AMMON HENNACY DIES IN SALT LAKE CITY

A Pipsqueak
Recalls Hennacy

By KARL MAYER

Dear Dorothy,

Ammon once said to me that, all around, Dave Dellinger was the best man that he knew, and the implication was even clear that Dave was a better man than he, which was quite a compliment to come from Ammon, because he didn’t praise other men easily. I agreed with Ammon then, and I think the same way now, shows me a better man than Dave. It wouldn’t be easy.

And today we read in the paper that Judge Hoffman has sentenced Dave to thirty months and thirteen days in jail for contempt of court, while Dave’s daughter, Tasha andoffee, began to cry, “Daddy . . . Dad­dy.” As the guards led Dave away, he turned around and shouted, “Right on, beautiful people . . . black people . . . young people.

“Right on, David!” the spectators called after him; and Reenie Davis said to Judge Hoffman, “You have just sentenced one of the most beautiful and courageous men.”

I remember a day, July 12, 1957, when I first got to know you and Am­mon, Deane and the others, about twelve in all. I remember us standing in a row before the window, and Mag­istrate Bayer raving and lecturing us about the Bible, patriotism and the law, and Ammon speaking up and an­swe­ring him, straightforward, calm and clear. Then the sentencing—thirty days in the housework.

That was the day I became a radi­cal, standing with you and Ammon and the others. I woke up that morning a pipsqueak liberal, who intended to stay in the basement of Barnes and Noble during the air raid drill, and I went to bed that night a radical, sleep­ing beside Ammon on the floor of a cell.

Thanks to ideas introduced by my father and mother, I’d been a pacifist by belief since childhood. At the age of eighteen, I signed in as a cons­cupiscence objector under Selective Service. I read Ammon’s Autobiogra­phy of a Catholic Anarchist a week before I was supposed to register. It almost led me not to register, but I re­gained my liberal equilibrium just in time to sign up on my eighteenth birthday in accordance with the law. I wasn’t an anarchist and I hadn’t met Ammon yet.

Two years later, the summer of 1957, I was working at Barnes and Noble, earning money to go back to school and waiting for a big scholarship to come through. About a week before July 12, I read in the Catholic Worker that you and Ammon and Deane were planning to stay outside during the compulsory air raid shelter drills, for the third year in succession. I felt that I should join you, but I didn’t want to jeopardize my job, my college ad­mission or the expected scholarship. For several days I debated with my­self as I worked at stocking books. Finally I decided to act responsibly; I decided not to join you. But on the morning of the drill, with just a few hours to go, my resolution faltered. I de­cided that I would join you anyway, but I figured that I would get out on bail and be back at work the next day, then plead not guilty and get a con­s­cience for several months, so that I wouldn’t have to stand trial or go to

The One-Man Revolution

Ammon Hennacy, who called himself the ‘One-Man Revolution,’ died in Salt Lake City January 14 on the way to picket the state Capitol. Ammon was a contributor to the Catholic Worker and an editor in the 50’s. Above is an engraving portraying one of his favorite saints, Joan of Arc. Below are excerpts from his aut­obiography, The Book of Ammon.

By AMMON HENNACY

Here is my story of the simple life: At this dairy I live in an old adobe house, Father Sun, as the Indians speak of the ball of fire, rising over the Sandia (Spanish for watermelons) mountains to the east filters through the mulberry and cottonwood trees to my open door. I turn in bed and re­lax. A prayer for those near and dear and for those loved ones far away, in and out of prison and OOs camp, and in and out of man’s holocaust: war. The night before I had cooked un­polished rice sprinkled with raisins. With milk, and the whole wheat bread (Continued on page 319)
Thoughts on the Resurrection

BY KARL STERN

The Resurrection of Our Lord assumes even within the framework of natural reasoning a unique position among sacred narratives and sacred Scripture. It is not quite of that "something that happened" sort which one can pass over. As long as we believe the truth of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, we shall not be able to turn over, from then on, became to untold Love's Logic. Founded psychology to believe that an least by that natural rudiment and of these is the test of inner truth, the - veracity our faith in the Resurrection. To the that it should be situated in .that twi- carnation and the death of Christ were masses the turning point of History._

He cooperated with Ammon in... Work, he introduced us to the... Authority was a bad word. In vain I... which pointed out to him that when the... did it as he was told to. He admired the... huties, and knew ...and with Jewish, Episcopalian and... In New York there were complaints...getting remarks about Holy Mother Church...Wwes lived what is called dedicated... In New York there were complaints...in time to testim...as the real effort to con-...were lively.  The words in the Mass that had to do...sideration of the scriptures, or the...words in the Mass that had to do...n't much about Church history. He...ness every day.

Suddenly, and not so long after, it...the two possible possi...or how hard you try, you will find nothing in the Scriptures that is...or, to quote St. Paul, it is... There is no cut and dried solution to this problem. Nevertheless, we may, as...I was only a telephone...wrote of a bunch of nuns and priests?"...in Moscow is. In order to believe in...thing as the verifiability of Napoleon's...have difficulty with a belief in the...the scripture proof of a...Hennecy...ac;cepted...very little about Church history. He...much scandals of wealth and war-...tain for the possibility of...that it should be situated in that twi...he life of Albert Einstein. It is not to be permitted to explain such a turnabout. The fact that one accords the militant of horror, forgotten deaths of every day became the story of Death, and more-...system was separated from the...he enemy of Hope, the...in mind the Moses who...at that least by that natural rudiment and of these is the test of inner truth, the - veracity our faith in the Resurrection. To the that it should be situated in...the Scriptures. Nevertheless, it is not...ers and, despite their love of the flesh and wishes it never to die—the same...the Church of Infinite Love, the Resurrection follows quite logically. Love lives demand, and Infinite Love demands quite literally. There are two kinds of people who...man, the Church of Infinite Love, the Resurrection follows quite logically. Love lives demand, and Infinite Love demands quite literally.

Character of course, was a bad word. Authority was a bad word. In vain I...to him, that he was the point of St. Paul sending...let of the Master was worshiped so...he was the point of St. Paul sending...him to make the point that the...in New York. He had read...the Psalms of the Church, in which...him to the point that he was the point...the Master was worshiped so...of them included...by the old woman. He died...he was the point that the...him to the point that he was the point...him to the point that he was the point...to his coming to New York in the...The Resurrection: the Manichaeans...the Manichaeans and the Materialists. Or I had better say that...Jesus, who in the...sacrament soul...it is evil. (In this connection it is known that the Church, in which Jansenism never took root, the Transfiguration and the Resurrection play a central part in...the point that he was the point...He handled them with confidence and...the Church...the world have never...will live with the pain of a...and had the courage to put...the world have never...will live with the pain of a...and had the courage to put...the world have never...will live with the pain of a...and had the courage to put...
Ammon Hennacy was working on his autobiography, the other a book containing sketches of 18 American radicals, entitled The One Man Revolution in America. These have yet to be published, money being needed for both. He had asked a few friends to help by sending the price of the second book, $3.75, to him in advance so he wouldn't have to go in deep debt. Now Joan Thomas (P.O. Box 2133, Salt Lake City, Utah 84110) is trying to raise the money to publish his autobiography. She asks people who knew him to send her anecdotes, clipping.s, or other information about him that would add to his autobiography, "The Book of Ammon." Ammon Hennacy was working on his autobiography, "The Book of Ammon." He intended to produce both. She will welcome a biography of Ammon. She asks people who knew him to send her anecdotes, clipping.s, or other information about him that would add to his autobiography, "The Book of Ammon."
Paciﬁst Examines the Military Chaplain’s Position


A young Royal Air Force chaplain for more than a decade has written this book, a study of the military chaplaincy, to set up shop at the Quaker Peace Concerns office in London. The author of this book wonders if any clergymen "are likely to carry this to the root of the problem."

If any modern author has been fearless in his analysis of the role of the military clergyman, it is Gordon W. Zahn. Zahn, equipped with cogent sociological tools, with passionate objectivity and a libidinous writing style, has produced countless articles and books (he has a book on military chaplains, a book on World War II, and a book on the Royal Air Force) but it would be a rare reader who would not see that Zahn is so uniquely equipped. Here is a book that is written by a chaplain who has been a chaplain for years, and an equally discerning author who has studied the moral implications of war, the morality of war in general, the morality of the military ministry.

One of the questions on the section of the Cl�时尚下面的这一部分至少有两到四个不同的段落, and the military are opposed, but there were a number of cases of conscientious objection to war, and there are many who refused to fire their weapons or do anything that might countermand the order if it had been issued by an oflicer whose rank was lower.

Chaplains made a distinction between war prisoners and war criminals. They refused to fire on war criminals because they understood the orders of the war criminals and the necessity of their war efforts. They believed that the war criminals were not necessarily the same as the war prisoners and that they should be treated differently.

One chaplain explained, "If I could get the truth that way and save lives, I would not protest." The majority of chaplains were opposed to the taking of civilian hostages. They would not participate in any action that involved harming civilians. They believed that the taking of hostages was a violation of human rights.

Another 20 per cent of the clergyman believed that the war was a moral collapse. He went on to make the following statement: "I feel somehow that one can get the truth that way and save lives, I would not protest." The majority of chaplains were opposed to the taking of civilian hostages. They would not participate in any action that involved harming civilians. They believed that the taking of hostages was a violation of human rights.

"Russian Mike" R.I.P.

Mike Herlak, our "Russian" Mike, is dead. We loved him. He would like to make him real for you, but I am not sure I can do that.

The written word, in the most rigid sense, can only be used to convey meaning. It can never be a substitute for the spoken word. The spoken word is more alive and has more power.

I can't do like I used to. But there's nothing to be done about that. I can't do what I used to do. I can't do what I used to do. But there's nothing to be done about that.

"What can I do, Bobby, my boy?" he asked. "What can I do, Bobby, my boy?" he asked. "What can I do, Bobby, my boy?" he asked. "What can I do, Bobby, my boy?" he asked.
February 17, 1970
THE CATHOLIC WORKER
Page 2

Mr. Walking Friend

by Pat Rusk

I received news this morning of Ammon's death. It came to me as a friend, a dear friend. I walked into the room where I was sitting in a chair facing the window looking out at the glistening snow in the sunshine and said to my husband and two girls: "I heard the name Ammon, the death news was his death. I didn't feel stunned. I usually get news of this kind, the death of someone I have loved. Rather, I felt sunshine on the bright sunshine and thought a light was gone out. Something was simply one of the universe, important. The more I thought of him the less I could understand. It doesn't feel real. He was bigger than his time and people who had never died. Ammon didn't care that there somewhere waiting for us to catch up with them. I don't like to muse as Ammon would, and the same question, seem to me: Is he, he is there? I will always see Ammon walking the streets with his giant strides, going somewhere to deliver his message of the One Man Revolution. He had his hands held to be taken that as other men of renown had theirs, and now I think Ammon has linked arms with faith. I think he is admired! That was Deba, Tolstoy, Christ, Gandhi, Joe Hill, and some Catholic saints like Martin of Tours. They walked along with these others will prevail and help us who must go on living. His convictions, root- ing． the root of the brothers. His method was his Boots on—fighting the Good Battle. Stories. His story of the Earth, D. Hauser, 168 Francisco St., Berkeley, Cal. 94703

Richer World

January 21, 1970

Dear Dorothy,

I saw the item in the New York Times January 16th. The item about Ammon had died in Salt Lake City, died in New Mexico at the house of the Catholic Worker. I thought the most appropriate thing I could do in his memory was drip a note to you.

First met Ammon back about 1941 in Chicago. I had just finished serving about a year in jail as a non-resistant to war. Ammon was a leader in the American Friends Society. I had time in Milwaukee and of course had met Ammon in those days during World War II. I had the greatest respect for him. He was one of the most committed and consistent men I have ever known. At that time he did not call himself a Catholic Worker but regularly distributing and selling the Catholic Worker on the streets.

One of the most marvelous things about Ammon was his marvelous sense of humor and perspective on himself. He had sense of humor and an optimism which was infectious. Although I have not seen Ammon in recent years, I have never forgotten him. The world is a much poorer place that he is no longer here, but a richer place because he lived. I will always be grateful that I met him and had the chance to point one work quite closely with him.

Sincerely yours,
George M. Houser
Executive Secretary
American Committee on Africa, 164 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016

Chinese Crafts

January 16th 1970

Dear Dorothy,

It was good to see your handwriting and to hear that we have been seen each other and nearly that long since I wrote the last note on this subject.

We were in the meadows discovered a lot of things about crafts and have met some wonderful craftsmen (and women) who are equally good as teachers and story-tellers. It has been an

LENTEN-PASSOVER FAST

Clergy & Laymen Concerned About Vietnam and the Fellowship of Reconciliation have inaugurated a Fast and Vigil for Peace in front of the White House for the Fast will last from 9:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. daily from Ash Wednesday to the end of Passover, April 27. People in local communities are invited to join in the fast and, if possible, to conduct a similar vigil. The money saved by not eating can be donated to Clergy Concerned and PO: 1316 M Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. It will be divided between the American Friends, Washington, D.C., and the Vietnam Action Group that on Good Friday religious processions for peace be held, and that on Easter Sunday vigils be held. In the Washington area a Fast and Vigil for Peace in front of the White House will be organized by the Fellowship of Reconciliation. During the Jewish Passover season, people are encouraged to join in the Fast and Vigil prepared by Dr. Arthur Waxlow. For the text of the Freedom Seder and of an Easter Pastoral, send ten cents to above address.

Continued on page 123
side the Catholic Worker—it is fitting that his history be remembered as the other great agitator of the Catholic Worker—given the closeness of the two lives. When Ammon came to Chicago, he brought with him a deep awareness of the human condition that would later be the basis of his activism.

Early Life

And that's how Ammon's life began, and it came in 1924 to the Catholic Worker. It was only after what for many was a life of constant teaching, that Ammon arrived at the Catholic Worker. His life had been marked by a series of events that led him to this point.

When Ammon was a young man, he decided to become a Catholic. He did this because he loved the Church and wanted to be a priest. He had been raised in a family that had been Catholic for generations, and he wanted to continue this tradition. He also admired the teachings of the Catholic Church, and he wanted to be a part of it.

But Ammon's life was not easy. He was born into a family of farmers, and he had to work hard to support himself. He attended the University of Michigan, where he earned a degree in philosophy. He then worked as a teacher, and he continued to study and write about the Catholic faith.

Ammon's life was marked by a series of events that led him to become a Catholic Worker. He was a strong supporter of the Catholic Church, and he wanted to be a part of it. When he arrived at the Catholic Worker, he was able to put his beliefs into practice, and he was able to make a difference in the lives of others.

New York and Salt Lake City

After Ammon arrived at the Catholic Worker, he was able to put his beliefs into practice. He worked with the poor, and he helped to organize the Catholic Worker. He was a strong supporter of the Catholic Church, and he wanted to be a part of it. When he arrived at the Catholic Worker, he was able to put his beliefs into practice, and he was able to make a difference in the lives of others.

In Memoriam

(Continued from page 1)

New York and Salt Lake City

Ammon's Catholicism fell principles he firmly held. He did not have to come to terms with Ammon. If he did, it is cited here to point up some of the Church was very decidedly going to Church.

For Ammon—was in his fifty-ninth year when Holy Family House opened in Ohio town. In 1917, at the age of twenty-four, Ammon did time in jail as a Socialist opponent. At the end of the War, while in solitary for leading a teaching jobs along the way. He settled down, built a house, ran a farm, raised two daughters, and earned a living as a social worker in Milwaukee.

It was not until the early 1930s that Ammon acquainted with the Catholic Worker when it was first published in 1933. He hired the famous cartoonist, Ben Salmon. Despite the war—against this agrarian, a tax refuser, a draft resister? It is my country, America.

As he has said, Ammon's Catholicism was not uncritical or dogmatic. Ammon's was never an uncritical or dogmatic Catholicism. Ammon's Catholicism was a personal, individual religion that he lived his life by, and it was the basis of his activism.

Later, his wife joined the I-Am Religion Communities. Ammon's was never an uncritical or dogmatic Catholicism. Ammon's Catholicism was a personal, individual religion that he lived his life by, and it was the basis of his activism.
In Memoriam

From page 8:

Ammon Hennacy, known to pacifists the country over, died in Salt Lake City on Jan. 14. Death came after six days in the hospital, where he was recovering from a heart attack. His passing was unexpected, as, up to his last days, he had maintained that he was well. He had been a fierce opponent of war, and had made it known that his views had been taken seriously by leaders both at home and abroad.

Three Principles

Having a mind prepared to speak of the main principles of Ammon's philosophy, I must now speak of those principles that we saw he used intentionally to guide his life. This social philosophy was contained in the meaning in man's life in the struggle for liberty. This struggle was not for personal freedom but for the freedom of all, thus the struggle for freedom was one and the same thing. One philosophy, which dictated its ethics, for liberty had three cardinal principles. First, the grounding of this philosophy is the belief in the teaching of the ordinary, the ordinary soldier, the ordinary church member. Courage without love and wisdom is foolishness, as with the ordinary soldier. Wisdom without love and courage is cowardice, as with the ordinary intellectual. And therefore, one who has love, courage and wisdom is one in a million who can ground the philosophy as with Ammon and Gandhi. This gave his character a gentle quality by which he could be trusted to serve the cause of justice and to give service. And because he held to Thoro's belief that a person in a slave state where a free man can abide with honor, he was able to withstand the work of making a prison, the imprisoned, without condemnation. Ammon was a banker, a laborer in the fields. To ammend Thoro's basic thought he realized what Gandhi called moral jiu jitsu. His autobiography is a pebble in the river where he faced the imprisoned with impudence, courage and sense of humor; courage from his adversary's superior weapon, violence, but used instead his own superior wisdom.

Ammon, the only social order a man could join on the Mount was that of Ammon. He summed up his philosophy as being the One Man Revolution. HisMotto was: "Death by hanging or shooting" and his Wobbly slogan was: "Don't Mourn, Organize". His idealists got their inspiration from a Russian peasant who made up the Tax Refusal committee. The Book of Ammon. While in Arizona in the early 50's he became one of the organizers of the Tax Refusal committee. The Greenwood Reprint Corporation of Westport, Conn. soon hopes to publish a facsimile edition of the works of Ammon.

The Peacemaker Reports

Russian Mike

(Continued from page 4)

A man on the absolute bottom, a man who has nothing, who can show he has nothing, to the extent that he can't take it with you. Yeah. Well, I believe that's true. Peace, fortune, recogni-

In Memoriam

If you asked me to describe Ammon Hennacy, I'd say he was a man of simple faith, strong character, and a deep love for his country. He was a man who believed in peace, justice, and the power of the human spirit. He was a man who was willing to risk everything for what he believed in, and he never wavered in his convictions. He was a man who was a hero to many, and a inspiration to all.

The Greenwood Reprint Corporation of Westport, Conn. soon hopes to publish a facsimile edition of the works of Ammon. While in Arizona during the 1930s, he became one of the organizers of the Tax Refusal committee. The Book of Ammon, which got him six months in Sand Hill, was his Autobiography. The Greenwood Reprint Corp., of Westport, Conn. soon hopes to publish a facsimile edition of the works of Ammon.

Irish Humor

(Continued from Page 3)

sion. The Greenwood Reprint Corporation of Westport, Conn. soon hopes to publish a facsimile edition of the works of Ammon. While in Arizona during the early 50's he became one of the organizers of the Tax Refusal committee. The Book of Ammon, which got him six months in Sand Hill, was his Autobiography. The Greenwood Reprint Corp., of Westport, Conn. soon hopes to publish a facsimile edition of the works of Ammon.
Impression on that city with his picket line and the word among the anarchists who lived there. I taunted him..."You'll not make the impression on New York that you think you will. Those Republicans like to show how liberal they are until they are confronted with the working-class people..."

He did make an impression, and when I traveled on my own pilgrimage around the country I came to realize that the metropolises were not going to go very far with them though he soon realized that to try to give up the room to guests. That was 1961, and he had just been discharged from the hospital, and so on.

I am a romantic and once he said to me, "I do not remember the time that I was not in love" and I am glad that this kind of love illumined the last seven years of his life. We are grateful indeed to her who made his last years so happy and who continued to work for him in getting out the new edition of The Book of Ammon in addition to his own work. Ammon was a romantic..."

I am not sure every morning and kept a list of all who had asked his prayers in the front of his missal which he read in the Catholic Worker's room where we had our meetings. He slept side by side with all the Howery men that we could squeeze in. We had a regular routine. I cannot remember without consulting old papers exactly how the Catholic Worker will give an idea of it. Mondays, Wall Street; Tuesdays, Lexingst Avenue and 43rd Street; Wednesdays, Fordham Univ., gatex; Thursdays, New York University, and so on.

Evenings it was the same, Cooper Union, which was the nearest New York school to the New School; and any radical meetings were taking place around the city. He was there rain or snow, with anyone who would accompany him. Ammon served his first prison term for non-violent revolution; and his going to some movie with social significance, and he would have seen his wife give pen, and charitable ladies in the shopping centers gave him their money. Ammon had been a chapter in the history of the Catholic Worker, and that the church still only speaks in platitudes. They say the only way to control the social conscience is..."

Ammon loved to repeat Bourne's famous statement "War is the heart's blood." He had been reading a new edition of the New York Times obituary, laying that Ammon was being buried in the husk..."

He went to Mass early every morning and was trying to feed others, or questioned him, nor would I. Who can..."

But within the week, the local new..."

The monks at the Holy Trinity monastery..."

Ammon had long ceased attending Mass, though on his travels, as his wife and his back, and when he gave up his bed, he would sometimes look for the warmest..."

The book he had read in a ny discipline..."

"The Kingdon World" is a..."

One of Ammon's favorite quotations from Scripture was, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

From Scripture was, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

Biggest tributes to him would be the..."

In the meantime, we are left with memories..."

"You'll not make the impression on New York that you think you will. Those Republicans like to show how liberal they are until they are confronted with the working-class people..."

It was a hurt to me to hear him, loving..."

He thought Eugene Debs was probably the greatest American, but he admired several of the younger radicals, too. At Christmas, he always sent a card to..."

That book is brought to a large..."

"My name is determined principles and the practical wisdom, the idea and the deed, appear side by side in his autobiography. As he lay in bed..."

When his prayers in the front of his missal..."

When his wife gave up her bed, and when he gave up his bed, he would sometimes look for the warmest..."

He went to Mass early every morning and was trying to feed others, or questioned him, nor would I. Who can..."

If you wish to reach the man..."

Ammon served his first prison term for non-violent revolution, so was it that Ammon was being buried in the husk..."

The Kingdon World was a..."

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The book he had read in any discipline..."

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The book he had read in any discipline..."

The book he had read in any discipline..."

The book he had read in any discipline..."

The book he had read in any discipline..."

The book he had read in any discipline..."

The book he had read in any discipline..."
A Pipsqueak Recalls Hennacy

(Continued from page 1)

"If I am in a state of grace, may God keep me there; if I am not, may He bring me to it."

Who will carry on for Ammon? God giving me the grace, I will.

I wish that I might have written something about Ammon. But in thirteen years, I spent only 900 words in his company; so, I know nothing of him that it not amply recorded in the Book of Ammon and his columns. The only original thing that I can tell is what he has written in his spirit.

In closing I want to remind you that Ammon wouldn't pay taxes that go for war. In his last letter to me (November 17, 1969) he wrote, "I think your idea of claiming a million depts as a joke for between you and the tax man was a pip-squeak boy of twenty. I'll bet I'm not a bit realistic. Hardly half a dozen in this country would have nerve enough to do it for fear of losing their jobs."

That was the main fault Ammon had: he never had faith that other people would be radicals, would change their lives and live the rebellion. But I remember a pipsqueak boy of twenty once, who didn't want to lose his job, who wanted to take ball and get a lawyer and a long continuance. And one summer day that boy went down Chrystie Street, and that was the day that he met Hennacy.

That's why I have faith that a lot of people are not going to go on paying taxes for another five years of national murder; and anyone who really wants to stop can send me a couple of stamps for our latest entitled "Common Sense for Every Concerned Taxpayer.—YOU CAN STOP PAYING WAR TAX NOW," or send a dollar for fifty copies.

Karl Meyer
War Tax Resistance/Midwest
5615 South Woodlawn
Chicago, Illinois 60637

PAX ANNUAL MEETING
on MIDEAST CRISIS
Aboard the PEACE SHIP
Sunday, March 8, 1970 at 2 P.M.
26th Street and East River, Manhattan, New York City

ABE NATHAN on PEACE THROUGH COMMUNICATION
WILLIAM EVAN on IS THERE PEACE FOR ARAB-ISRAELI COOPERATION?

DOROTHY DAY on RECONCILIATION

Liturgy of Reconciliation—Rev. David Kirk, Lyle Young & Albert Coryseng (in Melkite Rite as Used in Holy Land)

Rabbi Roger Marans

WAR IN THE MIDDLE EAST, FAR MORE THAN
WAR IN VIETNAM
CARRIES WITH IT THE INHUMAN PROMISE OF WORLD WAR III

Come and find out how the PEACE SHIP, operating as a floating Radio Ship, can house peace messengers to both sides in the Mideast Conflict.

Mourn Not the Dead

By JOAN THOMAS

For those of you who do not already know: on January 8, 1970, Ammon Hennacy had a heart attack on the way up to pick up the check. It was thought that he would get well, but on January 10 he had a reinfarction and died at Holy Cross Hospital.

Ammon, during his last years, did not want to be known as a giant, as he happily accompanied me to Mass when we were traveling around the country (some times this city, too); because I am a Catholic and have never ceased to be or thought of ceased to be since the day of my baptism; and finally, because Ammon received the Sacrament of the Sick (this was while he was unconscious following his relapse—he made no final confession), on February 16th he had a funeral mass at Our Lady of Lourdes Church, I chose that church because Bernadette was once one of the few saints in whom Ammon believed.

Of God is God, Ammon was my best friend and he said was his. He said that he loved me best of anyone as did I him. Part of the secret of this Friendship was that we did not try to infringe upon each other's individual identities or destinies. We all know that Ammon's death--to be—yes—the one-man revolution for this century. For myself, I have been a writer since I was five years old. I was part of my being a part of my name. Although we were legally married, I did not want, nor did I want to be called by Ammon's last name—any more than he would have wished to be called by mine. Both of us had a heart first to God (or for Am — to use the word he used). Marriage is almost a growing and crippling thing. Marriage can never compare to Friendship which reaches outward to the ends of the world and the universe like the arms of God. 'Cuter love than this,' said Ammon, "cuter than any more than he would have wished to be called by mine. Both of us had a heart first to God (or for Am — to use the word he used). Marriage is almost a growing and crippling thing. Marriage can never compare to Friendship which reaches outward to the ends of the world and the universe like the arms of God. 'Cuter love than this,' said Ammon, "cuter than any more than he would have wished to be called by mine. Both of us had a heart first to God (or for Am — to use the word he used). Marriage is almost a growing and crippling thing. Marriage can never compare to Friendship which reaches outward to the ends of the world and the universe like the arms of God. 'Cuter love than this,' said Ammon, "cuter than any more than he would have wished to be called by mine. Both of us had a heart first to God (or for Am — to use the word he used). Marriage is almost a growing and crippling thing. Marriage can never compare to Friendship which reaches outward to the ends of the world and the universe like the arms of God. 'Cuter love than this,' said Ammon, "cuter than any
The One-Man Revolution

(Continued)

I have baked, my breakfast is soon finished, and I go to the dairy for my milk. I go to the dairy to see if any change has been made, to see if they have more of anything I need. If my student friend in the milk truck appears, he will take my letters to him; otherwise I will take them myself.

Now the German prisoners have arrived, and a Chinaman, and Paul is to continue his work with me in the dairy. He will go to the dairy, and if no one is there, he will bring up the milk. Perhaps today I receive several letters from boys in CO groups discussing Tolstoy. I open them up and read the letters, and perhaps they can carry a can of water also, and chop wood for an hour or two. Evenings will be cool, and everyone has more time to think. The apple, cherry and peach trees have blooms so bright it is almost a place. Even twigs burn well in the range.

The weather is now April and apricots, which have come up for years throughout the orchard, presents a fine super bowl on the table. Many times with a half pint of milk, a little pepper and shortening added, it makes a filling off-cook meal. When I get an oyster, I can make a filling off-cook meal. At times I can get some oysters for thirty cents.

The weather is now a brightening in early May. By this time my skin is nearly as brown as that of Hans. Last year the blisters on my back worried others much and myself but little. This year I expect to have come from the sun. Two electric pumps bring water in from the irrigation system from a well to irrigate the 100 rows of trees. For about a month, the water runs between banks until it reaches the trees. The trees are not hurt, so far as I know. A Mormon friend said I could run the water, but others have been stopped up. I am now in the process of settling the ditch bank and I see that the water reaches each tree.

Melons have come up from some left

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in the field last year. I plant onions, salt, sugar, molasses, all kinds of dried vegetables, and potato chips. The lettuce, blue Indian corn from nearby fields, cabbage, onions and other vegetables will be planted.

Last sweet potatoes and peppers will be planted. Last year I planted a large bed of wheat. This year I planted the same. I am not used to running the field. When I have the courage and the determination to work the land, I can surely "take up serpents; and in the name of Jesus cast out devils."

Worshipper among others need not expect to receive any communion. A picture of Jesus at the carpenter's is possible to get my blue corn and the bread."
bution be asked him. "Hit the goven't get out of this!"

"You must say "so and so." These are the words you must say."

I answered that I had used a social security card for three months, but since then, after I was given my pay I had stopped working where it was dangerous; I had a social security card; that was the reason I was now working on a farm. I had used a rational card and refused to register for the draft and did not intend to take any old age pension.

"That is a lie," said he. "My name is not on any card."

I added "Yes, in these days they number the babies in hospital when they are born; in homes for boys and girls, numbered up for the war as they grow up; poster them with numbers when their lives are soon numbered out everywhere. The Bible says that people will see in Babylon the lamentation for the Lord can't be a part of numbering and dying and war. If their families were not killed, then as I have to go where we are not numbers, I won't be a part of the race of the Beast. I'm sure glad to find a fellow who only has two marks against him."

"That is a better man than I am," I answered.

I came to Eloy to try my hand again at farming, and while this growing settlement received its name from the town of Eloy, Arizona, I don't know that any one ever ejaculated, not in praise, but in disdain at such a desert waste. This was later could hardly eat as the tears came be- cause of this spectacle of those faces

I have tramped in all of these United States. As I write I look on the fields of Carlsbad, New Mexico, where the horizon lines, and the jeuding cardboard-like mountains at whose feet live the Pimas and Maricopa Indians. In and out of their huts I have dug myself into their rich capital. Yet this morning I was not the only one as many others have felt the same way for cause of this spectacle of those faces

Walking around in this mud to make new checks or to plug up a gob of dirt where water is going in the wrong direction, your shirts become sore with the rubbing of the boot tops against them. The shift is generally 12 hours at 97 to 95 cents an hour.

After the ground has been soaked, vegetation, which includes the weed lettuce, is thus given the chance to grow and then is discs under. When the weeds are right for harvesting, mechan- ical machines make straight, level beds about 2 feet across, with irrigation runs in the very edge of each side of this bed. First comes the thinnings who generally work by contract and thin out the lettuce to one head every fourteen inches. After that you find that in a row of lettuce there are two heads, or what is called "doubles." These are then thinned out; this is done with a short hoe; handle about 2 feet long. A worker on the end of the row is hugging handle and careless and chop anything in sight if you are not very quick and sober and dependable. Anglos had packed. And in the hoeing, the owner paid. These workers are the heavy machine. They worked as fast they could. One man who nails the boxes, all ride on the back was rain which would bog down the heavy machine. They are the center of the con- truction of the lettuce and goes on the frost to melt and is touched when frosty it leaves a black mark on the lettuce. No portal-to- portal payment is made for work as there is when you enter a mine and pay starts at the time of entrance. You stand around shivering and waiting on the front to melt and if it is not melted the check goes in the pocket.

The lettuce is handled to the packing sheds—two trailers at a time—which are then hauled to the railroad tracks. Here the lettuce is wet-packed into boxes. One trailer is for the white hopers; one person cuts off the excess leaves or discards unripe heads. Another person puts the lettuce in the boxes, and another the belt of the line. Another keeps him company. The hopers pick the packer the heads and another tops the crate. When the price is high, the packers add a cent to the lettuce; when the price is low, the money is made in these sheds with the packers getting the better cut. The packers get more than the others. The union books are closed and it is not difficult for the hoppers to get the best cut in the sheds. If the price remains high, the lettuce is cut in the sheds; if it falls again to get all possible good heads of lettuce. We worked half of Christ- mas. As we are doing our work there is work you work night and day, Sunday and Christmas morning. Some of the Filipino crews come from California. There are about 200 Filipinos. They are about 350 here. They make a huge combine. As far as I can make out this is the only Filipino and cut lettuce in the row where the combine travels. This combines up these heads are placed to one side. A truck with empty boxes travels in the next row. They make one on the other to take care of the full crates. Lettuce heads are cut in the combs and work over just as in a dry packing shed. The comb is made up of paper, the cutters, the sorters, the packer, and the man who handles the machine.

They sure ain't up the field. They have a great rights and worked most of the right if necessary. The only draw- back was you didn't get to work the heavy machine. They worked as a crew and each crewman received a more pay by the hour than the owner paid. These workers are very quick and dependable. I know of a case where a Filipino leased land and raised lettuce, hiring men to work in the fields, and he had a conversation with the owner about it and so he built a shed and went his own way. He had a contract for the grow- ing of lettuce in the field. He found that the workers had to be white. He built a bigger shed and Angles had packed. And in the hoeing, the owner paid. These workers are the center of the con- truction of the lettuce and goes on the frost to melt and is touched when frosty it leaves a black mark on the lettuce. No portal-to- portal payment is made for work as there is when you enter a mine and pay starts at the time of entrance. You stand around shivering and waiting on the front to melt and if it is not melted the check goes in the pocket.

One morning the boss told us to get in the field and start picking. We then went to the sheds. We had never been there. I found there was broccoli, to be picked. We were there not more than 30 minutes. I asked about it and so he built a shed and went his own way. The fields are not organized. I then looked outside and

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"Alright, smart guy. You know the law, go ahead and picket, but remember if you get in trouble we will try to get you out of it for disturbers of the peace."

"I'm not disturbing the peace, I'm demonstrating."

"You will be on your own," the captain said.

"I expect to die on my own all my life; I don't need cops to protect me," I answered.

"You got knocked down we will pinch you for getting knocked down," was his return.

"You would," I said, as I went out to picketing.

"If an hour of picketing the same cop who pinched me before came along and said, "You here again?"

Curry said I could picket.

"To hell with Captain Curry" was my answer.

"That's a nice way to talk about your fellow man, is it?"

He advanced to me roughly and said that unless I got a written permit from the City Manager he would put me in solitary. There is a time in life when there is a time to walk and there is a time to walk. I went with my signs to the City Hall. The Mayor's secretary said he didn't have time right and he was not on good terms with the City Manager Deppe, with offices to the left.

I sat in the waiting room for an hour while his secretary sent notes of mine phoned back and forth as to the propriety of my case. Before leaving this place and Herod finally came forth with the wisdom that I was to write a letter to the City Manager asking permission to picket and in three days I would get an answer and said that in three days all the taxes would be paid and would be of no avail; that I was going out at once and deliberately neglect the payment of taxes and they liked it. I did so and was not surprised by the pagan feature of myself and sign, and were joining the police for arresting me twice and at that time I was recognized. Later I had a letter from Manildt Gandolfi, South Phoenix, Arizona, my public payment of non-payment of taxes in Phoenix, Arizona.

"No, but I am damn sure it can't change me," was my reply.

On a Sunday morning I was selling copies of The Catholic Worker in St. Patrick's Cathedral as usual when a cop came up to me and said I was a priest and I had no right to sell my Communist paper here. I told him I was not a Communist and if it was this was a free country and I have the freedom to sell it. He was a newspaper clipping of the court decision.

"I can't care anything about the law. If I don't want you here I'll arrest you and won't let you go. You will be in jail. And if the judge lets you out and you come back I'll pinch you again; and after letting you out again I'll back I'll pinch you again; you'll wear out.

"What if I wear you out?" I asked.

He laughed and went away. If you are like me, you may be wearing out my shoes as I write this letter.

"There are two kinds of people in the world, those who have and those who haven't, said a letter to me in Atlanta prison in 1917. In prison and on the frontier among a third of the people are stolid peasants who are ready to work and clustered for a reason of their own. In myself. In a recent issue of the prison paper in Lewes there was a reference to a man in New York City praising the Russian Revolution. He had visited the factories. He told me visitors and prisoners were paid to go rate for their work. Nothing was said about political prisoners. Like John Bartlow Martin who wrote Down the Wails of the City near Gorgon reviewed in the CW once. I am not interested in making big-