall the studies included a period in Sweden, Canada, and several "primitive" societies, where economic stability and justice existed for demonstrable periods of time and birth rates—"for some reason"—remained even and just about maintaining the healthy balance required for all to thrive. It is so obvious that those who control much wealth are afraid of having to share that wealth by providing leisure and a good standard of living from "their" coffers—it is only they who see danger in "too many souls" . . . When we are taken in by their hysteria we stand to lose our own souls. Surely the technological development which means less "employment" (for wages) should benefit all of mankind . . . and, if distribution were equitable, there's every reason to believe our societies would maintain a natural balance in numbers. I am sad to hear of Catholic leaders urging any compromise with "the people's" reason!

As you can see, I am in many ways an angry woman! I am "retired"—on disability because of a memory defect which prevents my doing my former "organizing and administrative" work—but which does not keep me from learning to survive on a very limited income in the country! I'm learning to grow vegetables, gather and cut my own wood, catch and clean fish, and to meditate. And I have time and energy for—for what? If you have any suggestions as to perhaps worthwhile directions for a fifty-year-old woman in the foregoing circumstances, do communicate them!

Barbara Champion

P.S. Especially were my thoughts with you during your meaningful period with the UFW last summer. I spent some months with Cesar Chavez in 1965-66 and know this incredibly beautiful man.

Darwin Pritchett

283 W. 70th St.
New York, N.Y. 10023

Dear Mr. Jordan:

Though the particular circumstances of their lives were quite different, as I read your account of John McMullan in the January issue, my mind kept turning

to Darwin Pritchett. Then with some surprise I discovered you mentioned him too in the same column. So you undoubtedly know by now that he will after all not be "some time recovering."

Darwin was a faithful member of the Manhattan Baptist Church from shortly after the time he was first brought there by a friend in about 1965. I doubt that he had missed a Sunday in the years since except when he was in the hospital or otherwise unavoidably kept away. His appearance accorded rather badly with that of most of the rest of the congregation—largely made up of fairly successful young professional people. But somehow he seemed to feel right at home. He was not an alcoholic, though anyone would have supposed so to see him; his problems were of other sorts. He often would be the first one at the church before a service, and would take it on himself to greet others as they arrived. I don't know how everyone may have reacted to this, particularly out-of-town visitors, but if any were put off by him, it was their own loss. Often he would be wearing his Sunday best "Yoo Hoo Chocolate Drink" tee shirt, which he had gotten while working on a soft-drink delivery route and which he seemed to be quite proud of.

Occasionally he would ask to borrow a few dollars. I assumed when I gave them to him that it was actually a gift. But the next Sunday he was always there, money in hand, anxious to pay me back just as soon as he saw me.

Once, some years ago, I helped him clean up a bit and dabbed a little alcohol on a cut on his head after he had been involved in some sort of incident on the subway. Ever after that, I was "Doctor Ricketson" to him, and nothing that I could say or do would persuade him to forget it. In recent years I had moved my church membership elsewhere, but occasionally would go back to Manhattan Church to visit and inevitably on those occasions Darwin would greet me loudly as "Doctor Ricketson!" and then with a delighted grin start explaining over my protestations, to anyone who might be standing there, how I really was a doctor because I had doctored him one time.

Sports, of course, and especially hockey, were his great love! Undoubtedly members of the Rangers Team could tell a lot of stories about him. He might not always have enough to eat, his clothes might be thin and ragged, he might walk from the Bowery up to 57th (or later 42nd) Street to church because he didn't have subway fare (usually in such cases one of the members of the church would give him a ride back), but he always seemed somehow to manage to buy tickets to the Mets and Rangers games, and often even travelled half-way across the country when the Rangers were playing out of town. He sometimes told stories of getting rides with the team on their bus, and apparently it was true. I know nothing and care less about sports but would usually grunt "uh-huh" for a while to his excited conversation about some recent game before begging off. Once, though—it must have been when the Mets were working on their first pennant—I did watch part of a game on television and was able to comment to Darwin on some of the plays the next day. He was so delighted that at last he was converting me to an interest in sports that he went home and ordered a gift subscription to *Sports Illustrated* for me! That really just about tore me up—and continued to do so regularly once a week for the next year.

Darwin also was responsible for putting my name as well as those of a number of other Manhattan Church people on your CW mailing list. I've enjoyed getting the paper over the years but have seldom done anything in response to your appeals for support. There are so many things that need doing and other causes have claimed priority from me. But please accept the enclosed check as a token gift in his memory.

Yours in love,
James E. Ricketson

Notes & Commentary

A CATHOLIC WORKER ON AMNESTY

If we are to hope that one day we will turn from the works of war toward the works of peace, there must be an amnesty.

The Catholic Worker embraces non-violence as a way of life. It actively opposes all war and the preparation for wars in any form. It attempts to live the Gospel message of simplicity and personal responsibility through the daily practice of the works of mercy. From this basis the Catholic Worker opposed the Vietnam war and encouraged those who refused to participate in it. Similarly, the Catholic Worker calls for amnesty as a work of mercy and a means of reconciliation. It supports universal, unconditional amnesty for those imprisoned, in exile, or in other ways suffering hardship as a result of opposition to the war in Indochina.

In a literal sense, amnesty does not mean forgiving but forgetting. Those who in conscience resisted this war do not need to be forgiven for any wrong deed. Their conduct serves as an example to the community of the primacy of conscience.

In another sense, however, mutual forgiveness is an essential element of reconciliation. At the heart of the matter, we are all responsible for this war. Besides the enormous human suffering in Indochina, this war has produced a division in our own society unparalleled since the American Civil War. Amnesty is an indispensable step towards the healing of these wounds and the restoring of a common unity. To apportion various degrees of guilt now would violate the spirit of amnesty and only widen the divisions wrought by this war.

While we call for an unconditional amnesty (without any mandatory requirements for alternative service), we remind individuals of their responsibility to the whole community to "walk the extra mile" by performing the works of mercy as a service to the community.

Literally and historically, amnesty is an official forgetting of those legal offenses in opposition to war. In urging that these actions be intentionally overlooked,

we do not intend that this war and its consequences be forgotten. While calling for an amnesty we acknowledge that there is still no peace in Indochina.

This war continues to violate a basic premise of our religious faith: that, as children of God, we are all one, our humanity is indivisible. As one person suffers, is imprisoned or exiled—we are all the less. Amnesty is a small but necessary beginning to the building of peace and a recognition of our oneness.

Michael De Gregory

BERRIGAN COMMENTARIES

For some months an exchange has raged over a speech Daniel Berrigan gave last October on the Middle East. Up to now the "Catholic Worker" has purposely refrained from entering the public forum on this matter. While our position on the Middle East stems from our Christian pacifism and our desire for reconciliation among all peoples in that troubled region, we felt that to jump into this particular discussion would only further exacerbate not only the debate but perhaps, and more critically, the life-and-death situation affecting the people of the Middle East themselves.

Now we are happy to recommend two highly instructive and astute offerings which address themselves to Fr. Berrigan's speech and the response it generated. The first is (unfortunately) entitled "The Great Berrigan Debate." Published by the Committee on New Alternatives for the Middle East, it is distributed by the Fellowship of Reconciliation (Box 271, Nyack, N.Y. 10960, 50c). The booklet includes the text of Berrigan's speech and responses to it by Balfour Brickner, Arthur Hertzberg, June Stillman and Hans Morgenthau. It is edited by Allan Solomonow of CONAME. It is his afterword, perhaps the most illuminative and certainly the most loving offering in the collection, which recommends the pamphlet as a whole to "CW" readers.

The second is the February '74 issue of "Liberation" (339 Lafayette St., N.Y., N.Y. 10012, \$1). This issue is dedicated to "Dan Berrigan's Mideast Speech," and once

(Continued on page 8)

Food-Buying Co-ops

By DAN FLAVIN

There is no need to tell anyone that food prices are out of this world. What many people don't know is that the price spread between the farmer and the consumer is from 200% to 500% markup.

How can the consumer beat this? One answer could be direct buying from the farmer by the consumer through a food-buying club. The food-buying club is necessary because purchases must be made in wholesale quantities, in order to eliminate the 200% to 500% markup. The consumer benefits by paying less—

age contribution of time has been one hour from each family during that time. Consideration has been given to pregnant women and people who are incapacitated.

A food-buying club could be a small group of, say, eight families or so, or any unlimited number.

Union Settlement's food-buying club operates one day a week. The orders are placed on Wednesday. A buyer picks up the food in the market on Thursday morning (4 A.M.). It is delivered by 8 A.M. Then the volunteers from the families package the food in the afternoon. There is no credit given; all transactions are cash and carry. The orders are pre-paid, the money collected is spent for produce immediately. This means that no profit is made on the money in the form of interest or through merchants. The profit is made by the consumer family at once.

Membership is a nominal \$2.00 per year, and one hour a month or six weeks. The food-buying club is open to all interested people in the community.

The ultimate goal would be a federation of small food-buying clubs. By combining their buying power, the federation could get even greater quantity discounts for the consumer member-families.

The Office of Adult Education at Union Settlement offers speakers, advisers and actual help in getting started, to any group. Contact the Adult Education Department, Union Settlement, Dan Flavin, 237 East 104 Street, New York, N.Y. 10029.

We must be able to radiate the joy of Christ, express it in our actions. If our actions are just useful actions that give no joy to the people, our poor people would never be able to rise up to the call to come closer to God. We want to make them feel that they are loved. If we went to them with a sad face, we would only make them much more depressed.

Mother Teresa



Rita Corbin

the farmer benefits by getting more. The middleman is eliminated.

However, to carry out this idea, it takes organization and volunteer time. But who wouldn't be willing to spend an hour or two a month to save about 1/3 on the food budget? Besides, the impact of many small food-buying clubs on the business of profit-hungry wholesalers and supermarkets will tend to lower food prices there also.

At present, Union Settlement in East Harlem has a food-buying club, with a membership of seventy-one families, after four weeks of operation. The aver-

Diet for a Protein-Hungry Planet

(Continued from page 1)

noted in the New York Review of Books, "To put it in grossly simplified terms, (this means) that every pound of steak we eat denies an equal amount of protein to twenty other people."

In the U.S. alone in 1968, 20 million tons of protein from sources that could have been consumed directly by man were used as feed. As the average conversion ratio for all livestock (excluding dairy cows) is 10 to 1, only 2 million tons of protein were available for human consumption while 18 million (or 90%) were wasted. This amount is equivalent to 90% of the yearly world protein deficit.

Another way to evaluate this inefficiency is to compare the amount of protein produced by an acre of plants to the amount produced by an acre devoted to livestock. On the average, an acre of cereal produces five times more usable protein than an acre devoted to meat production, while legumes (peas, beans, lentils) and leafy vegetables can produce ten to fifteen times more protein per acre. For some vegetables the differential is even greater—spinach can yield twenty-six times more usable protein per acre than can beef.

These facts reveal that the agricultural policies in the developed nations create a tremendous misuse of the earth's capacity to nourish. As an official of the U.S. Department of Agriculture put it: "... the billion people in the developed countries use practically as much cereals as feed to produce animal protein as the two billion people of the developing countries use directly as food" (emphasis added).

Coffee and Trade

The trade relations of the United States with some Third World countries is a further illustration that the world protein deficit results more from political decision-making than from any "food-population squeeze." In 1968, Peru and Chile shipped to the United States 700,000 tons of high protein fishmeal which was used as feed. This contained enough protein to supply 15 million people—more than the population of Peru—with protein for a year. In return, the major agricultural export to Peru was 26,000 pounds of inedible tallow and grease!

In the Third World the squandering of the earth's productivity takes a different form from the meat-producing pattern of the United States. While the undernourished populations of the developing nations subsist on a far-from-adequate diet of grains and legumes, the majority of the rich arable land in these countries is not planted in crops for food at all. Rather, it is planted in "cash crops," that is in crops which literally grow money for the rich nations. These cash crops (coffee, tea, rubber, cocoa, etc.) are remnants from the plantation days of colonial rule which were begun 300 years ago by colonizing Western powers. Although the developing nations are now free from formal colonial domination, they remain economically dependent on their cash crops for survival. Coffee alone is the economic lifeblood of 40 developing nations. It is their chief product and export, yet the population consumes very little of the fruit of its labor.

The New York Times recently reported that coffee is the second most lucrative commodity in the world next to petroleum. Big businesses in the rich nations,

which ultimately creates the patterns of land use and the subsequent rules of international trade, benefits from this situation. With the cheap labor costs in the producing nations and the high prices in the consuming countries, business reaps huge profits.

Coffee production is a lucrative affair and just another example of an injustice which squanders the earth's capacity to yield life-essential protein. Coffee is a non-nutritious crop, certainly not necessary for health, and is consumed principally by a minority of the world's population. It deprives Third World countries of fertile land needed to grow food for their hungry populations, and exacerbates the major world problem of our age: a rich minority standing on the shoulders of a poor majority. (See the pamphlet "Coffee: The Rules of the Game and You" by Thomas Fenton. Available from The Christophers, 12 East 48th St., New York, N.Y. 10017.)

Ahimsa

As Frances Moore Lappe attests in *Diet for a Small Planet*, there is a nourishing alternative to our meat-centered diet. Though she does not state it in so many words, I believe this alternative has its roots in poverty and nonviolence. For Gandhi, nonviolence was expressed in *ahimsa*, in "action based on the refusal to do harm." Such action extends to all creation. It is impossible not to do some "himsa" or injury while eating (whether it be meat or nonmeat). But the very killing of animals aside, a non-meat diet seems less harmful to the earth than a meat diet which consistently consumes ten times more grain and eight times more water. In *Diet* this is described as "maximizing the earth's potential to meet man's nutritional needs while minimizing the disruption of the earth necessary to sustain him." It is not surprising then that the complementary protein recipes in *Diet* are similar (though less simple) to the diet at the Ark, Lanza del Vasto's Gandhian community in France.

In an excellent pamphlet "The Use of Poor Means in Helping The Third World," Pierre Parodi, a doctor and Companion of the Ark, includes an appendix on nutrition in poor countries. He concludes by describing "the poverty of diet (which is not misery)" at the Ark. The community shares the simple diet of the Third World. They consume few proteins from animal sources—only certain milk products and eggs. Their basic meal consists of a combination of grains and legumes (wheat, rice, lentils and chick peas).

Proper Food

This article was written in the belief that eating can and does have a meaning. Anyone who has participated in the United Farm Workers' boycott of grapes and lettuce has a certain sense of this. On a broader level, the whole of our diet should have significance. The Hebrew kosher laws were not primarily an injunction against "unclean food." Rather, as *kasruth* or kosher means "fit" or "proper," kosher food must be acceptable in accordance with Biblical law. Kosher laws are designed to make holy the most common everyday acts, in order to grow closer to God. We should approach the way we eat (our diet) in this spirit—with a sense of justice and our duty as stewards of God's creation.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

is good and I know we will be helped over all our difficulties as we have been before. Jesus Christ, who "took on our humanity so that we could share in his divinity, was born of the Virgin Mary and became man." This I believe. And St. Augustine wrote, "The flesh of Jesus is the flesh of Mary." "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us!" How great the dignity of woman, how large a part she has played in the redemption of the world.

Diary of the Month

In February we went to press on the 15th. On the 17th I took the bus to Washington, D.C. where I visited Michael Kirwan's family. Ruth Kirwan and I share a love for St. Therese and have read all we can get our hands on about her "Little Way," which seems so often to accomplish great things. We reprinted the William James card, on smallness, because of Therese, and now our old New England friend Graham Carey sent us a book *Small Is Beautiful* by E. F. Schumacher which will be reviewed in a later issue.

In Washington I also visited the Franciscan Monastery, to see our old friend Fr. Kevin Mooney, who with his brother Denis spent long years in the Middle East. I visited Fr. Denis's grave there, remembering gratefully the retreats he gave us in Pittsburgh, during that famous retreat movement in the forties which Fr. John J. Hugo carried on with much opposition.

From Washington I took a bus to Charlottesville, a trip which took me through Occoquan to which in 1917 I was sentenced for a month's imprisonment for picketing the White House with the suf-

fragists. Fr. Stickle met me at Charlottesville and drove me to Innisfree Village where I was visiting the family of two of our fellow workers around First Street. There are eleven children in the family which has been engaged for some time in work for the retarded. The father is a nurse by profession, and his family makes up one of the twelve families at Innisfree, each of which cares for adult retarded, many of whom have proven to be skillful in many other ways than book learning. I saw some weaving done by one of the girls in the Murray family home.

The same afternoon I visited my daughter's friends, the Scarpas, who have lived for years near an Amish community not far from Innisfree. Mario moved from Vermont because he insisted on teaching his children at home. So far, in these last twelve years or so, he has succeeded. He has a large vinegar mill, a herd of goats, and they do in a way succeed in "raising what they eat and eating what they raise." (I am quoting one of Peter Maurin's slogans.)

Fr. Stickle showed me around the University which was founded by Thomas Jefferson. It inspired me with the desire to read more of Jefferson and study that period of our history. From what Fr. Stickle told me, his ideas of what a university should be need to be revived once again.

Cheryl Nelson from Muskegon, Michigan is one of the volunteers at Innisfree Village and intends to make a life work with the retarded. She is returning to the university to continue her studies. She drove me around the Village which is situated at Crozet, Virginia.

The next day another bus ride took me through Danville to Durham where I was met by Sue Dodd, whose aunt, Anna Dodd, is an old friend of ours in Lexington, Kentucky. Sue works at Chapel Hill, and after a night with her we drove to Conyers, Georgia to visit the Trappists where I spoke to the monks and expressed my great gratitude to the Abbot for all he had done for our former associate editor, Jack English, who joined the order when he returned from World War II.

The next morning, after a breakfast which the Abbot himself served us in

spect. She is mother of a large family and has always had aged relatives in her home. There is peace and quiet there. I spoke to classes in the Department of Religion of the University, and then went by bus to Sarasota where our old and dear friends the Magees now live many months of the year.

John Magee with Arthur Sheehan ran the Boston House of Hospitality for many years (though Arthur did a lot of wandering with Peter Maurin), and started the first farm at Upton, Massachusetts. John visited us often at Easton where we had the first farm connected with the New York Catholic Worker. I feel both farms made noble efforts to run a real farm commune, agronomic universities as Peter wanted to call them. We ran colloquiums where Ade Bethune, Peter Maurin and Fr. Joseph Wood and other priests gave conferences, as Bill Gauthat's Cleveland farm did. All had discussions on Cult, Culture and Cultivation.

John Magee went on to raise a family on another farm at Athol, Massachusetts with his wife, a doctor and psychiatrist. John became Superintendent of Schools in Massachusetts. He is now in the position (from his own hard work and genius) to help us, and has come to the rescue a number of times with large gifts to both the New York Catholic Worker and the Harlem cooperative project which has involved Ruth Collins, Bill Horvath, Rita Davis Smith, John Coster and all the black families in the old tenement. It is a school in itself, this attempt to start at the bottom and work up, and not at the top (through government aid or grants) working down to the people and getting nowhere.

Vassar

I got home from the South in time to fill an engagement at Vassar where a goodly crowd of students listened to me talk about prisons and especially about the peace movement which is still going on, with Cesar Chavez in this country, Danilo Dolci in Sicily, Vinoba Bhave in India—all non-violent. Their work and life style is practically a school of non-violence for us to study.

The very idea and work towards an alternative society on the part of the young is also a vital part of the peace movement which is very much alive. I might have been saying this very thing when I looked to the back of the hall and saw my granddaughter and her two children, Kachina and Tanya, and many others from the Catholic Worker Farm at Tivoli, one hour away. It was good that I was at the close of my talk because seeing Tanya and Kachina transformed me immediately from speaker into a great grandmother. Unfortunately I could not go back with them since I had to return to New York to write this column for the press tomorrow.



Rita Corbin

Notes & Commentary

(Continued from page 7)

again reprints the speech itself. But as with the CONAME publication, "Liberation" adds further commentary on the whole Mideast question by Noam Chomsky, Dave Dellinger and Allen Ginsberg. These are highly acute articles. They raise the true issue, viz. peace and justice in the Mideast. They have helped enlighten and clarify our understanding and response to the peoples and recent history of the Middle East, and should be read by all those working to create a world of peace. We highly recommend both these important publications to our readership.

Pat Jordan

PEACE SHIP NEEDS FUNDS

Able Nathan has returned to the United States to raise \$120,000 to keep the Peace Ship afloat and broadcasting. The white-painted radio ship is a voice of moderation in the Middle East, broadcasting to an estimated 30 million Arabs and Israelis. With its volunteer crew, the Peace Ship had been broadcasting in the Mediterranean since last May and was on the air 3,000 hours before the money ran out in November. The \$120,000 needed to operate the ship for another year is less than 1 per cent of the cost of one fighter plane. Send contributions to: Shalom Foundation, c/o Robert Miller, Miller Agency Inc., 850 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

FIRE RAVAGES FOLKLORE CENTER

On Wednesday, January 22, fire destroyed the main building of the Appalachian South Folklife Center in Pipestem, West Virginia. The demolished building had been erected by the industrious hands of local people from the remains of buildings torn down during construction of Pipestem State Park.

The Center was founded to rejuvenate the southern mountain culture, especially amongst the young. Founder and spokesman Don West states, "It is time that we hill folk should understand and appreciate our heritage, stand up like

those who were our ancestors, develop our own self identity."

The foundation upon which the center stands is the conviction that social justice is obtainable only through radical reorganization of the system of ownership, production and distribution. To achieve this, West believes, hill people must learn to organize, speak, plan and act—in alliance with the urban poor, the Indians, the farmworkers, all those who share economic imprisonment.

The Folklife Center plans to continue with a full schedule of activity this summer. Included are Appalachian history, fine storytelling, cultivation, arts and crafts, and good ol' foot-stompin' music.

Funds are needed both to rebuild the destroyed main building and to continue the programs offered by the center. The address is: Appalachian South Folklife Center, P.O. Box 5, Pipestem, West Virginia 25979.

Lee LeCuyer

FARAH STRIKE, BOYCOTT OVER

The strike and boycott of the Farah Slacks Co. has ended with the recognition by Farah of the strikers' union (Amalgamated Clothing Workers). The settlement came after 22 months of struggle. A union negotiating committee is now in the process of working out a contract with Farah who has given a firm commitment to rehire all 3,000 strikers.

Bishop Sidney Metzger of El Paso, instrumental in Catholic support of the strike, expressed his profound hope that "we are at the beginning of an era of industrial peace, an era in which the ideals of collective bargaining, social justice and human rights will become better understood and more widely accepted in our Southwest. . . . Bitterness, hatred, and the mistakes that have occurred in this dispute should be put where they belong—in the past—and we should address ourselves to the challenge and opportunity presented us."

The Farah victory gives impetus to other worker-organizing efforts in the textile industry and in the Southwest.

the women's guest house near a little lake, we set out for Atlanta where Sue wanted to visit the Visitation nuns who had been her teachers in Kentucky. Their order was started by one of my favorite saints, Francis de Sales. His writings nourished me in the early days of my conversion. It is a very severe, cloistered order, or perhaps I should say that this foundation of the order is living a life of real poverty and prayer in the heart of Atlanta, in very confined quarters.

Parting with Sue, I took a bus for Tallahassee where I visited Dr. William Miller, who wrote *A Harsh and Dreadful Love* which has just now come out in paper back (Doubleday Books, \$1.95). It can be obtained in any paper back store which carries good books. Unfortunately, Curtis, the company which published my three paper backs at the more modest price of \$1.25, is not well known. (It had always been my ambition to appear in paper back in bus stations and drug stores, but I came across my books only once, though I search on every trip. I do not find them in the backs of churches which carry paper backs either. Frustration, frustration!) So I will advertise myself and ask our readers who wish copies to send for all three, or one of them: *The Long Loneliness*, *Loaves and Fishes*, and *On Pilgrimage: The Sixties*. We'll send them book rate which is cheap but slow.

Florida

Tallahassee was bitter cold at night, but warm and sunny during the day. The Miller home is set in the woods and the family owns a bit of property. They are clearing some of the woods to start a garden this year.

Dr. Miller is working on a book about Peter Maurin and his ideas, and we are all looking forward to it, hoping that he will quote much from Peter and his sources. Dr. Miller's wife is a brilliant woman, a teacher and a student herself, and I learned a great deal from her. She is writing a thesis on Thornton Wilder, a modern writer I know little about and must know more. I like being introduced to new books by people whose ideas I re-

Friday Night Meetings

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, the Catholic Worker holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30 p.m. at St. Joseph's House, 36 E. 1st St., between First and Second Avenues. After the discussions, we continue to talk over hot sassafras tea. Everyone is welcome.

March 29—Sidney Callahan: Anger in the Women's Movement.

April 5 — Fr. David Bowman, S.J.: Northern Ireland Is Impossible.

April 12—Good Friday. No meeting.

April 19—Shelly Killen and George Knowlton: Art In Prison.

April 26 — Clare Danielsson: Community Care for the Emotionally Disturbed and Retarded. To include the film, "Geel: A Changing Tradition."

May 3 — Norma Becker: One Person's View of a Part of China. With slides.

May 10 — Fr. Avery Dulles, S.J.: Jesus Today.

May 17 — Fritz Elchenberg: Still the Eternal City.